



messing about in **BOATS**

Special Features This Issue
“Canoeing New Brunswick’s Nepisiguit River”
“Muddy Pond Memories” – “Aluminum Boats”

Volume 23 - Number 15

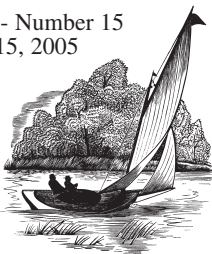
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On the Cover...

Dick Winslow is back with a report on another of his week long canoeing expeditions on wild rivers, this time in New Brunswick. While these are trips in canoes loaded up with camping gear and supplies for an unsupported week afloat and not extreme paddling, there usually is some white water encountered, as pictured on the cover.

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



Amongst the publications with which we exchange issues is *Rowing News*, the *Magazine of Rowing*. It first came to my attention several years ago (it's on Volume 12 now so it's been around a while) when it was titled *Independent Rowing News*. At that time it had a full color cover and mostly black and white text and photos inside, but the transformation dropping the "Independent" came with an all new format loaded with color and spectacular photos on heavy coated paper, 100 pages of this each month for \$40.

This is a magazine all about sliding seat rowing exclusively. I suspect that the "Independent" at one time may have been meant to clarify that this was not an official publication of the U.S. Rowing Association, whose house organ is, I believe, *US Rowing*. That periodical, a membership perk, totally focuses on serious competitive sliding seat rowing, all about the major worldwide and collegiate regattas.

Rowing News covers major competition plus much more about the personalities, boats, gear, training, and nutrition. There's quite a lot to this form of rowing. Despite this sport's apparently narrow focus, they do not seem hard pressed for news and ads to fill the 100 pages every month. Also, despite the again apparently limited potential for variation in rowing scenes to be photographed that such a specialized activity can offer, there is no dearth of spectacularly beautiful photos of rowing shells on various bodies of water being rowed.

I am not very interested in sliding seat rowing (despite occasional urgings from a certain few readers to really try it out) and its events and activities, nor its boats either, a personal non-preference that does not reflect unfavorably on the activity. Judging from the sort of magazine the sport can support it does not lack for enthusiastic adherents. And judging from the number and diversity of ads offering boats, gear, products, training camps, schools, and clothing, the readers are viewed as potential big spenders for the stuff is expensive. One racing eight is offered "ready to row for \$25k." Subaru has a full page ad and Rubinijewelers offer rowing jewelry. Like most games we play today, sliding seat rowing is surrounded with a lot of peripherals to be had should one choose to really get decked out.

When each issue arrives I do sit down and page through it, mostly to savor the wonderful photography that somehow adds variety to an essentially dull appearing repetitive activity. The relatively slow speed of even an eight permits great close up shots of straining bodies and faces, enduring the pain that appears to be a key ingredient in the mys-

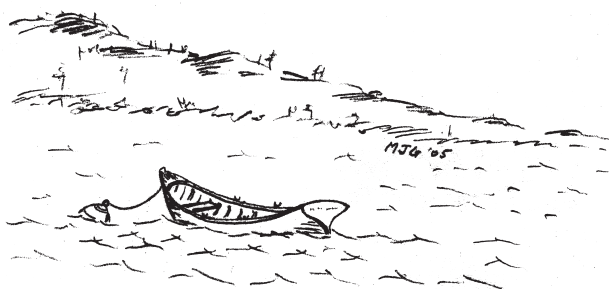
tique. It all kinda makes me wish I could get interested, the high degree of skill and fitness the sport demands seems to attract people who appear in the photos as if they'd be interesting to get to know.

I set aside the May 2005 issue to comment upon when I got around to it because on the cover (photographed in Mexico), printed right across a looming dark cloudbank behind which the sun was radiating a golden glow in the sky and on the glimmering water on which a half dozen doubles were going at it, was, "Great Destinations! The Hottest Rowing Trips (you've never been on)" in very large bold type. This suggested to me that perhaps the purview was being expanded into touring. A thorough search page by page turned up only one feature article that could be construed as being about touring, the ten-page main feature article, "Sea to Summit," in which an adventurer who had watched a friend fall to his death mountain climbing, unable to save him, was now undertaking to go around the world under his own power, rowing the seas and climbing the mountains as a memorial to his fallen friend.

Well, that's surely a great destination, in fact, it is thought to be the first time anyone has attempted to row around the world (never mind all the peak bagging to be included). The tale reminded me of the sort of stuff I used to read in *Outside* magazine before that publication's relentless machoism drove me away (I'm too wimpy for their level of physical challenge, I guess).

The wrap-up essay at the back concerned itself with the erg, the indoor rowing machine of the fitness gyms. This particular fitness device duplicates (sort of) the sliding seat rowing act and thus one can achieve the fitness that rowing brings as a bonus to indulging in a sporting activity without the need to get on the water, learning how to balance the tender shell and feather the oars, all the arcane techniques involved in real rowing. And a little digital meter tells you just how you're doing. The essayist told of how she was not enchanted with the cold objectivity of the digital readout, and the power/recovery action on the erg, when compared to all the waterborne aspects of the real thing, the rush of the water, the thud of the oar entering the water at the catch, the rub of the collar in the oarlock on the release. The real world stuff.

Yet she concluded that she was contemplating adopting the erg so she would still be competitive in masters events in 20 years. It does seem to me that it all comes down to competition, that the highly specialized shells are just a means to achieve competitive success... and the pain, of course.



From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman

There was a while when I didn't have a sailboat except for the 27' Rhodes Caller in my barn. I couldn't see how I could ever finish working on a wooden boat, afford to keep her in the water, and raise two boys at the same time. So she sat there for several years and I picked at her when I could. But I needed to feel the wind in my face and, much as I enjoyed canoeing, well, you have to admit, it isn't quite the same.

Up in the bow of my Grumman, on the keel, was this funny little wedge-shaped aluminum clip. It couldn't be anything else but a means to step a mast. Are you old enough to remember wall-mounted crank can openers? The bracket that screws to the wall was a perfect fit. I fastened it to the base of a 6' pole. I fashioned a board to fit across the gunnels just above it, held in place by four screws. This board had a deep U-shaped notch facing aft to receive the mast and a gate across it to keep the mast in place. This gate was secured by a pin made from an eye bolt on a tether. Out with the pin, open the gate, kick the base of the mast forward to disengage the clips, and behold! I could unstep the mast in five seconds flat. Two lengths of closet pole hinged at one end and secured to the mast with cordage and I had a lateen rig, easy!

Now for a sail. I went to the local sailmaker and, to my delight, encountered a young man there who was willing to teach me. I hadn't any money to buy a sail, what should I do? He gave me a sack of lightweight scraps of Dacron, foot wide strips, both red and blue. "Here's how you cut it," he told me, and showed me how to add some draft by trimming the strips to be wider in the center. Sailmaking 101. I stitched up a sail, set grommets along the luff and foot, and lashed it to my spars.

Making a rudder and tiller was no big deal. I made the rudder larger than I thought I should need, figuring I could always trim it down. Gudgeons and pintles were a bit of a challenge, the gudgeons most of all. I had some 1/8"x1" aluminum strap in my shop that was soft enough to bend and heated it up for good measure. After a couple of tries I made some passable hardware and mounted it astern.

Then I thought I'd be clever and make a pair of outriggers. There I failed. I formed two wooden skis about 6' long, each having a little keel to keep it stiff, and suspended them from a bracket across the gunnels. When I tried them out the lee outrigger dove well beneath the surface and caused the most horrific drag and the canoe would pivot about it, slewing to leeward. I thought I would try two lengths of sealed up tubing next, something far more buoyant. Before I could put this into practice someone offered me a set of real leeboards. I was ready to sail away!

She handled quite well in light air but when the breeze got up to 15 knots I had to fight with the helm and slack the main. The mast seemed too far forward. I went out one day on the river when it was choppy and knew right away I had too much sail on her. She began to porpoise. One good gust and the bow went completely under. She was swamped in a matter of seconds. I furled the sail and unstepped the mast and immediately my canoe began to roll. I unshipped the leeboards and rudder and lashed everything into the boat.

Have you ever sat astride a barrel weighing several hundred pounds that's just awash and tried to get it to move with only a paddle? All the while it's rotating and you have to shift yourself continually or you end up in the drink. It was loads of fun. I made at least 2" of progress with every stroke and didn't fall off more than two or three dozen times. Fortunately, my grandmother (on my father's side) was a muskrat and my beard has always shed water.

Sherpa

A John Welsford design
9' 0" x 4' 7"



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I really enjoyed your "Commentary" about your friend Charlie, a quadriplegic, and also I am thankful he has such a friend in you, priceless.

As a game warden (now retired), I had in our area a beautiful little lake ideal for sailing and kayaking. It is a restricted lake in that the community that has jurisdiction over it has restricted outboard motor usage except for law enforcement or emergency personnel (fire departments, game wardens on search and rescue or body recovery ops), electric trolling motors are allowed, however, which makes for a very quiet and peaceful atmosphere. Fishermen, sailors, kayakers, and swimmers all enjoy the lake and strive to keep it in good shape, litter free, well, that's the goal but unfortunately it usually falls short of that one.

On patrol one afternoon I discovered a wheelchair next to the water's edge. Looking around I could not find anyone who obviously belonged to the wheelchair. I was really worried and was going to call in the local fire department dive team to start a search for a possible handicapped drowning victim. I noticed a kayaker heading right for me at a good clip about 200 yards out on the lake, so I put down my walkie talkie and waited for him to come to my position. As he came to the shoreline, spun a nice 90, and drifted against the shoreline pretty as you please, he was smiling and said, "I couldn't help but notice your patrol vehicle and when you stopped at my wheelchair and started walking up and down the shoreline, I realized that you must be looking for me and suspected the worse possible thing."

We laughed and I was greatly relieved, to say the least. During my career I've had the unfortunate experience of recovering drowning victims many, many times. He said that from that point on he would leave a note fastened to the chair for my, or anyone else's, benefit to assuage concern, and he did. His case was not as severe as Charlie's in that he had complete upper body use and movement and was obviously very well-developed. He had lost the use of his legs due to a lower back injury. He climbed into his kayak the same way Charlie does.

Anyway, Bob, it would be great if you could write an article on one or two of your and Charlie's adventures with a few photos. I think that not only would it be interesting and entertaining but inspirational, too. We need more of that. We need to hear more about folks like Charlie who have overcome a mind-boggling challenge, who knows what this might inspire in others? Do it!

Ron Bennett, Comfort, TX

Editor Comments: Now that Charlie has his own kayak I might be able to get some photos. Our bicycling outings are well chronicled photographically but not so the fewer kayaking adventures.

Information of Interest...

New Handy Billy in Fiberglass

Ever since reading about Harry Bryan's Handy Billy designs in *Wooden Boat* maga-

zine in the late 1990s, I have thought that they looked so good and made such good sense that I always wanted to build one. Then, in 2000 I bought this little boatyard in the Boothbay Region of Maine. Now called Southport Island Marine (formerly David Nutt Boatbuilder) we build (proudly) the elegant Downeast Lobster Boat cruising yacht, the Southport 30. In the five years I've been running this business we have built eight of these fine vessels despite the dramatically challenging economic climate.

After owning the yard for a year, I called Harry Bryan and purchased a set of plans for the 21' Handy Billy. At that time I was anticipating a slow period in the business and I thought we might build one on speculation. It was at that time that I first got the idea to build the boats in fiberglass. I called the designer to discuss this possibility with him and he was supportive. I was ready to embark on this project in that summer of 2001, but paying customers interrupted my plans (it got busy).

The plans languished, hanging on the wall of our offices, until recently when a local man who wanted a Handy Billy built for him walked into my office. We discussed his needs and we both got very excited about beginning to build these boats in fiberglass. I called Harry Bryan again and this time we discussed the financial arrangements around using his design.

And so at this point we are off and running. We will build this boat, and will set up to build several. Here is my "official" announcement:



Handy Billy in Fiberglass

Southport Island Marine, LLC, a small boatbuilding and storage yard in the Boothbay Region of Midcoast Maine, will be introducing a fiberglass version of designer Harry Bryan's popular 21' Handy Billy powerboat at the Maine Boatbuilder's Show in Portland, Maine, in late March 2006.

This quick little boat was designed using lines from the popular and efficient designs of William Hand from the early 1900s. The boat is handsome, speedy, and efficient. Powered by a 25hp four-stroke Honda outboard motor, the Handy Billy will cruise at 17kts. The installation of the quiet four-stroke engine in a sound-insulated well inside the transom creates a power plant emitting very low sound levels. In addition, these four-stroke engines are remarkably efficient and clean.

This design was introduced in 1998. Since that time many of these boats have been built in wood. The current venture by

Southport Island Marine is the first time the boat will be available built in fiberglass. It will be produced with ease of maintenance and beauty as priorities.

Douglas Goldhirsch. Owner, Southport Island Marine, (207) 633-6009, info@southportislandmarine.com

LCMM After 21 Years

Twenty-one years ago the Lake Champlain Maritime Museum was established in an old stone schoolhouse that was adapted to serve as the first gallery with photos and memorabilia. Visitors flocked to Basin Harbor to discover that this gorgeous lake played a key role in much of our country's history and still holds many of the treasures that tell our story.

Today the Museum is a professional campus of top-notch exhibits, a collection of extraordinary ships and boating artifacts, a historical archive, and the home of two replica sailing vessels that tell stories about the nation's past.

Families, school children, historians, shipwrights, archeologists, local community members, and visitors from afar come to the museum by the thousands each year. Over the years the Maritime Museum and its remarkable staff have continually proven that a vibrant living museum is more than exhibits, it is education, serious research, special projects, and just plain fun.

Education at the Maritime Museum is for everyone. Opportunities to learn range from organized courses to summer camps for kids, to winter boatbuilding for adults, to exhibits and informal conversations with staff and volunteers. What makes learning distinctive at the Museum is that obtaining the facts is only the beginning. The educational process is a transformative experience for all who are involved.

Champlain Discovery, a summer program for teens, exemplifies this learning process. The participants each build a kayak by hand and decorate it in their own style. They learn boatbuilding and history at the same time. When they finish the kayaks the group paddles their handmade craft for ten days on Lake Champlain. The students learn about themselves, the lake, and outdoor living. They also learn new skills, courage, and ways to handle new life challenges.

Champlain Longboats is another program that transforms participants. Young adults with cognitive disabilities spend five days per week for six months building a 32' pilot gig. Once the gig is built they launch it and learn how to row on the lake.

Learning at the Maritime Museum is full of challenges and the learning goes far beyond the task at hand. The educational process leads to significant self-discovery and understanding.

While hundreds of school children and families learn from exhibits and hands-on experience, the staff of the Maritime Research Institute (MRI) collects and analyzes historic data. This information is gathered from the region's extraordinary collections of underwater cultural heritage.

The Maritime Museum, through MRI and Middlebury College, has surveyed 95% of the bottom of Lake Champlain during the past ten years. An amazing collection of almost 300 shipwrecks has been discovered. The data collected in the survey will be used to help interpret our past and analyze the ecological concerns of the Lake Champlain area.

MRI works with an array of remnants extracted from a remarkably intact collection of sunken ships, dating the remains and cargo found at the various underwater sites. Incredible historical events have been verified from landmark finds from the Revolutionary War, such as the gunboat *Spitfire* and timbers from the Great Bridge located in the Fort Ticonderoga/Mt. Independence area. These discoveries, along with others, have given us pause to rethink the significant and unique history of our region.

One of the Maritime Museum's astonishing characteristics has been its continual pursuit of imaginative projects. Co-founders Art Cohn and Bob Beach, along with a growing staff of able mariners, educators, explorers, and shipwrights, have developed inspiring projects. Early on, to illustrate the Revolutionary War history of Lake Champlain, museum staff and volunteers built the *Philadelphia II*, an exact replica of a gunboat found at the bottom of the lake.

A dynamic project came to life from 2001-04, with the building of the *Lois McClure*, a replica of a 19th century canal schooner. In 2005 this fully functioning canal schooner set sail for New York City carrying freight and crew precisely as it would have over 100 years ago.

These two major projects symbolize the creativity and can-do spirit of the Lake Champlain Maritime Museum. No idea is too grand. Staff and volunteers have built the exhibits and the boats on exhibit were donated by neighbors and friends. The skilled crew at the museum, along with Champlain Valley historians, conduct noteworthy historical research. This is truly a homegrown place where only excellence is expected.

Lake Champlain Maritime Museum, 4472 Basin Harbor Rd., Vergennes, VT 05491, (802) 475-2022, www.lcmm.org



Two Tides Per Day

I live on the bank of the Parker River, on the coast north of Boston. Pert Lowell Co., Inc, your constant advertiser, is two minutes row upriver and Fernald's Marine, never missing from your pages either, a further 30 seconds in the same direction. The "Window on the Water," from which emanate some beautiful word pictures, is about 50 minutes hard rowing in the other direction. I have missed the "Window on the Water" from your pages recently, I hope your

description of Ipswich's Great Neck, where the Window is situated, in the November 1st "Commentary" as the unbeautiful fourth side of Plum Island Sound does not prevent further contributions from that source.

Since long before I ever lived here I have known that there are two high tides and two low tides per day, that they are caused mainly by the gravitational pull of the moon on the water, that the tides are highest when the sun and moon align in the sky (so the sun's gravitational pull is added to the moon's), and are lowest when they are at right angles to each other, and that the high and low tides get later each day exactly as the moon-rise and moon-set get later every day.

I also knew that the tides are very high in the Bay of Fundy because the natural period of oscillation of water in that size basin is 12 hours, so a small disturbance at one end results in a large disturbance at the other, in the same way as in a bath, with small hand movements, one can get big waves at each end if the hand movements are timed to coincide with the natural frequency of the sloshing. What I did not know is why there are two high tides per day (everywhere, not just in the Bay of Fundy), not just one.

I puzzled over this for years in idle moments such as my long drives each day to and from work. Finally I figured it out. If any readers are interested, I would be happy to explain.

Peter R. Jepson, Newbury, MA

Information Wanted..

Looking for a Stable Skiff

I've been, looking for a small 14' to 16' skiff that is stable enough for me to stand on stiff legs after rowing and step out of the boat onto a pier. I was attracted to Steve Redmond's Whisp because it rows so well, but it's not stable enough. At the Mystic Small Craft Meet I spent quite a bit of time rowing Pete Culler's Good Little Skiff. It rows pretty well and some have a sail rig. I could be going back from rowing to at least part time sailing. Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum built quite a number of these boats as part of their boatbuilding courses. I talked with the guy in charge of that program but he didn't know of one for sale. An ad appeared in *WoodenBoat* for one but I couldn't bring myself to spend \$6,000 for a 14' flat bottom skiff.

If anyone reading this has a stable boat such as I am looking for for sale, please let me know.

Chuck Raynor, 7707 Comanche Dr., Richmond, VA 23225, (804) 285-7233

"OTG"

"OTG" stands for living "off the grid," not connected to the energy grid, energy self-sufficient. By this definition you might call living aboard a cruising boat as being "off the grid." I've seen quite a few boats with wind generators and solar panels. But, of course, my life in this part of the world, the northern end of the Sea of Cortez, isn't really energy self-sufficient because I depend on gasoline for my truck to drive to San Felipe for food and supplies.

Which brings me to a question about something I've always wanted to do, use a small boat with only sail and oar power for transportation and get rid of the truck. Does anyone know of any place conducive to such a lifestyle? Would that I could find it, then

messing about in boats could truly be a way of life.

Georgia Tanner, PMB 230, P.O. Box 9019, Calexico, CA 92232

This Magazine...

Hurricane Relief

That Postal Service creed "Neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night will stay us from the swift completion of our appointed rounds" carefully excludes hurricanes. After Katrina rolled through here they didn't just stop delivery. They informed senders of periodicals that delivery was impossible and advised them to discontinue service until they heard from the recipient. Only thing is, they don't inform us subscribers that they've done that.

Being Third Class mail, I knew that delivery of *Messing About in Boats* was going to be interrupted or slow for some time. I wasn't pleased but then again the lights didn't work anyway. After a couple of months of doing without my bi-weekly fix I began receiving carpet, roofing, and cable TV ads in the box and I concluded that Third Class mail was being delivered again.

So I called Bob Hicks and found out that my subscription was on hold per Postal Service directions. He generously, and promptly, sent me all the back issues I'd missed. The fat envelope arrived yesterday, along with another envelope containing a deer tail and a dozen ticks from Robb White. (But that, as he might say, is another story.) I felt as excited as I did at the age of six when that baking powder powered plastic submarine finally arrived from Battle Creek, Michigan. And I hadn't even had to send in 50 cents and two box tops.

Well, all the things I'd been working on got shut down and I spent the rest of yesterday afternoon with that bundle of fine boat literature and a big mug of tea. By the time I was rambling through the classifieds in the most recent issue, I'd switched to an evening beer. The sun set on a contented man. None of my boats were hurt in the storm and now I'm back up to date with my favorite boating magazine. My thanks to good fortune and a good publisher/editor.

Don Abrams, Ocean Springs, Mississippi

Articles Spawned Projects

I very much enjoy your magazine. It's always the first thing that gets read in the bundle of the day's mail when I arrive at home. Several of the "how to" type articles have spawned winter projects on my boat fleet, and the tripping articles have led me to some very enjoyable places.

Greg Welker, Bowie, M.D. (West Wight Potter, P-19 Wight Magic, Current Design Pisces sea kayak, stitch-and-glue sea kayak, Outer Island sea kayak)



Band of Brothers

By Alexander Kent

Publisher: Random House

ISBN: 0-4340-1010-3

130 pages

Suggested Retail Price: \$19.95

Review by Joe Dittler

The three greatest sailors who never lived are, arguably, Horatio Hornblower, Jack Aubrey, and Richard Bolitho. Their combined exploits at sea have entertained readers since the 1930s and inspired an armada of imitators. The world of maritime fiction is figuratively framed and planked upwards from their keel.

