

Review Boat: Tartan 3400 *pg8* | Moving a Traveler *pg38* | A Better Bobstay *pg34*

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Issue 139: July/August 2021

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18



8



26



38



42

GOOD OLD BOAT

Issue 139: July/August 2021

FEATURES

16 Drawing on History

Thanks to devoted designers and an Ontario museum, C&C's legacy is preserved.
by Rob Mazza

18 Piping Up

Upgrading the boat's water system with PEX pipe helped cure the blech-water blues.
by David Popken

22 A Sitting Duck

Trailer getting in the way of your boat work? Here's a no-crane solution.
by Zoran Glozinic

34 A Tale of Two Stays

Worry about a bobstay failure inspires a rigging and anchor locker redesign.
by Parker Misko

38 Clear Passage

Moving a mainsail sheet traveler track makes for smooth sailing through the companionway.
by Lee Brubacher

48 Spray Dried

Fabricating a spray hood changes the companionway game.
by Tom Alley

DEPARTMENTS

8 Review Boat

Tartan 3400: An Easy-to-Sail, High-Quality Coastal Cruiser
by Bert Vermeer

14 Design Comparison

Tartan 3400 and Two More Spirited Coastal Cruisers
by Rob Mazza

17 Simple Solutions

Trading a dipstick for a digital meter takes the guesswork out of water use.
by Tom Alley

26 Sailor Profile

Writer Don Casey has helped and inspired countless sailors and their good old boats.
by Fiona McGlynn

30 Learning Experience

A near-dismasting on a Pacific passage calls for teamwork and trust.
by Melissa White

42 Short Voyages

A voyage to a new home in North Carolina offers something fresh around every bend.
by Cliff Moore

61 Reflections

Some boats you just can't live without.
by Wendy Mitman Clarke

On the Cover

Jarrett Fifield pulled out his iPhone and snapped this photo of his son, Jack, the salty crew (along with his mom, Allison) aboard *Further*, a 1985 Tartan 34-2. The early autumn sun was setting and there was just enough breeze to stay in hot pursuit of *Kickin' Back*, a 1987 Tartan 34-2 owned by Marty O'Connell and sailing on the Great South Bay, off Babylon on the south shore of Long Island.



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The sailing magazine for the rest of us.

Contributing Boats

A few boats behind the stories in this issue.



Pelorus, 1980 Paceship PY 26

“*Pelorus* is my favorite boat by far. It’s responsive and easily managed by a singlehander. Even though I lust after a Shannon 28 or even a Cape Dory 28, it will be my final boat...It has standing headroom and an inboard diesel. What more could anyone want, other than a proper hot-water shower?”

Read about the voyage on page 42.

Designer: C. R. Hunt & Associates

Owner: Cliff Moore

Home Port: New Bern, North Carolina

Fun Fact: Purchased for \$5,000, hurricane damaged.

Galapagos, 1975 Olympic Adventure 47

“We bought *Galapagos* without a sea trial or an out-of-water survey because as soon as we stepped aboard...we knew in our hearts she was ours. She is a Brewer design so we knew she could sail well. We knew she was built well. All the rest were details that we could probably handle.”

Read about the near-dismasting on page 30.

Designer: Ted Brewer

Owners: Melissa White and Michael Boyte

Home Port: Tacoma, Washington

Un-Fun Fact: The boat has 19 through-hulls.



Tomfoolery, 1965 Alberg 35

“She looks nice. She sails nicely. Built like a tank, she takes good care of her crew in bad weather. And for some reason, the Alberg 35 is very accommodating to DIY projects.”

Check out the projects on pages 17 and 48.

Designer: Carl Alberg

Owner: Tom Alley

Home Port: Watkins Glen, New York

Fun Fact: Tom is only her second owner.

Old Duck, 1967 Vivacity 20

“I always admired British bilge-keelers, and she is my second one. She is easy to handle and forgiving, which comes as a bonus for someone fighting arthritis...small sails, light gear, stiff as church (not me who said it first, but it’s true), all in all a very well-behaved boat. She is just a bit younger than me, so we fit well age-wise.”

Learn a trailer-boat hack on page 22.

Designer: Peter Stevenson/D.C. Pollard

Owner: Zoran Glozinic

Home Port: Montréal, Canada

Fun Fact: Zoran’s 11th boat.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRITZ SEEGER

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photo by @mikeydetemple



Passing the Helm

BY MICHAEL ROBERTSON

Back in February, I decided it was time to step away from my role as this magazine's editor. Being *Good Old Boat*'s editor has been a dream job, a fantastic opportunity, and one I've poured my heart and energies into without regret. But for all those 24 issues I've stood at the helm, I've felt the tug of other projects I've put off for this labor of love, a growing list of things hands-on and intellectual that I perpetually fool myself into believing I will get to "next month." It's a familiar story, with several possible endings. I've decided to turn the page and begin the next chapter.

So, I let Karla know, I let the team know, I let founders Karen and Jerry—who'd placed their trust in me as steward of their baby—know. Of course, leaving the helm of a magazine isn't a two-week-notice kind of thing, and I pledged to stay on watch until we could find a perfect replacement.

And we have.

The obvious place to start our search was from within, and Wendy Mitman Clarke remains more than capable of assuming my role. But her senior editor gig is part-time, and she doesn't want to take on the full-time role of editor. So, we looked beyond our crew. Several names surfaced, people we know in the business. One of the obvious names was Bob Muggleston.

I first met Bob in 2019, at the celebration of life party for the late Jeremy McGeary, this magazine's former senior editor. Bob was there to honor Jeremy because he'd worked with him at *Cruising World* years

earlier. Like me, Bob considers Jeremy a mentor. From *Cruising World*, Bob went on to *Points East*, the coastal New England boating magazine, where he took over the editor role from Nim Marsh, another *Cruising World* alumnus and master wordsmith.

Since early April, Bob has been noodling behind the scenes with the team. He is a *Good Old Boat* fan and an owner of good old boats (yeah, plural). I am confident he will impress and carry this independent publication forward. And I won't say anything more about Bob, but allow him to introduce himself in this space, next issue. (I'd also encourage anyone who's coming to the boat show in Annapolis this October to stop by our booth and meet him—and the rest of the team—in person.)

Me, I'm already feeling the weight of this role lifted, getting a sense of what

my next chapter will look like. And in that space that's being created, I'm increasingly reflecting on my appreciation for the many, many people I've come to know through my time here, not only those on our masthead, but the scores of talented and generous contributors to this magazine, the folks whose words and pictures have filled our pages. I've met too few of them in person, but I've worked closely with all of them and consider many of them friends. I am humbled by the trust they have each placed in me and the *Good Old Boat* team to do right by their stories. I am fortunate to have these connections and experiences.

Longer term? I look forward to more time on the water, of crossing wakes and rubbing elbows with sailors. And it will be an absolute pleasure to occasionally discover one who is a *Good Old Boat* reader. Fair winds! 🌊



Oil Change Inquiry, Sampling Stopper Knots, and Sailing's Bigger Tent

Alberg Admirer

Even more than usual, I looked forward to the arrival of the March/April issue containing a review of the Alberg 37. Though the article was fair and informative, I was somewhat dismayed to see in the "Comments from Owners" section that only the critical comments I'd submitted were included by the editor. I have owned my Alberg 37 over 15 years and am very happy with it. Perhaps you could publish these positive comments that were left out:

"All in all, the Alberg 37 is a lovely, well-built boat still capable of many years of service. They are a pleasure to sail and a pleasure to look at. Best of all, the boat won't let her crew down when the going gets rough."

Apropos to Rob Mazza's always fascinating and educational comparison, I was 14 years old when the Alberg 37 came out; this might explain my attachment to the design.

Richard Sims came upon this bull Steller sea lion while sailing *Julia Rose*, his 1973 Grampian 23, in the Strait of Juan de Fuca. "There were four of them on this buoy, but three of them hopped off as I approached. Only the dominant bull was brave enough to stay. The heads of the others can be seen bobbing about in the background." We noticed Vancouver Island barely visible in the upper-left corner.

Do you have a good photo of an aid to navigation? Send it to us. If we use it in this space, we'll send you a *Good Old Boat* hat or shirt.

Thanks for your great publication, getting only better with age.

—Paul Skene, Aylmer, Quebec

Good to hear from you, Paul. We've only so much space for each review, and the attributes you cited were already covered. Rather than repeat the positive, we were keen to share the valuable, unvarnished critique you offered. It is your fair and honest comments that lent credibility to all the glowing text we devoted to the Alberg. And Rob Mazza's comparisons are all you say they are; we're indeed lucky to have him.

—Editors

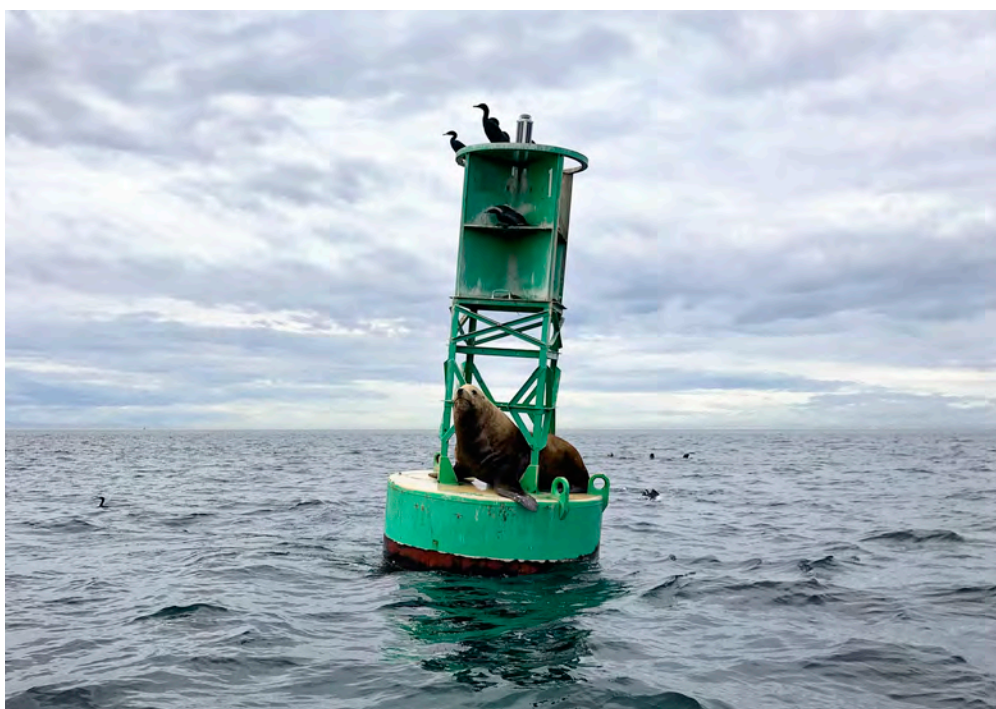
Fender Faux Pas?

What a wonderful article by David Blake Fischer on the search for and acquisition

of *Delilah*. And what a beautiful magazine cover photo of the very handsome Cape Dory. But oh my, the *fender*! When I singlehand my Morgan 28, fenders come aboard as soon as I clear the slip. I wish David many happy hours, days, and longer aboard *Delilah*, fenders in, I hope.

—Ken Thorn, Carrboro, North Carolina

I really enjoyed "Hey There *Delilah*" (May/June 2021). The cover photo of *Delilah* really shows how beautiful and seaworthy she *could* look. However, according to *Chapman Piloting*, fenders are relatively soft objects of rubber or plastic used between boats and piles, pier sides, and sea walls to protect the topsides from



scarring and to cushion any shock of the boat striking a fixed object. Was David expecting an encounter with a fixed object? Such an aesthetically beautiful boat does not need to be sailed with the fenders out.

—Steven
Fruth, Camarillo,
California

Michael Robertson
responds:

Well, we heard it from coast to coast, as we knew we would. It's a pretty pic of a pretty boat in a pretty place—with a fender not stowed. The sailor in the picture, David, reports that his friend took the photo as David sailed off the dock. Says David, "I was maybe 15 feet off the dock." Our guess is that David wanted to finish switching jib sheets and pick up some speed away from the dock before going forward to stow the fender. Regardless, a bad choice for a cover photo? That judgment remains in the eye of the beholder.

One More for the Seagull

It's been a while, but I also want to chime in about John Vigor's lovely ode to the lowly Seagull. His article prompted some wonderful memories ("One Wing Flapping," September/October 2020). As a young teenager, I was an adept pilot of our Dyer Dink that served as the tender for my father's sailboats. During our many cruises on the Chesapeake, I was often



called on to ferry adults to and from the "party boat" in the many large rafts at rendezvous. I even played tugboat and dragged bundles of boats from one spot to another. I remember the cantankerous Seagull fondly; I was able to bend it to my will (for the most part). Perhaps my favorite memory was late one warm, dark night, returning to our boat by myself as I wrote a glowing trail with my wake by disturbing the phosphorescent creatures in the Bay. That deep-throated racket still echoes in my mind.

—Alfred Poor, *Jambalaya*, 1973 Tartan 34C

Northill Love

I found Drew Frye's history on the Northill anchor very interesting ("Holding Power," May/June 2021). I did not know it was considered the precursor to the modern anchors. Many people I have used it around find it an odd little anchor and

A happy crew ghosts into Harbor Club Marina in Sturgeon Bay, Wisconsin, aboard *Mij*, a 1967 Pearson Commander. David Nehring shot the photo from the cockpit of his 1985 Sabre 38, in her slip. Not a bad sunset view from a slip.

seemed to doubt its holding ability. Now I have *Good Old Boat* to back my claims up!

I own a smaller, different version of the Northill described in Drew Frye's article. The crossbar is fixed to the shank and, once up by the eye, can be rotated and slid back down, either parallel to the crossbar for stowage, or perpendicular to the crossbar for use. In either position, the flukes are locked in place with a spring-loaded lever.

I bought it for use in camp-cruising on my GP14. I needed a lightweight anchor with some holding power; the fact that it folds into a compact package sealed the deal. My thinking was the same as Drew's:

continued on page 54



We Want to Hear from You

Send your letters to bob@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.



Tartan 3400

An Easy-to-Sail, High-Quality Coastal Cruiser

BY BERT VERMEER

From the San Juan Islands of Washington State north to the shores of Alaska, the British Columbia coast has it all for fabulous cruising, whether ocean sailing or gunkholing. These are the home waters of *Windborne*, a 2006 Tartan 3400 owned by Dick and Jo-Anne Sherlock and Mike and Sue Sloan.

Dick and Mike are longtime friends who pooled their resources to purchase *Windborne* in 2009. Neither resides in *Windborne*'s homeport of Sidney, British Columbia, and work commitments limit their time, so a shared boat seemed logical. The couples have cruised separately and together on numerous occasions, a testament to the interior roominess of this 34-foot cruiser/racer. In 2014, they challenged their sailing skills and circumnavigated Vancouver Island, a 700-nautical-mile journey in the open Pacific Ocean and protected coastal waters of the Salish Sea and Johnstone Strait. The Tartan 3400 proved her worth, inspiring confidence.

The single sheet for the self-tacking jib runs through a car on a traveler forward, up through a sheave on the mast, then internally down the mast and back to the cockpit on the coach roof. Dick uses the black lines to help flatten the sail when off the wind, opposite page.

Windborne underway. With a fractional rig and fairly small self-tacking jib, the boat derives most of its sail power from the large mainsail, at right.

History

Co-founded by Charlie Britton in the early 1960s, Tartan Yachts was established on the shores of Lake Erie in Grand River, Ohio. An early model (1968) was a 34-foot Sparkman & Stephens design. The Tartan 34 continued in production until 1978.

Meanwhile, working through a number of different owners, Tim Jackett became the in-house designer in the mid-'70s. He moved up the corporate ladder, designing numerous Tartan and C&C models when that famous line of racing boats was acquired by Tartan. In 1985, the Tartan 34-2 was introduced, looking very much like a cruising version of the C&Cs of the day, with a broad reverse transom and IOR influences. Move forward

to 2002, and the Tartan 3400 debuted as a high-tech, fast cruiser. Renamed the 345 in 2016, the design continues to this day.

Tartan Yachts, along with its affiliate, Legacy Yachts (the powerboat arm of Tartan), suffered through recent economic downturns and has been bought by Seattle Yachts International (SYI). With an infusion of capital, SYI plans to keep Tartan in operation with Tim Jackett retaining a position on the design and management teams.

Design and Construction

Perhaps the most notable feature of the 3400 is the self-tending headsail, which simplifies tacking but precludes setting a genoa (more on this below).

The factory offered three configurations of keel design: deep draft (6 feet 6 inches), shoal draft (beavertail with bulb drawing 4 feet 11 inches), and keel/centerboard (3 feet 11 inches, board up). All are apparently interchangeable, something to consider when moving a Tartan 3400 from the deep waters of, say, the British Columbian coast to the shallow cruising grounds of the San Francisco Bay delta.

The lead keel is attached to a shallow stump with stainless steel bolts that are accessible after removing the centerline saloon table and sump pump hardware. The different keel configurations also result in differing ballast numbers: In the beavertail keel configuration ballast is 3,700 pounds, in



the keel/centerboard version 4,200 pounds, and in the deep draft version 3,500 pounds.

The rudder is a spade and auxiliary power is a saildrive.

Jackett's focus on performance is reflected in the moderately light displacement/length ratio of 171, and the sail area/displacement ratio of more than 20; a typical cruising boat is usually in the mid-teens.

This emphasis is also reflected in construction. The hull is a composite of unidirectional E-glass, epoxy resin, and linear polyurethane Corecell. The foam coring provides stiffness as well as sound and thermal insulation and has a definite strength-to-weight advantage over a standard single-skin fiberglass hull. The 3400 deck is cored with Baltek AL 600 balsa that's

Looking aft from the bow. Note the shrouds set well inboard that allow fairly clear sidedecks access. Sail control lines lead aft to the cockpit.

replaced with solid, reinforced laminate where deck hardware is mounted. Tartan does not through-bolt deck hardware. Stainless steel fasteners are drilled and tapped into aluminum plates molded into the deck. The advantage is that deck hardware can be removed without dealing with headliners and fasteners below.

The hull-to-deck joint is the time-tested method of laying the deck on an inward-facing hull flange. A T6 aluminum flat bar is molded in, forming a full sheer-length backing plate.

Like most production boats, Tartans were finished in a white gelcoat. A number of basic colors were offered in an Awlgrip finish. While Awlgrip is an incredibly tough, long-lasting paint, the finish does suffer with time, and *Windborne's* 14-year-old finish is the only cosmetic area that



The aft end of the cockpit has a gate with hinged helm seat for access to a mini swim grid, allowing convenient access for Mediterranean-style stern docking, or to a dinghy. There's a deep locker under the starboard seat with an added access lid at the stern quarter.

needs attention. I have looked at a 3400 of the same vintage with a white gelcoat finish, and the gelcoat still retains its gloss with no noticeable hairline fractures.

On Deck

The T-shaped cockpit stretches 7 feet from cabin to stern rail, plenty long enough to catch 40 winks on the wide seats. The cutouts for the wheel do not take up the entire width of the seats, allowing for a full stretch. Sailhandling from the helm can be a bit cumbersome because the wheel and binnacle hinder access to the sail control lines located at the cabintop edge. A wheel lock or autopilot is almost a necessity for the singlehanded sailor.

Back support against the cabin and wide coaming is excellent. The coaming has a dedicated propane locker to starboard, and a storage cubby on the port side. The engine control panel is to starboard adjacent to the binnacle, easily reached by the helmsperson.

The cabintop is somewhat busy with all the sail control lines leading to blocks at the base of the keel-stepped mast,





Lifting the gas-assisted companionway steps, one finds the aft end of the engine and top of the saildrive. Access to the front of the Yanmar is through another access door in the aft cabin.

then to turning blocks before slipping under the dodger and into the cockpit. The hardware is all first-rate and should provide years of trouble-free service.

Cabin ventilation is provided by two forward-facing hatches with a third on the foredeck over the V-berth. All eight cabin portlights are stainless steel and opening.

In the tradition of Tartan, the substantial teak toerail runs the length of the deck with cutouts for mooring cleats. The teak takes abuse from dock and fender lines as well as footwear. On *Windborne*, all the teak on deck is finished with high-gloss varnish. Unfortunately, accumulated deck water sits

against the varnish at the stern quarters, causing the varnish to lift. Outboard, the toerail meets the hull with stainless steel trim to cover the joint.

Rig

The 3400's double-spreader, tapered, carbon-fiber mast is painted with white Awlgrip. The 7/8 rig follows the small jib/large mainsail philosophy and is easy to control. The standing rigging is wire and the backstay is split. Although *Windborne* does not have an adjustable backstay, installing a tensioner would not be difficult.

