

The Rope Issue *starting on pg16* | Vancouver Island *pg40* | Small Boat, Big Lessons *pg26*

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GOOD OLD BOAT

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With a bone in her teeth, a reef in her main, and Larry Raynard at her helm, Craig Clendening's *Regardless II*, a 1979 Laguna Windrose 22, takes flight on Lake Diefenbaker, a bifurcation lake with 600 miles of shoreline in Southern Saskatchewan. Richard Jenkins shot the photo from a buddy boat.



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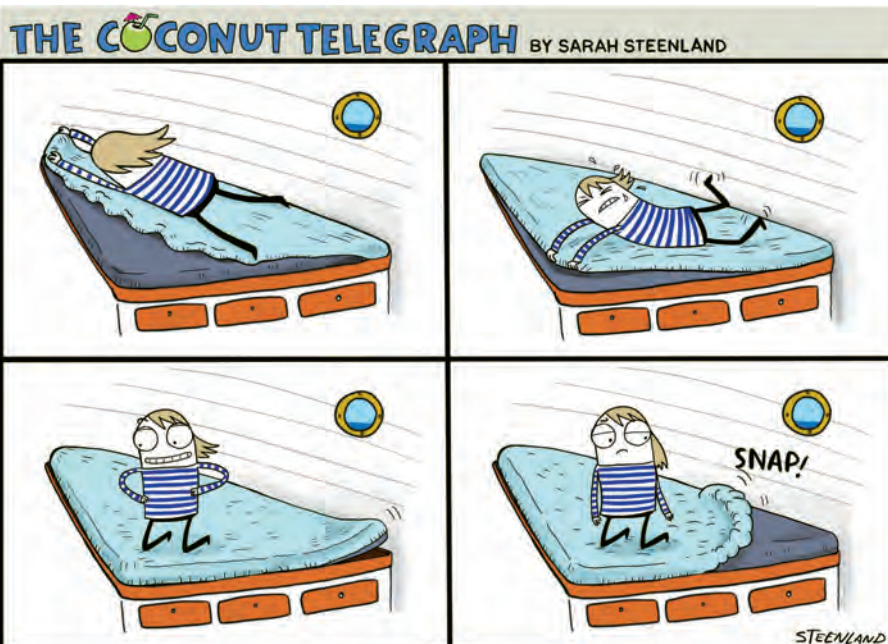
On the Ropes

Rope, or cordage, or line. No place on earth will you find a greater diversity of rope types serving a greater number of functions in a more concentrated space than a sailboat. It's impossible, for instance, to go sailing aboard a keelboat without handling rope (as lines). To a sailor, rope matters.

In this issue, there are several articles focused on rope. Respected writers cover the history of rope, the composition of rope, and a few different uses of rope. When you're done reading, we've got rope-related videos for you to watch, in

the Sailboat DIY playlist on our YouTube channel: youtube.com/goodoldboat

- In five minutes, Jordon Snyder clearly and expertly demonstrates how to make shackle pulls.
- In one of our most-watched videos ever, Drew Frye teaches the ease of making a sewn eye splice.
- Leslie Linkkila and Phillip DiNuovo share the secrets of DIY wheel wrapping using French spiral hitching; after watching, you won't be living long with a bare stainless wheel.



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Sailors, Interrupted

BY D.B. DAVIES

As our guest writer for this column in this issue, D.B. Davies describes how COVID-19 upended a sailing season and reflects on the loss. A frequent Good Old Boat contributor, he sails Affinity, his 1974 Grampian 30, around Lake Ontario.

At Highland Yacht Club in Toronto, two of the last three years' sailing seasons were cut short by months due to high water levels. It was the same for all Lake Ontario sailors.

Docks were underwater (and growth making them slipperier by the day), fenders slid over docks (leaving hulls unprotected), shorepower was cut (because outlets were underwater), and clubs were turning away visitors (due to liability concerns). In short, Mother Nature—or was it the International Joint Commission that controlled the outflow of water down the St. Lawrence?—was keeping us from sailing. At least temporarily.

For our club, founded by thrifty old Scots, the solution was an amendment to our fixed pylon docks that allowed them to be adjusted to various heights depending on the water levels. After a few seasons of defeat, we felt triumphant; during 2020 we would be able to adjust our docks to accommodate whatever Mother Nature or the International Joint Commission threw at us.

No one saw COVID-19 coming. Our adjustable docks were no match for a pandemic.

As the season began, we were told to stay home and isolate, to leave the house only to buy essentials. We needed to keep six feet from others and wear a mask in public.

We wondered what that meant for our boats. We had to prepare them for launch. With all our questions and the uncertainty, like the rest of the world we learned to attend our Committee of Management meetings on Zoom to keep up with it all. Eventually, the committee developed rules to comply with ever-shifting government regulations. We had to self-assess before we went down to our boats. Make sure we kept our distance when in the workshop or

clubhouse. Always wear a mask if we were close to someone else.

That made things difficult, but we'd hired a crane for our launch day at the end of April. We were still optimistic that this COVID thing would soon go away, and our docks were adjustable!

Instead, it got worse. The government soon closed down all non-essential services. Yacht clubs are not essential. We cancelled the crane and launch day. None of us could get to our boats.

Come mid-June, certain businesses and facilities began to open, but with restrictions. We developed a schedule for members to limit the number of people on site on any day. The workshop, clubhouse, and washrooms were closed.

And, as we played with the idea of another launch day, it dawned on all of us that sailing is social. Why launch if social distancing rules prevented us from having friends aboard? We couldn't have meals at the picnic tables. We couldn't cook meals in the clubhouse kitchen, we couldn't go upstairs to the bar with friends. No races. No short cruises to visit other Lake Ontario clubs and harbors. We all realized that all of that was as much a part of sailing as tacking and jibing.

As for launch day, our club gave each member the option: splash or stay on the hard. The majority chose to put their boats in the water, even though many did so without plans to raise the mast and go sailing. It just seemed like the easiest thing to do.

And so, the 2020 sailing season has become an exercise in perseverance and adapting, the world over. For us single-handed sailors lucky enough to get to our boats, there's little change to our on-the-water activities. For those who require crew, everyone wears masks, or crew members become part of the boat owner's "bubble" of 10 friends in their social circle.

"Fun races" have been organized, but they're not the same, absent the post-race socials where everyone boasts or laments what could have been had they not tacked or had they set the spinnaker. Evenings are quiet without the music, dark without the

fire in the pit, dry without the chest full of cold beverages. The washrooms are open for one-at-a-time use, but for the clubhouse, bar, and kitchen, the best we can do is hope for an opening next season.

For now, people back away from each other when converging on the docks. Lips move behind masks. The many mast-less boats don't dance to the breezes in sync with their stepped dockmates.

It's strange, and we're all wondering whether this is the new normal.

Of course, there's no answer to that question yet, but there is one profound takeaway from all of this. Every one of us now knows, feels, and appreciates just how good we had it. Everything that was expected and taken for granted—we had it all, and it was wonderful.

And, we wait to see what comes. Whatever it is, we will adapt, because that is what we do. When the wind picks up, we reef. When the rains start, we put on foul weather gear. When a storm is ahead, we secure the hatches or alter course. When the water rises, we make our docks adjustable. We persevere and we adapt. We are sailors. 🌊



Decisions About Designers, That's *Two* R's in Garry, and Keeping That Compass

A Farr Out Visit

I can't tell you how much I enjoyed Rob Mazza's recent article on yacht designers ("Denouement in Design," July/August 2020). Great! My all-time favorite from *Good Old Boat*. And the title of the article was brilliant. I took on the matching game challenge and successfully paired Lapworth, Perry, Alberg, Crealock, Butler, King, and Farr with the correct boats. My wife, Gerry, and I are Bruce Farr fans—what a nice guy! We spent an hour with him in his Annapolis office in 1985. We had a J-30 at the time and tried to get Bruce to sell us his own boat, a Farr 1020, a 34-foot beauty. He considered it for a few weeks, then decided not to sell. The highlight of our visit was a low pass by the Concorde. Bruce and his staff could hear it coming and they dashed outside. Gerry and I followed and had an unforgettable moment. It was loud (!) and breathtakingly beautiful.

—Dick Bracken, 1984 Nonsuch 22, Stoney Point, New York

Remembering the Troubadour

I only just read *Good Old Boat's* remembrance of Tom Wells ("Across the Bar: Tom Wells," *The Dogwatch*, March 2020). Tom and Sandy came to Indiana in the fall of 2014 to do an article on my Rhodes 22, *Bow vs. Wave*. Our full day of fun started at the Lafayette Sailing Club. At 10 a.m., conditions were nasty and deteriorating. Tom and I sailed anyway, and per Tom's suggestion, I had arranged for some fellow sailors to launch and motor in the vicinity of *Bow vs. Wave*, so that Tom's wife, Sandy, also a photographer, would have a platform for capturing the action. But after seeing the conditions, Sandy chose to take her pictures from

shore—there was no stable platform afloat that day. The sail ended and everyone ran for their cars in a driving rain. I yelled for everyone to rendezvous at our lake cottage. Once inside and dry, we critiqued the sail, answered questions, and shared sailing adventures and misadventures late into the evening. Cocktails flowed, friendships formed, and Tom entertained with his guitar, belting out hilarious songs.

A few years later, wandering around the Annapolis Sailboat Show, we approached the *Good Old Boat* booth and Tom recognized us with a huge smile. Then,

he grabbed his guitar and began singing before a growing crowd.

—Rex Henthorn, Crawfordsville, Indiana

Michael Robertson responds:

Rex, we absolutely miss Tom. As I wrote in that remembrance, Tom was our biggest fan—and a valued contributor. In the review he wrote about your Rhodes 22 (May/June 2015), I love the story he tells about how you decided on the name for your boat. "Rex, an attorney, liked to leave the office early on Fridays to sail and, rather than write 'Gone sailing' on the company calendar, he entered the fictitious case name 'Bow vs. Wave.'" No doubt this was appreci-

San Francisco sailor Scott Keck sent this photo of the lights at the drawbridge in Woods Hole, Massachusetts. When the small bridge is open, this short waterway connects Eel Pond to Woods Hole Passage, which leads to Buzzards Bay to the north and Vineyard Sound to the south. Scott's life plan involves moving to Cape Cod and sailing that part of the world aboard a friend's Cal 28.



ated by a man who wittily named his own boat Higher Porpoise.

Where's Charlie?

I thoroughly enjoyed Rob Mazza's "Denouement in Design" (July/August 2020), but why was Charlie Morgan not included in the discussion?

—Ken Thorn, Carrboro, North Carolina

Rob Mazza responds:

Thanks for the note, Ken. In compiling that list of designers from memory, I knew I would inadvertently omit someone, but I also knew that I could rely on our informed readership to tell me who I missed! I would be surprised if I missed only Charlie Morgan (and he should have been, without question, included in my list of yacht designers who were party to the golden age of yacht design). However, I can comfort myself in noting that even the mammoth 500-page Encyclopedia of Yacht Designers, which covers Bjarne Aas to Doug Zurn, also missed Charlie Morgan (as well as Tim Jackett, Rob Ball, George Cassian, George Hinterhoeller, Ted Irwin, Roger Hewson, Britt Chance, Ray Wahl, Ian Proctor, and others—some of whom I also failed to mention). There were a lot of talented individuals making a living in yacht design during the golden age.

No Age Limit



Here is a photo of my dad, Harvey Notov, reading your magazine. He is 101 years young and he enjoys every issue.

—Sandi Katz, Highlands Ranch, Colorado

Thanks for sending, Sandi. Harvey has been a subscriber since 2003 and, as far as we know, he is our wisest subscriber.

—Editors

Gordon Gets It

I would like to address Mr. Harvey's comments in the Mail Buoy section of the July/August issue ("Herb McCormick Gets It"). I am new to sailing and I read *Good Old Boat* magazine because it has a good balance of stories, tips, and ideas. Admittedly, not many of the fix-it articles apply to my 2012 MacGregor 26M, but nonetheless I glean helpful information from most issues, even if it is as simple as keeping a watch for the unknown, such as a towed barge at night ("Riddles in the Dark," May/June 2020). My boat will be a good old boat in the future, but in the meantime, I know I will continue to get worthwhile advice from your magazine for my good newer boat.

—Gordon Leek, Môr Cenau, Alberta

Michael Robertson responds:

Thanks for the kind words, Gordon. I like to think that age, whether in boats or people, is a state of mind. I've had sailors of boats built in the 1980s tell me that their boats weren't good old boats. I remind them, as I wrote in this space in September, we're reviewing good old boats that had yet to be built when this magazine first published in 1998.

To Brethren Sailors

As a regular reader, I must compliment you for "Defining a Community" ("The View From Here," September/October 2020). Having been a sailor since I was a teenager (I'm now in my early 70s), that article felt like it was written to me personally. Thank you for a great reminder of our common relationship with our brethren sailors.

—Paul Alcock, Vice Commodore, Hillsboro Inlet Sailing Club, Florida

Remembering Brion Toss

I was sad to hear of Brion Toss' passing ("Across the Bar: Brion Toss," September/October 2020). I met Brion about 10 years ago at his Port Townsend loft. I just turned up, a stranger knocking on his workshop door, having flown from Florida to look at a Hudson Force 50 ketch in nearby Seattle.



If you start sailing at 3 weeks old aboard a Tartan 27, you're bound to find a way to keep sailing. That's the wisdom Scott Rosenthal was appreciating as he shot this photo of his now-grown son, Ethan Rosenthal, and his daughter-in-law, Mandy Rosenthal, aboard a Manhattan Yacht Club J/24 they use to zip around the Hudson River.

I had this idea of fitting a square sail on the forward mast for downwind sailing, and I hoped Brion might give me some pointers. After listening to my hurried explanation—hurried because I expected him to tell me he was busy—he invited me into his "inner sanctum" and studied my drawings.

I learned that Brion loved square sails and he offered size and shape and rigging suggestions, information I'd been unable to get from sailmakers I had spoken to. Brion was particularly interested in my idea of furling the sail inside a hollow yard, to eliminate the need for anyone to go aloft

continued on page 56

We Want to Hear from You

Send your letters to michael_r@goodoldboat.com. If we can't run your letter in this space, we'll try and get it into *The Dogwatch*. Speaking of which, are you getting *The Dogwatch* in your email inbox? It's free and the content is original. If you're missing it, email brenda@goodoldboat.com.

Seaward 26RK

A Head-Turning Shoal-Draft Cruiser

BY ALLEN PENTICOFF

Lake Mendota, just north of Madison, Wisconsin, is my home water; it's also where the late, great Buddy Melges sailed. Wide and deep, it's a great place for sailing an able, mid-sized boat, and Mike and Kathy Stich have found their Seaward 26RK, *Blue Dancer*, to be ideal.

Mike's career has included EMS and ice diving, while Kathy is retired from banking. Mike came to sailing via his father's Snark, later a Victoria 18, and then the Seaward.

With a retractable rudder and lifting keel, the Seaward 26RK can squeeze into the skinniest waters with its 15-inch minimum draft yet perform well in a seaway. Handsome, spacious, and well-built, these boats are much loved by their owners.

History

Designer and builder Nick Hake founded Seaward Yachts of Stuart, Florida, in 1973 and began building this model in 2005. It remains in limited production with about 250 produced.

In 2010, Hake sold Seaward Yachts to a private investor who changed the name to Hake Yachts, and Hake remained on board to manage things. This same investor purchased Island Packet Yachts (IPY) and combined the companies in IPY's Largo facilities. Later, the owner sold Seaward and Island Packet to a California Island Packet dealer. Today, this company, under the Island Packet banner, has the

molds for all Seaward boats except the Seaward 46RK, which remain with Hake and a business partner who are currently negotiating for future production.

Hake continues to repair, upgrade, and broker the 2,300 Seaward Yachts out in the world. He remains the primary source for upgrading the 26RK with new keel and rudder systems, though IPY does this work as well. Hake told me that owners of early Seaward 26RKs do not hesitate to spend the \$10,000 or more that it takes to upgrade the early keel and rudder systems to the latest versions, which include a more robust rudder cassette and lighter rudder blade. *Blue Dancer* has these upgrades, made by IPY.

Design

The 26RK is characterized by jaunty sheer, mild tumblehome, boxy trunk house, nearly plumb bow, and a practical bowsprit. It is the sort of boat you admire as you row away in your dinghy.

The road-legal beam of 8 feet 4 inches and fairly firm turn of the bilge aid in keeping the boat stiff—even with the keel and its bulb retracted (bulb weight is 800 pounds on early boats and 1,000 pounds on later builds for a total ballast of 1,200 pounds). With the keel down, draft is 6 feet, providing plenty of lift for windward sailing. There is sufficient form stability and internal lead in the hull to keep the boat upright even

if the bulb is lost, which has happened on earlier boats.

The fiberglass and carbon-fiber rudder lifts clear in a cassette hung on the transom; this has been updated on more recent models to make the boat stern-beachable, a change that can be retrofitted to earlier boats. The transom is open but can be a bit cluttered by the outboard on a bracket, unless the boat has the optional inboard Yanmar diesel. Displacing 3,800 pounds, the 26RK is no *Tinkerbelle*, but a

boat with enough weight to beat through a steep chop while providing a comfortable, dry ride.

The Seaward 26RK is easily recognized by its nearly plumb bow and springy sheer. Note the rubrail that protects the topsides from collisions with pilings, opposite page.

With keel and rudder retracted, the 26RK can be backed nearly to a beach. The hull's pronounced tumblehome is obvious, below.





With keel and rudder fully retracted, the 26RK can dry out on a low tide and be beached if the bottom is soft. And while not necessarily a boat one would want to trailer each time it's used, it can be towed by appropriate vehicles and launched from a good ramp.

Construction

The hulls are mostly solid fiberglass but with Coremat coring to provide stiffness in flat areas. The laminate schedule incorporates a blister-resistant vinylester gelcoat, a skin coat of chopped strand mat, and triaxial fabrics.

Interior features, such as berth flats and galley, are part of a pan bonded to the hull at strategic locations. While this saves man-hours over a plywood interior, it does inhibit future customizations and makes for a moister, noisier interior. Beds for an inboard engine are part of the pan to accommodate repowering an outboard-powered model with a small diesel.

The deck is cored with Divinycell foam and secured to the hull with a proprietary putty and stainless steel machine screws every 6 inches. Deck hardware such as cleats are fastened to tapped 1/8-inch aluminum plates embedded in the laminate.

Owner Ken Lee says, "The early models (2005 to 2009 or so) had a design flaw in the way the lead bulb was attached to the keel blade. There was

about 200 pounds of lead in the blade and an 800-pound bulb attached to the blade with fiberglass. A number of boats lost their bulbs for various reasons. We knocked ours off hitting a reef on Lake Havasu going maybe 2 knots. We eventually had the keel replaced with the new design, which has all 1,000 pounds of lead in a manatee tail-shaped bulb bolted to the blade. The boat was noticeably stiffer after that.

"The other design issue with early boats is a rudder that couldn't be fully retracted. It extended about 12-18 inches below the hull. This stopped you from being able to beach the stern of the boat. Worse yet, you had to be careful hauling the boat, so you didn't scrape the rudder when towing through steep dips in the pavement. By 2010, I believe the keel design had been changed to bolt-on and the rudder redesigned so it lifted all the way up in the cassette."

While many Seaward 26RKs have outboard motors for auxiliary power, *Blue Dancer* has the optional 14-horsepower Yanmar diesel, easily accessed under the fiberglass cover, at top right.

The companionway steps comprise the removable engine cover. Although the cover is big and awkward, once removed there is full access to all parts of the engine, at right.

| Seaward 26RK | |
|--------------------|------------------------------|
| Designer | Nick Hake |
| Builder | Seaward Yachts/Hake Yachts |
| LOA (incl. rudder) | 28'5" |
| LWL | 24'8" |
| Beam | 8'4" |
| Displ. | 3,800 lb |
| Ballast | 1,200 lb |
| Draft keel raised | 1'3" |
| Draft keel lowered | 6'0" |
| Sail Area | 280 sq. ft. |
| SA/Displ. | 18.37 |
| Bal/Displ. | 31.58 |
| Displ./LWL | 113 |
| Diesel option | Yanmar 2YM15 – 14 horsepower |



LINE DRAWINGS BY ROB MAZZA





On Deck

The tall topsides, combined with the tall cabin trunk, give standing headroom of around 5 feet 10 inches below. The sidedecks have well-designed molded non-skid with a bulwark below the lifelines that provides great foot-stopping power.