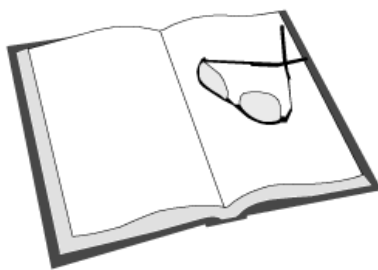
Of these magnificent storytellers, Bolitho's creator, author Alexander Kent, is the only one still living. Kent has just finished his newest book, *Band of Brothers*, a long overdue novel dealing with Bolitho's early career as a midshipman.

The author, whose real name is Douglas Reeman, has been producing novels regularly since 1968 and now boasts more than 22 million books sold. They are printed in 16 languages, including Finnish, Polish, and Portuguese. Japan is their third largest market (Forester began his series in 1937 and died in 1966, O'Brian started his series in 1970 and died in 2000).

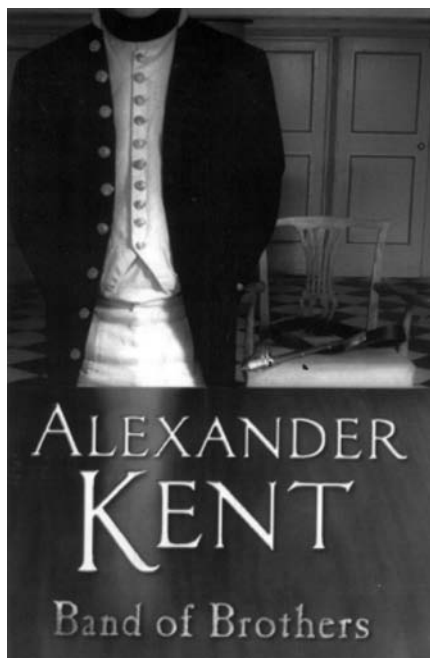
Wars are fought with powder and shot, cutlass and cannon, stout ships and gallant men. Kent's hero, Richard Bolitho (pronounced Bo-LYE-tho), is a clear manifestation of this credo. Unlike Hornblower and Aubrey, Bolitho fights a fleet action in nearly every book.

His war is not hopelessly lost ashore with property woes, political challenges, hiding from the French, or endless domestic disputes, but instead is won at sea aboard the decks of a fighting ship of the line, just where his readers like it the most.

Kent, in case you have been asleep these past three decades, documents the fic-



Book Review



tional adventures and battles (and loves) of Richard Bolitho and his young nephew Adam during the Napoleonic era, at sea aboard England's great fleet of wooden ships.

The author saw plenty of real life action in WWII. He was blown up twice, had ships sunk out from under him, and once spent 11 hours bobbing around the cold North Sea before being rescued.

Reeman (Kent) returned from the war, finished his naval career, and then began to write books. He wrote novels about the war under his own name but discovered there was a huge audience of readers hungry for tales from the Great Age of Sail. He took on the nom de plume of Alexander Kent, the name of a childhood friend who did not make it home from the war.

Now, 60 years later, the author has published 36 books about WWII naval history under the name of Douglas Reeman and 27 books about the Napoleonic Era under the alias of Alexander Kent. The latest novel by Kent is called *Band of Brothers* and has just been released in this country.

The series has been thriving. But now, 27 books and 35 years later, Alexander Kent has finally answered the question, "What happened to Midshipman Martyn Dancer?"

The prolific author skipped a chapter way back in 1972. He probably didn't think much of it at the time, but his readers were relentless. They have nagged him for 30

years to solve the mystery of Martyn Dancer's disappearance from the series.

With this newest book, *Band of Brothers*, Alexander Kent mollifies his readers on two accounts. He answers the question of Dancer's fate, but more importantly Kent clearly demonstrates to readers that he is still alive, in fine writing form and continuing to document the fictional lives of the sailing Bolithos.

Band of Brothers is designed to chronologically follow two other books, *Richard Bolitho*, *Midshipman*, and *Midshipman Bolitho and the Avenger*. All the Bolitho novels are stand-alone, not requiring readers to have read the entire series (although you will certainly want to).

This latest book is a necessary addition to the Bolitho collection. Kent's readers are known to purchase half a dozen novels well in advance so they won't experience a pause in their reading while trying to find the next book. It's a fever every Forester, O'Brian, and Kent reader knows all too well and explains at a glance why these three authors have had so much success.

As a midshipman in *Band of Brothers* even the young Bolitho demonstrates his trademarks as a man are not limited to bravery, leadership, and seamanship. His compassion for those who serve under him begins here and, of course, grows legendary in ensuing novels as his rank and responsibility grow.

One of the problems for American readers has been access to Kent's books. Finding certain books from the series is like looking for Captain Kidd's treasure.

New readers to Alexander Kent, however, can find hard-to-locate earlier novels from this series, as well as new Kent titles, at McBooks Press out of New York. Contact them at www.mcbooks.com or call 1-888-BOOKS11 (1-888-266-5711).

For more about Alexander Kent visit the author's official website at www.bolithomarineproductions.com.

Postscript: A new Adam Bolitho saga is currently being penned for release in the summer of 2006. The adventure continues...

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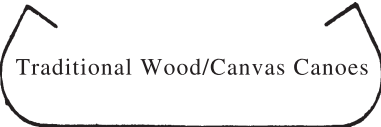
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How do you describe a cruise that is as comfortable as your favorite sweater or your best friend? Our five-day cruise on Lake Champlain from July 27th through 31st was like that. We sailed on what the locals call The Inland Sea at the northeastern end of Lake Champlain. We had been there two times before and had a few anchorages that we call home. We sailed with longtime friends, friends we have sailed with for 10 to 20 years!

We casually put the cruise together when the original cruise to the North Channel of Lake Huron was cancelled. Knowing that Ed and Mary McGuire's summer was at least as full as ours, we started with them and nailed down three possible units of time, put it out to a few local Shallow Water Sailors, and settled on a five-day time slot. McGuires came with their Dovekie *Puddleduck*; Carol Moseley and Bob Ahlers sailed up from Willsboro Bay where *Time Enough* (McGregor 26) was anchored; Patty and John Gerty drove over from Cambridge, Massachusetts, with *Zephyr*, their Cullison-built Martha Jane; and Leo and I towed our oh-so-comfortable Martha Jane, *Scout*, from 100 miles south.

The weather in the northeastern United States this summer has broken records for heat and rainfall. Our meeting day saw a cold front come through with its predictable rain and wind. This was worth putting up with to get what we got on the back side of this front, cool, dry air! Wonderful timing, but that's not exactly what we were saying the first day. The rain was so hard that we dithered at anchor for most of the afternoon until we had to make a decision, encouraged by the grumpy marina owner. Reluctantly we motored the windy, wet five miles to a big sheltered bay, formed another raft-up, and celebrated our reunion.

The next four days had quite similar weather patterns, light wind, lots of sun, always a threat of a pop-up thunderstorm that always passed us by. We became quite lazy with the slow sailing and the long hours of passages. We were so grateful that this wasn't the scorching weather it could have been.

26th Annual Magnum Opus Cruise

By Sandy Lommen
Reprinted from *Shallow Water Sailor*

Swimming was languid and common. We found ice cream stops twice. Our laid-back lifestyle had become so comfortable that it was a shock to stop at the town dock that had been a favorite from the previous cruises. There were too many boats (Saturday morning!) and felt like too much civilization even though we were on a small island in northern Vermont.

We gladly pushed off the beach and drifted to my favorite bay of all, Lapans Bay. It has nothing to recommend it but protection from all winds and our previously remembered anchorages from 1998 and 2003. We still don't know how the locals pronounce the name. We first found it after a long, hard tacking session in the rain. We dropped the hook and opened a can of baked beans and thought we were in heaven. We even had beans and rice waiting for the next boat that came in wet, cold, and discouraged. They thought we are gourmet cooks. This year's gourmet miracle appeared from the boats on either side of us when Mary made the chocolate cake and Carol made the ice cream!

We had two other repeat experiences. We first discovered Ted Barker in 1998 when he was the kind owner of the Appletree Marina and loaned us his car to go fetch our cars and trailers from way down the lake. In 2003 he visited our afternoon raft-up to invite the whole flotilla to his lawn, half a mile down the shore, to a gam and snacks. It turned into a long evening and a loaves-and-fishes event (dinner appearing out of nowhere). This year we stopped by to say hello and pay our respects to the Patriarch of South Hero Island. He and his wife Marce are in fine health and as gracious as ever.

The day after seeing Ted and Marce, we sailed out from between South and North

Hero Islands and caught a nice breeze as we traveled up into a slot toward another ice cream stop and a memorable bridge. The bridge height is listed at 26'. Seven years previously Ted and Maggie Tobey had executed a flying Dovekie mast dip! Marvelous to have seen, easy to remember. They had made a practice run at it first, Ted releasing the headstay just enough to ensure clearance, Maggie steering a steady course. They repeated it flawlessly. I haven't see anything like it since.

In 2003 Leo and I motored *Scout* under the bridge in very still wind as two spotters stood by on their radios to give us their guess on whether our 25' high rig would fit under a supposedly 26' high bridge. This year the heavy rainfall had raised the lake to 7' above datum. No question that we needed to lower the mast, the only time I have missed the Dovekie with its very ultra-simple, rig.

The little country store at the bridge still had a fine selection of ice cream. The mucky bank still had its poison ivy. Eating the last of our ice cream we motored across to the sheltered side of the passage to wait out a wicked-looking set of black clouds. We even set two anchors, which turned out to be good practice only. The storm hit somewhere else, leaving us little wind.

We drifted several miles up and around North Hero Island, intent on finding the little hurricane hole, Maquam Bay, that some others had anchored in on the '98 cruise. Very accessible because of the high lake level, this hard-to-find spot became the gem of the trip. It was a small creek, emptying into the lake from a wide, beautiful wetlands. From the entrance we turned a corner immediately and found lots of water, protection, and privacy.

The cruise ended the way it began, motoring. Lack of wind had left us drifting in circles. Time to go home. We had already left Carol and Bob as they sailed on down the lake to their music festival and bird watching. We took out uneventfully, had dinner at a local joint, and separated, all knowing that we need to sail together one more time.

Oppressive, pebbled clouds pressed down on the tiny sailboat as it skimmed over the turbulent waters. Inside a ten-year-old boy's hands gripped the higher side as the deep, blue-gray lake slowly inched its way menacingly up the lower side of the varnished mahogany and cream hull. His knuckles turned white as a shriek ripped out of his throat, only to be engulfed by howling winds seconds later. Above him taut sails strained on lines, propelled to greater speeds by the wind that raced over the hills, whistled down through dense woods, and flew across the waters to berate the senses. It brought with it the piney scent of land as if to lure them back to safety. The boy willingly would have heeded its call, but that was not his decision to make.

In the distance, evergreen surrounded patches of dead brown where fires had ravaged the land in years prior. Bare sticks now whipped in the wind at angles previously unimaginable. Higher, the sky crackled with electricity, making hairs stand on end and producing a deep sense of foreboding. Endless blue, gray, and green rimmed the horizon in all directions, but coming out of the cove – yellow! The bright canary yellow

Wind Daughter

By Jesse Pence

assaulted the eyes, almost blinding after the drab, mute colors surrounding it. Ant-sized people signaled furiously from the nearing boat, beckoning them out of the storm's wrath.

But the driver of the dory ignored them, as she had the scared boy who now perched precariously on the gunnel farthest away from the frothing water that was only inches from slopping into the boat. A hearty laugh bubbled out of her mouth, dispersing any notion of being scared. It was soon swallowed but there was plenty more where that had come from. With one hand she guided the tiller, keeping them on a steady course as her other controlled the billowing sails. Her blonde hair created a halo around a pale face, only assisted by the electrified air.

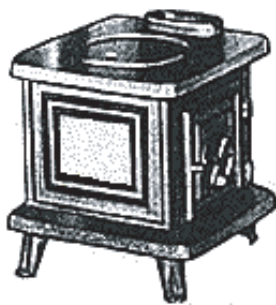
Looking at her features you were shown an unafraid 12-year-old who was completely confident about her skills as a sailor and could not understand the terror her companion's face conveyed. It was obvious that she

was not swayed by the power and danger that charged closer and threatened to leave them stranded in the cold mountain lake water. Anyone else in that situation, including her much more experienced father, would have been very apprehensive, but she contained exactly enough adventurousness, and stupidity, to feel perfectly safe.

Later, as her feet touched sand, her legs would turn to jelly and her common sense would come rushing back, but at that moment Jesse was entirely unperturbed.



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Catamarans Visit Lake County

Forty high and low tech catamarans came to the Lake Eustis Sailing Club, Eustis, Florida, over the September 24-25 weekend. It has been maybe ten years since I had seen the cats racing and the boats and procedures are interesting enough to write about. This is the yearly catamaran regatta at Lake Eustis and it is scheduled on an off weekend. The LESC races are scheduled every other Saturday and Sunday, leaving the alternate weekends open for regattas. Many of the LESC members pitch in on RC, safety boats, and parking, but the regatta is run by the catamaran sailors.

The grounds were open and some come with tents, big motor homes, children, and a few dogs. The Florida catamaran circuit has a race about once a month and this was their September race. To compensate the LESC for the use of the club, the regatta committee makes a donation to the LESC youth sailing foundation.

This year the 40 cats that showed up were grouped by the Race Committee into Nacra 20 - 9 boats, Hobie 16 - 8 boats, A cats - 6 boats, Hobie 14 turbo - 4 boats, High Portsmouth - 3 boats, P15, P-15, H17, Low Portsmouth - 6 boats, H-17, P-18, P-19, H-21, Nacra 5.5, Nacra 6.0, and Spinnaker Portsmouth - 3 boats.

The RC assigned each of the groups a flag from the collection of the LESC. A Flying Scot flag, a Wayfarer flag, a red flag, an orange flag, etc. to get up to seven. The RC did what they called a rolling start with the starting line on the port side of the committee boat and the finish line on the starboard side. There was a far windward mark for the faster boats and a near windward for the slower boats and a gate (two marks perpendicular to the wind, go between and around either right or left.) about a hundred yards in front of the committee boat and a little to the left.

The course was windward, leeward, and through the gate, back to windward, and then leeward to the finish. To start the group flag goes up with the warning signal and the standard five minute sequence. As soon as all the boats in a group have finished the RC tries to give them another start. Some times they put up two flags and send two groups off together. Two people on the committee boat were running starts and two people on the boat were recording finishes and taking times. The first day they run five races in five hours.

The biggest class, the Nacra 20, has had

several other names. It was the class of the Worrel 1000 a few years ago. The sponsor was Tommy Bahama and there's yellow on many of the boats and some of the sails with TB advertising on them. It is a high tech boat with rather deep hulls, long central spinnaker poles with snuffers, and crews around spraying the snuffers with McLube-like stuff to make them work smoother. Sails are high aspect with square tops, full length battens, and rotating mast. The pole for the asymmetrical spinnaker or "screecher" reminds me of the old fashion bowsprits with a modern twist.

The next class in numbers was the Hobie 16 but let's run down the Hobie 14 turbo first. The original Hobie Alter boat was the 14 with a cat rig. It was hard to tack and the reserve buoyancy was limited. The rig was changed to the "turbo" which had a main and a jib, making it an easier boat to sail. The Hobie people stopped making the 14 a few years ago but the turbo is hanging on with a few who enjoy a simpler catamaran boat, but with the tough Hobie no centerboard hulls, full length battens, and trapeze.

The Hobie 16s were built right after the 14. With larger hulls sailed off the beach with full length battens, double trapeze. Without center boards they don't go to weather like the other cats but were the basis for the original sailing off the beach (and not from Yacht Clubs) that Hobie promoted. The banana-like rocker hulls are capped with flatter decks overlapping the hull form to seal the decks to the hulls. The wider deck tends to trip the lee bow when it gets stuck into a wave. Regular features of the newer cats is the rounded and narrowed deck and the wave piercing bow that sheds the water off more easily.

The A cats are the next group, a single handed group. They are a development class and not one-design. Like most development classes after a big breakthrough, the boats all look pretty much alike except for small changes. They sport all the current changes. These boats are mostly carbon fiber with a weight of 165lbs. The mast is 22lbs, dagger boards are featherweight. Hulls are 18' long, very narrow with square bows, and at least one design has a bow that recedes along the deck to give a longer waterline, less weight in the bow, and more "wave piercing." The thin rounded deck has a inch strip of tread in case the skipper wants to walk forward for some reason. A sobriety test, I think. The rig is cat with 150sf of sail. Twice a Laser and more than the MC. It is on a tall mast with mast to boom ratio of about 4:1 (the Laser is 2-1/2:1) and a square-topped sail.

The High Portsmouth (racing under timed handicaps) group is mostly Prindles with the asymmetrical hulls that were going to be a better answer to sailing upwind without dagger boards. A lone Hobie 17 is in that group. That was an early attempt by Hobie for a large single handed cat.

The Low Portsmouth had larger Prindles and a Hobie 21 which was the hot boat a number of years ago.

The Portsmouth, spinnaker, had several boats labeled "blades" that were high tech with tall square headed sails, reversed bows, spinnaker poles, and snuffers.

It was a great to see the array of new and old beach catamarans that have surfaced in Florida and may be descended from ancestors of the large ancient Indian catamarans that colonized the Polynesian islands and the 50th state of the U.S.

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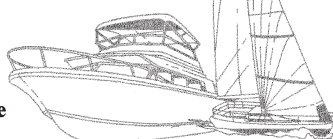


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ISAR 2005

By Gaylord Lockett

Each year the U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary and the Canadian Coast Guard Auxiliary compete in the International Search and Rescue competition, or ISAR. This competition alternates between locations in Canada and the United States.

This year ISAR was held September 30/October 1 in Dartmouth/Halifax, Nova Scotia. Dartmouth and Halifax are adjacent to each other with a large harbor in between. They are connected by two bridges and a passenger ferry service. Dartmouth is the home of a large Canadian Coast Guard base.

My wife, Jean, and I decided to drive up from Yorktown, Virginia, to view this competition. Wow, what an adventure! We registered along with the ISAR folks so we were included in their activities and made reservations at the Dartmouth Ramada Plaza, the "ISAR" hotel, so we were right in the midst of things.

First, the drive up. We left Sunday, September 25 to return #4 granddaughter to Winchester, Virginia. Monday we drove to New London, Connecticut, where we took a look at the USCG Academy, very nice facility. Tuesday we toured Mystic Seaport, close to New London. Got to board the *Charles W. Morgan*, last surviving whale ship (actually a barque), the *L.A. Dunton*, a Gloucester fishing schooner (used in the making of the movie *Captains Courageous*), and the full rigged ship *Joseph Conrad*. Wednesday we had a LONG drive to St Johns, New Brunswick. Had no trouble crossing the border. Thursday we drove north over the top of the Bay of Fundy and south to Dartmouth and got there in time to tour around a bit and get a good seafood dinner.

Now to ISAR. Thursday night was a "get acquainted" party, complete with three folks dressed like the Three Musketeers who inducted folks into the "Council of Good Cheer." Friday morning we had a group buffet breakfast, then on to the Coast Guard Base for opening ceremonies, then the waterborne portion of ISAR. This consisted of a package of information on a "distress" which was given to each team. Each team, working independently, plotted their best estimate of the location of the "distress." Then, one team at a time, they boarded a Canadian Coast Guard Auxiliary boat (the CCGA supplied the helmsman as the U.S. folks were unfamiliar with the operating characteristics of the Canadian boats) and went out to find the "distress." An Oscar (a dummy dressed in flotation gear) was waiting at the spot to be discovered and recovered.

This occupied the morning, but we were back at the hotel before 1300 with spare time to drive down to Peggy's Cove, where Jean had lobster for lunch! Back to the hotel where we rejoined the ISAR folks and boarded busses to a tour boat facility in Halifax. We had two boats which took us on a tour of Halifax Harbor, with "heavy hors d'ouvers," enough for supper, especially if you had lobster for lunch! The tour was from 1800 to 2000. Halifax Harbor is spectacular in the dark but we had plenty of light at the beginning of the tour to see a lot of details.

Saturday, after the buffet breakfast, we again boarded busses, this time to the Halifax Maritime Museum, the site of the land portion of ISAR. We viewed damage control (stopping leaks in a large steel box connected to a water hose and having irregular holes cut into the sides), heaving line throwing, life ring tossing, dewatering pump operating (unpack a gasoline driven pump which has been packed in a watertight can, hook it up, start it, get suction, and use the water pressure from the discharge hose to drive a target away from the platform where the pump is, secure the pump, and prepare it for repacking), and medevac competition. Let me tell you, these folks are GOOD!

We had a break at noon for a, you guessed it, buffet lunch at the museum, very good. There was enough spare time between events to tour the museum and also to board *HMCS* (Her Majesties Canadian Ship, for those who don't know) *Sackville*. *Sackville* is a town close to Halifax and *HMCS Sackville* is one of the hundreds of corvettes built as anti-submarine escorts by England and Canada during WWII, and the last survivor. She is also the vessel used in the making of the movie *The Cruel Sea*. I was impressed with *HMCS Sackville*! The guys manning that ship had to put up with some cramped quarters!

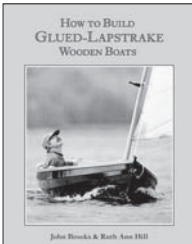
Back to the hotel by 1530 to prepare to leave by bus for the banquet at 1800. After a small glitch (the bus took us to the wrong place!) we arrived and were seated. Dinner

and presentations took four hours! Many of the remarks were made in English AND repeated in French, which slowed things down a bit. Not to keep you guessing, "our" team, Division 12 from the Fifth District, Southern Region, located on the Eastern Shore, also known as the DelMarVa peninsula, won trophies in two events, but the overall win went to the Canadians, again! They have now won six times in a row! We need to do something!

