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Issue 129 November/December 2019

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Speaking Seriously

For the Love of Sailboats

What's More

On the Cover
In 2013, Ed Galle shot this morning photo of *Del Viento*, a 1978 Fuji 40, anchored just outside Alaska's Glacier Bay. In 2019, Ed searched the boat name online to find her owner and sent him a copy of the photo. Ed had no idea Michael Robertson worked for *Good Old Boat* magazine.


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Sailing Design

This is one of those "Why didn't we think of that?" kinds of things. Hold Fast Sailing is a just-launched company with a great product out of the gates. This poster (available in black-and-white or color) is a mash-up of 117 insignia used over the years by sailboat manufacturers. As Fuji 40 sailors, upon seeing this our first response was, "Where's the Fuji Yachts insignia?" Joel at Hold Fast explained how hard it was to curate this collection, given that he sought a balance of well-known boats and lesser-known boats in a finite space. But he assures us that if this one is successful, he's going to do another that includes all the insignia he left on the cutting room floor. Is your boat's insignia on here? Might make a unique holiday gift for a sailor in your life. Check out holdfastsailing.com and enter the code GOB for a 15% discount. (This is neither an ad nor endorsement and Good Old Boat, Inc, does not receive compensation for purchases. We just think it's cool.)

Wear it Proud

Speaking of potential holiday gifts… Even in the niche world of sailing periodicals, *Good Old Boat* magazine is niche. So on the docks or at the watering hole, *Good Old Boat* apparel has always been popular among *Good Old Boat* readers because it sets us apart. New this season is our ever-popular hat in a new Navy color, the classiest way to protect your face from the sun. We've also got a new woman's-cut T-shirt, "Boat hair, don't care!" And there's more. Our stuff is high-quality, priced fairly, and found at goodoldboat.com.

Calling All Future Boating Journalists

Are you a college student considering a career in boating journalism, photography, video, broadcasting, film, or art? Do you know a college student who might? Boating Writers International (BWI) is now accepting applications for a $2,000 scholarship. The deadline is December 15. Applications are at bwi.org/downloads/scholarship/BWI-Scholarship-App-20.pdf

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Across the Bar: Jeremy McGeary

BY MICHAEL ROBERTSON

It was a Sunday morning in early June when Jeremy McGeary quit his job at *Good Old Boat* , via email, without notice. It was the last thing in the world he wanted to do. "I'm afraid that recent, rather sudden developments in my health force me to give up my work." The British-ness of his message allows me to hear his accented voice. He went on to offer suggestions for the impossible task of getting through the September issue without him, with no replacement in place. He promised to deliver some odds and ends still in the pipeline, but in the end, he didn't get the time to do so. He died July 8.

I never knew Jeremy without melanoma. Since I joined the *Good Old Boat* team in 2016, he was slight, struggled to put on weight. I never worked with the husky guy known to the folks who worked with him for years at *Cruising World*, the guy pictured on their September 2006 cover. And there were no other clues to his illness. Over the past couple years, as he increasingly worked from hospital beds and infusion centers, he never missed a deadline and continued to come up with article titles that were spot-on and clever as heck. Jeremy's "chemo brain" was better than mine at my sharpest.

I've told many people that working alongside Jeremy has been like a masterclass in editing. I leaned on him for advice on acquiring stories. For 18 issues, I studied the changes he made to the text I'd handed off to him, and I learned. When Jeremy got wind of my praise, he quickly dismissed it, turning the focus to Tim Murphy at *Cruising World*. "He has the magic wand that turns a tortured sentence into a poem. I'm a hack."

He wasn't a hack.

He was a brilliant lifelong learner who liked to laugh and had a keen wit, but he was never boastful, to a fault. Things, remarkable things, from his past would only trickle out of him over time, and only because a subject came up. I just read the following from Yves-Marie Tanton's remembrance of Jeremy: "While working at Tanton Yacht Design, he took it upon himself to learn French. So, after work he frequently took the road to Providence to catch up with language lessons. Within six months he learnt enough to proceed to the translation from French to English of Guy Bernardin's book *Sailing Around the World: A Family Retraces Joshua Slocum's Voyage*." I had no idea Jeremy could even order a beer in French. I wonder if Yves-Marie knew that Jeremy was at the post-restoration launching of *Endeavor* at the Royal Huisman shipyard in Holland, having received a personal invite from Elizabeth Meyer, or that he once took a day sail on *Shamrock V* ?

Growing up in England, Jeremy early on set his sights on the sailing world. Sometime after hitching a ride across the Atlantic, he began work for Gulfstar. Later he worked as a yacht designer for Pedrick Yacht Design and then Rodger Martin Design. Upon returning to England, Jeremy became chief designer at Camper & Nicholsons. Returning to the States, he continued in the trade with Tanton Yacht Design. But all along, it was the printed word, about sailing, that dominated his interest. For years, he distinguished himself on the mastheads of both *Practical Sailor* and *Cruising World*.

Jeremy was working for *Cruising World* when *Good Old Boat* was started in 1998. He sent founders Karen Larson and Jerry Powlas a letter of encouragement. A decade passed before he signed on as senior editor. That was a decade ago. "He was the guy who really made the magazine's personality come to life," says Karen. "His wide range of sailing experience and technical know-how made him invaluable, and he was a personal friend to all."

Jeremy finished up his resignation letter with, "I can't tell you how much I am going to miss my *Good Old Boat* colleagues and routine." We're going to miss you too, Jeremy, and the routine goes on for us, but it will not be the same.

The Next Generation, a Question of Torque, and the Case of the Missing Anchor Rode

Hope for a New Generation of Sailors

Apropos to your typically thought-provoking editorial ("Getting from Under Pressure to Bohemian Rhapsody," September 2019), I am sending this shot, below. I took it in Savusavu, Fiji, last April. Next to the Copra Shed Marina is a small area designated for a sailing school, providing boats and instruction for local kids. The kids were out every day, having a blast and showing great boathandling skills at a very young age. Often the older kids were teaching the younger ones, a good model for "the rest of us."

–Paul Skene, Aylmer, Quebec

I have to say that I totally agree that junior sailing programs need to focus on fun...because, kids ("Getting from Under Pressure to Bohemian Rhapsody," September 2019). As a parent to two girls who are not interested in sailboat racing, but who do love being out on the water, I *love* the Newport Yacht Club summer program (newportyachtclub.org/juniors). The focus of the program is not on racing, but on fun. My older daughter went through the program and now my 9-year-old had her chance this summer. The kids spend their days "messing about in boats," Narragansett Bay their playground. They sail, explore beaches, swim, jump off docks, collect hermit crabs...Each week is capped off when the kids hop in their Optis and 420s and sail across the bay to Jamestown, where they invade the local ice cream parlor. Does summer get any better? While there are popular racing-focused sailing camps here, I am glad that my non-competitive, happy-to-sail kids have an alternative. Hopefully it catches on!

–Jen Brett, senior editor, *Cruising World*

I read with interest and agreement your editorial about raising the next generation of sailors ("From Under Pressure to Bohemian Rhapsody," September 2019). In my early adulthood, 1967 to 1980, the written words of the cruising masters mattered: Don Street, the Hiscocks, the Roths, the Smeetons, and, a little later, Lin and Larry Pardey. My peers and I read their tales and dreamed of following a similar path. Racing was a casual affair, never taken too seriously (the America's Cup races we followed, but we did not let that event influence our views of sailing and cruising). My early days in the United States Power Squadron were made fuller by my association with men building their own boats. My marina had a dock where future cruisers prepared their boats to cruise to faraway places. Most never got away, but their dreams had them sailing and quasi-racing a lot. Small sailing clubs always had open arms to those wanting to experience sailing. The sailing community was vibrant.

My own take on the decline in sailing is that it's the result of sailing publications that inadvertently present the misleading idea that sailing is only possible on the newest, biggest, most thoroughly outfitted and opulent boat available. This idea is driven by advertisers who market boats and equipment. And perhaps the modern-day "plugged in" reality is a cause. I think the decline in the popularity of sailing is not

the result of a single cause, but of many causes that are complex.

Some are hooked on sailing because of the adrenaline rush of racing, some by a peaceful day or two on the water, others by the dream of faraway adventures. But for all, if sailing is not presented or experienced in a way that speaks to the soul, it will continue to decline.

–Jim Shell, *Good Old Boat* contributor

"Q20, at Sutil Point, on the south tip of Cortes Island, is one of my favorite channel markers near Desolation Sound. It's one of the rare markers that has a four-clapper bell that reminds me of churches on Sunday mornings." Bert Vermeer knows the area's aids to navigation; he's sailed the Salish Sea and surrounding waters extensively, and for decades.

Testing for Ethanol

"Living with Ethanol," Drew Frye's well-written article (September 2019) missed one important point: Not all "No Ethanol" fuel stations tell the truth. During the 30-plus years I spent investigating boat accidents, I dealt with a few fuel-based problems. In response to burdened boat owner claims of, "How could that happen, I get my gas from a non-ethanol gas station?" I always drew and tested samples both from the vessel and from the fuel supplier. I found ethanol in about half of those cases. Inexpensive and simple field test kits for testing ethanol presence in gasoline are available online. If the presence or absence of ethanol is a consideration for any readers, I recommend these kits.

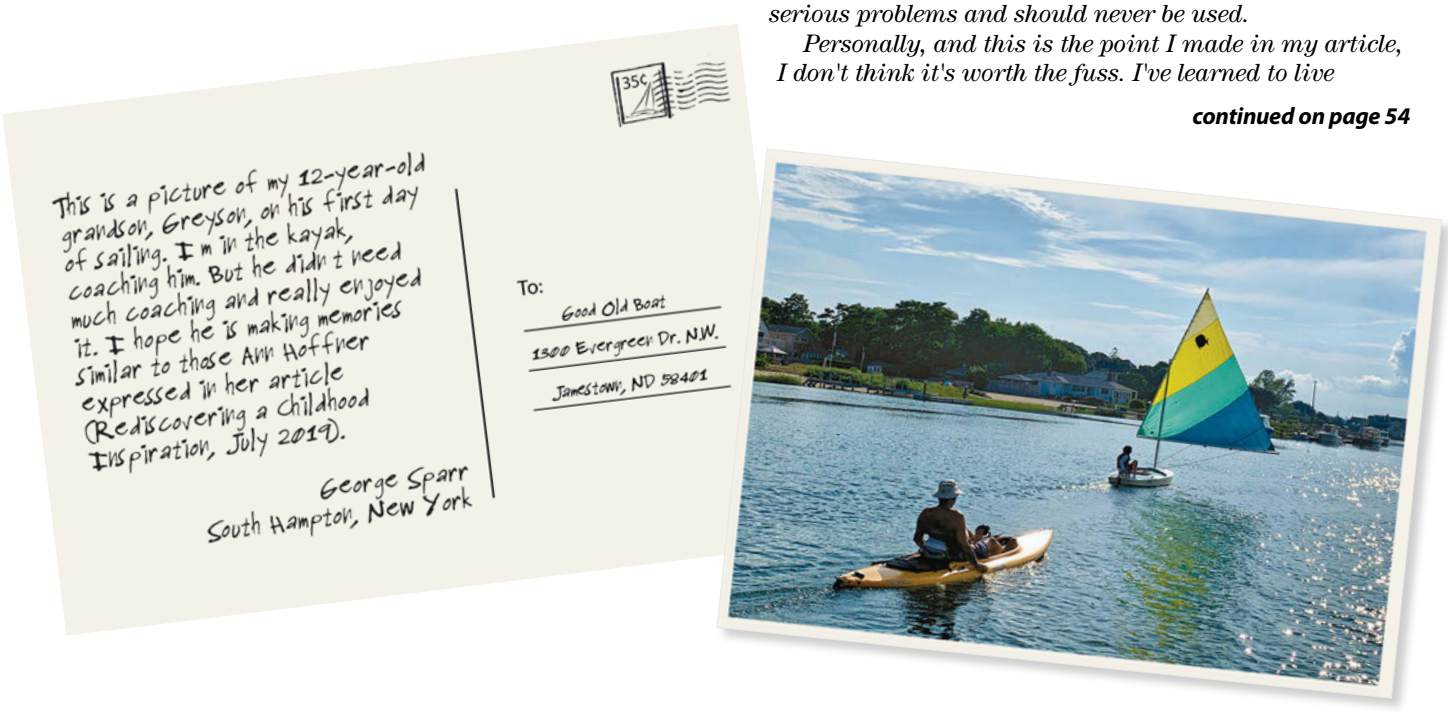
–John Smith, retired marine surveyor, Sheldon, South Carolina

Drew Frye responds:

Thanks for the feedback, John. In my experience, these kits are not precision tests, but will indicate gross contamination. Self-testing instructions are also available online; all that's needed is a slender bottle or test tube and some water. The frequency of off-spec product is low, but not unheard of. Gas stations place orders and pre-pay for what is in the tanker, and fuel is not returnable. Occasionally a tanker will load on top of what a previous station did not take, or a station owner may unload the balance into any available tank. These are poor practices I've witnessed and either can result in ethanol contamination at a non-ethanol pump. And e15, which is increasingly common, is not approved for use in any marine engine. It can cause a variety of serious problems and should never be used.

Personally, and this is the point I made in my article, I don't think it's worth the fuss. I've learned to live

continued on page 54



Cape George Cutter 38

A Traditional Masterpiece

BY BRANDON FORD

With a seven-year circumnavigation already under his belt by the time he was 20, Dave Boots was looking to build the perfect cruising boat for himself and his wife, Melanie. The newlyweds paid a lot of money to a famous Canadian sailboat designer for a custom design built in aluminum — similar to the boat Dave's family sailed around the world. Dave planned to go to school to learn to weld aluminum so he could build the boat. But then the price of aluminum went out of sight in the mid-1980s, and the couple looked for other options.

A friend showed them a boat he was building from a fiberglass hull. It was built by the Cecil Lang and Son boatyard in Port Townsend, Washington. The traditional full-keel boat appealed to Dave and Melanie and they ordered a hull. It took them thousands of hours over 14 years, but in 2000 they launched their beautiful *Telerra*, a Cape George 38.

Company History

In 1974, New Zealander Cecil Lang started a boatyard on Cape George Road outside of Port Townsend. His goal was to build a strong cruising boat modeled after William Atkin's 34-foot Tally Ho Major. Lang enlisted the help of Seattle boat designer Ed Monk to adapt the design for fiberglass construction. That first design became the Cape George 36. Over the years Lang developed 31-, 34-, 38-, 40.5-, and 45-foot versions of the design. All are burdensome full-keelers with no cutaway forefoot, short overhangs, a cutter rig, and strong family resemblance.

Lang built the hulls out of hand-laid fiberglass, but the rest of the boat — decks, bulkheads, and interiors — was wood. Lang built each boat on a custom basis and sold the boats at any stage of completion. Many of the buyers bought only the hull and finished it themselves.

In 2000, Lang retired and the yard was largely fallow. Four years later, Todd Uecker, who worked for Lang in the 1990s, and his brother Tim bought

the yard and reopened it as Cape George Marine Works. He continues to offer customers anything from a bare hull to a completed vessel.

Design and Designer

William Atkin and his son, John, created more than 300 small-boat designs during the mid-1900s. Most of them were featured in their monthly column in *Motor Boating* magazine. Their designs fueled the dreams of many armchair sailors and resulted in some iconic cruising boats.

A few enterprising boatbuilders adapted popular Atkin designs to fiberglass construction in the late 1960s and '70s. Many of these were double-ended cruising boats, a development of Colin Archer designs. Bill Crealock designed the Westsail 32 based on two Atkin 32-footers, *Thistle* and *Eric*. The Westsail started a revolution in the early 1970s, helping to popularize offshore cruising. Another Atkin heart-throb, the Ingrid 38, spawned fiberglass versions from at least four builders: the Alajuela 38, the Blue Water Ingrid 38, Orca 38, and Bently 38.

Lang chose Atkin's Tally Ho Major as his design ideal. It was a scaled-up version of Atkin's original Tally Ho, being about 4 feet longer. Of the Major, Atkin said: "The lines show an easily driven hull … a wholesome underwater profile with reasonable forefoot depth, slight tumblehome to the topsides, and a rather straight sheer … The bow and stern overhangs balance and, of course, the rudder is hung on the transom, which is the proper location for it, and the most scientific."

When Monk modified the design for fiberglass construction, the cutter grew another 2 feet to 36 and the beam grew 8 inches to 10 feet 6 inches. And, because the fiberglass hull was thinner, the interior volume got a boost.

By the time Dave and Melanie visited Lang's yard in 1986, the new Cape George 38 was available. "The extra 2 feet of length, additional beam, and more tumblehome makes a huge difference in interior volume between the 36 and the 38," Dave says. The 38 also features a rudder that is not hung on the transom, which allowed Dave to have the wheel steering he wanted. Even with the changes, there is no mistaking the 38's lineage.

Construction Details

Cape George hulls are hand-laid fiberglass with vinylester- and polyester-based resins, biaxial glass fabrics, rovings, and mat. Nominal hull thickness is ½ inch at the bulwarks increasing to 1 inch at the keel. A beamshelf of laminated Douglas fir is integrally bonded and glassed to the hull as a foundation for the deck beams.

Dave and Melanie welcomed hull #6 to a 50-foot-long, fully enclosed boatshed. They built it in front of the cabinet shop Dave used for his business as a general contractor next to their house on land they had cleared themselves. Once the hull was inside, they finished building the end wall of

Styled by builder Cecil Lang after William Atkin's classic Tally Ho Major, the Cape George 38 is a traditional cutter with a counter transom, fairly flat sheer, and nicely cambered coachroof, at left.

The mid-boom sheeting is managed by a traveler mounted over the storm hood. Forward of it are transverse mounts for a 9-foot RIB, which still leaves the sidedecks clear. Boom gallows support the boom when lowered, below.

The 7-foot port-side settee, beautifully upholstered with extra support for the knees, converts to upper and lower bunks with leecloths that make excellent sea berths.

Dave, an accomplished woodworker, made the beautiful raised-panel cabinet doors for the galley. The stove is electric, powered by an Entec generator.

the shed. That's where the boat stayed for 14 years.

Dave cast his own lead ballast. It is 10,000 pounds, about a quarter of that from used tire weights he collected from local tire shops.

He built integral water and fuel tanks above the ballast and in the bilge below the cabin sole to save space and keep the weight low. Every foot or so he glassed in baffles, and each of the compartments has its own bronze inspection port for cleaning. *Telerra* has 160 gallons of fuel tankage and 160 gallons of water tankage, not counting the 17-gallon freshwater tank for flushing the head. It also has a 40-gallon blackwater tank.

While the hull was still pretty bare, Dave bonded 100 square feet of copper mesh to the inside of the hull to serve as a counterpoise for his shortwave radio. He credits this for the great reception on his Icom 802. "It just booms," he says.

He then installed ½-inch surfboard foam on the inside of the hull for insulation before installing the bulkheads and a ceiling made from Port Orford cedar.

By far the biggest job was building the deck, cabintop, and cockpit. None of the Cape George models has molds for the boats' "lids"; they are all made

Comments from Owners of the Cape George Cutter 38

I had Cecil Lang lay my keel in 1987. The 38 was yard-built over a period of three years. My wife and I sailed the boat from Washington to Mexico, where we remained and sailed for over 20 years.

Sailing characteristics: She sails herself, with an ever-so-slight weather helm. In all those years my wife was the only sailing mate needed to handle the 38 in all weather of the Baja Gulf and the Pacific off the Baja. For long passages, we used the Sailomat windvane to handle the helm.

The boat was built to my specifications. It has a generous interior and carries her wide beam fore and aft. This was the aspect I wanted for a liveaboard. We lived aboard for 22 years. The boat is capable of constant 5 to 6 knots with a good breeze and can handle big seas well with its long keel. For heavy weather, it balances well with the staysail and reefed main.

I can't say I would have changed anything major after 20-plus years. There may be faster boats, but for handling, seakindliness, comfort, and passage she is a gem.

— Gary L. Menzemerl,
San Carlos de Guaymas, Mexico

The build quality is better than first rate. We've had the boat for six or seven years and I still see new details in the woodwork in the interior and marvel at the workmanship. My wife Tina and I haven't gone on any long bluewater trips, but have been up the west coast of Vancouver Island. We've logged about 7,000 miles. The worst seas we've encountered were in the central straits of Juan de Fuca and the northern end of the Strait of Georgia in Canada. Both cases were wind-against-tide situations, one strong enough to cause the Washington State Ferry to divert from its normal course (where we were). The boat didn't care, it just continued on, unperturbed by the high, steep waves.

An important thing to check for is the condition of the caulking under the cap rail. On the earlier boats, the top of the bulwark was wood, encapsulated with fiberglass. The caulking under the cap rail needs to be in good condition to keep water out of this area. If that wood gets wet and rots, it is an expensive repair. On later boats, the bulwark under the cap rail was fiberglass all the way up. The chainplate for the stays is one massive stainless piece fastened to the bulwark. I would have preferred separate chainplates for the stays, in spite of the problems chainplates often give. That is just my preference for redundancy, but I haven't heard of problems with the existing system.