As mentioned earlier, the 90-percent jib on a Harken furler is self-tacking with a curved track athwartships just forward of the mast. There is just one jib sheet and it follows all the other control lines back to the cockpit across the cabintop. Two Harken 32 self-tailing winches on the cabintop lend muscle to these lines. Two Harken 40 self-tailing winches

at the aft end of the cockpit coaming provide control points for the asymmetrical spinnaker. This is a big main, and sheeting in hard is quite the task. Mainsail sheeting is mid-boom and controlled from the cockpit with the cabintop winches.

The boom is unique in that it's designed as a trough to hold the mainsail. Constructed of carbon fiber, it's probably as light as it can be, but still constitutes weight and mass aloft. It is quite a departure from a conventional boom and would take this sailor some time to get used to. The mast and boom hardware, including the outhaul track located inside the trough, is all first rate and appears more than sufficient in strength. *Windborne* is equipped with lazy jacks. Dropping the full-batten main is as simple as letting the halyard go. The sail drops into the trough with little prompting. A fabric sail cover, attached to the inside of the trough, is zipped up, and you're done!

Interior

Entry over the low bridge deck and into *Windborne's* delightfully bright cabin is a sinful pleasure. Warm cherry wood with off-white upholstery creates a very light, open feeling.

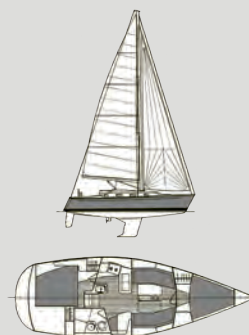
The head is immediately to starboard, with a toilet, molded vanity countertop and sink,

and separate shower. At the end of the shower compartment is a small wet locker that is, for practical purposes, too small for more than one set of raingear. Ventilation for the head includes an overhead hatch and opening portlight.

To port of the companionway is a half-moon shaped galley. Among its unusual features is the small island in which the sink is located, opposite the rest of the layout. On *Windborne*, the large icebox, which has easy top-and front-loading access, has been converted to a refrigerator with the compressor mounted behind the portside settee. The downside to this interesting layout is that anyone wishing access to the aft cabin has to move the chef out of the way.

The settees would not be considered seagoing berths—too much curve and too narrow at the ends. There are maple-fronted storage compartments port and starboard and exposed bookracks leading to the forward bulkhead. There is also storage behind the settee cushions but none under the seats where the water tanks are located. The mast comes through the overhead about 33 inches aft of the bulkhead and supports the folding saloon table, which includes storage for bottles and small paraphernalia.

Tartan 3400 (deep draft)	
Designer	Tim Jackett
LOA	34'5"
LWL	30'5"
Beam	11'11"
Draft	6'6"
Ballast	3,500 lb
Displ.	10,800 lb
Ballast/Displ.	32%
Displ./LOA	171
Sail Area (100%)	620 sq ft
SA/Displ.	20.37



LINE DRAWINGS BY ROB MAZZA

Looking aft from the saloon at the companionway, with the head and nav station to one side and the galley opposite. Note the wet locker aft of the head.



Forward of the saloon is the V-berth, a small but adequate space. The door swings open into the saloon, which allows room between the bulkhead and berth for dressing. The berth is only 5 feet 8 inches long and 5 feet wide at the shoulders—relatively small for many adults. A hanging locker to port, a locker to starboard, and drawers under the berth provide storage. A large opening hatch and two opening ports supply ventilation.

Mechanical

Windborne has a 3YM 30 Yanmar diesel under the companionway, facing aft and driving a Yanmar 20 saildrive.

Three access points make servicing easy. Water for the heat exchanger enters the system through the saildrive leg with the shut-off cock readily available. A large side panel in the aft cabin allows access to the oil, fuel, and air filters along with the oil dipstick. Access to the alternator belt and raw-water pump is a bit more

difficult with cabinetry and batteries hindering the space. Sound insulation is 1-inch foam sandwiched with a silver Mylar face—effective and easy to clean.

On *Windborne*, the saildrive came equipped with an Eliche Radice bronze, two-blade, folding propeller providing a comfortable cruising speed of

5.6 knots at 2,800 rpm. With a maximum continuous rpm of 3,200, more speed is available, but Dick likes this combination. With the soft engine mounts on the saildrive (no shaft alignment issues), noise and vibration are minimal in the cockpit, and conversation under power is easy without raised voices.

Windborne has three 12-volt wet-cell batteries in a compartment under the aft cabin mattress. Two are the house battery and the third is a separate starting battery. With a little reconfiguration, a fourth could be included to bolster the house bank.

The Tartan 3400 carries 25 gallons of fuel in a single aluminum tank in the cockpit locker and 60 gallons of water in two aluminum tanks under the settees in the saloon. Pressure water and a dual-source (engine heat and 120-volt) hot water tank are standard from the factory. A 20-gallon holding tank is located well aft under the cabin mattress.

Underway

I was fortunate to sail *Windborne* twice; both trips impressed me. On a warm spring day, Dick and I motored out onto the Sidney waterfront in blustery 15- to 20-knot

Comments From Owners

It's a self-tacking boat, so 90 percent jib, large main, and a reacher sail for lighter winds. I love the way it sails, but you have to be active with respect to using your reacher for lighter winds and reefing your main in stronger winds. The reacher is primarily an off-the-wind light-air sail; when under 10 knots of wind I have used it up to 60 degrees into the wind and the boat really moves.

In heavier winds the boat also performs well. I do find myself having to put the first reef in the main at 15-16 knots, second reef at 18-21 knots, and at around 25 knots it's time to think about putting a reef in the jib. If you don't reef the main, the boat will round up in gusts and heel over far too much.

The boat has a Volvo Penta 28-hp engine and originally a two-blade fixed prop. I thought it performed poorly so bought a three-blade feathering Variprop—much better for sure! It has a saildrive, so no significant prop walk.

—Andy Levy, Toronto, Ontario

We've had *Alevan X*, our 2007 3400, for five seasons and have put 8,000-plus miles under the keel. The 3400 is well thought out with cruising comfort and ease of handling in mind. It's also pretty quick, moves with just the slightest breeze, and remains easy to handle in 30 knots. Companionway step slope is quite shallow, and guests have commented how much safer and comfortable they are as opposed to their

boats. Enormous cockpit locker. We carry four over-sized fenders, two folding bikes, extra lines, flotation, cords, hoses, etc. Large anchor locker allows for two spares along with all associated rodes. Fold-up transom swim platform allows for easy reboarding after taking the dinghy ashore. Saildrive offers ease of maneuvering under power. It backs like a dream and can stop quickly without associated prop walk. Consider installing batt cars on the main for more ease in dousing. The slides tend to prevent the last 8-10 feet from dropping, necessitating a trip to the mast to finish that process.

—Steve DeBoth, Milwaukee, Wisconsin



A Force 10 two-burner range with oven sits behind and against the hull. This configuration is a secure place to prepare hot meals, even in a seaway. However, the sink in the island next to the companionway provides little counter space around it.

winds. The full-batten mainsail was soon up and the jib rolled out. *Windborne* surged to weather on a tight reach, her deep 6-foot-6-inch keel digging into the water. The knotmeter soon tagged 7 knots, whitecaps dancing against the dark blue hull. *Windborne* was dry and stable, heeling in a very controlled manner in the gusts. Dick said that when going to windward with 20 knots across the deck, he would be thinking of a first reef in the main.

There was a 1.5-knot current against us, and measuring tacking angles proved difficult. The 100 degrees reported by Dick seemed reasonable. With the current setup, the boat wouldn't point as high as the keel/spade rudder combination should suggest—a tradeoff perhaps for the convenience of having a self-tacking jib. And speaking of tacking, it was so simple! Check for nearby vessels and turn the wheel.

On a reach with the sheets eased, steering was light and sensitive. On a broad reach, the large mainsail began to disrupt wind flow over the small jib. Dick reported that this is where the asymmetrical spinnaker comes into play. But with the large mainsail pulling hard, we were rushing over hull speed anyway, and it seemed

prudent to leave the chute in the bag.

Later in the summer, Dick and I went out again in light air. The Tartan 3400 surprised me in winds under 10 knots. On a reach with 6 knots of apparent wind, *Windborne* sailed easily at 6 knots. This is something I expect on a light, nimble racer, not a cruising boat with minimal headsail. Dick tells me this is where he often uses the big asymmetrical, as the predominately light sailing conditions of the Pacific Northwest summers offer a large range of sailing angles.

Several PHRF fleets rate the boat at 120 seconds per mile; for comparison, a Catalina 34-2 is 150 and a Beneteau 35 is 126.

The downside to the self-tacking jib is the inability to point as high as similar boats with overlapping genoas. Of course, installing a genoa track and an overlapping sail is not out of the question, but bearing off a few degrees is a small price to pay for the convenience of the self-tacking feature.

Conclusion

The Tartan 3400 is a well-designed, spacious yacht that not only performs well on the water but does so with character and class. From beautiful lines to technical innovations, the Tartan is a

boat that has stood the test of time and will do so into the future. I was impressed with her speed in light air and solid feel when the chop picked up. The few shortfalls I encountered can either be remedied with a little effort (adjustable backstay, genoa track), or can be worked around (all lines to the cabin top, out of reach of the helm).

The engineering is solid and the hardware impeccable. This is not an inexpensive boat, but the attention to design and construction detail is second to none. Although not set up as an ocean-crossing cruiser, the Tartan has the ability to handle the rough stuff. Having been there and done that, I wouldn't hesitate to take her outside of Vancouver Island, romping

down waves in the prevailing 30-plus summer westerlies. This is a boat that could also close reach to windward in those same conditions.

Few Tartan 3400s make it to the previously owned market. When they do, they generally range from \$100,000 to \$140,000. The more recent and identical Tartan 345 nearly doubles that price. 🌊

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, an Islander Bahama 30, is their fourth boat (after a Balboa 20, an O'Day 25, and another Bahama 30). Bert tends to rebuild his boats from the keel up. Now, as a retired police officer, he also maintains and repairs boats for several non-resident owners.

The beautifully finished cherry interior reflects the above-average quality of Tartan Yachts. The boat was intended as a coastal cruiser, which explains why there are no real sea berths.



Tartan 3400

... and Two More Spirited Coastal Cruisers

STORY AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROB MAZZA

The key element driving the evolution of yacht design over the past 150 years has been the rating rule in effect at the time. Each new rule produced its own design type that designers optimized to beat that rule, and that type became the norm in yacht design for that period. For instance, it's easy to spot an R-Boat designed to the Universal Rule, or a 6 Metre designed to the International Rule, or boats designed to the CCA and IOR rules.

But with the demise of IOR in the late 1980s, and its attempted replacement with time allowance systems based on velocity prediction programs, the rule supposedly no longer dictated design types. So, the question is, without the influence of a commonly accepted rating rule, would a popular "type" still emerge, or would the sailboat market generate a variety of new styles of yacht design?

What we see as we entered the 21st century is more the former than the latter—that is, the evolution of a design type that is based on a number of shared characteristics, such as wider, more powerful aft ends that increase room in the cockpit and permit larger aft cabins, and longer waterlines to achieve greater un-penalized performance. The Tartan 3400 is an example of that trend, as are our two comparison boats, the C&C 99 and the Beneteau 34.

It is interesting that even without a rating rule, the market has evolved a distinctive type,

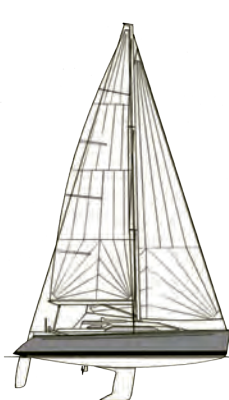
as illustrated by these three designs, for both racing and cruising. In addition to the shared features mentioned above, each has a high-aspect-ratio vertical keel with a flared

bulb, each uses an all-movable cantilevered rudder, and each sports a tall fractional sloop rig with swept spreaders, walk-through transoms, and vertical or near-vertical stems.

While the Tartan and the C&C are different brands, they share the same designer, my longtime friend Tim Jakkett, and the same builder, Fairport Marine, located in Fairport



Tartan 3400 (deep draft)



C&C 99



Beneteau 34

	Tartan 3400 (deep draft)	C&C 99	Beneteau 34
LOA	34'5"	32'6"	33'11"
LWL	30'5"	29'1"	30'8"
Beam	11'11"	10'10"	12'0"
Draft	6'6"	5'6"	6'1"
Displ.	10,800	9,265	12,566
Ballast	3,500	3,500	3,208
LOA/LWL	1.13	1.12	1.11
Beam/LWL	.39	.37	.39
Displ./LWL	171	168.2	194.4
Bal./Displ.	32%	38%	26%
Sail Area (100%)	620	562	542
SA/Displ.	20.37	20.35	16.02
Capsize No.	2.16	2.07	2.07
Comfort Ratio	19.5	19.92	22.42
Year Introduced	2002	2002	2008
Designer	Tim Jakkett	Tim Jakkett	Finot/Conq. Assoc.
Builder	Tartan Marine	C&C Yachts	Beneteau (USA)

Harbor, Ohio. Fairport Marine purchased the assets of C&C in 1997, specifically to add the more race-oriented C&C brand to complement the more cruising-oriented Tartan. The Beneteau represents higher volume production boatbuilding. Despite these three different market niches, all three boats are remarkably similar, reinforcing the concept of this evolved type.

Let's start with displacements (for these and all measurements following, I'll be using the deep draft version of the Tartan 3400). The more performance-oriented C&C, as expected, is the lightest at 9,265 pounds, the Tartan the next lightest at 10,800, and the Beneteau heaviest at 12,566 pounds. These displacement differences are reflected in the displacement/waterline length ratios of 168, 171, and 194 respectively. Compared to boats from the 1970s and '80s, these are exceptionally performance-oriented numbers.

The lighter displacements of the Tartan and the C&C, compared to the production-oriented Beneteau, are due to the vacuum-infused technology used in laminating their hulls and decks. Indeed, the heavier hull, deck, and interior of the Beneteau is further emphasized by the fact that even with her greater weight, she has the lightest ballast of 3,208 pounds, for a very low ballast/displacement ratio of only 26 percent. She will need that 6-foot draft and 12-foot beam to stand up in a breeze, which could explain her smallest sail area of 542 square feet, compared to the Tartan at a hefty 620, and the C&C at 562. These areas result in sail area/displacement ratios of 20.3 for the Tartan and C&C, and 16 for the Beneteau. However, keep in mind that rather than an overlapping jib, the Tartan uses a tall, self-tacking blade jib.

These three boats also exhibit a market preference for coastal or inshore cruising rather than extended offshore passagemaking. This characteristic is illustrated in their comfort ratios in the high teens and low 20s, and their capsize numbers all in excess of the safe threshold of 2.

The relatively low beam/waterline length ratios in the .37 to .39 range speak less to the relative beam of the boats than they do to the stretched waterline length, which is also reflected in the low displacement/length ratios. No longer is length to be avoided as a negative impact on rating, as it was in almost all rules that existed in the 19th and 20th centuries.

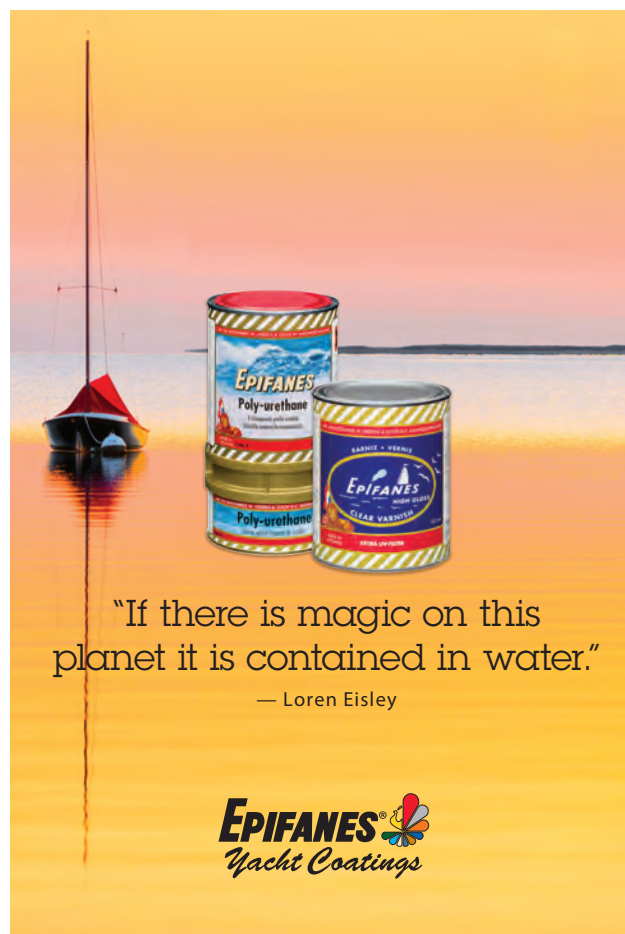
One can't help but notice that when the heavy hand of a rating rule has been lifted, the type that has emerged incorporates performance advantages often discouraged in older boats constrained by such rules. In fact, these boats, as evidenced by their remarkably low displacement/waterline length ratios and high sail area/waterline length ratios, exhibit performance parameters well in excess of their sisters from the previous century.

Each of these boats marries excellent performance with interior comfort, all wrapped in an attractive package. If these are the good old boats of the future, I don't think we can complain. 🚢


Good Old Boat *Technical Editor Rob Mazza is a mechanical engineer and naval architect. He began his career in the 1960s as a yacht designer with C&C Yachts and Mark Ellis Design in Canada, and later with Hunter Marine in the U.S. He also worked in sales and marketing of structural cores and bonding compounds with ATC Chemicals in Ontario, and Baltek in New Jersey.*



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"If there is magic on this planet it is contained in water."
 — Loren Eisley

EPIFANES 
 Yacht Coatings

Drawing on History

Thanks to devoted designers and an Ontario museum, C&C's legacy is preserved.

BY ROB MAZZA

Soon after George Cuthbertson parted ways with C&C Yachts in 1981, he donated the majority of his Cuthbertson & Cassian and early C&C drawing files to the Marine Museum of the Great Lakes in Kingston, Ontario. These drawings spanned George's design career from the 1950s to 1973, the year he assumed the presidency of C&C Yachts and handed design responsibilities to Rob Ball. All the C&C design drawings completed after 1973 remained the property of C&C Yachts. This is where Tim Jackett comes in.

A great admirer of George and C&C Yachts, Tim credits the arrival of the C&C custom 40-footer *Blackbird* in Cleveland as one of his inspirations to becoming a yacht designer. He started

his design career with Tartan Marine, where ultimately he rose to president as well as chief designer.

It should come as little surprise, then, when Tartan Marine (through its holding company Fairport Marine) in 1997 purchased the assets of C&C Yachts and moved the remaining tooling and all the drawing files to Ohio. Tim was keen to build on the well-established performance and quality reputation of C&C to launch a new generation of boats to his own design. Over the next several years, these new C&Cs would include the C&C 99, 101, 110, 115, and 121, all of which proved successful.

But what was Tim to do with 23 years of C&C drawings from 1973 to 1996? He decided to donate them to the Marine Museum of the Great Lakes

at Kingston to complete the C&C Collection begun by George Cuthbertson. Stuffing his car with as many rolls of drawings as he could squeeze in—about 100—Tim drove from Ohio to George's home in Lowville,



Tim Jackett (standing) confers with George Cuthbertson after delivering 23 years of drawings for the C&C Yachts Collection at the Marine Museum of the Great Lakes at Kingston, Ontario.

Ontario. There, he met with George, myself, and Maurice Smith, then the museum's curator emeritus. After the handover of drawings, we all spent a pleasant afternoon reminiscing about C&C.

But the story wasn't over yet. Tim felt there still might be more rolls of drawings at Tartan Marine that he may have overlooked. He agreed that I could drop by and see what we might find.

After a couple of hours of exploring through the accumulated dust of an active boat shop, we found about 40 more rolls of drawings. These included the designs for the Mega 30, C&C 27 Mk I, II, and III, the Canada's Cup winner *Evergreen*, the Landfall 39 and 42, and many other classic C&Cs.

About half of those have been catalogued and delivered to the museum to join Tim's original donation, and I'm in the process of cataloguing the others, starting with the Landfall 35. The museum hopes that sometime in the future, Tim's own C&C drawings will be added to this collection.

So, while I've always considered Tim Jackett a good friend, I also applaud his extraordinary contribution to preserving the design legacy of a remarkable company responsible for the building of so many of our good old boats.

For more about the Marine Museum of the Great Lakes in Kingston: www.marmuseum.ca/. 🚤

Rob Mazza's bio can be found on page 15.



For Good Measure

Trading a dipstick for a digital meter takes the guesswork out of water use.

