



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 34 – Number 3

July 2016

Special Features This Issue
Cedar Key 2016 – On Historic Tides
Canoeing British Columbia's Bowron Lake Loop
Sailing Hobie Cats in the Olden Days
Edna E. Lockwood on the Hard – Building Estrella Del Lago



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

A major motivation that keeps me publishing *MAIB* after oh so many years is the spontaneous nature in which each succeeding issue shapes up. While each issue is essentially the same package produced by the same procedures, each is unique in its content, and when I start each succeeding issue I do not yet know much of what is going to appear in it. This creates an uncertainty that is stimulating as I wait to see what is going to come to me that I can pass on to all of you.

This issue's contents happens to have been given a big boost when an anticipated incoming article came face to face with a preplanned one. Dave Lucas sent on a brief report on the early May Cedar Key gathering and attached Ron Hoddinott's West Coast Trailer Sailors gallery of photos taken there, lotsa pictures of small boats in action. Then, when rummaging through the two July 1991 issues of *MAIB* (twice a month back then) looking for our "25 Years Ago in *MAIB*" feature, I found the report on that year's "Small Craft Weekend at Mystic," lotsa pictures of small boats in action. So I backed them up on pages 8-15 in what pleased me as an interesting juxtapositioning.

Then Dick Winslow's report on his canoeing adventures in British Columbia arrived. While Dick shares his adventures with us several times each year, I never know when his reports will arrive as he devotes much follow up effort to his writing and assembling his best choice of photos. So great, now I had a lengthy paddling tale to offset the sailing/rowing features. July was on a roll, starting to shape up. But these only filled 14 pages (including the cover), leaving 46 to go!

But every issue has its regular features, so I wasn't having to wonder what I would fill up all 46 more pages with. Pretty much sure things each issue are the "Front Cover," my "Commentary," Matthew Goldman's "From the Journals of Constant Waterman," "You write to us about..." letters from you, "Book Reviews," Doc Regan's "Over the Horizon," Susanne Altenburger's "Phil Bolger & Friends on Design," C. Henry Depew's "From the Lee Rail," five pages of the "Advertising Directory," the "Classified Marketplace," Robert L. Summers' "Shiver Me Timbers" and Martin Custom Boats' "Adirondack Guide-Boat" back cover ad. These account for 18-20 more pages filled, depending on how many pages the letters, book reviews and classified may need, leaving 26+/- to go.

I can usually count on pretty regular contributions from Dan Rogers and Dave Lucas' "Tiki Hut." In this issue Dan gave us

three articles filling up six pages and Dave's "Tiki Hut" took up two more. Mississippi Bob Brown is with us again in this issue with his "In My Shop" project. Down to 17 or so and counting

Stepping up to the plate now came Reinhard Zollitsch with a three page retrospective of his 20 years of sea canoeing. Reinhard usually contributes three or four reports a year on these adventures. Now 14 remaining.

And then a biggy, four pages worth of news arrived from the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, following up on our May issue cover (mistakenly dated June by printer) featuring the logs arriving for the new bottom going onto their nine log bug-eye, *Edna E. Lockwood*. I couldn't resist the great series of photos showing the *Lockwood* being positioned on the hard for her impending surgery. As a bonus, CBMM included a feature on Trumpy motor yachts, their elegance quite a long way from the nine log construction of the *Lockwood*. When work gets underway on the *Lockwood* come fall, I'm looking forward to bringing you monthly updates on this unique project. Subtract another four pages, down now to ten. Getting there.

Typically the "one shots," stories many of you decide to share with us, fill out the balance of an issue. In this issue Bob Groot offers his "Scuttlebutt on the High Seas," John Robinson tells of "Sailing Hobie Cats in the Olden Days," Michael Beebe gives us his "Meanderings" (this may become a regular feature), Richard Honan pursues his newfound passion in "More on Rowing an Eight," Martin Stevens tells us about "Building *Estrella Del Lago*, a 33' Amazon Jungle Sailing Catamaran," Caroline Piper describes a "Rowboat Restoration Completed." Another seven or so filled (some are not full pagers), looks like maybe about three to go. We're gonna make it again for #694!

I've been reprinting news from the online newsletters of a couple of TSCA Chapters, for some time from the Delaware River Chapter in New Jersey and more recently from the John Gardner Chapter in Connecticut. Both publish articles that reach well beyond their own local groups' interests and both are happy to share these with you on our pages. Coming up short of content for 60 pages, I can always count on these to fill out an issue. And then, along similar lines, there are the articles from the UK's *Dinghy Cruising* waiting in the wings.

So here we are with yet another issue ready to go to press on June 2. Now it's time to start looking around for the August issue content, I'm guessing there'll be some interesting stuff turning up, wonder what it will be?

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On the Cover...

The annual Cedar Key, FL small craft gathering took place in early May with reportedly ideal conditions. There must have been some wind, judging from our cover photo of hot rod skiff sailors, Ron Hoddinott and Simon Lewandowski, getting the Goat Island Skiff going! Lots more photos on pages 8-11 in this issue.

From the Journals of Constant Waterman



By Matthew Goldman
Constantwaterman.com

Here, behind Gardiner Island in placid Point Judith Pond, it is partially overcast yet pleasant. Birdsong and breeze, two gulls on the pebbly beach discussing breakfast, seven sloops at anchor nearby, some with their anchor lights still awink in the dawn.

Cast off my mooring pendant at Noank at nearly noon, yesterday, with my 150 genoa hoisted, and wafted out to the Sound. Wind was north, northwesterly at maybe eight knots. Even against the tide I made three knots. The breeze seemed fresher farther out as I reached down Fishers Island Sound toward Watch Hill. Soon I managed four knots.

Well, I thought, this suffices. Four knots with headsail alone, and when the tide relaxes a bit and when I pass Watch Hill I'll have all the wind I want for a pleasant reach down the shore to Point Judith. Of course, I said this aloud, and Someone was listening.

I passed the stubby lighthouse at Latimer Reef with its mournful horn as the breeze began to recede. Slower and yet more slowly did *MoonWind* nose her way toward Watch Hill. Now I should raise the main, thought I, and then that wind went foul. It all but ceased; it spun my wind vane round and back and about; it died completely.

It was half past two; I had sixteen miles to go, not counting another mile and a half up the pond to my anchorage. For fifteen minutes, my genoa slatted from side to side and embraced my mast with unexpected passion. Then the breeze settled down and slowly emitted a series of muffled yawns out of the southeast. I hoisted my main and soon attained a rousing three knots. For about an hour.

By four o'clock I made but two point three knots by blowing hard on my sails. The tide had changed in my favor but I had a dozen miles and more to go. I started my motor.

I know you purists scoff at internal combustion. Unfortunately, scoff as hard as I might, I went no faster. Perhaps my method of scoffing needs improvement. If there'd been another anchorage in the vicinity, I could have made for it, but there's nothing here but shoaling beach for fifteen sandy miles. The thought of supper at midnight at Point Judith decided me. Crackers and cheese and raisins are all very well, but fighting the helm in a four-knot gale gives a sailor an appetite. I started my motor. What between the tide, that wind, and my motor, I soon exceeded five knots.

As I busily garnished a raisin for afternoon tea, I suddenly looked around, I do this occasionally, and was startled to see a series of five-foot waves with angry crests approaching me broadside from the beach! I carefully swaddled my little raisin, tenderly laid it among its brothers and sisters back in their box, and leapt for the helm. I prepared to be boarded by the first piratical wave.

Here they came. Three waves, but a couple of seconds apart, crashed into me. *MoonWind* casually rolled a bit and showed them her naked flank. This embarrassed those waves no end. They covered their eyes and scuttled off, roaring to one another. *MoonWind* rocked so gently that those raisins all fell asleep.

Don't ask me where three such presumptuous waves originated. The shore, a mile and more away, is too gradual to make the seas rebound. Besides, the eight-inch swells had scarcely the inclination to go ashore. There wasn't a vessel nearby to throw such a wake. The waves were scarcely a mile in length. They never recurred. I can only guess that Poseidon had spanked one of his saucier mermaids.

Off Point Judith, the swells ran merely three feet. This, for Point Judith, represents a dead calm. I tucked within the breakwater just ahead of the Block Island ferry and doused my sails. The channel up Point Judith Pond is narrow and filled with boats. I motored in beside one ferry as another ferry emerged. I ascended the channel beyond the ferry landing in the company of two skiffs.

By the time I rounded Gardiner Island, the sun was low in the sky. I stopped just shy of two, white, well-fed sloops and dropped my Danforth. I let out my thirty feet of clean new chain and forty feet of roding. I backed down until my little motor complained, then shut it off. Ahh, the quiet. By the time I squared away it was time for supper. I knew this for a fact, for one of the local swans came by to remind me. Matthew Goldman aka Constant Waterman, Author and Illustrator (860) 912-5886. To view and purchase my books and cards please visit <http://www.constantwaterman.com>



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Glen L Boatbuilders Gathering

The members of the Glen-L Boatbuilder Forum are having our 10th Gathering on September 16-18, at Hale's Bar Marina & Resort in Guild, Tennessee. All are invited whether you're a boat builder or not. We usually have 20-30 boats and a hundred or so people. Have questions or want to connect with other Glen-L boat builders? Visit the Glen-L Forum.

Gayle Brantuk, Glen-L Marine Designs, www.Glen-L.com

Information of Interest...

Parade of Ships

Every five years a parade of ships, "Sail Amsterdam," takes place. In August of 2015 8,000 vessels, from small sailboats to large replicas of caravels, arrived together at the IJ Bay north of the city and then passed on to the capital of the Netherlands. Millions of people gathered here to see a show that could not be seen in any other place on earth. It was really an amazing event.

John Smith, Hamilton, NJ



Ferro Concrete Bahama Dinghies

Your TSCA reprint about the Bahama Dinghy in the April issue brought back memories. Three of these were constructed of ferro concrete back in the late '60s in Sausalito, California. All were quite good sailers. The original wooden design converted well to concrete and were built to the outside lines.

On another topic, a friend sent me the attached photo from Viet Nam of what appears to be a yacht being built of hardwood.

Derek Van Loan, Mill Valley, CA



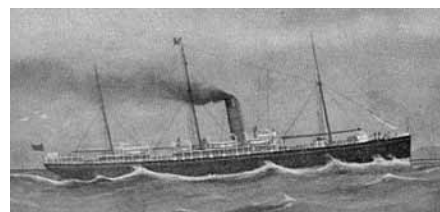
Being in the Right Place at the Right Time

The passenger steamer *SS Warrimoo* was quietly knifing its way through the waters of the mid Pacific on its way from Vancouver to Australia. The navigator had just finished working out a star fix and brought the master, Captain John Phillips, the result. The *Warrimoo's* position was latitude 0°x31' north and longitude 179°x30' west. The date was December 31, 1899. "Know what this means?" First Mate Payton broke in, "we're only a few miles from the intersection of the Equator and the International Date Line."

Captain Phillips was prankish enough to take full advantage of the opportunity for achieving the navigational freak of a lifetime. He called his navigators to the bridge to check and double check the ships position. He changed course slightly so as to bear directly on his mark. Then he adjusted the engine speed. The calm weather and clear night worked in his favor.

At midnight the *Warrimoo* lay on the Equator at exactly the point where it crossed the International Date Line! The consequences of this bizarre position were many. The forward part of the ship was in the Southern Hemisphere and the middle of summer. The stern was in the Northern Hemisphere and in the middle of winter. The date in the aft part of the ship was December 31, 1899. Forward it was January 1, 1900.

This ship was therefore not only in two different days, two different months, two different seasons and two different years but in two different centuries, all at the same time.



Opinions...

Where Will It All End?

I was so taken with this image that I had to search and add another project to my list! Where will it all end? I have already set aside four model projects to start another, and now I'm distracted again! So beautiful! My plan is to carve bas relief in foam and coat out in white.

Irwin Schuster, Tampa, FL



Winter 1957 saw the British built 10,000 ton WWII Empire Class steamship *Farmsum* nearing the Azores enroute from the Mississippi delta to Europe. The weather was bad and worsening, Force 10 going on 11. These were the days before satellites so, despite a few weather ships broadcasting their local weather, one rarely knew the full and complete weather pattern and had to rely on experience to read the weather in order to make an educated guess about how it would turn.

With the weather continuing to worsen to Force 12 (as high as our anemometer would read), blowing a hurricane, we were west by south of the Azores and in the dangerous quarter. As the waves were waxing worse and worse, we hove to while it was still twilight and this could still be done. We remained hove to for three nights and two days with just enough speed to maintain steerage way.

Holds 1 and 2 forward of the bridge had no deck cargo. The deck cargo on Holds 3, 4 and 5 went from railing to railing with a space left open for getting into and out of the heavy steel doors of the deckhouses. The deck cargo drums were secured with wire rope, chain and heavy duty 2' turnbuckles around, through and over the plank covered drums in such manner that not more than 20 or 30 drums would go adrift if a cable or chain or connection broke.

A lifeline, around which we hooked our elbows while moving from deckhouse to deckhouse, gave us something to hang onto so that we would not walk our way overboard when on deck, what with the ship rolling and pitching considerably, or be washed overboard by waves rolling over the deck cargo.

Anything forward of the bridge was inaccessible because of the waves engulfing the bow and dumping green water with explosive force right up to the bridge (hence no deck cargo forward). Spray was everywhere, going right over the bridge and the monkey island, although it was flattened some by the wind. It was an awesome sight when we could see anything, nothing but seething seas from bowhead to bridge. It would have been suicide to go there.

The aft deckhouse, which was the crew quarters, would be underwater in the troughs. The propeller would rise above water on the crests and start racing. The engineers then rather frantically started to close steam supply valves to reduce revs and then, just as frantically opening them again when they thought the prop would be biting back into the frightful seas. They did this every wave for many, many weary watchful hours night and day. This was a 14' diameter three bladed bronze prop. The spare cast iron one was on top of the crew quarters where, during the war, the gun had been, so the top was well reinforced.

To get from one deckhouse to the next required good timing between waves because they rolled over everything. I wanted to see the propeller as it came above water and worked my way to the taffrail on the upswing aft. Compared to the maelstrom and mayhem forward, aft was an oasis of quietude but one had to be very careful and watchful nevertheless. I looked down as the prop came up out of the water and the shaft started to shake the ship, but unfortunately the stern curved forward under the hull which did not allow me to see the prop.

Standing at the taffrail was like looking down from a five story building. On that basis I estimated the waves to be 50' high

Scuttlebutt on the High Seas

A Tale to Ponder

By Bob Groot

or more. I could not stay very long because already the stern was on its way down like an elevator and I did not fancy being floated off the ship.

As I rather briefly contemplated the enormous waves I could see that we would have been in very serious trouble had we not hove to when we did. I also wondered how destroyers could have survived, as apparently they did in such turmoil of waves and weather.

Around 0400 on the first morning two dozen or so drums on Hold #3 just aft of the bridge house started rolling when their cables broke. Deck #2 of the bridge house superstructure overhung the deck port and starboard so that space, along with the space at the back, gave them room to roll. To round up, put the drums upright and secure again, again and again (it took many tries) was tricky work that could have easily broken arms and legs.

After this our rather parsimonious captain put the deck crew on standby for instant call out with the crew divided amongst the three deckhouses (a big advantage over the single deckhouse Liberty ships). Standby at that time meant being fully dressed for the weather, ready to go at half pay. As long as we weren't called out we could sit around and spin yarns or lay in our bunks, boots and all and try to doze. This was a big bonus for we could not really sleep anyway what with the movement of the ship sliding us around in our fairly secure bunks.

The deck crew consisted of one bosun, one bosun's mate, several able seamen, seamen, deck hands and boys. In Dutch these were bootzman, second bootzman, volmatroos, matroos, matroos under de sage, kettlebinkies. Plus in the engine room we had five engineers, oilers, greasers and wipers. The change from coal to oil fired boilers had eliminated stokers and trammers.

So here lies the tale as told by our bosun's mate. He had a brother who sailed on an oceangoing tug. In 1956, so the story went, they were towing the decommissioned Dutch aircraft carrier *Karel Doorman* from the Netherlands to India, sold for service in the Indian Navy. Somewhere in the Indian Ocean they met up with another oceangoing tug towing a same class aircraft carrier from Canada enroute to Japan for scrapping.

These single class vessels built in England were, after WWII, sold to Norway, the Netherlands, Canada and Argentina. They were identical in all respects. Now on the high seas in calm weather the tugs' crews switched the names and NATO designations of these Canadian and Dutch sisterships. This was as far as the story went and I must say that we all wondered why this was done.

Later that same year I was able to put two and two together when I found myself in Canada working on a survey crew north of Superior. I was there at a time when I could hear about the debates and accusations in the Canadian House of Commons about the \$14 million cost and the millions of dollars overrun on the complete upgrade and refit for combat of the aircraft carrier *HMCS*

Bonaventura. This was at a time when a million dollars was still an awful lot of money and a nice brand new bungalow could be bought for less than \$5,000.

Upon completion of the refit, the *Bonaventura* was decommissioned and sold for scrap to Japan. This understandably created an uproar in Canada. The government opposition and the newspapers certainly had a heyday over this scandalous affair.

But wait a moment. Did I not hear a tale about a Dutch clapped out, beat up aircraft carrier having been sold for service in the Indian Navy being switched for a Canadian sistership that had been sold for scrap to Japanese interests, names and all? Now the pieces of the puzzle were coming together.

After the switch, India gets a virtually new aircraft carrier for the price of a worn out one. Japan gets the worn out carrier to scrap. Another high finance deal has been made and whoever they were, those who transacted it basked in financial delight, so it seems.

Now here is the multiple choice question for my friends reading this in *MAIB* to figure out:

- 1: Was this collusion between Canada and India and their military hierarchies?
- 2: Was this a deal between Japanese interests and the Indian Navy?
- 3: Was this a form of sophisticated piracy by one or more high seas towing companies?
- 4: Were these shenanigans between top civil servants and top military brass?
- 5: All of the above?

Circle one. Maybe some of you computer literates know the connections to figure this out. The truth is out there somewhere deeply buried and hidden!

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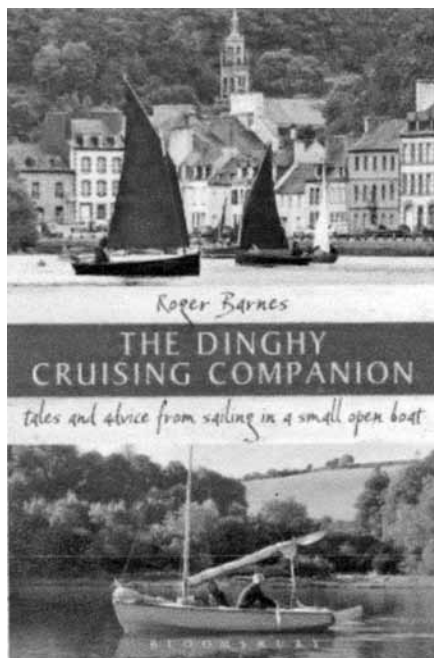
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The Dinghy Cruising Companion

By Roger Barnes

Reprinted from the JGTSCA Newsletter

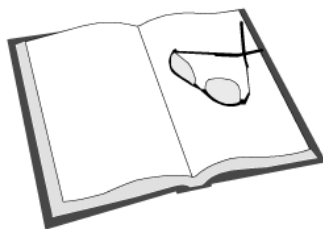


There is just one more book I recommend you read before dashing out to the shop to spiff up your traditional craft for summer, Roger Barnes' *The Dinghy Cruising Companion*, subtitled *Tales and Advice from Sailing in a Small Open Boat*. Actually, I read it last summer and rationed myself to a chapter a night to try and make it last. As I sat in a lakeside cottage it made me feel as if I were cruising the coasts of England and France on both sides of the Channel in a 14' plus boat, dropping the standing lug rig to slip under old stone bridges and tie up along a village quay in time to make it to a local pub for supper.

Roger's boat is François Vivier's Ilur design, a chunky little boat for oar and sail, seaworthy enough to make it to Ile of Sein at the far western end of France and roomy enough for two to spend the night. What makes the book fun is that Roger intersperses tales of his trips with dollops of good, solid information that you will want to incorporate into your own boat. He is President of the English Dinghy Cruising Association, the exploits of which you may have read in *Messing About in Boats*. These guys (and gals) get into their boats and GO!

We were fortunate enough to be campmates just across from John Hartman and his Ilur at last year's Small Reach Regatta in Maine. Clint Chase, his builder who supplied the kit, joined him as well as John's wife who loves to sail the boat. What an interesting craft with its long oars stowed under the fore and aft floorboards, its quick release mast collar and loose footed lug sail, so easily reefed. OffCenterHarbor.com and *WoodenBoat* have some interesting videos of John and the boat as we cruised to various offshore Maine Islands.

The Dinghy Cruising Companion does not concentrate on just one boat, however, we are introduced to the Ness Yawl, Drascombe Lugger, Seil (a rowing François



Book Reviews

Vivier design), Norseboat 17.5, BayRaider, a Hitia 17 Catamaran, a Wayfarer Dinghy, Welsford's Navigator, Matt Layden's Paradox and the English Mirror, among others. Lots of boats. And lots of gear. The Equipment Appendix alone is worth the purchase price with its Recommended Equipment for Sheltered Waters, for Coastal Waters, for Sleeping Aboard, General Gear, a Tool Box, Other Box, a Cook Box (Cuisine) and Food Box (Cambuse), Navigation Box, Personal Box, Clothes Bag, Night Bag, Oilies Bag and Normally Worn (lots of layers). No wonder Roger's boat has substantial freeboard.

And each set of gear is described in the text as well as where to stow it and still be able to see the chart lashed down on top of it all. The book is loaded with good ideas whether cruising beyond Fisher's Island Sound or just popping out to Sandy Point for the afternoon. One idea is a cushion that flips up from a side thwart to sit atop the rail in case the wind pipes up. Another section shares a calculation for oar length, the result of which, by the way, gives us an oar longer than what we are used to. Roger calculates both inboard length and outboard length resulting in a 10½' oar for his boat with a 5½' beam, a bit longer than the 8½' oars more common on this side of the pond.

The book is written in English, the King's English, which takes a little getting used to. For example, when camp cruising, remember to bring your head torch and adjustable spanner as well as the boat's proof of documentation (registration) and proof of insurance, all good ideas. Mixed in are good sea stories, many of which are humorous, including a not so chance meeting with a commando in battle dress. I will not spoil the story but floodlights and an off limits slipway (boat ramp) were involved. All in all a great read that you will come back to time and again.

The Dinghy Cruising Companion is available at Barnes & Noble (bookstores or online) as paperback for \$27.95, or NOOK Book for \$19.99.

Catalan Castaway A Sail & Oar Story

By Ben Crawshaw

Lodestar Books, London: 2013

Lodestarbooks.com

Reviewed by John Nystrom

There are a lot of classic stories that boaters keep coming back to, stories of building (or having built, or buying) a boat and sailing (rowing, paddling, floating, motoring or a combination of these) away to adven-

ture. Slocum and Macgregor come to mind, but everyone has their favorites. I don't know what makes any of these stories into revered classics that get reread and passed on, but I can recognize what I like and what I will pass on to friends. *Catalan Castaway* is one that I'll pass on to other boaters.

I don't know what it is about the Mediterranean shore of Europe that so attracts the British (well, maybe I do, having just come away from another brutal Indiana winter and now into a cool and wet spring), but author Ben Crawshaw is a Brit expat who has lived for some years on the coast of sunny southern Spain. The book opens in June 2007 with a launching party for Ben's new boat, *Onawind Blue*, and carries on until February 2011 with an afterword from the publishing of the book in 2013. It is the result of editing Crawshaw's online blog, "The Invisible Workshop," so titled because there was no workshop to build the boat in so it got built mostly outdoors in a communal garden behind the author's home.

For those unfamiliar with the world of the blogosphere, very few blogs, and there are millions of them around the world, are worth the time it takes to read them. I never knew of or read this blog before, but if it is as good as the book it may be one of maybe a half dozen such efforts worth spending any time on. I can't advise you on that, but suffice to say it has been edited into a very good book.

As such, the actual boat building gets referred to in the past tense, often in discussing rebuilds or repairs. As with so many of our favorite boating adventures though, the book is about more than just the cruising aspects of a small boat sailor's life. The varied moods of the Med, llauts, the traditional boat hull of the western Mediterranean world, beach cruising a coast with few natural harbors, Spanish cooking, the tiny traditional boat scene in Spain, artist Salvador Dali's boats, sailing 55 miles offshore to Ibiza in an open boat of 15' and more come into the narrative.

Boat designer Gavin Atkin writes both the Foreword and a short piece after the Afterword on his Light Trow design, of which the author's boat was the first one built. The design drawings are reproduced for study but the format is too small to use for building. Atkin has a boat building book that includes that design and gives all his designs away free on his website, intheboatshed.net.

Another plus to the delightful and well edited prose is the extensive use of great photographs from the author and Crawshaw's colorful pen and ink hand drawn maps of some of his adventures, especially the long offshore sail and row to Ibiza and the Columberto Islands. An open boat would not be my choice to sail far offshore, but the author did it successfully. (But who am I to question the sanity of a Brit dinghy sailor, when I've considered doing the Texas 200 in a Puddle Duck Racer?).

To close, this is another winner from Lodestar Books and deserves to join the ranks of small boat sailing classics.