— Mike and Tina Sullivan,
Santa Fe, New Mexico

from wood. Many of the trunk cabins are square, flat-sided affairs. Some even split the deckhouse at the mast, giving the boats an old-fashioned look.

Dave wanted curved cabin sides, so he built a bending jig 20 feet long on which he laminated five layers of ¼-inch plywood. He used about 5 tons of lead bricks to clamp the lamination. The result is a beautiful sweeping curve that parallels the curve of the boat's bulwarks. It worked so well that the bending jig is now employed by Cape George Marine Works for the boats they build.

Dave laminated the deck beams from Port Orford cedar with the underside lamination of mahogany to match the rest of the interior wood. Before attaching the cabintop he carefully taped off where the inside would attach to the deck beams and painted several coats of white paint in between. The contrast between the white paint and bright-finished deck beams is still beautiful 19 years later and gives the interior a traditional feel.

On the outside, Dave covered the decks in fiberglass and multiple coats of gelcoat, which he then sanded smooth before applying two finish coats. The result is a smooth professional finish that looks like a molded fiberglass deck.

Interior

The bridge deck and small companionway necessitates a five-step ladder to enter the boat. To starboard is a large, stand-up chart table with an impressive array of mahogany drawers below it. In port it serves as additional countertop space for the port-side galley, which features a gimballed electric stove and a large top-loading refrigerator and freezer. "When I can't reach the bottom of the freezer, it will be time for us to move off the boat," Melanie quips.

Forward of the galley is a 7-foot settee that converts to upper and lower bunks with leecloths that make excellent sea berths. On the starboard side is a large U-shaped dinette. Forward of the dinette is the door to the head, which has a separate shower. Opposite the shower is a hanging locker and storage. The bow is home to a cozy V-berth and the anchor chain locker.

The layout is well thought out and should be comfortable both in port and at sea. Two large hatches and several bronze portlights provide plenty of light and ventilation. The Port Orford cedar and mahogany keep the interior subdued, even with the white Formica countertops and white paint on the overhead and cabin sides. Dave's skill as a cabinetmaker is evident in all the beautiful drawers and raised-panel doors throughout the boat. He chose 6 feet 2 inches as the headroom under the deck beams, which is plenty for him and his wife. Other Cape George Cutters have more or less headroom, depending on the builder.

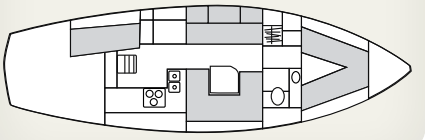
Mechanical

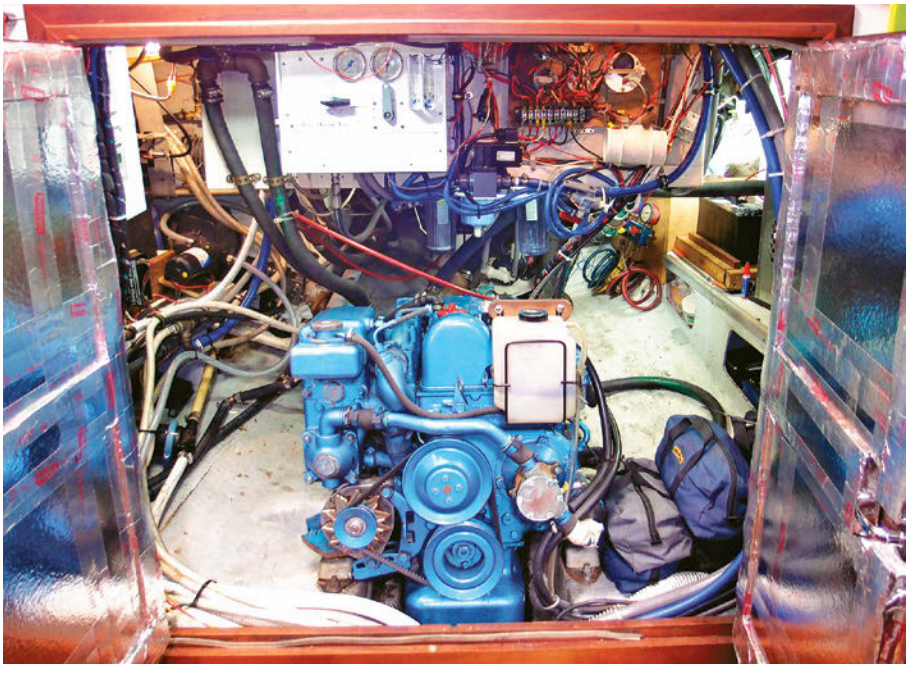
The elegant and simple cabin layout belies *Telerra*'s complex mechanical systems under the cockpit. Behind the companionway ladder are two large, raised-panel doors. They open to give full access to a 76-horsepower Mercedes 240 marinized diesel. It's the same size as many Mercedes diesels in cars, but based on the commercial block. Dave paid $4,000 for the new

Cape George Cutter 38

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RICK BEDDOE

LOA:	38' 0"
LWL:	32' 11"
Beam:	11' 7"
Draft:	5' 3"
Displacement:	27,200 lbs
Ballast:	10,500 lbs
Displ./LWL ratio:	340
Sail area:	911 sq ft
SA/Displ. ratio:	16.08





Thanks to the boat's wide beam and Dave's careful planning, there is easy access all around the 76-horsepower Mercedes diesel.

Dave removes the cover from the formidable windlass. He bought it so he never has to haul ground tackle by hand again.

engine from another boatbuilder whose dreams — and marriage — didn't work out.

To starboard of the engine is a 4.5-kW, 35-amp Entec diesel generator. The clean and well-organized engine room is also home to a 15-gallon-per-hour watermaker, a 1,000 amp-hour battery bank, a 2,500-watt inverter, and a Wabasco diesel heater. The heater not only heats the cabin, but also the lockers, including the chain locker, and provides domestic hot water. When the boat's main engine is running, the waste heat from the engine provides heat for the system.

As Dave installed all the equipment himself, he made sure that it was accessible and easy to service. At the time he was building *Telerra*, solar and wind were costly and not reliable. The diesel generator was the best option for an electric stove and oven along with other amenities. When Dave sailed around the world with his family as a teenager he lived with alcohol and kerosene cookers. He knew he didn't want either of those. He also did not want to have propane aboard. The most livable option, he and Melanie decided, was electric.

"We knew we were going to live aboard for a long time and we wanted to be comfortable," Melanie says. "We didn't want to feel like we were camping."

Rig

Many Cape George cutters have owner-built spruce box masts. Dave said he could have built a wood mast for about $4,000 at the time. Instead, he spent around $20,000 to have a custom aluminum mast built. "I have enough maintenance to do without varnishing a mast every year," Dave says.

When Dave and Melanie launched *Telerra* in 2000, SparTec had a six-month wait between order and delivery. Eager to use *Telerra*, they didn't wait for a mast and motor-cruised the San Juan Islands shortly after launch.

Now, a shiny grey, keel-stepped mast with double spreaders supports their cutter rig. The standing rigging is ⅜-inch stainless steel wire with Norseman fittings. Both the jib and staysail have roller furlers. A custom aluminum bridge spans the storm hood supporting the track for the mainsheet traveler.

Deck

Spacious sidedecks, substantial bulwarks, and extra-high double lifelines make moving around on deck feel secure. Dave had his lifeline stanchions made of 1¼-inch stainless steel tubing and through-bolted them to the bulwarks. He needed the extra strength because the lifelines are a full 37 inches above the deck. *Telerra*'s other hardware feels solid and oversized. The electric windlass, for instance, looks like it would be at home on a 50-footer. "I pulled up about a million miles of chain by hand while I was sailing around the world with my family," Dave says. "That was enough."

Telerra to New Zealand

In 2006, *Telerra* and her crew left the San Juan Islands and headed south. After stopping at several ports along the Oregon and California coasts, they joined the Baja Haha, a cruising rally that leaves San Diego at the end of October each year for Cabo San Lucas, Mexico. They cruised the Sea of Cortez and south to Zihuatanejo, Mexico. From there they sailed to the Marquesas Islands, a passage of 25 days. There was no rain for the entire passage. "The boats in front of us and behind us that we talked to on the radio all took a beating, but we had a great sail," Dave says.

They cruised the Society, Cook, Tonga, and Fiji islands and landed in New Zealand where they stayed for one-and-a-half years. (Dave went to school there during his family's circumnavigation. He also has an older brother who jumped ship and still lives there.) From there they sailed to Samoa and then against the trade winds to Christmas Island and Hawaii and then home to Olympia, Washington — a total of 66 sea days. "It was not scary, just noisy," Melanie says.

Sailing

Telerra ghosted along well in winds of about 5 knots on the day of our test sail. Her considerable weight kept her going through each tack, her stately pace barely changing. Dave set up running rigging so everything is just where it should be, making trimming and tacking quick and easy. Lazy-jacks and the absence of battens make the mainsail easy to handle. It doesn't take much imagination to see her sailing like a thoroughbred in big winds and heavy seas.

"The boat balances well in any weather and sails like a dream," Dave says. "The boat is stiff and quite fast, but takes a bit of wind to get her going. She tacks well and has the right amount of sail."

During long ocean passages, like the one from Mexico to French Polynesia, Dave usually kept a reef in the mainsail. "We kept it comfortable and aimed for 5 knots," he says. "We could have pushed it to 6 knots, but I wanted it comfortable for Melanie."

Things to Look Out For

When the boat mover came to Dave and Melanie's home to take *Telerra* to her launch site, he told Dave, "You are one in a thousand; most of my moves are from one boat shed to another." Therein lies the tale: many boats sold as bare hulls do not get finished, at least not by the original owner. And some that do are not finished well, certainly not to the high level Dave and Melanie insisted upon. Their skills and commitment are too often the exception instead of the rule.

One of Lang's concerns about boats built from his hulls was that homebuilders sometimes scrimped and did not put enough lead ballast in their boats. Another concern for Cape George cutters, even the professionally built ones, is rot, particularly on the inside of the bulwarks. Dave didn't want this to happen to his boat, so he laminated the inside of the bulwarks with 2 inches of solid fiberglass.

Conclusion

Atkin's original Tally Ho Major is a yachting masterpiece. Lang (with Monk's help) only improved an already great boat. The siblings spawned from the original Cape George 36 remain true to the vision of strong, seaworthy, and seakindly boats. If you are looking for a traditional passagemaker, you can't do much better than a Cape George Cutter. If you are lucky, you will find one as well-built as *Telerra*.

Brandon Ford, a former reporter, editor, and public information officer, and his wife, Virginia, recently returned from a two-year cruise to California, Mexico, and seven of the eight main Hawaiian Islands. Before their cruise they spent three years refitting their 1971 Columbia 43, Oceanus. *Lifelong sailors, they continue to live aboard* Oceanus *and cruise the Salish Sea from their home base in Olympia, Washington.*

Visit our YouTube channel, *Good Old Boat* Magazine, for more on this review.

The toilet flushes with fresh water, which greatly helps reduce odors. As elsewhere in the boat, the joinery in the head is excellent.

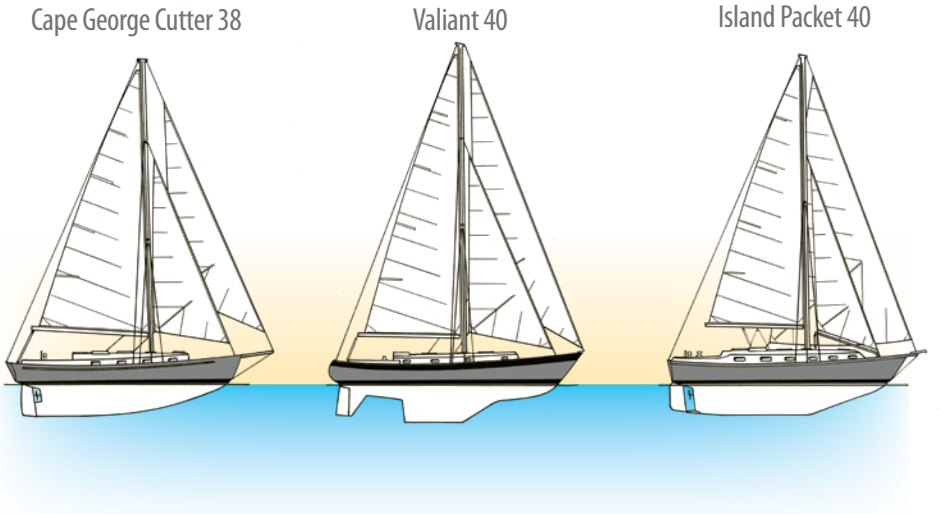
Cape George Cutter 38

. . . And Two Other Interpretations of Timeless Cutter Design

BY ROB MAZZA

It is relatively easy to assign a time or decade to the design of most production fiberglass sailboats. That's particularly true for boats drawn to a specific rating rule. There's no mistaking a boat designed to the 1950s and '60s CCA rule or to the 1970s and '80s IOR. Nor is it difficult to pigeonhole more modern cruising sailboats with their high freeboards, wide walk-through transoms, twin wheels, bulb keels, plum stems, and a certain European design flair. However, there are still a few designs that do perhaps warrant the adjective timeless, boats untethered to a particular time or date but influenced by traditional boats of the past.

The three boats we're looking at fall under that description. One, the Valiant 40, updated the traditional aesthetic with more modern design considerations, while the Island Packet 40 is a more recent interpretation with an eye toward better sailing performance. Certainly, the Cape George 38, which hews most closely to the traditional cutter concept, owes its lineage to the previous work of William and John Atkin, not to mention Colin Archer, or even G.L. Watson. Her plum stem, long bowsprit, cutter rig, full keel, and cutaway forefoot certainly tie her to a design tradition in yachting and ocean voyaging from the late 19th and early 20th centuries that still holds a strong following today. That design philosophy is also reflected in her 27,200 pounds of displacement, producing a very conservative displacement/waterline (Displ./LWL) ratio of 340. Her very low capsize number of 1.5 and high comfort ratio of 46.8 also are reflective of that older design concept of narrower beam and heavy displacement. However, note that this boat was designed and built in 1985, not 1885. This truly is a timeless design concept that has bridged a century of bluewater cruising (or at least the dream of bluewater cruising).



	Cape George 38	Valiant 40	Island Packet 40
LOA	38' 0"	39' 11"	40' 0"
LWL	32' 11"	34' 0"	34' 0"
Beam	11' 7"	12' 4"	12' 11"
Draft	5' 3"	6' 0"	4' 8"
Displacement	27,200 lbs	23,520 lbs	22,800 lbs
Ballast	10,500 lbs	8,400 lbs	10,000 lbs
LOA/LWL	1.15	1.17	1.18
Beam/LWL	.35	.36	.38
Displ./LWL	340	267	259
Bal./displ.	.39	.36	.44
Sail area (100%)	911 sq. ft.	810 sq. ft.	774 sq. ft.
SA/displ.	16.08	15.76	15.37
Capsize number	1.5	1.7	1.8
Comfort ratio	46.8	35.8	32.6
Year built	1985	1973	1994
Designer	William Atkin/Cecil Lange	Bob Perry	Bob Johnson
Builder	Cecil Lange & Son	Uniflite/Valiant Yachts	Island Packet Yachts

So it's especially interesting to include Bob Perry's 1973-designed Valiant 40 in this comparison. Perry took that older design aesthetic of Colin Archer and Albert Strange and combined it with a longer waterline and a more modern and efficient underbody of fin keel and separate rudder. He also designed a lighter displacement

of 23,520 pounds, resulting in a more favorable Displ./LWL ratio of 267. The Valiant 40 also has the greater draft which, when combined with the fin keel and separate rudder, can't help but produce better upwind performance. It's interesting to point out that Perry's modern update of the classic "offshore" design came a full 12 years before the Cape George 38 hit the water! The other more extreme example that comes to mind of applying a modern underbody to a traditional design concept is Mark Ellis' 1978 Nonsuch 30, which also included an update on the traditional catboat rig with a freestanding tapered aluminum mast and wishbone boom.

To further demonstrate the timelessness of the traditional cutter, I have also included Bob Johnson's 1994 interpretation of the concept in his Island Packet 40, which possesses the same attributes of the Cape George of full keel, cutaway forefoot, and cutter rig, but with a longer bow, shorter bowsprit, and the lightest displacement of 22,800 pounds, producing the lowest Displ./LWL ratio of 259. These three boats span over 20 years of yacht design history, with the most modern in fact being the oldest of the three.

Interestingly, all three of these boats have sail plans that achieve quite acceptable cruising sail area/displacement (SA/Displ.) ratios in the 15 and 16 range. However, in the case of the Cape George, and even the Valiant 40, that large foretriangle incorporates smaller staysails and non-overlapping jibs. Only the Island Packet carries a headsail that completely fills the foretriangle and achieves any meaningful overlap of the mainsail. This would certainly benefit her light-air and reaching performance.

Of the three boats, it's the Cape George that follows that 19th-century cutter concept the closest. The Valiant 40 has certainly updated the concept the most with her more modern underbody, but the Island Packet too incorporates lighter displacement and longer waterline with an eye toward improved performance. Note that all three have capsize numbers under 2, signifying their ability to venture safely far from shore, and all have comfort ratios that would indicate a less sickness-prone passage.

These are three large, comfortable passagemakers that would benefit from a good stiff breeze but may be a little frustrating in lighter airs. I think we can all agree that none was designed with around-the-buoys racing involved, which ain't necessarily bad.

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

Bolts From the Blue

When our keel started weeping and our bilge started filling, a keel bolt repair came next.

BY ROBIN URQUHART

Losing a bolt-on keel is a relatively uncommon occurrence, but it's also about the most disastrous event that can befall a monohull sailboat. World Sailing (the world governing body for the sport of sailing) reported 72 keel separations between 1984 and 2017, resulting in 24 lives lost. I'll note that World Sailing counted only cases in which keels completely detached from the boat; keel damage or partial separation occur more frequently.

With this information in mind as we prepared to cross the Pacific aboard *MonArk*, our 1979 Dufour 35, we decided to examine our own keel bolts. And are we ever glad we did.

Telltale weeping on *MonArk*'s keel (post grinding) illuminates the keel bolt problem.

Keel Attachment Methods

Bolt-on keels are attached to boats in a variety of ways, but the most common methods are cast-in-place J-bolts or L-bolts, through-bolts with side pockets, cast-in-place nuts, and lag bolts. Each has its advantages and disadvantages, and each will dictate the method of any repair; *MonArk*'s keel bolt project was specific to the way her keel is attached to the rest of her.

In North American-produced boats, bolt-on keel ballast is often lead, in which case cast-in-place J-bolts, L-bolts, and lag bolts are the most common connection methods. The J- or L-bolts are cast into the lead with threaded ends that project through the keel stub and are fastened with washers and nuts. Lag bolts are tapped into the relatively soft lead of the keel from the bilge side. No nuts are used in this method.

Many European boats feature bolt-on iron keels and usually employ the two remaining methods for attaching the keel. The first is to tap the iron keel and install a bolt from the bilge, through the keel stub, and threaded into the keel. A preferable method is to cast pockets either in the keel's side or internally, enabling a bolt to pass from the bilge through the keel stub and connect to a nut in the cast-in pocket.

We learned that *MonArk*'s keel is attached with the latter method, with 12 bolts, six on each side, passing through the keel stub and emerging in pockets on the keel's sides.

Keel Bolt Attachment Methods

Cast-in J-bolts (or L-bolts) and nuts (lead)

Bolts tapped into keel (iron)

Lag bolts (lead)

Through-bolts with keel pockets in side (iron); this was *MonArk's* arrangement.

The Warning Signs

We had plenty of warning that we had keel bolt issues.

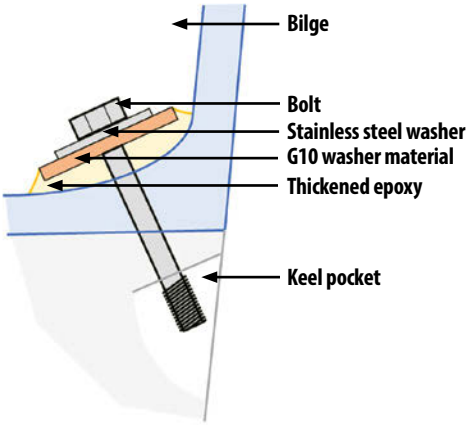
The first sign came when we hauled the boat. After two days on the hard, a small, rust-colored weep appeared on the side of the keel. It looked just like a burst hull blister, which is what I initially thought it was. I ground it out to the iron ballast and could see that vinegar-smelling water was weeping from between the ballast and the thin fiberglass covering it. I figured the blister must have burst during the pressure wash, allowing water to get in between the metal and fiberglass. I let it dry for a couple of days and then repaired it as I would with any blister.

The next time we hauled out the weep was back, along with three others.

The second sign was that our bilge slowly filled with saltwater despite none of our through-hulls showing evidence of leaking. Whether we sailed or not, the level crept ever higher, but slowly. Our bilge pump would turn on only every other day for a few seconds. We didn't think too much of it.

Then I stumbled upon an article on weeping keel bolts. The photos in the article looked just like our weeping keel. The article cautioned that in the case of leaking keel bolts, water can become stagnant and cause significant unseen corrosion to the keel bolt. And why were they leaking? It was time to take a look.