The trip back was also interesting. We drove the south coast of Nova Scotia, stopping in Lunenburg where we saw the schooner *Bluenose*, and ending in Yarmouth. From Yarmouth we took a FAST (50 knots max) catamaran ferry to Bar Harbor, Maine. From there we drove down the coast to Ogunquit, Maine, where we spent \$96 for two monster lobsters (that's \$96 just for lobster, we drank water and had no desert!). Next day, just for the heck of it, we drove out to the tip of Cape Cod as we had never been there. Now headed home, we again spent the night again in New London and drove home Thursday.

Put about 3,000 miles on the car. In the U.S. gas ran around \$3 a gallon, but in Nova Scotia it is \$1.16 in Canadian. Folks, that's \$1.16 PER LITER, or around \$4.50 a gallon!

That was our trip to ISAR 2005. We will attend ISAR 2006 as it will be held in Portsmouth Virginia, right in our own backyard. Everyone is invited so I hope to see you there.



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First Day

Sunday, June 12, 2005: Late in the afternoon we finally reached Nepisiguit Lake in northern New Brunswick. Each of us in the ten-person canoeing party was eager to begin the seven-day, six-night trip down the Nepisiguit, 75 miles, with take-out just above the city of Bathurst and Nepisiguit Bay, an arm of the Atlantic Ocean.

As our three-vehicle caravan drove into Mount Carleton Provincial Park, spectacular scenery greeted us, lush, forested slopes rising to ridges, one of which crested as the summit of Mount Carleton, at 2,690' (820m) the highest point in the province. Below, running west to east, lay a string of four connecting lakes, glinting light blue under the sun. As I recalled from my days in geology class, Bathurst, Camp, Tenerife, and Nepisiguit are known as "paternoster lakes," glacial formations that resemble beads on a rosary. Remnants of the Ice Age 10,000 years ago, each successive body of water is on a lower level than the first lake and all are linked with cascades tumbling through a gigantic, U-shaped valley carved out by the long-departed glacier. I was struck with a sense of arrested time, as if we had stepped into the way-distant past.

It was still somewhat early in the season, no one was around. Mike, the chief guide in the lead vehicle, drove down a narrow dirt road with few signs to direct him. Fortunately we encountered a park ranger headed toward us in his truck. We both stopped. "The end of the road is about a mile away," he said. "The recent rains have raised the level of the river one-and-a-half feet."

Our two vans and a car soon arrived at a parking area where the road had widened slightly. The put-in would be just below a bridge over a narrow stream connecting two lakes, the Nepisiguit and the Moose, the latter basically a long bay with enough subsurface vegetation to make canoeing virtually impossible.

None of us had canoed this river before. In fact, the Nepisiguit is relatively neglected, even in canoeing circles. Fishermen tend to know the valley better, accessing end-of-the-road pools downstream.

Although Mike, the trip organizer, had never run the river before, he was, nevertheless, fully prepared, particularly on paper. Having consulted beforehand with Dave, a fellow river-runner, Mike had been thoroughly briefed on what to expect. Most important, Mike had studied Dave's well-marked maps and recorded every campsite, portage, and rapid on his own map. With such prior knowledge Mike anticipated no surprises, especially ones related to two key "areas of interest," the Narrows, with its rapids, and a power plant requiring a major portage.

Furthermore, Mike knew the capabilities, strengths, and weaknesses of each member of our party. He views his guiding more as a hobby for his friends, not a business venture. These friends return faithfully, year after year, so there is no need to advertise, his word-of-mouth reputation always ensures a full complement. And now here we were together on the Nepisiguit, friends bent on exploring a new river.

The others in our party besides me (a librarian and historian) were: Shauna, Mike's wife; Larry, a co-leader and a top sportsman who has pursued canoeing, hunting, and fishing on both American continents; Phil, a

Canoeing New Brunswick's Nepisiguit River The Trip That Wouldn't Give an Inch

By Richard E. Winslow III

For Mike Patterson, Shauna Stuber, and Larry Totten, great river-running leaders and best friends, who led me down the Nepisiguit



As fog moves in, scenic mountain views hereby are cancelled for the day.

labor lawyer from Portland, Maine ("they let me go for a week!"); Stan, a retired Virgin Islands marine supply businessman now living on Cape Cod; Frank, a retired mathematics teacher and a college classmate with whom I had climbed New Hampshire's Mount Adams some 50 years earlier; Tim, Frank's son, who is carrying on the family tradition as a second-generation mathematician; John, a retired psychiatrist who's related to Frank; and Dane, a computer professional and ardent sportsman from Richmond, Virginia. Mike and Shauna would be in one tandem canoe, Larry and I would be in the second (with me as bowman), and the rest were paddling and poling solo.

Two stalwart veterans of previous trips, it should be mentioned, were, alas, not with us. Stan's dog, Jasper, who had accompanied his master on the previous year's trip on the Cascapédia River, Quebec, had retired from river-running, the ordeal now being too much for him. Carolyn, an AMC trip leader with numerous trips under her paddle, had planned to join us on the Nepisiguit trip. She is always a most welcome member with her quick humor, driving energy, and "get things done" stamina. Sadly, it was not to be. Four days before the start of the Nepisiguit trip Carolyn had returned home to Brunswick, Maine, from a vacation only to find that, in her absence, her house had been looted and vandalized. Given the mess, she was forced to cancel the trip. "What an insult to Carolyn," Shauna said to me. "And she would have been another woman on the trip with whom I could relate."

Another pre-put-in incident turned out more favorably. Anticipating brook trout fishing on the trip, Mike had prearranged with the

forest ranger's office in Plaster Rock, New Brunswick, the last community of any size on the way to the park, to obtain fishing licenses. According to the plan someone from the department would place the fishing licenses under a doormat so that Mike could pick them up on Sunday when the office would be closed. Upon our arrival at Plaster Rock Mike strode up to the front door and lifted the mat to find nothing. He then disappeared around the building and eventually emerged triumphantly, waving several pieces of paper. "The clerk happened to be in today," he reported, "and she handed over the licenses. She had originally put them under the mat but because it has rained so heavily in recent days, she took them inside for safety."

Our fishing team was now officially legal for brook trout only. The fee for salmon fishing would be much higher, to the point of extravagance, and besides, it was too early in the season for salmon runs.

When all our paperwork, preparations, and enthusiasm were in place we prepared to hit the water late in the afternoon, grateful for June's many hours of daylight. Nepisiguit Lake stretched out before us, a calm expanse for pleasant paddling. The ridges sloped down to the lake's shores as if the water were encased in an elongated trough with the mountain rim a thousand feet above. Since I enjoy lake canoeing just as much as river paddling, I could have happily spent a week right here. At this point, the spell had already gripped me and I was willing to be a water wanderer without any sense of destination or time, content just to paddle along ahead of Larry's powerful J-strokes.

My reverie ended abruptly when Mike, in the lead, spotted the lake's outlet, a brushy, grassy opening with stands of pine on higher ground. Thus was the Nepisiguit born, not as a narrow, winding creek but rather as a wide, well-defined river. Soon the current picked up, beginning its 90-mile journey to the sea.



"Get in line" time. As the lake pinches at its outlet, canoes bunch up to begin river paddling.

As usual in their naming of geographical features, the indigenous Mi'kmaq (or Micmac) described the waterway in the most unmistakable, no-nonsense language: Nepisiguit translates as "the river that dashes roughly along." For the rest of the trip that word picture would be brought home vividly to us, borne along by an engine-like current that was almost ever present. Its hard charging rush was powerful enough to divide and sweep around gravel islets in mid-river and then rejoin downstream. Each time we neared these gravel obstacles we would wonder whether to hug the bank left or right for the best and safest route. On occasion, our canoes would divide up and meet downstream.

Soon we pulled off on river right, tipped off to the location of a campsite by a rough

path up a steep bank. In his role as gourmet chef, Mike loves to eat well and always serves up the best food, no matter what the cost or preparation time. "You eat better with me on the river," he often has said, "than you would at a restaurant." Mike served up tilapia à la Patterson with a tequila lime seasoning. We had a brief sunset, as it turned out the only one of the trip. A heavy downpour pelted the tents, awakening us during the night.



Miles to go before I sleep. Loading the canoes in early morning for another day on the river.

Second Day

Monday, June 13: Morning dawned with a gauzy sky, billowing mist on the ridges, and a squishy feel to the air. To avoid the hubbub around our second day put-in, Mike and Shauna had paddled upstream for quieter, undisturbed water. "You are going the wrong way," he shouted back to us. After a few casts he landed two small brookies, which he unhooked to comply with the catch-and-release policy for the smaller fish. Alas, one had been hooked too deeply, dying, it rose to the surface. Dane joined him without success. We non-fishermen ribbed the anglers mercilessly throughout the trip. "We were depending upon you for tonight's fish fry." Too much high, swift water worked against our fishing team, roughing up the pools throughout the trip, and they ended up casting for exercise, not for fish.

The Nepisiguit quickly broadened, picking up tributaries as we went along. Monstrous boulders in rock gardens cluttered the route, but thanks to the high water we generally swept over or otherwise evaded their flattened tops with inches to spare. For a better vantage point from our canoe, Larry often stood and poled to avoid any obstacles looming in the distance.

With Larry as a captive audience, I couldn't resist subjecting him to a little story: A summer tourist encountered a Yankee farmer who raised his crops in a field of boulders; the movable ones had been stacked into stone walls along the property lines.

"How did all these rocks get here?" the tenderfoot asked.

"The glacier brought them down."

"Where is the glacier now?"

"It went back to get more rocks."

Larry laughed. "I guess that's what we're looking at here," I said. "The glacier has gone back to get more rocks to dump in this river."

The morning did not lack for excitement. At one point we noticed, far ahead, a massive dark rock near the bank. As we paddled ever closer, the rock appeared to have a head... and the form began moving. Then the shape morphed into a moose, which had come down to the water's edge for a drink. Although we remained utterly quiet, the moose evidently saw us or sensed our presence and bolted back into the woods. On another occasion, Larry spotted two orange/roan-skinned moose calves on shore. "Mother must be just out of sight in the woods," he commented as they slipped back for cover.

We stopped for lunch ashore at a crude campsite at the end of a rough road that fishermen had bulldozed through the forest for river access. "Fishermen always look out for themselves, taking care of their own interests," I commented, and we canoeists were glad to take advantage of their foresight.



Mike built a wood fire for hot coffee, tea, or cocoa to accompany our make-your-own sandwich buffet.

After lunch we took time to add a layer or two of clothing to ward off the misty, damp cold. The chill made my fingers twitch as I attempted to take field notes or to change the film in my camera. To avoid a constant litany of rain... fog... mist... downpour... soaked clothes... slippery rocks... soggy campsites, I'll just say that the rest of the trip

(with the exception of a brief period of sun on the fourth day) was rather like being in a tropical rain forest with markedly un-tropical temperatures. My ChapStick, zinc oxide, and sunscreen remained untouched in my belt pouch. I've often heard it said about living in rainy Seattle that after six months you develop webbed feet. By the end of our weeklong trip on the Nepisiguit I was well on my way to sporting such appendages, and maybe webbed hands as well.

Back on the river after lunch we kept looking at every possible site for a home for the night. Each time we landed we found an area strewn with beer cans and bottles and much too cramped for the eight tentsites we needed. Each location was an end-of-the-road site cleared by fishermen for access to the river. The alternative was to camp right on or slightly off the rough road. "I don't trust these very exposed sites," I muttered to a few others. "There's no telling when some drunken driver might barrel down here in the middle of the night and take out whatever and whoever might be in the way."

With the weather against us, we opted to push on to an authorized provincial campground at Popple Depot which had ready access to a frequently traveled dirt road and a bridge across the river. "That place is going to be full up and swarming with screaming kids and noisy, boozing fishermen," countered the pessimists in our group. "On a rainy Monday afternoon, who will be there?" contended the optimists.

Well, the optimists were right. We arrived at a totally deserted campground with plenty of sites. "Look Before You Shoot," warned a sign nailed to a tree. Within half an hour, everything was organized, pitched tents, inflated air mattresses, dry footgear, a rigged kitchen fly, and an overturned canoe for use as a table.



Under a kitchen fly at Popple Depot campsite, hot food, wine, and tall stories mark the end of a rainy day.

In the distance I spotted and soon investigated the one-way bridge. The road and the bridge led to civilization with a few camps and even the Governor's Pool Inn, complete with health spa. Logging truck drivers at great speed downshifted as they approached

It's a long way from the Caribbean. Official Nepisiguit River limbo bar without accompanying music.





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the bridge, once across they accelerated.

Following dinner Phil expressed the group's universal weariness after the long, hard day, "I'm turning in."

"Well, we don't want you up at 4:00," Mike said good-naturedly, "and banging around to wake up the rest of us."

Minutes later I reached the same decision. "I might wake up at 3:30, but in your best interests, and promising to keep quiet, I will not be up and around until 4:00."

Mike was ready for me, "You mean 4:00 in the afternoon?"

Third Day

Tuesday, June 14: Despite what some may think, one never really forgets or abandons the "real" world, even on these away-from-it-all trips. As I lay in my tent and the time approached 6:30am, I reflected that my parents had been married on this date in 1930, 75 years ago, a very special day in our family history.

The day began cold and remained overcast. During the slow, easy stretches Larry described the canoeing trip in Patagonia he'd taken with a few friends earlier in 2005. "I picked up a local guide who knew the river well," Larry began. "We paddled through a rain forest with snowy peaks in the distance. Once a tributary river flowed down from a glacier to join our river and discolored the water with a muddy silt. Along the river the people live in almost total isolation, no roads, no electricity, no plumbing. The only concession to the modern world is the chainsaw. Once a year, they drive their cattle along a rude path to civilization and sell their livestock."

The day passed without incident as we landed at Indian Falls Depot campsite, which had enough cleared land to bivouac an army. This place almost certainly had been a logging camp settlement in its day, a spring and summer tent city. As I strolled down the hill for supper, I noticed a half-eaten head of lettuce near the cooking area, probably a snack for the well-fed resident rabbit that hopped around for handouts during our dinner. I surmised that the few canoeing parties or passing fishermen had adopted this bunny as a mascot, without any thought of harming him. We had plenty to eat with Mike's "Mexican Night" burritos, so any suggestion of rabbit stew was out of the question.

(To Be Continued)

A stark cross memorializes an unlucky canoeist who got only this far on the river.



A ten-minute drive from downtown Augusta, Maine, will take you to Cobbosseecontee Lake. Ten miles long, this lake, shaped by the receding glaciers, is dotted with a dozen or more islands.

When gas rationing during World War II curtailed long distance auto travel, our family stopped traveling from Augusta to Plattsburgh, New York, to summer on Lake Champlain. My parents bought an old camp on Hodgdon's Island, the second largest island on Cobbosseecontee, and a shore lot with a small patch of sandy beach for a landing. The passage from the landing to the island extends a half-mile over open water. A north wind has a two-mile fetch to build waves along our route to and from the landing.

Since we were obliged to negotiate that half-mile in fair weather or foul, day or night, from June to September, we got a lot of experience in the use of outboard motor boats to transport people, groceries, and the baggage that goes with vacation living.

In the early days we used wooden boats, a classic Rangeley boat, a traditional Kennebec river scow, and a carvel-hulled runabout. Later on came aluminum and fiberglass boats in different shapes and sizes.

My first choice for durability, ease, and convenience of use is an aluminum boat. We acquired a second-hand 14' Alumacraft more than 25 years ago and it is still going strong, despite daily use all summer long. This model features smooth aluminum castings and extrusions in the bow, gunwales, and corners of the stern, sturdy and kind to the hands. Our 14-footer is light enough that one person can drag it ashore onto high ground and flip it over.

The light weight serves well on the water. A light boat means you can do with a smaller motor. A motor as small as a 4hp Evinrude twin sends the boat onto a plane with two people aboard. An 8hp Mercury sends the boat flying with two aboard and will still plane the boat with four. The only maintenance this aluminum boat has needed has been to replace the wooden seats as they have aged.

Our local swap or sell it guide, *Uncle Henry's*, lists dozens of used aluminum boats for sale. A used aluminum skiff may be a good choice for a person interested in light weight, utility, and low cost. Look for a hull that has not been pounded to the point where the rivets may be loose. If in doubt, ask to fill a few inches of water into the hull, which will show any leaks. But first, tip it up or roll it over to see that the keel is straight and the hull is not "hogged" or concave along the bottom. A hogged hull won't be a problem at low speeds, but at planing speeds and faster the handling may be erratic.

In the early days on Cobbosseecontee, we ran a 16' square-stern Rangeley boat. The builder's plate bore the name of H.M. Ferguson. The lapstrake hull was built with small half-round ribs spaced close together and copper fastenings clenched on the inside. The first Rangeley boats were originally built as double enders. This was before the popularity of outboard motors. They were a local design, similar to the Adirondack guide boat, but longer and heavier to cope with the rough waters of Maine lakes.

Rangeley boats are considered among the finest rowboats. A few strokes with the oars and the boat seems to glide forever. In a typical Adirondack guide boat the oar is

From Rangeley to Boston Whaler on a Maine Lake

Jon's Jottings

fixed to the oarlock with a pin, which prevents a rower from feathering his oars. The Rangeley oar and oarlock arrangement was unique in that the oarlocks are attached to a ring held in place on the oar by leather collars. The result is that the rower can feather his oars, an important feature in heavy wind and rough water. More important to the angler, the rower can let go of the oars to pick up his fishing rod without losing the oars.

We occasionally rowed our square stern model, but usually powered it with a 1-3/4hp Elto Ace outboard. The high, sharp bow cut cleanly through waves and the lapstrake construction meant that waves crunched against the hull with minimum splash. The Rangeley boat was dry and comfortable, even in a heavy chop.

The downside of the Rangeley boat was limited carrying capacity, and inconvenience in moving cargo or climbing over the high bow getting in or out of a beached craft. Being built of wood, it required periodic sanding and painting and was subject to rot and leaking. Eventually we replaced the Rangeley boat.

Dad's favorite was a 14' Liberty boat, a beamy, smooth strip-built craft made in Maine. It had a deck forward which made it difficult to climb in and out of when beached, but it planed beautifully with a 10hp Evinrude Lightfour. We steered the boat with a small spoke wheel and drum wrapped with nylon parachute cord running through pulleys to the outboard motor.

The Evinrude ten could be treacherous. It lacked a gearshift or neutral gear. Sometimes it would be hard to start and this combination nearly did in my cousin, Bjorn. When the motor wouldn't start, he advanced the throttle beyond "start," wound the rope around the flywheel, and gave a mighty pull. The motor started and went into "fast" mode. The sudden torque spun the motor around. The unexpected movement threw him off balance and dumped him in the lake. I never did learn how my cousin regained control of the boat without getting chopped up by the circling empty motor boat.

Following World War II a new boat-building material came on the market, fiberglass-reinforced plastic. At first builders merely copied existing boat designs in fiberglass and boatbuilders sprang up everywhere.

A small shop, American Fiberlast, built boats in Augusta in a former garage just off Western Avenue, the main road leading into town. In their shop they had a sample plank of fiberglass impregnated with polyester resin, which they invited visitors to try to smash with a hammer. A hard hammer blow did no visible damage.

American Fiberlast used the then-popular Sebago boat hull as a model. These early fiberglass boats had very thick hulls which made them heavy, but practically indestructible. You will still see a few of these tough old boats around central Maine today.

In due course, builders found they could mold fiberglass in compound curves and shapes that would be impossible to mass produce in wood. So they experimented with shapes impossible to build in wood. One such boat with compound curves was the Boston Whaler, designed by renowned marine architect C. Raymond Hunt. His original tri-hull design was so successful that it was widely imitated by numerous boat builders.

The design of the Whaler may have been developed from the first outboard speedboat I ever saw, the Sea Sled. The Sea Sled had a blunt scow bow with a concave section, or tunnel, down the middle. When it got up to speed, the Sea Sled behaved much like a catamaran, riding on a cushion of foam running down the tunnel.

It was fast, but the bubbles and foam underneath the middle of the hull tended to make the propeller cavitate, which limited performance.

The Whaler tri-hull design avoided the problem of cavitation by providing two tunnels for the foam and bubbles, while the propeller ran in solid water between the two tunnels. The hull was beamy and stable. A person of average build could stand on the gunwale without difficulty. Try that in your favorite canoe.

The Boston Whaler's second innovation was the use of an inside and an outside fiberglass hull with the space in between filled with poured-in-place plastic foam. This allowed the hull to be made thinner, stiffened the hull, and gave superior flotation. To demonstrate this spectacular safety feature, the advertising literature showed a person chain-sawing the hull in two, then rowing away in the forward half of the hull, dry as a bone. If you used a motor of modest size, you could pull the drain plug and the hull would be self-bailing.

The combination of stability and buoyancy and steady handling inspired confidence in the operator, even inexperienced boaters. Although we powered our 13-1/2' tiller-steer model with a motor of 6-10hp, it would plane nicely with two people aboard. Steady on the water and on the beach, the wide, low bow make climbing in and out easy.

Of all the boats we used, the little Boston Whaler was the craft best adapted to our cargo and people-carrying needs. While we used motors of 10hp or less, the boat handles well with much more power. Indeed, you will still see similar Whalers zipping around Maine harbors, powered by motors of up to 40hp.

The heavy hull, which contributes to the feeling of stability, is one of the drawbacks of the Whaler's double hull design. Over time, the hull may get heavier. We found that constant use on a beach wears through the hull in places, allowing water to enter between the inner and outer hull, soaking into the "closed cell" foam. Someone who is considering buying a double-hulled fiberglass boat should be sure to check the hull weight to make sure it isn't waterlogged. A tri-hull doesn't have the beautiful lines of a Rangeley boat, but it is mighty practical for carrying people and cargo.