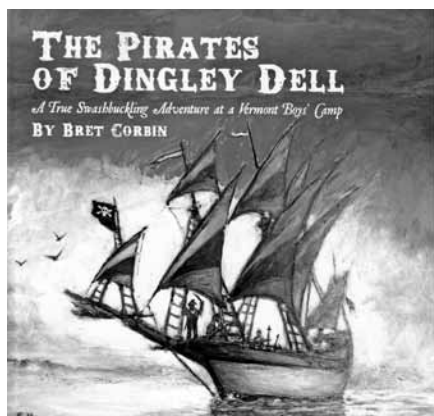
The Pirates of Dingley Dell

A True Swashbuckling Adventure at a Vermont Boys' Camp

By Bret Corbin

Published by Red Barn Books
PO Box 595, Shelburne, VT 05482
ISBN: 978-1-935922-90-2, \$18.95

Reviewed by Bob Hicks



The Publisher States

Visit a most extraordinary children's summer camp in Vermont operating during the 1920s and 1930s where the attendees actually built the structures and recreational areas where they lived and played. Then learn how these talented youth experienced the ultimate boyhood fantasy by building a huge pirate ship and living on it during extended voyages across Lake Champlain, New York and Canada.

Over 11 incredible summers Francis Godfrey Baker, engineer, boat builder and visionary, led groups of intrepid teenagers on an odyssey of life changing experiences while traveling aboard their pirate ship *Aladdin*. Baker believed that a little ingenuity and determination turned boys into men, he steered them on a course of events through raging weather and water, meetings with extraordinary people and self sustainability. He showed them the amazing power that comes through teamwork and camaraderie. This is the first in depth account of the Adventurers Camp and the first time rare photographs of the boys' activities have been presented. Join the crew of *Aladdin* as they embrace an era where life on the water was filled with magic and conviction that made dreams come true.

This Reviewer Comments

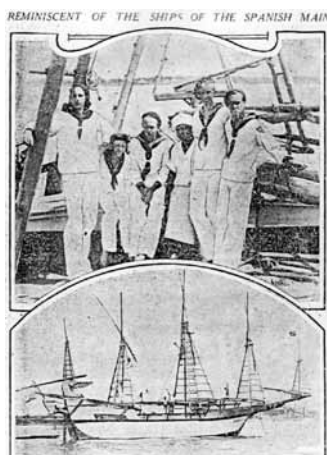
Thanks to long time friends Deb and Fred Shell, this book came to me early this year and I've procrastinated in getting around to doing this review, with no good reason. It grabbed me, as a child of the 1930s with its aura of those long gone "good old days" when our lives were simpler and childhood fantasies were those we made up and acted out ourselves. Any of you who went to summer camp in the 1930s-'40s will recognize the ambience this narrative and many period photos brings to mind and will surely recall your own memories of those summers. And if you are too young to recall those days, perhaps your own later summer camp experiences in more recent years will be brought to mind.

Setting aside the nostalgic pull of long ago summer camps, for us small boat folks the *Aladdin* was some boat, 75' long with a 20' beam, an amazing craft as herewith described:

"The ship's construction combined design elements with a Dutch influenced bow and a Spanish stern. Rising 60' from the water, it was bold, commanding and fast for its old world design. The five masts that secured the eight sails caught nearly every color of the rainbow, one of few elements suggesting that the crew were not actually pirates. A collection of lateen rigged sails to complement the lateen caravel design, all hand dyed by Mrs. Baker, were fabricated for both show and function.

Two hundred and eighty square yards of sails rose from the water. Their dance in the sky was the delight of many spectators. The ship, appropriately named *Aladdin* for its birthplace in a land of adventure and mystical intrigue, was built in just eight weeks by the hands of its seven chief teenage carpenters. Refinements to the vessel would continue for the next two years. Guidance and construction assistance from the Skipper and senior counselors was always available to help overcome obstacles."

Adventurers Camp (1928-1939) had to be an ultimate boyhood fantasy adventure and the proprietors, Mr and Mrs Francis Godfrey Baker, were surely possessed of a true vision of what it was like to be a boy in those times.



Newspaper account of *Aladdin* in Montreal, August 21, 1931.

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Here are some pictures from Cedar Key this year from Ron Hoddinott of the West Coast Trailer Sailors. It looks like it's really fun, doesn't it? How can it not be with all of these really cool little boats and even cooler builders? I tell you every year that this is like nothing I've been to before, the only problem is that there are so many boats to look at and so many people to talk to that I can't get to nearly all of them. I see these pictures and ask myself why didn't I talk to that guy, hell I didn't even see his boat until now.

I can walk any place in town in about 15 minutes so it's easy to get around and keep running to these wild people. We all have a lot in common and I find myself stopping to talk with strangers like they were my long lost brothers.

The biggest problem with the island where we all meet up is that there is not much beach at high tide and there are lots of sand spurs that the dogs and us can get into. You'll notice that almost all of the boats here are really nice and not something seen in most places. If you have to have a boat it may as well be one people will stop to look at and take a picture of. There were a few factory plastic boats here and they zipped around OK but who cares, anyone can buy a Sunfish. I guess that makes me a wooden boat snob.

You all brought your small sailboats and kayaks. Helen and Cass and Roy and Tuck and Cessna and I were out riding around in the ocean in *Lurlyne*. I had brought my big motor boat so I could go up to see the Suwannee river. I've always wanted to check out the Suwannee, which is just 12 miles up the coast, but it's too far to go in a small sailboat so I brought *Lurlyne* this time to go see what's there. I can run in really shallow water and I figured I'll still come by the island to see all the rest of you, you can throw tomatoes if you want.

What a dumb ass idea. Don't do this, there's nothing there and we couldn't even see the shore on the way up because we had

Cedar Key 2016

By Dave Lucas



to stay out in the deeper water. The mouth of the Suwannee is a big grass marsh with a few big million dollar houses. We ate lunch and came back. There are some really shallow sand bars out in this part of the state. I had my iPad with the Navionics program to avoid going aground.



Lurlyne handled the rough seas very well but by the time we got back to the island it was pretty late and we didn't get to hang with you guys much. Our foam kayaks got lots of attention and they were perfect for coming back in, it was rough and they paddle just as well full of water as empty.

I know that this is a long way for most of you to go to take part but if you can make it one day it will be something you'll remember.

Gallery

Photos by Dom Romer, Ron Hoddinott, Larry Whited and Kathy Payne
From the West Coast Trailer Sailors Archives, <http://ftp.ij.net/wctss/wctss/photos148.html>



The Saturday morning gathering on Atsena Otie. The weather was perfection!

8 – *Messing About in Boats*, July 2016



Gusty winds on Thursday and Friday had this catboat bruising the waves west of Atsena Otie Key.



Bernard and Genise's Welsford Navigator at low tide.



Dom and Sandra Roemer, who took the majority of these photos!

Kevin, aka Black Bart, and his Melonseed.



Eric and Jane's CLC canoe *Gadget*.



Farley Brinkley's Cape Fear Boatbuilding School Melonseed. Wow!



Michael Burwell and guest with Michaels CLC Skerry Hull #1!

Dale Niemann sharing the foredeck of his Core Sound 17 with Ida Little of *Beach Cruising and Coastal Camping* fame!



Steve Denning's catboat made from a repurposed little sloop at Dave's Boat Nuts Shop.



Ernie Brown's first build, a sweet Nancy's China.



Farley Brinkley was not afraid of getting wet to get the stern anchor out.

Rob Hazzard's Scamp *Puffin*!





Hugh Horton's original Bufflehead.



Ida Little and Michael Walsh relaxing with the Core Sound 17.



JF Bedard and his own dinghy design!



Early morning low tide at the Island Place Beach.



Lollipop, a ComPac 16 sloop.



Russ and Merlyn sailing their Potter 15 in brisk winds.



The big yellow Mike's Boat was back again!



The Myers' SeaPearl looking smart under full sail.



The Slider Cat, Dean Pacetti.



Bernard's explaining how the Navigator got a cabin!



O'SeaDee and another SeaPearl.



A Scamp arrives at the party.



Rex and Kathy Payne with their Caldonia yawl *Kathleen*.



Steve Wood's Bayhen.



Lowell and Dee Stephens exploring North Key on Sunday with *O'SeaDee*!



Two John Welsford designs, a Navigator and a Scamp!

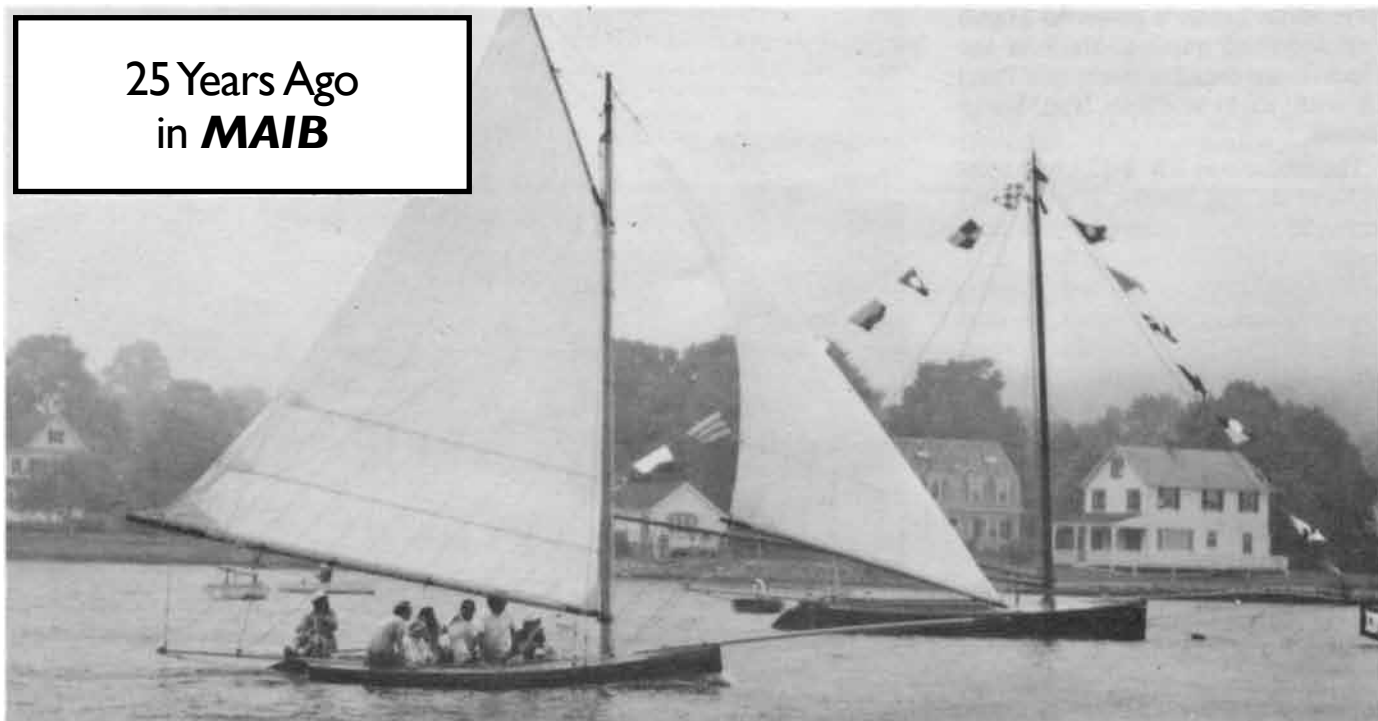


Wes White sailing a little skiff with the sail from father Robb's Felucca.

Sunrise on another perfect Cedar Key day.



25 Years Ago
in **MAIB**



Small Craft Weekend at Mystic



The first weekend in June was golden here in New England and the traditional small craft folks gathered at Mystic Seaport, marveling at sunny skies and nice sailing breezes while they enjoyed looking over and trying out one another's small craft, and attending the variety of programs arranged for their pleasure this year under the direction of Small Craft Curator Peter Vermilya. Enthusiasm is still on the upswing after years of gradual decline, and new people are turning up with their fresh interest to bring back the thrill even to those of us who have been going to this event ever since the old days of the '70's.

Featured craft this year was the sandbagger "Puffin" built last year at the Rockport Apprenticeship, and she was joined by a local sandbagger for some impromptu sailing on the river to show off the huge rigs and speed of these unique racing sailboats. And looking on serenely safely moored on the Museum waterfront was the Seaport's sandbagger "Annie", all dolled up in new paint and varnish, but structurally not up to hoisting all that sail and getting out there with the others. The tech details on building "Puffin" were presented in a workshop and a slide

From the top: Two sandbaggers, "Puffin" sails by the moored "Annie". Busman's holiday, boat-builder Howie Mittleman and his wife Nancy enjoying his North River skiff. A well done Pygmy Kayak "Queen Charlotte" sea kayak built from a kit. The pleasures of rowing.

presentation, as was its history. A well rounded program focussed on this one particular boat.

Other workshops presented included fixed seat open water multi-oared rowing activities, building the Chaisson dory tender and New Haven dugout, steam bending frames and mast hoops, the sprit rig, and trailering a small boat. All good useful stuff.

And then there was all the on-the-water fun as the small boats brought by those attending got constant use on the river all day Saturday. Then Sunday morning brought the 7 a.m. trip downriver for much of the fleet for breakfast on Mason's Island. The rewards of all this boating opportunity are best caught in pictures and so here are a few that I feel catch the overall ambiance of this still marvelous annual gathering of traditional small boat folks.

Report & Photos by Bob Hicks.

Right from the top: "Windsurfing" a flat bottom skiff, quite an art. Enjoying the fruits of one's labors, Griff Venator helped Martin Dittleman build this Bolger dory and got to row him around in it too. Kevin Rathbone (center in hat) holds forth on sprit rigs. Tim Weaver's "Patina" once graced the pages of "Boats" back in '83 and '84.

Below: Interesting lineup, the Seaport catboat "Breck Marshall", an unidentified sailing skiff, Bob Foster's "Seatamer" sea kayak, and a traditional canoe. Two young men in small boats, under oar and paddle.





Left from the top: "Gimme shelter!" Lance Lee (wearing watch cap) pulls an oar on the "Vernon Langaille" Tancook schooner. Early morning arrivals at Mason's Island include Betsey Woodward in her geodesic canoe and Griff Venator and Martin Dittleman in Martin's Bolger dory. Three's not too much of a crowd in this lapstrake double ender.

Below: A New Haven sharpie arrives at Mason's Island under "Seagull" power. This young woman stands to row this big banks dory. Talking about boats on the beach.



Right from the top: The Kennedys, father and son, heading downriver in homebuilt kayaks. Breakfast time in Sunday morning's mist. The LaVertue brothers in "Cockle-shells", Scott in the foreground built his own. Another "Puffin", this a modified Culler "Good Little Skiff" built for Michael at the oars by his dad Mike McEvoy of Battenkill Boatworks.



Below: Glen Goltz came all the way from San Diego to participate, here he views a Monfort geodesic skiff. Peter Vermilya, organizer of the weekend this year, can relax on Sunday with all going well.



"Dick, why have you come all the way to paddle in British Columbia, thousands of miles away from your home?" asked a member of our party.

I smiled. "I am here because the Bowron Lakes circuit is one of the more sought after canoeing trips in the world," I answered, "and because I enjoy the friendship of the Canadian people."

I reflected on my decision to be here. My great expeditions in the Far North during the summer of 2015 were over, the Firth River in the Yukon and the Copper River in Alaska, each lasting two to three weeks in duration. As we approached the end of each expedition, our party would survive on processed meats, dwindling supplies and old stale jokes. Our bush pilot flights were dependent upon the weather and, in the case of the Firth River, delays and waiting. I had sought out an easy relaxing trip to end the season.

I had heard and read about the Bowron Lakes trip for years, the Canadian equivalent of Maine's Allagash or New York's Fulton chain of ponds. Now it was time to go in late September before the snows hit and the waters froze over, sealing the area in ice until spring. I studied the maps. The trip embraced seven major lakes connected with rivers and interrupted with a half dozen portages, a watery slash through the Cariboo Mountains. Encompassing 72 miles in the circuit, the expedition required, on the average, six or seven days of paddling and portaging.

Our party of nine arrived at the Bowron Lake Provincial Park in late September 2015 in a murky drizzle. At the Park headquarters building the guides headed for the front desk to handle the paperwork as we guests toured the little museum, consisting of taxidermied animals, a topographical mountain, a valley model and so forth. Then we assembled in the map room with grandstand benches at several levels. We sat down to listen to an orientation talk.

"This is a clockwise trip," the lady ranger explained. "You should be very careful at the Chute at the end of Isaac Lake. Attempting to paddle this trip in a counterclockwise direction would be hazardous, with waterfalls blocking the way." She enhanced her lecture, pointing to a large map. The park would close in October and our party would be among the last for the season. We each received a complimentary map with printed rules and regulations.

Only 50 paddlers, or 25 canoes, are allowed on the waters on a daily basis. Parties must register for a designated campsite and leave the next day for the incoming group scheduled to occupy it. No firearms or glass bottles are permitted. Without those safeguards the park would be overrun on sunny summer weekends and would result in an utter chaotic scramble for available campsites.

Our party, I believe, represented a law abiding group. Our leadership was strong and experienced. Simon was the head guide with Brandon as his assistant. Both were slim, physically fit young men and seasoned veterans of this trip. Simon worked at various jobs during the year, construction and excavating. "I have a completely different life apart from guiding," Simon said. "I play bass guitar in a Canadian rock band called Walter TV. We have two studio albums out, recording in Montreal and Los Angeles. These wilderness trips offer an exact opposite in my approach to life."

Simon loved the Yukon Territory and had taken parties on the Stewart and Yukon

Canoeing British Columbia's Bowron Lake Loop A Paddle Through The Cariboo Range

By Richard E. Winslow III

(Dedicated to Canada, with its infinity of lakes and rivers, where one could paddle forever in this watery paradise and never repeat the same trip twice)

Rivers down to Dawson City. I mentioned my various trips in the Yukon, Canada's last frontier. "Look," Simon said, as he rolled up the sleeve of his jacket and proudly displayed his tattoo, an outline map of the Yukon on his upper arm. Alas, there was not sufficient detail if he should get lost.

Brandon, the assistant guide, possessed all the skills to be the head guide. He hailed from the greater Vancouver area and had worked at various jobs, at one time in a steel mill. "I have never been paddling in the Yukon and I long to go," he stated. I relied upon him heavily throughout the trip as my sternman.

I once read an account about an Allagash River guide going down that famous stream with his clients. "The guides had more fun," the narrator wrote, "and enjoyed the trip more than the sports." I felt the same way about Simon and Brandon. As the saying goes, "If your livelihood is what you love to do, you'll never work a day in your life."

The six Canadian guests, all husband and wife couples from British Columbia, were middle aged, successful businessmen and women. They were super proud of their province and looked upon Ottawa and eastern Canada as a faraway place. "We are concerned about all the logging, mining, and dam building going on in BC which is wrecking the environment," one of the Canadians said. "All the rich oil men are coming to the lakes in BC, buying up choice waterfront lots and building million dollar vacation mansions. Many install sauna baths and hire chefs to prepare gourmet meals." Ken and Barb, Terry and Deanna and Grant and Barb became the most lively and enjoyable companions.

I was the seventh guest, a New Hampshire man who had followed the canoeing scene for many years. Just reading accounts or watching films of the various expeditions were not enough, I had to grab a paddle. In my head I am a librarian and a historian, in my heart I am a canoeist. My only regret, if any, is that oftentimes two great expeditions would be heading out at the same time, creating a conflict, and I winced that I could not join both.

After our orientation we hiked back to the parking lot and the van loaded with five canoes. There were four tandem canoes, two people in one boat, and one solo canoe. The couples took three canoes as Brandon and I picked out another. Simon would paddle solo.

I was introduced to a new canoe company as I hardly expected we would be paddling the State of Maine Old Town brand manufactured at the other end of the continent. All five were Clipper Canoes, manufactured at Abbotsford, British Columbia, a suburb of Vancouver. The canoes had a sleek design and handled well. Brandon and I had

the Yukon model, a white boat weighing 71lbs and priced at \$1,445 in Canadian currency. As we had the only white boat, I had no difficulty, despite being mentally tired at times, to pick out the right craft. The other tandem canoes were red. Simon would paddle a yellow, 17' "Prospector" model.

Simon issued each canoe a set of wheels which was placed under the hull and cinched tight with a leather strap. This unit was now ready to roll forward, thus easing the ordeal of carrying the canoe on one's back and shoulders, thus reducing the chance of injury in case of a fall. The canoes were also loaded with all the gear, eliminating repeated back and forth portages to a distant lake.



Look out for ruts! The invention of the wheel makes portaging at the Bowron Lakes Provincial Park much easier, requiring only a single trip with a full load to the next lake put in.

We were ready to go. Once the on wheels canoe was assembled, the lead person pulled forward with a brisk pace on a level or hilly path in the thick forest. The person in the rear pushed forward. Sometimes both pulled together in front with their hands on the opposite sides of the gunwales. On downhill sections the two handlers planted their feet to arrest the forward momentum and avoid a wild, out of control runaway.

Even this streamlined approach was hard work. More often than not obstacles thwarted our efforts, ruts, mud, rocks and/or slippery roots hindered, even stopped, our progress. Heavy rains had half washed out the paths. In such emergencies Simon, in the lead, would lay down his canoe on a level section and run back to aid the stymied party with his brute strength for a three person pull. The assembled group would rock the canoe to free the wheels and resume forward motion. Obviously the entire path system had to be regroomed the next spring with shovels, chainsaws and crowbars to clear out fallen trees across the trail. Now, in late September, after months of use, whole sections awaited work.

The park service maintained superb campsites, well planned to reduce wear and tear on each site. Each tent site resembled a large sandbox with a foot or so of sand within a log enclosure. When one drove his metal stake into the sand it took hold, as the peg did not recoil off hard stones, roots or stumps. Conversely, wilderness camps elsewhere, and picked at random, usually resulted in hammering away with a bounce back. A broken or bent peg meant delay and frustration. One would reposition the stake two or three times, at a crazy angle, in a submerged rock

garden, to only half grip the tent. What a joy it was to avoid this situation with easy pounding at those sandy sites.



Why aren't all tent sites graced with this luxury? Pounding tent stakes or pegs within a sandbox avoids glancing off rocks and roots for a snug tight grip.

Other park features proved most beneficial. Each campsite was furnished with a fireplace for cooking, with rocks cemented in place, and an iron rung grill. This practice eliminated the need to build one from scratch. Otherwise a half dozen fire rings might be strewn haphazardly around the site.

A large steel structure with compartments for the storage of food was located near the fireplace area. This provision avoided the risk of bears raiding a messy campsite littered with food or garbage laying around for the asking. Conversely, without this steel structure a party might have had to resort to a cache high in a tree with ropes, perhaps botched by the inexperienced. Bears feed on amateur mistakes and dropped food.



Designated campsites save wear and tear on the land, with prepared tent sites and fireplaces.

Once underway, our party undertook the longest portage of the trip from the Bowron Lake Park headquarters to Kibbee Lake. There we camped, paddled and portaged on to Indianpoint Lake and then on to Isaac Lake, almost an everyday drill of a portage or two, paddle, rain, tent pitching, campfires and meals.

At Wolverine campsite on the West Arm of Isaac Lake I glanced across the water to Wolverine Mountain, thousands of feet high. Just below the summit ridge, some years past, a gigantic avalanche, whether rock, snow or both, had crashed down the steep mountain-side, taking everything before it, trees, rocks and, if they had been in the way, animals. Fortunately no campers were at the base of the slide, otherwise they would have been swept into the lake with virtually no chance of survival.



Look out! Get out of the way! Avalanche country. The immense power of an avalanche wiped out a whole forest in its indomitable path. Reforestation takes years to replace the devastation.

This swarth was not a gully or an avalanche shoot, but a solid wipeout a quarter mile long, sprawling across the mountainside. Since its initial complete devastation, forest growth had gradually returned, olive green, turning to yellow birches, the first trees to regenerate on this barren talus slope. Following the birches, firs and evergreens took hold, a single tree here, an isolated grove there, for a patchwork display. It would take years for a full restoration of the original dark green forest. Who knows, with its already established route, a second avalanche might easily roar down the same path.

We left this landmark and turned onto the main arm of Isaac Lake, some 19½ miles long and straight as an arrow. The mountains on both sides of this watery slot reached to higher elevations with a continuous band of snow and ice on the ridge top. "The snow wasn't there two weeks ago," Simon said, referring to his earlier trip. All the rain, which we had been experiencing at much lower elevations, was deposited as snow in the high country. With each storm the snow line crept further and further down the mountain.



With such magnificent scenery there are no bad photographers on the Bowron Lakes. Just as Helen of Troy's face supposedly launched a thousand ships, the view down Isaac Lake has, in turn, encouraged thousands of photographs.

We were blessed with a glorious, calm, sunny day on Isaac Lake. We arrived at Silvertop campsite, the most beautiful camp I have ever seen, a magnificent vista toward the mountains with the reach of the Isaac River extending in both directions. We had arrived at the perfect campsite, complete with a beach. Furthermore, it was time for lunch. Why bother to paddle any further?



Nirvana found! Silvertop Campsite is so beautiful that one may elect to spend the rest of his life here, writing poetry and absorbing this holy place. Park regulations, however, permit but one pre registered overnight stay in season.

I suppose any one of us could have stayed on here indefinitely, to live off the land and write the Great American or the Great Canadian novel. Artists could paint masterpiece landscapes. A person might otherwise live a simple, good, equally satisfying life, do nothing except absorb nature and be perfectly happy.

But as much as I loved this place, we were compelled to move on the next day, on schedule and in compliance with park rules. My saving grace was to view a certain mountain in the Cariboo Range. As we paddled south the mountains became increasingly more rugged with every mile, a souped up maze, cirques, cliffs and jagged ripsaw ridges with snow clinging to the rock faces.



