



# Wooden Canoe Heritage Association

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## NORTHWEST CHAPTER

**Northwest Chapter, WCHA**

**Fall Newsletter**

**October 2020**

Hi, Canoe Friends! Although this has been a strange and curious year, our Meet deposits at both Camp Bishop and Manning Park have happily been rolled over into 2021. Please mark your calendars for our **Spring Meet at Camp Bishop, May 6, 7, 8, 9 2021**. We hope to see everyone then. Meanwhile, news from our group!

### **WCHA Board Report to the members of the Northwest Chapter by Colleen Hovey, WCHA Vice President**

It has been a VERY busy year at WCHA headquarters. Here are just a few of the things your Board has been working hard on...

- The new website is very close to launching. There'll be news about that in the next month or so. We're really excited to get it up and running. It is looking very fresh and updated and will hopefully be much more user friendly and enticing.
- The new journal editor has been doing a fantastic job and the journal is looking amazing! This change has been exceptionally well received.
- The WCHA finances have been very strained over the last few years, so we have been working hard to make sure we have a long-term future. A number of initiatives have been implemented, and I'm happy to report that it's working. We are back in the black.
- Loss of membership continues to be an issue we struggle with. Our numbers decline each year and even a small loss is sad to see. We are still discussing how best to reverse this trend.
  - The new website will hopefully be more appealing to newcomers.



*Colleen Hovey enjoys Lake Coeur d'Alene  
(Livdahl photo)*

- We are working on member retention, with Board members contacting many of those with lapsed memberships to encourage them to renew.
- We have increased our exposure in various publications and journals.
- We have formed a new Next Generation Committee made up of some of our younger members. They will be consulting with us on how to gain and retain younger members.
- We have discussed all sorts of possibilities from broadening the scope of the journal to include a wider audience to adding new features to the membership. So far this is just brainstorming and nothing concrete has come of these discussions yet, but we will keep working on a solution.
- We also welcome any suggestions from all of you!



*Michael Davidson, Colleen Hovey, Claude Delisle (Livdahl photo)*

On the fundraising front, here is what we've been up to...

- Members are encouraged to reach out to their employers and see if any donation matching programs are available.
- Instructions for planned giving are included in every issue of Wooden Canoe.
- If you are in the US, consider using Amazon Smile when making online purchases. A donation can be made from Amazon to the WCHA with every online purchase and it costs you absolutely nothing.
- We are looking at ways to increase advertising revenue both in Wooden Canoe and on the website.

A few other items...

- We were very sad to have to make the difficult decision to cancel Assembly for 2020, but as we all know it is necessary with the current situation in the world. Assembly accounts for a large part of our income each year, so we were very worried about the financial implications. I am happy to report that the venue has been very accommodating and have allowed us to moved our deposit to 2021. Thanks to that and the hard work of your Executive Director, Annie Burke, we were able to cancel the event without any financial impact.

The next Assembly is set for July 13 – 18, 2021 at Paul Smiths College, Paul Smiths, New York. Plan to attend if you can! I went last year for the first time and I was very impressed with the quality of the programming and the amazing people I met!

- Calendar sales are going very well this year, so be sure to get yours before they are gone!

Last but definitely not least...

The WCHA Board has asked me to convey their deepest thank you to the Northwest Chapter for your continued support, both in spirit and financially. The Northwest Chapter Board has made another very generous donation to the international organization. Donations are a very big part of our financial stability these days, especially with the cancellation of Assembly, and it is appreciated beyond measure. Please don't hesitate to reach out to me if you have any suggestions, comments, or need any information! I can't wait to see you all in person again!

Colleen Hovey



## Port Townsend Wooden Boat Show 2020 (Not Just a Virtual Event!)

by Michael Davidson

Just a small catch up on what went on for the Wooden Boat Show this year. Many of you know where we set up canoes at Pt Hudson to represent the WCHA. Well, while at the foundry last week, Pete Langley, owner of the foundry, mentioned that since he has spent the last forty five years set up there that he was not going to miss this year. So I asked if he wanted some company and he agreed. So Saturday morning of the boat show, we set up as if the entire show was underway. There actually was a decent amount of traffic enough to keep us busy to be there well after 6pm.

I displayed my 1928 18' Old Town, handed out magazines and explained our schedules and benefits to many interested folks.

One family of four just may contact us because they were keenly interested. So in the proper stride we were represented this year live. I just wish I had the banner but alas too short of notice to gear up properly.

There was of course a few resident wood boats at Pt. Hudson with the owners there to at least give a taste of what to expect.

Please forgive my lack of communication during this time as it was a bit of scramble. However we had the enjoyment of getting out the word

As usual **thanks to Jana Allen and Bruce Tipton for allowing us the space and to Pete Langley** for including our display along with his efforts.



*1928 Old Town with Original Gold Leaf  
Decoration Livdahl photo*

## Camp Bishop Canoe House Progress

by Vern Heikkila

The genesis of the Camp Bishop Canoe House was in 2011 when the N.W. Chapter of the WCHA financed the complete rebuilding of a 1947 model 25-foot Old Town war canoe.