If someone would build an aluminum boat with the handling characteristics of a 13-1/2' Boston Whaler, then I would get out the checkbook and get ready to start my next boating experiment.

I have often wondered how places and things got their names. Now with Muddy Pond there is no guesswork involved. It is mud, mud, mud from one end to the other. The pond is located in North Woodstock, Connecticut, close to the Massachusetts state line and only eight or ten miles from Southbridge, Massachusetts, where I grew up. It is not a very big body of water, probably about a half-mile across and a little more the other way with a cove at both ends, each of them being about a quarter-mile long. The coves were shallow (2' to 4') and covered with lily pads sprouting both yellow and white flowers and a shore lined with grass, reeds, and some boulders. The main part had a depth of maybe 8' to 10' with some deeper spots here and there.

Back 50 or 60 years ago it was also known as Pond Factory (I have no clue about this name) and also St. Mary's Lake. This last name came about because the church operated a small summer youth camp on the eastern shore with maybe 15 to 20 kids at a time. The official name on the map today is Muddy Pond.

"Happy Days" is what my family called our small summer cottage that was located on the west side of the pond across from the youth camp. There were a few other camps across the lake and down into the far cove, but the rest of the shore was undeveloped. Today it is built up completely and the old youth camp has become the town's public beach. I am lucky to have the pleasant memories of a past time that is long gone from the present day turmoil.

Muddy Pond was pretty good for fishing. We could always count on catching some perch or blue gills and an occasional good-sized pickerel. At night we'd row our 14' skiff out to a favorite spot to catch catfish or, as we called them, "pout." I remember my dad showing me how to tuck my thumb and third finger under the horns that were on each side of the fish (they could stick you pretty good), grab with the other fingers, and hold tightly while getting the hook out.

Dad, his friend Collin, and I spent many a pleasant night fishing for those pout, he and Collin with their bottles of beer and me with nothing but mosquito repellent. They both smoked to keep those blood hungry things away. My dad, after baiting the hook with a juicy night crawler, would take a drink of beer and then spit on the worm, tossing it over the side saying, "Now go get 'em, you *\$*&#*+*%\$."

I never did quite understand why he did that, but I did pick up a number of swear words. I also never developed the taste for "pout" as much as dad and Collin did. In the winter we would fish with tilts using shiners on the hook or jig through the holes in the ice using the eye of a perch that we had caught, all the while ice skating around the pond and then back to the big wood fire we had on the shore. Once in a great while we would catch a trophy-sized pickerel.

The pond was home to a lot of turtles, including a few snappers. Ducks abounded, along with Canada geese, an occasional hawk, and many other of nature's flying beauties. There were a lot of deer in the nearby woods and every now and then one would come down to the shore. Also, along the shore were a lot of really large "bullfrogs." In the evening we could hear them with their "gurrump, gurrump, gurrump." It got quite loud when a bunch chimed in together. At

Muddy Pond Memories

By David Simonds

dusk we would go along the shore in the skiff using a short stick with a line and fish hook tied to the end. The hook was baited with a small piece of red flannel and, shining a flashlight on it, we would hold it just a few inches in front of the frog to tempt him. Nine times out of ten the frog would lunge at it as if going for an insect and we would have another set of frog's legs for the frying pan.

My dad loved them. I hated them. He would cut the legs off up close to the body and then cut the webbed feet off, skin them, roll them in a flour mix, and toss them into a heavily greased frying pan. They would twitch a little with the heat and Dad would turn them over and over until they were done to his liking. Six or eight pairs of legs would make my dad a nice snack.

There was another creature that this small pond harbored in its depths in very numerous amounts, bloodsuckers, big ones and small ones. Most would be 2" to 4" long and we could easily spot them, but the little 1" ones were something else. If we kept swimming and moving in the water it was rare to get one on you, but if we lingered in the shallows sure as heck one might attach "itself" to "yourself." There were a couple of ways that we used to cope with them. Of course, we could just pull them off, but we tended to use another option, either a handful of hot sand from the beach held against them or, better yet, regular household salt. They hated both, especially the salt, and they would immediately drop off. We usually had a pan of salt on the beach and would put them in it, watching them shrivel up and die. We later learned that they were a useful creature in medical bloodletting so we, in turn, decided to get used to them. Not like them, just get used to them.

My friends and I had just finished our freshman year of high school, making us 15-year-old anxious teenagers. With a lot of prior planning we arranged to have a get together at "Happy Days." Some of the mothers provided the transportation from Southbridge the eight or ten miles to the cottage, since none of us were old enough to drive. It was one of those perfect weather summer days and about six or seven guys and six or seven gals showed up for the party. After unloading all the eats and drinks, we all donned our bathing suits. Some went into the cottage to change, while most of us had our suits on under our clothes so we just stripped.

We all gathered on the small beach (made from two truckloads of sand) and, as usual, the gals all sort of hung together as did the guys. We spread out the towels and then just sort of hung out. There was a lot of talking and giggling going on in both groups, glances here and there, occasional finger pointing, and more giggling, typical teenage stuff back then. For the past year in school a certain young girl had caught my fancy. The fact is that I had a crush on her. I think she knew it but didn't seem to want to have much to do with me. Her name was Patti, real pretty with nice light brown hair, sparkling blue eyes, and an unforgettable smile.

At the far end of the beach, pulled up and tied to a tree, was the latest addition to

our "Happy Days" fleet, a 14' Lyman outboard. My dad had picked it up from someplace on Lake Quinsigamond in nearby Worcester, Massachusetts. It was practically new. Now if you know the Lymans you know that they are amongst the prettiest boats ever built. She was just beautiful with her gleaming white lapstrake, or clinker if you will, topsides and bottom. And with her varnished mahogany plywood foredeck, midship thwart, seats, and transom she would make anyone's head turn.

Hung on her transom was a massive piece of iron, an Evinrude 22-1/2hp, I believe. The fuel tank was high up to the back with the huge flywheel located to the front of it. On top of the flywheel was attached the piece that we wound the starter rope on. In the front and below this was the throttle control, slow to the left, fast to the right, and below the throttle was the spark advance which moved back and forth also. A fuel line shutoff and choke were on there somewhere and there was no neutral or reverse, just forward. You start the engine, you go. There were two huge half globe-like hunks of metal, one on each side, and the huge steering tiller stuck way out in the front, and so on and so on. What I'm trying to get across is that this outboard was one huge, massive, heavy, cumbersome piece of boating machinery. But when it ran, it ran. That boat would fly across the water.

We were all having a good time hanging out. Most took a fast swim in the warm water, but a few of the girls were just too scared of the suckers. One of my buddies came over to me and softly said, "Dave, why don't you take Patti for a ride in the boat?" This was something I had already hoped to do. Here we all were, the pretty lasses with all their youthful femininities, leisurely exciting all the handsome (at least we thought we were) young lads and everyone just enjoying themselves. It seemed like the perfect time to ask Patti if she wanted to go for a boat ride.

Shyly I approached her and asked. She jumped up with a "Yes, I'd love to," and the other girls watched with envy as we headed over to the boat. She climbed into the front seat and sat on the starboard side. I untied the line and, turning the boat around close to the beach, I jumped into the stern. With the paddle that we kept onboard I got the boat away from the beach and pointed out toward the middle of the pond. After lowering the motor I opened the gas vent and shut-off valve, closed the choke, adjusted the throttle and the spark controls, and proceeded to wrap the starter cord around its groove on top of the flywheel. There was Patti, turned halfway around with her arm resting on the center thwart, looking up at me with that beaming smile. I could feel her eyes on me as I readied the motor and I felt quite manly and in control of things.

Bracing myself with my left foot against the transom at floor level and my right spaced out toward the front of the boat, I grasped the starter rope handle and gave a mighty pull. I still was holding the handle, but the rope flew forward making a whizzing noise and then curled around Patti's head, the knot on the end making a loud "pop" as it hit her on the cheek just under her left eye. She let out a loud scream and put her hand to her cheek. The welt rose up immediately and she strained to keep from crying as she looked at me with a look I hadn't seen before. I

grabbed a towel, wet the end in the water, and offered it to her. She took it and placed it on the welt, not looking very happy about the whole situation.

And, of course, the motor had failed to start. The group on shore had witnessed the whole thing and offered tidbits like, "You okay, Patti?" "Nice going, Dave," and other helpful comments. After things settled down and she felt a little better she said that she still wanted to go for the ride. So, with her ducking way down in the front seat and holding a boat cushion over her head, I tried to start the engine again. The second try got a pop out of it and on the next pull it jumped to life and we headed out toward the middle of the lake. Out in the open water I eased the throttle up and adjusted the spark so that it ran smooth. Patti's smile returned and we took a run all the way around the pond.

She seemed to be really enjoying the ride and I was feeling a little better so I slowly edged the throttle to the wide open position. As the boat began to fly across the water

I noticed her grip on the back of the seat and on the rail had tightened. Her smile disappeared and she seemed to be a little scared so I throttled back down and she turned and gave me a "that's better" smile. I never told her that I had had a mighty grip on the motor tiller and that I was a little scared myself, that being the first time I had ever opened it up all the way. We went around the lake one more time and then headed in. The gang was all waiting and had to take a look at her welt. She said it still hurt even though it had gone down a little. As the day lingered on everyone got to take a ride in the boat, but none were given the full throttle treatment.

We ended the day cooking hot dogs over the fire and drinking Coca Cola, which in those days came in glass bottles with the name molded into the glass and caps that could be popped off by holding the cap's under edge against something and hitting down on top of the bottle. The sun was setting as we heard the cars coming down the road to give us our ride back to Southbridge

Dousing the fire and loading all the gear, we ended a great day of fun. We all talked about it for a long time afterwards. I don't think Patti ever really forgave me for that welt as she drifted further and further away and never paid me any attention. My "crush" had been great for me even though it was totally one-sided.

Now that beautiful Lyman outboard went on to other great adventures. We later got a 25hp Evinrude for her with gear shift and separate fuel tank. After I got my driver's license a couple of my friends joined me on two great trips with it. One time we launched on the Hudson River at Athens, about 30 miles south of Albany, New York, and went upriver through the locks and on up to Whitehall, Vermont, and back. The other time we put in at Hartford, Connecticut, and went down the Connecticut River, around Saybrook, into Long Island Sound, and then back up to Hartford. But those are stories that are yet to be told.

Nearly 15 years ago my parents acquired a 16' plastic (Royalex?) canoe, a red Mohawk that had found itself in their possession (how it did would require another story). Since they already had a 17' Grumman and didn't need another, they asked if I wanted the red one. Did I ever! Memories of Mom and Dad messing around with my sisters and me in north and south Texas came flooding back and I started plotting how to go get this paragon of paddling splendor. At least that's how I imagined it.

I had moved from Texas to a western suburb of Chicago after college. My parents had long since moved to northern Virginia, a 12-hour trip from my apartment. My car had no roof rack with which to carry the canoe, so looking around we discovered some blue foam blocks designed to fit over the rungs of a ladder and keep it from scratching the roof. Problem solved. The car was an import and had convenient tie-downs on the underside for securing to the deck on the trip over. I planned to use the ropes from the bow and the stern to tie it down to these loops. Problem solved.

A work-related training class in D.C. gave me the excuse I needed to make the trip. It was only my second solo long haul trip (the first was Texas to Chicago). Months of anticipation and planning and now it was time. I can remember the first time I saw her. My excitement clearly clouded my vision, it was incredibly filthy, it had a deeply gouged hull, wrinkles where it had been wrapped around a rock (at least once), and no keel. But it was mine!

As we strapped it onto my Civic, Dad and I found it ironic that the tie-downs Honda had placed on the frame to secure the car to the boat while crossing the Pacific were now being used to secure a boat to the car! It took a while to find the right place (fore and aft) so that I could still see traffic signals, but Dad's experience in hauling his (more on that possessive pronoun later) Grumman all over the country (Idaho, New Mexico, Texas, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Virginia, and lots of places in between) on various small cars (two different Corvairs, a VW Dasher, and a Camry) helped out.

November winds buffeted us (yes, just me and the canoe) all across the

How I Became a Messer (Again)

By Jeffrey Gifford

Pennsylvania and Ohio turnpikes, through Indiana and into Chicago where I realized I had no place to store my new canoe. Scratching my head for just a moment I then portaged it from the parking lot to my apartment's balcony where it was to live (between paddling trips) for a while. That winter I watched snow slide off its keel-less hull and birds perch on its overturned bow. That spring my girlfriend and I took it to various lakes and rivers in northern Illinois. She complained quite a bit (the girlfriend, not the canoe) about our zigzag wake but I could put up with both just to be out on the water. I was a Messer again!

Then came the letter. "To the tenant in Unit 104: Your balcony is considered a fire escape and cannot be blocked. Remove all obstructions by thus-and-such a date or face eviction." Well, that will get your attention. Scratching my head, I couldn't figure out what to do until the date came and I opened the sliding door to the balcony and pulled it into my living room, doubling the quantity of furniture there. When I went shopping for an apartment closer to my girlfriend, I didn't realize there was no place for her (the canoe, not the girlfriend). So I scratched my head some more until the day to move out came. Standing there with her hands on her hips, my girlfriend suggested that I could hang it from the rafters in her garage. It wasn't until we had it nicely swinging there that she told me (after dusting off her hands matter-of-factly) that possession was "nine-tenths of the law." Great. So I did what any other red-blooded man would do. I married her. Hey, a guy's got to do what a guy's got to do. Turns out there's some history of that in my family, my Mom saved up some money from her first job to buy the Grumman way back when and impressed my Dad so much that rather than buy his own, he married her.

So it followed us to Wheaton and then Downers Grove. And we took it to a lot of lit-

tle lakes, marshes, and streams in between. When my Civic was retired, we found that her Civic (it was a match made in heaven) had the same tie-downs underneath. The third car (also a Civic, also with tie-downs) was so short it was quite comical to see the canoe hang over the car's bow and the stern (rather, both bumpers). We moved to a little suburb outside of Cleveland, Ohio, and the canoe (fully loaded with lawn chairs and a vacuum cleaner) came along atop that Civic. Rivers and streams and lakes, oh my!

Eight months into producing (recruiting?) our first crew baby, we joined some folks at Hinckley Lake (south of Cleveland) in attempting to break the Guinness world record for the largest free-floating raft of canoes and kayaks. I found out that ballast jokes are not funny at that stage in pregnancy. A few months later, Mom and newborn sat on the riverbank while the Grumman, the red canoe, and a family reunion crew braved a swollen Shenandoah.

Same newborn was baptized when he was one year old as he fell headfirst into LaDue reservoir (northeast Ohio). Mom caught him by his feet as he, in his PFD, went over the side. The second attempt (successful, I'm told) to break the world record saw us with two crew babies. Now we have three crew and more PFDs (of all types and sizes) than we know what to do with, as well as a whole collection of paddles.

So last summer the firstborn crewman (then eight years old) decided he needed to build a boat. (The reason why would require a whole other story.) Bolger's Tortoise seemed about right and so he did it (with some help). Now he's sailing LaDue and I'm working on a Bolger Bobcat tack and tape (in those rare free moments in an incessant stream of house projects). Both the Tortoise and my (um, my wife's) canoe made it to the state park at New Germany, Maryland, this summer (leave any rudder craft behind, too much lake weed) where once again the canoe leaves its zigzag wake all over the lake. It's the keel, my Dad says again (15 years later), or the lack of one. I've considered riveting a T-beam of aluminum to the bottom but am not sure I want to risk ruining the boat. Send me some ideas if you have any (Jeffrey@mySawdust.com).

There is a large uprooted tree here, the roots of which give us shelter from the wind. Over us is a low tree, hanging full of moss which keeps off the fog. There are a great many trees that are blown in this swamp. The land as far as we could see was no higher. We started a fire, cooked our supper. Then got a lot of wood, of which there was plenty close at hand and piled it on, then we seated ourselves on the old trunk, which formed a very good seat, to enjoy New Year's Eve.

It is getting dark and foggy but the fire is getting brighter and soon flames are four or five feet high which lit up the surroundings beautifully, it was quite different from New Year's Eve at home. Before going to bed, we gathered some moss for to sleep on, before we had only used it for pillows. It was very comfortable and we put more in on the next day. This moss grows upon all trees more or less. It has no roots, it simply hangs on the limbs getting its substance and moisture out of the air, which shows how moist the air is. It looks beautiful swinging in the wind. I have seen some eight feet long, but it generally is about four.

It is nice to wipe the dishes with, it is gathered when dry and sold from two to four cents a pound. It is gathered green by some and cured similar to hemp by putting it under water for two or three months then taken out, washed and dried. It is used to fill lounges and various other uses.

We were up early next morning, the water had risen and put our fire about out, but we started it again, got our breakfast, and at half past nine we pushed off. The wind was strong in our favor. I took my old place at the stern and Ben his on the seat, occasionally rowing to help keep her right, also for the purpose of keeping warm. We ran 'til twelve and put in for a lunch.

We kept close to land, not being more than a mile from it at any time, and at the point we crossed the water was not more than two feet deep, over which the boat and the waves rolled at a lively pace. Some of the time we had to work lively to keep her right, they having a good hold upon the house, but as we were running with the waves, they did not effect us as they otherwise would, but we were kept pitching pretty lively I can tell you. And we shipped some water. At a little after four we landed on the west side having made about twenty-five miles.

The way we reckoned distance was by a card we had giving the names of the places and also their distance from Jacksonville. We were pretty cold when we landed but we soon had a hot supper ready. We got very hungry and can eat about anything.

After breakfast next morning we rowed to an orange plantation close by to get some water and buy some oranges if possible, but they were all sold, dealers buying them at different prices picked and shipped to them. We rowed along the shore and soon came upon a flock of ducks, we shot at them, starting them, also starting a few feathers. We tried fishing, but had not a bite. I went on shore to hunt a little, all the land out of the swamp was covered with bush palmetto, some as high as my head, and being hard and stiff it was useless to proceed so I turned back.

In the afternoon we rowed across the river landing at a large oak grove close to a point. We laid down for a rest, but we soon discovered a flock of ducks feeding close to the point. Ben took his gun and started for

Trip to Florida and Back From Providence, Rhode Island Part 3

them, I pushed round the end of the boat on which the blind still remained. Then took out some paper and commenced to write. Pretty soon I heard the report of both barrels and saw the ducks fly toward the middle of the river. I did not mind them any more for awhile. When I did look they had come in close to shore and were slowly coming toward me. I put up my paper took my gun, raised the hammer, took off the cap to see if it was good. Being satisfied as to its quality I replaced it, then getting in the back part of boat and thrusting the barrel partly through the bushes which composed the blind I patiently waited their coming.

I had not long to wait however, for Ben was trying to get another shot at them, there was about forty of them and they looked very pretty as they came swimming and diving along I let them come within twenty-five yards of me and then fired, there was a great fluttering but five were left lying upon the peaceful waters. Ben fired as they rose but killed none, they would not stay long from the shore, and went after them determined to kill some of them.

The morning was still and foggy, but at two the sun came out nice and warm. I went to picking some of them. Ben fired a few times and then came back with the news that two were over there waiting our coming. He also brought back some wild oranges which there were more at the point. We pushed the boat round and got the ducks, one had flown a quarter of a mile, and lay lifeless upon the water, we then went ashore and got supper at the side of a small brook which emptied into the St. John.

Next morning I went to where the wild orange trees were, started the flock of ducks which flew around towards Ben. I then filled my bag with oranges about that time. Ben fired, the oranges are known as bitter sweets, but they went very well. When I got back I found that they had sailed up close to Ben as they had to me the day before, he had fired one barrel killing only one, the cap on the other barrel missing fire.

We left and made a mile or so then ran ashore at Swampy Land. The swamps are generally free from undergrowth being low land covered with cypress, maple and gum trees. Landing at swamps we have one advantage and that is running the boat up to the land the same as at a wharf. Ben did some washing of garments and hung them upon the bushes. The day is pleasant, we can hear the church ringing at Palatka about four miles distant, it sounds good, people row by us on their way to church, some of the negro rowers keep time with a wild chant, but still I love to hear it as it comes over the water, some times a distance of two miles.

At evening we row some, we passed a negro cabin close to the water around which were playing half a dozen or more children, laughing shouting and chasing one another. The door and window were open, through which came bright streams of light from the pitch pine fire in the fireplace, around which an elderly looking dame busied herself. It was a wild looking scene, but being dark we

passed by unnoticed. We anchored close to shore for the night, it looks as if it was going to rain.

Next morning as we lay awake, it not being quite light, we thought we heard some ducks close by. I gently pulled the canvass aside and peeped out, there was a flock of fifteen or twenty at some distance, but were coming towards us, we reached around took our guns, put on fresh caps and waited, Ben did not have a very good chance to take aim as the canvass fell onto the barrels. They came close before the River Belle spoke forth with mighty voice which rolled and re-rolled along the distant shore. I forgot to say that yesterday, Ben with charcoal marked on the side of the boat in large letters, River Belle, Prov., R.I. Three of the flock obeyed her summons.

We then rowed across the river to Palatka which place we made about nine. A steamboat was just leaving and did a great deal of laughing at our craft. It commenced to rain as we anchored and we had to house ourselves, it was the first rain we had and it came in torrents, the water came through the wormholes, in the roof and I went out and put the canvass over the house which saved us a wetting. It soon stopped however but not for good, and it was showery all day.

After the first was over I went to the Post Office, left a letter, and then some provisions, and returned. In the gardens I saw peas in blossom, round turnips the size of hens' eggs and lettuce fit for the table. There were also roses and other flowers in blossom, there were banana plants with fruit nearly ripe, but they did not look as large as those which come from Cuba. The plants are set out one year and bear the next, then die, some I saw were twelve feet high.

