



THE SHALLOW WATER SAILOR



NUMBER 11

MARCH 1988

CAPTAIN'S CORNER

Faire Spring! The wheels went back on the trailer and the tarp came off ZEPHYRUS last weekend. This week the mast, sprit and cruising gear went back onboard. Now she is shipshape in Bristol fashion and we are ready for the first sail of the season. Weatherman is forecasting rain tomorrow, Saturday. But, we are ready! That's the important thing.

This edition of SHALLOW WATER SAILOR will be a collection of letters I have received over the last several weeks. The subjects vary from previous cruising adventures to planning for the Magnum Opus to outboard motors. As reported in the last SWS, Nick Scheuer of Mound, MN was awarded the "Dovekie Trophy" for his cruise last summer in the Boundry Waters Canoe Area. The BWCA is located between Minnesota and Canada. What a fantastic cruise! Peter Duff talks about his new Shearwater, the 1988 Magnum Opus and some interesting books he recommends reading. Chris Chadbourne of Arlington, VA describes a mini-cruise he made on the upper reaches of the Miles River last summer and sends a response to George Palfrey's query in SWS No 9 about the "right outboard set-up". Finally a little advertisement for Bob Hicks and his bimonthly magazine MESSING ABOUT IN BOATS. These letters all have been "carefully selected" to put you in the mood for getting your boat(s) ready for the water and getting that first of the season, shake down cruise underway. Get the juices flowing, so to speak. So, on with the show.

A word of caution before you start preparing your boat for the water. Check the labels of the products you plan to use to ready your boat. What kind of chemicals are in these products? Are they safe for your hands, the boat and even the grass? Read the labels. OK, now you are ready.

Faire spring winds,

John

SCUTTLEBUTT

Harry and Alice of Red Bank, NJ will be taking delivery of Shearwater No.08 this spring. Harry said the boat would be just about complete in time for the Spring Cruise, but they would not

be quite ready. He promised to make the 1989 cruise and in the mean time volunteered to serve as a Port Captain for the Red Bank, NJ area.

Lou Codega and Robin Hiddeman have moved their Dovekie No 103 from Virginia Beach to Norfolk, VA. They are naval architects and provide consulting services to the recreational boating industry. Their business address is: Atlantic Associates, One Columbia Center, Suite 626, Virginia Beach, VA 23462, telephone 804-490-7854.

Bob and Dorrie Ford of Bath, ME bought Dovekie No 067 last November. Although he has not had an opportunity to sail GLASS SLIPPER yet, Bob plans to change that when he retires this April. They look forward to warm weather and some cruising.

The Chesapeake Bay Maritime Museum has finally erected it's new Propulsion Building. The new building is located in the large open field just north of the museum main grounds, the site of the planned waterman's village. It will house all sorts of mechanical propulsion equipment that has contributed to the Bay's rich maritime heritage. Unfortunately, the building comes at the expense of the camping sites, boat display area and launching beach that we have enjoyed during the annual Mid-Atlantic Small Craft Festivals. Such is progress!

Got another letter from my old neighbor Al. You know, the one that is living aboard a 48 ft Ketch in the Bahamas. As I mentioned in previous newsletters, Al is fond of telling me about the "good life" as a live aboard. He slipped a little in his last letter though. First, he regrettably failed to pull up the 10 ft draft centerboard on his Ketch before attempting to anchor in 6 feet of water and jammed 3/8 "stainless chain into a 1/4 " space separating centerboard from centerboard well. The boat had to be hauled in Nassau. Al said the 150 mile trip from there to the Exumas was a "piece of cake". His letter read, "Only breakdowns were the heat exchanger on the main engine, water pump for the air conditioner, winch for the main sheet, deceased small three year old outboard motor, ripped out clew cringle on the genoa jib, dodger window in shreds and main engine alternator belt. Jib is now enroute Nassau on mailboat and may never be seen again. Am unable to decide whether or not I would really care. Lovely weather here makes it all worth while though. Temperatures in the 60's, wind blowing 30-35, gusting to 45__but only for the last seven days". I told Al to cheer up and sent him a photograph of this winter's snow in our backyard and my "buried" Dovekie on its trailer. Still glad I sail a simple boat!

LETTERS

Dawson Henderson sent me a note about sailing LA VENTOLERA (gust of wind), his Dovekie No 089.

"As you can see by our Flagstaff, AZ address, we live outside the main sphere of Dovekie/Shearwater activity. However, Sharon and I have managed to do a bit of cruising. Most of our trips have been on the fluky winds of Arizona's lakes and the wildly tidal coastline of northern Sea of Cortez, Mexico. We would like to hear more about the rest of the "family".

.. Ben Bailey of Smyrna, GA sent a long letter, parts of which are printed later in this newsletter. Ben was planning to launch from Key West, FL on March 20th or 27th for a 12 day cruise. At no great pace he planned to see Florida Bay, the Lakes and Sand Key (which are all in the Key West area) while sailing, snorkeling, reading, fishing and exploring. Ben was looking for company, but unfortunately this newsletter is being printed as he is enjoying his place in the sun. This is Ben's second cruise from Key West. I think we should elect him Port Captain for that area. All in favor, say aye!

BOAT MODIFICATIONS

A friend gave me a small, 33 page catalog I thought you might find interested and useful: The catalog is called "12 Volt Products, Inc." and it can be obtained from Bruce Blackway at 756 Morning Glory Ave., P. O. Box 664, Holland, PA 18966. Telephone: 215-355-0525. The catalog is full of electrical accessories that operate with the standard 12 volt DC system on most boats, recreational vehicles, autos and trucks. Everything from tools to hair dryers to coffee pots.

