

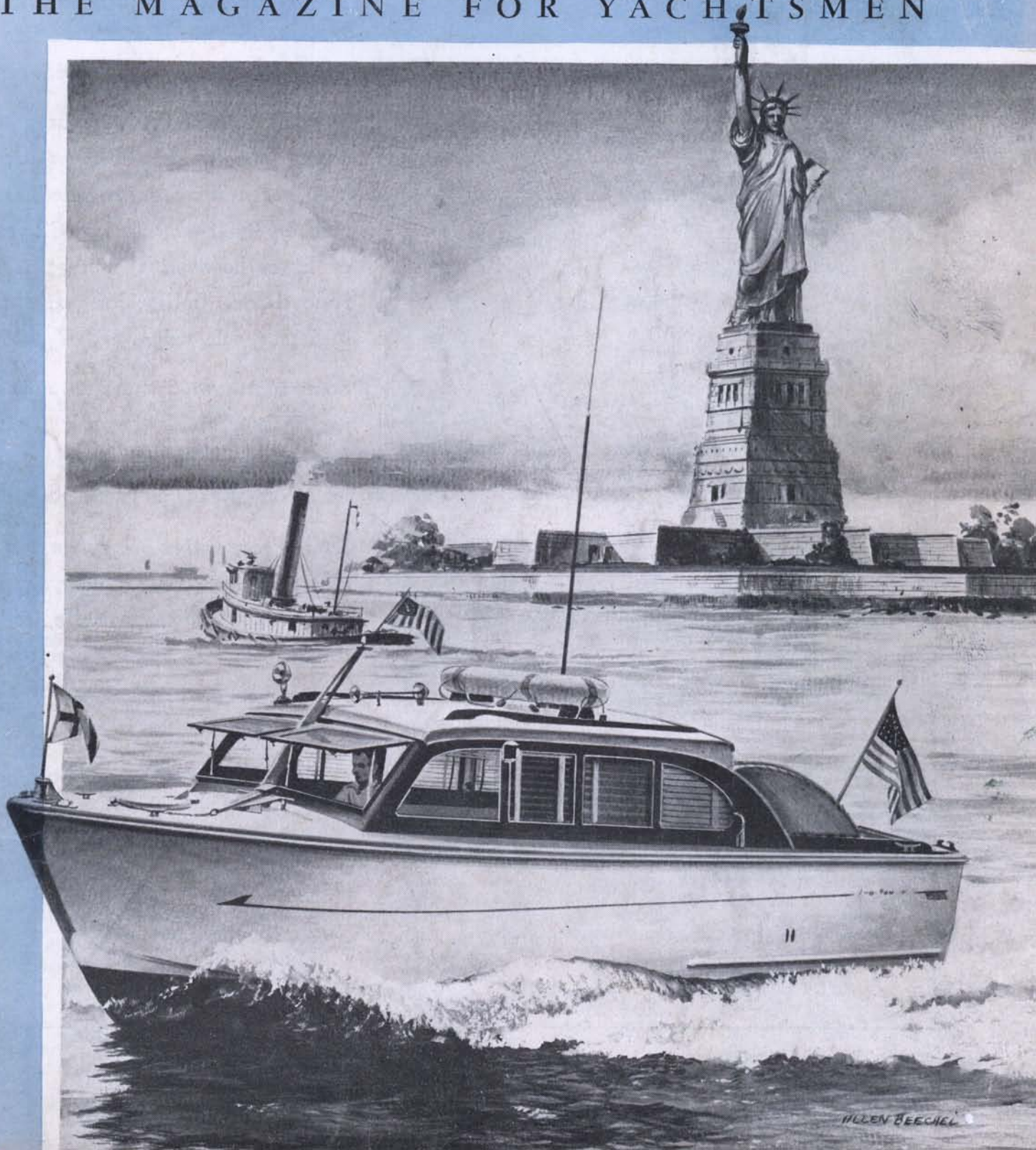
The Rudder

February, 1952

Price 40c



THE MAGAZINE FOR YACHTSMEN





The author's seventeen foot aluminum canoe under her present rig

Canoe Cruising

By FRANK N. FURNESS

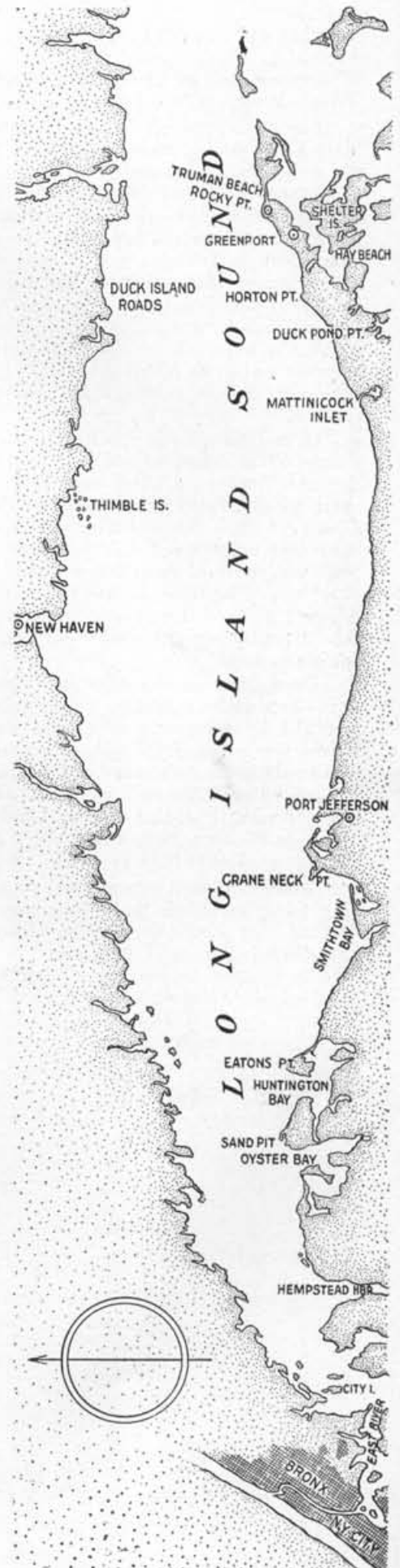
ONE does not have to own a yacht in order to enjoy extended cruising, nor must exotic waters be navigated in order to have memorable adventures afloat. In a canoe which I keep at one of the boathouses on the Hudson River at Dyckman Street, New York City, I have cruised out to the eastern end of Long Island on three successive vacations, twice crossing the sound to Connecticut, and covering approximately 200 miles on each trip. I have also cruised up the Hudson River by canoe as far as Troy (about 150 miles each way). These distances, but for the fact that my vacations usually have been limited to a fortnight, could well have been extended indefinitely.

I wonder if a more pleasant and adventurous summer vacation is to be had anywhere than I have enjoyed under sail in a cruising canoe on Long Island Sound, where sailing breezes are frequently exhilarating. When the wind becomes too strong, and the water consequently too rough, I beach the canoe almost anywhere and wait for the wind to ease. When it dies down completely I drop the sail and paddle merrily along, though usually there is a breeze of some sort. The sun shines down hot and glorious most of the time. Gulls and terns flash and scream above as I sail, ospreys carrying fish in their beaks soar overhead; loons, cormorants and ducks dive at my approach, fish jump out of the water and great leaping porpoises surround and accompany the canoe, inquisitively approaching within a few feet of the gunwales. I land at innumerable bathing beaches to swim and visit snack bars. I explore any

stream or inlet providing a depth of five or six inches of water, and find excellent camp sites along the south shore of the sound east of Lloyds Neck, itself one of the most pleasant camping spots to be found anywhere. (West of Lloyds Neck you may camp only at Sands Point.) Encamped ashore, I swim, hike, take pictures, fish, read or, best of all, just loaf in the sun. I choose camp sites exposed to the wind, which blows away mosquitoes and flies.