BY TOM ALLEY

Our family's Alberg 35 has a pair of freshwater tanks that total about 50 gallons. Unfortunately, we have no easy way to gauge our consumption. Running out of water is always a surprise. Our only remedy is to regularly pull up a hatch in the cabin sole, open each tank, and insert a dipstick.

Combine this situation with an aging memory, and the result has been too many occasions to say, "Oops, I guess we *did* already use up the other tank! Did anyone bring any bottled water?"

It became apparent that we—I—needed some way to keep track of how much water we used.

Browsing through Amazon.com one evening, I stumbled across an inexpensive solution to our ineffective guessing game: a garden hose water meter. It cost only about \$20, so I purchased two. Because these meters are designed to go between a spigot and a garden hose, I made a quick trip to the hardware store to pick up some adapters that would let me connect the meters to the PEX piping in my boat.

I placed one of the meters on the output of the pressure accumulator, which is just downstream of the main pressure water pump. Whenever I fill the tanks, I hit one of the buttons on the meter to reset it to zero. Then as we go sailing, we simply check the meter each morning to see how much water we've used.

Because I know how much water was in the tanks when we started, a simple exercise in subtraction tells me if I should be switching tanks soon, or if I should be looking for a potable water source. I can easily access the meter by lifting a section of galley countertop.

The meter requires a single CR2032 battery (supplied) that will last well over a sailing season.

To conserve battery life, the meter only displays usage while water is flowing and for a few minutes afterwards. The top number on the display is the amount of water used since the meter last "woke up" and the bottom number is the total

amount of water used since the meter's last reset.

Eagle-eyed readers will notice that the display is in liters. While the meter can be configured to show gallons, it's unclear whether it is displaying U.S. or imperial gallons, so I simply set it to display liters to remove any possible ambiguity (1 imperial gallon equals 1.2 U.S. gallons).

What did I do with the second meter? I use it to measure how much water I add to the tanks when I fill them. So long as the meters are close (what goes in is roughly equal to what went out), then I can remain confident that the meters can be trusted.

After several seasons this meter has proven its worth. Not only does it enable us to keep tabs on our water supply, it also helped diagnose a problem when the water pump began sucking air after fewer than 10 gallons had been drawn from one of the tanks. Turns out a pinhole leak about halfway down the pickup tube was preventing us from using all the water available.

In fact, I'm so happy with the meter that I've come up with a use for a third one that I'm considering buying and installing in the head, at the shower head, so my family can see in real time how much water they're using as they bathe. Might help them appreciate the value of a short Navy shower. 🚿

Tom Alley has been a ham radio operator (NT2S) for over four decades. He and his family sail a 1965 Alberg 35 sloop, Tomfoolery, and are active racers and cruisers with the Finger Lakes Yacht Club in Watkins Glen, New York. When he's not sailing, thinking about sailing, or tinkering with his boat, Tom is either scuba diving, hanging out with fellow amateur radio operators, or (as a last resort) working as an engineer to support his sailing addiction and, if there's any money left over, send his kids to college.



Installed on the pressure accumulator output, Tom's water meter displays the quantity of water used since the meter last "woke up" (top) and the total used since the meter's last reset (bottom).

Piping Up

Upgrading the boat's water system with PEX pipe helped cure the blech-water blues.

BY DAVID POPKEN

The freshwater delivery system on our 1987 Sabre 38 MkI needed help. Not only were there several hose clamps that appeared to be beyond their useful life, the standard flexible braided hoses looked tired and dirty. And, our water quality was suspect; the taste was just not acceptable. When we began buying drinking water in single-use plastic containers, I knew it was time to solve the problem. There was no reason we couldn't enjoy great-tasting water right out of our tanks.

I have never found the time-honored system of flexible hoses, barbed fittings, and hose clamps to be elegant or even all that trustworthy. Functional at best. My background is in residential construction, and in the last 10 years, PEX pipe has made significant inroads as the residential piping system of choice, for good reasons. I had heard that newer production boats were using PEX systems in lieu of the traditional approach with good results. The answer seemed obvious.

PEX is a lightweight, flexible pipe manufactured from medium- or high-density polyethylene with cross-linked polymer bonds. It has been safely used for drinking water systems in Europe since the 1960s. The U.S. and Canada currently allow its use without any restrictions for residential and commercial drinking water supply systems.

PEX has some distinct advantages over the traditional braided hoses used

PEX pipe attached to the water pressure pump. Note the red hot-water line from the water heater going to the cockpit shower, along with a white cold-water line, at top right.

Hot-water lines installed behind the water heater. Using extra fittings, rather than forcing short sections of PEX pipe to flex, helps avoid faulty fitting attachment and subsequent leaks, at right.





Electrician's fish tape, attached via a small hole in the end of the PEX line, made simple work of snaking the pipe through hard-to-reach areas.

to route fresh water around a boat. It also retains some of the positive aspects of traditional marine hose. A semi-rigid pipe, it's durable and tough and can be bent to conform to the many irregular passages and tapering hull forms found in a typical boat. It expands and contracts without any deformation. It can withstand a wide temperature range (up to 180°F) without any degradation.

To be fair, there are detractors. Some people are concerned about harmful molecules that comprise the pipe matrix leaching into the water. Some people report a distinctive taste to the water delivered through some brands of PEX pipe. I can only say that the traditional marine hose in our boat seemed to deliver water rather like Chateau Garden Hose, and I've never experienced the same with PEX-delivered drinking water.

Our boat has a simple plumbing layout. Two 45-gallon water storage tanks reside under the port and starboard settees in the main cabin. The head, portside between the main cabin and the V-berth, has a lavatory basin and shower. The galley has only a sink faucet. The head and galley sinks also have a manual foot pump.

Hot water is supplied from a 12-gallon electric water heater in a compartment beneath the starboard quarter berth deck. A heat exchanger loop in the water

heater is connected to the engine's freshwater coolant system, allowing for hot water while underway. The pump that pressurizes the system is in another compartment below the quarter berth deck.

Beyond replacing all of the pipe in the original system, I added a high-quality filter and canister to

the cold-water side of the galley faucet to enhance water purity. Also, I wanted to add a cockpit shower and a waterline terminating under the V-berth for a future watermaker.

Half-inch PEX pipe is easily sourced. Any home improvement store sells 25-, 50-, or 100-foot rolls. The pipe can also be bought color-coded, red for hot and blue for cold. This is a nice touch and makes it easy to keep your runs separate and identifiable.

When it comes to connecting pipe to fittings, there are two approaches, and they depend on the type of fitting you choose. First are fittings that attach to the hose with

a crimping ring using a specialized crimping tool. Crimping the hose to the fitting is somewhat like swaging a lifeline or standing rigging. The fitting, whether an elbow, tee, or coupling, is pushed into the end of the PEX pipe, over which a crimp ring is slipped. The tool then compresses the ring to form a watertight joint that should last indefinitely, if done correctly. Plumbing contractors prefer this method because the fittings are less expensive and the mechanical joint is simple. While crimping tools used to be pretty expensive, they are now in the \$50-\$60 range, making this method viable for a small project like a boat re-pipe.

The second approach relies on a "push-to-fit" fitting that does not require crimp rings or a special tool. Essentially, this fitting type has a circular row of metal teeth that grip the pipe when inserted. A series of O-rings makes the joint watertight. Though more complex and expensive than crimped fittings, perhaps the biggest advantage of push-to-fit fittings is that they can be removed (using a simple tool) without cutting or damaging the PEX pipe. That means when using this type of fitting, repositioning or changing the fitting or pipe is relatively easy. And, these fittings have also proven to be very reliable over time.

In addition to being easy to use and reusable, the push-to-fit fittings can be installed in tight spaces where a standard PEX crimping tool with 12- to 16-inch handles could not be used. This is because making a proper crimped joint requires that the tool be applied at right angles to the pipe. Can you imagine trying to use a crimping tool inside your vanity cabinet or behind the boat water heater? Impossible in many cases.



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I also sought to use all-plastic fittings, as I felt they would endure the salty environment with more fortitude than brass or copper fittings. For all of these reasons, I chose push-to-fit fittings. For cost savings and convenience, I purchased most of them online, though they are also widely available at hardware stores.

Once I sourced all of the materials, the actual re-piping of my boat was straightforward without too many surprises or backtracking. To begin, I removed all the hose clamps and fittings from the old hose by simply cutting the hose. Because PEX is semi-rigid, it often feeds well between bulkheads and under cabin soles without the need of a mouse line. But where I did need a mouse line, I used two methods.

In some cases, I attached my new PEX pipe to one end of the old hose with electrician's tape and pulled the new pipe through while removing the old hose. When the old hose was uncooperative in this role, I employed electrician's fish tape to first fish a route through. Then I drilled a small hole in one end of the PEX pipe and attached the fish tape using its hooked end. It was easy to pull the pipe through as I reeled in the tape.

I roughed in the whole system, pulling new pipe that was cut long to allow some flexibility when the connections were made. I did the longest runs first. If I made a mistake, the longer pieces could then be used in a location that needed a shorter pipe, reducing waste.

When I needed to cut PEX to length, I did so easily with a pipe cutting tool, hacksaw, or razor knife. I preferred the single-stroke pipe cutting tool. It is quick and accurate and leaves a clean edge—an important factor, since any burrs or sharp edges could damage the O-rings once inside the fitting.

After the rough-in was nearly complete, I started making up joints, working from the two storage tanks back to the pressure pump with blue pipe. I added a simple in-line water strainer at the outflow of each tank. Ahead of the point where the two tank lines met and were tee'd into the inlet line going to the pressure pump, I added shut-off valves. The original system had them, and in the absence of a tank monitor, it seems smart to only drain one tank at a time.

The output from the pressure pump came immediately to a tee, where one leg went sternward to the new cockpit shower fixture. The other leg first went



to the water heater, then the galley sink, head shower, and lavatory faucet. This was done using tees to branch up to a fixture while continuing on to the last fixture, the lavatory faucet.

The hot-water output began at the water heater and then followed essentially the same path as the cold-water pressure lines, using the same trunk-and-branch methodology.

When using the press-to-fit fittings, the key to a watertight joint is to make certain the pipe is fully seated. The full seat depth for any brand of fitting is a known measurement, so a good approach is to first measure that distance up from the end

The gnarly looking, old, freshwater lines beneath the galley sink employed traditional marine hose secured with hose clamps, at top.

New PEX lines under the galley sink, with the shutoff valve for the portside water tank installed, above.

of the pipe, mark the pipe with a sharpie, and then insert. If the mark is visible after insertion, the pipe is not pushed in far enough.

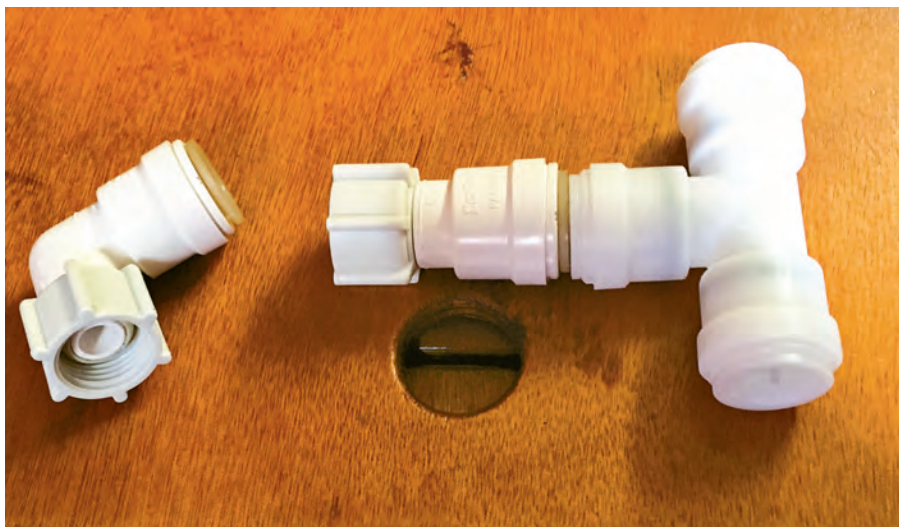
While PEX pipe is very flexible, shorter sections are much more resistant to flex. If forced to flex, it's possible for lateral stress to cause fitting connections to fail. Instead of forcing too much flex

from shorter lengths, a better practice is to use additional fittings at tight bends to keep the pipe and fittings in proper alignment.

For the most part, PEX pipe will lay down and stay put without restraints. On many of the runs, I used the original factory holes in bulkheads and compartments that then gave the pipe runs some

To help situate and stabilize the line leading to and from the in-line filter exiting the water tank, David cable-clamped the pipe to standoff blocks, below.

Plastic push-to-fit fittings. David chose these in part because they made it easy to connect PEX pipe in cramped spaces onboard where the tool needed for crimp-on fittings could not be properly used, at bottom.



rigidity. In some places, I used a stand-off block and plastic cable clamp to keep the pipe and connectors rigid.

When all the fittings were attached, it was time to pressure-test the system. I turned on the water pressure pump and checked each fitting connection carefully. I did find a couple connections that were leaking. In one case, I had not fully seated the pipe into the fitting. It was behind the water heater in a very tight working space and it was difficult to see my mark. Another joint in that same area was apparently under lateral forces great enough to tweak the pipe and fitting out of alignment and cause a leak. In that case, I removed a section of pipe and used a longer piece to relieve the strain. As

with any plumbing system, periodic leak checks are essential for a dry boat and water conservation.

To date, we have been very pleased with results. The new PEX system, along with the addition of the high-quality filter under the galley sink, has made our tank water taste as good or even better than any bottled water. We no longer buy drinking water; but instead happily drink from our own system, which gets filled from various sources as we move around. When filling our tanks, for redundancy I use an additional in-line filter that attaches to our hose end. 🚤

David Popken is a retired homebuilder living at the edge of Galveston Bay in Texas with his wife, Kris. His sailing career has spanned nearly four decades and is still going strong. Now fully vaccinated, Dave and Kris are back to enjoying restaurant dinners with old friends and looking forward to a long summer cruise to Maine.

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A Sitting Duck

Trailer getting in the way of your boat work? Here's a no-crane solution.

BY ZORAN GLOZINIC

Trailers are great for moving modest-sized sailboats from one place to another. They're also a good platform for storing a sailboat. But trailers can get in the way of accomplishing some hull work. I've often needed to suspend *Old Duck*, my 1967 Vivacity 20, just to get at places the trailer makes inaccessible for work and inspection. And because a crane service is not always

available or convenient, last spring I came up with an alternate approach that is a model of self-sufficiency.

As a concept, my plan was simple: Lower the trailer tongue completely to the ground and, with the boat's stern tipped up like a duck's tail while diving, build a structure to support it. Then, use the trailer jack to lift the tongue as high as possible and build a similar support under

the bow. Once both ends of the boat were supported, I would lower the tongue to the horizontal and simply pull the trailer out from beneath the boat. *Voila!*

Well, not everything went as smoothly as I'd imagined, but here's how it went.

I first tackled the design of both supports. Despite *Old Duck* being on the heavy side (she tips the scale just under 2,000 pounds empty), I chose to use lumber, as I already had some on hand. I worked out static load calculations for two main horizontal beams and then verified my numbers using safe-load tables (see sidebar). And I was conservative; while the stern only needed a 4-foot beam span, I calculated as though it was an 8-foot span.

I built the stern support first. I lowered the trailer's tongue completely to the ground and then took final measurements of clearance underneath, where I wanted to place the support. Next, I traced the curve of the hull onto a couple of lengths of 2 x 4 lumber and cut out the gentle curves. I attached these to the top of my horizontal beam and then laid a strip of thick scrap rubber atop this spacer to avoid any hard spots.

I used standard framing carpentry methods to create legs for my support, and then I pushed the completed support firmly under the stern, wedging plywood scraps as shims between the ground and outside corners of the structure where needed.

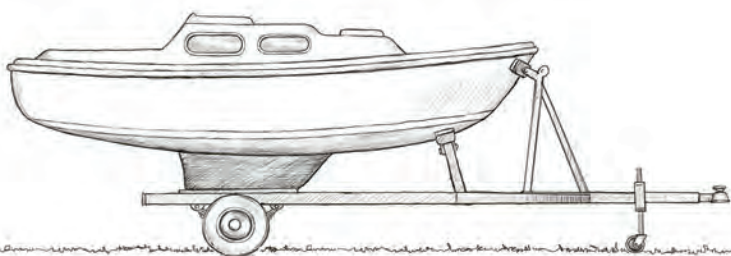
Satisfied that the stern was well supported, I used the tongue jack to lift



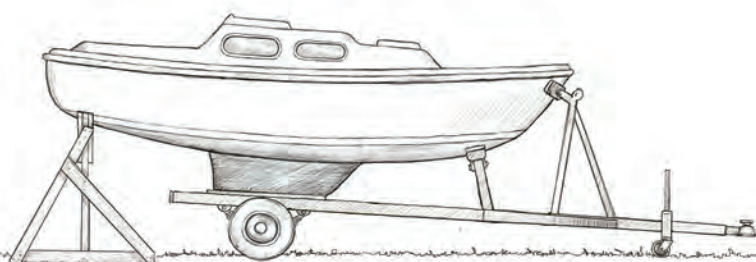
The stern support completed, though still without the spacer between the hull and support beam, at top left.

Zoran topped the stern support with a spacer curved to the hull's shape and a thick strip of rubber padding between the wood and the hull, at left.

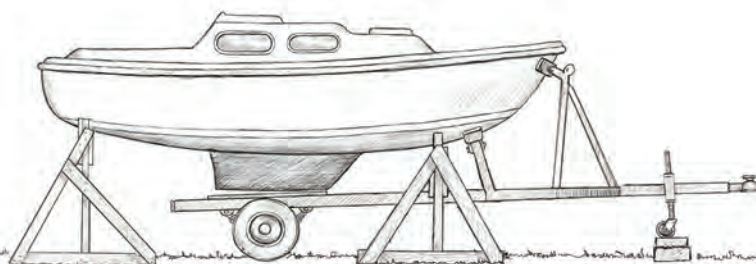
On the trailer



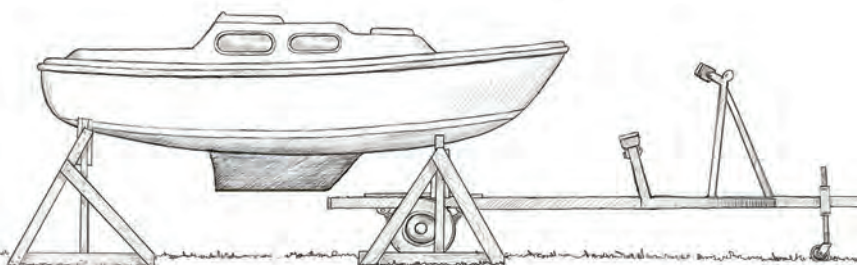
Stern lifted



Bow lifted



Trailer removed



the front of the trailer as high as possible. Then I supported the tongue with blocks, retracted the tongue jack, inserted blocks of wood underneath the jack, and went even higher. I was ready to construct the forward support, which I planned to place about 4 feet aft of the bow.

For this support, I did need to use a full 8-foot-long beam, as that span would give me just enough width to pull the trailer out between its vertical members. Again, I took a final vertical measurement and built the bow support. Like the stern support, I made the legs from three pieces of 2 x 4 lumber. I constructed the horizontal beam by joining two pieces of 2 x 8 lumber. To attach everything, I used 3-inch and 3½-inch deck screws throughout.

This time, to accommodate the hull curvature, I cut a shallow V-notch in the beam, added angle-cut 2 x 4 pieces on either side of that cut, and again laid a strip of heavy scrap rubber atop the surface. I then aligned the completed front support structure with the hull centerline, pushed

Caveat Builder—ZG

I verified my static loads calculations using the publication *Wood Structural Design Data*, a free download from the American Wood Council (awc.org). If you have any doubt about your ability to calculate loads and the correct-sized lumber for your supports, consult a professional who is familiar with static load calculations.

When attempting to move or lift heavy objects—in this case lifting a boat off her trailer—safety should be paramount. Even the smallest boat is heavy enough to cause grave injury or worse, death.

Make sure that your trailer wheels are blocked in both directions, so the trailer cannot move while you build supports. Never perform this kind of job on ground which is not level in all directions. Use extraordinary caution when removing the trailer from under your boat. Use additional supports under the boat after the trailer is removed and while working around or under your boat.

it back snug into place, and shimmed with plywood on corners where needed.

After raising the tongue jack a bit higher, I removed the support blocks under the trailer tongue and lowered the jack. The moment of truth had arrived! My boat was unsupported by her trailer, and it was time to find out if my concept would prove itself.

I noticed immediately that both wheel fenders had to come off, as they were just a bit taller than the bottom of the front support beam. After unbolting them, I removed the wheel blocks and tried to pull the trailer out from under the boat. It did not move.