Jim Cartwright of Youngstown, OH passed along a pamphlet about solar electric (photo voltaic) power panels. The panels are designed for marine use and are constructed on stainless steel sheets to provide flexibility to conform to non-flat surfaces. The panels are sold by Allied Energy Technology, Ltd., Hwy. 965 South, P. O. Box 243, Swisher, IA, telephone 312-381-8833.

Ben Bailey has found a use for the interior semicircle area above the leeboard pivots on his Dovekie No 133. He mounted a pair of Olin flare canisters there to use as cruising first aid kits.

GUNKHOLE/CRUISING NOTES

Launch time for the Chesapeake Bay Spring Cruise is 1200, Friday 29 April at the Elk Neck State Park ramp. The park is located on MD Highway 272, ten miles south of Interstate I-95 between Baltimore, MD and Newark, DE. Highway 272 is exit 100 on the Interstate. The Park Ranger phone is 301-287-5333.

SEAMANSHIP/NAVIGATION

Ben Bailey's final comments were on rowing his Dovekie. He really is sold on the idea of using Concept II sleeves and

collars on his oars. (See SWS No 1 for details.) "It really cuts down on the noise and the attention required to keep the oars at a useful angle, and it definitely relieves wrist strain". Ben then explained a rowing technique an "ex-northern" sailor taught him. He called it a fisherman stroke. Only one oar is pulled at a time. The key is moving the arms back and forth in an elongated circle, with the pulling stroke at the top of one circle, while the recovery stroke with the other arm is at the bottom of the other elongated circle. Ben says this fisherman stroke is a relaxing change up with no real back strain. He claims boat momentum and speed are better.

PORT CAPTAINS

13) Harry Mote (SW 08) __Red Bank, NJ area.

14) Ben Bailey (DK 133) __Key West, FL and Florida Bay

BOATING CALENDAR

29 April-1 May __Ninth Annual Chesapeake Bay Spring Cruise. Launching at Elk Neck State Park, North East, MD.

6-14 May __Fourth Annual Cedar Key Small Boat Meet and Beachcruising Expedition. Write Chris Harkness at P.O. Box 90, Cedar Key, FL 32625 or call Mike Leiner at The Island Place in Cedar Key, telephone 904-543-5306.

13-20 August __Magnum Opus Cruise. Saint John River in New Brunswick, Canada. See Peter's attached letter for details.

CLASSIFIED ADS

Mark Nordman of Chelsea, MI (50 miles west of Detroit) is selling his 1986 Dovekie No 127. The boat has a blue hull, tanbark sails and factory mast and sprit covers. Telephone: 313-475-8632.

Your vessel is proof of Phil Bolger's talents as a designer. Is he as good a novelist as he is a boat designer? Order a copy of SCHORPIQEN, his first novel (it's really his second, but the first isn't in print yet) and see. There will be a test at the next rendezvous. Send \$12.95 to Duff & Duff, 8 Harbor Road, Mattapoisett, MA 02739, for your postpaid copy.

"The Northern Lights

Have seen queer sights,
But the queerest I ever did see - - - "
No, - - - t'wasn't snow,
That odd swatch of white
Shimmering late in the night;
T'was a cruiser they call a Dovekie,
Up North, in the Quetico.

"Awesome!" exclaimed the Ranger as we sculled up to the dock at the island Station at Cache Bay. He went on to say that he'd never seen a sailboat in the Quetico before. Well, if he'd been over on the next lake North, beyond Silver Falls, some thirty years before, then he might've seen the square-rigged catamaran the gang of Scouts from Indiana had concocted from a pair of 18ft. Grumman canoes, a 12ft. square canvas dining tarp, a ball of bailer's twine, and a pile of pine poles conveniently felled by beaver. Now that was awesome; after which the Pilgrim Pelican (056) only qualifies as curious.

This tale is not necessarily chronological, so to distill passages from the log; we drove the length of the Gunflint Trail which reaches Northwest out of Grand Marais, Minnesota, launched the boat at Top Of The Trail, sailed and rowed North to Canadian Customs, then rowed and sailed further on to an anchorage concealed among three small islands in the middle of Lake Saganaga. The next day we rowed and sailed to the West end of the lake into Cache Bay, where we found the Indian Pictographs, explored Silver Falls, met the loons, and saw Aurora Borealis. The third day we returned through everything from zephyrs to blustery fresh breezes, encountering the gentleman fisherman along the way, to the launch ramp at Top Of The Trail.

Permits for overnight trips into the Boundry Waters Canoe Area (BWCA) of Superior National Forest, and Canada's Quetico Provincial Park, must be secured months in advance for the "high use" holiday weekends keenly sought by Walleye fishermen. We obtained our reservations for the 4th of July Hollidays in March, after confirming over the phone with officials on both sides of the border that it would be OK to bring a 21ft. sailboat instead of a canoe.

Oddly, sailboats are prohibited in non-motorized zones of the BWCA because they are considered "mechanical devices." The logic used to determine that sails are mechanical while paddles are not escapes me. But a lady in the Forest Service (which is Dept. of Agriculture instead of Dept. of Interior like the National Park Service, or Dept. of Treasury like the Coast Guard) assured me that the rule was not being enforced yet. It seems that weary canoeists have a tendency to jury-rig sail whenever the wind is fair, which ain't often enough, as I recall my first experience in these waters as a Boy Scout.