Adequate equipment is indispensable for enjoyable cruising by canoe along these shores. My duffel includes an insectproof tent, an air mattress and a sleeping bag, for a good night's rest is a prerequisite on such an expedition; a radio, primarily for weather reports but also for entertainment beside the evening campfire; a foot pump, which eliminates bailing; a stern light to illuminate my mainsail, for I am fond of sailing at night and do much of it; a gasoline pressure stove and a pressure lantern; a rain suit; heavy warm clothing, for it gets cold and damp on occasion out toward the end of Long Island even in July and August; a pocket compass or two, as fogs arise suddenly on the sound; the necessary charts and current tables; reading matter; a camera; and no dehydrated foods or soluble coffees. I pack the sort of food I most enjoy ashore, including regular percolated coffee for breakfast and dinner and plenty of it.

My first trip on the sound, an exploratory one, was made in a sixteen foot Weldwood canoe carrying the usual lateen sail forty-five square feet in area. I paddled down the Harlem River one



morning and through Little Hell Gate, and on entering the East River I sailed north of Rikers Island, under the great Whitestone Bridge, and then between Throgs Neck and Willets Point out into Long Island Sound.

Along the north shore of Long Island for the next few days I cruised and camped as far as Truman Beach (near the east end of the island) where at nine-thirty one evening I portaged over into Orient Sound. There was a brilliant full moon and a brisk north breeze, so I sailed on out through warm waters full of luminous jellyfish to Shelter Island, where I landed and pitched camp by the light of the moon on Hay Beach. It had been a lovely moonlight sail. And Hay Beach, on inspection by sunlight next day, proved to be a fine camp site. It was isolated; the woods behind it were full of ripe raspberries; and I saw many ospreys' nests and found deer tracks though I saw no deer. Moreover it was only a short sail to Greenport for provisions.

On portaging back into Long Island Sound I camped on Rocky Point overnight and next morning shoved off in the lee of a huge rock which made it possible for me to embark without being overwhelmed by the rough surf roaring along the shore. Beyond the breakers I headed out through turbulent whitecapped seas raised by high east and southeast winds toward Duck Island Roads, fourteen miles northwest across the sound on the Connecticut shore. Along that shore I planned to sail west to New Haven, a distance of about twenty-two miles, after visiting Westbrook for more provisions.

Connecticut could not be seen that morning, the visibility (three miles according to my radio) being poor, so I set sail by compass, out toward the northwest horizon. Great seas swept in from the open ocean lying to the east. On that trip across the sound I first learned what it is like to sail up one side of a wave and down the other. I also learned what it is like to sail, as I did for nearly two hours, in a small open boat over rough swirling seas without having land anywhere in sight.

When near the Connecticut shore around noon an amusing thing happened. Seeing two men fishing from an anchored dory in the lee of Menunketesuck Island (actually a peninsula except at high tide), I hove-to and asked if the land just ahead was Duck Island? One of them nodded and asked, "Where are you bound?"



This camp site on Hay Beach was selected by moonlight during the author's first visit to Shelter Island. In the foreground is the sixteen foot Weldwood canoe in which he sailed across Long Island Sound to the Connecticut shore

I replied, "New Haven."

"New Haven!" he exclaimed, staring at my small craft. "In that thing! Where have you come from?"

I pointed out across the sound, saying, "Rocky Point, Long Island."

He stared out across the boisterous whitecapped waters, then at me, and looked at his companion. They both burst out laughing. The man raised his arms and brought them both down in my direction in a gesture of incredulity and exasperation, and as I trimmed my mainsheet, heading in toward the beach, I heard the words "Just a wisecracker." They thought I was joking and did not believe a word I had said. I wondered what he would have thought if I had told him I cruised in that sixteen foot canoe all the way from New York City.