There are about twelve hundred inhabitants, it contains a school house and one or two churches, two or three hotels, besides quite a number of board houses. There is a hall over a grocery and dry goods store, of which there are several fine ones in the place. There is a weekly paper printed here, price ten cent. There is a sawmill using a circular saw. The straight trees are orange trees on some of which were half a bushel but as yet the trees are small. Some of our ducks got the better of us with age and murky weather.

There is a steamboat under repair close to us, she runs up the Oclawaha River having her paddle wheel in the stern, and then there is hardly room for her to pass between the banks at some places of the river. She has sleeping room for about sixteen passengers, we went onboard and spent a while in talking with the workmen.

In the afternoon we started to row up the river, it is impossible for a person unacquainted to tell which way is up the river, as it enters this great cove from the northeast about east of this place, it is very narrow at the entrance, at which there is a base fishery. They use gill nets employing about eight men, they live in shanties, the fishing season lasts but a few months. This place is about three miles from Palatka. We moved a little farther before putting up for the night.

Next morning it rained but stopped about ten, we rowed and sailed about six miles, after leaving the fishermen we find the river to come from its old direction about south. The west side of the river is all swamp and covered with trees, three quarters of the east shore is swamp, all the high land is occupied. It seldom is fifteen feet high. The river

is at places less than a quarter of a mile wide. We saw a young negro fishing, and asked him what he used for bait and were told that he used a worm, taken from the inside of a bonnet stem (a large horse lily pad) to catch small fish with, and pieces of them to catch large ones with. They also use worms taken out of rotten logs of which there are plenty in the swamps. We asked the depth of the water, he said in the deepest part forty feet. It is still misty.

Wednesday we rowed several hours, on the way I landed at an island and shot at a flock of ducks on the fly, missing the same. We stopped at a plantation and got some water, we had quite a talk with the crackers, they raised sugar cane, peanuts, sweet potatoes and other garden sauce. In front of the house the woman had quite a flower garden. There was an orange grove close to the house. They get two dollars a bushel for their peanuts in Palatka.

We rowed a little farther and then had supper at a little after four, before we had finished the wind sprang up in gusts, but soon steadied coming from the north. And we made some four or five miles, anchoring on the east side close to a high shore some time after dark, the river is crooked which made it slow sailing. Since leaving Palatka we have seen some mosquitoes but they have not had

a chance to trouble us much, for days we are mostly on the water, and nights we sleep in our overcoats. The hooting of owls, the peeping of toads, frogs, and other insects is our lullaby. Early in the morning, there is a steady humming caused by an insect which looks something like a mosquito, and by some are called blind ones.

We see a great many birds which are new to us, among them are the turkey buzzard, which is black, some of which are more than five foot across the wings, and feeds mostly on carrion. Also the American Crane, which is snow white. It is very tall and makes an awkward appearance in flying. It feeds upon the shore and in the reeds, and is hard to be approached.

We saw some cormorants, they are about the size of a wild goose and feed around and in the water. We saw a bird which we did not know the name of, but from its appearance I should call it a kite for it had a long slim tail, slim body and long neck and bill. It was of a brownish black when flying, it has a kitish appearance and reminds one of a couple of sticks four feet long, crossing each other at a right angle and guess it would weigh from three to four pounds. There are plenty of blackbirds and swallows along the swamps. We have seen but a very few ducks and there is little feeding ground for them.

Next morning we hunted a while among the live oak growing on the hummock but did not see a squirrel, the acorn produced by the oak are smaller in size, and also in quantity than those produced by trees at home, and therefore support a small number of squirrels. We saw an alligator sculling lazily about in the water about a quarter of mile distant, we watched him a half hour or so, at which time he disappeared, he could not have been more than seven feet long, but there are some more than twice that length. We saw one for a few minutes when down at our duck ground, they are in the mud most of the time winters, but sometimes at warm spells may be seen floating about, they are not such terrible monsters as represented by some, as cattle feed among them in the river and are not troubled by them.

They will go for dogs and calves sometimes, but not always. They cannot move their head to the side owing to the joints at the neck. They only skin the under part of the body, which sells for a dollar, size making little difference. A man with whom I talked upon the subject said he wounded one once, and fearing he would escape he jumped into the water, caught him by the tail and dragged him ashore and he gave no evidence of fight though he tried hard to get away.

(To Be Continued)

Boats strewn along the railroad embankment.



Our Visit from Rita

By Ken Abrahams

I belong to the Lake Charles (Louisiana) Yacht Club. We lost almost all of our boats to Rita, about 100. I personally lost two Hobie 14s, one Venture 15 cat, and a Venture 17 minicruiser. These boats were totally destroyed, hulls, masts, everything. My one boat that survived, a MacGregor 25 which was in a wet slip, suffered damage but will sail again.

Most of the boats ended up strewn along a railroad embankment, along with our docks, piers, etc. Our two-story clubhouse lost everything downstairs, kitchen, store-room, bathrooms, stairs, etc. Upstairs the south roof is entirely gone.

We have piled all our wrecked boats and remaining clubhouse furniture outside awaiting FEMA to haul them away. The boats strewn along the railroad embankment will be hauled off by the Coast Guard. The grounds have been cleaned up and the clubhouse is useable again but there are few boats left to use.

My MacGregor 25 survived, damaged but will sail again.



The club docks post Rita.



The original William Atkin design of my schooner was called Coot in the early 1930s. Plans are still available from Atkin & Co. (P.O. Box 3005M, Noroton, CT 06820, www.atkinboatplans.com, <apatakin@aol.com>). This design was first published in the *Motor Boating Ideal Series*. It was an annual hard-cover book of various designs that had fold-out blueprints that could be built from or more comprehensive plans could be ordered from.

Mr. Herb Jensen of Wayne, Michigan, built this schooner and named it *Rosemary* after his wife. He began in 1980 and completed her in 1984. He is an amateur builder but did a very professional job of building her. She is pretty inside and out. Herb and Rosemary sailed her for 20 years. Then she passed away after battling cancer. Herb didn't want to sail her alone, too many memories. He wanted to find someone who would not only sail her but also appreciate her and keep her up.

This little schooner was very generously given to us by Herb Jensen. The way it came about was a bit of pure luck, also. While attending the Great Lakes Wooden Sailboat Society's awards dinner (August 2003) there were a few announcements. One was, does anyone know someone who wants a small schooner? My hand went up and I was given a phone number. A couple days later I called and was told that I was too late. I was third to inquire about her and if the other two don't take her, I'll call you. I just forgot about it as I believed one of them would surely take her.

Then one day in late November 2003, my bride, the lovely and talented Naomi, received a phone call from Herb. He asked if we were still interested in the boat. Yes, was her immediate answer. He said she's free, come take a look to be sure. We drove to Michigan a week later to see her. We didn't know what to expect in a free boat that had been out of the water for a couple of years. When we pulled the cover off her we couldn't believe our eyes. She looked real good. We looked inside and were amazed. This boat could be sailed as is. She needed very little work at all. Within 10 seconds down below I told Herb we'd take her! He said,

Coot A Skipjack Schooner

By Greg Grundtisch



"Fine she's yours, and the winter storage is paid, too, so just leave her here till spring if you want." Perfect!

We had her trucked to Buffalo, New York, that following summer, 2004. We kept her out of the water that year as she didn't arrive until July and we had other commitments that would not allow us to use her much. For the 2005 season, ready or not, we had her slung in and learned how to rig a schooner with traditional deadeyes and lanyards.

We renamed her *Tir Na Nog*, a Gaelic name for legendary Ireland. It means Land of Youth. She is 27'2" length overall, 21'6" on

the waterline. Her beam is 9'8" and 4' draft. She has 9,025lbs displacement and one ton of ballast in the lead keel and an additional 1,500lbs of inside ballast under the cabin floor.

She is built of cedar strips glued and nailed to each other and to the bulkheads, all epoxy coated and covered in glass cloth outside and epoxy saturated. The auxiliary engine is an Atomic 2, 12hp.

The following is an excerpt from a letter by Mr. Stanley O. Jacobs to William Atkin in regard to one of this type of Coot schooners, named *Hurricane*. "You will note that the schooner *Hurricane*, a Coot schooner of your design, took the Arbitrary Handicap winning the President of U.S.A. trophy. According to our chart *Hurricane* sailed 160 miles to win. We think that is really hull efficiency; 29 hours 38 minutes elapsed time. *Hurricane* won hands down and everyone seems very happy about her winning." This was the 3rd annual Newport Harbor (California) to Ensenada Race. There were 133 boats that crossed the finish line. *Hurricane* was one of the smallest in the race. Not bad for a boat designed for comfortable cruising.

She looks good, too, with a clipper bow and bowsprit, raked masts of Sitka spruce, a jib headed main, and gaff fore. Her jib is roller furled. She did have a jib boom and was self-tending but Herb changed that for safety reasons. He had a couple of close calls taking in the jib in heavy weather. Down below there is a V-berth forward and a bunk on either side under the after deck. There is a small sink and storage forward of one bunk and a stove and storage on the other side. Storage is under all bunks and the hardware and all the trimmings are bronze.

Oh yeah, she is a fun boat to sail and has lots of options for various weather conditions. We are used to a gaff rig on our Friendship sloop and were impressed with how much faster and higher this boat will sail to weather. Setting and striking sail is faster and easier, too. We sure got lucky when this baby schooner came our way and we owe that to the generosity of Mr. Herb Jensen. We'll be sailing this boat for a long time to come. Happy sails.

Many requests have been received by the designer for a schooner design of small size but still of sufficient seaworthiness and general ability to make it a worthwhile craft. The 27' schooner Coot has been prepared for this particular purpose and should prove to be a very excellent and substantial little vessel. There is much to be said for a diminutive schooner, both from the angle of cruising and for day sailing. It is far more interesting to sail a boat which has several sails than one with a single sail, and it takes more skill to handle the two sticker as well. Since the sails and spars are all small, the work of setting, reefing, and furling sails is minimized. Then, too, as different conditions of weather are met, there is unusual interest in setting just the proper combination of canvas with which to get the most out of the boat and remain comfortable while driving along in rough water or ghosting along in light airs. To be sure, there is more gear to look after and all that, but since most of us have boats for the fun and work we get out of them, the latter carries little importance.

Coot A 27'2" V-Bottom Schooner

By William Atkin

Coot has sleeping accommodations for four which is enough for a small cruising boat. There are plenty of lockers, both for clothes and food, ice chest, toilet, stove, etc. The alcohol stove might be changed for a Shipmate as there is room for one of the latter. Head room in the cabin is 4'8", don't raise the freeboard or the cabin house to gain more headroom than this. If you do Coot will not sail well and will look badly. Too much height spoils a sailing boat.

Turning to the lines, let us see what manner of small cruising schooner we have. She is 27'2" in length overall, 21'6" on the waterline, has 9'8" beam, and draws 4'. The freeboard forward is 3'1" and at the stern 2'1", while at the lowest place the rail is 1'8" above the water. Thus Coot is quite a chunk of a boat. With her 9,025lbs of displacement

and a ton of iron on the keel she will make a weatherly craft and will sail well, considering the moderate sail spread which, by the way, is 397sf. Inside she will need about 1,500lbs of ballast stowed beneath the cabin flooring.

The clipper bow is used because it looks well and also because it is particularly appropriate to use on a craft of the skipjack model. Somehow it seems to fit the straight sides and flare of this type of boat. It is a little more difficult to build on account of the necessity for decoration, but after all, if one can build the boat, the dressing up part should not be troublesome. It will be noticed that the after sections beginning at Station 8 have a reverse curve near the deadwood. This is to provide a little more room under the motor and contributes considerably to the strength of the deadwood and after part of the underbody which, incidentally, makes a leaky garboard seam unlikely.

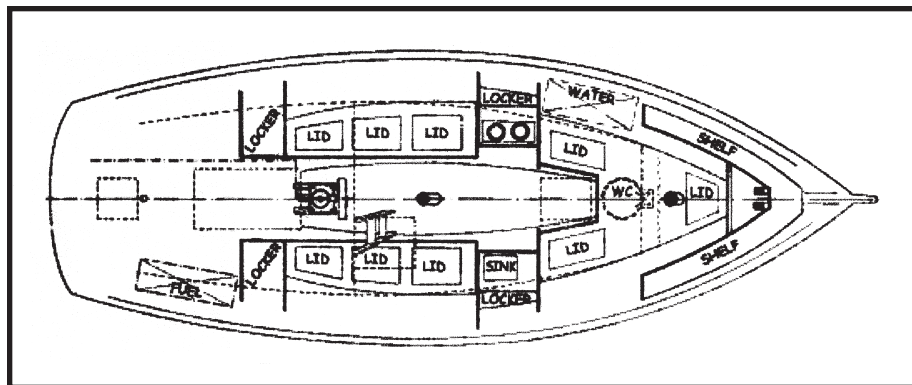
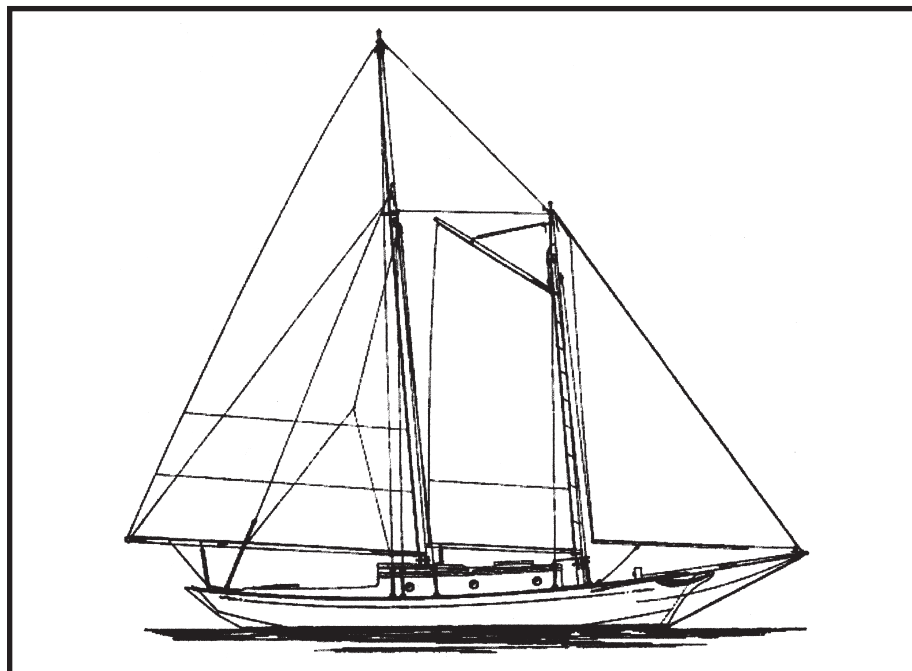
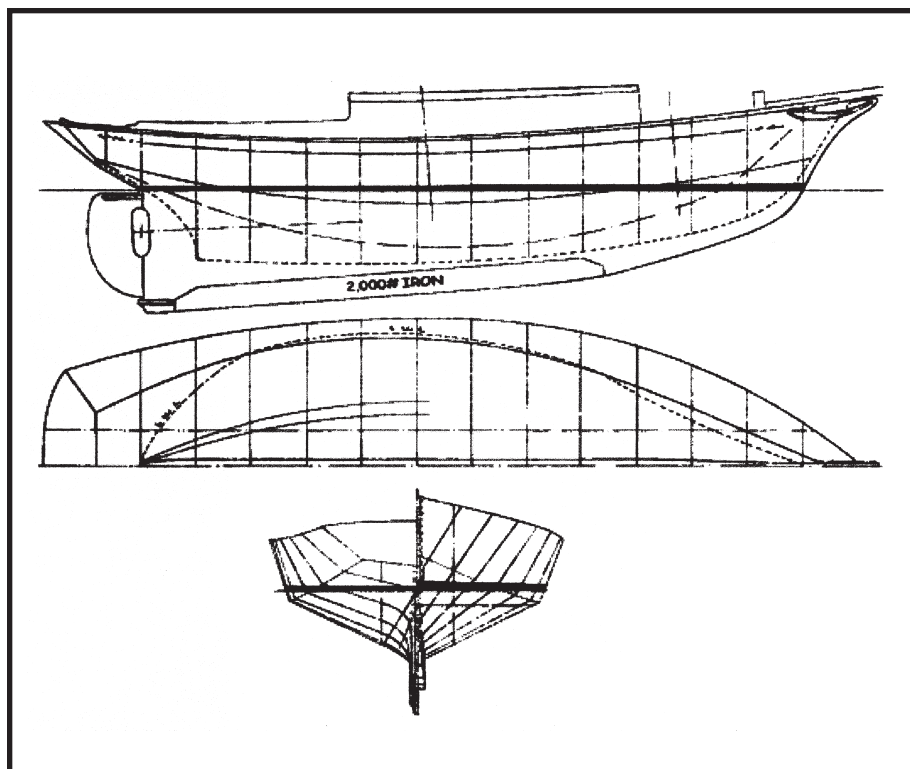
There is always a severe wringing or twisting strain on a sailing craft when a large portion of the ballast is carried outside. The

moulded sections aft strengthen this a great deal because there is better fastening for the frames on the side of the deadwood as well as a solid backing for the lower edge of the garboard strakes.

The propeller shaft is very nearly parallel with the waterline, a feature which will make ideal conditions for the operation of the motor. Any motor will give better results if it operates in a level position, the carburetion is better, especially in multi-cylinder outfits, the water cooling system functions better, and the oiling is uniform to all cylinders. If the propeller is set in a small port cut half into the deadwood and half into the rudder, excellent results will be obtained while the boat is under power. A motor developing 5hp to 6hp will be ample for a speed of 6mph and I should not advise installing greater power than this. A single cylinder two cycle is shown in the plans, but a four cycle of one or more cylinders would do as well.

In the third annual Newport-to-Ensenada International Yacht Race in 1950 a Coot named *Hurricane* finished first in the Arbitrary Handicap Class, winning the President of the USA trophy. *Hurricane* was one of the smallest boats in the race.

Plans for Coot are \$100, study plans are \$10, from Atkin Designs, P.O. Box 3005M, Noroton, CT 06820, www.atkinboatplans.com, <apatkin@aol.com>

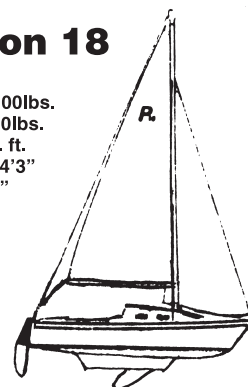


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Zonona was remarkable. Even her name was remarkable. She had been named, as family legend has it, after an Indian woman who cared for her grandfather's family when their crops failed and a bitter winter ensued. She had taken them under her wing, nursed them in illness, fed them in hunger, and cared for them in need. The grateful family decided that someone should be named after this gentle woman in thanks for her rescuing them. Her name was Zonona and so my grandmother was named in her honor.

My grandmother was, and still is, the most intriguing person I ever met. In spite of attending the University of Iowa for only a short period of time, she was one of the best read, most knowledgeable, and incredibly wise persons within my circle of acquaintances. Even when I was doing my doctoral research Nanny, as she was called by her grandchildren, was able to proffer insights, perspectives, and alternative points that I had missed. She could pose interesting open-ended questions that allowed one to think and offer varied responses.

Entertaining was a specialty. She would bring together people of a variety of different skills, education, and talents. Her parties were interesting and fun. Happy hour, at 5pm, found her living room full of conversation on politics, theology, history, current best sellers, films, and any other subject that just happened to arise. Sitting in a corner absorbing all the points of view and all the reactions, to say nothing of just watching Nanny bring people into the conversation with her penetrating questions, was a joy unequalled.

One of Nanny's greatest gifts was finding things to interest people. Her gift of the entire Robert Lewis Stevenson collection hooked me on books. Her interest in religion hooked me on theology. But it was her love for the Mississippi River and water in general that addicted me to boating. My grandfather, Dr. Roy Wheat, always had a boat. Nanny would get me to join them running up and down the river while enjoying bologna sandwiches made with fresh meat from the local butcher, bottles of Nehi strawberry pop, and a miscellany of munchies.

She taught me about nature, the geology of the river's bluffs, the history of the region's Indians, especially the Battle of Bad Ax just across the river in Wisconsin, the myriad of birds and water animals, and the engineering wonders of the Upper Mississippi locks and dams. Nanny was the most interesting person in my life. Much of what is good and scholarly about me can be directly traced to her.

Way too late in life I purchased my first boat, a Boatex 1200 dinghy. I wanted my boat to be a piece of joy, an entity of calmness, a place for thoughtful conversation, a vehicle for meditation. Admittedly my boat possesses neither the luxury of a Beneteau 43 nor the coolness of a Com-Pac Picnic Cat nor, for that matter, the lines of a West Wight Potter 19. But it is a sailboat, it is wonderful, and it should be named after someone worthy. It was without hesitation that I breathed life into my little boat and named it *Zonona*.

The problem with living in Iowa is that we experience a six month period of hell known as winter. During this time we sailor types read a plethora of boating magazines, listen soulfully to Parrothead music, and occasionally diddle with boat-like activities such as model building.

Zonona

By Stephen D. (Doc) Regan



One particularly miserably sleeting day I ventured to a craft store to purchase paint for a pathetic attempt at carving a model sailboat. The wood was a piece that fell from my oak tree and I had sawn, cut, broken, and mauled it into some semblance of a boat. It is not something that will rest in the hallowed halls of some boat museum, but working on it kept me out of the bars in January.

In this craft store a harried mother was desperately trying to make some purchases while being kicked, beaten, and screamed at by a four-year-old waif who had aroused the attention of the entire store's complement of customers, clerks, and managers. This very unhappy child had reduced her mother to total embarrassment; therefore I, with my doctorate in psychology and a pirate's heart, felt obliged to rise to this challenge. Kneeling, I tapped the child on her shoulder and looked her eye-ball-to-eyeball and said, "Can you help me?"