Some years ago I had researched the life of Amos Bowman (1836-1894), a Canadian who is prominently mentioned in two American Civil War diaries. These materials, along with my footnotes, were published together with a photograph of Bowman. He ultimately became a geologist and wrote a scientific paper, together with his own maps, on the gold deposits in the Cariboo Range. To honor his memory, the Canadian government named a mountain after him.

Now 30 years after my research, I finally glimpsed Mount Amos Bowman,

Messing About in Boats, July 2016 – 17

some 8,000' high, a most distinctive peak, not a molehill, but the second highest mountain in the range. This alpine bastion was far too technical for me even to consider climbing, but I was thrilled just to view it.



Mount Amos Bowman, named for a geologist who published a scientific pamphlet on the nearby mining district, soars skyward to its jagged summit. No gold was found here, leaving the place unspoiled.

We had lunch at Bowman Creek, born high above as a meltwater torrent and coursing through a sand beach to the lake. Gold prospectors over 150 years ago doubtlessly panned this stream in their relentless search for riches. Alas, for them there was no gold, at least in paying amounts, in Bowman Creek.

The rich pay dirt strikes were discovered in the 1860s across the Cariboo Range to the West. The mining flurry created the boom town of Barkerville. Once the placer deposits were depleted, the town turned ghost. After Barkerville had slept, the Canadian government, with respect to history, restored and promoted Barkerville as a tourist attraction.

On the way in to Bowron Lake at the beginning of the trip, Brandon pointed out Williams Creek, the major placer producer of the gold rush era. Once the nuggets and dust had been extracted, the miners left it the way I was seeing it now, over a century later, heaped up mounds and ridges, as if God or the devil had used a gigantic shovel to turn over the earth. Bowman Creek was spared such topsy turvy digging.

Toward the end of the afternoon we arrived at the southern terminus of Isaac Lake. Here we found a village like canoeing rendezvous, campsites, a helicopter landing area and a dining hall recreational building with tables and benches. Boy Scouts and other groups had left miniature paddles with their names carved in the wood nailed to the walls. A park sign lettered as "The Chute" was prominently displayed. If one so desired and craved safety he could, at this point, take leave of the complete circuit, turn back, paddle north in reverse on Isaac Lake and eventually arrive back at the Bowman Lake Park headquarters. Our party never gave a moment's thought to that option, we were committed to complete the circle. The real test of the whole trip was in front of us, the Chute of Isaac River rapids with its constant roar.

The next morning in the chill and squishy, water laden air, we guests assembled at the high bank overlooking the Chute. Simon held an outdoor class with his paddle in his hands to demonstrate the art of white-water canoeing. Below, the Isaac River ran in headstrong freedom, fast moving water, a canoeing slalom course, not with stakes but with boulders. The 50-75 yard run would

abruptly stop before hitting the bank with overhanging trees and bushes. A sharp right angle turn would lead to the Roller Coaster, an aptly named set of rapids.



The Chute is self explanatory. A run down the Chute, coupled with a quick turn at the bottom, marks the most dangerous rite of passage of the entire trip.

A party which had camped nearby the night before (but we had never visited to speak to one another) had now lined up at the lake lip before the drop into the Chute. We had the luxury of watching their approach to this piece of navigation. The first two tandem paddlers made the run easily, their paddles flailing on opposite sides of the canoe, flitting around boulders and entering the turn at the precise angle.

The third canoe appeared at the top of the Chute and plunged into the rush of water. Both men were paddling on one side, a cardinal insult to safety. "They are not going to make it," Simon yelled. Neither paddler made the slightest gesture to switch sides, each stubbornly locked in mind and grip. The awful drama was played out in a matter of seconds. We watched the inevitable happen.

The rogue paddlers could not round the bend in time. They dumped, tossed out in the water, dangerously close to the strainer tree branches. Fortunately they popped up in shallow water and hopped back into the canoe. "They're all right," Simon shouted. "They just got wet." The soaked paddlers soon disappeared downstream. If needed, Simon would have marshaled every effort to save them. We never saw that party again, and it's probably just as well.

We watched Simon and Brandon demonstrate the right way to run the Chute, their paddling as graceful as an art form. Brandon then walked back on land whereupon I met him at the beached canoe at our landing place at the end of lake. We made the run easily. A friend on the riverbank captured the whole scene on film as a movie sequence with my camera. With our staggered, one by one canoe runs, our party reassembled at the base of the Chute. Simon's commands and encouragement kept us all dry.

We now tackled the Isaac River. Once back on the water, we negotiated this quirky river abounding with rocks, log jams, islands, sand bars and sloughs. It was a dicey bushwhack on the water, back and forth at times, to find the deep channel lead.

Then there it was, an inuksuk on a gravel island. Such a rock pile cairn of the Inuit, a long time ago served as a route find-

ing and caribou hunting marker. I was not fooled. This inuksuk was a modern fake, not erected by the Inuit who lived much further north in the Great Barrens. The caribou never used this area as a migration route. I have seen genuine inuksuk in the Far North, but this out of place monument to one's ego was about as relevant as a Coca Cola sign and did not belong here. Someday a purist will stop and dismantle it.

We meandered past this eyesore and to the end of a lake. A large sign on the far bank appeared announcing, "Portage. Waterfalls Ahead." I could hear the roar well in advance of the warning. A particularly rough portage trail down a hill through the woods swung wide of the falls. After leaving our canoes at water's edge downstream, we headed back on a wretched side trail. The hike was worth it. Isaac Falls, 36' high, crashed down with constant leaped up spray. The thunderous roar made it necessary to shout to be heard. As we explored this magnificent sight from a viewing area, my good Samaritan friend, Ken, extended his arm to hold me as we walked around, even catching me a few times when I slipped or stumbled.



At the Turner Creek campsite on Lanezi Lake we endured another all night hard rain. The following morning, in the light mist, Simon spoke about past expeditions on the Bowron Lake circuit. "Some trips have run in eight days of rain," he said. "A few canoeists look upon this trip as a stunt. The entire circuit has been paddled in 12 hours in racing canoes, no meals and no baggage."

Our day's more leisurely paddle on the Lanezi was eventually blessed with a bright warming sun. I heard laughter in the back of me. Soon an all girls group, about eight canoes, swept past us. "We're from the John Oliver School of Vancouver," they said. They began singing songs. The girls were all young, athletic and beautiful. They were perfectly at home here in the wilderness, glad to be in the fresh air instead of lounging around in some city honky tonk disco. As they passed by, I savored this exhilarating moment of seeing them.

By late afternoon we entered Unna Lake and approached our evening designated campsite. What should have been routine turned out to be a complete surprise. We saw pitched tents, beached canoes and people leisurely walking around on the shore as if they owned the place. "They aren't supposed to be there," Simon said. "We have already reserved that site for tonight." He paddled over alone to discuss this crucial matter.

"I hope he is a master diplomat," I thought to myself. Without favorable nego-

tiations we might be forced to press on for a more distant designated campsite or, at the worst, we might have to hack out a campsite from scratch, unauthorized of course.

Ambassador Simon and his canoe returned in one piece. He had struck a peace treaty agreement. "The party there will pack up and leave," he announced. "Instead of waiting around here, we can use the time to see Cariboo Falls."

I relished the good news. I recalled a different standoff along a river in the eastern United States, known as a bloat and float party stream. Every now and then, during the crowded summer season, the competition for available campsites vents into an aggravated and hostile confrontation, resulting in fist-fights, even gunfire.

A paddle to a far shore brought us to an unkempt trail, a mile hike on a dead end path which needed major brushing out, with many fallen trees blocking direct access. At the lookout, I planted my feet gingerly on tree roots and occasionally leaned on the trunks for support. We looked down on Cariboo Falls, probably 100' high, with the Cariboo River plunging into a constant rising mist. The roar was deafening. The engine like Cariboo River kept leaping in whitewater for some distance. Anyone, drunk or sober, who might have slipped into this water coffin would be instantly swept away and never seen again.



Contracting a mill here with all this untapped waterpower would wreck a beautiful work of nature. Even daredevil canoeists are terrified and avoid Cariboo Falls, which carves its own gorge.

In due time we arrived at the now deserted Unna Lake campsite. We had earned a vista of the snowy mountains across the lake, with a half moon above the ridge. The hike had worn me out and I headed to my sleeping bag for a rest before supper. Upon awakening, I joined the group at the campfire. "Dick," I was told, "you missed a moose swimming across the lake and then stumbling on shore." We never encountered another moose for the rest of the trip.

The next day, with glorious warming sun, we pushed on, paddling through Babcock Lake, Spectacle Lake and Swan Lake, with portages along the way. Birch Bay campsite lived up to its name, with yellow splashes of color drenching the hillsides. The high mountains we had viewed for days had slumped into low ridges.

Every morning before launching we gathered at the shore to hear Simon read passages aloud, either from his own nature journals or from other writers such as Edward

Abbey, native American chiefs or the Sierra Club's *On The Loose* book. These readings always emphasized the love of nature, conservation, patience, tolerance and freedom. I enjoyed the simplicity and the goodness of these sermons by the river, a spiritual tonic to begin the day.

This morning Simon held forth in his usual style, reading a quotation, "I went to the woods because I wished to live deliberately, to front only the essential facts of life, and see if I could not learn what it had to teach, and not, when I come to die, discover that I had not lived." Simon continued for a few more sentences. "Who wrote it?" someone asked. I waited a moment as no one had responded. "Henry David Thoreau," I said. "Who's that?" the same person said, "I have never heard of him."

I had come to the right place, standing here in muddy clothes and a disheveled appearance, in nature's outdoor church. I preferred this sacred setting more than if I were in a coat and tie with a fresh shave in the world's most ornate cathedral.

The last day of most guided canoe trips usually ends quickly. Outfitters always plan to have the take out close by in case of any storms or delays. We entered Bowron Marsh, our entry into Bowron Lake. Tall swamp grasses occasionally blocked our view as Simon searched and found the right channel while we waited. There were no mountains to serve as landmarks, the topography had smoothed to a ruffled plain.

By mid morning we arrived at the landing at Bowron Lake. Simon and Brandon led us up to the Bear River Mercantile store and restaurant, complete with a museum of artifacts and photographs of the early days. After a hot breakfast, the cameras clicked outside the main entrance for a group picture.



The Canadian couples drove off in their cars on an easy one day trip to their homes in British Colombia. Brandon would deliver me to the Quesnel airport for my journey back to New Hampshire. To unload some gear, he stopped briefly at Simon's cabin just outside the park. Simon was waiting for us. He and I had become good friends. Just a simple goodbye was not enough. We had talked rivers almost daily during the trip. "Dick," Simon remarked somewhat emotionally, "We have to paddle the Horton."

"Yes, we have got to do it," I promised, the word "Horton" instantly spurring my brain with anticipation and desire. We both knew that the Horton is one of the premier rivers in Canada, a Northwest Territories' classic, flowing to the Arctic Ocean. Brandon would have to come with us, and indeed, the whole Bowron Lake party if Simon could

swing it and reunite us. Whatever happens, one of us will have to honor our pledge to descend this great river.

I climbed back in the car for the ride to Quesnel, feeling a sense of emptiness. The Bowron Lake experience, at least in a physical tactile sense, was fading away, like the last rays of sunlight disappearing behind a mountain at the end of day. I would have to rely on memory now, the tug of nostalgia already overtaking me.

"There are so many things I want to do," I once wrote in my journal, "and still they are not done." My commitment to the Bowron Lakes had been done, something that no one can ever take from me.

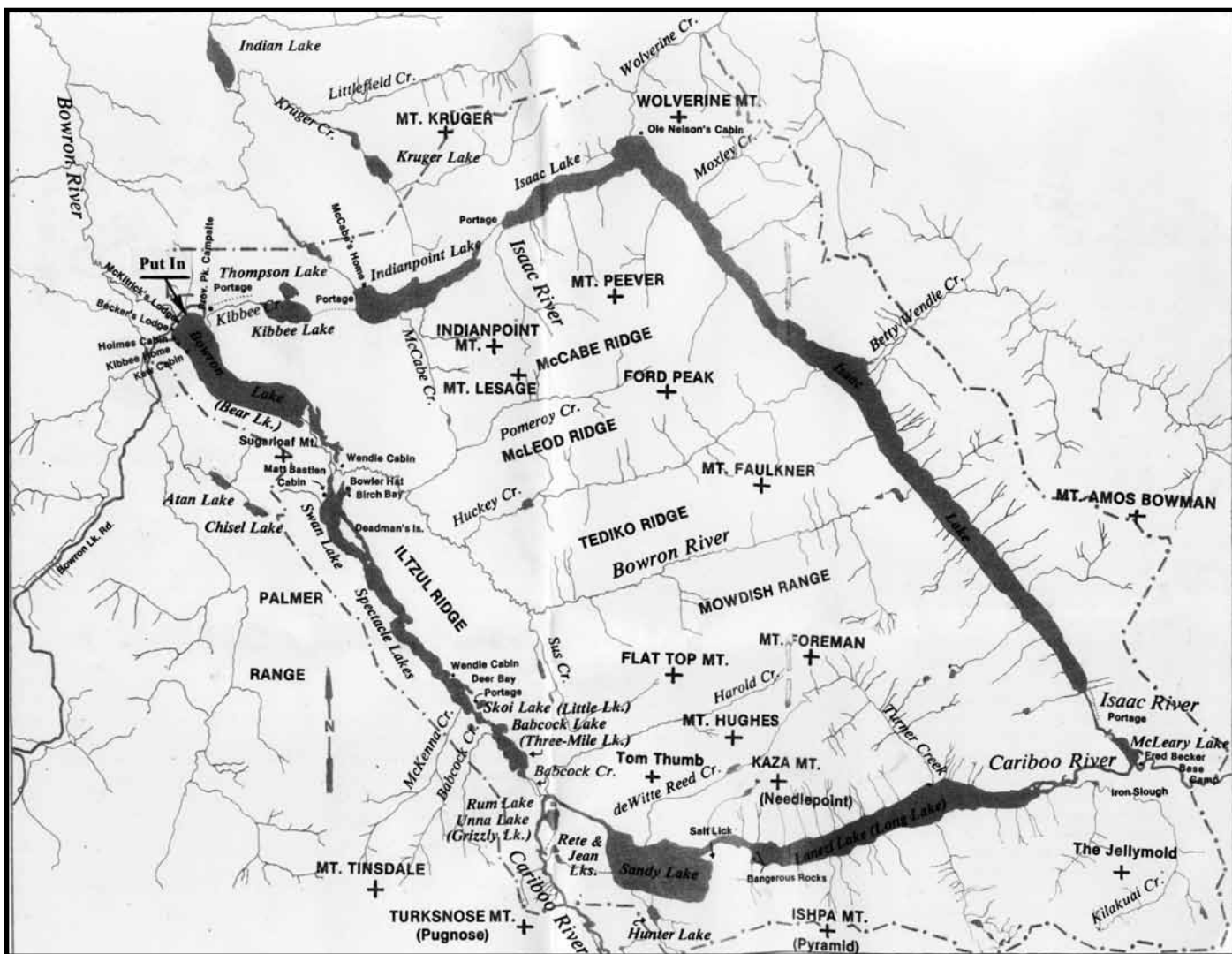
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Practical Information

With caution and common sense, an experienced canoeist should encounter but limited difficulty in navigating the Bowron Lake chain. Accompanied by a professional guide, guest parties will have a safe and enjoyable trip.

For guiding service: Pathway's Canada Tours, Box 311, Milner, British Columbia, Canada VOX 1T0. (800) 924-2944, pathways@bowronlakes.com



Tempus fugit – oh, how time flies! Any of you readers out there above 50 can empathize with that opening statement of mine. All my life I have been looking forward (except for when I am in a rowboat) to starting new chapters, always eager to see what is around the next corner, the next bend of the river or point of land. Now at 77 I catch myself looking back over my shoulder more often, reflecting about what I have done/achieved, and wistfully noticing what has grown out of reach for me to accomplish in the years to come.

Have no fear, I'm not about to bore you with a complete biography, but only give you a brief reflection on my most recent chapter, which, when I started it in 1996, I never thought would be as important to me as it turned out to be. It was intended only as an addendum to an already full life. Nancy and I had raised 4 children, I was almost ready to retire from the University (in 2004) after teaching there for 42 years, and I had also been successful in various sports: this was time for the fun part of life, for "slowing down and taking it easy..."

Looking back, though, I notice that the past 20 years have become a defining part of my life. That this chapter would include history, was the biggest surprise for me, since I hated history in high school: nothing but wars, conquests, subjugations, exploitation – a lot of inhumane stuff and suffering, if you know what I mean. But getting back to my personal story, the following is "how it all began".



Trip planning.

Going "Downeast"

All the Way, for Starters

I had heard about the newly formed Maine Island Trail Association, a stewardship program with a water trail along the coast of Maine from Portland to Machias. What a great idea for a person interested in ocean boating and camping. I joined the group and paddled the entire 300-mile trail in my open solo whitewater racing canoe - not the best choice of boat for the open ocean, I have to admit, but that was all I had at that time. (Note: Please do not try to duplicate that feat! A sea kayak would be a much better bet.)

My first Maine Island Trail trip.



On Historic Tides A Retrospective 20 Years of Solo Sea-canoeing Around New England and the Canadian Maritimes 1996-2016

By Reinhard Zollitsch
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Being a logical person, I then extended the venue, first to the south: paddling all the way "downeast" from Boston, MA, where the concept "downeast" originated. Schooners sailed downwind (before a prevailing SSW breeze) in an easterly direction. With the 20° variation (compass correction in this area), the actual course sailed would be close to 90° magnetic, i.e. due east). I then checked out the "northern extension of the MIT", paddling down the entire St. John River to St. John, New Brunswick, as a warm-up, and from there back to Machias, ME, riding the "Fundy Bay ebb-tide express". Great fun!



Sunrise, way down east.

The Big One – a 1000-miler

After those trips I was ready to tackle the BIG one, a 1000-miler. It was 1999, and I had read a lot about Samuel de Champlain, even got his diary out of our library, and decided to paddle the reversal of his 1609 trip down Lake Champlain, departing from Tadoussac, on the St. Lawrence River. So I started out in Whitehall, NY, went straight north up the entire big lake, then down the Richelieu River into the St. Lawrence at Sorel, hung a right till my 1000 miles were up. That took me past Québec City, around the steep and stunningly beautiful Gaspé peninsula all the way into Chaleur Bay and Matapédia eventually. What a trip! Québec was my only resupply stop-over - no marinas, no campgrounds, just beach camping after averaging 27 miles per day. Not too shabby for a 60-year old!

Looking at the map that winter, I noticed with glee that I could go on, go around Prince Edward Island, along New Brunswick's Gulf of St. Lawrence coast, and eventually on around Nova Scotia. A short ferry ride from Digby, Nova Scotia to St. John, NB would get me back to familiar shores. All I needed to do to complete my 4000-mile circumnavigation, was to close the 500-mile gap between Lake Champlain and Boston (via the Hudson R. to New York, and on through Long Island Sound to Cape Cod and Boston eventually), which I did in 2005.

It was a big, significant trip, especially going solo and totally unassisted in a covered, 17' solo sea-canoe, a Verlen Kruger designed and built *Sea Wind*. A big THANK-YOU goes to Nancy for letting me go and supporting me in my venture, and being willing to car-shuttle me and my gear to my put-

in spots and picking me up at the end of each trip segment. I could not have done it alone. I feel very fortunate and grateful. And so that she and the rest of my family would hear and learn more about my trips, I started writing them down in article form for various boating magazines, here in the US, in Canada and even in Germany (German being my native language). After publication I would then put them all with charts/maps and lots of pictures on my website www.ZollitschCanoeAdventures.com so that anybody interested in canoe-tripping could read about those venues, totally free of charge.

More Historic Tides

Champlain was the first historic explorer who fascinated me. In 2004 I checked out his 1604 first landing in Nova Scotia on Cape La Have Island and followed his route around the South Shore and Cape Sable Island into the Bay of Fundy to Digby, a most challenging shoreline, to say the least. Later that year, I also checked out his first settlement on St. Croix Island in Passamaquoddy Bay between Maine and New Brunswick (in 1604, exactly 400 years ago), and came up with some solid climatological reasons why that settlement failed so miserably.

History books want you to believe that there was an "exceptionally strong north wind blowing that winter". Nonsense! The French sailors brought along their European concept of what winters would be like at 45° north latitude. Coming from France, which has a relatively warm ocean to its west (the weather-maker side), plus the Gulf Stream, the sailors simply assumed Maine was the same. They learned the hard way that 45° N in Maine is not the same as 45° N in the wine-growing province of Bordeaux, France. Maine has a cold continent to its west with significantly colder temperatures, since land cools off much faster than water. It was a major climatological miscalculation, rather than a stronger than usual north wind, that made the settlement fail.

As Jacques Cartier had done before him (1534), Champlain was also obsessed with finding the Northwest Passage, a sea-way to the riches of the Orient, China and Japan. Both thought to have found it with the St. Lawrence River, which they followed all the way to the significant rapids in Montreal. They named them the "Lachine Rapids", the "China Rapids", since they believed China was just beyond the falls.

I had to see this historic spot, or even better, "run the rapids" in my little sea canoe, if I could. As always, I don't just drive or fly to a spot like that to check things out, but make a real trip out of it, so I could experience the place first hand. And since Champlain in one of his later travels made it all the way to the Great Lakes, why not start there too, at Cape Vincent, NY, the beginning of the St. Lawrence River. And why not go all the way to Québec (350 miles), which happened to be preparing to celebrate its 400th birthday in 2008 - founded in 1608 by Samuel de Champlain, of course.

Down the St. Lawrence (put-in at Cape Vincent).



Messing About in Boats, July 2016 – 21

Speaking of Samuel, he had already started the first European trading post on the St. Lawrence, in Tadoussac (in 1600), and also explored the unique, spectacular Saguenay Fjord there. Yet another excuse for me to paddle along the North Shore from Québec down to Tadoussac and up the Saguenay to Chicoutimi (208 miles, in 2009).



Up the Saguenay Fjord (Cap Eternity).

Paddling down the entire Hudson River in 2005, checking out the newly established Hudson River Water Trail (fashioned after our Maine Island Trail) as well as thinking about Henry Hudson's desperate quest to find the NW Passage, I saw first hand what made Hudson think he had finally found the fabled passage: here was a wide and deep river "that flowed both ways" ("muhheakunuk" in Algonquin). It seemed more like an ocean arm than a river. Correct! The Hudson is not a typical river; it is a "drowned river" (drowned by the rising ocean) and is thus tidal, an estuary, all the way up to Albany/Troy, 160 miles. But it runs straight north/south, not northwest. Someone should have noticed that and told the skipper.

John Cabot's 1st Landing In the New World

I have always been fascinated with John Cabot's first landing in the New World in 1497, but so little is known about it. Historians don't even agree where it could have been. Was it on the northern tip of Newfoundland or the northern tip of Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia, the two most likely landfalls? So after I had finished my big 4000 mile loop around New England and the Canadian Maritimes, Cape Breton Island and Newfoundland were always on my mind. I had not "done" them. They were simply too far away and too challenging for a solo unassisted paddler, or were they?

Questing for John Cabot's first landing in NFL (start of trip).



Well, in July of 2007 I was all packed up to drive (solo) to the causeway to Cape Breton Island. I then paddled up the western shore in view of the Cabot Trail into Cabot Strait, feeling very much on historic tides. What an island, what a headland! It must have been visible from sea for over 20 miles. 340 miles and 16 days later I was back at the causeway. It was my most challenging as well as most beautiful circumnavigation so far. Certainly one of my all-time high points.



Stone arches in the Cabot Strait (Cape Breton Island).

And yes, you guessed it, the next year (2008, at the ripe old age of 69), I took the ferry from Cape Breton Island across the Cabot Strait to Port aux Basques in Newfoundland. I paddled another 320 miles, or 16 days, along the Côte des Basques into the Strait of Belle Isle, and to the tip of the Great Northern Peninsula of Newfoundland, to L'Anse aux Meadows eventually. It was formerly known in French as "L'Anse aux Méduse", I researched - the "Bay of Jellyfish", not grassy "meadows".

Today's name is simply a British linguistic corruption (they heard "meadows" in the French word "méduse"). There simply are no meadows, only 60 miles of flat tundra, moose country. That the Vikings were supposed to have landed there around 1000, was another reason for me to see that place. I had grown up in northern Germany near Haddeby/Haithabu (near Schleswig) on the Jutland Peninsula, the Viking thoroughfare from the Baltic to the North Sea and the Atlantic eventually.

If you readers want to find out why I strongly believe Giovanni Caboto (John Cabot's birth-name) landed on Cape Breton Island and not on Newfoundland, read my article "John Cabot's Prima Terra Vista" on my website. You might also find out why he headed for the northern tip of Newfoundland in the first place, why he did not land there, and why he never talked to anybody about this trip, except for the king of England, who commissioned this trip. It was a most fascinating detective story for me.

Other Historic Trails

There are two more trips that stand out in my memory, both in a solo open Old Town Penobscot 16 canoe. I grew up in Kiel, Germany along the Baltic Sea, and since childhood had dreamt of seeing the entire shoreline of Germany from Denmark to Poland, all 700 km (438 mi). This first became possible after the unification of East and West Germany in 1990. 2002 finally was the right time for me. I had been summoned to a significant family party in Lübeck, Germany, the half-way point of my intended trip, was able to persuade my sister to car-shuttle me to the Danish border for the start of my trip and

pick me up at the Polish border, if I promised to attend her party. I even found an Old Town Canoe dealer in Hamburg, willing to lend me a Penobscot 16. And paddle-maker Bob Zaverall mailed me one of his carbon-fiber bent-shaft beauties to Lübeck, since I could not fly with it, this being just after the New York 9/11 disaster.