I paddled up a creek winding through sedge filled meadows to visit Westbrook, and two days later after paddling through the beautiful Thimble Islands in a complete absence of wind I reached New Haven, beaching at Wood's Boatyard in Morris Cove. From New Haven, for lack of time in which to complete the trip by water, I shipped home by train.

It was in the seventeen foot aluminum canoe which I now own that I made my second trip to Shelter Island. I carried a gunter rig mainsail of sixty-five square feet and a small jib on a bowsprit which brought my total sail area to eighty-one square feet. On this trip I had a companion as far as Greenport, and our first memorable experience was an unheralded squall which struck us just southeast of Eatons Neck early one afternoon. (On our return to New York the weather man at the Battery said the winds that afternoon, July 31, 1950, had registered forty miles an hour there, but that "out on the open sound they were doubtless considerably higher.") How it blew! Against that southeast wind there was no getting back to shore, along which a surf began pounding which would have wrecked us in any case. Menacing black clouds piled up in the sky behind us, blotting out the sun. We hastily took in the jib, reefed the mainsail, donned rain suits, saw that all of our duffel was securely tied in, and headed out across the bay toward Crane Neck, eleven miles distant. It grew dark, the wind roared in our ears, thunder and vivid flashes of lightning rumbled and cracked overhead, pelting rain blotted out the shore so that I steered by compass. The waves roughed up with a vengeance and we began shipping water. I used the foot pump continuously.

It is amazing what rough weather a canoe can survive providing it is properly trimmed and carefully handled. Certainly I had never had to sail as carefully as I did that afternoon, and properly enough we carried the main weight of our cargo on the floor of the canoe amidships. We ourselves, as always, sat close to the floor boards on low slat seats. (The first thing I do on purchasing a canoe is to rip out the dangerous high seats usually built in at or near the level of the gunwales.) In any case we succeeded in reaching and rounding Crane Neck through crazily storm tossed waters

TIMELY APPAREL

Yacht Club & Power Squadron
Uniforms, Yachting Jackets

—by Appel



Winter functions and meetings of Yacht Clubs and Power Squadrons call for always-impeccable, ever proper Appel blue uniforms and yachting jackets. Superbly cut and sewn from finest materials, accurately interpreting style and regulations.

Whatever your needs in boating apparel and accessories, look to Appel for the finest, the correct, in most comprehensive assortment.

Naval Officers' Uniforms. Blues, Sun Tans, Whites; and accessories, on short notice.

Write for new 1952 Appel Catalog, soon off press.

S. APPEL & CO., Inc.

Raymond C. Legon, Pres.

Pioneer Outfitters to Mariners Since 1856

840 BROADWAY, Cor. E. 13th St., New York 3

Spring 7-0500

In Florida: 202 N. E. 9th St., Miami

Official Outfitters to the U.S.P.S. and the U. S. Coast Guard Auxiliary

CANOE CRUISING (Continued from page 7)

the only place open. It was then two o'clock in the morning. We did not reach Hay Beach on Shelter Island, where I had camped the previous season, until nearly an hour later. We pitched camp, built a great fire of driftwood, and had a full meal. By the time we turned in it was almost dawn.

We loafed on Hay Beach for two days, my companion sailing over to Greenport for the radio and more provisions while I built a table of driftwood, collected logs for the huge fires

by which we listened to the radio in the evening, and gathered raspberries for shortcake, made with all the trimmings from Greenport. We swam, took pictures, explored the interior of the island, and just loafed in the sun, the weather being fine. My companion then had to return to New York by train and I saw him off at the village of Dering, where he took the ferry to Greenport. Late the next afternoon I sailed to Truman Beach and portaged across back into Long Island Sound.

