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Good Old Boat

Issue 137: March/April 2021

FEATURES

DEPARTMENTS

On the Cover

Sailor and photographer Onne van der Wal took this photo of Tenley van der Wal, his wife, at the helm of *Snoek*, their 1972 Pearson 36-1. To learn more about *Snoek* and two other Pearson 36 refits, see "Three Sisters" starting on page 38. For more on Onne, see Websightings, page 3.

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The sailing magazine for the rest of us.

An Eye for Sailing

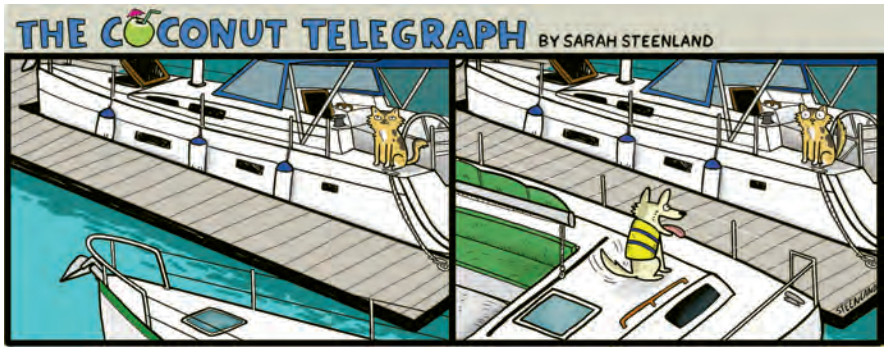
Everyone working in marine publications knows Onne van der Wal as one of the premier photographers in the business. Many readers will recognize his name. But many are not aware that Onne's success stems as much from his mastery of the camera as the fact that he's an accomplished professional sailor—he knows enough to anticipate the shots, knows where he needs to be to capture them.

Onne's extraordinary path to sailing photography eminence is beautifully traced in the PBS documentary, "Second Wind: The *Snoek* Refit." But that's just a part of the story. His myriad life experiences brought this sailor and photographer to a cosmetically run-down Pearson 36-1, and after a lifetime of sailing aboard other people's boats, he was ready. "I wanted to get my own sailboat, get a hands-on project, redo my own boat... it's going back to something that I love doing, working with my hands."

"Second Wind" is a fascinating look at Onne's expert and loving restoration of the Pearson, mostly over the course of a single Rhode Island winter. "The temperature was 26 degrees and I was lucky if I got the boat to 40 down below, with a little space heater."

This hour-long documentary is worth your time. Go to vimeo.com/356469003.

And after this film whets your appetite to learn more about the 1981-82 Whitbread Round the World Race, we encourage you to check out "Flyer Flies Faster," parts 1 and 2—part 2 is a nail-biter—at vimeo.com/82631343 and vimeo.com/82631344, respectively.



There's Room on the Water

BY MICHAEL ROBERTSON

Something's been troubling me for a few months.

Late last year, US Sailing, the governing body of sailing that's been around for over 120 years, held several online forums that were the first part of its Diversity, Equity, and Inclusion Series. This ongoing initiative is true to US Sailing's goal to cast a wider net, bring a larger group of people into the sailing community, and to increase the number of sailors.

This is a good goal. Sailing needs more sailors. And the most obvious and easiest way to encourage more sailors is to make sailing more attractive to groups of people who are not already widely seen on the water. There are a lot of people already sailing who look like me (white, male, heterosexual), so we're talking about people who don't look like me.

We at *Good Old Boat* see this US Sailing effort as a huge positive. On our social media platforms, we helped get the word out, with the aim of increasing awareness of and participation in the US Sailing forums. Our announcements and reminders of these events were among the most commented posts on our Facebook page last year. Many of the comments that readers left were positive and supportive of US Sailing's efforts. But too many rubbed me the wrong way, to say the least.

"What a shame people are trying to politicize sailing."

I get it; Diversity, equity, and inclusion may be strictly political terms for you. But it's not political; it's reality. The sailing population is, unfortunately, nearly homogeneous and doesn't come close to reflecting the general U.S. population. Does that make any sense? Bringing in more sailors means bringing in more sailors who don't look like the majority of us who are already sailing. That's called diversity, equity, and inclusion. It ain't political, it's just opening the doors of a sport we love to more people.

"Ridiculous. I know of no one that isn't permitted to sail, we already have inclusion. We waste time and resources chasing fake problems."

You're right, nobody is prohibited from sailing based on what they look like, where they are from, what their skin color is, or how they identify themselves in terms of gender, sexuality, or any other personal characteristic. That would be illegal. And that's the reason there *are* diverse people already out sailing with you and me. But they're profoundly underrepresented in the sport, and that's a real problem—not a "fake problem"—for sailing. And, just pointing to the fact that there are no laws excluding anyone from sailing doesn't address the problem. If it did, the problem wouldn't exist.

Karen Harris, past commodore of the Jackson Park Yacht Club (JPYC) of Chicago, and a panelist in one of these forums, explained why: "A bunch of Black people are not just going to say to themselves, 'Huh, I wonder what's going on at the yacht club today,' when they've never had any experience sailing...no more so than a bunch of non-diverse people are going to say, 'I wonder what's going on at that Black church on Saturday morning, I think we'll just show up.' And if you think that's just going to happen, nothing's going to happen."

Yep.

Accordingly, US Sailing is seeking "to promote access to the sport of sailing and increase participation by encouraging local sailing organizations to provide an inviting, inclusive environment in which to sail... Part of US Sailing's vision is to introduce as many people as possible to this great sport."

Photo by Brian Wiles.

Who could possibly argue with that?

The only question anyone should pose is: What can I do?

First, recognize that increasing diversity, equity, and inclusion in sailing is good for sailing, and it's the fastest path to growing sailing. Invite people in your life who are not part of your sailing circle into your sailing circle. Take them out for a sail—make it a goal to do that at least once per season. Share your knowledge of how accessible sailing can be, countering the prevailing perception that it's not.

Too far outside your comfort zone? That's okay. There are many sailing programs around the country working to expand opportunities to kids from at-risk neighborhoods, wounded veterans, the disabled, people of color, and others who don't have ready access to boats and the water or know how to sail. Find one near you and ask what you, as a sailor, can do to help.

Understand the policies and attitudes that stymie sailing growth. Many yacht clubs are excellent at outreach, bringing outsiders in and providing their first sailing experience. But many other clubs of like-minded, like-heeled, like-employed, like-looking members require new members to be sponsored by multiple existing members, an intrinsic barrier to growth beyond the existing social circle.

"When you are done pursuing dogma, I'll renew my US Sailing membership."

Nope. It's not dogma. It's not politics. It's not anything but doing the necessary thing: increasing the number of sailors in the U.S.—and going about it the smart way and the right way, by making our community of sailing more open and accessible to every single person.

Recruiting a Rookie, Catboat Counseling, and Taming That Hose

Notice to Readers

All of us should understand the value of inducting another sailor into the fold; I have a special and specific opportunity for sailors in the Cleveland, Pittsburgh, and Chesapeake Bay areas.

For many years, Sailrite, our first and longest-running advertiser, has included a copy of our magazine in orders they ship. Though many Sailrite customers are sailors, not all of them are. A Sailrite customer who doesn't know bow from stern was shipped a copy of Good Old Boat *and wrote to us:*

"I just want to comment on how much I am enjoying your magazine. I recently purchased some Spunbond and melt-blown fabric from Sailrite to make some masks, and *Good Old Boat* was sent with my order. I have no experience with sailing, know nothing of sailing culture, and did not expect to find anything of interest in the magazine. Once I started reading, I felt like I was looking through a portal into a fascinating, unfamiliar world. I was delighted to read the articles and was intrigued by the sailing lexicon...I'm always looking to broaden my horizons, so I'm glad that Sailrite tucked this issue into my shipment."

We're glad too. I contacted the future sailor and she reported that she was intrigued enough that she subscribed. I told her I was determined to find her a sailing invite from a Good Old Boat *reader nearby. She lives in Pittsburgh, and I'm guessing she'd make the drive to Cleveland or the Chesapeake region if an opportunity was there. I would love to see a new sailor born of a promotional copy of* Good Old Boat *and would certainly be sending some hats, shirts, and a subscription extension to the sailor who made it a reality.*

If you're interested in being that sailor, send me an email with a short bio, boat description, and location that I can forward to the sailor-to-be. (And we're not looking to make a love connection, we're looking to make a sailor.) As always, I'm at michael_r@goodoldboat.com.

Sour on Seaward

I cannot hold my tongue any longer... *Good Old Boat* recently reviewed the Seaward 26RK ("A Head-Turning Shoal-Draft Cruiser," November/December 2020). The Seaward is currently in production, which started only 15 years ago.

As reported, early models saw keels falling off (and this boat isn't an on-the-edge-design racing machine). The solution, a newly designed keel, is called an upgrade; this should have been a recall. Prices for used Seawards still seem to be on the steep slope of the depreciation curve.

All boats are compromises, with good and bad points, but I don't think this one qualifies as either a good or an old boat.

—**John Churchill,** *Nurdle*, Bristol 35.5

Michael Robertson responds:

Don't ever hold your tongue, John, all feedback always welcomed, always appreciated, all of it informs our thinking ("our" being me,

Louise Eisfeld captured this quiet, early morning photo of *Enavigo*, the CS 33 she owns with her husband, Paul, a marine surveyor. *Enavigo* is moored in front of their home on Hay Bay, in the northeast part of Lake Ontario, between Bay of Quinte and the Picton/Adolphustown area.

Lorraine Fontaine was exploring Bizard Island (Île-Bizard), just north of the island of Montreal, Quebec, via kayak when she came across these aids to navigation. Her partner, Dan O'Connell, described them as, "Where the buoys of summer go for winter." Love it, we're sending each of them a hat.

Dan, and Wendy). I still think our decision to include the Seaward 26RK was a good one, so allow me to try and convince you, or to at least explain.

Is it old enough? The team has talked about this subject many times, and we think so, maybe just barely. If I'd bought a new Seaward 26RK when my daughter was still in diapers and starting to talk, well, my 17-year-old Eleanor would be driving us to the marina and sailing that boat herself in 2021. That's not in the same league as a Pearson Triton I might have first sailed in diapers, but if a 2005 Seaward had been in my family for this stretch, I'd think of her as a good old boat by now.

But is she good? Well, I'll give you that if I'd owned this boat and the keel had dropped off at the wrong time, I might not disagree with you. But I could say the same for the potential for mast failure for an early model Nonsuch 36, another unique and innovative sailboat design and the boat we reviewed in the September/October 2020 issue. The Seaward 26RK is not a perfect boat for everyone, but it offers unique attributes that are perfect for the right sailor.

Brewer Reminiscing

Great interview with Ted Brewer ("A Stand-Up Draftsman," July/August 2020). I met Ted when I worked at Whitby Boat Works from 1974 to 1985, in the sales and customer service department. You guys reviewed the Whitby 42 in your September/October 2005 issue, but here is a photo (below) taken December 16, 1984, of the Ted Brewer-designed Whitby 55 at Port Whitby on Lake Ontario, undergoing initial sea trials (it was a record warm day with a temperature of 56°F (13.6°C).

—**Allen Rogers**, Oshawa, Ontario

Feline Advice

If Craig Moodie likes to take *Finn* out in a breeze ("Cat(astrophe) Theory," November/December 2020), he should consider reducing the foot of his sail by 5 to 10 percent. This should diminish the tendency to get stuck in irons and weathercock. While at it, he might like to experiment with the sail being loose-footed on the boom. Reducing the foot of my sail did wonders for heavy-weather performance and handling of my Nonsuch, without compromising her ability to ghost.

—**John Newell**, Toronto

Craig Moodie might find a righting line helpful to restore a capsized 12-footer to sunny-side up. Sometimes called a winding line, it is useful for most sailors of small craft, boats where the crew form a large part of the ballast. The line is "wound" around the overturned hull to help one climb up on the hull and lean back on the line, thus righting the boat. Doing this puts the ballast (you) in near-optimal position. Make several knots along the line for ease of gripping and perhaps a float at the end. Secure the line to something substantial before launch. For more info, this approach is described well in William H. Longyard's book, *A Speck on the Sea*.

—**Henry Bruse**, Wisconsin Rapids, Wisconsin

Craig Moodie responds:
Thank you, John, thank you Henry, for your interest in my article. John, I am ready to put those suggestions into practice when conditions get sporty (which they do quite often on Buzzards Bay). Reefing alone doesn't seem to do the trick. Unfortunately, I have to wait another few months to give your ideas a try, and I'm grateful for any ideas that will increase my time on the water. Henry, I wish I'd known about a winding line when I flipped Finn. *Your note also prompted me to unearth* A Speck on the Sea *from my bookcase. I can only hope that I'll arm myself with knowledge that I won't ever have to put into practice.*

Climbing Line Question

Like Drew Frye, I am an avid sailor. Unlike Drew, I am an ex-climber, having gone for the more horizontal of the two pursuits in the last 30 years. His recent article on the role of climbing rope on boats ("Climb Ev'ry...Sailboat," November/December 2020) makes me think of the odds and ends of 9-mm climbing rope

continued on page 55

We Want to Hear from You

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

Alberg 37

A Classic Full-Keel Beauty

BY ROBB LOVELL

Laurie Knight's lifelong dream has been to own and sail her own boat, something she hopes all women will realize isn't as hard as it looks and is well worth the effort. Her first keelboat was a Bullseye, and over time she has built her sailing knowledge and experience with friends and fellow members of the Beverly Yacht Club in Massachusetts, including crewing a few times in the Marion Bermuda Race on a Columbia 50.

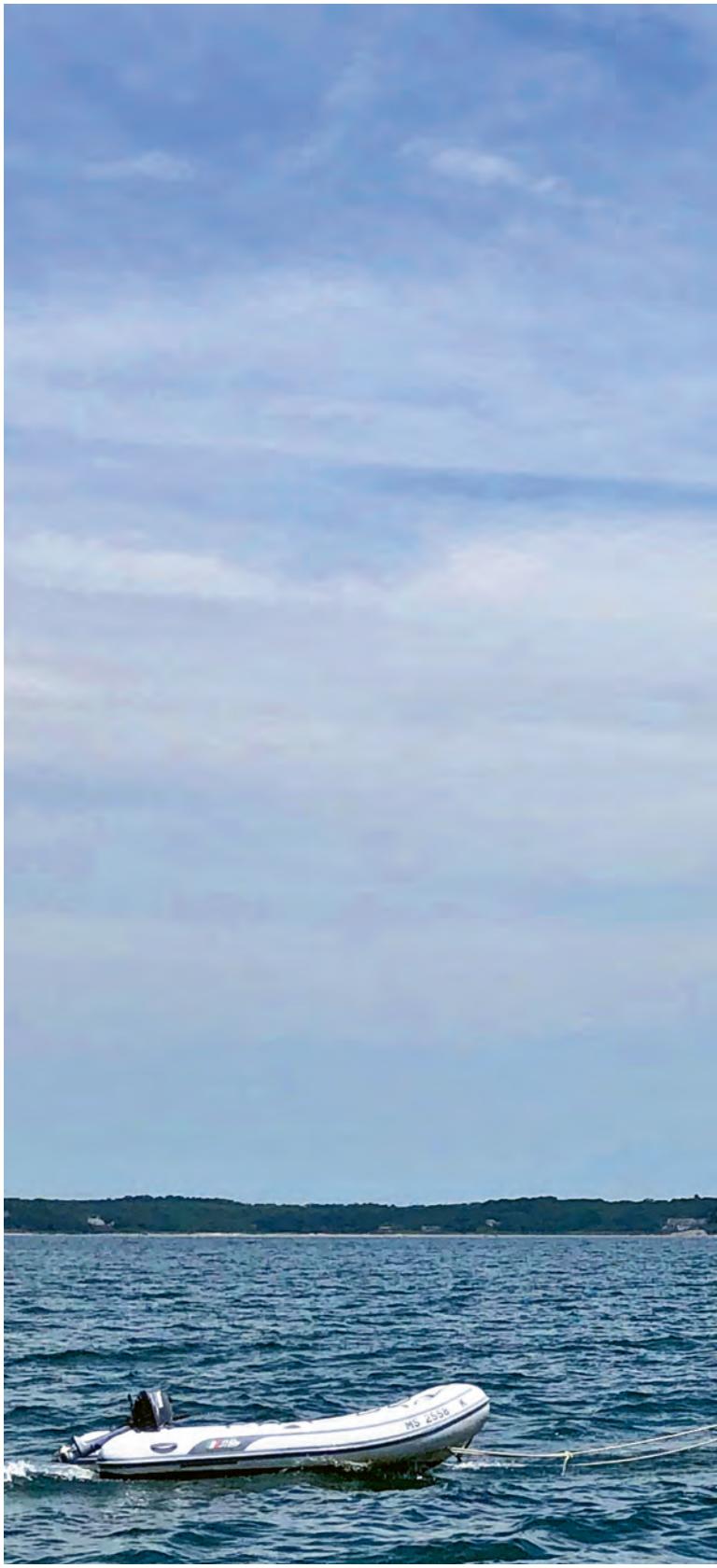
In 2018, she bought *Optimist*, a 1968 Alberg 37 Mk I, hull #20. She saw in the boat a classic-looking, comfortable cruiser that sails well and also can compete in the occasional club race. She's raced *Optimist* in the Hurricane Cup, a local club race, with an all-female crew. She also enjoys cruising with her husband and daysailing with her three adult children and the newest sailor in the family, grandson Henry, for whom she added netting on the lifelines.

Laurie isn't alone in her love of the Alberg 37, as the boat has an equally enthusiastic owners' group with a Facebook membership of 180. This group is how I met Laurie to review her boat, though the pandemic meant we could only meet over the phone, since I'm in Canada and she (and her boat) are in Marion, Massachusetts. For the inspection and test sail, I enjoyed a sail on another Alberg 37 in Canada owned by Jacob Weever.

History and Design

Swedish yacht designer Carl Alberg (1900-1986) designed the Alberg 37, and Whitby Boat Works in Ajax, Ontario, produced the boats. Between 1967 and 1988, about 248 Alberg 37s came off the line, with a redesign around 1971 from the Mk I to the Mk II. Principal changes included reducing the amount of wood in construction, using a fiberglass, molded floor support, and adding a molded headliner and a fiberglass toerail. The Mk II also has a molded dodger splash guard on deck. The interior was revamped to expand storage, lengthen bunks, and update the layout, including a bigger head and improved galley.

In Canada and the U.S., the Alberg 37 gained notoriety as a vessel capable of crossing oceans



The long overhangs of most Carl Alberg designs are common to boats designed to the Cruising Club of America (CCA) rule, which penalized long waterlines. Photo courtesy Ron Wiseman.


A37
2037

in comfort when compared to other offerings of that time. And, for those who love the look of classic boats, she's a head-turner, with her long overhangs and sweeping sheer.

Alberg intended the design as a medium-displacement offshore racer/cruiser; the boat raced under Cruising Club of America (CCA) rule, which favored the long overhangs. Underwater, it has a full keel drawing 5 feet 6 inches, with a cutaway forefoot and a raked, keel-hung rudder, all of which reduce wetted surface area. The prop sits well protected in an aperture between the keel and the rudder, reducing the chance of snagging fishing nets or a lobster pot.

Construction

The solid fiberglass hull is typical of the era, while the deck employs a balsa core to save weight and increase stiffness.

The Mk I versions have stick-built interiors, essentially all-wood components such as plywood cabin sole, berth foundations, bulkheads, galley, etc. An advantage of this more labor-intensive method is the ability to tab bulkheads to the hull and deck to resist torsional loads. With the Mk II, the sole and other parts are molded fiberglass, which may require other methods of securing bulkheads to the deck.

Ballast is cast lead placed inside the hollow keel and glassed over so that water entering the keel from a severe grounding won't enter the cabin. The hull-to-deck joint is an inward-facing flange on the hull that is adhesively and mechanically fastened and covered with a cap rail.

While the majority of the boats were delivered with a 23-horsepower Volvo MD2B diesel engine (or the 27-horsepower MD 11C in the Mk II), a few buyers opted for the larger 40-horsepower Westerbeke 4-107, which was offered as an option.

Rig

The 37 was sold with yawl and masthead sloop rigs. Laurie's boat is a sloop, while my test boat has an inner forestay to set a staysail—technically a double-headsail sloop. Both sails are on furlers.

The mast is keel-stepped with a single set of spreaders, setting 646 square feet of sail, while the yawl adds 40 square feet for a total of 686. On *Optimist*, the 84 percent jib and a 135 percent genoa on Harken roller furlers are easily trimmed with self-tailing winches, which Laurie especially appreciates when singlehanding.

She also has a well set up reefing system for *Optimist*'s large mainsail, which she reports making good use of at 20 knots and above. A modest sail area-to-displacement ratio of 15.82 leaves little doubt as to Alberg's intention to make the

Like the boat, the cockpit is long and narrow and well-designed for offshore sailing, with not too much volume; a bridge deck minimizes the size of the companionway. This photo, and all images following, courtesy Laurie Knight.

The foredeck is relatively clean, even with an electric windlass, vent, spinnaker pole, and chocks for a second, lightweight-type anchor.

Looking aft in the saloon are the portside settee and pilot berth, which, when fitted with leecloths, make excellent sea berths.

37 a sensible and safe design for offshore work.

On Deck

The foredeck is wide and clear to accommodate a windlass, which many owners have installed to handle ground tackle and complement the integrated anchor rollers and large chain locker.