One piece of good news was that there was no evidence of cracking at *MonArk*'s keel-to-hull joint. Had there been, we may have had to take much more drastic measures, including completely removing and rebedding the keel.



Removing the Bolts

Once we determined our keel was attached using side pockets, we set out to find them. The rusty weeping gave away several, but to find the rest I walked around and tapped the keel with a 4-ounce hammer, the same way I'd identify soft spots in a deck. A soft thud — as opposed to a slightly metallic tap — meant that either the fiberglass had badly delaminated or I'd found a keel pocket.

I marked the keel pocket locations with an X. Then, using an angle grinder with a flap disc, I ground out the fiberglass over the keel pocket to expose the filler compound and the edges of the pocket. I ground down to the metal of the keel at least a half inch around the perimeter of each keel pocket and then tapered the surrounding fiberglass about two inches beyond to prepare for the fiberglass repair later.

With a chisel I didn't care too much about, I began removing the filler compound. The filler was clearly not marine epoxy and had been installed carelessly, leaving voids, which partly explained why we were having issues. It's important to wear eye protection during this process. It's also important not to damage the bolt's threads, so I excavated carefully, though in a few cases I nicked the threads and ended up using a die to smooth them back out.

With the filler chiseled out of the pockets, I could move to the bolt heads. The tops of the bolts, which sit at the bottom of the bilge, are covered by a resin cap. This is common and a good way to improve the seal around the bolts, though it's better to use marine epoxy than porous fiberglass resin. We pumped all the water out of the bilge and cleaned it thoroughly with a degreasing agent. The resin caps appeared as bumps in the bottom of the bilge.

I used the same chisel to begin chipping the caps off. I couldn't reach the bolts at the back of the keel and fashioned a 3-foot-long chisel by cutting the hook off a crowbar and grinding down the other end into a chisel shape. It took me about six hours to chisel off

The keel pockets are exposed after being ground out.

Chiseling out the filler, Robin had to be careful not to damage the bolt threads.

the 12 resin caps. I didn't worry about doing a very clean job as I knew I would be grinding down the whole area after we removed the bolts.

Inspecting the Bolts

The bolt heads exposed, I began removing the bolts two at a time for inspection. This was a two-person job, requiring my partner, Fiona, to be outside the hull with a socket wrench, and myself in the bilge with the same-sized socket. I removed the bolts in opposite pairs. After each pair was removed and inspected, I reinstalled them to torque specifications so the next pair could be removed without risking movement of the keel. This was a little time consuming, but I wanted to know what exactly we were dealing with before moving onto the next phase.

There are a couple of things to look for when inspecting the bolts. After the nut has been removed, is there any play between the bolt and the surrounding fiberglass? Over time, the bolt hole can become enlarged. If the bolt jiggles in the hole, you must install a larger diameter bolt that will take up the difference, because bolts in an oversized hole will move under load and break the seal, leading to leaks.

Next, if you plan to reuse the hardware, examine it for structural problems. When possible, I recommend replacing the hardware, but in our case, we were in a boatyard in Mexico and getting the stainless 316 bolts in the length we required was impossible. Still, you don't have a choice if you find obvious visible signs of corrosion, wear, or material fatigue.

A magnifying glass will help identify obvious problems. If nothing jumps out, the next best step is a dye penetrant inspection. Dip the hardware in the dye and set it aside. Then wipe the dye off the bolt; dye will remain in any fractures. Shine a black light over the material and inspect with a loupe or magnifying glass. This is not a fail-safe method, but if you have to reuse the material it's better than nothing.

In our case, the bolts thankfully looked good to go (we did replace the washers and nuts). However, removing the bolts made it clear what the other part of our problem was; the sealant that had been used to install the bolts originally was completely deteriorated, allowing water to penetrate. Now that we knew this, and had confirmed the hardware's integrity, it was time to reinstall and rebed.

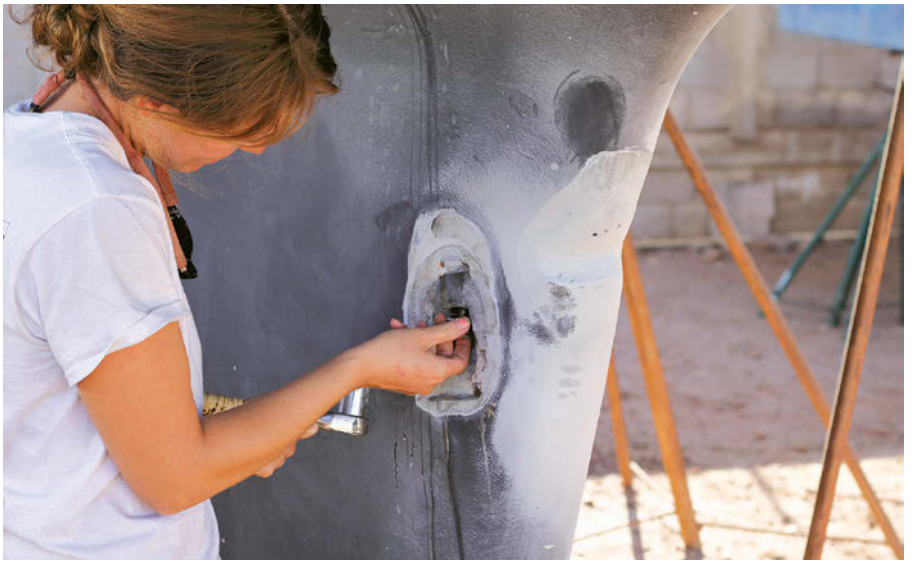
Reinstalling and Rebedding

As with most boat projects of this magnitude, prep is everything. Outside the boat, I used a wire brush on a handheld drill to polish the pockets cast into the keel. Back inside the boat, I used an angle grinder and flap disc to remove the remaining resin cap material, bilgecoat, and sealant to get down to original fiberglass.

I tried to create a smooth and even surface in a 3-inch radius around the bolt holes and finished the area with an orbital sander with 80-grit sandpaper. I also used a wire mini-bottle brush on the drill to scour the inside of the bolt hole in the keel and keel stump. After all the grinding and sanding, I cleaned all areas with acetone, until no dust appeared on the cloth. It's a good idea to wash the entire bilge again as dust will settle in areas away from the bolt holes but can be stirred again and cause problems.

The bolts were originally installed in a curved part of the keel with large, square, stainless washers. The washers had deformed somewhat to take up the curvature of the keel stump, but still left a void. I didn't like this system and I wanted the mating surface to be perfectly flat. After consulting with a boatbuilder, I opted to use G10 — a high-pressure fiberglass laminate with incredible compression and tensile

A keel bolt and old washer; note the pitted metal in the latter.



Fiona removes a nut from a bolt in the pocket.

After polishing the pockets, Robin topped them with new epoxy filler, at top.

A row of keel bolt pockets, newly filled with epoxy, dot the keel, at middle.

The pockets now have new fiberglass covering, at bottom.

strength — to make a washer that would enable a flatter surface.

I cut circles from a ¼-inch-thick sheet of G10 with a 2.5-inch-diameter hole saw. Because G10 is extremely smooth, I scoured it with 60-grit sandpaper to ensure it would properly adhere to the substrate. I increased the mandrel hole to accept the diameter of the keel bolt.

It was critical that I center the G10 washer while I epoxied it in place. I decided to use the keel bolt, greasing it up first so that the epoxy wouldn't stick to it. After the epoxy cured, I could remove the bolt, clean it, and reinstall it with final sealant. With the hardware sufficiently protected, I slid the bolt through the center of the G10 washer, then applied a large amount of marine epoxy, thickened with microballoons to a peanut-butter consistency, to the underside of the G10 washer and put the keel bolt into the hole.

I snugged the bolt down with the nut on the other side of the keel to make sure the alignment was correct and the epoxy made good contact with the keel stump without voids. I wanted to make sure that epoxy squeezed out all around the G10 washer. I used a popsicle stick to smooth the excess epoxy into a ramp around the washer.

I let the epoxy cure according to the manufacturer's recommendations and then loosened the nut and removed the bolt, using acetone to de-grease it. To seal the bolts, I applied Sikaflex 291i sealant inside the bolt hole and on the mating surface of the G10 washer. I then reinstalled the bolt with a thick stainless steel washer between the bolt head and the G10 washer. The threads on the keel side were covered in Sikaflex so I cleaned them — it's important to immediately clean up excess Sikaflex with acetone — and then installed the washer and nut to hand tight.

I let the Sikaflex cure for an hour, and then with Fiona on the bilge side, I torqued the nut to specifications, being very careful to turn only the nut, not the bolt or washers. I used red Loctite to reduce the risk of the nut unthreading. We couldn't find torque specs for our boat, so I used a generic torque chart, which specified 60 foot-pounds for a 13-millimeter 316 stainless steel bolt. I saw torque specs for other boat manufacturers that recommended up to 80 foot-pounds for ½-inch keel bolts; however, I felt 60 was substantial and I didn't want to risk damaging the bolt.

I repeated the process in sets of two for all keel bolts, which took two days.

Before moving to the next step — filling and fairing the keel pockets — we tested the keel bolts by filling the bilge completely with water and letting it sit for 48 hours. This increased the job time, but I wanted to make sure that there were no leaks. After 48 hours, no runs, no drips, so we removed the water and dried the bilge.

Now that we knew the bolts were properly sealed, we could fill the keel pockets and fiberglass the keel. I used marine-grade epoxy thickened with microballoons to peanut-butter consistency to fill the pockets. I filled one in a single application of epoxy, but the heat generated by the exothermic reaction caused the epoxy to cure too quickly and entrap gas, creating voids. I also didn't like the effect the heat might have on the Sikaflex seal around the bolt. So, for the remainder, I applied the epoxy in 2-inch layers.

After filling all the pockets to a level slightly proud of the metal of the keel, I used an angle grinder with a flap disc to grind the epoxy to a smooth, even surface, flush with the metal of the keel. I added five layers of fiberglass with epoxy resin, which must be used to adhere to the epoxy filler compound.

I cut the fiberglass into various sized circles, starting with the largest circle of mat and working outward to the smallest circle. This is better than the reverse, since I've learned that going small to large can cause voids where the larger circle overlaps the smaller.

When the layers had cured, I used an angle grinder and flap disc to grind the fiberglass to a smooth and even surface contoured to the rest of the keel. I used Interlux Watertite Epoxy Filler to go over the repaired areas to create a perfectly smooth surface. I sanded the Watertite with 80-grit sandpaper, careful to keep the contours of the keel. Most of the Watertite was removed, with specs remaining in tiny voids in the fiberglass mat.

An optional step before bottom coating the hull is to add barrier coat. But, if the Watertite filler connects to the original barrier coat on the hull, this step can be skipped as there is a continuous barrier coat.

I opted not to reinstall resin caps over the bolt heads in the bilge so that I could see the bolt heads and retorque the bolts down the road, if necessary. I think this is personal preference and others might be well justified in reinstalling resin caps.

Ten-thousand ocean miles later we have had no complaint from our keel bolts, and for the first time in our boat-owning lives, we've had a dry bilge. We saved thousands of dollars by doing the work ourselves, and although it was fiddly at times, it wasn't an overly complicated or difficult task.

Robin Urquhart is a Good Old Boat *contributing editor. His master's degree in building engineering and his skills as a diesel mechanic have been severely tested since he and his partner, Fiona McGlynn, headed south from Vancouver on* MonArk, *their good old 1979 Dufour 35. Check out their website, youngandsalty.com, where they reach out to younger sailors who share a passion for good old boats.*

Make Fluorescent Penetrant Dye and Black Light — RU

An easy fluorescent dye can be extracted from a highlighter. Simply remove the highlighter felt and squeeze out the liquid into a bowl. You can add water to increase volume. Wear gloves. Create a black light by putting clear tape over a flashlight or headlamp. Color the tape blue with a marker pen, then put another layer of tape over the first layer and color it purple. The result will be mostly UV-A light, also known as a black light.

High and Dry

An automatic bilge pump for the dinghy solves that sinking feeling.

BY CLIFF MOORE

For the past couple of years, I've kept my dinghy at the dock, butter side up. It's easy to stow it and use it this way, unless it rains. An inch of rain results in foot-deep water inside the dink. Arriving at the boat one morning after a tropical deluge, I found my dinghy barely afloat, just inches of freeboard remaining. After scooping 100 1-gallon Clorox bottles' worth of water, I came up with a better plan for the next rain.

I dug up a spare automatic bilge pump, one that claims to pump 650 gallons an hour while drawing 3 amps. Because the mothership has three solar panels feeding two group-27 batteries, I wasn't concerned about power supply.

To work automatically, the pump periodically turns itself on and senses for resistance (something to pump). If it detects resistance, as it would when pumping water, the pump continues running until the resistance ends (no more water to pump). A check valve keeps water in the hose from back-filling. The check valve unscrews, so if it clogs, it's easy to clear.

To complete my dinghy bilge pump, I bought 5 feet of ¾-inch hose, a through-hull fitting, a ¾-inch check valve, 25 feet of #14 3-wire appliance cable, and a cigarette-lighter-type 12-volt receptacle. A little solder, heat-shrink tape, electrical tape, and liquid tape (very important, that) and I had what I needed.

Whereas most 12-volt appliances feature two leads, red for positive and black for negative, my bilge pump has three leads attached: a black wire for negative, brown for the auto-on feature, and white to turn the pump on manually. I choose to ignore the white wire and the manual-on functionality, but I connected it to the unused wire on the 14-3 appliance cord to add mechanical strength to the assembly. I'll note that the appliance cord I used is made of stranded wire. Only stranded wire should be used aboard boats, never solid. Not only does stranded wire conduct electricity with less resistance, it isn't as susceptible to work hardening as solid wire, which is approved only for use in buildings.

I long ago learned the importance of soldering connections, from an uncle who had been a ship's radio officer. My approach with all onboard connections is to solder them up carefully, wait until the solder cools, then slide the heat shrink over the joint after it cools. Next, I use the hot soldering iron to carefully tack down the heat shrink before holding the connection over a hot electric stove burner to get the whole fitting snugged up tight. After that, I paint the joint with liquid tape. Then I wrap all the coated wires with a single wrap of ordinary electrical tape and paint over that with another coat of liquid tape, especially at the ends. The object is to keep the water out, and the extra coat of liquid tape can't hurt.

As the pump needs a base to keep it from capsizing in the dink, I dug up a scrap piece of heavier-than-water G10.

For the output end of the hose, to which I attached the through-hull fitting, I made an assembly comprised of scrap heavy-density plastic, a chunk of walnut, and a bit of 5/16 stainless steel rod left over from another job. I mounted the through-hull to the heavy-density plastic, screwed the plastic into the walnut as a base, and bore a hole through the walnut to hold the stainless steel rod. The rod then slides into the hole where the oarlock would ordinarily fit, holding the entire assembly in perfect position for the through-hull to hang over the side and the water to go overboard.

I keep the dinghy lashed alongside the big boat at the dock. I drop the pump into the dink when I leave, making sure the hose outflow is correctly fitted in one of the oarlock holes. Then I plug the cord into the power jack on board, after snaking the wire through the hatch boards. When I return after any period of time, I remove the pump from my dry dinghy and stow it in an old milk crate.

The completed pump with wires and hose.

Mounted in the oarlock, the pump works quickly to dry out the dink.

Cliff Moore is a Good Old Boat *contributing editor. His 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.*

SOME LIKE IT SALTY

Spicing up a marriage with a sailboat means learning some new ropes.

BY TREVOR WILKINSON

A few years ago, just prior to our 24th wedding anniversary, I got to wondering what made our marriage so strong. We had survived numerous moves, jobs, two kids, a life-threatening illness, and a career-ending injury. Through it all, we managed not just to survive, but to thrive. It's difficult to know what makes one relationship succeed and others fail, but I was determined to find out. I decided to put our love through a stress test. I bought a sailboat.

It was lunch break at work. I drifted off into a fantasy dream state and awoke to find myself staring at a real beauty on my computer monitor. She had an alluring name, *Salammbo*, was about my age, well equipped (if you know what I mean), and had long sleek lines — 29 feet of them. With her powerful inboard motor and GPS and radar, it was clear she could get around. I was in love.

So close to our anniversary date, how would I convince my wife, Jan, to allow another she into our lives? I decided that being direct was the best approach. I emailed her a copy of *Salammbo*'s profile complete with pictures and dimensions. In the subject line I wrote, "Want to spice things up?"

Jan emailed me back instantly: "Let's go for it!" I could only surmise that she, too, wanted to test the depths of our love.

I should note that, at this time, other than taking out a small dinghy a couple of times, neither Jan nor I had any experience sailing or owning a boat, but having watched hours of YouTube sailing videos, I was confident in my abilities.

Because there's nothing like jumping into the deep end to learn how to swim or sail, for our first sailing adventure we set off on a six-hour cruise down the beautiful St. John River from Fredericton, New Brunswick, to Grand Lake. We started out motoring, with me singing the Popeye song as we went. Gaining confidence, we decided to hoist our first sail. I chose the bag with the big "#1" stenciled on the side. I've since learned that the lower the number, the bigger the sail. Go big or go home.

Raising the sail went as smoothly as in any YouTube video. It filled with air, we turned off the motor, and *Salammbo* began to glide silently through the water. At 1 knot, Jan and I smiled at each other with pride. At 2 knots, our eyes widened with excitement. We jumped to 4 knots and our heart rates jumped to 120 beats! Then we were at 6 knots. This is when *Salammbo* began to ignore my feeble helming abilities and took over. Apparently, she was keen on heading directly toward a rather large bridge abutment. I froze,

this scenario wasn't covered on any YouTube video I had watched. Jan looked at me with a serene urgency and said, "I think we should take the sail down."

I forced a calm cool reply, "I think you're right."

Rope learned: Agreement is a good foundation for a great marriage.

We wrestled the sail down onto the deck. Then I suggested what seemed like a good idea, "Let's leave it on the deck in case we want to try it again." Shaken, but not deterred, we continued down the river.

With *Salammbo* under our control again, our spirits began to rise, and we were soon belting out the refrain to Enya's sailing anthem, "Sail Away," goofy smiles on our faces.

As we negotiated the last bend of the river into the entrance to Grand Lake, we noticed with some trepidation that the water ahead had a peculiar look to it, as if it was boiling. We were suddenly in the midst of 4-foot whitecaps. It was too late to turn around, and I hollered above the gale, "I think it would be a good idea to don lifejackets!"

"I agree!" Jan hollered back. She's really a good woman. We had only two lifejackets on board, one was adult-size and the other was for a child. Gallantly, I squeezed my 220 pounds into the child-size jacket.

Rope learned: Marriage requires sacrifice.

We hit the waves and they hit back. Water crashed over the bow and onto our heads. In my tiny orange vest, I looked like a demented Michelin Man. Jan looked sexy as ever — I honestly don't know how she does it.

Rope learned: Flattery never hurts in a marriage.

It was at this time we realized that *Salammbo* is demon-possessed.

We watched in horror as the sail we'd brought down earlier started raising itself up the headstay. As it started flapping maniacally in the wind, I said to Jan, "I think you should go up front and bring the sail down."

Silence. Another wave crashed.

"Yeah, right."

"But marriage requires sacrifice," I said, "It's your turn!" After shooting me a look that told me I'd be sleeping alone that night, she bravely made her way to the bow. The only way she could subdue the beast was to lie spread-eagled across it.

"Good job, Lovie!" I called out.

Rope learned: Encouragement is nourishment in a relationship.

Jan responded with the one-finger peace sign.

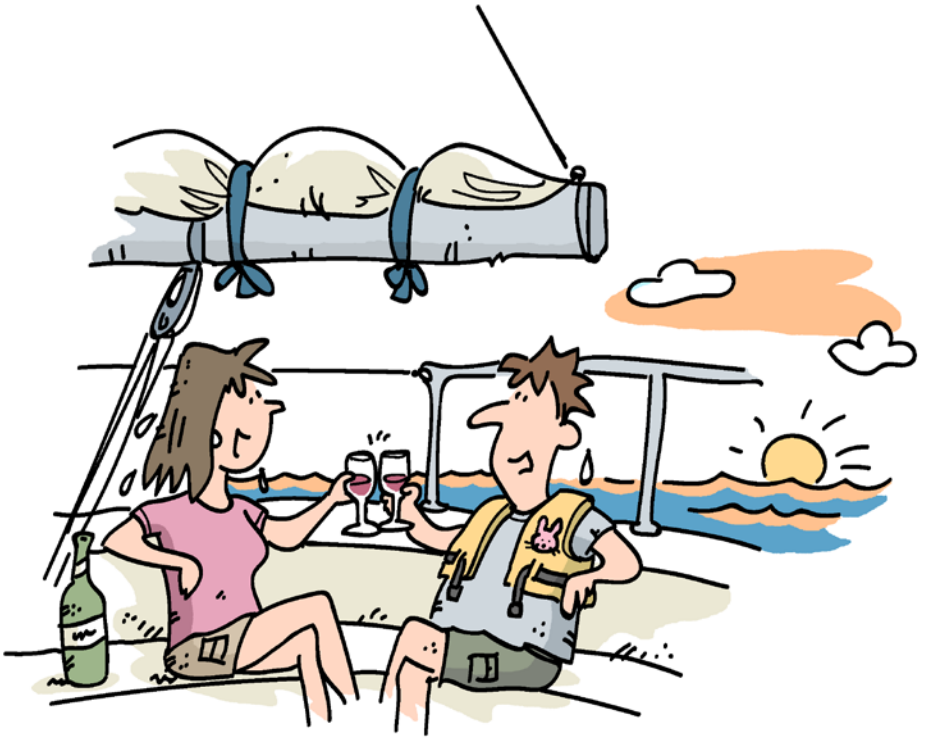
Rope learned: Honest feedback is the core to a trusting relationship.