Looking closer, I saw that both keels were not yet in the air; there was still some weight on the trailer. How? It was already getting dark, so I packed my tools and went home.

I spent the better part of that evening wondering where my calculations had missed, and then my mistake dawned on me, clear as day. *Old Duck* was indeed sitting higher now, perched on the supports I'd built, but not high enough to overcome the release in tension on the trailer springs!

I struggled for a while to figure out a way to safely and practically lift the boat higher, but I was coming up empty. Then an idea struck me; what if I just let some air out from the trailer tires? I was eager to try it out the next morning.

I woke early, and after downing my morning espresso in one draft, I drove to the club. I depressed and held each tire valve pin in turn, listening to the long hiss as my trailer dropped down 2 more inches on each side. Standing back, it was clear to see that the trailer was completely free now. Happily, I began pulling the trailer out, but as soon as it started moving, I realized I had another problem to deal with.

Old Duck's previous owner used the trailer to launch and retrieve the boat from the water. To make it easier for him



(top to bottom) With the stern supported, the bow support begins to take shape.

The bow and stern supports are completed. Note the wheel wells that are too high to clear the bow support and will need to be removed.

The boat rests rock solid on her supports after the trailer is removed.



to blindly direct the twin keels into the narrow channels on the trailer in which they rest, he built two guides from flat iron. I'd missed these guides in my measurements, and they were a couple inches too tall to clear the horizontal beam of the front support.

But I had a solution to this problem, and it was easy, quick, and ruthless. I dug my small grinder out of the toolbox, and five minutes later, the trailer was parked alongside *Old Duck*.

The old girl was sitting securely on top of the supports I built, but I wanted to make sure she didn't move when I was aboard. Using some additional 2 x 4s, I built additional lateral support bracing that I screwed securely to the bow support structure. I positioned this new framing adjacent to the bow cleats, and then used rope to secure the bracing to the bow cleat on each side. Finally, for added security, I positioned car jacks under each keel and under the middle of the front support beam. I then tried rocking *Old Duck*, but she was solid as a rock.

At this point, I was able to begin the boat work that the trailer had prevented me from doing, but at leisurely pace, with no crane operator standing by or the clock ticking on a space I was occupying. When I was finished, *Old Duck* was launched for the season using the yard crane as always, and I used the supports for another couple of days as sawhorses, supporting the mast and allowing me to work on the standing rigging at a comfortable height.

Eventually, I disassembled everything and loaded the lumber onto my poor Saab for a trip to my son's backyard, where another project was waiting. 🛥

Zoran Glozinic is a retired business professional who has been messing about in boats and old cars all his life. He lives in Laval, Quebec, where he divides his free time between a good old English bilge-keeler and an 18-year-old Saab car.

A closer look at the car jack arrangement under the bow support and the starboard keel, at top left.

Old Duck sits on her new support cradle, the trailer now out of the way and on the side, at middle.

Zoran added extra bracing to the supports, as well as car jacks under the keels and the forward support beam, at left.



The Sailor's Scribe

Writer Don Casey has helped and inspired countless sailors and their good old boats.

BY FIONA MCGLYNN

When Don Casey quit his job as chief operations officer for the Federal Reserve in Miami in 1983 to go cruising, his mother and father were horrified.

"It was like telling your parents, 'I'm going to be a poet,'" he says. Which, as it transpired, wasn't too far from the truth. In addition to realizing his sailing dreams, he also became one of the most well recognized and respected marine authors, publishing classics like *Sensible Cruising* and *This Old Boat*, along with hundreds of articles in sailing magazines.

As he sits at his desk in a swivel chair with a laptop open in front of him, Don's southern accent and warm demeanor radiate through the receiver. Though I'm thousands of miles away in a town near the Alaska border, I can feel the Florida sunshine pouring through the phone line.

The author lives in Miami Springs on the ground level of a 12-unit condominium. A canal runs besides the property, an extension of the Miami River, but it's not navigable because there's a flood gate between the building and the larger waterway.

Don and his wife, Olga, are landlocked. If it weren't for the

pandemic, they'd be traveling, perhaps in Spain, where Olga's family lives, but Don doesn't seem perturbed at his confinement.

"It's a very beautiful day in Florida right now," he tells me. He looks out into his thriving garden. A breeze is blowing, and a newly planted Golden Dew Drop is erupting in purple blossoms. "We planted a couple of trees so that when we look out the back window, we'd see something new and interesting. We've been trying to occupy ourselves."

As it turns out, Don grew up landlocked, too, in the Dallas-Fort Worth area. "I spent no time whatsoever on the water," he says. "When I was 16, I went on a trip to California, and that was the first time I'd ever seen the ocean."

In 1970, at 23 years old, his life trajectory would be radically altered when he picked up the October issue of *National Geographic* magazine. Don had recently returned to the University of Texas to

complete his senior year. "I hated school," he says. "At the end of my junior year I dropped out for two years to work for LTV Aerospace as a machine tool programmer."

The *National Geographic* issue featured the final installment of a three-part series

written by Robin Lee Graham, whose youthful, record-setting solo circumnavigation would inspire generations of sailors through his book recounting the trip, *Dove*. "I was completely blown away," Don says. "Here was a kid, more or less my age, completing a five-year



Don Casey and his boat, *Richard Cory*, on the hard—briefly. He and his wife, Olga, typically sailed at least half the year.

circumnavigation. The whole idea just fascinated me.”

Enthralled, Don hopped on his motorcycle, a 650 cc BSA Lightning, and raced to the university library to track down the previous two issues. “By the time I’d read those, my life was changed,” he says. “There was no way I could go and interview in a skinny tie for IBM.” Don finished the school year with a new plan.

“The day after my last final, I loaded a few items into my car, a BMW 2002, and drove to Miami,” he says. He arrived with no connections, no job, and no prospects, but in his heart and head he was already a sailor. “I came to Florida with the idea of buying a boat and heading off into the blue...and that led to a job in finance.”

Don wanted to buy a boat, and for that he needed money, which was in short supply for the recent college graduate. A job would have to come first. It took him a while to find work, but he ultimately landed a position with the Federal Reserve Bank.

“As soon as I had an income, I bought a sailboat, a five-year-old Bristol 27,” he says. He named the Carl Alber design *Tutor* for all that he knew it would teach him. “I took this boat twice to the Bahamas for two-week cruises, all the vacation time I had.”

Don flourished at the Federal Reserve, eventually rising up the ranks to the No. 2 position, chief operating officer, but all the while he kept his eyes firmly fixed on the horizon. “I’m a good employee but I don’t have that, ‘I just live for this job’ attitude,” he says. “At 5 o’clock, I’d rather go home and mess with a boat or go sailing.”

Two years into his job, with long-term cruising still in mind, Don went on the hunt for a Luders 33, the boat on which Graham had finished his circumnavigation. “I figured I

Don tending to some sail work. Sensible self-sufficiency has been his sailing mantra since he began.

couldn’t go too far wrong following Graham’s lead,” he says. He never found one, and instead bought a four-year-old 30-foot Seawind, made by the same builder.

He named the boat after a poem written by Edwin Arlington Robinson that he’d read in a college literature class. It recounts the tale of a wealthy and successful man, admired by the town, who inexplicably takes his own life. “I named the boat *Richard Cory* as a reminder not to get too caught up in the pursuit of success at the cost of joy,” Don says.

Don feels that “settling” for the Seawind was ultimately a stroke of good luck; “It proved the perfect boat for Olga and me to cruise off and on for the next 44 years.”

Obviously, he was on something of a lucky streak, because less than a year after buying the boat, he met Olga. “She was my secretary, and that led to a romance that has lasted for 44 years,” Don says. In the early days of their relationship, Don penned a whole collection of poems. “Olga was the muse.”

He soon introduced her to *Richard Cory*. Though Olga had never sailed before meeting Don, she quickly took to it. “She made a heck of a cruiser,” he says. The pair married in 1976, and just two years later, they set sail for the Bahamas. Don had convinced the Federal Reserve to give him a six-month sabbatical.

“In 1978, we often had anchorages to ourselves,” says Don. “It wasn’t unusual



to spear dinner right under the boat. Mature conch were plentiful.” Cruising the islands was a simple existence; they navigated by compass, were frequently out of communication for a month or more, and there was little or no crime to worry about. “Essentially the world was slow and pink and aqua,” says Don. “That was our first cruise of any length. It was informative. We enjoyed it.”

But was it the life he wanted?

“I went on sabbatical to decide,” he says. “Am I really going to outfit this boat and head off to the Pacific? When I came back, the answer to that was no...I realized that I just didn’t have it in me. For me sailing was more about anchors than it was about sails.”

Shortly after returning from his six-month sabbatical, Don received a package in the

mail from some people they had met cruising. “I opened it and it had a sailing magazine from the St. Petersburg area,” he says. Thumbing through it, he landed on the centerfold. “Here’s this full-page, large-format picture of me, standing at the mast of our sailboat pulling into one of the anchorages in George Town.”

Don wrote to the editor of the *Sailor’s Gazette* asking for a copy of the photo. But before doing so he thought he’d better read the magazine. “There was a big article about making sure that you were armed when you went cruising,” he says. “I couldn’t have disagreed more, so when I wrote to the editor I said, ‘I read your magazine and I have to tell you that the logic about guns is just wrong.’”

The editor wrote back saying he’d be happy to send the photo if Don would put

Sage Advice—FM

Don Casey has simple advice for aspiring writers.

“Just write for yourself. Someone told me this many years ago and it’s the only bit of advice I’ve ever followed. Whenever I wrote, I just wrote for myself. I never really thought about any other

audience except me. If you’re just a normal person and you ask the right question, it’s going to be the same question that everyone else has. I get it on paper and make it as clear and concise as I can make it. If I can make it entertaining, that’s a plus.”

Don and Olga sailed *Richard Cory* for 44 years, much of that time in the Bahamas and Eastern Caribbean, at right.

Don built his life around extended cruising, but he knew early on that long Pacific passages weren't for him, at bottom right.

his thoughts into an article. "I wrote the article for him," Don says. "He was thrilled with it and encouraged me to write more." For the next couple of years, Don would dictate sailing articles to his secretary (no longer Olga) at the Federal Reserve.

When Don eventually left his job for good, he and Olga decided to build their lives around sailing half the year. One of their first priorities was to find a place to keep *Richard Cory*. They bought a piece of property and built a house on the Caloosahatchee, a 67-mile river that runs across Florida, draining the northern edge of the Everglades. "We could pull out of our canal and make a right turn and go out into Gulf Stream and then across to the Bahamas," he says.

Don continued writing for boating magazines including *Good Old Boat*, *SAIL*, *Cruising World*, *Yachting*, and *BoatU.S.* In one article, he made the case for cruising in a modest-sized sailboat, at a time when 40-plus-footers were becoming more common. A cruiser named Lew Hackler read the article and was inspired to write a whole book on the topic. "He put a manuscript in my hand," Don says. "I read it, and it was just awful."

Fortunately, Hackler didn't want to actually write the book, he just wanted to publish it. "I came back to him with the idea of using Thoreau's quotes," says Don, who felt that the poet and writer, Henry David Thoreau, had captured much of the essence and philosophy behind cruising.



Don spent six months writing *Sensible Cruising: The Thoreau Approach*. "Lew Hackler is listed on there as the co-author, but Lew's real involvement was publisher," he says. "The book was successful because Lew went to Annapolis and would drag people off the aisle saying, 'Hey, I wrote a book, let me tell you all about it!'"

The book was published in 1986. It was picked up by Dolphin Book Club as a featured book, which gave it wide distribution. Its success changed how Don thought about his career as a writer.

"My words actually affected people's lives. They would come up to me and say, 'Thank you. It never occurred to me that I could just buy a \$3,000 boat and go cruising,'" he says.

After writing *Sensible Cruising*, Don and Olga decided it was time to get more serious about cruising, and they extensively refitted *Richard Cory*. Don had kept every issue of every sailing magazine he'd received and spent hours digging through stacks of them to find a particular DIY article he was looking for. "One day, I thought, 'There has to be a better way,' and that was the genesis for *This Old Boat*."



Don set out to ask all the relevant questions about cruising preparations, answer them, and then write them down in one volume. "At the time, *This Old House* was

the top program on Public Broadcasting Service (PBS), so *This Old Boat* seemed like a natural title," says Don. McGraw Hill liked the idea and offered to publish the book.

Good Old Footnote—FM

If you've noticed the similarity between the name of Don Casey's book *This Old Boat* and the magazine *Good Old Boat*, there's a backstory. "When Karen [Larson] and Jerry [Powlas] decided on the title *Good Old Boat*, they worried about it being close to *This Old Boat*," says

Don. They asked Don if he had any problems with the soon-to-be magazine's new title. He didn't. "That started a relationship, and I actually wrote the initial editorial for the first issue," he says. Don continues to write for *Good Old Boat* to this day.

“They didn’t have any money for an art program, so they had me do all the sketches,” he says. He would put a table lamp underneath a glass-top dining table so that he could trace a drawing onto a piece of paper. “I was just so in over my head. I thought they were going to give them to a real artist, but in the end, they just used the art that I submitted.”

This Old Boat hit the shelves in 1991 and was enthusiastically received by the boating community, going on to sell tens of thousands of copies. Still in print nearly 30 years on, it remains a revered staple in many a boat rehabber’s library. “It’s a manual for getting you away from the dock and spending the least amount of time and money to do that,” says Don. Of the book’s success, “Part of it was just good timing and good luck. *This Old Boat* was a book that the boating community needed, even if they didn’t know they needed it.”

Following the success of *This Old Boat*, McGraw Hill wanted Don to do a series of 10 how-to books on topics like canvas, electrical, painting, and boat repair. The books were originally intended to be sold as part of a subscription, but one day Don’s editor, Jon Eaton, had a different idea. He decided to combine six of the volumes into one book.

“So that’s how we got *Don Casey’s Complete Illustrated Sailboat Maintenance Manual*.” This time around, he didn’t have to do his own illustrations. “Thankfully all of the books have sold well enough that I merit an artist these days,” he says. The manual published in 2006.

Over four decades, Don has written 10 books and countless magazine articles. The three books mentioned above have together sold well over 100,000 copies, and Don

takes great satisfaction in the number of sailors he’s been able to assist over the years through his writing.

He and Olga continued to cruise on and off as life allowed, at times living aboard full-time, part-time, or even taking extended breaks from cruising altogether. Aboard *Richard Cory* they explored the Atlantic Seaboard, Florida’s west coast, Florida Keys, Bahamas, Turks and Caicos, the Dominican Republic, Puerto Rico, and the Caribbean’s Leeward and Windward islands.

When not cruising, they took the opportunity to travel the world, hiking part of the Camino del Santiago and the Camino del Norte, spending time in London and Scotland, trekking to Machu Picchu, and visiting cruising friends in Canada. They were even among the crowd in Paris who watched in disbelief as fire swept through Notre Dame.

These days, Don is more or less retired, though he does contribute a column at *SAIL* and occasional articles for *Good Old Boat*. “I provide advice and expertise where I can, but we no longer live the life,” he says.

“After almost half a century of messing about in boats, we’ve swallowed the anchor and are far enough beyond that decision to safely report no regrets.”

Don and Olga sold *Richard Cory* in 2018.

“We had a fabulous run, but additional cruising was just no longer in our future. Selling the boat made sense and turned the page on that chapter. It also provided time and resources for other ways to experience the wider world.”

Like many of us, he currently finds himself in a holding pattern, waiting for the pandemic to end. He stays occupied with various pastimes and projects like riding his BMW G310R motorcycle or digitizing nearly 40 years of photographs. He’s also in the process of resurrecting a mystery novel that he wrote in 1987 but never published. “Today, the life we do lead is essentially on hold due to the pandemic. Fortunately, one of the enduring lessons of cruising is patience, so we wait.”

As a cruising couple, Olga and Don are perhaps

Don aboard *Richard Cory*, his learning lab for a lifework of writing addressing the practicalities of the sailing life.

better equipped than most to weather hunkering down in close quarters. “If you spend years together in 30 feet, you better like each other,” says Don. “Today I am 73 years old, and when we go out and walk at night, we hold hands.” His 44-year marriage is one of the things he’s most proud of.

Though no longer cruising, when Don sees an oceangoing sailboat, he still feels a twinge of excitement.

“It’s just something that absolutely caught my imagination. It still holds my imagination. The beauty of cruising is that it occupies every minute, 24 hours a day. That’s really nice. Most of life’s not like that.” 🌊

Good Old Boat Contributing Editor Fiona McGlynn 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.





TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT

A near-dismasting on a Pacific passage calls for teamwork and trust.

BY MELISSA WHITE

It's 0800 and I am snug in my bunk, still half asleep, contemplating greeting the day aboard *Galapagos*, our 1975 Olympic Adventure 47. The motion of the boat is familiar, charging under sail toward our Cape Flattery, Washington, destination. We're only 500 miles out, nearing the end of this long Pacific passage home from Hawaii. Then, my reverie is shattered by what sounds like the firing of a cannon upon our sturdy ship.

I jam my feet into sea boots, each on the wrong foot, while shouting to my husband, Michael, whom I hope is safe topsides. "I'm coming up! I'm coming! What happened?" I throw on my inflatable harness as I fly to the companionway. Michael is already in the cockpit and gearing up. His face is a shade of grey I haven't seen since we got water in our 20-hour-old

Beta Marine engine back in 2014.

"That was our backstay. We lost it. The insulator..."

He doesn't have to finish; I see miles of thick wire rope snaking around the aft deck. *Shitshitshit!* I look forward and up and see the parted piece hanging, only two feet long, swinging from the top of the mainmast. I'm grateful to see that the mizzen is unaffected; no triatic stay connects the two. Still. *We. Are. Screwed.*

"I have to get this sail down!" Michael calls as he leaps to the deck. The wind is on the beam and I realize we're lucky to still have our nighttime triple reef in the main. He's at the mast pulpit in two giant strides, uncleating the main halyard.

I am already rolling in the genoa. "I've got this one!" I shout as I see the main fall gracefully to the boom.

With both sails doused, I start the engine as Michael checks for lines or stays that may have gone overboard. When he gives the all-clear, I put us in gear, steer slowly downwind, and turn on the autopilot. I call this information out to him and he pauses, eyes the sea state, then nods. Whether we should be motoring downwind after losing the backstay is a question, but we consider the meter-high swells and decide that this heading takes the most pressure off the rig. Sometimes there are no great choices.

Michael calls, "Tighten the mainsheet and get the boom centered!" We're thinking in sync as I'm already doing just that. I begin to feel a wave of confidence—*the mast is still up, we're going to be OK, I can feel it, remember to breathe.*

Together in the cockpit, we discuss our next steps. Our

focus is twofold: take as much pressure off the rig as possible, and secure the top part of the mast. We're fortunate that *Galapagos* has a keel-stepped mast, but we realize we still need to act quickly and decisively.

"I'm going forward to get the main halyard and bring it back here." Michael has his captain's voice on; I'm listening and also observing his body language. "Tie a bowline in the end of this line so I can attach the halyard. I'll tie it to the hard point on the aft deck and then tighten it on the winch at the mast." He hands me the line and goes forward.

I tie a bowline and immediately wonder if I did it right. I'm not panicking, but I'm having trouble concentrating, and I worry that what I tied won't hold. When Michael returns with the halyard, I hand him my knot and ask

him to check it. He reties it, but he has to think it through, too. Normally, he can tie one without looking.

After attaching the halyard to the tether and securing it aft, Michael goes forward and winches the halyard taut, creating a temporary backstay. As planned, this puts an end to what Michael describes as

a sickening sight, the mast bending forward and then snapping back to a hard stop as the forestay catches it. I never see it because I don't look. I need to think and act, and to do that effectively, keeping fear at bay is critical.

I'm breathing a bit easier as Michael returns to the cockpit. I am making constant, slight adjustments to our course to keep the boat motion easy. *We are fine. The boat is fine. No one is hurt. We've got this. Our teamwork is spot on. Breathe.*

"I want to get the genoa off the furler," Michael says. "It's adding stress and weight to the rig. And if we do lose the rig at least we won't lose a good sail." This is going to be the hard part, the dangerous part. That sail is huge and heavy. Even on a dock, we have to use a lot of human power to manage it.

We decide that I will slowly unfurl the sail and simultaneously ease the halyard, while he guides the sail down to the deck. Winds are 12-15 knots, and I want to turn upwind so the sail doesn't fill as we unfurl it and stays on deck as it comes down. But swells are still over a meter, and I don't want Michael on the foredeck manhandling a big sail with the bow pitching. We have this crazy idea that we can do this

in a controlled way. Maybe we will get lucky.

Michael begins to go forward. "Michael. Clip on." I

I look up and see the parted piece swinging from the top of the mainmast.

look him in the eye. He pauses. "I know it's a pain, but clip on. I cannot lose you overboard to this." He clips onto the jackline and goes forward. *Deep sigh.*

Keep the focus on the task at hand.