The cockpit is much like the rest of the boat—long and narrow. There is a bridge deck that protects the small (seaworthy) companionway, plus a reasonably high coaming. The helm sits well forward in the cockpit, and while aesthetically it looks a bit off, Laurie says that it makes singlehanding easier and helps her stay protected behind the dodger in rough weather.

At the aft end of the cockpit is an elevated afterdeck (with a lazarette below) that provides storage and helps prevent the cockpit from shipping a wave in a following sea. Both cockpit seats open to deep and voluminous lockers to store gear and house systems.

Laurie does a great deal of shorthanded sailing, and while she's led all sheets aft to the cockpit, she has decided for now to leave the halyards at the mast.

Below Deck

The Mk I and the Mk II interior layouts are significantly different; the builders even made changes within the same model year-to-year. While the Mk I has straight opposing settees with pilot berths above, the Mk II has an L-shaped settee to port and storage above the settees instead of berths. With a beam of just over 10 feet, the cabin feels narrow compared to more modern designs.

Stepping down *Optimist*'s companionway, the L-shaped galley is to starboard with an aft-facing nav table and seat to port. On some boats, this nav area has a quarter berth aft with a front-facing navigation table. Both of these arrangements are tucked behind a partial bulkhead, which segregates this area from the saloon and houses a well-positioned wet locker.

The galley sink is nearly on the centerline of the boat, which makes it ergonomically excellent underway on either tack. *Optimist* has refrigeration in her deep icebox and pressure water.

Laurie added water tank gauges (an improvement over a dipstick). She rerouted plumbing to change the head from seawater to freshwater to eliminate odors and has a greywater sump for the shower, all of which make for a clean-smelling boat.

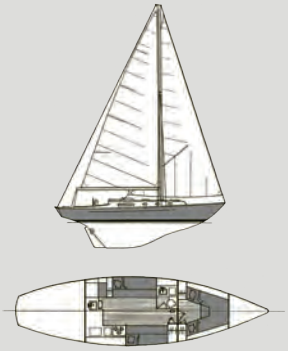
The feeling of a classic yacht design does not stop outside; beautiful teak flooring, wood furniture, hull liner, bulkheads, and joinery show the craftsmanship put into these boats. Though the wood can make the cabin seem dark, abundant opening portlights and large overhead hatches offset the issue. The cabin feels very cozy, and when underway it is never a stretch for a solid handhold, nor is it hard to brace oneself.

The midship position of the settees and pilot berths minimizes motion in a seaway, and leecloths add safety and security.

The port side of the saloon features a bulkhead-mounted table to convert the sitting area into a dining area. Pull-down doors under all bunks/settees allow access to voluminous storage.

Forward of the main cabin is a large hanging locker to starboard, with a fully enclosed head to port featuring a marine head, sink, and integrated shower. Laurie was quick to point out a feature of the Alberg 37 that might be underappreciated by a male skipper: the toilet faces aft and is just off the boat's

Alberg 37



LINE DRAWINGS BY ROB MAZZA

LOA	37'2"
LWL	26'6"
Beam	10'2"
Draft	5'6"
Displ.	16,800 lb
Ballast	6,500 lb
LOA/LWL	1.40
Beam/LWL	.38
Displ./LWL	403
Bal./Displ.	39%
Sail Area (100%)	646
SA/Displ.	15.73

centerline, making it easy to use on either tack.

A notable drawback of the V-berth is the length of slightly under 6 feet; this measurement varies also with the model year. Some owners reportedly have modified the forward chain locker to extend the berth.

Underway

With a displacement of 16,800 pounds, the Alberg 37 has enough mass to handle swell and chop without bouncing around. "*Optimist* feels like she rides *in* the ocean, not *on* the ocean," Laurie says. "Even in heavy swells, *Optimist* feels like she is cutting forward and feels solid and confident."

On the wind, the Alberg 37 points nicely with a solid motion. The boat likes to be sailed with some heel and seems a bit tender at first, but once heeled it digs in a shoulder and stabilizes with a good turn of speed.

From the helm there are reasonable sightlines even with a dodger. The mainsheet resides at the back of the cockpit behind the helmsman, while the jib sheets are forward, providing good separation of control lines if sailing with crew who do not care to bang elbows while tacking. Those who enjoy beer-can racing should note the boat has an average PHRF rating of 162.

Conclusion

Even a well-built boat like the Alberg 37 will have some issues related to longevity. One of the first things that Laurie did was replace some of the through-hull hoses, which were likely as old as the boat and in terrible shape; she also engaged a local yard to replace a through-hull.

Most of these boats will require electrical upgrades and careful attention to hoses, through-hulls, and the engine. The balsa-cored decks should be sounded for possible delamination or rot, and although the bronze ports are striking and add to the boat's appearance, they are also a weak point and should be replaced with fully bolted ports or storm covers for offshore work.

Comments From Owners

I own a 1989 Alberg 37 Mk I. Alberg 37s are difficult to back up, especially with wind on the bow. Going to windward in a blow, she is tender at first but hardens extremely well with the rail down. I rarely sail with less than the #2 jib and a single reef. It is a great pleasure to reach in a strong blow or sail downwind under spinnaker.

The boat is very strongly built, but I and others have had some problems with balsa coring in the deck from water infiltration. My own experience was solved by epoxy injection from under deck some years ago. These problems seem to come from deck fitting cut-outs and mountings that were not properly sealed.

—Roy Carter, Pointe-Claire, Quebec

We own a 1975 Alberg 37 yawl. Her waterline is short, but on a 15-degree heel the waterline lengthens and she performs quite well. The yawl rig is a blessing in that you can easily balance the helm so she can run herself with little input. The wheel is well forward in the cockpit, but this makes her extremely easy to singlehand, as all winches are within easy reach without leaving the wheel. You could actually steer the boat using the mizzen.

There are some ripples in the topside hull evident when looking fore to aft when the light is right, and while the joinery is of decent quality, it would not compete with today's floating condos. All chainplates are easy to get to, however the split backstay chainplates are encased in fiberglass and have to be cut out for replacement. On a boat this old, changing those out is probably a good idea, and this was done on our boat.

The bilge is very deep (3 feet or so), so accessing the bilge pump is not easy unless fitted with some sort of retrieval arm. The access to the rear of the engine for the steering quadrant, hot water tank, packing gland, and other operational elements of the boat is difficult. We cut an access hole in the aft berth to make this easier.

—Wayne Steeves, Annapolis, Maryland

I have owned my 1984 Alberg 37 Mk II for 15 years. I give the boat top marks for sailing ability, comfortable motion, and instilling confidence, even in a blow. It rates well and has won many Wednesday night races. It has also taken us up and down the Eastern Seaboard and to Bermuda and back. The boat is strongly built, and I believe its arrangement of internal lead ballast to be superior. The boat's handsome lines garner many compliments.

Problems and complaints: The only significant failure was when the forestay chainplate broke, at night, 300 miles offshore. The well-stayed, keel-stepped mast was fine, and with a jury-rigged forestay we sailed home. The topsides gelcoat has severe crazing, which is now painted over. The bottom has never shown any signs of blistering. Inside, there is poor bonding of the fiberglass headliner to the hatch openings. The V-berth is too short. Access to the shaft stuffing box is difficult. Original electrical system was rudimentary. Items to beware of are excessive wear of the pin at the bottom rudder bearing, and steering sheave axles.

—Joran Gendell, Williamsburg, Virginia

Specific problems: A number of leaks in cabintop, hull-to-deck joint, or chainplate slots are difficult to trace. There is some movement of bulkheads in the head. Water tanks, including hot water (mounted behind the engine) needed replacing, and the steering quadrant bracket distorted. There was some evidence of delamination in sidedecks. The mast opening through cabintop can crack if you're not careful when stepping mast. And, engine replacement can be a problem, as there is such limited access; not many makes will fit. I ended up rebuilding the original Volvo MD3 because of this.

—Paul Skene, Aylmer, Quebec

An internet search quickly revealed two things about the Alberg 37: First, there is a very active owners' group, which is a great resource; second, there are not many Alberg 37s for sale (I found only two, for $28,000 and $35,000). Both facts lead one to conclude that this is a well-loved, well-thought-out design that owners hang on to.

There is little doubt that the aesthetics of the Alberg 37 add to its popularity, but its sweetness under sail reveals its perfect blend of form and function. For those who love classic lines, can endure the maintenance and upgrades inherent in an older boat, and are looking for a capable cruising and club-racing boat, the Alberg 37 may fit the bill.

Robb Lovell is an avid Great Lakes sailor and outdoorsman from Amherstburg, Ontario, who enjoys cruising and racing. He cruises a Hallman 20 named Stout *and enjoys racing Force 5 dinghies, as well as racing onboard keelboats at Lasalle Mariners Yacht Club. When not sailing, Robb enjoys mountain biking, snowboarding, kayaking, and competing in Ironman races.*

The engine is under the galley and companionway, with restricted access. The batteries on *Optimist* are under the cabin sole, which keeps their weight low but makes them vulnerable to flooding, at top left.

The compact head features an athwartship toilet, small sink, and adequate storage, at top right.

Dinner is almost ready in the galley; *Optimist* has a four-burner stove and refrigeration inside the icebox, at left.

Alberg 37

. . . and Two More CCA-Inspired Classics

STORY AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROB MAZZA

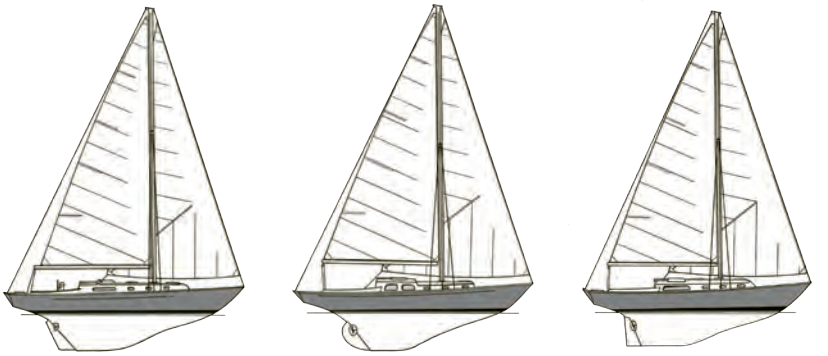
Carl Alberg developed a design aesthetic based on the Cruising Club of America (CCA) yachts of the 1950s and '60s, and he never really diverted from that style. And why would he? Starting with the Pearson Triton in 1958 and following in 1962 with the similar and equally successful Alberg 30 for Kurt Hansen at Whitby Boat Works, his designs were well received for family cruising.

In 1967, the Alberg 37 followed in that same family tradition. So, it is fitting that we find two other boats from that period that share that CCA aesthetic, each designed by an equally well-known designer; the 1965 Olin Stephens-designed Grampian Classic 37 (also built on Lake Ontario), and the slightly smaller 1966 Bill Luders-designed Luders 36 built by Cheoy Lee in Hong Kong.

All three boats feature the same CCA characteristics of long overhangs, counter sterns, full keel, and low-aspect-ratio, masthead sloop rigs. Keep in mind, however, that each is contemporary with the introduction of the fin keel and spade rudder on Bill Lapworth's Cal 40 in 1963, Dick Carter's *Rabbit* in 1965, and George Cuthbertson's *Red Jacket* in 1966, and thus each represents the culmination of the traditional CCA era.

The Alberg 37 and the Grampian 37 are pretty well identical in overall length and only 3 inches different in waterline length, with each having 16,800 pounds of displacement. This makes one wonder if Hansen may not have been influenced in his commission of the Alberg 37 by the competing 37-footer being built further up the lake.

The Luders design, on the other hand, is about a foot-and-a-half shorter and 1,800 pounds lighter. For all three boats, this results in very conservative displacement/waterline length ratios of 403, 415, and 429, respectively. With numbers this high, these really are cruising-oriented designs. Remember, though, that the CCA rule was essentially a waterline-length rule, so boats tended to have



	Alberg 37	Grampian Classic 37	Luders 36
LOA	37'2"	37'3"	35'6"
LWL	26'6"	26'3"	25'0"
Beam	10'2"	10'2"	10'3"
Draft	5'6"	5'10"	5'3"
Displacement	16,800	16,800	15,000
Ballast	6,500	6,800	5,250
LOA/LWL	1.40	1.42	1.42
Beam/LWL	.38	.39	.41
Displ./LWL	403	415	429
Bal./Displ.	39%	40%	35%
Sail Area (100%)	646	639	598
SA/Displ.	15.73	15.56	15.70
Capsize No.	1.59	1.60	1.67
Comfort Ratio	39.80	39.8	37.1
Year built	1967	1965	1966
Designer	Carl Alberg	Sparkman & Stephens	A. E. Luders
Builder	Whitby Boat Works	Grampian Marine	Cheoy Lee Shipyard

shorter waterlines for their displacements. This is, of course, another reason for the long overhangs, with length overall/waterline length ratios all around 1.4.

Beams are almost identical, with the shorter Luders having the 1-inch wider beam of 10 feet 3 inches, resulting in narrowish beam/waterline length ratios of .38 and .39 for the Alberg and Grampian, and .41 for the Luders. This narrowish beam combined with the heavy displacement produces very safe capsize numbers of 1.59. 1.60, and 1.67, all well below the threshold value of 2, and all indicative of good, safe sea boats. The heavy displacement, long overhangs, and relatively narrow beams also produce consistently high comfort ratios in the high 30s.

Sail areas are also very consistent, with each boat having sail area/displacement ratios in the mid 15s, indicating conservative, but good, performance. As is typical of most CCA designs of this period, ballast/displacement ratios are between 35 and 40 percent, which, when combined with the narrower beams, indicates a lower stability. However, that would be countered by the lower heeling moment generated by the squatter CCA rigs with their shorter masts and longer booms. Also, the CCA rule tried to measure stability by incorporating the ballast/displacement ratio in the rule. This resulted in designers working to keep ballast weights low and achieving increased stability by incorporating cast bronze mast steps and centerboard boxes, as well as locating large numbers of heavy batteries below the cabin sole.

These boats won't offer stellar performance compared to the lighter, beamer, fin-keeled sisters emerging during this transitional period in yacht design, but they do guarantee comfortable cruising potential. Equally important, to my eye at least, is that each is a strikingly good-looking boat, with perhaps the Luders having the slight edge in this regard.

In looking at these three boats, I'm again reminded of Gerry Douglas' theory that one's tastes in yacht design were established by the boats to which one was exposed at 14 years old. This view of classic yacht design beauty was recently echoed by Bob Perry in Fiona McGlynn's profile ("The Maestro" November/December 2020). Bob is quoted as being greatly inspired as a teenager by his first sight of a Phil Rhodes-designed Chesapeake 32, then saying: "It's interesting, now that I'm 73, I look at the modern boats and I think, 'If I was 15 today, looking at those boats, would I want to be a yacht designer?' Probably not."

I too was in my teens when these boats were launched, which is undoubtedly influencing my opinion. However, if we stick with the theory that one's tastes are locked in at 14, then younger people than Bob and myself may find boats of the mid-'80s more appealing, and I can't really fault that. Having said that, I expect every sailor would look upon these boats as classics, well worth restoring and updating. That's what I'm doing with my own 1965-designed C&C Corvette 31. Long may they all continue!

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

Sailing Scared

Anxiety can scuttle everyone's time aboard. Here's how to understand it and help.

BY MELISSA WHITE

My husband and I were sailing our 1974 Olympic Adventure 47 slow and easy down a beautiful fjord near Tofino, British Columbia, on a lovely summer day. A woman who loves sailing, I was in my groove until Michael threw out an idea.

"Let's stop at the dock in Tofino and check out the town."

That was all he said, and all he had to say. I couldn't reply. I felt anxiety coming on strong and fast. I thought I would pass out, then I got nauseated, and my heart began that fluttery, flightless-butterfly feeling that comes with dread. I broke out in a cold sweat. I couldn't really feel my arms or legs—a common stress response. I knew what was happening; I was having a post-traumatic response to his suggestion that we dock our boat.

This fear, stemming from an event that took place when the boat was new to us, had blossomed into a more generalized anxiety about any number of things, including how shallow the water was (anything under 100 feet was cause for alarm). This was, of course, completely unreasonable, and I knew it. We have been sailing together for 15 years. This was our third boat.

> **The situations our brains come up with may not be real. But the fear is.**

Michael could tell I wasn't right, but he wasn't sure what was happening to me.

"I need to go down below and lie down for awhile," I said. "I am feeling extremely anxious about the idea of pulling up to the dock in Tofino and it's causing me a bit of panic. There is nothing you can do about this, it's my problem. Just let me handle it." (OK, I'm a psychotherapist. I sometimes talk like this.) I went below, wrapped myself in a blanket, calmed myself down, breathed, rested, talked myself off the ledge, did a few housekeeping things below. Slowly, I felt better. I still wasn't comfortable imagining us docking our boat, but after about 30 minutes I emerged from the saloon to resume my role as an active participant of our two-person crew.

"You OK?" Michael asked.

Docking—even if straightforward—is among the typical evolutions aboard that can trigger a debilitating anxiety.

"I'll live. I just hate docking." I was tense but no longer panicking. I had decided I would get through it, just white-knuckle it.

My internal mantra: "It will be fine. It will be fine. It will be over soon." I was also strategizing how to handle every kind of docking situation that might present itself while trying to decide which job was less heinous: being at the wheel or taking the lines. I would opt for the lines because I was afraid that if I took the wheel I would freeze, and then bad things really would happen. It was exhausting.

In the end, I was saved by circumstance. We passed by the dock in Tofino because there wasn't enough room for our big boat. (Huzzah!!) We anchored around the corner and all was well. But the fact remained that my anxiety meant that I was more content to explore Tofino with my

boat on the hook and out of my sight than to pull up to a dock.

I tell you, living with anxiety is no way to live.

Did I want to feel that way? No. Did I have control over my response to the perfectly ordinary word "dock?" No. My panic was not willful. I simply was not in charge of my brain and what it was doing in that moment.

I share this because many people who do not suffer from anxiety have no idea what it feels like and no idea how to respond when people they love or people who are sailing with them experience it. In fact, it's very easy for people in the company of someone experiencing anxiety to needlessly (and unintentionally) make the situation worse. Examples of this include blaming the person who is feeling out of control, shaming them, or eye rolling. The fact is, nobody wants to feel anxiety and nobody who does experience it is in control of those feelings.

Unfortunately, sailing—especially with a two-person, couple crew—is a ripe environment for circumstances that trigger anxiety in individuals. Anecdotally, I know that it's not uncommon. Especially among women, anxiety aboard is so common a topic of conversation it is almost ubiquitous.

But even though statistics tell us women suffer from anxiety more often than men, anxiety does not discriminate by gender. We have personally known men who could not leave the dock on their own boat because of anxiety. They might simply need to get more experience to feel better, but they can't leave the dock to gain that experience because their brains are too busy making up doomsday scenarios that feel absolutely real at the time.

One man we know worked on his boat for years to prepare to go cruising. When he finally slipped his lines in Tacoma, he got as far as Neah Bay (about 250 miles) and turned back, his anxiety preventing him from going further. Nothing bad had happened. He just couldn't get a handle on his instrusive, anxious thoughts. The situations our brains come up with may not be real. But the fear is.

With the right tools and a supportive sailing partner, even anxious people can learn to relax and enjoy being on board. I might even be so bold as to say that if a person can accept the initial suffering and work through it, sailing is a good activity to use in overcoming an anxious brain—if you are willing to face your fears and work up to feeling comfortable on board.

An anxious crewmember is not a safe and valuable crewmember. So, what can be done about it? The first step is recognizing the difference between anxiety and rational fear.

Recognizing Anxiety

Anxiety is different from the normal fear of something new. In the episode I described, it's crystal clear that I was experiencing anxiety, not run-of-the-mill caution or strategic planning. A primary indicator is that my response was way out of whack with rational reality. Pulling up to a dock is not generally viewed as a potentially life-threatening situation, one that should cause my level of concern. I may have been nervous about docking, but my response to nervousness would be to plan our docking strategy, even come up with contingency plans. I may have approached the situation with an alert sense of caution, but not a panic attack. Most people can tell the difference between genuine fear, such as when a shark is swimming toward you, and irrational anxiety, such as a panic attack prompted by the prospect of docking a boat.

Medicating Anxiety-MW

It's important to acknowledge that anxiety is actually a brain chemistry reaction that is out of place in terms of what is happening in the physical world—an overreaction beyond control of the individual experiencing it. So, an attitude that the person should just "get over it" is not only unhelpful but counterproductive. After over 30 years of working with people who experience chronic and debilitating anxiety, I can assure you that if they could just get over it, they would have already done so without anyone else telling them to.

Once you accept that this may actually be a *medical* issue, getting treatment through medication begins to make more sense. In fact, the gold standard for treating any kind of anxiety, both acute and chronic forms, is a combination of medication and therapy. While I am not a prescribing provider, I refer many of my clients for medication to manage anxiety and then continue to work with them as they develop new coping skills and ways of thinking.

There are medications that intervene in the short term and in the long term. In the short term, where you have intense anxiety that needs to be calmed quickly, benzodiazepines such as Xanax work to slow the central nervous system down and induce a more relaxed state of mind. If your anxiety shows up only in certain situations or only on occasion, then these medications, when properly used, can go a long way in helping you relearn how to experience situations that make you anxious. If you are using them situationally and want to learn and grow through those experiences, work with a professional who can coach you through the process so that you do not become reliant on the medications.