Such waves had been raised by a high east wind,

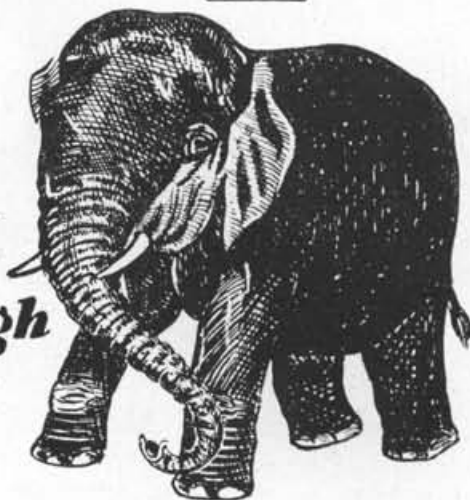
however, that I had to resort to kedging to get off Hay Beach. I anchored the canoe beyond the breakers and carried all my equipment out, so it was about six-thirty when I finally set sail westward that evening. It was clear and there was a bright half moon and an excellent wind which my radio told me would last only until next day at noon, so I determined to make the most of it by sailing all night. Heading in toward shore, where the water was smoother in the lee of the land, I found the going so steady that I was able to make the main-sheet fast (with a slipknot however) and, keeping the canoe on her course by resting a knee against the tiller, I lit my Coleman stove on the floor and heated soup for dinner, all the while sailing along smoothly (it can be done, even in a canoe under sail). I had a thermos full of hot coffee but saved it, knowing I should need it later.

That night's sailing I shall never forget. About eight-thirty a great flash in the sky made me look up to see the whole northern sky ablaze with quivering shifting columns of opalescent light. Northern lights! It was the memorable display of August 6, 1950, which lasted all night. I passed Horton Point and at midnight, on approaching Duck Pond Point, I turned on my radio for another weather forecast. The prediction again was that there would be no change in conditions until next day so, inspired by the aurora borealis which lit up the whole sound, I determined to cross over to Connecticut again. It was



As famous for LONG LIFE

and
just
as
tough



SINCE
1889

KUHLS ELASTIC

**SEAM COMPOSITIONS • GLUE &
CEMENTS • PRESERVATIVES**

KUHLS Products pay their way every time in looks, durability, and protection. Naval architects, boat builders and repairmen will tell you Kuhls are the cheapest to use in the long run. It is easy to apply yet gives permanent protection, keeps its elasticity permanently and never sets brittle hard.

**NOW! ANOTHER GREAT PRODUCT IS
ADDED TO THE KUHLS LINE**

SEALTITE

A TRUE
RUBBER BASE
LIQUID SEALER

**EXPANDS and CONTRACTS
For an absolute watertight SEAL**

Sealtite flows into hard-to-get-at open seams and annoying leaks that cannot be sealed with heavy bodied seam composition. Can be painted over when dry.

Sealtite is guaranteed to stop leaks and withstand all weather conditions.

KEEP YOUR BOAT DRY with SEALTITE

**KUHLS 16 GREAT MARINE PRODUCTS
SOLD AT ALL LEADING MARINE
DEALERS**



GET THIS FREE BOOK
Latest Instructive Booklet
with Composite Boat Chart
from Your Dealer or
Write Direct.



SINCE 1889
H. B. FRED KUHLS

65th Street & 3rd Ave. BROOKLYN, 20 N.Y.

24 HOUR SERVICE

**HEADQUARTERS
FOR PACIFIC COAST YACHT
SERVICE AND REPAIR**

Harbor Boat Building Co.

Terminal Island, Los Angeles Harbor, Calif.

Finest Harco quality workmanship. Complete facilities for overhaul, repair. 1000 ton drydock, two marine railways.

*We regret that defense work commitments will not allow us to make current delivery on the world-famous Harco "40".