The list of regulations and recommendations is long. It may seem oppressive to some. But Dovekie is uniquely suited to test the waters of these preserves in more ways than one, so we had some fun scrupulously observing the letter of the law.

Case in point: Boats with built-in berths are prohibited, though sleeping bags on the floor are OK. Score one for Dovekie. But one must pack a tent because "you really should use one of the marked campsites on shore", which leads to the next.

Point 2: We had originally planned to ship the obligatory pup tent, but later decided to designate our Back Porch as the requisite "tent", with hope that nobody wearing a badge would request that we pitch it on shore, where of course it would only shelter very short people comfortably. We made a point to choose concealed anchorages each night. Score two for our side.

Point 3: Disposable food containers such as cans or bottles are absolutely prohibited. Plastic food wrappings are OK if they are fully combustible. Disposable fuel containers are OK only because the alternative, found wood, is so loathsome as to be unthinkable. Of course every single fuel container taken in must be brought back out. The penalty for failure-to-comply is not stated, but one envisions an angry Manitou retrieving discarded fuel bottles by the light of the Moon and personally stuffing them somewhere much more painful for the offender.

Sadly, Anheiser-Busch does not brew powdered beer (ditto for dehydrated Pepsi, Coke, and 7-up) so our customary provisioning underwent major rethinking.

Inquiries with fishermen who "go up North" regularly disclosed that they just take along a keg bedded in a tub of ice covered by a thermal blanket, which qualifies as a "non-disposable container."

Not wanting to push our luck since our boat was proscribed to begin with, we opted to "go on the wagon" for this cruise with coffee and Kool-ade. Turned out that the scenery and solitude were so magnificent that we didn't miss the customary cases of "Bud" and soda pop.

Concerning other provisions, we repacked a lot of stuff in tupperware. This impresses the officials because one obviously won't be leaving any of those in the bush.

Point 4: Black bear are a legitimate concern in the BWCA, but we were convinced that Pil-Pel offered a safer platform for viewing than a nylon tent on shore. No need for all that rig-a-m-rol about hanging food packs ten feet off the ground suspended between two trees. It would take a lot better than the average bear to get any goodies out of the intrepid Pil-Pel, what with Pelican Ellen blasting the fog horn from the bow turret, and Moby Nick boppin'im over the head with an oar, while the First Rater stands by to tickle his uvula with the boat hook if necessary. Turned out we didn't see any bear so I never got a chance to try my skull stroke.

Point 5: "Visual impact on the environment" is a matter of great concern in the BWCA. Like most cruising sailors, our gear leans toward what ultimately will float and be most visible to a Coast guard Helicopter somewhere at sea. The PFD's are extremely orange, the foul weather gear very yellow, the shade umbrella vivid red and white. In the BWCA, however, it is strongly recommended that PFD's be camouflage color, the kind favored by duck hunters, and that tents be camo too, or at least dark green. "Did you say 'umbrella'? WHAT KIND OF IDIOT BRINGS AN UMBRELLA ON A CANOE EXPEDITION ?"

"Ooopp's, so sorry, mea culpa, mea culpa, it is us, Sir, in the pitiful Pilgrim Pelican. Should we throw it over the side, Sir?"

Actually, our tanbark sail and faded green canvas hatch covers, the latter of which nicely match the dry moss on rocks, were about the only items that might be considered "conforming". But as the lady at the barn dance said by the punch bowl, "Ya gotta dance with whut brung ya". Our gear has stood us in good stead over the years. If it hadn't, we might've "thrown it overboard", to quote a well-known cruising novel.

Of course throwing things overboard is about the worst sin one can commit in the Quetico; much worse than fornicating (or is it fraternizing) with bear. Oh well, either is frowned upon. The Keepers Of The Queen's Beaver convey the impression that the park is some kind of church with lakes instead of pews in which the worthy are expected to brave black fly and mosquito with no more than a loin cloth and a quart of Cutter's.

Then we came sailing along ensconced aboard a cruising vessel complete with such sybaritic amenities as a plastic flush toilet, a bug-proof porch, a real yachting compass that works upside down, and a gimbaled gas stove.

Happily, we met only friendly faces among the few who crossed our trail. The Ranger at Cache Bay had once owned a South Coast 22. He was amazed that our 4" draft was less than that of a loaded Grumman, and readily comprehended our capability to explore his sanctuary.

There are no aids to navigation such as buoys, bells, lights, nor range marks in the BWCA and beyond. If one cannot find one's way using only a scantily noted chart and an orienteering compass, one is frankly told to learn the basics somewhere else.

Some Highlights:

- Dipping water to drink almost anywhere. Official literature does describe one rare bug with its scientific name, so that if afflicted, one will be able to advise one's doctor what did it with authority.

- Daughter Ellen's first sighting of Aurora Borealis, and the three of us standing in the middle hatch at 1:30 AM under the eerie glow in such silence that we found ourselves whispering.

- The pair of loons who entertained us the whole 14 hours we anchored near Silver Falls with their diving and every musical combination of which they are capable.

- Finding the Pictographs painted on a rock bluff by Indians over 400 years ago. They are noted on the map, and the Ranger gave us some tips, but they are very small paintings on a very long bluff of mossy rock, and we had neglected to ask what color they were. Our search under oars was intense.

An interesting encounter: We were about to enter a key passage between two large islands under sail; a shortcut which our Ranger friend had warned was guarded by a massive submerged rock.

