



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 34 – Number 9

January 2017

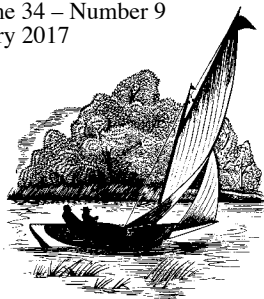
Special Features This Issue
Dan's Adventure Cruises 2017 - The Bay of Quinte
Snow and Death - Austin Texas for Paddlers
Come Uppance - *Adagio* - Dinghy Rigs
Power, Performance and Speed



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Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor

My remarks in the last two issues about wondering what to do with all the back issues (700+) that we have accumulated and speculating on the future of *MAIB* itself as we passed the 700th issue milestone prompted one reader to write to me about what it all might mean, asking that I publish his thoughts verbatim, which request I am happy to honor here:

"Bob Hicks, the owner, editor and publisher, is in his 80s and a very active motorcyclist and bicycle rider. Fifty miles per day on a bicycle escorting other riders hardly tires him out. He appears to be bulletproof but is sane enough to know he is not. He is, however, born and bred a Yankee so you know what that means!

Being the owner, editor and publisher is a labor of love and not a moneymaker. From my conversations with Bob, it seems that presently he is far from sure about the future of *MAIB*.

Let's look at the possibilities. First, if *MAIB* perishes what will Doc Regan, Dave Lucas, Dan Rogers and Matthew Goldman and the many other contributors do with their spare time? What will the many non-contributing readers who depend on *MAIB* to keep them in touch with maritime reality in black and white (What? No color?) do.

Is it possible that a reader, or a group of readers, form a company to continue *MAIB* as it exists today? And of great importance, where will an editor who would maintain the tradition of *MAIB* come from?

In my mind there are more questions and problems (NOT ISSUES!) to think about. I am coming up on 88 and my dementia is at best pretty stable for now. I hope other readers will offer ideas, discussion SOON.

Richard Zahn, Pitman, NJ"

At this point I need to tell you that Richard has become a good friend over the years, hence his perhaps higher level of concern about *MAIB*'s future. He points out that he is "coming up on 88," and as I am only a year behind him in our race to the finish, he knows what it might be like for me to contemplate *MAIB*'s unknown future. He also mentions

that his "dementia is at best pretty stable for now." I'm not sure about my level of dementia but it doesn't seem to get in the way yet of what I do with *MAIB* each month.

The question (problem?) Richard outlines is essentially what happens when I, for whatever reason, have to cease publication. I have considered several scenarios just in case this circumstance suddenly arises, but since no serious threat seems to be on the horizon I haven't felt pressed to come up with a "business plan" to deal with it. As I have discussed recently, *MAIB* is something of a rear guard old way product being overtaken by the online juggernaut. Hence it isn't an attractive investment for a potential new owner unless he was someone keen to take it over and turn it into an online magazine, kissing the old ways goodbye. Its only "value" would be what is known as "good will" (the loyal subscribers and advertisers who support it), but along with that comes a liability to fulfill the subscriptions already paid for and as yet not run their course.

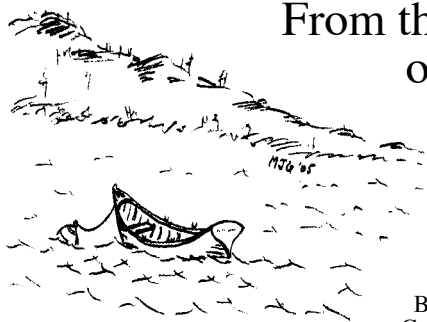
As the net income left to us after paying *MAIB*'s expenses is laughably small, anyone undertaking to carry it on would have to treat it, as I do, as a nice small retirement business. We do it with a "staff" of three, I edit, write some, do layouts and publish, Jane handles the subscriptions and ad billings and Roberta is our prepress intermediary who turns my galleys of text, photo images and handmade page layouts (I still use "cut and paste" and she uses something called Adobe InDesign) into a finished 60-page electronic creation ready for the printer. I'd guess that a possible workable setup would be a retired couple with up to date electronic publishing skills, thus combining our three basic tasks and modest incomes into work and pay for two.

I cannot speak to the possibility of turning it into an online publication as I know nothing whatever about the technological and financial underpinnings for such a move. I can say here though that this is not yet a crisis problem, so not to worry. 2017 is looking to me pretty much like another year in the life...

On the Cover...

That's a pretty spectacular spread of sail on the cover this month. It's duplicated on page 19 in smaller size as part of Peter Jepsen's tale of the Bay of Quinte but I thought it dramatic enough to give it more room on the cover. It is a photo of a painting of the New York Yacht Club's 1881 America's Cup defender *Mischief*. Now if only we could do this in color, but... A different sort of drama appears in the Adirondack Guideboat ad on the back cover, and there, if you choose, you can request an online image in full color, read the ad to find out how.

From the Journals of Constant Waterman



By Matthew Goldman
Constantwaterman.com

When I was in my twenties, I gradually grew wilder and more wild. The old, old woman who lived next door to my parents finally died, and her daughter inherited several acres of marsh and salt hay meadow on the river. This was part of a strip of silty shore, half a mile in length, cut off from the mainland by a tidal pond with an estuary at either end connecting to the river. The local farmers had dumped enough stone into one estuary that their teams could drag their wagons across. Then they would scythe the salt hay for their livestock. "The Old Haying Grounds" they called it. These farmers were old, old men when I was a boy, and they themselves were only boys when their fathers took them out there to scythe the island. All that remained of that stony road was one load of stones with waist deep water rippling above it.

My father bought this parcel of land for fifty dollars and put it in my name. I began to paddle out there as a boy; to fish and swim and run about wild in the woods. The cottonwoods along the bank had grown huge, but cottonwoods, as everyone knows, are nothing more than weeds. The ash and the silver maples had also prospered. Two adults could not reach around the one I named The Great Maple. The trees had long ago shaded out the salt hay. The undergrowth consisted of spicebush and violets and fiddlehead ferns and catbirds.

I built a tiny cabin out there when I was twenty-five. There wasn't another house for nearly a mile in any direction. Sometimes I would paddle up to the island from The Landing. Sometimes I would hide my canoe in the bushes across the pond. I would trot through the woods for two or three miles to get there. I needed to cross paved roads a couple of times, and would hide behind stonewalls till the cars went by. As I said, I was wild. You never know when someone may try to capture you and put you in the zoo. The last half mile I jogged the cart track down Poplar Hill across from the old green farmhouse on River Road.

At the foot of the hill, I'd plunge into the woods where the spring-box hid, and follow the stream that emptied into the pond. A hundred yards back from the bank, I'd uncover my 13' Grumman canoe and drag it from the bushes. A quarter mile paddle across the pond brought me to my landing, but my landing wasn't visible and I meant to keep it that way. If another boat came by, I would nonchalantly paddle out to the river through the estuary and land at the Other Spot.

In the winter, the ice on the pond might grow to be a foot thick. Then again, it might not. The two feet of tide broke up the ice by the shore. Jagged shards on edge skirted the banks. At high tide the water might be knee deep among these shards; at low tide I could walk to the solid ice. I cut an ash sapling twelve feet long, peeled it with a draw-knife, and pounded a steel ferrule onto one end.

When the ice was thin, and it often was where the current ran, I poled my canoe through and over and around the ice. When the ice was thick, I punted across its surface. A sharp keel ran the whole length of my canoe. This made it track well through water or over ice. Sometimes I'd walk across the pond, checking the ice ahead by pounding it with the ferruled end of my pole. I figured that, if I fell through, I could dig the pole into the bottom and then climb up it to safety. The water was mostly six to eight feet deep. Then it would be a race to my cabin to light the woodstove and change into dry clothes before I gradually died from hypothermia. Fortunately, I never needed to execute this drill. And, as no one drowned in the river more than once every five or ten years, I didn't much worry about it.

Now that I'm older and have the benefit of so much wisdom, I suggest you never canoe by yourself in the wild amid the ice. But if you do, and you happen to drown, email me with all the details, and I'll write a story about you.

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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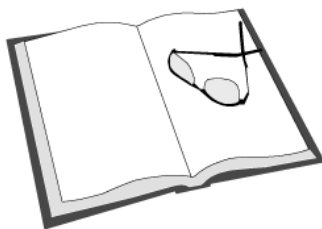
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If George Foy's rationale in *Finding North* could be reduced to a single formula, it would be "life = movement = navigation." Foy starts with the scientific finding that the same structure in our brains responsible for memory is responsible for locating ourselves in space and navigating that space safely. Foy has written before on scientific subjects, but is primarily a teacher of creative writing at NYU and a novelist. There are some beautiful stretches of writing and good story telling in this book, but it can be fragmented and uneven and the reasons crop up by the second chapter.

The second chapter opens, "I teach creative writing and when my students ask me what they should write about I tell them, 'Go back to your blackest fear and use that.' This is not therapy, I hasten to add, but a way to get to the heart of what good writing is about, which is breaking down barriers, personal an otherwise, in order to understand and convey what makes you tick, how other people work. It's easy advice to give, I have found, from experience, it is somewhat harder to follow." (p.13)

That is an understatement because the author slips several times into full blown therapy/introspective befuddlement mode. Foy connects a number of subjects to the phenomenon of navigation, but the one that becomes problematic is the navigation of memory, specifically for the author's memories of his recently deceased brother, Louis. Clearly Louis and George are close and Louis was George's frequent sailing companion. Some of the memories fit and carry the story along, but others break in to leave the narrative ragged and disjointed.

That said, the other aspects of navigation Foy explores are a great ride and a wonder, to be sure. A secret navigation cult in ancient Greece, including an off season trip to their Greek island home, how cells navigate to the correct position in our bodies during fetal development, how prospective babies learn to navigate the bizarrely complex streets of London, a trip to the classified navigational control center of America's GPS satellite system, the complexities of relearning celestial navigation (or more correctly, learning how to do it accurately and consistently for the first time), navigating with traditional sailors in Haiti who use no navigation instruments or charts at all, the notion and prac-



Book Reviews

Finding North

How Navigation Makes Us Human

By George Michelsen Foy
Flatiron Books, New York: 2016
Reviewed by John Nystrom

tice of dead reckoning and not one, but two, voyages of self discovery, one on the Gulf of Maine and the other to find the location and solve the mystery of a 19th century ship sinking that claimed Foy's great great grandfather in Norway.

The author interacts with a lot of people along his way who are concerned with navigation of one sort or another, but the most interesting and most controversial, questions he asks concern the findings of neuroscientists looking at the brain centers involving memory/emotion/navigation vs stimulus/response centers, how Alzheimer's effects the brain and our reliance on electronics and GPS may be doing to our brains. The question being asked is what happens to our brains when the tasks the brain is designed and evolved to do (spatial and mnemonic) are taken over by electronic devices? Are our machines leading us into Alzheimer's and other diseases of the memory? Are we losing a key part (navigation) of what makes us human? I can't answer that in a book review or short article so you'll have to read the book for Foy's take on the issues.

This book (spoiler alert) won't solve any of those questions in under 300 pages, but the questions are being asked, and *Finding North* is about as entertaining a means to start exploring them as someone can come up with. A bunch of supposedly smart people have given this book strong reviews and most of the Amazon reviews are five stars (only one other reader and I gave it something a bit more realistic). At about the second chapter I was ready to eviscerate this book, but after a few more chapters I was willing to give George the benefit of the doubt, and before the end decided this was worth the read.

George Foy is one of us, not a messabouter but a guy who owns an old and experienced sailboat that needs some loving care but has a lot of nautical miles left in her. As for those folks who gave the book five stars, I don't think I'd want to take a long voyage on a small boat with any of them, but I would spend a week or more out on the water with George Foy and have a good time doing it. I'm even going to track down some of his novels (probably the boat and water related ones) and expect that I just might have a pretty good time.

(Book review ended, and this is a bit of a side track, but here goes. One way we might classify boaters is what sort of magazine or reading material would we guess that practitioner of the nautical arts would be most drawn to, for example, would they pick up *Boating* or *Megayacht* as their first choice at the news stand or go for *Small Craft Advisor* or *WoodenBoat* as first choice? The boater who is reading *Messing About in Boats* or *Duckworks* is a whole different creature than the guy checking out the latest PWC reviews or who is drawn to a cover photo of the latest and most bizarre Clorox bottle, whether sail powered or sporting four 300+ horse outboards on the transom. My guess is that George M. Foy would be a *Good Old Boat* reader. I like to think that puts him on our side if you think of boating in those terms. Not the kind of guy pulling a big wake in a no wake zone or ignoring the safety of other boaters. End of rant).

(Editor Comments: Yes, I know I did a review of this book in the November issue but John's review tells you a lot more about the book while I just raved about it.)

What the Publisher Says

Elegant by design and spectacular in performance, the thirty six iconic Herreshoff boats showcased in *HERRESHOFF: American Masterpieces* signify the very best of what nautical craftsmanship has to offer. I am excited to present you with a sample of the magnificent photographs and original drawings contained in *HERRESHOFF*, a book that celebrates some of the most beautiful boats that grace our waters.

The Herreshoff Manufacturing Company constructed the most thrilling, innovative and graceful boats ever built in the United States, not only lavish yachts and thoroughbred racing classes but also daysailers and dinghies, weekend cruisers and motor launches. Marine historian Maynard Bray and Herreshoff expert Claas van der Linde, in collaboration with renowned nautical photographer Benjamin Mendlowitz, present in *HERRESHOFF* the very finest of the Herreshoff designs afloat today with insightful commentary on design evolution in every facet from lines to displacement to hardware, accompanied by fullcolor images of each

HERRESHOFF: American Masterpieces

W. W. Norton & Company
November 2016 - \$100 Hardcover
ISBN 978-0-393-08909-7
13.5"x11", 200 Pgs, 200 Color Illustrations
Reviewed by Bob Hicks

vessel as well as unique color reproductions of Herreshoff's own archival plans and drawings. *HERRESHOFF* serves as a testament to the artistry and history behind some of the world's most gorgeous boats, unparalleled in their exceptional construction and beauty.

Maynard Bray has authored many books on the subject of wooden boats, including the classic *Book of Wooden Boats*, and Benjamin Mendlowitz is America's premier photographer of wooden boats. Both live in Maine. Claas van der Linde compiled the *Herreshoff Catalogue Raisonne*. He lives in Switzerland and sails in Maine.

What the Reviewer Says

A careful reading of the above reveals that we received a "sample of the magnificent photographs and original drawings contained in *Herreshoff...*", 12 full size full color pages featuring the pretty impressive stuff put together by this top writer and photographer team in the classic wooden boat game. Judging from this sample, it's no wonder that the whole \$100 book wasn't in that box from Norton, review copies of this level of quality and price don't get spread around to all and sundry who might review them.

Being familiar with the work of Maynard Bray and Benjamin Mendlowitz (I do not know Claas van der Linde) and viewing this sample in all its full size glory, I feel confident in stating that anyone with the \$100 and a true love of Herreshoff's work would find the book a good investment. Yes it's what could be viewed as a coffee table book, but it's our kind of coffee table book about boats we can only dream about.

I have a recipe for peach cobbler that a man from Estifanulga gave me about 1982. He was a slave. It wasn't 1860 or anything and the man wasn't even black, but he was a sure enough slave. I met him while the little tug I was working on was towing barges of gasoline and fuel oil out of the huge refinery at Pascagoula in Mississippi Sound. We towed two barges through the Alabama WPA ditch and the Wimico wiggles down the Jackson River to its confluence with the mighty Apalachicola. When we got there we met the *Roulette*, a homemade paddlewheel pushboat that could sometimes, eventually, push one of our barges all the way up through the locks into Lake Seminole and on up the Chattahoochee as far as Columbus, Georgia. We would tow the other barge across the Gulf and then up the pretty little Withlacoochee River to the tank farm in Yankeetown between Cedar Key and Crystal River.

Roulette was an unusual boat, made by a mean old man specially to navigate the powerful and crooked Apalachicola. It was just a low, steel flatboat covered by a screen porch. There was a little shaky wheelhouse on the tin roof of the porch so the wheel man could see over the barge and an old wore out EMD railroad locomotive engine sitting naked, on deck, right in the middle, that drove the reduction gears for the two side wheels through two enormous greasy roller chains running off each end of a semi truck rear axle.

That axle was the key to the whole thing. The boat was steered (powerfully, I'll give him that) by working the air brakes on each end of the axle, first one side and then the other, with little rocker valves located all over the boat. There was even one steering valve beside the rusty, dangerous looking LP gas stove up under the wheelhouse, so the old man who was captain, owner and inventor of the thing could steer while he was cooking his dinner. He was so mean that most of the time he couldn't get anybody to stay on there with him to cook, make up barges, pour oil in the old engine, grease the chains, change the carbons in the searchlight and fix the roof and screen wire, but toward the last he had this man from Estifanulga working as a slave on there.

This was back before insurance companies outlawed towing on the short line in inshore waters. Short tow is the cheapest and easiest way to handle a barge. You ain't always breaking all those cables and knocking all those big scabs of rust off the boat and the barge trying to make up to the stern to push. The boat can run a real short crew because all they had to do to work the barge was to take in or let out on the towline to suit the conditions of the sea or the river. Some inshore boats ran, at least some of the time, with only two men, one in the wheelhouse and one to work the engines and barges, cook and catch a little snooze when he could before his turn in the wheelhouse.

Even some little seagoing tugs like us had to do that when it was too cold and rough to attract a crew, but it was tough. Towing on the short line in narrow and shallow water is dangerous. Lots of tugs were run over or tripped upside down and towed under by the barges after they messed up and ran aground right there in front of the tow. Though the few pushboats like *Roulette* (there never was another one of those), that worked the Apalachicola River had to make up astern of the barge and push because the river is so swift and tricky that running aground is the usual

Remembering Robb White

By Tim Weaver

It's now been ten years since Robb White's sudden death at 63 after ten years of sharing his wonderful stories with us. Readers who recall Robb's writings will understand our loss, those who have joined us since 2006 might come to understand this should they choose to read this series of five of what I consider to be his best work.

The Slave's Recipe

...in which I do a little more tugging, get involved in a criminal conspiracy and get locked up for murder... and learn a new recipe... and satisfy a lifelong curiosity...
a long story

business, they could get by with short crews since they could push and take a nap anytime they wanted to and only had to work the barge once per trip. Which, that business was a little tricky in this situation.

As soon as we got a lull in the barge transferring operation with the *Roulette*, the slave would swarm on board of our boat to swap porno magazines. Deckhands get tired of looking at the same old naked gals all the time. I guess that's a pretty good rule about relationships with women in general, even real ones. If you don't love them, before long you get tired of looking at them even when they are naked.

There wasn't much opportunity for conversation during the normal barge transfer, we would idle as slowly upstream as we could and still stay between the banks with both barges (sometimes three) on the short line while the *Roulette* tried to catch up and make up to the after barge, sort of like the copulation attempts of a string of ducks. As soon as he got the wires over the bits, the enslaved deckhand would run up the barges, monkeying from one to the other on the intermediate towlines and their wire bridles and come oil us, hand over hand down the hawser like an orangutan with his magazines clenched in his teeth.

While all these acrobatics were going on, the *Roulette's* captain screamed and hollered back there about how he wanted to get tightened up to his tow and turned loose. Once or twice the deckhand had to swim back and got his new sweethearts wet when the old man got so mad he boiled out of his wheelhouse onto the barge and himself threw off the intermediate towline between the two barges. Once the slave traded a magazine whose theme was devoted to very buxom (some could even be called fat) redheaded naked ladies with freckles and I was able to satisfy a curiosity that I have had since childhood.

One trip, when the river was low, we had to tie up to the *Roulette* long enough to visit a little. The reason that happened was because when it got dry in the fall there wasn't enough water for a full barge to go all the way to Columbus, even with that old wigglesome *Roulette* hunting the deep water. We would tie up alongside and pump half (or whatever the old turd thought he could handle) the gasoline out of one of our barges into the empty one that they had brought back. It usually took about four or five hours.

The slave deckhand from the other boat would stay in our galley and eat up the leftovers, drink coffee and try to read all the porno magazines (hundreds, some from back in the 40s, ghastly stuff) that were stored under the galley seats while he gossiped with the cook (me, I alternated between cooking, decking, engineering and in the wheelhouse, depending on the season and how pissed off they were about the last time I quit). He told me his story and gave me the recipe that I cooked up for dessert that night and made a big hit with our gourmet crew.

He got to be a slave because he had run off from the state mental hospital and the word was out. That hundred or so miles on the river below the Jim Woodruff dam is just like one small town. All he would have had to do would have been to stop hiding in the swamp long enough for some sister's brother to catch a little glimpse and it would be back to Chattahoochee for him. The reason he got committed was that he had a certain attractiveness and willingness to fornicate frequently around the neighborhood. Then he would slap his thigh, laugh loudly about it and defend himself capably when confronted by the family of the willing girl.

He had simply messed with the wrong people and got into a situation of local legal manipulation that was beyond him. Bad as it was, it wasn't as bad as it could have been. Some of these old daddies will shoot a man for that. I know it may sound callous and opinion has no place in a story like this, but it might not be such a bad thing. Some girls go through a little spell where they don't seem to be able to use their own good sense and are liable to get pregnant before they are ready. If a man has to think about old daddy (or old granddaddy) and that thirty-thirty, he might pay a little more attention to what he is doing. Wouldn't be so many women who can't take good care of their children and maybe not so many people in places like Chattahoochee like this man. He wasn't a bad person, just a reckless young fool. All he needed was something to make him think, like he had now.

As a fugitive from the mental hospital, he was hanging around the empty barge we left tied to the black gum (*Nyssa aquatica*, "tupelo" to real native Floridians) trees where the *Roulette* came to swap and lie followed the pushboat upriver. At that time the old captain was working the boat all by his mean assed self and he had to tie up to the bushes every night to eat his supper and take his little nap. His evening ritual was that he would steer with his air valve by the stove while he cooked supper to get as many miles as he could in the few days when the dam's electricity gates were open and the river was navigable. The poor, hard bitten, hungry fugitive ran through the bushes (strolled would be a more appropriate word, old *Roulette* wasn't no real bank washer) and smelled the cooking. After the old man pushed up for the night, the escapee slipped on board and ate up the scraps and left a few little coon turds around the deck so the old man would misblame the theft.

Before long the old man caught the man coming for his supper and blackmailed him into being a non paid hand. With two people running the boat, watch and watch, the old *Roulette* managed to run 24 hours a day during the short times that the river was navigable and things worked pretty good for everybody but the slave. I would have busied in and done something about it if I

had thought it was the right thing to do, but the state hospital wasn't near as nice a place as the *Roulette*. Shoot, in those days it wasn't even as good as Tate's Hell swamp and I'm not so sure it's any better now.

Finally we rusted out so bad that the company had to put our old boat in dry dock over in Mobile to half sole the bottom one more time. What we had been doing was driving wood stobs in the rusty holes. When the old (just about in as bad shape as our boat) floating dry dock they had in Mobile finally got enough water pumped out so the old boat's bottom was visible, all those stobs sticking out of all that rust put me in mind of some old World War II mines that you used to see in the movies.

We stayed in the dry dock for a long time. The crew hung around in the galley all the time and got on my nerves and I had to take a plate once or twice. (It was a tradition on there that if a man complained about the food, the cook could snatch up his plate and substitute a paper plate, a can of Vienna sausages and a stack of old roachy saltines.) I went to town a couple of times and I walked up and down the riverbank but I soon got tired of all the nastiness of Mobile and took my sock full of change and caught the bus back home.

I have been doing things like that off and on for most of my life. I worked on that same old boat a bunch of separate times for many years. I don't remember exactly what I did after I quit while they were in dry dock in Mobile. I think I drove the bus for the senior citizen's center for the summer and worked on the boat in the shop (I always have a boat in my shop, no matter what) in my off time. Anyway, when the winter came I figured the old tug would finally be back on the job and shorthanded because of the mean conditions of the Yankeetown run when it was cold and rough. I sort of got along with the old captain who had been on there ever since the boat had been built in 1948, and even though he would get pretty pissed when I walked off, he would put me back on if I showed up grinning, in January.

He was kind of comical about it. He would shuffle around and around in the bedroom slippers he wore all the time to try to stave off his terrible gout and work his false teeth first one cockeyed way and then the other. Finally, after he had jammed his hands down in all his pockets and snatched them back out again like he had felt something hot down in there, he would stammer his same old speech about how he ought to be ashamed of himself for encouraging sorryness, "But goddamned people were so goddamned spoiled with the government hand-outs (not that you got to have none of that money, you sorry assed bastard, you) that you just couldn't get nobody that would work no goddamned more."

I got on as engineer this time. I was overjoyed about it. My old nemesis hadn't quit. He was a lifer with the company, just like the old captain, but my being on there put him on one of the other crews and I didn't have to associate with the mean son of a bitch. This little tug tried to keep three complete crews, captain, engineer and cook/deckhand. They worked 20 days on and ten days off. On the boat, it was four hours on and four off and, except for big deals like sinking barges and bad weather, there was only one crew on duty at the time. It was possible to completely avoid somebody on another crew

if you wanted to. I turned the mattress over and settled right back in again.

Some things were different. First, though, we were still on the Yankeetown run, we were towing straight out of the refinery at Chalmette, just below New Orleans. While the boat was in dry dock the company had leased a Louisiana delta boat, commonly called "Coon Ass" boats for some bastardization of one name for French speaking south Louisianans, which circuitous etymological trail has long been lost. If you decide to add that to your vocabulary, watch yourself because there is another branch of French speakers in that state who call themselves "Creoles" and neither group likes to be confused with the other and nobody down there likes the English to overstep themselves.

The delta boat was to take on the intra-coastal work. The New Orleans boat was experienced with big, swift, crooked rivers and they soon shooed the old *Roulette* off the Apalachicola and started taking the gas to Bainbridge and Columbus and St Marks all in the same trip, in a route just like a potato chip truck. As soon as that happened the old turd who owned the *Roulette* promptly went bankrupt and got a job abusing people at the state hospital in Chattahoochee. The slave hit the river swamp again.

On my first ten days off (we worked 20 on and ten off) I went down there to see if I could find out what it would take to buy that old *Roulette* from the court. I found out that the boat was sunk up in a slough just off the Jackson river and would probably go pretty cheap. I borrowed a skiff boat and went to see what kind of shape the machinery was in. When I got there, I was in for a surprise.

First, only most of the hull was sunk. All the guts and the screen wire part were still sticking up above the surface (at least at that stage of the river). I wandered around looking at the junk and thinking how I could have the damn thing back to running in about two days if I could get a big pump down there, when I noticed a little pig tied by one leg to the stove. I poked around a little and found a dry box of matches and a small stash of porno magazines and I knew what was up. I left in the skiff like I was going back to Apalach, then I slipped back on the bank and caught the ex-slave feeding crawfish and fish heads to his pig.

I spent the night on there with him and we caught some stumpknockers (that's a river bream with little black specks all over him like he had already been peppered) and one speckled perch (that's "black crappie" to some) to go with his palm cabbage for supper. We got to talking about his prospects. Though the wreck of the *Roulette* was a good camp for him, it was sort of exposed to traffic in the river and the wheelman of every tugboat that came by felt obligated to study it intensely with the carbon arc light (a very intense light). He said that fishermen were starting to come displace him on weekends to stay in the screen wire and run trot lines and drink beer. "Wouldn't leave a full can behind for nothing," said the ex-slave. He was wondering about the prospects of getting on with us. "Y'all still got all them magazines under the seat in the galley? Reckon I'd get caught?" he wondered.

"Yeah, we still got every single one and you probably would get caught but nobody would pay any attention to it. Everybody looks at those magazines," says me.

"Naw, goddammit, I mean do you think

somebody would find out who I was and send me back to Chattahoochee? Ain't no telling what that old asshole would do to me if I got locked up in there with him."

We talked about the isolation of the tank farm in Yankeetown and how we never had much communication with any boat in the Gulf and, after I told him a thing or two about New Orleans, he decided to take a chance.

He went to Chalmette and got on with one of the other crews as cook. I wanted to warn him about that mean engineer but there was hardly any opportunity. Besides, I figured, if he could deal with the captain of the *Roulette* he wouldn't have any trouble with the second engineer of our boat. But it was a complicated situation and the way things turned out, it would probably have been best if he had known how it was on there.

The old captain had a cataract operation that turned out not to be very satisfactory because of some disorder of the retina of both eyes. He was pretty close to his retirement time when all this happened and he knew he had to keep plugging until then. I don't know how he worked it but he managed to keep his license, even though he could barely see the bow of the barge. The mean engineer had been with him all that time. When the captain got so that he couldn't see, he and the engineer just sort of swapped jobs. When I was on the crew with them, I handled the boat in the refinery and at Yankeetown and didn't tell anybody.

When I wasn't on there the engineer knocked down the pilings at the refinery and Yankeetown and rooted up the trees along the river. I ought to give the devil his due. He was a pretty good wheelman. He wasn't the ace that I am or the old captain when he could still see, but he could, in his slow and sloppy way, get the barge to the dock. He didn't have a license and it would have been hell to pay if he had hit anything, but as the old captain had said, "What the fuck they going to do, pull my license and take my goddamn Cadillac? Hell, I'm 70 years old. I got \$30, I'll catch the goddamn bus just like you with yo' sorry ass. Just go live with my daughter, at least she can cook."

I said, "Look out now. Don't be complaining about the cooking. You would starve to death before you could work that first Vienna sausage out of the can as blind as you are and you never would get them saltines gummed open."

The whole criminal conspiracy would have worked fine except for one thing. The engineer was one of those damned aggressive, dangerous sodomites like you find in jails. That's how the fugitive managed to get hired so easy. There are supposed to be three men on each crew. Because of the engineer, there was usually a vacancy on that one. Mostly that was no problem because the short towline method required a minimum of decking and both the captain and engineer were old hands at it. After the engineer ran off each new deckhand, the boat just ran shorthanded until another desperate fool like me or the fugitive showed up.

When our crew went to relieve the old captain's crew, including the new cook-deckhand from his very first trip, the boat was waiting to lock out of the Mississippi into the Gulf. There were a bunch of New Orleans policemen in the galley talking to the old captain and the new cook-deckhand and drinking coffee. All the business was tended to already and the crew change out went normally except that the mean engineer was not

there to be relieved. The old captain and the ex-slave got in the old raggedy company car that we had come in and drove away. The way the locking was going, it looked like I might have time to set the valves on one engine before our turn came, so I didn't get into any of the discussions but went straight down to the engine room to try to do something during that rare time when the engines weren't running. As it turned out, we had to go in the lock before I got all the valve covers back on and I had to start the engine and just let the oil run down.

By the time I got it all wiped up and washed off (never a drop in the bilge) and I had a chance to come up, we were already through the lock and it was time to put the barges on the towline (barges have to be made up to push in the locks no matter what kind of hotshot short tow man you think you are). Turned out that all the hullabaloo with the law was because the old captain's engineer had disappeared while they were tied up in Chalmette at the refinery. Couldn't find him anywhere. One theory was that he might have gone ashore and got messed up. I doubted that. The mean assed bastard never went ashore. I always thought it was because he was afraid somebody might decide to find out just how much there was to him with all his big talk.

As It turned out later there wasn't quite enough. We found out that his body washed up in the bushes along the bank of one of the distributaries down in the delta. He had been cut wide open (right through the belt) with a real sharp knife. The way we found out about it was that the Coast Guard sent a helicopter to intercept us way out in the middle of the Gulf. They said on the radio that they wanted "the deckhand." They let this man down on a 1/4" cable in a bosun's chair to pick up the suspect. It was hard to communicate with him after he got down because of the racket of the helicopter and the feeling from that machine gun they had up there looking right down our noses. I was volunteered to go with him since I was the closest thing to a "deckhand" they had.

It took a long time in New Orleans, what with my crew and alibi still on the boat plugging for Yankeetown. I don't want to issue no sweeping prejudicial statement, but it's not good to get locked up in New Orleans even if you aren't the right man. I was lucky and able to stay single because of my age and the ferocity of my response to proposals, which was taken as comical by the old hands in the jail.

I finally got turned loose when my momma called up some people she knew down in the parish. Everybody apologized and went on and on about how they didn't know I was a friend of Mr this and Miss that. By the time they finally got hot on the trail of the fugitive from Estifanulga, he was hid out back in Tate's Hell Swamp. I don't guess he would have stood a chance if they could have sent a real delta swat team up there, but those regular old Florida good ole boy refugees from the big screen TV and the can of beer couldn't get far enough from the four wheel drive and the metal flake bass boat to find him.