Immediately this little one turned to find a pair of blue eyes and a gray beard about 8" from her nose and silently raced to the protection of her mother's back. Her mother sighed a thanksgiving and the sundry clerks, customers, and others equally nodded and smiled at me. But I was not done. I asked the girl her age and from behind mom's back stuck four little fingers. Then I asked my request for assistance. I explained that I had built this little boat and needed to paint it. "What is your favorite color?" I queried. After some maternal coaxing she muttered, "Yellow" and she pointed to a can of yellow paint. I pushed the conversation further by asking for her name, explaining that I would name my boat after her.

She whispered, "Grace."

"Aha," said I, "Grace it is."

I blush to admit that people thanked me for quelling this ferocious little girl, old ladies moved out of the way to allow me to be first in line for my purchases, clerks smiled, managers gave me the thumbs up. And I had a name for my boat, *Sea Grace*.

Impulse buying is not a characteristic of our family; nevertheless, while driving along the Mississippi River from McGregor, Iowa, toward Guttenberg (perhaps the loveliest drive in middle America) I spotted a Boston Whaler for sale alongside the road. It was just too cool to ignore so I bought it on the spot with an assurance that everything was running like it should (not a particularly recommended method of boat buying). The next hour was spent in deep thought about how I was going to deal with my spouse's Finnish



nationality, forthright communications, and constant reminders that I am fiscally dependent on her. I deemed the task impossible. Capsize me with a puff but darned if she didn't love the boat with the massively powerful 15hp engine. She did demand it be named a Finnish name. What could I say?

The little Whaler had *Baby Bop* in large letters on each side. It was named after a character in the Barney TV show. The previous owner had small grandchildren who were afraid of his cruiser, so he took them out on the river with this cute little boat named after something with which they could identify.

Sorry, but I am not a Barney fan nor am I going to spend my old age running around the Cedar River or Palo Creek Lake (creek lake? Sounds contradictory to me but I am old and too tired to argue the semantics) sporting such a name. *Kuhmoisten Sannisorsi* didn't cut the mustard for a name, nor did many of the other names forwarded by Ms. Unnaslahti. *Pikkit Sorsa* sounded OK (*Little Duck*) but I remembered an incident in the woods of Finland when we warned our pre-teen children not to wander too far off the path between the lake and the Unnaslahti house because of moose and bears. Son Tim was at that age where such a warning was a veritable invitation to explore the flora and fauna of the area.

He stumbled onto a woodchuck on a ledge which gave him the impression that this furry beast was about 6' tall on all fours. He immediately broke the world's sprint record running out of the woods. Poor boy was teased unmercifully by his Finnish cousins because of the "Iso Karhu" (big bear). Papa Unnaslahti tried to ameliorate things by stating that maybe it was a *pikku* (little) karhu. So it was that this story of my now adult son long removed from our daily life came to the fore, and I named the Whaler *Pikku Kanhu*.

All of which leads me to the question of how boats get named. My former neighbors call their motor cruiser *Summer School* because they are teachers and have their summers off. My first sailboat experience was on a local sailor's Mega, *8's Enough*, because he had eight children and needed a boat to escape them, I guess. A lovely remodeled Morgan 30 on which I spent a wonderful day cruising the Apostle Islands of Lake Superior was called *Catchinsun*, which reflected the overall attitude of the owner Captain Terry's perspective on life.

Where do people come up with the names for their boats, *Spirit of Warthog*, *After You*, *Lost Soul*, *Magic Dragon*, and the multitude of boats that grace our waterways christened with such titles by their owners? And why? What possessed them to paint that

particular name on the stern of their boat (OK, some of you have it on the bow or other places, let's not get too persnickety here).

It takes no Ph.D. in psychology or sociology to recognize that people often see their possessions as a reflection of themselves, their personalities, their values, or focusing on some facet (or possibly deficit) of their lives. Hum Vees are virtually inexplicable as a civilian vehicle, yet thousands ramble along the Interstate highways of the nation. At one agency for which I worked, the auto d'rigour was an Audi which was seen in the entire front row parking of the CEO and his immediate underlings. One only has to look at the riders of Harley Davidsons versus Hondas to see that never the twain shall meet.

Again I proffer the question. If naming a boat is so important, why do people select the



names they do? It has all the ingredients of a wonderful doctoral research in psychology or sociology. God knows this holds more merit than knowing that left-handed elementary teachers use more prepositions than right-handed teachers (adjusted for gender, of course).

I would like to hear the sundry names of the boats whose owners read this magazine, and I would like to hear the story behind the names. The best part is that if the tales are good enough I can write even more articles on the topic, maybe I can even develop some sort of research design for a psychology journal (God knows that I need some additional professional articles for my resume). Send me your story.

Stephen D. (Doc) Regan, regan1626@earthlink.net

Well, a bit of time has passed, but if you recall back in September I had informed the readership of my decision to purchase the Yole Club scull and send in a report of how it all worked out. I must begin by saying this is not a promo for the boat, paid or otherwise. And I have never been on a scull before in my entire life, so I don't have much to compare it to. With the disclaimer being dispensed with, I will say I am quite pleased with both my decision and the boat.

As expected, it provides all the characteristics I was looking for. Sufficient stability for open water work, easily boarded from the stern, 100% self-bailing, with outriggers that can be easily accessed in the event of a problem without the rower needing to hang precariously over the side of the boat.

I also found the boat fairly well constructed and designed. The outriggers are very heavy grade welded stainless that are absolutely stiff. The mountings for the outriggers are sufficiently reinforced from within and without to keep hull flexing to an acceptable minimum. If one can trust the books, all sculls suffer from hull flex to one degree or another. Some of the poorer ones are quite miserable, apparently. The oars have aluminum looms with blades of high impact plastic and wooden handles. The collars and buttons are also plastic. This may shock some of the more effete messers, but they have so far performed admirably. They are cheapies, to be sure, and would be the first thing I would consider upgrading. I would very much like to see how much better a hatchet style blade performs over the spoon style that come in the base package.

The seat is injection molded plastic with teflon wheels. The wheels have ball bearings. The seat rides on two round aluminum rails. The sides of the rails are perforated to accept the stretchers (where you secure your feet), so they serve a dual purpose, and serve it well.

The driving force behind the decision to purchase was my back. I have suffered chronic lower back problems which seem to have accelerated in the last couple of years. There's always been plenty of pain, nothing I couldn't deal with, but the spasms were becoming a daily fixture, kicking in whenever I was called to bend at the waist. Avoiding it by squatting only contributed to further weakening. I am happy to report that the sculling motion, as expected, works the exact muscle group that was giving me the problem. After two months of exercise (I manage to get out at least three times a week for a

Yole Club Scull Update

By Brian Salzano

minimum of an hour) all the spasm is gone. I can bend again like a human being.

The proof? After my first outing in the boat, my back was in such spasm that I had to crawl out of the thing. It took five minutes of working it out before I could think about lifting the bow of the boat onto the dolly and pulling up off the ramp, and I had to do all on my knees. Now, after an hour row across the bay and another hour back home, I hop out, straighten up, and secure the boat without even to pausing to think about it. Problem number one seems to be solved.

So how do I find the boat otherwise? It's a joy. On the weekends I am up at first light and gliding out the creek as the sun begins to creep up over the horizon. The jet-skiers, cigarette boaters, sewage-spewing cruiser scum, and other maritime morons have yet to begin even shaking off their hangovers. For a few sweet hours the bay belongs to me, a couple of crabbing boats, and a handful of recreational fishermen passing through on their way to Moriches Inlet. The Great South Bay will more often than not be mirror smooth, awaiting an onshore breeze not likely to arise until many hours hence.

When I had my sailboat this meant staying home and waiting. Now I have a boat perfectly attuned to these exact conditions. With a scull, the flatter the water the better the workout as I needn't waste every second or third stroke steering the boat and can concentrate on perfecting technique and maximizing power. In the odd case that there is a morning breeze, or worse, a nasty blow, I can simply head up the Carmens River and avoid it all.

Generally I have enough time to make it across the bay, spend an hour or so at the beach, and be back at the ramp just as the first wave of goons are warming up their engines. It's reminiscent of the way things were 10 or 15 years ago, before the barbarian invasion. I have, for the time being, beaten them. As we all know, they will win sooner or later. The barbarians always win in the end, just ask the Romans. But for the moment, I will enjoy the triumph.

So what are the problems? There are a few. Because of the very long levers involved, sculls need to be very precisely adjusted to the rower. With 7' or more of the

oar outboard of the rigger, a quarter of an inch or so at the handles has a huge affect. Not being set up as a racer, the Yole appears to lack sufficient adjustment to accommodate a wide range of rowers. I have a hunch that the French (who build this boat) may be a short race of people. I could not get my outriggers low enough to get the handles down into the range where I could develop maximum power (about mid-chest level). I had a few frustrating weeks playing around with the rigging until I decided to pad the seat up with a inch of minicell foam with a 1/4" layer of neoprene on top of that. It made a huge difference. I may even go a bit more, maybe add another half inch or so.

The boat is also a bit on the heavy side. I knew that before I ordered so I can't complain. But now having tasted the fine art of sculling, I can only imagine the sort of acceleration one would get from a true racing shell weighing in at 40-50 lbs. They must really fly, something the Yole definitely does not. I have not formally clocked my speed. An estimate would be that the boat rows comfortably at about four-and-a-half knots. Not a racer definitely, but a vast improvement over a rowboat and the big difference is that due to the marvelous ergonomics of the sculling stroke, I, who hardly qualify as an accomplished athlete, can maintain that pace for hours on end without getting even slightly winded.

Like any rowboat, she's murder in a cross wind. I tried her out in the open bay in a stiff breeze a couple of times. It's not impossible, but so much attention must be given to steering that not only is my speed vastly diminished, but I'm not getting too much of a workout either. So if I get a late start or am doing an afternoon row, I will head upriver.

All considered, I am very pleased with the decision. Having moved to a boat that is not wind dependent, I have opened up a world that I had been denying myself with a sailboat. And my back is better for it. Do I miss sailing? You bet. Luckily, I have enough friends with sailboats that I can freeload when the urge takes me.

And that's all I have to report right now. If anyone would like additional information on the Virus Yole, please feel free to drop a line to <b@tinybrain.org>. Any rowers local to Long Island looking to catch up with me can find me every Saturday and Sunday morning in good weather in a white sculling boat somewhere in the vicinity of the Carmen's River.

The original *Mischief* was a 45' Pilot Cutter built by Thomas Baker at Cardiff in 1906 for William "Billy the Mischief" Morgan, who once sailed her into Ilfracombe Harbour in such appalling weather that he and his boat earned great respect from the local pilots for "a first class piece of seamanship."

After her working life she was sold out of service and had various owners until she was bought by the legendary explorer, writer and mountaineer Bill Tilman, in 1954. This inveterate adventurer then sailed her 110,000 miles from the Antarctic to the Arctic, including Patagonia, Greenland, South Georgia, and Heard Island in search of mountains to climb.



Bill Tilman

She sank off Jan Mayen Island in the Arctic Ocean in 1968. Bill Tilman owned two more Pilot Cutters, Sea Breeze and Baroque, which still survives today, but

Mischief

A Replica of the Bristol Channel Pilot Cutter is being built in Bristol at the historic Underfall Yard



Mischief

Mischief was always his favourite boat. No line drawings of *Mischief* exist. In reconstructing the vessel, RB Boatbuilding used existing photos of *Mischief*, including many

of her hull and underwater shape as a starting point. With the help of yacht designer Ed Burnett, who has experience with Pilot Cutter design, we firstly took the "family" resemblance of other Cardiff Pilot boats whose lines, ratios, and coefficients exist. Then, using the hull photos we arrived at a set of lines to build the replica of *Mischief*.

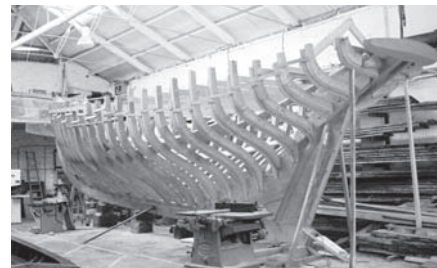
The project is on schedule and should be ready for *Mischief's* centenary in 2006. She is being built at the historic Underfall Boatyard in Bristol.

Mischief was an important historic vessel which was owned by one of Britain's most interesting and prolific explorers. *Mischief* is currently for sale in the region of £175,000. Her Bristol Pilot Cutter pedigree means that she can be sailed short-handed, will be fast, safe, and look after her crew.

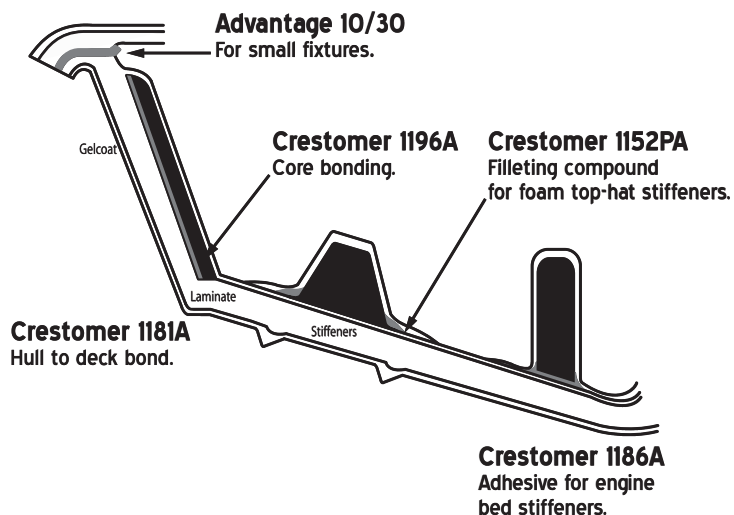
LOA 45', Beam 13', Draught 7', Displacement 27 tonnes.

RB Boatbuilding Ltd., Underfall Yard, Cumberland Road, Bristol BS16XG, Tel: 07903 682 64, info@pilotcutter.co.uk, www.pilotcutter.co.uk

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Since I last reported in the August 15, 2004, issue, I've made some changes. But first I must say that my Chesapeake Crabbing Skiff (Page 74, *Chapelle's Boatbuilding*) has more than met my sailing expectations. It is FAST. A near 18' waterline alone guarantees speed, moreover, this flat-bottomed craft has little below the water to impede progress. On a reach I retract the daggerboard, she rises up and flat flies! And considering the low freeboard, she seems as dry as I remember from sailing one of traditional construction on San Francisco Bay back in the '60s.

Some may remember I built *Syncopation* using 4mm occume, an African mahogany ply manufactured by Bruynzeel, for the sides and decks and 1/4" marine fir plywood for the bottom and three bulkheads. The boat, with its retractable bike wheels, weighs only about 120lbs and has carried me many miles, mostly on Richardson's Bay, a ten-minute walk from my home. I have, of course, sailed out onto San Francisco Bay and also on Tomales Bay, north of San Francisco.

I found early that my 18' fir mast (used with the 59sf sail) was a bit heavy, so I shaped another from western red cedar which helped lower the weight aloft. The Starbright teak oil has proven itself with this wood, too. Experimentation with an old windsurfer rig given to me by a friend led to my present cat schooner rig, two 30sf sails with sprit booms. The sails, laced to two windsurfer masts, just rotate to furl. I went for Sailrite's cream dacron this time. The two windsurfer mast/sail rigs are easier to stow when removed for rowing, whereas the big wood mast was always in the way.

The biggest change I made was to convert the double-hatch sleeping accommodations into a forward cockpit (I still use my old Sleeper for overnights). The new forward cockpit enabled me to more easily reach the foremast and got the passengers out of the "office," which can get rather busy

Syncopation Revisited

By Derek Van Loan



what with two sheets and a tiller. I wasn't spending nights aboard anyway.

I retained the central full bulkhead which anchors the after end of the dagger-

board trunk and keeps the thin sides from flapping about. I added a forward thwart with a heavy vertical dowel running through its after edge, socketed at its bottom, to the forward end of the upper trunk. I used 4mm occume for the forward cockpit coaming and topped it with black plastic irrigation pipe.

Incidentally, if you decide to trim with this somewhat flexible pipe, lay it along the top of a curved coaming and mark it first. Then carefully slit it on the mark using a sheetrock knife. The pipe will then follow the curve of the coaming without kinking. For straight trim, just run it through the table saw with the blade height adjusted to just cut the lower surface). I use small blocks of 4mm glued at about 1' intervals along both sides of the coaming. Just snap the pipe over these and it will be secure. Two stainless screws and finishing washers secure the ends.

Syncopation still tacks like an 18-wheeler but the split rig helps with maneuvering in tight quarters. It was a real improvement and the boat seems to sail just fine with just one sail. And it doesn't seem to matter which one. The retractable wheels need toe-in adjustment to keep them from splaying out away from the hull when the boat is wheeled. I've got mine adjusted so that I push the boat stern first. A rope connects the bottoms of the wheel arms when they are down, to help counter the splaying tendency.

The Xynole/epoxy sheathed bottom, rudder, and cockpit have all survived perfectly. The green and red polyurethane paint and marine varnish have stood up well. I've had a great time with this vessel but, even at only 120lbs, it is too heavy for me to easily pull up the long muddy embankment near my home at low tide. So I am just beginning a Monfort Geodesic Whitehall. Unfortunately I'm running out of room and have put *Syncopation* on the market (see Classified Marketplace).

Bruno at the helm, our collie Sonny Boy.

Bruno and Katrina tacking (note new coaming).



Well, in the first place, there may be several readers of this who might be thrown into a state of puzzlement about that title. For one thing, how should I, a self-avowed wood boat (not plywood, mind you) elitist know anything about aluminum boats? For another, how should I, who have never had any, know anything about money? Well, since those things are interconnected, I'll answer those two questions first thing so you can skip the rest and go on to find out what's for sale in the ads.

When you ain't got no money an aluminum boat is about the best you can do, so I know a hell of a lot about aluminum boats. For one thing, the cheap made ones will metal fatigue real bad on you if you drive them very hard in a chop. Because they are made of thin sheet metal riveted to relatively stiff frames and runners, the skin flexes when the boat hits waves. I used to like to make them hit waves, too. Back in my speedy and thoughtless youth, before I became grave and solemn, I used to take great glee in outrunning other people's boats.

This was back in the day of the first of the fiberglass boats and the V4 OMC and piled-high-and-deep, direct reversible Mercury (what they called "dock busters"... had to shut them off and crank them up running backwards for reverse... didn't work 100% of the time) engines of maybe 50hp. The trouble with that was that the fiberglass boat people had not fully explored just how cheap they could get away with building the boats and still thought they had to have enough fiberglass in the boats to make them strong instead of just having enough fiberglass to make them look cute. Some of those early runabouts had 1/2" of woven roving in the bottoms and 3/8" on the sides and the transom... goodness.

One example with which I have had some experience is the old "Winner," who I believe built the first fiberglass runabout and "MFG" ("Molded Fiber Glass") boats. They were (and are) about bullet proof. MFGs looked lapstrake about like a Lyman or a Thompson so the old hard-headed Lyman dealer I worked for off and on during my speed demon days carried them as a sideline along with real Lyman and Thompson boats. He, like me, thought fiberglass was too heavy to be practical for small craft so he also carried two different aluminum boats for those customers who could not or would not shell out for a real Lyman or Thompson. One was the old Lone Star, made in Texas, and the other was Starcraft. The Lone Stars were little skiffs and buttheads up to about 16' and the Starcrafts were maybe 18' and had a little useless cuddy cabin and a fool steering wheel for those who might want to play yacht. I couldn't even afford a Lone Star until I finally realized that I could not make a living building plywood boats full time and started roofing and painting houses.

When I got out of the Navy I still had the old Grumman Sport boat from back when logic ruled my life, but I wanted a planing boat so I conned my mother-in-law (who loved me and whom I loved) into guaranteeing a loan at the bank to buy a secondhand 14' Lone Star (named Loan Star) and a junk 17hp Scott Atwater from my old boss and commenced hauling ass. When it would run, the old Scott would really run and I toiled it past a good many hotshots who thought they had hotshot rigs. I had even dug through a huge pile of junk and extracted a one-to-one

Aluminum Boats And Holes in the Water Into Which One Must Pour Money

By Robb White

foot and a little high pitched propeller for the old Scott and, I believe, when everything was right it might have managed to make nearly 40mph (statute) on old Loan Star. There was no steering wheel, windshield style boat that would stay with it going out the St. Marks River in 1964.

One time my mother and I were out fishing off the mouth of the Econfina Creek in that rig. "What ever happened to that canoe-looking boat with the little weedless three you used to have?" she demanded to know. "I liked it a lot better than this rig," she declared. "It didn't use to pound and throw water like this thing," she continued. "What are you going to do with all these bluefish?" she needed to know. "I hope you don't think I want any of them," she stated. "I don't like bluefish too much," she opined. "Do you think you are going to be able to get that thing to run or do you want me to get the oars?" she inquired.

"Hush, Momma, I am trying to get the flywheel back on without pushing this wore out Woodruff key down in the guts of the damn thing and it takes a lot of concentration," I said. "You need you a new motor," she stated unequivocally. The very next day my old boss called to tell me that he wanted to show me something so I went up there and he had a brand new 25hp Evinrude "Sportster" sitting on the stand. "Yo Momma said for you to take this motor home," he said.

"Really... golly," I replied. Two days later the payment book came from the bank.

Anyway, I don't know if you know the old OMC series of 18hp and 25hp engines, but the 25 was pretty close to the highest rpm (hence highest hp) for its weight of any production engine in that class in the middle 60s. When properly propped (which I quickly did) one of them would destroy any aluminum boat in short order, and pretty soon I was beginning to learn the aluminum boat repair business. For one thing, welding or soldering (don't buy it) cracked places in thin aluminum just makes it worse. The welded place just invites another crack right alongside it. For success you have to patch it with another piece of aluminum on the inside of the boat using rivets.