*Airfoam**

RUBBER BOAT MATTRESSES

Now is the time to order your AIRFOAM* RUBBER Boat Mattresses before the spring rush. AIRFOAM* will not matt down nor mildew. For luxurious comfort and life time durability, Foam Rubber is the perfect solution. FOAM-RITE CO. will fabricate boat mattresses to any size, shape, or thickness covered in sailcloth or leatherette. Send inquiries or patterns for free estimate to:

FOAM-RITE CO.
6200 Ellsworth Street
Philadelphia, Pa.

Airfoam Fabricators*

*T.M. The Goodyear Tire and Rubber Co.

Special **NEW!!**

JEFFERSON-TRAVIS MODEL 52

Ship-to-Shore Marine Radiotelephone

2 Channel — 5 Watt — 2-3 Megacycle

\$69.50 NO C.O.D.'s PLEASE

DAWO CORPORATION MARINE DIVISION

145 N. Erie Street

Toledo 2, Ohio

Sutton
MARINE BLOWER

REDUCES FIRE AND EXPLOSION HAZARDS

- Removes gasoline fumes from engine room
- Clears foul air from bilge
- Expels galley odors and excess heat

Heavy duty model. Enclosed, sparkproof motor. Cast aluminum alloy housing with corrosion-resistant, baked-on instrument finish. Available in 3 and 4 inch sizes, 100 and 200 cu. ft. min. capacity.
See Your Dealer or Write

Sutton MFG. CORP.
112-114 W. Wilson Ave.
NORFOLK, VA.

**Buy A True Boat
For Better Sailing**

For exceptionally seaworthy performance buy the 23' Rocket auxiliary, sleeps two, 259 square feet of sail, 16 H. P. Gray Motor with starter and generator.

The Lightning and 18' Rocket sloops are unexcelled as sailing craft.

Children's camps use the 14' Knockabout to teach sailing.

The Lapstrake 12' and 14' Outboard Skiff are Tops in their lines.

Order now—send for literature with full details.

A. R. TRUE, INC.

10 Morrill St.
Amesbury, Mass.



just after midnight when I changed course toward New Haven, more than twenty-five miles distant, diagonally across the widest part of the sound.

What a crossing that was! I was to read in one of the New Haven papers next day that the display of northern lights ended before midnight, but this was not the case. Changing in form constantly, the lights came and went intermittently all night, fading only at dawn. Toward two o'clock I grew cold, sitting in the strong steady wind, so I put on a woolen shirt and the parka top of a rain suit, which afforded ample protection. Warm and comfortable again, I grew sleepy and found myself dozing, only to be slapped awake by a great wave as the canoe left her course to get into the trough of the waves. I had coffee then and munched cookies to keep myself awake. Two steamers, lights cheerfully glowing, passed at some distance, then I was alone again. It was an experience to be remembered, being alone in a small open boat at that hour of night, out in the middle of a great rough body of water and with those fantastic changing lights overhead! But all the while my canoe, her sails illumined by the stern light, sailed steadily forward through or over one dark wave after another, and as long as I made steady progress on my course I felt I had little need for concern. Somehow I did not fear that the winds might rise and overwhelm me under tempestuous seas. I dreaded only that they might fail and leave me becalmed, for the prospect of having to paddle my way out of the middle of Long Island Sound to one of its shores, none of which was in sight, was a dismal one. However the wind held, the stars faded, the northern lights grew dim and vanished, and the sun rose out of bright yellow clouds, throwing curious half lights over the dark rough surging surface of the water, from which a slight mist began rising.

The Connecticut shore came into view, then shortly after sunrise a fog came up suddenly, blotting out everything. I had sailed throughout the night by the stars, Polaris and the Great Dipper having remained visible, and earlier in the evening I had been aided also by the Falkner Island light to starboard. I now sailed by compass, the wind easing to a mere breeze. Shortly after eight o'clock the fog, yielding to the hot rays of the sun above it, lifted as suddenly as it had come, and I looked up to see the lighthouse and stone breakers of the New Haven harbor before me. I made fast the mainsheet again, shaved, and sailed into Morris Cove a little before nine o'clock, dog tired after almost fifteen hours of continuous sailing but elated over having successfully made port.