The embarrassment of the Coast Guard fiasco where they picked up a man from the wrong crew and the frequentness of a dead asshole floating up in the Mississippi River sort of cooled the pursuit after a while. I got transferred onto the old captain's crew and took over in the wheelhouse just about like the dead engineer. It was a good winter over-

all, sort of calm some trips. The old captain, without the burden of his regular engineer, hired a good man for the engine room and took over as the unofficial cook-deckhand. I couldn't help teasing him a little because his reactions were so comical, but I only got my plate taken once or twice.

Actually, he was a pretty good cook, even made lasagna. About the only thing I could think of to complain about was how often we had that damned peach cobbler recipe that the slave had given us. Even though I was engineer, I had to make a few lemon meringue pies just to break the monotony. You know, a hint of diesel fuel don't hurt a pie all that much.

Two men from South Carolina bought the *Roulette* from the court, put it about half-way back together and skirted around in the shallow water next to the woods between Apalach and Tarpon Springs to take it around the peninsula through the Keys. They were trying to get to the Dismal Swamp Canal where they thought they would get rich pushing in that shallow water. The whole thing was a desperate, low budget operation.

When they got to the Keys they messed up and went through, under the bridge, at channel five and into the Atlantic. I guess they were thinking that they would just ride the Gulf Stream up to the Carolinas like the big ships do and save fuel, but the waves started batting the back sides of the paddle-wheels and stripped the pinion out of the differential in the truck axle and the whole mess washed up on a pretty coral reef and tore up hundreds of years of work by the tiny commensal polyps. Four or five agencies of the government tried to fine them to help pay for the salvage operation, but those fools didn't have anything to pay a fine with.

Things got to running so smooth on our old boat that it got boring. Some of the crew even went together and bought a damned TV. Fortunately we were out of range on most of the Yankeetown run, but it finally got so that the most exciting thing on there was trying to find the place to drive another stob in the bottom. When I finally got tired of standing up there in the wheelhouse listening to all those people with cartoon character voices on the radio and decided to jump ship again, the old, blind, toothless captain still had about seven or eight months to go to get his pension. I was itching to go (had complete, full size patterns for a set of molds for a sailboat under my mattress) but I couldn't leave the old man in such a fix as that. What he needed was a good reliable wheelman who didn't communicate with the authorities too much. Soon as crew change came, I went to Apalach and borrowed the same skiff boat as the other time and headed up the river.

It was spring by then and the mighty Apalachicola was high and swift from all the rain. It took me a long time to get up beyond the mouth of the Jackson River because I had to stop to dump the water out of that silly assed, aluminum, butt head skiff (called, appropriately, a "honkey drownder" by black folks around here) a bunch of times. It had metal fatigued and split all along the bottom of the transom and the duct tape was coming loose. Once I had to take the spark plugs out of the nine point nine when I waited too long and the boat sank and immersed the engine. It was dark and cold when I finally came to the place where we used to tie up the *Roulette's* empty barge. It didn't take me long to smell smoke and slip up on my man so I could back

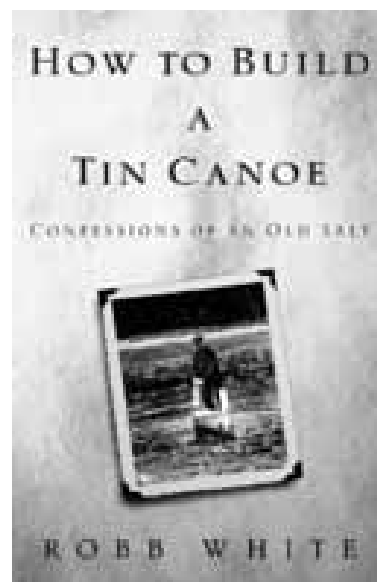
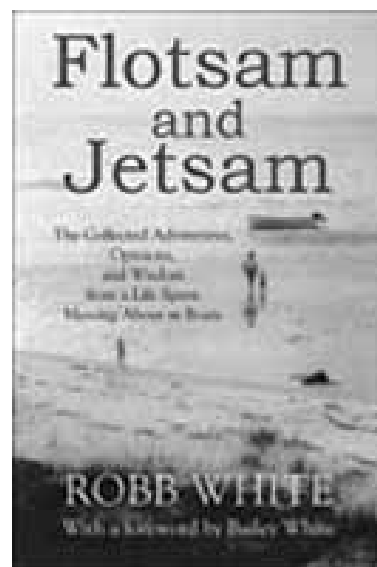
up to his fire while we cut us a deal.

The last time I saw him was in New Orleans. He was driving the captain's old Cadillac convertible down the street, just as bold as brass. He had two very fat, freckle faced, redheaded ladies in the backseat holding up those little celluloid whirligig propellers like we used to give children at parties a long time ago. I couldn't tell if they were coming from a party or if it was just getting started.

Here is the slave's recipe:

Peach Cobbler

While you preheat the oven, put the frying pan on top of the stove and melt one whole stick of butter in it (I said butter, not yellow colored Crisco which, during WWII, they packaged the coloring stuff separately, ain't got it the right color yet). While the butter is melting, open two cans of peaches and drink the juice out of one can. Pour the rest, peaches and syrup, in with the butter and turn off the fire. Broadcast a whole handful of flour, more or less evenly, on top of the butter and peaches, then sprinkle a whole handful of sugar on top of that. Poke it around a little bit but don't stir. Put the frying pan in the oven and look at the porno magazines until the sugar gets good and brown. It'll make you fat if you don't look out but it won't make you redheaded and freckled all over.



A plan has been coming together. Slowly. I've been working up to this idea for about a decade now. Surprising that it's taken this long, but it has. 2017 is the year it's supposed to all happen. Mostly what's left is to get the word out. So here goes.

Dan's Adventure Cruises 2017

By Dan Rogers
DanAshore@conceptcable.com



First, a basic observation. Not one of us is younger this year than we were last year. For many of us things hurt that didn't used to hurt. As a result it's harder now to get enthused about stuff. Inertia is beginning to set in. "Maybe next time" becomes the chorus of a song that once sounded more like "On the road again..." Yep, time is passing.



This is an offer you really shouldn't refuse. Actually, a series of offers. I honestly don't know of anybody else who has made a proposal quite like this. I have no way to judge what "success" might be. I'll leave that up to you.

Under the sponsorship and encouragement of TSCA, Puget Sound Chapter, I have already scheduled at least five, and it could grow to possibly six or even more, group cruises for this coming year. One each month from March on through September. And not just any cruise, these events are gonna all be in GOD'S COUNTRY. Yep.



Each trip will be to a different lake. Each a different sort of adventure, some with amenities like docks and resorts, some quite rustic. Hopefully something for everybody. Something for you and me.



This is the year! You really should make plans to hitch up your boat, pack your gear and come to this absolute gem of a place. I've chosen a hundred mile radius from where I live in NE Washington State to put on this series of events for a couple pretty compelling reasons. First off, this is just about the best place for small boat ventures there is. We've got mountains and forests and just plain lots and lots of navigable water. It doesn't get too hot. We don't really even know how to spell hoomidity. Crowds and traffic? Nope. Heck, "gridlock" here in our local metropolis of Newport, Washington, is when a log truck has to stop for the train

crossing (once a day) in front of our Safeway store. People are friendly and there ain't all so many of 'em. The water's clear and warm enough for swimming. The beaches are perfect for camping.



Just for the record, I've sailed small boats on all three of our coasts. Hawaii, a bunch. Even the Philippines. It don't get a lot better than right here in North Idaho. And this is the year!

I've been chronicling on these pages my building a "bunkhouse barge" that is central to this invitation. I further invite you to follow along our upcoming adventure trips vicariously. I dig vicarious adventures. The reports on these cruises will continue apace this coming season but wouldn't you rather be a part of those adventures, up close and PERSONAL?



TSCA Puget Sound Chapter Mini Cruise Plan for Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho March to September 2017

OK, here comes a pretty big admission, especially for a guy who completely wings it when it comes to building boats. Heck, I take it as a point of honor to never know what one of those projects is gonna look like "until it's done..." And this present epistle has a lot to do with my latest Frankenwerke product, *Mobius*, the gonna be fleet clubhouse and "bunkhouse barge." A complete expression of the discovery learning school of boat creation.

As I write this today is the beginning of the week that ends with one of the oldest and most celebrated of all the American holidays, the one where the Pilgrims got together and pushed and shoved their way to the table to get the best prices on punkins and turkeys and stuff like that. You know the one, Black Friday. It's still only November, winter hasn't even really gotten started here in Almostcanada and I've already got a PLAN together that reaches all the way into next football season. Here's hoping this radical departure will make a difference to you or somebody who you know.

A bunch of us have already gotten a calendar together that schedules boat shows, messabouts, raids and cruises for what we loosely call the 2017 Season. There's hardly any snow on the conterminous forty

eight and we're already deep into "organizing" each and every moment in the warmer months yet to come. This sort of thing takes place all over the nation, but the portion of the pie that I'm gonna spend the next little while detailing has to do with connecting people and boats with some truly spectacular places to "show up, launch and shove off."

This all fits in a pretty tight little triangle bounded by forty-eight-oh-seven north/one-eighteen-twelve west, forty-seven-twenty-nine north/one-sixteen-forty-seven west and forty-eight-forty-seven north/one-sixteen-forty-seven west, a triangle of rivers, lakes, mountains and trees. A different place, a different theme, a DIFFERENT ADVENTURE each month. And the hard part for me is to add literally one event a month (from March through September) to an already busy calendar. Hence the need for a PLAN.

As the first trip of the season, of a series that are supposed to move around in a widening circle, we'll begin at the very spot that through bit of lexical legerdemain I managed to get designated the epicenter of local yachting this past February. Buried in the "prepared" announcements that I provided to our local elected officials to read at Miss Kathleen's commissioning ceremony was the pronouncement that the Pend d' Oreille River, as it crosses from Idaho into Washington, is the one true headwaters of the Pacific Ocean. Yep. Right here in little ol' Newport, Washington/Oldtown, Idaho. That's where this one will commence. Where Highway 2, that connects tidewater Washington State with the rock ribbed soul of Maine, and Highway 41, that you could follow more or less all the way to Mexico City, collide.

The "It's All Downhill from Here" cruise March 17-20, 2017, is going to be a good opportunity to commission a new boat (or boats, if yours needs an official naming ceremony, too, perhaps.) *Mobius*, the new "fleet clubhouse" should be ready to support this first event of the busy 2017 season. She will be in need of a proper commissioning and naming ceremony. This will be held at high noon on Friday, March 17. Immediately following we will launch and moor all the participant boats at the Rotary Park floats and adjourn to the Riverfront Restaurant immediately across the river.

First night moored in Oldtown with options of sleeping aboard, in adjacent RV parking or local motel. These shots are from the same time this past year at various spots along the route.



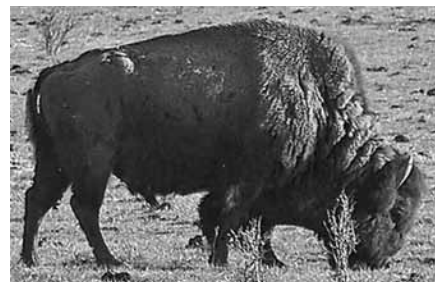
And to be completely honest, this next shot was taken at the end point or turn around of the March cruise a few weeks earlier in 2016.



But hey, all part of the adventure. And some things are not up to us to be able to predict.



Basic cruise plan: Sail, motor, paddle, row DOWNSTREAM for approximately 15 miles. Probable max current in the 2-3 knot range, slows as river widens out. Nights on the river will be rafted up and/or beached at public access points along the route (Water Trail.) We have ample trailer storage at the put-in and can shuttle back from the downstream point. Planned route from Oldtown, Idaho, to Cusick, Washington. This is either the turn around point or end point depending upon weather and whim. Either way, hot showers and a large swimming pool await us across the river and next to the buffalo herd at the Kootenai Tribal center.



Think of this trip as a "rustic cruise." But never far from civilization.

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Delaware River Chapter of the Traditional Small Craft Association November 2016

Congratulations to All Delaware River Chapter TSCA Winners at the MASCF

Photographs By Bill Covert, Ken Tweed and Frank Stauss

The weather was wet, very windy and just plain nasty. But that didn't stop the participants of the 2016 Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festival from having a GREAT time. Take a look at the following photographs and judge for yourself.



Tent Row



Gray Skies



Baguette



Seven Stars



Forgot the Plug?



Nasty Skies



Skin on Frame Kayak Construction



Dan Noble Built a Beauty



Bernard Crew



Photo Finish for Pete Peters



Prettiest Boat in the Race



Ducker Presentation



Motley Crew: L to R, Ron Gryn, Ken Tweed, Frank Stauss, Ron Gibbs, John Guidera, Carl Weissinger Bill Covert and George Loos.

Sailing Race

Sloop Category: 3rd Harold Bernard

2 Masts A Category: 2nd Jim Arthur

1 Sail A Category: 1st Pete Peters

1 Sail B Category: 1st Tom Shephard, 3rd Paul Skalka

Last Class: 3rd Ted Kilsdond

Judging

Traditional Construction Coquina Class: 1st- Jim Arthur

Paddling Craft: 2nd Ted Kilsdond, 3rd Harold Bernard

Paddling Craft Honorable Mention: Ted Kilsdond

Members of the Norumbega Chapter WCHA gathered on the banks of the Nashua River in Groton, Massachusetts, on September 10 for an excursion down the river to the dam at East Pepperell and back. We met at the boat launch on the north side of Route 119 and avoided the canoe launch on the south side of the bridge that features sharp rip rap that is not all that inviting for wood and canvas canoes. We had five folks show up in three wood and canvas canoes. Roger Andrews brought his circa 1920 Kingsbury courting canoe that he has been lovingly restoring. New Norumbega members Doug and Janet Moffat from Stow, Massachusetts, brought their 1927 18' Old Town Guide Special. Doug had spent a great deal of time restoring the Guide Special as well. Their nephew, Nick Smith, took a red eye flight all the way from San Francisco just to paddle with the Norumbegas (actually he was in town for work, but I am sure he had fun). Finally, Sadie dog and I brought a new to me 1965 17' Chestnut Cronje Cruiser for its inaugural run.

We met several powerboat fisherman and their families at the launch. They admired the wooden canoes and had some had questions about Roger's unique courting canoe with stunning 48" long, antique, book matched, Honduran mahogany decks.

Norumbega Nashua River Trip

Report & Photos by John Fitzgerald
Reprinted from Norumbega Chapter
WCHA Newsletter

This is not your typical Coleman! Roger has carefully preserved the original decks during his restoration. Stories of the heyday of wooden canoes on the Charles River with young men racing and sharing the cockpit of the courting canoes with young ladies and parasols were offered.

Doug shared the story of his restoration of his 1927 Old Town Guide Special. It is a fine canoe with the lines of a serious tripping canoe. He replaced numerous ribs, some planking and canvas and it showed its heritage on the water.

We divided our party into the boats and headed downstream. This section of the Nashua has many turns and oxbows and it is easy to lose your way as you navigate into false passages and the ends of broken bows. The section below the put in was largely weed free but, as the river opened up, the water chestnuts, milfoil and duckweed choked the wider sections of the river.

Our passage was marked only by a path of open water left by the bass fishermen and power boaters. The odor of decaying vegetation followed us in a few areas. Doug and Nick crossed the "T" of one bend through the massive bed of vegetation and shortened the paddle. I was discouraged and had visions of upsetting in the quagmire.

This part of the Nashua was advertised as a birders' paradise and it did not disappoint. Immediately the bird life was apparent. Kingfishers, families of swans, ducks, geese and eagles were spotted. The young mute swans were a mottled tan color, having not reached the bright white of maturity. A large mature eagle and what appeared to be two immature eagles were spotted flying from perches in the tall white pines and dead trees bordering the river.

At the halfway point the Moffat family, knowing of an ice cream shop right near the dam in E Pepperill, took a short walk on the Nashua River bike trail for provisions. Roger and I guarded the canoes and entertained Sadie until their return.

Conversation on the return trip to the landing revealed that Janet and I have good mutual friends in Colorado. We were both guests at their wedding 18 years ago at a summer camp on Lake Champlain. The world of wooden canoes is a small world indeed!



Doug and Nick leading the way through the weeds in the 1927 Old Town Guide Special, Janet pointing out the young mute swans from the bow of the 1965 Chestnut Cronje.

From left to right: Nick Smith visiting from California, Roger Andrews, Doug Moffat and Janet Moffat. Roger's Kingsbury courting canoe and Doug's Guide Special were popular at the boat ramp.



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Traditional Boat of the Month Norwegian Faering

In honor of the Norwegians arriving in a longship at the Seaport last November, this month's TBOM is the Faering, by Iain Oughtred, his first, the 15' Elf. Nic Compton, in his book, *Iain Oughtred, a Life in Wooden Boats*, states that Iain does not make any great claims for her sailing ability under sprit rig but he was very impressed by her performance under oars, particularly in rough seas. Faerings were originally built without benefit of plans, the builders instead relied on rules of thumb handed down from one generation to the next. Iain Oughtred waited 20 years as a designer before tackling such an iconic traditional design, but you can see from the lines that he got it right. Until recently there have been very few plans available for an amateur or non indigenous builder.

Iain's faerings, as well as the Shetland yoles which followed, use modern materials, high grade marine plywood and epoxy to build a watertight hull that can live on modern trailers as well as swing to a mooring. He gets a lot of shape out of three planks to a side (all the way from keel to sheer). The ends have uplifted stems crying out for dragon heads to be attached and canted frames called "rongs" to stiffen bow and stern.

They ship four oars, of course (faering means "four oared"). The thwarts on Elf are a bit close, if the oar persons get even a bit out of sync kidney punches are involved as my



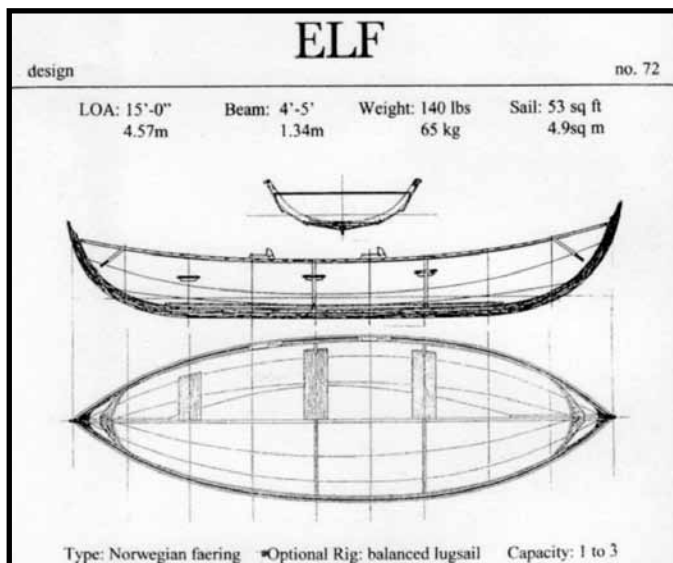
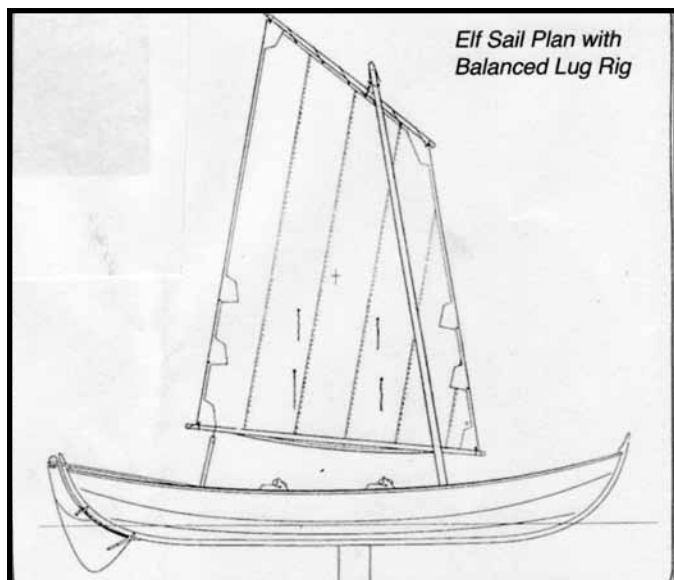
<https://www.facebook.com/www.jgtsc.org>

son-in-law and daughter can attest. But this boat really goes and is sooo seaworthy.

As with many of Oughtred's designs, Elf evolved into other designs. The 15' Elf morphed into a '16'6" Elfyn which was in turn adopted for traditional planking to become the Galloway Faering and another solid timber design, his 100th, the Woodfish, which was built by Adrian Morgan in Ullapool.

All I know is that the Elf in the photograph showed up at our dock up at the lake skippered by some ship's captain who courted my daughter, the local judge came by, married them, after which the boat took them off and rowed them around the lake. If one shows up at your dock, watch out!

(Elf Drawings and photos courtesy of Oughtred Boats at nisboats.com)



Another wonderful day on earth! And a vacation day to boot! Free! And look at that sky, clear and brilliant! Jazzpurr (the cat) luxuriates in the patch of sunshine working its way slowly almost imperceptibly across the floor and furniture and straw mat he has, of late, taken a serious liking to. Such grace and dignity. His fur becomes the sunshine itself. The two are, poetically, almost indistinguishable. He is our ball of furry sunshine, tail tapping to Blue in Green as it emanates from the stereo speakers. Miles to go.

And look at those leaves atop the tall trees! They're already flicking about in nervous anticipation. Can't quite make out what time signature they are following, my eyesight isn't that good. What was once better than 20/20 is creeping closer and closer to 50/50 these days. The breeze at the shore should already be alive and, thanks to those little leaves, I have seen the wind.

After breakfast and showers, unrushed, we potter about a bit and get the trailer ready to go to pick up *Papa*, our 15' CLC Skerry, newly refinished this season in a nice Brightside Seattle Grey for the outer hull and thwarts, Bristol Beige for the rest of the interior, framed by varnished gunwales. Precise, white painted diamonds on the thwarts give it that little touch to set things off with a reserved elegance without getting too, too precious. At least that's what WE think. By September the hot summer sun will have been baking all that nice varnish off quite effectively, but this morning it sure is looking nice. That baked off varnish will simply be a good excuse to get to work messing about with boats again this winter, that middle aged Boat Shop Fantasy coming true.

All hitched up and walk around complete, we are cleared for departure to the southeast, headed for the coast. The old trailer's bearings aren't smoking yet. That's good. It bounces over the wrinkles in the roadway behind our old Saab every now and then, but behaves itself. It serves duty carrying not just *Papa*, but also *Beachcomber* (our ancient Whaler) and *Jazzpurr* (our ancient Handy Cat) throughout the season as needed, and even a few non-boat related tasks now and then uncomplainingly. Maybe it deserves a name, too. Hmmm. This will require thought and time. Lots of time. Winter Boat Shop Fantasy time.

Round about 11am, we eager outing participants, John Gardner Traditional Small Craft Association members all, join up at the club boat shop overlooking the mouth of New London Harbor late this beautiful and breezy Saturday morning. Ellie put today's

Gentlemen Never Sail to Windward?

A Reflection on the JGTSCA
Row, Paddle, Sail Outing
of July 23, 2016

Written and illustrated by Dane Rochelle

gathering together and deserves all the credit for that, as well as thanks, I think, for the hot dogs and hamburgers! The wannabe mostly vegetarian in me fails again and I add a generous portion of mustard and ketchup to the assembled abomination that tastes so delicious, following up with some of Captain Dan's very healthy and hydrating watermelon chunks and Steve's homemade Seefood pie. We brought squash salad. Phil showed up fashionably late, sans any food to take my mind off my recent carnivorous regression. A double dark chocolate something or other woulda been kinda nice, Phil.

Refueled and revitalized, we get moving, packing up the shop and rolling off to today's event site, namely the Poquonnock River at Bluff Point State Park. Captain Dan launches out of the softball field on South Road and meets us paddling, as the rest of us launch off the edge of the parking lot at Bluff Point. Dave and I slip *Papa* into the river, followed by Ellie and Steve and Ellie's canine companions, Ronan and Freya, in Ellie's CLC Skerry *Ophelia*. Phil shows up with his blue double ended outriggered rowing machine and, alas, we all head out for the half mile run to a little sand spit on the airport side of the river across from the main Bluff Point trail and shoreline.

The southwesterly headwind is a bit stiff, and the rowing thereby a tad labored, so we stick close by the windward shore to take advantage of the wind shadow behind the trees and marsh grasses. We brought along the stout working oars today and left the longer spoon bladed Shaw & Tenneys at home, and so our disadvantage in this headwind is exacerbated, but this isn't a race after all and competition isn't the order of the day. Quite the opposite, in fact. We look back from our advanced position to see *Ophelia* catching up with *Papa*, two sets of oars gesticulating above *Ophelia's* black hull, suggesting for a moment, from this distance, a scene resembling Washington crossing the Delaware or perhaps Hornblower returning to the *Indefatigable*.

Captain Dan and his kayak divert into a little inlet along that western windward shore and we follow along in *Papa* until the inlet narrows to a point making rowing a cramped endeavor. Dan's kayak and paddle are less limiting in this condition so he continues further to explore its headwaters, then returns.

We remove back to the mouth of the inlet and continue on. *Ophelia* and her crew, and Phil in his speed machine, have passed us and appear to be headed for the sand spit located about halfway out along the river's western edge. In a few minutes we all convene there for a little conversation, beachcombing, swimming and general lazing about after our strenuous exertions of the last 20 minutes or so. Don't want to overdo it.

Ellie takes Phil's blue racer for a short test run accompanied by Freya, as Ronan jumps in swimming after them, to be rescued preemptively by Phil. I then give Phil's boat a try, launching from a full stop with one stroke hitting hull speed judging by the bow and stern waves and trough in between, the mechanical advantage, light weight and the fineness of the hull along with my enthusiasm and curiosity making for a quick, if awkward and uncoordinated, short run. My reasonably adept rowing skills are tuned to workboat technique, more so than rowing shell precision. Phil made it look easy.

Phil then takes *Ophelia* for a run across the river to meet up with two friends who decided to hike out along the bluff trail instead of take to the water. I think this was simply a good excuse to take Ellie's Skerry for a test drive, and a very defensible initiative. We understand. Upon his return, Phil beaches *Ophelia* on the windward side of the spit, its form and aspect begging for artistic record in the early afternoon sunlight sparkling off the wide water surface behind it. I absorb the scene into my senses and memory for the next few minutes, hoping it will stick long enough to propel a watercolor into existence somewhere down the line.

Our time at the sand spit comes to an end after maybe an hour. Ellie and her crew head back to call it a day, along with Phil. Captain Dan chooses to continue on to explore a route through the marshes to the southeast along the eastern shore while Dave and I take *Papa* slowly to windward to make the outer beach to our south. It's slow going for us against the headwind, especially with the short oars, but we keep plugging away until we reach the beach and the underside of *Papa's* bow gently touches the sand. There's some leftover paint waiting back in the shop!

I step out to put my feet in the water and to hold the boat while we rest for a few minutes. I look over toward the airport runways and tower and recall the days some years ago now when my passions entailed doing short field landings on the very Runway Two-Three we were now floating *Papa* off the windward end of. My joy in playing with wind and wings is now just as richly satisfied under the stout rig of our catboat or behind the blades of our oars, as under the wings of a Cessna.

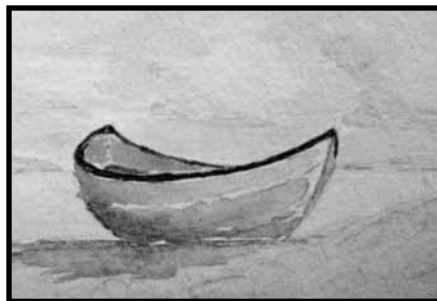
After a moment's rest at the outer beach, I hop back into the bow of *Papa* as Dave gets comfortable on the stern thwart. With this breeze strong as it is, we agree to let Aeolus's gift do most of the work on the downwind leg. *Papa* being a double ender with a skeg under its tail, I set up with a steering oar in the bow and we send the stern forward to lead us downwind. The skeg does well affording



us some bite on the water, allowing us to steer off the wind up to about 20° before stalling out and mushing sideways. With a little planning ahead we manage to get most of the way back to the parking lot in this manner, with a little nudging from the steering oar on the tighter stretches.

The windage on the boat and on our seated torsos combine, allowing us to make an indicated ground speed, according to our Garmin GPS, peaking at times in the heaviest breezes of 2.6 knots with more reliably sustained ground speeds in the 1.8 knot range most of the rest of the way, all this against a slight outgoing tidal current. This made for a nice, gentle sightseeing ride back to the lot, and reminded me of my eight-year-old self sailing, with great enthusiasm, a salvaged shipping pallet raft downwind into West Cove, circa summer 1975, with an old sheet and broomstick and clothesline rig contributed by my grandmother. The raft's rudder was a piece of delaminating oriented strand ply mounted on a single rusting door hinge, and there was no skeg to give any bite on the water. It was straight downwind, that raft, but with the world being more or less spheroidal, I saw no pressing need to beat to windward anyway. Summers were longer then.

It was late afternoon by the time we and *Papa* arrived back at the haulout. Captain Dan had disappeared for the day. *Opheelia* and her crew and Phil's blue wonder were long gone, too. We loaded *Papa* back on the trailer, snugged things down and headed home, comfortably exhausted and satisfied adventurers, both of us.



Sail away

Loralynn Buono of Bay Shore and her son Thomas, 11, let the wind do the work as they relax on Great South Bay at Heckscher State Park in East Islip yesterday.

The new owners enjoying our "Nina".



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First You Have to Get There

For more than 20 years my little family and I lived in Newbury, Massachusetts, on the coast north of Boston. From our place beside the Parker River I could row up and down the river, all the length of Plum Island Sound and the many creeks through its marshes, or into the Merrimack River, or the open ocean if I had enough time. Once or twice a year I would take my boat somewhere else to row, many times I did the Essex River Race and a few times the Blackburn Challenge, but mostly I kept fit and observed the seasons and the flora and the fauna rowing from home.

Newbury was my kind of place, a bit of a backwater of a town far removed from its heydays in the 17th, 18th and 19th centuries. Over the years an equilibrium between nature and civilization had been established there. It is the centre of what is known as the Great Marsh, the largest remaining coastal stretch of salt marsh on the US East Coast. When we first bought the dilapidated cottage on the river bank in the early '90s, I went to see the Harbor Master to enquire about building a floating dock (a landing stage, some might call it) that I could row from, it had to be floating because of the tides.

First he told me that he thought what I really wanted to do was to repair the dock at that address and he nodded when I mentioned that indeed, I had found, in the undergrowth near the bank, some rotting timbers which could once have been the landward end of some sort of dock. I found out later that he could give permission for repair of a dock but construction of a new dock required all sorts of studies and permission from the state government. He told me that when docks are repaired, sinking piles or supports into land below the high tide line was not allowed (even though, in Massachusetts, a landowner owns the land down to the low tide line).

I agreed to bear that in mind but, remembering that the saltmarsh is perfectly flat with a surface just level with the high tide line, and that there was a strip of marsh between the solid ground and the water where I wanted the dock to be, I enquired further about the definition of the position of the high tide line, at which I was told something to the effect of, "I am the Harbor Master, the high tide line is where I say it is." So I showed him my drawings and he put a stamp on them and we were both satisfied that we had done our duty.

My children were educated in Newbury and they shared classrooms with, and made friends with, some kids whose parents were academics at the Boston universities

The Bay of Quinte

By Peter Jepson

and some kids whose parents were farmers or clam diggers and had no use for education at all. That's a lot better education, I think, than at some private school where everybody is "of a suitable class" and has rich parents. However, the kids grew up and moved away, as they do, and after a few more years my wife and I freed ourselves from the companies at which we had been employed. Gradually we got less and less comfortable with the fact that our tax money was being used mainly either to support bankers and the 1% or to finance bombing of foreign countries and finally we decided to pull up the roots we had grown and return to Canada, from whence we came. We both thought it should be Ontario, although we originally met in Quebec and lived there for many years, but whittling it down from there was not so easy.

I rather liked the Ottawa River, upstream or down from Ottawa itself, as a result of various trips to that area, and I also retained an impression, from a meandering tour we made once when the girls were kids, of how picturesque Lake on the Mountain and the nearby ferry across the Bay of Quinte were. So on our first exploration in late 2014 those were the areas we looked at and the Bay of Quinte area gave a much more attractive general impression. On subsequent trips we looked at the shore of Georgian Bay and at the Kawartha lakes, north of Peterborough, but each time we were drawn back to the Bay of Quinte.