It was a very sobering as well as educational trip for me, comparing the coastline of affluent West Germany (the Federal Republic of Germany), with that of communist East Germany (the so-called German Democratic Republic). The shoreline was very pretty, though, with lots of beaches and people, which made stealth-camping very challenging for me. The good thing: there were no tides, for a change.



Windy Baltic Sea at Graal-Muritz.

The other historic trip was in 2003: a 150-mile river sojourn down the Upper Missouri River in Montana, starting at Great Falls. The years 2003-2006 marked the bicentennial of the Lewis and Clark expedition from the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean and back. They left a wonderful, explicit, and easily available diary of their trip. I was fascinated by their descriptions of the scenery, the flora and fauna, the wildlife, and the native people. I couldn't wait to relive part of their adventure. The stretch up to the continental divide, the "ten miles of waterfalls" near Great Falls, where their month-long portage started, interested me most. So I rented a Penobscot 16 from an outfitter there, and paddled and camped on the same days and many of the same spots as L&C did. What a remote and utterly fascinating world I saw! It also turned into the trip on which I myself learned the most about geology and history. Fascinating stuff!



Lewis & Clark stopped here (Eagle Creek/White Cliffs, Upper Missouri R.).

The Everglades and Suwannee River

In the spring of 1992 I was tired of seeing my students having "fun in the sun", in Florida that is, so I decided to find my own type of fun, paddling the entire 100-mile Everglades National Park water trail from Everglades City to Flamingo. I called it my "Allagash South" venture, after our 100-mile wilderness waterway in our Maine north

woods. I had read Marjory Stoneham Douglas' book *The Everglades: River of Grass*, and several others and felt challenged to find my way through the maze of mangrove islands, rivers and lake-chains, including the "Nightmare", without a guide, all by myself.

And what an experience and adventure it was. It is still one of my favorite spring paddling grounds, only now I mostly start in Flamingo, loop around Cape Sable on the open Gulf of Mexico to the very top of the park (Tiger Key), only to crisscross my way back through the mangroves to Flamingo. Remote overnights like Sweetwater, Willy Willy and Canepatch (former Calusa Indian sites) are some of my favorite stop-overs for the night. Navigating without GPS, only using the old historic dead reckoning method (chart, compass and watch), is very challenging, which has always appealed to me. Most stretches I now do just from memory, like the old-time dwellers in the Glades: Lopez, Watson, Darwin, Totch and my friend Thornton, whom I met on my first trip in the Glades. There is so much history, beauty and tranquility there - I love it.

And since in Germany, the favorite song in our high school English class of all boys was Stephen Foster's "Old Folks at Home", which starts with the swoopy: "Way down upon the Suwannee River...", guess what? I had to finally see it and do it, from the very top, where it comes out of the Okefenokee swamp, to the Gulf of Mexico at Suwannee, where else. What fascinated me most on this trip was the limestone canyon I came through. It felt like paddling through a coral reef, where someone had let out the water, like a dry-dive, if you know what I mean. I saw fossilized shells in the walls, grottos...the works. Yes, the Floridian peninsula used to be an ocean floor, coral, which was raised and then tilted slightly.

Believe me, when Florida celebrated its 500th birthday in 2013, I was there to celebrate it also, only I did it my way, with yet another 2-week solo canoe trip through the Everglades and, of course, Ponce de Leon Bay. In 1513 the Spaniard Ponce de Leon had landed on Florida's Atlantic shores, on Easter, as his report states, on "pascua florida - the feast of flowers" (the Spanish name for Easter). So he named the peninsula after the historic date he landed there, not after the many flowers he may have seen there, which most Floridians (and the rest of the world) think.

Crossing the "Pond"

The biggest trips, though, were made on sailboats, crossing the Atlantic, west to east. Both voyages were made on classic boats, both in honor of my paternal grandfather, the old sea captain, who had rounded Cape Horn several times on his way to Chile, and the Cape of Good Hope, on his way to Australia. My first crossing was in 1977 as a watch captain, responsible for wood and canvas (boat and sails), on a classic 45' wooden Boston pilot schooner, with the, for me, uncomfortable name *Fiddler's Green* (the sailors' nirvana...after they died, with the grim reaper joyfully playing his fiddle for the lumbering sailors). I felt a bit queasy. But I had to admit, the Pete Culler designed, classic schooner looked beautiful and sturdy, and I am not superstitious, I had to tell myself. (By the way, Nancy did not like that name at all! I don't blame her.)

We started our voyage right here in Camden, Maine and sailed non-stop (25

days) past Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, across "The Pond" towards Ireland, and into the English Channel, to tie up in St. Malo, France, Jacques Cartier's home port, eventually. The new owners of the boat were French, spoke little English, and had major marital problems. Being hit near Sable Island (off Nova Scotia), the "Graveyard of the North Atlantic", by a 60-knot storm, which lasted 36 hours, was terrifying, to say the least, especially with an inebriated skipper, who would not let me reef in time. With all sails down but a triple-reefed foresail, we lost all control of the boat and were at the mercy of the waves. I never want to go there again, for sure! It took me 25 years to finally be ready to write down the entire story. Whew!



Fiddler's Green across the Atlantic (RZ at the helm).

But then in 2011 I found out that the 60' yawl, that we students from the University of Kiel, Germany used to sail on, was still afloat. Actually, the 1936-built boat was bought by a young, energetic skipper in 1991, was fully refurbished, and crossed the Atlantic every other year to charter in the Caribbean. And there she was in April 2011, getting ready to leave Antigua and return to Hamburg, Germany, with a brief stop-over on the Azores Islands (off Portugal). The boat was the old *Peter von Danzig*, now *Peter von Seestermuhe*, celebrating its 75th birthday and its 25th Atlantic crossing that year. I still had great memories of our 5-week student sailing trip in 1961 (exactly 50 years earlier!), to Scotland, the Shetland Isles, Norway, Sweden and Denmark. The boat was solid as a rock, even in force 11 winds off Edinburgh.

I had no trepidation signing up on that boat. She was originally designed for the opener sailboat race from Bermuda to the site of the 1936 Olympics (in Berlin and Kiel, Germany). A trip from Antigua via the Azores to Hamburg sounded like a dream trip...a couple of e-mails later (and a thorough check-up of me on my website by the skipper), and I was on. I was one of the 6-person crew. And what a trip it was: 5000 miles in 5 weeks. We sailed her hard, even with spinnaker, past midnight at times. We never got more than 40 knots of wind, and were always under control, unlike on the schooner *Fiddler's Green*. We even celebrated my 72nd birthday on the Azores. How cool is that!

But I am afraid that was my last Atlantic crossing by sail. A Boeing "Triple 7" sounds better, safer and more comfortable at age "double 7".



Peter von Seestermuhe off Antigua (start of Trans-Atlantic voyage).

To Sum It All Up

I am amazed myself about what a significant chapter the past 20 years of my life have turned into. There seems to be a distinct thread running through all my coastal canoe trips, namely the history of our early explorers. As Robert Frost once put it, "one can do worse than be a swinger of birches". I for my part feel I couldn't have done much better than following in the footsteps of John Cabot, Jacques Cartier, Samuel de Champlain and Henry Hudson, just to mention a few of the major players in my adventure trips.

So, you boaters and readers out there, enjoy my write-ups (81 by now on my website), and use them as motivational material for your own adventures. Despite our highly mechanized and controlled life these days, you can still find plenty of adventure out there, especially on the oceans. Be prudent and safe, but most of all HAVE FUN! I certainly did and still do, and I hope it shows. And don't worry about me: I've already planned a lengthy canoe trip on the coast of Maine for this coming summer, as well as racing the big bad Blackburn Challenge again, and paddling on Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia.

I have also had a lot of fun writing up my stories, seeing them in print and hearing back from my family and friends that they like them, find them entertaining and even funny, and often also quite edifying. What more can a writer ask for, especially since English is not my native language, but learned in a German high school...and of course honed here in the US (since 1962).

Thanks to all of you out there, but especially you, dear Nancy, my staunchest supporter and love!

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I'm sailing solo and "in the groove" on a starboard tack. The hulls of the Hobie 16 are slicing fine lines through the grey green estuarine Chesapeake water, astern trail two wakes of froth. It's like I'm scribing fine artistic lines, bold brush strokes, through the water.

At the mouth of Locklies Creek, where the protected water of the harbor meets the open approach to the creek, the west wind constricts and the wind speed is coaxed up a few knots. It's in the 10-15kt range, perfect for blasting back and forth on a Hobie cat.

My left hand grips the tiller, my right the mainsheet, a half inch thick length of Dacron which snakes through multi sheave blocks to give me a 5:1 mechanical advantage. The course I'm on is a beam reach and I've sheeted in the mainsail accordingly. I'm ready to release the line if necessary and dump pressure from the sail in a second to avoid a capsize. But typically I tend the mainsheet delicately, playing it subtly in and out in the constant breeze, keeping the pressure on, feeling the rudders alive through the tiller. Now and then those rudders moan and groan. It reminds me, fittingly, of the songs of cetaceans. The jib I leave alone between tacks, keeping it cleated in the "sweet spot" for sailing in these conditions.

Glancing upward, I admire the cut of the main and jib, worn and faded as they may be, as they virtually fly through the air. The white Dacron sails with the single blue panels adorned with numbers and the "flying H" insignia are trimmed just right, their tell tails streaming aft.

I'm flying a hull now. The windward hull, the one upon which I am perched, is flying completely free of the water, skimming along above it, only the rudder tip occasionally slicing the water. Boat speed slows as I perform this fun, delicate balancing act. I feel like I'm high over the water and, by concentrating on finessing the mainsheet and the tiller, I stay aloft for the length of a football field until both hulls once again stream through the water in tandem. Yee haa, that feels good.



Flying a hull, 1976.

Glancing upwind into the sun I catch a glimpse of another 16' coming out to join me, coming out to play. It's my brother Kit aboard the yellow cat, one of the other Hobies in the family fleet, and soon we're sharing a port tack, hooting and hollering across the warm August water.

Sailing Hobie Cats in the Olden Days

By John W. Robinson
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It's the summer of 1976, just shy of my 18th birthday. We've been sailing Hobie catamarans since the beginning, that is since 1968 when the boats first showed up on the east coast of the US. Our dad had seen one in Hawaii earlier that year and had immediately become infected with the bug, he had to find one back home to sail on the Chesapeake.

Luckily a friend of my dad's in Virginia Beach ran a sailing shop at the time and had just become a dealer for these new "beach cats." Our first Hobie, man, were we excited, was a 14' version, simple to rig and sail due in part by possessing only a mainsail, no jib. We, especially my dad, had a blast on that little 14, learning a lot about Hobie cats and sailing in general. The fact that the 14 did not have a jib, however, turned out to be a disadvantage since it made the boat hard to manage at times, it got stuck "in irons" easily. That is, the boat would get caught nose to the wind when coming about to a new tack and it was tricky to get underway again. So we traded that 14 in on a Hobie with a jib, a Hobie 16.

The larger 16 footer was much more capable, it could carry more crew, handle rougher water and it was faster. We soon learned firsthand just how much fun it could be blasting through the chop of the Rappahannock at 15 knots, spray flying, us laughing for joy. We learned to right the boat after capsizing, not an infrequent event, and about the intricacies of sail and rig trimming. We learned to helm and crew while "on the wire" (hanging in a diaper harness clipped to a rigging wire fixed to the mast).

Yes, those Hobie 16's (we soon had two of them and a 14 with a jib, too) were test beds of learning for my dad, my siblings and I, but we weren't the only ones. A couple of my dad's best friends also got into Hobie Cat sailing, along with their kids, so there became a passel of folks enthusiastically involved with it. When I was a teenager there were weeks in the summer during which we would gather for cat sailing and not much else.

Late June in 1977, when I was 18, we embarked on a Hobie cat sailing trip to Virginia Beach from our home port up the bay on the Rappahannock River. A few times before we had used the cats as overnight adventure vessels, camping on nearby islands, but this would be much more committing. The distance was a hundred miles or so as the crow flies, but a small sailboat doesn't travel that way. It promised to be a substantial little adventure, especially in light of the fact that negotiating lots of open water would be involved. The crossing of Mobjack Bay would feature an hour or two of sailing out of sight of land, always exciting.

The morning of our departure was clear and beautiful as we headed out of Locklies Creek, two Hobie 16's sailing in tandem in the light breeze. My brother Kit and I were aboard the white hulled one, my dad and friend George on the yellow one. We were a majestic sight, I'm sure, as we made our way to the mouth of the Rappahannock, then headed south, southeast after rounding Stingray Point.



Headed down the Chesapeake Bay, Virginia.

Later in the afternoon, after passing lonely Wolftrap Light to port, Kit and I heard a "twang" and other startling noises coming from the direction of the yellow cat. We looked in time to see its mast gyrating for a few moments before spectacularly collapsing with all associated sails and rigging into the dark green Chesapeake waters. The Hobie, so graceful in flight a minute before, was now reduced to shambles. Then there was general chaos as the yellow cat continued its undocking in the 2' seas, the trampoline frame members and corner castings coming undone, the sleek hulls ending up on their sides. Kit and I drew up alongside the stricken cat to survey, to gape at the scene and perhaps even to help.

Our dad and George, bobbing in the water, were not injured. They wore, besides those old fashioned orange life preservers, rather bewildered expressions. All of us for a time were silent, but as the initial shock wore off tongues loosened and everybody was talking excitedly at once. Since some members of the party possessed odd senses of humor, as many wisecracks arose as did reasonable comments and suggestions.



My dad with the wreckage.

Kit and I hove to by the shipwreck and lowered and secured our sails. Meanwhile, George and my dad were disconnecting the sails of the downed cat. Such set in motion several hours of dedicated work as we dealt with the initial challenges of the issue at hand. Luckily the stricken Hobie was not

likely to sink since the hulls were filled with foam and since the large metal pieces, the mast and tramp frame for instance, were connected together by various rigging wires, we hoped not to lose anything important.

The four of us, some in the water, some aboard the good cat, laboriously gathered in the useless sails and folded and stowed them aboard the white cat. With various pieces of line we lashed together as best we could the broken trampoline frame, using the boat's boom as a splint across the hulls. We therefore restored the basic structure of the broken boat, minus sail rig, so at least it would float properly again. We lashed the mast down and across the tramp framework. We secured everything and took stock again of the exciting turn of events.

Several miles offshore in the heart of the Chesapeake we drifted. The 2'-3' chop was not diminishing, the breeze was increasing. We needed to get to shore and we were on our own. There was no vessel traffic whatsoever and we carried no radio. With the good boat, the white cat, and a 100' length of 8mm Dacron line we slowly towed under sail the lashed together wreck towards the deserted and windswept shore to the west. Three of us manned the towboat and one tended the helm of the towee. The boats bucked like hobby horses in the seaway, hobbled and restrained as they were.

As we slowly made our way to shore towards the crimson horizon to the west, hoping to make it before nightfall, we speculated on the cause of the dismasting and subsequent derangement. Our best guess was that the "dolphin striker," a stainless steel rod spanning the two hulls, broke, which set in motion the chain reaction of failure.

So yeah, the nature of our little expedition had taken a turn, there had come a twist in the plot. Forget Virginia Beach, we would just be trying to get home. And the first step in that process was getting to shore, dragging the boats above the high tide line and setting up camp for the night.



Getting the mess ashore.



This cat's seen better days.

Kit's first steps in the surf upon arrival to the remote stretch of Matthews County shoreline resulted in an impressive laceration of his foot on the razor clams, the water running as deep red as the last smudge of the

sunset. But before inspecting the gash and wrapping much of his foot in sail rigging tape, we wrestled the cats and assorted gear from the water and across the sand.

Later, lounging under a tarp rigged between the boats, we ate our sandwiches, and I do mean sand wiches, and relived the adventures of the day. Our libations consisted of a gallon jug of water, we had space on board for only the basics. Our sleeping bags were only slightly damp, having voyaged securely stuffed in Army surplus duffles lined with trash bags and then lashed to the Hobie trampolines.



The author, center, with fellow crew members at shipwreck camp.

The next morning we arose with the sun and with sand in our hair and readied the boats and ourselves for the voyage home. The crippled Hobie was lashed together more sturdily than the night before and every loose object was secured. The mast in particular was secured extra well, its 26' length overhanging considerably each end of the flightless bird. Luckily benign sea conditions and light favorable wind prevailed for our trip home, the constant drizzle notwithstanding. It was a long, slow slog with the white Hobie towing under mainsail and jib the busted yellow cat, all of us taking a turn at the tiller. But it was still fun and rewarding and satisfying in its own way and we got back to Locklies Creek, our home port, before nightfall.



Towing the broken cat homeward.



Safely back to home port, Locklies, Virginia.

Decades after that adventure I continue to sail Hobie cats today, mostly a 16' Getaway model, and it's as much fun as ever. The old boats from the 1960s and '70s are still around the family enclave, pulled up high in the shore grass by the creek, but they're deteriorating and seldom sailed. We enjoy sailing the Getaway these days, but it's my memories of our early antics all those years ago aboard the now aged Hobie Cats that are especially vivid and cherished.

As a pursuit which involves a constellation of engaging elements, beach cat sailing really gets under your skin. On a fine summer day with a hand on the tiller, the other hand on the sheets and toes curled around hiking straps, one feels the pulse of the sea, the temper of the wind, even at a stretch the life spirit of the earth. Shared with friends and family, one can also experience that joy and camaraderie, and the challenge of learning.

Not to mention the excitement of wrecking a boat now and then.

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After a long, long winter, spring just sort of happened with little fanfare on the last day of April. This was supposed to be a consolation cruise to replace the one lost to just plain crazy weather six weeks before. It was supposed to be a modest accomplishment for a modest group of little boats. It turned out to be a delightful weekend of changed plans, limited goals and new acquaintances. And the question, "Where the hell is Lilliwaup," goes directly unanswered. That's for another time.

Twanoh State Park sits in the lower left corner of the Puget Sound complex of bays, fjords, islands and burgeoning populations. I came from the upper right corner of the state, something like 400 miles by road.



It's a short and intensely personal story, but I was there once before almost ten years ago. If you don't mind, I'll share a bit of that story. Yeah, about ten years ago. I was out on my first "voyage of discovery," towing *Lady Bug* around the country. We were going puddle to puddle. I had stopped overnight at this heavily forested campground by the Hood Canal to wait for a severely minus, minus tide to regenerate. As the day wore on and the ocean still continued to recede, I got a call from my sister-in-law. My brother had been in declining health for several years at that point. Becky said, "Now is the time. You'd better come, right now!"

So, instead of launching there at Twanoh, I found myself on a cross sound ferry, in heavy Seattle traffic, then over the mountains and off to their house in the Palouse wheat country of SE Washington State. I made it in time.

So when I finally got back over that way this spring with my latest Frankenbot creation, *Miss Kathleen*, I had an additional purpose and an additional crewmember.



A Tale of Warm Sun and Calm Winds And a Country Store Just too Far Away

By Dan Rogers

And, as luck would have it, we had the place all to ourselves. Just the three of us. If you had been there you probably only saw just me and the boat. But there was, most definitely somebody else along for the ride.

Much of this weekend adventure was a matter of connecting the dots. Ever since I was in kindergarten I've been crossing the state for one reason or another. Along the route there's a collection of lakes and ponds of various caliber. The highway crosses, follows and wanders away from these impoundments off and on for several hundred miles. There are a couple in particular that I have sort of managed to never put a boat into. The mission at hand always seems to intrude. So finally, this trip, I managed to make amends.

Moses Lake is a shallow puddle in the middle of the Columbia Basin Reclamation Project area that has over the past half century blossomed a once sage and basalt desert into a breadbasket for the world. Winters it's gray and cold. Summers it's hot and windy. The whole place is kinda featureless but a guy just shouldn't keep dragging a boat and trailer on past without at least getting things wet sometime or other.



We even had some company at the ramp and we found a small cove with an old time barn on one side to grab a quick nap at anchor.



Sort of just checking the box. The rest of the place is kinda overbuilt and under scenic.



So it was soon time to get back on the trailer and on to a place with a bit more visual drama.



Wannapum Dam backs up a section of the Columbia River into a lake that covers the old Vantage Ferry bridge and settlement. This is downstream from venerable Grand Coulee Dam. The surrounding country supports a population of rattlesnakes, rocks and sagebrush. For some reason known to the powers that be, Vantage now has a double launch ramp with really nice docks on both sides. That genormous parking lot sports FIFTY car and trailer parking spots. We shared the entire complex with one guy on an inflatable SUP.



Apparently somebody knows something I don't. A really, really nice place about as far away from anyplace one would expect people to go as you can likely get. Anyhow, we launched and headed on up the lake a ways. Two hundred miles from home, two lakes in and out and it wasn't even dark yet.

Next stop, Twanoh. We arrived about a day ahead of the Oyster Messabout and had the place quite to ourselves. I was beginning to feel a bit like a peripatetic hermit.



Except for another guy on another SUP.



Saturday morning arrived and I was wearing two jackets and winter gloves as the sun made his appearance in the NE.



Then, as folks began to filter in for the annual Twanoh Oyster Messabout, things got nicer and nicer weatherwise`.



And calmer. And calmer.



Until the original idea of sailing the 12-15 miles farther up the Canal to famed Lilliwaup General Store faded to a "maybe tomorrow..." Probably this should re-enforce the notion that we should watch what we wish for, we just might get it. This, the consolation round for a cruise dashed by high winds and rain, certainly showed another face with sunburn and flat, flat, flat calm. So our stalwarts did the honorable thing.



We moored at the otherwise deserted pier in front of world class Alderbrook Resort. It was a hard job but, heck, somebody's gotta do it. We watched the tide come in. We watched the tide go out. We rigged our boats and slept aboard.



We watched the sun come up. We watched the sun go down.



We used the showers and the swimming pool. We ate in the restaurant. We strolled the grounds. And we told stories.



While the sun went up and down and the tide...

Well, you get the idea. No white knuckles. No near disasters. No uncomfortable nights rolling the hook out in some open roadstead. Not even any of my characteristic "one pot, two cans, save your spoon from lunch" boat meals. Not for this gang.

Do you think we just might do it again? Yep, we just might. Maybe, just maybe, you'll join us.



Note to self, "When you don't know where you're going, you just might end up someplace else."

And that's just about what did happen. I actually did start out to go to a messabout that has been on my short list for years now. There was the modest complication of it being held about 550 miles from home. Somehow the morning I had planned to depart I wasn't even packed. The boat and trailer were hooked up. There is always "something" to eat in the locker. But there was definitely reluctance to get underway. Dunno.

One of the real cool things about having the equipment and time to go to far away messabouts is once you finally do get moving, you can do like Yogi Berra commanded, "When you come to a fork in the road, definitely take it!" So that's what I did. I made two right and three left turns. Forty five miles later I was ready to launch.



The sky was dirtying up, wind began to gust and then whistle. Good ol' Priest Lake was quite deserted. Other than it was beginning to rain, the seas were developing frothy bangs and the May temperature was definitely headed south. I have no idea why there weren't at least a few boats out that day. A great day for a heavy weather simulation. The fetches open up to about ten miles on that stretch of the lake. So we were off to take advantage of circumstances.

As the wind continued to do its work with lengthening period and increased amplitude, I started boxing the compass. We cut a slalom course both upwind and down. We tried lying ahull after idling down to a stop and coming beam on. Other than the noise from canned goods rolling around in the galley cabinet and a few doors that began to slap open and closed, things were pretty dignified. I've been fretting that I haven't had even a half decent chance to see how this little girl will function when things kick up a bit. Well, we found out! Of course, my home brew steering system chose this time to come unwound. For about the hundredth time.



Stormy Day in May

By Dan Rogers



After spending about an hour rolling around out there, I put it back to the simplest mode possible. Then the motor throttle started to creep, that sort of thing can be pretty disconcerting. The dang thing just sort of slows down until it sounds like he's gonna just quit. Everything is fixable. Not always "just then" though. Anyhow, in the excitement I sort of forgot to take pictures. Then, waaaaaaay off to the north, came a sight I don't just encounter every day.



Finally, not only a boat going "our speed," but a boat pretty well suited to the conditions that day. So we fell in and ran alongside for a while. The old saw about a boat race happening whenever two boats get in sight of each other turned out to be about right! There was a puff of diesel smoke from the tug as he put his throttle to the bulkhead. I had Mr Nissan wrapped out to the point where each of his eight ponies were at full gallop. It was a dead heat plunging off into the still growing southerly.



After a while *Brenna Lee* headed for port and *Miss Kathleen* resumed her search for bumps and rolls. The "synthetic Norwegian" on the VHF wx channel was calling for increasing wind, lightning and heavy rain

overnight. I scanned the chart and figured I had just the spot to anchor. There really isn't such a thing as an all weather anchorage on this lake. I can find a lee from the prevailing wind, but if it clocks, things can get a bit dicey.

Darkness came on pretty quickly, and the lightning strikes were getting more vivid all the time. Our launch ramp is sort of exposed and not lighted. Besides, I had it figured. For a southerly, that is. So, about the time it was too late/dark to pull the hook and move on, the wind clocked to the northwest and started to howl! The tall trees on the island we were hiding behind really began to twist and swirl. I figured that if we pulled the anchor off the submerged hillside and dragged out into the main lake it'd be about five miles until the next hard spot. Time to just sort of watch things develop.