The early years of the 20th century saw a large number of drowning accidents across the nation due to a lack of water safety education. The American Red Cross established water safety programs and assisted communities in purchasing canoes. In the 1930s Aberdeen acquired several canoes through the Red Cross, and an extensive swimming and canoeing program followed for children and adults. After WWII the swim program and a canoe club flourished with an



*Camp Bishop Canoe House Nears Completion! 2020*

emphasis on water safety. Local water events included lessons, water shows, canoe camping, and races. A major component of those times was the 25-foot Old Town.

By the 1970s interest waned and the canoes fell into disrepair, eventually ending up at the Aberdeen Museum of History to languish for the next 40 years.

In 2011 the Old Town war canoe was resurrected from obscurity, thanks in part to the interest of the WCHA. Realizing that a static museum display was not the best use of the canoe, museum staff agreed to make it available to the community again. If restored, it could become a viable connection to the past and a usable education tool. The restoration was completed and now the canoe is ready to reside in the almost finished new canoe house, at Grays Harbor YMCA Camp Bishop.



The following is a timeline of the Camp Bishop canoe house from conception till the present day.

*Site preparation and form building for the Canoe House pad: 2016*

- 2013 Summer & Fall—initial design conception
- 2014 Winter---Mason County land use permit acquired
- 2014 July—Shoreline variance granted
- 2014–15 Fall & Winter-- Design cost estimation, construction drawings, fund-raising
- 2016 Spring—Break ground, pour concrete
- 2016 Summer—Begin Construction
- 2017 Acquire cedar, manufacture metal parts and timber framing
- 2017–18—Frame roof, press and manufacture cedar siding
- 2020—Install roof and siding

The Grays Harbor carpentry class is acting as the general contractor for the project, and the students have completed all the construction work to date with the exception of the roofing. This includes lamination and fabrication of the curved cedar slats that were installed this year to enclose the sidewalls. Local businesses have supported the project through generous donations of cedar lumber, steel, and fabrication services.

In spite of the extreme difficulty of the project, the carpentry class has demonstrated the resourcefulness and attention to detail needed to produce a finely crafted structure. They persevered to overcome numerous challenges including the distance between the campus and the building site; student turnover; material availability; and Covid-19, all of which contributed to the length of completion.



*Form for building laminated siding planks: 2016*



There are a number of features yet to be completed before the canoe house is finished. These include final siding pieces, doors, metal caps, and the canoe crest. Barring unforeseen circumstances, the project should be finished by summer, 2021.

The Old Town 25-foot war canoe has been used at camp every summer since 2013 and stored in an off-sight shelter during the winter.



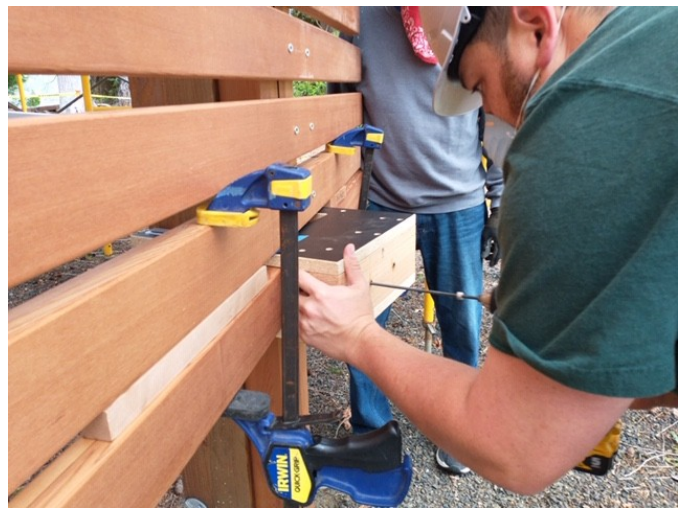
*Solid construction thanks to Grays Harbor Community College Carpentry classes*



*Hands-on student work was scheduled as part of the Community College academic calendar.*



*Laminated cedar siding planks installed on building: 2020*



*Careful use of jigs facilitated accurate plank spacing: 2020.*

Thank you to Vern Heikkila and War Canoe Restoration Team, and the Grays Harbor Community College carpentry program, for making the Canoe House a reality for Camp Bishop!

## Remembering Ted Mellenthin

Ted (Theodor) Mellenthin passed away suddenly on Tuesday, May 19th, 2020, after a massive heart attack.

Ted was born in Hamburg, Germany on May 30, 1937, and immigrated to Alberta when he was nineteen years old.

Ted was an ardent whitewater paddler and spent all his free time paddling through the rapids of rivers flowing out of the Rocky Mountains, or on canoe trips in the Canadian north. His favourite landscape was the tundra. Canoeing was his life. He used to say: "Gliding across the waters of the Arctic gives me a deep feeling of contentment. Its endless spaces make me feel like being part of the rhythm of nature".

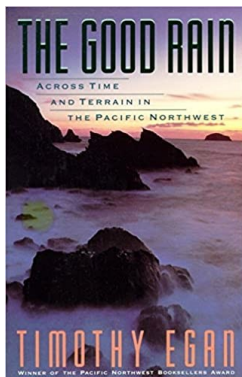


*Freda and Ted Mellenthin*

In 1998 Ted met Freda, a like-minded nature lover, and moved to Vancouver in 1999, where they got married on the last day of the last century. Together they paddled on nine arctic rivers and through many northern rapids. They purchased a farm in Mission, B.C., where they raised cattle, sheep, goats and ducks. In 2016 Ted and Freda gave up their venturesome lifestyle and moved to the Sunshine Coast, close to Freda's sister and youngest daughter.

