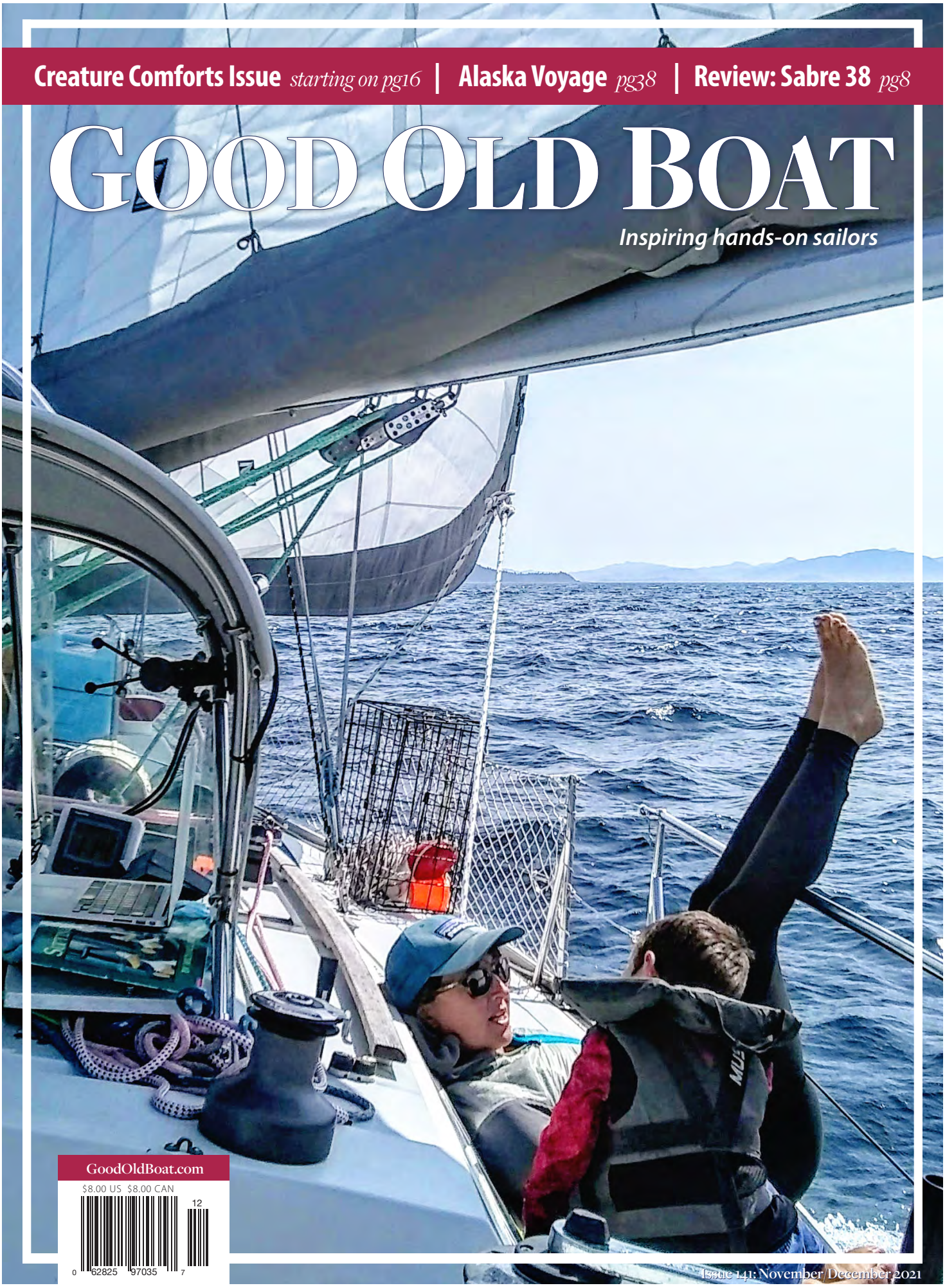
Creature Comforts Issue *starting on pg16* | **Alaska Voyage** *pg38* | **Review: Sabre 38** *pg8*

Good Old Boat

Inspiring hands-on sailors



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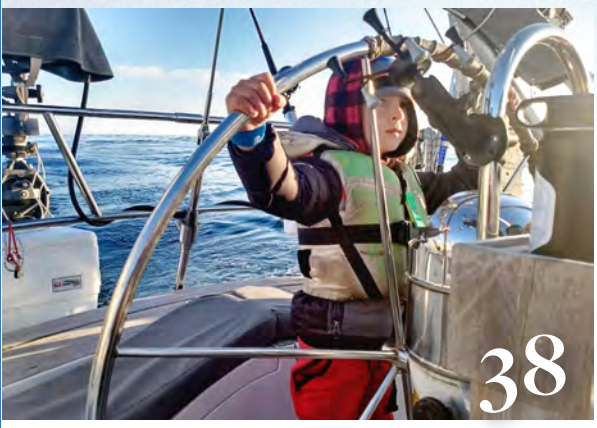

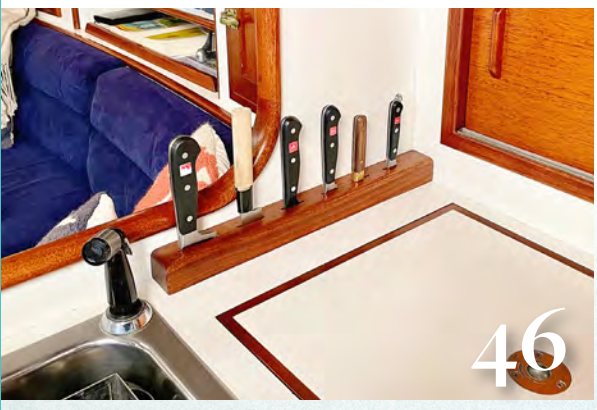

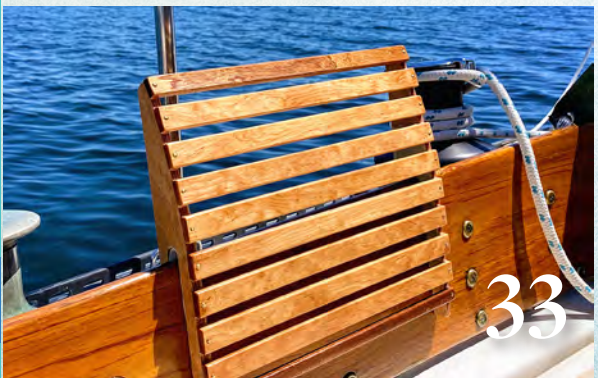

Good Old Boat

Issue 141: November/December 2021

★ **THE CREATURE COMFORTS ISSUE**

DEPARTMENTS

On the Cover
Andy Cross caught this photo of his wife, Jill, and son, Magnus, aboard their 1984 Grand Soleil *Yahtzee* while underway from Gut Bay on Baranof Island, Alaska, to Bay of Pillars on nearby Kulu Island.

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The sailing magazine for the rest of us.

Contributing Boats

A few boats behind the stories in this issue.

Secret Water, 1965 Allied Seabreeze

"I purchased her in 1996 as a project derelict. I love her sweeping sheer, low freeboard, long overhangs, counter stern, bronze hardware, and superb sailing attributes. As we say in Maine, 'She's a keep-ah.' "
Check out the crafty cockpit coaming extensions on page 33.

Designers: Frank MacLear and Bob Harris
Owner: Art Hall
Home Port: Bayside, Maine
Fun Fact: She's named after the 1939 Arthur Ransome novel.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRITZ SEEGERS

Sweet Shoal, 2004 Hunter 306

"We love the space in the cockpit and how quickly she moves when the winds are light. She's very forgiving, and on a beam reach happily exceeds 7 knots without even trying. The day we sailed her home we had the kids with us, and we couldn't believe how lucky we were to have this lovely boat and to be together on her."
Read about the learning curve on page 30.

Designer: Glenn Henderson/Hunter
Owners: Paul and Jessica Veter
Home Port: Hamilton, Ontario
Fun Fact: Headroom was key; Jessica is the shortest at 6 feet tall!

Sundance, 1991 Morris Justine

"I've long admired the design and have been stalking them for years. When the right boat came along, we snatched it up. The quality of the build is top-notch. Below, there is more airflow than on any boat I've ever been on. She's balanced and likes to go straight, tracks extremely well."
Catch the knife-storage solution on page 46.

Designer: Chuck Paine
Owners: Christopher Birch and Alexandra Burke
Home Port: Cushing, Maine
Un-Fun Fact: Shoal draft means sailing upwind isn't her happy place.

Elsa Marie, 1979 Independence 31

"Many years ago, I had to wait for the fitting out of a boat I was delivering, and the broker said I could live aboard his boat, which was one of the first Independence 31s. I never forgot about it. Fast forward to 2000, when there on the side of the road at Crocker's Boatyard in Manchester, Massachusetts, was an Independence 31 with a 'For Sale' sign. I was smitten and bought her right away."
Consider the philosophy of comfort on page 43.

Designer: Bruce King
Owner: David Roper
Home Port: Marblehead, Massachusetts
Fun Fact: Named after his mother-in-law, "a great woman of character and perseverance."

Creature Comforts

BY BOB MUGGLESTON

In 2018, I was part of a delivery crew charged with returning a Newport-Bermuda race boat to Rhode Island. It was a C&C 115 that had been stripped for racing, but one of the homey touches aboard was a giant pumper Thermos that lived on the galley counter while offshore and for safety was strapped to a bulkhead. Each night one of the crew, Barry, would boil water and fill the pumper. Mostly this was done for the overnight watch, but the Thermos was big, and its contents lasted well into each new day.

What a score that Thermos was! The return was exceptionally lumpy, especially in the Gulf Stream, so it was nice to brave the elements in the cockpit at night with a mug of hot tea or soup in your hand, thanks to the hot water that was so easily accessible.

In the morning, you could make yourself an excellent cup of coffee—the boat's owners had found instant Starbuck's coffee somewhere—or a cup of instant bacon and eggs. (I know, sounds gross, right? Delicious.)

That Thermos was what I'd call a creature comfort—a simple thing aboard that softened the hard edges of the trip and made it a bit more pleasurable.

This issue of *Good Old Boat* is dedicated to creature comforts—the ones that bring us joy, or help organize a previously messy space, or make things easier and allow us to exist in the relatively small spaces aboard boats without feeling like we're going to lose our minds.

The first thing we did after coming up with the theme was reach out to folks for their feedback. Right away, it became clear that people define creature comforts in different ways. But from knife blocks and throw pillows to revamped heads and cockpit seat extensions, there seems to be no end to the clever and creative ways we make our boats better fit our needs, no matter how simple or complex.

For example, Andy Cross, who sails *Yahtzee*, a Grand Soleil 39, immediately pointed to the hard dodger he built and a new set of sails as the two creature comforts that rated highest on his list.

But wait, you might say; how do a hard dodger and new sails qualify as creature comforts? Well, when a lot of your sailing is in cold water, a hard dodger keeps you warm and dry. And if you don't like motoring, new rags give you more sailing range.

Other above-deck modifications in this issue include the cockpit ignition switch John Churchill installed aboard his Bristol 35.5, and the second set of auxiliary winches Tom Alley added to his Alberg 35. In both cases, the authors set out to improve routine tasks in their cockpits and succeeded in spades.

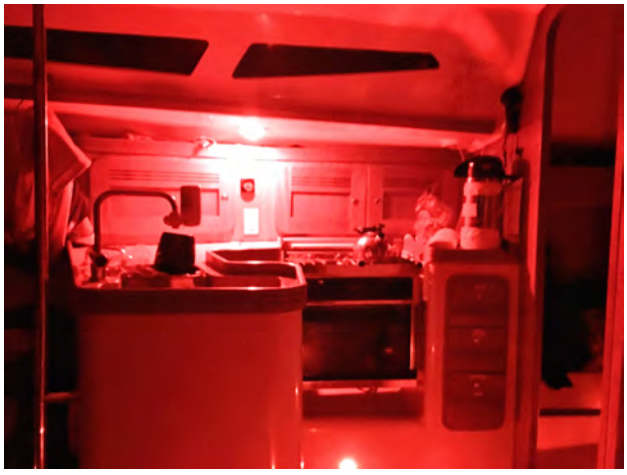
It's likely, though, that most sailors associate creature comforts with the arrangements belowdecks. Sometimes these modifications are small, like the gusher Thermos on our trip back to Newport, but they can also be big. Marissa and Chris Neely completely redesigned their Cheoy Lee 41's head and quarter berth, and they created a super-slick way to watch movies aboard.

Nichola and Colin Wright turned one of the heads on their 1979 Kelly Peterson 44 into a laundry/dressing room, complete with a washing machine. (Nichola also has a great way to remember the places they've visited that's clever *and* comfy. Hint: It involves a sewing machine.)

Of course, not every creature comfort aboard a sailboat involves rethinking a boat's layout or installing something new. Sometimes, a treasured family heirloom hanging on the bulkhead fits the bill, or even the color of fabric for settee cushions that has been chosen to evoke another time and place. This is the case for David Roper aboard *Elsa Marie*, an Independence 31.

Whatever the idea, each seems to reflect a little something about who we are as sailors. That big Thermos pumper on the C&C? I'll have one on my next "big" boat, for sure.