If you are not a do-it-yourself fiend I suggest you go to the airport and get an airplane body man to do it for you. Don't use thick aluminum for the patch. What you are trying to do is to avoid a stiff place like the frame that started the crack in the first place. Drill a small hole at each end of the crack first to ease the stress and stop the progression. If the crack is right along the edge of a frame or runner or the chine like is usually the case, you'll have to un-rivet the structural part so you can get the patch under there. I once patched all along the transom of a big aluminum butthead with a fiberglass angle which I formed in place and then pulled off (polyester fiberglass won't stick to aluminum and neither will epoxy reliably) and riveted back with some sealant. Which, black roofing tar ("plastic roof cement") is about as good as anything else.

For a leaking rivet or some other such minor crack (like where some damned fool screwed a rod holder or anchor puller on the side of a boat with plated steel sheet metal screws) the best stuff is Alcoa "Gutter Seal" which is usually available from metal building erection outfits (I have a nephew who is in erections). Gutter Seal is better than those cursed polyurethane caulking doo doos that are so popular in the "quick and dirty" boat business. For one thing, though it is expensive, too, it doesn't go bad in the tube if you don't use it all at once.

You can even leave it rolling around in bilges of the boat "just in case." I don't know what it is but it sticks to aluminum and stands the weather better than anything I ever saw and it has a good bit of physical strength... will hold up on a stress crack for a remarkably long time before you get around to a proper patch job. It has a strong smelling evaporating solvent so I don't know how it would work underneath some vapor barrier like an aluminum patch but anything will work there... even a piece of tar paper.

While I was explaining what all I know about the cheap shot aluminum boat situation, I bet all of you have been wondering when I was going to get to the part about pouring money into a hole in the water haven't you? Well, it wasn't my money but I have seen a lot of that done. It happens when helpless or lazy people get themselves more boat than they need and decide to delegate the work of keeping such a thing operational or even "Bristol."

Yeah, right. I once agreed to fix the exhaust system on a boat with a \$10,000 varnish job. That's how I knew to accept the contract... talking to the varnish man... I figured that anybody who would pay that kind of money to top it the knob (no, it wasn't William F. Buckley, the yachtsman) on the varnish job would not skimp on the exhaust job either, but I was wrong. "It's leaking," was the initial complaint. It was like pulling teeth to get that man to do the right thing. I had better sense than to contract such a job so it was "time and materials" for the whole thing. "It's leaking" was an understatement.

When I finally finished crawling the damn thing (twin V8 gas engines... four exhaust pipes) and came up with what all was wrong (everything, including four manifold risers) that man had such a hissy fit that I thought he would stagger off the dock. He couldn't find anybody else who was desperate enough to crawl around under all that varnish and do the job, though, so he had no choice. I'll give you a tip about such as that. A die grinder (not a Moto Tool) with the toughest fiberglass reinforced cutoff wheel you can find is best for rusted up hose clamps in close places but you have to come up for air a lot because of the stench of all that burning rubber.

Ain't nobody alive got enough money to get me to do a job like that again, but I will sometimes fix an outboard motor if I like the person and he can't get anybody else. I have a neighbor over here on the island who has more boat than he needs. You know back in the first of outboard motors... back when C.S. Forrester and his wife were touring the canals of Europe in the *Annie Marble*... back when Mr. Wico made the magneto... an outboard was pretty close to being a maritime object. People understood the ocean before they invented the outboard.

The goals of early outboard builders were reliability and longevity. That's why

you see so many of the old naked flywheel style junkers with cast iron cylinders still around. Some of them even had bronze feet on them. Back in those days nobody would have even imagined all the electrical gadgets you can find hanging over the transom of a boat these days. The reason for that attitude was that the people who usually had need of a boat motor (either inboard or outboard) knew what they were doing.

Around here the wonderful outboard motor quickly replaced primitive inboards in the little skiffs which dominated inshore commercial fisheries. The most popular was the exact same Johnson that John Steinbeck could not make run while he was investigating the biota of the Sea of Cortez. It wasn't the motor that was defective. It was Steinbeck. I don't know what it is about marine biologists but an outboard motor is anathema to them. I watched graduate students drop at least four 9.5 OMC engines into the boat basin at the FSU Marine Lab at Turkey Point while I was there because they couldn't master the hood latch.

One night this professor down there almost froze to death with a whole field trip's worth of graduate students out on Dog Island Reef when they went out there during a specially selected spring low tide in January and ran the battery down on his old tall Mercury because the "O" ring in the gas hose connector had been cut by an ignorant misapplication of vigor during a tank transfer operation. Old PhD scientist didn't know nothing about any way to circumvent any gas hose connector or... that there was a rope groove in the flywheel. There were thousands of illiterate teenaged boys all along the Gulf Coast who could have instantly started and kept running John Steinbeck's old Johnson, and if I had been on that field trip to Dog Island Reef we would have been home in time for happy hour.

What happened was that the "Recreational Marine" business woke up to the fact that the only way to make any money was to coerce ignorant and otherwise helpless people into buying more boat than they needed or could handle so they would be stuck with pouring money into that hole for the rest of their lives. This island is full of examples of that. I'll just hit one example. Our neighbors have finally finished paying for their big deep vee. They sure didn't need such a thing. At the time they bought it we were skiffing it back and forth in the little 14' take apart boat with a rusty Nissan (Tohatsu) 8hp and the other neighbor just down the beach was using an old round sided cypress dory with a Japanese 2hp engine on it whose power head looked just like a loaf of bread... both back and forth a thousand times with no hint of a sign of trouble.

Of course, both of us were old school and had sense enough to check the foot grease and stuff like that all by ourselves, but this person did not know anything but the switch key. Finally his power trim and tilt... which, that's a wonderful thing when it is working but the electrical part of such a thing is a regular nightmare to anybody who has any sense at all. I mean, here is a complicated electrical system straight out of an automobile sticking out behind a boat in the salt water. The electrical studs and nuts are plated steel.

The way it works is that there is a cheap made 12v hydraulic pump (probably imported by Horrible Freight) pumping to an aluminum two-way cylinder with a chrome plat-

ed steel piston rod. There are two regular starter solenoids out of a car to give the electricity to this pump. One solenoid tilts the engine up and the other feeds reversed polarity to tilt the engine down and one always defects before the other. If the one that won't work is the "down" solenoid the boat is completely disabled.

It is one thing to be disabled at sea by the defection of a necessary piece of equipment like the ignition system or the fuel system or the crankshaft but pitiful to be disabled by something completely frivolous. Of course, all these modern mariners have two or three cell phones and, probably because they know of their tendency toward complete mechanical helplessness, a prepaid season ticket with "Sea Tow." Anyway, phooey on being so ignorant that you can be disabled by the defection of a gadget like power tilt and trim.

At that time there was only one good outboard motor mechanic in Carrabelle and he was the OMC/Yamaha dealer. He was sort of like me and liked to do things right but he had the additional incentive of the phenomenal markup applied to all outboard parts by the dealers. "You are going to need a switch,

two new solenoids, and a new pump. I think the ram is probably alright," he plainly stated running his finger down the parts list. "That'll come to," he continued, clicking skillfully on his calculator, "eighteen hundred fifty nine ninety three plus labor and tax." These poor people were going to have to do a little scratching around in the budget... probably park the SUV and drive the Accord for a while... before they could OK the proper fixing of their motor (and besides it was locked in the tilted down position) so they came on back to the island for the rest of Labor Day break.

But when the time to leave came and they waded out (way out past the dory and our skiff... deep vee, you know) with all their belongings and loaded up, the tide had fallen so that the shank and prop were about 18" in the sand and the engine choked down when they shifted it into gear. When they got back in the stern and started looking over the transom it made things even worse. I knew that we would be the first recourse and it was not my choice of chop for a skiff boat trip across the bay, so I trotted right down with my wire brush, 13mm socket and WD40 and got them off in just the nick of time.



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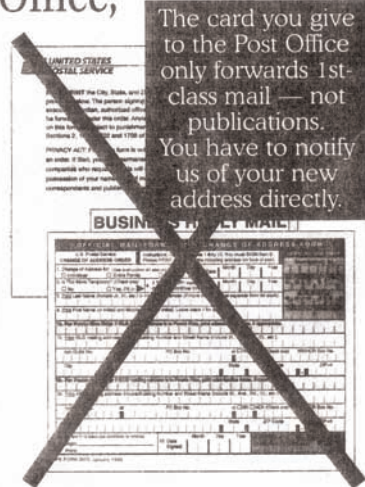
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Trashcat was designed for a group of volunteers who intended to build her for the use of a youth group. The youngsters would use her to pick up floating debris around a well-protected harbor. Later a second group showed interest in the concept for biological study. We took the orders out of sequence since it was not a major project to design and the groups were urgent to get going (in fact, there has been one hitch and another, as often happens with group volunteer projects, and neither of the boats has been begun).

The boat had to be simple to build to have a chance of completion. Light weight was desirable to make it easy to haul out and for trailering from one area to another, also to minimize the consequences of novice handling. It should be very stable, as close to foolproof as is reasonable to expect, unsinkable, of course. All this pointed to a catamaran configuration and we already had a design that could serve as a basis for the new

Jim Pope's outboard catamaran, progenitor of the Trash Cat.

Bolger on Design

Trashcat

Harbor Cleaner & Research Craft

Design #674

15'6"x8'0"x1, 300lbs Displacement
(On 7" hull Draft)

boats. We published it in *MAIB* Vol. 12, No. 21, March 15, '95. It had been built to test an experimental human powered device and was later converted for recreational use with outboard motor power. Very small power, it went very well with a 2-1/2hp two-stroke and was highly maneuverable, just what was needed to give the youngsters a good toot without tempting them with too much speed potential.

The new design had the same proportions and hull shape, but is higher-sided and more heavily built to stand abuse. Power was to be a 3hp Honda four-stroke. One of the clients asked about electric power as a green statement, but we discouraged it as too expensive and complicated if it was properly done to produce reasonable duration and recharging time. We like our electric launch Lily very much and a solar-powered boat on our Sneakeasy hull held a distance record at one time, but we have to keep arguing with people who want to use electric power in ways for which it's not suited.

The boat works for trash collection with a crew of three or four. The skipper sits on the port side aft with the motor controls directly under her hand. There will be an extension tiller so she can stand up to see better. Two hands sit ahead of the forward bridge bulkhead with feet on the bottoms of the hulls. The framed collection net is hauled up just clear of the water as the boat cruises in search of trash. When some is found, the net is lowered to the scoop position and the forward hands stand up with boathooks to guide the catch into the net. When the net is loaded the fourth hand, or the skipper with a crew of three, hauls the net up to the dump position with the purchase to the A-frame, to dump the contents of the net into the trash barrel positioned to take it. The full barrel is exchanged with one of the reserve barrels in the hulls. Repeat the process until all the barrels are full, the scheduled patrol time ends, or no more trash can be found (!). Full barrels are taken ashore through the gates in the railings at the forward end of the bridge.

All this happens with minimum chance of anybody getting hurt. Rail height on the bridge and at the back of the trash handlers forward is 33" or more. If the propeller should foul it can be reached from the railed-in after decks. If, by some highly unlikely chance, both hulls should be completely flooded there is positive buoyancy from foam and from the wood structure totaling 1,000lbs. The motor head is carried clear of the water in that condition; i.e., the boat can still run and maneuver.

The long-shaft motor is tilted clear of the water when the boat is out of use. We keep seeing motor lower units deteriorating, cooling water intakes fouled, etc. under the eyes of people with an obligation to be more responsible. The stripped boat is light enough to make "dry sailing" practical, with the boat hoisted to a wharf or hauled on a float or ramp to save expense and pollution with antifouling paint and/or poor performance from fouling.

The biological study version will have minor differences in equipment as called for.

Plans of the Trashcat, our Design #674, are available for \$100 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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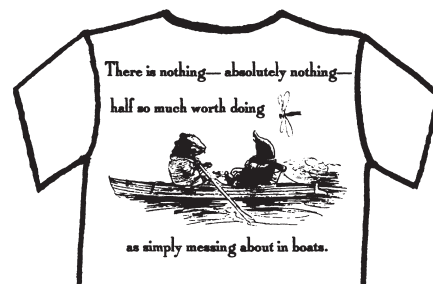
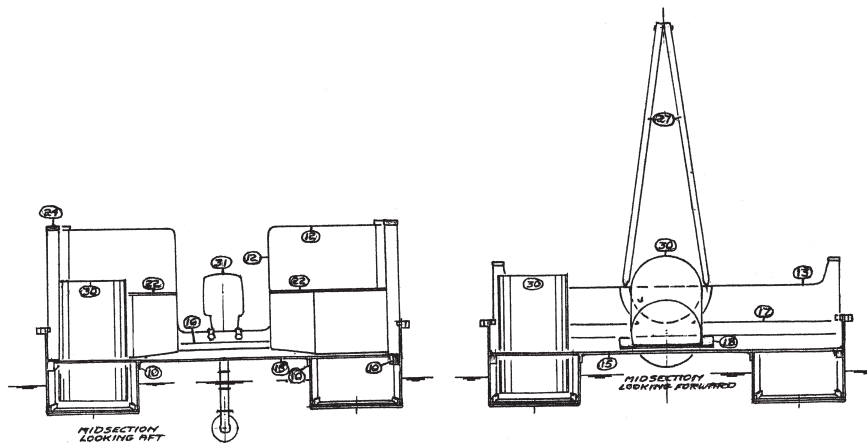
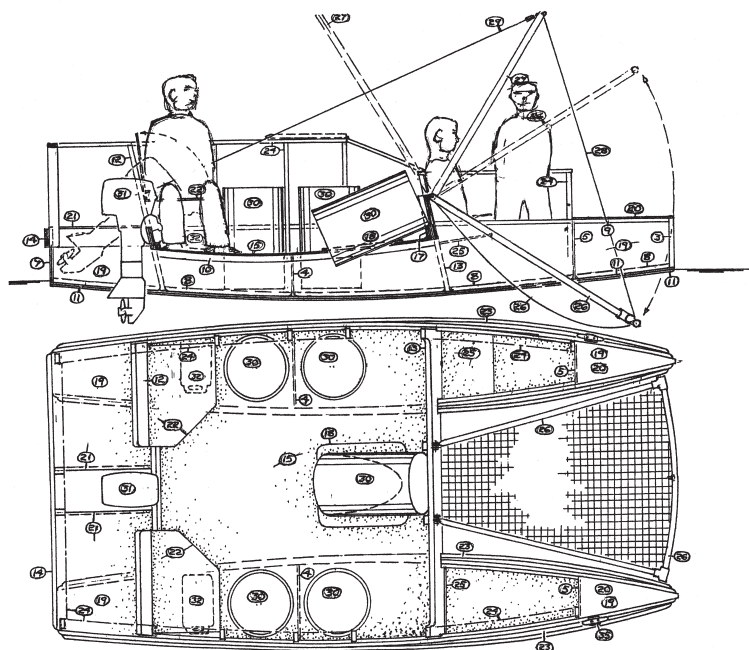
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I don't know if everybody knows what real hard rain is so I'll quantify it a little bit, I think 8" an hour is a hard rain and it'll do that around here every now and then. One time I sat in a stifling hot airplane waiting for a lull in the rain so the pilot could take off and watched the water rise at least 6" on the tires in less than an hour, and I assume that the land there at the airport was approximately level so that water must have been piling up on itself.

Just this other day I was sitting out there in the Rescue Minor waiting for the automatic bilge pump to finally pump out since I couldn't leave it because the "automatic" had done reverted back to "manual." Boy, it was raining, I am telling you. I think I have mentioned that it is a mystery to me how 1" of rain can make 1' of water in the bottom of any boat, even a perfect rectangle like a scow. It is a mystery.

What caused that 8" rain per hour (rph) incident the other day was a cold front that came down here and stalled right on top of our old leaky coast house, and the little temperature differential just kept pulling these storms in off the Gulf one right behind the other like a train of rain... and thunder and lightning and wind.

Anyway, I was sitting on the engine box of the Rescue Minor trying to stay out of a little of that hard driving rain while the little, plastic, electric bilge pump was doing its manual best to keep up. Now, that's a 500gph pump... and I believe the rain was gaining on it a little bit. I even believe the manufacturer's claim to its capability because I timed how long it took to fill a 5-gallon bucket full of fresh water.

You know, since the hurricane our well has pumped salt water, and five gallons of rain water is a nice thing, and by the time of this incident so much rain water had been in and out of the Rescue Minor that the bilges were as clean as anything in Martha Stewart's kitchen. I filled every bucket and jug in the house and the bilge pump lived up to every bit of its claim... except that automatic part. Five hundred gallons an hour in a 20' boat not even 7' wide is a world of water and encourages my notion that a boat is a rain magnet.

While I was sitting there on the engine box under the Bimini top shivering and whining and cussing, I was able to observe the raindrops change from falling vertically or continuing to follow the trend of the wind to curve inward so as to come right straight in the boat with me from all directions... even the lee of the stern. That 7'x8' Bimini top didn't do a bit of good. Then the lightning started striking and I got to thinking that I might be better off in the water with just my rubber southwester hat sticking up, so in I went. Wow, that warm water felt good. I drifted there beside the boat until my fingertips got wrinkled. Every now and then I would ease over there and take a little sip out of the cold effluent from the pump. Altogether it wasn't all that unpleasant. I'll get in the bay next time instead of sitting up there like a fool in the boat and freezing to death.

I'll tell you what I have discovered about plastic, electric bilge pumps in my long experience. They ain't no damned good, is what. Don't ever buy an Atwood pump. They are the worst. At least with a Rule it is easy to get the damned plastic thing off the bottom and it has a real stainless steel screen

Drinking Bilge Water

By Robb White

to keep strands of stuff like turtle grass and hair from stifling the impeller but the only way (in the driving rain) to get the ineffective, cheap junk plastic strainer off the bottom of an Atwood is to get your knife and pry the little tabs out of the little notches so you can get to the tiny impeller hole to dig out the bathing suit string that has wrapped the whole thing up and stalled it completely. You run the risk of breaking one or more of the tabs off and rendering the pump completely strainerless (which is no real change) or, heaven forbid, breaking the tip of the blade off your old precious Queen pocket knife.

Which, at that, I must digress once again. What in the hell has happened to the pocket knife design industry? What's up with all these fat bladed Rambo knives with a blade so blunt that you can't dig down in the impeller hole of a bilge pump to save your life? Back in my day I discovered that the only folding pocket knife that was marine duty was the old Queen Steel.

Although other people (Case, etc.) made knives with fairly good (nothing like old carbon steel) stainless blades, the damned springs were regular steel and they soon got to where they wouldn't open and close right, but an old Queen had stainless steel springs and always snapped all the way shut so when you reached in your pocket to get it you wouldn't run the protruding point of the incompletely closed blade up under your fingernail.

My favorite coastal knife is the old Queen "fish knife." It has one big, old, skinny blade long enough to fillet a pinfish without running the spines up under your fingernail, and it also has a combination fish scaling, bottle opening, hook disgorging blade that is most useful in all sorts of different ways... makes the best screwdriver for adjusting the idle screw on a carburetor I ever saw and the bottle opener will break the spines off a catfish caught in the net so you can get him out without getting finned. The little sharpening stone inlet into the handle is pretty useful in case you need to file down the notch in your fingernail from trying to pick a seashell out of a damned Atwood pump.

So, one might ask, if you have determined that Atwood pumps are not any good, why have you had so much experience with them? Well, it is because Atwood is the only kind they sell at the grocery store in Carrabelle and that's where I always have to go when my pump defects (again). You know the Rule bilge pump ain't that much better and they'll defect on you, too.

One time I had a pair of Rule pumps that I was very proud of in the bilges of our big, old plywood crab boat we kept in the water all the time down at the little Lanark Village Boat Club (who lost their clubhouse to this Dennis). We came down one time and, despite the fact that we had not heard of enough rain in the interval of time, we were gone to run down the big (size 27) Diehard, the battery was too dead to start the engine.

Fortunately the 70hp Japanese outboard had a regular rope wrapper on top of the flywheel so we were able to help out the starter to get going to Dog Island, but I was puzzled

because both bilge pumps were still working... even the automatic feature worked. They were the new style ones which have a little electronic brain that keeps the pump running as long as there is any resistance to the impeller, like when it is pumping water. The pump sits down there in the bilge and turns itself on about every two-and-a-half minutes and if it doesn't "feel" a load, shuts back off, but if it does find water, it keeps running until it runs out of something to pump.

It is a good idea and I believe that the fact that the thing is electronic instead of a regular crap-made plastic, mechanical float switch, it is more reliable... almost as reliable as those mercury switches like in the thermostat of a house. The trouble with those is that it takes so much water in the bilges of the boat to tip the float enough to switch on the pump that there is no point to having an automatic bilge pump at all in a small skiff.

So, why not have a boat with the floor above the water line so the water can just run out the transom like one of these deep vee boats? Well, that adds another 8" or so to the overall height of the whole boat. The seats have to be higher or you'll have to sit with your knees sticking up under your nose. The sides have to be so high that you can't get in the damned thing without undignifying yourself inordinately, but those problems are just ergonomic.

The main trouble with added height is that I don't believe top heavy boats are as seaworthy as boats that carry their weight down low. That's why I don't approve of the complete domination of the small powerboat industry by these outboard powered deep vee runabouts. It takes so much power to make one run efficiently that they are top heavy. They are a wonderful thing in their element but, when it gets rough enough that they can't do their thing, they will roll like nothing I ever saw and will capsize right upside down unless the operator sitting way up there is very skillful at reading the waves which, just from my own observation, seems improbable. Anyway, I don't think it ought to have to take thousands of pounds of twin 225hp engines to drive a little 8' wide boat efficiently(?).