Ted is survived by his loving wife Freda and his two children, Karen Merrells and Theodore Mellenthin. A Celebration of Life will be held after the shutdowns of the COVID 19 pandemic are over. Ted will be sadly missed by all of his many canoeing friends. We send our sympathy to Freda and family.

## Book Club



The Book Club selection for our next meet (hopefully Spring 2021 at Camp Bishop) will be Northwest author Timothy Egan's ***The Good Rain: Across Time and Terrain in the Pacific Northwest***. The book is a Pacific Northwest Bookseller's Award Winner, and considered a Northwest classic.

The book follows Egan's modern exploration in the footsteps of an earlier traveler, Theodore Winthrop, who ventured by canoe and horseback to explore parts of Washington, Oregon and British Columbia in the 1850's.

Read it for our discussion at the next meet!



## Summer Tripping by Kurt Schmidt

We have had a busy summer despite the times. Laura and I did a lot of hiking this summer.

We backpacked many different places in the Cascades (including the Enchantments!) in preparation for a 10 day trip in the Sierra Nevada mountains on the Joh Muir trail. Our hike started in hot sagebrush at 4500 feet and ultimately brought us to the top of Mount Whitney, the highest point in the lower 48 at 14,508 feet. We hiked 70 miles, over three mountain passes between 11,000 and 13,000 feet, camping above 10,000 feet most nights. High adventure indeed. At the start of the trip my pack weighed 41 pounds, half of which was food for the trip.

I circumnavigated Whidbey Island in my skin on frame kayak. I did it in segments, about 10 miles each from mid April until early July. A wonderful journey but the tides are nothing to mess with!

At Admiralty Head near the Port Townsend ferry, the tides form large standing waves from the 4 knot current that rips through there. That was something I was not expecting and the calm day I picked was suddenly exciting! In Deception Pass one expects such things, so I planned my passage at slack tide. I was a bit late getting started that day and even the beginning of the tidal flow was adrenaline producing. I saw seals, eagles, porpoises, sea lions, but alas no whales.



*Whidbey Island Shoreline from Kurt's Kayak.*

I got capsized once in the sound by a wave that came when I wasn't paying attention, and had to do a self rescue about 1/4 mile from shore in rough conditions. That was something I had not done before, so before my next outing (which was going through Deception Pass!) I went to a calm lake and practiced. My direction of travel had me going roughly parallel to the waves, and I did okay for quite a while, but I was getting tired and next thing I know I'm on my side in the water. I had my PFD on of course, and a wool base layer, waterproof top and neoprene boots. So I wasn't shocked by the cold water too much, but still a quarter mile from shore, I needed to get back in the boat and get to shore. I have inflatable flotation bags front and back, so the kayak wasn't going to sink.

You always carry a bunch of safety equipment in a kayak. A paddle float (attaches to one blade of the paddle to make it act like an outrigger), a bilge pump, a spray skirt, a whistle, a knife and of course your PFD. Well, in my attempts to get back in, my spray skirt sank down to my ankles and floated away (it had suspenders, but I took them off thinking it was tight enough at the waist to stay on - oops!). I saw the spray skirt floating in the water and thought - I'll get that later. Well, after several failed attempts and the kayak now almost totally full of water, I finally got back in using the paddle/float as an outrigger and climbing up the back of the boat. The next step is usually bail out the kayak, but without the spray skirt (now behind me and I wasn't going to risk turning around to get it), the waves filled the kayak faster than I could pump it out. So I paddled the full kayak to shore. It's was tippy before, but full of water, it was really unstable. I made it to shore, and realized later I was in the water for 10-15 minutes. Not good when the water is 50-60 degrees.

What I did right, was stay with the boat! The waves were slowly driving me towards shore. What I did wrong is a longer list. First, I had never practiced a self rescue. I watched videos and thought I knew how it worked, but that was a big mistake. I also didn't empty the boat before trying to re-enter. If you turn it on it's side and lift it, I've found you can empty most of the water out because it's a very light boat. I also could have used my whistle to call for help. A power boat passed by and I waved my arms, but they didn't respond. Maybe they would have responded to the whistle. Keeping the spray skirt with you is also very important. I wear it with the suspenders now. Going solo was also not the best idea. I went to a lake and practiced.

## In the Shops!

### A Little Air Please: by Craig Dupler

How many times as one of your tools become jammed with some chips or shavings, and you have been tempted to clear it with a pick or some other hard tool that should never come close to your nicely sharpened blade? I started to build a nice combination back bench and tool storage cabinet last spring, and finally while finished the first of ten dovetailed drawers, I became thoroughly exasperated with my planes clogging on the squirrely wood I was using. What I had been craving for several years was a handy compressed air nozzle so I could just give them a quick blast every now and then.

I have a small 12 gallon compressor over in the far corner of the shop. It has a 25 foot hose, but I only go to the bother of uncoiling the hose and extending it over to the bench when I need to use the pin nailer. So, after doing some research on compressed air distribution systems, in June I started a two-month project to put in some nice air outlets in five key locations around the shop. I think I'll have it done before Thanksgiving.