Unfortunately for some people, benzodiazepines can become habit-forming. If you have a history of addiction to substances, be clear about that with your physician and together you may decide these are not for you. My own personal caveat is that you need to know exactly how they operate in your own body before taking them onboard. Take the lowest effective dose, one that allows you to think clearly without feeling drugged or drowsy. And I would not recommend their use if you are singlehanding. Like all powerful tools, their effectiveness lies in appropriate and skillful use.

If your anxiety is more generalized—that is, if it affects more areas of your life than just being aboard—your medical practitioner may choose to put you on a selective serotonin reuptake inhibitor (SSRI) such as Zoloft, Paxil, or Lexapro. These medications work by increasing the signaling of neurotransmitters involved in the serotonin systems in your brain. For many people, these medications literally are life-changing. When they work, they let our better selves emerge and experience life rather than trudging through our days in a fear-based frame of mind, always planning and strategizing how to get past the next perceived barrier, even as we create more hurdles for ourselves. It can be astounding, actually, the difference they can make.

Differentiating between anxiety and rational fear is important, because when anxiety hits, understanding that your internal state of excitement is out of sync with what is actually going on in your environment is an important first step to coping. I refer to the irrational feelings anxious people experience as "brain on fire." Naming these feelings reminds me that feeling anxious is not a character flaw or moral failing, it's the way my brain is wired. Once I let go of self-judgment, I can work with it.

Coming to terms with this, taking responsibility for your own internal process, can be deeply personal and, for some, psychologically threatening work. If you suffer from anxiety, it means that your brain is wired to respond to events outside its safety zone with a heightened sense of fear, and your safety zone may indeed be very small. Those who are not prone to anxiety are wired differently and are more flexible in their thinking and accepting of challenges.

But for those who do suffer from anxiety, it's important to get to the point where you can say (and accept): "I really have no rational reason to be feeling this way, and yet I do feel this way. My brain is 'on fire' and I just need to calm it down." It's important to grasp the lack of judgment implied in this kind of statement and the concept of being able to hold both realities simultaneously: the lack of good reason for fear, as well as the acceptance of its existence.

A helpful tool to use for identifying your irrational feelings as irrational is to ask yourself questions like the following about situations that light up your anxious brain: Are other people on board worried? Is the boat literally at risk? Is my personal safety at risk? When asking these questions, you must use empirical data to answer them, not "feelings" data. Forcing your logical brain to consider a situation may not quell your anxiety, but it lets you acknowledge it for what it is, and that is critical.

Easing Anxiety

Once you have worked to recognize your anxiety for what it is (and what it isn't), consider employing the following tools I used in the docking situation.

1. Communicate what you're experiencing clearly, succinctly, and without apology. Just state it. Out loud. Own it. It's yours. Do your best to keep a calm voice.
2. Remove yourself from the situation if it is too overwhelming and is seriously affecting your ability to function. Take a 15-minute break if you can, with a plan to reengage with the situation when you are ready.
3. Wrap yourself up, just like a swaddled infant. It's remarkably calming, and remember, we're dealing with "brain on fire" here.
4. Breathe consciously, deeply, slowly, and regularly. Anxious people tend to chest-breathe and never actually fill their lungs to capacity. Breathe from the abdomen. This is a skill that you should learn if you have anxiety. Notice your breathing throughout the day, even when you are not experiencing anxiety, and begin breathing deeply whenever you find you are chest-breathing. This

Late-Onset Anxiety—MW

While many people who suffer anxiety have done so for years, and in fact their symptoms can be traced even to childhood, some get hit with anxiety seemingly out of the blue. It's particularly hard when someone who feels like they generally cope very well day-to-day suddenly develops feelings of panic aboard their boat. Suddenly something that has given them tremendous joy over the years becomes an activity to be avoided.

I see a seemingly sudden onset of anxiety symptoms in mid-life to be an opportunity to examine the kinds of stressors most people live with day-to-day and look for ways that they add up. We know that stress is additive and cumulative. In other words, we may be able to easily handle two or three stressful life situations such as working full-time and raising children, all while caring for a house (or boat, or both), but if you add having a difficult boss to the equation, it's too much and we begin to feel "stressed out." We may be able to handle one overtly stressful event in a day and keep on trucking, but if we are faced with multiple such events—the last straw breaking the camel's back—then we can experience a trauma response, creating the perfect storm for an anxiety attack or for a post traumatic response later on. It's the number of issues adding up to a failure of our ability to cope. Anxiety is like that at any time of life.

Certain people are more at risk for experiencing late-onset anxiety. People with a history of depression or any kind of mood disorder, women with hormonal dysregulation, people with a history of trauma, people who have experienced a lot of very recent life events such as moving locations, changing jobs, divorce or separation, death of a loved one; these big changes create external stress that leads to internal reactions that add up over time.

By the time mid-life comes around, our lives can get very complex, in addition to the changes in hormones and brain chemistry that happen as we age. We also begin a deeper understanding of our own mortality. Many people are dealing simultaneously with emotional and physical stress due to jobs, family obligations, financial matters, and other ways our modern life adds to the stress on our proverbial plates.

All these may feel like they are cleverly balanced against one another until we are out sailing, and suddenly we are hit with higher winds than predicted and have to hustle to get sails down and to get the boat to hold her course. In the past, these times may have felt exhilarating and fun and given us a real sense of accomplishment as we sail safely home. Now, as the waves crash over the bow, we suddenly realize we are afraid, if not terrified, and are having trouble coping and knowing what to do. That's scary stuff when it happens.

If you experience a sudden onset of anxiety in the maturity of life, I encourage you to discuss that with your doctor to rule out any physical changes that may be causing those symptoms. Also, use the experience as information and examine your life. See if there are ways that you feel overly burdened and if you are trying hard to balance too many things on your plate without adequate resting time. Work with a therapist well-versed in anxiety and its treatment approaches if you continue to have difficulty.

action sends the message to your brain that all is well. Conversely, short, shallow breaths tell your brain that a situation is stressful.

5. After successfully calming yourself (and I am not averse to using medication to do this when the suffering is really bad; see "Medicating Anxiety" sidebar), it's important to get back on the horse, as they say. Re-engage with the situation and see if your ability to tolerate it is improved. It's fine to continue to feel anxious, just accept it and notice that it's not actually killing you.
6. Identify the precise aspect of the situation that is the root of your anxiety and say it aloud. Then determine whether there is any action that could mitigate that stressor and tell your partner. For example, "I'm afraid that if we keep sailing heeled this far over with the rail in the water, a big gust will come and blow us over. I know it's not likely, but my brain hasn't caught up with that knowledge and I feel afraid. Can we reduce sail or ease the mainsheet until I can catch my breath?"
7. When the situation is resolved, create an internal narrative that completes the story and ends in a reassuring place. Visualize that story ending and allow the feeling of success to wash over you for a few seconds, at least. For example, in the situation I described, my internal narrative might read, "Another successful docking! This just keeps getting easier." See this successful ending, describe it, and feel it all at the same time. The goal is to lock it into your brain as a real experience.

Sailing is a ripe environment for circumstances that trigger anxiety.

Helping Your Crew

And what if you're on the outside, looking in? Can you be a help to your anxious sailing partner? Yes, you can, and furthermore, if you're a captain, it's your responsibility to support your crew. I have lost count of the number of sailing couples I have met for whom the lack of understanding and respect from one partner toward the other, with regard to anxiety, is going to cost them the lifestyle they say they want.

Here is an example of how you can help. Let's say you've dropped the hook, and your anxious partner feels like the boat is too close to the boat-eating rocky shoreline. You disagree and believe the boat is well positioned. Maybe you are right. But do you want to be right, or do you want everyone on board to be content and enjoy being on the boat? Being willing to see that this is a problem that needs to be worked—rather than a position that has to be defended or enforced—is the right attitude.

For some people, just knowing that their partner is listening, accepting, and willing to work a problem takes enough of an edge off that they can relax. In this situation, a straightforward solution may be to re-anchor farther from the rocks. Perhaps it's enough to suggest that you both observe the boat's motion for a while. Maybe taking a dinghy ride away from the boat, to gain another perspective on the distances involved, is enough. *The key is willingness to work together to solve the problem.*

An anxious sailing partner will affect everyone aboard. Fortunately, there are simple things crewmembers of the anxious sailor can do to help.

1. Accept and respect that if the anxious person could feel differently, they would. You don't have to understand anxiety or be happy about it, just accept it. Anything less will make the situation worse.
2. Ask yourself and your anxious partner, "Is there anything I can do that will

Sometimes what used to be fun, like an exhilarating reach with the rail down, can suddenly become a source of anxiety-driven fear.

make this better or easier?" Express your willingness to do something to improve the situation for the afflicted person, even if you don't feel it's actually necessary. Your knowledge that the heeling boat will not capsize is useless to your anxious partner. Your partner's anxiety is *not about you*—unless you are doing something that exacerbates their unease, thus not respecting their welfare as equal to your own.

This can be hard for some people. They feel that their partner's sailing anxiety is a slam on their seamanship. It isn't. In fact, an anxiety-prone crewmember who believes they will be listened to and assisted if they have a concern is less likely to suffer an episode.

3. Educate yourself about how the anxious brain operates. You don't have to become a neuropsychology geek, just gain a basic understanding so that you will appreciate what your partner is up against when working through these things.
4. Slow down a bit. If you have a lot more experience on board than your sailing partner, don't expect them to respond as you would to things that feel natural to you. Don't expect them to accomplish jobs aboard at the same rate or in the same way that you do. The weight of unrealistic expectations can elevate or cause anxiety—don't foist them on your crew.

Anxiety is never an asset aboard, but it happens. Accept that while it's challenging, it doesn't have to ruin anyone's time on the water. To keep sailing safe and pleasurable for you, the anxiety-prone, you must understand that it has to be worth it to you to do the work to overcome the way your brain is naturally wired.

And if you find you are really suffering and cannot make headway on your own, get some professional help so that anxious thoughts never rule the day. Until you learn the necessary skills, it can be pretty overwhelming to try to manage anxiety on your own, and because each person's experience is deeply personal, generalizations are simply that.

If you're a partner of an anxious sailor, be willing to acknowledge that this is a biological, brain-functioning issue, not a character flaw. Make room for patience and be supportive of the learning.

Both people will have to work together if the goal is to be a good team on board, regardless of the roles you choose. But know that there is a path to overcoming. The time to get on that path is now, because life is short and there is a lot of sailing to do.

Melissa White is a licensed therapist practicing in Washington since 1989, specializing in anxiety and its management. After sailing in Washington and British Columbia for 15 years, she and her husband, Michael, took the big leap in 2017 and sailed to Mexico where they spent three years on their Olympic Adventure 47, Galapagos. *Since then, they have sailed to Hawaii and back and are refitting* Galapagos *for another long-distance trip. When she pulled into her new slip at Swantown Marina in Olympia, Washington, Melissa knew her anxiety about docking was truly a thing of the past. She is grateful to Michael for his patience and dedication to becoming a good team on board. Read more at LittleCunningPlan.com.*

Resources—MW

Education is the most important first step for anyone who is dealing with anxiety—whether that's you or someone you sail with. Working to understand how anxiety acts in the brain is critical to learning how to respond to it. Good tutorials online are easy to find, as are a number of books and other resources. Following are some that I recommend:

- The Pain of Worry: The Anxious Brain; bit.ly/pain-worry
- youtu.be/zTuX_ShUrwo (this is a good video that explains how a therapist works with anxiety.)
- youtu.be/6hYflDNyhJg (this is an excellent tutorial on deep breathing.)
- *Anxious: Using the Brain to Understand and Treat Fear and Anxiety*, by Joseph Ledoux

Cornerwise

Furniture protectors make a quick, easy fix for sharp solar panel corners.

BY CLIFF MOORE

It wasn't long after I installed the solar panel on the stern pulpit that I discovered the problem. You see, the stern pulpit isn't far from the stern swim ladder. And the corners of the solar panel, mitered aluminum extrusions, are hard-edged and sharp.

The first time I accidently wounded myself on the solar panel, I resolved to be careful. After the third time, I drove to a nearby hardware store in search of a solution.

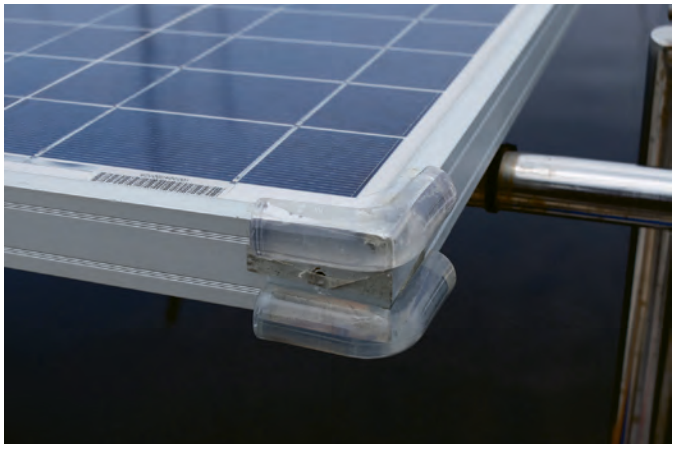
I found soft, adhesive pieces designed to protect the corners of fine furniture in a number of sizes. I wasn't looking to protect the corners of the solar panel from anything, but these seemed certain to work the other way too, protecting me from the solar panel.

I bought a couple of packages, each containing four protectors, each protector requiring tedious application of two-sided adhesive tape in just the right places. I cleaned the aluminum frame with an alcohol swab before I applied the corner protectors—err, human protectors.

And I've started to imagine other applications of these, such as to protect a dropped sail from the sharp corners of a panel mounted atop a dodger.

It's been over a year since I installed them, and the protectors are still doing their job—at least I've not been injured again. Seems a small price to pay for safety, and they don't look too shabby either.

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



Usually employed to protect the corners of fine furniture, these simple protectors render the solar panel edges safe for humans.

Star Man

Relying on celestial navigation and a very good old boat, Bert ter Hart solos the globe.

BY WENDY MITMAN CLARKE

When Bert ter Hart bought his OCY 45, he had an inkling that down the road, she might be the boat to take him on a leisurely, tradewinds cruise across the Pacific, maybe farther. But into the record books? That wasn't even a notion 13 years ago.

Yet, on July 18, 2020, the 61-year-old joined an extremely small and rarified group of sailors. On that day, Bert returned to his home of Gabriola Island, British Columbia, after 267 days alone at sea, tying the knot on a 28,860-mile circumnavigation. And while many others have sailed around the world, even solo, Bert is the first documented North American to do so nonstop via the five capes using only the traditional tools of celestial navigation.

Why had he done it the hard way? His motivations were both straightforward and multi-layered—somewhat a reflection of the sailor himself—and boiled down to a pretty basic philosophy he wanted to test: There's really no reason for not fulfilling one's goals.

"It wasn't some lifelong dream. I thought of doing this relatively recently. Which is proof in the pudding that you can hatch one of these ideas and realize it within a relatively short time. And it doesn't matter how old you are; you can have these dreams and realize them," Bert says. "I wanted to motivate anyone of any age to step out their front door and seek adventure where they can find it and keep those dreams alive."

More than 28,000 miles of trackless ocean is a long stretch from Saskatchewan, where Bert grew up, the son of Dutch parents. Yet the seeds of what would be his record-breaking adventure at sea were sown in this northern prairie country. His father, who had circumnavigated with the Dutch merchant marine after World War II, went on to become a land surveyor in Canada. He introduced Bert to sailing on a local reservoir, starting with Lasers, Hobie Cats, and windsurfers. He also took him surveying, instilling in Bert a lifelong fascination with early explorers, charting, maps, and the elegant mathematics and tools of surveying and, by extension, celestial navigation.

At 17, Bert entered Royal Roads Military College near Victoria, BC, where he planned to join the Navy and study physics and physical

***Seaburban* cruises in Bert's home waters of British Columbia.**
Photo courtesy Craig Bateson.

oceanography. Hopes of the former were dashed when he learned he was nearly entirely color blind; the Army it would be. The nine years he spent there—finishing his career as a platoon commander in the Canadian Special Forces—sharpened in him a focus, discipline, and mental and physical toughness that would serve him well years later while circumnavigating.

His post-Army career opportunities took him to Los Angeles, where, between helping develop and launch a successful health care software company, he started crewing on keelboats.

"I could suffer for a long time as rail meat," he says. "I was basically just crew, but it was still experience. It doesn't matter what boat you get on or how you're sailing— if you keep your eyes open, you can gain experience. I don't have a racing background, but I learned a lot about racing. I watched how they would push the boat, learned what was and wasn't important to make a boat go fast."

Eventually, he returned to Vancouver and started looking for a boat that could take his family cruising and sailing in the waters between Vancouver and Alaska. In 2007, Bert found *Seaburban*, a 1987 Reliance 44 hull designed and built by Pierre Meunier in Montréal and finished by Ocean Cruising Yachts (OCY) in Hamilton, Ontario. Her second owner had thoroughly kitted her out.

"I was lucky to get the boat because the bones are very good," he says. At 45 feet overall, she's 31.5 on the waterline, and only 11.8 feet wide, with a 6.2-foot draft. "It's a very narrow boat with long overhangs and a cutaway forefoot. It looks like an Alberg that's just been stretched. It was built professionally and maintained professionally. And it had everything under the sun on it."

Years of sailing challenging waters followed. When eventually he conceived the plan to solo circumnavigate, Bert had sailed about 18,000 miles on *Seaburban*, including to the Bering Sea, through the Aleutian Islands and Haida Gwaii, and up and down British Columbia.

All the while, he fed his sense of history and connection to the great navigators who had explored these waters.

"One of the things I've done sailing up and down the west coast of North America is I've retraced most of the places that Cook and Vancouver have been," Bert says. "You can still go to, say, Bligh Cove, and look at the trees that Bligh looked at when he was there. You can go to Nootka Sound and Friendly Cove and walk the same forest paths that Vancouver and Bligh and Cook walked, and all the First Nations people, because that place hasn't changed much at all. There are not many places in the world

Bert grabs a selfie after a long, cold night, at right.

The OCY 45 *Seaburban* powers along on a broad reach, below.

where you can actually step directly into that environment and ecosystem. I am deeply interested in that."

It was natural, then, for Bert to choose the navigation methods of early sailors to find his way around the world.

"I wanted to get a feeling of the experiences of those early navigators," Bert says. "There's nothing about sailing now that's remotely connected, other than the act of sailing and the principles of it, to the people who first did it. But you can pick up a sextant, turn off the GPS, calculator, and iPad, all that kind of stuff, pick up the sextant, a piece of paper, the tables, and a watch, and have the exact same feeling that these guys would have had as to, 'Where the hell am I?' You can very closely and very intimately...mimic their world, that part of their ecosystem, using a sextant. You can't do it any other way."

While he pursued this fascination with historical exploration, he worked to learn his boat. When he began conceiving the idea of solo circumnavigating, those miles and experiences gave him the confidence and caution he needed to make the journey.

"I've been to 60 degrees North in that boat, which is pretty amazing. It's demanding. So, I knew the boat pretty well in interesting conditions. I wouldn't say severe conditions, given what I know now. But I had a pretty good idea of what the boat needed to do the trip around and be safe...I was pretty sure that the boat would get me out of pretty much any trouble I could get into as long as I wasn't completely stupid about where I was going. I understood her strengths and limitations. So that's one reason I sailed at 44 or 42 South rather than 47 South. I knew I didn't want to be down there; I just felt it would be too much for the boat," he says.

> "It doesn't matter how old you are; you can have these dreams and realize them."

He also nailed down the fundamentals, basics that he believes are key to succeeding at anything.

"I knew I could reef the boat going downwind in 40-plus knots by dragging the sail down the shrouds. I knew how to heave to. I knew how to deploy this and retrieve that. When I left, I had the fundamentals of sailing *my* boat down pretty square. It wasn't a mystery to me."

The venerable Ocean Cruising Club agreed, naming Bert ter Hart one of the first two recipients of its inaugural OCC Challenge Adventure Grant in 2019.

He was on track to leave in late September, after an eight-week shakedown cruise to Alaska during which he tested the boat's new standing and running rigging, among other upgrades. But one change he'd made—a new structural furling system for the Solent sail—didn't work as he'd wanted. Back in Gabriola, just before he was to depart, he went up the rig to install a tang for a traditional roller-furling headstay for the Solent, and disaster struck. Drilling into the mast, his hole saw nicked the Amsteel spinnaker halyard that his ascender was attached to. The halyard snapped instantly, as did the line holding his Prusik backup.

The Monitor steers *Seaburban* through the Southern Ocean. While rough weather was challenging, Bert says prolonged calms were far harder on the boat and his emotional state.

"I rocketed down the forestay, I didn't fall straight down. I managed to squeeze the foil— because there was no sail on it—between my upper arm and my ribcage, and I landed at the front of the boat," he says. "To be perfectly honest, I should be dead. A fatal fall is anything above 15 feet, which is basically two stories, and I fell 55 feet, the equivalent of five stories."

Airlifted to a trauma unit in Victoria, Bert learned he had fractured four ribs and collapsed a lung. But his internal organs, which could have been pulverized, were somehow intact, and he had never lost consciousness.

"The doctor said, 'You should buy a lottery ticket; today's your lucky day. There's nothing wrong with you that we can see, and I don't know how that's possible,' " Bert says. "I walked out using my dad's cane. The lung re-inflated gradually."

About five weeks later, on October 26, 2019, Bert finally left Gabriola, still in pain and now behind schedule. Yet within days he pulled into San Francisco to resolve a fuel-tank issue and to replace a light-air vane that had disconnected from his Monitor self-steering. Rick Whiting, the OCC's San Francisco port captain, helped arrange the 24-hour stop at Berkeley Marine Center in Oakland.