What seemed like hours of rolling and crashing and pounding was likely just minutes, but when you're in love or in danger, time stands still. Eventually, the squall passed and we made our way into calmer waters. With as much dignity as two drowned rats could muster, we sailed into our destination harbor, me in my child's life jacket beaming with pride, and Jan laughing herself to tears recounting our adventures. We found a mooring and tied up safely for the night.

Watching the sun set, Jan said, "I think it's time for a drink."

Rope learned (and most important): Celebrate each other and everything — the good, the bad, and the terrifying.

Trevor Wilkinson, a freelance writer and public speaker, is the author of The Wellness Journey: Navigating a New Normal, *and is working on his first novel. He enjoys sharing stories from his experiences and adventures, often using humor to convey the idea that all of us are capable of great acts of stupidity if we try hard enough. Trevor and Jan have shared 27 happy years together, including four years as mostly happy sailing mates.*



Owning It

A short solo voyage comes with challenges faced and lessons learned.

BY JIM EATON

When I was 12, my parents bought me a Sunfish, a little board boat with a lateen sail. I'd been reading about sailing for years and my green-cover copy of *Royce's Sailing Illustrated* was dog-eared. One spring day, with nothing more than what I'd gleaned and some vague directions, I rigged the boat and pushed off, alone. I didn't get far, but I learned a bit and for the rest of the summer, it was just the boat and me, dancing with the wind and water. I loved that feeling and I didn't know it then, but I had become a sailor.

As an adult, I owned a few small cruising boats and came to learn about navigating and exploring new waters and places. Those boats taught me a lot, but I never thought to take them out alone, I always had company. No complaints, but I missed the solitary thrill I remembered from sailing solo as a boy.

When I bought my fourth boat, an Alberg 35 I called *Pendragon*, I could barely find the courage to take it out of the slip in Baltimore where I moored. It seemed huge and wasn't as nimble as the smaller boats I'd owned. Also, I'd recently married a non-sailor, and while she was steadily taking to the boat, I frequently found myself standing on the dock on a beautiful, breezy day. My boat was willing and able, but I was frustrated and stuck.

I found myself thinking about sailing alone again. I read the classic singlehanders: Slocum, Moitessier, and others. I began to imagine a single-handed cruise aboard *Pendragon*. Then I began practicing, slowly.

By my third summer with the boat, I was gaining some confidence handling her alone. I knew that the long keel meant tacks didn't snap, they were ponderous. I knew better than to try and stop her — even when she moved at a crawl — by holding on to the dock with a boathook.

After I'd tried a few day sails in the company of crew who did their best to not help me in any way, I planned a 20-mile solo adventure cruise to the Magothy River. I decided on a first-day stop in Rock Creek, near the mouth of the Patapsco River (Baltimore's home river), since I'd anchored there before.

When the day came, I made a float plan, provisioned the boat, set up charts, and off I went, springing out of the slip. I was tense, scared, and as excited as I'd been the first time I pushed out on my Sunfish.

I'd imagined a sailing trip, but the Chesapeake wasn't cooperating. I set the autopilot and motored along, hoping the wind would appear. When I got thirsty and realized water and other things I needed were in the cabin, I left the helm nervously, scrambled down the companionway, grabbed what I needed, and got back out again, anxious about the ships and tugs that are constantly coming and going in this busy commercial river.

Halfway to Rock Creek, the wind had freshened — time to go sailing! Raising the main became a bit of an operation. It stuck halfway up, and it took me a while to get things straightened out. Focused on the sail, I lost track of my surroundings. A police launch came by and the officer asked if I was okay, pointing out that I was close to a shoal. I thanked him, moved the boat back into deep water, got the sail up, and unfurled the jib.

The breeze lasted about an hour. It was a nice hour, but it was just an hour. I let the boat ghost along as the breeze died. I nibbled on some prepackaged chicken salad and crackers. I wished for coffee, but I didn't feel secure enough to go below and start the stove. Finally, I furled the jib, started the engine, took in the main, and motored to the anchorage at Rock Creek.

I'd only ever anchored as part of a two-person team. Despite knowing this anchorage, the depth, and the bottom, I was a bit concerned. Leaving the engine running, with the boat stopped in calm water, I went forward, eased the anchor down, let out some chain, returned to the cockpit, reversed a bit, shifted back to neutral, and ran back to

***Pendragon* sails up the Patapsco River toward Baltimore.**

the bow to let more chain out. I did this a couple of times and found the 30-foot trip from the cockpit to the bow getting longer and longer. Then it was time to back down. The anchor grabbed and held, fortunate, as I was tired. I shut off the engine, wrote down cross bearings, and set an anchor alarm on my phone.

Now what? I wasn't prepared for being alone. I was too tired to cook dinner, so I snacked on chips and things that didn't require preparation. Instead of feeling like I'd accomplished something, I felt drained. I turned in early, began wondering about the anchor, checked it a few times, and finally fell asleep.

I woke the next morning before dawn, still tired. I sat in the cockpit unsure what to do, not even sure why I was there. None of the books I'd read covered how I felt. I had focused on how to do things, and I realized now that I didn't know how to just *be*. So, I did things: I made breakfast, I rowed over to a nearby marina, and I walked.

Returning to the boat, I nearly fell into the water getting out of the dinghy and quickly realized I needed to be more careful. What is simple with someone along is dangerous alone. More than loneliness, what pressed on me was the enormity of total responsibility. There had always existed the possibility of falling overboard or just falling and getting injured, but when sailing with others, there was always someone else to take over. On the Sunfish, I'd been too young to appreciate the dangers. Now they loomed.

As I prepared for the day's sail, I recalled the previous day and moved water, food, binoculars, and the paper chart to the cockpit, easily within reach. I came to understand that singlehanding is all about foreseeing challenges and preparing for them. The more I prepared, the better I felt. I could do it, I had done it, and if sailing alone was hard, it was a special experience because I owned it. There was no one else but that was the point: It was just the boat and me, the wind and the water. Excitement took hold.

I walked to the bow and retrieved the anchor. It was difficult to rinse the anchor rode and pay attention to the boat's drift at the same time. It felt like every time I was on top of things, a new challenge appeared.

Finally, I wended my way out the channel, past the shoal to starboard, past the white rocks that give Rock Creek its name, and onto the Bay where no wind greeted me and my boat. I turned on the autopilot and sat back to keep an eye on things, for big boats, for small boats, and for the bobbing floats marking crab pots. The autopilot kept the boat on course, I fussed over small things. I quickly grew bored. And tired. And hungry.

After I passed the marker for Bodkin Shoal, the last creek off the Patapsco River on the south shore, I began a gentle turn south. Then, I began to worry about whether I had enough fuel. I hadn't anticipated so much motoring in my planning. Searching on my phone, fuel-stop information was sparse; it wasn't clear there was diesel available on the Magothy River. I fretted and motored, wishing for wind, but late in the afternoon, I gave up and turned around.

Jim takes time out for some coffee on the cabintop.

That was difficult. I was focused on my destination as a goal, and turning around felt like failure. I was hot, hungry, tired, there had been very little sailing on the trip, and now I wasn't even going to get where I was going.

When I arrived at Bodkin Creek to anchor for the night, I was still a bit dispirited, but anchoring went more smoothly this time and soon the boat was secure and quiet. I watched the birds while trying endlessly to calculate if we were getting any closer to a nearby dock. Details that shouldn't matter kept grabbing my attention for minutes at a time. Had I been sailing with crew, there would have been conversation to distract me; instead, I spent half an hour getting the anchor light hung just right.

As it got dark, I sat in the cockpit, unmotivated to cook. I had lots of food onboard, but after two days of doing everything, the effort to fill the kettle, light the stove, and fuss over food felt overwhelming. That was my general feeling as a single-hander: overwhelmed. As it got dark, I turned in for the night.

The next morning I pulled up the anchor at 7:00 a.m. and motored the 12 miles home in flat calm. My first single-handed cruise was over, and it hadn't been the success I'd hoped. As I thought about it, I realized that much of my exhaustion was simply hunger. I'd not eaten enough to feed the engine of me. I'd forgotten the old cruising practice of making coffee early and keeping it in a thermos to have at hand during the day.

My planning was a problem. I had a goal in mind, and when I didn't get there, I felt depressed and failed to appreciate how pretty it was where I'd wound up, in Bodkin Creek. My failure to plan for fuel stops or carry a local cruising guide with that information was an oversight, a lesson learned.

On my final day, I was back in my slip by mid-morning, ironically after making the best solo docking ever. As often happens on the Chesapeake, a lovely breeze grew in the afternoon. If I had slept in or simply allowed myself to sit and read, I could have sailed home instead of motoring. On my next trip, I'll take my time.

And there will be a next trip; I'll make another singlehanded cruise this

year. It won't be the first time, and that will be a good thing. I know that I'll never cross an ocean alone, but I'm confident I will reclaim the feeling I experienced in the Sunfish so many years ago.

Jim and Jacquelyn Eaton live in Albany, New York, where he is the pastor of First Congregational Church. He sails out of Anchorage Marina, Baltimore, aboard Pendragon, *their 1965 Alberg 35. Jim is also a photographer and writer, Jacquelyn is a flight attendant and these days, an amazing foredeck crew. This year they hope to extend their cruising farther south on the Chesapeake.*

Jim tucked *Pendragon* into Bodkin Creek for the night, though that wasn't the planned destination.

Warm, Not Fuzzy

Replacing a fabric interior hull covering with oak-on-cedar strips transforms a V-berth.

BY BERT VERMEER

Manufacturers of many good old boats of the '70s and '80s were looking for time and cost savings on their assembly lines, which had the great benefit of producing boats that were affordable and enabled many of us to get on the water. But the trade-off sometimes came in the interior finish, where production details were somewhat lacking.

With the exception of bulkheads, builders seemed to favor the quick and neat cover-up of fabric or carpet glued over open-cell foam to cover unfinished interior surfaces. They added zippers at the hull-to-deck joint to allow access to those fasteners, but in most cases, these zippers are long corroded to the point of being seized. And as the years passed, the stained and faded fabric sagged away from disintegrating foam backing, or simply lost its visual appeal.

All of the above was the case aboard *Natasha*, our 1978 Islander Bahama 30. It was time for the fabric to go. The question was, what to do once we ditched it? Sanding and painting uneven surfaces and sharp edges was a marginal improvement, but the bare fiberglass hull sweated profusely in our damp Pacific Northwest environment.

I decided on oak strips attached to cedar ribs — a traditional ceiling used originally in wooden ships to cover the inboard sides of cabins — over closed-cell foam insulation. And, I decided to try this project first in the V-berth.

The Prep

I started by removing all the original fabric from the V-berth cabin sides. This exposed the mold-encrusted open-cell foam glued to the fiberglass hull in 1978. Scraping this material away proved difficult in the cramped space, and so I turned to an angle grinder with a sanding disc attached. This was effective but created an intense cloud of fine foam particles and fiberglass dust. I addressed this by isolating the forward cabin with plastic sheeting and wearing a proper respirator and safety goggles.

Once I'd removed the foam and cleaned the mess, I measured, cut, and tapered 1 x 1-inch cedar boards to conform to the curve and bumps of the hull; these would be the ribs on which I would attach the oak strips. To attach these ribs, I cleaned the hull with acetone, thickened West System epoxy using 403 Microfiber Adhesive Filler, and troweled the thick paste onto one side of each rib, as well as onto the hull, ensuring a solid bond of cedar to fiberglass.

For areas where the hull wasn't too curved, I simply put the ribs in place and allowed the sticky epoxy to hold them until cured. Where I needed the ribs to bend a bit to conform to the hull, I cut multiple grooves across the back side of the ribs to let them bend more easily without cracking. For these ribs, I used bracing to hold them in place until the epoxy set.

I installed the ribs at two-foot intervals, a total of four ribs on each side and one short rib on the starboard side above a locker.

The original fabric liner in the V-berth was well past its prime, at top.

Beneath the fabric, the moldy, original open-cell foam is exposed. Removing this with a grinder and scraper was the least pleasant part of the job, at middle.

Bert sanded the raw fiberglass smooth and, where needed, added epoxy filler to make as smooth a surface as possible, at bottom.

With the ribs in place and cured, I brushed the fiberglass hull sides and the new ribs with white primer. The closed-cell foam is a bit translucent, and since this area would be visible through the thin gaps between the oak strips, I wanted a clean background. I finished the area at the top and bottom of the hull sides, along with the face and edges of the ribs (also visible after the oak strips were installed), with enamel matching the original hull color.

For insulation, I selected ½-inch white polyethylene closed-cell foam from a local craft store. It was easy to cut with scissors or a knife, and I glued it to the primed fiberglass hull using common contact cement. I selected closed-cell foam to prevent moisture absorption. If I were living aboard this boat in this climate, I would choose a more effective form of insulation, but the ½-inch polyethylene is sufficient to keep the hull from sweating during summer cruises.

The Install

Then came the most satisfying part, creating and installing the new wood-strip ceiling. I chose 1¼-inch-wide x ¼-inch-thick oak. These dimensions allowed the strips to flex to accommodate interior curves. After cutting the oak to the desired dimensions — and long enough so that no joints would be required — I sealed all sides with thinned varnish. I finished the interior-facing sides with three additional coats of satin varnish. This was much easier to do in a shop than it would have been in the V-berth once installed.

Installing the new ceiling was straightforward. In case I might need to remove the oak strips later to access areas behind them, I attached them to the ribs with wood screws with finishing (cup) washers, no glue. I began at the bottom horizontal strip parallel to the berth base and worked up from there.

The trick was ensuring that the fastening screws lined up in a straight vertical line on each rib; I found this somewhat difficult to attain. I made sure the ends of the strips formed a neat, finished line against the fore and aft bulkheads, but I could have been less precise and later covered this joint with trim.

Finishing near the overhead also posed a challenge, as the deck rises toward the bow. To finish this joint neatly meant tapering the strips to conform to this rise, but I also left a narrow gap here to allow access to hull-to-deck fasteners and encourage ventilation.

I've since completed this same job on a few other boats, using only simple carpentry tools: a table saw and router to form the wood, a cordless drill-driver, a hand miter saw, a tape measure, and a sliding T-bevel to measure angles. I've used mahogany, oak, maple, and ash.

I'm not a finish carpenter by any stretch, but any boat owner handy with tools and a bit of imagination can follow my lead. The V-berth looks warm, inviting, and nautical, and it no longer smells musty. Now, it's on to the main cabin and the vinyl headliner.

Bert Vermeer and his wife, Carey, live in a sailor's paradise. They have been sailing the coast of British Columbia for more than 30 years. Natasha *is their fourth boat (following a Balboa 20, an O'Day 25, and another Islander 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.*

Once the cedar ribs were in place, everything got a coat of white primer to provide a clean background.

Bert glued in ½-inch sheets of closed-cell foam to prevent the hull sides from sweating in the damp Pacific Northwest climate.

Starting at the bottom of the hull side and working his way up to the top, Bert attached 1¼ x ¼-inch oak strips, finished with satin varnish, to the cedar ribs using small wood screws and finishing (cup) washers.

Mission accomplished: The finished V-berth is warm, dry, and handsome.

An Island to Remember

Blackberries, apples, and balancing stones grace a princess' gift in the Salish Sea.

BY JOHN VIGOR

Somebody reminded me the other day that my wife June and I have been cruising around Puget Sound and the northern islands in small boats for nigh on a quarter century. The inevitable question came up: "What is your favorite destination? Is there one particular moment that stands out in your memory?"

Well, as it happens, we don't have a favorite destination. There are just too many wonderful anchorages that we've enjoyed to choose just one. But as for a particular moment, there is indeed one that still stands out, and it happened in a place that holds more than a little magic, British Columbia's Portland Island.

The moment came just after anchoring. The island, green, silent, and mysterious, lay a few yards off our bow. The warm September sun struck sparks on the calm water. A snug, deserted cove wrapped itself around us like a blanket. In the cockpit, June caught her breath and pointed. An otter had poked his whiskery snout above water and was inspecting us quizzically. We stared back, as fascinated as he.

After a few moments, having decided we were harmless, he went back to work in the transparent water, catching fish and taking them ashore to dine among the rocks on a tablecloth of dark green seaweed. He was so close that we could see his teeth and hear the crunch of bones as he chewed.

Then he caught a fish, took it ashore, and left it untouched on a rock. He stared straight at us.

"What now?" June whispered.

"He's saying 'Grub's up!' " I said softly. " 'Come and get it.' "

"Yes, he's saying 'Welcome to Canada,' " June chuckled. "Just another friendly Canadian."

We had experienced kindness everywhere on our first visit to British Columbia's Gulf Islands in our 22-foot sloop, but not for one moment did we expect to be invited to lunch by an otter. We declined the invitation, of course, but it was a fascinating introduction to what turned out to be a bewitching island.

We'd been directed to Portland Island by Jen and Bernie Emms, old sailing friends we'd run across in Bedwell Harbor. We'd checked into Canadian customs there after a leisurely four-day trip from our home port of Oak Harbor, on Whidbey Island, about 60 miles north of Seattle, Washington.

The Emmses had invited us over for supper on their home-built 30-foot sloop *Hepatica* anchored nearby. Amid the good vittles, fine wine, and pleasant conversation, they told us of a deserted island where we would find blackberries and apples, balancing stones and oysters, purple starfish and a racetrack.

"Did Bern say something about a racetrack?" June asked as I rowed us back to *Tagati* under a blanket of stars. "On a deserted island?"

"Yes," I said, "and bright purple oysters."

"Starfish," said June firmly. "Purple *starfish*. We'll talk about it in the morning. Just try to row straight."

The Canadian Sailing Directions are predictably gloomy about your chances of arriving at Portland Island in one piece. "Because of the dangers around it, Portland Island must be approached with extreme caution," the good book says.

All I can say is that anyone in a small boat with a large-scale chart and an ounce of common sense should have no problems. The approaches to the two main anchorages are clean from seaward. We certainly had no problem entering Royal Cove, on the northern edge of the island, although it hid itself until the last moment, as usual.

It's a popular spot for cruisers, just four miles from Sidney, on Vancouver Island, but it was deserted on the September Tuesday we arrived. We

dropped an anchor over the stern in the southern recesses of the cove and took a line ashore from the bow to one of a series of iron rings set into the rockface at the shoreline's edge.

Our otter continued to splash around the boat, playing and eating for more than an hour, despite our ungracious refusal to share his fishy meal. But after we'd eaten a human-type lunch in the sunny cockpit, another boat arrived. And although she moored a discreet distance away from us, our otter disappeared. We never saw him again.

After lunch, we rowed to a nearby dinghy dock and began our trek of the island. A marine park since 1967, it's only about a mile long and a little less across — about 450 acres in all — exactly the right size for slow-but-steady explorers like us.

We meandered the northwestern trail along the island's edge, a little-used footpath through tall evergreens interspersed with delicate deciduous trees. The main trail looped and wound its way past numerous bays, beaches, and inlets, all of them outstandingly beautiful, but we were often lured on to side trails leading to the headlands, where piles of balancing stones stood silhouetted against the bright glitter of the sea in the Satellite Channel.

They're known to the Inuit as inuksuit and are often many feet tall, but these on Portland Island were more moderately sized. An abundance of small dark-gray rocks, all with good square edges and flat faces, made perfect geological building blocks for these intriguing stone cairns.

The first one we came across was three or four feet high, cleverly and patiently constructed on the cantilever principle. But a confirmed meddler like me can always see where a small improvement might turn a merely competent job into a wonderful work of art.

"It needs a small wedge just here to change the fulcrum," I explained to June. "Let's see if we can find — "

"I wouldn't change it," she said flatly.

"Why not?"

"We don't know who built it. Or when. Or why."

"You think it's a sort of religious shrine?"

"Maybe."

The thought that I might invoke the wrath of ancient native spirits dampened my ambitions. But not for long. "I'll build one of my own," I said. But the best place had been taken, and I couldn't find another. Besides, the rest of the island was beckoning in the warm sunshine. "Maybe I'll come back tomorrow," I said.

"Good idea."

We discovered later that although the island was once inhabited by Coast Salish natives, whose shell middens were still visible, the balancing stones were not ancient religious artifacts. They were simply erected by anyone passing by. And meddled with, undoubtedly, by the next passerby.