It turns out that such a seemingly simple project is not as simple as it might sound. The two big challenges are water and oil. The water part is all about condensation that happens inside the piping. As air exits the compressor's pump, it is around 190 degrees. As it cools in the tank and distribution line, condensation happens. So, what you want to do is build a condensation array to capture that before it gets out to your tools. Also, you don't want it to build up in the lines over time, so you need to have some traps and release valves so you can routinely flush any low spots in the distribution system. All but two types of air tools require a couple drops of oil to be inserted into the air inlet before each use. This is how their drive mechanism is lubricated. To get around having to remember to do this, a good air distribution system will have a combination water filter and oil injector mounted between the condensation array and your distribution lines. But, there are two types of tools that cannot tolerate any oil in their air supply: spray guns and plasma cutters. So, you want a separate air outlet for those (no distribution lines required). You can see how this is quickly getting out of hand. I'm currently in the process of chasing the leaks in the system, which so far have been minor and easily fixed. That's what I've been up to over the past few months. Oh, and in the corner of the picture you can see an old Powermatic 95 scroll saw that I picked up to restore.





#### Camp Sweyolakan Canoe Restoration Update 10/2020

To date four small canoes (Echo, Kanxi, Kuktu and Tyee) and five war canoes (Kiwanis, Keladi, Wanagi, Phantom and Wacatawani) have been fully restored and returned to the water. The Phantom and the Wacatawani were just recently completed and put into service this past summer (2020). Each canoe took two years to complete. While the Phantom stayed at camp, the Wacatawani was taken into town to be restored.

Campers were thrilled to use these two newly restored canoes as Sweyolakan was one of the few camps able to operate this summer. Camper numbers were down somewhat but all in all camp was a success.



The Phantom received a very special paint job. We wanted to make the canoe “sparkle” on the water so after much research the Phantom received a primer coat, 3 coats of black Epifanes and three coats of clear Epifanes with “House of Colors” Ice Pearl, pearlized flakes. The paint job accomplished what we wanted and the Phantom truly does shine. We estimated it took 2000 hours to complete this restoration.

The last two war canoes were stripped late in 2019, of canvas only! No fiberglass: thus no sinking, pulling, scraping and heating. Both the Sweyolakan and the Wocanda, 1924 Old Town war canoes, were the first canoes to arrive at Camp and have carried thousands of campers across the waters of Mica Bay. The Sweyolakan is currently under restoration. After replacing ends of inner gunwales and stems; building deck supports; adding new rib tips; fabricating new outwales, a keel, and stern seat; and refurbishing the keelson and thwarts; we are currently in the process of replacing 41 broken ribs.

For bending ribs, we decided to utilize a new method (to us, at least) Rather than steaming ribs, we soak them in cold water for 20 minutes then place them in a piece of black pipe and fill it with boiling water. The ribs are allowed to “heat” for about twenty minutes at which point they are then removed and immediately bent over the old ribs and clamped. So far ribs fit and this seems to be an acceptable method for bending.



## Camp Sweyolakan Canoe Restoration Update 10/2020



Sweyolakan: Canvas Only!



Removing Old Planking



Clamping New Inwales



Bending New Ribs

Meanwhile, the Wocanda, which was transported to town, is ahead of schedule and now receiving new planking. In that this canoe is 96 years old, the original planking was quite brittle so the decision was made to totally re-plank the canoe. Yes, lots of clinching! The Wocanda has received new gunwales, rib tips, decks and stems. A new keel and refurbished thwarts will be added after canvassing.



We are anxiously awaiting the return of the Wohsumee and the Frel from restoration in Canada. When finished (along with the Wocanda and Sweyolakan) we will have a total of seven war canoes and six small restored. Seven smalls canoes are awaiting restoration.

As the weather has deteriorated, the canoes will be put into storage for winter. This season has been the longest we have been able to work on canoes and more than expected was accomplished. Hopefully next season will bring the two war canoes to completion and thus be ready for the water during the "Sweyolakan Hundred Year Celebration in early July 2021!

Sweyolakan Canoe Crew 10/2020

Eileen Mathews

Carol Measel

Diane Malmoe

Marge Schwede

Mike Travis

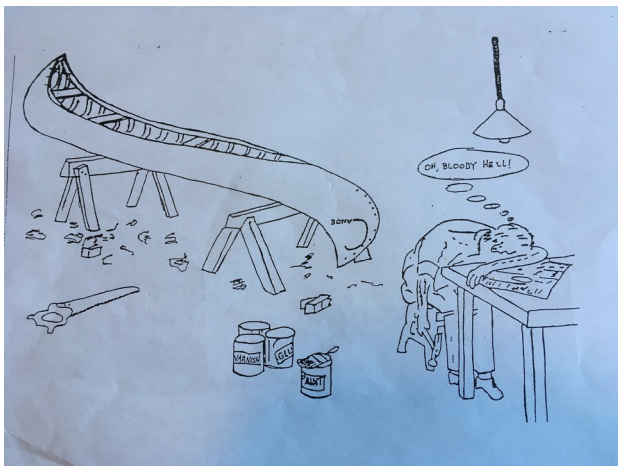
## Vern Heikkila

Vern has designed and built a 14-paddle compact paddle rack for use by Camp Bishop paddlers. Each paddle is numbered to match a numbered slot in the rack, enabling instructors and young paddlers to avoid loss and damage to the paddles.