A fisherman in a typical red Lund aluminum outboard skiff, exiting the channel on a course across our bow, was evidently worried about our draught. He circled back, stopped some way off, and hung a paddle vertically over the rail about "so" deep.

Touched by his concern, we decided that the prospect of a joust with a rock at close quarters in fluky air indeed probably called for sculling after all.

Upon observing us furl sail, raise leeboards, and break out the oar, he stowed his paddle, yanked the motor to life, and turned away in pursuit of Walleye without having uttered a word. A true Sportsman! Who needs buoys anyhow, eh?

fun

We had some ^{fun} with the red tape, but when we discarded our trash bag in a dumpster back at Top Of The Trail's launch ramp, it brought to mind a pungent line from the old Pogo comic strip, "We have met the enemy, and they is US!" You see, having brought no aluminum cans, nor darn little food packaging junk of any kind, the sum total of our refuse amounted to just a single little bag no larger than a volley ball. And this included paper wrappings and tissue which authorities permit canoeists to burn. Most of the credit belongs to the First Rate Mate, Rosemary.

Will we go back again? You bet! Unless they start enforcing that prohibition of sailboats. Till then, happiness is a Dovekie in the driveway, ready to roll on any road to water.

From the Pilgrim Pelican,

Moby Nick
Moby Nick

A footnote about the verse: The first three lines are borrowed from The Cremation Of Sam McGee, by Robert Service. Blame me for the rest.

N.G.S.

N.G.S.

Good morning, Faire DOVEKIE and HEARWATER sailors! Ah, it's a pleasure to begin an epistle thus once again. Since my health forced abdication from EDEY & DUFF, I've missed writing newsletters about our marvelous little boats and organizing cruises for them. Now that EDEY & DUFF, LTD. has been frightened away from organizing cruises by the specter of a liability suit resulting from hazards largely beyond their control, the void they left should be filled. Without so much as a by-your-leave, I propose to return to the fray with a page or two for each issue of the Shallow Water Sailor. It'll not be a newsletter, as John is doing ever so much better a job than I could. No, mine will be essays on such important and timely subjects as the philosophical implications of the existence or non-existence of a black hole right here with us in the Milky Way galaxy, or something. Oh, and I'll see what can be done about putting together Magnum Opus cruises of significance and perhaps the odd fall cruise here in New England.

Let me tackle cruises first. I guess I'd better borrow a page from the maestros of E&D Ltd and decline to "organize" any cruises. Instead, I will tell you what Maggie's and my cruise plans are, and invite you to join us with your boats. I will investigate the launching and parking situations, will tell you about charts, cruising guides, and any other printed matter germane to the area.

My criteria for picking a spot for Maggie and me to cruise are: 1. That it be interesting geographically. There must be many interesting places, things, people, and/or boats to see. 2. There must be a plethora of coves, harbors, tickles, for us to tuck into for the night, or if inclemency threatens. 3. It should not necessitate long, boring, offshore, or otherwise exposed passages if at all possible. 4. It should permit new water to be traversed each day, yet make access to our car/trailer easy at the end of the time available to us.

In addition, our inclinations are to prefer really super areas rather than nice but ordinary, fresh water over salt, warm water over cold, unpopulated rather than urban or thickly settled resort, summer in the north for the long hours of daylight versus the short winter days in the south. And of course I try to pick an area where our extreme draft and low overhead clearance can be used to advantage. I also look for areas that offer

challenges in piloting and seamanship. I have a pretty extensive list of places that meet these criteria, but most assuredly don't know them all. I you have a favorite area, or have long longed to visit a famous area that you think I'm overlooking, please hollar.

For this year, Maggie and I think we'd like to go back, after eight years, to the Saint John River in New Brunswick, Canada, for our Magnum Opus Cruise. Of course while Georgian Bay is far from fully explored, I think it is entitled to a rest of a year or two before we invade it again. I talked about circumnavigating Cape Cod, but have qualms about the long haul along the "back shore" from Chatham to P'town. With appropriate weather it will be easy...and safe. Waiting for that weather could eat up all the time available. I still hope to do it, but it'll be a spur of the moment adventure. If you'd like to tackle it on that basis, drop me a card.

The Saint John River is notable for having a reversing waterfall in a fairly narrow gorge at its mouth. There it meets the 40 - 50' tides in the Bay of Fundy. For about 20 minutes, twice a day, at about mid-tide on the Bay, there is a slack period when navigation is possible through the gorge. The rest of the time it's a maelstrom of whirlpools and overfalls. The river is said have a 175' deep hole at that point. In it is alleged that there is a full size tugboat at the bottom of that hole. Her captain either miscalculated or disregarded the time of slack water. Happily we can launch above the reversing falls.

The river itself was called the "Rhine of North America" by Irving Johnson, who took the 96' brigantine *Yankee* through the falls and spent several days cruising the river. Over part of its length, the river is broad and placid. It is affected by the tide, but the water is fresh. Widths are a quarter to half a mile wide for the first 10 - 15 miles. It's more like a lake than a river.

An interesting diversion over much of the river is dodging the several car ferries. Each has a long steel cables that is used to pull itself forward and back across the river. The cables lie on the bottom most of the time. But when the ferry is pulling itself across the river, it comes right up to the surface. BEWARE!