My flashlight bearings on different trees and rocks along the shoreline seemed to shift as the night wore on. The lightning strikes actually helped out with making quickie fixes as we kinda dragged our way down the beach. I went out in the rain and veered our entire rode.

Note to self, "Remember to add another 100' of anchor line and a second anchor."

The GPS trace was doing a funny sort of dance, sections of straight lines (dragging) interspersed with lots of zig zagging (holding) as we slid down and away from what was supposed to be protection. Come first light the wind was down and the rain a bit lighter. The anchor was hanging straight down and way too heavy. It got even heavier as I winched in the entire length of nylon double braid. At long last the butt end of a water logged tree broke the surface and branches bubbled to the surface. Kinda spooky. We'd been hooked to a giant broom all night. Not the best setup, but it worked OK.

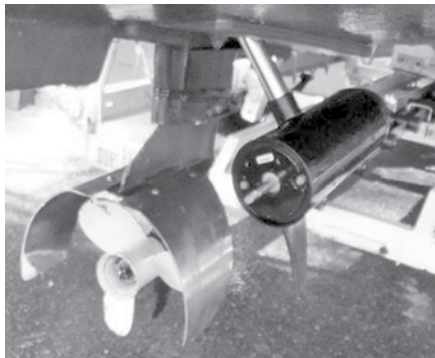


I suppose we moved about a quarter mile down island and about as far offshore overnight. At least we stayed off the hard stuff. Still no other boats out. The wind was rising back up the scale. Time to haul out and look for someplace else.

One of the brilliant inventions I was intent on testing was a sort of backup propulsion device fashioned from an electric trolling motor, a bunch of extra long wire runs, some decidedly non traditional mounting parts. And a spiffy center off, double throw, double pole toggle switch.



It did work pretty well in the driveway back home. But now that it was time to test it in the water, all it did was whir. Odd. Back on the trailer, things became apparent.



A 50 mile drive later, and we had another prop. The sun was out and the birds were chirping. How 'bout another lake, or two? Another night on another deserted lake. A quiet cove, and later moonlight. Not all bad.



Morning mist and time for a second cup of coffee before heading back to the ramp.



And just one more stop, at just one more lake, before heading for the barn.



All I gotta say, is "where is everybody!?" Time to come out and play...



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The Other Day

Was just talking with my brother, who asked if I been exercising at all.

"Been sailing," I said, "does that count?"

"Sure," he says, "any mishaps?"

He's been in on a few with me, he knows the situations I can get into. On one of his visits we took the 12' Lehman out. When I acquired the boat it was just a fiberglass shell, next stop, the landfill. At one time it was cat rigged with a daggerboard. I patched the few holes in it, added turtle back decks fore and aft and a very small cuddy to help keep things dry. Did away with the daggerboard, used two leeboards instead. Changed it from the cat rig to a balanced lug sail with boom furling, a la, Matt Layden of Paradox fame.

That's the boat we took. She could reach in 6" of water and where we stuck, once out, we floated to a bit more water and got back in. This trip, mid summer, it was nice. Beached the boat, left the sail up, set the mushroom anchor and walked around the point a few yards. Looking out across the water, just looking and talking. I look back to see the little 12 starting to blow away. We were too far from the harbor for an easy walk back and those flats across which that boat was headed was a no mans land for flip flops. Off I bolted into the water, diving, grabbing the anchor line, losing sunglasses and hat, but came up with the ride back.

Any mishaps? I repeated, laughing. No, pretty uneventful. Thinking a bit, on one late afternoon sail, launching at Cove Harbor, the wind was right down the chute. Right on the nose. I had thoughts of launching elsewhere, nah, I thought, it's good practice. Figuring I'd just paddle out a bit, raise sail and be gone. Didn't quite work that way. The wind was blowing stronger than I'd thought. There were two new tugs in the harbor, right off the ramp. Big things. Causing the wind to funnel more than normal. Paddle like crazy, get set to raise sail, only a foot and a half of sail will go up, jammed! Bummer.

Can't even let out the main sheet. Looking back the main sheet is wrapped around the boom. Do I want to land against those ugly tires on the tug's side or chance the steel bulkhead in front of the tug. Neither option I prefer. Paddle harder, change tacks. I do and I did. Now what? Still no room to untangle this mess.

Anchor, anchor, throw out the anchor, I'm yelling inside my head. Embarrassing, I'm only 30 yards or so in front of the ramp, so what I says, give them a show. The fish cleaning station is right there as well, being used I might add. Anchor down, fire drill over. I untangle, get organized, get ready to sail off anchor. I did and the rest of the sail was nice. I told my brother, if I still smoked, I'd have had a couple before I sailed away.

Another One

Another boat followed me home the other day. I've been watching it for a couple of years now, keeping an eye on her as she popped up from time to time. She started at \$3,000, unsailable and therefore unsaleable. She languished. I've owned one in the past. My Linda and I trailered one to San Carlos, Mexico, spent a month on her.

Good little sailboat, a Montgomery 17, took it alone once to Anacapa Island off the California coast, nice sail. This latest one worried down into my price range, even then I turned and walked, regretting that I'd done

Meanderings

By Michael Beebe

so. She moved north a few miles, then south about the same.

I'd see her from time to time, the owner wasn't ready to let her go. I moved on and in doing so started acquiring the very things the M17 needed without realizing I was doing so. The previous owner, third past actually, used her solely to fish. Hardware mostly removed, centerboard gone, another boat's sails came with her. Rudder whacked off short, a tiller will soon be used helping the tomatoes stand alone. And silicone, gobs and gobs of it, a real nightmare. Oh, and a rough sanded hull.

So yesterday, when I went to see this now again for sale diamond in the rough, I was pleasantly surprised. Gone were the gobs, fresh paint on the topsides, new boot top and sheer stripe. As good a job as I would have done. I've sworn off porch paint, by the way. When I got home I told my Linda the fellow even painted it for us, we'll not literally for us but my Linda knew what I meant.

The centerboard issue is solved with a recut of one recently acquired. The missing standing rigging to be replaced by a local fellow, me. The sails can be recut by the local sailmaker, by hand, mind you, by the same old guy doing the rigging.

The eyes are starting to roll, I know they are. When on the net I described what I'd done to the *Fox*, an O'Day Javelin, the comments flowed along the same lines as rolling eyes. A starry eyed dreamer has just got to turn the hearing aids way down and get on with it. Don't be listen ing to the hold you backs, won't never get nothing done.

Been less than a day I've owned this 17 and already she's sporting a junk rig, gaff, sprit and, as I type, a cat yawl comes to mind. Getting them cheap enough is the key, and having an understanding wife. Just back from Belize, I mean just back from the flea market where I picked up a cruising guide on Belize. Don't believe that old saw about a journey starting with the first step, they start as dreams. The steps just take you to where you already are.

This one comes with a picture, but not a full frontal just yet, only just a peek for now. There she is, behind the shed.



Fellow Sailors

Fellow sailors meet in the oddest of places. A few years ago, while surfing the web, I noticed a fellow posting about acquiring a Paradox in the Pacific Northwest. Inter-

esting, I thought at the time. He had turned his sailboat acquisition into a vacation with his wife and daughter. Posting from San Francisco, if memory serves me correctly, his wife and daughter went back to Canada while he meandered down the West Coast.

I saw he was heading east across the desert and emailed him. He stopped by, stayed for a week, a ball of energy he was and is. We sailed by day, each in our own Paradox, and in the early evening he and my Linda would cook up amazing meals. Very nice guy. A retired professor from Quebec, Toronto? Sorry An'dre. Did wilderness survival classes, wrote three books and his latest feather in his hat, designing a little 4'x8' sailboat called the Gorfnik, amazing fellow.

Just off the phone with another fellow sailor, hadn't met eye to eye yet, an internet ad was behind that phone call. This gentleman lives just across town and, like me and many others, drives across several states at times, answering that call only those so afflicted would understand. He bought his little 17 footer several states north and couldn't even get to it for a year after to bring it home, other things called first, but he had his boat, or perhaps it was the other way around. He told me the fellow he bought his sailboat from had at the time 25 boats scattered around his property, the neighbors, out in various pastures, he had it something fierce.

I understand, I told him. I once had five or six sailboats lining the driveway, in the mountains, miles from water. Directions were given, "when you get out there a ways, go on down past the fellow with all the sailboats in his yard."

A little bit ago, on a whim, I took a picture from inside the kitchen looking out to the backyard, thought I'd send it to a brother, I did. He liked it, being a sailor, keep it he said. I did that as well.



The meeting of like minded individuals is a bond felt pretty quick. My Canadian friend, another in Maine, Seattle, here, are all dead serious when invites are extended. I'd like to do the Great Loop, not the water route, but pulling my trailer sailer to see all these sailing friends scattered around the country. Take a few months, just do it.

Last Summer

In a failed attempt last summer, I took my Paradox up the coast to try and sail to Cedar Bayou. Didn't make it. Looking back I see I lacked gumption, blamed it on not having proper charts, having forgot them at the house. Well, I made it. Even took a picture or two, even a video going across San Carlos Bay totally by accident. Didn't take the Paradox this time, took the *Fox*. Went the back roads. The wind was so very light when leaving, just getting to the end of Traylor Island out side of Cove Harbour seemed to take forever.

Good thing as well, too. Looking up I noticed a seam giving way in my cut down jib. My mental note to myself to repair that on an earlier trip showed me a notepad works far better. So set the anchor and mended sail. Didn't take too long and I was on my way, the way being several different destinations, all seemed good. A friend asked where I was going. Don't quite know, maybe I'll turn left or turn right when I leave Cove.

I turned left. First destination, Paul's Mott, haven't seen that before. I know, I know, Float Plan. Actually I do have a float plan, it mostly involves staying afloat. And that I did. Got off Paul's Mott and, checking chart, let's go this way, started. It got thin, the water, centerboard thought it was a plow-share several times. First thought was, these backwaters coming up would be through a couple of narrow oyster reef strewn passes. In those we just want to sail with no mishaps, breakages or distractions. Oysters are hard on boats, not to mention unshod feet. Very pretty as well.

Along the way destination Cedar Bayou came to mind, it had been Pass Cavallo, Cedar won. It was a long slog to windward, not hard, I didn't have to reef the main or lower the jib. Stopped along a shoreline, there in the bay, thinking to spend the night. After eating I walked the shore. The crest of the shell bank was about 4' high with shallow marsh and water behind. What first caught my eye were the two crab pots high and dry. Next was still green cactus coved partially by the shells. I began to think this would not be a good beach to spend the night at.

I left. Sun was getting low, saw the only fishing boat coming my direction, flagged them down. Holding up my chart kit, I said,

"This thing doesn't have Cedar Bayou's entrance on it." They were helpful, marked the way for me. Gumption was with me. The entrance was where I figured it to be. I was gonna find it and those two gentlemen helped.

Spent the night anchored in the mouth of the bayou's entrance. Beautiful and quiet. Very, very nice. Was wishing I had a pole with me. Paid the piper again that night. New sleeping air mattress, as a bed bad, real bad. Later though, the next day, as a chair, wonderful. The mosquitoes were hungry, the breeze stopped. The piper collected twice that night.

But I made it, the back way, no engine, no GPS, no chart plotter, yea! No big deal though really, many others have done so as well, it was a first for me. Once I get those design problems worked out, I hope to go back.

Went Sailing Yesterday

Went sailing yesterday, was hoping to spend the night across from the old lighthouse a bit north of Aransas Pass. Left Cove Harbour about 2pm, turned right, light wind from east about 10. Getting to the next turn near Con Brown Harbour, the wind now increasing and blowing right down the channel I had planned going, not a problem. Having been studying a chart of the area recently concerning Ransom Island, I figured with the current wind direction and set of the channel it was a go. Halfway out I put in a reef, my plan being to get to the ship channel and turning left yet again.

The wind had other thoughts. It changed directions again. By now it was pushing 25, my little *Fox*, an O'Day Javelin, was working. Time for a second reef, uh oh! Water coming in over the starboard

rail, time to turn tail. Now I got a few more gallons come in on the port rail. This girl was thirsty. The heck I say! Drop the mainsail! Aye, aye, captain? Down she came. There, that's more like it. With just jib I sail back to a island. Not bad I thought, spend the night here.

Checking the chart I see in red, caution, 1' to 6' waves due to the ship traffic. Not good, time to leave. So with just the jib I head back towards Con Brown Harbour, the *Fox* she handles nice, jib alone across the shallows behind Ransom Island. Eventually I put up a small bit of main, sun is setting, soon I'm sailing in the dark. Nice, I thought, I've been wanting to do this. Used a torch, for my English friends, on the sails as needed. Fearing mosquitoes at the dock I put on a long sleeve shirt. Coming in I'm all alone, very nice and peaceful. Getting to the dock I dig out my Levi's and socks. Those bugs can be a bother. Nobody around so I'm soon down to my skivvies, taking my time, on socks, pants, zip. I hear a car door slam, a woman's voice, a second door slam and car start, not over a hundred feet away! Ya never know.



More on Rowing an Eight

By Richard Honan

The 25 minute drive out to the Watertown/Newton (Massachusetts) line in the drizzling rain at 4:30am this morning was somewhat like driving to the dentist. Once I got to Community Rowing and got on an erg (rowing machine) to warm up, it wasn't so bad. At 5:15am the coach gave out the lineup, started his stopwatch and video camera and told us to launch our 57' boats. Less than eight minutes later the boats were in the water and we were awaiting orders from the coxswain. Before getting the order to board the boat, we remove our shoes and finish the boarding preparations barefooted on the cold, wet dock. If not awake yet, the feel of cotton socks absorbing cold water will certainly help finish waking up.

Within a few minutes we were out on the river, running drills, learning how to set the boat, working on technique, rhythm, rowing on the square, feathering, spinning the boat and learning more terminology. Even though I was wearing just a cotton T-shirt, a cotton turtleneck and a light windbreaker, within a few minutes I was overheating. After an hour and 15 minutes on the water, my name was only called out a half dozen times (for screwing up). Last week I was called out over two dozen times.

I have felt like quitting more than once but I know I'm getting better, even if it seems



only with baby steps. Learning how to row with seven other rowers with perfect technique and rhythm is a real challenge. For someone like myself, who has spent so much time on the water either sailing, rowing or paddling, it is very frustrating to not being able to quickly learn more and master this new boating experience.

So what got me started in this? I was at the VA one day talking to a dietician about weight loss and exercise. She knew a little about me and asked me if I'd like to join a rowing program for veterans. I asked, what does the VA have to do with rowing? She explained that CRI (Community Rowing Inc) on the Charles River offers free rowing training for all active, retired and just plain old military veterans like myself.

The group is not just former Green Berets or Navy Seals, but regular people from early 30s to early 70s, male and female. We meet twice a week, Tuesdays and Thursday mornings at 5am, some exercise, stretch-

ing and warm ups and then we launch our 57' rowing shells out on the Charles River and are done by 7am. It's unlike any boating I've ever done. The terminology and technique almost makes me feel like someone new to water sports. It's like learning to dance with the Rockettes, good form, technique and rhythm. It's not easy to learn and very frustrating at times being a morning person out on the water before sunrise and in the rain!



Messing About in Boats, July 2016 – 31

On May 4 the CBMM's historic 1889 log bottom bugeye, *Edna E. Lockwood*, was moved by crane off of the marine railway and up on the hard in preparation of the historic restoration of her nine log hull.

Come see the queen of the fleet and the logs that will replace her hull at CBMM and learn more at ednalockwood.org.

Earlier, on March 10-11, we hosted a symposium of historic vessel preservation experts, allowing a detailed examination of proposed procedures and recommendations for the restoration of *Edna E. Lockwood*. Symposium experts were:

John Brady, President, Independence Seaport Museum

Todd Croteau, Historic American Engineering Record, National Park Service

Richard Dodds, Curator of Maritime History, Calvert Marine Museum

John England, Head Shipwright, Delta-ville Maritime Museum

Quentin Snediker, Shipyard Director, Mystic Seaport Museum

George Surgent, Head Shipwright, Calvert Marine Museum

Our principal takeaways from the forum were:

1. Fundamentally, our approach of assembling new logs separately, cutting the bottom off the existing boat and marrying new with existing is sound. This approach has a number of advantages, it maintains the historic continuity of the boat, as recognized in historic preservation best practice, so that



Chesapeake Bay

Maritime

Museum News

Edna E. Lockwood on the Hard

even with 100% material replacement we still have the historic vessel (as identified by Snediker). By assembling the new logs separately (as opposed to a piece by piece replacement), original fastening techniques can be replicated (as pointed out by Michael Gorman and vetted by others). And this approach also allows us to save a significant part of the historic material in an intact and recognizable form, something that is rarely accomplished in historic vessel preservation projects, unless the old vessel is mothballed to an interior space and replicated afloat.

2. We were encouraged to make use of traditional sealants, raw linseed oil, turpentine, red lead and to avoid epoxies and plastics.

3. We heard an extensive discussion on fasteners, which steered us away from steel and toward a combination of bronze and

locust or osage treenails.

4. We have unanimous support for attempting to remove the hog (drooping of the ends), but it comes with a number of cautions about how to adequately plan for this, which will mean a bit more with adjusting the HAER drawings and problem solving with how the old is married to the new.

5. The interior of the vessel provides little opportunity for interpretation, so the guiding principle should be to maximize air circulation below decks, an important factor in long term preservation.

6. We seemed to arrive at a consensus to select a mid 20th century date for the restoration period, that is, when the project is completed *Edna* should appear much as she did at the end of her oyster dredging days and that date should guide decisions about what to include when there are possible options.

Our plans for *Edna* through September, before we start work on the logs, have taken an interesting turn. She was to be put back in the water to clear the railway for *Winnie Estelle* to be prepped for her Coast Guard inspection. Unfortunately, one of *Edna's* logs has rotted out and she'll need to stay dry. A 100 ton crane was hired to remove her masts and to lift her parallel to the waterfront container that is acting as her workshop. We'll make this work on our behalf as we plan to build access steps up to *Edna's* deck and from the deck guests will be able to see the logs being worked on.





Built 1889, Tilghman Island, Maryland

By John B. Harrison

Length: 54'8" – Beam: 17'2"

"When they launched the *Edna E. Lockwood* on October 5, 1889, at Tilghman Island, half the people in town were there. Flags waved, people cheered, kids whistled and ran and shoved. The launching of a new bug-eye was a big event in those days.

The life expectancy of a working ship on the Chesapeake is numbered at only 20 years or so. There are squalls which kick up suddenly and ice, shipworms and rot, fire and neglect and human error bring an end to the career of most boats, however well built they are at the outset. It would have been beyond imagining

History

to those who watched that this new bug-eye, the *Edna E. Lockwood*, would outlast them all, to be born again and launched a second time, 90 years later." (*The Edna E. Lockwood* by Charles H. Kepner)

In 1889, at the age of 24, John B. Harrison of Tilghman Island, Maryland, built *Edna E. Lockwood*, the seventh of 18 bug-eyes he was to build. Harrison also built the well known log canoes *Flying Cloud* and *Jay Dee*. *Edna E. Lockwood* was probably built on Chicken Point at the southeast end of Knapps Narrows. Her hull is hewn of nine pine logs and is several inches wider on her

starboard side. This asymmetry in her hull allows her to sail closer to the wind on port tack, to dredge better on port tack and to come about to starboard more easily.

She was built with a sharp stern, but a platform known as a patent stern was added sometime around 1910 to provide more working space aft for handling the pushboat. With her centerboard up, *Edna E. Lockwood* draws only 2.7' and her registered capacity is 9.83 tons net. Built for Daniel W. Haddaway of Tilghman Island, a neighbor to John B. Harrison, *Edna E. Lockwood* dredged for oysters through the winter and carried freight such as lumber, grain or produce after the dredging season ended.

Messing About in Boats, July 2016 – 33

"Did farmers have grain to be taken to Baltimore for sale? The *Lockwood* would work up the shallowest creek at high tide, load at low tide and hope the next high would float her free. Lumber? Anything that could be put below or piled on deck would go. Sideboards would be erected to contain great piles of watermelons on the journey from farm to city. Tomatoes moved in the same way in bushel baskets. Cattle and horses sometimes went by bugeye. Families moved, too, with their belongings. The times were hard, the accommodations were primitive but ships of the *Lockwood's* type were the waterborne U-Haul of that day." (*The Edna E. Lockwood* by Charles Kepner)

She worked faithfully for various owners, mainly out of Cambridge, Maryland, until she stopped "drudging" for oysters in 1967. In 1973 she was donated to the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum by John R. Kimberly.

Time Line

1892 - Daniel Haddaway sold *Edna* to James A. Roe and Richard T. Richardson of Tilghman Island, who fished the oyster beds for three years.

1896 - Roe and Richardson sold *Edna* to John F. Tall of Madison, who sailed her out of Cambridge and worked the waters for 15 years.

1910 - Tall sold *Edna* to William Warfield. Captain Wingate operated the bugeye out of Cambridge for more than 25 years.

1912 - Warfield sold to J. Hilleary Wingate. Wingate appears to have remained part owner or owner until his death.

1955 - Nettie Wingate sold *Edna* to William Jones of Cambridge.

1966 - *Edna* was purchased by John R. Kimberly in order to save her. She was taken to Captain Jim Richardson's shipyard on the Choptank River and cleaned up and repaired sufficiently to be sailed as a pleasure craft.

1973 - *Edna E. Lockwood* is donated to the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum by John R. Kimberly with the understanding that she be preserved and displayed at the Museum for public education.

1994 - *Edna E. Lockwood* named a National Historic Landmark, representing the last historic bugeye still under sail.

2016 - The historic restoration of the log hull of *Edna E. Lockwood* begins.

The *Edna E. Lockwood* underwent a restoration at the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum in 1975. Photo Credit: C. C. Harris. At the Museum *Edna* was dismantled down to her nine logs in 1975 and rebuilt over the next several years. In this process she was built stronger than the original with the addition of 21 natural knees of hackmatack, new frames that extended all the way to her keel log instead of the wing log, a heavier kingplank and more tie rods. Her oyster dredging gear, removed during the refit has not been replaced.



Edna E. Lockwood dredging for oysters, c.1950. Photograph by Don Edwards. Collection of the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum, St Michaels, Maryland. Gift of Katherine Issa.

Edna E. Lockwood is a rare survivor, the last of the log hull bugeyes afloat, and is without a doubt the most significant boat in the Museum's collection. In 1986 *Edna* was nominated to the National Register of Historic Places. Despite extensive research, the origin of the boat's namesake still remains obscure.



Watch Log Canoe Races Aboard *Winnie Estelle* This Summer

The Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum in St Michaels, Maryland, is offering the opportunity to view Chesapeake Bay sailing log canoe races along the Miles River while aboard its 1920 buyboat, *Winnie Estelle*. The two hour scenic cruises depart from CBMM at 9:30am and 1:30pm on Sunday, June 26, and again on Saturdays, July 30 and September 17. Regular drop in cruises aboard *Winnie Estelle* are otherwise offered at the museum Fridays through Mondays, May 22 through October.

These iconic Chesapeake Bay sailing log canoes only race along the Chester, Miles, and Tred Avon Rivers on Maryland's Eastern Shore. With long masts and large sails, these boats keep upright as they accelerate to speeds of 10 knots or more, with crew members climbing to the ends of 15' boards placed perpendicular to the boat itself.

The cost is \$25 for CBMM members or \$35 for non members with space limited

Coming Attractions at CBMM

and advanced registration made with Allison Speight at aspeight@cbmm.org or (410) 745-4941.

Buyboats Come to St Michaels

The Chesapeake Bay's historic buyboats are coming to the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum in St Michaels, Maryland, August 11 through August 14 as part of the 12th annual Chesapeake Bay Buyboat Reunion. The reunion tour kicks off at Tangier Island on August 3 and continues through August 16 at various ports along the Chesapeake Bay.

Early registrants for the St Michaels leg of the reunion tour include the buyboats 55th Virginia, East Hampton, F.D. Crockett, Iva W., Muriel Eileen, Nellie Crockett, Peggy, PropWash, Thomas J., along with CBMM's Old Point and *Winnie Estelle*.

During the buyboats' stay in St Michaels museum guests can see the collection of buyboats along the waterfront, talk with their owners and climb on board for dockside tours during museum hours. Guests can also get on the water aboard the museum's 1920 buyboat *Winnie Estelle*, with scenic river cruises departing on the hour from the 1879 Hooper Strait Lighthouse from noon to 3pm from Thursday to Saturday.

The event is hosted annually by the Chesapeake Bay Buyboat Association which is made up of Northern and Southern Fleets spanning from New Jersey to Florida. Buyboats were used to haul seafood and cargo along Chesapeake Bay waterways before many of the Bay's peninsulas were connected by bridges. As the seafood harvest declined and highways became the mode of travel, the large graceful buyboats faded from local waters, leaving no more than 30 of the oyster buyboats remaining on the Bay.



An exhibition tracing the design and construction of the distinctive Trumpy wooden yachts opens August 6. "A Single Goal: The Art of Trumpy Yacht Building," focuses its attention from 1909 through 1973, when the Trumpy Yacht Yard in Annapolis, Maryland, produced its last boat.

Named after John Trumpy Sr, the famous naval architect and designer who crafted these regal vessels, Trumpy boats are legendary for their display of affluence, craftsmanship and beautiful design. The Trumpy Yard left behind a rich legacy of beautiful boats, John H. Trumpy's exquisite draftsmanship, a team of highly skilled workers, and some wonderful stories. "A Single Goal" will provide the most comprehensive look at this legacy since the yard closed in 1973.