Getting back (finally) to the bilge pump situation, those electronic brained pumps are pretty reliable if they have a big, good strainer and... you keep sand out of the bilge. What had happened to our crab boat (23'x7'x70hpx30 mph... try that with a deep vee) was that a bunch of sandy-footed children and adults had tracked so much sand in the boat that it had distributed itself through the cracks in the floorboards and covered the bilges about uniformly.

Then when it rained a frog strangling 8" an hour for three hours, the steady cycling of those two pumps gradually worked a lot of that sand back into the stern and the pumps would pump out the water and some of the sand, but when all the water was gone the sand quit acting like a fluid but the impellers still felt some resistance and the pumps kept on running in the sand until enough water ran back so they could pump again but then, the last time they ran out of water they just kept on trying to pump the slurry. You know those little things ain't got enough horsepower to burn themselves up, but they did have enough to drain down the old Diehard while they were sitting down there stalled in the sand for two weeks.

Admittedly, an Atwood with a mechanical switch would not have had that exact problem. Of course, the junk mechanical switches would probably have quit working like so many times before (or since) and the boat would have probably sunk like it almost did one time before. What saved it was not a size 27 Diehard or any plastic pump but another diehard and some other plastic. When it started raining real hard, my 80-year-old mother (who lived in Lanark at that time and did not trust machinery of any kind at any time) took her 5-gallon bucket down there and bailed the boat in the driving rain for two hours... and drank bilge water when she got thirsty.

One of my neighbors over here has a pump so big that it has what looks like a 1-1/4" thru-hull fitting. The pump is so powerful that it defeated the cheap junk plastic hose clamp and blew the cheap junk corrugated polyethylene hose off the cheap junk plastic hose barb and went to recirculating the bilge water.

In a little while his Diehard had done died. I like the littlest bilge pump I can find because of that phenomenon of how it will stall out without burnout or overnight battery failure and I have already proven that 500gph will eventually barely handle 8" rph. Now all I have to do is order me another Rule from Hamilton Marine... think I'll save up until I can afford two.

I have never even got close enough to see a big Lovett, which I have on good authority is the best of the plastic bilge pumps. Besides the fact that I can't afford a Lovett, they are big enough for a shrimp boat. These old leaky shrimp boats have a regular household cellar sump pump with a float switch about 4' tall. I ain't got room for all that. As a matter of fact, I don't have room in the tiny bilge of the Rescue Minor for any pump to stay unless I want to prop my feet on it. I have to drag the pump out from under the seat and rig it up.

Actually, despite all this complaining it usually works fine. I pull up the little floor-board section just ahead of the watertight (so far) engine room and sit the little pump on the bottom of the boat, put my spare propeller on it to hold it down, and hook up my little jumper battery (I do not jeopardize my engine starting battery) and tie the hose to the rail. It usually works if it is one of those electronic Rule pumps.

There is one thing I learned the hard way, though. The pump has three wires. One is red and one is black and one is sort of pinkish brown with a white stripe. That is the one you are supposed to hook up to a switch to over-ride the electronic brains of the pump and make it run as long as it is switched on. The striped wire has a little extremely sticky plastic label on it that says, "Under no circumstances ground this wire. Instant destruction of the electronic brains of the pump will occur and it will revert from automatic to manual."

I always read things like that because I believe manufacturers know what they are doing but Rule ought to add one more sentence for people who, like me, do not do things right, "Has it occurred to you that if you let this wire lollygag in the salty bilge water it might possibly be grounded to the negative terminal of the battery in some way... like where you have that submerged bronze clutch pedal connected to the base of the engine with that chain?"

Chain

By Robb White

I have been putting off an odious chore as long as I could. It's this darn red tide that has made me procrastinate. I needed to dive down to my poor old wretched sailboat's mooring and replace the big chain. All these hurricanes have about worn it out. What happens is that the boat tacks back and forth all the time and that wears the rust off the chain where the links pull against each other and it just gets thinner and thinner until something like a hurricane comes along and breaks the old mess loose and then we have a mess for real.

I use what I call the "Hamilton Marine" mooring which is a big chain (1/2") shackled to a 1" steel eye on the 4,000lb block of concrete and steel scrap which is imbedded in the mud of the bottom of Tyson's harbor on Dog Island. This big chain goes up to a 1/2" swivel to which a float big enough to float the chain is attached. Then there is a 5/16" chain going from the swivel to the boat. There is a 1/2" nylon snubber shackled with thimbles into that chain to give a little give to the situation when one of these oblivious wake draggers comes into the harbor with the people standing way up on top of all that plastic who have idea that slowing down just enough to drop down off of plane actually increases the wake in that no wake-zone. If it weren't for ignorant people there would never be anything but a slight ripple in that little mud hole. Oh well.

I worried for a long time that the 1" eye cast into the mooring block itself would wear out and, if it had been me making the decisions, it would be stainless steel. You know stainless steel, when exposed to oxygenated water, will not rust and it is actually the rust-

ing that wears out chain. What happens is that the steel rusts a little bit and if all was stationary that little bit of rust would sort of slow down the destruction. But when the chain is wiggling all the time the rust gets worn off and the bare steel has to rust some more and the thing just gets thinner and thinner. Stainless steel, in this case, would not have been all that much better because the eye does not reside in oxygenated water in that little mudhole.

Fortunately the mooring block has sunk so deep in the anaerobic mud of the bottom that the eye and the big shackle (it takes two different sized shackles to hook 1/2" chain to a 1" eye) are as new as when I first laid the thing back about 1985. All I had to do was to take the new chain and a new 1/2" shackle down there and hook it up. It ain't but 10' deep and the water was clear and there wouldn't have been anything to it if I hadn't had to dig the darn shackles up and take the old 1/2" shackle loose.

Which, what has happened to the shackle business? Why don't they put a good-sized hole in the ear like they used to do? I mean, here is a 1/2" shackle "Made in USA" (don't fool with any Third World shackles if you have something you need to trust) with a little 1/8" hole in the ear. The way I like to tighten the pin is to stick a punch in the hole and put the moxie to it. I hate to have to fool around with vise grips and crescent wrenches down under the water in a foot of mud with my barnacle gloves on.

It was colder than I like but at least the red tide had abated enough so the water didn't stink and I wasn't being nudged by ghostly dead fish the whole time I was trying to struggle down there and I got the job done. Replacing the swivel and the top part was easy after that. Jane had to grab me under the armpits to drag me back into the Rescue Minor, though. I ain't the man I used to be, I guess. Oh well.

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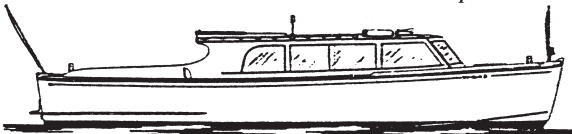


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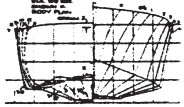
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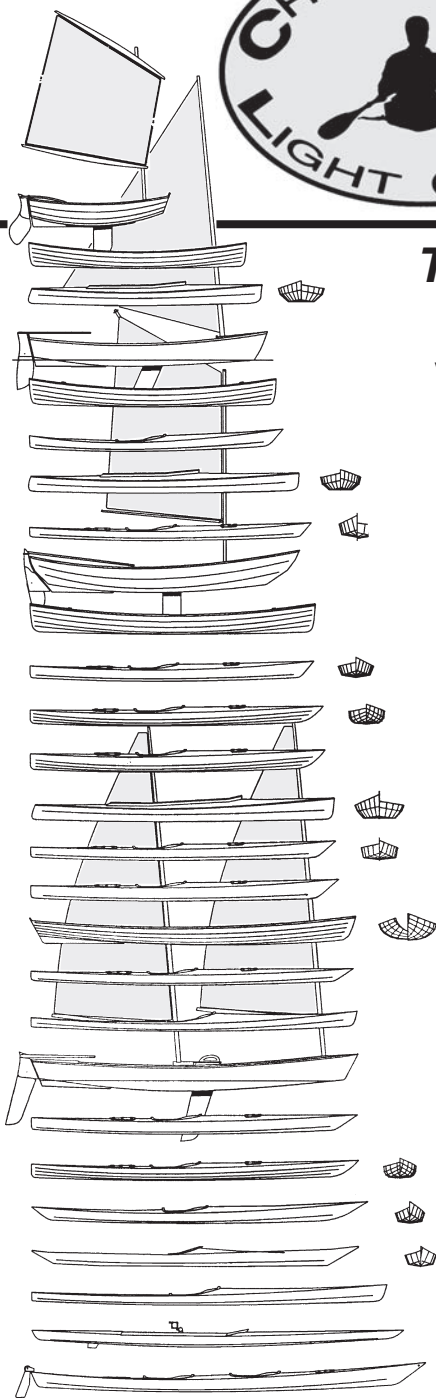
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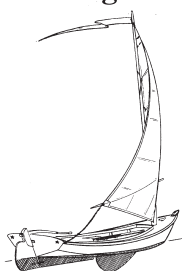
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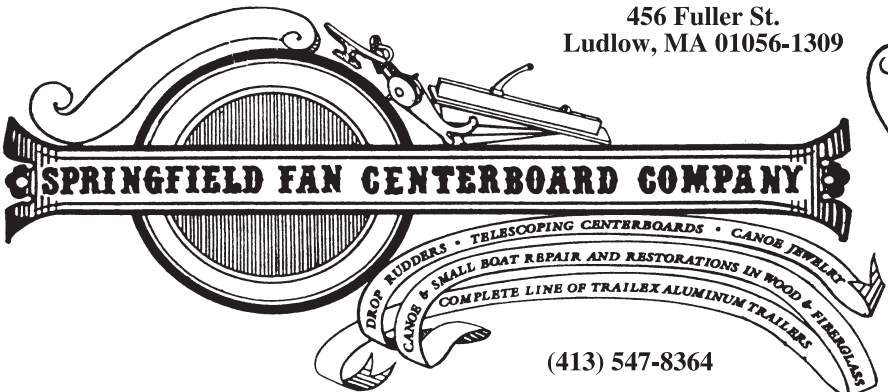
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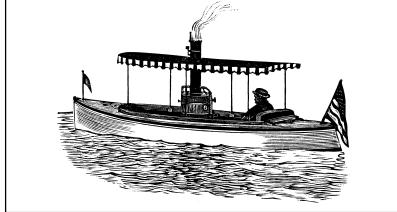
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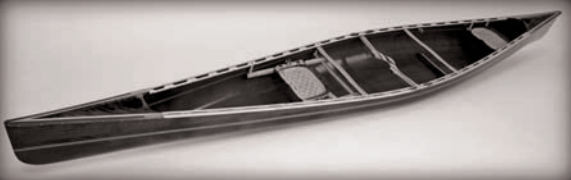
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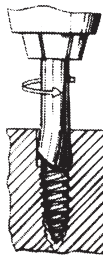
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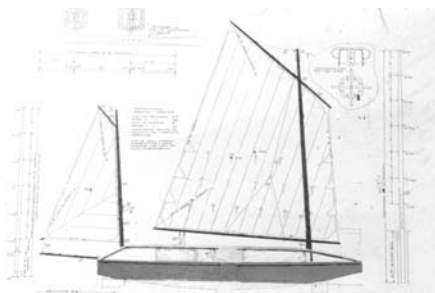
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Beetle Cat, sound hull, no broken or sistered ribs. Nds paint, varnish & TLC. Several items nd repair incl 1 pintle, 1 gudgeon, mooring cleat, cb pennant & rubrail. Sail & spars in gd cond. New sail cover & cockpit cover. Trlr. Call for details. \$3,500. BEE HARVEY, Strafford, NH, (603) 664-5681 (16)

17' Old Town? '35? Canoe, was professionally rebuilt w/fg over original wood about 15 yrs ago. Color WWI "Dazzle" camo. Now needs seats recaned again & gunwales replaced although can be used as is. Sale at \$400 firm or trade for smaller canoe. No room to stoah for wintah. Central ME 3hrs from southern tolls. "DOC" CASS, Wellington, ME, (207) 683-2435 (16)

16' Rushton Cedar-Strip Canoe, Ugo design, 38lbs, 34" width, handmade at Featherlite shop in Sarasota, FL. Exc cond, stored indoors in Sarasota. Price incl equipment to use as sailboat. \$2,100. CARL ADELSHEIM, (941) 383-2375 (16)

'90 SeaPearl 21, sand colored w/maroon trim, newer sails, camping tent for hold, full boat cover, '95 Nissan 3.5hp, on Hutchins trlr. All in gd shape. \$4,000. JOHN JOHNSON, Colonial Beach, VA, (804) 224-1538 (16)

24' McGregor Pilot Cutter, teak railings, bowsprit, & rudder. New mainsail, 2 jibs & trlr. FG. \$900. **24' Hydradine Flatboat**, fg planing hull. Alum railings all around. 2-axle trlr. Gd for a small houseboat or just for fishing. \$950. **14' FG Hull**, on trlr. Similar to Cape Dory. \$250. J. BUTKUS, Chicago, IL, (773) 376-6256 (16)



18' Bolger Clam Skiff, center console, 10 yrs old. FG/epoxy over 1/2" fir ply. '89 35hp Mercury never used in salt water. Exc cond, always covered when not in use. \$1,900. STEVE KRZYSKO, Salem, VA, (540) 389-2689 (16)

Older 17' Seda Viking Sea Kayak, fg, w/foot operated rudder, no built-in flotation. Has mast step for downwind sail but no rig. Some small holes in deck from sailing rig hardware (removed). White. No paddle. \$250 firm. **17' Folbot Sea Kayak**, older naugahyde covered kit boat, non-folding. In gd clean shape. Incl pair of basic paddles. \$250 firm. BOB HICKS, Wenham, MA, (978) 774-0906, 7-10am, 6-9pm (16)

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 Tinkerbell. 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)

GEAR FOR SALE



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NORS, P.O. Box 143, Woolwich, ME 04579 USA, Tel (207) 442-7237 Email <norsman@care2.com>, Web www.norsgear.com (TFP)

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)

3hp Johnson OB, '50s era, nds carb work. Been in family since new, hasn't been run for years. \$300. **CQR Anchor**, 25lbs. Still in gd shape but then how would you kill something this rugged anyway? Off 28' sloop. \$200. **Ronstan Swivel/Snatch Blocks**. Pair \$100 (run \$127 each up here new). **Bow Pulpit**, w/approx. 14"w (fwd) x 26" stretch fore/aft between stanchions at deck x 42"w (aft), draft out footprint and see if it will fit your boat. Off 28' sloop. \$50. Prices firm. "DOC" CASS, Wellington, ME, (207) 683-2435 (16)



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)

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)

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)

Stearns Survival Suit, never used (fortunately). \$200. **Chartkit Chart Plotter**, 20"x24". \$25. **Garelick 4-Step Gunwale Boarding Ladder**, hook width 11". \$20. **Danforth 20H Anchor**. \$75. ELLIOT WILCOX, N. Branford, CT, (203) 488-2192, <ejwilcox@aol.com> (16)

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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)

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New Book, Cruising Careers, 50 Proven Onboard Businesses that keep you cruising and the rules to run them. Sample topics: charter, trading native artwork, deliveries, sail repair, welding, radio/video production, bounty hunter, factory rep, marine electrician, and mechanic.
SCOTT FRATCHER, New Zealand, www.yachtwork.com <http://www.yachtwork.com/> (16P)



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ROSS MILLER BOAT DESIGN, P.O. Box 256 West Mystic CT 06388 (15P)

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)

Things You Should Know About Publication of Your Classified Ads

If we receive your ad just before going to press, there will be a two-week interval during printing before the issue containing it will be mailed, and a further ten days to two weeks in the mail is added to the interval before your ad will be in readers' hands. If we receive your ad just after going to press, up to another two weeks will be added. Thus it can be from three to six weeks before your ad will appear. You can receive up to two more issues after sending in your ad before it will appear. It will not be in the next issue you receive for certain.

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.

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250lbs Magazines, mostly *MAIB*, *SBJ*, *Offshore*. Free to good home.

KARL BERARDI, Bedford, NH, (603) 785-1536 (15)



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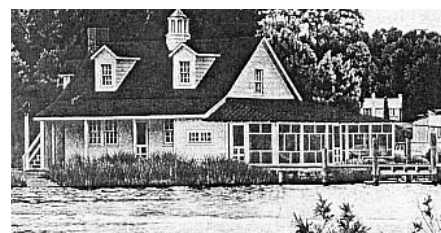
Small Boat Journal, 6 of the original large format issues including the March '79 Pilot Issue, October '79, May, July, August, September '80. \$25 for all, I will not separate. Call to confirm availability before sending payment.

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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.

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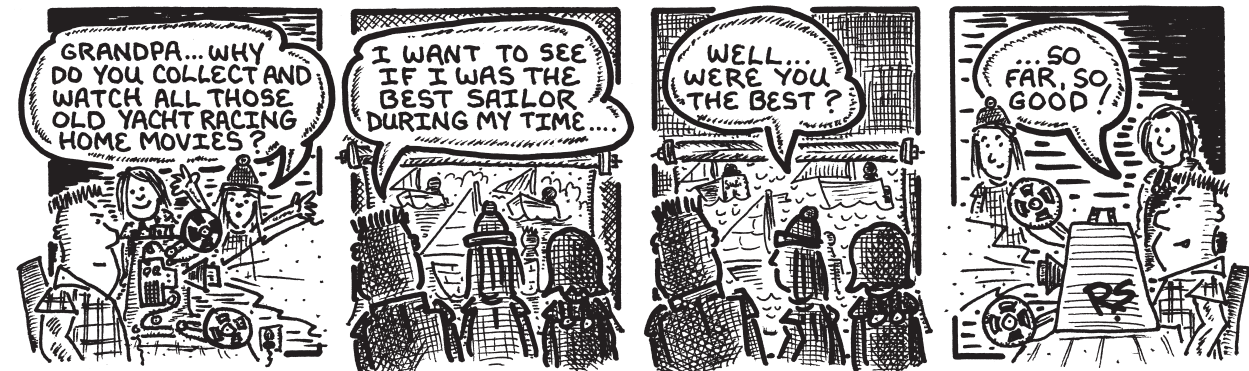
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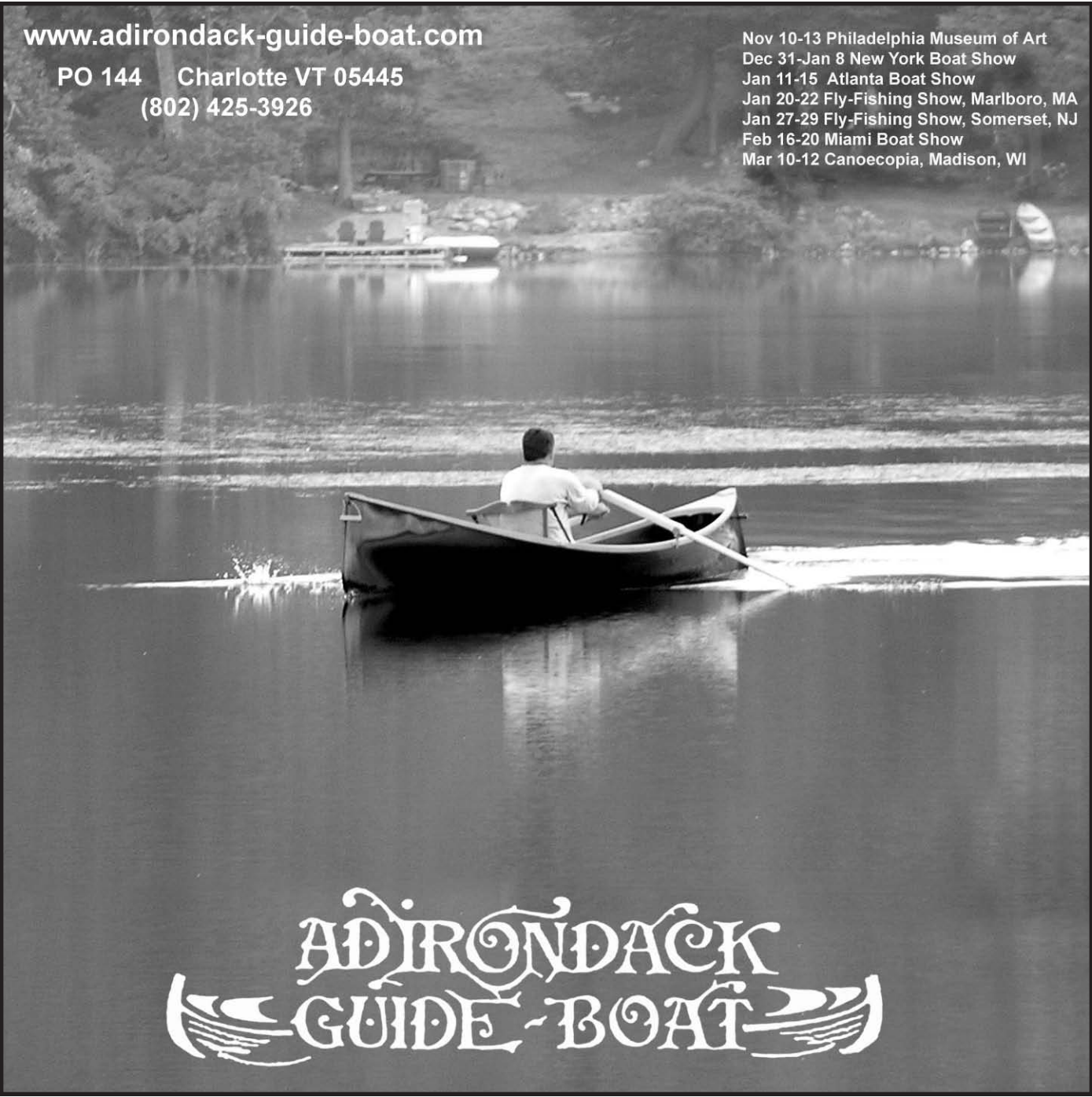
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