Hopefully, this issue will provide you with inspiration and ideas to make some changes of your own, whatever floats your comfort boat.



Saildrive Suspicions, More Heavy Metal, and True Love Found

Steely-Eyed Metal Maintenance

Ed Zacko's May/June 2021 article "Testing Their Metal," about his search for deteriorating stainless steel and bronze aboard his boat, is an excellent warning for us all. Like Ed's boat, our 1974 Nicholson 38 ketch, *Rainshadow,* was built using the best practices of the day. The previous owner was certain that Camper & Nicholsons built an excellent boat—and he was right! But the boat was only seven when he bought it, and he sailed it for 28 years. In 2009, when we bought *Rainshadow* from him, it was 35 years old.

Over the 12 years that we've looked after her, *Rainshadow* has kept us safe during years of cruising the British Columbia coast and a rough 28-day passage to Hawaii. Now, she's here in the tropics, where aging is accelerated beyond belief. At least it seems that way to us former Pacific Northwest sailors! All along, we've been taking a close look at how her metal is holding up.

What we've seen is that in the four decades since *Rainshadow* was built, much of her bedding compound has turned to dust. As a result, many of her stainless steel fasteners are corroded. We've gradually worked on rebedding everything that penetrates the deck, including portlights, chainplates, and cleats, replacing every fastener as we go, regardless of appearance. I thought only the stanchions were left on our list, but then I read Ed's comments about his imminent grabrail failures. Sobering, indeed! It means our beautiful teak handrails are also suspect.

One area containing metal Ed didn't mention was the rudder. During haulouts, we noticed our rudder stayed wet for days. So, one year we decided to cut the rudder open and found a corroded armature and rudder post—another failure waiting to happen. On the advice of the folks at Port Townsend Foundry in Washington, we had a replacement rudder stock machined from nickel aluminum bronze. This alloy has good corrosion resistance and high strength in comparison to stainless steel.

—**Marilyn Johnson**, Hilo, Hawaii

Plumbing with PEX

Loved David Popken's article about replumbing a boat with PEX ("Piping Up," July/August 2021). Our own boat is a Ted Brewer, 42-foot steel cutter that was custom built in the 1990s. After we bought her in 2008, we began rearranging things. The plumbing system was on our list, and we used PEX throughout.

By great good luck, we found a yard in lower Nova Scotia that could accommodate us and allowed us to do much of our own work. Their regular plumbing/electrical contractor used PEX and was able to supply us with the piping itself and the necessary fittings and crimping tool. He used the PEX A material [there's also a PEX B], with the expansion-style fittings and compression rings. We renovated the galley and two heads using PEX and found it easy to use and easy to run throughout the boat.

—**John Hodkinson**, *My Stars,* Toronto, Ontario

After reading David Popken's article on replacing the freshwater system lines aboard his boat with PEX, I had several questions for him. The first was whether instead of using ½-inch pipe he considered using pipe that was ⅜-inch? Given the low flow rates for a freshwater system on a boat, that seems like a reasonable choice. My second question was if there were any issues connecting to things like tanks, pumps, or filters, since they were almost certainly manufactured to be

Marilyn Johnson of Hilo, Hawaii, shot this image of what once was the Poho'iki boat ramp marker, which denoted the end of a breakwater near Cape Kumukahi, the easternmost point of Hawaii's Big Island. It's just a few hundred yards from where a river of lava from Kīlauea, the Big Island's most active volcano, made it to the sea in 2018. The flow eventually covered about three miles of shoreline just south of Cape Kumukahi. The remnants of the Poho'iki boat ramp are just visible in the background; the only ramp between Hilo and Miloli'i (some 94 miles by land), its loss has been sorely felt by local commercial fishermen.

connected to the more typical flex-hose system one normally sees on boats?

—**Bob Andrew**, Norwalk, Connecticut

David Popken responds:
I didn't consider ⅜-inch PEX simply because ½-inch is so readily available and probably just as cheap as the ⅜-inch. Also, I wanted to match as closely as possible the internal diameter of the original piping. This made connecting to the existing flexible hose easier, which was something—short of replacing the whole system—that inevitably had to happen.

There were a few appliances where it was easier to make a transition from PEX to flexible hose instead of trying to find a suitable PEX adapter. The showerhead comes to mind. But, in general, there is always a way to make a direct connection. For instance, with the water heater, I used ½-inch threaded male PEX fittings to attach to the threaded brass elbows the unit came with.

Good Old Boat **reader and contributor Art Hall took this shot of two Allied Seabreeze 35s while anchored in Maple Juice Cove on the St. George River near Friendship, Maine. His is the white-hulled *Secret Water*, while the black boat, *Shenandoah*, belongs to Bob Cronin. Beyond sharing model badges from the same builder, these two boats were built in sequence: *Secret Water* is hull #36, and *Shenandoah* is hull #37. Art happened upon *Shenandoah* by accident and told us that the last time these two boats were side-by-side was almost certainly 56 years earlier, when they were on the Allied factory floor in Catskill, New York.**

Saildrives? No Thanks.

It was curious to notice that in Bert Vermeer's review of the Tartan 3400 (July/August 2021) there was no comment made on the boat's propulsion system, a Yanmar SD-20 Sail-Drive, other than to note that access to it was easy and that soft engine mounts helped dampen the noise and vibration of the unit. In a publication such as *Good Old Boat*, I'd expect that the potential effects of poor maintenance on a saildrive would at least get a passing mention.

As the years go by, an increasing number of good old boats with these systems will be part of our lives. While builders love saildrives because they're relatively easy to install, a poorly maintained unit will eventually be prone to issues with the aluminum lower unit and the elastomer diaphragm seal between the leg and the boat.

The aluminum leg, often fitted or retrofitted with a bronze prop, is essentially an outboard motor lower unit permanently immersed in the water. Any chipping of the paint will expose the aluminum to rapid corrosion, especially if the anodes have been neglected (or are the wrong formulation or size), or a copper bottom paint has been used. Any stray currents around the dock will only make things worse. Additionally, there is no easy way to check the condition of the gearbox oil without a haulout.

According to Yanmar, the elastomer seals between the saildrive and the boat should be changed every five years. This is an operation that's potentially going to be labor-intensive, expensive, and could even require some deconstruction of the interior. There is usually a sensor that indicates if the outer seal has begun to fail. However, how often do people check to see if their sensors are working?

In Rob Mazza's subsequent article comparing the Tartan to the C&C 99 and the Beneteau 34, the Beneteau is the only one that does not have a saildrive, which, at least to me, seems like a long-term ownership advantage. I would never consider a boat with a saildrive installation. As a mechanical engineer I am much more comfortable with shaft alignment, shaft logs, and cutless bearings.

—**Jon Pitcher**, Apex, North Carolina

Bert Vermeer responds:
I looked at the saildrive issue while writing the article and decided not to address it, because I think saildrives and their potential problems should be another article entirely. I'm currently using a saildrive myself, a Beta Marine unit that replaced an old shaft-drive system, which I wrote about in the July/August 2013 issue, "Repowering to a Saildrive." That was almost 10 years and 1,200 hours ago with no problems. I can't speak to reliability of the Yanmar or Volvo systems, although I looked at both back then. My reasoning still stands—they reduce vibration and noise.

I believe most manufacturers call for a five-year inspection as a fail-safe to assess possible water intrusion or seal failure, though I have yet to personally see or hear of that happening. The last time my boat was hauled I removed the bottom fairing flap and inspected the bottom seal with an inspection camera wand. The top seal is visible inside the engine compartment. Both were in like-new condition.

On the Beta and larger Yanmar saildrives, the lubricating oil can be changed from within the engine compartment. I'm fairly certain the Volvo unit is meant to be drained from the bottom of the leg.

Corrosion of the aluminum leg is a concern, but manageable. Always use the paints that the manufacturers of a particular unit recommend on the leg itself and follow their instructions for isolating the leg from the rest of the hull if you plan on using a copper-based bottom paint. On my boat, I installed a galvanic isolator on the shorepower system. To date there isn't a hint of corrosion on the leg, and I have enjoyed 10 years of motoring without my fillings being loosened!

continued on page 55

We Want to Hear from You

Send your letters to andy@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, visit goodoldboat.com to sign up.

Sabre 38

A Maine-Built Sailing Master

BY ALLEN PENTICOFF

When Dave and Sharon Nehring of Racine, Wisconsin, began searching for a boat to serve largely as a comfy floating summer home as well as for cruising Lake Michigan and Green Bay, they happily settled on the classy Sabre 38, which they keep in Sturgeon Bay. *Seventh Heaven* is the seventh boat they've owned, hence the name.

Styling of the Sabre 38, like others in the model line, updates stodgy '70s design elements with a slightly curvy sheer, raked bow and transom, and low-profile (albeit slightly stepped) coachroof, above.

Dave, a retired stockbroker, and Sharon, a retired math teacher, met in high school, became a couple, and attended college together at the University of Wisconsin-Oshkosh, where they started sailing on a friend's leaky Penguin. Hooked on sailing, they soon owned a 17-foot O'Day daysailer, sailing it on Lake Winnebago. Over the years, five other boats came and went, including a Cape Dory 25, Pearson Vanguard, Yankee 26, Tartan 34, Ericson 35, and finally the Sabre 38 that they acquired in 2014.

Seventh Heaven is a centerboard, shoal-draft version of the first 100 Sabre 38s built. The production run was 1981 to 1987. The slightly larger and somewhat different Sabre 38 Mk II, also designed by Roger Hewson, was introduced in 1988. Some people refer to the first 38 as a Mk I.

History

Although Canadian Roger Hewson started building 26-foot scows (called Sabre) as a sideline business, in 1970 he and his wife moved to Raymond, Maine, and founded Sabre Yachts with a boat of his own design, the Sabre 28. More than 2,500 boats have been built to the tagline: "Crafted in the Maine Tradition."

In 1994, Sabre Yachts acquired toolmaker North End Marine of Rockland, Maine. While diversifying into non-marine fiberglass construction, North End Marine was renamed North End Composites and continues to make molds for Sabre, however these are the large, Down East-style powerboats that now carry the name. Sabre ended sailboat production in 2013.

That "Maine Tradition" means quality construction

and attention to detail. People look to Sabre for a handsome, solid-quality yacht that is comfortable for cruising and quick around the cans for those who like to race. Sabre built nine different lengths of sailboats 28 to 45 feet and 20 different models. Although the company is no longer building sailboats, Glen Chaplin, director of customer service, says Sabre likes to keep in touch with its sailboat owners and can offer some support, including manuals for rigging and other systems as well as sources for certain parts.

Construction and Mechanicals

Sabre has a reputation for above-average build quality that is evident in the boat's fiberglass and wood joinery finish work. The hand-laid hull combines polyester resin with alternate plies of 24-ounce woven roving, unidirectional, and 1.5-ounce mat with end-grain balsa wood for coring. Decks were balsa cored with cut-outs where hardware was attached; in those areas, composite or plywood inserts better withstand and distribute compression loads.

The hull-to-deck joint is through-bolted and chemically bonded. The stick-built interior features bulkheads tabbed to the hull, generally regarded as superior to molded fiberglass pans, to form bunk platforms and other interior features. Ballast is external lead secured with stainless steel bolts. Most Sabre rudders were constructed as two half shells, glassed together, and filled with expanding urethane foam.

Seventh Heaven's engine is an old 4-cylinder Westerbeke 33. At the time of purchase, Dave had the motor surveyed separately from the hull and ended up with $5,000 in fixes. But this has been money well spent, as the engine has

The deck is relatively clean; note the inboard location of the shrouds to allow easy passage fore and aft on the sidedecks and to allow tighter headsail sheeting angles, at right.

With a good turn of speed, the Sabre 38 is known as a comfortable, well-built boat for cruisers and club racers, at bottom right.

There's a lot going on at the bow of *Seventh Heaven*: a two-rail bow pulpit, a large anchor roller as well as a smaller guide for a second anchor, nav light, and Harken furler.

been very reliable. While the Westerbeke can run at 3,800 rpm, Dave typically sets it for cruise at 2,200 rpm. This yields a smooth under-power speed of about 6 knots.

Conveniently, *Seventh Heaven* has an electric pump to remove used engine oil during an oil change. This system completely and easily evacuates the oil sump and sends the fluid to a waiting receptacle. It makes it dead easy for an owner to do regular oil changes, encouraging good engine maintenance.

There are also maintenance advantages to the offset prop shaft, one of the boat's interesting features below the waterline. It's easy to remove the shaft, if need be, without removing the rudder. However, the prop wash does not flow directly over the rudder. While this yields a vibration-free helm under power, it makes certain low-speed power maneuvers difficult to accomplish. *Seventh Heaven* has a Martec three-blade folding prop for improved sailing performance, but in addition to the problems created by the offset prop, the folding prop may complicate matters if it doesn't open properly or offer the "bite" of a fixed prop.

On Deck

Starting at the bow, we find a very sturdy stemhead fitting that also serves as an anchor roller. It accommodates two anchors offset from one another. Aft of that is a deep anchor locker. Bow to stern are double lifelines between stainless steel pulpits.

The Sabre 38 has a long, classic cabin trunk. On top are four opening hatches and four Dorade vents with an option to add two more. At the sides of the cabin trunk are four opening ports and two fixed windows per side. Long teak handholds provide security going forward. Genoa tracks are mounted on the toerail and inboard on the cabin trunk.