So we let the winter go by, but on our first trip here in spring 2015 we were shown a place that we both thought right away was about as good as we were likely to find. Having traipsed over so many fields advertised as waterfront, only to find ourselves looking down an impossibly steep slope at the water 50 metres below, it was a delight to find a nice house with a lawn gently sloping down to a pebble beach and an easterly frontage on the bay. An outlook to the east is good because the wind is usually from the west. Plus, there's an old marine railway at the bottom of the garden. So we snapped it up and moved here in September 2015, just over a year ago.

Geography

You will see on a map of Lake Ontario that towards the eastern end of the north shore there is a large peninsula. Until you look

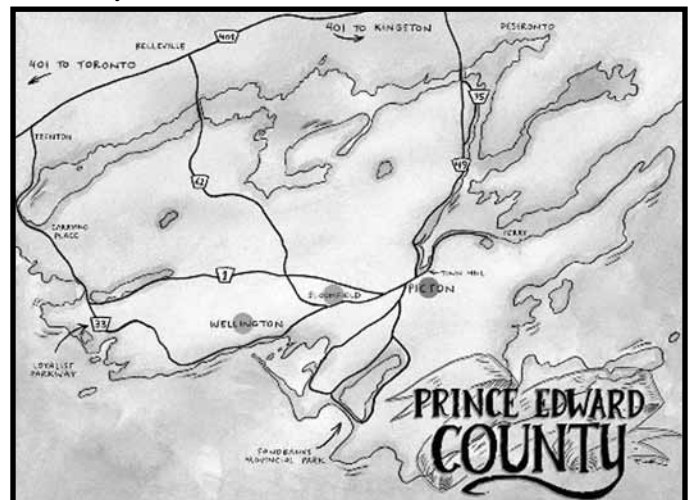
closely you might think it's actually an island, but it's joined to the mainland by an isthmus at its northwest corner. This body of land, Prince Edward County, is mostly separated from the mainland by a channel forming a swooshy Z shape known as the Bay of Quinte. The total length of the bay is about 85km and in most places it's 1km to 2km across. It's mostly only about 5m deep, though the bottom line of the Z is much deeper.

Unlike Lake Huron, where the water level varies from year to year on about a ten year cycle, according to locals, the water is always either "ridiculously high" or "ridiculously low," water level is as much a subject of small talk as the weather. Lake Ontario is pretty constant from year to year, though each year the maximum (usually in June) is about 50cm higher than the minimum (usually in December). The underlying rock is shale with some limestone areas, in many areas around the bay the soil is deep enough for agriculture and very fertile, while in other areas the soil is so shallow that the land is just covered by scrub forest. By the way, there's a Prince Edward County in the middle of Virginia, US, too, but I have no idea what it's doing there.

Lake on the Mountain is quite the natural wonder. If you stand at its northern edge and look south you see a typical little lake with gently sloping woodland behind it, though it's very deep and there are no streams running into it. Turn around though and cross the road behind you, as the guy in the white shirt in the photo has just done, and you are at the top of a steep escarpment, with Lake Ontario 60m below, that's more than the drop at Niagara Falls. Water seeps into Lake on the Mountain from its south side underground through porous rock, but somehow the wall of rock on the lake's north side must be completely impervious. That's unusual in this area, as evidenced by a typical winter scene at a road cutting^o where water has streamed out of cracks between layers of rock and quickly frozen. On the narrow strip of flat land at the bottom of the escarpment is Glenora, of which more later.

Regarding some of the place names you will see in this article, Quinte comes from Kente which was the name of the first Christian mission in the area, which was set up in 1668 though it only lasted a few years. Kente may have been the indigenous name for the village the mission was in.

Prince Edward County was named after one of George III's sons. He was Queen Victoria's father.





Belleville was originally Meyer's Creek (to Europeans, at least), Meyer being the man who built the first sawmill on the river. Meyer became unpopular though, for some reason, and his rival for leadership of the settlement was William Bell. The spelling Belleville was used in the 1830s. Also, it is said that Francis Gore, Lieutenant Governor of Ontario, visited the town once and, after spending the evening with him in the tavern, the leading citizens got all enthusiastic about naming the town after his wife Bella. Nobody really knows, but since 1840 it has always been spelled Belleville.

Picton originally consisted of two villages, one on each side of the harbour and creek, but in 1837 they were amalgamated and named after Sir Thomas Picton, one of Lord Wellington's generals who died at the Battle of Waterloo in 1815.

Settlement

The land on both sides of the Bay of Quinte was inhabited for thousands of years, the oldest artifacts found are about 5,000 years old, by the Massassauga, an Algonquin band, sadly they left no written records of what was probably an interesting history. The first Europeans to visit the area were hunting for furs, their main road to the interior was the St Lawrence River. They travelled in big canoes, light enough to carry around rapids, the first trans Atlantic explorers could travel in their vessels up the St Lawrence as far as Montreal, then they hit the first rapids. The explorers thought the land beyond must be China and those are the Lachine Rapids to this day, but still small for the Great Lakes where storms can blow up with little warning.

As the expeditions returned east, their canoes laden with furs, in the fall with the weather deteriorating, the voyageurs, as they were known, must have breathed a sigh of relief when they reached what is now Prince Edward County because, after a portage of about 2km across the isthmus, the village there still bears the name Carrying Place, they could continue their journey in the sheltered waters of the Bay of Quinte, at the open end of which they could continue east by ducking behind Amherst Island and then behind Wolfe Island and thus back into the St Lawrence with only brief exposures to the open lake.

In the late 1770s and early 1780s, there was serious unpleasantness in the colonies south of the St Lawrence River. As much as anything, it was a civil war, pitting those who wanted revolution against those who preferred negotiation and evolution. The former were in the majority and most of the people who insisted on staying loyal to the crown were forced by threats and mob rule to abandon everything and flee their homes. Many of them

regrouped in New York. Some refugees went to Britain but many wanted to stay in North America, they petitioned the British government for land on which to settle. Most of the group, about 35,000 people in total, ended up on the east coast (Nova Scotia, etc) but the government, it seems, rather wanted some of the refugees to settle close to the St Lawrence River, where they would form a barrier to any American expansion or invasion.

The eastern end of the north shore of Lake Ontario, east and west of the Bay of Quinte, was very lightly populated and the indigenous leaders agreed, in return for some blankets or something, to turn over most of the land along the shore to the refugees. The distance back from the shore was "as far as a gunshot can be heard," from which the treaty gets its nickname, the Gunshot Treaty. The indigenous inhabitants retained the land where they had villages and the islands in the Bay of Quinte. The treaty was renegotiated several times as the years went by, it's hard to know whether the negotiations were conducted fairly or not.

Anyway, in 1784, preceded by land surveyors working as fast as they could to lay out 200-acre plots, the refugees came west from a camp at Sorel (at the mouth of the Richelieu River), or wherever they had been sheltered, to take possession of a length of shore, perhaps rocky, perhaps with a gravel beach, and an area of forest, dense right to the shore, no paths, no shops, no taverns, nothing. Somehow they survived the first winter (mostly), the government provided a little food and gradually they cleared land for agriculture, set up sawmills so they could build themselves houses (and taverns, I imagine taverns were first priority), corn mills, and all the rest.

About 5,000 refugees came to the area that year and the next. They created a solid community and became known as the United Empire Loyalists. Construction of a road along the shore from Kingston west to the Bay of Quinte (now known as the Loyalist Parkway) began in 1799. Many people in the area today are still proud of that history and fly the version of the Union Jack which was current in 1784. Five thousand was a lot of people at that time, far more than the previous population of Europeans in what is now eastern Ontario (there were maybe ten times as many indigenous people, but nobody really knows). Maybe it's a stretch, but perhaps it was this screening process which brought north those who preferred negotiations, ad infinitum if necessary, over force of arms that caused the main philosophical difference today between Canada and the US.

Adolphustown, just east of the Bay of Quinte, was one of the market towns for the United Empire Loyalists. But now the centre



of Adolphustown consists of one crossroads, two churches and a dozen houses and, on the nearby shore, a summer holiday campground which advertises itself "Family Camping since 1784." The area east of the Bay of Quinte, around Adolphustown and Hay Bay, is far more of a backwater than Newbury was, the roads are quiet, the grain waves and rustles in the wind and if you stop for a minute in front of the Old Hay Bay Church (built in 1792) or somewhere like that, it's easy to imagine that you have been transported back a couple of hundred years.

If you hear shouting from down by the water, you might begin to believe it's August 29, 1819, and the Methodist meeting at the church has just been suspended in pandemonium, with everybody rushing down to the shore. A farmer's leaky old boat, probably all boats leaked to a greater or lesser extent in those days, being used as a ferry was bringing a group living on the north side of Hay Bay across for the meeting. It was badly overloaded, it had 18 people in it, the ferryman and his wife and 16 teenagers, and halfway across, possibly after the enthusiasm for singing hymns overpowered the enthusiasm for bailing, the water level in the boat was noticed to be rising. Everybody panicked, and the boat capsized. Girls in those days did not learn to swim, many of the boys could, but perhaps they were grabbed by the girls in their long, by then waterlogged, dresses. Eight people, in the end, managed to keep hold of the overturned boat and were saved, ten drowned. Please, now jerk yourself back to the present day.

To the west and south of the Bay, in Prince Edward County where Picton is the main town, things are just a little more lively than around Adolphustown, and along the north shore of the bay, the modern day reigns, there are three large towns, Trenton, Belleville and Napanee (from west to east) all animated by the Trans Canada highway which rushes past them.

History of Navigation on the Bay

Fish were a major food source for the early settlers. Ever since there has been commercial fishing in the area, though there's only a little these days, sport fishing is very popular though. Fishing boats must have been locally made right from the start and gradually shipyards, all round the coast of Prince Edward County but particularly near Picton, developed the ability to make larger vessels, schooners first, then, beginning in 1830, steamers. The first steamers were side-wheelers but later propellers took over. Shipbuilding became a major industry and there were many boats and small ships running on the Bay of Quinte and round Prince Edward County. By 1848 there was a daily steamer

run from Belleville to Picton. When the railway came to Belleville in 1856, the activity at the port in Belleville increased even further, the 1860s seem to have been the peak of the shipbuilding business. Starting in the 1850s there was a weekly steamer run from Picton to Montreal and, in 1858, when the *Great Eastern*, the largest ship in the world, docked in Quebec City after laying the first transatlantic cables, the steamer *Bay of Quinte* made a special run to take people to see it, \$15.50 per person for the round trip, which must have taken a couple of weeks.

As well as passenger traffic, there was a lot of trade. Lumber was shipped south to the US and east down the St Lawrence. Logs were cut in the forests of Prince Edward County then, when they were depleted, from north of the Bay of Quinte and floated down the Moira River which flows into the Bay of Quinte at Belleville and down the Trent River, at the mouth of which is Trenton. The 19th century economies of both those towns were based on lumber, tree trunks came in and boards, railroad ties and shingles went out. I couldn't believe my eyes when I first saw this photo of men standing knee deep in the Moira River, taking apart a log-jam, how would they get out of the way when the jam broke? Presumably, though, they knew what they were doing.



The lumber exporting was steady and lasted many years, as was the trade in apples. Unlike most fruits and vegetables, apples, packed in barrels, have a long life and could be shipped to markets in big cities. Another cargo was barley, around 1860 brewers in the US found that barley from Prince Edward County made the best beer. Thus began the Barley Days, every field was put to barley (or hops, there was big demand for hops, too), every shipyard built schooners to transport the grain south and every cove became a port. Schooners tried to make three trips per week to Oswego, the main port on the US (southern) shore, full of barley, but by the time it was harvested and ready to ship each year, the weather was already deteriorating. Often, they would return laden with coal, which was mined in the US and needed by Canadian cities to keep warm during the winter.

It was a period of great prosperity, the farmers and the ship owners built themselves nice houses, constructed of brick and of a style which makes them easy to recognize today, and the labourers enjoyed the pleasures of the taverns. Two previously sleepy little villages, Demorestville and Northport, became known as Sodom and Gomorrah. Twenty thousand people lived in the county in 1871. In 1890 the US government responded to American farmers' complaints and applied a hefty tariff, the bottom dropped out of the business overnight and soon Demorestville and North-

port were sleepy little villages again. The population dropped as the jobs went away and although Prince Edward County later became well known as a centre for canning of farm products, it took 100 years before the 20,000 mark was reached again. Today, there are 25,000 people in Prince Edward County.

In the late 19th century, when it was easy to get to Belleville, Trenton and Picton by train, day excursions on steamers became very popular. Hotels and dance halls (in some places just dance platforms) sprang up at scenic points around the bay and everybody had a gay old time. One such hotel was at Massasauga Point not far from Belleville, about which it was reported, "Boating, fishing and lawn tennis afford ample scope for the development of muscle and the reduction of superfluous avoirdupois. Evenings are enlivened by sweet strains of music, affording those so inclined an opportunity to indulge in the terpsichorean art."



In the first half of the 20th century, with the rise of the automobile and the economic depression, the steamers and the lakeside destinations declined and died. If you go to the site of the old hotel today and take a photo from the same spot, it's hard to imagine the jazz band blowing and the whole crowd dancing. The last excursion on the Bay of Quinte was in 1948, I guess it wasn't a moneymaker.



Since earliest settlement there have been ferries across the bay at various points along its length and to the islands. Once people wanted to cross with their carriages, something more than human power was needed. A 2hp paddle-wheel ferry was in use in the late 19th century. By 1911 the ferry at Glenora was powered by a gasoline engine and a single (central) paddle wheel. That vessel, not surprisingly given its design, was difficult to manoeuvre and often another boat's help was needed to get it to the ferry dock, sometimes the wind was too strong and sometimes, it is said, the ferryman's navigation was poor because he took too many observations of the sun through the bottom of a wet bottle. Nowadays there are two high level bridges across the Bay of Quinte, one near Belleville in the middle of the top stroke of the Z, and another at its top right corner, but there is still a ferry at Glenora. It operates all year, though only just.



For anybody like me who enjoys ferry crossings, I should mention that if you take the Glenora ferry heading east and drive to Kingston, you can then take a ferry to Wolfe Island. Drive across Wolfe Island and you can take another ferry across to Cape Vincent, New York. Three ferry rides in one day! If you forget your passport though, you will probably have to take a fourth ferry ride back to Wolfe Island.

With the prosperity of the lumber and the barley trades, yachting and yacht racing became popular on the Bay of Quinte in the 1870s. The bay is large enough, near Belleville, for example, for good racing, but small enough that one could always expect help would come when it was needed, and there is a good steady breeze most afternoons. The yacht club in Belleville was enthusiastic enough to challenge for the America's Cup in 1881. I would like to be able to say that they put up a good challenge, but actually it was a fiasco. The yacht *Atalanta* was designed by Alexander Cuthbert and built in Belleville, but it wasn't properly financed and it was all done in a hurry so the races could take place before winter.

Once the yacht was floating it left Belleville with carpenters still working aboard and was towed through the Erie Canal, down the Hudson and thus to Newport, Rhode Island, where the New York Yacht Club was waiting with a practiced crew in their well tuned contender *Mischief*. Half the crew from Belleville didn't show up so Cuthbert, who was also captain, had to take on some local crew and they didn't have time for much sailing before the races, which finally started on November 9.

In the first race *Atalanta* started with too much sail for the strong wind and had to reef, which took 40 minutes. I guess it was *Mischief* which was leading in the painting. (*Atalanta Mischief*) Needless to say, *Mischief* won that race easily. In the second race (it was best of three) the wind was even stronger and *Atalanta* struggled to make any headway to windward at all. The New York Yacht Club was disgusted that a challenger had been so poorly prepared and after it was all over they ruled that no future challenge could be made by a club based on fresh water. In other races in later years *Atalanta* proved herself a very fast yacht.



In 1920 the American government stopped the supply of alcoholic drink within its borders but didn't stop the demand for it. In Ontario, where there was nothing illegal about loading a boat with cases of rum and

heading south, this was a big opportunity. A case of Corby's whisky cost \$48 in Belleville but was worth \$200 in the middle of the night in a cove on the south shore of Lake Ontario. Corby's distillery in Belleville increased its capacity from 500 barrels per month to 50,000 barrels, it became the largest distillery in the Empire.

Some fishermen made some money out of it but it was men who could afford big fast powerboats who really made a killing. To begin with, it was easy as there was nobody on the US side to stop them, except the land based police (and they, if there was a little incentive, usually turned a blind eye). The prosperity was not widespread as it had been in the barley days, but a few people became staggeringly rich running booze across the lake. In 1924 the US government launched well armed speedboats and the game got more serious.

Main Duck Island, in the middle of Lake Ontario but just on the Canadian side, was a lively place in those days, the rum runners would hang out on the island until they thought the coast was clear, then make a run for the US shore. Although as supply dwindled the price on the US shore rose, gradually the authorities improved their techniques and rum running got more difficult. By 1932 the runners who hadn't got out of the game while the going was good were mostly dead or staggeringly poor again.

The Long Reach (the central arm of the Z) was the site of some exciting powerboat racing in 1960 and 1961. The Harmsworth Trophy had been held by the US for many years but a Canadian hydroplane, *Miss Supertest III*, piloted by Bob Hayward and sponsored by the Supertest oil company, won in Detroit in 1959 so the next year the races were held in Canada. *Miss Supertest III* won again, as it did on the same course the following year. The Harmsworth Trophy could be called the America's Cup for powerboats, first competed for in 1903, but sporadically going dormant.



The hydroplanes were incredibly fast, *Miss Supertest III* was powered by a super-charged Rolls Royce Merlin engine of 2,000 horsepower and could hit 300km/h and incredibly dangerous. They chose Long Reach for the races because it is sheltered by hills to both the east and the west and is usually calm, and because of promotion of the location by Picton mayor Harvey McFarland. The Prime Minister, John Diefenbaker and the Premier of Ontario, Leslie Frost, came to see the races. Between them in the photo is Harvey the proud mayor.



Shipwrecks

Navigating Lake Ontario was not a very safe occupation, particularly since owners wanted to keep their vessels moving as late as possible in the season, knowing that all navigation would cease once the Bay and the other harbours froze. On October 31, 1879, when a sudden storm blew up on Lake Ontario, 23 vessels managed to get out of the open lake and into the Bay of Quinte and thus shelter and safety, which gives an idea of the volume of traffic at that time. I don't know if any wrecks were caused by that storm, but there was one tragedy. A number of schooners anchored in the lee of Timber Island, just off the southeast corner of Prince Edward County. Moses Dulmage, a young crewman on one of them, recognized another as a vessel on which he had friends. His captain gave permission for him to take the boat and row over for an evening visit. But on his way back the wind was so strong that he couldn't make headway against it, nor could his cries be heard on any of the schooners. He was driven out into the lake. The boat and his frozen body were found a few days later on the southern shore of Lake Ontario.

Barely six months later, on April 13, 1880, the schooner *David Andrews* left Kingston, the port at the northeast corner of Lake Ontario, where the St Lawrence River begins, with a cargo of grain for Oswego, under Capt Nate McCrimmon with his son Bill, daughter Minerva and five crew members, not expecting the weather to deteriorate. Of course, the captain of a schooner had to rely on his own observations to forecast the weather in those days.

The story of that voyage was put to verse:

The Old Grey Shawl

I was mate in the old *Dave Andrews*,
Joe Cruthers, Port Hope, is how I hailed
Captain Nate McCrimmon, his son Bill,
of South Bay,
Dinky Vandusen and Nat Chappin of Picton,
Long-nosed Jake Starry of Deseronto,
Little Moses Grant of God-knows-where
Was in her when we sailed.

And there was a girl, the captain's daughter,
The heroine of this tale
And I'm going to tell of her trick at the wheel
In the rain and the wind and the hail.

Each man loved her on that ship,
She had cooked for her old dad
Many and many a trip.

She was only a slip of a girl, then,
And scarcely twenty years old,
With eyes as blue as forget-me-nots
And a heart of 18-carat gold.
But she could navigate a schooner
As well as her dad, I'm telling you,
Many a time I've heard him ask her
"Nerva, what d'ye think we'd better do?"

She had lovely hair, black, red and gold,
And deep brown in between.
Sounds queer, I know, but believe you me,
It was prettier 'n the crown of a queen.
And a queen she was, but the crown she wore
This time we came out the Lower Gap,
And the old man called her to the wheel,
Was her cloth-peaked schooner cap.
She had an outfit as good as any man's,
Her oilskins and sea-boots was able,
But she never sailed without the old grey shawl
Her mother covered her with in the cradle.

We'd loaded barley at Kingston for Oswego
 Late one fall, maybe seventy-eight,
 If I remember the date it don't matter
 But I know it was mighty late.
 It was looking pretty dubious
 When we pulled out from the piers
 And when we got outside the Gap
 It was the worst storm I'd seen in years.
 We could not see for rain and snow,
 The wind was raving mad,
 We couldn't turn her back to shelter
 And the ship shook like a gad.

'Nerva was down in the cabin
 Holding supper on the table for the crew.
 Her father called out "Nerva.
 What d'ye think we'd better do?"
 In a wink she was out with her oilskins and cap
 And quick as a diving teal
 She jumped down into the cockpit
 And got a hold of the wheel.

The wind caught her cap as she jumped, boys,
 And tossed it high in the air
 And streaming out like a glory
 Was all her beautiful hair.
 "Reef your sails, Dad" she called to the captain,
 "Make all snug and we'll let her run!"
 And I'm going to tell you there was some
 scooting round there
 For she went like a son of a gun.
 Above the roar of the water,
 And the reefing's thundering din,
 I heard her call to her brother,
 "Bill, please get mother's grey shawl
 from the cabin,
 And pin it under my chin".

That was all she had, boys,
 While she steered the whole night through
 To keep her hair from blinding her
 As she saved us from broaching to.
 We pumped and kept our barley dry,
 And the sails upon the spars.
 She steered a true course for her port
 Though there wasn't any stars.

Seemed hours before she spoke again
 Through the howling wind and the hail
 "Dad, I see the light of Oswego,
 You'd better shorten sail!
 Show the torch and blow for the tug, Dad,
 And I'll head her for the pier,
 And have your heaving line handy, Dad,
 For we're getting mighty near."

We blew and blew our lungs out,
 But no tug wouldn't hear,
 And the *Dave Andrews* drove like a wild bull
 Right straight for them old wooden piers
 With one little girl at the wheel, boys,
 A little thing, plucky and thin,
 With her mother's old grey shawl
 Pinned underneath her chin.

I've seen some seas in my time, boys,
 But this was the worst I ever beheld,
 Sometimes we jumped for heaven,
 And sometimes plunged for hell.
 The wind it blew, and the water flew
 And the pierhead light flamed red,
 And for white the foam of the breakers' boom
 Was grimly grey instead.

We got everything off but the staysail,
 The *Dave Andrews* was jumping like mad,
 Nerva drove straight through the
 breakwater gate
 And called "Get your lines out, Dad!"
 We didn't snub her the first try,

But the next we caught one pile,
 Two dockwallopers dragged our
 spring line out,
 Which held us for a while.

I rushed aft with the old man
 To lift Nerva from the wheel.
 Her frozen hands were bleeding,
 Her feet she could not feel.
 Her hair was iced to her back, boys,
 And it seemed to me a sin,
 For her mother's old grey cradle shawl
 Was froze beneath her chin.

It's long ago, boys, and the *Dave's* no more:
 Nerva, that brave girl, lies under the sod,
 There's few sail now from Port Hope's shore.
 Her dad and Bill have met their God,
 I'm an old man now and I'll soon go too.
 God, may I be welcomed in
 By Nerva, with her mother's old grey shawl
 Pinned underneath her chin!

I can't vouch for the details, but the
 basic story (except for the date) is all true.
 Anybody who has ever steered a balky old
 tub downwind in a freezing gale in steep seas
 will know that avoiding a broach, hour in and
 hour out, is quite a feat. The crew all sur-
 vived that night, and the schooner was later
 pulled off the rocks and repaired. The photo
 is of another schooner, actually, on the rocks
 at Oswego some years later. I don't know
 whether Joe Cruthers is really the author, it's
 a mighty fine poem for an old schooner man.

In 1883, not an atypical year, there were
 40 vessels wrecked and 672 lives lost on Lake
 Ontario. That's for the whole of Lake Ontario

but most of the wrecks were at the eastern end
 because of all the rocky shoals which extend
 into the lake a long way south of Prince Edward
 County. Even after nearly a hundred years of
 progress in shipbuilding, a storm could still
 wreak havoc, a terrible storm on November 7,
 1913 caused 40 wrecks and 235 deaths. Fresh
 water freezes quickly on a cold night when
 it becomes spray, in a short time the deck
 becomes a sheet of ice, next to impossible to
 work on, and the rigging and the superstruc-
 ture become thick with ice and ten or a hundred
 times heavier than they should be.

Aids to navigation gradually improved
 as time went on. The first lighthouse in the
 area was erected in 1829 on False Duck
 Island (which is halfway out to Main Duck
 Island and is presumably so named because
 sailors often thought they had reached Main
 Duck Island but actually were near False
 Duck Island) in the middle of that treacher-
 ous area of rocky shoals south and southeast
 of Prince Edward County. That was followed
 by one on Point Petre at the southwestern
 corner of the county in 1833, and others were
 built later. Only in 1881 was a light erected
 at Point Traverse, the peninsula sticking out
 southeast towards the Ducks.

Two years later, a lifesaving station was
 set up on Point Traverse, too. The lifeboat
 hung from the roof and below it in the station
 was the wagon. I have read that when word
 of a shipwreck arrived, the boat would be
 dropped into the wagon with the captain and
 crew already in it, but somehow I doubt that
 that concept really worked. I love the photo
 though! I ask myself, how long did they sit
 there? Did their mummies bring them lunch?

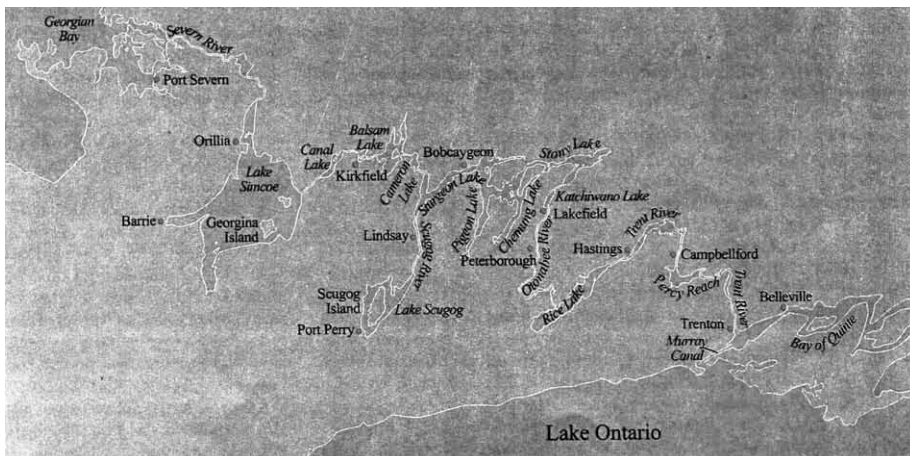


Messing About Around the Bay of Quinte

This is what I originally intended to write about. Then I thought I would insert a small historical section and somehow it just wouldn't get finished. I (and you) finally got here though.

If you begin in Belleville and want to go cruising, you have many options. For sailors, the Bay of Quinte and the whole of Lake Ontario is open to you. If you want to head west, you don't even need to go round Prince Edward County any more, you can motor through the Murray Canal, which crosses the isthmus at Carrying Place.

For low speed motor boaters, the Bay of Quinte and all its inlets are delightful cruising grounds. Or you can head north from Trenton on the Trent-Severn Waterway, a most bizarre system of canals and lakes which takes 386km to get from Trenton to Port Severn at the southeast corner of Georgian Bay, which for a flying crow would be only 188km. It was originally thought of for military purposes, moving troops and ships between the lakes and construction was started in 1833. It was finished in 1920. By that time it wasn't of much use either militarily or commercially, but it continues to be popular for recreation since it traverses such beautiful and varied landscapes.



As well as many conventional locks, there are 45 locks in total, there are two very unusual locks. Lock 21 is the Peterborough Lift Lock, where two tanks, side by side, are perched on top of columns. You sail into one tank, at the top, when the gate is closed, that tank descends as the other tank rises, at the bottom, the gate at the opposite end of the tank is opened and you're on your way. It was opened in 1904 and engineers might be interested to know that it was the first lock to be built out of concrete and, when it opened, it was the largest structure built anywhere in the world with unreinforced concrete.



Lock 44 is the Big Chute Marine Railway. The railway car descends into the water, and boats float over it. Straps are passed under the boats. As the car moves up the slope out of the water, the boats rest on the car floor, but are kept upright by the straps. The railway passes over a rock wall, then descends to the level below. To keep the floor of the car level, its front wheels run on one pair of tracks while its rear wheels run on a separate, wider pair. Why on earth wasn't a conventional lock built? To keep the fish populations of the Great Lakes and the upper lakes separate. In particular, lampreys, which are parasitic eels and can devastate the fish popula-



the work that was done, without mechanization, in what was then essentially a wilderness. It was rough and dangerous work but the biggest problem of all for the workers was malaria, quinine was in very short supply. It is now a UNESCO World Heritage Site and this canal, too, makes a great trip in the summer time. Since at least 1901, it has had other uses in winter.

If you prefer the landside, you will find that the Bay of Quinte area, with its many country roads with very little traffic, is a delight to cyclists. If you enjoy bird watching you will be interested to visit Prince Edward Point Bird Observatory on the aforementioned Traverse Point, particularly during the spring and fall migrations because a huge number of birds pass through there as they migrate. The point is now a National Wildlife Area and during the migrations professional staff and volunteers monitor the populations of all the species.

Replacing barley, and canning, and rum, and cheese, which I haven't mentioned before but which was big in Prince Edward County a hundred years ago, the buzz these days is all about wine. The calcium rich land is just what grapevines like and these days they withstand the winters. There was a serious drought the summer of 2016 and most vegetation went brown. The grapevines, though, which send roots 10m or so deep, stayed bright green all through the drought! Most of the vineyards make their own wine and most of them are happy to show you around and offer you a taste of the product.

On the west shore of Prince Edward County is an area known as Sandbanks which is very popular for family vacations. It's a huge area of beaches and dunes! And if you enjoy scuba, you will already be thinking about diving on some of those wrecks. There's something for everyone!

If you enjoy rowing, as I do, there is a fine club in Belleville, the Quinte Rowing Club, and I believe there's now a club in Trenton, too. There's also an organization called Ontario Adventure Rowing which caters to types who enjoy rowing more for recreation than for competition, and as the years have gone by that's the way I have gravitated. OAR organizes outings and tours, using boats suitable for open water, on lakes and rivers all round southern Ontario, plus some races which are more relaxed than the intense 2,000m competitions usual in racing boats. For example, there was a marathon on the Ottawa River in August this year, as there is each year, the course goes right up to the city centre, under the Parliament building and downstream into the countryside. I admit, I just did the half marathon race, it took me two and a quarter hours. Next year the full distance, maybe!



Much information for this article came from *Prince Edward County, an Illustrated History* by Campbell, Davies and Robertson, and also from *Marine Memories* and *Canvas and Steam on Quinte Waters*, both by Metcalfe. And I strongly recommend history liveshere.ca for a lot of interesting stories about this area.

tion when they first get into a lake, can enter a conventional lock with a boat and get out at the top. After Lock 45, the Thirty-Thousand Island region and the whole of Georgian Bay and Lake Huron, are in front of you.

If, on the other hand, you head east from Belleville and thread your way along the Bay of Quinte to its opening into Lake Ontario, you can continue northeast with the shore on the port side. After passing the opening to the open lake known as Upper Gap, you will see Amherst Island and then, after Lower Gap, Wolfe Island on starboard, both are large, quiet farming islands. At Kingston you can turn north through the harbour and into the Cataraqui River and thus the Rideau Canal. Two hundred and two kilometres and 45 locks, mostly hand powered, later you will be in the Ottawa River in the centre of the city of Ottawa.

This canal was also intended for military use after the War of 1812, but in contrast to the Trent-Severn system, it was actually built expeditiously, the Rideau Canal has been open since 1832. For many years it was easier for commercial traffic between the Great Lakes and Montreal to use this canal and the Ottawa River than to tackle the rapids on the St Lawrence. When you go through the locks, and when you see the dams that had to be built, you will be impressed with

Of all the times I've been boating, some will stick in my memory forever. One of my favorite memories is rowing in a snow storm. I normally went rowing in the evening summer or winter. Most of my summer rows were upstream on the Merrimack against the current, under the Route 1 and railroad bridges, then up the Salisbury (Massachusetts) side of the channel past Ram Island and Carr's Island, then rounding the top of Carr's Island to shoot down the main channel on the Newburyport side. Many times the channel marks would be pulled under by the current as the river races out to sea. Thanks to that strong current when the tide is flowing out, the river never freezes over, even during the darkest, coldest part of the winter.