By the end of the second day we'll be in the true river section. It's narrower--about 100 yards or less--civilization has changed from small summer cottages to working farms. The river has divided itself into 2, 3, and even sometimes 4 separate channels. Between the channels are pastoral islands. Herds of cattle are barged across to these islands after the annual spring run-off has subsided. There they live all summer without need for supervision. The banks are lined with stately elms that have not been reached by the creeping progress of Dutch Elm Disease. Pastoral is the best way to describe the place. At about the top of interesting navigation is Gagetown...and ice cream!

There are two large lakes that can be reached by narrow channels. They have beaches where fossils can be found. And the swimming is great everywhere.

A particularly nice aspect of river cruising is that it can blow quite hard, yet not pick up a big sea. Both Maggie and I get a big kick out of sailing very fast in strong air and smooth water. The Saint John is a place to expect these conditions more frequently than usual. Incidentally, this river, and the city at its mouth is SAINT (usually spelled out in full) JOHN (singular). ST. (usually abbreviated) JOHN'S (possessive) is the major city on the east coast of Newfoundland (which, although it's helluva long way off, would be a superb place for a two week cruise).

Maggie and I plan to be afloat on the Saint John from noon on Saturday, August 13 until sometime on Saturday, August 20. This is not cast in stone.....talk to us. In fact, I'd appreciate some kind of communication from you if you plan to join us. I'll reciprocate with the nuts and bolts details: charts, launching place, etc.

Over the last thirty-five years, I've built a pretty nice nautical library. Phil Bolger's is the only private one I know of that's bigger...and it by only a little. I'd like to be able to share it with you, but distance makes that impractical. But I can tell you about the books I have that I consider significant. Here, and over the next few issues of the Shallow Water Sailor I'll review some of the more important of them for you. I'll try to pick ones that are still in print, or are readily available used.

To start off, there are three books I consider essential to any nautical library:

THE COMPLEAT CRUISER,

by L. Francis Herreshoff.

I'll review this one in this issue, and save the other two for the next two issues.

AMERICAN SMALL SAILING CRAFT,

by Howard I Chapelle, and

ELEMENTS OF SEAMANSHIP,

by Roger Taylor

Legend has it that just after the end of WW II, Francis Herreshoff had been grouching to all and sundry that the Depression and the war had deprived a whole generation of a proper education in small boats. Instruction and discussion about the design, seamanship, etiquette, history, and all the other niceties and nuances of small cruising sailboats had been shunted into some backwater while the world concentrated on lesser issues. Boris Lauer-Leonardi, then editor of *The Rudder*, the oldest, and arguably the best, boating publication at the time, threw down the gauntlet: "You write about it, I'll print it...carte blanche"

Francis took up the gauntlet and fed it back to *The Rudder* in monthly installments. This was at about the time I was beginning to take notice of things nautical. I can remember eagerly awaiting the next issue of my newly acquired subscription, reading it cover-to-cover in one sitting. I'd head first to the Design Section, which, in those days, told substantially more about a boat than do today's. As with the icing on chocolate cake, I'd save Francis' yarn for last, to savor it and, and prolong the exquisite agony of anticipation. Many, but I think not all, of the monthly installments have been combined to form the book

I've reread *The Compleat Cruiser* at least ten times...including now to refresh my memory. I enjoyed it as much this time as any previous. It's written as a narrative among a bunch of fictional cruising sailors plying their avocations along the New England coast. It was truly written for another age. Yet it's such a wealth of nautical knowledge that its worth can't be overestimated.

Coridon, owner of the 24' catboat *Piscator* meets and cruises in company with Goddard, who has a daughter, Miss Prim (yes, his character...)

development is rudimentary) aboard the 32' ketch *Viator*. Later on, Weldon, owner of the 29' ketch *Rozinante* (which Francis sketched for this yarn. He later completed the design for Rudder magazine), instructed his two young nephews, Dan and Jim (adult males do not have first names, adult females are all Mrs.--, kids don't count, so Francis is on a first name/nickname basis with them.) to safeguard the dinghy's oars while ashore in Provincetown by leaving them in the barber shop. Oh, and be sure to tip the barber twenty-five cents! I have to remind myself every time I reread this that it was written when my own haircut cost the princely sum of fifty cents!

Quiet adventures continue through the book. And they're all adventures to illustrate some pretty sophisticated competence. In contrast, most sea stories seem to me to be written by idiots who trumpet their stupidity by frightening the reader with horror stories. For that reason you'll not find many sea stories in my library.

I've been struggling for many sessions in front of my Compaq trying to figure out why I'm so enamored by this book. I keep returning to the thought that it's "charming". I guess the best I can say is that it's a glimpse into the thought process of a certified genius, about his field of expertise, in a medium outside his normal milieu, and leave it at that.

The copy I have was printed by Sheridan House, New York. It was copywritten in 1956. The Library of Congress Card Number is 56-12511. It predates the start of ISBNs. I fear it is no longer in print, so will have to be found for you by a used book seller. Good luck.

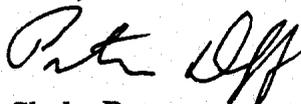
Finally for this session, I thought I'd tell you about the boat Maggie and I'll be sailing this year...and for years to come, I hope. She's a SHEARWATER that I've modified to accommodate my slowly encroaching parkinsonism. I've named her *Relentless* to express my determination to continue cruising, no matter what!