Moving aft, a generous T-shaped cockpit is protected by a dodger (with Makrilon glass) and a bimini with solar panels on top. Leading to the cabin is a short passage over a bridge deck with a wide companionway protected by a sea hood.

An optional swim ladder comes up to the stern pulpit and serves as a gate. I discussed with Dave my desire that swim ladders could be deployed from the water by a person

Seventh Heaven has a CNG stove/oven, and because this gas is lighter than air (unlike LPG), its storage compartment does not require a drain, although it does require a vent above the tanks to evacuate any leaking gas. Here the bottles are located in the port seat locker. Some owners have switched to LPG because it is much easier to obtain, at bottom left.

Because of the quarter berth below, the starboard seat locker is quite shallow, below.

The cockpit is efficient, with two lazarettes behind the 40-inch wheel, engine controls under the starboard hatch, and ready access to the rudder stock for a short emergency tiller, at left.

Access to the engine is quite good. The companionway steps move as a unit with the cabinetry. Additional access is good from the portside cockpit locker, and a bit more access is available from the starboard aft berth, at bottom left.

caught overboard. For this, he had a long, easily usable line reachable from the water. The reverse transom has no scoop to serve as dinghy boarding or swim platform; this boat was designed before that trend came along, but a platform could be added.

The cockpit seats are wide but a tad short for stretched-out napping, thus earning a Penticoff Napability Index rating (scale of 1-5) of 3. However, should one remove the wheel, which is easily accomplished, and fabricate small inserts, the PNI would rise to 5. The stern seat is nearly wide and long enough for a good nap, too.

The cockpit coaming edge is relieved with a chamfer, making for a gentle seatback with storage in cubbies below, but the seats are a bit far apart for comfortable bracing while heeled. There is a manual bilge pump readily at hand in the cockpit as well as a pressurized swim showerhead and the crank for the centerboard hoist.

Rig

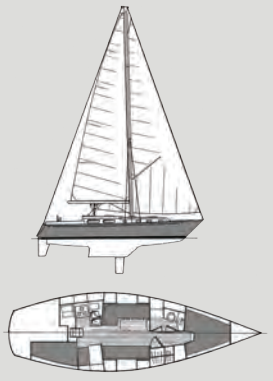
The Sabre 38 has a tall, high-aspect-ratio rig. The mast is supported by double spreaders and double shrouds as well as double inner lower shrouds—all mounted inboard. The headsail is a 135 percent genoa on a roller furler. The mainsail is a North 3DL with two full battens and three partial battens guided up and down by a Dutchman flaking system. A hydraulic backstay keeps it all tight.

The halyards lead to winches on the mast, but all other running rigging is led to the cockpit with stop clutches. The headsail sheets lead to big, Lewmar 48 two-speed, self-tailing winches mounted on the cockpit coamings. The mainsheet is mounted mid-boom with a traveler forward of the dodger keeping the bridge deck clear but making for somewhat inconvenient mainsail adjustments if racing or sailing shorthanded.

Interior

Seventh Heaven has the classic interior layout, with quarter berth to starboard; in the alternative aft cabin layout, that area is enclosed, the nav table moved forward, and there's a quarter berth on the port side aft of the galley. The saloon is the same in each with opposing settees and drop-down table. In the classic layout, the compact galley is tucked into the port quarter area, next to the companionway ladder, and should provide adequate support for cooking underway.

After taking in the beauty of all the teak below, the next thing one notes is all the light and ventilation. Despite the ample wood, the saloon and forward cabin have an



LINE DRAWINGS BY ROB MAZZA

Sabre 38

Builder	Sabre Yachts
Designer	Roger Hewson & Sabre Design Team
LOA	37'10"
LWL	31'2"
Beam	11'6"
Draft	4'3"/6'9"
Displacement	15,600 lb
Ballast	6,800 lb
Sail Area	688 sq ft
SA/Displ.	17.63
Ballast/Displ.	43.6
Displ./LWL ratio	230

Belowdecks is "teaklandia." There's lots of teak, everywhere, but abundant light and bright upholstery counterbalance the dark wood. The port settee converts to a double berth.

open, airy feel, in part because of the Nehrings' light-colored upholstery.

The saloon table folds down in two sections to create a very large dining/working surface. It should be folded up while underway so that anyone moving about can reach a grabrail below the saloon windows. Thoughtful handholds are also located at the ends of the galley, nav station, and top of the ladder. The insides of all lockers and storage areas are very well finished with no rough surfaces apparent.

The centerboard cable is in the bilge, down with the accessible keel bolts. Dave fabricated a collar/pan for the mast at the mast step that drains rainwater via a hose to the bilge sump. He and other owners caution buyers to look for rot in the sole near the mast step due to this problem of rainwater following the mast slot to the bottom. The cabin overhead is vinyl fabric joined with varnished teak battens.

There are two doors to the head so that privacy can be maintained for those residing on either side of this door while others use the facilities. The V-berth is roomy and airy, and a thoughtful wood step is mounted on the bulkhead if you wish to pop right out the hatch overhead. Dave reports that Sharon often leaves the cabin this way, as do their grandchildren.

The water heater and three batteries reside under the quarter berth. During cooler

Comments from Owners

Leaky chainplates caused extensive rot to a bulkhead; repair took over a year. Mast step rotted, sole completely rotted, wood under the shower pan rotted. Core rot. Mast step is a design flaw. Several seacocks leak. Leaks in area where companionway hatch slides, which rotted out the slats the headliner is attached to.

—**Thomas Wanderer**, Beverly, Massachusetts

Overall, the build quality is way better than most production boats. The biggest issue is something the owner's group calls "Sabre Rot." The design of the weep hole in the mast step was faulty, creating repeated minor flooding of the cabin sole adjacent to the mast, eventually rotting the substrate and in some cases, the sole itself.

—**David Popken**, Seabrook, Texas

We've done a few long offshore trips, including the fall 2019 Salty Dawg rally from Virginia to Antigua. The first thing I noticed sailing the Sabre was how authoritative the rudder is, even hard on the wind at high angles of heel. When we bought the boat, I was concerned about not being able to reach the traveler or mainsheet from the wheel, but it hasn't been a big issue. The boat has a reputation for sailing with a lot of heel, which I've found to be true. In big ocean waves the boat is pretty well behaved. It will heave to beautifully, which we've done on many occasions when the crew needs a break. The very large icebox abuts the engine room and absorbs too much heat to be effective. I've had a problem with the lower rudder bushing coming loose.

—**Andrew Kurtz**, Hull, Massachusetts

The Sabre manual indicates that heel should be kept less than 25 degrees, which is critical. Beyond that, the boat is slow and develops excessive weather helm. Use of the centerboard helps with lift and pointing, but not stability. We reef in about 15 knots of wind. The offset prop generates significant prop walk to port in reverse, which can be useful if understood. In forward, some helm is needed. Sabre appeared to deliver these boats with no interior finish. The boat's appearance and maintenance are greatly improved with a urethane finish. The boat sails beautifully, handles weather with ease, and exudes a sense of style and luxury, even at nearly 40 years of age. Chainplate caulking must be regularly maintained. We had intrusion that rotted two bulkheads and part of the head cabinetry.

—**Mark Maiocco**, Fredericksburg, Virginia

The galley holds a double sink, three-burner CNG stove, and DC-powered Frigoboat refrigerator. The four-step ladder has storage under three of them, at left.

The spacious V-berth has the usual insert to convert two singles to a double, at middle left.

Opposite the galley is the somewhat tight nav station tucked under the sidedeck. Very long drawers slide out of the nav station cabinetry, at bottom left.

weather a diesel cabin heater warms the interior.

Underway

Our test sail took place on Wisconsin's lovely Sturgeon Bay, near Green Bay where there is plenty of room. The Sabre 38 tracked very well when on the wind (12-15 knots apparent) but seemed to need a bit more attention to steering it straight when off the wind. In tacks to windward it came about very quickly. The deep-draft fin keel version is likely even quicker.

One can sit and steer the big wheel from many spots or stand quite comfortably. Dave suggested I try stretching out on the stern seat to steer, back to leeward. It was fine; I'd call this the "Barcalounger position." There was no sense of weather helm to fight, just a touch of it (as it should be), and we could easily point to 35 degrees apparent. The feel was neither heavy nor fingertip light.

In terms of PHRF rating, most of the boats rate 132 seconds per mile, the same as a Catalina 38 centerboard and a shoal-draft Beneteau 38.

As mentioned earlier, the offset prop shaft makes for "non-standard" use of prop and rudder while maneuvering in close quarters. However, one owner says it can be used to one's advantage, and on returning to the marina Dave demonstrated an easily made tight U-turn into the slip.

Conclusion

Many sailing yachts in this size range are limited production. With 100 of the Sabre 38s built and 114 of the Mk II models, this is a good run. There were several of both listed on internet sales sites. Online prices ran from $50,000 for a 1983 to $75,000 for a 1986, with two 1985 listings at $65,000. The Mk IIs run quite a bit more. These boats hold a lot of appeal for the cruising sailor, having great sailing characteristics, comfort, and quality traditional construction, yet still equipped to modern standards.

Good Old Boat *Contributing Editor Allen Penticoff is a free-lance writer, sailor, and longtime aviator. He has trailer-sailed on every Great Lake and on many inland waters and has had keel-boat adventures on fresh and salt-water. He owns an American 14.5, a MacGregor 26D, and a 1955 Beister 42-foot steel cutter that he stores as a "someday project."*

Sabre 38

...and Two More Centerboard Cruisers

STORY AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROB MAZZA

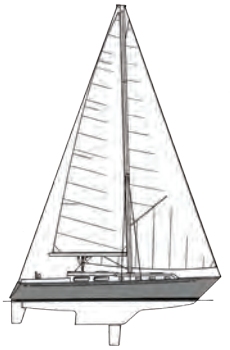
Shoal draft is a real advantage in cruising boats; some would even say it's a necessity, opening up a whole range of cruising options in the Bahamas, the Chesapeake Bay, Florida Keys, and elsewhere. But for racing boats, shoal draft is a disadvantage. Deeper draft allows for more efficient, high-aspect-ratio foils. It also significantly lowers the ballast center of gravity, especially with a bulb, enabling greater upwind stability and sail-carrying ability, usually at a lighter displacement.

So, the dilemma facing designers and builders is how to offer shoal draft while still maintaining good upwind performance? The boats in this design comparison illustrate solutions that three popular production builders from the 1970s and 1980s adopted, all using talented in-house design teams.

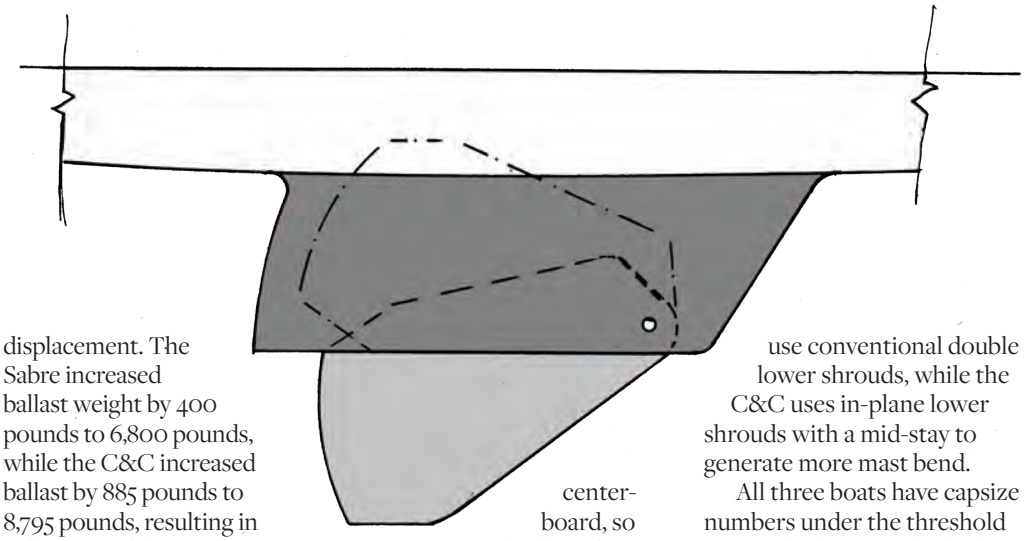
Two of our boats, the Sabre 38 and the C&C 40, offer shoal draft as an option to their standard deep-draft model. For this option, the hull mold is usually constructed so that the middle section encompassing the keel sump can be removed. Builders then install a flanged insert that contains the longer and wider sump of the shoal-draft keel, and the hull is laminated as one piece within the modified mold. Fixed draft is reduced from 6 feet 6 inches to 4 feet 3 inches for the Sabre and from 7 feet to 4 feet 9 inches for the C&C. With the centerboard down, draft increases to 8 feet and 8 feet 6 inches, respectively.

With the innovative Pearson 40, the shoal-draft configuration was the standard, not the option. Rather than adding a stub keel that houses the centerboard, Bill Shaw has taken the Ted Hood approach of employing a deeper hull form housing a large amount of internal ballast, with the board rotating into a slot in the canoe body.