During the winter, when the sun sets early, I would still go out rowing, using the river current and wind like a treadmill. I would not venture far from the Rings Island boat ramp, but spend my time rowing up the Salisbury bank to the Route 1 bridge, crab across the river to the Newburyport Boardwalk, slide down the Boardwalk to the commercial fish pier and then crab back across the current to the Salisbury side. The lights from the Newburyport boardwalk lit up the area well enough that I didn't need a flashlight to read my watch or avoid moorings.

On calmer nights the lone strollers on the boardwalk were the only ones to share the river with me. I was alone with the smooth black water broken only by a few moorings that stayed in all winter, the only noise was the thrum of cars crossing the waffle deck on the drawbridge and every now and then the call of a gull. Between Memorial Day and Labor Day the marinas choke the harbor down to just about the channel and I spent very little time on this stretch of the river.

This particular evening was overcast and smelled like snow. Since the wind was calm I figured I would head farther up river. As I had the only boat out there, the water was a flat black mirror and helped to carry the lights from Newburyport across the water. As I got to the top of Carr's Island a wall of snow dropped across the river, within seconds I was rowing in the center of a snow globe, the only sound was the steady creak of the oarlocks and the splash and drip from the blades. I knew this section of river like the back of my hand, yet now I couldn't see more than a boat length in any direction. Familiar rocks slid up like harbor seals with a wet slopping noise, then slid away into the darkness, giving the whole scene an eerie feel.

To avoid any boat traffic, I headed back down the channel on the Salisbury side, whatever light there was faded to almost nothing, the light from Newburyport was blocked by the wild tree covered islands and the Salisbury shore is covered with trees or is miles of marsh. With the current running downstream though all I had to do was let it carry me back to the harbor. High rock and the rock face of the "S" bend in the Salisbury channel loomed out of the darkness and then flowed away as the dory lazily spun on hidden whirlpools and eddied past dark, snow covered marsh. I shipped my oars, lay back and let the snow globe carry me down the dark mirror.

After a while the thrum of cars on the drawbridge let me know the river was carrying me home, soon after the murky glow of the street lights on the bridge began to show, then were eclipsed as I slid between the bridge piers. I'm sure that if anybody had been watching at the Ring's Island landing,

The Rowerwet Chronicles... Snow and Death

By Josh Withe

they would've been surprised to see a faint glow on the river resolve itself into a kerosene lantern illuminating a ghostly white dory and rower. They may have had thoughts of a long lost doryman returning home but the grin on my face would have let them know I was real flesh and blood. Thanks to the heat of rowing I don't remember feeling cold or wet from the snow.

A little background for the next story. The Ring's Island Rowing Club was founded by two people in particular, Chris was a local musician and rower, Pike was a science teacher at my high school. Pike was responsible for the dories being built back in the early '70s. They were used for many years as a way for the kids to travel from Plum Island, a barrier island on the Atlantic shore, up Plum Island Sound to the Parker River marsh system until, after a few days, they ended up just below the high school athletic fields.

By the time I got to high school the marsh experience had been shortened to a one day hike. The school bus dropped us off as far down the river as we could hike back from and we spent the day getting muddy, wet and sunburned while learning about the marsh plants, animals and habitat. Even after a swim in the river just below the football field, my regular school bus driver wouldn't let me on the bus seats, I had to ride sitting on the bus steps, getting off at each stop. The dories sat, stacked like Dixie cups, nearly forgotten, in the football field house.

Chris and Pike finally freed the captive dories when they bought all four for a buck a piece, convinced Salisbury, Massachusetts, to allow the unused Ring's Island fire station to be a boathouse and the Rowing Club was born. Every week Pike would drive a bunch of us over to the rowing club after school. While I loved going upstream, Pike preferred the lower Merrimack basin and mouth of the Merrimack. Since the tide was set to turn and begin filling the harbor in about an hour, we set off for the mouth in three different dories.

Another weather event I'll never forget happened on a fine summer day. When the weather was nice I could convince my sister to go rowing, this was one of those days. The sun was out and the falling tide carried us quickly out to the mouth of the river. Once we got there we landed on the Salisbury side and went out exploring on the jetty (off limits now) and then wading in the surf on Salisbury Beach State Park. At some point a life-guard or park ranger came up to Pike and politely kicked us off the beach (first and last time I ever knew of), we figured it was time to start for home by then anyway.

Three of the strongest rowers (one was normally my stroke oar when we raced the other two) got in one dory, headed for the center of the channel and then they were off. My sister and I took my normal dory, leaving Pike and a newer kid to take the third dory. Instead of plowing directly into the center of a dangerous river mouth channel (the Banks dory shape was invented/perfected for fishing in the mouth due to the rough conditions and the US Coast Guard was born in Newburyport, Massachusetts, because of the treacherous mouth). I decided to hug the

shore, picking my way through the boulders left over from more than one attempt to bridle the mouth of the river, and the old steamboat dock jetties.

I noticed the wind was up, it didn't hit home until I noticed a wind surfboard and sail lying in the lee of the jetty. Figuring one of the nuts must have hurt himself, I asked the guy sitting on the sand if he was OK, he told me he was fine, only the wind was more than he could handle. Knowing the conditions the wind surfers liked, I began to get a little concerned, rounding the tip of the jetty confirmed my fears. The wind was ripping directly down the long reach of the Lower Merrimack Basin and Joppa Flats. We were directly downwind from the Rings Island's boat slip where the dories lived and my car waited, and the wind was tearing the tops off the white caps.

I told my sister to row as hard as she could, since it would take every ounce of effort we could put out to drive the dory into the teeth of the wind. We managed to make it out of the river mouth and across the river that drains most of the Salisbury marshes, but I was starting to wear out by then and we still had miles to go. Skirting the edge of the Salisbury Marsh, I found that it was faster to pole than try to row since the bottom was solid enough. I hopped overboard and began dragging the boat forward as my sister poled. She soon tired of poling with a heavy oar and joined me in the water.

Not long after I started wading I looked over to see how the boat in the channel was doing. I still have the picture in my mind's eye of the dark lumpy sky, wild whitecapped river, the church steeples of Newburyport in the background and the Newburyport Harbor tour boat alongside the dory. The tour guy had his boat upwind of them and must have asked if they needed any assistance.

They kept on rowing, so he told them to put on their life jackets and then followed them for a bit before continuing his tour. (I remember thinking the people on his boat were more at risk of falling in trying to take pictures of the dory, than the rowers were.) I heard everything he said as he was using the PA system on the boat to talk to them. I also noticed they weren't very much ahead of us for all that they had two guys rowing for all they were worth and one guy steering with an oar.

Considering the mouth of the river is several miles from Rings Island, and I was walking in thick, sandy mud, I began to worry the tide would get too deep for me to continue towing the dory. When I started the water was shin deep, two or three miles later it was about waist deep. I got my sister back into the dory and tied the anchor line around my waist to make sure I didn't fall into an unseen hole or stream bed.

After the endless slog into the wind we finally got up close enough to Rings Island that the wind was broken by houses and we were able to row the last bit to the dory slip, where we unloaded and tied off the boat. After that I dropped off my exhausted sister at home and drove to work still soaking wet. (I think I was late for work by then.) It's a good thing sea salt is good for the skin; I had to wear it for the whole evening flipping burgers.

Later, when we told Chris about our afternoon row, he laughed and said, "that sounds like a death row." Amazingly enough my sister still went rowing with me after that, though she never wanted to visit

the mouth of the river again. I even got to teach my future brother-in-law how to row, although he sticks to paddling on his home waters in the Adirondacks now.

I didn't have a great camera back then, but these are a couple pictures I dug up, one is of three of us rowing past the Newburyport boardwalk in a Swampscot dory built by

local boat builder Doug Scott, I'm steering, Dan Noyes and Joe Bashaw are rowing. The other is two of the Rowing club parents practicing in one of the old Triton dories before the Snow Row sometime in the '90s.





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Texas for Boaters?

It has always been very gratifying for Nancy and me to visit our four kids and their families, the closer they live to the old homestead in Maine, the better. Living near water helps: the ocean that is, like Portland, Maine on Casco Bay (Atlantic) or Bellingham, Washington, near the San Juan Islands (Pacific).

We get down to Portland quite often, but our last visit to Bellingham was five years ago, and the three boys have shot up like weeds in the meantime. “We’ve got to make the effort to see them again”, Nancy reminded me. “Gladly”, was my answer. I had loved paddling our son’s sleek solo Hawaiian outrigger canoe on Bellingham Bay and beyond, as well as having a fast 16-knot sail on his home-built 23’ carbon fiber sailing trimaran. But why did he have to move to Austin, Texas, which I pictured as dry as a sandbox. OK, there might be some grassland for raising longhorn cattle, but I could not picture the old salt (that’s me) paddling in sun-parched Texas. It sounded like a bad joke. Images of T.S. Eliot’s *Wasteland* came to mind.

Well, it was not Mark’s choice either, I have to say in his defense; his move was job related. I remember writing in my article about “Paddling Pacific” in 2011: “Fortunately for me, they (our son’s family) do not live just anywhere, worst of all in a big city or barren, wide open country with no water around.” Bite your tongue, Dad! And I did, and then decided to make the best of the situation. (And that advice goes for all of you boaters out there: make the best of where you’re at.) And when our son Mark invited and urged us to visit in Texas this past spring, sounding very settled and happy to be there, we decided the time had come.

Making the Best of the Situation

So this is what Nancy and I came up with for our one-week Texas stint. The flight down to Austin was long, and May was already mighty hot for us snowbirds from Maine. But my *Wasteland* image quickly changed for the better. Austin is not only the capital of Texas, and a very pretty and vivacious city with interesting architecture, and a renowned music and arts scene, but it is also green. It has lots of trees, parks and even a sizable river flowing through its center, alternately labeled as “Austin Lake”, “Town Lake” and the “Colorado River” on maps. (Yes, Texas has its own Colorado River, flowing from south of Lubbock to the Gulf of Mexico.)

“Pfamily Pfun in Pflugerville”.



Austin, Texas, For Paddlers (Are You Kidding?)

By Reinhard Zollitsch
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The suburb of Pflugerville, where we were located, even had a “pfantastic, pfrivolous, pfancy, pfine” little man-made lake, Lake Pflugerville, how original! (Around Pflugerville, everything turns into a celebration of the German initial “PF” sound, literally a “p” followed by an “f”, though in Texas the “p” is silent). With a smile, they talk about a beerpfest, spring-, summer, fall and winterpfest. Even the kids’ school sports teams are the “Pflugerville Pfire Ants”. On the map I even “pfound” some bigger lakes, like Lake Georgetown and Lake Travis. So you see, there was hope for my exploring, while the three kids were in school, and the parents at work.



Hawaiian outrigger canoe on Lake Pflugerville.

Mark still had his sleek 21’ solo Kai-mana outrigger canoe and a second car with roof rack. Great! Even though Lake Pflugerville was small and shallow (only about two miles around) and did not really provide the open vistas I am used to, paddling on the ocean, it was perfectly paddleable. Just change the direction of travel with each 30 minute loop. There were longhorns grazing in one field, but mostly groomed, expensive houses all around. At the lake marina I noticed two man-made steel “trees”, each with two dozen purple martin houses attached, with happily chirping birds swirling all around them, catching bugs. I had not seen those big swallow-like birds for years. I had three outings on that lake. My last one turned quite windy when a sudden thunderstorm blew up out of nowhere.

Other Lakes and Local Attractions

Then on my birthday, the entire family drove to a large park on Lake Georgetown,

Back just in time (Lake Georgetown).



many times the size of Lake Pflugerville. There were yellowish, dry-looking sandstone hills and woods all around, no houses anywhere, very remote and oh so different from our New England lakes. The park also sported a sizable sand beach for swimming for the three boys, which they did for almost two hours, until I returned from my outrigger paddle. At that point, a thunderstorm had blown up, again, out of nowhere, which I understand happens quite often in this part of the country. I had to hustle home, but could not avoid being hit by the front coming through, with imminent thunder and lightning, but with plenty of large, yet warm raindrops. Everything is BIGGER in Texas. But you already know that.

Lake Travis lies in the so-called Hill Country of Texas, WNW of Austin. Spring rains had nicely filled this very large lake. It is man-made also, dam-controlled, a rain catch basin, like almost every lake in Texas. In this case the Colorado River flows through it also, adding some extra water. Dinner out in the fancy “Oasis” restaurant, a spectacular setting high above the lake, took precedence over my paddling time. But it was worth it, for the scrumptious Texas ribs. I had to be content taking a “virtual paddle” around this very pretty, steep-sided lake.

Another day, sundown was planned for bat watching at the Congress Ave. bridge over Town Lake in Austin. We had read that under this bridge, over a million small Mexican free-tailed bats hang out during the day, only to shoot out from under the rafters at dusk like shotgun pellets. People also come by the hundreds/thousands to witness this spectacle of nature, crowding along the riverbanks, or even looking up at the wild mayhem from below, from river tour boats and kayaks. (I would suggest wearing eye protection for this.) It is a real event, every evening, from spring to fall. It was on the top of Nancy’s wish list of what to do in Austin. Her other top request was seeing a field of bluebonnets (wildflowers), but they were already too far gone - sorry my dear!

Pfamily Pfun and Good Pfood in Pflugerville

“Meanwhile back at the ranch/home”, Mark showed us his new carbon fiber trimaran sailboat he is building, a smaller version of the bigger 23’ Osprey that he sailed in the Bellingham, Washington area. (See my 2013 article “You Lose Some, Only to Win Some” about our race together off Vancouver Island, Canada.) I was fascinated with the design and can’t wait to test sail it on Lake Travis. It should fly!



Checking out the new trimaran.

On several evenings the three boys, now already 11, 9 and almost 5 years old, clicked onto my website (www.ZollitschCanoeAdventures.com) and wanted to hear all about my trips, especially those in the Everglades with gators, crocs and hammerhead sharks. They were impressed and decided to come along on my next "expotition/expedition" in the Glades. A very gratifying moment for a Grandpa.

Checking out Grandpa's website.



Another bonding moment between the youngest almost 5-year old (whom I had only seen as a baby) and Grandpa (me) happened when we were left home alone one morning. So how do you bridge the 72 year age difference and keep the young one from hiding in his room watching videos? We needed action, projects with visible results, and there were plenty of opportunities in the house, with three boisterous boys, two dogs, and two over-worked, tired parents.

We found the tool chest in the garage and geared up like professionals. Since I am good at fixing things, we first put three doors back on their hinges. Swinging on them did not become them. The kitchen cabinet door was drooping, snapped in half. This needed Elmer's glue and Dad's boat straps. The next "patient" was the long dining table. It shim-mied madly and quivered like aspen leaves, all screws and bolts holding together table top, apron and legs were about to fall out. We needed to play car mechanic, lying on two exercise pads underneath it and screwing and ratcheting everything tight. The youngster started each job, while Grandpa gave it the last spin. That done, we tackled the six dining chairs, a forest of legs, 24 to be exact. We shook hands on a job well done and beamed from ear to ear, just as the rest of the family appeared at the front door. What's next?

A family trip to German Country around the Fredericksburg area. That sounded great, only I had succumbed to a bad cold and opted to stay home with the dogs, I felt like one also. The constant air conditioning and ceiling fans had done me in, and probably some local germs too, who knows. I felt really wiped out.

But Nancy tells me I would have liked seeing the German "Fachwerk" architecture, tasting the baked yeast goods and sampling some real German "Bier". (No Bud Lite please!). They even climbed magnificent Enchanted Rock in the Hill Country. I admit, I missed that. But what can you do, we'll have to do it next time!

So as you can see, fun was had by all. I even tasted some of the finest smoked/barbecued ribs with a local Shiner Bock beer, both well-known nationwide. On my birthday, Mark grilled some hefty Texas-sized steaks for our dinner, while Nancy made my favorite chocolate-rum-pineapple layer cake, with lots of help from the three boys.

Parting was "such sweet sorrow", and believe me, I came away with a totally new picture of Texas, Austin, Texas that is. I cannot speak for the rest of it. As you know, Texas is just TOO BIG to do justice to all facets of this BIG Lone Star State. But getting to paddle a sleek solo Hawaiian outrigger canoe four times in one week, "deep in the heart of Texas", is not too shabby, wouldn't you say? Not to mention the quality visiting time with the family, and all the great food. Thanks for inviting us, Mark and Amber! But please, son, do not move your family to the Sahara or Gobi desert next...

PS: As a going-away present, we grandparents promised to give each of the older boys his first boat to paddle, as we had done for Mark when he was little. After careful selection, Mark chose two 13' Australian built entry level surf skis (ocean-style kay-aks), with light carbon fiber wing paddles. If that is not cool, I don't know what is. The youngest will have to wait a while and may get the boat from the oldest brother when he moves up into a different boat.



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The Moaning Chair

My moaning chair has been getting a lot of use recently. The old gal is causing quite a stirring of the cobwebs in my mind. I don't think the chair has cooled once this week. The old gal is the Lightning I drug home a few months back. I admit those starry eyed dreams got the better of my vision. Had I any sense I do believe I would have given the old girl a proper burial. As it is, she's getting a new lease on life. I keep finding rotten core, completely gone, just powder remaining. It's dry at least, this stuff under the deck. The hull is now done and sound.

My current dilemma was the overlooking of this deck rot when I had the deck raised and disconnected from the hull. That may not have helped as I couldn't add new core and glass it apart from the deck not being attached to the hull, for fear of putting a new shape to it and then not fitting the hull. That would have been a real disaster. Now it's secure with some 5200 type stuff. She ain't budging. So the new plan is a 1/4" ply overlay over the entire deck, 52ed nice and tight. Then 6oz glass epoxy on top. She'll be a bit heavier, but then so am I. The year she was built I was as skinny as a rail, or so I've been told. The rails are a bit thicker today. This may be a common thread between me and the old gal.

I've made a model of sorts, trying to get a better understanding of a possible cabin for her. I wasn't going to go that direction at first, but the mind is hard to reel in at times. I'm still stuck on leeboards as well, port and starboard, 4' deep and 2' wide at the bottom. I'm also thinking of a foil type daggerboard with a good chunk of lead down below. Help to keep her on her feet out in the Gulf.



The daggerboard is a ways off though, it seems to be a lot easier dreaming, quicker as well. All this work is just to gain a shallow water ability with the combined ability for jumping offshore if the desire calls. I think it's doable. The idea is not to make a better sailboat of a design that's been around since 1938, I would be just kidding myself. This venture is more along the lines of tweeting just for me. There's no money to be made in this joint venture, only spent. And hopefully none to that Mr Piper.

The sailing ability will more than likely suffer. I'm well aware I'll have to give some performance up in the world of exchange. I'd be further kidding myself to think I could single hand a Lightning as she's normally dressed, so she'll be toned down some. Subdued somewhat. I hope I'm not offending the purists among us. We all have a place set at the dinner table. I think we can all get along, I certainly hope so.

So an older Lightning, a bit heavier, shorter mast, less sail area. This will be a first

Meanderings Along the Texas Coast

By Michael Beebe

for me. First time sailing a Lightning, I'll be missing something but I won't know what.

Here a shot of my idea so far, it's just an idea, subject to change. The ideas keep coming, filtering the really bad ones is getting a bit easier. Some ideas are just not transferable from boat to boat.

Down Time

Renewal! Renewal comes in all forms. Some gentle and simple as a good night's sleep, some violent as raging forest fires, ships awash in wind blown harbours. Yearly maintenance of sailboats, or sore knees and backs. Forced renewal. Oh how we wish it wasn't so but at times it is.

The spirit still soars, the voyages continue, if only in our minds while healing continues. The slows in life after a while can be seen as a good thing, a slower gait to actually see and ask the wife, "how long has the garden looked so?" Her smile doesn't even need words to show the understanding and love captured over the years.

I've a picture clipped and saved, thumbtacked to the cork board. It shows two elderly, a man and a woman, the man with a cane, arms around one another, legs a bow. Grey and old, wearing rumpled sweaters, ambling down a garden path. I've written below it one word, "Us." A hopeless romantic perhaps, but I knew for many years the possibilities of genuine love to be found could also be owned and enjoyed as well.

Sore knees and backs are a thing of life. Sailboats and dreams "on the hard," as its said when the boat is yanked out of the water, place on the hard concrete, propped up on jack stands for the absolute necessity of repairs.

The voyage does not stop, the characters one meets on the hard are every bit as interesting as those met in far flung harbours across miles of sea. We accepted and enjoyed a dinner invitation aboard a 36' catamaran stationed for a time in the do it yourself yard in a commercial marina.

"Come on by at six," we were told, "we're near the water behind the two shrimpers, next to the travel lift, the step ladder is off the stern." We'd never seen a sunset aboard a cat, motionless, between the rigging of shrimpers equally motionless. Five years on we're still friends, he's off now circling the world by bus, train and various cruise lines. "Be gone for 90 days," he says. He's an inspiration, he's also pushing 76.

Another encourager I had the pleasure of meeting a few years back while sailing the Texas 200 was an 80-something sailing with his 29-year-old grand son on a 14' Lido. Go now, they say, you might not get a chance later to do it.

So the down times can be used to advantage. Once recognized as part of the process, a vital one as well. It's easier to accept them for what they are. My Linda and I, while sitting around surfing the net or flipping pages of magazines, tell each other jokingly, "I'm working!" And actually we are. Doing research.

So the slows are here but the voyage continues. Sea you out there.

Working...

'Tis evening, about 8:20pm. Talking with Linda about a friend we have from New Jersey. A very likable guy, a very excitable fellow as well. Trying to pin it down, this excitableness, I used the following description:

Him: "It'll take hours to get back from the island, doing six knots, it'll take all day."

Me: "How long is all day?"

Him: "Four hours at least!"

Me: "The island is only six miles off the coast, we'll be doing six knots, how many hours?" I guess six would seem to be crawling compared to full out planning at 25mph.

And so it goes. New Jersey, I'm going to ask him if the other guys are the same back there. Years ago, where I was working in a Honolulu boatyard, two of the crew of about 20 men, two shifts, had come from the Bronx. Seems as if a Friday night bar hopping ended with the two of them on an airplane heading to Honolulu with one way tickets. It was get a job Monday morning time.

I met them at the yard. I remember seeing them standing around Wednesday lunchtime not eating. Well, payday was Friday, every other Friday, and toward the second week in the pay period, the last few days the cupboards sometimes got bare in my apartment, the fridge neigh empty.

These poor guys were far worse off than I so I shared my lunch with them the next three days. What makes it memorable, I was down to cabbage sandwiches. Bread and cabbage, the cupboards were bare, remember. They were much appreciative. Later they invited me to their apartment, completely empty except for the two bedrooms, furnished the same, a single sleeping bag in each bedroom, on the floor, no bed.

These two were paired up as a team at the boatyard. We were working on an old wooden ship, about 110' in length, converting it to a Waikiki dinner cruiser. So these two Bronx boys, one on the inside, the other out side sharing instructions, yelling, screaming, cursing. The blood will soon be flowing, I'm thinking. Even the foreman stopped for a moment, then walks off shaking his head.

At the end of the day they'd walk through the gate with arms around one another's shoulders. Buds from childhood.

The last I saw of them was in downtown Honolulu, the one leading the other into a restaurant. I was invited to join them for dinner. Cabbage sandwiches by then were a thing of the past. The leading part was literal. Seems one was watching a welder, although told not to, construction trades were new to these fellows. With bandaged eyes, they were still buddies. The one quit work to help his friend. Soon, they said, they'd be heading back home with stories to tell, laugh about, shared with their friends, during their Friday night capers at the local bars.

No Turning Back...

Well, I hemmed and hawed, back and forth, this morning I got to it. The centerboard was yanked with the help of the son, and I started cutting. Reminds me of a worker on the job, a Mexican fellow, jack of all trades, good family man. I was hesitant of taking some time off work to hunt pheasants. He said, "Mike, just close your eyes and go like hell." I did then and I did this morning as well.

I cut it out. No more center board, no more centerboard trunk. I'll have to duck if

I even get close to a Lightning Regatta. I've wanted a wide open cockpit such as this for some time now. I got close with the O Day Javelin. I just got there with this Lightning.



It'll have a bench seat across the aft cockpit and a 5'x6'3" dance floor/California King size berth. I've got a dome tent, 6'8"x6'8" that'll fit over the sleeping platform, with a short filler on the aft end. The cushions go under the foredeck when sailing.

This puppy'll float in 7" of water with port 'n starboard leeboards and an old Sea Gull smoking on the transom, no telling where we'll end up. When friends from Waco show up, she converts to a wide open fish getter. At least that's what the boys at the office say. The farmer there asks how my license works? Not so good, I tell him, haven't got one fish yet. Another fellow there always asks if I'd like to go with him. Last time out the back was complaining a bit. Nice though, real nice.

This fishing and sailing stuff is kinda like chewing gum and walking, I'm just able to get that done. I've tried fishing and sailing at the same time, for myself I find I'm on the edge of unmanageableness, all I ever caught was sea grass, if I'd caught a fish I can only imagine the bedlam.

But! Getting there, this boat'll do it. Another fellow at the office has been showing me some back bay holes where one needs 10" max draft. It should be nice, spending the night, enjoying the quite, throwing lures, maybe, just maybe.

So the push is back on, finish the Lightning is back on the front burner.

Lunch Time

In for lunch, while asking a blessing for today's meal, I hear my wife laughing her head off. I thought she was going to end up rolling on the floor laughing. "What's up?" I says. My backwards hat with the pencil seemed to be the issue. Some are easy to please.

Her question, "Why the hat on backwards?" Tells me she just doesn't understand sunburnt scalps and epoxy matted hair. Yesterday, glassing inside a locker, the bill kept hitting the locker edge and the hat would fall

down over my eyes. Off it went, over the side, onto the grass. Today I turned it backwards, that's not too bad I thought, only took a day to think of that solution and the wife gets a big kick out of it. I'm not one to get upset at a little ribbing, not with a plate of tacos in front of me.



The day before yesterday I was inside the boat, that's where the matted hair comes in. On my back, laying on a rib, reaching under the cockpit, I remembered thinking of doing the far reaches of epoxy work first then the stuff nearer so I wouldn't stick my head in the fresh 'poxy. Well, the remembering came a bit late. I tell my Linda I can't see it in the mirror, is as good as saying, I can't see it from my house. It'll grow back soon.

Years ago, before epoxy use was so common, we glassed our surfboards with polyester resin. Whew! Stinky stuff. In the Surfer magazine at that time, this was in the mid 60s, a cartoon showed two high school girls walking to class carrying their books. One says to the other, "He never noticed me until I started putting resin behind my ears."

Oh epoxy! The bane of clothes, ruining a good pair of pants is one thing, sitting on the couch is quite another. My Linda is constantly on me to dust off. In the house already, she states, "You didn't dust off, did you?" In my defense I ask how she can tell? "You leave dust behind on the ice box where you close it with your knee!"

Another time an elderly neighbor gal comes by for a visit. I had been outside cutting something. I get up and excuse myself, leaving the two of them talking. Seems I left some sawdust behind on the very chair offered to the guest. I heard later about that one.

I bought an air compressor, a small cheap one, to help with blowing the dust off. This was before the shed. All work being done out in the open under the oak. The sun's UV rays destroyed the air hose in no time and it was back to a brush. It was noisy anyway.

Sometimes I think I'll wait till she leaves before I start sanding or grinding, but I'm only fooling myself. The fridge will tell on me.

It's Raining...

It's raining! It's been raining for a couple of hours now, sometimes softly, then hard, as now. It's also 3:06am. On the boat it would be 0300:06. Did I close the forehatch on the Silhouette I'd been working on yesterday? Boy, it's coming down hard. Could be getting everything wet, causing more work. Ruining work. So out I go. More likely, it's out we go.

Can't be having no stoppable messes aboard, especially with the precious darling sitting so close just out back in the yard. Should we wait for it to let up? Best not. We've got to take care of that girl, else how would we expect her to take care of us out there, on the water in similar conditions? Wet, cold, standing watch in the pouring stuff. In the pouring stuff where there be no retreating until safe haven is made.

Best to go now while all it takes is a short walk. Setting the mind at ease now will help in some unknown way only a sailor would understand, doing so will contribute to ease of mind when we're actually out there in the discomfort of a wet and stormy night. I don't understand how the correlation ties together, but it does.

These wet ones are every bit a part of the glorious days of sailing. The diamonds sparkling across the waters as a setting sun says good night. Of a diving whale 50 yards off the starboard rail shared only with a passing sport fisher. Of egrets dancing and so many rays migrating their bouncing off the bottom and sides of the boat in the shallows.

Aw! What's a little rain at three in the morning. Two days ago it would have been four in the morning and the office would be open in an hour. As it is, I have to wait two hours. The body hasn't realized the time change yet, so it get up as usual.

Speaking of the office, had a good laugh with my Linda just yesterday morning. Something to do with all across this country men gather in coffee shops of various demur to solve the world's problems. Truth be known, "can't sleep" is more of a get together reason than most of them would admit. This is so and is evident in that so few actually get together away from the "can't sleep" office. Be it the local McDonald's or Bea's Cafe. Doesn't matter. That's OK, beats wakening the wife, that won't set well at all.

So closing hatches in early morning rains in the back yards across the land is as much a part of good seamanship as standing watch in the wet stuff. One thing though, if the memory worked a little better, these early morning walks in pouring rain wouldn't be necessary. The hatch was already closed.

Buying and Selling

Mostly selling. Sold two sailboats this week, coastal cruisers, Texas 200 capable type sailboats. Shallow draft, thin water wonders. The first to sell was a MacGregor 21. Most would not equate this mass produced thing of yesteryear to be of any desire whatsoever. The MacGregor really is a true shallow water sailer with the centerboard up she'll float in just 13" of water. Beachable is another excellent quality. Sailing performance will get one there and back. Some will squawk at that, I'm sure. Another is cheap. These babies are getting to be a dime a dozen. The inside is extremely tight, don't be kidding yourself thinking otherwise. Treated as storage, the inside will carry a month's supply of gear, food and water.

With filler plywood in the footwell of the cockpit and a simple boom tent, it becomes a huge double berth. We're not crossing oceans, just coastal cruising. For that the price is more than right. Oh, one can spend a whole lot more, build one if desired, but the scenery is the same, the sunsets look just as pretty from a \$600 boat as from one costing \$4-5,000. Your choice.

The other to go was the Fox. Oh, the beloved Fox. The little jewel that loved dancing and skipping across the waters. Getting up on planes and flying in the breezy stuff. It was time to go, the relationship hadn't soured, it was just time. The young couple she's going home with are in their late 20s or maybe a bit more. They're not sailors, not yet anyway. They've got a hankering to learn, a place to store the boat and that desire to learn, a desire to go for it, a desire that's good to have. We'll be going out for a harbor sail later on, a sail, as they say, to show them the ropes. It'll be all verbal on my part, him doing the mast raising, sail bending. It'll stick better that way. By no means will competency be imparted in a three hour cruise, but dropping the main and keeping the anchor always free and ready to deploy will be high on the list. So later today the Fox is off.

A few weeks back the Montgomery 17' went north, this leaves the Paradox. Yep, she's next to go, unless something else goes first. One never knows, at least I don't, that, is for sure. With what's rolling around in this head of mine it's hard to say what direction I'll be headed. Already this morning I've gone from houseboat to a stretched Paradox. That stretched Paradox has been bouncing between the ears for quite some time. Pulled to 16'6" with a aft cockpit, a double berth, and floating in a mere 12" of the morning dew here on the Texas coast she's a hard design to beat.

She'll travel coasts north and south, cross oceans if one has the wherewithall to do so. I'm sure I don't, would be nice, though, knowing if push came to shove she could push right back. So maybe, just maybe. I'm sure I could have it done in time for the next Texas 200. Then, maybe not. The Lightning will soon be up and sailing. She'll do most everything the longer Paradox will do except cross large bodies of water with a single bound.

The Lightning will actually float in less water than either Paradox with leeboards, the centerboard and c/b trunk are already AWOL, pulled out, cut out and set aside. We'll soon be learning if I've got a 19' fishing skiff or a fun shallow water sailer. I'm keeping my fingers crossed. When I did this same type of thing to the Fox, only one fellow on the net was interested to see what I was up to. If one has an inclination to attempt such desecration, as it's referred to by most, and can't proceed alone, I'd say it would probably be better to leave well enough alone.

As I've said in the past, I'm not kidding myself into thinking I'm improving a far more qualified design than I could ever come up with, no that's not it at all. Personalize might be a better term. With the Fox, when I had it rigged as a balanced lug, did she sail better to weather? No! Did she still plane? Sometimes. Was she fast to launch and go? Very much so. Will the Lightning do all these things? I very much hope so.