It turned out to be a highlight of the trip, Bert says, when solo sailor Randall Reeves—he of the Figure 8 Voyage—delivered the vanes "and a few other bits and pieces he thought necessary for the Monitor. He also delivered a bottle of bubbly that was only to be opened upon successfully doubling Cape Horn! Spending time with Randall was an unexpected bonus."

Reenergized after the unscheduled pit stop, Bert was off again for that first momentous waypoint. He would round the Horn, then Cape Agulhas at the tip of South Africa, Cape Leeuwin at Australia, South East Cape at Tasmania, and finally South Cape at New Zealand.

During his voyage, Bert related his challenges, frustrations, victories, and some lyrical descriptions of the oceanic world at the5capes.com. Among the challenges he recounted were many more days of excruciating calms than he'd ever expected—far harder on the boat and the psyche than gales and storms. But he also gave plenty of ink to the rewards he experienced.

"For me, staring endlessly and mindlessly at the blue expanse that envelopes me, I am at peace," he wrote in a blog entry en route to Cape Horn. "My mind is at rest and I wonder if I should be thinking big thoughts in some Thoreau-esque, Walden Pond way. Perhaps they will come. Perhaps not. The important thing is that I feel it doesn't matter right now. And that, as trivial as it may sound now, seems a big thought. I realize I am living in the moment and just how hard that actually is."

He devoted at least two to three hours a day to navigating, using only a sextant, tables, pencil, paper, and a watch. The experience only deepened his respect for the explorers he admired.

"One thing that struck me was how unbelievably competent those sailors were. I was basically sneaking around the world, I wanted to avoid as much trouble as possible and make it as easy as humanly possible, and hopefully Cape Horn doesn't notice I'm there," he says. "But those guys ranged around the Southern Ocean at will. They went wherever they wanted to, despite wind, weather, and wave."

One advantage Bert did have over early explorers was weather forecasting. He carried an Iridium-Go SP that received GRIB files, which he interpreted using PredictWind. He stayed in communication with his neighbor, John Bullas, a former meteorologist for Canada's weather service who volunteered to analyze weather data that Bert couldn't access, warning him, for instance, of fast-forming dangers like weather bombs.

Bert also turned to renowned solo circumnavigator Tony Gooch, whom he had met briefly before leaving and who helped him apply for the OCC Adventure Challenge Grant.

"He's an amazing sailor and a true gentleman," Bert says. "Whenever I contacted him, he answered immediately, offered advice, routing suggestions, and general weather forecasts. I know he's done the same for a number of sailors and especially those who belong to the OCC."

After rounding Cape Horn, John alerted Bert to an especially ugly Southern Ocean hurricane, and Bert sailed

Seaburban **lies at anchor at 60° N latitude during one of Bert's voyages between Vancouver and Alaska, at top.**

Bert works at the bow as *Seaburban* plunges in the harbor at Port Stanley, Falkland Islands. He took cover there to wait out a Southern Ocean hurricane, but it's as close as he came to losing the boat, above. Photo courtesy Rob Goodwin.

Seaburban to Port Stanley, Falkland Islands, to wait out the weather at anchor (he didn't go ashore). Ironically, that time at anchor was as close as Bert came to losing the boat; he'd only brought light anchor tackle to save weight, and he dragged dangerously for hours in high winds and vicious chop until finally, in desperation, he paid out his last emergency bit of rode—and it held.

As he sailed through the Southern Ocean toward Australia, he learned of the pandemic that was enveloping the world.

"I became aware of it early," he says. "And what's interesting about it is I never felt more useless in my life, because I'm in the middle of nowhere, I'm weeks away from everything, and even if I can get to Perth, a) they won't have me, and, b) I can't fly anywhere. There's nothing I could do."

He also had a more immediate worry; he was running out of food. He'd provisioned based on his previous voyages and on his research into how much other circumnavigators ate. But by the time he reached Cape Horn, he realized he wasn't going to have enough food to fuel himself properly.

"To get back in nine months with what I had, I would be eating basically rice and oats and perhaps only a third of a cup each a day," he says. "I underestimated my appetite."

Bert started rationing, at one point getting down to as few as 800 calories a day, which he could feel diminishing his mental acuity and his physical strength. Concerns about food became sharper when, after rounding New Zealand, a massive storm forced him off his intended easterly track in the steady, strong winds of the Roaring 40s and farther north sooner than he'd planned. And, the halyard on his big genoa broke, leaving only the smaller Solent headsail. This slowed him down, adding an estimated two weeks to his slog upwind through the Pacific.

His sister Leah, without whom Bert says he probably wouldn't have gotten off the dock let alone around the world, suggested a stop in Rarotonga, now more or less along the new, more northerly track, for emergency provisions.

Officials in the Cook Islands responded to the proposition with a flat no; the country was shut down due to the pandemic and wasn't admitting foreign vessels. Leah persisted, and eventually they came up with a plan that wouldn't violate their pandemic protocols, allowing Bert to take on provisions offshore with a health minister overseeing the interaction.

> "I wanted to get a feeling of the experiences of those early navigators."

On July 12, with only about a week to go until landfall back home, Bert mused in his blog, "Where did the time go? It seems more dream than done. What on earth (literally) will I do with myself when there won't be watches to stand, sails to tend, and courses to figure?"

Five days later, he and *Seaburban* came home.

"Who would have believed it a year ago?" he wrote. "I was barely able to dream it, let alone believe it."

Good Old Boat *Senior Editor Wendy Mitman Clarke is a lifelong sailor who documented the 1994-95 BOC Around the World Race for* Smithsonian *magazine. You can see more of her work at wendymitmanclarke.com.*

The stunning skies of the deep ocean were a frequent topic Bert touched on in his blog.

Sound? Check.

An easily assembled base and two Bluetooth speakers provide a rockin' sound system.

BY TOM ALLEY

I spend a lot of time aboard my boat just tinkering. Other times, I sail her alone. On the best of days, I'm standing watch in the cockpit with friends or family around me. On all of these occasions, listening to music makes me happy and enriches my time aboard.

Headphones are an easy solution, but they're not for me. When I'm alone, they block ambient sounds I want to be able to hear. When I'm sailing with others, well, there's nothing more socially isolating than headphones. I needed a simple sound-system solution for the cockpit, and I found one.

Initially I considered mounting a water-resistant sound bar to the dodger frame, but then I came across a Bluetooth speaker that fit the bill perfectly.

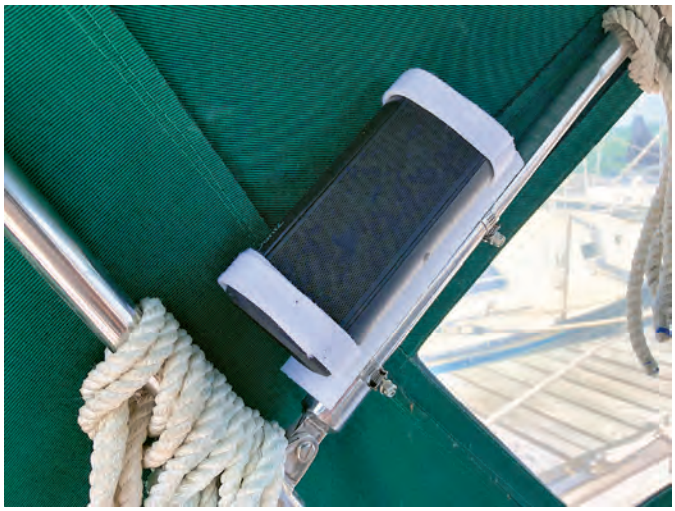
Bluetooth is a wireless networking protocol—it's how your phone communicates wirelessly with your car and other external devices, like a Bluetooth speaker. There are hundreds on the market, at all price points, but the make and brand I chose—Oontz Angle 3—is compact, battery-powered, and IPX5-rated for water resistance. When paired with a second of its kind, the two become left- and right-hand speakers, offering a true stereo experience. I recharge them using a standard USB cable.

Mounting them turned out to be relatively simple. I purchased a plastic kitchen cutting board and cut it on a table saw to create two bases, each with the same footprint as the speaker. I used short screws to fasten a pair of stainless steel hose clamps to the base; these clamps then attach the bases to the frame of the dodger, one on each side.

I used pop rivets to attach a pair of Velcro strips to each base, but these could also be fastened with short screws. The straps let me attach the speakers securely when I want to use them while also letting me easily remove them for charging or taking them elsewhere, like down below.

I could have mounted these speakers without using the plastic base by strapping them directly to the metal dodger frame. But it turns out that the bases provide a bonus in the sound, doing a solid job of reflecting the low-frequency bass tones into the cockpit.

Best of all, I didn't have to cut a hole in the cockpit bulkhead or coaming to mount a power-draining car stereo and the speakers to go with it. I didn't have to run any wires. And at the end of a sailing day, I can take my sound system other places, like my garage or the park. Rock on!



Besides keeping the speaker secure and being easy to install and remove, the base also enhances the speaker's bass tones, at top.

When secured on both sides of the dodger, the speakers are protected and out of the way, at bottom.

Tom Alley has been a ham radio operator (NT2S) for over four decades. He and his family sail a 1965 Alberg 35 sloop, Tomfoolery, *and are active racers and cruisers with the Finger Lakes Yacht Club in Watkins Glen, New York. He also manages the Alberg 35 user group website, Alberg35.org. When he's not sailing, thinking about sailing, or tinkering with his boat, Tom is either scuba diving, hanging out with fellow amateur radio operators, or (as a last resort) working as an engineer to support his sailing addiction and, if there's any money left over, send his kids to college.*

A Deadly Calm

Wherein a foolhardy notion and a puff of wind nearly end in disaster.

BY D.B. DAVIES

Get a bunch of sailors gathered around a table at the club and they'll tell stories. Sometimes the stories are yarns in which 6-foot swells become 10-foot waves, and 20-knot winds become a 30-knot gale, and most sailors understand that and enjoy the tale for what it is. If the story involves calamity and distress—and they often do—the nature of the crisis usually centers around equipment breakdowns or rigging failures, and always at the worst possible times. Seldom do you hear an account that hinges on the complete and absolute stupidity on the part of the storyteller.

Well, dear reader, you're about to.

It happened on Lake Huron, on a hot, windless August day. We were two experienced sailors aboard a 31-foot Contest named *Centaur*, taking about two weeks to sail up into Georgian Bay and then over to Manitoulin Island and into the North Channel, time permitting. But this day, our first having left Sarnia early that morning, was proving that while we might have plans, Mother Nature sometimes had other ideas.

After sailing 10 miles out under a gentle breeze, the entire lake now spread endlessly before us, flat as pudding on a plate. There was not a breath of wind. Sails hung lifeless from the top mast like heavy boudoir drapes. It had been that way for over an hour and we'd hardly moved a few yards. After the first half-hour, we contemplated turning on the Volvo diesel and motoring to Kincardine, our first planned stop. It would take several stinky hours at 5 stinky knots under power. We opted to leave all the sails up and the autohelm on and just relax. Our plan B was Bayfield, a port much nearer that had a good selection of pubs and a nice marina. We were in no hurry, we had two weeks.

I had my computer with me and went to the bow to write. My sailing partner, Bill, sat reading in the cockpit. We were, to use an expression I've come to loathe, "dead in the water." If this kept up, we'd have to turn on the engine just to get to Bayfield. The hours passed, there were no other boats within sight, and we bobbed like the proverbial cork. The sun beat down like a pile driver.

The glare from the placid water bounced up and stung the eyes. The sweat poured off me, and after about 45 minutes I'd had enough. I shut down the computer and walked aft. Bill was sprawled across the cockpit, trashy novel still in hand. He was beginning to look like a lobster. I reached over the stern rail and lowered the swim ladder.

"I've had enough," I said, taking off my shirt, shorts, and shoes. "I'm going in to cool off." With that I climbed over the lifelines and dove head first into the water.

I thought I would die.

Plunging down, I felt every inch of my being numbed to immobility by the teeth-chattering cold. I quickly turned upward and reached desperately for the surface. Once my lungs filled with air again, I wanted to scream from the shock. My goose bumps had goose bumps, yet with an ache in my groin from my testicles turning to ice cubes, I suppressed all displays of discomfort. I even turned the twisted look of agony on my face into a broad, forced smile.

"Oh man...that...is...incredible. I feel alive again. This is like a warm bath."

> **I didn't feel the cold anymore, just my own desperation.**

Bill peeked his head over the railing, putting his book down. He looked at me questioningly. I could barely move my tingling arms to tread water. My fingers were icicles.

"This is fantastic. Can't believe it," I crooned.

Bill shrugged, then stood up, climbed across the lifeline, and jumped in feet first. He stayed under a long time and I got worried, and then his head exploded above the water. He was shouting epithets even before he emerged from the depths, none of which can be repeated here, or probably anywhere in polite company, ever. By now, I had little feeling anywhere in my lower extremities, but I did manage to laugh at his glaring eyes and screaming mouth.

Then we felt it...across our shoulders and head. We saw tiny ripples fluttering what had been a polished piece of blue marble. Both of us turned as a puff of wind hit the sails and the boat skittered away, about 50 feet. We turned to look at each other, and I'll never forget the look of resignation on Bill's face. His eyes said it all: "We're screwed."

I'm no great swimmer, but it was obvious that Bill wasn't going to do anything. I felt another puff of wind and the boat slid further away. I started swimming as fast as I could toward it, head down in the water, arms flailing, and feet kicking in a frenzy. I kept my face in the water, focused, pushing myself as hard as I could until I ran out of air. I looked up gasping and was no closer to the boat. Around me, the ripples had grown and multiplied on the water's surface.

I took another breath and plunged forward swimming once more, as fast as I could.

ILLUSTRATION BY FRITZ SEEGERS

When I lifted my head again, I was gaining, but I was also swimming off course, veering to one side and quickly running out of energy. Keeping my head above the water, I swam using just my hands, aiming for the swim ladder.

The ripples flattened, the surface turned smooth as a sheet of plastic again, and I was gaining on the boat. I found strength to keep going, but I was too slow with my head out of the water, and I knew that with one more gust of wind I'd be finished. I took a deep gulp of air and put my head down. This time, instead of frantic flailing, I pulled through each stroke, trying to keep the power in each left and right stroke even. I quickly felt I needed air but knew I couldn't stop, that this might be my last chance at staying alive. I didn't feel the cold anymore, just my own desperation.

And when I felt I couldn't go another stroke, when I'd have to lift my head to breathe, my right hand hit something hard and I clutched it with all the strength I had left. I lifted my head and felt a cool breeze. I was hanging onto the swim ladder and being pulled along at about 3 knots by a now freshening wind that flapped in the sails.

Focusing on the muscles in my arms and hands to make sure that my grasp was secure, I hung on, breathing hard, until I could feel some strength returning. Slowly I pulled myself toward the now-outstretched ladder, and it seemed like the boat was trying to shake me off. I wouldn't let it. I pulled myself forward until I could reach up with my left hand for the second rung...then my right hand for the next rung...then my left foot on the bottom rung, slowly, deliberately, knowing any mistake would be fatal, until I finally climbed over the stern railing and collapsed on the cockpit floor still gasping for breath.

I knew I couldn't rest. If I got too far away from Bill, I'd never find him treading water in the vastness of the lake. I got up on my feet, released the jib sheet and then brought the boat about in what was becoming a steady breeze. The main filled on the opposite tack and I looked for my disappearing wake. It seemed like I'd swum a mile, but Bill was only a few hundred yards back, still treading water.

I came alongside him and swung the wheel to bring the boat head-to-wind. Slowly, Bill paddled over to the ladder and climbed aboard. We looked at each other but said nothing, not a word. I grabbed the jib sheet and cleated it down. Bill reset the autohelm. The sails filled and the boat picked up speed.

Both of us sat in the cockpit lost in our thoughts of what could have happened. What would they have thought when they found the ghost ship *Centaur* sailing up the lake with no one aboard? No doubt they'd come up with some bizarre theories, from pirates to the plague. Even with a deployed swim ladder as a clue, who could guess that two sailors would decide to jump into the freezing water, together, without a tether, and leave the boat with the sails up and the autohelm on?

Later that night over dinner and a bottle of very expensive wine in one of Bayfield's most exclusive restaurants, we spoke of our next port of call and how long it would take to get there, what provisions we should buy before we left in the morning, how long it would take, and much more. But we did not talk about what happened that hot afternoon on Lake Huron. Ever.

That was many years ago. Bill has passed on now. When I think about it today, I still wonder why we never spoke about it. Perhaps it was just too scary, or maybe we were too embarrassed. Yeah, maybe that was it.

D.B. Davies is a sailor and writer who is a frequent contributor to Good Old Boat. *He sails* Affinity, *his 1974 Grampian 30, around Lake Ontario. After extensively researching the men and sailing schooners of Canada's Maritime provinces, he wrote a dramatic screenplay about the famous* Bluenose *and her skipper, Angus Walters. You can find out more at thebluenosemovie.com.*

The Takeaway—D.B.D.

We tend to think of life-threatening sailing moments in terms of a series of events that cascade together to create the danger. A slowly leaking through-hull that should have been fixed, a frayed line that should have been replaced, a weather warning that should have been heeded, charts that should have been updated, or flares that should have been replaced. The takeaway here is simple. One moment of inattention, one frivolous decision, can be just as deadly. Sail safe.

Across the Bar: George Hazen

BY STEVE KILLING

Many boat owners will never have heard the name George Hazen, but most yacht designers know it well. It's a bit of a cliché to say that George, who died in December 2020, was a boat designer's designer, but he was.

I first met George in the 1970s, when we both worked in the design office of C&C Yachts in Canada. He was already making a name for himself in the technical side of sailboat design. While obtaining his Master of Naval Architecture degree at MIT, he was instrumental in the research for the Irving Pratt Project, an initiative to develop a sailboat velocity prediction program that would become the backbone of the Measurement Handicap System (MHS) and the International Measurement System (IMS) in the 1980s.

He thus landed on C&C's doorstep with skills that were a little intimidating for those of us still working in the era of hand-drawn and hand-calculated everything. I can admit now that we were slow to adopt George's new way of designing, as the office did not even own a computer! Undaunted, he worked some magic with the available technology, programmable calculators. He converted many of our "cookbook" design processes to programmable versions. In particular, he had the keel design process refined and stored on those little magnetic strips that we zipped through a Hewlett Packard HP41-C to run the program.

With limited access to a computer powerful enough to run his new Velocity Prediction Program (VPP) code, George put his hand to designing boats as well as analyzing. The classic C&C 40 and the Boston Whaler Harpoon 4.6 dinghy both received the Hazen touch. (Even after his work at C&C, he continued to hone his design skills in the Dickerson 37, a nicely proportioned cruising sailboat offered as a sloop and a ketch.)

In 1979, George left C&C and returned to Annapolis, where he opened Design Systems and Services to develop a set of computer programs for yacht designers. I was honored to work with him for a year developing that suite of software, but my biggest contribution was coming up with its name—FastYacht. FastYacht included modules for hull design and fairing, hydrostatics, keel and rudder design, sailplan analysis, and the final performance assessment with the Performance Prediction Program (PPP). At the time, this was nothing short of revolutionary—a set of yacht design programs that ran on a first-generation desktop computer. Any sailor who has ever seen the polar plot of velocities for their boat has seen the work of George Hazen.

Before George's work, the only means a designer had to evaluate a design was to build the boat, take it sailing, and hope that it performed well. Because of this expensive and time-consuming process, most designers tended to be rather conservative, basing their designs on what had been proven and making only minor changes to the tried-and-true. FastYacht allowed designs to be tested without building them, and it changed yacht design forever.

George's strengths combined an impressive command of the computer coding of complex mathematical and logical processes with the practical knowledge of how designers like to work. In a series of logical steps, FastYacht became FastShip (used by ship designers and builders, navies, and global research facilities, among others), while his company went through several takeovers as various people saw the merit of his skill and knowledge. In its final iteration, FastShip became a plugin for Rhino3D software as RhinoMarine, and now lives on as Orca3D under the leadership of George's partners and friends, Bruce Hays and Larry Leibman.

George was one of the smartest people I have known. He had a deep technical knowledge of things aero- and hydrodynamic; most of us function with just a fraction of his command of these subjects. He was able to code that knowledge into a software program that others could master and use to great effect. But there was the human side of George, too, soft-spoken but confident, husband and father, superb guitar player, and knowledgeable in almost any subject put to him. He seemed to effortlessly cover all of the bases many aspire to, but few achieve.

Yacht designers are thankful to have worked with George or to have used his software to develop better boats. Countless boat owners who have won a race or made a long passage in a seaworthy vessel are unknowingly indebted to him. Even though George has left us, his influence on the industry will endure.

Steve Killing is a yacht designer from Midland, Ontario. He uses George Hazen's software every day designing everything from canoes and kayaks to classic mahogany powerboats and America's Cup contenders. You can see his work at stevekilling.com.

Waypoints and Wine

Vineyard hopping through Long Island Sound makes for a mellow shakedown cruise.

BY KELLEY GUDAHL

It had been three years since we had last sailed through Long Island Sound. To be honest, it had been three years since we had sailed anywhere.

It wasn't intentional, but as boat projects tend to go, one thing led to another. And another. And then we had a baby. Between feeding and caring for our daughter, Zoë, and working for a living, I was rewiring our interior while my husband, Jason, was rerigging our boat, among other projects. We were both doing everything we could to get us out of the slip.

Finally, after three years of endless boat projects we were ready to sail *Chancelot*, our Vagabond 42, again. And after three years, what we *really* needed more than the wind in our sails was a drink. With the warm August sun on our bow, we left our home port of New York City with a goal to explore Long Island's wine region one anchorage at a time. As we headed up the East River dwarfed by the shadows of the New York City skyline, I could almost taste our first sip of rosé.