In addition, he has completed his first musical instrument project, chosen because it is shaped like a paddle: an Appalachian Mountain Dulcimer: Fun stuff, Vern reports!



*A paddle rack for Camp Bishop, and a new dulcimer!*



**A Shop Scene  
(from Boudi but not from his shop!)**

## Pete Pride: Willits # 822 Restoration

Pete writes: "I purchased this canoe (circa +/- 1950) from a friend of mine who had had the boat for probably 30-some years. He had used it extensively on local rivers and lakes. The person he got the boat from he thought had purchased it from a local Boy Scout camp when they went to aluminum boats.

When I got the boat it was in rough shape. It had broken planking inside and out, rot in the stem ends and decks, broken coaming, and none of the original thwarts. The exterior had been heavily sanded which removed about half of the tack heads, and it had been fiberglassed inside and out.

I started by removing the fiberglass and stripping the remaining varnish, replacing all the rotted wood, and splicing in sections of broken planking. I made new thwarts and 1 coaming. I put in a new planking tack everywhere one of the original tack heads was missing. I did not remove the old tack but added the new one so the head would cover it. The plank seams inside and out were filled with a wood flour varnish mixture, and then 7 coats of varnish on the entire boat.

It was a great project and I was pleased when the Fox Island Heritage Museum wanted the boat. They are currently building an interpretative display for the canoe about the Willits brothers and the boys camp on Fox Island."



*Before: peeling fiberglass, rotten wood.*



*Before: broken planking, missing tack heads.*



*After: Into the water again!*



*After: Ready for the Fox Island Museum!*



## **“Bean”      by Matthew Asbury (age 10)      June 2020**

Matthew, his parents, and his aunt and Uncle had been canoeing since early morning. Their arms were sore. They were eager to find a lunch spot on the shore, but there were none in sight - just trees everywhere. They were traveling in two canoes - one with Matthew and his mom and dad, and another with Matthew's aunt and uncle. Matt spied the perfect open spot.

“Let's eat there,” Matthew said. They were close.

“Ok,” Dad said.

They came up on a perfect flat rock. They hauled the canoe up on shore. It was pretty uneventful. When Matt's Aunt Holly and Uncle Michael came, they weren't so lucky. They pulled up sideways on an angled rock and the canoe flipped over, dumping them in Long Pond.

“Noooo!!!! My phone!!!!” said Matt's uncle. He had kept his phone out of the wet bag so he could take pictures. He fished his phone out of the water, but it wasn't working. He got really mad at Aunt Holly even though he was steering.

When they were on the canoe trip, Matt's Dad was dreaming about building a canoe. It took Dad all fall to figure out what kind of canoe to build. Then one cold day in December the wood arrived.

“What's this big package,” Matt said.

“That's my canoe wood,” Dad said.

“Oh, that's a lot of wood.”

Dad unpacked the wood and made shelves on the ceiling of the garage. “Matt, will you help with the rib bending?” Dad asked.

“Sure.”

Dad went down one day and needed to build a steam box. I'll make it out of plywood Dad thought to himself. Dad went to the store to get some plywood, insulation, and some dowels. When he came back, he was ready to make the steam box. First, he built the box itself. Then he put dowels in as a rack. Then he duct taped the insulation on, and it was finished.

“All I need now is a steam generator,” Dad thought. He ordered a steam generator right away. For preparation, he needed to soak the ribs in water over night. So, he made a tub out of scrap wood and a tarp. He filled it with water and then put the ribs in.



*"Bean", a 15' Cheemaun, comes off the canoe form.*

The next day the steam generator arrived. “Let's get steaming!” Dad said. Matt and Dad went down and hooked up the steam generator.

Dad said, “First we have to wait for 45 minutes for the steam box to heat up. Then we put the ribs in and wait another 45 minutes for them to heat up. After that we bend the ribs onto the form and tack them into the inwale.” (The inwale is a long piece of wood that stretches along the inside of the canoe.) They let the steam box heat up and then put in 13 ribs to start.

All went smoothly the first day. It took about an hour. The next couple days they took a break but on Saturday they did another 13 ribs. And then another, and another for three days until they were

down to the hardest ribs, the ones that needed to bend the most. The first side went well. The second side first one didn't go so well. Some of the fibers on the rib broke, and it didn't bend that well. On the second attempt, the rib cracked in two pieces, but the third one they did it.

"Yay!! We did it! Next step planking," Dad said.

They started the planking two days later. Matt felt torn because he really wanted to help his Dad on the canoe, but he also wanted to read his book. Eventually he decided to help his dad. Matt ran down to the garage to help his Dad who had already started on some planks.

"Ok, all we have to do is lay down the plank and tack it in," Dad said.

"Ok," Matt said.

It was quite easy to do it, but it took a long time. They kept on tacking and tacking; it took them a whole week. When they finally finished Dad was super excited to look at the inside for the first time. Because it is built upside down, you cannot see the inside before you take it off the form. Dad's friend Scott came because he was excited to see the inside too. After they took it off the form, they stepped back to admire their handy work. It looked like the ribs of a whale.

At the ends of the canoe the planks were sticking out like broken bones. Dad had to put the decks on and tack the planks to the stem to knit them together. Before screwing the decks in, Dad had to put gooey stuff on the edges to glue them and to prevent rot. Dad got frustrated sometimes when the goo was oozing out everywhere and getting all over his clothes and tools. But eventually, Dad cleaned the mess up and had the decks fastened. Next they had to do the longest thing yet, the clinching.