The jib sheet car is right at the joint between the sidedeck and cabin trunk—out of the way, yet handy to the cockpit, which provides for tight sheeting.

The cockpit is quite roomy with long seats that have deep storage below. The lifelines terminate at two stainless steel pulpits that incorporate catbird seats—a favorite spot for crew to hang out. The starboard seat swings up for fuel tank access.

The open transom quickly disperses any water that comes aboard, and handles on either side make it easier to climb in from the water. A removable arched seat spans the opening for the helmsperson. The Edson wheel is a bit in the way to get around, and it does not really

work well for a swing-up table addition (the seats are too low).

The traveler occupies the tiny bridge deck, bringing the mainsheet readily to the helm on tiller-steered boats, but a bit out of a reach for someone at a wheel. Some owners put the mainsheet on a pennant to raise the cam cleat to an easier-to-use height, but Mike reports this tends to bang about.

Forward are two teak or metal handholds on each side of the cabintop. Four opening portlights on each side plus a forward hatch provide plenty of light and fresh air. All are top quality materials, with swing-up inner glass lenses and two hold-down dogs. In fact, all over the Seaward 26RK you will find almost anything metal to be chromed for protection; it is one of the first things that catches your eye, no more so than on the 2-foot bowsprit.

There is plenty of deck space, and placing the anchor at the end of the bowsprit keeps the foredeck uncluttered and the anchor well clear of the hull. Some owners complain that the chain locker and hawsepipe are small and troublesome, particularly if a powered windlass is installed.

Rig

The mast is supported by a $\frac{7}{8}$ -fractional rig with single spreaders. Shrouds and inner stays are mounted inside the sidedeck walkway, keeping passage forward clear. Inside



The box just aft of the mast covers the electric winch that is used to raise and lower the keel. A metal shaft, with pin to support the keel, sticks up ahead of the mast when the keel is retracted, at top left.

The cockpit seats are narrow, earning a Penticoff Napability Index (PNI scale 1-5) rating of just 3. The majority of 26RKs feature wheel steering; the arched helm seat is a bit of a stretch when steering seated, at left.

the cabin, chromed rods anchor these stays, transferring the load down low to the hull structure. Hake claims the backstay is redundant and that the mast will stand without it and is too stiff to bend.

Below Deck

The Seaward 26RK is fairly comfy for a 26-footer. While the centerboard trunk occupies space visually and physically, one soon learns to live with it. The dining table has an innovative mechanism to swing up out of the way around the trunk.

The 48-inch-long galley is to port with an icebox, stove, and sink. To starboard is an enclosed head compartment with shower and toilet; some may have a sink. To port is a short settee while to starboard is a much longer settee that could be a berth. The V-berth is the main sleeping choice, but it is open to all else except for curtains—unless an owner asked for the bulkhead and door option—and is a bit short for taller crew.

Forward of the V-berth is access to the anchor rode locker. Bulk storage is somewhat lacking, with the portside quarter berth becoming the catch-all. Boats with a diesel inboard lose much of the quarter berth and lazarette space under the cockpit.

In all, the cabin is easy to clean with smooth-finished fiberglass surfaces in an off-white color, yet with enough wood, cloth, and other materials to make it feel elegant. Thoughtful handholds make sailing safer as well. As a final unique feature, everything can be removed from the cabin and the inside cleaned with a hose!

Underway

The Seaward 26RK makes way best with about 10 degrees of heel but feels entirely solid at 20 degrees. Most owners reduce sail at 15-17 knots of

wind. Designed for single-handed sailing with a sport-boat feel, it can spin within the length of its hull, although it is not truly sport-boat quick.

The 26RK moves through tacking maneuvers quickly and will track to 45 degrees true wind without effort. Downwind, the boat requires a fair amount of attention to hold a course. Although some consider the boat under-canvased, its sail area/displacement ratio of 18.45 is still above that of many cruisers. *Blue Dancer* has a 130 percent genoa, while stock is 110 percent.

I found it better to steer from the stern pulpit seats than from the longer seats. Because the wheel is high relative to the leeward seat, I found it uncomfortable trying to steer in this position. Also, the transom helm seat seemed a bit too far away from the wheel for comfortable steering. Standing

at the wheel feels very natural. If using the starboard pulpit seat to steer, the backstay is a bit intrusive. It was easy enough to move around the wheel to access the sheets.

The helm feel is mildly stiff, typical of a transom-hung rudder. Fortunately, it tracks very straight, particularly to

windward, so well that the steering can be friction locked for long periods without wheel input. Visibility is great from any position, as the headsail

A closer look at the galley with inset alcohol stovetop, icebox, and a wee bit of stowage.



Comments from Owners

The best and worst factor of the craft is the variable draft. The boat sails really well when the sails, keel, and rudder are properly set. My tendency is to always sail with the keel and rudder about halfway down. Two things I had to learn were: 1) before thinking about adding a reef (12-15 knots in my case), you should drop your keel and rudder; and 2) anytime you're headed into a marina or need maximum steerage, drop both before you need the control. I keep my 2010 Seaward 26RK on a lift and sail the thin waters of the Chesapeake, so the 26RK is the ideal craft for us.

—Doug Gledhill,
Deltaville, Virginia

One of the challenges with the canoe-shaped hull and

high-aspect keel is that once one stops moving, the keel loses all lift and you just get blown downwind. I learned to use the outboard to pull us backwards into slips if there was any crosswind.

—Ken Lee, Tucson,
Arizona

It is not a fast boat but with my PHRF rating I am in the game. It has some weather helm (which is a good safety feature). It points up well and it is dry. You have to learn to play around with keel and rudder draft, sail configuration (reacher, self-tacking jib, 120 percent genoa) depending on conditions. No plywood core, Divinycell. All hardware tapped and properly backed. At the factory, they lift the boat from the bow eye and stern cleats. I

have been in 30-knot blows with the tide against wind and a lee shore, and she behaved great. Practically no propeller walk and turns almost in one boat length.

—Carlos Tessi, Jersey
City, New Jersey

I liked the look of the boat. Whenever we tied up, it was not long before it attracted admirers. It sailed well and the retracting keel was a great advantage in skinny waters. If we did go aground it was a simple matter of lifting the keel and continuing on. The V-berth was too short for my 6-foot-1-inch frame. A foot longer would have been good. Perhaps the cockpit could have been shorter.

—David Drummond,
Rocky Mountain House,
Canada

and main both are cut high at the clew. The boom angles up, creating good headroom for standing in the cockpit and improving visibility at the helm. I did not see a provision for an emergency tiller, but it would not be difficult to fabricate one.

We collected some weed while underway. Lifting the rudder cleared it, while backing up cleared the keel. A majority of 26RK owners seem to prefer deploying the keel and rudder at midpoints.

To raise or lower the keel, you pull one of two lines that lead to a rotating switch at the battery-powered lift winch. It is rather noisy but doesn't take long. There's also a manual override in case you lose power, although a battery-powered electric drill can be helpful with this otherwise tedious job.

The unusual vertical shaft in front of the mast has a large removable pin that locks the keel in place—whether up, mid-keel, or down—in case of a winch cable failure. This shaft

also serves as a base for the gin pole when raising the mast.

Should one run aground, getting going again is as easy as pulling a cockpit line that operates the keel winch. Up it comes and away you go. (I use this technique on my MacGregor 26D to explore shallow areas and snug anchorages.)

The rudder is easy to raise by hand, but one must stand on the transom to do so. With the newer design, a lever locks the blade into place with notches at the trailing edge. Older versions had a locking pin. In either case, it must be done with prudence in a seaway; falling overboard would be easy during this operation.

All boats with a lifting keel, daggerboard, or centerboard that do not have a stub keel will suffer in docking maneuverability if some of the board/fin/keel is not extended. Even then it is less predictable than a boat with more bite on the water. With rudder and keel retracted, they will handle like paddling a canoe solo from the stern in a wind. But then again, you

can back up to the beach and sometimes step off without getting a foot wet. In calm water you can also use the keel as a temporary anchor; drop it into the muck and the boat will stay put until you raise it.

Conclusion

When the Seaward 26RK was introduced, the base price was a mere \$29,900, intended to get folks of modest means into a Seaward boat. However, the model had an extensive options list that could nearly double that price, and many have all that and more. Being a good quality boat, it tends to be a keeper with its owners, who often upgrade hardware, sails, and electronics.

A brief online search found two 2005 boats listed for \$39,500 and \$49,900, and several newer boats ranging quickly upward, with a 2018 listed for \$99,900—about the price of a new boat. So, these are not inexpensive fixer-uppers. They are boats for a specific mission that they accomplish well. 🚤

Allen Penticoff, a Good Old Boat contributing editor, is a freelance writer, sailor, and longtime aviator. He has trailer-sailed on every Great Lake and on many inland waters and has had keelboat adventures on fresh and saltwater. He owns an American 14.5, a MacGregor 26D, and a 1955 Beister 42-foot steel cutter that he stores as a "someday project."



Visit our YouTube channel for more on this boat review.

Sturdy opening portlights port and starboard augment an overhead hatch and the companionway to provide good light and ventilation, at top left.

Looking inside from the companionway, the interior pan is evident, as is the clever drop table to starboard over the settee, the keel trunk on centerline, and the compact galley to port, at left.



Seaward 26RK

...and Two More Lift-Keel Performers

STORY AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROB MAZZA

Everyone knows that deep draft improves sailing performance but restricts cruising options. The ability to reduce draft would certainly eliminate that conflict, not to mention allow a boat to become trailerable and capable of being launched and retrieved at a ramp.

There are basically two ways to reduce draft. The common and simplest solution is to use either a centerboard or daggerboard in conjunction with fixed shoal-draft ballast in the form of lead, iron, or water. A lift or raised keel, on the other hand, involves lifting the entire primary ballast. From a performance point of view, it's the better solution since it substantially lowers the ballast center of gravity when sailing. But it requires careful engineering to execute properly.

So, let's look at two other lift-keel boats to compare to the Seaward 26RK.

You cannot discuss lift-keel boats without including the Mega 30 (full disclosure, while I was with C&C Design I was project manager for the Mega). The other boat we have chosen is the Andrews 28. The Andrews was awarded "Best Club Racer" in the 2009 *Sailing World* Boat of the Year contest.

Note that the Mega dates from 1977, while the Seaward and Andrews date from 2005 and 2007, respectively. George Cuthbertson once declared that the Mega suffered from being ahead of her time. Does the fact that the Seaward and the Andrews emerged some 30

years after the Mega prove him right?

Raising the 2,250-pound keel on the Mega was achieved with a screw jack that could be operated manually with a winch handle or an optional electric motor. The Seaward uses an electric winch to hoist a cable attached to the keel, while the Andrews uses a cable winch

that can be hand cranked or operated by a battery-powered drill. Neither the Mega nor the Andrews actually encourage operating the boat with the keel raised, whereas the Seaward does promote this for shoal-water sailing.

At just under 30 feet, the Mega is the largest of the three, but that does not include

the transom-hung rudder. I strongly suspect that the Seaward's length overall listed at 28 feet 5 inches does include the rudder, and even possibly the bowsprit. So, in evaluating the true lengths of these boats it would be better, as always, to look at waterline length. In that regard the Mega is still the largest, being almost 3 feet



Seaward 26RK



C&C Mega 30



Andrews 28

| | | | |
|------------------|----------------|------------------|----------------------|
| LOA | 28'5" | 29'11" | 28'0" |
| LWL | 24'8" | 27'4" | 25'9" |
| Beam | 8'4" | 7'11" | 9'10" |
| Draft | 6'0"/1'3" | 5'0"/1'9" | 7'0"/2'6" |
| Displacement | 3,800 | 4,500 | 3,750 |
| Ballast | 1,200 | 2,250 | 1,290 |
| LOA/LWL | 1.15 | 1.09 | 1.09 |
| Beam/LWL | .34 | .29 | .38 |
| Displ./LWL | 113 | 98 | 98 |
| Bal./Displ. | 32% | 50% | 34% |
| Sail Area (100%) | 280 | 428 | 412 |
| SA/Displ. | 18.37 | 25.1 | 27.3 |
| Capsize No. | 2.1 | 1.9 | 2.5 |
| Comfort Ratio | 13.5 | 15.7 | 10 |
| Year Built | 2005 | 1977 | 2007 |
| Designer | Nick Hake | C&C Design Group | Alan Andrews |
| Builder | Seaward Yachts | C&C Yachts | Sylvana Yachts (CAN) |

longer than the Seaward and a foot and a half longer than the Andrews.

Now let's look at beam. This is a critical dimension for trailerable boats, since almost all state and provincial jurisdictions allow 8-foot beam, and a good many allow 8 feet 6 inches; anything over that usually requires special permits or even escort vehicles. The Mega, while considerably longer than the other two boats, is by far the narrowest at just under that all-important 8-foot measurement. The Seaward at 8 feet 4 inches slides under that 8 feet 6 inches, while the Andrews is a remarkable 9 feet 10 inches, requiring careful planning to make long highway journeys.

The Seaward and the Andrews have nearly the same displacement at about 3,800 pounds, while the Mega tips the scales at 4,500 pounds. However, because of her longer waterline, the Mega has the same exceptionally low displacement/length waterline ratio of 98 as the Andrews, while the Seaward is still no slouch at 113. The Mega's heavier displacement is almost all in her 1,000-pound ballast, giving her a ballast/displacement ratio of a remarkable 50 percent compared to 32 and 34 percent for the other two boats. This heavier ballast was an attempt to compensate for her narrow beam. The Seaward and the Andrews have 1 and 2 feet more draft than the Mega, which would certainly help to achieve a lower center of gravity, especially with their generous bulbs.

Also note the similarity in the rigs of these three boats that span 30 years of sailing development. All three incorporate large mains with small, easily tacked jibs, swept-back spreaders and shrouds, and deck-stepped masts. The Seaward has the

smallest sail area at 280 square feet, with the Mega having the largest at 428 square feet, and the Andrews at 412. The latter two lead to very impressive sail area/displacement ratios of 25 and 27 respectively, compared to the Seaward's more conservative 18.

All have the ability to lift their transom-hung rudders as well as their keels, with the Seaward and Andrews using rudder cages to raise and lower the foil vertically, while the Mega pivots the rudder blade in the welded aluminum rudder head.

The challenge in any lightweight, shallow-bilged, trailerable boat is to achieve standing headroom. This inevitably results in increased freeboard and high topsides. The Mega and the Seaward employed some visual trickery in the form of shear bands and graphics to try to reduce the visual impression of height, but the Andrews does not, and perhaps suffers a little aesthetically because of it.

Did these boats achieve their goals? I know from personal experience sailing the Mega upwind that even that extra 1,000 pounds of ballast did not provide enough increase in stability to overcome the large sail plan on that extremely narrow beam. I suspect the Seaward with her smaller sail plan, slightly wider beam, and deeper draft would fare better, but that almost 10 feet of beam on the Andrews, combined with a 7-foot draft, would certainly let her stand on her feet upwind in a breeze. 🌊

Good Old Boat Technical Editor Rob Mazza set out on his career as a naval architect in the late 1960s, when he began working for Cuthbertson & Cassian. He's been familiar with good old boats from the time they were new and had a hand in designing a good many of them.



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Ropeology

The world of ropes and lines is woven with its own terminology that draws on a deep history.

BY RUDY AND JILL SECHEZ

Make fast, slack off, cast off, take a turn, reeve: These are just a few of the ways that sailors describe putting rope to work on a vessel. Aboard *Briney Bug*, we use all of these terms, because there is a lot of rope aboard, doing a lot of things. We like the efficacy and versatility of cordage. It's economical, easy to use, available just about anywhere, and has a salty look for which there is no substitute. In our minds, it bears learning a little bit about something so integral to sailing. Let's start with the word itself.

Rope or Line?

Many sailors love to say that aboard a boat, there is no rope. We've also been known to make this rather rigid statement, but Clifford W. Ashley—author of the definitive *The Ashley Book of Knots*, published in 1944 and enumerating on the anatomy, terminology, and ability of over 3,900 knots—begs to differ.



Photo courtesy Nic Compton

Kinks Begone!—Michael Robertson

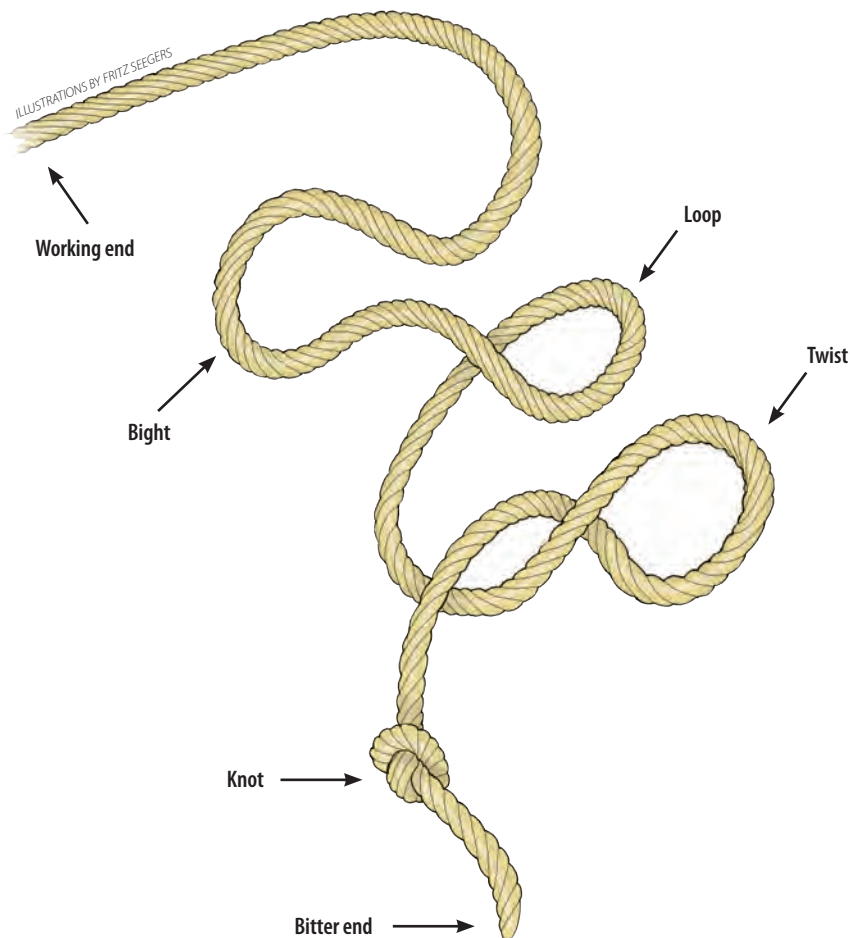
For a couple of years in my youth, I worked as a diver, cleaning boat bottoms in two Southern California marinas. I breathed through a mouthpiece attached to a 150-foot length of air hose that was connected to a compressor aboard my skiff. Once I was in the water, the last thing I wanted to do was surface and return to the skiff to deal with a tangle or kink in the hose. I never had to, all because of how I was taught to coil that hose at the end of each dive. The same coiling technique applies to garden hoses at home and rope aboard sailboats. Spoiler: the palm-and-elbow wrap is not the right approach.

The key when coiling rope is to alternate each loop, a regular loop followed by an inverted loop followed by a regular loop, and so on. It's difficult to put into words, but I'll try. Picture coiling the rope on the deck of your sailboat. The first loop you lay down as you would, there is really only one way to do it—we'll call that the regular loop. The next loop is inverted, which is to say that as you start back around with the second loop, you lift the rope and form the second loop beneath

the lifted portion. In appearance, the inverted loop would look like it's lying beneath the top of the part of the rope that started it. The illustration here shows an inverted loop correctly done, sitting a bit apart from the rest of the coiled rope so that it's easy to discern.

Once you get the hang of it, it's super easy. Just remember to alternate with each loop, and tangles—or, as Clifford Ashley would call them, “unintended complications in cordage”—will be a thing of the past.





"There is an old saying that there are only seven ropes aboard a ship, but there are actually over sixty that have borne the name," he writes. Ashley goes on to list a few: man rope, bell rope, foot rope, boltrope, tiller rope, bucket rope, clew rope, grab rope, tow rope, and wheel rope. Ashley does offer that, "the word rope is seldom heard on shipboard, where it generally refers to new stuff in unbroken coils." But he then adds that, "rope is also the inclusive term applied to all cordage."