I used a new rig on my third trip down Long Island Sound last September. Desiring to spread more sail, I had a centerboard trunk built into my canoe into which I fitted a daggerboard of heavy aluminum plate providing a lateral area of four square feet. This trunk and daggerboard support a mast seventeen and a half feet high (half a foot higher than the canoe is long) and a sloop rig approximating 100 square feet in sail area.

On the day I was to start on this trip a squall was predicted at the last moment, but I was all set to go and I went anyway. The squall caught up with me in the East River north of Rikers Island (into which island I had been violently blown by the historic squall of July 4, 1949, during a weekend trip). I now found myself being blown irresistibly toward the river's north

"First on the Finish"

Plan painting now! Pick most suitable colors and finishes for your boat carefully — as investment, as insurance — in beautiful appearance, utmost protection. Pick REGATTA — "first on the finish" on every count! Stocked by dealers and yards who know that best customers are satisfied customers.

FUME PROOF DECK & TOPSIDE PAINTS • BOTTOM PAINTS
CABIN INTERIOR & WATERLINE ENAMELS • VARNISHES

— a full line

REGATTA YACHT PAINTS

BALTIMORE COPPER PAINT CO.

Oliver Reeder & Son, Inc., Proprietors

ESTABLISHED 1870

Key Highway 24 Bridge Street
BALTIMORE 30, MD. NEW YORK 4, N. Y.
PHILADELPHIA • BOSTON • MIAMI



shore where a high rock wall, against which angry waves were crashing, prophesied disaster. By sitting on the starboard gunwale and letting the sails blow almost free I managed to keep from capsizing until a breach in the wall appeared. Driving sharply around this breach and into its lee, I managed to land safely, camping that night amid dunes formed by sand and dirt from an excavation for a great sewage disposal plant to be built there. The next morning I embarked by seven o'clock, running before an excellent wind which brought me to the Sand Pit (the beautiful little harbor on Lloyds Point) by noon.

Except for this squall my third trip out along the north shore of Long Island proved uneventful enough. I was forced ashore by high winds only twice more while cruising east, and on rounding Orient Point, the extreme northeast tip of Long Island, through Plum Gut I had to jump out and walk my canoe across the shoals to prevent the strong northwest wind and the notoriously fast current from carrying me out into Block Island Sound and the open ocean.

I camped on the bay shore of the point, visited the sleepy and charming town of Orient, and returned home in leisurely fashion along the north shore of Long Island, paddling much of the way through a flat calm and meeting with only one incident worth recording. Just east of Matinicock Point the seas became so rough under tempestuous winds that my rudder was battered into uselessness and I had to use a paddle in getting to shore. I landed on the grounds of what proved to be a monastery outside Glen Cove and was hospitably allowed to park my canoe there while I went into New York City for another rudder.

The last lap of my trip, from St. Josaphat's Monastery to the boathouse on the Hudson, could not have been more pleasant, for in the East River I had so brisk and favorable a south wind that I was able to sail down through Hell Gate (not to be confused with Little Hell Gate), something I had never attempted before if only because of what the *United States Coast Pilot* (Section B, 1950 edition) has to say about this passage: "The great velocity of the current, the crooked channel and crowded traffic in Hell Gate require extra caution on the part of the navigator to avoid accident or collision, and makes it dangerous for sailing vessels. Strangers in low powered vessels should never attempt it." Lighter winds would certainly have gotten me into trouble while negotiating the traffic and the strong crosscurrents I encountered, but the stiff steady wind gave me such perfect control over my craft that I rounded Wards Island and headed up the Harlem River without difficulty. Then, also for the first time, I was able to sail all the way up the Harlem to Spuyten Duyvil. Previously lack of the proper wind had always compelled me to paddle that river's entire length.