Sure, we could drive out to Long Island for a weekend and hit a few wineries, but why limit ourselves to two days when we could spend over a week sailing port to port, dinghying to shore and walking miles to truly earn each glass of wine we drank? Nautical winery-hopping seemed like the absolute best way to explore Long Island's winemaking region and get in some great sailing while we were at it.

Long Island's history in winemaking is relatively young, with the first vines planted in 1973. The region's cool maritime climate makes it ideal for producing a variety of grapes. Cooling breezes from Long Island Sound and the Atlantic Ocean stave off extreme summer heat, while the surrounding waters also create a mild fall, allowing the fruit enough time to ripen. Despite its status as still just emerging, the region already boasts over 50 wineries and 38 tasting rooms, and we were determined to try as many of them as we could.

Though the majority of Long Island's wineries are concentrated in the North Fork—eponymously named where the island's main body splits into two 75 miles east of Manhattan—the wine trail actually starts much further west. Our first stop was Northport, located in the middle of Long Island and about 50 miles from the start of the North Fork.

Northport is a cute little town with a huge mooring field. We had been here before and so we knew to pick up a mooring ball from Seymour's and to go ashore at the Northport Village dinghy dock. A dozen restaurants and boutiques line Main Street, and we headed straight to Copenhagen Bakery for an almond croissant and coffee to go. Before heading to Del

Jason enjoys a refreshing glass of Bridge Lane rosé at the now closed Old Mill Inn on the Mattituck Inlet.

(top to bottom) A beautiful sunset casts *Chancelot,* left, in a rosé-colored glow in Northport.

It was hard to pick only one bunch from the gorgeous bouquets available at Patties Berries & Bunches in Mattituck.

The colors of the produce available at Harbes Family Farm's produce stand were so vivid. They tasted even better than they looked.

Vino Vineyards, we stretched our legs with a walk through the lovely public park where Zoë tried to lure passersby to a game of imaginary chess on the concrete chess tables lining the park.

Though we could've easily walked the two miles from the dinghy dock to Del Vino (or biked if we'd had those onboard), we called an Uber just to keep things simple. We strapped Zoë into her travel car seat and settled in for a quick ride through residential streets. We could have opted to take a slightly longer route to enjoy the colonial and Victorian homes that line Woodbine Avenue, but we had our eyes on the prize.

Del Vino Vineyards is the first vineyard on the Long Island wine trail. It features 11 hedged vineyard acres producing five grape varieties including pinot noir, chardonnay, pinot grigio, sauvignon blanc, and riesling. The owners' Italian heritage serves as inspiration for all parts of the winery, including the wine recipes and food menus. Perched on one of their picnic tables as Zoë played in the grass, we ordered a margarita pizza that was the perfect complement to the bold flavors of their Super Tuscan. All of our blood, sweat, and tears had paid off. I could literally taste our success as that first sip of wine hit my tongue.

The next morning, we motored 53 nautical miles east to Mattituck under a cloudy sky and wind on the nose. Mattituck is jokingly called the "Port of Last Resort" by many of our dock mates. The nickname refers to it being the only real place to safely tuck in on the Long Island Sound before you hit the more open waters of Block Island Sound.

But it's far more than a quick place to drop the hook, and boaters who don't make it far enough down the canal don't get a chance to discover

Mattituck's true charms. We nerve-rackingly threaded our way through the first turns of the inlet, which are dredged to 11 feet but are incredibly narrow. The shoreline of the beaches on each side were only about 15 feet from the center of the channel.

Once we made it through the tight initial turns, the channel widened, and we enjoyed spotting the osprey nests tucked in the salt marsh and seeing all the wooden draggers tied up to small fishing docks. Tucked nearly two miles down Mattituck Inlet is a small anchorage with a dinghy dock, but we opted to stay dockside at Strong's Water Club to hide out from some nasty weather that was headed our way.

We spent the next rainy morning chasing Zoë around the Long Island Aquarium, truly solidifying our need for a glass of wine (or two) later in the afternoon. The aquarium was quite impressive. It had seemingly endless exhibits, but the real winners for Zoë were the sharks and the touch tank. Jason and I loved the "Did You Know?" trivia posted throughout. Did you know, for instance, that a humpback whale calf consumes up to 99 gallons of milk a *day*? Neither did I!

In the afternoon, the skies dried up just long enough for us to make our way to Bridge Lane Winery, one of our favorite Long Island vineyards. We took a seat in the indoor tasting room as the sky was threatening rain at any minute. The bonus to the lousy weather was that we had the place all to ourselves, so Zoë was able to be a toddler and get into everything without bothering anyone.

We settled in with two tasting flights and a charcuterie plate. Bridge Lane's vintners think of themselves as providing the wine for all occasions, so it comes in can, bottle, box, and keg form. While we didn't take the leap with the keg (you better believe

A charcuterie board and two tastings at Bridge Lane Winery, at right.

The well-maintained vines at Shinn Estate Vineyards, below.

we measured multiple areas on board to see if it would fit though!), we did stock up on a few boxes of rosé. Every seasoned cruiser knows the benefits of boxed wine aboard, but it's really nice to have *good* boxed wine for a change. We keep Bridge Lane's rosé on tap aboard *Chancelot* all summer long.

A mile from Bridge Lane is Macari Vineyards. This beautiful winery offers indoor and outdoor settings with picturesque views of their vines. We headed to their tasting counter inside first, but quickly made our way out to their porch so that we could enjoy the vineyard views with our wine.

The next morning, we made a beeline for North Fork Doughnut Company. This place is a true indulgence. They offer spectacular renditions of classic yeast and cake flavors, as well as a rotating menu of special flavors. Zoë preferred a more traditional strawberry sprinkle, while I was a fan of the cereal killer.

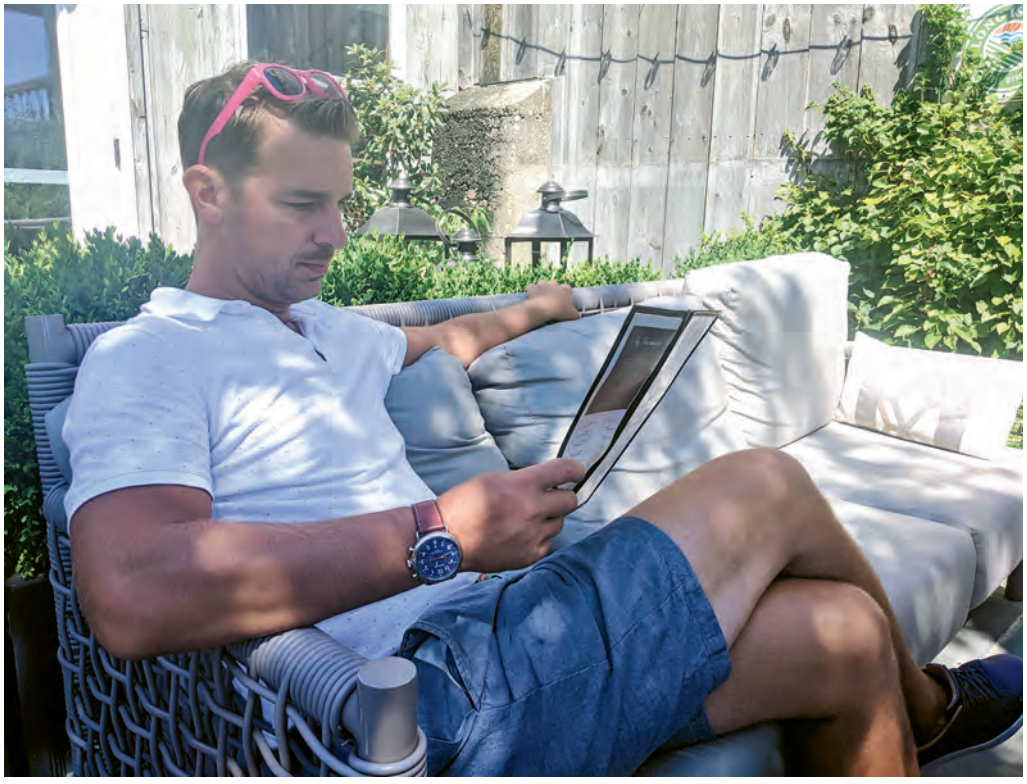
North Fork Doughnut Company is half a block from the adorable Love Lane, and a third of a mile from the marina. Love Lane is the main street in Mattituck and only two blocks long. We browsed the handful of shops lining the street and then stopped at the eponymous Roanoke Vineyards on Love Lane. The tasting room offers both Roanoke Vineyard and Wolffer Estate wines, so we grabbed a bottle of Wolffer Summer in a Bottle and a table in their garden. Despite being in town, their garden was wrapped in vines, so we still felt like we were in our wine's natural environment.

We had planned to go to Harbes Vineyard after Macari but lost track of time while sipping away, so we saved it for the next day. And, we were glad we did, because Harbes is an empire—a family farm, barnyard adventure, vineyard, and orchard. The vineyard is located in a 100-year-old potato barn and offers a beautiful indoor tasting experience, or you can opt to sit outside and do your tasting over a game of corn hole as we did. We then decided to indulge Zoë's persistent request to check out the barnyard adventure, thinking we'd pet a few animals and be on our way. Instead we were greeted with a petting zoo, multiple playgrounds, a trampoline park, a playhouse town, and much more. Zoë was in heaven!

On our way out, we grabbed some fresh fruits and vegetables from the vineyard's farm stand, lured by the spectacular colors of the

Zoë snacks on some grapes while Kelley enjoys tasting wines at Shinn Estate Vineyards, at left.

Jason ponders what tasting he wants to try at Shinn Estate Vineyards, below.



produce. Before we hopped in our Uber back to the boat, we went across the street for a gorgeous bouquet of flowers from Pattie's Berries and Bunches. One bouquet makes a few boat-sized bunches, and I loved how they brightened up every cabin on *Chancelot*.

The next morning, we enjoyed the pool and grounds at the marina before walking one-and-a-half miles of quiet back roads lined with beautiful homes to reach Shinn Estate Vineyards. When we arrived, we were somewhat blown away. The vineyard and tasting areas are truly gorgeous. Indoors there's a cozy library, and outside are different tasting areas with views of the vineyard. There's even a B&B that we would have loved to stay in had we not been visiting via sailboat. We tried two of their tasting flights al fresco. And, since we arrived when they opened, we had the place to ourselves, so no one was bothered by Zoë pouring water back and forth between cups or running through the grass.

Castello di Borghese Vineyard was probably our least favorite vineyard visit. It is located on a semi-main road, but unlike other vineyards, the tasting isn't tucked in some secluded garden with sweeping views of the vineyards. It's out in the open on cheesy blue plastic tables with views of the traffic flying by. On top of a subpar setting, none of the wines knocked us out, either. But, this place has great reviews, so perhaps we're in the minority here.

The classic tasting flight at Castello di Borghese gave Kelley and Jason a good idea of the variety the vineyard offered, at right.

Will sail for wine. *Chancelot* cruises along on a perfect breeze from Mattituck to Greenport, below.

Resources—KG

This voyage took place before COVID-19 so please check each vineyard's current protocols before visiting.

- Del Vino Vineyards, delvinovineyards.com
- Bridge Lane Winery, bridgelanewine.com
- Macari Vineyards, macariwines.com
- Roanoke Vineyards, roanokevineyards.net
- Harbes Family Farm, harbesfamilyfarm.com
- Shinn Estate Vineyards, shinnestatevineyards.com
- Castello di Borghese Vineyard, castellodiborghese.com
- Greenport Tasting Room, onewomanwines.com/pages/greenport-tasting-room
- Kontokosta Winery, kontokostawinery.com

Sailing under the jib on the way to Northport, above.

Zoë runs around one of the many structures mixed in with picnic tables at Harbes Family Farm while the grownups enjoy the wine, at left.

After a few days of sipping our way through Mattituck, we left port and sailed toward Shelter Island to spend Labor Day Weekend. We sailed across the remainder of Long Island Sound, through Plum Gut, and around into the Peconic River. Plum Gut can get pretty spicy, so we timed the tide to transit during the slack. We passed through uneventfully, but the result was low tide, which meant we couldn't get into Shelter Island comfortably with our 6-foot draft.

The wind was perfect, though, so we spent the next few hours enjoying sailing while we waited for the tide to come up. While sailing, we got a call from Safe Harbor Stirling in Greenport where we had wanted to go, but they initially had no slip for us because of the holiday weekend. The dockmaster offered to move his personal boat so that we could stay; how is that for service?

Greenport is a 20-minute drive, or a nearly 35-mile sail, from Mattituck if you head there directly. The marina offers a pool, on-site restaurant, and a free shuttle to town, which we gladly accepted.

The shuttle dropped us off about two blocks from the Greenport Tasting Room featuring One Woman Wines. Nuzzling up to the beautiful copper bar, we ordered our seventh tasting of the trip. We sat back to enjoy the live music with our wine while Zoë danced along. This winery is certified sustainable, which means they don't use herbicides or harsh pesticides in their grape-growing.

Pleasantly buzzed, we walked through town and stopped in too many surf and clothing shops along the way so Jason could update his nautical t-shirt collection. Shopping and drinking is not the best combination for your budget, but his tiny boat closet was happy.

After a good night's sleep, Jason threw on one of his new shirts and we headed for our next sipping stop. Located less than a mile's walk from the marina, Kontokosta Winery is unique in that it sits atop sweeping bluffs with views of Long Island Sound. It was not lost on me that I had just sailed in these waters 17 nautical miles ago and it took me fewer than 20 minutes to walk here. As a sailor, I appreciate any opportunity to imbibe seaside.

It was a bonus that the libations were award-winning, hand-crafted wines. I ordered a glass of the Cabernet Franc, and Jason had the Anemometer Red Blend, then we headed towards the shore. With the wind blowing through our hair, we stared out to sea and dreamed of our next adventure.

A few hours later, with our boat sitting a few inches lower in the water from all the wine we were bringing back with us, and our hearts very full, Jason and I sat in the cockpit watching our daughter climb on the bimini frame, just happy as can be. The late summer sun was dreamily setting in the background, and I couldn't help but think that this trip had been well worth the wait.

Good Old Boat *Creative Director Kelley Gudahl lives aboard her Vagabond 42,* Chancelot, *in New York City with her husband, Jason, 3-year-old daughter, Zoë, and two dogs. You can read more about her adventures exploring the Long Island Sound and beyond at sailingchance.com.*

Three Sisters

A trio of Pearson 36-1 owners compares notes on their boats, refits, and wide-ranging sailing.

BY GEORGE DUBOSE

In 1972, Pearson Yachts began producing the P36-1, designed by William Shaw. Conceived as weekend racer/cruisers, with limited fuel and water storage, 104 came off the line. Their hulls are overbuilt by today's standards, their masts are keel-stepped, and their keels are attached with bronze J-bolts cast in lead. Pearson 36-1s came from the factory with Edson steering systems, proper seacocks, and a layout that can sleep seven crew. Stowage space is limited when compared to modern designs, but their classic lines are among the most beautiful, and they are fast.

I spent 12 years renovating P36-1 hull #58 and named her *Skylark*. I am personally acquainted with her every screw, nut, and bolt. When I moved my boat to The Netherlands, I first had to import her into the European Union, which required that *Skylark* undergo a comprehensive post-construction survey. The surveyor assigns the imported vessel a seaworthiness category; *Skylark* is now rated Recreational Craft Directive Category A—warranted to have been built to navigate the open ocean in winds above Force 8 and waves higher than 4 meters. Pearson 36-1s are built tough.

Over the years, and thanks to the internet, I've come to know other Pearson 36-1 owners and to watch a few refit their 50-year-old sisterships via blogs and YouTube. I've been fascinated to see other approaches to refitting and upgrading these boats. I've also been gratified to learn that I'm not the only P36-1 fan. And I began to wonder: What is it about these P36-1s that cause people to put so much time, money, and effort into them?

I talked with the high-profile owners of two of *Skylark*'s sisterships to learn more.

Onne van der Wal (OvdW), of Newport, Rhode Island, was once a professional sailor, notably crewing aboard *Flyer*, winner of the 1981-82 Whitbread. But the photos he captured during that race were so sought after by the world

***Uma*, a 1972 Pearson 36-1, sails in the Grenadines with owners Dan Deckert and Kika Mevs, above.**

Skylark-related photos courtesy George DuBose, *Uma*-related photos courtesy SailingUma.com, *Snoek*-related photos courtesy Onne van der Wal.

Dan Deckert and Kika Mevs have used their skills as architects to completely reimagine their Pearson 36-1 in its ongoing refit.

sailing press that he hung up his sea boots and bought more camera equipment. Today, he is an award-winning nautical photographer and sails *Snoek*, the 1972 Pearson 36-1 he lovingly refit. (See Websightings on page 3 for information about the PBS documentary about Onne and *Snoek*.)

Dan Deckert and Kika Mevs (DD&KM) are architects by trade and refit their 1972 Pearson 36-1, *Uma*, while nearly 300,000 YouTube viewers followed along. To date, the couple has sailed over 20,000 miles and visited 25 countries along the way. (Follow along on their channel, youtube.com/sailinguma or their website, sailinguma.com.)

And me (GDB)? The opposite of Onne, I was a photographer before I was a sailor. Since 1978, when I began shooting the B-52s, I've shot over 300 album covers for bands like The Ramones, The Go-Gos, and REM, over 30 of which have turned gold or platinum. After buying and refitting *Skylark*, I sailed her across the Atlantic and am currently exploring Northern Europe.

George DuBose, who refit *Skylark* to cross the Atlantic, was curious about other owners' refit experiences, at top right.

Onne van der Wal and his wife, Tenley, sailing their new-to-them Pearson 36-1, which they would rename *Snoek,* at right.

GDB: Before buying this boat, I renovated and owned a Pearson 26 for 25 years; I loved its speed and strength. When I had a growing family, I knew I needed a bigger boat, and my wife wanted a hot shower. I had always had my eye on a Pearson 36. I found two on eBay in 2007, one had an Atomic Four and the other had a Yanmar with 100 hours on it. I had the boat with the Yanmar surveyed and the surveyor recommended that I not buy the boat. But all the problems he listed—untestable antique electronics, leaking chainplates—were all tasks that I knew I could handle, so I bought *Skylark* without even seeing her. **Why the Pearson 36-1 for you?**

OvdW: I asked a friend of mine, who was a designer and a naval architect and who I swim with—I do a lot of open-water swimming—about boats and he straightaway said, "Go look at a Pearson 36." I looked at one on Long Island, one in Bristol, one in Newport, one somewhere else, and the one in Newport, hanging on a mooring literally 10 minutes from my office, was the one that I bought. The prices are all the same on these older boats. Anything that was built in the 1970s or early 1980s, you can buy them for $10,000 to $20,000.

Once I saw the boat—I loved the lines—I started looking at people's reports, the sailing ability of the boat. (Years ago, I actually met Bill Shaw, who designed the boat, when I did work for Pearson, back when they were still in business.) When I first saw the Newport boat, she looked really tired. I found the owner and said I want to go for a sail.

It was a beautiful day, it was light air, the wind was about 7 to 8 knots, and we sailed up Narragansett Bay.

I said to the owner, "I want to buy the boat, what do you want for it?" I made him a lowball offer and we haggled for a couple of minutes before he stuck out is hand, "Deal." So while we were sailing, we struck the deal.

George contemplates the nearly final repair of the area of multiple voids he found behind *Skylark's* keel that required him to completely cut the area out and reglass it.

DD&KM: For us, it was a lot to do with the layout. We knew that we wanted to live on the boat...we wanted the head to be separate, we wanted a wheel, not a tiller. So it was the layout and also the price. Our boat was originally listed at $21,000 and over the course of two months they dropped the price to $16,000 and then to $11,000. We didn't know about Pearsons before then, we just knew that we liked that boat, and that we couldn't afford it; we had the listing bookmarked and we'd looked at it every couple of days to keep ourselves motivated, and every time we looked at it, we saw the price go down, down. We put in an offer for $8,000 and then they found out that the motor didn't work. They tried fixing it, but they couldn't, and they were like, "You guys can back out of the deal." We wound up offering $3,000 and they accepted. Definitely price and layout.

GDB: Did you have your boat surveyed before you bought her?

OvdW: Yes, I did. Because I work in the marine industry, I have a lot of good contacts and I said to a buddy of mine, "Can you just have a look at it?" I just wanted to know that the core was good, that the hull was good, that the keel-to-hull joint was good, that the deck-to-hull joint was good. It was the big picture that I needed. After he surveyed the hull, he told me that everything was solid, but said, "I haven't looked at the engine, the lighting..."

I said, "Don't worry about that, it probably all has to come out." So that was it.

DD&KM: We did. When they accepted our $3,000 offer, we put "pending survey" on the contract. We paid a surveyor $700 to be told that the boat needs a refit. Yeah, it's a $3,000 boat, of course we need to replace the wiring, plumbing, and standing rigging. I think it's probably worthwhile to watch some YouTube videos, read some books on how to fix an old sailboat, and save the cost of a survey. Surveys seem to be more for insurance companies and banks than for boatowners.