Relentless is water ballasted. The simplicity of the internal lead ballast that David has introduced was appealing, but ease of getting her on the trailer and towing her overrode that. I accepted, with pleasure, the new interior layout and the sliding companionway hatch that David roughed out, and

Eddie Pavao made work. The innovations I have made (so far) are a sliding middle hatch, a reel for the anchor warp, and a hinged forward hatch. It's aft in the cockpit that I've made the biggest changes: The principal one was to install wheel steering. An Edson pedestal now dominates the aft end of the cockpit. I extended the footwell at the expense of the athwartship helmsman's seat. I divided it into thirds, sacrificing the middle third to footwell, and recontouring the two outboard thirds so I can sit facing athwartships comfortably. Still to do are to ceil the cabin topsides with wood (probably butternut), build bulkheads for the head (also butternut), build stowage racks, and generally figure out how and where to stow our junk. More fun! I hope to be able to show her to you next summer.

She's the first boat I've had with aluminum spars. These are from Zephyr Products, which is part of Cape Cod Shipbuilding. They look quite workmanlike. I've sailed her only three times (two of which were reefed). They stood well and seemed to do the job at least as well as the proper wooden spars we had on the first SHEARWATER.

Well, 'snuf for now. Best,



Shaky Pete

ST. MICHAELS MINI-CRUISE

When I pulled into the parking lot I heaved a sigh of relief. I've never quite reconciled myself to the notion of driving a car with a 25 foot tail, no matter how appealing the hinder parts might be. But now I was at the ramp, at Newcomb on Oak Creek, where the Miles River bends at a right angle. The public ramp is neat and well kept at the end of a fair sized parking lot just off the highway. There was just one other person at the ramp.

Twenty minutes later I was ready to launch, and 10 minutes after that I sat in Morning Dove's stern, mentally taking inventory before casting off. Quasimodo, my trusty but unloved 2 horsepower outboard, hung from the stern on a bracket which allows it to rotate (and provide thrust) through 360 degrees. I had my new plastic five gallon water jug, my familiar canvas bags of food, clothes and necessaries, and even the car keys. I was ready to motor out of the creek under the bridge.

My destination was St. Michaels, about 3 miles up the southern shore of the Miles River more or less dead into the wind and temporarily against the tide as well. Still, it was a pleasant sail, first tacking towards the northern side of the river and then tacking back along the southern shore, stretching out the favored course until I could look over the side and see the bottom about 3 feet down through the clear water. A steady breeze, a warm sun, and the shoreside sights... what could be more satisfying?

Soon the the tide reversed direction. Now I found myself making good ground with every tack, passing Spencer creek on the southern shore close enough to see the bottom outside the shallow entrance. The entrance is inviting and narrow, and the broad swath of reeds at the water's edge suggests an exclusive anchorage that only Morning Dove and her shoal draft sisters might prudently enter. A quick look at the chart confirmed that inside the narrow entrance the creek is four or five feet deep in most places. One might not give this a second thought, but the bottom is also mud, and I immediately remembered an old photograph of a small boat anchorage dried out at low tide. There, in the middle of the picture, stands a man up to his knees in black muck, ineffectually heaving at the anchor rode of his equally mired boat.

Too, you might want to check the size of the inlet behind a narrow entrance before you venture inside. Last year I happened into Popes Creek on the Virginia shore of the Potomac. The chart shows Popes Creek meandering broadly for about a mile past George Washington's boyhood home before emptying into the Potomac through a narrow cut about forty feet wide. I reached the creek at slack water in the evening and rowed through the cut... but next morning I was treated to a wild ride out of the creek at four knots, sideways, useless oars flapping like featherless wings. If you won't sail at slack tide...

Then the wind began to die, slowly, becoming puffy and weak. It finally gave out altogether, leaving me about a quarter mile short of marker 3 at the entrance to St. Michaels. For I while I just sat, drinking in the afternoon sunshine and the sight of a waterman working his trotline. He never took his eyes from the line coming up through the water and over the drum. Now and then he dipped his net into the water, scooping his catch off the bait before it broke water and the crab fell away. Occasionally the waterman would use his free arm to shift a basket or nudge the boat's steering staff, without breaking the rythm of the crabbing net. Finally the gently slatting sail regained my attention, and I anchored to furl my sail and stow my mast.

Morning Dove's arrival at St. Michaels was a disquieting finale to an idyllic afternoon. Quasimodo pushed me across the channel as I alternately circled and then darted through the train of Annapolitan sailors motoring into St. Michaels. On they came, a steady stream, all rushing for the anchorage so as to stake their claim to deep water and good holding ground within a short distance of the piers. The laggards would have to make do at the anchorage outside the harbor, on either side of the the channel. So there was a general commotion of boats milling about, jockeying each other in a competition of tight turns and close shaves. I had other plans.

I took advantage of Morning Doves's shallow draft to put her on the edge of the harbor anchorage, next to a lovely canoe stern cutter. I watched her crew come and go as the sun set and wondered where she might have carried them and the dog who loved to curl up on the foredeck. Dinner made and eaten, having checked the anchor one last time, I wriggled into my sleeping bag for a good night's sleep on the water.

A dawn fog burned away as I made breakfast. By the time I was ready to up anchor the sun shone brightly. A slight breeze whispered across the anchorage as I put up the mast, issuing an invitation to sail away from St. Michaels ahead of the morning motorsailing crowd who would leave later, rushing to return to Annapolis.

I sailed past two men on the fantail of a husky steel cruiser. They turned and followed my progress as I slipped through the anchorage, gesturing with their coffee cups. Perhaps they remarked on Morning Dove's leeboards, or her quiet way of going through the water. Or, perhaps, they remembered some time when they themselves had sailed in a simple cruiser, and enjoyed the delights of peace and freedom. They watched Morning Dove, and talked, for some minutes. Then one of the men waved.