The Shop

I've received a few comments about the new shed my Linda bought for me a few months back. I've pretty much filled it full and then some. This little bit is for those of us with like minded clutter. Clutter, because that is really just what it is.



My wife keeps a clean house and if there is another bug-a-boo besides the sawdust I track into the house it would be flat surfaces. I know there are some who can relate. I've been given a two drawer filing cabinet with the accompanying flat top as mine sitting in the front room of our small house beside a bookcase in the spare bedroom. These I can keep as cluttered as I please.

I'm not begrudged one bit and I don't mind one bit either. She keeps me under wraps and for good reason. The photos tell all one needs to know. It's supposed to rain tomorrow and just today I drug home four bags of sails from a Kitiwake 23' that's going places we'd rather not think about. She's a fine looking woman.

So these four bags of sails are now lying outside the shop. Rain coming. The job box is already full of sails, the shop has berth tops drying from fresh epoxy. It's getting crowded. But in they go. Right inside the door. This is getting out of hand. I'd feel real bad except I remember an old issue of *Fine Wood Working* where a guy's shop looked a lot like mine and he was finishing up a desk for a sitting president. There's hope yet.



This piece is meant as a word of encouragement to others afflicted as I am. One friend wrote from Maine saying how when he worked out of his truck, any tool he needed was in the back of the truck somewhere! I told him I could relate.

Hopeless! I'm afraid so. It's constant cleaning time. If I don't force myself into some needed housekeeping I'll soon be out under the oaks again, defeating the very purpose of purchasing the shed in the first place. Linda says she'll come out and help me get organized. No! No! I'll get it done, I'll get it done in due time. Another boat is leaving soon and I'm purposely not using it for storage. I've done that before and when

they sell it's a madhouse relocating all the paraphernalia. Even these newest four bags of sails for the boat I had in mind may already be going down the road. Things change that fast around here. They won't go to waste though. I'm thinking of recutting the main to fit the Lightning. They'll be put to good use. As will the shop if I can just get back inside.



Today

Today was a bit nip here. I know, I know, all you people north of us are in much colder weather than us crybabies here on the mid coast of Texas. Heck, it was 52° this morning. Quit yer bellyaching. I can hear it coming. The epoxy didn't set until well past two or three this afternoon. Used the fast hardener also. So not much done on the Lightning.

Went to the Silhouette a bit later. Cleaned some in preparation for general housekeeping. That entails the cushions, bedding, setting up the galley. In general I've always wanted a small boat in the water that needed but the captain and crew to drop the lines and go. With this little jewel it's now almost a done deal.

After that jaunt I sewed some on the sail for *Summer Breeze*. It's a small two sheet plywood sailing skiff. Actually copied after a flat iron skiff I think out of days of yore. It's a balanced lug rig, material is polytarp. I think I'll be switching to canvass from now on out. Gonna be trying a gaffer and a junk sometime in the not too distant future. We'll see.

Harry came by and sat a spell. We talked about our various boating projects we have going. He hit 74 today. He doesn't move too fast. Not so much his age as just being banged up so often in life is taking its toll on his body in general. So he's a little slower now. He's been systematically rebuilding three or four trailers over the last several months time. Doing a good job of it as well. In his day it would have been a week's job. Plugging along he's getting it done though. I lend a hand now and then, mostly it's slow and sure. Too often nowadays getting the young away from their gadgets is nigh impossible. We're afraid someday they're going to feel the pain.

Went back down to the boat just before dinner. It's nice being so close. Maybe five minutes. Unless it's traffic hour, then it'll take seven or eight minutes. The winter Texans will be coming soon. We were of that crowd for a few years. Back there in those California mountains I noticed I was downsizing, just getting rid of stuff. I noticed Linda doing the same. We were on the other side of middle somewhere with building a house there and so we came up with the idea of selling unfinished, take the hit and go.

We did! Never looked backed. I'd still like to sail some in the Channel Islands off the coast near Ventura. Don't know if that will happen, it'd be nice though. I'd done

a bit over the years. The beauty is there, the fog, the quiet, the sea life as well. Solitude. And I have that as well here. But home waters are always home waters.

So Harry's gone, dinner's over, the wife seems to be coming down sick and the chickens are put up. There's no need to open the back door again tonight. Cozy and warm inside, a good book and I feel terrible about all the cold people up north.

Out Sailing

My niece called the other day on her birthday, imagine that. Thought comes, the gift imparted, the birthday gift, without even realizing it at the moment. She called, said, "Hello, Uncle Mike," to which I replied to the female voice on the other end, "And who is this to whom I'm an uncle to?" That conversation lasted several minutes until identity was established. I don't know why the younger generation mumble so?

I've heard this little jewel had taken up sailing, racing sailboats on the sound in the Pacific Northwest. In fact, a brother sent me an email so informing me, saying we needed to discourage her, he's a sailor as well and very supportive of his niece as well. The long and the short of the surprising and wonderful phone call was a request to come down here and go for a long weekend sail with me. Said something about showing her some ropes. She's evidently got me mixed up with her other uncle.

I've got plenty of ropes, all kinds actually. I remember one wrapping around my ankle as I jumped for the dock. After impact it did keep the boat from drifting away. Then there was that line around the prop with a mooring field just downwind. I might have pieces of that line laying around still I could send her, save her a trip.

So yesterday we went sailing, her and I. She in the *Summer Breeze*, the bit under 12' lug rigged plywood flatiron type sailing skiff,

and me in the *Lightning*. I had her doing all sorts of things, pushing off shallows, capsizing, navigating narrow channels. Later we were both in the *Lightning*, with me napping mostly, by this time I was tired. We spent two nights out there, cooking and sleeping aboard.

All this since the phone call from Seattle, this was written shortly after the call. These mind trips, as I call them, are of a much better sort than the ones we went on in the '60s and into the '70s. The ports of call being much better now. This daydreaming of mine goes back a long way. I've mentioned before how a third grade teacher told my mother I constantly gaze out the windows. Later in life, trying to improve my lot, I came across various self help books. One on visualization, I realized what the author was describing was something I was onto in the third grade. I then thought I was ahead of the game, problem then was figuring just what game, inning or quarter it was.

So next March or April it is. Fantastic! What's better, as she was calling around to get my current phone number the visitors grew. That's even better. A sister was off a few years back to visit the sailor brother in Florida. Soon enough the parents, brother and sister, spouses were on their way to Marathon Key. My brother even turned me loose with his sailboat and kept everybody enthralled doing magic tricks at the bar he ran. Good times indeed. Ought to be fun, visiting and sailing, maybe even some fishing. So sailing with the niece. It will be fun. Memories are a building already and the good stuff is yet to come.

Boat Dogs

I read Kevin McNeill's short, interesting and good piece on houseboat design on the Duckworks site and it sent my mind a wandering. He mentioned not finding anyone "who would admit their boat is a dog." I have to agree. I also have to say I've known many

who've thought my boats were dogs.

Great big ones! Not the mean type, just ugly as can be. I realized this when it came time to part with these gems of mine. We find out quickly that beauty is indeed in the eye of the beholder. I'm not discouraged though, not one bit. When I start cutting on someone's else's proven design, I know they're thinking, "Who does he think he is anyway?" Well anyway, I guess it shows I'm not thinking. Not thinking resell.

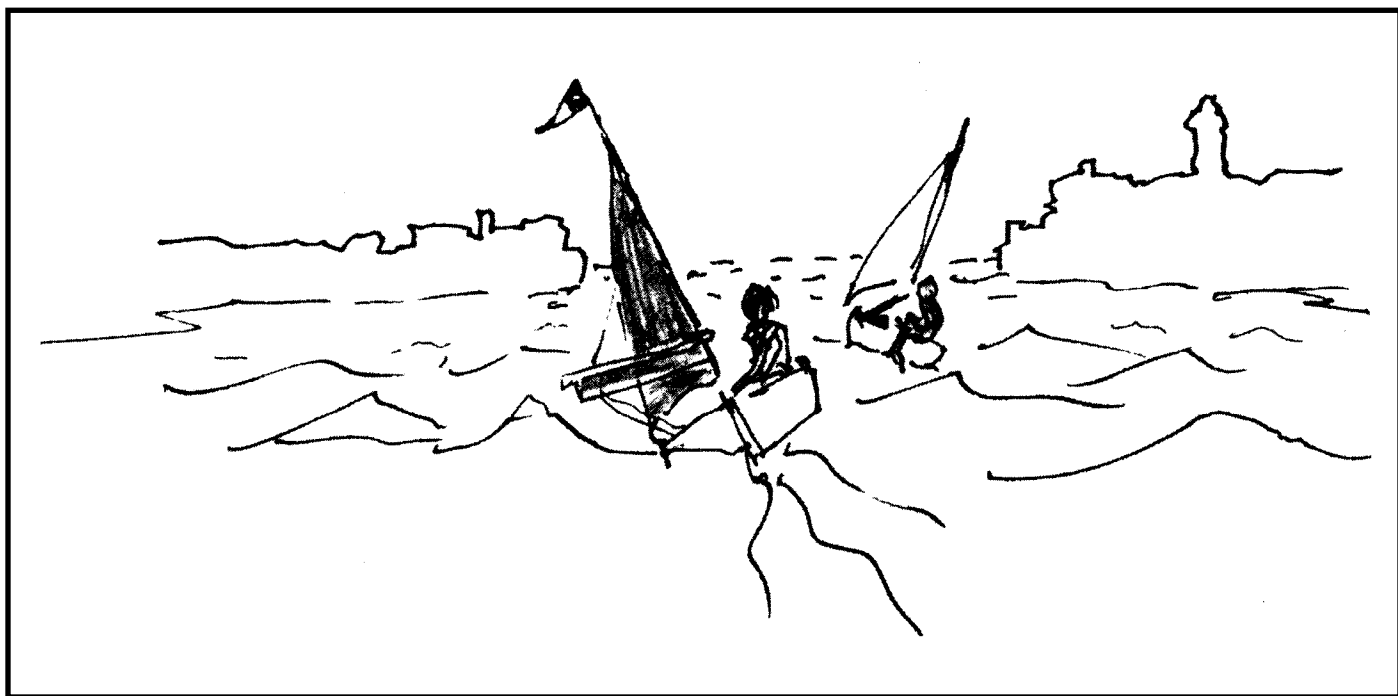
When I shaped and glassed surfboards for myself I had one design I called the thread design. I went to a fabric store, got several spools of different colored thread and spaghettied the thread all over the deck, then glassed it. I thought it was quite unique. The weed may have had something to do with that thinking.

Well, the weed is long gone but the damage is done. The reason I know these "dog thoughts" are out there is because of what I've learned through the selling process. After the initial inquiry when responding to my ads placed here and there, the inquirer often goes quietly into the night, never to be heard from again.

My wife, bless her heart, she says of me, "bless his little heart." Note the difference? She asks why don't I at least paint them? Well, I respond, it's time for them to go. If I painted these dogs I'd want to keep them around. Makes sense to me.

These reworks are really quite novel, if given half a chance to explain myself I'm sure they'd fly, float anyway. Another tell tale is the quietness and non response I get. Figure that one out, getting non response. Really brings reading between the lines to a new level.

I like dogs. Grew up with them. Had family dogs, hunting dogs, companion dogs and now I guess it only seems natural to have a few boat dogs. They don't bite, they sure can eat though, that hole in the water ain't got nothing on my dogs.



Books and Films

Rescuing the Bounty, a book by Michael Tougais and Douglas Campbell, is a fast paced and quickly read discourse on the *HMS Bounty* and Hurricane Sandy that sank it. The captain, believing that the ship could weather the storm at sea better than in port, headed into the tempest in an attempt to slide down the weakest edge of the counter clockwise winds. The old Murphy's Law of the Sea hammered the tall ship unmercifully. What can go wrong, will go wrong, what will go wrong will happen at the worst possible time. Wrong size fuel filters, pumps that could not hold a prime, poor electronics and huge seas that swept the uncaulked weather deck that filled the bilge from the top down all compromised the ship's survivability.

This book, written by two experts on storms and ships, recounts the incredible bravery of the Coast Guard crews that operated in the Search and Recovery missions. Their story alone will make you want to immediately run to the recruiting office or vow never again to go near water deeper than your bathtub. I'd like to say that these guys had big brass ones but several crewmembers were women who are braver and tougher than most men.

On that same note, the movie *The Finest Hour* is well worth the price of admission or rental. The *SS Pendleton* broke in half in a massive gale. The bow sank immediately but the stern half managed to stay afloat because of the engineering officer's intelligence and calmness. With operating pumps, a jury-rigged manual rudder and watertight doors, the crew kept the hulk above water. The other side of the coin was the US Coast Guard who went out in a small motor whaleboat with a 12-person capacity to attempt a rescue of 22 men. Most felt that the small boat would not get across the bar, let alone reach the ship. It is a heck of a movie that is true.

Mississippi Bob, a frequent contributor, is a former Coastie. He and his mates kept our waterways open and navigable, performed heroic rescues and generally were a sailor's best friend. It would be no surprise to discover that they have wings under their uniform blouses and buoyant halos overhead.

Duckworks magazine is a free online weekly that orients its contents toward boat builders and crazy small boat cruisers. It offers plans for building just about anything that floats, is a modest supplier of materials and tools and provides computer links to a myriad of sites for boaters, sailors, kayakers, canoe tippers and the like. It is well worth a minute or two to glance over each week. (www.duckworksmagazine.com).

Gray Fleet

The US Navy announced an expansion of repair and maintenance facilities around the globe. Of course, there is no correlation between the sudden focus on repairs and the multitude of LCS ships blowing their propulsion units.

RADM Robert Girrier, head of the unmanned warfare systems (OP NAV N99) recently discussed the advancement of his three pronged orientation; air, sea, submarine. The launching of the *Sea Hunter* is the first of many experimental projects needing no on board crew. Looking like a miniature destroyer with floats, the ship is an element of the anti submarine warfare (ASW) Continuous Trail Unmanned Vessel (ACTUV) reflecting a partnership between the Office



Over the Horizon

By Stephen D.
(Doc) Regan

of Naval Research (ONR) and the Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency (DARPA). The ship is a mere 130' long vessel that can almost replace destroyers in anti submarine search and destroy. Better yet, it can operate 24/7 for thousands of miles.

Who comes up with all these acronyms and abbreviations? Is there a Naval Office of Obfuscation and Befuddlement (NOOB)?

The Good Old Boys in the Kremlin are pushing their weight around in the Arctic. Since it is only a hop, skip and a jump to Canada "over the top" via the North Pole, the Russians have built seven naval bases in the Arctic causing some discomfort to our northern cousins. To add a little fuel to the fire, the Big Bear has stationed an army regiment in these bases. Oil is plentiful in the Arctic and many nations are worried about Russia's intentions.

RADM Joseph Malloy, Deputy CNO, warned that the recent missile attack on the *USS Mason* (DDG-87) was just the first of anticipated many such strikes on US ships. Yemen is hardly the country to be buying Silk Missiles so they must be coming from Iran, Russia or North Korea as this trio continues to flex their muscles and push the envelope. Bullying will increase regardless of who is elected President in November (this is written in October). The Admiral also noted that every Third World country is yearning for such weapons and they are receiving them.

Remember, all ships can be a mine-sweeper, once. There are more airplanes in the ocean than boats in the sky. A good docking is one where you can walk away from the boat. A great docking is when the boat is re-usable.

Inland Waterways

A 93-year-old bridge across the Arkansas River in Little Rock was condemned by the state's Department of Transportation and scheduled for demolition. Barge traffic was halted, boaters cleared of the area, dynamite placed in proper places and the TV cameras were rolling when the explosion occurred. Unfortunately the bridge refused to fall. Like a stubborn old mule, it remained in perfect stance, bloody but unbowed. The demolition company cut through several cables and steel tresses and used two towboats and steel cables to finally force the old lady to her knees. Of course, traffic was held up for a couple of days and the press had a field day questioning whether the bridge was really that unsafe.

Meanwhile, in my home state of Iowa, over 10% of its bridges have been documented to be unsafe and in need of immediate replacement. *Time* rated Iowa the fourth worst state for quality infrastructure. Governor Terry Branstad holds the US record for the longest serving governor. Holding the floor down in the Des Moines Capital for 24 years, the Governor for Life points a finger at his predecessor, whoever that was.

The Container on Barge (COB) concept

has become more rational than ever before after the longshoremen's nine month strike in California. One furniture company is already shipping goods through the Panama Canal and into New Orleans where containers will be loaded on barges to St Louis and then distributed across the country.

Certainly this concept has the attention of the Longshoremen's Union and the West Coast Port Authorities, to say nothing of the barge owners. Of course, significant changes in shipping methods worry Congress, the Army Corps of Engineers and a myriad of other entities. Now that the Panama Canal has been redesigned, Asian shippers certainly are not limited to dropping goods off in California. Inland Waterways is the only transportation mode with "slack."

Northern Lights Inc, a marine generator company, is the first of its kind to be certified to 2015 ISO 9001 standards. The company makes commercial marine generators from 5-550kw. This information means little to most of us who have fairly low standards but evidently is a big deal to Northern Lights Inc.

A woman walking along the banks of the Schuylkill River in Philadelphia was struck, staggered and covered with entrails by a fish falling from the sky. After a bath and a visit to the Emergency Room she was released unharmed. One might think that this was a sign from God that He again was feeding His flock with fishes. Certainly the vividly WASP population of Main Line Philadelphia consider themselves as God's Chosen People, but mere mortals in civil authority decided it was a fish dropped by a high flying bird. A lot of birds in South Philly are high flyers.

The *Waterways Journal* contained an interesting editorial regarding coal, its economical impact and its usage. Bluntly, the tow and barge business is in the coal business since most coal travels by water. Coal companies are filing for bankruptcy by the carload because of environmental restrictions, electrical companies changing to natural gas and coal's negative public attitude. Coal mine disasters, images of company towns, Black Lung disease concerns, greedy mine owners, carbon discharge, labor violence, strikes and a host of other bad circumstance tell a bleak history of the industry.

Several points deserve attention; coal is abundant, coal is inexpensive, coal generates less greenhouse gases than automobiles, it is shipped inexpensively by water and carbon emissions are the problem rather than coal. General Electric (GE) and other technical companies are introducing new scrubbers tripling output with fewer emissions. GE also developed a sun rotator turbine that takes captive carbon to fuel huge solar batteries. CO₂ cooled to a dry ice salt that is warmed to a solid gas state produces enough energy to provide electricity to 100,000 homes. Global Thermostat has invented a CO₂ "vacuum cleaner" that extracts up to 10,000 tons of CO₂ per unit. Captivated carbon is then used in manufacturing plastics, bio fuels and even medicine. It even emits oxygen as a byproduct. The technology for greater coal usage is available. Now it's just making it affordable.

White Fleet

Conflicting reports about the cruise line business covers all the news releases. Some claim that passenger numbers are down while others are building more craft. Meyer Turku, a Finnish ship builder has a couple of new

orders in the Gulf of Bothnia between Sweden and Finland. This pair is for Carnival. Royal Caribbean just ordered two 200,000 ton ships for delivery in 2022 and 2024. Meyer Turku is a highly regarded shipbuilder noted for quality craftsmanship, timely delivery and operating at budget.

Ironically two different reports came through simultaneously with the above announcement. One stated that the building of cruise ships is dangerously on the decline due to the economy. The other stated that no one in the world could compete with the Asian shipbuilding industry. Maybe former politicians have found new jobs as public relations folk for shipbuilders.

A Loch Ness cruise ship and owners were fined \$7,000 for an accident aboard a vacation ship going through a lock in Scotland. The *Jacobite Queen* suddenly throttled forward before a stern line was taken in. A crewmember's leg was caught in a bight and had a "degloving" injury to his leg, meaning that all the skin and muscle was literally pulled off the bone. Doctors were forced to amputate the appendage. The Captain was found guilty of negligence, fined over \$2,000 and he resigned his captain's license.

Royal Caribbean announced a record third quarter profit of \$690 million as compared to \$620 million a year ago in part because of the interest in the two newest ships *Harmony of the Seas* and the *Ovation of the Sea*. The 2017 bookings look very bright for the company.

This news was welcomed warmly in Puerto Rico, which has had a record tourism rate this past year. Royal Caribbean is a primary source of income for the island. They are expanding #3 pier to handle the mega-ships from the Miami based cruise company, Maritime Fleet

England's National Union of Rail, Maritime and Transport workers have made a concentrated effort to encourage UK flagged ships to use British crew. "All of Atlantic Container Line's UK flagged fleet of new ro-ro container ship, the *Atlantic Star*, *Atlantic Sail*, *Atlantic Sea*, *Atlantic Sky*, and *Atlantic Sun*, will not have a single UK seafarer working onboard, despite the vessels being registered in the Port of Liverpool," stated a union representative. The Union wants England to proffer greater training, some semblance of job protection and higher standards. They also claim that the UK is killing off its own wharf, storage and repair jobs.

The shipping industry has called upon the International Maritime Organization to set higher standards for emissions, especially of CO₂. The industry has requested that The Marine Environment Protection Committee create a timeline and roadmap for the development of directives for less pollution. Maritime ships account for 2.2% of all carbon emissions.

The *USS Mason* was not the only ship to be attacked in the Middle East, Yemen militants also fired on several merchant ships. A UAE dredge was heavily damaged by rocket fire. Sundry sources claimed that three were severely injured while others claimed that 22 were killed. *Galicia Spirit*, an LNG tanker, faced raiders in open skiffs firing an RPG but successfully avoided casualties or damage in spite of having no onboard security team.

The US National Geospatial Intelligence Agency (NGA) issued the following suggestions, "Follow Best Management Practices for Protection based on an instruc-

tion book published earlier, install shatterproof bridge windows, install chain link fencing around the ship (RPG protection), outfit all bridge crew with ballistic helmets with face shields, brief the crew on potential threats and common weapons used by forces in the region and drill the crew repeatedly on security issues."

Masamichi Morooka, Chairman of the International Chamber of Shipping (ICS) complained that environmental legislation would increase the industry's costs by over \$500 billion between now and 2025. He claimed that many shipping companies are in financial dire straits and cannot meet the new requirements. His primary concern is over the demand to switch from high sulphur distillate fuels to much lower emission fuels. He also voiced concern over the costs of new ballast water treatment equipment mandates. These two subjects will increase shipping costs, burden an already weak industry and play havoc with an international economy that is shaky in Europe, Asia and North America.

Holland noted that over 250,000 Dutch work in their maritime industry in everything from shipbuilding to dock working and fishing to Royal Navy service. The nautical trades account for almost 5% of its GNP. They pride themselves on yacht and shipbuilding since the 1600s and brag that over 100 shipyards exist in the Netherlands. The maritime industry and related industries account for 22 billion Euros annually. The interaction and cooperation of private and governmental entities guarantee an incredible future for this nation and this industry. The following website give ample evidence of Holland's strategies: http://maritimebrokerageevent2015.eu/media/sites/11/dlm_uploads/2015/11/Presentation-Brigit-Gijsbers-IenM-MIBE.pdf

Environment

The government announced that GE is being forced to remove 300,000lbs of PCBs from the Hudson River. The poor old Hudson has been the Dump of the Nation for 200 years, but at least this is a small effort to preserve humanity in Manhattan. One must wonder how much influence this water has had on the mentality of folks in the Big Apple. On the other hand, don't think about it.

The International Whaling Commission announced that all nations involved in whale hunting must have an IWC permit. The declaration was aimed at Japan who continually harvests over 400 whales annually under the thinly disguised claim that it is for scientific purposes only. Unfortunately the IWC has no teeth and no one believes that Japan will comply with regulations. The Japanese declined to comment.

Meanwhile Norway, the other great whale hunter nation, is under pressure from the European Union, to stop its whale kill. New reports state that Norway is continuing its hunt, the country has actually stepped up marketing of whale products on the global market. Norway kills over 500 whales annually according to the Maritime Executive based on reports from the Animal Welfare Institute, Ocean Care and Pro Wildlife.

The UN Environment Program (UNEP) and INTERPOL claim that environmental crime has risen by 26% over the last year amounting to \$91-258 billion dollars worth of damage, making it the fourth leading criminal activity on earth following drugs, human trafficking and smuggling and, therefore, easily dwarfing arms dealing. Environmental

crime leads to animal extinction, devastates ecosystems and fuels conflict. The monetary damage is about 10,000 times greater than the money used to enforce the laws.

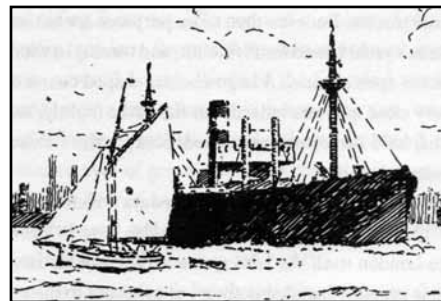
Two fundamental problems were cited, illegal fisheries and lack of accountability by ocean going ships. The latter is because of complicated spiderwebs of ownership, leasing and flagging under countries with limited law enforcement resources. As mentioned previously, ships are often owned by a series of international corporation partnerships, leased to another set of international partnerships and flagged under countries like Panama. Often these ships are sub leased for specific missions or time periods. For tax and legal reasons, most of the international companies are officially headquartered in specific countries with limited enforcement capabilities.

Nautical Archeology

While nautical archeology is new to this column, it is an interesting subject for followers of Robert Ballard and his ilk. Dr Ballard, discoverer of the *Titanic* and warships in the Pacific, is well known on TV and the lecture circuit, but he feels his greatest contribution is to science when he discovered and documented a multitude of underwater creatures that live in the boiling waters of deep sea volcanic vents. He uses the money from TV and lectures to finance his scientific work similarly to Jacques Cousteau. The esteemed Dr Ballard cited this writer among the references in one of his books.

The *International Journal of Nautical Archeology* is a scholarly periodical discussing current research on ancient or near ancient underwater artifacts. Cemal Pulak and Michael Jones recently published a work *Eight Byzantine Shipwrecks from Theodosian Harbour Excavation at Yenikak in Istanbul, Turkey*. Six well preserved round ships and two long ships or galleys were excavated and studied and revealed new information on Constantinople's maritime commerce in 500-1100AD. These ships hauled timber, brick and marble around the Mediterranean from a major port built in 400AD. They also shipped lambs, sheep and pigs. The harbor itself decreased in importance and ability in 700AD when the city's population declined and the harbor itself silted in. The silt protected the hulks that proffered planks, rigging, toggles, ropes and blocks. The lower elements of the hulls were well preserved and easily identified as Turkish Oak and Black Pine, however, elements of cedar, ash and sycamore were found among sections.

The tool markings, scores, fasteners and fastener holes provided significant data on boat construction techniques of the period. Mortise and tenon joints were later sophisticated to a wooden edge dowel construction. During this period shipwrights moved from shell first to skeleton first model of construction.



Part 13

I guess you might say that the fun part is over. The invention phase is about wrapped up. The layout is in 3-D. Bulkheads and windows are in place, pretty much. It's been almost two weeks since I started with the excavation phase, an unpleasant and tiring period.

After that I built the top and levitated it into place. Supports followed and then interior layout. She's pretty simple. The design brief was very spare, enclosed head, galley, a couple of couches that can double as berths, outside seating areas and a few more wish list items.

We're a long way from launch time. I don't expect that to come until after the first of the year, it's the week before Halloween right now.

And we look pretty much as visualized. The signature brightwork staves will make a real big difference in curb appeal. Doors and windows are only a mental Etch-a-Sketch drawing right now.



I'm thinkin' the overhead cambers are about right. Depending upon how the headliner gets itself together, we have just shy of 6' walking headroom.



This will get closed in once the insulation and wiring and all that jazz is in place.



To starboard is (will be) a fixed couch that should be more comfortable to sit on than the berth flat to port. Both will have seat backs but the one to port should trice up and convert to a top bunk. It's framed in for it, just not cut out and mounted and all that, er, jazz.

32 – *Messing About in Boats*, December 2016

A Modest Proposal (Continued)

By Dan Rogers



The galley cabinet with space for both a small sink and counter top (I'll probably put a swing stove on the cabinet door back like in *Miss Kathleen*.) I have saved space for a real live Pullman train car coal stove and stove pipe. A similar portable unit is posing in the slot here.



R2D2 was kind enough to take time out from his busy schedule to demonstrate the head space. I expect to put some sort of accordion door that will close from aft to forward in that gaping doorway.



I just might take a few days off from the necessary stuff and hang some gingerbread on the outside just to feel like I'm getting someplace. All that 1/4" AC plywood can be a bit mundane but it makes a real good substrate for large amounts of glue ups. And right now I expect to be churning out piles of pine and cedar staves and gluing them on in the time honored fashion. Time to put another chapter in the meter. Wonder what it's gonna have to say about all this...

Part 14

Frankenmockups. Yesterday there was gonna be a wood stove and galley in the back right corner.



And, then, poof. Somebody on the night shift changed it over to a sink counter and galley cabinet with a tall hanging locker. I have no idea what might be out there when I go back after the lunch break. Those elves get pretty creative when nobody is watching.



Now that's different. Those guys have some pretty off the wall notions, sometimes. I think the plan is to try covering the outside exterior surfaces with Home Depot cotton drop-cloth material set in Titebond II. Then that gets painted over in some sort of Lucasvarnish (exterior latex.)



This girl will have to spend her days outside in whatever Mother Nature has to offer, including snow loading and rain and even sunshine. The Maintenance Department has been on my case about all that fussy varnished softwood and tropical hardwood that I normally festoon these Frankenbots with. Maybe those guys will finally be happy about this approach. These tryfer patterns are just to let the visual learners in the crowd see what it is that we're imagineering on at the current nanosecond. That would be me. What ever it turns out to be will need to be manufactured on a band saw and shaped with a spindle sander and a progression of disc and belt sanders. Can't get tooooooo fussy.

Now I gotta check the Planning Department message board and see what might be next. I certainly never know.

I'd say this is the worst case of this sort of thing I have ever seen. You might think of it as an anthropomorphic expostulation on my part, and you'd probably have me there on technical grounds, but I'll just call it one helluva Boatsnit. This little girl has let the world know just what she thinks about things. And all this time I figured that I was the one in charge of things around this boatshop. Nope.

Little *Lady Bug* and I have been shipmates for a long while now, almost ten years if memory serves. We've been all over the place. Tens of thousands of miles by highway. Heck, we've destroyed at least two trailers and run through around a half dozen motors in that decade of service. Until today I figured we understood each other pretty well. Until today.

Even after a major reduction in boats and trailers and engines and the general detritus of being a serial Frankenbuilder, I've been short of places to park all the remaining fleet here at the Frankenwerke. Like during every Building Season, shop space gets parceled out based on the most needed projects. As the only more or less factory stock fiberglass boat in the collection, *Lady Bug* spends most of her winter seasons parked in a commercial storage lot, lately uncovered. I dropped by recently just to check on things on my way to town and what a shock.

We've had some gully washers this October. No snow yet. Barely down below zero so far. *Lady Bug* has been tarped and, I thought, ready for winter. Her companionway hatch is one of my brilliant schemes which has worked for years and years now. Except it leaks, so I normally pull a small tarp over that portion of the cabin top and figure the rest is gonna be OK for what comes. I do normally crank the tongue jack up to full height so the cockpit can drain when the inevitable snow and ice starts melting in the spring. But it's only October and no snow or ice yet.

So when I climbed up the boarding ladder and peeked into the cabin it took a moment or two for me to realize just what it was that I was looking at, ankle deep water over the cabin sole. I still only sorta have a vague notion of how that much water got into that little cabin. Not unlike what would happen if the garden hose was turned on and left run for a couple hours. Lots of water.

That paper bowl is floating around next to one of my (until today) better brilliant schemes. A few years back I stuck one of those grocery store bread pans into the floor as a sort of mini sump and, most of the time, dustbin. As I would bail out the water sloshing around and get that sump dried out, more or less, more water would mysteriously bubble back into the bread pan. This thing was getting spookier by the minute!



Comeuppance.

By Dan Rogers

I finally took a screw driver and pried the pan from its now ancient silicone sealant. Water came gushing up from the bilge like an artesian well. I still can only guess where all that water could have come in. This boat hasn't been in the water since a single overnight run upriver way back last winter. And I haven't seen any evidence of wetness in the cabin until now. But things get pretty gloomy from here on in.

I told the nice lady who runs the storage lot that I was gonna take *Lady Bug* home and try to get to the bottom of this mystery. Like I was saying, I still don't know how all that water got there, but by then I had a real good (in this case, bad) idea of where it had gone to. You see...

Way, way back in our history I put a couple of gallons of that two part flotation foam into her bilge. I think it was even before we romped off to SOTEX for the TX-200. That was 2009, I think. Back then I was getting ready for almost anything that might befall us. All this time that damn foam has just sat there curdled up between the inner liner and the hull, from end to end, side to side.