The clinching is when you flatten out the tacks that are sharp. Dad needed Matt's help with the clinching because someone has to hammer each tack from the inside while another person holds a big smooth hunk of bronze on the outside. They had to hammer over 1,500 tacks. When they started, it wasn't too bad, but the next day it got more and more boring.

"Hey, I have an idea," Dad said.

"What?" Matt said.

"Let's call the canoe Bean." Dad suggested this name because it fit in with his other two boats, Olive and Sweet Pea. It took them about one week, including three days to check every single tack to make sure there were no sharp points. Next step, canvas.



*The varnished hull, ready for canvassing*

First, they had to clamp a huge piece of canvas in two big wooden jaws. Then, they fastened one end to the back wall of the garage, and the other end to a big beam propped against the house. They had to stretch the canvas with a big contraption until it got tight as a drum. Matthew was concerned because he thought that the garage wall would be torn apart. Next they had to lift the canoe in the canvas and press it down. Eventually, Dad had to build supports and stand in the canoe to push the canoe down because it was sliding up. Dad took a long time to build the supports and it was not very fun for Matt, so he went upstairs. After a while upstairs, Matt heard a big crash. The supports had



punched holes in the garage ceiling. It took Dad the whole day to do it right, and it was still not perfect which made Dad anxious.

Next, Dad had to fill the canvas with a grey liquid that hardens over time. He first had to put one coat on, then rub it in to the weave of the canvas, then the next coat, and rub that in, then a third coat, and then rub that in. It was hard work and took 7 hours to finish! Dad's muscles were sore for many days afterward.

Then they had to wait for 1 month for the filler to dry. While it dried, Dad made two maple paddles – a short one for Matt and a long one for Dad. Then there was the painting. He painted it with a white top and a dark blue bottom. He also painted a cool pattern in the shape of two beans on each side. After they were done, they couldn't wait to get it out on the water.

SWISH! The waves crashed over the bow of Bean. Matthew, his Mom, and Dad were going on their first ride in Bean, together with Lucy (the dog) who was not yet a very good swimmer. It was a very windy day at Green Lake, with lots of waves and whitecaps.

"Wee!!!" Matt said. They had paddled all the way from the boat house and around the little island in the middle of the lake.

"We're almost back to the boat house," Dad said. Just then a big wave came crashing over the inwale. Lucy was very excited by the waves and always tried to bite them. When the big wave hit, Lucy went after it and started to jump over the side!

"No! Lucy stay!!" Mom said. But Lucy didn't listen. She jumped all the way over the side. Everyone was worried that she would drown. "Look! She's swimming!" Matt said. They were so happy for Lucy. She had finally learned to swim. They paddled back with Lucy swimming alongside.



*Lunch stop on Issaquah Creek*



*Karen, Matt , and Chip Asbury with boating dog Lucy, on Lake Sammamish*

## Dick Cross: An Unusual Sauve Canoe

Dick writes: "Moses Sauve, builder of St. Laurence skiffs, moved from Ontario, Canada to Coeur d'Alene, Idaho at the turn of the century. There he built St. Laurence Skiffs and offered "Peterborough Style" canoes. His canoes were well built with a few boatbuilding details. This canoe has a 2" keelson and 1/4" planking fastened with crimped steel boat nails rather than copper or brass canoe tacks. The cedar planking is extremely precise. Long runs of cedar and even after 100 years there is no gap as large as 1/8" and most are under 1/16". The decks and all trim is of Douglas Fir.

The canoe has been dry stored over 20 years and some sort of critter, or critters, made a winter home on the underside of the decks and chewed most of the deck tips, deck beams and through the planking. They stopped at the canvas. The seats are made of interwoven steel strips, maybe not original.

I should have some progress for the next newsletter installment!"



*Sauve canoe prior to canvas removal.*



*Floorboards protect 1/4" cedar planking.*



*Decks and deck beams almost completely destroyed.*



*Narrow, skiff-like ribs.*



*Seats of woven steel strips may not be original.*



*Even after 100 years, the cedar planking is tightly fitted.*



## Forms Available for Use

### Cheemaun Canoe 15':

This canoe form was given to the NW Chapter by John and Joy Bielenberg, of McCall, Idaho. Designed by Rollin Thurlow, this light, stable canoe was named after Hiawatha's birchbark canoe in the Longfellow poem. The lines are featured in Thurlow and Stelmok's book, *The Wood and Canvas Canoe*. Chip and Matt Asbury recently built their canoe using this form, and the form is now available. In two parts, it can be moved fairly easily. Contact Joe at 425 502 2050.