The Trumpy yacht demanded perfection at all stages of the build. This exhibition showcases the exquisite amenities and finest craftsmanship that went in to each vessel made. Using models, paintings, historic photographs, artifacts such as wooden patterns and vintage signage and original drawings by John Trumpy, Sr, "A Single Goal" explores the detailed process of wooden boat building as an art form and highlights these distinctive yachts and their furnishings and finishings.

The exhibition also traces the history of John Trumpy, Sr, who emigrated from Bergen, Norway, at the turn of the century. In 1909 he joined the Mathis Yacht Building Company in New Jersey as its vice president and naval architect where he began designing several hundred wooden yachts and other vessels that would bear his name or his design imprimatur.

Upon John Mathis' death in 1943, Trumpy, Sr renamed the company John Trumpy and Sons as the next generation of

Trumpy Yacht Building Exhibition



The houseboat *Freedom*, seen underway about 1930, exhibited the varnished wood cabin and clean white topsides emblazoned with the scrollwork "T" at the bow that characterized John Trumpy's designs. Photo by Morris Rosenfeld, courtesy of the Rosenfeld Collection, Mystic Seaport Museum.

boat builders, his sons John Jr and Donald, became instrumental in the continuation of the business. In 1947 Trumpy moved the yard from Gloucester City, New Jersey, to Annapolis, Maryland, a prime location for boaters traveling up and down the eastern seaboard.

Sigrid Trumpy, granddaughter of John Trumpy, Sr and Maryland Hall for the Creative Art's Director of Exhibitions, is the

curator of "A Single Goal," drawing upon her family's rich historical archives and information and artifacts from Trumpy Yacht owners, restorers, the Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum and other organizations and individuals as well as historic photographs from the Marion Warren Collection and Rosenfeld Collection (Mystic Seaport).

"A Single Goal: The Art of Trumpy Yacht Building" will be on view at CBMM from August 6 through November 27. Additional artifacts will be added to the exhibition including a full size Trumpy designed yacht tender and beautifully drawn ship plans from the CBMM collection. The exhibition is free for CBMM members or with general admission. For more information visit www.cbmm.org or call 410-745-2916.



The wheelhouse of the 90' houseboat *Consort IV*, built in 1936, shows the brightly finished woodwork typical of John H. Trumpy's designs. Photo by Morris Rosenfeld, courtesy of the Rosenfeld Collection, Mystic Seaport Museum



The 79' cruiser *Rumak III* was dressed in nautical signal flags for her launch at the John Trumpy and Sons yard in 1955. Photo by Marion Warren, courtesy of M.E. Warren Photography, LLC



Trumpy's printed envelopes provided a waterfront view of the yard in Annapolis' location after World War II. Photo by Marion Warren, courtesy of M.E. Warren Photography, LLC



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White Fleet

Two Cuban Americans sued Carnival Cruise lines in an attempt to stop them from visiting Cuba because an agreement between the US and the Castro regime have yet to conclude specifics about Cuban nationals from leaving the island. While Americans on Carnival ships may enter Cuba with minimum difficulty, for Cubans wishing to sail to the United States this remains almost impossible.

The State Department and Cuban government are working on an understanding that the Carnival stopovers will commence prior to any signing. The two Cuban Americans demanded that no American ships would port until several human rights issues were settled. Needless to say, the two Cuban protesters failed. The first US cruise ship landed at Cuba, however, several restrictions on where tourists may go were enforced.

Ventouris Sea Line's *Panagia Tinou*, a Greek ferry, started taking on water and listing severely at the port of Piraeus, eventually grounding but retaining the list. Hellenic Coast Guard is attempting to pump water and tugs are trying to move the ship to a more upright position. No oil spill has been noted. Last December the crew claimed in court they had not been paid in eight months, forcing the Port Authority to seize the ship. Authorities are investigating this incident very closely because the ship's sale would recover enough money to pay the crew. If the ship is lost it is not worth enough money to salvage and the crew will be sucking swamp water.

The team of Holland's Damen Shipyards Group and England's Expedition Voyage Consultants are developing expedition specific cruise ships that will carry about 100 passengers. As people continue to look for exotic vacations they are beginning to look at Arctic and Antarctic voyages as fun, as long as the ship offers all the amenities they are used to.

Henk Grunsta, a spokesman for Damen, noted that people want a comfortable, small, highly capable ship whether they are traveling to Polynesia or taking the Northeast Passage. "With the existing tonnage aging and environmental regulations tightening, it is important that operators have vessels they can rely on well into the future."

Expedition Voyage Consultant's sister company, EYOS, developed the Polar Code compliant yacht, the *SeaExplorer*, that was built by Damen. Ben Lyons, CEO of both EVC and EYOS, said, "This vessel will be capable of taking expedition cruise passengers beyond the usual range in terms of both geography and experience. The vessel's high ice capability and endurance make her globally capable and she will be equally at home in the tropics or polar waters." If I hear correctly, he's saying the same thing as Herr Grunsta.

Gray Fleet

The Russians are playing their old tricks of saber rattling, specifically in the Baltic Sea where the *USS Donald Cook* (DDG-75) was twice buzzed at levels below the masts. This incident is one of several in the region that has the Baltic States, Scandinavia, Finland, Poland and NATO in a dither. The Russian anti access/anti denial plans include Iskander missiles, a S-400 defense system and additional anti submarine systems.

While Russia continues to play their games, NATO is building its own strength in the region including additional German Navy, Swedish Navy and Baltic States Navy



Over the Horizon

By Stephen D.
(Doc) Regan

ships and submarines. The latter has a substantial anti mine fleet. Since the Baltic is a rather small area, the aircraft from the US, Germany, Scandinavia and the Baltic trio of Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia constantly fly in the region. From Helsinki it is an easy two hour boat ride to Stockholm, St Petersburg or Tallinn, Estonia.

In 1939 Russia attempted to invade Finland in the deadly Winter War where the Soviet Army was held off by a ragtag bunch of civil guardsmen under Marshall Karl Mannerheim. Although outnumbered almost ten to one, the Finns were able to sue for peace, costing them huge sections of land around Lake Ladoga (the biggest lake in Europe) called Karelia and an entire arm in the Arctic including the ice free port of Petsamo.

The US Navy flying the flag on the *John Stennis* (CV-74) was snubbed in Hong Kong and not allowed to enter port, thus denying a scheduled visit. This is not the first time that the Chinese have stonewalled the US fleet but it did come as somewhat of a surprise. The carrier group was turned away in part because President Bush (huh?) gave a medal to the Dalai Lama several years ago and due to other "insults" since then. Evidently China has a very thin skin. On the other hand, when it comes to claiming territory all over the Pacific, the Chinese believe they are the rightful entity to control all Asia. One wonders if they ever read the history of Japan when that nation thought it should control all of Asia.

India just launched its first homebuilt nuclear powered ballistic missile submarine. One wonders if China was paying attention. During the Indian Pakistan war of 1972, Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger, who vehemently and outspokenly hated India, supported the Muslim world of Pakistan while India turned naturally to Russia for support. That unto itself brought China into an anti India position. Watch for further developments folks, the next squabble will be between India and China, especially since India will soon out populate China.

Environment

The polarizing and controversial Sea Shepherd organization continues to successfully wreak havoc on illegal fishing and whaling around the world. They are especially concerned about the vaquita porpoise and totoaba that are very endangered, in no small part because they only live in the Gulf of California where they are easy prey for poachers using gill nets of such proportions that anything of size will be caught in these illegal traps. Sea Shepherd showed footage of their crew in cooperation with the Mexican Navy freeing a humpback whale totally entangled in these nets. Sea Shepherd has been in and out of courts worldwide for their staunch advocacy of environmental protection and their contentious behavior toward those who flaunt international laws, especially Japan and Norway, who have contin-

ued whaling despite international treaties prohibiting such fishing.

The Minnesota River has become something of a spawning haven for invasive species of carp. Fishermen, as required by law, reported catching bighead carp and grass carp. The 25lb bighead is especially worrisome for DNR and river protectors in general. Several studies are underway on methods of preventing these carp from entering and damaging the Mississippi.

While Minnesota is coping with the bighead and grass carp, Missouri is attempting to remedy an influx of black carp that is illegal to be brought into the US. One story is that the black carp came in batches of grass carp that were used in farm ponds. Both species escaped in floods, overflows or were simply dumped into the rivers when their population exceeded the needs of the pond. Not only do black carp compete for food, they wreak havoc on native mussels that are important for the ecology of the river.

Minnesota researchers are working on a screen of bubbles to keep Asian carp from invading the upper reaches of the Mississippi. Dam gates are being altered to produce lights, bubbles and a deterring current to keep the fish from swimming upstream. One problem already seen is that the bubbles tend to scour the river bottom. Damn carp, but they do taste good smoked!

Iowa's Governor Terry Branstad, the longest serving governor in US history, is not known for paying much attention to the environment, but he did sign a bill establishing rules protecting four species of turtles from overharvest. The increasing Asian population, whose daily meals often include turtle, have been seen as the reason for a mounting demand of turtle meat.

Yachts

Yachts and motor cruisers survived the Pacific's largest cyclone ever recorded. Shortly after being slammed with a Cat 3 cyclone, the folks who love the South Pacific and sailing were hit with very high temperatures in excess of 100° and a hot wind of 40mph. As the giant cyclone headed toward many boats, the pleasure fleet fled to the sundry islands near Fiji to dive into the mangrove swamps to secure their craft and assist others. The multihull people tried to find the most protected and shallow waters possible.

Helping each other out, crews secured all boats with multiple lines in shallow water, allowing them to actually heel when they grounded. One person reported her vessel sat at a 40° list when the tide ebbed. Cooperation was the word of the day as people worked on each craft removing sails, taking everything off deck and sinking their tenders. Surprisingly, they all survived although the Fijians lost homes by the thousands.

Again in great unity, the sailors immediately aided one another as best they could with food, water and shelter. Some sailed to bigger islands to obtain food and emergency supplies and quickly returned. Even as the fleet dispersed, skippers continued to ship goods back to the sundry islands where they sought shelter.

On December 2, 2010, a trimaran was abandoned during a horrific storm. It was last seen in the middle of the Atlantic somewhere between France and Guadeloupe. Last December a passing cargo ship spotted the derelict still afloat after five years, drifting as a ghost ship.

The IMOCA 60 *Hugo Boss* washed up on dry land after nine years of drifting on the currents guided only by the waves and wind. It was lost in 2005-06 after losing its keel in a storm off South Africa. A fellow competitor rescued the skipper but the boat kept sailing over 10,000 miles and ended up on the coast of Chile.

The most gruesome story is about a hulk found by a Clipper Round the World Race competitor off the Philippines in January. The hull contained a mummified solo sailor still at his table with his head resting in his hands. The wreck was immediately reported to the Coast Guard but was discovered again by a fisherman who towed the boat ashore. An autopsy revealed the skipper had died of a heart attack and had not been heard from in over a year.

The building of super yachts (between 40m and 60m) has declined but the shipyards are discovering that refitting older yachts can keep a company in the black. Valharding, the Dutch ship builder, left the Netherlands for Turkey and China where labor costs are much lower, and its departure from Europe left an incredible 150m by 30m drydock for ICON Yachts who immediately launched a refitting operation for super yachts. Noting the two week refit advertisements, owners are flocking back to Holland, in part because that is where their boats were built, in part because they trust the Dutch workers and in part because crews like Holland much more than Spain, France or Italy. Owners, interestingly, are willing to leave the Mediterranean and travel to Holland rather than to closer shipyards. Holland has that kind of reputation.

Merchant Fleet

The Federal Maritime Commission launched an initiative with 34 companies on dealing with the severe backup in US ports. Labor issues were a major factor in the work stoppage at the Port of Los Angeles, but Long Beach, New York and New Jersey ports have been clogged for months. Since the US ports account for over \$980 billion dollars in con-

tainer trade, the concern is monumental. Finger pointing is prolific but some constraints include regulations, lack of personnel, cargo growth and multiple alliances within the shipping industry. FMC stated that the Commission is not interested in quick fixes but is seeking a larger picture solution.

Damen Anchor and Chain factory supplied and installed an anchor and chain in just one day, an incredible feat for a large container ship. The *Benedict Schulte* needed these and initial plans called for lengthy downtime for the work. However, while the ship was unloading at the Rotterdam Uniport, Damen Anchor and Chain collected the materials, shipped them and installed them all in one day as the ship continued its normal unloading.

The 87mm anchor chain and a 9225kg AC-14 type anchor were installed easily and quickly. Obviously the anchor company was greatly pleased at their success and the ship, a 51,000dwt container vessel, is an element of the Thomas Schulte Group fleet, never missed a beat.

Shipping is running into a financial brick wall erected by banks that are less than interested in funding dry bulk container ships in spite of a 100% increase in the Baltic Dry Index. As ships age, ownership changes many times with each title holder trying to squeeze one last buck out of a vessel before she virtually falls apart. This turnip squeezing creates inflation in the value of ships as the previous owners attempt to get an extra nickel out of their ships and the new owners are risking money to see if the rust buckets can survive a couple of more transits.

The banks have thrown a monkey wrench into this process maintaining that too many old ships are being sold above their value. Currently shipping is at a fiscal break even point and shippers will do anything to make a buck. The banks refuse to proffer loans for inflated priced ships, they have backed away from loaning on crude tankers because of the environmental risks and increasing international regulations have wreaked havoc on shipping via too many old ships.

If you are wondering about your taxes and where your money is going, please note that \$155 billion is to be spent on upgrading our ports especially along the Gulf Coast. This amount is three times the expenditure of five years ago but governmental officials explain that the need is huge and we must advance our ports to cope of increasing trade, log jams and backlogs.

Academe's economic response came from John Martin, PhD, who is the president of Martin Associates in Pennsylvania. He said that his number crunching predicts an additional 1.6 million direct or indirect domestic jobs.

As if the automobile industry doesn't have enough problems with Volkswagen rigging their vehicles to provide incorrect pollution figures and all the Asian and some American cars burdened with faulty airbags that are virtually impossible to correct, a class action suit has been filed against car carriers for price fixing.

Japan's giants NYK Line, Mitsui OSK, "K" Line and smaller potatoes World Logistics Service (American) Eukor Car Carrier, Wallenius Wilhelmsen Logistics, CSAV, Hoegh Autoliners, Autotrans and Nissan Motor Car Carrier have been named in the suit. Auto manufacturers maintain that ongoing investigations show that these companies worked together to keep carrier prices up. Brazil has already investigated these companies and will be filing criminal complaints shortly.

Nota bene: Thank you to the readers who write *MAIB* or send me an email about this column. I appreciate your comments because I occasionally fear my writing is boring and unwarranted for publication. Your notes mean a lot to me. Those of you who find fault with me usually are spot on. I occasionally screw up a factoid due to misreading something or I make a grammatical mistake that I blame on my English teachers and professors. I will try my best to be correct, to write well and be interesting. After all, *MAIB* is too good a magazine to proffer less than the best I can do.



Traditional wooden Amazonian riverboats are long and thin. Catamaran hulls are long and thin. Hmm. I wonder if a sailing catamaran could be made out of two Amazonian riverboats? So ran my thinking following the change of location made by my wife Lourdes and I from the old Peruvian colonial city of Cusco up into the northern jungle close to the frontier with Ecuador a few years back. We had settled into the small community of Sauce (means willow in Spanish, nothing to do with ketchup, pronounced 'sow-say') which sits on the northern shore of the three mile long Lago Sauce, a beautiful lake surrounded by mountains 2,000' above sea level at the western end of the mighty Amazon basin where it begins to merge with the Andes mountains and not too far from the city of Tarapoto.

A major tributary of the Amazon, the Rio Huallaga, flows about six miles away from the lake and must be crossed by ferry to get to the community of Sauce from Tarapoto, which is one hour away by air from Peru's capital, Lima (or 30 hours by bus, not recommended).

I'm a long time muscle and sail powered small boat freak. I was raised on *Swallows and Amazons* and *Wind in the Willows* during my childhood in the UK. For years I subscribed to *Messing About in Boats* until I moved away from the US to a life up at 10,000 feet in the Andes of the Incas in Peru. I seem to recall that I also wrote at least one article, maybe more, for *MAIB* in the mid-'90s.

Earlier in my life I built the first Micro designed by Phil Bolger from the published plans back in the early '80s in Miami and I attended the annual springtime Cedar Key messabout for many years running, from the mid '80s through most of the '90s. (A big howdy to any of my Cedar Key messabout pals who may be reading this!)

On moving to the shores of Lago Sauce I had checked out the used boat market in Peru's capital city, Lima, thinking I might find a trailerable sailboat to haul up to my new home in the Amazon basin but the offerings were scarce and the prices tended to be ridiculous. One fellow wanted \$20,000 for an old MacGregor 25, the pre water ballast model. It would have been a nice boat to have on the lake but that is over four times what a similar boat sold in the US would go for. Forget it, I said to myself, I'll just build a boat, and how about a daysailer catamaran made by putting a wooden platform between two Amazon riverboats?

The more I considered it the better I liked the idea and, after sketching various possibilities, I came up with a design for bridging the hulls and for using the same configuration of mainsail from Phil Bolger's Micro together with a small jib to drive the vessel. I always liked that big mainsail with the boom tensioned by a snottier line and had also seen it on Phil's Black Skimmer, a design I much admired. Later, when I was well into the building process, I decided to add a mizzen as well, making her a ketch. This setup has worked well for reefing, when the wind starts gusting over 20 knots I just drop the mainsail and the boat moves along fine with just jib and mizzen.

I ordered two identical traditional lapstrake flat bottomed boats fastened with clenched nails made from a wood called ana from a local boat builder. Ana has many of the same properties as locust wood including a pale yellow color, tight grain, dense, heavy and resistant to rot. With the hulls upside

Building *Estrella Del Lago*

A 33' Amazon Jungle Sailing Catamaran

By Martin Stevens



down I bolted and glued on a 2"x6"x16' mini keel or stretched out skeg to the flat bottom of each hull, tapered on the bow end for some lateral resistance, followed by covering the bottoms to the waterline with fiberglass and polyester resin. There is a marine worm in the lake that eats wooden boats and I wanted a barrier to prevent this from occurring.



Having applied paint inside and out I then launched the two hulls and joined them together with 5"x10" timbers fore and aft, plus one crossing amidships. The mainmast is just a fairly straight tree wrapped in fiber-

glass cloth and epoxy, it's 40' high tapering from 5 1/2" at the base to 2 1/2" at the peak and sits on a 5"x7" timber that goes up the middle of the vessel forward projecting out beyond the line of the bows each side to create something of a bowsprit.



Decking is made of 1"x5" balsa wood (for lightness) boards screwed to a 2"x3" framework laid out 16" on center made from a fairly lightweight wood called moena. A 6hp four stroke Evinrude outboard is mounted in a well aft of a 3'x6' shallow cockpit. The cockpit has a funky looking roof over it made from 1/4" plywood held up by four bamboo posts and has three functions, to give protection from sun and rain, to provide a place to store the boom when not sailing and to support a small solar panel.

A tiller is connected to twin rudders that kick up for beaching just like a Hobie cat. The rudders are linked using a length of bamboo reinforced with epoxy and fiberglass where bolt holes have been drilled. The main boom is also made of locally grown bamboo similarly reinforced at key load points.

Windward ability is increased with a 5'x18" wooden drop down centerboard and the first time out under sail I was pleasantly surprised to be going quite well to windward for such a low tech homebuilt craft designed mainly by guesswork. I was also gratified that I was able to tack fairly easily with just a little backwinding of the jib to bring her through the eye of the wind. Off the wind the big mainsail pushed the boat along nicely as I had always expected. It was the ability to go to windward that had me concerned, would the boat be a dog going upwind and would she be able to tack? It was quite a relief to find the vessel in which I had been investing my time, sweat and funds would not disgrace herself coming about or sag dreadfully to leeward when close hauled like Jack Aubrey's *Polycrest* in the novel *Post Captain* by Patrick O'Brien.

Some details: The boltrope of the mainsail goes up the mast inside a 1/2" plastic water pipe encased in a U shaped wood moulding that was screwed and glued to the mast after which a 1/8" slot for the sail was cut with a skillsaw. It works well and its cost was negligible compared with a track and slide system.

The mainsail and jib were made by Lee Sails of Hong Kong who did a great job for a fairly economical price. The mizzen is a sail I bought over 20 years ago from Balogh Sails, Cedar Island, North Carolina, and is still going strong, it is very well made. It also does double duty as the mainsail for my 17' rowing/sailing skiff also built by a local boat-builder from ana and converted for rowing and sailing by me. Standing rigging is just hardware store steel cable and turnbuckles. Running rigging is entry level inexpensive generic picked up at a yacht chandlers during a visit to the UK. There are no yacht chandlers in Peru.



There is 7' of standing headroom under permanently installed awnings screwed to a 2"x2" wooden framework and made from the PVC material used for the roofs of the three wheel, 125cc motor taxis found in Latin America, Asia and elsewhere.

We have two hammocks and one hanging chair always available when cruising

and two sit on top kayaks are often brought along to explore the far reaches of the lake. There is plenty of room for them on deck. A hinged swimming and shore boarding ladder is installed on the bow to starboard. The port hull has been left open with only a sail locker forward. The starboard hull has seating for eight with lockers below.

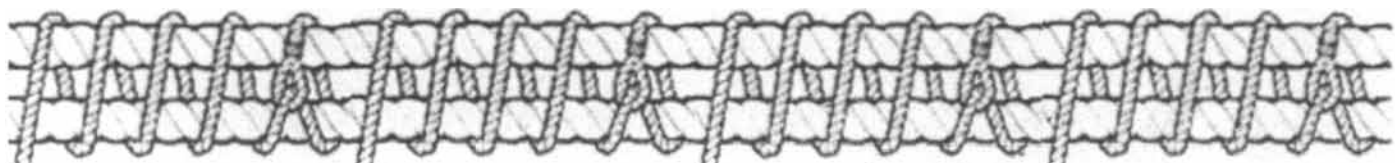


A small solar panel and Bosch battery power two Rule 500gpm automatic bilge pumps, one in each hull. This is the rainfor-

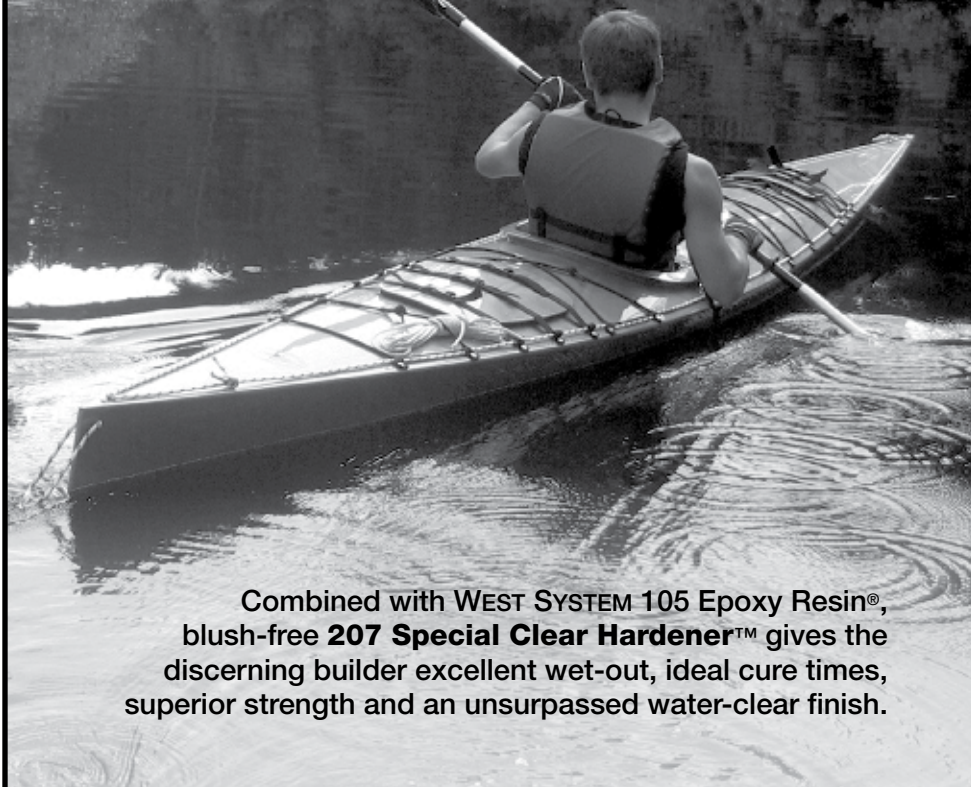
est, after all, and sometimes it can be torrential. Wind blown rainwater does get into the hulls despite much being kept out by the full length awnings. Bailing with a bucket got old fast, which led me to install the pumps. I'm really grateful to have this bit of high technology in a generally low tech boat. The boat measures 33' long by 21'8" wide. Each hull is 31' long by 5' wide.

Lago Sauce (aka Laguna Azul) is a popular tourist destination in Peru and I enjoy taking visitors out cruising on the lake. Bird-watchers especially like the lack of noise and the stable platform. *Estrella del Lago* is available for daysailing charters for experienced skippers at modest rates. She is the only large sailboat that I know of operating within the western Amazon basin.

I can be contacted at martinstevens@juno.com. Please visit my blog at www.perucalling25.blogspot.com to see additional photos of *Estrella del Lago*, including beautiful Shipibo tribal graphics done on the base of the mast recently by our friend Mercedes. It took her three days to paint the design which is based on visions seen during Aya-huasca shamanic healing ceremonies.