For those of you unsettled, *Chapman Piloting, Seamanship and Small Boat Handling* assures, "Rope once in use onboard a boat is called line, or by name of the rigging part it has become." Choose your authority.

When is rope too small to be rope? When is it twine, for example? The dividing line between what's referred to as "small stuff" and rope also varies among authorities, with Ashley placing it at anything less than one inch in circumference. To save you a trip to the calculator, that's roughly anything smaller than $\frac{5}{16}$ -inch diameter line...err, rope.

Terms of Ropeology

To avoid confusion, when putting rope to work it's useful to know (and agree on) some basic terms.

Working end: In his book *The Knot Bible*, Nic Compton defines the working end as "the active end" of a knot while it is being tied, "whereas the end not in use is called the *standing end*." Ashley does not make specific reference to this term, but Compton's definition seems standard across other rope references.

Bitter end: Not just a famous yacht club in the British Virgin Islands, the bitter end literally refers to the end of a rope (or cable) that has been turned around the ship's bitts: "The end of the cable abaft the bitts is the 'bitter end,'" writes Ashley. "The common expression, 'reached the bitter end,' refers to a situation of extremity and has nothing at all to do with lees and dregs and other unpalatable things. It means literally that someone has 'got to the end of his rope.'" In common rope parlance today, the bitter end is used synonymously with the standing end, or the end of a rope that is tied off.

The Go-To Knot—R&JS

Knots are as diverse as people, so it stands to reason that individual sailors have one or two knots that they hold dear as their all-purpose go-to. Though we are able to tie a variety of knots quickly, easily, and accurately, on our boat we find we most frequently use the rolling hitch. The rolling hitch is simple to learn and can be employed aboard to do just about any job for which a knot is required. It is secure, adjustable, and can be untied while under a load. These qualities make it ideal, for instance, for hitching a snubber to a rode, whether the rode is rope or chain. For sailors with only enough motivation to learn one knot, in our experience the rolling hitch is a most worthy candidate. Sorry, bowline.

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A Prize-Winning Inspiration—Wendy Mitman Clarke

When Annie Proulx set out to write what would become *The Shipping News*, a novel that won the 1994 Pulitzer Prize for fiction as well as the 1993 National Book Award (among others), it was a bargain-basement copy of *The Ashley Book of Knots* that sparked and informed her work. “Without the inspiration of Clifford W. Ashley’s wonderful 1944 work, *The Ashley Book of Knots*, which I had the good fortune to find at a yard sale for a quarter, this book would have remained just the thread of an idea,” Proulx writes in *The Shipping News* acknowledgments.

For the book’s epigraph, she chose the foreshadowing of fate inherent in Ashley’s quote: “In a knot of eight crossings, which is about the average-size

knot, there are 256 different ‘over-and-under’ arrangements possible...Make only one change in this ‘over-and-under’ sequence and either an entirely different knot is made or no knot at all may result.”

Many of the chapters in the book are titled after a specific knot, which is also illustrated at the chapter start, and whose purpose or construction somehow relates to what happens in the chapter. Proulx’s protagonist, named only “Quoyle,” is also the title of Chapter 1, in which she includes Ashley’s definition of a Flemish flake: “A spiral coil of one layer only. It is made on deck, so that it may be walked on if necessary.” What does that infer about the character of her protagonist at the story’s outset?

Standing part: The inactive or part of a rope not in use, sometimes called a tail.

Bight: A curved section of rope, distinct from the ends and the standing part.

Loop: A circle formed in a rope by crossing the ends of a bight.

Twist: Two or more successive loops in a rope.

Cast off: To remove a rope from where it’s secured so that it can run free.

Coil: To wind rope in a series of loops, usually for neat stowage.

Slack off, ease off, or surge: To let rope out to lessen tension, at least temporarily, such as when increasing the length of that portion of a rope under tension.

Haul: To pull on a rope by hand.

Make fast: To secure a rope so that it can hold tension.

Reeve: To pass an end of a rope through any hole or opening, such as through a block.

Stand by: To take hold of a rope and stand ready to haul, cast off, or slack off.

Snub or take a turn: To put at least one wrap of rope around a pin, post, bitts, or cleat to temporarily allow the rope to hold tension. (An interesting fine point about the word bitts: While bitts, plural, is a noun referring to the upright timbers or posts to which lines are made fast, the singular “bitt” is a verb which means to take a turn around the bitts.)

Handsomely: To do something with rope slowly, carefully, gently, or gradually.

Rope and Knot Resources—R&JS

- Cordage Institute: ropecord.com
- *The Ashley Book of Knots*, Clifford W. Ashley
- *The Complete Rigger’s Apprentice: Tools and Techniques for Modern and Traditional Rigging*, Brion Toss
- *The Knot Bible—The Complete Guide to Knots and Their Uses*, Nic Compton
- The International Guild of Knot Tyers: igkt.net
- *The Complete Book of Knots*, and *The Ultimate Encyclopedia of Knots and Ropework* by Geoffrey Budworth

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Smartly: To do something with rope precisely and with alacrity.

Knots and Their Cousins

Ashley defines a knot as any complication in cordage, except accidental complications (such as snarls and kinks), or complications adapted for storage (such as coils, hanks, or balls). Ashley also puts bends, hitches, splices, and sinnets in another category of knots.

Bends: To tie two rope ends together.

Hitches: Used to secure a rope to another object or to another rope if inert. It's of interest to note that there is only one "slippery hitch," but many hitches can be slipped along the ropes to which they're tied.

Splices: Used to secure two ropes or two parts of the same rope together by intertwining their strands.

Sinnets: Flat braided cordage, such as tied to form zipper pulls. (According to Ashley, sinnet line is "the original name for braided rope, used at sea for signal halyards as early as 1860.")

Except for use in a playground game of jump rope or tug of war, it's difficult to make use of cordage without some form of knot, bend, hitch, splice, or sinnet being involved. Every rope has at least one specific purpose just waiting to be formed. 🚢

Rudy and Jill Sechez have been living aboard and cruising since 1997 and are the authors of Anchoring—A Ground Tackler's Apprenticeship. They are available for coaching, training, and presenting on a range of boating topics at trawlertrainingabc.com.

The Artist as Oracle—WMC

When sailors think about Clifford Warren Ashley, they think about his seminal work, *The Ashley Book of Knots*. In continuous print since its publication in 1944, this encyclopedic reference includes over 7,000 drawings that define, explain, and illuminate more than 3,900 knots. Its subtitle is "Every Practical Knot—What it Looks Like, Who Uses It, Where It Comes From, and How to Tie It." The book's colorful, nostalgic cover harkens to the working-sail past, with a salty fellow sitting at the end of a dock on a wooden barrel, ropework in hand, cordage beneath his feet, while off in the distance two lovely boats sail beneath benevolent clouds.

Though it was painted by American Impressionist George Giguere, that cover reveals much about the oracle of knots, who first was an artist. Born in 1881 in New Bedford, Massachusetts, in the waning days of the New England whaling trade, Ashley "had gotten his first lessons in knot-making as a small child from two uncles who were whaling captains, and this hobby became a passion for him." This according to "A Finding Aid to the Collection in the Helen Farr Sloan Library & Archives" of the Delaware Art

Museum, where many of Ashley's papers reside.

After high school, Ashley attended the Eric Pape School in Boston, where he studied with N.C. Wyeth, among other soon-to-be-iconic artists of the time. Then he moved to Delaware to study under the great Howard Pyle in what would become known as The Brandywine School. This was a time when America was still deeply and clearly connected to its roots as a maritime nation, and American artists like Winslow Homer, Thomas Eakins, Pyle, Wyeth, and Ashley consistently celebrated and—thankfully for us—documented this maritime heritage.

Ashley's direct personal connection to that heritage informed much of his work: His "spirit seemed tied to those faded days and to the great sea that had sustained them," the Finding Aid notes. "His work manifests an enormous and abiding love for the marine subjects, which appeared over and over again in his illustrations and paintings."

Ashley's illustrations appeared in influential publications of the day, including *Collier's*, *Harper's Monthly*, and *Leslie's Monthly*, and his work was exhibited at The Pennsylvania Academy between 1911 and 1922 as well as the Wilmington Society of Fine Arts in 1934. In 1973, the Brandywine River Museum and The New Bedford Whaling Museum (NBWM) collaborated to mount a major show of his work. And, as recently as 2017-2019, NBWM mounted another exhibition, "Thou Shalt Knot," highlighting Ashley's collection of knots that informed his magnum opus and were donated to the museum in 2016 by his daughters.

Ashley also wrote and illustrated in 1929 *Whaleships of New Bedford*, with a forward by Franklin Delano Roosevelt, and, after a six-month voyage aboard the whaleship *Sunbeam*, wrote and illustrated *The Yankee Whaler* in 1926. He died in 1947, just three years after his *Book of Knots* was published.

"He did not live to see it become

the bible of dedicated knot tyers," wrote Geoffrey Budworth, one of the founding members of the International Guild of Knot Tyers, "with a worldwide general readership."



Photo courtesy Phoebe Chardon

The Tie That Binds

Easily taken for granted, rope is a critical thread throughout human history.

BY NIC COMPTON

What do sailors, the Egyptian pyramids, Britain's cotton mills, and the first space shuttle all have in common? They all depend on, or depended on, rope. Rope has been around for so long that we tend to take it for granted, yet it's no exaggeration to say that it has been associated with almost every major development in human civilization.

Rope has been integral to creating buildings and bridges, to catching and taming animals, to creating weapons, and to farming, fishing, and sailing. Rope was even used for mathematical purposes by the Incas, and software written by MIT programmers was woven into a core rope memory system used in guidance computers aboard the Apollo spacecraft.

When a piece of string—woven no differently than the three-strand we use aboard sailboats today—was discovered in a French cave earlier this year and found to be 50,000 years old, it challenged long-held anthropological assumptions. Twisting and braiding natural materials to make longer, stronger lengths of rope requires more advanced cognitive abilities than we'd previously credited to the Neanderthal brain. And rope is probably even older than that. Evidence suggests the use of rope could predate the use of fire.

So, rope is important.

The basic method of making rope goes like something this: Spin the fiber into yarns by overlapping the lengths and twisting them together. Twist three or more sets of yarns together to form the strands. Twist three or more strands together to form the rope. At each stage, twist the line in the opposite direction from the previous stage—this is the key



The traditional steel ketch *Moya* is fitted with three-strand rope befitting her gaff rig. Note the baggywrinkles, a good use of old rope. Photo courtesy Nic Compton.



step in keeping rope from unraveling and turning into a pile of shredded wheat.

But consider that in the early sailing days, the standard unbroken length of rope was 120 fathoms, or 720 feet. Before modern machinery took over in the 1800s, rope was made using a ropewalk, a long, narrow, straight lane on which strands of material (originally this was hemp) could be laid out.

Workers spent their days walking backwards down the ropewalk, using their chapped fingers to spin by hand combed hemp fiber into yarn. It took many trips down the ropewalk before multiple strands of yard were twisted into rope and then the multiple ropes formed into cables sized for the job aboard a sailing ship. And demand was great; anything that sailed needed rope, and a single average ship would require more than 30 miles of rope aboard when she set sail.

Given rope's imperative, it's no coincidence that one of the early settlers to America was a ropemaker. John Harrison moved from Salisbury to Massachusetts in 1640 on the promise of having a monopoly of the rope trade for the duration of his life. He duly profited from the arrangement for 30 years, establishing two ropewalk factories in the process.

A single average ship required more than 30 miles of rope aboard when she set sail.

To meet the world's growing appetite for rope, innovators created increasingly sophisticated ropewalks. Early mechanization of the process involved attaching three sets of yarn to three hooks on a "jack." The hooks rotated to twist the yarn into strands. Once the strands were made, the ends were attached to a single hook on wheels (the carriage) at the other end of the ropewalk, which was in turn rotated in the opposite direction to twist the strands into rope. As the strands contracted, the carriage was rolled closer to the jack, with

A young sailor enjoys getting a turk's head made around her wrist during a sail aboard the 1895 Colin Archer rescue boat *Christiania*. Photo courtesy Nic Compton.

the finished rope being about two-thirds the length of the original strands.

Rope made of three strands was called plain- or hawser-laid; rope made of four strands was called shroud-laid, and rope made of three or more lengths of three- or four-strand rope was called cable-laid.

By the end of the 18th century, most seaside towns had ropewalks, especially those with a nautical tradition: Boston boasted 14 ropewalks in 1794, followed soon after by Plymouth, across the pond, which also had 14 by 1816. So important was rope for the Royal Navy that it built its own ropewalk at Chatham Docks in Kent. When it was completed in 1790, the 1,135-foot building was the longest brick building in Europe, and it remains

the only traditional ropewalk producing rope commercially to this day.

As the age of industrialization took hold, rope's import did not wane. The massive cotton mills that gave Britain such a great commercial advantage might have been powered by steam, but that power was transmitted to each floor

of the factory, and to each individual loom, by means of rope. Even when steam took over from sail and wire took over from rope towards the end of the 19th century, other markets for rope were soon found in the expanding farming and fishing industries.

A variety of materials was used to make rope at this time, but hemp (made from the cannabis plant) was favored from the 17th century. In the 19th century, hemp was superseded by manila (made from the abacá plant) and coir (made from coconut shells), as well as sisal, cotton, and jute.



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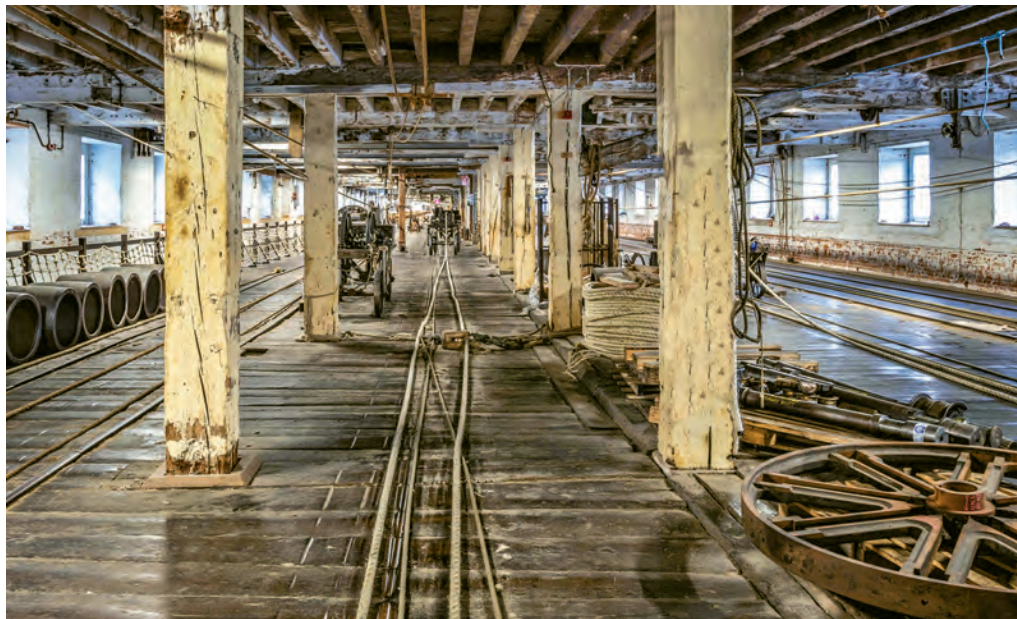
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The Ropery at Chatham Dockyard in Kent has been producing rope for over 400 years on this ropewalk, including that used aboard Lord Nelson's HMS *Victory*. Master ropemakers continue to produce custom rope at this singular example of 18th-century ropemaking technology. Photo courtesy Louise Hubbard Photography.



Despite the increasingly sophisticated means of production and new materials, rope itself remained unchanged for hundreds or even thousands of years until the mid-1930s, when the American chemicals company, DuPont, spent millions of dollars trying to invent a substance that would replace silk—not for making rope or any such useful enterprise, but for making ladies' stockings. They succeeded spectacularly, of course, and when the first nylon stockings appeared on the market in 1940, they sold out within hours. But America's ladies would have to wait a little longer for their miracle hosiery, as from 1942 to 1945 most of DuPont's nylon went towards the war effort, helping to make tires, parachutes, and glider leads. Thus, the world's first nylon rope was born, and there would be no looking back.

The advantages of nylon rope were overwhelming. It was about 20 percent stronger than natural fiber, more resistant to abrasion, and didn't rot. Nylon lasted four to five times longer and was much easier to handle. Nylon was more slippery than natural fibers, but that characteristic could be addressed by adding an extra hitch to a knot or a couple more tucks in a splice. Nylon rope also stretched more

than natural-fiber rope, but for many uses this was an advantage. Nylon was soon the rope of choice for mooring lines and anchor rode.

Nylon was quickly followed by polyester, invented by Imperial Chemical Industries in 1941, acquired by DuPont in 1946, and eventually marketed as Dacron. Although polyester wasn't quite as strong as nylon, it didn't stretch as much and didn't suffer a loss in strength when submerged (nylon loses 15 percent of its strength when submerged). Polyester (Dacron) soon became the go-to material for rope used for halyards and sheets.

Polypropylene joined the fray in 1957. Cheap and unpleasant to handle, it

floated, which made it useful in rescue and waterski lines.

By this time, mechanized rope-making methods were in full swing and braided rope (usually 8 or 12 stands braided

Evidence suggests the use of rope could predate the use of fire. So, rope is important.

together), which had been around for centuries but had long required extensive skilled manual labor to produce, became more common, especially in the form of nylon and polyester ropes.

Another big step came in 1957, when Samson Rope (established in 1878 as J.P. Tolman Company in Massachusetts) invented double-braid rope. Not only did double-braid feature a soft jacket woven over a strong core for easy handling, it was stronger than single-braid rope. It quickly found a home aboard sailboats the world over.

The next innovation came in the form of materials. Kevlar, Dyneema, and Spectra were all invented in the 1960s and '70s and were soon put into service aboard high-end racing yachts, such as *Australia II*. In 1982, she splashed with Kevlar running rigging (and a carbon-fiber boom). NASA used the same lightweight ropes (also





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made by Samson) to operate the shuttle's cargo bay doors aboard the first space shuttle in 1977. But NASA and America's Cup teams could afford ropes made of high-modulus materials; decades passed before this technology was priced within reach of the average sailor.

The main disadvantage of these ropes (apart from cost) remains that they are difficult to tie because they are extremely slippery (the triple fisherman's knot is the usual solution), and difficult to splice (the needle and thread made an unexpected comeback here). But the high

strength-to-weight ratios of these ropes easily overcome these deficiencies, and Dyneema and Spectra are both widely used, even aboard classic yachts. It's a less abrasive option than wire for certain applications, such as strops and even standing rigging. Not only that, but the strength of these high-modulus ropes has resulted in a return to soft fittings, such as shackles and rigging eyes.

Although rope made of natural fibers is now mainly used for decorative purposes, it can still be found in most households either in the form of Spot Cord—a cotton rope invented by Samson in 1884 and still finding a role making sash cords and clotheslines—or in that most common of strings, the shoelace, where the friction of natural fibers helps compensate for most people's tendency to tie a granny knot instead of the much more secure reef knot.

From three-strand to braided, from hemp to Kevlar, rope has evolved in the 50,000 years since that French fragment was made, yet the basic principles remain the same. Consider this: The Neanderthals who made that recently uncovered rope could turn up today and, while much of what they would see might amaze and appall them, they would recognize a modern rope and understand what it was for. Humble, useful rope

represents a continuous line to the past and, no doubt, to the future. Long may it remain unbroken. 🚢

Brought up on boats from birth, Nic Compton could tie a "fast bowline" and was making monkey's fist keyrings by the time he was 12. Since then, he has written 18 books, mostly about boats and the sea, including The Knot Bible. A Knot a Day is coming in 2021.

Neatly coiled ropes on the 85-foot William Fife yacht *Astor*, moored in Hobart, Australia. Braided rope is used for all the running rigging, above. Photo courtesy Nic Compton.

The 136-foot *Eleonora*, a replica of the *Westward*, is that rare thing: a superyacht fitted at launch with galvanized standing rigging, for authenticity. The running rigging is a more pragmatic mix of three-strand and braided. Photo courtesy Nic Compton.