Each of these boats must then address reduced sailing stability resulting from a higher ballast center of gravity. All three of them do so by boosting ballast weight, which also increases total



	Sabre 38	C&C 40 K/CB	Pearson 40
LOA	37'10"	39'7"	39'11"
LWL	31'2"	31'6"	31'3"
Beam	11'6"	12'8"	12'6"
Draft	4'3"/8'0"	4'9"/8'6"	4'3"/9'5"
Displ.	15,600	17,985	22,800
Ballast	6,800	8,795	12,200
LOA/LWL	1.21	1.26	1.28
Beam/LWL	.37	.40	.40
Displ./LWL	230	257	334
Bal./Displ.	44%	49%	54%
Sail Area (100%)	691	743	803
SA/Displ.	17.7	17.3	15.9
Capsize No.	1.84	1.94	1.77
Comfort Ratio	28	28	36
Year Introduced	1981	1978	1979
Designer	Roger Hewson	Rob Ball and C&C Design	William Shaw
Builder	Sabre Yachts	C&C Yachts	Pearson Yachts



displacement. The Sabre increased ballast weight by 400 pounds to 6,800 pounds, while the C&C increased ballast by 885 pounds to 8,795 pounds, resulting in still respectable 44 percent and 49 percent ballast ratios. The Pearson 40, with its internal ballast mounted higher in a V-shaped hull, has taken this weight increase even further with a colossal 12,200 pounds of ballast—almost twice as much as the Sabre—achieving a ballast/displacement ratio of 54 percent!

The ballast weight increases on the Sabre and C&C still produce competitive displacement/waterline length ratios of 230 and 257, but that extra ballast in the Pearson results in 22,800 pounds displacement. This pushes the displacement/waterline length ratio to a hefty 334. That greater displacement also requires more sail area than the Sabre and C&C to achieve a sail area/displacement ratio of just 15.9, compared to the Sabre and C&C at 17.7 and 17.3.

In all three boats, the centerboard acts solely as a foil and does not contribute to ballast. All three boats use high-aspect-ratio centerboards that swivel into slots in the ballast on the Sabre and the C&C, and into the canoe body of the Pearson. In this way, the centerboard and its slot are confined to areas well below the cabin sole and do not intrude into the interior. Because the Pearson has eliminated the stub keel, all the required lift to reduce leeway needs to be generated by the centerboard, so her board is proportionally larger than the Sabre and the C&C, but even with 9 feet 5 inches of draft perhaps not large enough.

The high-aspect-ratio boards on the Sabre and the C&C project from a very low-aspect-ratio keel, with both the keel and the board generating the required lift or side force to counter leeway. The board is probably far enough forward in the keel to be relatively free of the turbulence created by the high tip losses off the shallow keel, but two such different foil configurations generally don't work well together.

A later approach adopted by C&C and Mark Ellis Design was a more triangular-shaped centerboard fabricated from fiberglass-covered cast iron that acts more as a keel extension than a separate foil (see illustration above). This configuration also lowers the center of gravity when the board is down and eliminates the open slot that generates increased drag. However, raising such a heavy centerboard usually requires the use of hydraulics.

All three boats sport double-spreader masthead rigs with narrow ribbon mains and large overlapping genoas common to IOR boats of that period. The Sabre and Pearson use conventional double lower shrouds, while the C&C uses in-plane lower shrouds with a mid-stay to generate more mast bend.

All three boats have capsize numbers under the threshold of 2, with the C&C the highest at 1.94 due to her greater beam. The Pearson is the lowest at 1.77 due to her heavy displacement. That factor also gives her the more favorable comfort ratio of 36, compared to 28 for the Sabre and the C&C.

Does the cruising advantage of reduced draft compensate for loss in upwind performance? Certainly not for everyone. But while it's always a pleasure to sail a boat well upwind, at some stage of a sailing life, wider cruising horizons are more attractive than optimum upwind performance.

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

Keeping it Cozy

Try these tricks to stay toasty warm while cold-weather cruising.

BY DREW FRYE

Summer sailing can be lovely, but there are downsides; the season is short in much of the country, the waters are often way too crowded, the heat can be oppressive, and the bugs can be annoying. For me, the most glorious sailing weather is in the fall and even into early winter, when the breeze is steady, the sun less intense, the water still warm, and the anchorages often empty.

But, to truly enjoy cool-weather sailing and cruising, you have to know how to stay warm and dry. Following are a few time-tested tricks I've learned to maximize the cozy factor during those brisk autumn days and long, star-studded, chilly nights.

Seal the Companionway

Dropboards are strong, simple, and take up minimum space, but they make trips in and out of the cabin a nuisance. In cold weather, by the time I slide them out, clamber through, and replace them, the heat has leaked out—and within seconds I might expect to hear behind me, "Did you grow up in a barn?" or some less polite version of, "Close the darn door!" This discourages nighttime exits to check on things, and the cabin feels that much more claustrophobic, sealed without a ready means of egress.

I wish there were room for a hinged door, but there just isn't. As a result, I only use the boards when I'm away from the boat. So, how to find something more convenient than dropboards that still holds in the heat and enables easy access in and out?

My solution is a two-part fabric seal. On the outside is a cape—a simple cloth flap that attaches to the slider at the top, hangs down to completely cover the opening, and is weighted at the bottom, allowing quick exit with minimal air leakage. On the inside is a fleece that is cut to size and, similar to my mosquito netting in summer, attaches along the companionway perimeter inside. This inner lining provides insulation as well as controlled ventilation.

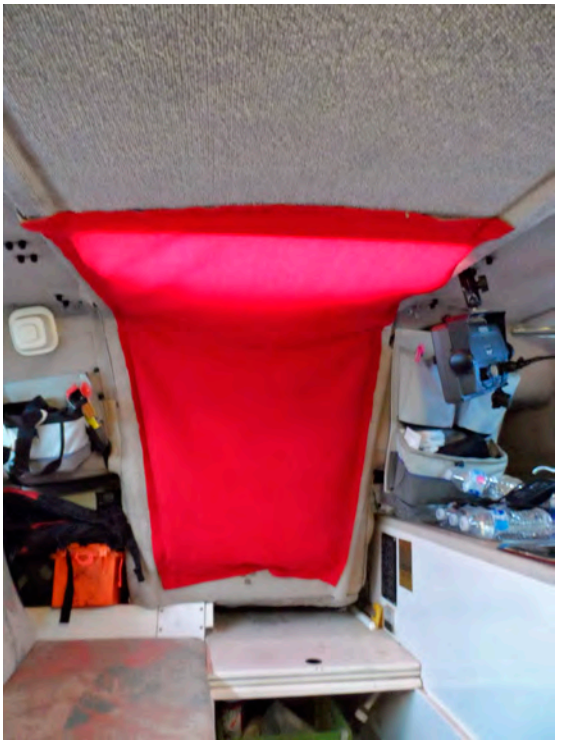
Without hassling with hatchboards, Drew pops easily through the companionway seal. For cold-weather sailing, this method helps keep heat in the cabin.

My first effort at the cape portion was a beach towel thrown over the companionway, secured at the top with ropes around the pair of cabintop winches that flank the slider. It was warm, but it gained 10 pounds when rained on and took a week to dry. Even dry, the beach towel was bulky and didn't fit well. After a few trips in and out it would work loose from the winches.

For round two, I chose fleece, which doesn't get heavy when wet and dries within hours. I tailored the cloth to more closely fit the opening, while still leaving a conservative 8-inch overlap on all sides. I weighted the bottom with a length of 3/16–inch chain, which I placed inside a glued hem (see "A No-Sew Alternative" sidebar). To secure the top, I placed a strip of self-adhesive Velcro tape across the width of the slider and glued the opposing strip to the fabric for a firm attachment all the way across.

Instead of using ropes to tie the corners to the winches, I cut holes in the fabric, so I can slip the cape over the winches. I reinforced the fabric by gluing a 10-inch square of the same fabric underneath (see "A No-Sew Alternative" sidebar). If I am using a winch underway, the Velcro is still enough to hold the cape. This method can be used to make a simple bug screen for summer, as well.

On *Fast and Furry-ous*, attaching the inner lining is simple, because there's a carpeted liner on the bulkhead around the companionway. I cut the inner fleece to shape, then glued the hook side of Velcro tape to it. Like my mosquito



The fleece inner liner is cut to fit the companionway and attaches via Velcro to the inside of the opening's perimeter, at far left.

This "doubling" patch is glued onto the corners of the liner to add reinforcement, at left.

netting in summer, it clings to the carpeted liner.

If I'm coming and going through the companionway while settling in, I use only the cape. Once satisfied I'm done coming and going for a while, I add the inside seal. Once fully sealed, there are zero drafts, only the warm glow of afternoon light diffusing through the fabric.

A key advantage of a fleece seal is controlled ventilation. Since I primarily use this at anchor, the inner seal is not directly exposed to wind, and even in a marina, it is covered by the cape. The dodger protects it from rain. A fully wind- and rain-proof fabric could make sense, but so far, I like the breathability of fleece, which prevents the cabin from growing clammy from water vapor emitted by cooking and exhaling.

If I expect heavy rain to blow in from aft, I remove the cape and install the dropboards. I can generally still leave the slider open, relying on the inner lining to provide controlled, draft-free ventilation. In fair weather, if it's not quite cold enough for both, I just use the cape.

If you'd rather not try this method, attach a layer of fleece to the door or dropboards with Velcro; that will cut the heat loss in half.

Plug the (Air) Leaks

Boats are drafty, and plugging those drafts goes a long way to keeping the cabin

A No-Sew Alternative—DF

I'm a fair hand at most boat crafts, from fiberglass to electrical work to splicing, and I'm quite comfortable with a stitching palm. But I'm not good with sewing machines, and I haven't taken the time to learn. However, I've found that I can do a lot of fabric work—including the companionway seal—with adhesives, and sometimes this can produce a better result than sewing.

To cut the material, I recommend a hot knife. Unless the project is really going to take a beating and flog in the wind, this is enough to prevent fraying. This tool is handy for cutting rope and vital for cutting shock cord, which is otherwise tricky to melt and impossible to whip. It's also fantastic for cutting area carpets from indoor-outdoor carpet, which it cuts as easily and neatly as scissors cut paper.

I use Velcro for my companionway cape and inner lining (and many other projects), but iron-on Velcro is stiff and pricy. A better alternative is self-adhesive Velcro attached with 3M Super 77 Multipurpose Spray Adhesive. Like contact cement in a spray can, it opens up a whole new world of applications.

For example, to permanently bond self-adhesive Velcro to fabric, apply a dew-like coat to the fabric, wait 15-30 seconds, and then apply the tape. Within a few minutes, press down hard to secure the bond, after which you can work with it. Within a few hours it will be completely permanent; removing the tape will pull off a chunk of fabric.

However, working with spray contact cement requires a few tricks and precautions. Mask the area against overspray; I use 4-inch painter's tape. The best work surfaces are either trash bed sheets that you can turn frequently and eventually throw away, or cheap poster board. Reposition the work surface for every application or the fabric will stick. The adhesive is also horribly sticky if it gets on your hands, but don't wear gloves; contact cement bonds latex-to-latex exceptionally well, and the gloves will just stick to everything and tear apart when you withdraw your hand. Instead, work carefully and remove the residue from your skin with mineral spirits every five minutes or so, before it sets.

For the companionway seal, extra reinforcement is required around the winch holes on the cape portion—this is the doubling reinforcement I mention in the story—and the corners of the inner lining. These could be sewn, of course, but like fiberglass, they are actually stronger when they are laminated together. Spray both sides lightly with Super 77, allow to dry for only 15 seconds, and then place them together. Reposition as needed, and then press hard after about one minute to secure the bond. I like to mate the surfaces while the fabric is still slightly damp, providing an opportunity for slight realignment. (Also, the solvent can dry right through the fabric if you wait until it's dry before joining the surfaces.)

And, rather than sewing the hem at the bottom of the seal's cape, which contains the chain for holding down the fabric, I glued it with Super 77.

Drew applies Velcro tape to the edge of the liner after spraying the edge with 3M Super 77 Multipurpose Spray Adhesive. Note the masking tape in place to prevent glue overspray onto the fabric, at right.

Properly applied, the Super 77 should be light on the fabric and look like dew, at bottom right.

cozy. Buy an infrared thermometer and search the cabin for cold areas. The most common are single-glazed windows, the floor, leaky ventilators, drafts around the companionway, and uninsulated boards themselves.

You can slow the drafts from single-glazed windows by adding external canvas covers, a trick I explained in "Protective Covers for Windows," (November/December 2016). Fabricating internal quilted covers to replace your curtains for the winter will also help. And, in "Season Extenders" (May/June 2018), I showed how to create double-glazed hatches by replacing the bug screen with ⅛-inch polycarbonate sheets cut to size.

Another big source of heat loss is a wooden floor. Wooden floors may look nice, but in the winter, they suck the heat right out of your feet by conduction, which is much faster than convection to the air. They also cause temperature stratification in the cabin, creating a cold layer near the floor. An easy solution is to create area rugs from inexpensive rubber-backed carpets and runners. They don't slide, they protect the floor from shoes, and if you cut them with a hot knife, they don't fray.