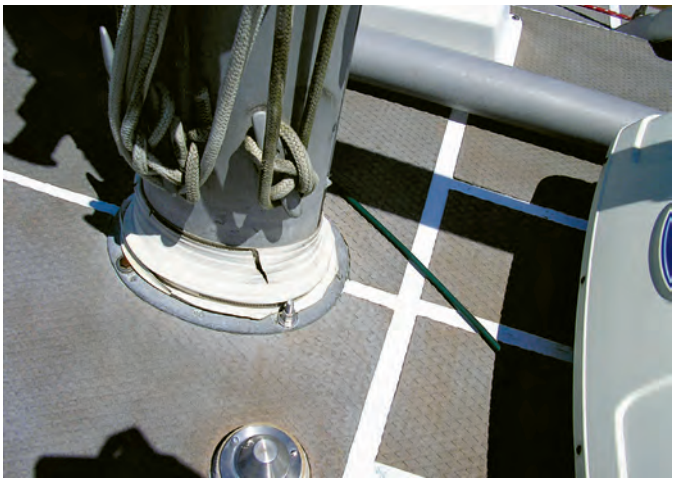
GDB: Significantly, my surveyor reported that the chainplates were all leaking and this had caused the hull liner to warp. The Treadmaster deck covering was failing its bond and there had been a collision of some kind on the port side of the hull. **What were the problems or defects uncovered in your survey?**

OvdW: Small areas of soft deck core beneath two or three of the stanchion bases. The rest was good. He said, "Structurally, she's a very nice boat." One of the chainplates was leaking a little bit, but all I did was lift that little plate and put some caulking in there and squeeze it down.

GDB: Did you have a budget for your boat's renovation?

DD&KM: We didn't have a budget, because we didn't have money. After shipping the boat to Florida, we were broke. We flew to Haiti to do one more architectural project, which netted us $10,000. That lasted us the first year. I remember choosing to eat ramen noodles for a month so we could afford to buy epoxy for the boat. We'd use most of our cash to buy boat stuff and then use

Newly repainted, *Snoek* is trucked back to Onne's home.



The peeling Treadmaster on the deck of *Skylark*, like these sections at mid-deck near the mast boot, became one of George's biggest refit challenges. Ultimately, he replaced it with Flexiteek, below.

the change to buy groceries each week. It was rough. But we were so determined to get on the water and to get out of Florida.

From the start we knew that we would be filming everything, because at that point there wasn't anything online about boat renovation. Nothing about starting in an apartment, fresh from college, to owning a bluewater boat, so we knew there was the potential for those videos to do well. We knew that the more we worked, the more videos we could make, and, theoretically, transition to earning all our income online. And we were confident we could collaborate with companies, so it's not like we worked 10 years to save money to refit a boat, we just worked and saved along the way. Our budget has definitely grown since that first $10,000.

When we left Florida, we'd made our first $400 from our YouTube videos, so we knew we could buy groceries. We set sail for Haiti with full provisions and a 20 dollar bill that we saved. When we got to Haiti, we bought a beer and a SIM card and we were out of money. So it's like the saying, "It doesn't matter what your budget is, you will wind up spending what you have."

GDB: When I bought my boat, all the Wilcox-Crittenden seacocks appeared to have never been turned or maintained. After getting a great tip from the owner of the boatyard, I used a carbide burr in a drill to cut off the flange of the through-hull from outside the hull, allowing me to just lift out the seacocks. I then took them to an auto shop so they could soak overnight in parts cleaner. The next morning, I used a wire brush on a bench grinder and shined up all the pieces. When my wife eventually saw them installed, she asked me if they were new. I said, "No, I just had them gold-plated to prevent corrosion." Had her going... **What was the most apparent problem with your boat at the start?**

OvdW: The stench, but that's something I can deal with. As I have said before, this was a cosmetic refit, not a structural refit. After looking at four other boats, I kept coming back to this one. I said to myself, "This boat has not been fooled with. This guy sailed the boat, but he never put any systems on it, like hot water, it was like the day it left the factory, except very old." That said, the boat had been upgraded with a sweet 35-horsepower Yanmar; that was a huge benefit. I didn't want to go for the Atomic Four gas engine. He had replaced the teak toerail with an aluminum Goyot, which was beautifully through-bolted to the inside of the boat. He had replaced all the hatches with Lewmar hatches. While they were old and crazed, I was able to easily replace them all with the same model Lewmar hatches. The spar was in good shape. I didn't want any teak and he had replaced the teak grabrails on deck with stainless steel. They

looked like small things, but they made a huge impression on me.

DD&KM: The keel. We knew the electrical was old, we knew the plumbing needed to be repaired, the rig had to be redone. We knew that the boat needed maintenance, but when they picked it up off the truck in Florida and the crane drove over some bumps in the road, the keel wobbled athwartship. Our stomachs fell to the floor. That was the one day we saw our boat before we flew to Haiti to work. That's when I started chatting online with you, George, on the Pearson Owners' Group. By the time we made it back to Florida, we had a plan. We picked up the tools and got to it. That repair went well, and the keel is really solid now. The keel is very narrow aft and made the original layup difficult. So, if you hit something in a Pearson 36, there will be a smile in the front of the keel and a crunch aft.

GDB: Going back to the "smile" you brought up, this is common to many of these Pearsons and to other boats that feature a similar keel design. When I bought *Skylark*, she had the smile, and I opened it a bit more and filled it with thickened West System G-Flex. Then, due to a previous owner's repair attempt, there was a hatch cut in the cabin sole and I could easily glass in a "T" of 2-inch-thick black locust wood, which I chose for its water resistance. This weak spot at the aft end of the keel has appeared on other P36s and owners have used a variety of repair methods. **What have you both done with regard to this design characteristic?**

OvdW: I noticed only a little 3- to 4-inch crack on one side of the keel joint when I bought the boat.

DD&KM: We had fist-sized dents in the front of the keel caused by someone hitting stuff. Because there were no floors at the aft part of the keel, no support, the leverage from an impact at the leading edge drives the back of the keel upward, into the hull. On the aft lower section of the keel, we cut that very last little fiberglass triangle. It was literally flapping at the back of the keel for a year and then I dove down one day and, "Oh! It's gone." The next time we hauled out, I just ground it down and glassed it over, and we haven't noticed an ounce of difference in performance. It was 8 inches of useless fiberglass.

GDB: One long-term maintenance project that's indicated is rebedding the keel. I tried to drop the keel. I cleaned old excess resin off all the tops of the keel bolts and removed the nuts. This is when I discovered that the ⅝-inch bolts were bronze, not stainless or iron. I had core saws made by a blacksmith who extended the depth of the core saw. Fixing the core saw to a series of extensions, I was able to slip the core saw over the first keel bolt, and I attempted to cut around the keel bolt down to the lead. Unfortunately, the core saw caused the resin that had been poured over the keel bolts to melt, and when the core saw stopped turning, the melted resin froze the saw in place.

Kika and Dan inside *Uma* during the first major project, which required removing the cabin sole and repairing the internal structure that holds the keel in place. It took three to four months to complete this intensive job, at top right.

***Snoek*'s foredeck during Onne's addition of a new hatch over the head, at right.**

An example of one of *Skylark's* hatches, which were thoroughly crazed, before George replaced them.

It was the devil to remove the core saw, and I abandoned that project. **Have either of you rebedded the keel?**

DD&KM: Every time we are out in the middle of the ocean, smashing into waves while lying in our bunk at night, we consider rebedding our keel. I hope the keel isn't falling off. It's that rattling thought, you read that one article about that one boat that lost her keel and then you read that you should rebed your keel every ten years. It's the unknown. We know every aspect of our boat except the keel joint. I feel uneasy about this. I am under the impression that because we reglassed all the floors, and we know that the hull is fine, and the keel is solid lead, I realize the vulnerability lies in the bolts. They're not loose and they are not showing any signs of corrosion. We ground out the filler around the keel joint, added Sikaflex, and glassed it. We've bumped into things and grounded half a dozen times, and the hairline crack of the smile has never grown. We tried different fairing material, finally using epoxy filled with fiberglass strands, and now the smile is nonexistent. There are no symptoms that the smile is getting worse. So for now, we'll leave it alone.

GDB: Going back to previous owners, the guy from whom I bought my boat advertised it falsely. I don't think it was fair to advertise the boat without disclosing the 100 screw holes that he put in the cabin sole to install carpeting! **What was the biggest problem you found that was caused by a previous owner?**

DD&KM: The last owner's wife didn't want to pay to winterize the boat and the diesel engine was seized. Mind you, we wouldn't have gotten *Uma* for $3,000 had they cared for her. They took a boat that was basically fine and four months later... if we hadn't bought the boat, they would have scrapped her; we saved *Uma* from the scrap heap. We call our boat the "rescue puppy."

GDB: What was the most difficult modification you planned and accomplished?

OvdW: The biggest challenge for me was to get somebody to paint the boat. I have access to all the vendors, and I can wheel and deal with them. AkzoNobel said, "We would love to work with you on the Awlgrip." I had the paint but didn't want to do it myself; it's a fairly specialized job. I went to the Providence Boat Show and approached my friend, Chuck. "I bought a boat and I am doing an article for *Cruising World*. I've got all the paint; do you want to work with me and paint my boat?"

He stuck his hand out and said, "Deal. Bring it up to the yard. We are going to need it for six weeks."

So that was at first a huge challenge for me, and then a huge relief. You can do all the work on that boat, down below, repaint, refurbish, and make it look beautiful, but if the deck and the topsides look like shit, your boat's still shit.

I did a lot of mechanical things. I replaced all the hardware. I went from Harken to Lewmar, so of course everything went metric. I had to strip everything off, fill all the holes, remark it and put it down again. So that was a good job. I replaced the old crazed and leaking Lewmar hatches and I put two new additional hatches in, one over the head and one over the galley.

Nothing was rocket science, they were all good, solid jobs. Sometimes I had to get some advice from the Lewmar guy on the hatches or the Raymarine guy on how to wire the instruments. Nothing was to the point where I said, "Now I am stuck." I did get some help removing the engine to replace the mounts and the riser, but I was there with the guy pulling the motor out.

DD&KM: The keel was not that difficult once we had a

The galley layout before redesign was completely traditional. Removing the non-functional diesel under the companionway steps gave Dan and Kika a large space where they placed their refrigerator on a slider, making it far more accessible than the original icebox, at top right.

Part of the galley refit included cutting back some non-structural parts of the bulkheads to open up the cabin space visually and allow for a rounded nav table that's now accessible from both the settee and the quarter berth, at bottom right.

plan. I think our biggest challenge was the head. It's such a small space and we wanted to change where the toilet was and how everything was laid out, to make that tiny space more open and efficient. That took a lot of design work. The head was the most complicated challenge, everything had to fit to tolerances of about a millimeter.

But the engine project was a challenge too. It was such an unknown. Diesels are known; we could have chosen from thousands of diesel mechanics had we decided to just replace the diesel, but we decided to go electric, and when we started, electric boat propulsion was very new and there was no information online. It took us nine months just to get our motor to spin. Two more months just to get the motor to not sound like a freight train. Ninety-nine percent of the time you don't need a motor, but for that one percent of the time, you need it to work. The engine project took us the longest; it's been five years and we are still not really done. The motor project has been a massive learning process, developing something that didn't exist.

GDB: The most difficult and expensive project I tackled during my refit was removal of the ancient Treadmaster nonskid and replacement. The adhesive (epoxy?) was failing and the material was several different shades of brown. I first tried to paint it using Treadmaster's own brand of paint, but it just power-washed away. I tried International's Interdeck, which worked, but in the end, I removed all the Treadmaster and installed Flexiteek, which made a huge difference in the boat's appearance. While a Flexiteek deck covering isn't cheap, it is cheaper than real teak deck and easier to clean and maintain.

What was the most expensive part of your refit?

OvdW: If I consider the retail price of painting the deck and topsides, that was probably the most expensive. They prepped the topsides, filling all the hairline cracks, they opened up the soft spots under a couple of stanchions and filled them, they primed the boat. I took everything off the deck except the toerail. When they finished, it was absolutely beautiful, so beautiful that Awlgrip used photos in some of their ads. The second-most expensive thing was probably the sails. The third was all the instrumentation. All brand-new stuff from Raymarine, including two plotters, one in the cockpit and one in the nav station. I built a whole new nav station panel. I ended up removing the old Edson pedestal and replaced it with a new one but located it aft of the original. With the wheel in its original position, coming in and out of the companionway wasn't very easy.

DD&KM: We get asked this question a lot, "How much did it cost?" It might sound pretentious, but we honestly don't know. We purposely haven't kept track because, for us, it's never been about money. Since we paid cash for our boat, and don't put anything on credit cards, we upgrade and refit *Uma* when we can actually afford to. We also save a huge amount of money by doing all the work on our boat ourselves. It takes more time, and a lot of research, learning and failing, but we've probably saved close to a million dollars.

I know, it sounds crazy, but take, for example, our recent upgrade to our electric motor. Our original DIY build from used golf cart and forklift parts cost us less than $1,000 including the solar panels and batteries. We've now upgraded to a used Oceanvolt saildrive we got for free from one of our followers. We still needed to

Snoek's refurbished main cabin, fully set up for dining.

buy a few new components from Oceanvolt for the installation, but we still did all the labor ourselves. Overall, it cost us around $4,000, including the haulout and time on the hard. But that was after using our original motor for almost five years. That same Oceanvolt setup new, including installation labor, can cost upwards of $100,000.

A lot of the labor-intensive projects, like fixing the hull-to-deck joint, painting the boat, and the keel work, we only paid for materials, like fiberglass and epoxy, a couple of hundred bucks here and there. In the first two years, we estimate that if we had been paying $25 an hour for labor for all the time spent on all the projects, by the time we left Florida, we would have spent close to $750,000.

Our boat is our home, and our means of transport. Because we're not in debt for anything, as long as we have some money left in our account at the end of the month, we're happy. But money in a savings account won't do you much good if your boat starts sinking in the middle of the ocean.

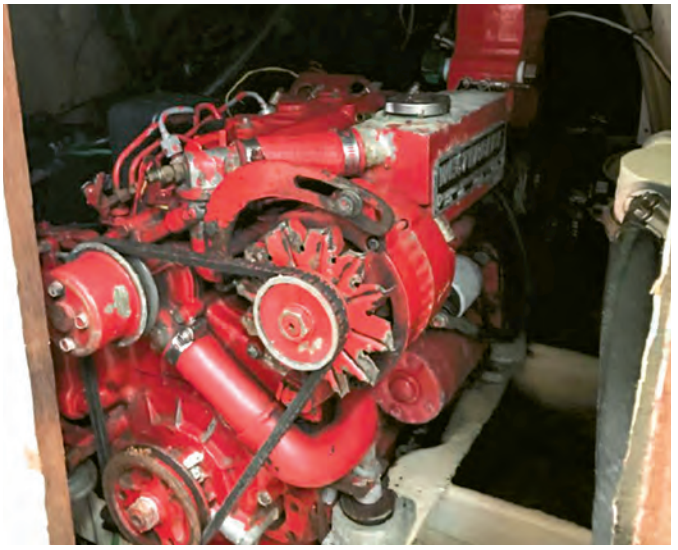
GDB: Since buying the boat, there was a slow leak in the back of the bilge. It turned out that the leak stemmed from the very narrow aft end of the bilge where the layup wasn't done well and there were many voids. When I decided to remedy this problem, I wound up grinding away all the broken fiberglass from the outside and opening all the voids. This created a large hole where the aft end of the keel met the hull. I could put my fist through the hole. I built up layers of fiberglass saturated in West System G-Flex. **Have you uncovered any manufacturing defects? What were they? How did you remedy them?**

DD&KM: We always joke around and say that our boat was built on a Friday afternoon. Everyone says, "Oh, Pearsons from the '70s, the hulls are like 2 inches thick, bulletproof!" The thickest part of the hull we have found, in an unreinforced area, across the general expanse, is like half an inch. It's thicker where the chainplates are, and where we cut the hole for the Oceanvolt was about ⅝-inch thick. Compared to boats built today, our boat is well-built. The core wasn't sealed when they installed anything and some of the core was rotten. The bulkheads were either not tabbed or not tabbed adequately. I like that the hull-to-deck joint doesn't have any core to rot. Around the chainplates and stanchions there is no core to leak.

GDB: My mast step was iron and very rusty. I got a tip about how to cut off a few inches of the base of the mast and then had a Connecticut machinist fabricate a new mast step from aluminum that would raise the base of the mast to compensate for what I had cut off. In addition, I had the machinist add two vertical "ears" to the new mast step that allow me to bolt the base of the mast to the step. I had heard that this kind of reinforcement is a requirement of some racing organizations. **Did you discover corrosion at the base of the mast? What did you do about it?**

One of the reasons Kika and Dan were able to buy *Uma* so cheaply was because her diesel engine was dead. They removed it as soon as possible, below.

Rather than replace *Uma*'s engine with another diesel, Kika and Dan opted to install an electric propulsion system, ultimately an Oceanvolt saildrive, at bottom right.



OvdW: I looked at finding a piece of the same section and I thought about shortening the mast and shortening the stays. In the end, I had a guy cut a piece as a spacer from fiberglass with a laser cutter, and it worked. Now I don't have any more problems with electrolysis, the aluminum mast being separate from the stainless steel mast step.

DD&KM: Ours was already done. The mast had already been cut shorter and they built this nice beefy aluminum mast step that the mast sits on. We didn't have that issue. We read about that issue for Pearsons before we bought the boat and when I looked, I saw that someone had already solved that for us.

GDB: Early in our Atlantic crossing, water would pool against the leeward toerail. The teak toerail had just been screwed into the hull-to-deck joint with flathead wood screws and sealed with silicone...in 1973. Silicone has a lifespan, sometimes up to 25 years. *Skylark* was 36 years old. Unbeknownst to us, the pooling water was seeping through the screw holes and running behind the veneer of the hull liner. Once when we tacked, all the collected water spilled from the upper bunk to the lower bunk in the main cabin, effectively putting two now-soggy bunks out of commission. Eventually, I had new toerails made. The profile of these toerails is multisided, and thanks to a professional cabinetmaker, I was able to get long teak pieces the same shape and through-bolted the new teak to the hull-to-deck joint, sealed with Sikaflex. **Did either of you have issues with the original silicone failing? In the toerail attachments, portlights, or hatches?**

OvdW: When the guys installed the new aluminum toerail, they put new sealer in. I have taken all the inspection panels off and there is no moisture under the toerails. When I saw that the toerail was through-bolted to the deck, I thought that was another good indicator of the robustness of this boat's construction. The portlight in the head was leaking badly; I re-bedded it, and now it's perfect. I could remove those portlights and make nice Plexiglas portlights, but I want to keep sailing.

DD&KM: Yeah, old silicone. Everything leaked when we got the boat. We slept underneath a trash bag when we first moved aboard. The portlights were leaking, and given the fragility of our laptops, we had PTSD every time it rained. We put pans under to catch the drips and put the laptops away. Our boat doesn't leak at all anymore. We removed the toerails and had 1,000 holes to fill. We glassed the hull-to-deck joint, and the boat is noticeably stiffer; she goes to windward better. Glassing that joint over was the best thing we ever did. The portlights were the hardest, we have done them at least three times. We replaced the lens in the forehatch with Lexan bonded with 3M VHB tape and sealed it with Dow Corning 795 silicone sealant around the edges, so there are no more screws holding the Lexan in the frame. We'll see how that holds up when we get to the Mediterranean, where we expect the higher temperatures to cause the Lexan to expand.

GDB: On the safety front, I replaced all the standing rigging, I reinforced the

***Uma*'s head compartment in mid-refit. Its small space meant that its redesign required the most planning and thinking, at top right.**

Redesigning *Uma*'s head to open the space included changing the orientation of the toilet and creating the entire compartment to be transformed into a shower, at right.

port and starboard corners of the transom by adding 1 inch of fiberglass in those places under the deck. Then I installed ⅜-inch-thick stainless steel tangs to make strong attachment points for the Jordan Series drogue. Doing the fiberglass work in the confines of the small aft lazarette locker, getting epoxy in my hair, combined to make this the worst project of them all. To pass the Post-Construction Assessment survey in Europe, I had to make minor modifications for safety, like adding a second lifeline, installing gaskets on the cockpit lazarettes, being able to close the dorade vents, and adding a lock to the aft lazarette that didn't have one. My bilge pump float switch was wired directly to a 12-volt buss, and EU law demands that the bilge pump have a switch to turn off the whole bilge pump circuit when one leaves the ship.

***Snoek* out for a sail on Narragansett Bay, Rhode Island.**

What was the biggest safety improvement you made?

OvdW: Replacing all the standing rigging put my mind at ease. I also installed a massive emergency Edson pump with a 6-foot handle. It was a bit of a hassle to install that in the transom, but that thing can pump some water.

DD&KM: Our Cape Horn wind vane. Fatigue is probably the biggest danger offshore, because it's just the two of us. If we're tired, we'll make mistakes. The only time I have injured myself was when I was too tired to be awake. The Cape Horn is like a third crew. While we still have watches, we don't always have to be in the cockpit cold and wet. On our Atlantic crossing, we lived down below. We would slide the companionway hatch open, poke our heads out, look around, but we only had to go on deck to make sail changes.

GDB: *Skylark* has one transatlantic under her keel. She went on the Whisky Tour in Scotland, sailed around Denmark, was towed up the Rhine by a river cargo ship, and she's made numerous trips down the European Atlantic coast to the Channel Islands and as far as La Rochelle. In 2021, we plan to start a two-year Mediterranean cruise before heading to the Caribbean. **What are your sailing plans for your boat?**

OvdW: Just coastal. I've been sailing New England the past few years and would like to go to Maine. On the back burner, maybe a Bermuda Race or maybe a Marion Bermuda Race.