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This month's Traditional Boat is a bit chunky, with a simple work boat rig but for a young family going for a sail, the most popular boat in the Seaport's livery. She is stable, has no head knocking boom and, surprisingly, scoots right along. She is a boat developed for inshore fishery along the south coast of Cape Cod, if caught in contrary currents in light air she rows well, if out in a steep shop, cuts through the waves and, if necessary, quickly and easily raises or lowers her rig. Quite a lot of boat in only 13'!

Compared to the ubiquitous catboat, she is a bit slimmer for rowing, has more freeboard for rough waters and has a peak sprit instead of a gaff rig. Why a sprit rig? Good question. At the turn of the last century the sprit rig was the choice of small support boats all along the coast. It is quick to rig, just poke the sprit spike into the loop at the peak and tighten up on the snorter. Why call it a snorter? I do not know, its origin is lost in the annals of time, but it pushes upwards on the sprit to lift the peak of the sail to lessen its curvature or slacks a little to allow a bit of belly, say, if you are heading downwind. I would go so far as to add a little gun tackle to its downhaul and run the line back underneath the thwarts to a cam cleat to save going forward to make adjustments. Very handy when racing. But I get ahead of myself.

First, let us go through a day in the life of a fisherman from Wood's Hole. His first challenge in departing his anchorage in Eel Pond was making it under the roadway bridge at the end of the pond. You guessed it, he dropped his rig, if he even bothered to put it up at all. But it is easy since the single mast, once in its step way forward in the eyes of the boat, is just walked up and clipped into the forward vee of the coaming. It is just a galvanized hasp, the yacht types with bronze clips will come later. Then he set his sprit and sailed out to the grounds for a day's work. If there was no early breeze he furled the sail and sprit against the mast and rowed. Since the sprit rig is not super weatherly he really preferred rowing out in the morning stillness and riding back home, downwind or on a reach.

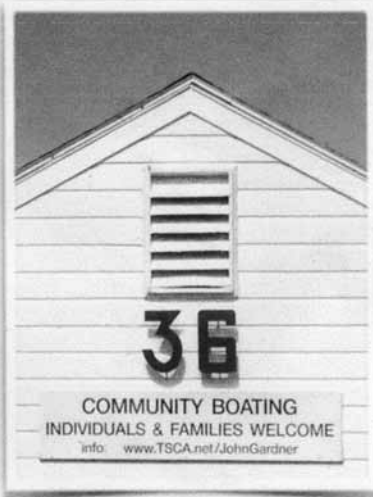
The afternoon southwesterly may work up a chop against the incoming tide but the very shapely hull of the little boat handles it well. Upon returning to Eel Pond he would again strike the rig, pass under the bridge and pick up his mooring. This is where it got interesting, there is a second, smaller mast step in the center thwart. This proved a bit confusing to the builders of the first replicas. They found it cumbersome, to say the least, to try to sail with the small mizzen up. It turns out that the mizzen is a steadying sail intended for use at the mooring, not when underway. All in all a very clever, well thought out little boat.

Its small size and ease of handling was not lost on the summer visitors who started coming to the Cape in the 1890s. As told to Bob Baker, who found three of the early examples in 1969, by Mrs John E. White, "The wealthy summer residents took note of them and in no time decided it would be fun to arrange a race among the fishermen that included cash prizes for the winners."

"The races were great fun," she said, "and before long the summer residents wanted boats of their own to race, and by 1897 the Woods Hole Yacht Club had been established."

Mrs White was E.E. Swift's grandniece and had inherited the boats. E.E. (Eddy) Swift, a builder and cabinetmaker, had built

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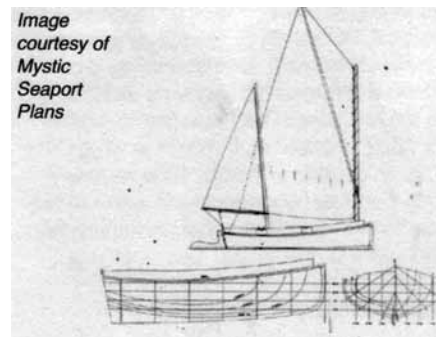
Traditional Boat of the Month: Woods Hole Spritsail Boat

Respectfully Submitted, Mr. Cleat



the boats with meticulous precision from half models he carved himself. His boats did quite well in the races. His first boat, *Spy*, placed first in the spritsail class (the other being the catboat class) on the Fourth of July 1898, the Club's first Regatta. It was a five mile run out into Vineyard Sound's brisk southwest-

erly which moderated to light breezes upon return. She was followed two years later by her successor, *Susie*, who won the Commodore's Cup in 1900.



The Crosby's built a more workboat version of the Woods Hole Spritsail boat named *Explorer*. She had a flatter, more burdensome shape as well as the signature Crosby half dovetailed frame ends. She was nearly destroyed in the 1938 hurricane, was rebuilt in the 1960s and is now in the Seaport's Small Craft collection. James Kleinschmidt drew her lines in 1961, Steen Kokborg traced them in 1962. These drawings provided the opportunity for Sylvester Costelloe and John Gardner to build a replica in the Gray (now John Gardner) Boatshop at Mystic Seaport. Launched in 1973 she was named *Sandy Ford* after Syl Costelloe's home town of Sandford, Ireland. She is a fixture in the Boatshop livery fleet, see a photo of her in this issue's Boatshop section. Come in this summer and take her for a sail.

What does a Woods Hole Spritsail Boat have to offer us modern boaters? Well, for one, these boats are fun to sail as well as safe. Take the kids (or grandkids) out for a ride, secure inside the high coamings, and pack a picnic basket for a lunch along a deserted beach. Row home if you have to, secure that neither you or those young ones will get hit in the head with a boom. True, the complex shape will be difficult to carvel plank so we may request professional assistance.

Locally, in 1997 Taylor and Snediker built a replica of Swift's unfinished 1913 boat for John McLaughlin who often sailed her on the Mystic River. For those of you who save every issue of *Messing About in Boats*, look up Sharon Brown's August 15, 2000 account of going for delightful afternoon sails with Mr McLaughlin and his two terriers along the Mystic River.

For those of you who would like to pursue this further, the particulars are 13'4"x 6'0" with a draft of 12" board up and 26" board down (great for exploring shallow waters). Plans are available from Mystic Seaport for both E.E. Swift's designs as well as the Crosby *Explorer*. Swift's unnamed boat that was left unfinished upon his brother's death is on display in the red Small Craft building alongside the *Conrad. Spy*, as well as the barn in which she was built, is on display at Woods Hole Museum. And *Sandy Ford* is in the water at the Boathouse Livery. Come observe and enjoy this perky little boat with the simple sail.

On the north shore of the St Lawrence River near where the river enters the Atlantic at the Strait of Belle Isle lies the village of Old Fort, Quebec. It was settled in the 1890s by immigrants from the Channel Islands, French Huguenots who became British subjects. It's a village of fishermen and it's isolated. Electricity first came to Old Fort Bay in the 1970s. Before that they canned their meat, vegetables and fruit. Supplies still come by boat along the coast from Sept Isles once a week and are delivered to the retailers. By January the Strait of Belle Isle has frozen over so people stock up with supplies to last until May.

Close to the village is the mouth of the Old Fort River and in August of 2002 my Navy friend Jack and I fished there for salmon and brook trout, guided by Harvey Fequet, one of 15 boat builders in the village of Old Fort. The Fequets pronounce their name "Fakey." English and Protestant (Anglican) church traditions dominate. They drop their H's. A fishing hole is "ole," home is "ome," etc, but otherwise they did not have a Cockney accent.

Harvey traps in the winter. We came across one of his fox traps, a frame of sticks covered with foliage and a leg hold trap underneath. He traps Arctic fox, gray fox, mink, ermine, offer, beaver, marten. I imagine fisher as well.

Harvey's dad was a lobsterman and built his own workboats, passing on those skills to his sons. In the 1970s he leased the Old Fort River to accommodate fresh water fisherman such as Jack and I. The river's source is a lake about 20 miles from its mouth and there's no road or trail along the river, which broadens

Boat Building At Old Fort, Quebec, 2002

By Sid Whelan



and deepens into several large lakes, hence the need for boat transportation. The Fequets' guest camp is on one of the lakes and it took us over an hour every morning by outboard motor to reach the river linking the lakes. We were fly fishermen, not interested in trolling the lakes.

Harvey builds at least two types of boats for use on the family's leased water.

He selects spruce in the forests north of their camp for planking, stems and frames. The frames are sawn and steamed. The planking on the larger design (17' length, 7' beam, 2 1/2' deep midship) is clinker lapped. The planking is full length. The skiff design originally had a narrow transom, but the introduction of outboards led to a broad, square stern.

The second design has a punt bow with carvel planking, shallow draft and is used in the shallower sections of the river and lake system. Both types are stationed conveniently on the river and lakes for use at the end of each portage. They remain at the stations year round, which must shorten their lives. When they give out after six or seven years, the boats tend to be abandoned and new ones take their place. The larger skiff weighs 1,000 pounds, so I can understand the housekeeping issue. Because there are no roads north of Old Fort village, the boats are snaked down (or up) the river with lines in high water. Rotting hulls dot the bushes.

Harvey uses galvanized nails. The nails through the strakes are clenched on the inside. He builds the larger skiff in eight days. The stem, counter knees and counter post are all cut from spruce roots, which are dug out along with the stumps and sawn into flitches like Adirondack Guideboat stems and frames. Fequet does not age his planking and root stock and there are no scarfs on a 17' hull.

Some of the trees in the forests north of Old Fort Bay apparently have 30" butts. I asked him if the supply is limited by latitude (tree line) but he said the good selection extends for 80 miles or so north. Again, no roads, so they must haul all that over the ice and snow in winter by tractor.

In the home shops winter builds are wrapped up and spring repairs, putty and paint are well underway. Peter Vermilya has put away his Delaware Ducker build but the mold parts are all numbered to reassemble in the fall when planking will commence. George Spragg, assisted by Andy Strode, is placing the deck on his new kayak which will feature stability as well as become a fishing platform. We always welcome George's creative ideas. Meanwhile, Carl Kaufman has shown us all up, he not only completed his build of Atkin's Maude and Emeline, a nice,

Around the Boat Shops

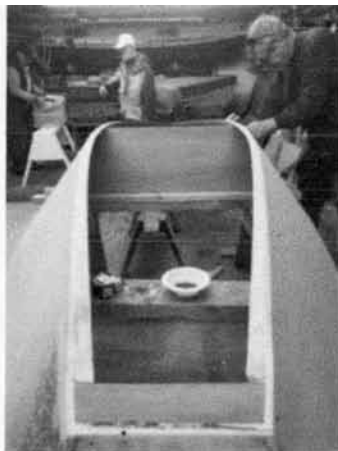
low powered, flat bottomed skiff, but he is finishing painting, ready to launch. He will use the skiff to access his larger sailboat in Block Island harbor. There may be more out there, we never really know until we see what shows up at the WoodenBoat TSCA Meet.

At the Avery Point Community Boathouse two boats are in the shop, John Symons' outboard motorboat is receiving so many coats of varnish that she truly glows, and our Chapter's Avery Point Dory build, a

replacement for one that is a bit tired from daily commutes across the Thames River ferrying Phil Behney to and from work. Meanwhile, over spring break Bill Armitage reconditioned an Annapolis Wherry that boomeranged back ten plus years after he built it. He did such a fine job that Charlie Hatton bought it before Bill could even call eBay. Off on the side, Rob Pittaway has all the oars for the dory fleet leathered and ready for their final coat of varnish. The Boathouse is a busy place. We gather every Friday evening, come join us.



Dory bottom cut and set in place.



Steve Barton preparing dory chines for bottom.



Dan Nelson gluing scarf for Dory bottom.

At the Seaport Boathouse and John Gardner Boat Shop we are coming to the end of winter repairs, fresh paint and varnish for the Livery fleet. The carvel planked Whitehall (cover girl on John Gardner's first book) has had her sheer streak varnished and is out the door. *Sandy Ford* squeezed through that same door (actually she was tilted a bit) and is in for fresh topsides paint including a fresh name. The Gardner Peapod received new oarlock sockets (galvanized, of course, she's a working boat). Inside the John Gardner Boatshop Beetle Cat *Wilbur Langdon* received fresh topsides and bottom paint while outside *Pip* had her bottom sanded and painted in the now nicer spring weather. Also outside, winter covers were removed on the LFH ketch *Araminta* as well as the catboat *Breck Marshall*. The smaller boats were moved out from under the Boat Shed and dispersed around the grounds awaiting their launch on May 21 when the Boathouse opened to paying customers.



Buck Lawton trims an oar repair.



Mike Messick bottom paints *Captain Hook*.



Sandy Ford with fresh topsides.



Karen Rutherford gives *Sandy Ford* back her name.



Jeff Undercoffler and Ned Perkins prep Whitehall's sheer strake.

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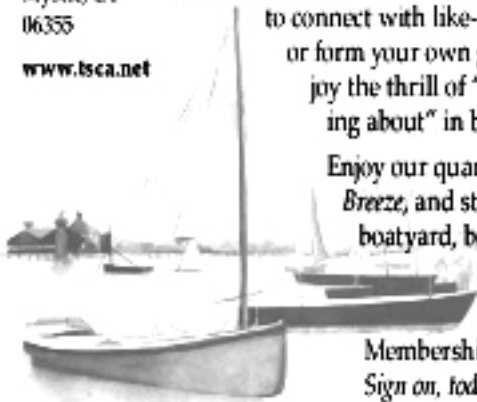
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The Boatshop at Strawberry Banke, the nonprofit Star Island and the students from the Portsmouth, New Hampshire High School Construction Program, who joined forces earlier this year to restore six wooden row boats, returned the newly refurbished fleet to the Isles of Shoals in late May in partnership with the Gundalow Company.

"When we started this project, I knew that I wanted the students to have the chance to take the boats back to their customer, Star Island, and to put them in the water where they are used," said Nate Piper, Owner of Piper Boatworks and Director of the Boatshop at Strawberry Banke. "When we realized that we needed a way to get the rowboats out to the island without damaging the new paint jobs, it presented an opportunity to engage the Gundalow Company and to put the *Piscataqua* to work doing what gundalows were designed to do, haul cargo."

The six wooden rowboats are part of the fleet of vessels owned by Star Island, a nonprofit organization that owns and manages



Nate Piper and PHS students prepare to load rowboats for return trip to Star Island. Photo credit: Caroline Piper

PHS students row newly refurbished boats ashore at Star Island. Photo credit: Caroline Piper



Rowboat Restoration Completed

By Caroline Piper

the island, the historic Oceanic Hotel and operates a model environmental sustainability program at the Isles of Shoals.

The fleet of rowboats were in need of a variety of repairs to their overall structures as well as refinishing work, all of which was completed by the Portsmouth High School students in the program between January and May. Jackson's Hardware and Marine was the materials sponsor for the project.

"Our students learn by doing and the strongest connections are made when they can see real world applications for the skills they are being taught," said Dexter Robblee, Instructor of the Construction Program at Portsmouth High School. "Having the opportunity to bring the project full circle by returning the boats to Star Island, to put them in the water themselves and to row them ashore made all the work they did and everything they learned more meaningful."

Jack Farrell, Island Manager and Director of Facilities, toured the students around the Island during their visit and discussed the energy efficiencies and innovations the island has adopted. Students had the chance to see firsthand the island's solar array, which has the capacity to provide up to 50% of the island's energy needs, the reverse osmosis water purification system (that runs off the solar panels during daylight hours), the transfer system they engineered to heat water for the island while simultaneously cooling the diesel generators and the new rainwater collection system that will help to offset the amount of water the island needs to create or transport from the mainland.

The gundalow *Piscataqua* transported four of the six rowboats to the island along with two 2,500 gallon storage tanks and a load of lumber.

"The Gundalow Company was thrilled to join this great community partnership," said Molly Bolster, Executive Director of the Gundalow Company. "For more than 200 years, gundalows plied the seacoast waters hauling lumber, bricks, hay and other cargo. The *Piscataqua*'s ancestors would have been proud to see her heading up the river last week all loaded up."

The new Boatshop at Strawberry Banke is currently under construction on the grounds of Strawberry Banke Museum. For more information on the Boatshop, please visit boatshopatstrawberrybanke.org.



Jack Farrell, Island Manager and Director of Facilities, took PHS students and chaperones on a tour of Star Island, discussing the history and energy efficiency upgrades the island has made. Photo credit: Caroline Piper

Gundalow *Piscataqua* arriving at Star Island with rowboats, lumber and storage tanks aboard. Photo credit: Raya Al-Hashmi



We, *Miss Kathleen* and I, came home from our first road trip a bit worse for wear. In fact, we needed to be towed back to the launch ramp due to (shall I be honest?) a poor choice on my part.

Inventions, Innovations and Rewinds

By Dan Rogers



Yep. SNAFU auto upgraded to FUBAR without even holding a staff meeting. Seems that I topped up a gas tank of “undetermined vintage” with new gas and expected the various ‘enes, ‘anes and ‘tanes to work it out with the ‘nols. Apparently not. Probably a winter or two worth of water got into that hard-working and heretofore reliable carburetor bowl.



Before I could get back to a place where I might even hope for a tow, I managed to sail/drift about two miles by sort of slaloming downwind and current. That was interesting.



But there are a bunch of lessons learned here. Of course, first lesson is to pay more attention to what goes into and out of the gas tanks. But never quite content to settle for a simple answer, I started making things a bit more complicated. Somehow we need a backup motor. As it is the motor well is overloaded with stuff. I absolutely don't want to hang anything off the transom. There is already an anchor hanging rather aggressively off the port quarter.

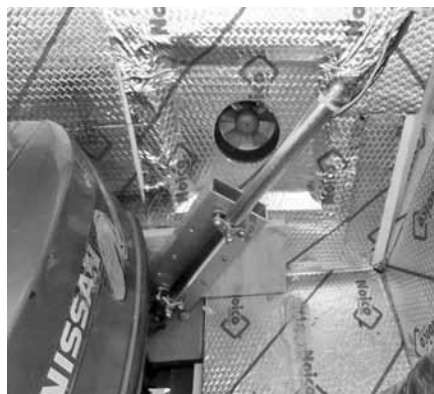
Sort of something to bang my head on while tripping over the big red rudder, I suppose. So anyhow, I came up with a rather unique solution. I cut a mid range electric



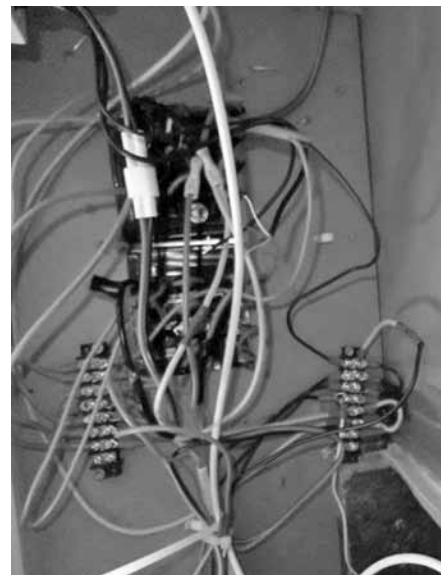
trolling motor down to about 36” on the shaft and then wangled it up through the “temporary” motor well closure blocks surrounding the outboard's lower unit. It protrudes at a rather jaunty angle as a result.



And the top took some ingenuity to secure in next to no space.



Might even work. Might. Then it was time to stretch expensive wire from one end of the boat to the other in an effort to establish a control station at the helm. Good idea gone a bit sideways. First the “temporary” electric panel terminal blocks had become already full.



And that project is only just begun. But I managed to extract the original control switch from the motor and managed to waste several hours attempting to fabricate a suitable mounting bracket. When it was finally ready for installation, the damn thing fell apart and then refused to work the low speed and reverse portions of the spectrum. It did look fairly OK, though.

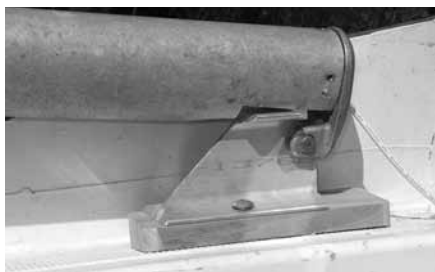


Well, there are a couple DPDT, center off toggle switches on order. Something else to figure out when the pony express comes through. Could be like a joy stick operation. Maybe. As long as I was laying on my back up forward trying to make sense of a vital organ extracted from that trolling motor with a bit more violence than expected. I noticed that the steering had jumped a cog or two.



When I invent stuff like this I never bother to study how it went together. So there I was the other day out on the water. Drifting around and attempting to put this 2x power-assisted cat's cradle back together. I used that slippery HDPE spectra line for this homebrew system and it slips the knots with grand abandon. Total bummer to try to tie it up and keep it tight at the same time. This drum and cable system turns the rudder only and, since it's such a big rudder, I needed an enhanced mechanical advantage at the wheel end. The tiller can take care of itself.

Also on the lessons learned ledger is a more reliable mount for the VHF whip. It needed to be up above the cabin, I figure. And I've had this untried notion for years and years that the sail bolt rope extrusion on an aluminum mast would be a really cool place to raise a flag using the sail slugs/slides. So I built a fold-down mast, out of lots and lots of spare parts and odd bits.



With the coax threaded inside to the whip base.



So that when the flag(s) are hosted, everything SHOULD work out just fine.



At any rate, tomorrow is another, yet another, test run to see how the inventions are working out. Today is Friday the 13th. I'm not exactly superstitious, just careful. So today was a day to keep all ships in port, all boats lashed on deck, all sailors on liberty. Tomorrow? Another opportunity to determine what works. And what probably doesn't.



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Richard has finished his solid foam Melonseed hull. It's a really strong boat but turned out to be way harder to make than the strip planked ones. We consider it a success because it is different and unusual and something we've not seen before. He took it home to finish and, being the helpful guy that I am, I reminded him that this is the easy part.



Bob Godman made this one from the Duckworks plans, he used three 2" layers instead of four and it looks like he put a smaller doughnut ring around the cockpit. It's going back in for paint but he wanted to see if it really floats.



Here's a boat that showed up at our dock in April, a 21' Ranger. It's actually larger than it looks with room in the cabin for a bed, seats, a fridge and potty. David took it up to somewhere in Canada for a couple of weeks and said it was a good cruising boat.



From the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas



Phil brought his friend Jay to the shop to show us his boat and to launch it for a run in the river. Jay made the mold for this boat and built this one from it. He also owns the South Lakeland airport. You multi talented guys are always welcome here to make me feel like a slacker. I suppose that naps will cut into a man's productivity.



We found this boat stuck way back in the swamp. It's a big, long Vietnamese looking boat. It seems to be a sailboat about 40' long. Don't know the story or even what it's made out of, either ply and glass or concrete. As long as it's not a body, a strange thing is fun to find.



Lurlyne continues to be the best boat in the world. (I know, I used to say that about *Helen Marie* but I like speed.) Here we are picking up another couple of wild and crazy people at a little fish dock to go to dinner at the River Roo. Don and Loraine are always up to dinner if it involves a boat ride. Funny how that works, so am I.



Wally found this little 12' skiff abandoned up in the swamp and did a total rebuild job on it. Great job but the little boat is way too small for anyone other than a couple of 12-year-old boys to play in. He's getting started on a 19' Garvey now, that's like a Jon boat with a sort of pointed bow.



Last year Steve did a massive refinish job on *Chelsea's* mahogany decks which included thousands of coats of the best UV varnish available. And as I predicted it lasted a year in this Florida sun. He pulled the boat, sanded the decks, made a bunch of glass panels, glued them on and painted it all brown. Any varnish will go completely to hell in three months exposure here in this sun..



Here's Wally's little boat and the big Lightning sailboat that Sandy is turning into a motor launch/fly fishing boat. Always something unusual going on here at the shop if I can keep the guys out of the Tiki hut, that's the real draw of this place.



I've mentioned before a boat called *Windjammer* that Gene had owned for a half century, sailed all over including to Hawaii from California. Here's another example of the boat. This one belongs to Mike Barto. These boats are super seaworthy and really can do long distance cruising if you are in for that kind of thing. Personally I wouldn't do it on the *Queen Mary*.



If you must own a small sailboat this is the one to choose. *Laylah* is the finest little sailboat I've ever been in. Roger Allen up at the Buffalo Maritime Center is the designer and has plans. As far as I know he's still not finished with his boat #1 but all the rest really kick ass. Roger did own the #5 boat *Miss Kate* and sailed it all over so he does know how great his boats are.



Jim and I are building a couple of Scamps, little 12' sailboats. Why in the world would big time superior boat builders want to do that? Well, watch this video (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yD0Si4aKleM> Scamp dance) and you'll see the appeal of these little boats. These things are seen all over, even in the Everglades Challenge. The real reason they appeal to us is that, even though they are small, they are pretty complicated little boats to build and that's what we like. I may even bring mine up to Cedar Key next year. The things look pretty comfortable for an old guy like me.

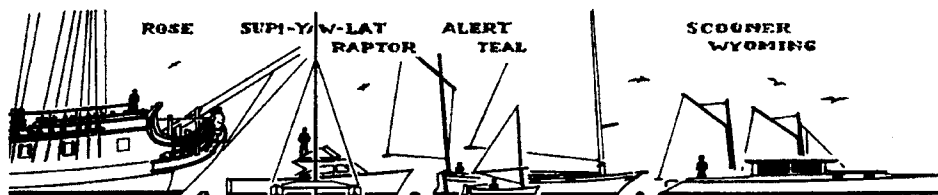


Here's the first step, a pointed bottom on a flat front boat.



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Some may have seen this coming. Long keel, shallower draft, gaff rigged 1+1 trailerable coastal cruisers around 20', perfectly home buildable? Several options come to mind out of the Bolger Archive. And since I transplanted a larger gaff mainsail onto this Chebacco straight from #420, Blueberry seems worthwhile looking at.