Consider Heaters (Carefully)

Many winter sailors like to use heaters, but I see non-vented heaters as a serious air quality hazard. They may have oxygen depletion sensors, and carbon monoxide emissions may be very low, but they are still venting unhealthy amounts of CO_2 into the air. You must leave a window open (defeating the purpose), they add moisture to the cabin that will soon turn into condensation, and you can't leave them on while you sleep. The American Boat and Yacht Council requires that all heating devices, other than the stove, have an external flue and a provision for combustion air intake. Spend the money and do it right, and don't forget the CO_2 monitor. Or, for a great DIY vented stove-top heater see "Hot Stuff" (March/April 2020).

Also, be careful with electric heaters, at the dock and on the hard. A friend of mine lost his boat because he left an electric heater running while he went to the chandlery for 15 minutes. Something combustible fell against it, and by the time he returned it was a bonfire. They must have tip-over protection, be placed well away from combustible materials, and they should never be left on unattended. The only ones I would leave on while sleeping are the oil-filled sort.

Get a Good Night's Sleep

Sleeping bags are a great choice for staying warm overnight while cold-weather sailing. Get synthetic, not down; down becomes useless if it gets wet, and by the second day there will be enough dampness in the insulation from overnight sweat that the loft will be dramatically reduced. Mummy bags are the warmest, but a semi-mummy is more restful. If it's actually going to get cold—below about 50°F—a hood and

DIY Hot Knife—DF

You can buy a commercial hot knife for $60-$200, or you can make your own. You will need a coat hanger, hammer, file, and a 150/230-watt, heavy-duty soldering iron with a replaceable tip.

A relatively thick 0.13-inch-diameter coat hanger is about perfect for the 150/230-watt soldering iron. Bend the wire to an arc that will track well when cutting fabric, something like a figure-skating blade. Hammer the wire flat, tapering from about 1/32 inch on the edge to 1/16 inch along the spine. Smooth the sides and edge with a few strokes from a fine bastard file, creating a dull edge. Trim the legs to length and fit them into the soldering iron. If you use thinner wire, keep the wattage down or take your finger off the trigger now and then. If the wire is thicker, hammer and file the blade to the thinner section. It does not need to be exact.

comfortable draft collar are vital. I have many bags, the result of a long backpacking and mountaineering career, but the iconic North Face Cat's Meow is a good value and is typical of what works—20°F rating, semi-mummy, functional draft collar, synthetic fill.

Whatever bag you choose, get the extra-long version. Then, keep your shoes inside the foot of the bag. Near-frozen shoes are miserable to put on and immediately freeze the toes, no matter how warm you were. You can put morning clothes in the bag too, but they will be drier if you leave them outside.

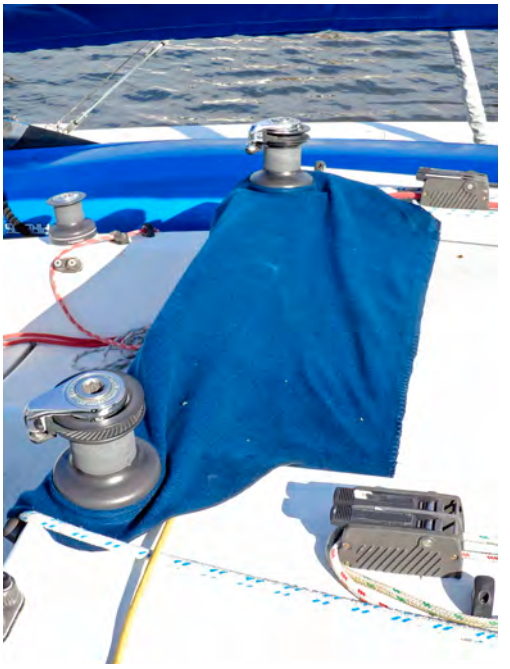
Dry the bag every day. The water vapor from your body moves into the insulation and falls out as dew wherever it reaches the dew point, which will be somewhere within the insulation. As a result, sleeping bags become increasingly damp with each passing day unless well-aired during the day. This means leaving them open for hours.

You'll also want to moisture-proof your mattress. As with a sleeping bag, moisture diffuses through the mattress until it reaches its dew point, either within the mattress or under the mattress when it meets a cold, uninsulated bulkhead. Some advocate ventilating the space with a gridwork mat. This works as long as the bulkhead is only cool, not cold. If it is actually cold, it's as hopeless as trying to keep a glass of ice-cold tea dry in the summer; the sweating only stops when the tea warms up closer to the air temperature.

A second option is to insulate under the mattress with closed-cell foam. Tape it tightly to the fiberglass so that humid air cannot get behind it, or adhere it tightly with glue or self-adhesive. The simplest solution is the one I have found to be the best, even on subfreezing trips; wrap the mattress in a waterproof cover, like hospitals do, and use a mattress topper on top of that. A closed-cell foam pad as a mattress topper (backpacker's mattress) also works.

Cabin fever reaches its zenith in early spring, tempting me out on the water while it's still cool, and fall tempts me into winter to keep exploring even in the cold. There's no reason to cut the sailing season short. Using some or all of these methods will help extend the sailing season in comfort.

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



The cape is secured at the top by hooking over the winches, as well as with Velcro strips glued across the companionway slider and the leading edge of the cape, at right.

The cape—the outer layer of the companionway seal—in place. The bottom edge is weighted down with chain inside the hem, below.

Switch Back

Adding a second engine switch in the cockpit made singlehanding safer and easier.

BY JOHN CHURCHILL

Reading Robb Lovell's review of the Beneteau First 345 (September/October 2019), I realized for the first time that *Nurdle*, my 1979 Bristol 35.5, is not the only racer/cruiser cursed with an engine ignition switch located below decks. This key-operated switch, just inside the companionway near the electrical panel, must be in the on position for the momentary switches at the helm—one for energizing the glow plugs, one for starting—to operate.

This presented a challenge when I wanted to singlehand, since I'd have to leave the helm momentarily to turn the key. (I can't leave the key on all the time because it drains the battery.) This wasn't just an inconvenience, but a safety risk.

Adding a second key switch near the helm became a priority. A cover plate over a hole left for an unused shorepower inlet in the cockpit provided the perfect location.

For the switch itself, I happened to find a quality, marine-grade, brass switch at a local swap meet, but these are readily available new, such as the Cole Hersee model M-489 for around $25. I'd advise against buying less expensive, non-marine ignition switches, as they will corrode quickly. Also, in terms of parts, be sure to use wire terminals that are properly crimped—and, if possible, heat-shrunk—and are secured by a screw, rather than the push-on type.

Using 10 AWG wire and the feed side of a previously installed 40-amp breaker as a terminal post, I connected the battery side of the old key switch to the new key switch. In this way, both the old and new key switches are energized when the batteries are on. (It's important to note that the 40-amp circuit breaker does not protect the engine-starting circuit.)

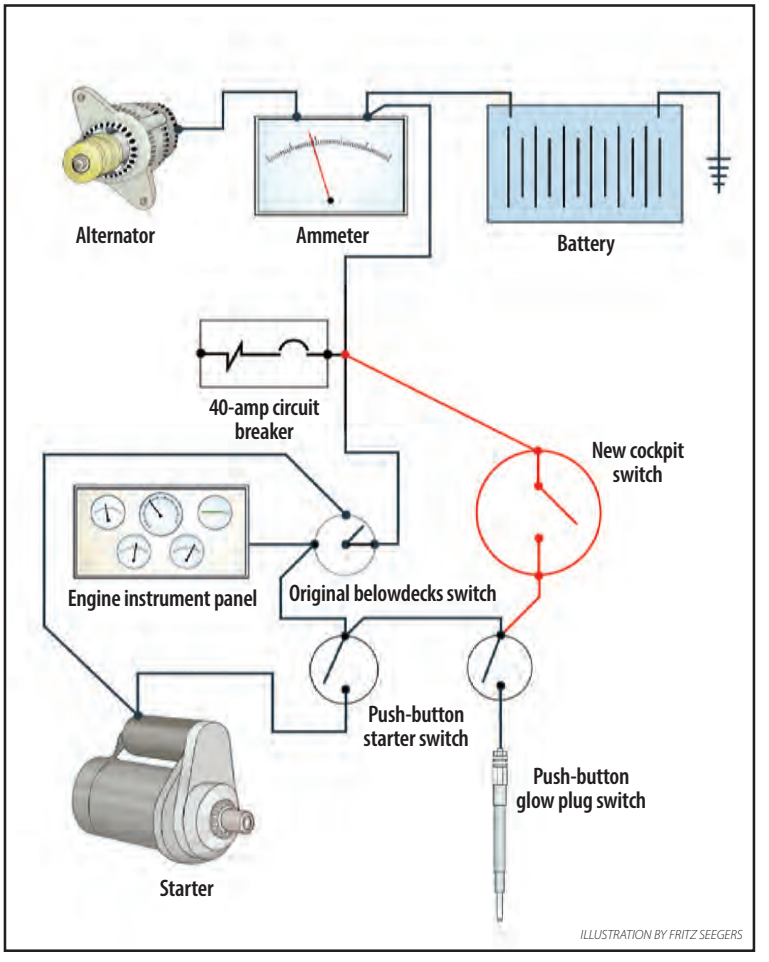
I installed a similarly sized wire from the new key switch to the momentary switch for preheat (glow plug), which was already connected to the momentary start switch.

In this way, the new key switch is always energized, and when I switch it to the on position, I can start the engine without having to leave the helm.

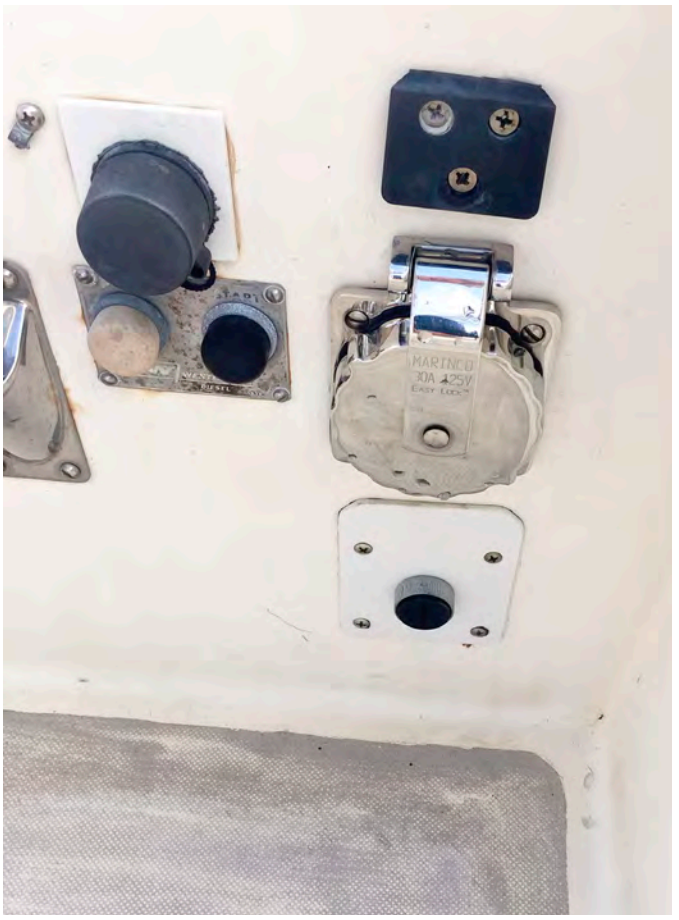
For finishing touches, I found a rubber boot at Sailor's Exchange consignment shop in St Augustine to seal the keyhole against the elements. These are also available online. The start and preheat switches had black weatherproof boots. To make it easier to remember, I swapped out the preheat boot for a red one.

With a few hours labor and not much money, sailing *Nurdle* is now more convenient and a bit safer.

John Churchill grew up a boat-crazy kid in Indiana. He built a raft at age 6, sailed Snipes as a teenager, and worked his way toward saltwater and bigger boats. He has sailed a Cape Dory 26 singlehanded to Bermuda and back, and a Bristol Channel Cutter transatlantic with his father. Now in Florida, John sails Nurdle, *a Bristol 35.5 (and former repo) that he's rehabbing for extended post-retirement cruising.*



The new ignition switch is located in the cockpit well just below the shorepower outlet and close to the momentary switches for start and glow plug, opposite page.



The Case for a Voltmeter—Editors

John Churchill mentions having an ammeter in his Bristol 35.5. This was common for American boats built in the 1970s and early '80s powered by Universal or Westerbeke engines, particularly.

The ammeter measures current flow to and from the battery. By its nature, it is connected directly in the charging circuit. The output wire travels from the alternator to the ammeter in the instrument panel. The charging wire then leaves the ammeter and returns all the way back to the battery post on the starter. (Remember a basic electrical principle: the longer the wire, the more the resistance and the less the efficiency.)

As technology has marched on, alternators have gotten bigger and more powerful, while battery banks have increased tremendously in size. The ammeter can inhibit charging efficiency—sometimes dramatically—because of the wire length and size needed to connect it.

An alternative is a voltmeter, replacing the ammeter. A voltmeter measures voltage over the entire system. Properly monitored, it can provide an accurate picture of the charging system when the engine is running. And, it draws virtually no power from the system because it's monitoring voltage, not amperage.

For the nominally electrically inclined, swapping an original-equipment ammeter for a voltmeter is an easy upgrade for an older boat, streamlining the electrical system and increasing charging efficiency.

Making the (Up)Grade

Great modifications make all the difference on three good old boats.