Halfway across the the river, I looked back and was entranced by neighboring Long Haul Creek. Sailing into the creek I was treated to a sight unique to the Chesapeake bay; a log canoe, riding easily at anchor, flying a whimsical scull and cross bones from her slender mainmast. Slim, trim and neat, she looked fast just sitting still. I sailed close by to drink in her lovely

curves and dream about what it might be like to sail her. Further up the creek, by the Miles River Yacht Club, a solitary mooring was home to one of Laurent Giles' husky little Vertue class sloops. At 24 feet they are just two feet longer than Morning Dove, but meant for long distance cruising that might include an ocean crossing. This example was ready for sea, conjuring up visions of nights at the tiller, gazing at the starry night sky beyond the masthead.

The run up the Miles river turned into an exhilarating romp downwind. It breezed on until whitecaps began to fleck the river, and I made such fast time that it seemed a waste of a good day to rush right back to the ramp. Sailing with the wind, the breeze could not diminish the sun's warmth, while Morning Dove rolled gently as each succeeding wave passed under her shapely stern. Overhead flocks of geese called to each other as they flew low, so that in a moment dozens of them of them arced down towards the reedfilled shore. I altered course to sail closer to them, and to thread the narrow passage between the Miles River Neck and Long Island. The chart showed 3 feet of water. I unlocked the leeboards and rudder to run the passage and shot through to Hunting creek.

Then the bottom faded and the water became opaque; I was through and sailing in Hunting Creek. On the left are well kept homes sitting on the narrow end of the neck, with views of both the the creek and the river. On the right is farmland ending in marsh grass at the water's edge. I sailed quickly downwind in the smooth protected water of the creek. Near the mouth of the creek the channel makes an "S" curve round a point of land; I missed the marker and sailed across the bar that extends from the point, dragging my leeboards through the mud. Morning Dove accepted the indignity stoically, while I remonstrated with the navigator (me) and chastised the helmsman (myself).

Rounding the southern end of the island at the mouth of the creek I headed across the river one more time. A group of fishermen in a skiff waived as I passed. Morning Dove sailed hard for the other side, bearing up bravely under too much sail. If I were going further I would have anchored to put in a reef, but for the mile or so across the river I luffed and stood on the windward side. Every once in a while an errant whitecap would throw a cupful of spray and I would duck, in a watery game of cat and mouse. Perhaps the gulls overhead kept score for awhile, but they glided back towards the fishermen in the skiff. At the mouth of the creek at Newcomb I was left alone to anchor and stow the the rig before returning to the ramp.

INTRODUCING...

A SMALL MAGAZINE ABOUT SMALL BOATS THAT INCLUDES MORE OF INTEREST CONCERNING TRADITIONAL SMALL CRAFT THAN ANY OTHER BOATING PUBLICATION.



Back in May of 1983 when I began publishing this magazine, I included much of interest about traditional small craft, for I was active in the TSCA and had a personal involvement in such boats. Now, going on five years and 112 issues later, I still include a great deal about traditional small craft, more in any given year of 24 issues than any other boating publication.

I undertook to publish "Messing About in Boats" because that's what I did, and no existing publication concerned itself with such an activity at my relatively low cost, hands-on level. And, I wanted to hear about others involved with messing about in small boats and bring the news of what was happening to readers much more often than the six times a year publications like "Wooden Boat" and "Small Boat Journal" did.

So, here we are. While I do not exclusively focus on traditional small boats, I do focus on manageable and affordable small boats, amongst which the traditional types fit very nicely. I report on the dreaming, designing, building and restoring, and using of such craft, by everyday people, people who never are noticed by the major boating press.

I've always covered the annual Small Craft weekend at Mystic Seaport in depth with pages of photos, and starting last fall, I expanded such coverage to include the Chesapeake Small Craft Meet at St. Michaels, MD. I chronicle smaller such gatherings as well, review old time designs from original sources, suggest plans sources and books of interest, and tell the stories of many readers who have done something of interest with their small boats.

"Messing About in Boats" can turn up every two weeks in your mailbox for just a \$15 annual subscription. You get 24 issues of a 32 page publication that reads like a letter from a friend. The ads included are those of builders, designers and suppliers interested in small craft.

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INTRODUCING...

A NEW REPRINT OF A 1901 BOOK THAT CAPTURES THE ESSENCE OF THE EXPERIENCES POSSIBLE IN A TRADITIONAL SMALL BOAT.

It was a long ago summer on Narragansett Bay, back at the turn of the century, that Wallace P. Stanley wrote of in 1901, in his long out of print book, "Adventures Down the Bay". Two boys of 14 in search of vacation adventure load up a small flat bottom sailing skiff with simple camping gear and set out on three cruises destined to roam the length and breadth of the Bay. Their experiences are evocative of how life once was for youth on the water, in a traditional small boat, using oar and simple sprit sail to see all there was to be seen amongst the bays and islands of Narragansett Bay.

Stanley's chronicle of their adventures, written in the vernacular of the time, tells much of how life was lived then ashore and afloat, at work and at play, in the boy's visits to remote sparsely settled coves and headlands, islands and streams, as well as to busy Newport with its big naval base. A great deal of "how to" advice on sailing and rowing a small boat in winds and tides is neatly hidden in the ongoing conversations the boys have during their experiences. The leading edge of that era's technology appears in the busy environs of Newport and its naval base, counterpointed by still very rural surrounding farmlands and villages.