Once Bitten, Twice Fine

Sailing seemed over, till an old friend returned.

BY CURT WIEBE

“Sailboat for sale. \$400.”

The ad caught my attention: just what I was looking for, and the price was right.

“It just needs a little TLC. Price reflects the love it needs.”

I liked the sound of that. After all, two of my previous boats had required a *lot* of TLC.

I learned to sail in the 1970s, during my university years, on an Enterprise dinghy built by the father of my friend, Ken. Then another friend left Ken and me in charge of looking after his Nacra 5.2 racing catamaran while he was away. I grew hooked on sailing and speed.

Later, my wife, Kerry, and I bought a Prindle 16 catamaran and sailed her on just about every lake around western Canada. Then the kids came along, and life kind of got in the way of sailing. We sold the Prindle in 1990, and as my ex-boat rounded the corner and disappeared from view, my lovely bride assured me that someday I would get another boat. Really, I would.

The years passed. Then one day in 2003, while visiting friends at their lakefront

property, the subject of sailing came up. When I mentioned that I would like to get another boat and get back into it, Don pointed to a couple of hulls lying on the lawn. “Which one would you like?”

I picked the Flying Junior, built by the Kildonan Canoe Company in Winnipeg in 1964. It was covered in mold and mildew. I could see where someone had stuck some large vinyl flowers on the hull, as the mold was less black where the flowers had been. A fallen tree had punched a couple of big holes in the deck,

and much of the foredeck and hull were covered with osmotic blisters and small cracks. But because the hull was light enough that I could move it around a bit, and because all

the sails and hardware were there, I gladly accepted the gift.

I spent most of the rest of that summer cleaning, sanding, patching, sanding, filling, and sanding. I removed all the



Dad's Derelict as originally delivered in 2003 and still showing the old flower pattern in the mold and mildew, top right.

Dad's Derelict cleaned, painted, and on her refurbished trailer, ready to go. The trailer was probably homemade many years before I purchased her in 2003; it needed a lot of work, too, at right.

hardware and used a small grinder to open up some of the blisters and cracks in preparation for doing repairs.

The grinder and I then moved to the holes on either side of the deck. I opened them up and beveled the edges to give new resin something to grab. I stuffed the gunwales behind the holes with newspaper and wax paper (to act as a backing) and started applying the first of several layers of fiberglass mat and resin over the top—with lots of grinding and sanding between layers. These projects comprised my first experience doing any fiberglass work, but my efforts eventually resulted in a surface that seemed relatively smooth and consistent.

After painting her with hardware store paint, buying and installing new hardware, and re-rigging her, she looked pretty good. I christened her *Dad's Derelict*, a nod to the condition she was in when I first saw her.

I sailed the *Derelict* for a few years, getting back into the groove of reading the wind, playing with the rigging, and just enjoying life in the cockpit. And when the opportunity came to move up to a bigger boat, I bought a 1988 MacGregor 26D. Because I didn't have room for two boats, *Derelict* went off to a new home.

For many years, I explored the lakes of Alberta and British Columbia aboard the MacGregor. She was easy to tow, easy to launch, and fun to sail. I even let her hull taste a bit of saltwater sailing off the West Coast.

Then a skiing accident resulted in major knee damage that left me feeling very insecure on a rolling deck in rougher water. With marina and storage costs rising, I reasoned that the time had come to find her a new home



Second time around; *Dad's Derelict Again* is set up and ready to sail on her second maiden voyage in September 2019, at top.

Curt had thought his sailing days were over until he found *Dad's Derelict* for the second time, above.

as well. I was pretty sure that my sailing days were over.

This past spring, when I learned that Ken and his wife had bought a lakefront place near my home, I wondered if maybe, just maybe, they would consider

storing an extra boat on their property, a boat that could be used by anyone who wanted to sail. "Absolutely," they said.

I started looking. Too big, too small, too fast, too new, too expensive—nothing seemed

quite right. Then I saw the ad for the boat in Calgary: "Sailboat for sale. \$400." As I scrolled further down the ad, the first photo appeared. I recognized her immediately, a Kildonan Canoe sailboat, a sistership to my first boat. Next was a smaller photo that I couldn't make out on my phone, until I opened it up.

There she was, *Dad's Derelict*!

"You absolutely have to buy her," Kerry said.

When I picked her up, I showed the seller photos of *Derelict* as she was when I first found her and told him the story. He couldn't believe it.

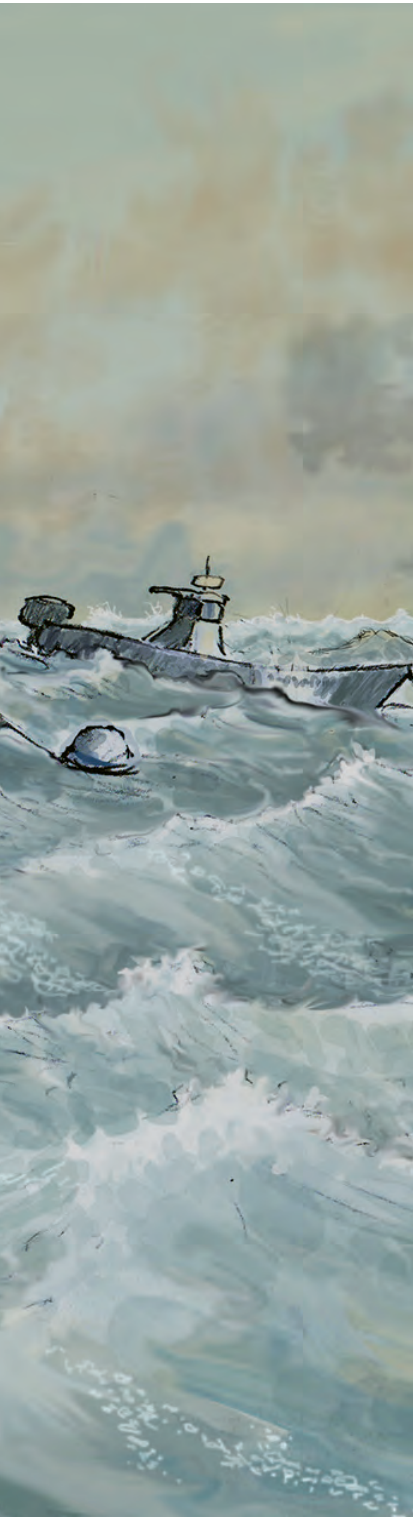
So, again, my summer has been spent removing old paint and hardware, cleaning, grinding, patching, sanding, filling, and sanding some more. Someone added a furling jib and a tiller tamer; I'm keeping the former and ditching the latter. I've installed new stainless steel rigging and repainted her with actual boat paint this time—two coats of Interlux Brightside, red on the deck, and white for the hull, rolled and tipped. And now that she looks so great, I had to get her a new graphic for her bow.

 **Dad's Derelict**
again...

I guess we're meant to be together, this boat and me. It's good to be sailing again. 🍃

Curt Wiebe is a retired sales engineer with too many hobbies and not enough time. Besides sailing on the oversized sloughs residents of Alberta call "lakes," he also spends his time traveling, camping, rebuilding vintage fiberglass travel trailers, bicycling, slot car racing, trying to finish the items on his "Honey-do List" before it gets too long, and walking The Girls, his two pit bull cross rescues. He has previously been published in Pacific Yachting and Slot Car Mods magazines.





Cat(astrophe) Theory

*Even a small boat can teach big lessons
when it comes to abrupt, discontinuous change.*

BY CRAIG MOODIE

Ellen and I have owned our 12-foot catboat, *Finn*, for 16 years. We love how the working catboats of yore live in her sweet lines. We love how she keeps us in touch with the water, literally; as we zoom along, we can reach over and trail our fingers in the waters of Buzzards Bay. Bruises and scrapes and sore muscles aside, during our years with *Finn* we've stayed mostly free—thank you, *Neptune*—of major mishaps. I wrote “mostly.” How could we not have experienced a true miscue or two (or three) over all those years? Well, we have.

Weathercock Weather

The time to haul out for the year had arrived, and with it 20-knot northeast gusts under skies the color of tin. But facing the prospect of a long New England winter ahead, not once setting foot aboard *Finn*, I opted to sail the quarter mile around the breakwater to the inner harbor and the landing. And I really didn't have a choice; the motor had been kaput for years.

The first gust that hit us after we dropped off the mooring put us in irons. No problem. Towing the dinghy must be the reason, I thought, so I sailed to the beach and dropped her off.

In the next gust, *Finn* again rounded right up into it. What was happening? Better go back for the dinghy and use it to tow *Finn*.

The gusts had a different idea. Another heavy one hit us, and the boat swung into it and would not respond when I tried to ease off. Then we accelerated—backwards. I thrashed the tiller to turn us around, but we slipped over the scaling chop at an increasing speed—dead for the open bay.

I ran through our options. Sail with full canvas? Scandalize? (Non-catboat sailors may not know this term; see “Catspeak” on page 30.) Hail a passing boat?

Not a single vessel appeared in any direction—not a surprise for a raw, sporty day in October. The wind increased, streaking the grim, gray waves with foam. I

scanned the widening water, my sense of time dissolving—and my dread increasing. We'd soon drift beyond the rocks at the end of Nye's Neck on a course for Cleveland Ledge Light several miles out into open water.

Under full sail, all I could manage to make *Finn* do was to round up into the wind, sail flogging, and lose headway. I scandalized the sail, but the boat still did not respond. Was the centerboard to blame? Now we drifted toward a mooring field where several powerboats seesawed, the chop slapping loudly on their hulls.

As we closed in on the boats, a word from the depths of my nautical knowledge surfaced. *Weathercocking*. In heavier weather, a catboat's big sail can act like a weathervane and cause the boat to veer into the wind and stop her in her tracks. I remembered the term, but I didn't know how to cope with its ramifications. Would we stay on this course and sidestep the powerboats?

A gust hit us and *Finn* rounded up. She sat quaking as if surrendering, her drift now shifted toward the mooring area. Beyond the boats, rocks boiled with breakers.

I had only one trick left. I dropped the sail and paddled stern-first to a rocky beach between two jetties. A wave soaked me when I waded in to set the anchor. Above the beach, an old man stood on a wooden landing, leaning his elbows on the rail as he watched me.

I stood shivering in the wave wash, my brain blurring. In the distance, a white-hulled ketch left the harbor that had been my destination. She set a course across the far side of

the bay—too far to flag down. Then from out of the open water, I saw an inflatable boat approaching. It idled about 50 yards off the beach. A voice over a loud-speaker asked if I was OK.

Then I realized that I was experiencing my first encounter with Sea Tow. *The boat had come for me.* He told me to sail out to him, that he drew too much water to come in for me. Numb

in body and mind, I climbed back aboard my yawing vessel, staggered aft with the rudder, and struggled to align pintle

and gudgeon. The thought swam around in my near-hypothermic mind that if I could sail out to him, then I could just as well sail home.

The old guy ashore yelled to the tow boat skipper to float a line to me instead. The tow boat skipper needed a few minutes to consider this option. At last he attached a tow line to a life vest and let it drift it toward me. But the gusts kept forcing it out, so I had to swim for it. When I finally tied it to my foredeck cleat, I tumbled into the cockpit, quaking. The tow boat took off and I spent a marrow-numbing five minutes re-crossing the water I'd spent five hours battling.

At the harbor, Ellen, looking shaken, met me in the parking lot. She said that she had no choice but to call Sea Tow or the Coast Guard. The ketch I'd seen? My wife had seen her skipper climbing into an inflatable and asked him for help. He told her that he had too much to do before shoving off on a cruise, so he didn't have time to give me a tow.

An Unplanned Launch

A raw easterly puffing to 20 knots turned the waters of Buzzards Bay into writhing, slate-colored chop. In the thick of it, my brother-in-law,



The Takeaway—CM

Over the years, I've mused about these *Finn* follies and concluded that all could have been avoided if I had heeded the sailor's creed (at least *this* sailor's creed): Beware the bonehead. That really translates to mean: Never hesitate to question your own assumptions (and sometimes those of others).

I could have avoided knocking the boat off the trailer if I had taken the time to inspect the route and not rushed to get out of the elements. I assumed that all the wires along the road to the house ran at the same height they did down at the harbor. My haste did bring me a touch of luck, however: Instead of securing her to the trailer winch, I left her untethered, figuring she'd never budge on the short ride to the house. That assumption turned out to be wrong, too, but if I had secured her, I probably would have broken her mast when it hit the wire.

Bottom line, however, is never to trailer a boat with the mast up when there are overhead wires anywhere along the route. In this case, all I did was flip the boat off my trailer. In the worst case, I could have been electrocuted had I hit a hot wire.

Flipping *Finn* still figures in my nightmares. Before I capsized her, I had her pegged as almost unflippable because of her 6-foot beam. I proved that theory wrong, too, and have found over the first seven or so years of sailing her that she's much more tender than I'd thought. But capsizing was not *Finn*'s fault. Ignore the basics at your peril, and my cleating the sheet in those gusts almost guaranteed that some disaster would befall us. I would have negotiated the nearby rocks had I allowed the sail to luff till we drifted downwind of them and then sheeted in. Not to mention, if I had heeded the old sailor's superstition, I would have stayed ashore: Never start a

voyage on a Friday. This one also happened to be the 13th.

Finding myself adrift proved that I could remain calm even in an unfolding disaster, and that I could draw on my experience to attempt to right the situation. But the ordeal started with an error: I listened only to my heart, not my head, by succumbing to my need to sail one last time before the end of the season and ignoring the hazards before me. The mistakes I made—sailing in conditions too rough for my boat, not having any means of communication aboard (during a New England fall no less), not questioning the tow boat skipper's order to sail out to him, not anchoring instead of allowing the boat to drift miles across the bay—could have had even more serious repercussions than skinned knees, chills, and a trophy bill.

Tom, and I motored *Finn* from her mooring around the breakwater to Megansett Harbor. I'd wanted to mark the end of our first season of owning *Finn* with a last sail, but throwing the outboard on her seemed more prudent given the conditions. Even though it was a short jaunt from the outer harbor, we arrived at the launch ramp soaked by the cold spray.

We loaded *Finn* on the trailer and brought her into the public beach parking lot to down-rig her. Then gusts kicked up, grit lashed the boat, and spits of rain snapped against my cheeks. A chill cut me to the marrow, wet as I already was. Why not take her the quarter mile up the road to the house and finish decommissioning in the lee, out of the sandblasting gusts?

So, off we rolled, me at the helm of our old Nissan, the boat looking proud (and maybe relieved) on the trailer behind

jammed on the brakes and flew out the door. A few feet behind the trailer, *Finn* sat atilt on the hard as if a hurricane had dropped her there.

Tom and I never would have been able to lift her back onto the trailer without the help of four workmen who had been shingling a nearby cottage. They hustled over as we assessed the situation. I spotted the reason I knocked my boat off the trailer: In this one spot, the rise had lifted *Finn* high enough that her mast met a wire looping low from a telephone pole; it held *Finn* fast while I drove the trailer out from under her.

I cringed. Were those smirks I saw on their faces when I told them what I'd done? We counted *one, two, three*, hefted her up, and slid her back aboard the trailer. We inched down the remaining 100-foot slope to the house, where I inspected the damage: for *Finn*, a slight crack in her

16, 18 knots out of the north. These gusts would set me into the nearby rocks the moment I left the mooring. I had a brain-storm: cleat the mainsheet so I could get underway faster and skirt the rocks. I waited for a lull, cleated off, and jumped onto the foredeck.

Before I could release us from the mooring, a gust hit. *Finn* rounded into the wind. She heeled over hard, sailing forward, the mooring line lassoing her. I jumped to shift my weight to windward but because the sheet was cleated the sail stayed stiff, taking the full force of the wind. In seconds, over went boat and skipper.

When I surfaced, disbelief swept over me. What had I done? Mast and sail lay flat in the water, cockpit half submerged, centerboard exposed.

I realized what I had to do—and it wasn't to flog myself for making a green-horn's mistake even though I'd been sailing for almost 60 years, 10 of them aboard *Finn*. I swam around to the centerboard and set my feet on it. Then I latched onto the rail to pull backwards; maybe the counterbalance of my weight would lift the boat. But *Finn*'s cockpit is as big as a jumbo hot tub, and now it was awash. The water in the cockpit had

Behind the trailer, *Finn* sat atilt on the hard as if a hurricane had dropped her there.

us. As we eased up County Road, I eyeballed the wires on the telephone poles: *Finn*'s masthead had ample clearance.

The road rose up a slight incline and I glanced in the rearview mirror as we topped the knoll. Wait! Why was *Finn* receding from view?

Then her bow reared up and the boat disappeared. What sounded like a colossal kettle-drum thundered twice through my open window. I

skeg, for my pride, a permanent dent.

A Turn for the Worse

I tied in a reef and took one last look around before dropping off the mooring: temperature in the mid-70s, rich blue sky, wampum-colored clumps of cloud moving along the northern horizon, air clean and dry, visibility vivid and unlimited. The only hitch was that the wind gusted to 15,

Keeping a Low Profile—Editors

Sailors are generally extremely cautious when sailing or motoring boats beneath power lines stretching across a waterway. But trailering a boat with its mast up—even a small boat, over a short distance or in a parking lot—can be equally perilous. In October 1994, Val Eshelman, an experienced boater and manager of a marina on the western shore of Kent Island on Chesapeake Bay, was electrocuted and killed when he was moving a sailboat on a trailer across the boatyard and the boat's mast struck an overhead wire. According to a 1985 story in *The New York Times*, 26-year-old Stewart Walker Jr., a collegiate all-American sailor from Charleston, South Carolina, was killed in the parking lot of a sailing club in Whiteville, North Carolina, when he was downrigging his 19-foot Lightning and its mast hit a power line. And, according to BoatUS *Seaworthy* magazine, the organization's insurance claim

files show that boats also hit power lines at launch ramps: "A few years ago a *Seaworthy* editor was pulling his 22-foot sailboat out of a boat ramp at a small lake in Washington state after a sail with his family," the magazine noted in a 2015 story. "He brought the boat to the staging area to lower the mast and prep the boat for the road when he was startled to hear what sounded like angry bees near the top of his mast. The sound turned out not to be angry bees, but an angry high-voltage line that was not far from the top of the boat's aluminum mast. The boat was quickly moved away from the power line and the mast lowered. If anyone had been touching the mast and the electricity jumped from the line, they could have been electrocuted. The small-boat ramp was not designed with sailboats in mind; a boat with even a slightly taller mast could have created a disaster."

become a small aquarium, alive with translucent bell-shaped Ctenophora, or comb jellies, organisms that don't sting but glow with bioluminescence at night.

I swam back around to the sail and fumbled to release the sheet, then tugged the sail through the water to pull it down the mast. I lashed the sail and swam around to try to right her again. No go. I had to try to bail her out, but the water—clear and relatively warm for New England—was washing over the coaming and pouring in through the centerboard trunk. She was nearly sunk.

This time when I leaned my whole weight on the starboard

side, I raised the coaming far enough out of the water so no more water sloshed in. I was heaving back on the rail again when a fellow catboater swam out and grabbed two bailers off *Petrel*, moored next to us. With the two of us bailing, we managed to stem the flow. From beneath the foredeck, I liberated my hand pump and finished off the job. At last, *Finn* was atop the water, bobbing like a gull. 🍷

Craig Moodie lives with his wife, Ellen, in Massachusetts.



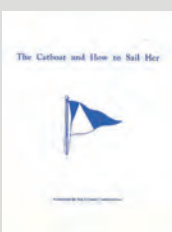
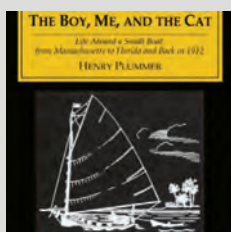
His work includes A Sailor's Valentine and Other Stories and, under the name John

Macfarlane, the middle-grade novel Stormstruck!, a Kirkus Best Book.