***Tagati*, a 1968 Santana 22, snugs up to the shoreline in Royal Cove, where iron rings set in the rocks make it easy to moor fore-and-aft.**

Golden plains of pale, dry grass smelling of sweet hay drifted down to the beach from meadows inland. We followed one eastward toward the middle of the island until we came into a large grassy clearing where an old cast-iron handpump reached deep into the earth for pure well water. Although

it would not have been out of place in a medieval European village, it still worked perfectly, and we slaked our thirsts before heading south to Princess Bay harbor.

To our surprise, the trail turned into a newly repaired boardwalk for much of the way, and we enjoyed a wonderful lazy stroll side by side in the sunshine. Wildflowers blooming along the trail attracted bees and insects with gossamer wings. The air was laden with a spicy, sun-warmed smell we couldn't identify, until suddenly we found ourselves among towering brambles quivering under loads of ripe blackberries.

We ate and walked, ate and walked, until we thought we'd burst. And then we came to the apple trees. Bent and ignored, untended and unpruned for decades, they still produced delicious apples. We had to taste those, too, of course, and kept a couple each to eat on the boat.

About half a dozen yachts dotted Portland Island's pretty southern harbor, known as Princess Bay and also as Tortoise Bay, because of the Tortoise Islets that guard the entrance. We were glad we'd chosen Royal Cove, because while Princess Bay is larger and has more swinging room, it's not as well sheltered, especially from the southeast, the direction of the frontal rain winds. A few people wandered the beach.

The island was a lot busier in years gone by. The Hudson's Bay Company, which owned it, hired several hundred Hawaiians in the mid-1800s to work the land. The Kanakas, as they were known, quickly picked up the local Native Americans' languages and acted as interpreters for the fur traders. Some of them decided to settle on Portland Island when their contracts came to an end, and to this day the most prominent point on the western coastline is known as Kanaka Bluff.

As a British Columbia ferry steams past in the background, *Tagati* lies quietly at Portland Island.

The person who really stirred the island up, however, was an ex-army officer. Maj. Gen. Frank "One-Arm" Sutton was a flamboyant character who earned his nickname demonstrating his bravery at Gallipoli, for which he was awarded the Military Cross. His was a restless nature, and he roamed the world looking for adventure and an opportunity to make a fortune. He found it when he was hired by a Manchurian warlord during the Chinese civil war.

He came back to British Columbia a millionaire, and he bought Portland Island. He quickly turned it into an estate worthy of an English country gentleman, stocking it with pheasant and other gamebirds, and building a stable and track where he could breed racehorses. One-Arm Sutton lived high on the hog for several years until the stock market crash of 1929 dragged him under, and he was forced to sell. The province of British Columbia bought the island in 1958 and presented it to Princess Margaret of Great Britain. She, no doubt preferring her nice warm hideaway in the Caribbean, gave Portland Island back to the province.

On the way back to our boat, we took a small side path off the main track, and there we found the foundations of the major's long-tumbled-down stables. Nearby, we could make out the shape of the oval track that had once been there.

The next day we took ashore a bucket, a bottle of shampoo, and two towels. We made straight for the well, where we sat down like two kids and washed our hair and some other regions that hadn't seen a shower for a week. It felt simply wonderful, although the well water was ice-cold and gave us headaches. No matter, we spread out our towels and sat on the dry grass in the warm sun with our tops unbuttoned. Great gobs of shampoo foam

John Vigor aboard *Tagati*.

lay scattered around, and we had no sooner got the place looking good and sordid when a large audience suddenly appeared — seemingly all of the crews of all of the boats anchored down south.

"Just washed our hair," I explained lamely, gathering the towels and stamping on as many shampoo gobs as I could reach. "Lovely day, isn't it?"

Their replies were muted, and they scurried past, averting their eyes, as if they were avoiding hoboes demanding a handout.

"City people," I said when they were out of sight. "Still uptight."

"Yes," said June. "Haven't been on the island long enough to relax."

In our new, clean condition, we explored more that afternoon, trekking down to Kanaka Bluff and finding the rock pools full of exotic purple starfish that the Emmses had promised. There were delicious oysters, too, and I ate one straight off the rocks. I knew I'd probably go to jail if the oyster police ever found out, but at that particular moment I considered the risk justified.

That final evening at Portland Island, as we sat in *Tagati*'s cockpit drinking sundowners, we watched a real old-timer approach the mouth of the cove. She was the *MariGladis*, a 103-year-old gaff cutter, 35 feet on deck, a former Exmouth pilot cutter. She was in magnificent shape still, obviously carefully looked after and loved.

"Wouldn't it be nice — " I began.

"No," said June. "Don't say it." She patted the coachroof gently. "*Tagati* has done us very well. She's a lovely boat."

But we both knew this was our last cruise in her. After three seasons of nautical backpacking in Puget Sound and Canada, we felt we had done our time. We were looking for something we could stand up in to put our pants on. We had our eyes on a little Cape Dory 25D that might fill the bill.

If it all worked out, we told ourselves, we'd go back to Portland Island in a little more style. At least, we'd have 20 gallons of fresh water on board, so we wouldn't have to wash our hair out in the open and scare the visitors.

John Vigor, a former newspaper columnist and editorial writer, is the author of 12 sailing books. John was on the Good Old Boat *masthead at its inception and helped to guide the magazine through its first decade. He is a retired sailing and navigation instructor who lives in Bellingham, Washington. He can be found at johnvigor.com.*

Good Old Multihulls

Affordable and innovative, these five boats were multihull game-changers.

BY DREW FRYE

Anyone who's read this magazine for a while can appreciate how deep and broad the roots of monohull sailboat history go. I certainly do. But I'm not just a *Good Old Boat* reader and contributor, I'm a confirmed multihull sailor. In fact, I've owned four good old multihulls, all launched before this magazine. I've enjoyed blasting along on a spinnaker-equipped beach catamaran, cruising aboard a well-found family catamaran, and, more recently, sporting about on my folding F-24 trimaran. And while my heart is close to everything we celebrate in this magazine — fixing stuff, tweaking more stuff, and enjoying local waters on a tight budget — I appreciate the function and beauty of doing it all on more than one hull. And for the past 50 years, so have a lot of sailors.

The oldest multihull I've owned was built in 1979, not long after the dawn of production multihull boatbuilding. Indeed, multihull roots don't run so deep. Significant experimentation in catamarans didn't start until the mid-1950s, and the first serious production launch was probably the Hobie 14 in 1968. It took many early failures of racing machines and homemade plywood projects before the engineering of these very different vessels could be worked out. But once the problems were solved, it didn't take long for solid designs of proven reliability to emerge. And along the way, a population of multihull sailors was born.

Curiously, there was a lull in multihull popularity between the 1970s beach-cat craze and the surge in cruising catamarans we're seeing today. Although people bought tens of thousands of Hobies, perhaps it just took time for the Hobie generation to get old enough to demand cruising boats. As was largely the case for cruising monohulls, charter companies eventually kicked the door open when they saw how customers loved multihulls' wide-open decks and floor plans.

And although it took charter company demand to accelerate things, development and delivery of cruising multihulls has been ongoing. Early entries, like the Gemini 3000, evolved into better-rounded boats like the Gemini 105 MC. The Farrier Folding System was a breakthrough, bringing real cruising legs to trailerable boats. Prout, PDQ, and other manufacturers proved that cruising catamarans could be durable and bluewater capable, circling the globe many times over.

Design innovation continues. The charter market demands boats as roomy as condos, optimized for fun at anchor. Racing trickle-down has inspired performance cruising cats that can really fly, though at a dear price. Beach catamarans have improved by leaps and bounds from the pitch-pole-prone Hobie 16 into the sizzling-fast Formula 18 Olympic speedster. Folding trimarans have developed into real cruising boats and even more agile day boats.

Kristen and Joe Grieser enjoying their secluded anchorage with their family aboard *Kyrie*, their 1983 Prout Snowgoose, in Frederick Sound, Southeast Alaska.

The multihull world has something for everyone. But some boats stand out for their innovation and staying power. Following is my personal take — mini-reviews if you will — of five such boats that influenced multihull development in a critical way and are

still affordable and available in good numbers.

Prout Snowgoose, Prout and Sons

The Prout family began experimenting with catamarans in the early 1950s, quickly moving to the forefront with the Shearwater III, a highly successful 16-foot precursor to the Hobies of the '70s and '80s. Cruising models included the 27-foot Ranger (1962) and 31-foot Quest (1974). But it was the 37-foot Snowgoose in 1977 that cemented the reputation of catamarans as safe machines for serious cruising.

It doesn't look like an ocean-crossing catamaran by today's standard. The 15-foot 3-inch beam is too skinny on paper and the cockpit seems small, but the boat weighs 12,000 pounds and has the deliberateness of a bluewater cruising boat. More than 500 were built, and combined with the related Quest and Advent lines, they have been an enduring design, crossing and re-crossing the world's oceans. On the down side, they are slow and go to windward like a loaf of bread.

Stiletto 27, Force Engineering

Molded from pre-preg Kevlar honeycomb — the same materials used to make overhead luggage doors on jet liners of that time — the hulls were light, stiff, and virtually immune to deterioration if kept painted. They wouldn't delaminate or blister, no matter how sloppily the fittings were sealed. The rig was an up-sized beach cat arrangement making for fast, easy sailing. Powered by an outboard and with only the most basic electrical and plumbing systems, they were dead simple to maintain or rebuild. As a result, they still survive in good numbers. There is simply no reason for them to end up in the dumpster.

The downside is that accommodations are primitive. A pair of pipe bunks, a few lights, and painted walls make them camping comfortable at best. If the wind blows over 15 knots you need to bring your A-game; she'll fly a hull in 12 knots with everything trimmed in tight. On the other hand, double-digit speeds are easy, and some have glimpsed 20 knots on a broad reach. It was the first production boat fast enough to satisfy ex-Hobie sailors.

Gemini 105 MC, Performance Multihulls

This design provides absolutely the most livability you will find in 34 feet. The line started with the Gemini 3000, first built in 1981, evolving through the 3200 and 3400, until reaching its final evolution in the 105 MC, starting in 2003. The narrow beam (14 feet) that allows it to use standard slips restricts the sail power a bit, but the rig is relatively low aspect, keeping it safe if reefed responsibly. Innovative features include asymmetrical centerboards and kick-up

Drew's Stiletto 27, which he sailed for some 15 years, zips along, at right.

A Gemini 105MC shows off the easy, comfortable performance that helped make it extremely popular, below.

rudders that can actually steer when raised halfway. The Gemini improved upon the speed and accommodations of the Snowgoose without giving up too much seaworthiness, brought the price down, and improved windward performance enough to attract a few racers. Over 1,000 were built.

When the company was sold to Hunter in 2009, the design philosophy changed to better fit the charter market. The Gemini faithful and multihull enthusiasts in general don't see this as a positive, but the new Gemini Legacy is comfortable and polished. The original designer, Tony Smith, has moved on and is now playing with a very different articulating wing sail concept, hoping to introduce something revolutionary. Always worth watching.

A Corsair F-24 rockets off the wind.

PDQ 36, PDQ Catamarans

A true ocean-going boat, the PDQ 36 combined quality construction, cruising amenities, and well-rounded performance. One of the first truly modern catamarans, they are built solidly, like the Prouts, but with a modern hull form that is fast, tacks through 100 degrees, and doesn't slam under the bridge deck. They added 3 feet more beam, increasing room and stability, and saved 4,000 pounds through smart use of materials and vacuum-bagging.

I cruised her smaller brother, the PDQ 32, for 12 years. She was reliable, rugged, seaworthy, and she'd chase down most monohulls up to 10 feet longer on any point of sail, all while lugging a dinghy on davits, heat, air conditioning, and a full galley.

Corsair F-27, Corsair Marine

Designed by Ian Farrier, the F-27's unique folding mechanism made trailerable cruising multihulls practical for the first time. Between 1985 and 1997, 453 of these speedsters were built. Unlike the Stiletto 27, the F-27 was built with breezy conditions in mind, making them quite at home in the San Francisco Bay area, where they and their descendents are extremely popular among racers.

I recently downsized from a PDQ 32 to this boat's smaller cousin, the F-24 Mk I, because I felt I was finished with cruising. I wanted something sporty, safe, and fun, and I haven't been disappointed. A 4-foot centerboard and good sails make her as weatherly as most monohulls, she tacks on a dime, and off the wind, double-digit speeds are commonplace and relaxing, with fingertip control on the tiller. Of course, the slim center hull results in a cabin that is claustrophobic compared to the typical 24-foot monohull, but there is some storage, an alcohol stove, an adequate V-berth, and a convertible twin in the center. Short cruises with two are glamping-comfortable, certainly better than the Stiletto 27.

Interestingly, Corsair is one of the few brands that has resisted the pull towards bigger is better. Although a 37-foot version was produced with more livable accommodations, the

Farrier F-22 (Daedalus Yachts) and the Pulse 600 (Corsair Marine) form the bulk of production and keep the designs in touch with their roots. The 760 (24 feet) has become the most popular model, a close cousin to the original F-24. (The corporate history of Farrier designs is complicated, with numerous comings and goings. Corsair Marine produces the Corsair models, and with Farrier's death in 2017, Daedalus Yachts bought Farrier Designs and is producing the F-22, with more designs planned for the future).

Comparison to Monohulls

Broad comparisons are fraught with peril, and all boats are compromises. But, in general, multihulls have a quicker motion, the result of less weight in proportion to the waterline. If the hull bottoms are flat they can pound upwind, and if the bridge deck clearance is too low (it should be at least 10% of beam) they can slam. On a beam reach in waves there can be a nasty snap-roll, and a flying bridge helm location only amplifies this. A monohull, on the other hand, will heel considerably up wind, forcing you to either ease up or live on your ear. They can yaw and roll in a sickening manner off the wind, worse if the designer gave them wide aft sections to increase space and stiffness.

Multihulls most often have shoal-draft, low-aspect keels, allowing them access to every cove and even to haul up safely, if the conditions allow. Combined with broad bridge-deck salons, high freeboard, and undersized rigs intended to keep charter customers out of trouble, many can barely point to windward. That said, there are exceptions. The Gemini 105 MC and Corsair trimarans use daggerboards or centerboards and can fly to weather, pointing only a few degrees lower than similar monohulls, but sailing knots faster. I lengthened my PDQ 32 to 34 feet, added a genoa and inside tracks, and modified the keel to improve balance and match the expanded sail plan; as a result, she would tack through 95 degrees while sailing at 8 to 9 knots in choppy water.

So it depends. Of course, the motion could be a bit sharp in waves, unavoidable at only 9,000 pounds. The "feel" in cruising cats is greatly reduced. There is no heel to speak of and the helm is dull, the result of two small rudders (shallow draft, remember?) and the extra linkages required to connect them. Until the wind gets up and boat speed tickles 8 knots or more, they're just dull to sail and the autopilot gets a lot of use. Above that the sailing can be quite fun, and they can eat up the miles.

Sport Boats

The Corsair F-24 and the Melges 24 were designed about the same time with the same goals; spirited racing and some cruising if you liked roughing it. They are both weatherly and just plain fast on a reach if you are willing to push it. They can be slowed down to the point of relaxing by reefing, but they are never smooth upwind and best fit a sailor that likes to go for it. Neither performs well if loaded down with cruising stuff. The Melges can be knocked down, but it will come back up (unless someone forgot the hatch boards), and the F-24 can be capsized (they aren't hard to right with assistance), but both boats can easily avoid trouble by reefing down and accepting

Dennis Fuchs and Aurora Drew's PDQ32 Altair, *Serenity*, moored in Block Island, Rhode Island.

more normal speeds. Neither has any business far offshore. Both can be wet if sailed hard.

Cruising Boats

The ride is different and the sailing is different, but the most conspicuous differences are in the price, the cabin, and the deck. Claims abound that catamarans are faster and roomier but are too expensive. To an extent, this is true, but if we compare them to monohulls that are 5 to 10 feet longer, the gaps narrow. Cruising speeds become similar; although the cats are faster in a breeze, in light winds it's close, and to weather most cats lose, sometimes big. Multihulls are expensive because the construction is more complex, but if we adjust for similar cabin size, not so much. And evaluating cabin size is not so simple; the layout is different, but perhaps similar in volume. Cats allow many separate cabins, but fitting the galley and standing headroom in the salon is a real challenge in the smaller sizes. Catamarans will have smaller sails for similar performance and accommodation space.

At anchor catamarans win. The typical hard top gives wonderful protection from sun and weather. The decks are huge, providing lounging space and room for toys like windsurfers and kayaks. Having the salon and cockpit on one level is far more sociable, and the swim platforms make access to water toys quick and easy.

Perhaps one of these good old multihulls will add up for you. Slender hulls and stability through form look right to me. I'm used to the quick motion and I'm addicted to high speed and shallow-draft exploration.

One thing is clear: multihulls are growing in popularity, and as the years tick by and more enter the used market, they're joining the ranks of good old boats. Sailed by good old multihull sailors. Like me.

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

Drew's Stiletto 27 cruises easily under spinnaker.

BABIES ABOARD

New crew in the fam? Here's how to take them sailing.

BY SARA DAWN JOHNSON

When my husband, Michael, and I found out we were going to be parents in eight short months, the first thing our family and friends said was, "Congratulations!" Then, "You're going to sell your boat now, right?"

We were asked this question so many times that I couldn't help doubting our plans to continue living aboard and sailing our boat with our newborn daughter as crew. This doubt only added to our existing new-parent trepidation. Were we crazy to think we could take care of an actual human and sail too? How does one sail with a baby? Should we sell the boat and live on dry land for a while? Resume sailing when our daughter is older? How old? Uncertainty loomed.

In the end we swallowed hard and carried forward with our plans. It's been 13 years since we brought our daughter aboard, and her sister after that. We've since sailed with kids of all ages, from newborns to teens, on a variety of boats. I'll confidently tell any expecting sailor not to sell the boat. In fact, I tell them that sailing with children is easiest from infants up to age 3: they're easy to tie down, easy to distract, and happy simply being with their parents (you definitely can't say any of that about teens).

In the course of my research while co-writing *Voyaging With Kids*, I talked with many parents whose experiences — along with my own — helped me understand that successful sailing with babies simply requires a little preparation and planning and a lot of adjusted expectations. Or, as Leah Kruger, who sails aboard a Nor'West 33 with her husband and infant son, said, "Lose your expectations — then the whole thing is fun!"

Sailing With a Baby: Stage 1

The tactics and approaches to sailing with a little one aboard vary according to age, roughly broken into stages. Stage 1 is the beginning, when you're maybe just past those first few sleepless weeks, have feeding and diaper changing down, and begin thinking, "Maybe it's time to take the baby sailing." While it might sound impossible in the haze of sleeplessness, this really is the easiest stage to bring a baby aboard.

At this age, your baby will typically stay wherever you put her, so the key is to find that magic place to set her down. Aboard a boat, the place must be secure: a travel bed, a car seat strapped into the cockpit, a baby-wearing device, a bunk with leecloths or netting that is free from any falling hazards. In these places, a baby can be safe and protected while underway. We used all of these methods when sailing with our newborn daughters, depending on the distance, weather conditions, and how many other crewmembers were aboard to lend a hand.

Long before we left the dock, we procured a properly fitted, comfortable life jacket for our baby. This is a critical item, as even going from car to boat can expose the infant to the danger of falling in the water. For similar reasons, we tried to avoid using a stroller on the docks. The danger of a stroller winding up in the water with a baby strapped inside is too great. And while it's tempting to use a baby carrier in a dinghy (I've done it!), the safest place

Sara had no problem wearing her daughter, Leah, while at the helm, previous page.

A car seat came in handy for keeping 6-month-old Holly in one place, at left.

Holly at 2 years old is safely tucked into her car seat in the cockpit, at right.

for a life-jacketed child aboard a dinghy is in a parent's arms.

Realistically, most parents of tiny sailors find that one parent tends to the boat while the other tends to the baby. The same was often true for us, but this is not ideal for anyone. Erin Courtenay, who sails a 20-foot Beneteau with her two young children said: "I read all these lovely stories of people raising littles on a boat but for me, daysailing is a drag. Not fun being … basically sentenced to the salon for 75% of the outing."

It doesn't have to be this way. Parents can switch it up, taking turns meeting a baby's needs so that neither one is sentenced to the salon. Add other crew to the mix, so the burden can be shared more widely. Aboard a larger boat, securing a child in a car seat strapped in a safe, shaded spot in the cockpit allows everyone equal topsides time (this was our favored approach aboard our Benford 38).

Start slowly when first sailing with a baby. Keep trips short. Once the baby has settled into a steady nap schedule (hallelujah!), plan sails for nap times. You'll likely be pleased to learn that the motion and sounds of a sailboat underway lull a baby right to dreamland and that afternoon sail is yours to enjoy alone, perhaps uninterrupted. Of course, fair weather is important; plan on sailing in light airs while getting used to new family sailing routines. And once that happens, pretty soon you'll find yourself in Stage 2, when baby is on the move.

Sailing With a Baby: Stage 2

When our daughter reached the 6-month mark and suddenly got the urge to move around, growing more active with each passing day, we found sailing with her a lot more difficult.

Holly, at 2 years old, and her 5-year-old sister, Leah, sailed easily with their tethers and harnesses.