I probably already knew what was going on. Sorta. I've got a couple of pictures from one of our recent runs over to Puget Sound country. The boat looks real low in the water but I just figured it had to do with all the canned goods and stuff that I normally haul around. Now I'm thinking the groundwork for today's discovery has been years in the making, that damn foam!



One of the reasons that *Miss Kathleen* got turned into a motorboat from a sailboat is that ice had blown her keel open and rendered the hull pretty much shattered. There was no likely repair that would allow the hull to carry that ballast around anymore. That's the absolute last thing I want to happen to my road warrior buddy, little *Lady Bug*. So first off I had to find a place here at home for her to spend the winter. I'll have to rig some sort of heat source to keep ice from forming in places that are beyond reach. So we got Alice hooked up and moved her to a sort of hiding place at the other end of the house, sort of out of sight.



And I started pulling stuff apart.



This is where my Captain's Reclining Chair has been mounted for near a decade. A drill, screw drivers and a couple of pry bars and it came out reluctantly. As soon as the hole was cleared of foam, water continued to refill the open space.

The recliner came out in busted chunks. The foam, in soggy globs.

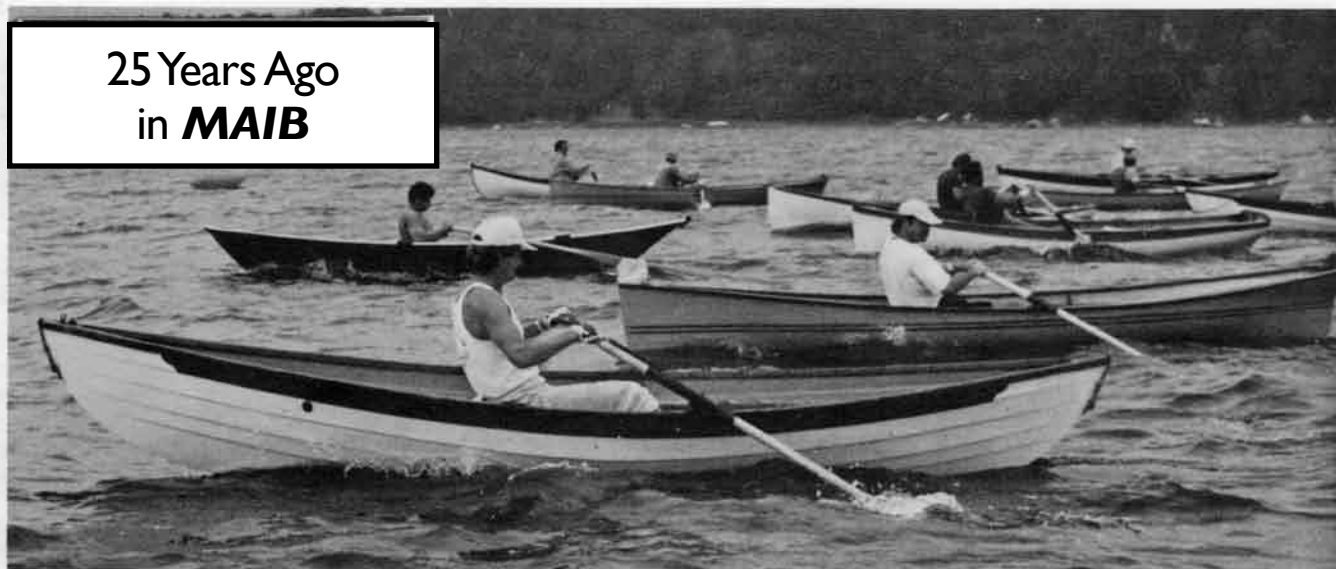


What's the hurry? Well, it has most to do with the calendar, gonna start freezing right soon. Of course *Miss Bug* will need to go into the shop for more than makeup and nails, now she'll be getting a complete interior overhaul and a flurry of attention. Now.

But back to that anthropomorphic business you were accusing me of a while back. I'm pretty sure she just hasn't had any attention lately. And, now for sure, she'll be getting a whole bunch of attention. It seems to me that girls do that sort of thing to a feller now and then.



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in **MAIB**



The Oarmaster Trials

The second annual Oarmaster Trials were held on October 6th on Pleasant Bay, Cape Cod. The purpose of the trials was two-fold. Most traditional rowing races give the entrant with a fast boat a big advantage, perhaps resulting in a win for the best boat, rather than the best rower. The first purpose of the Oarmaster Trials was to compare rowers based on skills and strength, with no particular advantage gained by entering a fast boat. The second purpose was to compare various boat types based on their design, with no particular advantage gained from being entered by a strong, skillful rower.

Removal of the fast boat or fast rower effect was achieved by having each boat raced in a short race by each rower. Thus at the end of the round robin, all rowers had raced the same set of boats and all boats had been rowed by the same set of rowers. The total time for each rower in the round robin was summed and the lowest aggregate time won. The total time for each boat was similarly summed and the total times gave a fair comparison among the boats.

These trials were established last year for oar-on-gunwale, fixed seat craft rowed singly and were run this year on the same basis. This year there were fourteen entrants, up from seven last year, and so the races were organized into two fleets of seven boats and owners each. By and large entrants represented the most popular traditional New England rowboat designs, the dory, Whitehall, wherry, peapod, etc. This year we were able to also attract two more modern designs.

The Trials were held on Cape Cod on northern Pleasant Bay. Tony Davis of Arey's Pond Boat Yard very kindly allowed the Vik-

ings Rowing Club to use his yard for scrutineering, launching and haul out, a beautiful setting at a convenient location. Helping out the Club's race committee in the committee boat was Holly David from Mystic Seaport Museum. Many others, Viking members and non-members alike, helped with the scrutineering, launching and beach rotation of the boats during the sets of races.

The course was set between two marks about a half-mile apart, one just off Namequoit Point on the mainland in Orleans, and the other at the northern end of Sampson's Island. Except for a slight counterclockwise rotation, this was the same course used for last year's Trials. We had hoped that the weather and the course would provide conditions suitable for observing the boats in enough wind and sea to test their tracking and controllability without being severe enough to make the crankier boats unmanageable.

The day was forecast with an 80% chance of rain across southeastern Massachusetts, and in fact most locations had moderate rain, but the gods of rowing decreed that Pleasant Bay would have no rain. It was forecast to blow 15-25 knots from the SE, a bit much for our purposes, but the wind started off at about 10 knots from the SE at 10 a.m., veering slightly to SSE and rising to about 15 knots by the last race at 1:30 p.m., a very good wind for our purposes. The course, especially the eastern half, was sheltered by islands about a half-mile to windward, and the water was shallow, averaging 10'. Waves reached whitecap size (8"-12" crest to trough) at the more exposed western end of the course, with no whitecaps at the eastern, more sheltered, end.

The course was laid in a SW-NE direction, set to have a beam wind, but the SE wind gradually veered to SSE putting it just aft of the beam on the outward leg and just forward of the beam on the return leg. A flooding current in the same direction as the wind, affected the western end of the course. It built during the first few races to perhaps one knot and then died off to near slack by the last. These conditions proved moderately challenging to all participants and thus were ideal for the Trial's purposes. While exact measurement and comparisons become much more difficult than in flat water, the factors that really determine rowing speed in any conditions but a calm were made dramatically obvious by the wind, seas, and current.

Fourteen boats were entered. Their vital statistics are given in the table. Each rower was asked to submit comments after the races about the various boats he rowed. A summary of the results and attendant comments follows:

Places 1-3: Virtually tied for first were the two identical gunning dories, and the peapod. Built in fiberglass by Roger Crawford in Humarock, Massachusetts, the gunning dories finished 1st and 3rd this year. In fact, the heavier of these two boats was both the fastest in these Trials and the fastest in last year's Trials. Together the gunning dories had two 1sts, four 2nds and a 3rd in their fourteen races. Comments on these boats included: "Well behaved." "I don't remember much about it and that's good!" "Superb, but a bit wet." "As an all-purpose boat it's unbeatable." "The only boat really manageable downwind."

The other boat that did particularly well, with the second best

total time, was the fiberglass peapod, which took two 1sts and a 2nd in its seven races. All three boats were within a few seconds of each other on average, and they share a common design; all are double-ended and have rounded blunt ends with very little vertical surface for wind or sea to get a hold of. Consequently they were easy to manage in the 10-15 knot winds of this year's Trials, enabling the rower to put his effort into speed rather than control. Comments on the peapod included: "Much faster than I thought I could make it go." "A wild ride, very bouncy, I got soaked." "Pounded badly."

Places 4-6: Virtually tied for 4th place were the Herreshoff tender, the Gull dory, and the Piscataqua River wherry. It is simply incredible that a 12' lapstrake yacht tender with bow sections similar to those of a ping-pong ball, should be competitive with 15' and 16' boats designed for speed. The only explanation is again that ease of controlling the tender permitted its rowers to concentrate all their energies on getting across the finish line, rather than staying on the course. Comments included: "Not bad for a short boat." "Almost surfed downwind."

The greyhound from the Piscataqua required more effort to keep her trimmed and on course. Although she was obviously fast and managed to win two of the seven races, her times were very erratic. Comments included: "Tippy and very skittish." "Has lots of windage." "Difficult to control in quartering winds." "Sluggish off the line, but once moving was hardly slowed by wind or wave."

The Gull was well liked: "Comfortable, well-behaved." "Well-behaved, maneuverable." "Went especially well into the wind." "Pounded when going to windward."

Places 7-10: Virtually tied for 7th place were the "Green Machine", the "Artemis" and "Skua", and the Mayer/Thayer Whitehall. The "Green Machine", a carvel planked pulling boat designed by John Gardner on inspiration from L. Francis Herreshoff, was provided by the Mystic Seaport. At 16'10", the longest boat in the Trials, it looked very fast but finished consistently in the middle of the pack and suffered from control problems. Comments included: "Badly trimmed, out of control all the time." "Could have been set up for balance, but wasn't." "She needs some ballast, and a small skeg running the length of the boat would help greatly." "Oars were nice; long, heavy, but perfectly balanced, feathered very easily with plastic leathers, buttons too small so oars go through oarlocks." "Fast but unbalanced. My second best time, all done with one oar."

Beautifully made in Pittsburgh by Andre deBartalaben, "Artemis" and "Skua" were trailered to Cape Cod just in time for the Trials. Strip-built and edge glued, they were striking to look at and at 80-90 pounds, extremely light, with very fine deep stems and almost vertical wineglass transoms. Comments included: "Nicely oared, cleverly designed, well-built, crisp and clean workmanship, beautiful!" Rowers who had the privilege of trying them found that they rowed beautifully either in the lee of the land or directly into the wind. Al-



Pre-race meeting was run by organizer David Stookey.

though "Artemis" finished 1st in one race, both boats generally posted major control problems "reaching or running". One rower reported using only one oar with two hands for a while to keep "Skua" on track. Another had to backwater to stay on the course. Others termed these boats, "too light" and "in desperate need of ballast." It would have been interesting to have had more time with these boats in heavy weather to see whether playing with trim could make them more controllable.

Tim Mayer's Whitehall, beautifully finished from a Thayer fiberglass hull, was the only boat to have outriggers, bronze folding hardware that placed the oarlocks about 3" outside the gunwales.

MEASUREMENTS

##	Type	Owner	Designer, Builder	LOA	LWL	Beam	Weight	Oar Length	Comments
6	New York Whitehall	Mayer	Thayer glass hull finished by Mayer	14'3.5"	12'11"	55"	158	8'	Three-inch oarlock outriggers.
9	Gunning Dory	Wall	Built by Crawford Boats	14'11"	12'3"	44"	151	7'	
7	Gunning Dory	Crawford	Built by Crawford Boats	14'11"	12'4"	41.5"	165	7'	
1	Artemis	deBartalaben	Built by Middle Path Boats	16'	15'6"	42"	95	7'6"	
3	Skua	deBartalaben	Built by Middle Path Boats	16'	15'6"	38"	85	7'6"	
14	Herreshoff tender	Secor		11'11"	10'7"	47"	167	8'	
20	Herreshoff tender	Rice	Built by Phil Rice	11'6"	10'6"	46"	129	6'6"	Ultralight construction
10	Banks dory	Orbe	Built by Lowell's Boat Shop	15'3"	12'	51.5"	390	8'2"	
4	Piscataqua Wherry	Aborn	Built by Strawberry Banks boat shop	16'8"	14'2"	51"	240	8'	
5	Green Machine	Mystic	Built at Mystic Seaport from Gardner	16'11"	16'	46.5"	186	8'2"	
8	Rangleley Lakes	Mystic	Ditto, from plans taken off museum b	14'8"	14'6"	37.5"	154	8'6"	
2	Gull	Bernie Smith	Bolger design, built by Mignone	15'2"	12'	48.5"	152	8'	
19	Whitehall	Donahue	Built by Washington Cty. (ME) Vocati	14'11"	14'	44.5"	331	8'	
11	Peapod	Kirkpatrick	John Lindsey design	14'2"	13'3"	42"	158	7'10"	

LWL: with rower on board BEAM: oarlock base to oarlock base WEIGHT: not reliable, bathroom scales subject to error from positioning



On the dock from left are a Rangeley guideboat, Herreshoff rowing boat, Piscataqua wherry and Herreshoff dinghy.

Comments included: "Beautiful boat." "Needs longer oars or do without the outriggers." "The seat is too high, causing a loss of control." "In a chop probably better without the outriggers and long oars." "Seakindly."

Bringing up the rear: The last four boats were a second Herreshoff tender (11), a carvel Whitehall (12), a Rangeley Lake boat (13) and a Banks dory (DNF). It seems surprising that this Herreshoff tender finished near the bottom of the fleet only because her sistership managed to do surprisingly well. A close look at the measurements may explain the difference between these two boats. The faster tender was shorter, narrower, much lighter and had much

Weighing in the 300+ pound Whitehall.



shorter oars. Why this combination of dimensions should result in greater speed is not clear and would make another interesting study.

The Rangeley Lake boat, built at Mystic Seaport for their livery fleet and modelled after an original boat in their collection, was burdened with an enormous set of oars that were variously described as "unbalanced," "huge," "way too long," and "a mistake." But the boat itself, very light and narrow, was thought by one rower to have "tremendous promise." "I could make it fly when I had a chance to get in four or five good strokes together." "Would row great with decent oars." Others thought it was too narrow and "hard to turn." It would be good to have another crack at the Rangeley Lake design next year with a different pair of oars.

One would expect that the 390 pound Banks dory and the 330 pound Whitehall would be slow and hard to manage in the strong winds and this proved to be true. In fact, the Banks dory, with its great weight, high sides and rapid leeway, was consistently so far behind that it was withdrawn from the competition by the committee after the third race. Comments on the Whitehall, which was a very handsome carvel planked boat, included: "Tracked beautifully but very slow." "Hard to turn." "At the start I thought I was aground."

On the Banks dory comments were not so kind: "Cramped my left arm so badly that I was afraid the oar was going to slip out of my hand." "It could have been handled if the owner would buy some spruce oars and burn those other things in the fireplace." "Telephone poles for oars soaked up about five pounds of

water each." It's very possible that both boats would have performed very well if crewed by two rowers. This would have supplied the oar power to turn their inertia into momentum and the weight balance to reduce their control problems.

One rower summed up the results by saying, "It seemed as if all the long fast boats had trouble." And that was probably the main lesson of the Trials this year: Speed in windy conditions, and ultimately seaworthiness too, depend more on a boat's balance and seakindliness than on her length and sleekness. In fact, many properties that make for a fast flat water boat, length of waterline, fineness of entry and exit, narrow beam, contribute to control problems in a seaway. In this year's conditions, there seemed to be virtually no correlation between speed and either weight or waterline length, as shown in the scatter charts with this report.

This year's fastest boats were those with seakindly lines and this year's fastest rowers were those who knew how to balance and control a wide range of hull shapes. One rower/designer/builder summed up the importance of a rower's knowledge of turning and handling: "The performance of many of these boats, especially the longer, lighter ones, could have benefitted greatly from some race tuning. After such tuning, there is not a boat in the group that I'd be afraid to take offshore. Ultimately, cruising and fixed seat ocean racing can come to be dominated by lightweight, sophisticated hulls of moderately long waterline length. In time, rowers will learn how to extract their potential on all points and in all conditions."

Results within the two fleets of rowers were as follows:

FLEET 1

1. Steve Woll	5:51
2. Russ Smith	6:12
3. Bobby Power	6:21
4. Tony Davis/Phil Rice	7:11
5. Rob Wadleigh	7:33
6. Carl Kirkpatrick	7:45
7. Andre deBartalaben	7:57
Average	6:59

FLEET 2

1. Jon Aborn	5:41
2. Mike Orbe	5:50
3. Pat Cassidy	6:29
4. Barry Donahue	7:44
5. Dan Secor	8:07
6. Tim Mayer	8:20
7. Bernie Smith	9:25
Average	7:22

The winners of each fleet were then compared on the basis of their performance in the gunning dories. Steve Woll's time was 5:50 and Jon Aborn's 5:55. Thus the winner of this year's Oarmaster Trophy, by



Part of the fleet heads for the race course out on Little Pleasant Bay.

oose, oars too short or too long, buttons that slid through oarlocks, feathers that caught on oarlocks, and in at least one case, oars that catapulted the rower into the bows when a stroke was missed, than any other difficulty presented by null, wind or sea. One competitor's comment about oars: "If I am buying a fast pair of skies, I should make sure I have a comfortable pair of boots first. That's where the gear connects to my body."

Coping with minor breakdowns. During one race the running dory's seat collapsed and the Mayer Whitehall's outrigger oarlock wouldn't lock into place.

Figuring out which stroke worked best. Some boats seemed to respond to long pulls, others to quicker, choppy strokes. The two fastest rowers, Steve Woll and Jon Aborn, were noticed using the shortest strokes, but whether this contributed directly to speed, or to speed through increased control, was not obvious.

All in all, the challenge to do well in seven different rowing boats in rough conditions was met well by all competitors, and the Oarmaster Trials proved a good test of whether a rower "can swing an oar in any boat". Comments on the race as a whole were uniformly en-

thusiastic, ranging from "People love it," through "Hugely successful," to "Everyone said it was the funniest thing they ever did," (from a first-time participant). "The Vikings are the most unusual bunch of rowers I've ever met. From this brief exposure I'd trade all of our local rowing clubs for one like this."

I guess we'll do it again next year, and we are reviewing a number of suggestions for improving it.

David Stookey, 125 Standish St., Duxbury, MA 02332.

Photos by Walter Baron.

DARMASTER TRIALS -- October 6, 1991

BOAT	RACE NUMBER							Avg w	
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	TOT	AVG
Artemis			0:08:16 13 Davis	0:05:50 1 R. Smith	0:06:10 7 Power	0:07:13 6 Waddleigh	0:08:15 12 Kirkpatrick	0:35:44	0:07:09 7
Bernie's Gull	0:05:15 6 Woll	0:07:08 3 R. Smith	0:05:00 2* R. Smith	0:08:06 6 Power	0:07:15 8 Waddleigh	0:07:27 7 Kirkpatrick	0:07:42 11 deBartalaben	0:47:53	0:06:50 4
Skua			0:06:02 7 Power	0:09:07 10 Waddleigh	0:08:03 11 Kirkpatrick	0:07:11 5 deBartalaben	0:05:33 2 Woll	0:35:56	0:07:11 7
Piscataqua Wherry	0:04:33 1 R. Smith	0:07:30 4 Power	0:06:28 8 Waddleigh	0:08:24 8 Kirkpatrick	0:08:19 13 deBartalaben	0:05:45 1 Woll	0:07:10 10 Davis	0:48:09	0:06:53 4
Green Machine	0:05:03 5 Power	0:09:25 7 Waddleigh	0:06:55 9 Kirkpatrick	0:09:21 11 deBartalaben	0:05:54 6 Woll	0:06:33 4 Davis	0:06:00 5 R. Smith	0:49:11	0:07:02 7
Mayer Whitehall	0:06:27 10 Waddleigh	0:09:35 9 Kirkpatrick	0:07:10 10 deBartalaben	0:07:43 4 Woll	0:05:40 5 Davis	0:09:58 12 R. Smith	0:05:34 3 Power	0:52:07	0:07:27 7
David's Gunning Dory	0:05:36 8 Kirkpatrick	0:05:50 2 Woll	0:05:00 2* Woll	0:08:15 7 Davis	0:04:58 2 R. Smith	0:05:59 3 Power	0:06:55 9 Waddleigh	0:42:33	0:06:05 1
Rangeley Lakes Boat	0:04:54 3 Orbe	0:09:37 8 Donahue	0:13:18 14 B. Smith	0:08:39 9 Cassidy	0:05:36 3 Aborn	0:09:08 11 Secor	0:09:07 13 Mayer	1:00:19	0:08:37 13
Steve's Gunning Dory	0:05:33 7 Donahue	0:07:40 6 B. Smith	0:04:55 1 Cassidy	0:05:55 2 Aborn	0:07:18 9 Secor	0:08:07 9 Mayer	0:05:10 1 Orbe	0:44:38	0:06:23 3
Banks dory	0:08:14 12 B. Smith	0:13:06 11 Cassidy	0:07:50 12 Aborn	14 Secor				0:29:10	0:09:43 14
Peapod	0:04:45 2 Cassidy	0:05:45 1 Aborn	0:05:27 4 Secor	0:08:04 5 Mayer	0:04:53 1 Orbe	0:07:50 8 Donahue	0:06:34 7 B. Smith	0:43:18	0:06:11 1
Secor skiff	0:05:50 9 Mayer	0:07:23 5 Orbe	0:05:48 6 Donahue	0:10:43 13 B. Smith	0:05:38 4 Cassidy	0:05:54 2 Aborn	0:06:27 6 Secor	0:47:43	0:06:49 4
Donahue Whitehall	0:05:03 4 Aborn	0:13:43 12 Secor	0:07:29 11 Mayer	0:07:02 3 Orbe	0:07:26 10 Donahue	0:10:03 13 B. Smith	0:06:51 8 Cassidy	0:57:37	0:08:14 12
Secor lookalike	0:06:40 11 Secor	0:11:23 10 Mayer	0:05:40 5 Orbe	0:10:07 12 Donahue	0:08:14 12 B. Smith	0:08:08 10 Cassidy	0:05:53 4 Aborn	0:56:05	0:08:01 11

the narrowest of margins, was Steve Woll. The Trophy was presented after the racing at the home of Barry Donahue in Brewster, where all the competitors and their spectator friends were invited for Barry's renowned chili, enchiladas, and an exchange of boat stories.

Some caveats regarding the data: It should be understood that there are several important factors that contrive to make the data we collected less reliable than we had hoped. Some are generally true for a race of this type. Others pertain to the conditions of this 1991 Trials in particular.

Retiring the Banks dory in the middle of the competition probably hurt those who had rowed it, and rested those who did not have to. Some other boats were much more tiring than average, perhaps affecting the performance of rowers in their following races.

The two boats that arrived late, "Artemis" and "Skua", did not get a round robin of rowers, thus skewing the data for them and also for the boats which were rowed by their designated rowers in their stead during the second race.

As Tony Davis and Phil Rice took turns rowing the boats assigned to Tony, times could be somewhat skewed if Tony and Phil were not equal performers.

There were occasional traffic jams at the start line, where the upwind, uptide end was popular. These may have resulted in up to twenty seconds lost for some competitors in some races.

The race committee's original intent was to have not only the gunning dories, which were known to be nearly identical, but also the Herreshoff yacht tenders, and the "Artemis" and "Skua" in separate fleets, in the hope that these would give added indications of which fleet winner was the overall winner. As it happened, the tenders proved to be very different from one another in performance, and the "Artemis" and "Skua" arrived late. However, relying solely on the gunning dories as the means of comparing the fleet winners' times could have caused bias; different wind and sea conditions, different states of tiredness, and different race traffic conditions could easily affect the outcome that was eventually decided by only five seconds.

There was one other factor, probably the biggest of them all, that makes the times for the fourteen boats, if not the fourteen rowers, less comparable than we might think. This factor is the ability of the rowers to adapt instantly to different gear, different hull behavior, and different conditions. Each rower had to cope with oars that they considered too long or too short, leathers or oarlocks that didn't fit, in one case an oarlock that kept collapsing, seats that

were too low or too high, fore-and-aft trim that made a boat tend to broach or crab, stretchers that were at the wrong distance or non-existent, and so on. If all these factors could be removed, we might improve our ideas of which boats are really the fastest, most seaworthy and best behaved. But at the same time, it is exactly these factors that test the rower's experience and boatmanship rather than just his strength.

This year's Trials were a particularly good test of these qualities. Skills that paid off included:

Estimating each boat's leeway. Some very curved courses were rowed, especially in the earlier races before everyone had worked out the headings,

Figuring out how to get each boat to remain directionally stable enough to row for speed rather than for control. At least two competitors carried their own moveable ballast, and several moved their rowing positions within the boats.

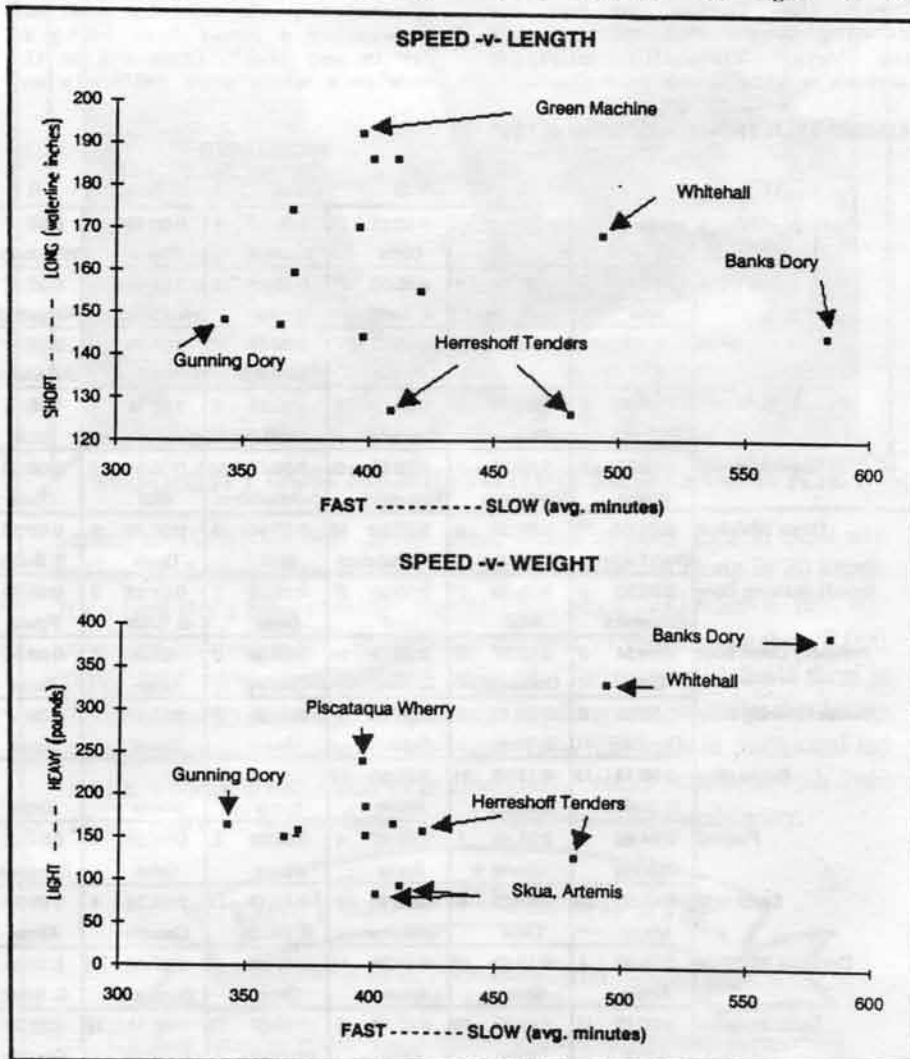
Adapting their rowing styles to the variations in seat heights, stretcher distances, etc.

Coping with different oar handle sizes (1-1/4" to 3" in diameter), oar lengths (6-1/2' to 8-1/2'),



After the race was over, Barry Donahue checks out his "Mary B. II" for wear and tear. There was none.

weight (spruce to what felt like oak), and blade shape (short and flat to long and spooned). Post-race comments indicated that more time was lost to cumbersome oars, oarlocks too tight or too



That boats have personalities we can appreciate, and even come to feel some attachment for, was brought to mind by Bob's "Commentary" in the October issue. Those of us who have responded to Bob's invitation to subscribe are mostly in that subset of boaters who participate both on the water and in our home shops as part of the fraternity of small boat owners. Often made of wood, our boats afford an opportunity for low tech, hands on skills by which we can build or restore, to say nothing of maintaining, the object of our affection.

I was fortunate to have a childhood spent on Otisco Lake in Central New York's Finger Lake District. Our family's cottage was established by my grandfather in 1904. I use the word "established" because he had the vision to purchase the first lot sold for summer vacationers on the west side of the lake. The winter of that year he had their cottage moved across on the ice, as the property on the east side was flooded to make a larger reservoir.

Along with the cottage came the acquisition of a rowboat. We always called it that, no other name that I recall. It was an object



The Family Rowboat

By John Wilson

of utility, cared for, used regularly, moored just off the shore after it had soaked up to become watertight after a winter stored under the camp. "Camp" and "rowboat" were familiar names, whereas "cottage" and "skiff" were not.

I was fortunate. While depending on neighbors with powerboats offering the chance to go water skiing, we Wilsons came to hold a certain pride in the fact that rowing, paddling and sailing were our choice of locomotion. I was also fortunate to have the chance to possess the rowboat after its waterfront days were over. There was to be no "Viking funeral" for my childhood boat. The two photos of me at age ten with oar in hand, like a collegiate rower like my older brother and, more telling still, the photo of me after swimming in the lake with the rowboat accompanying me on this family ritual for youngsters show the times.

I say I was fortunate because it was only during the quarter century that it hung from the ceiling of my shop that I came to fully appreciate what place it held in the history of small craft in America. It was made by the



Skaneateles Boat Company on a lake five miles to the west of Otisco during the period of 1904 to 1934, known as their Model #5 which sold for \$85 in 1923.

A collection of historic small craft started by Howard Chappelle for the Smithsonian Institution documents the classic era of boats before the powerboat era. In fact, I can lay claim to having put the Model #5 in the collection as the documentation of its lines on four 24"x36" sheets was done in my shop and accepted by the Smithsonian in 2005 for all to share. Several articles appeared in *MAIB* including "Documentation of the Skaneateles Model #5" in October 2005, and "A Boat Comes Home to Skaneateles" in August 2009.

This last article recounts the acceptance by the Skaneateles Historical Society where the Model #5, the rowboat of my childhood, a waterfront utility rowboat of the 20th century, found a home for future generations in the 21st. Boats do acquire a personality that comes from a builder's design and boater's experiences. My childhood on Otisco Lake and an adult life making and drawing small wooden craft gave me experiences. Reading magazines like *MAIB* and *WoodenBoat* gave me a appreciation of the larger significance of this part of my past.

Model #5 strapped on roof of van and arriving at the old creamery which now houses the Skaneateles Historical Museum. Note how the snow defines the hull's strakes.





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Kayak season is here so we get visitors going out to see the river. They just show up early and enjoy the day, this bunch even got me to take Cessna out in the big double foam boat I made last year. This may be the only time I've been in the thing and was amazed at how well it goes. A long sleek 17' hull really slips through the water. Duckworks has full size patterns for these kayaks, you have to try one to believe it.

From the Tiki Hut

By Dave Lucas



If you take a fiberglass Lightning sailboat and cut it all up you may get one of these. I don't know exactly what it is but Steve has a plan. Yes, that's Crazy Steve.

This is what the giant 30' racing sailboat looks like after some wild man cuts its deck off and strips everything that was inside out. It's funny how flimsy just a bare glass hull with no rear end is. I'll be putting it into its new house after Thanksgiving. I seem to be working myself to death on this one, it's so much fun thinking about what I'm going to do with it and I don't want to stop.



Tom David sent this picture of morning at Nantucket.



We were out for a ride with Kathy and Nicole and she got a shot of Steve and Lenna through the windshield. I really love the cherry steering wheel that Howard made for me and my arthritic hands.



Pat Johnson stopped by on the way to Miami with a crazy crew and a funny little boat in tow. Pat, Blake, Elliott and Dave Skafie were taking Dave over there to launch for his trip through the Bahamas. The boat is called a Paradox and is supposed to be a very capable open water cruising boat for one.