Cat Tales—Editors

Catboats have a passionate following, and a long heritage in which to earn it. They're distinct and unique among sailboats and common the world over—hugely popular as a working boat before the internal combustion engine made the mast obsolete. For readers who want to learn more, we recommend the following:

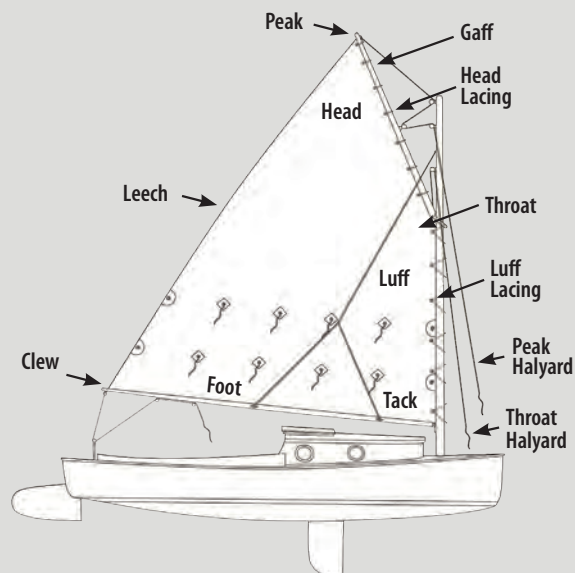
- *The Boy, Me, and The Cat* by Henry Plummer (1914): a wonderful, classic piece of sailing history rolled into a memoir of months spent traveling from Massachusetts to Miami and back in a catboat in 1912-1913.
- *Cape Cod Catboats* by Stan Grayson (2002): an in-depth exploration of the history and resurgence of this popular type of catboat, including practical advice on selecting and sailing a catboat.
- *The Catboat and How to Sail Her* by John H. Leavens (1972): clear, practical information about rigging and sailing a catboat. (Available from the Catboat Association at catboats.org)
- *The Gaff Rig Handbook* by John Leather, according to the Catboat Association "perhaps the best and most complete source of information about this traditional working rig." (1974 and 1994)



Catspeak—Editors

Catboats are commonly and traditionally (but not exclusively) gaff rigged. The gaff rig is unique and thus requires its own terminology. For example, on the more common Marconi rig, the triangle-cut mainsail has three sides and three points that need names. But a gaff sail has four sides and four points, and it doesn't share all the names with its triangle cousin. Oh, and in the story, when Craig Moodie

scandalized *Finn's* sail, that is to say he employed an emergency reefing technique available to gaff-rigged sailors (we say emergency because scandalizing isn't reefing—gaff sails can be properly reefed—and is only a temporary measure, such as when a squall catches one by surprise). To scandalize a gaff sail, the peak halyard is released and the peak end of the gaff swings down, dramatically reducing the sail area.



Tidy in a Trice

Tricing is a quick fix for a multitude of dangling dinghy issues.

BY DREW FRYE

For a sailor on the hook, few things are more convenient than a dinghy on davits. As soon as the anchor is set, the family car can be lowered to whisk the kids to the beach, run errands, or visit a neighboring boat for an afternoon chat. When evening falls, the dinghy is easily raised above the chop, safe from chafe, theft, and fouling.

But sailboats are also used for sailing. And underway, that dinghy hanging from davits can be its own worst enemy, swinging back and forth, chafing tubes, chafing lifting lines, and putting strain on lifting eyes. A dinghy not secured to prevent movement can also strain the davit until stress cracks form or bolts loosen. Using a simple strap or two to pull the tender tight against the transom or davits is a popular remedy, but a more seamanlike approach is to use tricing lines or straps, which not only stabilize the dink but provide vital redundancy.

Vital redundancy, because dinghy lifting eyes fail. This is why it's worth the extra time and effort it takes to rig tricing lines. How common are such failures? Consider the vulnerabilities. Wooden dinghy transoms rot. Inflatable dinghies are subject to pressure loss, and tube pressure is the only thing retaining some dinghy floors. If lifting eyes are attached to the floor, the dink will fall. Lifting eyes are commonly glued to the tubes, and glued-on rings fail. They

often distort tubes when in use, and chafe near the rings is often a problem.

"But I own a RIB with stainless steel eyes bolted to the floor!" Even RIBs are not immune to lifting eye failure. Shackles work loose and, especially in saltwater environments, crevice corrosion attacks stainless steel bolts attaching stainless steel eyes.

I recently read about a man-overboard incident that was a result of the victim trying to repair a failing lifting tackle while underway. I once experienced the failure of an under-engineered spreader supporting the dinghy bow. Without warning, while I was singlehanded under spinnaker, the bow of the dinghy dropped to the water. Fortunately (and while tethered to the mother-ship), I was able to successfully clip a painter to the bow ring, release the stern tackle, and then tow the dinghy to shelter.

I've triced the dinghy every time since—well, *nearly* every time. A few years later, complacency crept in and I skipped the tricing for a short daysail. This time, the sling attaching the stern tackle chafed through on

a rough spot on the casting. Because it dropped only part way, skimming the water, I was able to scamper down the sugar scoop steps (again, wearing a tether!), attach a hand billy, and haul it back into place. This time the lesson stayed learned.

Tricing lines can run longitudinally, from the top of the davit, under the boat, and to the base of the same davit. However, depending on the width of the davits relative to the dinghy, lines triced in this way can be vulnerable to slipping off the ends of the dinghy. Also, tricing this way means the lines offer no support to the center underside of the dinghy.

I prefer to trice lines so that they cross beneath the dinghy, starting at the tip of one davit, passing around the outboard side of the dinghy and crossing underneath to the base of the other davit, providing ample

support for the floppiest of deflated dinghies. Additionally, the diagonal rigging braces against side-to-side movement. Pulled up tight this way, the dinghy doesn't move a millimeter in the roughest of seas.

Yes, tricing takes a few minutes each time we use the tender. But then we're worry-free for every sail. We've done the losing-a-dinghy dance. No more. For our dinghy, it's a belt *and* suspenders. 🚤

Good Old Boat *Technical Editor* Drew Frye draws on his training as a chemical engineer and pastimes of climbing and sailing to solve boat problems. He cruises Chesapeake Bay and the mid-Atlantic coast in his Corsair F-24 trimaran, Fast and Furry-ous, using its shoal draft to venture into less-explored waters. He is most recently author of *Rigging Modern Anchors* (2018, Seaworthy Publications).

Drew's dinghy, triced using criss-crossed lines, is snugged up to the boat's transom.



The Maestro

The designer of some of sailing's most legendary boats, Bob Perry continues to push boundaries.

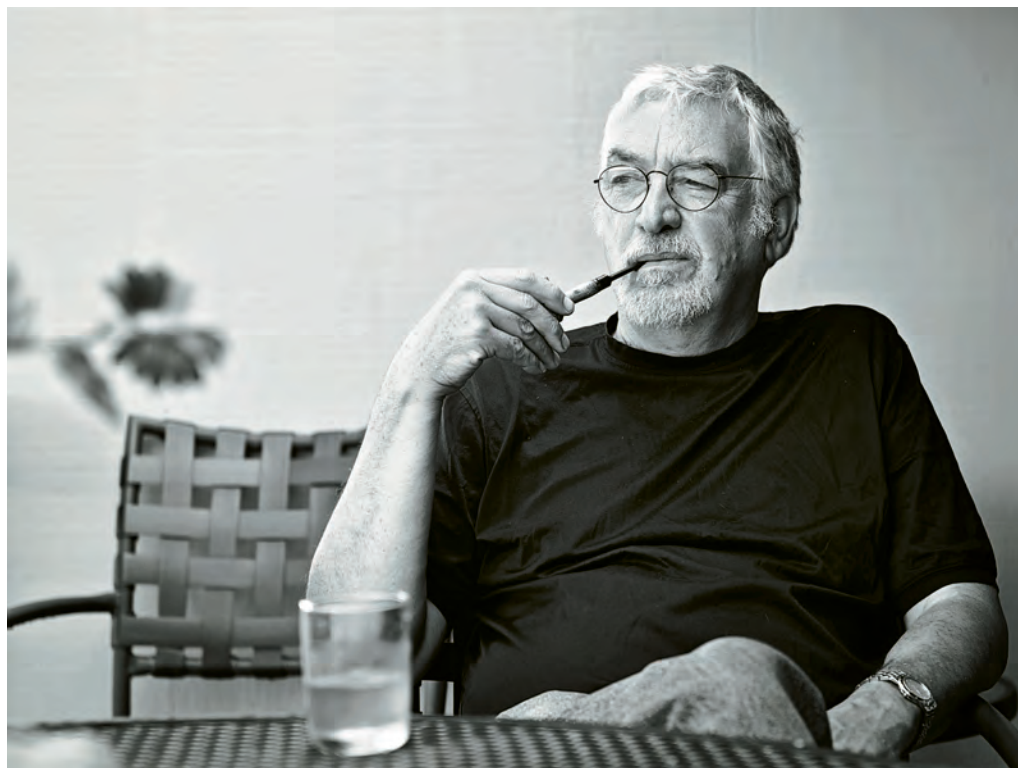
BY FIONA MCGLYNN

The design studio of Robert “Bob” Perry, upstairs in his Marysville, Washington, home is purposeful and busy yet warm and elegant, its walls a gallery of some of the world’s most successful and well-known cruising boat designs. Suitably awed by dozens of gleaming half-models, I ask him: Can he name them all?

“Really? You want me to tell you what all the boats are in rapid-fire succession?” he says. “Sure, sure, let’s go.

“Valiant 40, Baba 30, Tayana 37, Fairweather Mariner 38, CT 54, Islander 26, Cheoy Lee 48, Esprit 37, Meridian, Islander 34, Passport 40, Wentworth 17, Tatoosh 42, Seamaster 46, Cheoy Lee 35, Valiant 30 (which they never built, the Valiant 32 is over there), Islander 32, Mirage 26, Cheoy Lee 44, Golden Wave 42 (built by Cheoy Lee), Baba 40, Perry 47, Islander 28, CT 65, Lafitte 44...”

He goes on. It might be enough for another man to rest on such laurels, but everything in this studio points to the occupations of a restless, creative mind. A broad drafting table resides front and center atop an oriental rug, coffee cups stuffed with pencils of every type and color at the ready. Two acoustic guitars rest in stands near an amp, while an electric bass sits propped nearby. An Australian flag drapes over the door, an eclectic array of smoking pipes hangs on a wall, and tubes



holding dozens of designs fill a rack in one corner.

A piece by Mendelssohn, the 19th-century German composer, plays softly in the background as Perry sits at his desk across from three computers and returns to his work. His right hand flutters with the mouse and he occasionally “tsks” or mutters something under his breath.

I sit awkwardly behind him, feeling something of an intruder, hesitant to break his intense focus again.

The leftmost monitor on his desk pings, piercing his concentration. It’s an update

from The Robert Perry, Yacht Designer, Fan Club, a Facebook group that currently numbers over 6,000 members. Perry posts to the group most mornings. His topics vary from technical (such as offering insights into his design process) to nostalgic (perhaps reminiscing about his time building boats in Taiwan). His fans respond enthusiastically, often with questions for “the Maestro,” as he’s affectionately dubbed. Recently he’s invited them to provide input on the design of an ultimate 37-foot cruiser, a “durable, bluewater, family cruising boat design,

Bob Perry enjoying his pipe (and perhaps contemplating his next great design).

Photo courtesy Jeff Hack.

up to today’s performance targets.”

A yacht designer engaging with fans on Facebook is something that Perry’s mentor, renowned naval architect and marine engineer William Garden (1918-2011), could scarcely have imagined. “Bill Garden had this attitude that he never wanted his photo published,” says Perry, “because, as he explained it, everyone has this idea of what

Bob Perry in his office in 1977 at the age of 33. Photo courtesy Bob Perry.

a designer looks like. You don't want to shake that image. Let them have it."

A Love Discovered

As a youngster, Perry quite literally marched to the beat of his own drum—at one point he was kicked out of the school band for twirling cymbals overhead—an independent streak that perhaps was seeded while living his first 13 years in Australia, where his father had met his mother while on R&R during WWII.

"I got in a bit of trouble," Perry says. "I wasn't a trouble-maker. I was just immersed in my own stuff."

But he never got interested in boats and sailing until the eighth grade, when he chose sailing as the topic of a presentation. He became engrossed in the lore and beauty of old clipper ships, setting sail on imaginary voyages for which

he kept detailed ship's logs, dreaming of one day trying the real thing.

"I was soon buying sailing magazines and devouring them," he writes on his website. "One afternoon I picked up a copy of *Boating* and on the cover was a nice photo of a Rhodes-designed Chesapeake 32. Lightning struck. I had never seen a thing designed by

man that had so much beauty. I decided I would not go into the Coast Guard after all. I'd become a yacht designer."

With the support of one of his teachers, Mr. Kibby, Perry ordered a small drawing board and drafting equipment that he could use at home. His first drawing? A model of the Civil War ironclad *Merrimack*. He worked part-time at a meat

market to afford curves and drafting tools. Though he didn't apply himself in more traditional topics, he excelled in Mr. Kibby's mechanical drawing classes.

His geometry teacher, Don Miller, who was an avid sailor, encouraged him to join a local yacht club and start sailing.

"He realized I was drawing boats all the time and not doing my schoolwork...He said, 'You should go talk to Bill Garden,' the local famous yacht designer. I knew who Bill Garden was because I was just devouring every sailing magazine I could get my hands on."

A nervous young Perry made arrangements to visit Garden's office early on a Saturday morning. That day, he walked into a universe of yacht design and stood transfixed by his surroundings: stacks of designs, half models, and photos of boats. Garden took Perry out for lunch, beginning what would become a lifelong friendship.

"Looking back, Mr. Kibby, Don Miller, and Bill Garden combined to give me the skills, opportunities, and



Perry signs a copy of his book for the author. Photo courtesy Fiona McGlynn.

self-confidence I needed to pursue my dream,” Perry wrote in *Yacht Design According to Perry*.

A Budding Designer

When he got to college, Perry initially studied mechanical engineering before switching two years in to become an English major. He put himself through college by playing

An 18-year-old Bob Perry playing in The Bandits at the venerable Parker's Ballroom in Seattle, at right. Photo courtesy Bob Perry.

Now 73, Bob Perry, one of cruising sailing's most prolific designers, hasn't slowed down much, below. Photo courtesy Fiona McGlynn.



music, having started in a band called The Bandits when he was 18.

At the end of his fourth year, he quit college and did a short stint for a company called Marine Weight Control before landing a position with yacht designer Jay Benford. Though it paid poorly, it introduced Perry to the business of yacht design.

“I was supposed to get 10 percent of every job we finished but we never finished,” says Perry. “I got \$100 and a water-stained book. I still have it actually—it’s a very good book. It’s about traditional Dutch yachts.”

Perry left Benford’s office after a year, only to return a year later, but this time at a

guaranteed hourly rate, five days a week. His first design, a 47-foot ketch, was published and reviewed in *National Fisherman*.

Upon seeing the review, Benford insisted that all inquiries go directly to him.

Not long after, a Californian named John Edwards

asked Perry to design a 47-foot ketch in a letter that Perry dutifully handed

over to Benford. It sat in a stack of unanswered mail for two weeks until Perry couldn’t stand it any longer. When Benford was out of the office, he retrieved the letter and answered it.

Edwards and Perry designed the boat in his dining room. Perry also began doing drawings for boatbuilder Vic Franck. When Benford learned of Perry’s moonlighting he was “justifiably angry.”

Seeing the writing on the wall, Perry applied for and landed a draftsman position with renowned racing yacht designer Dick Carter. In 1973, he moved to Boston and began working for Carter designing IOR boats for wealthy clients.

By 1974, Perry was also working on three designs of his own, the Valiant 40, what

would become the CT 54 (an evolution of Edwards’ 47-foot ketch), and the Islander 28. He was also doing drafting work for Ted Brewer at night.

“It was good old Ted who said to me, ‘You are a

yacht designer.’” Perry writes on his website. “I thought if Ted thinks I am a yacht designer then I must be. Ted should know.”



Perry-phernalia—FM

Every year, Perry owners congregate in late August at Port Ludlow, Washington. Activities include potlucks, a surprise guest speaker, and live bands. (Though Perry no longer plays music regularly in a band, he’s been known, on occasion, to play at the annual Perry Rendezvous.) The event fills up quickly so be sure to reserve a spot. See perryboat.com for more information.

For owners of Perry boats not mentioned above, as well as anyone interested in the background of some of the best-known good old boats, I emphatically recommend Perry’s book *Yacht Design According to Perry*. He explains several aspects of yacht design and tells the fascinating stories behind his boats.

The Defining Boats

Going into this interview, I knew the challenge of profiling a designer as prolific and beloved as Perry would be choosing which of his designs to focus on. I would inevitably disappoint the many Perry owners who would not see their boat in these pages. So, I unburden myself of this weighty decision and leave it to the Maestro himself.

"Which boats would you say have most defined you?" I ask.

"Well, you'd have to say the Valiant 40, and the CT 54, which was the first fiberglass boat I designed, because without those I don't know where I'd be. And the Islander 28. My whole association with Islander gave me a river of royalties for a number of years."

The CT 54 emerged from those first drawings with Edwards, who took them to the Ta Chaio yard in Taiwan and discovered that building the 47-footer would be cheaper than he'd expected. So, he made it bigger, creating a 54-foot clipper-bowed ketch that he dubbed the Hans Christian 54.

The young Perry labored over the designs, further refining his iconic style. He was to be paid \$700 for the design, half up front and half at completion, but as time went on, the second half remained overdue. His relationship with Edwards further soured when he drew a 34-foot double ender for Edwards, never got paid, and then heard about a 36-footer being built.

"I'm thinking, 'I didn't design a 36-footer,' so I called him up and he said, 'Oh yeah, we did a bigger version.' I said, 'Well, I look forward to

the royalties.' He said, 'Well, you're not getting royalties.' I said, 'OK, then I don't want anything to do with you on any level.' So, I did the Tayana 37, which was not identical but

business relationship and friendship with Chen and his two brothers. Perry felt embraced by Taiwan, and he learned Mandarin and a bit of Taiwanese. The CT 54 sold

becoming their own bosses, and building "their" boat.

Perry set to work on a 40-foot double-ender. That year, 1973, the Westsail 32 had graced the pages of *Time*

"Now that I'm 73, I look at the modern boats and I think, 'If I was 15 today, looking at those boats, would I want to be a yacht designer?' Probably not."

damn close, and I sold 600. So that was my revenge."

When C.T. Chen, the president of Ta Chaio, learned that Edwards had not paid the entire amount for the Hans Christian 54, he bought the design from Perry for the remainder of the design fee. Hence, the Hans Christian 54 became the CT 54.

Ultimately Perry developed a long and prosperous

well, prompting a 65-footer, then the CT 56, an update to the CT 54.

Though the Valiant 40 followed the CT 54, Perry marks it as the real start of his career as an independent yacht designer. While working at Benford's, Perry had made fast friends with Nathan Rothman, Benford's business manager. The two young men dreamed of starting a company together,

magazine, fueling the notion that bluewater cruisers ought to be double-enders. As such, Perry wanted to create the perfect canoe stern and took inspiration from the likes of Bill Garden and Holger Danske.

His experience working with Carter had taught him a lot about performance, and he obsessively studied other designs' sail area/displacement and displacement/length ratios



Jill and Bob Perry at El Gaucho's in Seattle.
Photo courtesy Vicki Seznick.

Bob Perry is usually at work in his studio first thing in the morning. Photo courtesy Fiona McGlynn.

after reading a Ted Brewer article about these parameters. At the time, a typical cruiser displacement/length ratio was 400; Perry's design would have a displacement/length ratio of around 260. This was a radical departure from the traditional slow, heavy cruising mold in what would become the first performance cruiser.

The first Valiant was launched in the fall of 1974, and soon they were flying off the production line. The first builder, Uniflite, turned out 150 Valiant 40s before blistering problems with Hetron fire-retardant polyester resin helped drive the company out of business in 1984.

Valiant production then moved to Lake Texoma, where Texas Valiant dealer Rich Worstell built another 200 Valiant 40s. The Valiant 40's success spurred several variations: the Valiant 32, 47, 50, and 39.

Perry feels lucky and proud to have his name tied to Valiant.

"I fully appreciated back in 1974 and 1975 that what we were doing with the Valiant



40 was like catching lightning in a bottle," he wrote in his book.

His relationship with Islander began after meeting the company's executives at the 1973 Long Beach Boat Show and then drawing the Islander 28. It became a huge success and led to an Islander 32, which also sold over 500 boats. He followed this with the Freeport 36.