BY BOB MUGGLESTON

Spend any meaningful amount of time aboard a boat, and its shortcomings quickly become apparent. That wet locker you thought would get so much use? Junk accumulator. The second head, which at first seemed so wonderfully decadent? Ditto. The nifty heating system? Never works when you really need it. The boat's interior, which seemed so well laid-out, and shined with polished mahogany? A game of Twister to navigate, frequently too dark, with nowhere to sit comfortably or put stuff.

In the relatively small spaces aboard a sailboat, where we are pared to our essence, such deficiencies can't be ignored. The modifications we make say a lot about our priorities and needs. Sometimes these are major projects, yet at other times, it's the simplest changes that can make life aboard more comfortable. Following are some modifications large and small from three good old boats whose owners were happy to discuss their projects via email.

Avocet

Chris and Marissa Neely keep *Avocet,* a 1979 Cheoy Lee 41, in Ventura, California. A few of the projects they've tackled include redesigning the boat's head, an extensive galley refit with quartz countertops (Marissa is a big baker), adding red courtesy lights in the cabin for improved night vision, and permanently mounting a projector box to the mast's compression post.

The projector project began with the urge to banish something they didn't like—a rather unbecoming lamp, complete with a shade, attached to the compression post.

"It looked out of place and was one of the first things Chris removed," Marissa says. "To replace it, he built a teak box that wrapped partially around the post where we could hang our gimbaled oil lamp."

They decided to make the box serve dual purposes: Just below the lamp, Chris built a small box that holds a firewire remote and wiring for a projector. The front of the box unlatches and opens to create a small shelf, where they can place the projector and watch movies on a screen on the forward bulkhead. It's a perfect setup for binging a Netflix series,

Hang the screen, set up the projector, and dim the lights: On *Avocet*, these are the three steps required to binge a favorite Netflix series, at bottom left.

The newly built fixture around the compression post holds an oil lamp and a small box that, when open, creates a shelf for a movie projector, below.

The original quarter berth was set up at two levels for offshore, off-watch sleeping. The lower level also served as the seat for the nav station, at left.

To create the queen-sized berth, the Neelys raised the lower to match the upper bunk's height. They left a small section at the lower level to continue serving as the nav seat when the berth isn't in use, at bottom left.

The finished head, with copper sink and new toilet to one side. A curtain that hangs in the middle of this space creates a designated showering area, to the right, below.

Marissa says. Chris also installed USB outlets in the nearby galley table so the projector can be plugged in there, which means no unnecessary extension cords.

But hands-down, Marissa says, the best thing they've done aboard *Avocet* is reconfiguring the head. When someone would shower in the old head, everything got wet.

"With so many cracks, crevasses, and hiding spots, the mold would have been inevitable, so we didn't use the shower," Marissa says.

After considerable internet research and careful design consideration, the couple reconfigured the head so the showering area is isolated from the sink and toilet by a curtain, creating standing room to shower without getting the other fixtures wet. The new head incorporates visual design elements including a copper sink, a bronze cleat towel holder, and a tiled backsplash. Marissa finished the room with Tile Clad HS, a two-component epoxy polyamide coating paint that she says is "bulletproof" and helps in the battle against mold.

"Now the head is easy to clean, easy to use, and simple to fix—the perfect trifecta as far as boat projects go," Marissa says.

"Simple to fix" is a bit of a mantra aboard *Avocet*. Marissa and Chris make sure that every project they tackle is easily modified or (within reason) easily dismantled for maintenance or replacement, or to get at what's behind the project.

"Don't ever fool yourself into thinking that once a project is complete, you will never need to do it again," Marissa says. "Unfortunately, problems on a boat go unnoticed for so long because the access to many areas is so bad."

One of the simpler projects they tackled was converting a stepped quarter berth on *Avocet* into a queen-sized berth. The stepped arrangement—essentially two single berths, side-by-side, one higher than the other—was designed for crew trying to sleep on the off watch while underway. Marissa and Chris are more realistic about

Marissa and Chris Neely aboard the boat they've steadily upgraded and improved since moving aboard in 2018, at right.

Andy and Jill Cross and their sons, Magnus and Porter, at bottom right.

the type of sailing *Avocet* will be doing, at least in the short term, and wanted to be able to host other couples for the night without making them sleep as though on bunk beds.

After disassembling some of the upper bunk, Chris cleaned and painted the four storage lockers below the berths and made one of them into a dedicated electronics locker. Then, using ½-inch plywood and strips of wood 2 inches thick, he framed the new lower bunk to match the height of the upper.

When he raised the bunk, he was also effectively raising the height of the nav station seat, since in the previous configuration, the end of the lower bunk doubled as the seat. To solve this problem, he left the end of the new bunk at the old level, trimming around it so that the "new" seat now had a nice backrest. When the bunk is going to be used, the seat is raised like an insert and completes the queen-sized space.

When the space was finally ready for a mattress, they dismissed the idea of buying something custom and ordered a latex foam mattress from Amazon.

"After measuring and remeasuring a few hundred times," Chris says, "I found that a queen size was the smallest we could go. I also found that using a very sharp knife works perfectly for cutting this type of mattress."

Now they have a berth in which two can sleep side-by-side, and they've increased the volume of the available storage underneath.

Marissa has advice for anyone considering tackling a long-dreaded project: "The first step is identifying the cause of a particular issue, and then coming up with a fix—while simultaneously understanding that there will be snags along the way. Timelines will take longer than anticipated. But if you budget for the side projects, mishaps, and other surprises, it won't be nearly as frustrating. The key is to plan for the unplannable. Take every project step-by-step and set a new goal each day. And always remember that Rome wasn't built in a day, and neither were sailboats!"

Yahtzee

For the Cross family—Andy and Jill and their sons, Porter and Magnus—whose homeport is Seward, Alaska, some of the early sailing they did helped dictate the initial modifications aboard *Yahtzee,* their 1984 Grand Soleil 39. Much of that sailing was in the frigid waters of Alaska, and they gunkholed in and around British Columbia and explored the coast of Washington State.

"For us, having a quality dodger is a must, especially when cruising in higher latitudes," Andy says. "The Sunbrella dodger that came with the boat was tired and needed to be replaced, but I wasn't satisfied going with canvas again, and some of the quotes I got were outrageous. I set about designing and building my own hard dodger."

Using King StarBoard for the top and Lexan for the windshield, Andy did a lot of templating as he built the dodger.

"I had to make sure my numbers and cuts were true, because not getting it right the first time could quickly get very expensive."

Andy started by cutting and shaping the stainless steel frame of the original dodger until he achieved the overall look he was after, and then he made a template for the top out of thin plywood. He repeated the process for the windshield pieces. After he replicated the top in StarBoard, he used a router to soften the edges, fastened the piece into place, and then he and several buddies used heat guns and ratchet straps to pull the StarBoard into the shape he desired over the frame.

"It worked brilliantly!" Andy says. "The biggest trial-and-error came in cutting and shaping the Lexan. I had to make many templates to achieve the right curves so it would not only fit, but look good, too."

Another big change was decommissioning one of their boat's two heads and using it for much-needed storage. Over time, Andy found that most of his tools had migrated to *Yahtzee's* forward head, and not in a way that was organized. Finding and retrieving them was a hassle. They decided to convert the space into a dedicated tool room.

Building out the space was an organic, years-long process of trying different storage systems and setups, watching them fail, and reinventing accordingly.

"We tried canvas hanging storage bins, and that worked for a while," Andy says. "But eventually they became deformed. Then Jill came across these wire storage bins that are covered in a strong, plastic coating. We mounted the bins, put my tools in canvas bags, and then organized

(top to bottom) **After trying several other organization systems in the tool room, the plastic-coated wire baskets that Jill found have proven invaluable.**

The Cross boys—Porter and Magnus—are pressed into service painting tongue-and-groove pine that has already been cut to size and is ready to be installed.

Andy used inexpensive pine tongue-and-groove he sourced at a local big-box store to replace an old, saggy headliner.

the bags on the shelves in a way that made sense. Nothing slides around or falls out. Now I can't imagine not having this room."

Of course, not all modifications arise out of pure necessity.

"For the headliner project, it was simply an out-with-the-old, in-with-the new situation," Andy says. "The old headliner was plywood wrapped in some type of faux leather-ish cloth. It was badly discolored in spots and sagged in others. In general, it didn't look very good. We also needed to upgrade all the lighting to better LEDs, so I tackled both projects at the same time."

After researching online, Andy discovered someone who had replaced his headliner with inexpensive pine tongue-and-groove planking carried at Lowe's or Home Depot. He bought some and did a test headliner in the port aft cabin. Liking how easy it was to work with and how it turned out, Andy decided to replace every headliner in the boat with this material.

"We were living in a small cabin in Alaska for the winter, so I turned the inside of the boat into a woodshop. The real difficulty was figuring out the angles on the sides, as the cabin narrows moving forward. Fortunately, the pine planking was cheap, so I was able to make some test cuts and mock-ups before I created the real pieces." He finished the new headliners with white Interlux interior paint.

"Overall, I'm extremely happy with how it turned out," he says. "The bright-white painted planking, combined with the new LED lighting, looks much better and brightens up the cabin a lot. And remarkably, the new headliner actually added about an inch to the overall headroom in the boat!"

Emerald

The first major project aboard Nichola and Colin Wright's 1979 Kelly Peterson 44, *Emerald*, had everything to do with comfort—that is, with keeping them warm during a British winter. Initially they made "a rushed decision" to install an Eberspächer forced-air heating system, but it was plagued with problems and breakdowns.

(top to bottom) **Once he'd cut the StarBoard to size, Andy and friends used heat guns and ratchet straps to pull the piece into position, then fasten it into place.**

The finished hard dodger with Lexan windows and stainless steel grab rails.

Colin and Nichola Wright aboard *Emerald*.

Then a marina neighbor alerted the Wrights to a used Refleks diesel heater for sale.

"It was currently installed on a canal boat, priced at about $500, which was a fraction of the new price of around $3,000," Nichola says. "As a bonus, it had been modified with the addition of a Lockgate high-volume water jacket. That meant the heater would warm water that could then be pumped to other locations, such as a radiator."

The couple picked out a spot against the forward bulkhead and rolled up their sleeves. Cutting away the teak panels of the locker where the stove would go was a daunting prospect. They had the presence of mind, however, to preserve the panels to repurpose them for custom cabinetry around their new stove.

Once they'd created a space large enough to accommodate the stove and chimney, Nichola and Colin fireproofed the area by installing a base of Welsh slate donated by her Uncle Howard. Then they covered the walls adjacent to the stove and pipe with cement board and finished these surfaces with green glass tile, to match the color in the rest of the boat's interior.

Two of the biggest challenges were cutting the slate to size, and drilling holes in it for mounting the stove. The most anxious moment, though, was cutting the nearly 4-inch exit hole for the chimney through their cabin roof. The location had to be right, of course, and the aperture had to be leak-proof.

After roughing-out an opening through the cabin top and fitting it with a 1-inch-thick piece of teak that they sealed to the deck using 1,200-degree silicon flue sealant, the Wrights installed a stainless steel Refleks flange. When they don't need the stove and want to remove the stack (it's stored in a heavy-duty waterproof bag in the bilge when not in

With the wash area's tabletop in place, a small hatch allows dirty laundry to be dropped into the hamper, below.

With the wash area's tabletop removed, the washing machine is exposed in a small alcove, at bottom.

use), a cap seals the flange against the weather.

The heater came with a 13-gallon diesel tank that Nichola and Colin sited adjacent to and above the heater for a gravity feed. As a backup, a dedicated pump also can move diesel from the main tanks aboard *Emerald* to the heater tank.

Several small radiators are connected to the water jacket on the Refleks heater with insulated copper tubing. A Jabsco circulation pump feeds the heated water through the tubes to the radiators, ensuring that the more remote locations aboard—like the aft cabin, where Nichola and Colin sleep—stay nice and toasty.

Like the Cross family, Colin and Nichola found that having two heads was overkill, and since they had never intended to use the aft head for its given purpose, it just started becoming a catch-all storage area.

"The aft head eventually filled up with stuff that didn't have another home, including an Avon inflatable dinghy," Nichola says. It got so bad that they couldn't

The aft head was redesigned to include a dressing area with storage, the washing machine (located beyond the cupboards, not visible in this image), and a desk/dressing table, at right.

The space the Wrights chose to install the Refleks heater was a large cupboard in the corner of the main saloon, below left.

The finished heater installation, below right. Note that some of the electronics that had previously lived in the old space have been moved to the new cabinetry.

open the head door without putting out an arm to catch anything that might fall.

Then, after buying a small washing machine and successfully setting it up in their cockpit (it was a long way to the nearest laundromat, and they didn't have a car), it occurred to them that they might be able to reconfigure the head to become a hybrid laundry and walk-in closet space.

Out came the Avon, which they sold at a price that covered the cost of the entire renovation (including the washing machine), and out came the Groco K series toilet, which they stripped for parts.

Reconfiguring a locker adjacent to the head, they created a space where the washing machine could be installed, with the door opening into the head. Colin used marine-grade plywood and lengths of pine tongue-and-groove to build the machine's enclosure and the cabinetry around it. On top, a removable board has an opening cut into it under which a hamper hangs; when they want full access to the machine, they simply remove that board.