I move forward to the mast holding the furling line—which is run from the cockpit winch—in one hand, so I can access the genoa halyard in the other. Michael is forward, holding onto one of the sheets so he can guide the sail onto the deck. But as I start to unfurl the sail, the wind begins to catch it, and I realize belatedly that our idea of a controlled drop at this angle to the wind just isn't possible. I have to unfurl the whole thing—*fast*—to get it down, because that's just how furlers work. I knew this. I let more sail out.

But Michael is still hanging onto the genoa sheet, and it's already pulling him around dangerously. I stop unfurling, fearing that any more force puts him at even greater risk. In the trauma of the moment, maybe he doesn't realize what's happening. He had mentioned that if we lost the rig, we could still maybe save the sail; it was pretty new. Funny the things you think of under stress. I care less about the sail than losing him over the side or dropping a line into the water to foul

the prop. But he's so intent on controlling the sail that he can't see how impossible that is. Looking back at me, his

face is focused, determined, maybe a little afraid?

"Let go of the line!" I yell. As soon as he drops it, I fully unfurl the sail and let go the halyard. With the wind still partly in it, the sail still fights us; Michael

has to pull it down, some of it landing in the water. Clipped onto the jackline, I scuttle forward, and together we heave it on deck. *Keep your feet firmly against the toerail. Make sure*

of your footing. Don't move fast. Don't depend on the lifelines to hold you. Think things through. Keep your center of gravity low.

Sail safely on deck, no lines dragging, he hands me the head of the sail and I haul it back toward the cockpit along the side deck. It is heavy and awkward. This is when I feel the weakest, when brute strength is required. Michael rolls the sail up from the front, heaving the massive thing over and over toward the deck in front of the hard dodger. We squirrel it into a bundle the best we can, cinching it with a line to hold it down.

"Let's take a moment," Michael says. It's just a few seconds, a moment to calm our brains down, acknowledge a small prayer of thanks that we and the boat are safe, gratitude

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The advertisement features a background image of a sailboat's deck with a person working. In the foreground, there are two cans of KiwiGrip product.

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Sails secured, temporary stay in place, we go aft to survey the damage...and realize there is none. We no longer have a backstay; otherwise everything is untouched.

We discuss our next move. The backstay that we set up is only temporary. Our mast is 62 feet tall and has—had—a split backstay. I suggest that we remove the broken stay and hardware and connect new stays—even if made of rope—to the existing chainplates, something closer to what we'd lost. Michael agrees.

Our topping lift was made from quarter-inch Dyneema spliced to a low-friction ring. We decide that he can run a line through that ring and secure it to the chainplates on each side. It's overkill for a topping lift, but just the thing for a temporary backstay.

This plan goes through a number of iterations as we get the thing set up, using a handy billy on one side with a line that can be run to the port side winch so we can winch the whole thing tight. At first, we run the line directly through the hole in the chainplate, but it's quickly apparent that isn't a good idea, as the edges are sharp and will almost certainly chafe through the line.

Fortunately, Michael finds some right-sized shackles in our bag of spares. Now the line is attached to a nice, smooth, stainless steel shackle, and that shackle is attached to the chainplate. We are feeling better now, but I look at the handy billy, and I'm still worried that while the blocks themselves seem suited to this use, the only

this backup would give us time to address the problem. I am all about backups. It may be mostly psychological, but it counts when you are trying to avoid a crisis; we make the adjustment.

Now that the mast is secured and we are out of immediate danger, we stand in the cockpit and look at

cockpit. At some point, I realize that the extra clothing in the bags is for sunny warm weather and warm water. Hats and gloves go into the bags. I put my computer in its case and put that in my bag. I double-check everything, again. Michael watches me do this. He knows me. *Best to be prepared.*

"I don't know if this helps," he says, "but even if we lost the rig, you know that the entire mast would not come down, right?"

Well, no, I didn't know that. In my head, I had pretty catastrophic visions of the entire 62-foot stick falling forward and completely destroying the deck, the boat taking on water, Coast Guard rescue kinds of things. He explains that the mast is two sections, and that the likely scenario would be that the top may part from the bottom. So we would lose the rig and it would suck real bad and cost a lot of money, but it would be very unlikely that it would cause us to lose the boat.

"Actually, that helps a lot." I say. "Thank you for telling me. I knew that our mast was built in two pieces and I'd forgotten. I remember now."

Regardless, we decide it would be prudent to let the Coast Guard know our situation and set up a comms schedule with them. We email them using the Iridium Go. They reply swiftly, the start of a twice-daily check-in that improves crew morale.

Night and darkness arrive, and every little noise spells doom in Michael's mind, concerned about whether our fixes will hold. Surprisingly better at denial than Michael, I get some shut-eye. In fact, I adopt a fairly fatalist view during situations like this and prefer to face death well rested. Besides, I am exhausted in mind, body, and spirit, and nothing can keep me from sleep.

I need to think and act, and to do that effectively, keeping fear at bay is critical.

thing standing between us and another failure of this temporary rig is the small snap shackle assembly at the top of the block. It just looks too small. Maybe it's strong enough to bear this load, but I don't know that for sure, and it's going to keep me up at night.

I suggest we attach a safety line that bypasses the handy billy and attaches to the chainplate shackle. It would bear part of the load. And if the top of the handy billy failed,

each other. "I'm sorry," he says. I don't know why he is apologizing for anything, and that's when I begin to cry. Not big gulping sobs or out-of-control ugly crying, just kind of quietly weeping that this lovely passage has come to such an abrupt end. My dream of passing by Cape Flattery with sails flying fizzes, and I am heartbroken for us. That's what I'm crying about, and I'm not even sure why that is important to me. My mind knows that I am having an adrenaline stress response, but my heart knows I am just sad. I hold these two pieces of reality at the same time. Truth is truth. We will need to baby the rig until we get it repaired. We will motor for days. I am bereft.

We give ourselves some time alone to be with our own thoughts and feelings before going on to the next tasks. Then, Michael begins coiling up the broken backstay and I help him tape it securely to be stowed below. I get warm clothing and a handheld radio to add to the ditch bags in the



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When I come up to the cockpit in the morning, Michael is playing “dodge that ship” and is bleary-eyed. He has sent our position to the Coasties and to our friends on land, and he has downloaded the news headlines for me to have over my coffee (some rituals are sacred). I suggest he try to sleep. We have four days to go to Neah Bay, Washington. (We don’t know at the time that Neah Bay is closed due to COVID-19.)

In the end, we made it safely home. In short, it was our teamwork and a lot of luck that saved the rig. Being able to keep focused on the tasks in front of us, having years of experience handling smaller boat crises together, knowing how to talk and listen to one another in an emergency, and having faith in each other’s abilities are all time-earned skills that were put to the serious test. Not insignificant is Michael’s ability, as captain, to listen to me and to take what I have to say seriously, valuing my opinion and ability to problem-solve, sometimes doing things he doesn’t think are necessary just because I think they are. That’s called respect.

Back in our home waters of Washington State, we are a sailing boat again, gliding across the water whenever the wind blows. It feels good to look aft and see those shiny new turnbuckles and the silvery strands of a safe, new backstay. 🦋

Melissa White is a licensed therapist practicing in Washington since 1989, specializing in anxiety and its management. After sailing in Washington and British Columbia for 15 years, she and her husband, Michael, took the big leap in 2017 and sailed to Mexico, where they spent three years on their Olympic Adventure 47, Galapagos. Since then, they have sailed to Hawaii and are refitting the boat for another long-distance trip. Read more at LittleCunningPlan.com

The Takeaway—MW

First, because someone is bound to want to know, we did have our rig inspected before we began this passage. None of the three insulators on our backstay sparked concern. In fact, when we took our broken stay into Port Townsend to get a new one, the rigger said she had never seen one fail like ours did. She kept it to use as a teaching moment, because it’s the first failure like that she had come across.

Of course, anything can fail, but that was two experienced riggers who had the same opinion on the matter, which made us feel a bit better. But it’s also a reminder that shit happens, no guarantees. There was no practical way for us to have examined the insulator adequately.

From this experience, I learned that slowing down and thinking things through is critical even in an urgent moment. In fact, the right mental approach can make the difference between a situation that’s not inherently dangerous, and a situation that is hopelessly dangerous. As soon as I could, I focused on the fact that the boat was safe, not taking on water, nothing dragging in the water, no one hurt. Our situation was urgent, but there was never an emergency. That deliberate slowness allowed us to make adequate decisions. Thus, knowing the difference between an urgent situation and an emergency is critical.

It’s important to recognize that many times

there are no good choices to make, only less bad choices. For instance, I had to quickly decide whether to turn the boat upwind and into big seas or downwind to protect the mast from the stresses of the bow pitching. I decided that the priority was smoothing out the boat’s motion, even when it came time to lower the headsail.

The editor of this magazine questioned our decision to remove the headsail, rather than leaving it furled on the stay. As I’ve emphasized, people’s emotional responses to a situation are important, and listening to those as much as possible can make the difference between a traumatic memory and a good story. Michael wanted as much weight off the rig as possible; he *needed* the sail removed. His sense of relief when the sail was stowed was real and important. Yet, I can see now that we were both beginning to think a little less clearly in that moment. How could I possibly have thought that I could ease the sail out only a little at time and still get it to drop? That’s ridiculous. How could Michael have thought he could control the sail at all? He knows how difficult that is even on a calm day at the dock.

That said, I like to think that if the conditions had been worse—bigger seas, bigger winds—we’d have made the decision to leave it. At the same time, our decision to remove it when we felt the risk was low was a hedge against conditions possibly deteriorating in the days before we made landfall, winding up in a situation where we wish we didn’t have that additional weight and windage

loading our wounded rig. Not even hindsight is 20/20. I feel like we really got lucky not losing the sail.

I also have a tendency toward anxiety (“Sailing Scared,” March/April 2021) and have had some post-traumatic responses to situations aboard our boat, so I was very focused on making sure that I stayed present with the situation as much as possible. (I am pleased to report I am not traumatized by this event!) My success was due in large part to Michael’s ability to listen to my needs and concerns as crew and to respond accordingly. This is why I focus on teamwork.

We did right by saving our fuel. We are more apt to sail slowly than motor, and we have a light-wind sail inventory for just that reason. This approach left us with the fuel we needed to motor 500 miles when that was the safest option. A week earlier, for example, had we been impatient with sitting for a day waiting for the wind to fill in, we would have squandered fuel we eventually needed.

As a result of lessons learned from this experience, we now carry aboard enough Dyneema and fittings to replace underway any failed piece of rigging. We will also be carrying more new rope. We were scrounging during this episode, and it seems like we always are looking for rope to do one thing or another.



A Tale of Two Stays

Worry about a bobstay failure inspires a rigging and anchor locker redesign.

BY PARKER MISKO

Over the years, I've come to know my 1978 Allied Seawind II pretty well. Yet, that part of my boat from the anchor locker forward remained a mystery. It's a critical area, where the bobstay, forestay, and staysail all attach to the hull. Some of these attachment points were hidden from view, and I'd heard stories of bobstay failures on sisterships. I decided to explore, and what I uncovered was scary.

Our boat, named *Sea Wind*, is one of just nine cutter rigs of the 129 Allied Seawind MkIIs produced. Perhaps because so few cutters were built, Allied did not customize the deck mold to accommodate a cutter rig. Instead, they moved the mainmast aft, did away with the mizzen mast, and added hardware for a staysail. In doing so, Seawind built

in a few problems, perhaps a result of over-engineering.

The staysail stay is attached to the bowsprit, aft of the yankee stay (forestay). Below-decks support for the staysail stay comes from a short length of 1 x 19 rigging wire that's attached directly beneath the topsides fitting, then angles aft and down to attach to the same chainplate that protrudes from the hull to serve the bobstay. The entire interior part of the bobstay's portion of this chainplate, as well as the base of the staysail's attachment point, is encapsulated in a solid block of resin that forms the floor of the rode locker.

This design has worked for decades, but it's not the most elegant way to go in terms of transferring rig loads. (Unnecessarily angling the below-deck support for the

staysail stay results in a multiplication of forces and introduces additional compressive forces on the bowsprit.) Nor is it the greatest design when it comes to accessibility to the chainplate or practical use of the anchor locker.

Encapsulating the shared chainplate in a big chunk of resin prevented me from being able to remove it for inspection and re-bedding. This is especially important given its location. One side of this chainplate lived in a perpetually damp anchor locker; the other side protruded from the hull right above the waterline. Then there was the oxygen deprivation of

***Sea Wind* in the water and rigged with the bobstay and staysail stays separately attached via the new chainplates.**



(clockwise from top left) There was no easy way to get through the resin block, but finally, the chainplate was exposed.

Removed, the chainplate shows the rust and corrosion that Parker was worried would be present after 40-plus years.

To create a new bobstay fitting backing plate, Parker used G-10 fiberglass plates glued into place with West System and 404 thickener, fiberglassed with four layers of 24-ounce biaxial stitched cloth. Ripped down 2 x 4 pieces hot-glued together formed a pattern for the 3/4-inch marine plywood floor.

All pieces of the new anchor locker floor cut out and laid together to show the design, from the underside.

the resin-encapsulated portion of the fitting and the dangers of crevice corrosion at the intersections. Not good!

Also, the rigging for the staysail stay passed right through the middle of the anchor locker. This caused the anchor chain to foul while deploying and to awkwardly pile up when retrieving. And, I knew that chafing of the support wire

would surely lead to malfunction at the worst possible time.

This past winter was the perfect time to dig in and revamp.

The Bobstay

I accessed the rode locker from down below, via a large hatch at the head of the V-berth. I emptied the locker of chain and had full view of the solid-resin rode locker floor, from which a fitting protruded. After more than 40 years, I knew the clock was ticking on whatever was encapsulated that I could not see.

I used a multi-tool, hammer, and chisel to bash and chip my way through the resin. After many hours spent with my body awkwardly positioned in the anchor locker hatch opening, I had cleared away down to the hull laminate and I was able to remove the chainplate.

Rust and corrosion were forming on both the larger portion of the chainplate



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that served the bobstay, as well as the smaller section where the staysail stay was attached. I imagine it would have been much worse had *Sea Wind* not been a freshwater boat since she was built in 1978.

At this point, I was committed to redesigning the anchor locker and the bobstay and staysail stay supports to be stronger as a whole and to allow for easy inspection and future servicing. Nothing would be hidden in resin.

After the demolition, I prepped the inside of the hull, where the bobstay chainplate fitting passes through, using 80-grit paper on a 5-inch orbital sander. I hand-sanded where the tool wouldn't reach. Then I epoxied in ½-inch G-10 fiberglass plates, which I had laminated and shaped into a wedge that fit the bow.

After these pieces were set, I laid up four layers of 24-ounce biaxial stitched glass of increasing sizes over the area using a chip brush and a roller. In the end, I'd created a stable and very strong, flat area for the new bobstay fitting backing plate. I used West System epoxy and a combination of their 404 and 406 thickeners for all aspects of the project.

I ordered the new fittings from Spartan Marine in Maine. I spoke to John multiple times, and he was incredibly helpful. It turns out that the bronze bobstay fitting that they cast as a Cape Dory replacement fits the Allied Seawind hull shape perfectly. They offer bobstay kits, which include three ½-inch bolts, nylon lock nuts, and a pre-drilled aluminum backing plate.

After installing the new bobstay chainplate (which looks as beautiful as it is strong), it was on to the next modification.

The Anchor Locker

I had to design a new anchor locker floor that could support roughly 270 pounds of

¾-inch chain rode. The old locker did a poor job of draining any water and muck the anchor chain ferried aboard—and what it was able to drain went aft into the forward part of the bilge. This design spells disaster for the long-term integrity of some of the structural members of the boat, including both oak mast compression posts (a story for another day).

I knew the clock was ticking on whatever was encapsulated that I could not see.

I used a hot glue gun and ripped-down strips of a 2 x 4 to make the template for the ¾-inch marine plywood floor. To support the floor, I epoxied two pieces of the same ¾-inch plywood in place on the port and starboard hull, and a rear piece of ¼-inch fiberglass angle stock to the bulkhead.

Additionally, I epoxied a portion of the angle stock to the bottom of the ¾-inch plywood floor, cutting the ends at an angle to rest on the plywood laminated on both sides of the hull. This addition to the underside of the floor not only adds stiffness but additional compression strength by pushing out on the sides of the hull, distributing the chain's weight evenly. During the install, I applied thickened epoxy fillets to every inside corner.

With the new triangular plywood floor glued in place, it seemed as though there was an end in sight. I laid up two layers

of 24-ounce biaxial stitched fiberglass over the floor and up the sides of the hull and bulkhead. From there, I sanded back the rough edges and finally prepped the area with the random orbital sander and 220-grit paper. I used acetone and a stainless steel wire brush to remove the amine blush from the textured surface of the cured epoxy. This glass work further

increased the stiffness and enhanced the abrasion resistance of the plywood floor. I coated everything with a two-part urethane for hardness and abrasion resistance.

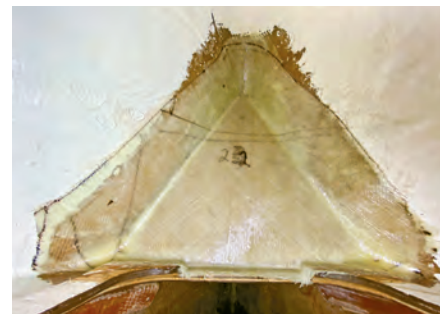
The new floor falls forward about 3 inches over 2½ feet, and the height of the floor is roughly the same as the original. It has a greater surface area, and the chain has more room to pile unimpeded. At the forward end of the locker floor, I drilled two drain holes through the hull, 18 inches above the waterline. Depending on the sea state, water occasionally enters here but drains back out. I am considering adding two small clamshell vents facing aft to minimize water ingress.

One of my primary objectives at the start was gaining permanent access to the bobstay chainplate so that it can be periodically removed, inspected, and

(L to R) The new bobstay fitting with aluminum backing plate installed on the new base. The new floor would sit on this shelf comprised of port and starboard floor supports epoxied in place with West System, as well as rear ¼-inch fiberglass angle stock epoxied to the bulkhead.

The ¾-inch marine plywood floor glued in place with West System epoxy using 406 thickener, sanded to remove amine blush, and cleaned with acetone.

Parker laid up two layers of 24-ounce biaxial stitched cloth over the plywood floor.

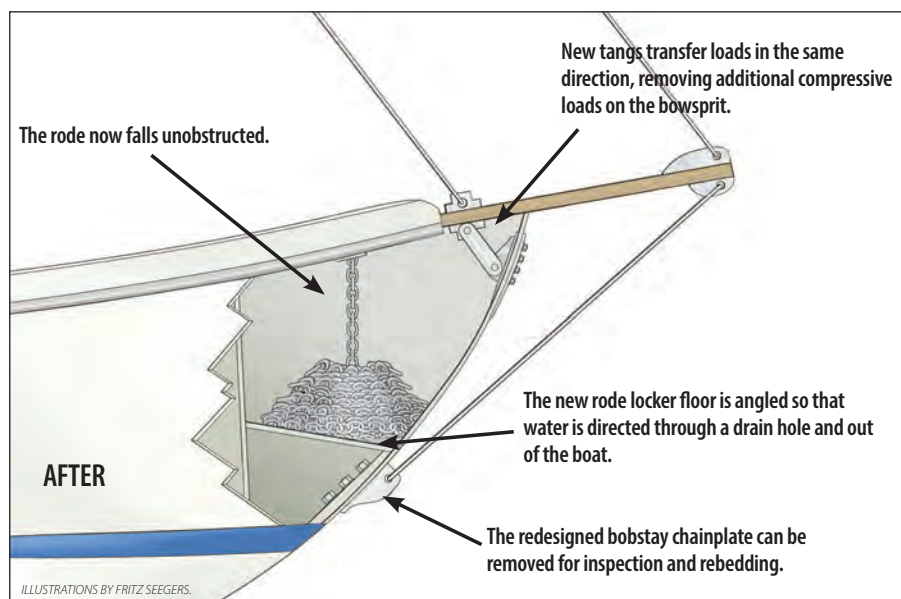
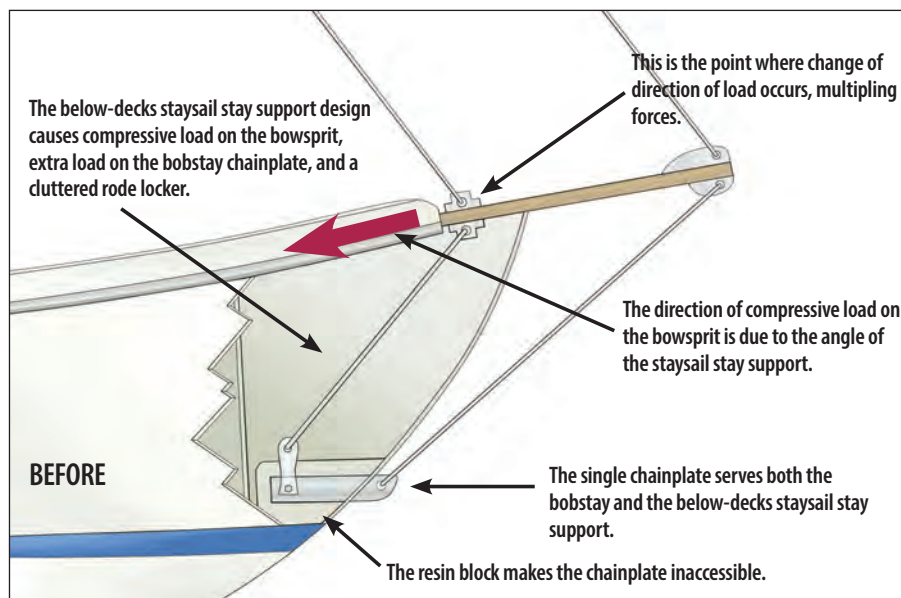


rebedded. It may seem like the nuts on the interior of the hull, beneath the new glassed-in anchor locker floor, are impossible to get to, but it's quite the opposite. I came up with the solution of cutting a hole in the anchor locker bulkhead, beneath the level of the anchor locker floor and also beneath the level of the V-berth. Now, lying on the V-berth, it's an easy reach through the V-berth hatch and forward to the nuts. I just have to be careful not to drop the wrench or a nut!