Phil wrote the story of how the design came to be, then built and cruised quite a bit in *Boats With An Open Mind*. And closely defined via a detailed set of preferences by Phil's client David Hume, she is unusually salty in, say comparison to #422, Micro, another shallow long keel cruiser, or her longer sister #486, Long Micro. And does she look appealing as a pocket cruiser from a traditional view of aesthetics, detailing and proportions.

Between Hume and Phil they got the basics into her, including a fine single person seat, galley, actual cabin trunk, enough deck to go forward on deck, with a sampson post, bowsprit and bobstay forward, the option of going all out with belaying pins around the fully stayed mast, even a set of running backstays, then the boom gallows aft over a shallow cockpit with seating almost at deck level. Lots to build first, to get just right, to learn how to use best and then to keep well maintained.

Thus no boredom under her ample but low cut sail plan either, with the typically solo cruiser driving her along tending to all this running and standing rigging with its charming bits and pieces all over the place, strictly functional, of course.

And in keeping with the overall theme of this pocket cruiser design, there are obligatory musings from going sober standard stainless and nylon commercial rigging hardware, over to an unrestrained spending spree through various catalogues offering bronze delights, all the way to studying correct pro-

Phil Bolger & Friends On Design

Design Column #501 in *MAIB*

Chebacco 21 Proposal

Design #540 Based
 Long Keel Gaff Cat Yawl Cruiser
 21'2"x7'5"x2'2" x 10hpx2800lbsx215sf
 vs

Blueberry

Design #420
 Long Keel Gaff Cutter Cruiser
 20'3x7'3"x2'8"x13hpx3200lbsx285sf

portioning, functional details and types of finish, to then pick a bronze specialist for custom work or just try the hand in house on mostly modest scale casting challenges. Hemp rope perhaps, apparently not worth smoking and galvanized wire?

And, of course, inevitably so once on this track, the single cylinder inboard diesel, always of some appeal to those disliking the excrescence of an often unhappily placed outboard and assuming greater reliability of a diesel, plus a bigger cruiser correct alternator, all with its own set of details such as seacock, strainer, pipes, hoses, clamps, more plumbing due to the wet exhaust and, of course, the perpetual focus on that prop shaft seal, cutlass bearing. And surely a source of disputations about how much a solid propeller hurts her sailing, then considering a shaft brake and whether you'd ever find a small folding propeller that will reliably perform despite its modest mass, more catalogues and research. Online wisdom perhaps.

In contrast with Blueberry, between what was discussed in column #499 two months

ago and upon reflection of the improvements in this somewhat more mature preliminary study, this Chebacco based cruiser seems one plausible definition of the other end of the modest long keel gaff rigged coastal cruiser theme. A very different approach to the task, probably with fewer hours to build. With more volume below for better cruising ergonomics, a simpler rig, a plain large prop outboard to disgrace her stern and yet advertise her honesty of really sailing this well.

That aft raking mizzen is one minimal option to balance that larger main and that long keel, with a gaff mizzen no doubt a more conventional looking option. In fact, if we then indulge in a bowsprit and genoa, we'd soon catch up with Blueberry's sail plan advantage.

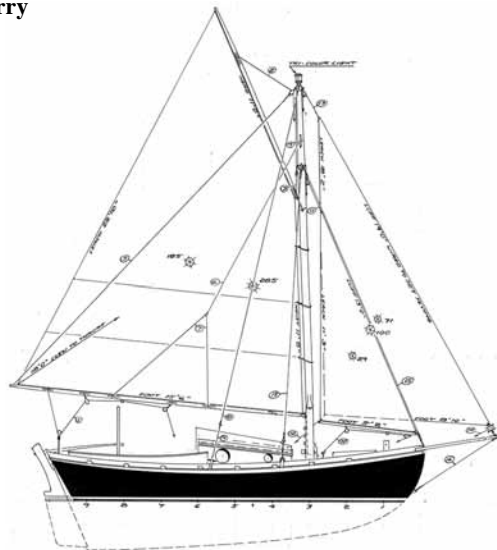
Between some counterweight to that larger rig and just the buoyancy of her long keel, this Chebacco study offers approximately 650lbs in ballast (vs Blueberry's 880lbs) distributed across an 1' steel keel end plate to help her hang on better and those standard 8"x4"x2" lead bricks on edge dropped into her hollow keel, with option for more or just moving them about for perfect cruising trim, no need to plan on casting lead!

With quite a few double chine Chebaccos out there as candidates for this cruiser option, and the original Blueberry in happy hands here on the East Coast, a cruise in company would settle questions as to each type's advantages.

Actually, beyond overall dimensions, one could opine that they really don't compare at all. Nothing wrong though with admiring each other's appearance under sail, with the daring even swapping boats for a day. Well executed minimalism for coastal cruising either way.

Phil listed the price for plans of #420 Blueberry at US \$ 200 to build one boat.

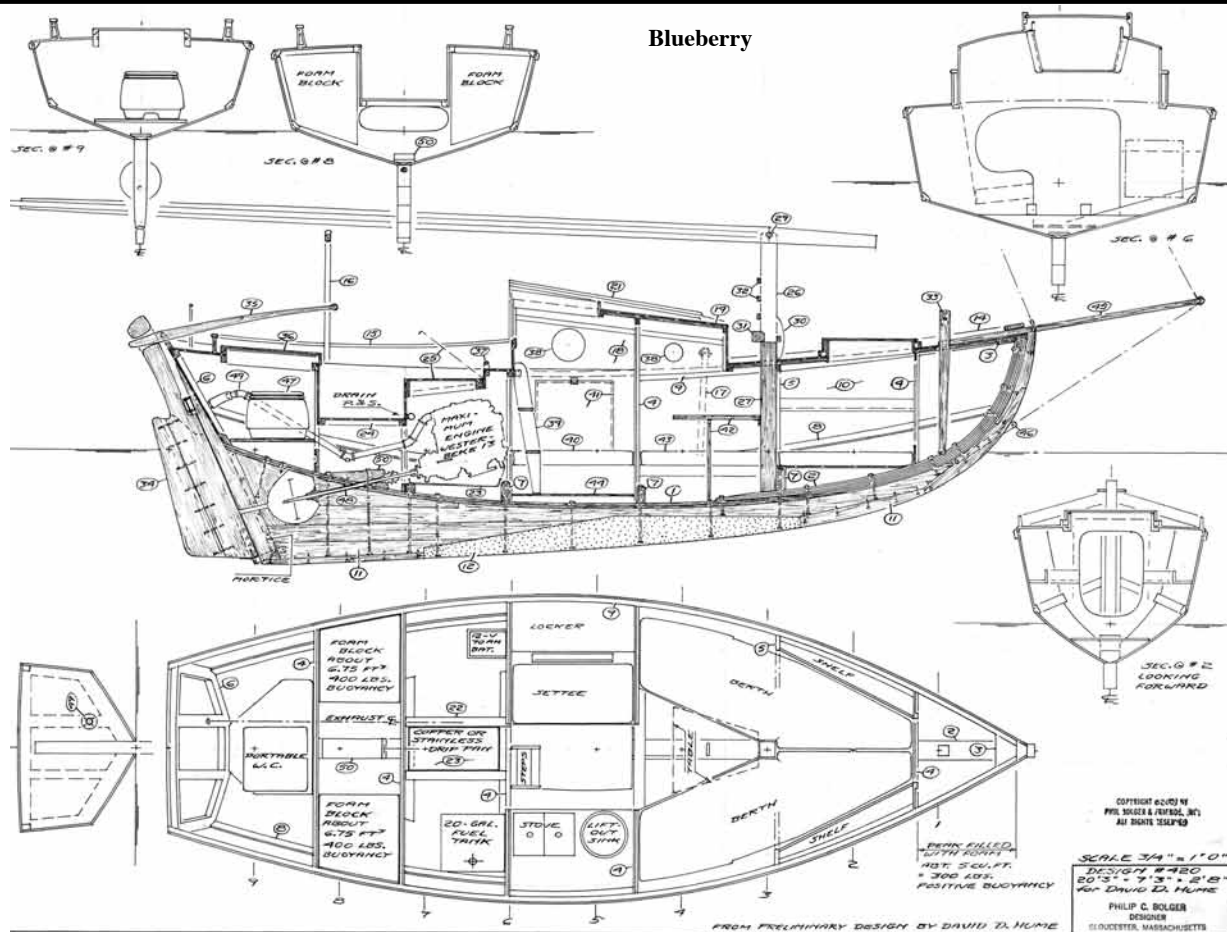
Blueberry



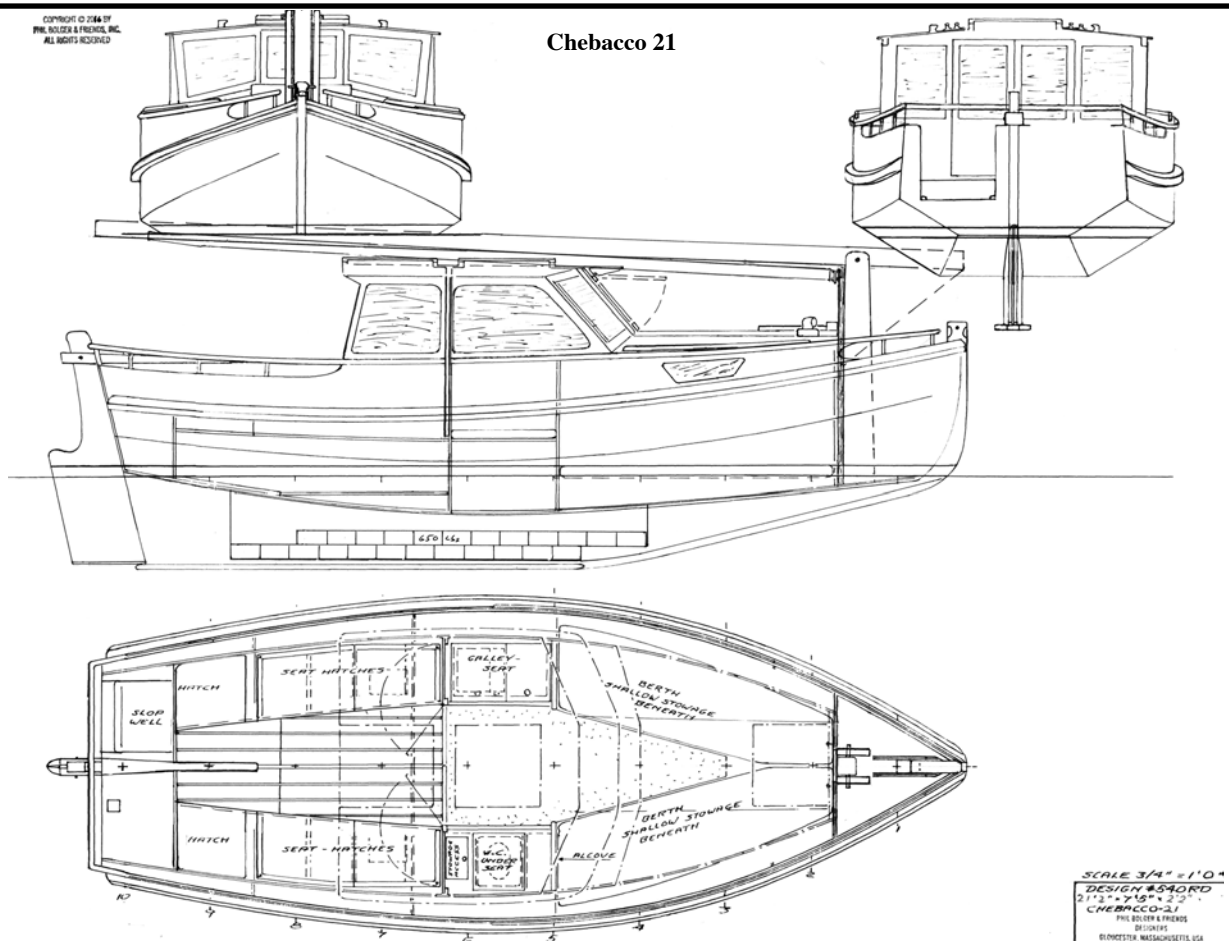
Chebacco 21



Blueberry



Chebacco 21



OK, my Oar Boat is nearly finished, all it needs is paint. The upper part has three coats of varnish that is already well dried. I drew a line about 4" below the rails both inside and out by running a scrap of plywood 4" wide along under the gunwale and drawing the line along the bottom edge with a pencil.

The boat was now right side up. I got a five gallon bucket half full of warm water and added a little Pine Cleaner and removed the amino blush. I scrubbed the interior with a Scotch Pad. I mopped up the water with a sponge and let it dry overnight. The next day I masked above the pencil line with the blue tape and I was ready to prime the inside.

My favorite paint system is Interlux Brightside. This includes a sandable primer and a super good top coat. It is expensive and also not available at my local big box store. Needless to say I didn't use it. Rustoleum makes a product line almost as good that is sold at Menards for about a third the price of Brightside. This primer that I use is Rustoleum Primer (for use on wood or fiberglass). On the can it states that it is to be used above the waterline. My boats get dry storage so I felt I could ignore that warning.

These primers have a lot of solids in them so they require a very good shaking and a lot of stirring. They are designed to go on quite heavily and get sanded back off to a translucent finish. This may seem wasteful but this covers a lot of fine blems and makes a good base for the finish coats. I apply paint with a 3" roller and a small chip brush to get into the corners.



I don't often use a paint tray, I simply pour a little paint at a time onto the flat bottom and charge up the roller. I work up onto the sides first and then cover the bottom. This



By Mississippi Bob

Oar Boat Finished

primer dries hard overnight and the next day it gets a really good sanding. This makes a lot of dust that should be vacuumed back up. One photo shows how one can almost see through the primer.



Rustoleum also offers a variety of marine topcoats, including a brown that I find just a little too dark, so I add in a little white at a time, stirring it up in a plastic tub until the color suits me. This gets applied the same way the primer did. The remaining paint gets poured back into the can and sealed up until the second coat goes on. The blue tape can come off and after the paint is dry the seats

get reinstalled and screwed in permanently. The outside goes through the same process but the water that washes off the amino blush ends up on the shop floor and must get mopped up.

When the masking tape came off I was not a happy camper. The line was very wavy so I masked it again and repainted the top part. This time it came out just fine.

While the boat was still upside down I modified an old dolly to fit it. It got tied on about a fourth of the way aft. I got my helper over and we rolled the boat one last time. We got it off the horses and onto the dolly and she was ready to go out the door. I removed the winter covers from the doors and cleaned up a winter's worth of scraps in the way and out the door she went. The photo shows me pushing it from the stern. It balances quite well on the dolly and is easy to move around. The Oar Boat got prime space in the garage waiting to get splashed.



I am building a pair of 8.5' foot oars from a couple of sections of pine handrail. I tapered them a lot beyond the oarlock. I made some plywood blades and glassed over both sides. I trimmed them to shape and screwed and epoxied them to the flat side of the shafts. When I varnished them the first coat, guess what I forgot to do. I can't say too often, wash the epoxy before the paint goes on.

I'm Lusting!

By Richard Honan



I recently tried to help someone to get his car started after the battery had run down (left the headlights on). I could not find a solid metal place connected to the engine for the ground connection. Everything accessible was plastic. The AAA road service showed up and I left before the service person found a place to connect his battery booster ground (or he may have connected to the battery and charged it up enough to start the car). While not the ideal means of getting an engine started on a boat, I am wondering if the new engines have any place to connect a ground cable. Perhaps one should bolt a piece of appropriate metal to the engine at some safe point to provide the connection?

There was a ship/dock meeting in San Diego in late March. A whale watching ship was coming back to the wharf to unload passengers when the throttle stuck in the forward position. The crew of the *Adventure Hornblower* reported a mechanical malfunction that caused the problem. There was a damaged ship and a number of injuries resulting from the allision. The question for us is, what do we do if our throttle (or gear shift lever) becomes stuck? The problem of a stuck throttle happened in a car in which I was a passenger. Since the car had a manual transmission, the driver shifted into neutral and turned off the engine. We coasted to a stop by the side of the road. We cannot coast to the side of the road on the water, but we can turn off the engine (among other things).

I could have a safety cutoff lanyard so the engine will shut down if I go over the side or otherwise have problems (i.e., lose my balance, etc) at the helm. We are out on our boat with family or friends, the worse happens and I end up in the water. Now how are those on the boat going to get to me when the cutoff came out, shut off the engine and went with me over the side? I read about a case where this happened. Luckily another boat picked the person out of the water and took him back to the now disabled boat. Otherwise there would be the person (with lanyard/cutoff) in the water and the people on the boat and the two may not meet up right away.

More and more is being written in commercial boating related magazines about automation of vessels and the reduction of the crew. At present there are a number concerns about the safety and reliability of an automated vessel (*Maritime Reporter*, 12/2015, p.12 and 04/2016, p.18). According to a recent report, the US Navy is getting into the act with "a first unmanned naval vessel that is designed and sized for theater or global independent deployment." The aim of the four part program is to develop a surface vessel optimized to overtly track and trail target submarines.

A suite of sensors "capable of tracking quiet, modern diesel electric submarines" will be installed into the completely unmanned vessel. It is intended that vessel will operate under minimal supervisory command and control with shore bases intermittently monitoring performance and providing high level mission objectives through beyond line of sight communications links. The vessel will be provided with advanced autonomous navigation and anti collision features to keep it within maritime law and the International Regulations for Preventing Collisions at Sea (wikipedia.org/wiki/ACTUV). It is hoped that the unmanned nature of the vessel will open up new technologies in terms of stability and sea keeping. Keeping a proper



lookout may become an obsolete activity, except for those of us who have to contend with automated vessels.

A neighbor had a problem with the anchor windlass on his boat. The mechanic at the boat yard removed the windlass and found that the base had not been sealed properly and water had migrated into the wiring for the windlass and the wood that held the base. Unlike the Sisu boats I have owned which had end grain balsa for the core (no water migration), this boat had flat balsa as the core, allowing the water to migrate along the balsa (like what happens if the end of a plywood sheet is not sealed) and all has to be replaced.

The question as to what is the core material in a boat is a serious one. In many cases we can find out from the manufacturer's website, literature on the boat model or published reviews of the boat. With older boats we may not find anything in the current information sources and will need to go to a library that has the old boating periodicals to find the information. One source, *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*, is an index of articles, by year, that will require looking up the subject (which can be tricky) to find what periodicals carried information on the older boat we are researching.

A few years back a developer came in and started a project here at Shell Point. Among the construction work was the removal of a very good ramp and the building of a new ramp in another place in the basin. The new ramp was not suitable for use on a low tide and ended up being chained off. The developer got caught in the housing market collapse a bit later and left. After years of muttering the Wakulla County Commission found money to acquire property on the basin and for the building of a new ramp and floats for use by those using the ramp.



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The height of the pilings to hold the new floats is 13' higher than a 0.0 tide height. The 100 year flood height for the area is estimated at 24' and the last flooding (a surge from Hurricane Dennis in 2005) put about 12'-13' of water over the area. The engineering argument for the height of the piling is quite convincing if one does not live (or have a residence) in the area. Most of us have pilings that are 20' (or higher) than the 0.0 tide stage.

The response plan if a major storm is coming is to either physically remove the floats or anchor them in the basin. This assumes that there is time enough in advance to remove or anchor the floats before the storm hits. Most of us with experience with past hurricanes and tropical storms have doubts about securing the floats as such storms are only predictable to about 12 hours from landfall. After that all bets are off as more than one storm has intensified, weakened or turned direction in that time period. We may end up with floats, or parts thereof, in our yards and some may have them in their residence. We shall see.

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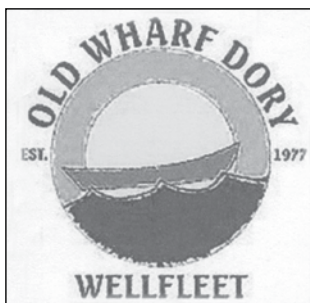
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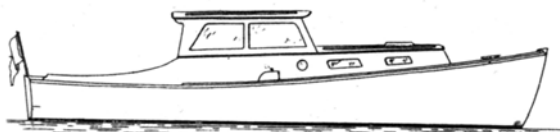


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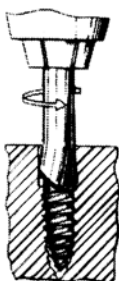
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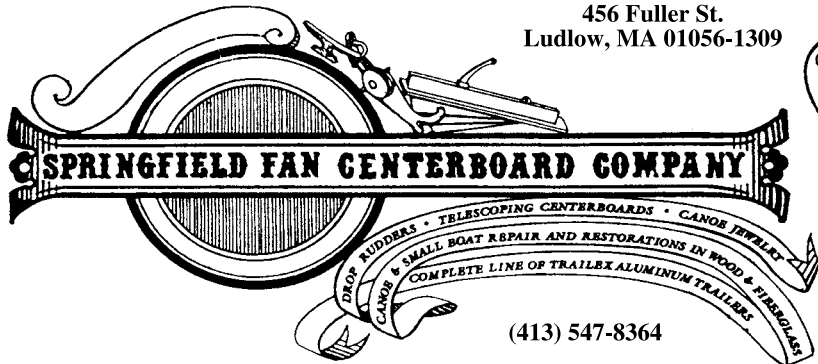
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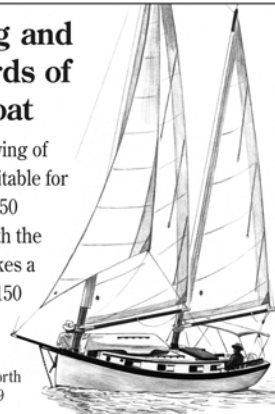
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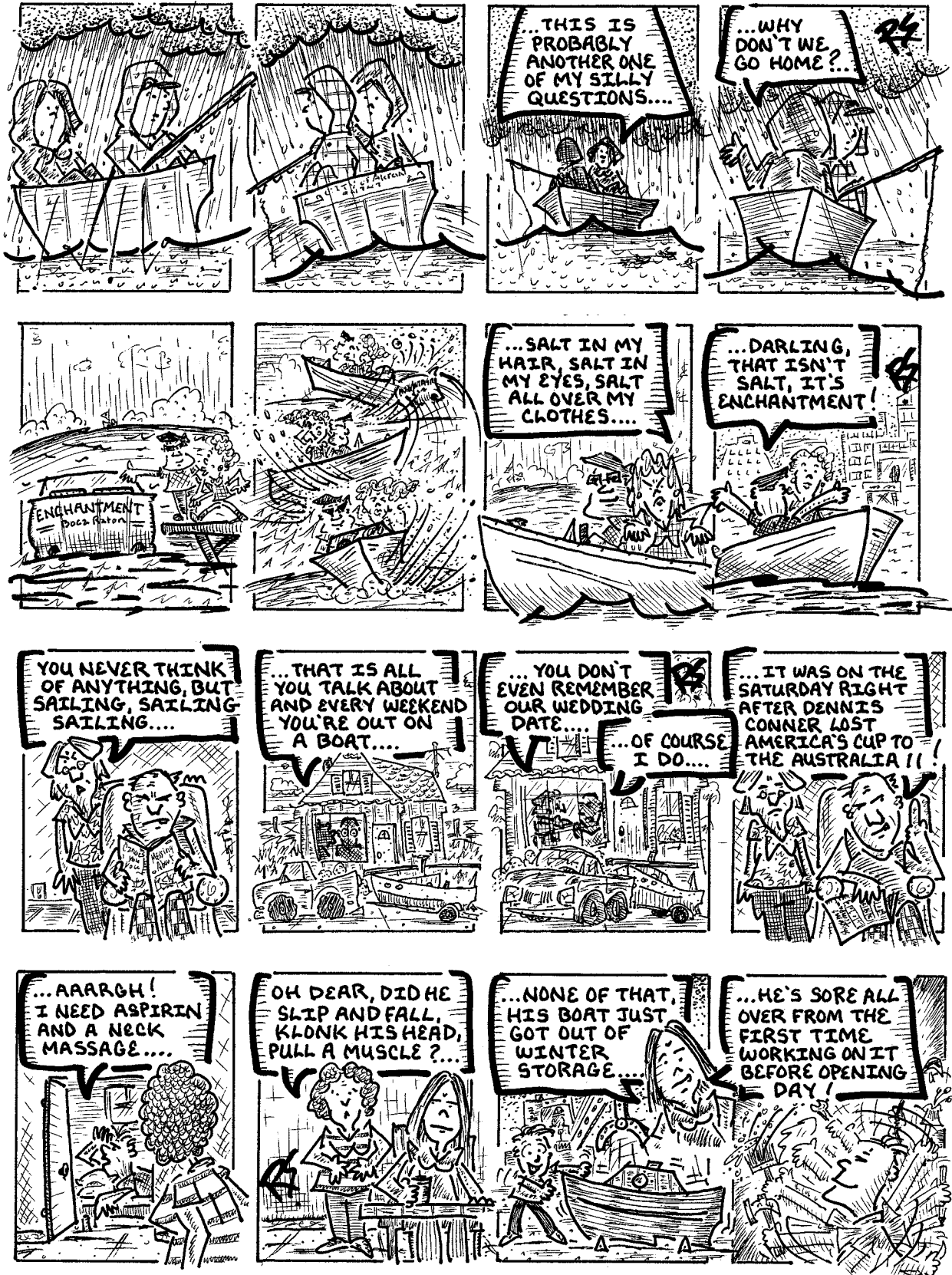
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