In the remainder of the head, since there were so few horizontal surfaces in the aft cabin, they built a storage area with deep drawers and a desk/dressing table on top.

"One snag we hit was the weight and size of the machine," Nichola says. "It took three men to manhandle it in through the aft companionway. To get it through we had to remove the outer casing of the machine as well as the frame of the door to the head."

Nichola says the change has made them more self-sufficient at anchor. *Emerald's* watermaker supplies the 9 gallons of cold water the machine needs to wash a load, and a solar array, coupled to an inverter, provides the necessary power.

There are small projects, too, that aim for comfort on *Emerald*. By making throw pillows of fabrics from the many places they have visited, Nichola has created a living space that evokes the essence of some of their travels.

"I like a cozy home," Nichola says. "*Emerald's* saloon berths consist of thick, foam cushions set at 90 degrees to each other. Fine for short trips and holidays, but not the most comfy for sitting on long-term. Throw pillows seemed like a simple solution."

So far, to cover the pillows she's used material from England, Scotland, Spain, and Tunisia, to name a few. The materials themselves have included tea towels, tartan-patterned bolts of cloth, and yarn (obviously, a fair amount of knitting was involved).

"I can never have too many cushions," Nichola says. "The teak wood interior is lovely, but sometimes it makes the saloon seem a little dark. So, beyond them being practical, cushions add a welcome splash of color."

Nichola sews new covers in the cockpit using a vintage Singer 201k sewing machine, at top.

Cushions lined up on the saloon berth. Fabric material includes Ikat, Rona tartan, and Harris tweed, above.

Chris and Marissa Neely have been living aboard and upgrading their 1979 Cheoy Lee 41, Avocet, *since 2018. Primarily they sail in and around Southern California's Channel Islands. Follow them at svavocet.com, on other social platforms at @svavocet, and on their YouTube channel called Sailing* Avocet.

The Cross family is exploring the western Pacific coastline, from Alaska to Panama, aboard Yahtzee, *their 1984 Grand Soleil 39.*

Andy is the editor of 48° North *magazine and can be found racing and teaching sailing in his spare time. Follow their adventures at sailingyahtzee.com or via Facebook (facebook.com/sailingyahtzee).*

Nichola and Colin Wright met in 2003 and moved aboard Emerald, *their Peterson 44, a year later. Since then they've circumnavigated England, sailed to Denmark and Sweden, and explored much of the Med, cruising as far east as Turkey. Follow them at yachtemerald.com, facebook.com/yachtemerald, and instagram.com/sailingemerald.*

No Mistake About It

A boisterous sail and a new boat make for a day full of lessons learned.

BY J.S. VETER

"If you never make mistakes, you never learn anything."

The first time I said this to my kid, I thought I had reached the pinnacle of parenting. As I walked away from his scowling teenaged face, I felt quite smug and superior.

Three years later, that line has come back to haunt me. I'm braced on the side of the starboard cockpit seat trying to sort out where the wind is coming from. My husband, Paul, is clinging to the companionway hatch. We're both looking down at the surface of Lake Ontario, which is parallel to our mast and creeping up the sidedeck. This, I think, is why I should have closed the portholes before we left the marina.

"Release the main!" I call to Paul. I'm behind the helm and tethered to the pushpit. The mainsheet is beside the companionway and beyond my grasp. I'd ease down the traveler to take some of the pressure off if I could, but I can't; our traveler requires that both lines be released to make it work, and while I could grab the port traveler line—above my head in our current state—the starboard line is below my feet and out of reach.

There's a bang. *Sweet Shoal*, our 2004 Hunter 306, pops upright. She shudders. There's a horrid rattling overhead. Paul has released the outhaul rather than the sheet. Since the mainsail is loose-footed, this has more or less the same result as easing the main, in that we're no longer knocked down—but now the main is flailing madly.

I'm still trying to figure out where the wind is. We're in this state because we were trying to practice how to heave-to. Now *Sweet Shoal* is facing the opposite direction; we must have jibed in the mayhem. Gradually, we get the boat under control and put everything back where it belongs. I get the bow into the wind, Paul tightens the outhaul, we fall away on a beam reach. Our speed climbs to a happy 6 knots. The folks on the powerboat and personal watercraft, who had been heading toward us slowly long enough for me to wave that we're OK, give us a thumbs-up and pull away.

Once the cockpit is tidied up, we go over what happened. What did we do wrong? What can we do to make sure that doesn't happen again?

We've had this conversation more than once since we bought *Sweet Shoal* in the fall of 2019.

In spite of how it seems, we are not novice sailors. My husband did some dinghy sailing when he was growing up in the Netherlands. At university, he sailed a 19th-century Dutch botter, a gaff-rigged, flat-bottomed sailing barge. My parents bought a Sirius 28 in 1983, and I learned to sail on her, as well as on a Sunfish and a Laser at the family cottage.

In 2008, Paul and I bought our first boat, a 1986 Sirius 22 named *The June Edition*. She was the perfect size for us and our three small children. We loved that boat, but she spent more time on the hard or at the dock than she deserved. Sailing with small children was, for us, a never-ending series of heart attacks. Keeping the kids entertained while they were confined to the cockpit or the cabin was a full-time job, and Paul, while he liked solo sailing, did not like solo sailing while listening to the kids argue.

Ahead of us is the bridge and the storm, behind us, a gigantic freighter.

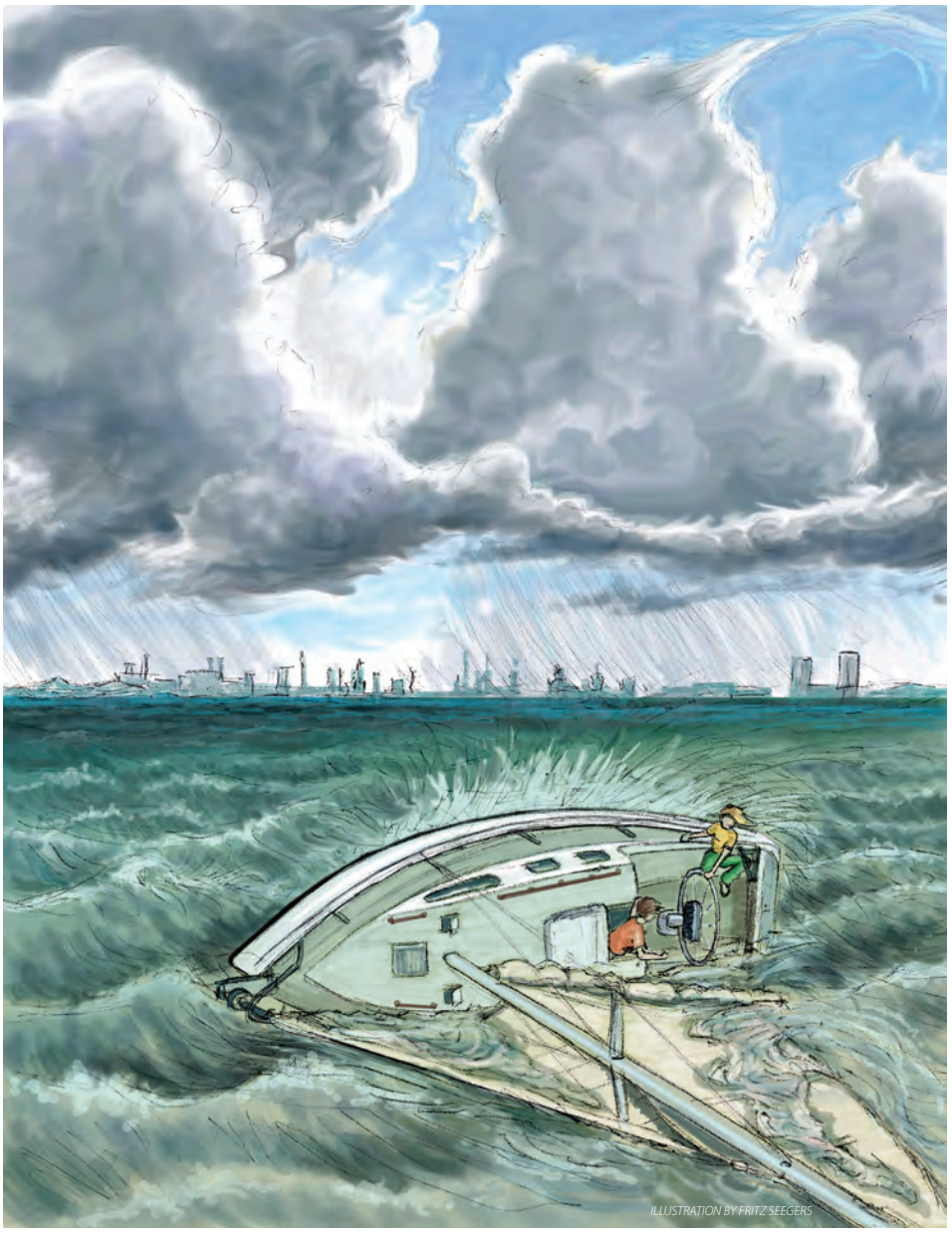


ILLUSTRATION BY FRITZ SEEGERS

Don't get me wrong—we have some wonderful memories on *June*: two weeks in Georgian Bay's Thirty Thousand Islands in the company of my parents' Catalina 34, a spanking sail under headsail alone surfing through channel markers in Georgian Bay, and, just before we sold her, ghosting into our slip at LaSalle, Burlington, after sunset on Canada Day under main alone. When I stepped onto the dock to tie her up, our neighbors looked up from their conversation and noted how quiet our engine was.

"It quit just outside the breakwall," I said, proud of Paul, who had brought *June* in like a pro.

Maybe if we'd hit something, we wouldn't have decided it was time for a bigger boat. But we hadn't, and we did, which is how we ended up buying the Hunter 306 six weeks later. We sailed her precisely three times before she was hauled out and winterized, and we set to dreaming about the following summer: 2020.

So no, we weren't novice sailors. We knew enough to know what we didn't know. I found a local Sail Canada instructor who would give us lessons on our new boat. I enrolled in a full-day workshop on diesel engines. We were going to be prepared.

But, COVID. The diesel class was cancelled, the sailing instructor made his apologies, and when *Sweet Shoal* went into the water in June, we knew just as much about her as we had the previous fall.

We made quite a few mistakes, a combination of learning the boat and learning the water. The mainsail furling caused us some headaches, as did the engine. The west end of Lake Ontario can be really gusty due to wind funneling; the wind likes to jump on you unawares (especially when you're still learning the water) from behind hills, large buildings, and the like. We'd be perfectly happy under full sail at 18 knots or so, then *blammo*, 24 knots. Gradually we learned how much steadier *Sweet Shoal* is when not overpowered. She's a bit skittish under too much sail; she's much more comfortable if we reef sooner and balances much more easily.

Still, we make it a point of practicing and trying to learn all the time, hence, the attempt—if botched—at heaving-to.

"Well," I say, as we tidy up the boat and settle back down, "if you never make mistakes, you never learn anything."

We're in no rush and no one's expecting us home, as we've told our (now adult) children that we'll spend the night on the boat. Our knockdown has spun us around, so we are facing Bronte Harbour in Oakville. The wind is favorable for a beam reach straight there, and like most boats, *Sweet Shoal* loves that point of sail. We have a bite to eat, and I fantasize about going all the way to Montreal for bagels (some 400 miles away across Lake Ontario and down the St. Lawrence River). As we get closer to Bronte, we join a flotilla of boats heading for the marina. It's only 3 o'clock. The sailing is amazing. Why is everyone heading in?

We decide to tack, both to get out of their way and to head back home ourselves. As the jib peels across the bow, I see what the Oakville boats are running from.

The sky over Hamilton, our home port, is black with towering thunderstorms. The wind picks up. I get a single reef into the main, then stand on the cockpit seat to look forward. The storm looks nasty, but I've seen them blow right by us. Maybe this one will? But no, there's a second stack of clouds, just as dark, and our course is right through the middle.

I lean back into the cockpit. "Remember how there weren't many boats heading out from Hamilton today? Now we know why."

Two minutes later we have a second reef in the main. The

wind is gusting over 25 knots, but *Sweet Shoal* sails like a dream. She loves a starboard tack, and the westerly wind keeps the waves down. We've had the boat long enough that we feel confident in her, even if I am a little worried about the furling line for the jib, which I'd replaced a few days ago but am not sure I've done properly.

I yelp and laugh as a wave hits the bow, flings itself into the air, and hits me right in the face. Then I remember that the portholes are *still* open. Swearing like, well, a sailor, I duck below and begin closing them. Paul shouts something.

"I'll be right there!" I finish closing the portholes and fight my way back into the cockpit. Paul says something about the jib. I glance at the wind indicator as another gust hits us. Thirty-five knots. We need to reef the jib.

Luckily, we're on a starboard tack. We have two primary self-tailing winches, and we need one to control the jib sheet and the other to haul in the furling line. The furling line comes aft on the starboard side, so I control the sheet with the port winch and the furler with the starboard. We reef the jib. The boat settles. We're doing over 7 knots on a double-reefed main and a reefed jib. The wind is 24 knots gusting to over 30.

We're the only recreational boat on the water. The Burlington lift bridge, which grants entrance to Burlington Bay and Hamilton Harbor, is ahead. I'm a little nervous about waiting for the bridge in this wind, but as Paul says, we have to do it. The wind builds some more.