Perry worked for Islander for 10 years and considers it critical to establishing him in his early career. He recalls

at one point standing on the Islander shop floor, and almost every boat under construction was one of his designs.

The Ultimate Treasure

The fan page emits another ping, and we both look over to see the latest update.

"It's pretty active," says Perry.

"How many members do you have now?" I ask.

"Let's see, 5,311. My wife was the 5,000th. One day she looked over my shoulder, and I said, 'I need one more member

to get to 5,000, and she said, 'Well, I'll do it.'"

Perry met his wife, Jill, in a restaurant across the street from his office in Seattle, Washington, where she worked as a server and he was a frequent lunch patron. One day, Perry asked her out sailing and she agreed. "It wasn't my boat, but I took her out on a Valiant 40," says Perry. "Then we went to see the movie *Jaws*. I got a bloody nose, then came out of the theater and forgot where I parked my car."

PYI INC. QUALITY MARINE EQUIPMENT SINCE 1981

VELOX PLUS

METAL PRIMER

LEARN MORE AT WWW.PYIINC.COM

PROPELLER WITH VELOX PLUS APPLIED AFTER 12 MONTHS AT SEA!

 An advertisement for PYI Velox Plus metal primer. It features a close-up of a propeller with the primer applied. Two cans of the product are shown: one labeled 'METAL PRIMER' and the other 'VELOX PLUS'. The text 'QUALITY MARINE EQUIPMENT SINCE 1981' is at the top right, and 'LEARN MORE AT WWW.PYIINC.COM' is at the bottom left.

PYI INC. QUALITY MARINE EQUIPMENT SINCE 1981

KiwiGrip Non-Skid Deck Systems

NON-SKID MADE EASY

LEARN MORE AT WWW.PYIINC.COM

 An advertisement for PYI KiwiGrip non-skid deck systems. It shows a sailboat deck with the product applied. A person is visible on the deck. The text 'QUALITY MARINE EQUIPMENT SINCE 1981' is at the top right, and 'LEARN MORE AT WWW.PYIINC.COM' is at the bottom left.

Though the first date didn't go exactly as planned, the two instantly connected. They were together a year when they had their first son, Max.

Perry points to a photo on his desk of a smiling boy and a sailboat. "That's Spike," he says. Their youngest son, a talented engineer, sailor, and craftsman, died suddenly from bacterial pneumonia at age 30.

"For my wife, Jill, and me, the family means everything," Perry notes on his website. "Our two boys, Max and Spike, are the ultimate treasures of our lives...Like it or not, and I don't like it, Spike's death partially defines who I am."

Though I was a bit nervous at the interview's outset—and Perry acknowledges on his website that some people have dubbed him an occasional curmudgeon—any hint of tetchiness vanishes as we linger over family photos and the smiling faces of his grandchildren, 8-year-old Violet and 6-year-old Drake, whom Perry clearly delights in.

Perry's current and recent work—mostly custom—includes some spectacular and creative projects like the Duffy 22, a production electric boat, and a submarine for Paul Allen, co-founder of Microsoft. His latest project is an 85-foot boat commissioned for humanitarian missions in the Philippines. The 62-foot double-ender *Frances Lee*—an "old man's daysailer" designed for a friend—is a whetted knife through the water; he says it's his favorite design.

"It's interesting, now that I'm 73, I look at the modern boats and I think, 'If I was 15 today, looking at those boats, would I want to be a yacht designer?' Probably not. Because when I was 15 and 16,

there was tremendous diversity, and now there's tremendous sameness and orthodoxy. I realize that I'm not going to move with the times. I'm not going to follow the trend. I

want to do boats that I want to do," he says. "If you asked me to design a French boat, I'd say, 'Get some French guy, that's not my style.' My heart wouldn't be in it. I didn't realize I had a style before, but I know now I do. I'm a Pacific Northwest guy."

I ask him what advice he would give to someone starting out.

"God, there's so few opportunities to get started," he says. "With my career, you really have to chalk it up to the fact that

I was in the right place at the right time." Perry now mentors a budding designer in Australia, whose father contacted Perry when the boy was just 8, saying he wanted to be a designer.

"With my career, you have to chalk it up to the fact that I was in the right place at the right time."

"He's about 16 now, and he started designing and building his own boats with very little parental help. I've always felt that it was a bit of an obligation to give back, because Bill Garden took the time to talk to me."

Perry's dog, Ruby, comes running in looking for a rub, and Perry happily obliges. As our interview comes to a close, the conversation turns to pets

and the stray cat that Perry feeds every day.

Somewhat sheepishly, I ask him if he'll sign his book for me. He opens it on the drafting table. Rather than inscribe the

front page, he takes a handful of colored pencils and carefully illustrates a beautiful schooner, beam reaching across the inside page. My very own Perry

design. He signs his drawing with a flourish. Then, the Maestro closes the book. 🚢

Fiona McGlynn, a Good Old Boat contributing editor, cruised from Canada to Australia on a 35-foot boat with her husband, Robin. Fiona lives north of 59 degrees and runs WaterborneMag.com, a site dedicated to millennial sailing culture.



A card game over lunchtime at the Ta Shing yard. Photo courtesy Bob Perry.

Across the Bar: Larry Pardey

BY ALVAH SIMON

When I think about my friend, Larry Pardey, I picture an old cowboy crossing the open range and coming across a barbed-wire fence. Though he cuts it in disgust and drives his herd through, his head hangs in sorrow, for he knows this marks the end of a glorious era.

Larry, who died at 81 on July 27, was a true Jack tar, his lifetime dedicated to the open sea and the elegant craft that sailed upon her. What must he have felt when he first tacked engineless into a modern harbor crammed with synthetic boats lined up like shoes on a shelf, boats that rarely slip their lines to venture into the wild sea beyond? And having crossed the ocean expanse by sail alone, how would he have viewed the few boats that did pass him, having not so much as uncovered their mainsails?

Larry was a man of unbending opinions. But his opinions were not collated from online forums; rather they were forged by thousands of nights at sea and countless hours in the workshop. Real boats are made of unidirectional cellulose fiber, that is, wood. And that wood can only be held together in one of three manners: bronze silicone fasteners, wooden dowelling, or resorcinol glue. One dared not whisper the word *epoxy* in his presence, not unless you were in the mood for trouble. And once built, the intended means of propulsion lay obvious in the craft's moniker—*sailboat*.

Larry drifted down to California from British Columbia as a strapping young lad with a head full of nautical dreams inspired by his lifetime hero, Captain John Voss. He was masculine in a fashion no longer in fashion—that is, burly, competitive, confident, and lusty. He had a charming smile and a mischievous nature, but all the beer and girls aside, he was a man on a mission.

He charmed a young Californian girl named Lin Zarkin into a day on the water, which turned into a 50-year floating love affair and partnership. The details of their adventures are too numerous to illuminate here but are well chronicled through their many acclaimed books. Their larger picture is poignantly captured by their biographer, Herb McCormick, in *As Long As It's Fun*.

But the couple's impact on the cruising culture grew beyond their own lives as they became the inspirational figureheads of a counterculture movement best described by their motto, "Go Small, Go Now."

It could be said that they took the torch from Eric and Susan Hiscock and carried it forward to another generation. Some feel a generation too far, for there was always an entrenched resistance to their message of self-reliance and simplicity. New cruisers asked, "GRP, GPS, radar, EPIRB, AIS: Why deny ourselves these modern advances?"

In every port in the world, I heard the same apocryphal story of Lin and Larry once accepting a tow into a harbor, as if this shattered the foundations of their philosophy. But the true core of their philosophy was that no piece of modern gadgetry can ever replace the honed skills of true seamanship and an intuitive connection with one's boat and the sea. They talked the talk via their many seamanship seminars, videos, and storm tactics books. And they walked the walk with their engineless passage around Cape Horn and journey up the tortured canals of southern Chile.

Less known but equally important was Larry's contribution to the craft, nay the art, of wooden-boat construction. His book *Details of Classic Boat Construction* is a tutorial masterpiece that belongs on the maritime bookshelf nestled between other timeless tomes.

Larry's demise was an agony to watch. I think he would have preferred the fate of Colonel Bill Tillman, who was lost at sea on his 80th birthday. Parkinson's and dementia were robbing Larry of a lifetime of cherished memories, but not his cheeky smile and

sense of mischief. On one of my last visits to his rest home, I smuggled in just a wee dram of his favorite whiskey. He smiled, took a conspiratorial glance left and right, took a small sip, let out a sigh of satisfaction, and said, "I'm thinking of building another boat."

Trim those sheets smartly, Brother, as you sail on into the Sea of Eternity. You may have lost your memories, but fear not. They remain safe in the hearts of the thousands of cruising sailors you so touched. 🍷

*Alvah Simon and Larry Pardey enjoyed a 25-year friendship formed from their love of the sea. Alvah and his wife, Diana, have sailed Roger Henry to extreme latitudes and shared their adventures in *Cruising World* and the gripping *North to the Night*.*



Across the Bar: Marvin Creamer

BY ED MUSTRA

Marvin Creamer, a New Jersey geography professor who became the only known person to circumnavigate the globe without any instruments whatsoever—not even a timepiece—died in August. He was 104 years old. His accomplishments, remarkable in any era, earned him the Cruising Club of America's Blue Water Medal.

I first learned about Marvin in an October 1980 *Cruising World* story about a predecessor to his epic journey, in which he sailed his 1980 Southern Cross 39, *Navstar*, from Atlantic City, New Jersey, to Dakar, Senegal, and back without any navigation equipment—no clock, no compass, no radio, no sextant. He relied solely on his knowledge of the wind, waves, sun, moon, and stars.

Already a diehard Southern Cross admirer, I became a Marvin admirer, too.

Then, in December 1982, at 66 years old, Marvin and a small crew set sail from Cape May, New Jersey, aboard *Globe Star*, a 36-foot steel cutter he'd outfitted to circumnavigate the planet, navigating the entire route only by his knowledge and senses. (His crew would change over the course of five stops along the route.)

Few believed it was possible. Yet 513 days later, when he returned to New Jersey on May 17, 1984, everyone knew it was possible, and that it had been done. To date, Marvin Creamer remains the only person recorded to have circumnavigated without the use of navigation instruments.

Think about that for a moment. Think about how different the stars appear in different hemispheres. Think about the time Marvin and his crew spent sailing in the Southern Ocean, where the night sky might be visible one day a month, where the sun might spend all day hanging just above the horizon. Forget using the sun to determine east and west; how would he differentiate dusk from dawn? (While heading south in the Atlantic, Marvin took

special notice of the hull reflections on the water at dawn and dusk, hoping to use that information to determine time of day.)

In addition to using his hands and arms to measure distances of specific stars at the time of their meridian transits, Marvin called on his knowledge of currents and wind patterns, the composition and color of the sea, cloud formations, drifting objects, and birds and insects, to inform his navigation calculus.

Marvin once wrote of a time he and his crew lost their direction in a prolonged dead calm. There were no stars visible and no currents to guide him. When the wind finally began to blow, a crew member moved the hatch cover, which made a squeak. Marvin decided that dry air coming off the Antarctic had caused the squeak; moist air would have lubricated the track. Following the direction of the dry air, he was able to get back on course.

In 2010, I stumbled upon a Southern Cross 39 on Yachtworld.com; it was *Navstar*! For three years I checked on the listing, surprised nobody was buying her. In 2013, I could stand it no more; I purchased *Navstar* and began her restoration.

A few years later, I learned that *Navstar*'s inspirational former owner was alive and still sailing, at 101! I sent him a letter.

Marvin called me right away, curious about *Navstar*. He asked me questions about her condition and my plans for her. He recounted tales of adventures and misadventures he'd enjoyed aboard. As *Navstar*'s current custodian, I couldn't help but feel a unique bond with her original owner and the remarkable voyages they'd completed.

In subsequent conversations, I found Marv to be

unbelievably sharp and always generous with his time and insights. As pleased as he was that I was caring for *Navstar*, he was sad that *Globe Star* had long ago turned into a pile of rust.

We talked and emailed only a few more times in the years that passed. After he died on August 12, I received an email from his family letting me know they'd found some of our correspondence in his papers. They told me that if his passwords are any indication, *Navstar* was his favorite boat name.

Marvin has been recognized the world over for his sailing accomplishments. Along with his CCA award—which put him in company with circumnavigating luminaries such as Bernard Moitessier, Sir Robin Knox-Johnston, and Sir Francis Chichester—in 1989 he was inducted into the *Cruising World* Hall of Fame. Marvin Creamer was the right stuff, brimming with the true grit from which sailing legends and heroes are made. 🚢

Ed Mustra lives in Bridgewater, New Jersey, with his wife, Angie. The couple sails from the Keyport Yacht Club on the Raritan Bay. Ed was introduced to sailing in the early 1970s and holds a USCG 100-ton masters license (with sailing endorsement) and several American Sailing Association instructor certifications.



Sailing for the Grail

Part One: Circumnavigating Vancouver Island provides stiff sailing, natural wonders, and kind locals.

BY BERT VERMEER

Years ago, after decades of sailing the Salish Sea, my wife, Carey, and I decided we were ready to venture beyond the familiar, protected waters of the Canadian Gulf Islands and Desolation Sound. For serious Pacific Northwest sailors, circumnavigating 300-mile-long Vancouver Island is the Holy Grail.

The challenges of this 700-nautical-mile voyage include remoteness, coastlines hidden in fog, unabated ocean swells, 12-knot currents through narrow channels, 14-foot tidal swings and the currents that result, and dangerous headlands along the untamed Pacific coast. Beyond the open-ocean sailing challenges, the circumnavigation was an opportunity to reach remote places we'd heard and read about.

Planning for our adventure started with charts and cruising guides. A few things became immediately clear. First, venturing to the west side of Vancouver Island was best done early in the summer-time, before the fog of late July and August enveloped the coast. (Residents of the remote villages along the coast refer to Fogust for a reason!)

We learned that the preferred direction for a circumnavigation would be counterclockwise, up the inside of Vancouver Island and down the outside, taking advantage of the prevailing summer



A beach at Nuchatlitz shows the unending diversity of landscape and seascape that were part and parcel of this trip, above.

The Brooks Peninsula Ecological Reserve provided miles of beaches for daily hikes, at right.



northwest winds along the outer coast. Finally, we learned that to complete the voyage, we'd have to overcome six challenges we'd face along the way: Johnstone Strait, Nahwitti Bar, two notorious capes (Scott and Cook), Estevan Point, and Juan de Fuca Strait on the home stretch. I felt equal shares of trepidation and excitement.

We allowed seven weeks for the voyage, realizing that would put *Dreamer*, our 1978

Islander Bahama 30, on a pace that was fast but still permit some time to explore. Because that was more time than Carey could take off work and because our daughter, Nicky, was still in school, I found

willing friends to crew early legs of the trip.

By late May, the boat and her crew were as ready as we could be.

My friend Jim, a sailing novice aboard as crew for



the first leg, and I departed Tsawwassen, part of metropolitan Vancouver, and sailed north up Georgia Strait. After successfully timing fearsome tidal rapids just north of Desolation Sound, I felt anxious as we approached the first great challenge of this voyage, Johnstone Strait.



A deep, narrow, 40-mile-long, glacier-carved passage notorious for strong currents and westerly winds, Johnstone Strait is also heavily used by freighters and cruise ships. Common are days of sustained 30-knot headwinds that blow against ebbing tides to create short, steep seas that make passage all but impossible for small boats. Once in, there are few places to stop and wait for weather. Turning around is often the only option should conditions deteriorate or if the tidal currents are poorly timed.

We rounded Chatham Point into Johnstone Strait against a light westerly, tacking to windward in near perfect conditions. What a start! But by mid-afternoon and with 27 miles to go, we were down to just the 90 percent jib and crashing through waves under low, threatening clouds, looking for refuge. Fortunately, Port Neville was just off to starboard and we dove in for shelter.

The next day broke with low, scuttling clouds announcing the arrival of a low-pressure system with southeast winds. Although the scenery was less than inviting in the showers, a six-hour spinnaker run was an unexpected reprieve from what could have been a very difficult windward passage.

With our first major hurdle behind us, we enjoyed the easy sail to Port Hardy, the northernmost community on Vancouver Island. Port Hardy was where I said goodbye to Jim and welcomed Paul aboard



(top to bottom) Sea caves, like these near Nuchatlitz Inlet, were mysterious and alluring.

The inner channels of the Bunsby Islands provided spectacular gunkholing.

Underway offshore provided some of the most exhilarating sailing Bert had ever done.

for the second leg; it was also the site of an equipment malfunction. Without warning, the VHF radio was failing intermittently.

After determining the radio was the fault, I approached a local chandlery about the likelihood of getting it repaired. The chandlery owner threw Paul and me the keys to his truck and directed us up the highway to a “guy who does repairs.” The next morning, our working radio was delivered to the boat—small communities at their best.

Nahwitti Bar, a shallow stretch of water between Hope Island and the northernmost tip of Vancouver Island, was the next hurdle. Fortunately, Paul is an avid sailor with ocean sailing experience, which added to my level of confidence. We departed Port Hardy in showery, unsettled weather for the 24-mile run up Goletas Channel under spinnaker.

Because conditions have to be just so to transit the waters ahead, we pulled into Bull Harbour on Hope Island to wait for a safe window to cross the bar. I was wary of ocean swells that, combined with an ebbing tide against a westerly wind, can pile up against the rapidly rising seabed to create monstrous seas that have caused many substantial ships to founder. We watched the weather and studied the published tide tables, as even in benign conditions, a contrary tide would bring our 5-knot vessel to a standstill.

It was the next morning when the stars aligned for us and we were underway. Again with the spinnaker flying, we sat back while it pulled us north over the bar in nearly flat seas and sunshine. But just as we began to celebrate, heavy, dark clouds rolled in from the south as we plowed past Cape Scott in 6- to 8-foot

A bald eagle soars overhead. Wildlife abounded in the water, on land, and in the air, at right.

Sea lions doing what they do, swimming, lounging, and hanging about together, below.





Dolphins traveled alongside during part of *Dreamer's* passage of Johnstone Strait.

swells on a now-windless sea. I lost my breakfast while trying to capture the raw beauty of the crashing surf and rugged shore with my camera. But no matter, we'd cleared the second and third hurdles of the circumnavigation!

In some of the remote anchorages on the northern outside coast of Vancouver Island, the adventures ashore proved equal to those at sea. Deep fjords pierce the coast, offering few safe havens for boats of any size. At Sea Otter

Cove and, further south, Klaskino anchorage, there wasn't another boat in sight. Black bears wandered the beaches and sea otters dotted the clear waters.

We bushwacked swampy, primitive trails that led to spectacular sandy beaches on the exposed coast. I carried bear spray as a defensive measure; this was still springtime, and our chance of encountering mothers and cubs was real. Finding plenty of fresh bear scat was not reassuring, so we purposefully made lots of noise.

Back at sea, our next challenge was rounding Cape

increasing in velocity at the cape. The guidebook advised that winter winds there could blow 90-plus knots.

We departed Klaskino anchorage without VHF reception and therefore no forecast. Outside, conditions looked ideal, a westerly wind that would allow us to sail on a close reach to the cape, then a broad reach past the headland, followed by a broad reach into the lee of the peninsula.

With a degree of excited apprehension, and with the anchor secured at the bow and the dinghy deflated and stored below, we soon were sailing in a steady 20 knots that blew from the northwest. Sweeping, whitecapped seas rolled by us like moving snow-capped mountains as we hurtled along the lee shore on a tight reach with a reefed main and 90 percent jib. The boom nearly dragged in the waves and spray flew back to the cockpit.

With that lee shore looming to port, and no guarantee the

As we began to celebrate, heavy, dark clouds rolled in with 6- to 8-foot swells on a now-windless sea.

Cook, aptly named Cape of Storms. It marked the tip of the Brooks Peninsula, a mountainous thumb that protrudes 12 miles into the Pacific. Winds that blow down the coast funnel around this imposing land mass, dramatically

mast would stay up in these conditions, I jokingly (but seriously!) reminded Paul that a sea anchor was stowed under the quarter berth. Help would be a long time coming if the rigging failed. We briefly considered turning back, but

Passing Plutney Point at Queen Charlotte Strait, which connects Queen Charlotte Sound with Johnstone Strait, at right.