This is it under sail and he made it across the Gulf Stream and is having a good time over there. That long stick thing hanging out the back is his motor. It's tiny inside but has all the comforts of home, well, not my home but I like a bathroom. Dave seems like a normal guy till he tells you what he's doing, then we all sit around and wonder what kind of person likes to do this kind of stuff.



Here's a whole new dimension of zip lining. Jayson and Bethany Heslep made this melonseed up in the loft of a barn and slid it down with a cable connected to a tree. I wonder if they left it hooked up and had a zip party, I would have.

These little boats sure are pretty and fun to make, good training for a step up to the 16-footer.



Chesapeake Bay

Maritime

Museum News

Draketail Construction Continues

Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum Boatyard Program Manager Jenn Kuhn reports work continues on the 25' drake-tail *Pintail*, with an anticipated spring 2017 launch. Construction began mid January 2016 through CBMM's Apprentice for a Day public boat building program. *Pintail's* hull has been completed with the deck beams and the floors installed. She will be fitted with an area in her forepeak for storing miscellaneous gear and participants have decided there will be no cuddy cabin due to the narrowness of her beam.

Some of the work to be completed throughout the winter includes building the engine box, the floorboards, installing the rudder, the stuffing box, the decks and coaming, the steering gear, the gunwales and spray rails, the duck walk (the area along the waterline around her round stern) and building the forward and aft seating areas. Her Yanmar two cylinder diesel engine will be installed, she will be painted white with a red bottom and her coaming and gunwales will be left bright.

CBMM is planning to sell *Pintail* upon completion. For more information, contact Jenn Kuhn at (410) 745-4980 or jkuhn@cbmm.org. See more photos of the project at bit.ly/CBMMPPintail.



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Dinghy Rigs (1907)

by H Warington Smyth

Reprinted from *Dinghy Cruising*, Journal of the Dinghy Cruising Association UK

The designs and pictures of sailing dinghies which have recently appeared in the *Yachting and Boating Monthly* (1906-7) all show a rig of high-peaked boomed lugsail, set either as standing or balance lug with or without a headsail. For racing purposes and for short sails in smooth waters no rig is more effective, nicer to handle, or prettier to look at. Of the two I prefer the balance lug (Fig. 1), as it is easier set taut by the tack tackle, and easier disengaged from the mast gear.



Figure 1.

With this sail I have had some longish sails in open boats in home and foreign waters, and with its Chinese variety with bamboo battens it is astonishing what a big sail area a boat can carry (Fig. 2).

The design of the sail plan given by 'Joy' for his dinghy

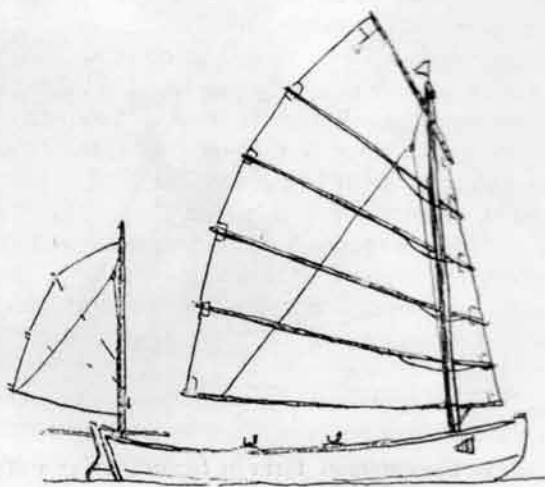


Figure 2.

Herbert Warington Smyth (June 1867 – December 1943) was a world traveller, mining engineer, naval officer, explorer, barrister, diplomat and writer. He answered to 'Warington', his second forename. After attending Westminster School and Trinity College, Cambridge, he left England to become a prototype of the tough, adventurous upholder of the British Empire abroad, the kind often forgotten in these fag-end days when only the Imperial monsters and plunderers are brought to public attention. There is too much to say about him in a short preamble like this, so find him online for more details of his life. In brief, he received the Murchison Award of the RGS for his journeys in Siam (Thailand) in 1898. His hard work representing that country was rewarded by his being made a Commander of the White Elephant of Siam. Later he became the Prime Minister of the Colony of Natal (South Africa) and subsequently was awarded the CMG and the Queen's South Africa Medal. In 1914 he served in the RNR and was mentioned in dispatches. (His brother Major Sir Nevill Maskelyne Smyth, younger than him by a year, won the Victoria Cross at the Battle of Omdurman.) After the War he was the South African government delegate to the International Labour Conferences in Washington and Geneva.

He retired in 1927 to Falmouth, but in the first years of WWII he was active in the RNVR, ranked as Lieutenant Commander. Warington Smyth was a yachtsman who loved sailing dinghies: a lot of his adventurous exploration was done in them. The term 'dinghy cruising' dates almost from the time the word 'dinghy' replaced 'jollyboat' in the British Navy, and it was well known to him. This article on *Dinghy Rigs* dates from about 1907 (from Issue No.8 of *Yachting Monthly*).

Some of his books can be read online at onlinebooks.library.upenn.edu. Probably the most attractive to us are: *Notes of a Journey on the Upper Mekong, Siam*, published by J Murray in 1895 for the Royal Geographical Society; *Mast and Sail in Europe and Asia*; and *Sea-Wake and Jungle Trail*.

Beware of buying print-on-demand versions of his books – like too many of their kind they are full of OCR errors and lack diagrams and sketches. He was an accomplished artist, as were others in his family: his illustrations appear in this article and in all his books. *Mast and Sail In Europe and Asia* benefits from additional artwork by his fellow-adventurers and by his father and his brother, Major Neville Smyth. Some of his titles are available on KINDLE, and the British Library publishes *Notes of a Journey on the Upper Mekong, Siam* –Ed

in the May number brings me to my point. For yachts, boats, and dinghies from 11ft to 16ft, the boomed sail has, to my mind, distinct disadvantages, and perhaps my experience in this direction may not be without interest to some of your readers.

For what I may call 'service' work as tender to a yacht – going ashore marketing, bringing off stores, water, and people, river or harbour cruises, fishing

expeditions, and the like — I have found that both for convenience and safety a loose-footed sail is infinitely preferable.

In the first place, the loose-footed sail can be brailled up in a trice on coming alongside the yacht or a pier, or landing; all sails and spars are then clear of the boat, and the occupants have the whole boat for moving about in, getting out stores, etc. The convenience of this is highly appreciated after one has had experience of trying to get the ordinary boom-sail down on coming alongside in a lop with a fresh wind, and has suffered from the mix-up due to an obstinate boom, flying halyards, and odd gear among the thwarts with several people on board, or the boat deeply laden; still more perhaps on making landings on muddy shores.

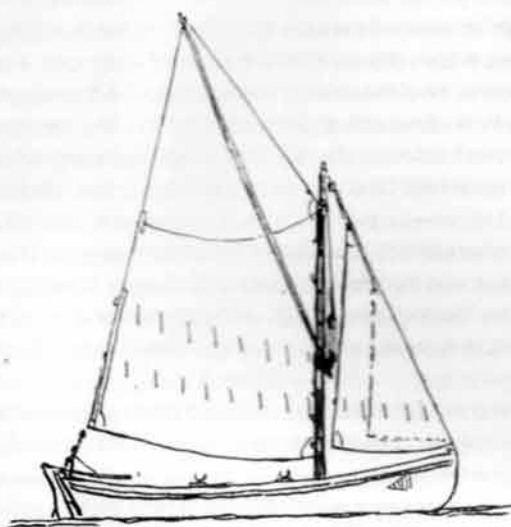


Figure 3.

Your yacht's dinghy is generally most used in rather calm or in rough weather, when the security of port offers certain inducements to stay at anchor. In both cases the boomless sail has its advantages. In calm weather the whole boat is wanted for

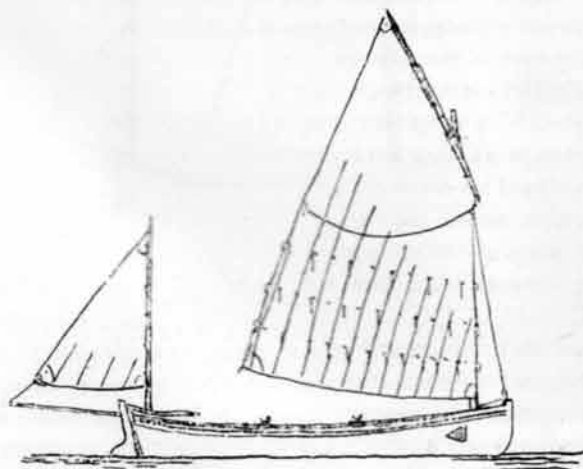
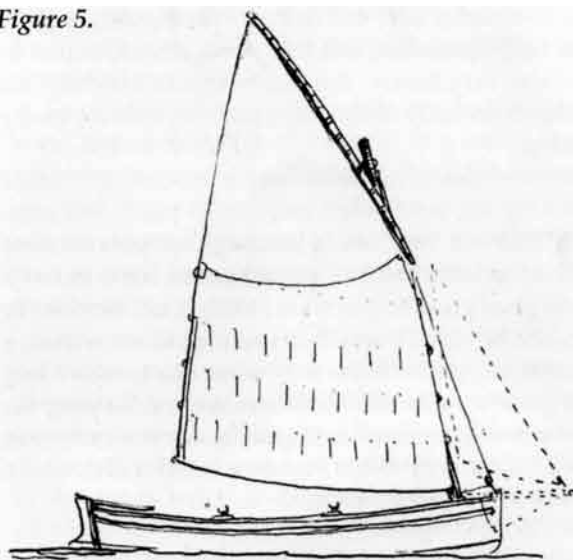


Figure 4.

Figure 5.



pulling, and with mast standing and sail brailled up there are no impedimenta in the boat if the mast is stepped well forward, while you are ready at any moment to take advantage of the slightest breath of air by letting go the brail.

In windy weather the boomed sail in a small open boat is dangerous. It has more weight in spars, it is difficult to shake the wind out of, and presses the boat. In hoisting and lowering it often takes complete charge.

The loose-footed sail, on the other hand, is a lifting sail if well cut, and it spills the wind the moment the sheet is slacked up. You can weather through bad squalls by shaking the sail, and when it comes to taking in sail a pull at the brail spills the wind, and, if necessary, slackening the halyard lets all down quickly in a bundle. Only in running dead off you feel the want of a boom, but your boathook, if made the right length, at once supplies the deficiency.

The question arises as to the best form of boomless sail. Fig. 3 shows the old style of waterman's rig, namely, spritsail and foresail. The mast was generally stepped about one-third of the boat's length from the bow. The rig is still frequent enough in the West Country. It is used universally and most effectively in their open boats by the Portuguese, Italian, and Malay fishermen of the Cape, and, with less peak and almost horizontal head, is the common form in Scandinavian waters for small open boats.

Its advantages are simplicity; the fact that the weight and strain are brought low on the mast, and with a tackle to keep the heel of the sprit up a splendidly setting sail is obtained which is easily brailled up. The brail should be fastened at the leech and then passed through two small blocks or thimbles spliced to the throat; one end is then spliced into the fall, and the hauling part is thus in one.

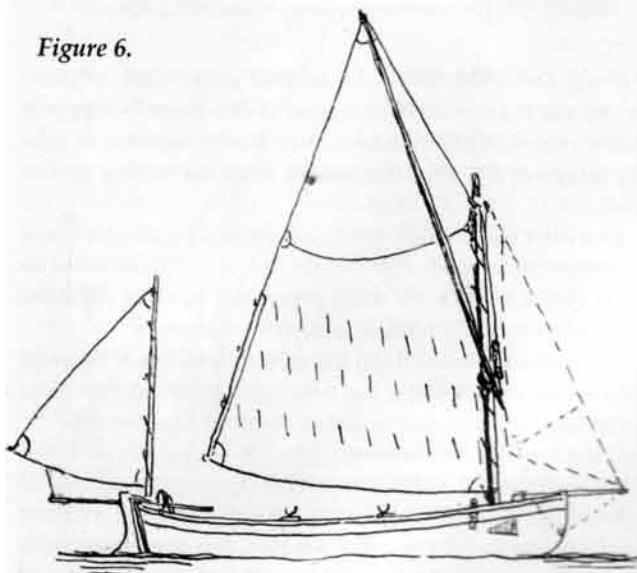
The disadvantages, which are of minor importance, are the difficulty of quickly reefing down the spritsail, the size of the foresail, and the position of the mast, which in a boat of small beam makes the fore part rather inaccessible.

A second convenient rig for small boats is the standing lug foresail and small mizzen so often seen down west (Fig. 4). I am not considering the dipping lug, as, although unequalled for power when set, it is not convenient for

yachts' boats. But the standing loose-footed lug, if well cut, is a handy sail, easily brailed and easily reefed. The rig is quite fast, and to those not accustomed to a mizen, very handy. The masts are conveniently out of the main body of the boat, and the sails are easily tended.

A more powerful sail is formed by the Scots cut of standing lug with raked mast, as in Fig. 5 (*last page, top*). This is a very lifting sail, and has proved most successful with boats of good beam. I have found a small jib of great help both to steering and to speed in this and all small boats. It is true that the bowsprit, a short stout spar, is in the way while rising and falling alongside a yacht in a roadstead, but by slipping the heel out of its step on coming alongside it is easily run in out of the way to the stemhead, and it is as easily shipped in position again.

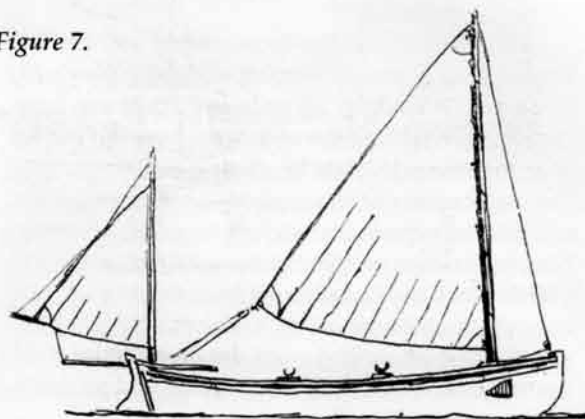
Figure 6.



The rig I have latterly tried for dinghy work is that shown in Fig 6. The mast is stepped right forward in the mast thwart (from which there is a deck to the bow, making a good locker). A well-peaked sprit-sail with three reef bands is used alone for all ordinary work. It is an excellent close-winded sail, and although rather large, as the boat has a lot of beam, the third reef is not often in. With two reefs down the sail is very snug, but the heel of the sprit comes a bit low at the third reef. The heel of the sprit is held to the mast by a strong rope snorter, and this is hoisted up taut by a gun-tackle purchase of two single blocks, the upper one stoppered into the end of a wire tie from the masthead. Hoisted hand-taut, a beautiful set is obtained for windward work. For running it is well to drop the snorter a few inches to allow the peak to square well off. Once or twice last season I found reefing quickly when alone was a bit of a job; but reefing in a small boat to get your sail to set well is never easy if tumbling about in a rising sea with the boat driving rapidly all the time; that is when the small mizen and jib are very handy. On the whole, whatever rig the dinghy-wallah goes in

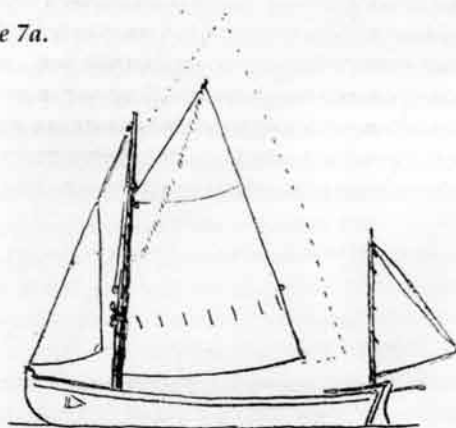
for, I advise his having a small storm-sail in the boat, as it makes a quicker, neater, and lighter job than a big sail reefed down can ever do.

Figure 7.



Even in a heavy wind with banging squalls a dinghy of 15ft, with two or three hands in her, can make wonderful weather with a well-cut shoulder-of-mutton sail set on the ordinary mast (Fig. 7). The centre of effort is so low in this sail that it is surprising what a small boat will look up to in the way of wind-slams, provided, of course, she is not exposed to too much range of sea. Protected waters are in the nature of things generally squally, and in a heavy weight of wind the ordinary well-peaked sail, even if reefed down, has too much heeling power for the small open boat. I have done many a mile with such a sail when without it we should have stayed at home or foundered. The sail can be used as a spinnaker with the boathook on more ordinary occasions; requiring no spars, it is easily bundled away in the locker, and a quick shift can be made when it is wanted.

Figure 7a.



The small West-Country mizen is, I know, somewhat of a nuisance to many sailors, but to anyone accustomed to it its conveniences are innumerable. It is often of great assistance to the oars, and with its aid, when fishing off the Cornish coast, I have worked a weather-oar miles to windward in a lump of south-westerly sea that no boat of such a size could have faced under sail. It is very useful for sail balance when the boat is loaded by the stern — not infrequently the case in a boat tending a yacht — and it is easily taken in by



Figure 8.

a pull at the topping-lift. It is the most tactful kind of sail because it is always there handy and yet is quite out of the way.

In long boat cruises in the East up the rivers of Cambodia and the Malay Peninsula, the mizen-mast held the after end of the boat awning which we used to rig up during the hours of fiercest sun, while the foremast well forward out of the way of the bow oarsman took the fore end (Fig. 8). At other times it was wonderful how often the little sail gave the helmsman a trifling spot of much-needed shade.

Then, again, we used to drive up miles of shifting uncharted river before the strong monsoon wind with only the mizen set (Fig. 9), the mop-handle and the boathook sounding diligently, and at any moment we could luff right out off a shoaling bank, and if necessary come head to wind to anchor until we could make out our way again. On such occasions

the reefed mainsail would have meant, besides, risk of heavy gybes as we followed the winding channels, the lee gunwale awash luffing out with probable wetted stores and camp kit.

To return to the sprit rig, while in a fast freshening wind the unstripping of the sprit is a useful way of relieving the boat, the resulting shoulder-of-mutton sail with the peak hanging off to leeward is not a good setting sail and is not one to be relied upon to get the boat to work to windward. For such emergencies the storm sail is wanted.

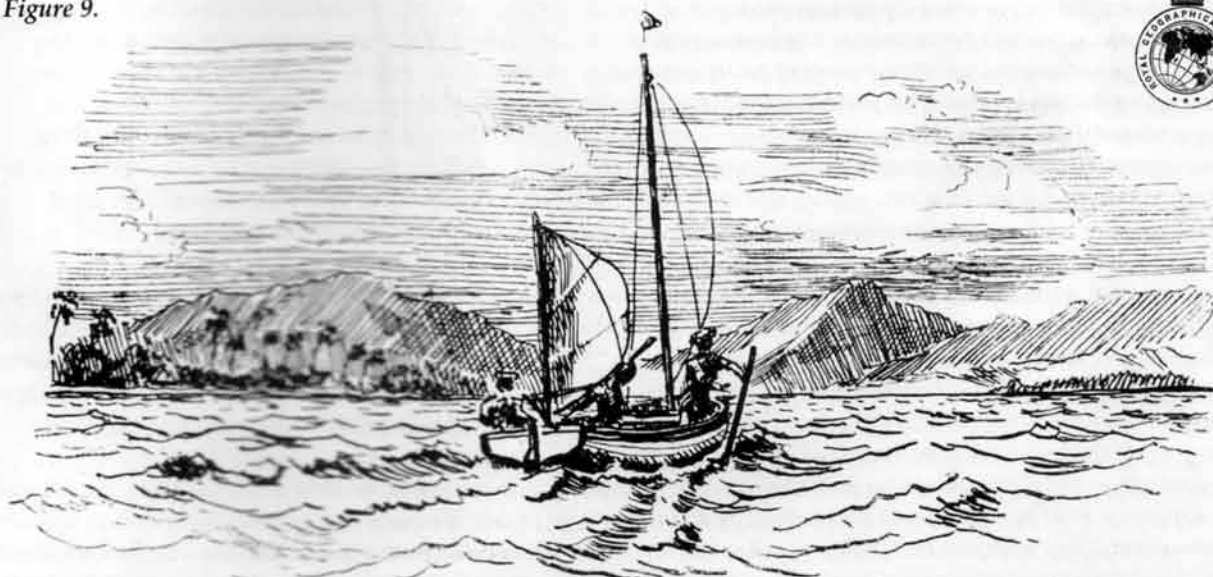
As to the boat itself for this class of work the main desiderata are, to my mind, (1) flat floor, (2) a properly placed centreboard which multiplies the small boat's usefulness by x, and (3) good beam.

As regards the last, I have found a proportion of $2\frac{1}{2}$ beams to length to give surprisingly good results all round in carrying-power, comfort, seaworthiness, and speed. If a yacht can carry a broad boat she should do so.

A yachting friend of some experience, on first seeing my $2\frac{1}{2}$ beam dinghy laughed immoderately for some minutes, and then asked why we had not, while we were about it, adopted the proportions of St. Perran's dinghy, being, as my readers will remember, a millstone, which was as broad as she was long measured every way. Conscious of virtue and of ultimate victory, the boat wore her usual complacent smile; and when my friend landed some hours later he turned and took off his hat and apologised quite handsomely. *HWS*

In the drawing below Warrington Smyth showed himself and two intrepid companions exploring up river before the monsoon wind in *Notes of a Journey on the Upper Mekong, Siam*, later published by the Royal Geographical Society in 1895. He was a well-respected cruiser in small boats when he wrote the article on dinghy rigs for *Yachting & Boating Monthly* – as it was called in its first years – about a decade later. Flying the mizzen only was clearly a real aid to shallow water exploration and gave good balance and control as the boat would have been designed in those days with 'drag': in other words, the skeg and deadwood at the stern were the deepest part of the keel and provided lateral resistance. 'Drag' was valued as an aid against broaching, too, and if the skeg touched first when crossing a shallow bar it was claimed to keep the boat moving straight and safe (like applying a rear brake). Next page: notes on the Mekong trip – *Ed*

Figure 9.



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Adagio tuning up before the start of the race.



Adagio leading the pack at the start of the race. Strings, another Gougeon built boat, shown in third would finish second in the multihull division.



Heavy winds and rain as Adagio passes Round Island Lighthouse to finish the race first in the multihull division.



(L to R) Alan Gurski, Matt Scharl and Ben Gougeon crewed Adagio to victory in the Division III, Cove Island Multihull fleet of the 2016 Bell's Beer Bayview Mackinac Race.

Adagio Still Formidable after 46 Years

By Ben Gougeon

Adagio, our beloved trimaran, was designed and built by Meade and Jan Gougeon in 1969 and launched in the summer of 1970. After undergoing a minor refit this past winter, she still has what it takes to win. We're extremely proud that *Adagio* placed first in the multihull division of 2016 Bell's Beer Bayview Mackinac Race, which spans almost 300 miles of often treacherous Great Lakes.

This year's race was fast, with *Adagio* finishing in just over 29 hours. The fleet had a beautiful, mostly downwind run to the Cove Island buoy and then a thrilling reach most of the way to Mackinac Island. Of course, Lake Huron had to throw 35 knot winds, rapidly shifting direction, at us about 40 miles from the finish line, but *Adagio* continued strong. This was the fifth time *Adagio* took first place in this venerable race, having won the open class in 1999, 2000, 2002 and 2006.

During the winter we prepared for the race by modifying the spinnaker pole, replacing most of her hardware, improving the deck layout for speed and simplicity, optimizing sheeting locations and putting on a gorgeous set of North Sails. We performed some minor repairs and maintenance to the hulls, but did almost no structural work other than extending the cabin top 12" to gain sheeting angle.

In many ways *Adagio* is a testament to wood/epoxy boat building. To our knowledge, she was the first large wooden boat bonded together entirely with epoxy and using no permanent mechanical fasteners. She was also the first wooden boat completely sealed with epoxy both inside and out for moisture exclusion.

This winter, we plan to replace the original centerboard case which has provided 47 years of service. Considering what she's been asked to do over the last half-century, I'd say *Adagio's* longevity has been quite amazing. With proper care, maintenance and a little luck, hopefully she'll be leading future generations of Gougeon's across the finish line.

The New Bedford (Massachusetts) Whaling Museum will be exploring how C. Raymond Hunt and W. Starling Burgess influenced the evolution of yacht design in an upcoming exhibit, "Power Performance and Speed in 20th Century Yacht Design: C. Raymond Hunt and W. Starling Burgess," which will open December 9, 2016. The exhibit highlights each of these extraordinary innovator's most notable contributions to the industry and looks to where their work continues to reverberate today in modern yacht design.

The exhibition will feature full sized boats designed by Burgess and Hunt, the outstanding photography of Norman Fortier, trophies, tank test models and ship models borrowed from private and corporate collections. One of the Museum's greatest treasures is the one-third scale Concordia Yawl model by Tom Borges with exquisite detailing and full rigging. A 1920 sailing canoe designed by Burgess, an early Boston Whaler and an exquisitely restored 110 series sailboat will be on display as well. These will be complemented by ship models of Burgess and Hunt's most iconic yachts, from America's Cup J Boats to Hunt's Deep V powerboat hull.

Videos and photographs of these and other yachts in action will illustrate the unprecedented beauty, power and speed brought to the industry by these two design masters and their continued influence on modern yacht design. Their legacy in modern yacht design is still prevalent and this exhibition will draw attention to their accomplishments and unique contributions.

The exhibition is a companion to two recent Museum publications, *No Ordinary Being: W. Starling Burgess, Inventor, Naval Architect, Aviation Pioneer, and Master of American Design* by Llewellyn Howland III, and *A Genius at His Trade: C. Raymond Hunt and his Remarkable Boats* by Stan Grayson.

Exhibition Dates are December 9, 2016–May 2017

Starling Burgess, a man whose personal life rivaled the intrigue of his professional ingenuity, was the godfather of 20th century yacht design, influencing L. Francis Herreshoff, Frank Paine and even Hunt himself. He developed the last design breakthrough for schooners in the staysail rig. *Niña* was one of the most beautiful examples of this innovation. Burgess created breakthrough powerboats, including the fastest motorboat in the world in 1903 and a one-third scale model of a destroyer, the prototype of which went 55 knots. The son of an America's Cup champion yacht designer, Edward Burgess, Starling created his own America's Cup winners over three consecutive years, the *Enterprise* (which was often in Buzzards

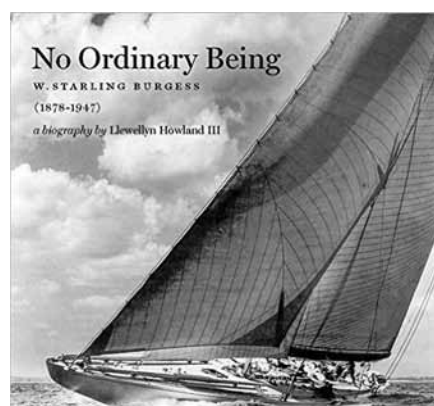
America's Cup yacht, *Rainbow*, designed by W. Starling Burgess.



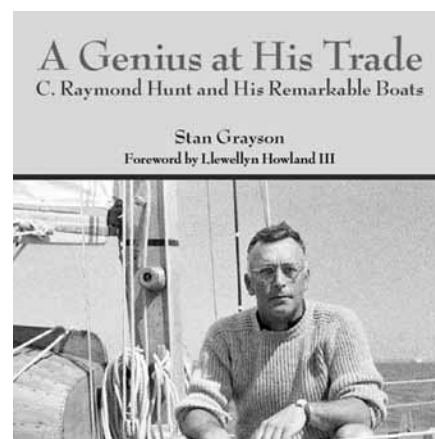
Power, Performance, and Speed in 20th Century Yacht Design

C. Raymond Hunt and W. Starling Burgess at the New Bedford Whaling Museum

Bay), *Rainbow* and *Ranger*. Other achievements include the Yankee 1 yachts, which were ubiquitous on Buzzards Bay in their day and the Atlantic 1. While the focus of the exhibition will be on Burgess's impact on yacht design, it would be impossible to talk about this unique and talented innovator without acknowledging his remarkable work in automobiles and airplanes, from the Dymaxion car to hydroplanes.



Ray Hunt is recognized as one of the most influential yacht designers of the 20th century. While perhaps best known for Concordia yachts and the Boston Whaler, Hunt's biggest impact was really in powerboats. He felt that there were not many innovations to be made in sailboats after the 1930s but there was endless potential in powerboats where his true genius came into play. His unique Deep-V hull, on which he briefly held a patent, was the basis for all high speed, mono-hull powerboats that followed including the hulls of Grady White yachts, which are still designed by Hunt Associates of New Bedford. As a racing sailor Hunt had few, if any, equals. Amongst his many achievements, he swept the illustrious Cowes Week in six out of six races on his Concordia Harrier in 1955 and many of his personal trophies will be featured in the exhibition.



These two titans of yacht design were, each in their own way, true Renaissance men, and their continued influence on American yacht design is profound. Each of them was driven to push limits, debunk traditional assumptions and think in entirely new and innovative ways to create some of the most iconic and groundbreaking designs the industry has ever seen. Their legacy in modern yacht design is all around us, and this exhibition will draw attention to their accomplishments and unique contributions.

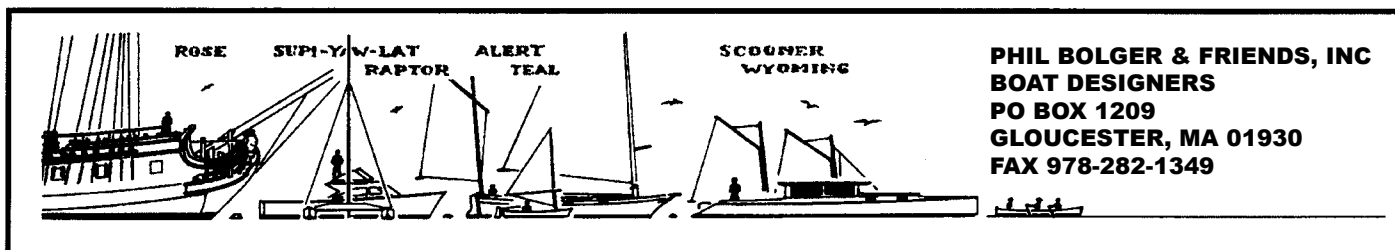
About the New Bedford Whaling Museum

The New Bedford Whaling Museum is the world's most comprehensive museum devoted to the global story of human interaction with whales through time and the history and culture of the South Coast region. The cornerstone of New Bedford Whaling National Historical Park, the Museum is located at 18 Johnny Cake Hill in the heart of the city's historic downtown. Museum hours April through December, daily from 9am to 5pm. The Museum is open until 8pm every second Thursday of the month. Closed on Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Day. Admission is free for Museum members and children aged three and under, adults \$16, seniors (65+) \$14, students (19+) \$9, child and youth \$6. For more information, visit www.whalingmuseum.org.



Brave Moppie, designed by C. Raymond Hunt, photo courtesy of C. Raymond Hunt Associates, Inc.





Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

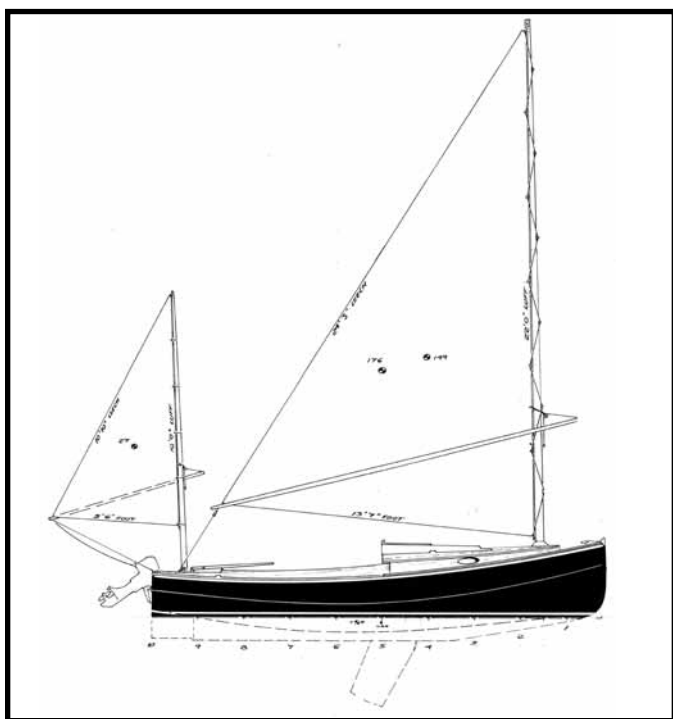
Design Column #507 in MAIB – A Summary of Design #540 / 575 Chebacco – 20 Discussions

This seems called for, not the least because the original sequence I let emerge was not quite as coherent as it could have been. So here is all this condensed and in more logical order. No doubt this would be even more logical if I had included the round bilge cold molded or plywood clinker hull shape, except that the utility of these new layout proposals would not have been affected significantly.