The Staysail Stay

Next I had to design a new way to support the staysail stay below decks. I went back and forth about this part of the project more times than I can count. Eventually, I decided to use another Spartan Marine bobstay fitting, modified to fit the application.

The company agreed to sell me a "blank" fitting in which no mounting holes were drilled. I sanded off the radius on the fitting to make a flat spot and then made



another flat spot in the hull where I would place the fitting using the same method and materials I used for the bobstay fitting. I drilled four $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch holes in the flat reinforced part of the hull and then made a 316 stainless steel backing plate for the hull exterior.

The location of the new fitting allows the forces imparted by the staysail stay to continue in the same direction, all the way to the hull. This reduces the ultimate force on the fitting and eliminates the additional compressive force on the bowsprit.

To connect the new hull fitting to the underside of the staysail stay bowsprit fitting, I made two $\frac{3}{16}$ -inch-thick tangs. At the ends of the tangs, I drilled $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch holes. The distance between these holes is $\frac{1}{16}$ -inch less than the center-to-center distance between the two fittings. This made it harder to attach the tangs, but

pre-tensioned the chainplate system to prevent shock-loading.

This project required a lot of forethought, time, surgery, and boat yoga. But it's been more than worth it, not only for the new and improved anchor locker and clean access to the two stays' chainplates, but for my peace of mind. 🛶

Parker Misko is a young Pennsylvania native with a love for old boats. He has spent most of his life restoring Queen Anne and Victorian homes as well as partnering with his family's HVAC business. He serendipitously found his way into sailing after hearing stories of his dad crewing on boats when he was younger. His first boat was a Balboa 20, on which he learned to sail on a local lake. After just a year, he purchased Sea Wind, an Allied Seawind 32, and has spent the last five years restoring and upgrading in preparation for living aboard full-time and bluewater cruising with his partner, Katy.

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Clear Passage

Moving a mainsail sheet traveler track makes for smooth sailing through the companionway.

BY LEE BRUBACHER

To my mind, there are two types of sailors: racers and cruisers. Racers are intent on tuning their rigging for maximum wind-gathering, speed, and thrill. Cruisers are content to glide along on smooth water, perhaps more focused on the magic of a summer sunset than the set of the jib. While racers might be indifferent to roomy cabins, soft cushions, generous food stores, and flat-screen TVs, a cruising sailor appreciates all of that, and more.

But sometimes, the two bump into each other. So it was with a 1987 Mirage 29 I purchased three years ago. *SeaLah* was designed by master architect Phillippe Harle and built in Quebec, Canada. She

offers comfort and plenty of headroom, and she also happens to be quite nimble around the cans.

But for this cruising sailor, she had one significant flaw—her traveler track was installed on a bridge deck directly in front of the companionway. When centered, the mainsheet was a significant gauntlet for anyone moving between the cabin and the cockpit. I know that for a racing sailor the location was strategic and optimal for quick mainsail trimming, but the only thing that came to my mind was Gandalf's famous line from *The Lord of the Rings*: "You shall not pass!"

I eventually decided to move the traveler from the companionway entrance

to the cabin roof. Let me tell you how I did it.

I started by enlisting the help of a local canvas shop to design, fabricate, and install a new dodger. I did this first because I wanted a dodger, and I knew that the mainsheet and traveler control lines would need to pass through openings placed strategically in it. While the canvas fabricator got started, I ordered parts from Harken.

There are two types of track on which a traveler can be mounted. The existing

Because he chose to cut the track to better fit the sea hood, Lee sacrificed some ability to sheet the boom further out on each side.



track on the bridge deck is a low-beam track, commonly used when the track can be attached (through-bolted) every couple of inches along its length. But I planned to mount this new track on top of the spray hood that covered the sliding companionway hatch, and I knew I would only be able to attach the track to hard points on either end, leaving the middle of the track unsupported.

For this kind of installation, I needed a high-beam track, one that has a higher profile that adds stiffness. After carefully measuring, I ordered the Harken 27-mm Midrange traveler car (designed for boats 27-34 feet), a high-beam track, two double-sheave end controls, and two cam cleats.

After the dodger was installed, I positioned the track one inch forward of the dodger window and drilled two holes on each end of the traveler track, through the outboard sides of the spray hood, through the cabintop, and into the cabin. I used butyl rubber tape to bed the track, as well as the other hardware I installed for this project.

SeaLah's original mainsheet traveler track and car were positioned on the bridge deck in front of the companionway.



The Mirage 29 includes a smooth-finish, thin fiberglass headliner on the overhead. There is a ¼-inch gap between this headliner and the unfinished underside of the cabintop. To secure the track properly, I used a Dremel tool to carefully cut a 2-inch square hole in the headliner around the holes I'd drilled. This gave me the space I needed to secure the bolts with big washers and lock nuts tightened against the thick underside of the cabintop. I neatly covered the holes I'd made in the headliner with refinished pieces of ½-inch plywood.

After securing the track, it was an easy job to install the traveler car and the two 3:1-purchase double-sheave end controls, and then run the traveler control lines. With the control lines led through my new dodger and back toward the cockpit, I installed one cam cleat per line on either side of the companionway. I through-bolted these cleats just as I did the traveler track, only this time I used a hole saw to make clean ⅝-inch holes in the fiberglass headliner for access. Then I used ⅝-inch, off-white, plastic plug caps to hide the holes. The result looks cleaner and more professional than the plywood approach.

To distribute the mainsheet forces along the boom, I used a 3:1 purchase



(top to bottom) Lee removed the old track only after making sure the new system worked as planned.

After removing the old track, the first job was to remove several decades' worth of dirt and residue.

Lee ran tape over the bridge deck traveler's holes, cut each hole out, and then filled them with caulk.

The bridge deck is clean and clear after Lee removed the old traveler.

The high-beam track in profile, at right.

The underside, below decks view of the holes for the old track, with plastic covers removed, at far right.

system and three boom attachment points. I purchased two straight blocks and one swivel block. Fortunately, the boat's hard-chined Isomat boom has an integrated track on the underside, into which eye fittings can be inserted and slid to the desired positions. I moved the aft-most eye aft of the traveler track, so that the portion of the mainsheet that passed through that eye would slope at an angle matching the dodger window. I think this gives it a purposeful appearance.

I positioned the other two eyes equidistant and forward of the aft eye. When they were all in place, I drilled and screwed each to the boom track. On the starboard side of the cabintop, I installed a spring-loaded block through which I led the mainsheet aft through the dodger and to the cockpit. The deck-mounted base of this block is also through-bolted to the cabintop.

Following the wise council of my canvas fabricator, I left the original traveler track on the bridge deck so that if I had any problems with my new installation, I could easily revert back to the 1987 design. The idea was to stress test the new system for at least a year to make sure all was well. After two years of solid performance by the cabintop traveler and two years spent tripping over the old track, it was time to remove the old Lewmar component.

This was easy. I removed 12 bolts and the corresponding nuts, which I accessed behind 1-inch plastic hole covers in the overhead below. Pulling the track off the bridge deck revealed a long, track-sized footprint of 33 years of grime and wear. A combination of soap and water, Spray Nine, paint thinner, a chisel, sandpaper, a wire scrub pad, and muscle removed nearly all of the staining.

Filling the bolt holes in the bridge deck was a multi-step process. First, I cleaned out all the holes before taping over them and then carefully cutting out each hole with the tip of a utility knife. This step would ensure that the surface of the bridge deck remained clean. Next, I carefully injected a marine caulk into each hole, to within about $\frac{1}{16}$ -inch of the top of the hole, and let it settle and set.



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to the cabintop. However, if I had it all to do over again, I would do one thing differently. I cut off about 2 feet

in length from the track I bought. The full length would have hung over the spray hood by about a foot on each side, requiring 3- to 4-inch legs to support the outboard ends of the track on the sloping cabintop sides.

However, having logged a lot of time sailing the boat with the shortened track, I miss not being able to sheet the boom further out on each side. Live and learn. But I wouldn't trade my unobstructed companionway access for that extra traveler range. I guess I'm a cruising sailor through and through. 🌊

Looking through the unzipped dodger window at the new track, at top left.

The new traveler system installed in front of the dodger. The Isomat boom with an integral track on the bottom simplified placing the eyes for the new 3:1 sheeting, above.

The new arrangement brings the traveler control lines under the dodger to two cam cleats on either side of the companionway, at left.

Being careful and using a very small hole in the caulking tube, I was mostly successful in preventing caulk from contaminating the sides of the top of the holes—that last $\frac{1}{16}$ inch. Where necessary, I used a utility knife or flat-head screwdriver to scrape away any over-caulking.

Next, I filled the remaining portions of each hole with MagicEzy 9-Second ChipFix. The oyster white color provided a nearly matched gelcoat-like finish. The product did shrink a bit as it cured, so where necessary I finished holes off with a second, very thin application to top off the holes and to fill a few small stress cracks spidering out from a few holes. Many months later, I noticed that the MagicEzy had shrunk a bit more and I added a bit more to bring the surface flush again.

Overall, I am very happy that I moved the traveler

SeaLah ghosting along with the new track in operation.



Escaping Forward

A voyage to a new home in North Carolina offers something fresh around every bend.

BY CLIFF MOORE

I've spent 40-plus years sailing—mostly single-handing—New Jersey's Raritan Bay. It's been great; the Bay offers semi-protected ocean sailing and makes an excellent jumping off point for storied places written up in every sailing magazine: Block Island, Newport, Cuttyhunk, Martha's Vineyard, New York Harbor, Long Island Sound, and Nantucket.

But the time had come to make a long-planned move south, to coastal North Carolina. And because I couldn't imagine leaving her behind, my longtime sailing partner, *Pelorus*, a 1980 Paceship 26, was moving too.

Once I decided that I would solo-sail *Pelorus* south on her own keel, I started planning. I was pushing 70, and I was looking forward to this, a chance to explore new places, meet new people, and enjoy new experiences, all from aboard the same good old boat.

The first step was readying *Pelorus*. I spent a week at the boatyard thoroughly inspecting, recommissioning, and repainting the bottom following a hard New Jersey winter. Before launching, I took

time to restore some bright-work and check all the systems. Then I topped off the propane and fuel tanks, and *Pelorus* was ready to go.

I decided the trip would be made at a cruising pace, not a delivery pace. I had no need to push things, maybe aim to make roughly 50 miles a day, sleeping soundly each night on the hook. I would build in time for bad-weather days and the unexpected so that I was never rushed.

So it was that on a clear May morning, *Pelorus*, stocked with food, water, ice, and a spare jerry can full of diesel, motored out of Morgan Creek, the

westernmost part of Raritan Bay, headed for New Bern, North Carolina. As we rounded

Sandy Hook (keeping well off the False Hook) the wind picked up enough to carry sail.



Cliff and *Pelorus*, happy at home in new waters, at top right.

Looking aft as *Pelorus* chugs along the Dismal Swamp Canal. Though local vegetation's tannins turn the water tea-colored, it's actually extremely clean and fresh, at right.

Slocum Creek at sunrise.

We made a pleasant 45 miles or so, and I anchored that first night just inside Manasquan Inlet near Point Pleasant. I had been a little nervous about where exactly I would anchor in what is otherwise a busy inlet, but I found a good out-of-the-way spot in 8 feet of water not far from the channel where I spent a quiet night.

Heading out the next day, I realized that I'd never traveled any further south by boat, and that everything hereafter would be new to me. I was committed and there was no going back; I was escaping forward.

Any voyage along the New Jersey coast is in the Atlantic Ocean, for me best done at least a mile or so offshore—what sailors call “one foot on the beach”—in about 60 feet of water. Once I reached the mouth of Delaware Bay, I would be able to sail into more protected waters and continue the trip on the Intracoastal Waterway (ICW). I figured I could reach Delaware Bay in three days after leaving Morgan Creek, but the Clerk of the Weather had other plans.

With the NOAA forecast calling for a two-day nor'easter, I tucked into Atlantic

City before it started. A local cruising guide led me to a protected, hidden anchorage where I could wait out the blow. Inside the breakwater, I motored past bankrupt Trump casinos and turned into an inlet not much wider than my boat that led through a marsh before opening to a broad, shallow, semi-enclosed bay. After grounding once, I found a good spot in 12 feet of water, along with three big powerboats. I was OK, with an e-reader filled

with 340 books, unmelted ice, and enough food for at least a few days.

That night, the wind piped up from offshore with plenty of rain. The little vest-pocket anchorage was as snug as I could hope for, and *Pelorus* rode securely on a 25-pound Mantus with 60 feet of $\frac{5}{16}$ -inch chain and 100 feet of $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch nylon rope. Waiting out the storm, I cooked, read, and recalled childhood trips to Atlantic City in the 1950s.



At that time, New Jersey was, in some ways, just a subtler version of the Old South. In those pre-casino days, there was only one beach that we African Americans could go to, unofficially called “Chicken-Bone Beach” because the many Black beachgoers brought their own picnic lunches. The lifeguards were Black (and it was the only

beach where a Black lifeguard could work). But since then, passage of the 1964 Civil Rights Act, and the vast sea of money that flowed in from legalized gambling, changed everything.

My thoughts were interrupted by incessant halyard slapping. The noise is always the worst part of waiting out a blow down below. I could work on quieting the halyards, but when the boat yawed in the gusts, the wind shrieked and whistled as it blew across the mainsail slot. Then there was the unending slapping and hammering of waves on the bow. I simply had to wait this one out, knowing the Atlantic City Inlet would be impassable until it was over.

Ensnared in *Pelorus*'s small cabin, I tuned out the shrieking, whistling, and banging and re-read Joshua Slocum's



Pelorus under sail near Wilkinson Point on the Neuse River near New Bern.

Sailing Alone Around the World. I like to revisit this book every year. I mostly sail solo, and not only does Slocum's classic reveal everything anyone needs to know about singlehandeding, it imparts his contagious optimism and cheerful self-reliance that I find renewed within myself with each reading. Yet, the book is also sobering. Slocum was washed up at 51 when he began his famous voyage, and when he was lost at sea at age 65, he was younger than I am.

It was late afternoon on the second day when the weather cleared, but too late in the day for me to get underway. The following morning, I motored back out into the Atlantic. I figured I could make the 55-mile run to Delaware Bay, but there was no margin of error for missing the tide when traveling up that bay, so I made it a two-day trip, with a pleasant stop near Cape May, anchored off the athletic fields of the Coast Guard boot camp. The next morning, I made the short trip across the bay's mouth to Lewes, Delaware, and tied up at the town dock in the Lewes and Rehoboth Canal, as I had family to visit and errands to run.

Today, Lewes is a town of middle-class homes, shops, and restaurants, but in the late 19th century, it was a fishing port, with more than 25 boats that employed over 650 people. Many of the fishermen were African American, including a relative of mine, whose last name was spelled Lewis, the same way Lewes is pronounced by locals. The primary catch was Atlantic menhaden (also known as mossbunker and bunker), a small, silver, oily-fleshed fish similar to herring. The fish were also used for fertilizer, animal food, and producing vitamin B-12. It was a nasty, smelly business that made for a hardscrabble

working town. But the fishing industry was gone by the early 1960s. Today there are tourists instead.

By now, a daily routine had come into focus, beginning in the evening. After dinner, I planned the next day's route before turning in with a book. Early the next morning, I listened to weather on the VHF before getting out of my bunk, then made coffee and breakfast and was underway at first light. Generally, I'd arrive at my destination by mid- or late afternoon, plenty of time to find a back-up spot if there was a problem. I'd anchor, and then, before dinner, inspect the engine, check the oil and fuel levels, and walk the deck, looking for anything that might be about to break. It was a comforting routine, with few surprises.

Properly timing the tide in the Delaware Bay is key for a small boat like mine to make it cleanly and quickly up this broad, open, and frequently boisterous body of water. The next morning, I caught it perfectly and rode it north 56 miles until the bay narrowed to what becomes the Delaware

The Virginia Air and Space Science Center in Hampton showcases more than 30 historic aircraft as part of its exhibits spanning 100 years of flight.



River and the entrance to the Chesapeake & Delaware (C&D) Canal.

There I made the mistake of anchoring overnight in the river at Reedy Island, just below and in sight of the canal's eastern entrance. *Pelorus* swung to the tide's strong current while a cross-wind and the dinghy conspired to put on a middle-of-the-night concert of maddening thumping and crunching. Next time—if there is a next time—I'll go the extra few miles and anchor just beyond the canal entrance at Delaware City, where the cruising guides say it's calmer.

The C&D canal was my path to the Chesapeake Bay, and once I emerged from its western end into the Elk River at the top of the Chesapeake, I turned south for Mile Marker Zero of the Intracoastal Waterway, some 200 miles south in the Elizabeth River between the neighboring cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth, Virginia. Each night, I pulled into one of the beautiful and out-of-the-way anchorages the Chesapeake has in abundance. I avoided Baltimore and Annapolis and was rewarded with scenic seclusion and wildlife everywhere. It was on this stretch that I saw American bald eagles in any number, and nearly every daymark seemed to be home to pairs of ospreys who were raising their young.

(top to bottom) *Pelorus* at anchor in Oriental, North Carolina, with the local fishing fleet astern.

Every now and then, you might see an alligator like this guy while sailing in North Carolina.

To travel the Dismal Swamp Canal, boats must go through two locks at either end. Here, *Pelorus* is tied up in the South Mills Lock preparing to exit the canal.



I carried sail south through the Bay, using Mr. Yanmar only when the wind turned light and variable or traffic became a problem. I found the Chesapeake to have far more commercial marine traffic than my old home waters (including New York Harbor!), with ships anchored and underway. Fortunately, there's an app for that: I relied on MarineTraffic, a free AIS app on my iPhone, to sort out traffic at chokepoints,



The Hampton Marine Center in Hampton, Virginia, is a great rest stop for traveling sailors.

especially near Newport News and Norfolk.

At the historic Hampton Roads of Virginia, I steered *Pelorus* up the short, narrow Hampton River to the Hampton Maritime Center, a short dinghy ride from the anchorage, where I found showers and laundry. Clean and refreshed, I took a lay day to visit the Virginia Air and Space Science Center, only a short walk from the maritime center. The museum was packed with historic propeller and jet aircraft, rockets, space craft, and related objects, as well as a 3D IMAX theater showing flight-related films.

Meanwhile, the weather shifted. Waiting out the nor'easter in New Jersey, I'd huddled under a blanket wearing sweats. Now, only a few days after the front blew out, the temperatures were in the 80s during the day, and

I slept comfortably with the open foredeck hatch funneling a cool breeze below.

From here, there were two routes south, the main ICW, full of tugboat and barge traffic, which I wished to avoid, and the less-traveled Dismal Swamp Canal. I chose the Dismal Swamp Canal, only recently reopened after repairs from Tropical Storm Sandy (I still encountered the odd deadhead and floating tree limb). New to me were

the canal locks at each end; happily, they were run by professionals.

The 22-mile Dismal Swamp Canal, connecting Virginia with North Carolina, is the oldest continually operating waterway in the U.S. and was first surveyed and planned by George Washington. At the time, the prevailing European mindset projected something fearful and frightening about unimproved land; swamps and deep forest gave them the

willies. It was not surprising they chose the foreboding name they did.