Rounding Cape Scott with Bert at the helm, *Dreamer's* wind dropped out with heavy weather on the way, at bottom right.

the tip of the peninsula was only two hours away, and the exhilarating sailing was like nothing I'd experienced. Besides, we still had the option of dousing the reefed main and sailing under the jib alone. The closer we got, the more the wind and waves continued to build. Our focus was complete, navigating one mountainous wave at a time.

By the time we rounded the tip of the peninsula, we'd fought down the main and were surfing in 40 knots of wind. Juxtaposing our wild ride were brilliant blue skies and the deepest blue water. When we finally jibed into the lee of the peninsula, we were equally relieved and disappointed that the terrific sail was over. We reached for the tranquil waters of Columbia Cove, an anchorage nestled in an isolated crook. When we arrived, we relaxed in calm waters and warm sunshine, still buzzing with adrenaline.

We stayed put for a few days, exploring the rock-spined beaches of the Brooks Peninsula Ecological Reserve under sunny skies and warm winds. Columbia Cove features the added surprise of a wrecked Canadian Coast Guard cutter. The entire ship was still there, the armored glass of the wheelhouse missing and the forecabin full of water. We learned later that an entrepreneur had purchased the decommissioned vessel and was having it towed north along the coast when it broke loose in a storm, ending up here. We climbed



aboard and tried (and failed) to get through corroded hatches. The expansive teak decks were enticing until we realized we had no way of removing or transporting that much lumber.

A short sail away, we discovered Big Bunsby Marine Provincial Park, popular with adventure kayakers who relish the uniquely protected waters on this wild coastline. Paul and I meandered for the next couple of days, exploring this beautiful place.

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We could have spent more time in the islands, but Paul's time was up. Ten miles south of the Bunsby Islands, we tied up to the community wharf of the remote village of Kyuquot, on Walter's Island. A First Nations village accessible only by air or boat, Kyuquot is home to a fish processing plant and a small general store. There is no road on the island, and homes are connected by foot paths and docks, the primary method of travel being small boats. Likewise, with no phone service, residents communicate with each other via VHF.

Despite a flight connection failure, Paul managed to score a ride out on the scheduled Nootka Air mail plane. I learned that his replacement crew was not coming; suddenly, I was a singlehander.

Fortunately, there were only 42 miles and a full week between me and the inland village of Tahsis, my rendezvous point with Carey and Nicky. My week as a single-handed sailor was lonely, still not another boat in sight for days. The sunny weather came and went, along with the rains.

My first stop was Rugged Point Marine Provincial Park. A somewhat exposed anchorage just inside the coast, the park has miles of sandy beaches facing the Pacific. I found an old logger's cabin on the well-marked but rough forest trail leading to the beaches, complete with dry firewood and stove, emergency food and water; and a note asking for respectful use of the survival supplies. The beach payoff at the end of each hike was spectacular, white sand shared only with seagulls and sandpipers.

Along the shore sailing south, I found large sea caves as a backdrop to open-roadstead anchorages. I rowed ashore to get up close and personal with two of the larger caves, only

I tied up to a small public wharf apart from the forestry village. Tahsis is set miles up a mountainous fjord, so I was surprised to find the dock exposed to the afternoon west-

The exhilarating sailing was like nothing I'd experienced.

to discover animal tracks in the sand that disappeared into the darkness, one way. This stopped me cold, and I backed out to enjoy the relative safety of the open beach and the dinghy. I was acutely aware of being completely alone, miles from any help, and perhaps out of range of VHF radio.

Fortunately, the winds stayed relatively light as I made my way into Esperanza Inlet and eventually Tahsis.

Tahsis was a welcome sight after days of talking to myself.

erlies that set *Dreamer* rocking. I needed propane and, with the 20-pound tank in hand, headed up the road towards town. The first vehicle coming up behind me stopped, the young woman behind the wheel offering me a ride to the only gas station.

While staff filled the tank, I fell into conversation with the local RCMP officer assigned to Tahsis on a two-year post. As happens when traveling, I was reminded how small the world is when I learned he was stationed here from Vancouver

and knew some of the city police officers with whom I worked. He offered to drive me back to the boat and pointed out the modern community center at the heart of the tidy little town. Nothing beats a full-sized pool and showers for a lone sailor a long way from home!

Carey and Nicky arrived on a rainy day with our two cats, Bozo and Nifty. Happy to see them, I took stock of the trip so far and looked forward to what was to come.

Stay tuned for Part Two of Bert's Vancouver Island circumnavigation in the January/February issue. ⚓

Bert Vermeer and his wife, Carey, live in a sailor's paradise. They have been sailing the coast of British Columbia for more than 30 years. Natasha is their fourth boat (following a Balboa 20, an O'Day 25, and the Islander Bahama 30 Dreamer. Bert tends to rebuild his boats from the keel up. A retired police officer, he also maintains and repairs boats for several non-resident owners.



While waiting for the best conditions to transit Nahwitti Bar, *Dreamer's* crew was treated to a spectacular sunset at Bull Harbour.

Bolt (Rope) Action

Bolted boltrope? Try this handy harpoon to retrieve it.

BY DREW FRYE

Many good old boats (and newer boats with laminate sails) feature mainsails that attach to the mast via a boltrope in the luff that slides into a groove in the mast. Still more common are grooved headsail systems in which the headsail luff slides into a groove on a foil. Though Dacron luff tape is commonly used to mitigate the inherent chafe of these systems, the tape doesn't eliminate chafe. And when chafe finds the stitching that lies beneath, the result isn't good.

About six months after buying my first boat, a beach cat, I hoisted the mainsail, yanked on the downhaul, and snapped the stitching that secured the boltrope to the tack. I didn't notice it at the time, but within 30 minutes the rope had retreated 2 feet up the luff, allowing that portion of the sail to pull out of the groove. The sail was a baggy old dog, so I gladly replaced it with a better used sail.

Thirty-two years later, the same thing happened, this time on a good laminate main for my Corsair F-24. Not only was the now-empty luff pulling out of the bottom 2 feet of the mast groove, the boltrope was bunching up toward the top of

the sail, herniating out of worn spots in the luff tape. I wrangled the sail back down and then wondered how I could possibly grab the lower end of the boltrope and pull it back down.

The way I saw it, fishhooks snag on everything, and if I could plant one in the tail of the boltrope, I could pull it back down. I fashioned a harpoon from a straightened 1/0 long-shank fishhook that I soldered to a straightened coat hanger. (Fishhooks made of wire are more easily straightened than forged hooks, and zinc-plated hooks solder more easily than stainless.)

I sanded and prepped both, overlapping the fishhook and the coat hanger by about an inch to provide a good bond area. I first doubled the end of the coat hanger back on itself, so that the soldered joint would be more prominent,

allowing me to track the orientation of the barb inside the luff pocket by feel.

I could have laid the sail on the ground, but I instead hoisted it (on a windless day) outside the luff groove. This was a simple way to get the luff very straight. It was surprisingly easy to gently feed the hook several feet inside the luff without it snagging. I very quickly caught the end of the boltrope, but not deeply enough, and only a slight rotation on reversal eased it back out.

On my next attempt, when the hook reached the tail of the rope, I carefully positioned it in the center, pinched the rope lightly to hold it still, and gave the harpoon a deep thrust, burying the barb more than an inch into the rope. Thus buried, I knew the barb was isolated from the sailcloth and that it was safe to pull down without snagging.

I pulled gently. When I felt resistance, I stopped, pinched the rope to the luff tape with one hand, and milked the cover upwards with the other. I did this a few times, gaining a few inches at a time. Patience was key.

In 10 minutes, I had the boltrope in my hand. I removed the harpoon, allowed the rope to retract into its proper position, and secured it with eight through-stitches of doubled #4 whipping twine (I used a sailmaker's palm and pliers). Because this had been a wear point, I folded a bit of tape over to make a taper.

I saved myself a trip to the sailmaker, and I look forward to a few more years of use from this sail. 🚢

Drew Frye's bio appears on page 31.

Drew fashioned a harpoon from a fishhook and a coat hanger. Once he retrieved the boltrope and put it in place, he sewed the sail luff shut, at right.

The recovered boltrope in hand shows the well-buried fishhook harpoon Drew used to retrieve it, at far right.



Going Up

A simple elevator system enables top efficiency for a depth sounder transducer.

BY BRAD STEVENS

If you haven't run aground, you haven't sailed the Chesapeake," is a common refrain among those who ply the thin waters of the largest estuary in the United States. Armed with that nugget of wisdom passed on to me by my sailing friends, one of the first improvements I made to my 1975 Tanzer 26 after buying her in 2011 was to add an inexpensive, transom-mounted depth sounder.

While I still manage to run aground at least once every summer (often while leaving the shallow entrance to my marina on the Nanticoke River), the depth sounder remains one of the most valued pieces of electronic gear aboard

my boat. But in the beginning at least, it had some drawbacks.

Since it sat in the water all the time, the depth sounder's transducer regularly fouled with algae, barnacles, and other gunk, so I had to clean it often. When sailing in choppy water, I found it was unreliable because it tended to go airborne as the stern of the boat rose and fell. I needed a better mousetrap.

My solution was to build a transducer elevator. Starting with a 2-foot length of $\frac{3}{4}$ -inch PVC pipe, I attached a PVC tee on each end. (I used screws instead of PVC cement, so I could take things apart and make length adjustments and such as I refined my design.) I attached the transducer (with

screws) to the lower tee and ran the transducer wire up through the pipe and out the upper tee.

I mounted this assembly to the transom using teak blocks—acting as offsets, they allow the lower pipe tee and transducer to clear the chine—and two-hole plastic conduit straps. I positioned the straps and blocks to permit about 8 inches of vertical movement, plenty for transitioning the transducer from the extremes of well-submerged to high and dry.

The same screws that attach the straps to the blocks also penetrate the transom. The straps are snug enough around the pipe that friction keeps the transducer in the submerged position.

Through the upper pipe tee, I ran a cord that I can use to raise and secure the elevator. The upper pipe tee also makes a convenient handle for sliding the elevator up and down.

I lower the unit when I go sailing and raise it when I'm back at the dock. The transducer stays clean while sitting at the dock, and it stays submerged when we're under sail. Whether it will help me stay out of the Chesapeake mud? That's another question entirely! 🍀

Brad Stevens is a marine science professor at the University of Maryland Eastern Shore. He first learned to capsize a Sunfish in a farm pond at the age of 11, then moved up to capsizing larger boats. Following a mid-life crisis, he sank a small fortune into refurbishing a Catalina 22 before selling at a complete loss. Not having learned his lesson, he has spent the last 10 years throwing boat bucks into his "almost free" current boat, a 1975 Tanzer 26 #56, which he hasn't capsized yet.



In the up position, the transducer stays well clear of the water while the boat is in the slip, precluding fouling. The critter on the transom is the Maryland flag version of a blue crab, which befits Bradley's boat, because it bears the scientific name of that iconic crustacean—*Callinectes*, the beautiful swimmer, at far left.

Attached to the elevator, the transducer, once in the down position, stays down, no matter how bouncy the sailing gets, at left.

Two Prusiks and a Prayer

No halyard? No bosun's chair? No problem for this crew.

BY JINKS HOLLADAY

It was a warm July day when my crew and I set out from Chesapeake Bay aboard *Sequoia*, our modest but trusty 1977 Tartan 30. Our destination was our home port of New Orleans, and every old salt on every dock en route pointed out that we were headed the wrong way—south, into hurricane season.

We knew it was true, but we were on a mission—with a deadline—so we salved our anxiety by obsessively comparing forecasts until hurricanes loomed in our dreams. By the time we reached Miami's crowded, drag-prone anchorages, five named storms had stacked up in the waters between us and West Africa. The crew convened over coffee to map options, but there was no way around it: It was time to abort and lock down. Overnight, our focus changed to locating local hurricane holes to preempt the rush of cruisers and liveaboards out of Miami.

And it's well we did, as *Sequoia* ended up riding out a direct hit from a Category 4 hurricane in a tangle of Florida mangroves. Due to our thorough preparation and a spot of good fortune, she emerged with nothing but a blanket of leaves on her deck as evidence a storm had ever passed her way. It was good news, but none of us realized that undoing our careful storm prep would pose the biggest challenge.

In our haste to strip everything that could produce drag, we'd dropped the main and jib halyards. In the heat of a statewide evacuation, none of us considered the consequences. Our relief for *Sequoia*'s survival faded as we stared at our useless bosun's chair, wondering how we'd get the halyards rethreaded. We made call after call to slammed boatyards and riggers with weeks-long waiting periods.

We motored to the nearest town dock, tied off, and immediately fielded intense



Jinks' crewmember, Gray, preps to go up the mast.

interest from multitudes of dock loafers who always found our scrappy, man-free crew irresistible. They brought the usual offerings of beer, but we wanted intel. Unfortunately, nobody had DIY'ed this situation before. Somebody alerted us to a yard that could do the job for under a grand, but after a summer cruising down the coast, all our cash put together would still have been a negative number.

Kicking around the docks the next morning, I happened upon a weathered sailboat I had been aboard the previous winter in Central America, after we were both struck by lightning. I called the number the owner had written on the “not abandoned” note. I knew that if anyone would have a crackpot workaround, it would be him.

When he called me back, he said he'd heard of people using a Prusik knot and Prusik sling to get aloft, but he'd never done it himself. He did, however, have a rock-climbing harness and webbing in his boat, which he offered to let us use. I returned hopeful to *Sequoia* with the gear and we put our heads together.

Before the sun set, *Sequoia* and her crew were back under full sail out of Miami on our way to New Orleans. This is how we did it.

Supplies

- Rock-climbing harness with belay loop, to attach to the Prusik sling via carabiner;
- Two locking carabiners that are rated to bear your weight and won't break if shock-loaded;
- Two 15- to 18-foot lengths of 1- to 2-inch-wide webbing (rope will *not* work for this application, as it rolls under load);
- A length of paracord longer than the height of the mast, to be used for lifting and lowering items you forget or can't carry up with you, like the end of a halyard.

Before we start, a little about the knot that is the star of this story, and an overview of what we did. The Prusik knot—named after Austrian mountaineer

Karl Prusik, who developed it in the 1930s—is a hitch that slides when unloaded, but grips and holds under load, sort of like a Chinese finger trap. Used in conjunction with a sling, it's perfect for inchworming up a mast. In fact, rock climbers and arborists use this knot in this way in rescue systems. When done correctly, it is as safe as a bosun's chair (contrary to the breathless horror with which this method was witnessed by our dockside audience).

In short, we hitched the webbing around the mast to make two slings that slid easily up and down the



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Standing in the foot slings, Jinks' crewmember, Gray, prepares to work her way over the spreaders, at top right.

The view from above, at bottom right.

We fielded intense interest from dock loafers who always found our scrappy, man-free crew irresistible.

mast, so long as they were not under load. When either sling bore my weight, it was rock-solid.

Method

Step 1: Make loops in the webbing using double barrel knots.

Tie each 15-foot length of webbing into a loop. To make the loops, I tied two barrel knots (aka fisherman knots) at the ends of the webbing that pull against each other. This is called a double barrel knot.

Step 2: Hitch the loops to the mast via Prusik knots, creating Prusik slings.

One at a time, secure both loops around the mast using the Prusik knot, one above the other, separate from each other. Prusik knots are commonly tied rope-to-rope for the same slide/grab effect I was after, but here I didn't have the rope-to-rope friction, I had webbing on a

smooth aluminum surface, so surface area was critical. For each knot to maximize surface area, I was careful to ensure the webbing laid flat against the mast and beneath any existing lines (though we had no lines to worry about!). In fact, so critical is friction to the success of the Prusik knot that if there is anything that compromises the friction of the mast (such as rain or oil), do not use this method.

3. Attach yourself to the slings.

With both loops—now Prusik slings—hitched to the mast, one atop the other, I could have begun my climb. But safety comes first, so I took a minute to clip

one of the carabiners to the belay loop on my harness and to the loop of the uppermost, or waist, Prusik sling. Next, I sat back and allowed my weight to rest on the sling, observing how the

Prusik knot tightened and settled. Then, I stepped into the bottom, or foot, Prusik sling. When I stood, the waist sling was unloaded, and I found that I could scoot it up the mast. I took care each time to not allow the bands of webbing to cross each other or to bunch—again, focused on that necessary webbing-to-mast friction.

These three images show steps in the process of creating the Prusik knot to create a sling. Only webbing can safely be used on a mast because rope will roll, and keeping the webbing flat against the mast surface is crucial to maintaining the needed friction to prevent slippage.



4. Ascend.

Satisfied I knew what to do and that everything was working as expected, I ascended. With my foot loading the lower foot sling, it was easy to scoot the waist sling up. But after putting my weight back on the waist sling and unloading the foot sling, I realized it's important not to get the two slings too far apart. Too far apart and I found it's difficult to reach the foot sling to pull it up after me. Baby steps up, not leaps. I found this inching up to be the fun part and I soon got the hang of it.

Jinks leans her right foot firmly into one of the Prusik slings on her way up.

my legs were deadened by lack of circulation and I knew it was time to descend. With gravity working with me,

None of us realized that undoing our careful storm prep would pose the biggest challenge.



5. Negotiating the spreader zone.

Once I reached the base of the spreaders, I untied the foot sling and retied it above the spreaders. This retied foot sling was now my new waist sling, and it was important that I attached to it with a second carabiner, without unclipping the first. Before loading this sling above the spreaders, I scooted it up to make just enough room below it (and above the spreaders) to hitch the next sling. Then, I pulled myself up, attached to the new waist sling, and leaned back to load it. Next, I unclipped from the former waist sling (still beneath the spreaders), untied it, and retied it above the spreaders and below the new waist sling I was hanging from. I was back in business to continue ascending.

6. Self-care and getting things you need.

By now, my mouth was dry, and I dropped one end of paracord down to my gallant crew, like Rapunzel's hair, but hoping they'd attach something more useful than a prince. After quenching my thirst, I used the paracord to pull up the ends of the halyards.

7. Descent.

By the time I'd threaded the halyards back through their masthead sheaves,

this was easy. I simply stood in the foot sling and slid the unloaded waist sling down to just above the foot sling, loaded the waist sling, and slid the foot sling down—over and over. I was careful to never grab the webbing loops around the mast when my weight was on them because I realized that can cause the webbing to fail to grip and to keep sliding. I found that keeping weight on the loop part of the hitch served to maintain tension and to control my descent.

Once I was back on deck, the crew and I popped open some cold ones and commenced storytelling. I'd just gone up and down my mast safely with nary a halyard; I plan to get a lot of mileage out of that story. 🍓

Jinks Holladay has logged all her most memorable sea miles aboard classic plastic sailboats under 30 feet. She is a member of Ladyjacks, a network of lady captains, sailors, and boat owners.



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Climb Ev'ry...Sailboat

Dynamic climbing rope can be an intriguing option for some uses aboard.

BY DREW FRYE

I'm a sailor, and I'm a climber. For both pursuits, rope is central. Not surprisingly, because the use cases for rope aboard a boat and on a mountain are so different, the ropes themselves are fundamentally different. No climber would consider using a marine rope on the mountain, but this sailor has used climbing rope aboard for decades, to his advantage. You may want to do the same.

What Climbing Rope Is Not

To start, dynamic climbing rope (not to be confused with static climbing rope) is stretchy, made of nylon, and designed to absorb the energy of falling climbers. For this reason, the only appropriate place aboard for climbing rope is where stretch in rope is a good thing. (I wouldn't use climbing rope for a halyard or sheet, for instance—nor any place where a polyester or Dyneema rope would be used to minimize stretch.) In other words, aboard a boat, dynamic climbing rope is a potential replacement only for nylon marine ropes. But the common material used to make both dynamic climbing rope and nylon marine rope is where the similarities end between the two. Understanding the differences (they're all about the weave) between nylon ropes is key to understanding why, for some uses, I use climbing rope aboard.

Let's start on the outside and work our way in.

The Cover

The cover on climbing rope (which climbers call the mantle) is woven far more tightly than on any nylon double-braid made for boats. The tighter cover weave prevents individual fibers from snagging on rough surfaces and thus greatly increases abrasion resistance. In fact, climbing rope is about as chafe resistant as polyester double-braid, an obvious benefit of the tight cover, since ordinarily,



polyester is significantly more abrasion resistant than nylon. Unfortunately, the tighter cover weave makes climbing rope nearly impossible to splice because the weave is hard to open, and so it's nearly impossible to bury a tail.