Unlike other crewmembers, a 6-month-old baby can't be expected to obey commands or listen to reason. Rules? An empty word.

At this stage, one of us kept an eye on the baby at all times. Once she was crawling, our daughter could move from safety to harm's way in the blink of an eye, despite our best planning and precautions. We found relief in that babies at this age still nap daily. This is the stage where we got good at planning sailing around nap times. We gave both our girls a secure place to sleep (still a car seat, travel bed, or bunk with netting or canvas to keep them contained).

But you will sail when baby is awake, and that's when it gets more challenging. Babywearing is useful; I had no problem helming with a baby strapped to my front or back. At 6 to 9 months old, it's time to invest in a well-fitting harness (Edilrid makes a child's climbing harness that is perfect for use on a boat, and West Marine sells a child sailing harness). Your new sailor will appreciate the freedom of being able to roam the cockpit, but on a tether that doesn't let her get past the coamings.

Also at this age, the infant life jacket will be long due for replacement. There are plenty of jackets available, but resist purchasing one they can "grow into." Only buy the correct-fit life jacket. One that's

too big can be especially dangerous due to the possibility of it slipping off.

Should you add lifeline netting at this stage? Arguments have been made for and against; if done right, it can add an increased level of safety, but lifeline netting is never a substitute for keeping a steady eye on your child at all times.

For what it's worth, we've never installed lifeline netting on any of our boats, preferring to use diligent attention instead.

At 3 years old Leah Johnson already knew that the life jacket was mandatory anywhere on deck and in the cockpit.

Sailing With a Baby: Stage 3

As our daughter neared her second birthday, she began to understand rules and guidelines and even exhibited an eagerness to follow them (if we'd presented them in a fun way). Don't hesitate to introduce your rules now. At 24 months, our daughter understood she wasn't to exit the boat cabin without first putting her life jacket on. We enforced this consistently and both our daughters quickly learned this point was non-negotiable and capably self-enforced.

Of course, that doesn't mean you won't encounter any resistance — we did with our strong-willed firstborn. If a child balks at wearing a life jacket, make sure the one you're trying to get her to wear is comfortable and appeals to her. If possible, take her to a chandler and try on a few, letting her choose the one she likes best.

Between ages 2 and 3, nap schedules will become less predictable and little crew members are even more active, but all hope is not lost. The motion of the boat still retains its narcoleptic effects. My daughters, now ages 10 and 13, still dependably fall asleep while under sail. Keeping sails short and the destinations fun (the beach!) can keep young (and old) crew morale up.

While babywearing is probably on its way out at this stage, a car seat secured in the cockpit can still be useful, especially when a child needs to be well-secured immediately and for a short time, such as when the weather gets rowdy and all adult hands are needed on deck. Parents and children will equally appreciate the harness-and-tether combo at this age.

We also found that keeping the little crew busy while the big crew handles the boat is key. A supply of snacks, books, toys, and simple art supplies was always at hand in our cockpit. Charlotte Merritt said that when sailing their Erikson 29, her young son would play with his toys in a bucket of water for hours while underway. The key is to discover your child's bucket of water and toys.

This is also the stage when sea sickness might become a factor (if it hasn't already). While there are many remedies on the market, I've found that fresh air, a view of the horizon, plain crackers, and sips of water or

Leah at 4 years old keeping an eye on the horizon.

Holly takes her turn at the tiller in the dinghy. Boating gives kids many opportunities for responsibility and independence.

juice have best helped my kids defeat mal de mer. If your child is struggling with seasickness and the first lines of defense don't seem to be doing the job, a medication such as Dramamine or Benadryl can be helpful if your child is over 2 years old.

Sailing With a Baby: Stage 4

I suppose there's also a fourth stage: When baby #2 arrives. That's when things really get interesting. But rest assured. I've done it and so have countless sailing parents, many living aboard and cruising. Everything applies as before, but the good news is that you can likely start to involve your older child in sailing the boat. Ours was eager to steer and help raise a sail at 4 years old. It's never too early to give kids responsibilities on a boat. Even small and inconsequential things start to give children a sense of pride, of being a valued crew member.

And when baby #3 arrives? I'm sorry to be the bearer of bad news, but you might have to sell your boat after all...so that you can buy a bigger one.

Sara Dawn Johnson has been sailing since 1999, exploring waters from Alaska to New Zealand. In 2011, Sara, her husband, and two young daughters departed Olympia, Washington aboard their 38-foot Jay Benford ketch, Wondertime. *They spent the next 18 months cruising British Columbia, Mexico, French Polynesia, Niue, and Tonga before finally arriving in New Zealand, where they are still exploring under sail. Sara is co-author of* Voyaging With Kids: A Guide to Family Life Afloat *(L&L Pardey Books, 2015).*

Holly Johnson at 2 years old has a snug and secure berth.

All in a Day Tank's Work

Install a day tank to ensure a clean fuel supply at the ready.

BY GINO DEL GUERCIO

Few things give me the willies more than the thought of navigating an inlet, cut, or tricky channel when we're running on fumes. The threat of sucking air, water, or dirt into the engine when the tanks are nearly empty is too great. Coupled with somewhat less-than-accurate fuel gauges on *Andiamo*, our 1988 Brewer 44, this kind of scenario ensures that I never let the diesel level in the tanks drop below a quarter full; in fact, I fill up even sooner than I probably need to.

This abundance of caution means that we carry around a lot of fuel, but a usable capacity of much less. From the 130 gallons we carry in two main tanks, we should have a range of about 675 nautical miles (at 1,600 rpm), in theory. In practice, our range is closer to 500 nautical miles.

However, I recently discovered a brilliant solution that has extended our motoring range by some 25 percent, while letting me drain my main tanks dry without fear of clogging my injectors or running out of fuel at a terrible time, as well as a few other benefits. I installed a day tank.

A day tank is a small fuel tank that draws from the main tanks and feeds the engine. Plumbed into the existing system between the primary fuel filter and the lift pump, a day tank effectively isolates the engine from the main tanks. Day tanks used to be common, but they've fallen out of favor for some reason. I couldn't be happier with mine.

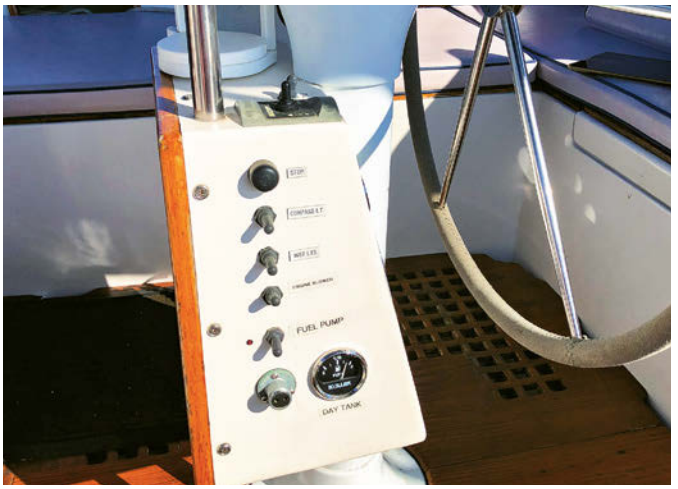
I generally fill the day tank at the beginning of each trip or at the beginning of each watch, keeping an eye on its fuel gauge. When I see the level drop to about the halfway point, I fill it up again from one of the main tanks, which takes about five minutes. If I didn't have a gauge on the day tank, it would be easy to peek into the engine room and glance at the translucent tank to see how much fuel is left.

Another great feature of the day tank is that I'm able to run the fuel pumped from the main tanks to the day tank through the 10-micron primary fuel filter, ensuring that the fuel in the day tank is always free of dirt and water. If rough seas stir up dirt or sediment in the main tank and clog the primary fuel filter, I will still have several hours of run time using the clean fuel in the day tank to solve the filter problem. And, a day tank eliminates the need for a separate fuel polishing system.

Aboard *Andiamo* I found a convenient spot in the engine room above the engine to install a 12-gallon off-the-shelf polyethylene tank that I bought from Moeller. I also bought an additional electric fuel pump to move fuel from the main tanks to the day tank, some fuel hose for the plumbing, a switch for the pump, and a fuel gauge.

It's critical that the tank be solidly secured. You can either strap it down or secure it as I did with aluminum L brackets bolted to the deck and wooden blocks glued to the deck

The day tank, situated in a space above the engine, is held in place with aluminum L brackets bolted to the deck and wooden blocks glued to the deck with 5200.



The day tank has a dedicated switch and fuel gauge on the binnacle for easy access while underway.

The Jabsco Vane Puppy pump (left) draws fuel through the primary fuel filter (right), which Gino opted to upgrade during this project to a Racor 500 with a 10-micron filter element.

with 5200. It's wedged in and does not move at all, even in the roughest seas.

Next, I installed the new electric fuel pump between the main tanks and the day tank, after the primary filter. I ran a hose from the filter to the pump and from the pump to the day tank. I wanted a dedicated switch on the binnacle to operate the pump, so I installed that switch with its attendant wiring, including a wire from the day tank's sender to a new fuel gauge, which I also installed on the binnacle.

I then re-routed the return hose on the engine to the day tank (if you skip this step the fuel in your day tank will be consumed too quickly). Lastly, I re-routed the fuel line from the lift pump to the day tank and installed a vent from the day tank to the outside.

One mistake I made initially was to plumb the day tank directly to the secondary fuel filter, bypassing the lift pump, because I assumed gravity would provide enough pressure to feed the engine. This didn't work because the secondary fuel filter needs more incoming pressure to keep up with the draw from the high-pressure pump that feeds the injectors. As a result of trying to rely on gravity, the engine would stall after about 20 minutes.

Bonus benefits aside, the day tank's greatest advantage is peace of mind. As I'm about to enter that ocean cut with a 10-foot swell nipping at *Andiamo*'s stern, I know with certainty I've got at least a few gallons of clean fuel that will keep the engine running sweet and steady.

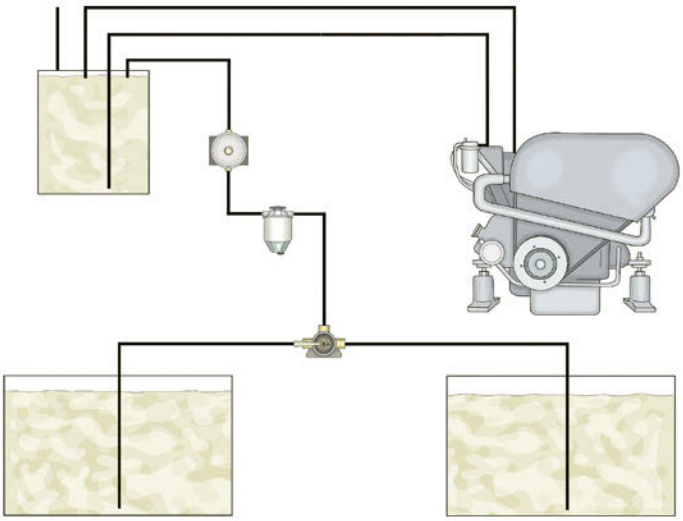
Gino and Carolyn Del Guercio have lived aboard their Brewer 44 Andiamo *for the past two years, spending summers in New England and winters in the Bahamas.* Andiamo *is a two-time* Good Old Boat *cover girl, appearing most recently on the September 2019 cover.*

Materials and Costs — GDG

- Jabsco Vane Puppy pump $329
- 12-gallon Moeller tank $190
- Fuel hose $50
- Hose menders and clamps $20
- Fuel gauge $30
- Switch $10

Total Cost $629.00

The day tank is plumbed into the existing system between the primary fuel filter and the lift pump.



Visit our YouTube channel, *Good Old Boat* Magazine, for more on this project.

Feeling No Pain

Suffering's for singing the blues, not sailing. Here's how to stay pain-free on the water.

BY DREW FRYE

When I was in my 20s, a long breezy day on my beach cat invariably resulted in a grim collection of bruises, pulled muscles, scrapes, and bone-deep exhaustion. I progressed through a series of larger boats, and though standing instead of crawling, vigorous conditions still meant exhaustion and strain.

And then one day, well into my 50s, I noticed that sailing had become easy. Even on my 24-foot trimaran, sailing just as fast as I ever did, I wasn't getting banged up or tired anymore. This wasn't because I had discovered the fountain of youth, as witnessed by my departed hair and thinning joint cartilage. It was because I was sailing smarter.

Sailing smarter happens on many levels, from how you prepare your body to how you prepare your boat. Following are some easy suggestions for each.

Easy Does It

It's not about reefing early or staying home when it blows; it's about preparation, minimizing mistakes, and doing things the easy way. Most of what I've learned about avoiding injury came from singlehanding larger boats, where muscling through problems doesn't work. Instead, I plan every action, at least in the general sense.

- **A procedure for everything.** There is a best way to do everything, specific to every boat. I've learned the procedures that work on my boat.
- **Think ahead.** After each tack, I prepare the lines for the next tack. A half-mile from the anchorage, I remove any securing lines from the anchor and get the bridle and snubber ready. I keep reefing ties handy so that when it's time to reef, it's quick and easy.
- **Don't fight the elements.** I furl headsails when sailing downwind, so that they are blanketed behind the mainsail. I reef the main on a close reach with the jib in tight; the backwind keeps the main loose in the mast track. I limit slack in sheets when tacking and furling to reduce tangles. I motor up to the anchor, and I balance the sails rather than fight the helm.
- **Good body position.** I take a few seconds to brace myself properly before grinding or pulling. I sit instead of stoop; what does a wet bottom matter?
- **One trip.** When going forward, I first think of everything I'll need. I fetch the tool box from the cabin, not just one wrench — and I keep a few tools in or near the cockpit. I pass things up through a bow hatch rather than carry them around the sidedeck.

Descending the steps, Drew illustrates multiple hacks for pain-free sailing: stainless steel rails wrapped with line to enhance grip; added non-skid on the steps to prevent slipping; sneakers for good traction on deck; and a brace to stabilize troubled knees, at right.

By using a tiller extension, Drew can sit forward of the traveler and avoid twisting his back when looking starboard. Also note the sailing gloves, at left.

- **Reliable equipment.** I keep the fuel clean, the steering system strong, line friction low, and the winches, stoppers, and cam cleats working smoothly. I regularly clean the sail tracks by hauling a solvent-soaked section of bolt rope up and down, and I lube the sliders with Sailkote. I feel I can deal with most anything if the basic gear functions properly.

Ergonomics

Every boat I've owned has benefited from changes that made it fit better — not comfort upgrades for cruising, but modifications that make working the boat safer and healthier.

- **Boarding.** Even the most agile sailors struggle when their arms are full. Rig a block and tackle to pull the boat tight to the dock while loading. I recommend a step if the deck is more than 10 inches above or below the dock. Reinforce lifeline gate stanchions so that they can be pulled on. Sugar-scoop transoms make getting on and off a boat a breeze.
- **Non-skid.** Add aggressive non-skid strips to the edges of steps, in the cockpit, and below. Wet feet and undersized treads are a dangerous combination.
- **Tall steps.** The land-based building code says steps 7 ½ inches tall are best, with up to 8 ½ inches acceptable, yet every boat I have owned has included a few steps of 16 to 24 inches tall. Even young legs tire. Rebuild the companionway ladder, add a step, or even a stool; a low wooden box makes a stable runt step ("A Step Above (Or below)," September 2019).
- **Helm.** Lower is better; elevated helm stations often whip side-to-side in beam waves, real torture for those with

Resources

Multiple internet sources can show you stretches, exercises, and techniques like low-dye strapping. Here are a few suggestions for starters:

- verywellhealth.com (Type "lower back exercises" into the search bar and off you go.)
- yogajournal.com (Follow the "poses" drop-down to search a variety of poses and how they can help specific parts of the body.)
- Search "low-dye strapping" on YouTube to find how-to videos for this technique.

The hamstring stretch is easy and extremely effective not only for stretching the backs of your legs but also your lower back, above.

The Skullerz liner doubles the utility of an ordinary ballcap, which not only shields Drew from the sun but also protects his noggin from dings and cuts, at left.

back problems. If the boat is tiller-steered, can you rotate your sitting position enough that your neck or back are not constantly twisted? Is your wrist, elbow, and shoulder in a relaxed position? A tiller extension can help if you must sit forward.

- **Handholds.** Wet stainless is slippery, and most handholds and handrails are only 1 inch in diameter. OSHA standard railings, hammers, and even baseball bats are closer to 1¼ inch, for good reason. Wrap vertical holds with leather or small line. Add railings anyplace you feel exposed; more handholds mean a more relaxed posture.
- **Skinny lines.** Larger lines may not be the best answer if you're looking for better grip, because if they're even slightly too big for the blocks they dramatically increase friction. Instead, consider smaller lines and better gloves.
- **Bigger winches.** Replace 8-inch handles with 10-inch handles. Self-tailing and two-speed winches can make a difference. But the biggest improvements are often better technique. If your timing is sharp when tacking, you can hand-haul the sheet in with a single turn on the winch, adding turns and grinding for only the last foot or so. Hoisting sails is mostly about reducing friction and body position. Unless the sail is heavier than you, you should be able to get gravity to do most of the work; I like sails that hoist from the mast.
- **Windlass.** If your boat is over 30 feet, your anchor is more than 20 pounds, or you have all-chain rode, seriously consider a windlass. At the very least, install a chain stopper so that you can take a break. If you are hauling by hand, find a comfortable sitting position, with a cleat between your knees making it easier to take a breather.
- **Downsize.** Smaller boats have smaller sails and lower sheet loads. Maintenance is physically less demanding. Some will argue that the quicker motion of small boats is hard for older people, but I have not found that to be the case. They should interview the old salts sailing Flying Scots out of my marina; they make it look like dancing.
- **Sail smaller waters.** Magazines (other than *Good Old Boat*) endlessly promote epic crossings and blue lagoons, because they feed our Walter Mitty fantasies and sell bigger boats. Ask yourself if you really need a big cruising boat, and if your boat fits the sailing you

No matter how many great hacks you come up with on your boat to make sailing painless, keeping the human machine primed, flexible, and fit is equally critical to this goal. To help avoid injury, I maintain a base of fitness through activities that use the whole body. I walk and cycle (easier on old knees), but these activities work only the legs, so I mix in some swimming or kayaking. I pursue activities that encourage stretching and balance. Most back and shoulder problems result from the limited range of motion used in front of the computer and even in most trades. We work in a box, without reaching or twisting. Play with the kids on the floor. Stretch for a high shelf. Climb trees! Even boat maintenance helps, so long as you stretch first.

I supplement with a daily PT regimen, targeted at specific weaknesses. It needn't be vigorous, and you can run through it while watching your evening movie. Warm up first. In general, strength exercises should include about two sets of 20 done at a relatively slow rate; there should be some burn. Stretches should be gradual, only a little uncomfortable, and held for 30 seconds. You should not be sore the next day. Yes, much of this comes from yoga and is thousands of years old.

Knees

- **Hamstring stretches.** Lie on your back, extend one leg, and keep your knee straight. Flex your foot, loop a sail tie over your instep and gently pull your leg upwards. These also help stretch your back. Repeat several times a day.
- **Straight knee raises**. Sitting on a bench, hang a weight across your ankle (some chain wrapped in a towel?), and lift your foot until your knee is straight. Instead of using heavy weights, go very slowly, taking about 20 seconds per cycle.
- **Air bench.** Lean against a wall with your heels about 16 inches from the baseboard and lower yourself into a sitting position by sliding down the wall. Hold this unsupported sitting position for 30 to 90 seconds.

Core

- **Cat and Camel**. Crouching on your hands and knees, alternately arch, then flatten, your back. A good warm-up.
- **Back stretch.** Lie flat on your back and bring your knees to your chest, spreading them so that they pass on either side of your chest. Keep the base of your spine tight to the floor. This can also be done by kneeling and allowing your body to settle as far forward as possible (Child's Pose).
- **Pelvic tilt.** Lie on your back, with your knees bent, as though you were going to do sit-ups. Instead of doing sit-ups, inhale, then exhale and tighten your lowest groin muscles and tilt your lower pelvis slightly upward, while keeping your middle back on the floor. This is a small motion, but you should feel the stretch in your lower back.
- **Upward Facing Dog**. Start by lying on your stomach, legs straight out and the tops of your feet on the floor, elbows bent and palms flat on the ground next to your chest. Pushing gradually against the floor with your hands, slowly raise your shoulders and chest upwards, arching the back. If you can only raise to your elbows, that's OK. The important thing is that your arms and elbows are behind your shoulders so that they stretch your body forwards as you rise. Breathing deeply also helps stretch the gut.
- **Sweeps** (more advanced). Start by lying on your back. Lift your feet slightly (higher is easier) off the ground. Keeping the knees straight, swing your feet very slowly to your right hand, back to center, and to your left hand.
- **Planks** (more advanced). Assume a pushup position, feet together (you can drop to your elbows to make it a little easier). Squeeze your thighs and buttocks as you hold the position while keeping your back flat and your abs sucked in. If you are doing this right, your whole body should be shaking. Hold for 30 to 60 seconds, rest, repeat. To advance to side planks, lie on your left side, lift up on your left elbow, keep your legs straight and feet stacked and raise your hips until your body is in a straight line from head down to feet. Repeat on right side.
- **Bridges**. Lie on your back, feet flat on the floor. Push your hips skyward and hold a few seconds, squeezing the buttocks, then lower and repeat.
- **Hamstring lifts**. Similar to bridge position, but a little harder. Lie on your back, but with your feet up on a bench no higher than 18 inches or so. Keeping your knees straight and your shoulders on the ground, lift your body into a straight position using your hamstrings and lower back muscles.