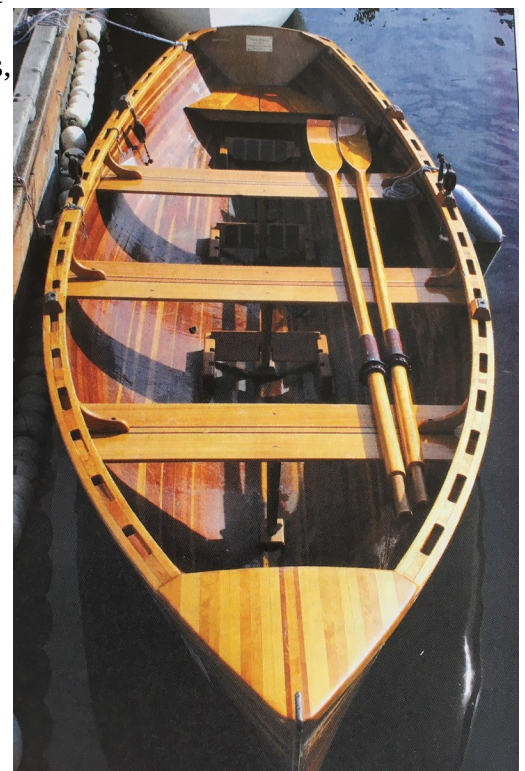
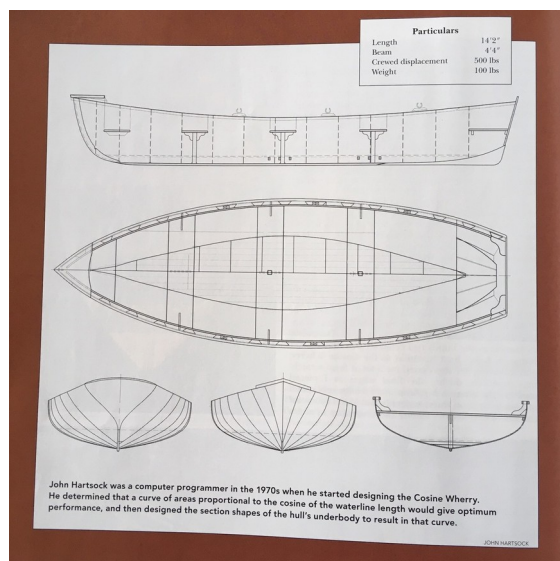
Asbury family's new Cheemaun canoe on Lake Sammamish.

### Cosine Wherry Form:

Are you bored? Do you need a Covid-19 project? This may be it!

I have a set of forms for a 14-foot Cosine Wherry pulling boat. This wood strip construction skiff, was designed by John Hartsock, an engineer and programmer. He thought he could design a superior pulling boat from mathematical equations. The whole story can be found on page 80 of *Wooden Boat's Small Boats* 2020 issue.

Complete plans can be purchased from White Salmon Boat Works, 1006 N.W. Cherry Hill Rd., White Salmon, WA 98672. My forms are free to anyone who is interested. Contact Vern by email or phone. (360-268-9712)



## The Ascetic in a Canoe by Pierre Trudeau from *Against the Current* (1944)

I would not know how to instill a taste for adventure in those who have not acquired it. (Anyway, who can ever prove the necessity for the gypsy life?) And yet there are people who suddenly tear themselves away from their comfortable existence and, using the energy of their bodies as an example to their brains, apply themselves to the discovery of unsuspected pleasures and places.

I would like to point out to these people a type of labour from which they are certain to profit: an expedition by canoe.

I do not just mean “canoeing.” Not that I wish to disparage that pastime, which is worth more than many another.

But, looked at closely, there is perhaps only a difference of money between the canoeists of Lafontaine Park (in central Montreal) and those who dare to cross a lake, make a portage, spend a night in a tent and return exhausted, always in the care of a fatherly guide—a brief interlude momentarily interrupting the normal course of digestion.

A canoeing expedition, which demands much more than that, is also much more rewarding.

It involves a starting rather than a parting. Although it assumes the breaking of ties, its purpose is not to destroy the past, but to lay a foundation for the future. From now on, every living act will be built on this step, which will serve as a base long after the return of the expedition . . . and until the next one.

What is essential at the beginning is the resolve to reach the saturation point. Ideally, the trip should end only when the members are making no further progress within themselves. They should not be fooled, though, by a period of boredom, weariness or disgust; that is not the end, but the last obstacle before it. Let saturation be serene!

So you must paddle for days, or weeks, or perhaps months on end. My friends and I were obliged, on pain of death, to do more than a thousand miles by canoe, from Montreal to Hudson Bay. But let no one be deterred by a shortage of time. A more intense pace can compensate for a shorter trip.

What sets a canoeing expedition apart is that it purifies you more rapidly and inescapable than any other. Travel a thousand miles by train, and you are a brute; pedal five hundred on a bicycle and you remain basically a bourgeois; paddle a hundred in a canoe and you are already a child of nature.

For it is a condition of such a trip that you entrust yourself, stripped of your worldly goods, to nature. Canoe and paddle, blanket and knife, salt pork and flour, fishing rod and rifle; that is about the extent of your wealth. To remove all the useless material baggage from a man's heritage is, at the same time, to free his mind from petty preoccupations, calculations and memories.

On the other hand, what fabulous and underdeveloped mines are to be found in nature, friendship and oneself! The paddle has no choice but to draw everything from them. Later, forgetting that this habit was adopted under duress, he will be astonished to find so many resources within himself.

Nevertheless, he will have returned a more ardent believer from a time when religion, like everything else, becomes simple. The impossibility of scandal creates a new morality, and prayer becomes a friendly chiding of the divinity, who has again become a part of our everyday affairs. (My friend Guy Viau could say about our adventures, “We got along very well with God, who is a damn good sport. Only once did we threaten to break off diplomatic relations if he continued to rain on us. But we were joking. We would never have done so, and well he knew it. So he continued to rain on us.”)