Typically, 28 to 35 percent of the material in climbing rope is found in the cover (the balance is in the core). This is in sharp contrast to marine nylon double-braid, where the cover comprises 50 percent of the rope's material. Why does

Top to bottom: UIAA climbing rope, three-strand, and double-braid.

it matter that climbing rope has more core material in comparison, when comparing equivalent diameters? Because a rope's core absorbs impact.

The Core

Compared to the braided core of marine nylon double-braid, the core of dynamic



climbing rope consists of free-floating yarns. A benefit of a core of free-floating yarns is that the core strands can better equalize strain around a tight-radius bend. This is because each strand functions separately and “floats” within the core as required to accommodate the forces at work. The result is less loss of strength where knots are tied and a reduced tendency for a rope to sever if loaded over an edge.

Another aspect of these free-floating yarns is that half are twisted in the conventional direction (s-twist) and half in the opposite direction (z-twist). This makes dynamic climbing rope non-rotational under load. (A dramatic example of rope that is rotational under load is nylon three-strand rope. If a climber, for example, were to hang from three-strand rope, the lay would straighten slightly and the climber would spin, which is disconcerting and inconvenient when hanging from the side of a mountain.)

Additionally, the free-floating core of dynamic climbing rope reduces internal wear (chafe between fibers), resulting in a fatigue life three to five times longer than nylon double-braid or even three-strand.

Quality

Any of the known brands of marine double-braid you'll find at your local chandler are proven and up to the tasks aboard. But climbing rope is a step above in terms of quality. It's among the highest-quality rope produced—manufactured and tested

to internationally recognized standards so that it can carry the International Climbing and Mountaineering Federation (UIAA) symbol. In fact, only climbing ropes can pass the UIAA drop test. All other weaves and rope types of comparable size (including comparable marine ropes) fail in fewer than the minimum number of test cycles. Logically, there is no market for anything less because a climber's life very literally hangs by a thread (and hopefully more than one).

Interestingly, the nylon base material used to make climbing rope is no different than that used to make good-quality nylon marine rope, and therein lies a lesson: it's all about the weave and the attributes the weave imparts.

We are all accustomed to considering the weaves of the ropes we use aboard. Nylon rope for marine use is typically woven as three-strand, double-braid, plait, and tubular webbing (granted, tubular webbing is not rope, but it clearly illustrates the difference a weave makes). Now, consider that climbing rope is yet another weave. However, unlike the other weaves, dynamic climbing rope is manufactured only in a limited size range, from 6 to 11 millimeters (roughly ¼-inch to ⅞-inch), so size is sometimes a limiting factor in the use cases aboard, especially for larger boats. Let's compare (nylon-to-nylon) the weaves more directly.

Double-Braid

Characteristics

- Good flexibility
- Fair knotting
- Medium grip
- Medium splicing difficulty
- Medium to poor chafe resistance
- Less stretch
- Poor fatigue resistance

Use Cases

- Light-duty docklines: a good choice.
- Smaller anchor rode: a good choice.
- Traveler control lines: good aboard larger boats, where climbing rope is too small.

Climbing rope's core is neither braided nor laid, but rather consists of an even number of parallel twisted yarns that are free to float around; this heightens its ability to remain strong even within knots and over sharp edges.

Plaited Rope

Characteristics

- Best flexibility
- Good knotting
- Better grip
- Easy to splice
- Poor chafe resistance
- More stretch
- Better fatigue resistance

Use Cases

- Very large docklines: perhaps the only appropriate use, provides ease of handling, ease of storage, and high stretch—but prone to picking up splinters from bull rails and wooden docks.
- Anchor rode: favored by some, perhaps only because they've not considered chafe test results.

Three-Strand

Characteristics

- Less flexibility
- Better grip
- Poor knotting
- Easy to splice
- Good chafe resistance
- More stretch
- Better fatigue resistance

Use Cases

- Anchor rode: the top choice.
- Docklines (in locations where chafe is a factor or when splicing is desired): the top choice.

Relative Rope Stretch—DF

This table shows the relative elongation (stretch) of various ropes when non-shock loaded to 15% of respective breaking strengths. (Note: for a given nominal size, the breaking strengths of the four nylon ropes are roughly equal and vary among manufacturers.)

| Rope | Elongation as % of Length |
|------------------------|---------------------------|
| Dynamic climbing rope | 14-16% |
| Nylon 12-plait | 10% |
| Nylon three-strand | 7-8% |
| Nylon double-braid | 6% |
| Polyester double-braid | 3% |
| Dyneema double-braid | 0.4-0.6% |



- Anchor snubbers: good for bridles, but rotation under load can be a problem for single-line snubbers.

Dynamic Climbing Rope

Characteristics

- Good flexibility
- Best knotting
- Less grip
- Not practical to splice
- Very good chafe resistance
- Most stretch
- Best fatigue resistance

Use Cases

- Traveler control lines: a top choice as its superior shock-absorbing characteristics can serve to protect hardware in harsh accidental jibes (though eyes must be sewn, DIY sewn eye splices are acceptable because the load is low—see

youtube.com/goodoldboat for my video on sewn eye splices).



Visit our YouTube channel for more on this technique.

A while back, discussing splice strength with the late Brion Toss, I mentioned using climbing rope for traveler control lines. Although he had not tried climbing rope, he said he had been recommending nylon double-braid to cruising sailors to reduce jibe impact loads, and that he had received positive feedback.

- Single-line snubbers: a top choice due to its stretch, long fatigue life, chafe resistance, and non-rotation under load characteristics.
- Small boat (<25 feet) rode: a nice hand, excellent shock absorption, and good chafe resistance, but slightly less grip than three-strand and cannot be spliced.
- Secondary/emergency bosun's chair tether: the best choice; catching a falling human is what DCR is designed for (though I would never use it to hoist or to climb using ascenders).
- Dinghy towing: if chafe resistance is more important to you than floating characteristics, DCR would excel, easing the strain on dinghy eye fitting(s).

Tubular Webbing

Characteristics

- Best flexibility
- Poor grip
- Good knotting
- Cannot splice, but easy to sew
- Best chafe resistance
- Less stretch
- Very good fatigue resistance
- Strongest around small-radius bend

(Top to bottom) Dynamic climbing rope, nylon, three-strand nylon, plaited or braid nylon, and tubular webbing after a 20-minute chafe test. The samples were slid back and forth 2 inches across a cinderblock for 600 cycles, under 100 pounds of tension. The looser the weave, the more the cinder block would pull at fibers and cut them. Tight weaves, on the other hand, wear by fuzzing, lasting much longer. Note that the chafe results might be different on a smoother surface, where snagging is less of a concern. This test was developed to evaluate anchor rodes and docklines.

Use Cases

- Chafe guards on docklines and snubbers: a superior and economical choice.
- Clew straps (holding mainsail tack to boom while allowing sliding): an excellent choice (Dyneema webbing is my first choice.)
- Downhaul straps: (Thread from the deck, up through the tack grommet, and back down to a tackle attached to a loop in the free end.) Though no nylon weave is an excellent choice, tubular webbing will do the job (Dyneema webbing would be my first choice for this use case).

We may be a long way from the age of square riggers, but rope continues to be the most vital and indispensable tool on a sailboat. Here it has to stretch, there it has to resist chafe, up there it has to resist stretch, down here it has to absorb shock loading, and back there it has to float. It's why the ropes we use aboard are made from different materials and constructed differently. But when it comes to nylon in particular, consider dynamic climbing rope as another weave in your arsenal. It's widely available, no more expensive than quality marine double-braid, and will likely serve you well in targeted applications. ⚓

Drew Frye's bio can be found on page 31.

Climbing Rope Resources—DF

Climbers retire ropes early for safety reasons, so used ropes in very good condition are often available. Ropes can be purchased in 40- to 70-meter lengths, or you can buy them by the foot through a few climbing gear suppliers. Be careful not to mistake static climbing rope for dynamic climbing rope. Static climbing rope is stiff and does not absorb impact well; I don't find it's a good substitute for polyester marine rope aboard, except perhaps smaller static cord for trampoline lacing aboard a catamaran. Dynamic climbing rope is available in the following sizes: twin (6-7 mm), half (7-8 mm) and single (9-11 mm).

Here are a couple of sources for dynamic climbing rope: mec.ca, backcountrygear.com.



Product Profiles

Clamping Up...

Edson Marine clearly has an eye for what the market needs, adding to its products a garden hose connector fitting made by Banjo, one of the best-known manufacturers of this style of fitting. It's an industrial-grade, cam-lock fitting made from glass-reinforced polypropylene (like Marlon through-hull fittings) that uses a pair of stainless steel lever cams on the sides to clamp a lip on the male end to a thick, EPDM gasket recessed in the female part.

These are the same design as fittings I have used in chemical plants for 40 years; they are the industry standard for good reasons. They are rugged, fast, and drip-free. There are no O-rings or



washers to lose or replace, and they aren't proprietary—the cam and groove profiles are standard and fully interchangeable with the same type of fittings made by other manufacturers.

If there is a downside, it is bulk. The fittings are prone to snag when dragging hoses (but snagging won't hurt the fitting). If additional security against accidental opening is needed, run a cable tie through the lever rings; this is a common industrial practice.

These fittings are rated to 100 PSI, well above average municipal water pressure. With regard to UV degradation, they should perform as well as other UV-resistant fittings. I know we left fittings like these out in the sun in refineries for years and it didn't seem to cause any damage.

For more information: edsonmarine.com

—Drew Frye, *Good Old Boat* Technical Editor

...And Clamping Down

In my experience, quick-release fire extinguisher mounting clasps are cheaply made and easily broken. Bungee cord can solve part of this problem, but it eliminates any quick-release capabilities. A better approach is the Davis Instruments Quick Fist all-rubber, one-piece clamp. These clasps will not corrode and are easy to mount with #10 bolts or screws.

After mounting the extinguisher, I cinched the clamp tight and cut off the excess on each strap. The single clamp holds the extinguisher like a vise. To release, I give a quick tug on the securing band and the extinguisher is free.

The clasps come in two sizes to fit a range of tank diameters. The smaller model is advertised to secure cylindrical or oblong objects $\frac{7}{8}$ inch to $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches in diameter; such as boat hooks or dinghy oars. In practice, I found these clasps able to



tightly grip only objects in a narrower size range, from 1 to 2 inches in diameter. The larger model will hold objects measuring about $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches to $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches in diameter. The company claims the larger clasps can even be used to support dive tanks.

Davis Instruments advertises these clasps as being made of transportation-grade rubber. I asked Niels Kisling of the sales and marketing department what this means. He said it's a rubber that holds up better outdoors, one that doesn't seem to dry up and crack in as short a time period as other rubber products. He said transportation-grade rubber "may have something to do with UV inhibitors or specially formulated rubber." I suppose only time will tell.

For more information: davisinstruments.com

—Roger Hughes, *Good Old Boat* contributor

We present these profiles as a service, as firsthand accounts from fellow boaters. Neither *Good Old Boat* magazine nor the folks who profiled the products on this page were paid for these profiles. Most products were sent to *Good Old Boat* for review consideration by the manufacturers. We profile only a small percentage of the products that marketers contact us about, choosing only those we're interested in, in the hope you're interested too. A few products we pick up on our own, because we want to share.

continued from page 7

and to reduce the number of sail-handling lines.

To say Brion was charming would be an understatement. He inscribed my copy of *The Rigger's Apprentice* with: "The best of British luck with the sail." He wasn't an Englishman, but he certainly recognized that I was and must have understood the self-effacing cynicism in that old adage.

I hope he's now sailing a square-rigger somewhere.

—**Roger Hughes**, *Britannia*, 1977 Down East, Orlando, Florida

Busted by Brewer



I was pleased to see the article about me in the recent issue. Generally, it was bang-on, but there is one glaring omission. You included a photo of me with Bill Luders and Bob Wallstrom, and it was captioned correctly, but there was no mention of Bob in the article. Bob worked as my assistant at Luders Marine and was later my partner and best friend when I was getting the design business going in Maine, from 1970 until I moved west. Bob was a great help in getting us the publicity we needed to promote our work.

In 1979, having endured many cold, snowy Maine winters, I took a long summer motorcycle trip across the country. I fell in love with the Pacific Northwest! When I returned, I owned land in Washington state and I had an architect working on plans for my future home and office. I offered Bob the chance to move west and continue our partnership, but he had family ties in Maine and a growing marine survey business. He declined, but we remain friends to this day.

—**Ted Brewer**, Agassiz, British Columbia

Garry Hoyt Deserves Better

As a longtime Freedom sailor (a Freedom 21 from 1984-97 and Mull 28 since 1997), I enjoyed Rob Mazza's article on the unstayed/freestanding rigs ("No Visible Means of Support," September/October 2020). However, in deference to the guy who started it all, Garry Hoyt spells his first name with two r's, unlike Gary Mull. We had a long conversation with Garry Hoyt at an indoor boat show outside of Pittsburgh in early 1983; that conversation prompted a test sail the following summer and we were sold on the 21.

I also enjoyed the article on the guys being towed by the likely jewel thieves ("The End of His Rope," September/October 2020). My takeaway: don't start on an offshore, overnight passage being towed by somebody you don't know!

—**Tom Alexander**, Akron, Ohio

Michael Robertson responds:
Damn! We actually got it right in the boat review, where we mentioned Garry Hoyt once, but in the freestanding rig story, we didn't just get it wrong twice, we got it wrong three times. Fortunately, we got your letter, Tom, before the digital edition went out the door, so that was corrected, but the print edition lives in infamy. We can atone a bit by sharing something interesting about Garry Hoyt. Not only is he a yacht designer who holds 10 patents for ideas that make sailing easier, and not only did he compete in three Olympics sailing the Sunfish class, Garry Hoyt is the guy who coined the phrase you hear all the time: Go for the gold. Go for the Gold is the title of a book he wrote about sailing, in 1971, the first published use of that now-common phrase.

Remember the Day Tank

I take it from the article on cleaning fuel ("Polished Up," September/October 2020) that few remember the day tank. Day tanks sit between the engine and the main fuel supply tank. The engine ran off the fuel in the 2- to 5-gallon day tank. When the fuel in the day tank reached a certain level, a float switch triggered a pump that replenished the tank with fuel from the main tank. The day tank can be easily inspected and drained/cleaned as needed.

—**C. Henry Depew**, Tallahassee, Florida

Michael Robertson responds:
Henry, we've not forgotten the virtues of the day tank and we're glad you brought it up. We

featured an excellent article about the day tank in our November/December 2019 issue, "All in a Day Tank's Work," by Gino Del Guercio. It's an excellent approach to fuel management, if you have the space in your engine room to make it work.

Compass, Stay

I refer to the Mail Buoy letter "Compass, Be Gone" (September/October 2020) and Michael Robertson's response in which he listed a specific use of a binnacle compass. I would add one more: man overboard recovery.

As an ASA keelboat sailing instructor, I taught the Figure-Eight Man Overboard (MOB) Recovery method for years. We originally taught sailors to immediately yell "Man overboard!" and then designate a crew member to continually point to the location of the victim so as to not lose sight of him, continually guiding the helmsman back to the victim.

The biggest problems with this approach are: 1) the lag time in designating a pointer in the midst of chaos, determining where the victim is currently, and getting the pointer pointing, and 2) in a double-handed crew, the remaining on-board sailor has nobody to appoint as pointer.

The solution is an alternative procedure whereby the helmsperson yells "Man overboard!" and tosses any cushion or PFD (if handy) over the side, then immediately (within seconds of the victim going overboard) falls off or heads up until the boat is sailing on a beam reach. At this point, the helmsperson should note the compass heading and determine the reciprocal heading. The helmsperson then comes about, releasing the jib sheet and sailing back to the victim under main alone. (The reason for the immediate change to a beam reach is because a beam reach is a forgiving point of sail for an anxious sailor, it allows for a wider range of course changes as the victim is approached, it reliably produces power under main alone, and it sets up the helmsperson for stalling the boat and releasing sheets windward of the victim, thus using the boat to shadow the victim.)

My students and I have found that using the reciprocal-course approach never misses. Best hang onto that old binnacle compass!

—**Pete Begich**, Prescott, Arizona



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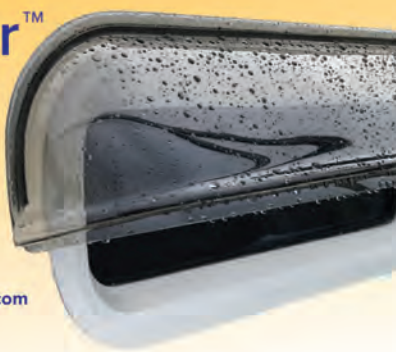
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A Day in the Life

Working alongside shipwrights shines a new light on hands-on.

BY DEBORAH KELSO

Not long ago, as I was combing through the employment want ads, one job leaped from the page. A shop that specialized in the restoration of wooden boats was looking for help. Boats! I could be making money refinishing a sailboat! I called the number and Ken Lavalette, owner of the company, answered the phone.

I learned he was looking for a shipwright, actually. I acknowledged I wasn't a shipwright, but I excitedly described the work I'd done on my 1974 Grampian 2-34. Then I told him about the refinishing work I'd done on my previous boat, a Grampian Classic 31, about how the previous owner saw her and remarked that she "looked like a fine piece of furniture." Mr. Lavalette graciously decided to let me have a go as a finisher, and we agreed to a trial working period, perhaps a day or two.

A couple of days later, there I was at the doorstep of Woodwind Yachts in Nestleton, Ontario. The intoxicating scent of wood wafted with undertones of varnish. My eyes widened at the scene before me.

Boats from skeletons to highly polished hulls rested in cradles covering the floor. The tapping of mallets and hammers punctuated the soft hissing of sandpaper, and these purposeful sounds echoed throughout the space. Shelves, cupboards, and cubby holes organized the tools of this boat restoration trade.

I soon met Luke, tall and friendly; I was to be his apprentice.

"Today, you are going to work on a canoe."

I followed Luke to where a prized Walter Walker canoe sat on two padded sawhorses. (I quickly learned that priceless boats were literally part of the woodwork here. The shop had restored *Kittyhawk*, which had

belonged to Orville Wright, and owners from around the world sent their beloveds here for mending and refurbishing.) My job was to scrape old varnish from inside the canoe and then to sand.

Luke showed me how to sharpen a scraper. He put the tool in a vise, drew a large file across the edge several times, then removed the tool and drew the scraper across the top of his thumbnail; an ultra-thin layer of nail curled up before the blade.

We sat on cushioned seats on rollers. Three bright floodlights illuminated the canoe's interior. Luke explained that scraping and sanding had to be done in a certain direction based on the position of the clench nails in the canoe's ribs, as well as the direction of the wood's grain. He kept an eye on my work and periodically offered tips.

I loved that the work was tedious and repetitive, though the physical aspect was more than I had considered. All the while, I soaked in the shop banter between workers, each on a different boat. I learned that most of the boats had been there for

months, a few had been there for years—but not neglected, rather, worked on daily, exactly. I saw a hull that appeared to be encapsulated in glass, gorgeous and shiny, just before work started to sand and apply another coat. Simply gorgeous wasn't what they were after; everyone in the shop was after excellence.

I came to appreciate that excellence was only possible when a worker had years of time and experience in the field. I saw firsthand that their labors of love are intensive and physically demanding. Boats and the work they need often require contortions into tight, cramped quarters, making a difficult and painstaking job even more so.

Patience and craftsmanship were on full display in every one of my co-workers. I slowly came to accept that I was way out of my league in this shop.

When the workday was done, I talked again with Ken, the owner. I told him how much I'd enjoyed the work, acknowledged my work was proper, and that I realized how painfully slow I was. I let him know that my middle-aged body was having a

hard time with...all of it. I told him that I realized I'd confused my love of pastime for love of work. On my own sailboats, my pace wasn't a consideration. I could stop and take breaks often and whenever. I could work two hours and call it a day, or not show up at all.

I thanked him again for the opportunity, accepted payment for my work, and we said our goodbyes with a handshake.

I remain grateful for the experience, even though it was only a day. I'd always loved working on my own boat; now, somehow, that task seems even sweeter. 🍷

Deborah Kelso has been sailing on Ontario's Lake Simcoe for the past 16 years. She enjoys sailing and working on her Grampian 2-34. For 12 years prior, she doted on her Grampian 31.



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