Enslaved laborers dug the canal by hand from 1793 to 1805. During that time, so many successfully escaped that they formed settlements in remote, hidden parts of the area. These communities, and the individual self-freed men and women members, were called Maroons.

Life in the Great Dismal Swamp for Maroons was

unpleasant and treacherous—almost entirely in swamplands—but the total population was in the thousands, and many made a living cutting timber and negotiating its sale and transportation along the canal, all the while avoiding the predation of slave catchers. In fact, while Maroons were in several parts of the U.S., the Great Dismal



Pelorus, Cliff's 26-foot Paceship, waits to lock through at South Mills Lock on the Dismal Swamp Canal.

Swamp population is believed to have been the largest. Like others, it contributed to the

success of the Underground Railroad.

Washington's original idea was to drain the swamp

Carolina Dreaming—CM

The best way this New Jersey sailor can describe Eastern North Carolina is flat farmland and swamp, interconnected by two large bodies of water, Albemarle Sound and Pamlico Sound; Albemarle Sound is easily twice as big as Raritan Bay, and Pamlico Sound is more than twice as big as Albemarle Sound. All of it is tucked in behind the Outer Banks.

Interestingly, there is no significant tide here, no tidal currents, not from the first lock at the Dismal Swamp Canal to almost Beaufort, North Carolina, where the ICW skirts the inlet to the Atlantic. Any rise and fall in water depth throughout this area is wind-driven.

Electrolysis is not a significant issue because the water is brackish, and in some places—especially the Dismal Swamp Canal and Pasquotank River to Elizabeth City—it's the color of strong coffee as a result of the tannins leached out of scrub oak. Also, much of it is shallow, but not too shallow for a boat drawing 5 feet. Even so, it takes a certain amount of *sang froid* to sail along with the bottom a foot or so below your keel!

Unlike in New Jersey, North Carolina boaters wave back with all five fingers. Back in Raritan Bay, there were lots of great destinations, but none I could reach in a

single day sail, except New York Harbor. Here there is more to explore on day sails than I may be able to get to in the next 20 years. Summertime in Raritan Bay could be dangerously crowded with powerboaters. By comparison, sailing the 25 miles between Oriental and New Bern on a beautiful Sunday in mid-July, wind out of the southwest, 10 to 15 knots, I counted 10 sailboats on the water, and not many more powerboats.

Slip fees are much more affordable here, the sailing season is longer, and the wildlife is rich. Several times already, I've come up from below after hearing a blowing sound, only to find a pod of porpoises chasing baitfish. And once, a pair of river otters swam by the boat, chattering away with each other, not 5 feet away.

The downside? Hurricanes (although obviously New York isn't immune to this threat either). Though the marina where *Pelorus* moors is essentially landlocked on four sides, everyone is vulnerable, and I take precautions with every advancing storm. And of course, there are alligators and water moccasins, something I keep in mind when I go in the water to clean the prop. But I like to think the porpoises keep them away.

(literally). When that proved untenable, the goal became to ease the transportation of goods by water. However, once the much deeper and broader Albemarle and Chesapeake Canal was completed in 1858, the Dismal Swamp Canal fell into disrepair. In 1929, the federal government purchased the canal and improved it sufficiently for small boat traffic, but not for tugboats and barges.

Compared to other stretches of the ICW, the Dismal Swamp Canal is lush and verdant, belying its name. However, because it is so narrow (as little as 25 feet wide in places), and because trees grow alongside and overhang it, there's no safe place to anchor in it once you have passed through the locks. To overnight, you can tie up at the commodious Dismal Swamp Canal Welcome Center (and, since other boats likely will raft up with you, it's a fun way to meet fellow travelers). Close attention must be paid to steering; at one point, while dodging a floating deadhead, I managed to scrape my masthead clean on a tree limb (my only damage of the trip). Fortunately, I carried a spare anchor light.

Although much of the Dismal Swamp Canal is rail-straight, even for a few miles past the South Mills lock at the southern end, the route becomes wildy circuitous once into the narrow upper reaches of the Pasquotank River. Wandering off-channel by even a few yards can result in grounding, as I proved a number of times.

Eventually, the ICW widened, and in Elizabeth City, North Carolina, civilization appeared, then disappeared the following day as I crossed Albemarle Sound and entered the Alligator River, then the Alligator River-Pungo River Canal. Cypress trees

surrounded low-lying, featureless swampland that appeared like the consequence of some kind of dystopic catastrophe, in which nature was only now reclaiming the landscape. On either side were stunted, half-dead, vine-covered trees. Hidden on the banks among them were alligators and snakes, some of them water snakes. Seabirds were absent. I wasn't in New Jersey anymore.

Soon enough, though, I shot out into Pungo River, near Belhaven, North Carolina. There, I began to get what Joseph Conrad called "channel fever," that feeling old-time sailors experienced homeward bound, as they headed up the last stretch of the English Channel after a long voyage. To cope with my own canal fever, and to celebrate, rather than drop the hook and dine "*Chez Pelorus*," I enjoyed a restaurant meal and a quiet night at the town dock.

By the time I reached Oriental, North Carolina, roughly 40 miles further south along the Pamlico River and then Neuse River, I was three weeks into my voyage and only a short day sail from my new slip at the marina near downtown New Bern. *Pelorus* and I had come 634 miles.

There was little about this trip that was different from my previous summer cruises out of Raritan Bay—making progress by day, sleeping at anchor each night—but this one was longer, and the route unfamiliar. And now I'm home again, in new sailing grounds, with a boat I know like the back of my hand. I can't wait to go sailing. 🚤

Good Old Boat *Contributing Editor* Cliff Moore's first boat was a Kool Cigarettes foam dinghy with no rudder or sail. Many years and many boats later, he's sailing *Pelorus*, a 26-foot AMF *Paceship* 26 he acquired and rebuilt after Hurricane Bob trashed it in 1991.



Spray Dried

Fabricating a spray hood changes the companionway game.

BY TOM ALLEY

Our 1965 Alberg 35 has been a wonderful boat to us, but there are a few places where she could stand to be a little more watertight. The companionway was one of them. We didn't take water over the companionway slider too often, but when we did, it had the annoying habit of dripping below and generally getting the boat wet where we wanted it dry.

Also, the dodger had to be unsnapped from the forward end of the companionway slide to open it, and then reattached to a second set of snaps when the slide was open. The reverse was required to close up the slide when conditions would get snotty.

A spray hood over the companionway slider would solve both problems, so I set out to build one.

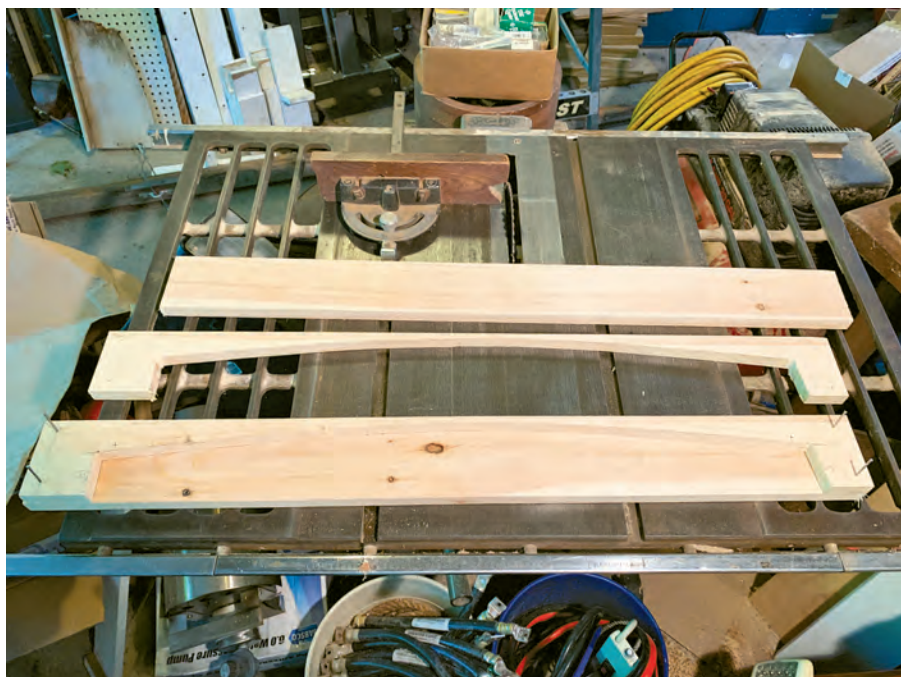
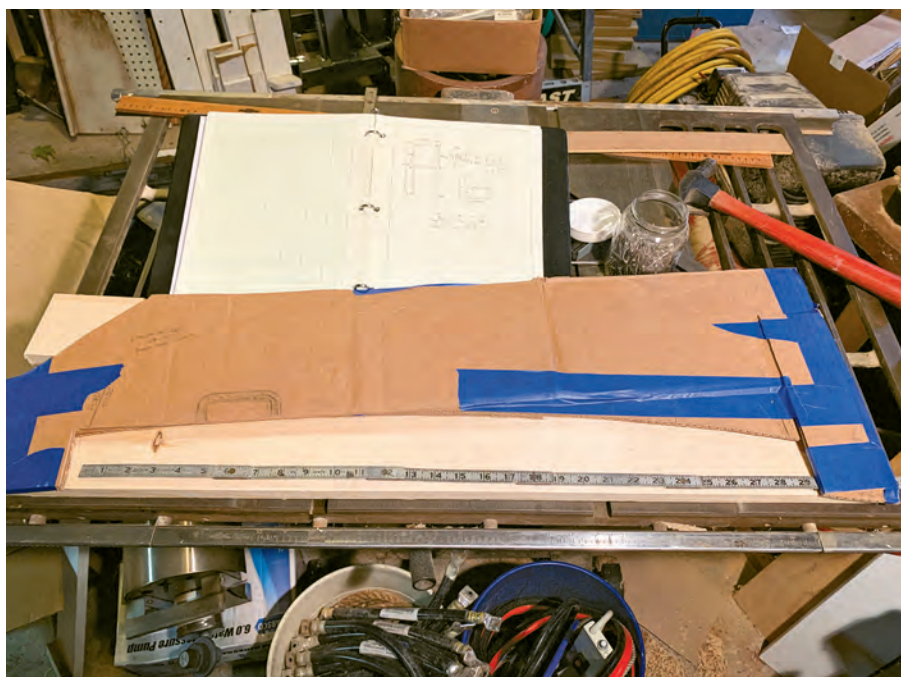
I decided that the easiest way to build the spray hood was to lay up fiberglass in a female mold. One advantage of having the female mold was that it could be placed on the boat for some test fitting to ensure the edges would line up where desired, and that various curves, angles, and dimensions were what they needed to be. Of course, before I could lay fiberglass in a mold, I needed a mold.

Fortunately, there were no significant compound curves in this project, so I was able to use thin dry-erase board to make the mold. I planned to control the shape by fashioning ribs to hold the board to the desired shape.

The completed spray hood installed on *Tomfoolery*, opposite page.

Tom made a cardboard template of the spray hood's ribs, then transferred those to the wood that would hold the mold to shape, at top right.

Tom used the pattern for the first rib as a template for the remaining two, at right.



First, I made patterns for the ribs using cardboard. Because the edge of the cardboard wasn't very smooth, I used a batten as a ruler to trace a clean line onto 1 x 4 lumber. I cut the wood to shape using a bandsaw and then smoothed it with sandpaper.

Once satisfied this first rib for the mold was perfect, I used it as a pattern for two more. These two were easier, as I was able to trace the pattern, make rough cuts using the bandsaw, and then use a laminate router riding on my first template piece to smooth the edges.

After all three ribs were made, I turned them upside down and glued the dry-erase board to them using Gorilla wood glue. This formed the basis of my female mold.

Once the glue was dry, I attached strips of 1-inch lumber to the bottom of the ribs to define both the sides and the height of the spray hood. These "side rails" also protruded past the forward end of the spray hood, and I cut these ends at an angle to create a sloped surface on which to attach the dry-erase board, creating a template for the raked forward end of the finished spray hood. After this, I glued dry-erase board to the sides and front of the mold.

Next, I filleted the inside corners of the mold using automotive body putty. Then, I applied two coats of automotive paste wax to the entire interior surface before beginning to lay in fiberglass; this would hopefully ensure that the mold would release the fiberglass once it had hardened.

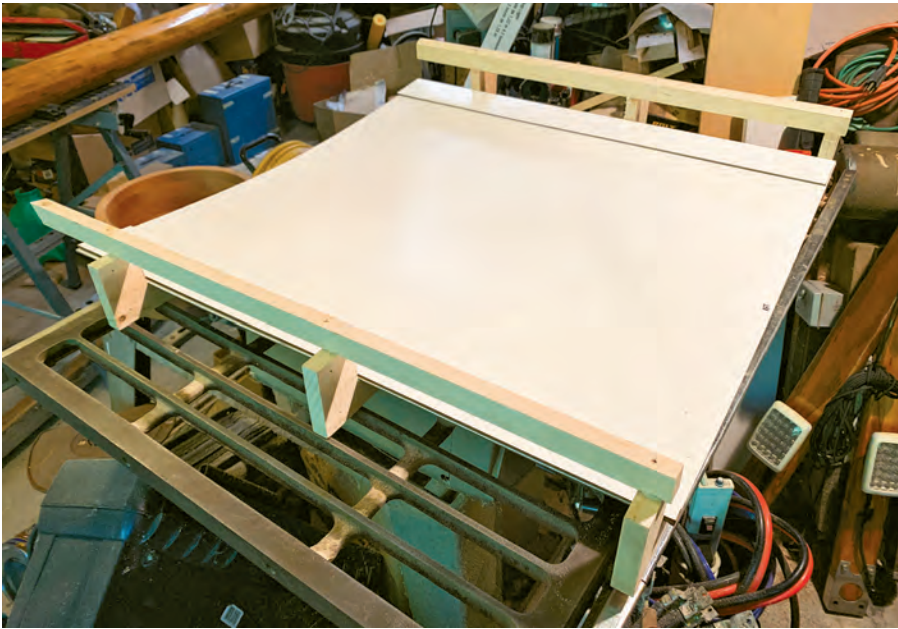
The deck is painted, so I didn't feel it was necessary to start with a layer of gelcoat. Because it would cure without leaving an amine blush, I used MAS low-viscosity epoxy resin with MAS medium hardener. I layered in mat and roving and let it tack up and harden before applying another layer. Since I was usually doing this work in the evenings, I typically



(top to bottom) Rough-cutting a rib in the bandsaw.

After rough-cutting the remaining ribs with a bandsaw, Tom used a router to smooth them along the mated edge of the first template rib. He had to make two passes, since his router bit wasn't tall enough to handle the thickness of two pieces.

Having a couple of cats means Tom always has some sandbags available for help in gluing up projects like the spray hood mold.



put down a single layer and let it cure overnight.

After laying in enough layers of mat and roving to build up the thickness to about one-quarter of an inch, I popped the hatch from its mold—though it wasn't as easy as that sounds. Turns out I missed a spot with the wax, and the epoxy glued itself tenaciously there, forcing me to destroy the mold as I peeled it from the fiberglass in pieces. Then I used a sanding disc to remove the remaining pieces of the mold now laminated to the hatch cover.

It was exciting to finally see my very rough and unfinished spray hood. What came next was probably the most tedious part of the build, at least for me—filling and fairing. Each evening after work, I would search for voids, sand them out, and fill them with thickened epoxy. I'd let them cure overnight, sand some more the next day, and then flip the shell over and do the other side. Because the epoxy would tend to droop on the vertical surfaces, I had to fair them separately with the shell oriented differently. So, gravity and my work schedule conspired to slow me down—that, and I kept noticing more pinholes here and there that would demand another round of filling, fairing, and sanding, which would add another day or two.

I also took another trip to the boat to dry fit the cover and to trim the flanges to make everything even and presentable.

Once the dry fit was successful and the surface smooth, it was time to paint. I started with a couple coats of white Rustoleum enamel (the same paint I used on the main deck) and followed that with two coats of an almond color of the same paint with non-skid particles mixed in.

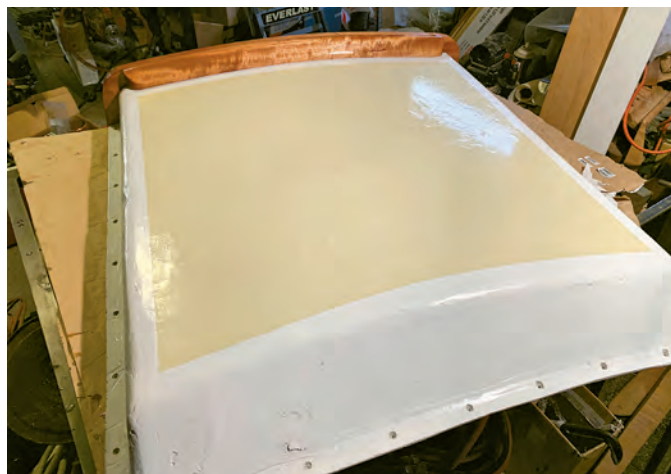
Next, I drilled countersunk screw holes around the perimeter flange where the hood would be attached to the deck. I fastened it with #10, 3/4-inch stainless steel screws every 4 inches, sealing it with TotalBoat Seal.

A fellow woodworker fashioned a piece of teak for me to serve as trim for the aft end of the hood and also provide a location where the dodger canvas could be



Adding the side rails to the mold, at top left.

Test fitting the mold, at middle left and left.



Test fitting the nearly complete mold. Note the slight curve in the front portion of the mold trimmed to fit the camber of the deck, at top left.

With the corners filleted and the interior waxed, the mold is ready for laying in the fiberglass, at top right.

The spray hood didn't exactly pop from the mold, so plan B meant wrecking the mold to release it, above.

After being extracted from the mold, the spray hood is ready to be filled and faired, at middle right.

The spray hood is painted and drilled and ready for mounting on the deck. The teak trim piece has also been attached to the aft end to serve as a stiffener and mounting point for the dodger, at bottom right.

secured. The teak also serves as a stiffener along the aft edge of the sea hood.

After several weeks of work, I installed the finished product over the companionway sliding hatch. It looks great and the spray hood is even stiff enough to stand on, though it does flex slightly when I do so. The best compliment I received was from the skipper next door who did not even notice the change to my boat. I guess I was successful at matching her lines and not harming her aesthetics. 🌊

Tom Alley's bio can be found on page 17.

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Product Profile

A Smarter Pour

Since 2009, when the EPA banned the sale of traditionally vented gas cans, we've all endured a generation of gas cans compliant with California Air Resources Board (CARB) specifications that are a plague of spills and durability issues. Thankfully, a new generation of CARB-compliant tanks are now on the market. Last year, I profiled Edson's SureCan ("Filling Fuel Tanks Neatly," May/June 2020) and found a lot to like. Now, I'm taking a look at Scepter's SmartControl can.

Like all new-generation cans, it uses low-permeation plastics,

meaning it doesn't stink up the car on the way to the boat. The dispensing nozzle is spill-free and allows accurate cut-off when filling smaller tanks.

Pouring from the SmartControl can is a two-step process. First, I open the vent by using my palm to depress the dark-green spring-loaded lever in the middle of the large light-green pad. (I do this while the can is still vertical, or a little gas may spurt out.) Then, I tip the spout into the fill opening, wrap my fingers over the grip, and squeeze to push the pad with the heel of my hand. I can control the flow rate by how

much I push the pad. A hook molded into the spout prevents me from sticking the nozzle too far into the tank, thus losing sight of the fill process and blocking the air returning from the tank (like all CARB cans, the flow in the nozzle is through two separate channels, resulting in some gugging when the can is full).

These two cans are different approaches to improving what was. So, which do I prefer? The SureCan is handier, particularly in larger sizes. I can sit down

while it drains, rather than holding a 5-gallon can. But, the SureCan is twice the price of Scepter's SmartControl can, and I found the Scepter can accomplishes the same goal very well.

I checked out the 2-gallon version of Scepter's SmartControl cans, but they also make 5-gallon and 1-gallon cans.

For more information: scepter.com

—Drew Frye, *Good Old Boat* Technical Editor

Scepter 2-gallon can in use. No spills, not a drip will come out until you push the lever, at bottom left.

Flame mitigation device. The screen does not restrict filling or discharge, below.



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

If this anchor was strong enough to hold a high-windage float plane and also light enough to be carried aboard the plane, it would certainly fit the bill on a lightweight sailing/racing dinghy.

—Art Haberland, Northfield, New Jersey

I found Drew Frye's article on the Northhill interesting. I was introduced to the Northhill by a charter boat skipper who used one on Apalachee Bay in Florida. The Danforth I was trying to use slid across the top of the grass bottom, the Northhill sank in and held.