Another trip into Long Island Sound was completed and how I hated to return. Nothing would please me more than to start earlier and spend the entire summer cruising that body of water and others beyond it under sail in my canoe. Gardiners Island, Montauk, Block Island, Point Judith and numberless other localities of great interest remain to be visited, possibly next summer.

A GOOD START IS THE RIGHT FINISH

START RIGHT
AND YOU'LL
END ANNUAL
REFINISHING



GUARANTEED
NOT TO CRACK, CHIP
OR PEEL — LASTS
LONGER — ABSOLUTE
PROTECTION FROM
HARMFUL ROT, MIL-
DEW, SALT WATER
CORROSION AND DE-
COMPOSITION.

BoatLIFE USERS SAY:

"This is the first year the seams on the 23-year old boat have remained invisible."

"My two winning racing boats retained the tough smooth finish throughout the entire season."

"Moss and slime can't grow even after weeks of mooring."

"We have used BoatLIFE Plasticlear on our exterior mahogany for over a year and find it more durable than ordinary varnish in the extremes of sun and rain that are found in Florida."

It's BoatLIFE FOR THAT GLASS SMOOTH GLORIOUS GLOW — watch the looks and life go up — refinishing work and costs go down.

LUMBER

FOR BOAT BUILDING
AND REPAIRS

REDWOOD • SITKA SPRUCE MAST
AND SPAR STOCK • WESTERN
RED CEDAR • PORT ORFORD CE-
DAR • CYPRESS • LONG LEAF
YELLOW PINE • WHITE CEDAR •
OAK • TEAK • PHILIPPINE AND
ALL OTHER KINDS OF MAHOOG-
ANY • MARINE PLYWOOD.

RACING BOATS — ROWBOATS —
PLEASURE CRAFT

We are Boat Lumber Specialists and sell only first class specialty and general imported and domestic boat lumbers in all sizes and types including marine plywoods. We have been helping boat owners and builders in practical low cost planning since 1912.

Send for FREE Folder

"HOW TO SELECT BOAT LUMBER"

BoatLIFE

DURABLE
PLASTIC
FINISH
and
BOAT LUMBER

FREE

Paint Color Folder On Request.

M. L. CONDON CO., INC.

272 Ferris Avenue

White Plains, N. Y.

SOME NEW PERKO ITEMS FOR 1952

(FOR MORE DETAILS SEE 1952 CATALOG NO. 135)

STREAMLINED MAST

Fig. 584

PHILIPPINE MAHOAGNY VARNISHED

Comes without light or
with Brass or Chrome
light.

4 ft. and 6 ft. high.



New SPHERICAL COMPASS with Built-in Compensator

3 1/2" CARD

Fig. 562

The "GUIDARE" SAILBOAT MODEL



GIVES STEADY PERFORMANCE EVEN
AT 90 DEGREE HEEL. With internal
ring to compensate for extra amount
of heel prevalent in all types of sail-
ing craft. Lubber line is also self
aligning.

LUCITE LAVATORIES

Fig. 825



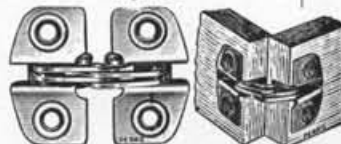
CHIP PROOF
HEAT RESISTANT
LIGHTWEIGHT
WHITE
SIZE — 13" x 13"

Fig. 823

New INVISIBLE HINGES ALL BRASS

For light doors, Hatch Covers,
Cabinets, etc.

Fig. 1104



Get our 1952 Catalog. Send 50c for postage and handling.
FREE to Naval Architects, Dealers, Jobbers, Boat Builders,
Ship Yards. Write us on your Company Stationery.

PERKINS MARINE LAMP & HARDWARE CORP.

1944 PITKIN AVENUE

BROOKLYN 7, N. Y.