DD&KM: We are planning to finish a circumnavigation with *Uma*. We bought her as a five-year boat to get us across the Atlantic. Now that we are across and everything is upgraded and fixed and we know she sails well and the rig is good, she's now again our five-year boat.

GDB: Pearson 36-1s were not designed for ocean crossings. Besides carrying a Givens life raft and a Jordan Series drogue, I made a couple of modifications to *Skylark* that made her better prepared for ocean crossings than when new. I had a ¼-inch-thick piece of aluminum cut that slides behind the companionway boards, and I am in the process of installing ½-inch Lexan over all the portlights. **Do you consider your yacht bluewater capable?**

DD&KM: Obviously; we crossed the Atlantic last year.

GDB: Any regrets?

OvdW: I regret being unable to get in touch with the guy I bought the boat from. He wasn't well when he sold her to me. He loved the fact that I was going to fix her up, and he could see that I could sail. He said to me, "Please, show me the boat when you are finished, I'd love to see what you do with it." I promised him I would and after all was said and done, I must have tried calling him six times, and I sent emails. That was my big disappointment, that I couldn't show him what I did with this beautiful boat.

DD&KM: Nope! We've made a lot of mistakes over the years and failed many, many times, but we learn something new from each one, so we have no regrets.

George DuBose is a photographer with over 300 album covers to his credit. He sailed his Pearson 36-1 across the Atlantic and is exploring northern Europe with a five-year plan to visit the Med, Caribbean, and Canada before returning to Europe.

Sticking Point

The DIY deck paint job looked fantastic. Then the surveyor showed up.

BY JOHN VIGOR

Toward the end of a 13-month refit, my 1968 Santana 22 was looking pretty spiffy. Just the decks remained to be painted. By this time, I was well aware that there is no such thing as a quick fix aboard a boat, so I was quite resigned to doing everything necessary to thoroughly prepare the decks for painting.

I washed them with fresh water with a little detergent in it. I let them dry and wiped them down with a rag soaked in acetone. I sanded them lightly by hand and carefully brushed them clean. I washed them again with fresh water and let them dry.

At the boating store, I paid a small fortune for some Interlux Perfection topcoat, a two-part linear polyurethane. I tried to buy some Interlux epoxy prime coat to go with it, but the store was out. So, working on the premise that epoxy is epoxy, no matter the label, I bought a different brand of epoxy sanding surface primer, and one that happened to claim to be especially good for crazed gelcoat like mine. It was a brand I recognized, so I knew it would be fine.

Back at the boat, I spent a tedious afternoon fitting little bits of blue masking tape around the windows and a host of deck fittings. The next day, I brushed on my two-part epoxy primer coat, allowed it to cure, and gave it a gentle sanding. I brushed it clean before applying the two-part Perfection topcoat. As I painted, I sprinkled 30-grit sand (kiln-dried and sifted) liberally on top. I let the paint cure, then carefully brushed off the sand that wasn't stuck to the paint.

I brushed another topcoat over the sand. I let it cure. I brushed another topcoat over the topcoat.

I removed all the bits of masking tape before the fast-curing paint could stick it fast to the deck.

It was a magnificent job, striking to behold, a gorgeous nonskid surface in light grey.

Then came the great day when the surveyor arrived to check the boat for the insurance company.

Tap, tap, tap. Long silence.

"John?"

"Yeah?"

"Your deck is delaminating."

"What? No, it can't be! I just painted it!"

"Listen to this," he said, tapping his diabolical little hammer on the foredeck. "It's not solid."

I'd heard the dull thuds, but I couldn't believe it. I knelt and pressed the deck with my thumb. It moved. I could feel air space underneath. My heart skipped a beat. A feeling of dread gripped me. I should have checked the decks more carefully before I did all the painting work. Was all my nonskid work wasted?

I pressed down again and paused...was the void between the paint and the deck? I gulped hard and slit a small rectangle on the foredeck with a box cutter. I gripped a corner pulled.

To my astonishment, three solid layers of Perfection and one layer of sand, all formed into one plastic sheet, came away in my hand. Underneath, shining on top of the prime coat I'd hoped never to see again, was a layer of sweet-smelling moisture.

I tugged some more and the solid layer of paint covering the entire foredeck came

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS PAYNE

Recoat Remedial—Drew Frye, Technical Editor

Coatings and adhesives are central to many boat maintenance projects, often the seemingly easiest boat projects. But that doesn't mean there are not countless ways to screw them up. As a lifelong DIYer, and despite my chemistry background, I've made my share of mistakes. This means I have some lessons to pass on.

Test Cup

Always mix a test batch of any new two-part product, even if just in a small cup, to make sure the applied product cures in the expected time frame. Temperature, age, humidity, and the exact mixing procedure can all make a difference. Even the factory can make mistakes. Thirty years ago, I was tasked with applying an epoxy coating to 15,000 square feet of concrete refinery floor. We spent days cleaning and prepping the concrete, most of a day applying over 50 gallons of epoxy—and it never cured. The manufacturer's story was that a disgruntled employee had switched part A and part B labels. What I remember is days spent scraping, wiping down with xylene, and reapplying. Thereafter, I always mixed a test cup for any large job. Then, not long after, I applied an e10-gasoline-rated lining to a 12-gallon fiberglass tank I had built for my boat, and it didn't cure. It turns out the manufacturer included the wrong mix instructions. Since that debacle, for any product that's new to me, I've always mixed a test cup, even for the smallest jobs.

Epoxy Blush

As a byproduct of the curing process, epoxies generate a waxy surface film, referred to as amine blush. The extent of the blush depends on humidity, curing time, and epoxy chemistry. Some products claim to be blush free; reduced blush is more accurate. In extreme cases, the cured surface feels waxy and appears hazy, but even when undetectable, it is there, ready to prevent paint—and even additional layers of epoxy—from sticking (this is probably what ruined John's deck nonskid project). In extreme cases, applied paint will not cure. Fortunately, the amine blush is water soluble and easily removed by a good scrubbing with TSP (trisodium phosphate) and a Scotch-Brite pad, followed by a wipe down with acetone or xylene. Don't skip this step.

Temperature and Humidity

Cabin fever reaches its peak in early spring, and you are burning to get to work on your projects. At this time, 40°F and no wind can feel positively balmy. But if product instructions indicate that the temperature needs to stay above 50° F for the duration of the curing period, take that instruction seriously. If you don't, the product will cure slowly (if at all), strength will suffer, and the finish will be disappointing. I know how frustrating it can be to not take a shortcut when the conditions are nearly right, but waiting beats a crappy finish job. Of course, you can always heat the boat, with all of the related fire and ventilation hazards that involves.

Lexan Crazing by Polyurethane Caulk

It's not the polyurethane that causes this, but rather the solvents mixed in and the long contact time those solvents have with the Lexan while the sealant cures. I used 3M 5200 to rebed dozens of loose screws securing the perimeter of the large saloon windows on my cruising catamaran. Despite there being virtually no stress imparted on the Lexan by the screws, and despite there being no crazing present before I did the job, about a third of the holes crazed within a month. The correct product for most glazing products is Dow 795 silicone.

Polyurethane and UV

I reglazed a window using Sika 295. It came out beautifully. A year later, the window fell out while I cleaned it from the inside. Later testing revealed that even UV-resistant polyurethanes are vulnerable to UV that strikes the bond surface, which is exactly what happens when the sun comes through the window. Sika has a procedure that includes priming the window with a UV-blocking primer, but the better approach is to use Dow 795.

Silicon Remover

While we're talking about silicone, someone is going to point out that removing the silicone residue is difficult, and paint, other sealants, or even more silicone will not stick to it. This is true, unless you use Re-Mov/DSR-5 to remove the silicone residue. This product is very effective at removing both the silicon and the residue, to the point where 100 percent bond strength is attainable.

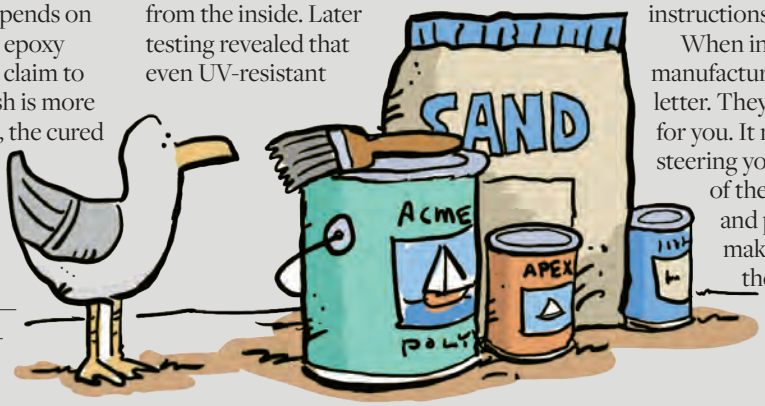
Incompatible Paints

Who hasn't sprayed paint over enamel and then watched the underlying paint orange peel, requiring complete stripping and starting over? Always review manufacture advice regarding what can be overcoated with what, and when in doubt, test first.

Recoating Time

It's important to allow solvents to evaporate from each layer of coating before applying topcoats. Rush it, and adhesion will suffer and underlying coats may bubble. This is true of both one- and two-part paints and varnishes. That the first coat feels dry to the touch is not enough (a coat that is hard enough to sand is probably an adequate measure). The exception to this rule is epoxy primers and fillers, which do not contain solvents and should often be overcoated before fully cured; this will be stated in the instructions.

When in doubt, follow manufacture instructions to the letter. They've made the mistakes for you. It may feel like they are steering you towards buying more of their proprietary solvents and prep product just to make a buck. Sometimes they are. Sometimes they're not. This chemist advises you not to take a chance.



away in my hands in one piece. I wanted to laugh and cry at the same time.

The surveyor moved in and tapped some more with his hammer.

"The good news is that the deck isn't delaminating after all, and your prime coat is adhering nicely." I couldn't speak and must have looked dismayed. "I'll come back when you've fixed it, no extra charge."

The same thing happened with the sidedecks. The layers of paint and sand just peeled right off. It was like lifting linoleum from a kitchen floor. I knew there was nothing to do but start all over again.

I needed a few moments to assimilate this reality. Then I went home. I poured whisky into a large glass. For my shattered nerves, you understand.

I'd found out the hard way that not all products are compatible. There must have been some unfortunate chemical reaction between the epoxy of the prime coat and the polyurethane of the topcoat. They weren't speaking to each other.

I learned that I should stick with the products of one brand, one manufacturer, from beginning to end. That's the best way to ensure that the solvent wash, thinners, filler putty, primer, and topcoat are all from the same family and will play nicely together.

Eventually, I returned to the boat, gritted my teeth, and began sanding. I went through the whole production schedule all over again, with the prime coat and the topcoats all of the same brand. The result was once again magnificent.

Actually, better than magnificent. This time, it all stuck.

John Vigor is a former managing editor of Sea *magazine and author of 10 books on boating subjects, including a children's adventure novel, several reference books, and a travel-adventure memoir,* Small Boat to Freedom. *He has contributed numerous stories to* Cruising World, Sail, Practical Boat Owner, Yachting World, Good Old Boat, South African Yachting, 48° North, Latitude 38, *and others. As a newspaper journalist, he worked on three continents and wrote a daily humor column for large metro dailies for nearly 20 years. He lives in Bellingham, Washington.*

Across the Bar: Frank Butler

BY GERRY DOUGLAS

Frank Willis Butler, the man who introduced hundreds of thousands of people to sailing during his lifetime as the founder, president, and chief executive officer of Catalina Yachts, died in November 2020. He was 92. At the time of his death, the company he created had launched more than 85,000 Catalina sailboats for sailors to enjoy. And it all started with one boat, and relatively late in one sailor's life.

Frank took up dinghy sailing at the age of 30. A few years later, in 1962, while running a machine shop in North Hollywood, he decided to buy a bigger boat so his young family could enjoy sailing with him. When the Southern California builder of the 21-foot daysailer he'd ordered failed to deliver, Frank drove to the manufacturer's shop, found the supervisor absent, and began then and there—using the company's employees and tooling—to finish his boat himself.

When he found he rather enjoyed the process, he took over the business.

Frank's tenacity helped him build the company he founded a short time later, Catalina Yachts, into the largest builder of fiberglass production sailboats in the United States—a position it still holds.

Frank was attentive to Catalina owners, and he listened to people. He had a file on every boat the company ever made and handled warranty issues personally. Owners were nearly always surprised and reassured upon receiving a call from Frank to discuss their concerns.

"Family" was the operative word in the corporate culture he instilled, and this extended to the larger Catalina family, including dealers and vendors nationwide. Frank valued his personal relationships with all of them and often attributed Catalina's success to those connections.

For me, one story that characterizes Frank happened in the late 1980s, after Catalina Yachts bought the Prindle and Nacra catamaran companies. At an industry dinner in Hawaii, Frank approached Hobie Alter and presented him with a dozen black roses. The card read, "From your new competition."

As a younger man on the tennis court or skeet range, Frank had a reputation for tackling everything with total focus, then moving on to the next challenge. But focus alone can't explain how a machinist and engineer—with no yacht design experience—could design Catalina's first boat, the 22, and turn it into one of the company's best selling products, with over 15,000 sold. Ron Frisosky, who has worked closely with Frank in sales and marketing for 25 years, has an answer.

"Frank has an eye for style," he says. "I've seen him look at a plug that was sanded and ready for gelcoat, shake his head and say, 'It doesn't look right, start over.' "

Friends, colleagues like myself, and even competitors appreciated Frank as a character.

"When he moved his operation to Florida," says yacht designer Charlie Morgan, "Frank announced he was going to show Pinellas County boatbuilders how it was done. He saw, he came, and he produced."

Frank Butler was inducted in the National Sailing Hall of Fame in 2013 and awarded the Crimson Blazer by the Long Beach Yacht Club for his longstanding support of the Congressional Cup, the "granddaddy" of world-class match racing.

In addition to 7 children, 20 grandchildren, 28 great-grandchildren, and 4 great-great-grandchildren, Frank is survived by his wife, Jean, whom he met at a high school dance and with whom he recently celebrated a 71st wedding anniversary.

Frank was responsible for a lot of boats being built, and a lot of people becoming sailors, but having worked side-by-side with him for decades, I like to remember him as a dear friend and inspiring mentor. Indeed, for all of us who were fortunate enough to have known and worked with Frank, we feel his loss personally. The company he leaves only he could have built, and his spirit will forever be the foundation of Catalina Yachts.

More than two decades ago, shortly after Good Old Boat *magazine was founded, Frank Butler took on longtime employee Gerry Douglas as one of two partners in his privately held company. Today, Gerry is chief engineer, chief designer, and vice president at Catalina Yachts. He recently announced he will retire in 2021.*

Clean, Not Green(backs)

If you don't want to be taken to the cleaners when it comes to cleaning, try these DIY solutions.

BY FIONA MCGLYNN

Over the years, I've gradually ditched store-bought boat cleaning products and increasingly made my own at home. Most of the time these experiments have resulted in simpler, effective—often more effective than the products they're replacing—and environmentally friendly cleaning solutions, although it's true that on the odd occasion, they've amounted to a big mess in the galley!

Following are some of my favorite DIY cleaning products that I've made over the years. It's a stretch to call these recipes, as they're so simple they use only one or two ingredients.

A word of caution: Just because the ingredients are natural, some are strong chemicals, so always wear the appropriate protective clothing and equipment.

Robin Urquhart, Fiona's husband, tackles some scrubbing on the foredeck of their Dufour 35, *MonArk*.

Teak Oil

Ingredients: One third cup of boiled linseed oil, one third cup of mineral spirits, and an optional one third cup of varnish. Mix well and store in a sealed container.

Teak oil is a penetrating wood oil that seals and protects teak from the elements. Used by sailors and woodworkers alike, it's a combination of boiled linseed oil or tung oil, a solvent (mineral spirits, paint thinner, turpentine, naptha), and in some cases a varnish (poly, spar). The oil and varnish harden and provide a protective coating, while the solvent thins the mixture and helps it penetrate the wood grain. You can buy all the ingredients at hardware stores.

I've always omitted the varnish when making teak oil because I prefer to apply the oil regularly (twice a month) rather than deal with varnish buildup. We have very little teak on our boat—just grab rails and trim—and applying oil takes fewer than five minutes. However, if you can't regularly get to your boat, you may want to consider using varnish, as the finish will be more durable and last longer. The downside is that you'll have to sand off the varnish when it starts to build up and lose its visual uniformity. The non-varnish teak oil does not build up.

When I see the wood beginning to dry out and lighten, I know it's time to get the teak oil out. I apply the oil on a warm sunny day with a rag or brush, allowing the wood to dry completely before applying a second coat. I generally aim for two to three coats.

The advantage of making your own is that you can adjust the ratios to suit your purposes. Add more varnish for additional protection. Boost

the solvent content to make it easier to spread and apply.

A quart of teak oil at the chandlery costs $38. An equivalent quantity of my homemade version costs $7.50. Savings: 80 percent.

Head Cleaning and Descaling Solution

Ingredients: One to two pints of vinegar; a splash of mineral oil, and one gallon of fresh water.

When I first moved onto our boat, I quickly noticed that the marine toilet bowl would develop a scale that was impossible to scrub away. I tried using CLR and other products to no avail. Any head flushed with saltwater will develop this problem. Uric acid and saltwater produce calcium scale in the head and discharge hoses. These deposits accumulate and can make it harder to flush and even block the head completely. Fortunately, it's an easy problem to fix.

Pour a pint of ordinary white vinegar into the bowl and slowly pump it through such that the liquid sits in the hoses. Pour another pint into the bowl if you have scale in the bowl itself. Let the vinegar sit for a couple of hours. When you return, scrub the bowl with a toilet brush (the scale should come off easily) and flush with one gallon of fresh water. Finally, lubricate the pump by flushing a dash of mineral oil.

Black water system cleaner and descaler at the chandlery can run over $60 a gallon. A gallon of vinegar at my DIY grocery store costs $2-3. Savings: *Huge*.

Stain Remover and Gelcoat Cleaner

Ingredients: White vinegar, phosphoric acid, and fresh water.

Imagine my dismay when I woke up one morning to discover that our deck was speckled with tiny rust stains. Minute shards of metal from a grinding project had found their way onto the nonskid and were now rusting. No amount of scrubbing and soap would remove them. A fellow boater put me onto phosphoric acid, which not only removed the stains but also brightened the gelcoat.

If you've ever read the back of a gelcoat cleaner, you'll likely see listed ingredients like oxalic acid, phosophoric acid, and citric acid. These chemicals remove stubborn stains from gelcoat surfaces. I've used phosphoric acid to remove yellow/brown stains along the waterline and rust stains from our deck and anchor locker. Phosphoric acid is very strong, and you should wear protective gear when using it.

Before applying phosphoric acid, first see if you can remove the stain by using a gentler acid like lemon juice. Apply lemon juice to the surface and let it sit for a couple of minutes. If this doesn't do the trick, you may want to try phosphoric acid.

Dilute the acid in water according to the instructions on the bottle. Apply with a rag or acid-safe brush and immediately rinse with water. The stain should wash off. If this doesn't work, you can experiment with less dilute mixes or longer application times. Be aware you can bleach out the surface if you leave the product on for too long or forget to rinse.

If you have rust stains like we did, you also need to remove the metal that is causing the rust to prevent additional staining. In our case this meant carefully scraping the metal shavings out of the nonskid deck with a knife.

At the chandlery, a phosphoric acid cleaner costs $33 per quart. At the hardware store, a similar gallon of phosphoric cleaner costs $12 per quart. Savings: 64 percent.

Some of the go-to ingredients that Fiona uses for her home-brewed cleaning products include lemon juice, mineral spirits, and vinegar.

Good Old Boat *Contributing Editor Fiona McGlynn cruised from Canada to Australia on a 35-foot boat with her husband, Robin. She lives above 59 North latitude and runs WaterborneMag.com, a site dedicated to millennial sailing culture.*

Product Profiles

Waterproofing Wounds

I've often found it a challenge to keep cuts or other wounds clean and dry while I'm sailing—or doing anything on the water. DrySee's waterproof bandage is a practical and effective solution. It's liquid-indicating and see-through, making it easy to see whether water is getting in (or whether the wound itself is leaking). The bandage's gauze perimeter turns blue when liquid has broken the seal. The gauze square in the center, which covers the cut or wound, also turns blue when it gets wet.

I took a shower with the 2-inch DrySee bandage on my leg and it performed well, keeping my "wound" area dry. In fact, to observe the liquid indicating change of color, after the shower I peeled back the edge of the bandage and applied liquid to the perimeter gauze with a wet cotton swab (note the blue color of the upper-left part of the bandage perimeter in the photo). This bandage is strong, and the waterproof seal is reliable. They're available in 2x2, 4x4, and 5x10 inches. For more information: drysee.com

–Jerry Thompson, *Good Old Boat* contributor

Repurposing Winches

Most of us think of winches as having pretty much one purpose, but the WinchWidget takes that idea and says, "Phooey." Instead, this gadget inserts into the handle socket atop any winch and locks in place. From here, it becomes a platform for all manner of stuff, from cameras to cups.

WinchWidget sells a cupholder and a solar light bracket; the cupholder will hold a coffee cup or most standard drink containers, while the solar light bracket is designed to work with solar rain gutter lights, which you can find at hardware stores. The fitting also includes a standard ¼-inch, 20-thread-count screw socket that fits camera and cell phone mounts. You can even buy an 8-inch table that fits into this socket, turning your winch into a cocktail-hour goodies platform.