I ended up with two Northhills. One was rather small but held a 22-footer quite nicely. When we upgraded to a 26-footer, I found a bigger Northhill in the back of a marine store. Interestingly, both Northhills are the folding type, whereby the crossbar does not detach, but each side folds up against the shank.

—C. Henry Depew, Tallahassee, Florida

Coast Guard Defense

Regarding the photo sent in by Steve Christensen of misplaced buoys and debris on the Mississippi River (Mail Buoy, May/

June 2021): I think the criticism of the Coast Guard may be misplaced. I know they take care of safety and possibly navigation, but I'm pretty sure channel maintenance and such falls under the jurisdiction of the Army Corps of Destruction/Engineers. They are also in charge of all locks and dams on the Mississippi along with most other major inland rivers in the U.S. It might be worth checking; the Coast Guard is a pretty responsible outfit.

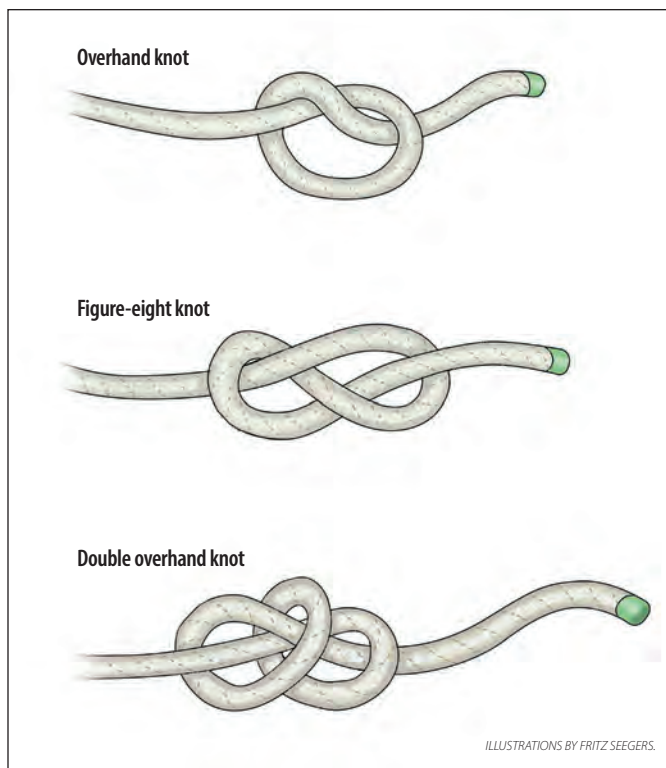
—Dave Harring, Belleville, Wisconsin

Michael Robertson responds: *Thank you, Dave. You are correct that the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers is responsible for at least much of what you described, such as channel maintenance, but when it comes to aids to navigation, including navigation buoys, anywhere in the United States, the buck stops with the U.S. Coast Guard (USCG). If a navigation buoy is off station, it is the responsibility of the USCG to put it back where it belongs. Thank you to Petty Officer Jonathan Lally, who works in the public affairs office of the 8th Coast Guard District, for confirming this information for us. The 8th Coast Guard District maintains USCG jurisdiction over several inland waterways, including the Mighty Miss.*

Not For Me

Your "diversity" editorial ("There's Room on the Water," March/April 2021) convinced me that your magazine is not for me. Please don't send the last issue and obviously I will not be subscribing.

—Douglas Hintzman, Okemos, Michigan



Mer Sea Flies!

It's always sailing season in Southern California, especially for a good old boat like *Mer Sea* (below, left), our 1973 Newport 27, shown here during the Seal Beach to Dana Point Race, in which the wind cooperated, and our spinnaker was set for a 38-mile ride. We maintained hull speed for most of the day and finished first-in-class!

Mer Sea has sailed for years and still keeps pushing through the water, offering up one great sailing day after another. She is completely restored and refit with custom sails.

—Chuck Gramlich, Dana Point, California

Michael Robertson responds:

A lovely photo, thanks for sharing, Chuck. I have a special place in my heart for the Newport 27. My first boat was a 1980 MkII that I lived aboard for almost five years in my 20s. I eventually cast off from Ventura, California, and sailed her south, through the Panama Canal, and up to Fort Lauderdale. There I sold her to an Austrian couple who said they planned to keep her in the Bahamas as a vacation home. That was 1997. I'd love to learn about her whereabouts. Anyone seen her? She had blue boot stripes and blue cabin sides and was named Del Viento.

A Better Stopper

Your endorsement of the overhand and figure-eight as stopper knots must surely have been borne of expedience (Mail Buoy,



January/February 2021). A better stopper outperforms these two and is nearly as simple. In essence, one takes an additional half-turn around the standing part, then tucks the end through the bend you've just made and the bight. It is bigger, blunter, and less prone to jamming.

—Walter Heins, *Golden Eagle*,
Ketchikan, Alaska

Michael Robertson responds:

Walter, what irony. My note you cite in the Mail Buoy (January/February 2021) was a confession that I'd sailed for many years before I discovered the figure-eight knot as a superior stopper knot. That note led to your letter that has me now confessing to being unaware of the double-overhand knot you describe. I've posted your excellent video in which you show how it's tied, on our channel: youtube.com/goodoldboat.



Visit our YouTube channel
for more on this knot.

I also contacted knot guru Nic Compton, author of the classic The Knot Bible and the just-released A Knot a Day, to get the skinny on stopper knots. Nic offered that for sailors in need of an even bulkier knot, there is Ashley's stopper (also known as the oysterman's stopper knot). Check it out here: animatedknots.com/ashley-stopper-knot. Then Nic suggested the stevedore (or double figure-eight knot)—perhaps more than any sailor needs.

Thinking of You

I enjoyed the article by Vern Hobbs ("A Table for Two, Please!" September/October 2020). I have a Pearson 36 with the same wheel-forward design in the cockpit and had been thinking about doing a table similar to Vern's for a while. I used his basic design and made a few changes, the obvious one being to substitute Starboard for wood. I think it turned out nicely (above) and is very easy to keep clean. Vern and *Good Old Boat*, thanks for the push I needed! When I'm sitting in my cockpit having dinner and a glass of wine, I'll think of you.

—George Symon, *Bandit*, Pearson 36,
Staten Island, New York

Kudos to Rigging Only

I want to comment on two things. First, this past summer we experienced an incident similar to Megan Downey ("Crash



Course," January/February 2021). The five seconds it took for all hell to break loose when the mast comes crashing down is frightening. Aboard our *Knot Perfect*, the dismasting resulted from the forestay breaking. Our boat is smaller than the author's boat, so our damage was far less and there was no need to involve the insurance company, just DIY repairs and a few parts. My comment is really about one of your advertisers, Rigging Only. I contacted Dan. He told me to ship what I had left of the broken forestay to them and they would fabricate a new one. They were extremely fast about getting me the new parts, and he made a suggestion about changing one part to a better design. I thought their prices were reasonable. I'm grateful for their good service and advice.

Second, my thanks to Melissa White for her article, "Sailing Scared" (March/April 2021). I was pleased to encounter this

valuable life advice in a sailing magazine. Bravo to *Good Old Boat* for including info other than fixing up good old boats.

—Doug Sawatzky, Pinawa, Manitoba

The More Sailors, the Better

I liked your editorial about new sailors. I am disheartened that the overall number of people sailing in the U.S. has declined in recent decades. Back in 2017, when I was commodore of the Mark Twain Sailing Association, my challenge to our members was captured in our theme, "Making Future Sailors-Take Out a Newbie." At the annual awards dinner, we recognized members who had introduced the most new people to sailing. I'd have to look up the numbers, but I recall that our association took out over 25 newbies that season. We look at our boat as a blessing that we should share with others, so my wife and I continue to welcome newbies out on the

water. For over 20 years, we have donated a few sailing excursions each year to local charity auctions.

—**Bryan Rucinski**, 1984 Hunter 37,
Mark Twain Lake, Missouri

I couldn't cheer loudly enough after reading your editorial on diversity, equity, and inclusion. *Good Old Boat* put into words so many things we've been feeling in recent years. I too was frustrated and puzzled after reading contrary comments on the *Good Old Boat* Facebook post about the US Sailing initiative. [All of us can] benefit from new voices, new ways of doing things, and a larger sailing community. The sailing world is better off when the wind blows from many directions.

—**Janet Gannon**, *Fulmar*, Pacific
Seacraft 37, Brunswick, Georgia

I just got around to reading the responses to the editor section of the May/June issue and I have to say congrats to you on the affirmative and unapologetic stance on the issue of equity and diversity in our sailing community. I agree wholeheartedly and I enjoyed your wit and light sarcasm. It is refreshing to see someone take a stand for what is right and good for us all. Sailing has a history of exclusion, and this contributes to reversing that trend. All the young and older (like my wife and me) vloggers are also showing the way with some new paths. I take every opportunity to introduce and share the joy and the how of sailing to everyone I can. Keep doing what you're doing. *Good Old Boat* is our favourite (Canadian spelling) sailing magazine.

—**Dan O'Connell**, Montréal, Quebec

My compliments on the March/April issue. I think you managed to strike the right balance in content between the how-to of sailing and the why. Also, your comments regarding diversity were well said. All of us should be bringing new young people into this sport of sailing. And while we're doing that, it wouldn't hurt that some of those people don't necessarily look like us.

—**Miles Zitmore**, Whiterock Boat
Club, Dallas, Texas

I think US Sailing is in much the same position as US Skiing in that the sport/avocation in so many ways dwells in the heart of white privilege zone and must

push off from feet of clay to get purchase in this moment, but it must happen, and even if you have to deal with the flak from folks who have not fully faced up to their own racism (self included), you must make the most of your position and stand tall in the conversation.

—**Erik Filkorn**, *Aylwin*, 1985 Ericson
32-3, Lake Champlain, Vermont

Partial Oil Change

Reading Mark Cole's excellent story of his Perkins M30 overheating problems, I found myself wanting to ask him about my own Perkins M30 problem ("Overheating No More," *The Dogwatch*, April 2021). When I pump the oil out through the dipstick for an oil change, I get much less oil (2.5 liters) than the engine's capacity (4.3 liters). Is there a better way to remove it? Do others have this problem? What are the consequences of not getting all the oil out?

—**Joe van Benten**, Chestnut Hill,
Massachusetts

Mark Cole responds:

Hello, Joe. Thank you for the compliment on my article. Except for a couple of hiccups that offered good subject matter for magazine articles, my Perkins M30 has been a reliable engine. When changing the oil, I use a West Marine vacuum pump. I run the pick-up hose through the dipstick tube and I usually have the same issue you're writing about. Last oil change, my notes say I only sucked a little over 2 liters out. (There is also the oil trapped in the filter to add to that amount.) I run the engine for a few minutes to warm the oil up, then I let the engine sit for a few minutes to allow all of the oil to drain back to the sump.

My notes say that the maximum oil capacity for the M30 is 4.3 liters and the MIN mark on the dipstick indicates only 3.3 liters in the sump. When I check the oil before changing the oil, the dipstick usually indicates little below the halfway point, so maybe 3.6 liters? My notes

also indicate that after the oil is drained and the filter replaced, I need to add only about 3.5 quarts to get back to full on the dipstick. I once replaced the oil pan on my engine and the lower end was in great shape and looked well lubricated, so I'm comfortable with my oil change process.

Michael Robertson responds:

Mark and Joe, I've never owned a Perkins, but I had a long relationship with a Yanmar 4JH-TE. I probably used the same West Marine vacuum pump that Mark mentions, a tall cylinder that holds about 6.5 quarts of used oil. I used to extract oil via the dipstick tube, and every time the hose hung up on something, and I'd have to jiggle past it to go the final 6 inches or so to the bottom of the pan. If I didn't do this, I could extract only a portion of the oil, which makes sense. Sounds to me like your tube is getting hung up before it reaches the bottom of the pan, and in the case of the Perkins M30, maybe there is no amount of jiggling that's going to get the hose all of the way to where it needs to go. One option, if you can reach it, is to replace the drain plug at the bottom of your pan with a screw-in valve and a hose attached that allows you to drain dirty oil from the bottom of the pan, rather than through the dipstick tube.

Sistership

Last month, I finally subscribed to *Good Old Boat*. This month, our boat's sistership is on the cover! We've spent the past 30 months restoring our Cape Dory 25 (below), hull number 266, and hope to launch her next week.

—**Gerald Danko**, Indian Land, South
Carolina



Boats for Sale

**C&C Viking 33/34**

1982. C&C built by Ontario Yachts, recent sails, engine rebuild (3GM Yanmar), Awlgrip (Aristo Blue). B&G instruments, Autohelm AP. Summer dockage paid. Steel cradle incl, 3-axle trailer avail. Boat in water and in beautiful condition at Miller Marina, Saint Claire Shores, MI. \$11,000.

John Juntunen

313-820-2475

jjjuntunen@gmail.com

**Acadia Ketch 33**

1968. *Manitou*, classic Winthrop Warner design, Beam 9'9". One of 3 custom-built in Taiwan, sailed only in freshwater. Well maint. Honduras mahogany planking on oak frames. 35hp Westerbeke diesel. Sails incl spinnaker, main, 2 headsails, stays'l, new mizzen. Bayfield, WI. \$32,000.

Kathryn Jensen

612-850-2981

kljensen@uslink.net

**Atkin Schooner 33**

1957. Gaff-rigged. 32'9"x9'8"x4'4" restored 2012-17, new African mahogany plywood/glass deck. Bald cypress deck beams, white oak frames, 3" floor timbers, 7x6" stem, white cedar hood ends, 1 3/8" carvel planking, both garboards and 3 planks above. Set of 5 sails

including gollywobbler. Bullet-proof Sabb-2hr, 18hp, new rings and cylinder sleeves '12. 6' standing headroom, sleeps 3+, July '18 survey. Sale incl hurricane mooring in Colonel Willis Cove, RI. Wishing \$60,000, best offer negotiable.

Jim De Reynier

860-305-1582

Jimder40@gmail.com

**Ontario 32**

1978. Modified C&C design sloop. '10 Yanmar 3YM30 diesel, overhauled '16. 11.5' beam provides space and headroom of 36- to 38-footer. Bluewater boat that has crossed the Atlantic, sailed the Mediterranean, Black Sea, Caribbean, and West Coast from Alaska to Costa Rica. On the hard in Puerto Penasco, Sea of Cortez, Mexico. Full inventory avail. \$19,500.

Aubrey Millard

705-849-3836

sveledaiv@hotmail.com

**Grampian Classic 31**

1983. New old stock. Has never been launched. Includes new mast, sails, rigging, variable pitch propeller, boxes of new best-quality fittings, and a good Mercedes 4-cylinder diesel. Finish her up and take this beauty on her maiden voyage. Peterborough, ON. \$20,000 CAD.

Terry Philpot

705-292-9099

terrymarcmarina@gmail.com

terrymarcmarina.com

**Downeast 38**

1975. Cutter-rigged. Rebuilt inside/out '08. New bottom, rigging replaced. Interior exc cond. Marine survey '09/'19, new zincs, 3.5KW genset. AC blows cold, VHF, AP, full instrumentation, GPS. Many pics avail. Ft. Walton Beach, FL. \$89,700.

James DeSimone

850-939-7241

jdesim2015@gmail.com

**Seafarer Meridian 26**

1966. Masthead sloop, CCA rule hull, full keel. LOA 26', beam 7', draft 3.75'. Fully restored + extensively upgraded. Recently replaced full suit of sails/rigging. 9.9hp Johnson electric start, installed in motor well (inboard style), built-in alum. fuel tank. Original teak interior. Standing headroom main cabin w/berths port and starboard. Large V-berth forward w/concealed head. Motivated seller downsizing to smaller boat. Brooklyn, NY. \$24,500.

Steve Morse

718-383-0123

smdfstudio@gmail.com

**Cheoy Lee Clipper 36**

1969. Currently in storage yard disassembled for restoration/refur-

bishment (project interrupted and stalled). All parts, equipment, gear, hardware removed from boat is stored and incl. Photos documenting projects completed so far show attention to detail and are available online at goodoldboat.com/advert/cheoy-lee-clipper-36/ and by request. Serious buyer, make an offer. Williamsburg, VA. All offers considered.

Mark Roadley

Fineketch@gmail.com

**Pearson 30**

1980. Step aboard and get underway! Extensive refit. Hull soda blasted, sanded to fiberglass, epoxy coated. Deck re-core'd, fittings re-bedded w/plate reinforcements. Mast + compression post refurbished. Hatches, portholes, windows reseated. Bimini, dodger, add'l misc canvas, includes fitted winter cover. Rocna 15 kg anchor + chain rode. Reworked elec, freshwater, fuel systems. Reliable Yanmar diesel. Electronics: sound system, triple batt charger, plotter, VHF, depth finder. Essex, MD. \$17,500.

John Jungclaus

717-309-2782

ljjungclaus@gmail.com

**Pearson 28-2**

1986. Sloop. 16hp diesel. 15-gal fuel tank, 22-gal holding tank, 18-gal potable water tank, 3.5-gal new hot water tank. Wheel steering and compass. RF, dodger and bimini w/removable canvas connector. Encl. marine head. Custom framed winter cover, dock box. 3 epoxy hull coatings. Very good condition. Sandusky, OH. \$10,000 OBO.

Ken Poss

614-216-3056

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Pearson 26 Weekender
1976. Great daysailer, ex PHRF racer, heavy-duty gear, spinnaker-rigged. Lots of accessories. Incl LS OB, car trailer, steel cradle. Plymouth, MN. \$8,000.

Michael Barnes

763-557-2962

granite55446@gmail.com



Cheoy Lee Luders 30
1975. Project boat. Complete but disassembled. Hull and coachroof with new paint. Volvo 20hp engine turns easily by hand, ran fine when in commission. New electrics. Delran, NJ. \$2,750.

Phil Shaughnessy

630-386-7101

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Lost and Found

Some boats you just can't live without.

BY WENDY MITMAN CLARKE

Somewhere along the line, my boat ate one of my favorite earrings. It was a small, silver-set piece of green glass, with a clasp that kept it closed just so it wouldn't fall off your ear and get lost. But lost it got. I searched every inch of the boat, but the boat just ate it.

Then time passed, and life ate the boat. That is to say, it was time to sell her, our 1978 Peterson 34, *Luna*.

I was bummed about the earring, but selling *Luna* broke my heart. My husband, Johnny, and I had bought her when our daughter was a newborn and our son was 3 years old. I was then desperate to get out of the young-mom urban grind, to see stars, to feel the water's freedom again. Johnny had known her IOR racing lines for years, knew just how to answer when I pleaded: "Find us a boat. Now."

And, because he has the skills, he found her and then turned her into a fast, beautiful cruising boat for a young family. Our kids grew up on her learning what it means to love sailing, the natural world, and the water life. They also learned how something seemingly inanimate could become part of you, how you could love what was, to the uninitiated, nothing more than a shapely aggregate of fiberglass, metal, and wood. When we left her for what we thought was the last time, our daughter wrote her a goodbye note and hid it. It's still there, probably with my earring.

We sold her to a friend who admired her and had hoped his wife-to-be would enjoy sailing as much as he did. The marriage took, but not the sailing. *Luna* sat in the corner of a boatyard on the hard and waited, the way good old boats do. Her dark green hull dimmed, her deck got a little leaky. Moons came and went. Leaves blew in and out of her

cockpit, snow scrimmed her decks, and sun baked her topsides.

It is a great attribute of fiberglass and a good, if lonely, boat, this ability to wait.

We weren't waiting. We'd moved on to a bigger boat, one that took our young family sailing fulltime, an open-ended journey. And when that journey finally ended, and we returned to land, we sold the bigger steel boat (waiting is definitely *not* one of her attributes). Somehow, it didn't hurt as much as the day we'd sold *Luna*.

And before long, we were figuring out how to bring *Luna* back into the family. The first day Johnny and I took her sailing again, I couldn't stop the déjà vu. My hands, after something like seven years, knew precisely where to place themselves. My body, my muscles, my sense of balance, all found the memory of how to move about on her. After the bigger boat, she drove like a Ferrari, nimble and quick, and so easy to

sail. We were talking to her, and she to us, without a word being exchanged.

You're never the same, after you've been away. The face of the world has changed, just as you should, and the idea of going back to some long-ago time and place is a false nostalgia. Still, sailing *Luna* again felt like home.

It's silly, but I like to think that during all those years spent conversing with the seasons, she was just waiting for us to evolve. And now that the kids are finding their own sea legs, we fit her perfectly again, a couple just starting out on some new adventure. I'm hopeful it'll take years to make up for lost time. Maybe, among other things, I will find that lost earring after all. 🚤

Wendy Mitman Clarke is Good Old Boat's senior editor. Luna spent the winter receiving some TLC for those leaky decks, among other things, and is sailing again on Chesapeake Bay.



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