For more on this design family find online CHEBACCO.COM, initially conceived and organized by Scotsman Bill Samson and now continued by Andrew Yen of Australia, both doing this much work for their love of the design and their own build, double chine option by Bill and lap-strake by Andrew. Here you'll find lots of well founded advice on building and, of course, sailing these cat yawls in an age where snotty teenagers will offer some dumb jokes about cats, but only know how to sail sloops.

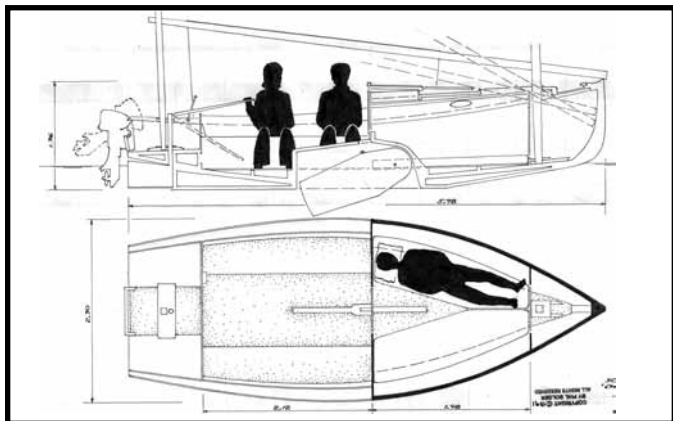
Now this summary of these 2016 concept studies based on Chebacco-20:

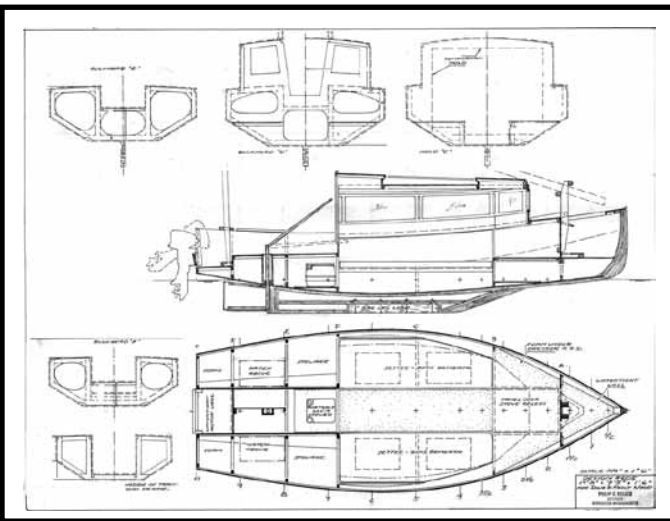
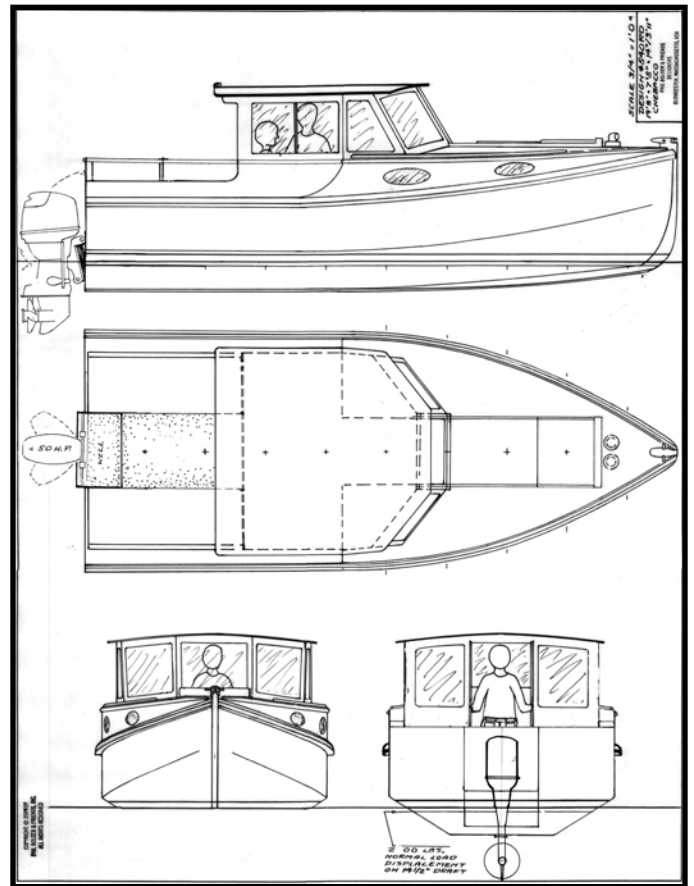
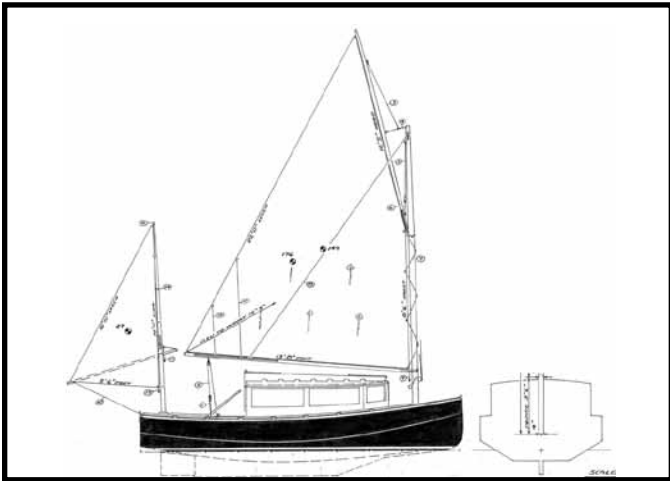
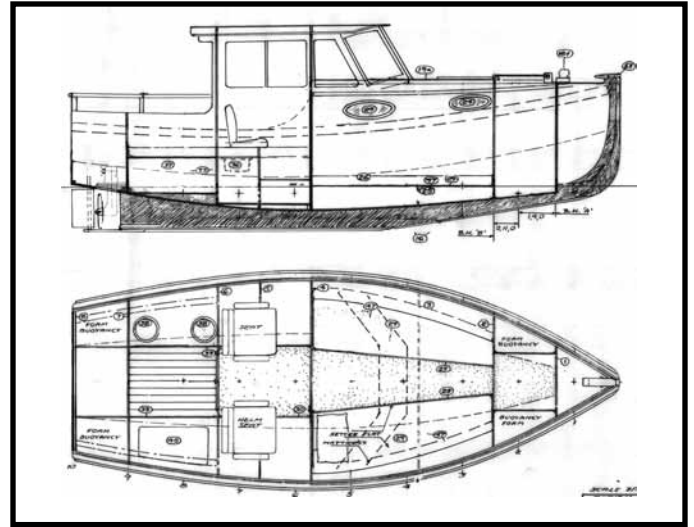
1. *MAIB* of November 2016, pp 49-51, finally revisited the original double-chine design of 1988 on which I based my various musings. Here, as a baseline on which my thinking was based, on the sail plan and the general layout plus a few photos. That's Bruce "Look Ma No Hands" Tyson of Tasmania, far from Chebacco Parish.



2. *MAIB* of April 2016, pp 48-49, offered what we had called the Cruising Chebacco by adding a good sized doghouse in 1997 allowing for good inside sitting sailing or at rest, extending it open ended over the cockpit to allow going on in rainy times without getting thoroughly drenched. Here a shot of Richard Spelling's rendering of her in hot and sunny Texas.

3. Same issue of *MAIB* also discussed the long keel version of Chebacco, Design #605 of 1993 also referred to as the Glasshouse Chebacco. Here a photo of Bob Cushing's boat of New York State. More recently in the December 2013 issue Bob the Editor touched on Shemaya Laurel's intrepid voyaging on her boat *Auklet* way downeast despite severe physical challenges.



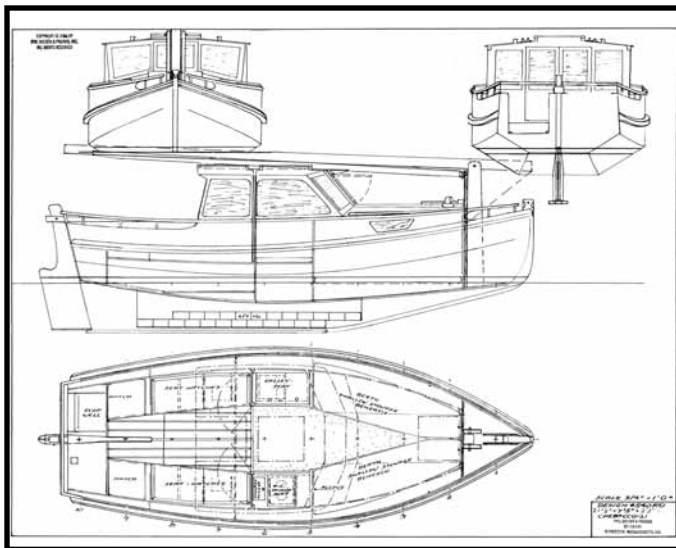


4. *MAIB* of February 2016, pp 50-51, featured an early sketch on a raised deck power cruiser proposal on that hull, here with standing headroom under the solid dodger. Alas, while using the Chebacco RD (for raised deck) layout was a significant lower profile improvement in her below decks accommodations for duty under sail, here with that dodger she did not look quite right, at least on paper.

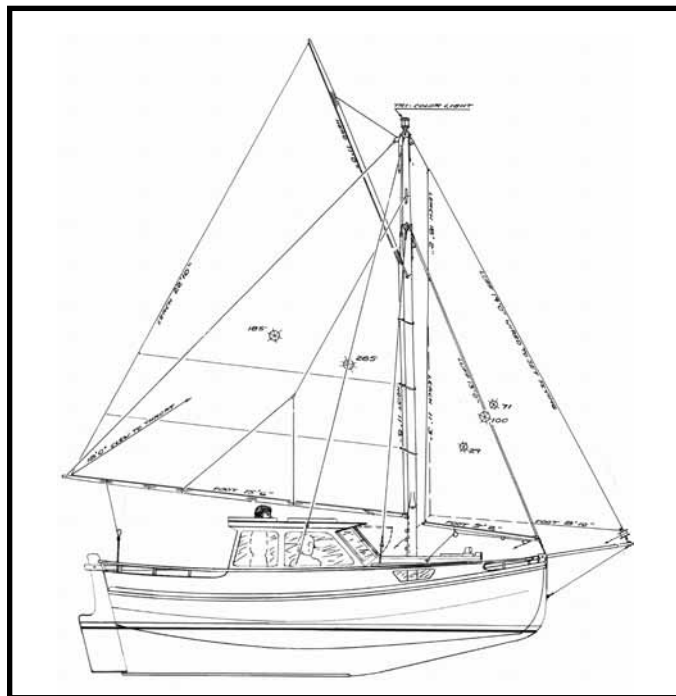
So I'll ignore that thought here and promptly focus on the *MAIB* March 2016 discussion of the same idea, but here improved visually (and low decks) by adding around 6" to her raised deck vertical sides. The result on three different geometries seems rather charming for an able coastal power cruiser for one to two, pushed by 10-25hp outboard, a matching inboard via a Saildrive, with the go fast option on 60hp large prop on a straight run aft hull to more than triple the original hull's 6kts speed. This seemed to cover the power only thinking at the time.

5. *MAIB* of May 2016, pp 46-47, thus returned to sail rig based options, here using the original Chebacco rig but on a 2'+ ballasted long keel layout. Since I added an aft raking transom for an outboard hung rudder, I added enough length to her hull to call her Chebacco-21. Her interior was about identical to the Cruising Chebacco, just here without the centerboard case intruding into her cabin. But again, second thoughts emerged, this time around the relative power of the original rig on this option with its greater wetted surface and additional weight.

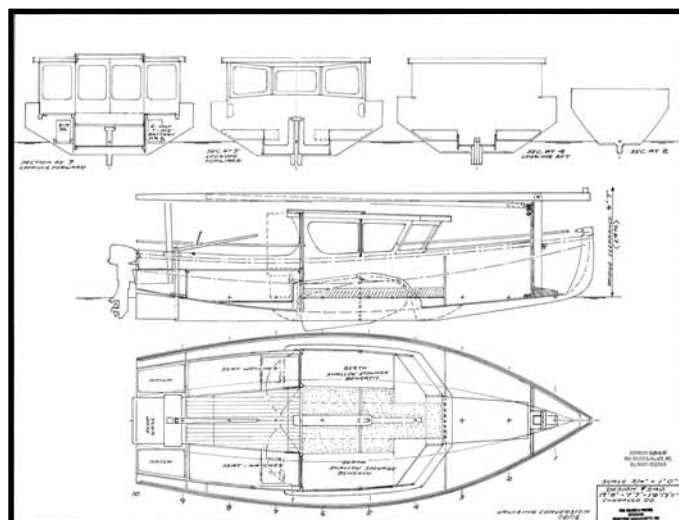
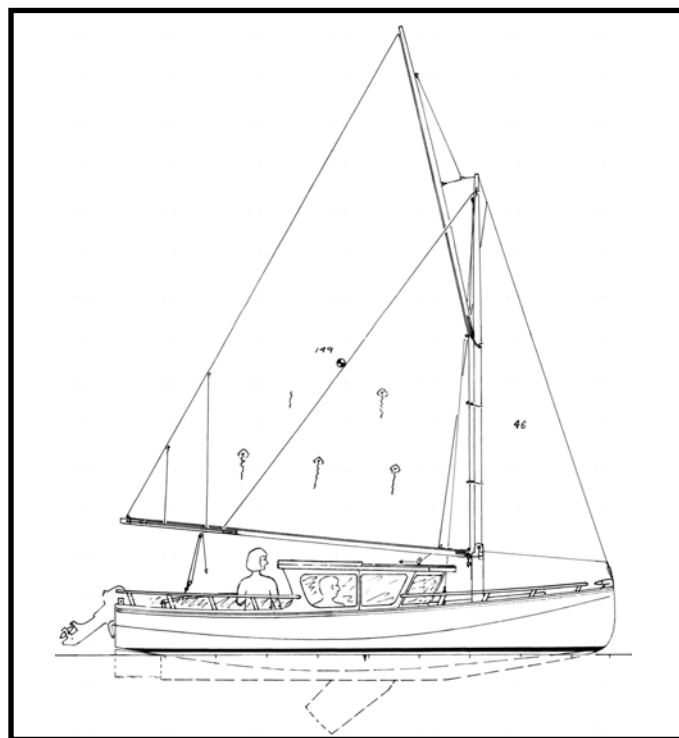
So I'll ignore this version as well for this review and go straight to that of *MAIB* July 2016, pp. 48-49 in which I transplanted the main sail of Phil's Design #420 gaff cutter Blueberry straight into the bows of this Chebacco-based long keel cruiser, thus gaining about 30sf of power, going from 176sf to 215sf.



6. *MAIB* of August '16 pp 48-50, offered the obvious next step, a long keel, transom hung rudder, bowsprit gaff cutter rigged Chebacco no less (!), with the mast dividing the forward halves of her bunks under that raised deck and a sail area going up further to now 285sf. No doubt one could add a mizzen by shortening her main boom and sail some to get more strings and sticks to attend to, a few more feet of sail, plus perhaps a mizzen hung staysail to really add to the work load just tacking her. But it would offer plenty of visual delights, plus the well known option of running heavier weather with only mizzen and jib. A lot of options. Who is to deny the 21st century gaff yawl addict's intent of home building and then routinely road hauling this able type. I just won't go into what we'd have to do to look at actual Prairie-Schooner visions.



7. *MAIB* of October 2016 returned further back to basics with the original unballasted, centerboard, underslung rudder Glass Cuddy Chebacco proposal with the standard 176sf cat yawl rig, or the gaff sloop option using that mainsail with a 46sf jib hanked to her stem-head. Some folks prefer sloops over cat yawls as long as the pros and cons of either option is fully understood.



I add that photo of three double chine and lapstrake Chebaccos gathering in the mid 90s around Phil's 48' *Resolution* (Design #312) on the Annisquam River, Phil's home waters around Gloucester, Massachusetts.

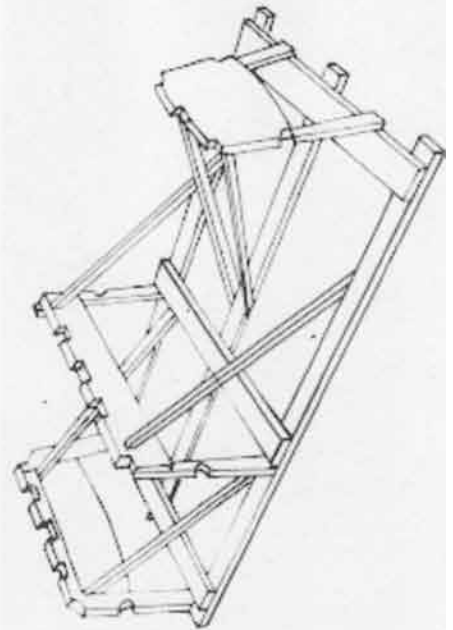
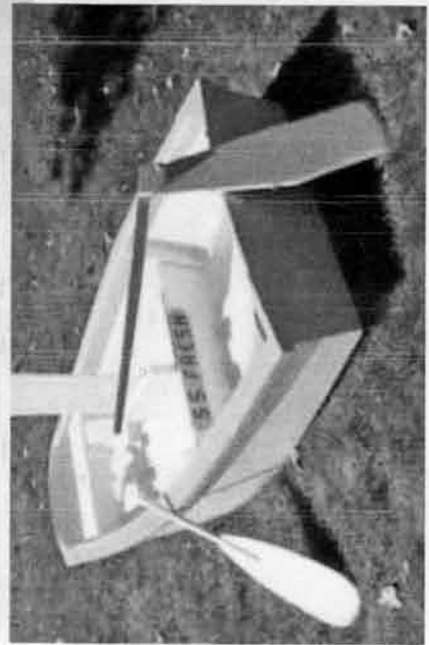
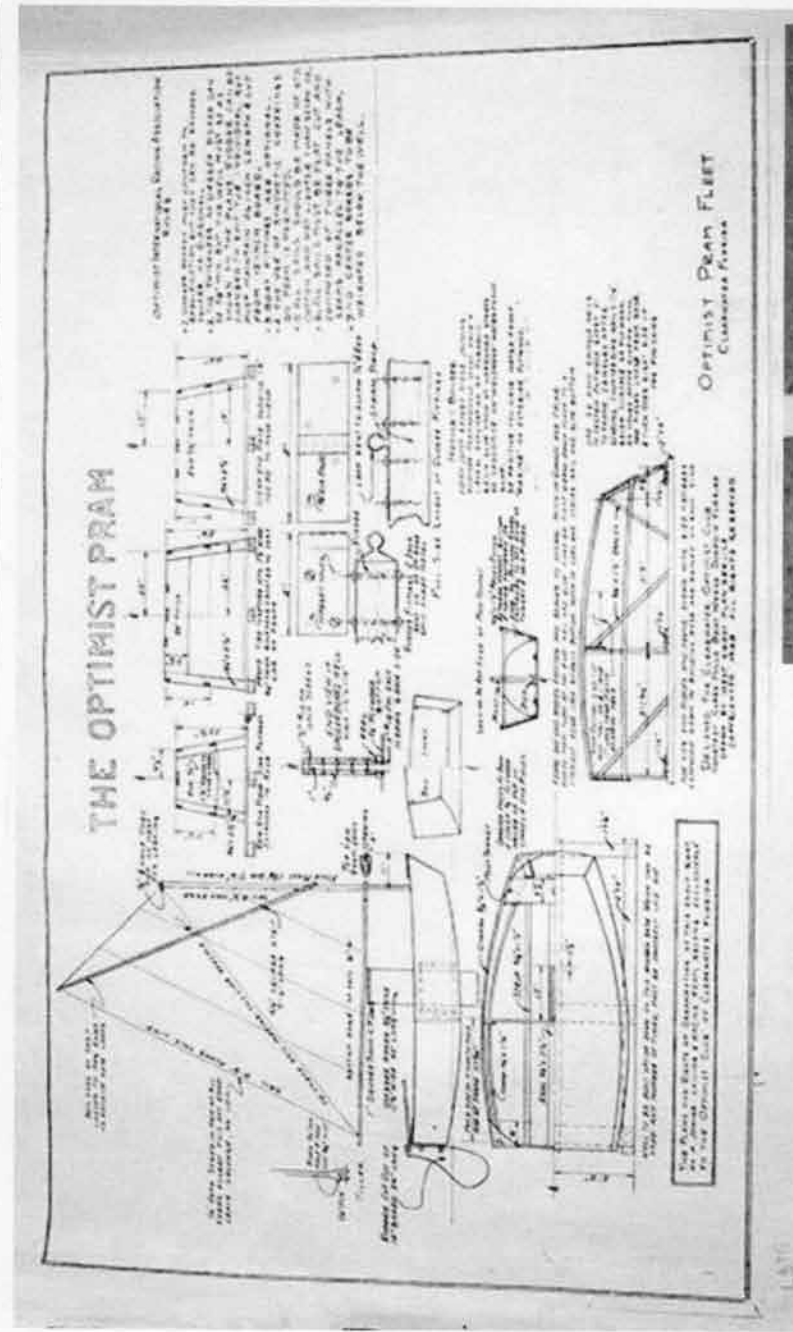




Tim Roberts reported on his revived project to build a 1/12 Optimist Pram, by Clarke Mills (vs. Optimist Dinghy – a modification by Paul Elvstrom, according to member **Fairlie Brinkley***). Tim says that the PRAM plan he has obtained gives no dimensions of the boat, but only the jig on which any number can be built. This because the design was intended to create fleets for competition, not individual prams. *Fairlie, who preceded Tim as Skipper and Commodore of the Clearwater YC, is rebuilding an early pram (1/1) for display in a public building.



This is Clarke Mills, seated aboard his most famous creation, only one of several contributions to the small-craft class boat world.



In most of my columns I try to follow a theme. In this case, I am putting together some random thoughts that have not really fit in earlier columns. I hope you, the reader, find them of interest.

A concern about any boat "put up" for the winter is heavy snow or ice forming and plugging a drain. Those of us in warmer areas of the country have the same problem in a different way, it is leaves that do the plugging of a drain. I have seen more than one boat (both afloat and on a trailer) with water in the cockpit because the drains were clogged with leaves and other debris. A neighbor at Shell Point, who lives elsewhere, has two boats moored to floats a good deal away from any trees. Both boats' cockpits have pine needles and oak leaves in them and I clean them out every other weekend to keep the drains open.

According to my reading of some of the commercial boating magazines, the projected rise in sea level has both benefits and problems. One benefit is the projected increased depth in some of the commercial channels with the side effect of decreasing the vertical clearance under bridges. Another of the potential problems is the flooding of some lower wharf and pier areas or the interesting problem of having wharfs that are too low for the height of the ship next to them. The entire mooring line arrangement may have to be modified in some cases to secure the ship to the wharf or pier. It also seems that the Navy is getting concerned about rising water threatening some of their facilities. Since the naval infrastructure cannot be easily moved, some type of "flood proofing" is being considered. Some of the pleasure boat facilities along the coast may also be impacted and rebuilding for higher water can be expensive.

LED lights are being pushed for all types of marine use. What is being ignored in the process is that some people are allergic to the light waves emitted by the LED "bulbs." Before spending a good deal of money reconfiguring the lights in your boat, you may want to visit someone else's boat that has been relighted with LEDs and see if you (or your family members) have any type of reaction (browse "led lights + medical" and start reading). Then there is the problem of a busted LED bulb in the confined space of a



From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

cabin. A broken neon light is a major problem in a closed space and, according to reports from the medical people, the clean up of the toxic material contained in a LED bulb may be very difficult.

Smart homes, smart cars and now smart boats are the current craze. The question is, "just how safe is such a device?" One key defense for the various devices being sold for use on a boat is a unique password. However, according to some reports the password is set at the factory and the user cannot change it. As a person who, at one time, was involved in computer security, I know that such a limitation is not a good thing. Therefore, you might want to check any "smart" devices you have added to your boat (or home) as to the ability to set your own password so others cannot access your device(s) remotely via the smart connection used. If you cannot set your own password to access to the device's capability, you might want to consider a different manufacturer for the device you wish to purchase.

Valves that are electronically controlled can be a convenience. However, I see cars that have solenoid switches to open up and uncover the headlights when they are turned on and close back down when the lights are off, running around town with one light still "up" because the switch failed. Using electronics to open or close a valve saves time and effort. If they fail on vehicles, I am sure such controls need maintenance in the marine environment. And, for me, there is always the question "did it work?" When you manually open or close a valve you know whether the valve is open or closed.

"You are behind the plane," my flight instructor told me after we had been up flying "touch and goes" at the local airport. Things had not felt "right" earlier when I was flying

and I went up with the instructor to find out why. I now had the answer and I quit flying. Reacting to the actions of the plane instead of anticipating what would happen (what is the wind speed/direction, visibility, altitude of the craft, etc) is a good way to get killed. This is true in driving a car or maneuvering a boat. I keep reading about people running their boats into other boats, pilings, breakwaters and the like. In most of the accident analysis reports the operator was running the boat at too great a speed for the conditions (usually limited visibility). They were reacting to what appeared in front of them instead of anticipating from what the chart (or electronic display) or their local knowledge (where is that marker?) showed to be the case. Slowing down when you are not sure of what is in front of you and keeping a good look out are always good choices on the water.

One time I had a major battle with a battery terminal connector that would not come apart for replacement. With a lot of lubricating oil and physical effort I was able to disconnect all the parts and replace the broken terminal. I could not cut the battery wire as it would be too short for the new terminal to connect to the battery. The "exact fit" is not always the best choice in electrical work.

At one point I was ready to use a piece of copper tubing to span the gap until I could get a new length of battery cable. I learned the trick from a "shade tree mechanic" many years ago. You take a piece of copper tubing the right diameter to fit over the battery cable and, using a hammer and punch, "secure" the cable inside the pipe. The other end of the pipe is modified to fit inside the terminal clamp. Tighten down the clamp (the part that would usually be around the cable) on the pipe and you have a connection. You then wrap some electrical tape around the tubing or otherwise make sure the bare tubing will not ground out on anything. If the engine starts, you have a workable connection and can drive off to the auto parts store for a new cable. If the engine does not start, you need to check the connections. I kept a piece of copper tubing and a spare terminal connector in my tool box on the boat for just such a use. Hannily I never needed to make such a repair.

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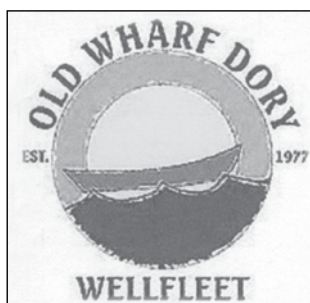
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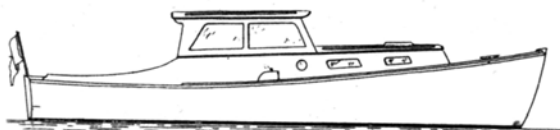


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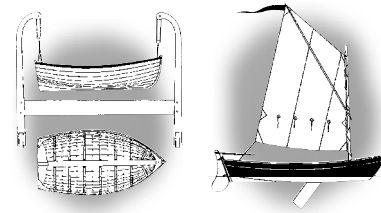


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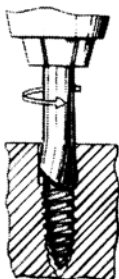
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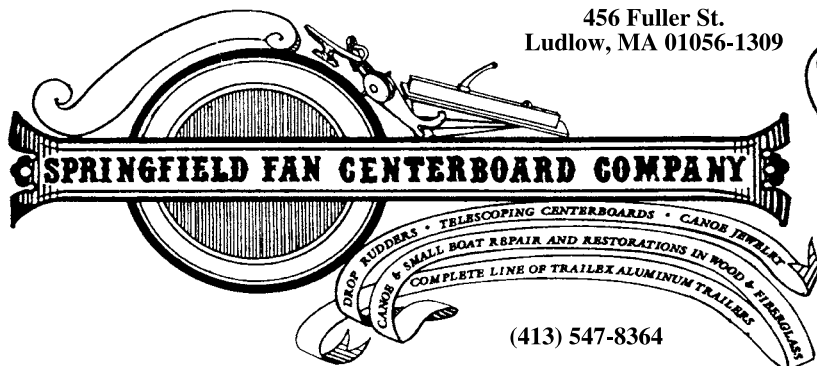
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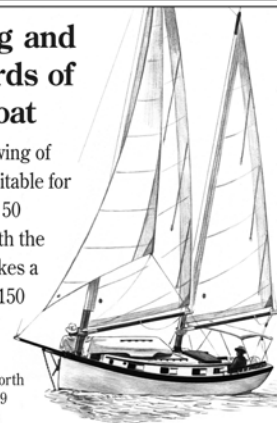
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12' Dinghy, hand-made wooden strip built, 4' beam. A solid boat built right w/fg & epoxy. Keelson strip my addition. Incl: fg & epoxied dagger board & rudder, epoxy thickener & 15 extra cove & bead strips. Interior needs fairing 7 epoxy. Made from red pine, larch & mahogany creating a richly distinctive finish. Sacrifice at \$4,500. Contact jedbuildings@aol.com for explanation & description. More photos upon request.

JED DONAHUE, Springville, NY, (716) 592-7507. (1)

Adirondack Guide Boat, "Screaming Mimi" sailing canoe. 12' long, 38" beam. Gd cond. Front & rear flotation bags, full cover. \$1400. **Mirror Sailing Dinghy**, exc cond. 2-piece oars, full cover, dolly. \$2,500.

BRIAN FORSYTH, Solomons, MD, (443) 804-6439, brforsyth@comcast.net (2)

Edey & Duff Sakonnet 23, classic Joel White design double-ended centerboard daysailer. Original owner: purchased from builder in '06. Lightly sailed in Key West ever since. Has original sails, inboard electric motor, bilge pump, spinnaker pole. On its trailer in Key West under custom winter cover (both trailer and cover included). \$10,000; will entertain reasonable offers.

M. G. LUKEN III, (708) 822-5550, lukenmd@msn.com (2)

SAILS & RIGGING FOR SALE

Sail Rig, for small boat. Basically compl, only boat is missing. From commercially made dinghy of some sort. Sail has a class logo of CT (or possibly GT) on it. Aluminum mast in 2 pieces: 174"x2"OD. Aluminum boom 91"x1-1/2"OD. Sail made by Shore Sails is 93' foot, 139" luff & 160" leach. Mast goes into a pocket on sail luff, sail is loose footed. Also incl are daggerboard, rudder, tiller & slightly damaged boom crutch. Pickup only near Portland, ME. \$500BO.

DON STAPLES, Falmouth, ME, (207) 781-3532, DLS1953@maine.rr.com (2)

GEAR FOR SALE

Klepper Items: Klepper Master folding sailboat. Hull & frame in gd cond. However, missing rudder, mast, mainsail, leeboards & some rigging items. \$1000. Klepper Aeriuss II kayak hull (skin) only in poor condition. \$50. OBO. Complete sail rig for Klepper Aeriuss II kayak. Fair cond. Incl main 7 jib (cotton), mast, boom, gunter yard, leeboard brace, leeboards. Rudder is not included. \$150. Klepper 2-piece kayak paddles (2 each). Gd cond. \$100. each.

BRIAN FORSYTH, Solomons, MD, (443) 804-6439, brforsyth@comcast.net (2)

MinnKota Traxxis Electric Outboard, 80lbs thrust, 24v, transom mount, digital maximizer control. Nevrr used. Stock prop + Kipawa h-performance 3-blade prop. Owner's manual on flash drive. \$395 + shipping.

RANDY SWEDLUND, Prescott, AZ, (928) 778-6544. (1)

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Dear Friends,

Well, another year is upon us. Last year was good. But we just never caught up. Folks dropped in to ask, "Are you guys going out of business?"

"No, why would you ask that?"

"You're racks are always empty."

Yes, well, that's good sign. When you see boats all over the yard, *that's* a cause for concern. This year, Rutabaga's Canoecopia will be March 10-12, in Madison, Wisc. We have time enough now, if you place your order soon you can have the color of your choosing. (Dark green, dark blue, light blue, burgundy, red, ivory, black, egg-plant, yellow and sea-foam green.)

If you pay upfront, and if you live along our travel-route, we will deliver your boat for free.

This photo was taken by one of our photo-contest finalists, Robert Brand. The colors in this shot are so amazing, it's almost a shame to post it in black and white. Send an e-mail and we'll send it to you full-color, hi-res. Truly breath-taking.