The canoe is also a school of friendship. You learn that your best friend is not a rifle, but someone who shares a night's sleep with you after ten hours of paddling at the other end of a canoe. Let's say that you have to be lined up a rapid, and it's your turn to stay in the canoe and guide it. You watch your friend stumbling over logs, sliding on rocks, sticking in gumbo, tearing the skin on his legs and drinking water for which he does not thirst, yet never letting go of the rope; meanwhile, safely in the middle of the cataract, you spray your hauler with a stream of derision. When this same man has also fed you exactly half his catch, and has made a double portage because of your injury, you can boast of having a friend for life, and one who knows you well.



*Pierre Trudeau in his Birchbark Canoe*



How does the trip affect your personality? Allow me to make a fine distinction, and I would say that you return not so much a man who reasons more, but a more reasonable man. For, throughout this time, your mind has learned to exercise itself in the working conditions which nature intended. Its primordial role has been to sustain the body in the struggle against a powerful universe. A good camper knows that it is more important to be ingenious than to be a genius. And conversely, the body, by demonstrating the true meaning of sensual pleasure, has been of service to the mind. You feel the beauty of animal pleasure when you draw a deep breath of rich morning air right through your body, which has been carried by the cold night, curled up like an unborn child. How can you describe the feeling which wells up in the heart and stomach as the canoe finally rides up on the shore of the campsite after a long day of plunging your paddle into rain-swept waters? Purely physical is the joy which the fire spreads through the palms of your hands and the soles of your feet while your chattering mouth belches the poisonous cold. The pleasurable torpor of such a moment is perhaps not too different from what the mystics of the East are seeking. At least it has allowed me to taste what one respected gentleman used to call the joys of hard living.

Make no mistake, these joys are exclusively physical, They have nothing to do with the satisfaction of the mind when it imposes unwelcome work on the body, a satisfaction, moreover, which is often mixed with pride, and which the body never fails to avenge. During a very long and exhausting portage, I have sometimes felt my reason defeated, and shamefully fleeing, while my legs and shoulders carried bravely on. The mumbled verses which marked the rhythm of your steps at the beginning had become brutal grunts of “uh! Uh! Uh!” There was nothing aesthetic in that animal search for the bright clearing which always marks the end of a portage.

I do not want you to think that the mind is subjected to a healthy discipline merely by worrying about simplistic problems. I only wish to remind you of that principle of logic which states that valid conclusions do not generally follow from false premises. Now, in a canoe, where these premises are based on nature in its original state (rather than on books, ideas and habits of uncertain value) the mind conforms to that higher wisdom which we call natural philosophy; later that healthy methodology and acquired humility will be useful in confronting mystical and spiritual questions.

I know a man whose school could never teach him patriotism, but who acquired that virtue when he felt in his bones the vastness of his land, and the greatness of those who founded it.

*From Against the Current by Pierre Elliott Trudeau, 1944*



*Pierre Trudeau was an avid canoeist.*

## President's Letter

Hello NW Chapter! I do hope this newsletter finds everyone in good spirits and enjoying our fall weather, and free of any fire related issues. My, what a year this has been. 2020 will almost certainly not be primarily remembered for our scattered delights and frivolities. That said, I do hope we have all had at least a few of those. Sue and I share a sentiment with everyone in the club that we have really missed seeing our many canoeing friends. Let's hope that we can do something about that during the coming year.

Financially, the NW chapter remains healthy despite having missed the Claude and Kurt show at our auctions. We will have about \$5,000 in our bank account after paying for our known expenses that are in the pipeline. Both Camp Bishop and B.C. Parks have applied our 2020 deposits to equivalent reservations for 2021. Of course, these reservations are contingent upon the pandemic abating enough to make it wise for us to have our meets again.

I attended the virtual membership meeting of the WCHA on September 22. The primary topics of discussion were the international organization's finances, continuing concerns about long term membership trends, and the revised design of our Journal "Wooden Canoe." About which, and by the way, I hope everyone was as delighted as I was to see the much deserved special article about our own Mike Livdahl and his photography. Toward the end of the meeting there was a brief discussion about the challenges associated with trying to find suitable alternate locations for the annual assembly, and the desire that many share that it could move around the continent a bit more. I took the opportunity to jump in and extend an invitation to one and all to come and visit us during our spring and fall meets. Michael Grace shared some warm remarks about his and Tanya's visit with us. So hopefully, we will see more guests from afar in the future.

Special thanks is in order for Michael Davidson and Ginger Fortier for having reprised a club presence at the Pt. Townsend Wooden Boat Festival. I was completely surprised and delighted when I learned that the show was not entirely virtual this year and that they had setup to make sure we had a presence there again.

With a few needed breaks, let's all hope 2021 turns into a much needed banner year. Stay safe everyone!

cd



*President Craig Dupler in Atkinson Traveler  
Livdahl photo*





# Wooden Canoe Heritage Association

NORTHWEST CHAPTER

**Mark Your Calendar: Spring Meet May 6, 7, 8, 9 2021 at Camp Bishop!**



Sunny days at Camp Bishop: We hope to see you there in 2021!

Tim Cogan photo

## northwest.wcha.org

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