This book so deftly captures the appeal of enjoying traditional small boats that I determined to reprint it for those of us today who might enjoy such a chronicle but who would never have opportunity to come across the book. This reprint is faithful to the original, and includes on its 274 pages some 48 original illustrations done by H.N. Cady. In all 40 chapters cover the three cruises undertaken, and I've added a map of the Bay showing the routes and ports of call on the boys' outings for those familiar with Narragansett Bay, or who enjoy tracing travels on maps. Knowledgeable readers will note that author Stanley substituted in some cases fictitious place names for reasons unclear to me, such as "Oldport" for "Newport". Bob Harris, who did the map for me, has included the actual place names where appropriate.

If you think you'd enjoy this book, I offer it at \$10 per copy postpaid. It's 5-1/2" x 8-1/2" size fits nicely into any handy spot aboard your boat in summer, or in bookcase in winter. I want you to be satisfied with what you receive, so if, for any reason at all, the book is not what you expect, just return it to me for a full refund, including the return postage.

Bob Hicks, Editor,
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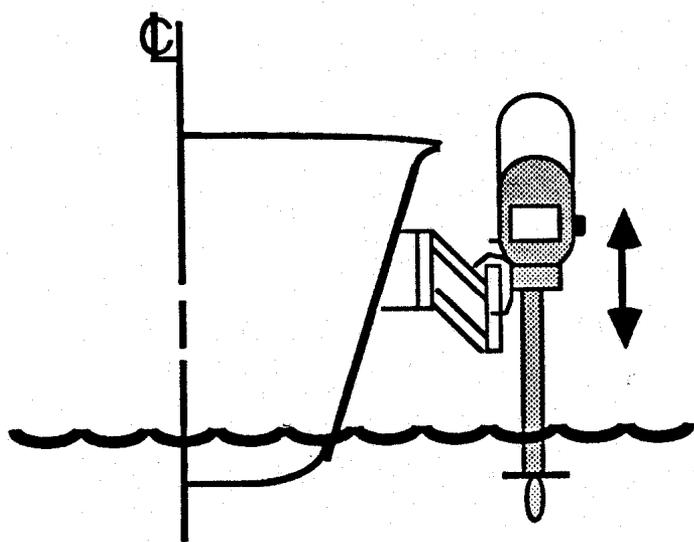
Dear George,

Morning Dove (No. 41) and her caretakers (Chris and Lois Chadbourne of Arlington, Virginia) have been using a Suzuki long-shaft 2 horsepower for the last season. Herewith follows a summary of our experiences.

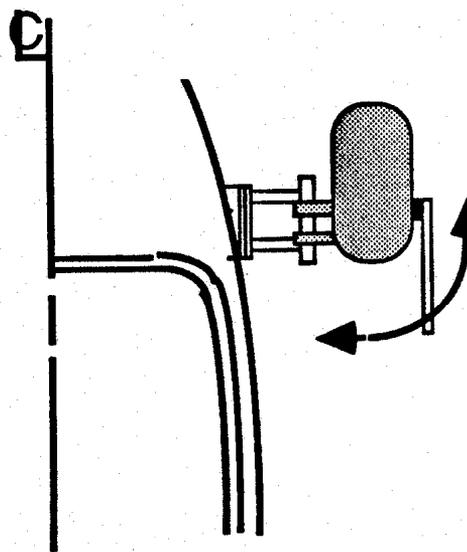
Rest your mind, you need not worry about having enough thrust. At a shade above half throttle Quasimodo (the mechanical beast in question) pushes Morning Dove at what I estimate to be 4 or 4 1/2 knots in calm water. Full throttle produces perhaps another knot and lots of cavitation. At idle (the engine has no neutral or reverse) one potters along at a gentle pace, suitable for sidling up to a pier or beach.

As for operating economy, I estimate that we get between an hour and an hour and a quarter's operation on a 1/3 gallon tankfull of gas/oil at 1/2 throttle. A small 2 and 1/2 gallon plastic can of premixed fuel lives in the forepeak, providing a maximum endurance of 8 hours under power.

I can't testify to Quasimodo's performance when relegated to a rudder mount since we have a motor mount installed on the port side just aft of the cockpit (see schematic). The great advantage of this mount arrangement is that we can rotate the engine 360 degrees, providing thrust in all directions. (With the boards and rudder raised, we can go sideways!) This arrangement also makes refueling easier. One may steer with the motor in close quarters or lock the motor and use the rudder in open water.



Cross-Section Aft of Cockpit



Plan View

You say "Oh, it's all well and good about the roses, but what about the thorns?". Well, Quasimodo is reasonably quiet, but at 1/4 and 3/4 throttle the whole boat can resonate with a vengeance. At 1/2 throttle the vibration is mildly distracting (Perhaps the rudder mount transmits less vibration?). Too, one must remember to raise the motor before shallow water excursions. Our side motor mount means that the propeller moves more with the boat's motion, and I do have to take care not to wrap the mainsheet around the motor head. Quasimodo performs reliably and starts without a fuss, but I'm always wary of the intrusion of inscrutable mechanical complexity aboard so simple a cruiser as Dovekie.

P.S. Lois reminds me that Quasimodo kept us pointed head to wind in an 18 knot breeze whilst I battled with a partially furled main. One must give the unlovely one his due...

THE SHALLOW WATER SAILOR
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