The build quality and materials seem good. Admittedly, I've not used the WinchWidget often since my initial evaluation, but I think that's because my 31-foot sailboat has enough space that I don't really need to repurpose a winch. But aboard a smaller sailboat, where cockpit space is at a premium, this could be a real asset.

For more information: boat-gadgets.com/WinchWidget.html

–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

I have and have struggled to find a use for on *Catamount*, our Caliber 38. I am considering using this old climbing rope as a snubber bridle, but I have two questions for Drew: 1) how well will it hold on a cleat? 2) it takes forever—and I mean forever—to dry out; does that seemingly perpetual wetness affect its stretch, durability, or chafe resistance?

—**Fred Bagley**, Mendon, Vermont

Drew Frye responds:

Thanks for the interest, Fred. First, in my experience, climbing rope holds on a cleat no differently than other double-braid rope. With regard to your second question, the drying time of any rope can be reduced significantly by treating the rope with a durable water repellent. This will not keep a rope as dry as a polyethylene or polypropylene rope, but it will reduce water absorption by at least 50 percent.

Ice climbers commonly re-treat ropes every season. This is because a climbing rope that becomes saturated and freezes becomes as useless as a pair of blue jeans that have frozen on the clothesline (perhaps I am dating myself!). In fact, it's more than useless, it's dangerous, as I've experienced firsthand. For the same reason, I treat my furler line and jib sheets each winter. If I were a really active frostbiter, I guess I would treat all of the lines, but I try to avoid sailing on the worst days. An added benefit of treating rope is that it rejuvenates the internal lubricants in the rope, reducing squeaking and easing handling. Nikwax Polar Proof is a good treatment choice; ignore the instructions and just treat in a bucket, allowing to air-dry.

All that said, I used climbing rope snubbers for a decade and the dampness seemed no more troublesome than other ropes. Water and salt won't hurt nylon, and climbing rope is no different.

Curly Hose Tip

Storage is always at a premium on small boats; my Newport 30 is no exception. Aboard a small boat, conventional garden hoses are bulky, unwieldy, and usually messy. Curly hoses are helpful, but really get tangled and are difficult to deploy when they get crisscrossed. I discovered an easy remedy that I use on my boat. Styrofoam pool noodles are available at the dollar store—they really cost only a dollar—and they are an excellent tool for stowing a curly hose aboard.

When you're finished using a hose, thread the curls up the length of your arm, grab the pool noodle with your hand, and pull it through. Run a piece of rope through the hole in the center of the noodle, and tie some stopper knots where the rope exits the foam. Next, tie the rope ends together, and you're ready to drop the hose into a bilge or lazarette without fear of tangles. Easy peasy.

—**Mary Fitzgerald**, *Clara McDougal*, Olympia, Washington

Glaring Omission

Readers should be aware of a glaring omission in the Happiest Day issue (January/February 2021). There are marine documentation and title services companies that will handle title search (who would buy an expensive boat without that?), deposit escrow, closing paperwork, and funds transfer for a fixed fee that is only a small fraction of what a broker would charge for a full sale. Additionally, many brokers offer this service but do not advertise it. I used such a service when selling my cruising catamaran, and it made the process much less stressful and more businesslike for all concerned. I think this is a smart option for sale-by-owner of anything much beyond a trailer-sailer. I'm even willing to bet that this extra assurance will allow you to ask enough more for the boat to cover the fee. It's worth it.

—**Drew Frye**, *Good Old Boat* Technical Editor

Cumberland Island Kudos

Kudos to *Good Old Boat* Senior Editor Wendy Mitman Clarke for her article, "The Mysterious Island" (September/October 2020) about Cumberland Island, Georgia. Having visited there many times over the years, I can say that Wendy captured the tranquility and allure of this very special place.

—**Ben Sprague**, Warren, Rhode Island

Not Keen, Now Keen

I'm writing to offer you an apology that you did not know was due. I've read *Good Old Boat* since 1998, subscribing off and on over the years. As such, I was not keen on having

the format altered at the start of 2020; I liked it the way it was. And when I opened the latest issue, I groaned in despair. It was *all* about rope, of all things (The Rope Issue, November/December 2020). I forced myself to go ahead and read it. Once again, I found myself very much pleased. I tip my hat to the editorial staff. Job well done!

And I appreciate your generosity in extending subscriptions by two issues in 2020. Thank you.

—**Mark Warren**, Dunnellon, Florida

Thank you for the nice words, Mark, and for sticking with us.

–Editors

Fancy Ropework

We made it back to Cleveland in time for hurricane season, glad to be out of Florida, given the rising virus numbers. Found time to dress up the outboard tiller extension for the dinghy motor.

—**Bob Allenick,** *Her Diamond*, Freedom 38

For those who want to follow Bob's lead, the French spiral hitch is easy and suited to tillers, wheels, you-name-it. You can find all the instructions you need in "Dress Up the Steering Wheel," (January/February 2019), on our website at goodoldboat.com/dress-up-the-steering-wheel, or check out the companion video at youtube.com/goodoldboat.

–Editors

Visit our YouTube channel for more on this project.

Bugs in the Bilge

I was searching online for information on environmentally friendly bilge cleaners. Amazon lists at least two products that claim to include microbes that eat oil and other hydrocarbons, but neither product is currently available. This class of product does not seem to be sold at any of the major marine supply retailers. Is there a reason for this? Seems to me that it would be nice to have your bilge colonized with something that would eat all the toxic hydrocarbons that might wind up there. Is there something I'm missing?

—**Frank Scalfano**, *Zoe*, Trinity, Alabama

Drew Frye responds:

Good question, Frank. Unfortunately, this is one of those cases where the claims are only sort of true. (Which is the reason these products don't stay on the market.) Bacteria can consume oil. In fact, most spill remediation happens naturally, accomplished by native bacteria that exist everywhere. Sewage plants consume oil and grease every day. However, when it comes to addressing an oil spill in the bilge, simply sprinkling in a few bugs is not going to be effective, for several reasons.

First, you need the right conditions for bacterial growth. The water should be warm, there needs to be mixing, and there can be no more than traces of oil, no more than a few hundred parts per million, for the bugs to stay healthy. Excessive oil, particularly oil that is not well emulsified, coats the bacteria. They can't breathe, and they just clump together, becoming ineffective and dying. The culture needs to be retained so that it can grow; not flushed out every time the bilge pump cycles. And if all that were not enough, seawater strongly inhibits oil-eating bacteria, slowing the process. Your best bet is still to recover the oil, give a good scrubbing, and find and fix the leaks.

By the way, for the past 25 years, I've consulted for industrial oily wastewater treatment plants. This photo, above, is of 250,000 gallons of oily wastewater being treated using bacteria. The environment is highly controlled to optimize bacterial growth and oil consumption.

No Free Fish For You

I really enjoyed the November/December 2020 issue, especially the article about climbing a mast ("Two Prusiks and a Prayer") and the article about sailing around Vancouver Island ("Sailing for the Grail"). I have lived in Seattle for about 60 years, owned a boat all this time, and gone up the West Coast of Vancouver Island a few times. Once, anchored in Columbia Cove, the automated female voice on the weather channel reported the winds off Brooks Peninsula (Cape Cook) as: "Wind speed zero." Electronic voices are sometimes

wrong, but we pulled up anchor. Outside, we saw about 30 knots northwest winds and large seas. It was like skiing over moguls going close-hauled to windward with a #3 and a single reef in the main. (Fortunately, the boat was an old Palmer Johnson 40, an S&S design made for conditions like that.) And then, the #3 developed a small tear. Within seconds, it ripped all the way to the luff. We had to take it down. Under main only, the boat was much slower, but we didn't have far to go to Winter Harbour. After we arrived, the sail and I hitchhiked to Port Hardy, hoping to find someone with a sewing machine, as we still had another 100 miles of windward sailing to do. We soon found a canvas guy working out of an old school bus. There was no zig-zag machine, only straight-stitch, but he had flat tables in the bus where we could lay out the sail and tape the seam before sewing. When I got back to the boat, I found myself sharing an anchorage with annoyed fishermen who complained to me, bitterly. My crew liked to play flute. There was nothing for my crew to do while I was gone. Apparently, there was a lot of flute playing while I was gone.

—**PJ. Lange**, Seattle, Washington

Inquiring Mind

That's a good-looking gennaker being flown aboard *Quiver* on the January/February 2021 cover. The sail numbers are clearly visible. But the same sail on the same boat appears on page 45 without a trace of sail numbers. Did they fall off? Just fade away? What magic is at work here? Inquiring minds would like to know.

Regarding David Salter's letter to the editor in the same issue about the British Seagull outboard, I believe it was the Atomic 4 engine that was designed for World War II landing craft, lifeboats, and

barges. As you said, the Seagull was too puny for that task. In any case, the Seagull couldn't have been intended especially for the D-Day landings because it was in production years before, in the 1930s. However, there were probably many Seagulls involved in the 1940s evacuation of the British Expeditionary Force from Dunkirk, when an armada of British small craft sailed over to ferry troops from the beaches to bigger craft lying offshore.

—**John V.**, Bellingham, Washington

Wow. The author who sent the photos, two editors, an art director, and two proofreaders missed this. We were surprised after you pointed it out. The author and photographer of the article, Ronnie Simpson, doesn't have an answer. He told us, "There is no trickery at play on the photos, especially on my end. I imagine it is just an optical illusion due to the lighting and faded numbers. It's a 10-year-old Ullman J105 kite, so the numbers are from a different boat." Looking closer, there is absolutely no trace of the numbers on page 45 that appear so clearly on the cover, but we agree it is a lighting thing. Note that on the cover, the portion of the numbers not in the shaded part of the sail are nearly invisible. That's all we've got, no trickery on our end either.

–Editors

R2AK Fan

My wife, Carey, and I have gone to each R2AK start since it began ("Into the Wild," January/February 2021). The variety of "boats" in Victoria's Inner Harbour, along with a wide spectrum of "sailors" wandering the docks, is always entertaining. The mad scramble down the stairs and along the docks at the "Le Mans" start is hilarious. And it's amazing how quickly the first entrants can get themselves out of the harbor under human power. Excellent story.

—**Bert Vermeer**, *Good Old Boat* Contributing Editor

Loving the Beneteau

Couldn't agree more; the Beneteau Oceanis 351 you reviewed is an excellent cruiser ("Beneteau Oceanis 351" January/February 2021). We own a 1999 352 which, as the article states, is practically a clone of the 351. It is our first boat and we have enjoyed her immensely over the past seven years. We made a major addition to the boat's handling by adding two Harken 44 winches on the rear coamings. We installed them using stainless steel brackets and backing boards (designed by the owner of a sister ship) and now we can handle the sheets from the wheel. I think having only two winches on the cabintop is the only significant shortcoming of this boat. Beneteau made another great model with the 352.

—**Greg Rosine,** *Wanderlust*, Kalamazoo, Michigan

Readers Without Sails

I started sailing in my late teens, have owned a sailboat since I was in my early twenties. I'm not sure how long ago I first subscribed to *Good Old Boat*, but I have enjoyed every issue. Alas, after 52 years of sailing, we now own *Moon Dragon*, a 1989 Island Gypsy 32 trawler. I have kept my subscription to *Good Old Boat* because, except for articles about masts and sails, the information on your pages crosses over. In fact, on an online trawler-focused discussion group, I learned that there are other ex-sailors, now trawler owners, who read *Good Old Boat* for the same reasons. Almost every article in the January/February issue contains information applicable to the "other old boat" group.

—**Leo Reise**, Mount Hope, Ontario

Department of Corrections—MR

Maybe this note would be better labeled a clarification. In the last issue, in this section, I responded to a reader who took issue with a term we used and defined in our July/August 2019 issue: pole lift. This American reader has been racing for 35 years and said he was familiar only with the terms "topping lift" and "topper" and that we should not define these terms for all sailors. I'd only used and heard "topping lift" aboard the boats I've been aboard, so I readily agreed with the American reader and blamed the late Jeremy McGeary, our very great British editor, for the terminology gaff and signed off. I was remiss in not first checking with our technical editor, Canadian Rob Mazza, who knows more about sailing and sailboats than I ever will, who may very well have designed one or more of the boats our American reader has raced over the years, and who offers this coherent explanation: "There are actually two topping lifts on most keel boats. The main boom topping lift and the spinnaker pole topping lift. The former is often referred to as the boom topping lift and the latter as the pole topping lift. The latter can be further shortened to the pole lift—but it seems this is not universal. Also, in my experience, downhaul is more often used on smaller boats that do end-for-end pole jibes, while foreguy is used on larger boats that do dip-pole jibes, but again, not universally."

Dave Lochner, a frequent *Good Old Boat* contributor, alerted us that our description of the iNavX software is inaccurate ("Product Profiles: Nav in the Pocket," January/February 2020). We wrote that a more sophisticated version of iNavX can be installed on a Mac laptop, but this is no longer true. The Mac laptop-friendly version was called MacENC, and stopped being supported by iNavX when tablets and smartphones took over and Apple transitioned from 32-bit processing to 64-bit processing. However, in early 2020, a company called NavStation bought MacENC from iNavX, upgraded it, and their version, MacENCx64, was wrapping up beta testing as we went to press. According to Dave, who tested the beta version, "The software includes a few worthwhile improvements and still needs some work in other areas."

Boats for Sale

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

Cal 2-46
1973. 50′ sloop major refit ’89. Great liveaboard cruiser w/Cal 40 heritage. Perkins 4-236 diesel. Large queen-berth cabins fore/aft w/encl. heads/showers. Aft settee converts to bunk beds. Great storage/headroom including amidships engine room w/workbench, large saloon w/galley/table seating 8. Owner motivated, downsizing. Located in San Carlos, MX, gateway to Sea of Cortez cruising. Reduced to $34,950.
Ernest Binz
ebinz@earthlink.net

Nauticat 35 Pilothouse
1988. Extend your season! Built for extended cruising or liveaboard. Custom designed. Extra capacity for fresh water + fuel, inside steering, standing headroom over 6′, H/C pressurized water, diesel heater, AP, spacious aft cabin w/ queen-sized-plus bed, hanging storage forward in the V, custom canvas w/bimini, deep cabinets in galley w/gimballed stove + oven, refrigeration. Only 2 owners, each w/16 years of great sailing. Age caught up with us. On Lake Superior since ’92. Cornucopia, WI. $79,000.
Louise Dobbe
651-295-6596
Ldobbe@gmail.com

C&C Viking 33/34
1981. C&C built by Ontario Yachts, recent sails, engine rebuild (3GM Yanmar), Awlgrip (Aristo Blue). B&G instruments, Auto-Helm autopilot. Steel cradle incl, three axle trailer avail. Boat in water and in beautiful condition at Miller Marina, Saint Claire Shores, MI. $21,000.
John Juntunen
313-820-2475
jfjuntunen@gmail.com

Downeast 38
1975. Cutter rigged. Rebuilt inside/out ’08. New bottom, rigging replaced. Interior exc cond. Marine survey ’09/’19, new zincs, 3.5KW genset. AC blows cold, VHF, AP, full instrumentation, GPS. Many pics avail. Ft. Walton Beach, FL. $89,700.
James DeSimone
850-939-7241
jdesim2015@gmail.com

Atkin Schooner 33
1957. Gaff-rigged. 32′9″x9′8″x4′4″ restored 2012-17, new African mahogany plywood/glass deck. Bald cypress deck beams, white oak frames, 3″ floor timbers, 7x6″ stem, white cedar hood ends, 1⅛″ carvel planking, both garboards and 3 planks above. Set of 5 sails including gollywobbler. Bullet-proof Sabb-2hr, 18hp, new rings and cylinder sleeves ’12. 6′ standing headroom, sleeps 3+, July ’18 survey. Sale incl hurricane mooring in Colonel Willis Cove, RI. Wishing $60,000, best offer.
Jim De Reynier
860-305-1582
Jimder40@gmail.com

Lancer 28 MkIV
1980. Sloop for singlehanding, Hoyt jib boom, Garhauer traveler. All teak clad interior, redesigned as elegant daysailer w/2 settees, quarterberths, custom cabinetry, stone countertops, 6′2″ headroom. 15hp Mariner elec. start OB. FB mainsail w/MackPack cover. WS. Dodger + bimini. Isoteak cockpit surfaces. Custom winter cover, and more. Always freshwater. Shelburne, VT. $8,000.
Joe Nieters
joefreda1@comcast.net

Catalina 34 MkI
1989. Hull #886. *Happy Camper* is a wing-keel sloop lovingly restored over the past 5 years. Cared for inside & out w/beautifully finished teak trim, painted mast, new bimini, dodger, connecting cloth, LED lighting, upgraded 12V wiring, Sea-Frost fridge/freezer ’19, and more. Other upgrades include a 3-blade Flex-o-Fold prop ’16, Fairflough custom canvas winter cover ’18, and Standard Horizon VHF with GPS ’18. Westport, CT. $38,000.
Ben Haase
203-558-9312
benhaase1@gmail.com

Grampian Classic 31
1983. New old stock. Has never been launched. Includes new mast, sails, rigging, variable pitch propeller, boxes of new best-quality fittings and a good Mercedes 4-cylinder diesel. Finish her up and take this beauty on her maiden voyage. Peterborough, ON. $20,000 CAD.
Terry Philpot
705-292-9099
terrymarcmarina@gmail.com
terrymarcmarina.com

Alberg 35
1967. Pearson-built sloop loved by same family for 53 years. Prof maintained/upgraded by boatbuilder/owner. New: prop, shaft, cutlass bearing, carbon-fiber/teflon packing, flex-drive coupling. Rebuilt seawater pump, heat exchanger, mainsail cover, Adler-Barbour Cold Machine fridge. Also new: 4 deep-cycle house batteries, D4 windlass battery, elec. panel, galley sink, pressure tank, Force 10 propane stove/cabin heater. Nearly new dodger w/extension. Universal M4-30 diesel w/Balmar 100-amp alternator. Free moorage on buoy. Port Madison till 5/1/21. Recent survey available. $28,000 firm.
Jim Llewellyn
206-842-4552
jim.llewellyn47@gmail.com

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Night on the Wing

New to night passages, a sailor finds help from an unexpected visitor.

BY JOHN HERLIG

I had stared into the night sky many hundreds of times from the cockpit of my 1967 Rawson 30 *Ave Del Mar*, but never while sailing on an overnight passage. The Bahamian island of Great Inagua was a manageable 100 nautical miles or so from my anchorage in Crooked Island, but this night felt like a new language.

It wasn't the first time I had felt this way. Sailing was often a struggle for me. I started late in life and hadn't even set foot on an underway vessel until my mid-40s. Absent were all those years and lessons that so many sailors have had at the gentle, loving hands of parents and grandparents, absorbing the delicate balance of science and art, thinking and feeling, that is sailing.

Growing up in the Midwest, my lessons had been cars, not boats. At age 10, while the water children were sailing in the club or tacking in a regatta, I was driving a stick shift unsupervised through snow and mud. Those subtleties I understood innately. The boat was a foreign language I had to learn.

And tonight, I realized, I was still learning it. The day's sail from Crooked Island had gone well, as *Ave* had settled comfortably in on a mild beam reach making a consistent 4 to 5 knots. I am happy on the open water, and as this day ticked slowly by, I soaked up the sunshine, scanned the horizon for ships, strummed the ukulele, and nibbled away at my food stores without need to wonder what time it was.

Evening found me sailing through a kaleidoscopic sunset. Hues of magenta and fiery orange came and went, weaving patterns in the sky. It happens so fast. One minute the sun taps the horizon, and the next minute you wonder how its finale could pass so quickly. The grey of evening fell on me, a dusting of nighttime that built too slowly to perceive as it happened.

Night sailing was a very different sensory experience. I found myself comforted by the familiarity of my vessel but also keenly aware that the world had lost the language I knew. Silhouettes on the horizon no longer announced strange ships from afar. Clouds no longer carried messages. The seas no longer danced.

The darkness around me grew into a gentle black and the stars began to come to life—a handful here, a handful there, pushing meekly through the night sky until it became theirs. *Ave* continued to sail easily, leaving me to my new isolation. I kept watch from the cockpit, catnapping.

I awoke after midnight to an odd scratching sound. A blackbird was clawing a grip onto the edge of the solar panel off *Ave Del Mar*'s stern rail. I smiled, happy that the universe had sent me some company. I offered food to my new friend who politely refused, choosing instead just to sit clinging to the panel's square aluminum frame. I decided to name him Mortimer.

For the better part of an hour we carried on as *Ave* sliced capably through the water. I kept watch and Mortimer observed what he chose to—sometimes curious, sometimes seemingly not. As we crept towards 2 o'clock, he flew off abruptly. The void left by his departure surprised me. Still, I smiled thanks toward the stars and carried on, choosing to be happy with the company I had had.

But the night, the universe, and Mortimer all fooled me. Soon enough my eyes caught movement overhead—and suddenly there he was, my nighttime copilot scratching to a stop like a feathery black Hellcat skidding onto a carrier deck. He white-knuckled the panel's edge, settled slowly down, and busied himself again with observing.

All night we did this. Mortimer would sit, gripping his perch, and watch me as I sailed. I told him stories, asked him questions that he never answered, and sang him a few songs. From time to time—always without warning—he would fly off, only to return 10 or 15 or 20 minutes later.

Night eventually gave way to the suggestion of dawn. Mortimer left one last time and didn't return. *Ave Del Mar* maintained her capable ways. Coffee boiled below in the galley. The daytime world slowly, steadily came back to being. I sailed on, touched by a bird who helped me learn a new language of sailing that I am still only beginning to understand.

John Herlig is a published poet, a public speaker, and host of the upcoming podcast "This is Real Happiness." He can be found at avedelmar.com.


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