Hands and Fingers

- **Extension stretch.** Put the palms together in front of your chest and raise your elbows, keeping the fingers flat against each other (much as if you were saying namaste or using a Praying Pose).
- **Rubber band extension.** Put a rubber band around your fingers on the outside, and then extend the fingers, stretching the band.

Elbows

- **Wrist extensions.** The common problem is over development of the pulling (flexing) side, without exercising the opposing lifting (extension) side. Lift a partial bucket of water (pad the handle) or something similar with the forearm level and palm facing down, by extending the wrist upwards.

Shoulders

- **Hanging.** We're not that far removed from apes, but life seldom asks us to reach up, to hang, or to pull down. As a result, big muscles shorten up, reducing space in the shoulder, and making the rotator cuff muscles work harder, but with less room to do so. After warming up, find some object you can hang from, even if you have to bend your knees. The goal is not to hang straight down, but rather at whatever rotation and angle applies a nice stretch to the shoulder without hurting.
- **Wall clock**. Standing straight, start with your hands over your head, palms facing backwards. Lower your hands with the elbows straight, like the hands of a clock. You should feel a stretching in the front of the shoulder, and your chest should push forward.

actually do the most. I stay in the Chesapeake Bay now and love it, and my boat suits those waters and the sailing I do.

Protective Gear

America's Cup sailors are pretty kitted-up these days, but they're approaching 50-knot speeds. Still, some parts of the human body can use a little reinforcement, even at 6 knots.

- **Shoes.** Barefoot is fine for hanging out in the cockpit at anchor, but no matter how hot it gets, you will never find me sailing without shoes. It's too easy to step on a pad-eye, kick a genoa block, or even slip overboard. I also find most deck shoes too floppy for older feet, so I live in sneakers.
- **Orthotics.** If your feet or knees get tired, chances are good that your feet are over-pronating (rolling inwards) and that custom orthotics, or at least high-quality supports, will help. Additional control of the arch during sharp twisting movements and long walks ashore is best provided by direct application of tape. Many athletes and mountain climbers swear by low-dye strapping, named for podiatrist Ralph Dye.
- **Gloves.** Good gloves increase grip and protect tendons from bruising. I like Ronstan Sticky Race gloves, but it comes down to fit. Try pulling on a rope. Get the long finger version and don't look at the price tag (and I'm a cheapskate).
- **Head coverings.** You can wear a ball cap for sun protection, but a few decades ago, I discovered my hair was gone and that every time I bumped the companionway or overhead I got a bruise or cut. A few years later I discovered bump cap inserts for ball caps. They slip inside your favorite cap, and properly padded, the only thing I notice is that my hat stays on better.

  Sailing helmets are rapidly catching on in high-performance classes and youth sailing. They've always made sense for certain high-risk activities, such as climbing the mast underway, and assisting with man-overboard recovery alongside the boat. Solo sailors

Taping your feet with the low-dye method helps provide more arch stability and also helps you stay on your feet longer more comfortably.

Well-positioned to grind the winch, Drew gets extra help from the pads, which save his knees from grinding into the deck.

might consider that a whomp on the head leaves them more vulnerable to being thrown overboard. And as much as we resist safety rules, I don't actually notice a hard hat on my head at work, a helmet on my head biking, or a sailing helmet when I am gear testing. In the winter, with a balaclava under it, they are actually warm and comfortable. Only the slimmest (Zhik H1, Forward Prowip) work with hoods, and most add a little to wind noise.

- **Braces.** I'm a little sensitive on this subject, the result of a shattered kneecap suffered in a college bike race and a torn meniscus sustained helping my daughter move into college.
  - **Elbow braces.** Tendonitis is common enough. Although it's a little counterintuitive, a tight band that presses on the tendons just below the elbow helps. It also helps me while sleeping, by preventing me from tucking an arm tightly under my head, further irritating the tendons overnight.
  - **Knee braces.** A quality brace can prevent excessive bending and reduce impact and twisting forces. But instead of shopping at the local drug store, go to online specialty stores, such as betterbraces.com or donjoyperformance.com. My personal preference is the DonJoy Playmaker II; it is somewhat cumbersome, but I've had knee surgery and don't have a lot of cartilage left. Don't skimp; the most expensive brace is much cheaper than surgery.

In the Boatyard

Cleaning, repairs, and boatyard work exact a toll. Knees take a beating on decks and gravel, and elbows and sides get bruised by boat yoga, down below.

Volleyball knee pads are the choice for most on-deck and cabin chores; I like the Mizuno LR6 — it's long and stays in place well. It's also good for sailing in some classes. Hard-cap knee pads are great for gravel; I like the Husky Hard Cap Swivel — comfortable as a feather pillow, and yet agile and durable.

Stash a section of ½-inch interlocking foam flooring near the engine and batteries. You'll check the oil and water levels more often.

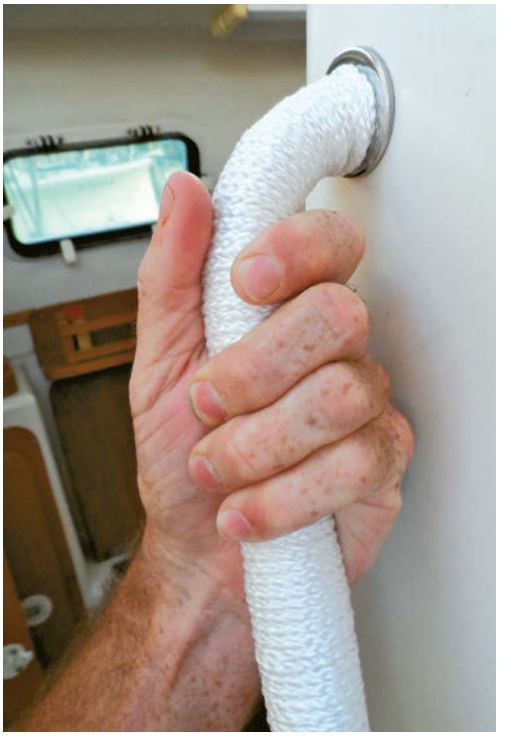
When you're going to start working below, crawling and contorting into all the crazy small spaces (boat yoga), warm up first and take a few steps to make your workspace safe. This includes clearing the work area and padding hard spots with layers of folded-up towels. Volleyball knee pads are good for elbows too, since they can slide over a sweater.

At some age moving always hurts, and yet every bit of science and philosophy tells us to either move it or lose it. Some tasks are just bad; scraping the bottom sucks when you're young and makes no sense with chronic upper skeletal problems. Sub it out. You don't really need to polish the topsides, do you?

By sailing smart and taking care of yourself, sailing doesn't need to hurt. For the aches you can't avoid, attitude matters: "Pain is inevitable. Suffering is optional." (Haruki Murakami). Above all, a day on the water will do you good.

Drew's bio can be found on page 37.

By rigging a block and tackle and snugging the boat closer to the dock, loading gear and people becomes much easier and safer, above.



Wrapping a stainless steel handhold with thin line gives you much firmer grip, below.

Roll With It

A tool roll stocked with these top indispensable tools will be your go-to kit.

BY ZACHARY KROCHINA

After nearly a decade of living aboard full-time and earning my keep fixing other people's boats (so that I can fix my own), I've discovered a simple truth: Of all the tools I own, I use only about two dozen of them to fix 90 percent of the problems I encounter. Accordingly, I keep these tools together, well maintained, and accessible. No longer am I searching in separate places for any of these tools, wasting time rummaging in multiple lockers. Nope, I have a tried-and-true solution that has made my life much easier. I call it the Indispensable Boat Owners Toolkit, or, in keeping with today's vernacular, the iBOT. Here's what I keep in it:

Screwdrivers

These spend more time in my hand than any other tool in my kit. Rather than succumb to clever marketing, I eschew the 15-in-1 screwdriver gizmos sold in hardware store check-out aisles. Instead, I own a set of quality stand-alone drivers of different types and sizes. My set includes #1, #2, and #3 Phillips-head screwdrivers; a big, long, and strong flathead screwdriver that doubles as a pry bar; a medium flathead screwdriver for the majority of slotted screws; and a narrower fine-edged flathead screwdriver (preferably with a long shank) for small items.

Wrenches

Adjustable wrenches are a singular exception to my prohibition on all-in-one tools on boats, but there are simply too many sizes of hex heads out there to carry complete sets in metric and imperial. I keep two adjustable wrenches in my iBOT because too often I need to hold both a head and nut at the same time. Although it's best to have a set of metric and imperial Allen wrenches, it's possible to fudge the correct imperial size with a metric equivalent (but you didn't hear it from me!), so I carry just one set in my kit and keep my fingers crossed.

This go-to series of drivers covers most common repair situations.

Pliers

I didn't skimp when I bought my Channellocks. The jaws are able to get around 2-inch (50-mm) hardware, and the handles are long enough to give necessary leverage. The added weight and size of this tool has paid off when I've used it as a makeshift hammer. I also keep a comfortable pair of needle-nose pliers in this kit, along with a medium-sized pair of Vice-Grips. The latter gives me a "third hand" that won't burn, yell, or bleed when I miss. Diagonal wire cutters work like a dream to snip away zip ties and separate rigging, but I could get by without these if I wanted to lighten the load.

Files

These are a must for taking the sting out of tool-mauled metal or for enlarging a fiberglass hole just a tad bigger to fit that new radar cable through a deck. One decent-sized flat file (with a fine and coarse side) and one round file usually get me through.

Razor Blades

I sometimes keep a sharp knife in my pocket, but a fully functioning utility knife with a ready arsenal of fresh blades saves me time, frustration, and emergency stitches. I prefer the old-school aluminum-constructed "clamshell" jobs (the fewer moving parts the better), and because I always have a screwdriver at hand, changing out the internally stored blades isn't a hassle.

Marking Tools

I find myself using a pencil more than I expect, and because my kit is so well stocked and handy, I'll often grab it just because I know there's a working Sharpie inside, something I might otherwise struggle to find elsewhere on the boat.

A dab of oil, followed by exercising the hinge, keeps these needle-nose pliers in good working order.

This handy container has a long, thin spout that lets Zachary apply just the right amount of oil to keep his tools limber and corrosion-free.

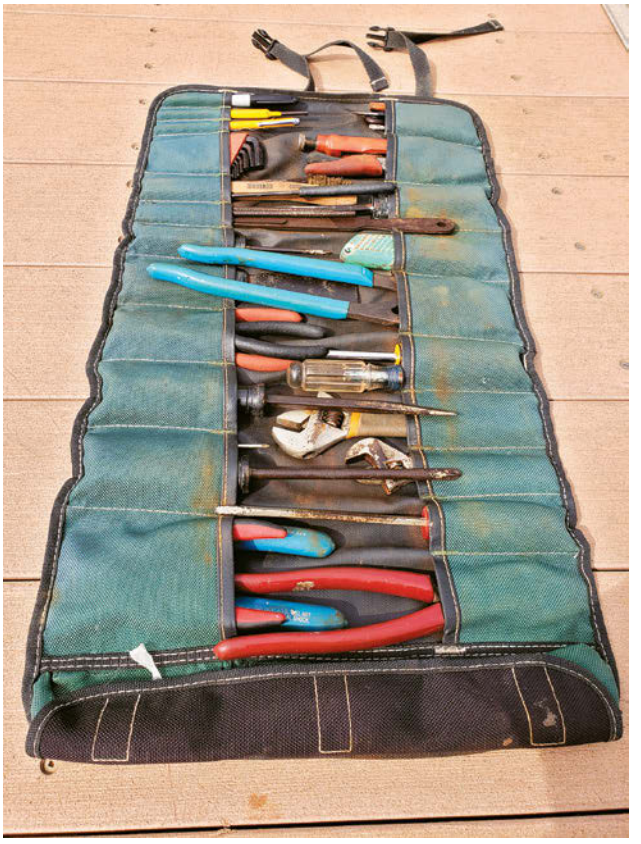
Miscellaneous

I keep several indispensable tools in the iBOT that aren't easily categorized. I'm not sure what it's properly called, but the pokey tool (with a long, thin, strong, bent pointer at the end) that I keep in there has gotten me out of countless jams, from de-clogging bilge pumps, to cleaning out tiny drain holes, to retrieving dropped nuts in narrow lockers. I keep a small wire brush for cleaning the corrosion off battery terminals and bimini connections. I also include a small unwound strand of rigging wire. It's similar to the pokey tool above, but because it's thinner and bends easily, I use it to get in places that nothing else can. It's the same wire I use to pop out the SIM card from my phone. Consider your own favorites to include, such as a telescoping inspection mirror, which lets you peer into nooks and crannies and around corners where no part of your body could possibly fit, and a similar telescoping magnet that lets you grab dropped or wedged metal objects like nuts and bolts.

These are the tools I carry and store at the ready, but how do I carry and store them? Long ago, after rooting around in a former boss' work truck for over an hour, I thoroughly learned the lesson that "If you can't find it, then you don't have it." That's why it's important to keep this discreet group of tools together and separate from larger tool collections.

After using a variety of tool boxes — even plastic ones have cheap steel hinges and latches — and tool bags, most of which only close with problematic zippers, I stumbled upon the tool roll and I haven't looked back. Constructed entirely of noncorrodible thick fabric and plastic, tool rolls are lightweight, adjustable, portable, and take up far less space than boxes when

The Indispensable Boat Owners Toolkit, rolled up and ready for the next job, is compact and portable.



Fully opened, the expansive capacity of the tool roll is clear. When working, you can unroll it as far as needed to get to the necessary tool.

not in use. With a bit of doubling-up, I'm amazed at how many tools I'm able to fit into a roll and then readily tuck it into a backpack or dry bag (think dinghy transport). I unroll as much or as little as necessary to reach the required tool. It's as if tool rolls were specifically designed for boat owners.

Keeping these tools stored in a hefty fabric roll provides corrosion protection, but I still need to maintain them so they are always ready to function. I once went over to a friend's boat to give him a hand with a new water pump install. When I asked for a pair of pliers, he handed me a hunk of crunchy red metal.

"What's this? Are you growing experimental coral?"

"No," he replied straight-faced, "they're pliers."

We both laughed, but my first thought was, "If it doesn't work, then you don't have it."

Outside of the iBOT (but always nearby), I keep a plastic oiling container with a long, narrow spout. This allows me to put just the amount of oil I want, where I want it. I can hear you thinking: "Oh, I've already got a can of WD-40." No. Extremely lightweight and solvent-containing penetrating oils do not hold up well for prolonged use and protection. I've found that a higher-viscosity oil more effectively keeps all tools and moving metal parts aboard (including zippers, padlocks, hinges, and shackles) functioning smoothly. And when I run out of oil, I simply refill the narrow-spout bottle with whatever's left over from a quart of engine oil used for the boat or car.

Here's my essential tool-love procedure: Working on one tool at a time, I place a couple drops of oil at the seams of every moving part and then I operate the tool in quick, even successions to help the oil fully penetrate and coat all moving surfaces. If I drop some oil into the jaws of pliers, for example, and then quickly work them open and closed a dozen times, I'll find oil oozing out from the center of the hinge, a good indication that things are well coated. I use a rag to mop excess oil and then give all the metal surfaces a once-over with the lightly saturated rag. I typically do this just once a year, finding that's enough to keep my tools healthy and limber. That said, if I ever drop a tool in salt water, then I simply flush it well with fresh water before re-oiling and it's ready to store back in my tool roll.

It may not fit in my pocket, but my iBOT saves me more time and money than any other "i" device I own.

After two years of extensive refit, Zach and his Aussie wife, Clare, cast off from the Florida Keys in their 1972 Dufour 35 headed for the Land Down Under. Somewhere along the way they took a "wrong" turn and found themselves crossing the Atlantic where they've been exploring the Med ever since. As soon as they can pull away from these history-drenched shorelines, they'll return to their rhumb line and begin following the trade winds west.

Visit our YouTube channel, *Good Old Boat* Magazine, for more on this project.

Electricity-Free Slow Cooking

Having spent 20 years (off and on) living aboard small boats, I've come to realize that there are only a handful of household appliances that I truly miss when aboard. In addition to the obvious (a washing machine and dryer), a slow cooker has long been high on my miss list. No longer. The soft, portable, non-electric Wonderbag is a capable replacement for a traditional slow cooker that I can keep aboard. The Wonderbag works by retaining existing heat to cook food, rather than continuously adding heat like a slow cooker. Just about any slow cooker recipe can be adapted to this insulated bag, and using it is ridiculously easy. After bringing a pot full of ingredients to a boil, I place the lidded pot inside, cinch it closed, and set it aside for four to twelve hours. When the time's up, dinner is ready. Storing this aboard is not an issue as it makes a great spare cushion. Even better, I learned that there is a Wonderbag Foundation, funded by sales, that aids communities around the world facing the critical daily challenges of time, poverty, and self-worth.

For more information, including recipes: wonderbagworld.com.

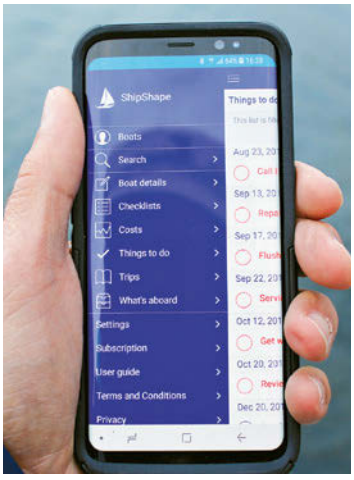
Sara Dawn Johnson, *Good Old Boat* contributor

A Stain Fighter

Aboard *Alondra*, there are leaks over the port-side saloon settees, where the cabinhouse meets the deck. I know this because she's a wooden boat and when the water comes in, it always seems to come in brown, leaving stains on our cream-colored vinyl settee back cushion. This makes me a good test subject for a stain-removing product. Iosso Mold & Mildew Stain Remover is a concentrated powder that is easy to mix and apply, and I didn't notice a strong odor. After mixing with water, I applied it with a spray bottle and left it for an hour. At that point, I'd say the results were just OK. I wiped the residual cleaner off the cushion, but I didn't wash it off. A few days later, I returned to the boat and the results were markedly better. While I can still see a ghost of a stain, it's barely noticeable. Spraying it on and leaving for a longer period before washing, even 24 hours, results in a better outcome.

For more information: iosso.com.

Nancy Koucky, retired *Good Old Boat* art director



Get Organized

ShipShape is a free sailboat management app available for Android and iOS devices (additional features are available for a cost). I found it easy to use. I entered my boat's name and picture (not required) and then continued entering information from there, corresponding to the comprehensive menu. I can never remember my mast height and entered that, knowing it will be handy when approaching a bridge. The app is an easy way to track boat expenditures, even keeping photos of receipts. My to-do list in the app is longer than I'd like but good to have at hand. The Trips section of the app works like a log, allowing me to record all kinds of details about each sail. In particular, I like the What's Aboard feature, hoping it will save me time when I'm next looking for a spare part or standing in a chandlery wondering if I already have the size hose clamp I need. And everything is stored automatically in the cloud, so I don't worry about data backup. The only downside to the app is that I must have internet connectivity (cellular or wifi) to access my data. But that's not yet been a problem where I sail. Overall, I find the app intuitive and worth the data-entry effort.

For more information: search ShipShape in your app store.

Jerry Thompson, *Good Old Boat* contributor

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

continued from page 7

happily with ethanol. I believe many "ethanol" problems result from gas-cap leaks and other poor practices unrelated to ethanol. It's not like small-engine carb problems are new, my first outboard was a pain, and that was pre-ethanol. The mistakes were all mine.

Non-Metallic Considerations

I enjoyed Ed Zacko's article covering the tightening of bolts and the use of torque wrenches ("Torquology," July 2019). As a construction inspector (and engineer), bolts and tightening of same are a part of my professional life. I found no errors in Ed's article, but I think he left something out: To what extent should bolts be tightened when there is something other than metal in the grip of the bolt and nut?

When replacing the keel bolts on my Cal 20 (real bolts with heads and washers and nuts), I realized that the fiberglass boat bottom is in the grip between the washer and the cast iron keel. The bolt supplier did not have a recommendation for what to torque the nuts to in this case. Realizing that the fiberglass might not be able to take the compression exerted by nuts being tightened to the value that the bolt can take, I searched extensively for an appropriate value when fiberglass is in the grip. On the engineering side, I found a few things that were suggestive but nothing definitive. When I searched for published torque values used by boat manufacturers, I found a wide range of values for a given bolt size.

In the end, I went with the values published by the International J/24 Class Association (j24class.org/news/keel-bolt-maintenance-bulletin/). These values are at the low end of torques for all the sources I found, but I figured I'd rather suffer water leaks than damage the fiberglass in the hull. The value I used from the J/24 Class table is almost exactly half the value in the table in Ed Zacko's article.

I don't have any hard recommendations for owners except to determine if there are non-metallic materials in the grip of a bolt they are tightening and to consider what that means in terms of how much the bolt should be tightened.

And I'll add that, when it comes to keel bolts, special care should be taken when tightening the bolts that attach a lead keel. Because lead is relatively soft, it makes sense to consider exactly how the keel bolt is bedded into the lead.

–Robert VanderPol II, *Adélie*, 1968 Cal 20, San Diego, California

Great points, Robert, thank you. And your timing couldn't be better as in this issue we've got an article by Robin Urquhart on keel bolt repair. –Editors

Kudos

Thanks for doing what you do with the magazine. I pretty much only order you guys and *Small Craft Advisor* anymore, being as I'm cheap and have a 35-year-old boat, and...God knows I have no interest in [magazines that feature] manufacturer's brochures for boats I'll never be able to afford. Funny how every boat [those magazines] review is perfect, too. I like you guys and your editorial direction!

–Brian Scarborough, Souderton, Pennsylvania

Thanks for the nice words, Brian. Putting Good Old Boat *together is a labor of love for all of us. And whenever we have a question about editorial direction, we just remember that we're making the magazine we ourselves want to read, and the answer is usually clear. –Editors*

This is how it looks when all is well aboard *Michaela*, Dave DeWolfe's 1974 Hallberg-Rassy Rasmus 35. Here she's reaching in her home waters of Mahone Bay, on the South Shore of Nova Scotia.

Chalk One Up For the Good Guys

Making ready for the sailing season, I was hauling several dock carts of extra gear shore side. With each trip, I unloaded the cart neatly behind a utility transformer at the top of the ramp so it wouldn't be mistaken for abandoned junk. My plan, once my totes, gear, and a spare 200-foot bundle of ¾-inch laid nylon anchor rode were staged and ready, was to call a taxi and transfer it to my summer storage unit. On my last trip, I discovered that my anchor rode had disappeared. In disbelief, I looked up and down the ramp, and then skyward. Why me? I'd left the gear unattended, but one often finds gear temporarily unattended on the docks. After

transferring my remaining gear to the storage unit, I called the harbormaster to report the theft. I didn't think there was much he could do but figured he should know.

"Well," he said, "could you estimate the time the theft occurred?" I told him and he said he would call back if he had any news. A few hours later he called. On security camera footage, we watched someone walk up the ramp at 2:22, look around, pick up my anchor rode, and walk it down to the docks to their boat. When the harbormaster visited the boat, he discovered that its registration numbers were phony and that the boat wasn't registered with the harbor. So, he impounded it. He assured me the owner would likely be visiting his office soon.

The next morning, the harbormaster pulled alongside my boat in his. Holding up my 200-foot coil of rode, he shouted, "Is this yours?"

I want to offer a shout-out to the Ketchikan harbormaster for a job well done.

–Walter Heins, *Golden Eagle*, 1983 Passport 40, Ketchikan, Alaska

Invasion Of the Invasive Species

Rob Mazza did a great job explaining water ballast in sailboats ("Water Ballast for Trailer-Sailers," July 2019). But he mentioned adding bleach to the ballast water when filling as a precaution against invasive species contamination. I've read that bleach is not effective in killing the sorts of invasive things that inhabit our ballast tanks. It would be great if it did, and I would do that. Perhaps *Good Old Boat* might investigate what is effective. The recommended hot water clean-up is a non-starter for us water-ballast boaters.

–Allen Penticoff, *Good Old Boat* contributing editor

There is no question that invasive species have been introduced to the Great Lakes and other bodies of water as a result of water-ballast-tank discharge. That is, water picked up in one body of water and discharged into another. Ships that come from overseas are the biggest culprits, but recently, wake boats (ski boats with ballast tanks that are filled or emptied to create the desired wake for riding) have come under fire as they've grown in popularity and are often used on multiple bodies of water. It stands to reason that water-ballasted trailer sailboats can also transport bacteria, algae, plankton, tiny pieces of plants, and small mollusks that wreak havoc.

Bleach may not be totally effective and hot water might not be practical. We found reports online of large ships using lye, but that doesn't seem like a wise approach for a water-ballasted sailboat. Generally, the consensus remedy we found is to empty tanks after use, which is precisely what happens with any water-ballasted trailer-transported sailboat before it is moved from one body of water to another. This advice extends to bait tanks and bilges too and is regarded effective. –Editors

Dear *Good Old Boat*,

Of the wind and the wave,
And the time I would save,
If I could throttle the prop,
To skim over the chop.

But I love the tall sail,
When winds don't a fail,
To push me ahead,
With dreams in my head.

Of voyages afar,
I wish on a star,
With your mag in my lap,
I close my eyes for a nap.

So here's my few bucks,
For a year's worth of luck,
And big dreams of the sea,
Seems an awfully small fee!

Please renew my subscription another year.

–Howard Nelson, Corinth, Mississippi

Dead Ahead

I'm sure that many readers enjoyed your "Bay of Fundy Fundamentals" article (July 2019) as I did, for the memories it stirs up for anyone who's visited the area. My memory starts with my sail back to the U.S. from Nova Scotia. I crossed from Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, to Bar Harbor, Maine, and about halfway across the bay, I was startled to see what I took for a big rock sticking out of the water. I scrambled to check my charts, thinking the currents may have sent me way off course. But no, I was on course in deep water. Approaching, the rock began to look like an overturned boat, so I called the Coast Guard. The Canadians answered and asked for my position. After a short pause, they came back and said they'd been tracking a dead whale in the vicinity. Yep, that's what it was.

–Bob Baker, *Nereus*, Morgan 34

We want to hear from you!

Send your letters to michael_r@goodoldboat.com. We want to hear from you. 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.

Department of Corrections

In our September issue design comparison of the Beneteau First 345, we listed two incorrect values in the table on page 12. The Displ./LWL value for the Sabre 36 should be 234 and the same value for the Express 35 should be 211.

Boats for Sale

Camper & Nicholson 32
1966. Restored. Replaced during a 17-year dry dock: all rigging, main & 130 jib, t-hulls, and systems. All surfaces stripped and repainted, wood varnished. New dodger, sails, sail covers, etc. Many custom improvements including opening bronze ports, 2nd fuel tank, feathering 3-blade prop. 1985 Yanmar w/only 16 seasons of use. A great bluewater sailor. 32.75' LOA, 9.25' beam, 5.5' Displ. 6,000 lb lead bal. Faired bottom ready to launch with Pettit Vivid. Ashland, MA. $19,500.
James Taylor
774-279-5018
jimt999@verizon.net

Cape Dory 28
1977. Yanmar 2GM20F 16-hp diesel, RF 135 jib, reefed mainsail, new bimini [illegible] PS Map 441s, Ray[illegible]ne ST [illegible]P, solar-ch[illegible]ed bat[illegible] Jabsco [illegible]er stove, Magm[illegible] grill, [illegible]ding headro[illegible] engine s[illegible]ed recently. Ma[illegible]ories. *Vasa* is a veteran of several East Coast voyages. Owner ready to retire. Galesville, MD. Reduced to $8,950.
Dixon Hemphill
703-250-9277
dixonh999@gmail.com

Rhodes Custom 43
1967. CB yawl, custom design, launched 1976. Beam 12', draft 4.5'/8', 65-hp Volvo diesel (low hours). Spare set of rigging, RF headsail, 4 sails. Annapolis, MD. $35,000.
Barry Gruber
gruberbarry2@gmail.com

Pearson 26 Weekender
1976. Great daysailer, excellent PHRF racer, heavy-duty gear, spinnaker-rigged. Lots of accessories. Includes long-shaft OB, car trailer, steel cradle. Plymouth, MN. $8,000.
Michael Barnes
763-557-2962
granite55446@gmail.com

Magellan 36
1977 vintage, ChungHwa ketch. Currently cruising the Sea of Cortez, Mexico. Complete information and photos: Sailshamaness36footketch.weebly.com. Well-maintained with all systems running. Cruised for 23 years off Pacific Coast, Mexico, Central America, Hawaii, and British Columbia. Thick fiberglass and teak exterior/interior, Yanmar diesel, complete set sails, Bluewater cruising equipment. Mexico. $25,000.
Dennis Clifton
650-269-5827
cal20dennis@yahoo.com

Mirage 27-2
1979. Robert Perry design. Length 27'11". Beam 9'3". Draft 4'4". Sail Area 313 sq. ft., Bal. 2,200 lbs. Displ. 5,200 lbs. 15-hp OMC Sail Drive (gasoline). 130 and 150 Genoas, symmetrical spinnaker w/pole. Imron-painted topsides. VC 17m bottom paint. 2 reefs, Unit-O Harken furler, Harken main traveler, windward sheeting car, mainsheet blocks. Placed in several Leech Lake regattas, winning divisional trophies. Includes tandem-axle trailer, and Ship Shape Products winter cover. Walker, MN. $10,000
Mark DeSchane
218-732-4891
mvdeschane@paulbunyan.net

Cheoy Lee Yawl 36
1976. I am in the last stage of restoring my Cheoy Lee Luders 36 and I have all the receipts from the Flag Harbor Boat Yard. Needs varnishing and some wiring. Awlgrip painted top and bottom. Rebuilt Perkins 4-108 and transmission. All tanks flushed. Spars varnished. All new rigging. Sails in fair cond. St. Leonard, MD. $17,500.
Robert J Kraczek
772-249-4349
captainbob45@peoplepc.com

C&C 39
1974. This is a very special boat, combining beauty, speed, and outstanding handling. One of Bob Perry's all-time favorites! Well equipped: autopilot, radar, full instrumentation, etc. Bottom redone in 2019. Canvas recently rebuilt. New "base" electrical system, including new alternator, smart regulator, batteries, starter, etc. This boat has been well cared for and is ready to sail away. Annapolis, MD. $31,900.
Nikos Singelis
202-374-3288
nsingelis@aol.com

Rhodes Bounty II 41
1961. A fine example of an early fiberglass Philip Rhodes design. One of about a dozen finished by Palmer Johnson (Wisconsin) to a higher standard. Well maintained. Westport, MA. $39,500.
Carl Tripp
508-636-4058
carl@fltripp.com

Pearson Commander 26
1964. Full-keel daysailer / weekender. Same hull as Pearson ARIEL but with a longer cockpit. Carl Alberg design and the boat he sailed himself. The bench is 9 feet long for a crew of 8! Four bunks below means you can overnight. This stout, seakindly small ship is in great shape and sails beautifully even in a stiff wind and sea. 2016 Yamaha 9.9 included. Many other improvements. Noank (Mystic) CT. $6,750.
Brooke Aker
860-614-2411
baker@bigdatalens.com

C&C Landfall 35
1982. Bought new, one owner. Yanmar 30-hp diesel with low hours. Freshwater only. Professionally maintained. Built to large-yacht standards in C&C Rhode Island factory. Continuously upgraded for

cruising. All rod rigging replaced. Radar at helm. New steel cradle. Custom-fitted cover. Full documentation. Avon inflatable with 4-hp Mercury motor. Kept in my slip in Moorings, New Buffalo, MI. $40,000.

Scott Hayes
847-840-5807
scottrhayes@sbcglobal.net

S2 9.1
1985. S2 9.1 Meter (29'10") Liberty Cup Sloop. Moving, must sell. Freshwater only, very good condition. Rigged for singlehanding. New main, 2017; Haarstick 135 2002; Profurl; Tides Marine sailtrack; Liberty Cup spinnaker; Garhauer rigid vang; 13-hp Yanmar 2GM auxiliary; Signet Marine instruments; two VHF radios. Very quick boat, PHRF rating of 138. Huge cockpit, roomy interior sleeps six. Head with holding tank. Custom steel cradle. Ithaca Yacht Club, Ithaca, NY. $15,000.

Rich Steinacher
607-319-0815
steinachers@earthlink.net

Allied Seawind MK II Ketch 32
1977. Freshwater ocean boat. Westerbeke 30 diesel 2,900 hours, autopilot w/remote, new Mack sails, running rigging new 2014, refrigeration, cabin furnace. Schaefer roller furling 2019, full-batten mainsail 2017, spinnaker w/sock, depth-speed-wind (Data Marine), 4 house batteries, one start battery (all 12V), 2016 125-amp alternator. Upper deck spotless. Beautiful teak below-decks. Boat owned, meticulously maintained/cared for by current owner since 1994. All records complete. Boat is turnkey cruising ready. Much more! Additional photos available. MN. $39,700.

Harry Mott
507-261-7473
gemsailingmn@gmail.com

Cheoy Lee Luders 30
1972. Beautiful Bill Luders-designed full-keeled sloop, built by Cheoy Lee in Hong Kong. The fiberglass hull is solid as a rock, aluminum mast replaces original wooden one. Powered by a reliable 20-hp Volvo Penta. She points well and makes 6+ knots on a close reach in 15 knots wind. Self-tailing winches for jib sheets. Autopilot. Small galley. Holding tank and head removed recently and replaced with electric portable toilet. Great Neck, NY. $20,000.

Walter Masterson
917-375-2984
wmasterson3@yahoo.com

Ericson 36C
1978. Wanderlust is a Bruce King design; cutter rig. Freshwater coastal cruiser w/huge cockpit & center console/cooler. GOB cover boat July 2015. Private captain's cabin aft berth. Beautiful teak parquet cabin sole. Deck re-cored 2011. Very sound & well cared for. Needs headliner throughout & woodwork in aft cabin. Flat deck makes sail work easy. RF staysail makes it an all-weather boat. Best looking boat on the water & ready to sail! Includes cradle & new shrink-wrap. Winter storage paid. WI. $28,500.

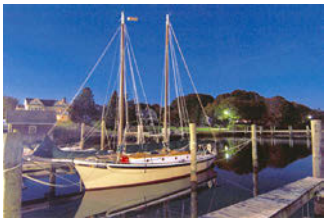
Joe Duehmig
414-587-8546
joe@net-directions.com

S2 27
1986. New sails. Rebuilt engine. New electric and plumbing w/new Porta Potti. New upholstery. New batteries (2). Varnishing is almost completed. Bottom of boat has been sandblasted and repainted. Many more new and original items included and need to be installed. Purchased 3 years ago and in the process of being refurbished. Due to unforeseen circumstances, need to sell. Includes 2010 trailer. $14,000, negotiable. spurgeonyachts.com/index.html - Additional pictures on website.

Delane Reed
816-916-7333
dr.reed@att.net

Island Packet 31
1989. Bought new. Ocean vessel. One owner. Yanmar 27 diesel (low hours). Full-keel 4'. Recently hauled and bottom painted. Lots of equipment and extras. All shrouds and stays replaced and inspected recently. Extras: electronics, chart plotter, AC (at dock), propane tank, fridge, stove, head, shower. Well maintained, cockpit cushions, main, and genoa sail covers. Bimini, swim ladder. Original manual available. At owner's home, Lighthouse Point FL. $31,500.

Dennis Berg
954-296-6422
jbwdberg@aol.com



Atkin Schooner 33
1957.Gaff-rigged. 32'9"x9'8"x4'4". Restored 2012-2017, new African mahogany plywood/glass deck. Bald cypress deck beams, white oak frames, 3" floor timbers, 7x6" stem, white cedar hood ends, 1⅛" carvel planking, both garboards and 3 planks above. Set of 5 sails including gollywobbler. Bulletproof Sabb-2 H, 18 hp, new rings and cylinder sleeves 2012. 6' standing headroom, sleeps 3+, July 2018 survey. Sale includes hurricane mooring in Colonel Willis Cove, RI. $60,000.

Jim De Reynier
860-305-1582
Jimder40@Gmail.com

Tartan 27
1966. Needs a family! #197 w/ trailer was put in storage 35 years ago (all equipment removed before storage and conveys with boat). Trailer reworked, new tires. Entire boat just repainted in/out, new teak hatches, washboards, handrails. Sails in good condition, Atomic 4 engine rebuilt and sitting in garage, now in boat. New windows ready to go in. The hard work is done, ready to go back together for another life! Have more pictures. Kinsale, VA. $3,200.

cm.johnson
804-238-8673
cm.johnson@verizon.net

Morgan 25
1967. Go vintage! Well maintained. Fiberglass aft cockpit sloop, LOA 24'11", draft 2'9". Honda 4-stroke 9.9 outboard. Ready to sail w/ new bottom paint, professionally cleaned sails (two sets), RF jib, boom vang, spinnaker, sail covers, new halyards, head, V-berth, galley, sleeps 4+, new custom made companionway doors still in box,1,900- lb lead ballast, dual batteries, plus many upgrades. Charlie Morgan said by phone, "It will sail around the world." It has sailed from Maine to Miami, so far. Oak Harbor Marina, MD. $5,000.

Michael Thompson
410-551-3043
thomahawk@verizon.net

Catalina 27 Tall Rig
1985. *Gumby Cat* has a universal 18-hp diesel w/(2) deep cycle batteries. Pedestal steering, w/24" wheel, compass and guard. Pressure water system w/shower, Tall rig main, 110 lapper,140 genoa. (2) Danforth anchors, (1) automatic and (1) manual bilge pump. 110-volt shore power system w/battery charger. VHF radio w/DSC. Double lifelines and stern boarding ladder, dodger and bimini. 2-burner alcohol stove. Ithaca, NY. $8,000.

Daniel M.Kochenash
607-748-8363
dkochenash@stny.rr.com

Niagara 31
1983. Tall rig, with mainsail, genoa, jib, spinnaker with whisker pole, sails in good condition, diesel inboard 22-hp Westerbeke, working electronics radio, electronics with trickle chargers, full galley with refurbished cushions, cockpit cushions, well maintained with complete maintenance log, original boat manufacturer's documentation, 2011 boat survey available, one prior owner. Baltimore, Maryland. $20,000.

Mary Cieslicki
410-980-3917
mcieslicki@verizon.net

Boat Wanted

Boat Wanted for Great Loop
Looking for a 33'- to 40'-sailboat for the Great Loop. Need shallow draft of 4'. Can be anywhere on Great Loop route. $8,000 to $12,000 USD. No project boats please. These items will add to your boat's value to us: good condition inside & out; newer updated instrumentation; low hours diesel; full canvas enclosure; newer sails; RF; self-tailing winches; electric windlass; newer standing & running rigging. Realistically priced boats will get our serious attention.

Richard Sims
250-619-9670
rsims111@gmail.com

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Being There

Can you call it sailing when you're not leaving the dock and the work list?

BY JOHN ARRUFAT

Seaview, Washington. For about half the year, half the time it's raining and blowing, the other half it's about to rain. North Jetty Pub. Order food outside from a truck, eat it inside. The beer selection, some of which is brewed behind a glass wall near where we sit, is listed on a chalkboard.

Robert, my Portland friend who owns a powerboat, talks about a trip he made recently and the prop he screwed into a Columbia River sandbar nobody knew existed. He doesn't seem distraught, doesn't offer many details. He says he enjoyed getting out.

The beer comes. I like high-hopped brew. I report on the progress of my solar panel project. I'd given months to thinking about where to put it. I finally hung it off the transom on a bracket made of .080 stainless tubing and channel, and gorgeous, sturdy, varnished hardwood (batu) cut to follow the curve of the transom railing.

Robert says he wants to meet my woodworker friend, Amos; he'd done fine work refurbishing the hatch cover over the forward berth.

I describe the nice results of another project: adding a portlight, one I designed and had cast in bronze because I couldn't find a used one in good enough shape. I'd made sure they used good, thick glass. I also threw out the horrid Porta Potti-type toilet, retrieved the Wilcox Crittenden manual model that shipped with the boat in 1975, restored it, reinstalled it, and gave it an automatic feature by creating a tee at the clean-out port and running that to a macerator and holding tank. Now I have a head that is automatic with a manual back-up.

Our hamburgers arrive.

I tell Robert about the nifty new little tray that Amos made me for galley utensils; it fits exactly in a space over the ice locker. Robert doesn't understand why I'd made it both a paint and a varnish project. The sides were ⅜-inch birch ply, so I had to paint them. But the bottom was luan, and what a shame not to varnish such beautiful veneer.

"Have you been out lately?" he asks.

"Well, of course, you know I'm trying to get these upgrades done before the good weather comes."

Robert knows the weather. He stares at me, deadpan.

The tray was a worthy and beautiful idea. The varnish-plus-paint aspect was probably elaborate, I admit. "But it's a gorgeous detail for the galley," I say.

Almost under his breath: "Is your hamburger well done enough for you?" He knows I never get my hamburgers done well enough.

Then there's a long, dead moment between us. I get the message loud and clear.

I have overstayed my welcome with a friend, talking about boat projects as conversation. His response is a larger question: Is the limited Pacific Northwest sailing season an excuse, the truth being that I simply enjoy the boat as a project laboratory?

Perhaps. It seems like lately the focus has been on upgrades, repairs, restorations, rearrangements, and beautifications. Sailing the boat a little to fix it a lot.

We finish our food. Head out into the rain.

John Arrufat, from Portland, Oregon, began writing and sailing in San Pedro, California, in the early 1980s. He's prepping himself and his Ted Brewer Cape Carib Ketch 33 in Astoria, Oregon.

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