We reef the jib further, and now it takes both of us to do the job. Paul locks the helm to come help me, and while the boat balances well and keeps tracking, it's nerve-wracking for those few moments to not have anyone at the helm in this wind.

I take a minute to catch my breath. Ahead of us is the bridge and the storm. Behind us? Behind us, a gigantic freighter.

"Let's get the engine started," Paul says. That would be the engine that's been giving us grief. But it starts and stays started, and we furl the main. Then we furl the jib. Just as I finish the furl, the line goes slack. It's come right out of the drum of the furler. Thankfully, when I'd furled the jib, I'd allowed the sheets to wrap around the sail a few turns, which is preventing it from flying open. I hurry forward with a length of line and secure it more firmly.

Then I notice that the lift bridge, which lifts on the hour and on the half hour, is wide open 20 minutes early. It has opened for the freighter behind us, which has right of way over pretty much everything except the storm.

"Yay!" I shout. There's more than enough time for us to pass through the canal ahead of the ship, and as we enter Burlington Bay, the heavens open.

Without a jib, and with the wind right on our bow, we motor the last 4 miles home. We tie up, tidy up, dry off. The wind dies. The sun comes out. Our neighbor, a man with 50 years' experience sailing this water, asks us about our day. I tell him, hoping we don't sound too much like novices.

"Was there any yelling?" he asks with a smile.

I look at Paul, shake my head. "Nope. No yelling."

"Good for you both," he says. "Remember, you learn more from your mistakes!"

J.S. Veter is a writer and sailor from Hamilton, Ontario. Her short stories have appeared in On Spec Magazine, Beneath Ceaseless Skies, Exterus *and others. She also writes gardening articles for* Paradise Found, *the member magazine for the Royal Botanical Gardens. She and her husband sail their 2004 Hunter 306,* Sweet Shoal, *out of Hamilton, Ontario.*

The Takeaway—JV

I make light of making mistakes in this story, but there are definitely lessons we learned on this boisterous day of sailing on Lake Ontario.

While practicing a maneuver like heaving-to is a good idea, we weren't ready. We thought we knew how it was done, but as we prepared for it, we had differing ideas. Yet despite disagreeing on how to properly do it, we went ahead anyway. (Nothing ventured, nothing gained, right?) It would have taken two minutes for one of us to ask the internet (we had access), or to consult the how-to-sail book we keep in the cabin. Instead, we got distracted because we didn't have a clear plan for the maneuver, and we lost our situational awareness.

That led to the knockdown. We know the wind can be fitful along that shore, but as we debated the particulars of the heave-to, we had stopped paying attention to the water and wind around us. One of us should have kept an eye out (and it should have been me, since I was at the helm).

In the middle of the knockdown, we were tripping over the cockpit cushions that had fallen under our feet. I have always been a stickler for not having cushions in the cockpit while underway. That day they were out, and they ended up being a hazard. (In my defense, when we left the marina, it was sunny, the wind was blowing 10 knots, and we were running.)

Paul has argued that he shouldn't have released the outhaul, though I disagree. It's unusual for him to be doing the deck work. That's my wheelhouse; he's normally on the helm. His outhaul solution wasn't pretty, but it got us upright. However, we both have decided we need to spend more time learning the other's "job." I need to become more confident at the helm, and he needs to be more comfortable with sailhandling.

Clearly, if we had checked the weather more closely before heading out, we would have known that thunderstorms were on the way. Even on a daysail, that's just basic good seamanship, and I won't be making that mistake again.

I should have tested the newly replaced furling line for the jib before we were struggling with 30 knots of wind in the middle of Lake Ontario with a freighter up our stern.

And, finally, amid furling the jib in all that wind, I realized that what we really needed was a dedicated jam cleat for the furling line to make it easier to manage, since that starboard primary winch is used, at various times, for the main sheet, jib sheet, furling line, main halyard, and outhaul. We have since installed a jammer on top of the coaming right after the turning block for the furling line, and it works like a dream, giving us more control when furling and sailhandling in general.

Got Your Back

Extensions make older-style cockpit coamings far more comfy to lean against.

BY ART HALL

Kicking back and relaxing in the cockpit of one's sailboat, especially if it is well-designed, constitutes one of the many joys of boating. Of course, cockpit designs–like the boats they belong to–vary widely. Some are better suited for racing while others, cruising. Either way, finding a comfy seat for a sundowner or twilit dinner is imperative.

Our 56-year-old Allied Seabreeze, *Secret Water*, is a 35-foot cruiser that's old enough to have traditional cockpit coaming boards. These were a standard feature on many wooden boats, and when carried over into the cockpits of early fiberglass boats, they were a ubiquitous feature aboard many designs by Bristol, Pearson, and Cape Dory.

In general, the freeboard of yachts was lower in the early days of fiberglass, and sheer lines were graceful. Over time, as freeboard got higher, cockpits became deeper. This allowed for higher coamings.

If your coamings are low, as they are on *Secret Water*, they may not provide quite enough back support. It's simple to make extensions that slip over your boat's cockpit coaming boards—picture the back of an Adirondack chair—that render them much more comfortable.

Designs for making your own cockpit coaming board extensions have been around for decades; I can't take credit for the idea. Still, even being aware of them and fully intending to make some, it took me nearly 20 years to see the idea through to fruition.

The first thing I did was make vertical supports to hold the extensions upright. I made these from okoume marine plywood, cutting slots into them so that I could slip them over the coaming boards. I made these slots bigger than they needed to be, because I knew I would go back and glue strips of leather into them to protect the varnish on the coamings.

Next, using a bit of MAS epoxy resin left over from a kayak project, I bonded rectangles of G-10 fiberglass epoxy laminate sheet to the okoume uprights, and cut matching slots in them. When the coaming board extensions were finished, the G-10 would be hidden from view while strengthening the extensions.

Once this step was completed, I made a simple jig to keep the uprights parallel while I attached a combination of Douglas fir and African mahogany slats (more leftovers) using MAS epoxy and brass escutcheon pins. Though they really just hold things in place while the epoxy cures, the pins do give the extensions a traditional appearance. It's important to pre-drill the holes; failure to do so can split the slat or the upright it's being fastened to.

In general, whenever I add something to my boat, I always consider how best to store the item. In this case, I wanted the extensions to be handy, fearing they would get little use if they weren't. To reduce their footprint aboard, I made one of the two extensions slightly smaller than the other so they could slide inside each other a bit like the mating of shopping carts. A simple hook made of scrap okoume, mounted just inside the cockpit sail locker, provides an easily accessible place to hang them for storage.

Now, as the shadows grow long aboard *Secret Water*, her cockpit is a much more comfortable place to unwind and take in the beauty of our surroundings.

One of the coaming board extensions installed and ready for use, above.

The first step was to cut seat uprights out of okoume marine plywood. When fitting the uprights to the coaming boards, Art intentionally made the slots oversized to accommodate strips of leather he added later to protect the coaming boards' varnish, at right.

Art Hall and his wife, Sandy, sail their 1975 Allied Seabreeze 35, Secret Water, *in and around the waters of Penobscot Bay, Maine. Occasionally they'll push farther Down East in search of less-crowded anchorages. Art enjoys the challenge of keeping a good old boat going strong from season to season, decade to decade, and making it even more comfortable along the way.*

On the Beach

A sailboat's precarious final voyage takes teamwork, tools, and a 10-foot tide.

BY CHUCK RADIS

Stretched out on my side amid tangled clumps of bittersweet and knotweed, my head resting on a rusty axle, my boots curled up against a tire, I tug on an exposed timber half-buried in the sand—a piece of rotted cradle barely holding up an abandoned sailboat. The timber comes loose, and I carry it to the beach and throw it into the bed of my truck. Holding a thumb in the air like a landscape artist, I size up the stern of *La Vie en Rose.* After four hours of adjusting the jack stands supporting the hull, it is, perhaps, coming closer to vertical.

La Vie en Rose, a 26-foot boat we're pretty sure is an Ericson of the late 1980s, lies on the edge of my beach on Peaks Island, off Portland, Maine, atop shifting sand. There is no boat lift or crane to transfer her to the water; no tractor to push her seaward. She lists because after seven years above the high-tide line, her handcrafted wooden cradle has fractured, and the highest tides are licking at her keel. She is an accident in waiting, a fiberglass widow-maker.

My friend, John Carroll, has offered to help me deal with the problem. Earlier this morning, we gingerly positioned three jack stands on each side of the boat. This is not the first boat he's moved. He's placed wooden platforms under the stands for stability and linked each pair of stands with heavy chain so they don't "kick out."

"Kick out?" I ask.

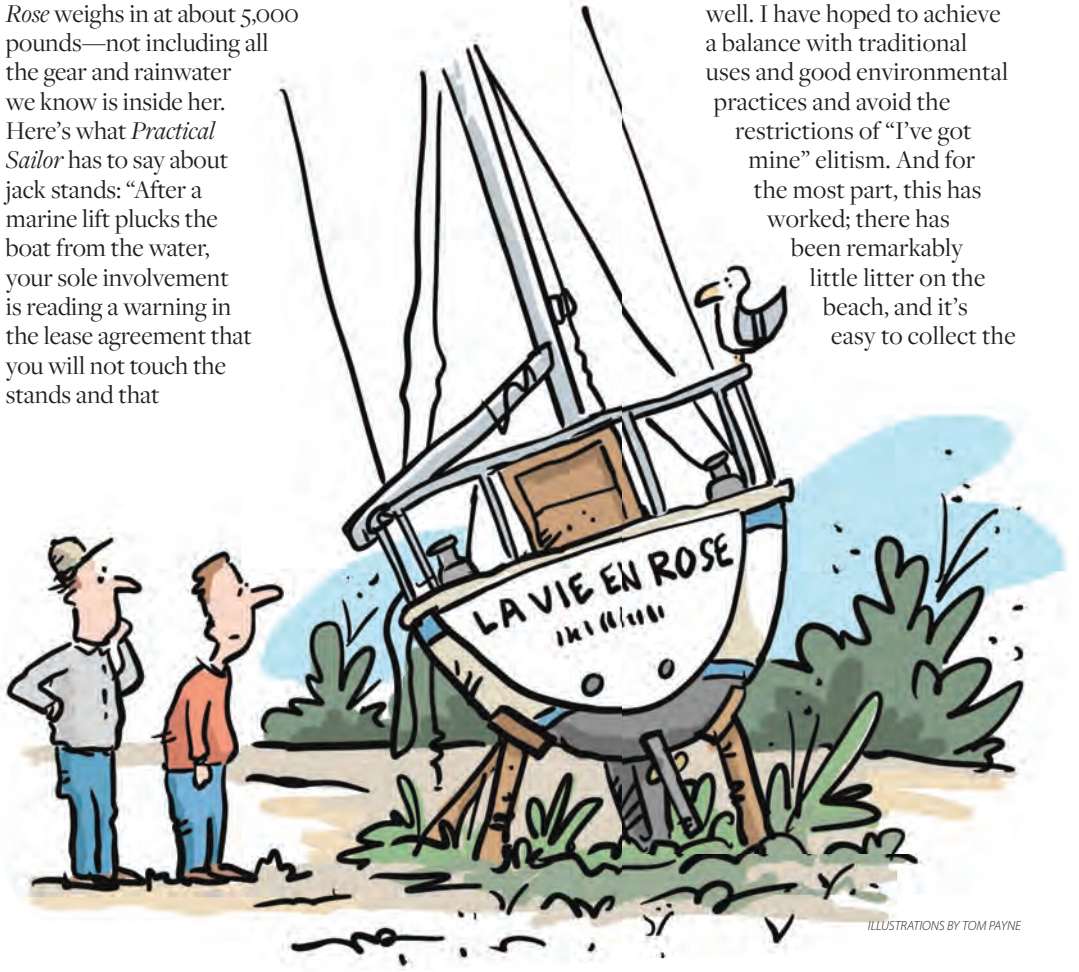
"Suddenly fail. No longer support the boat. That would be bad," John says.

As we tighten the jack stands (which ranges from good solid work to backbreaking labor), I am hyperaware that I may need to scramble if there is a sudden crack or rumble. With a keel of at least 2,000 pounds lead ballast, we believe *La Vie en Rose* weighs in at about 5,000 pounds—not including all the gear and rainwater we know is inside her. Here's what *Practical Sailor* has to say about jack stands: "After a marine lift plucks the boat from the water, your sole involvement is reading a warning in the lease agreement that you will not touch the stands and that you will not attach anything to them."

That advice, of course, applies to a boatyard, which clearly is not the beach in front of my house. When my wife, Sandi, and I purchased our home on Peaks Island more than 35 years ago, we knew that the flat, hard-packed beach was traditionally used to launch, repair, and store boats and floats. I enjoy the sight of a working beach; it's a bridge to the past.

Despite the absence of a dock or wharf, it's not unusual to see extension cords running from our porch window down to and over the gunnel of a boat needing repairs. At the end of the inshore lobster season in late October, lobster boats drop off dozens of traps at high tide and load them into trucks at low tide to transport them to island yards. Rowboats, dinghies, and sleek ocean kayaks nestle in the bushes.

The arrangement works well. I have hoped to achieve a balance with traditional uses and good environmental practices and avoid the restrictions of "I've got mine" elitism. And for the most part, this has worked; there has been remarkably little litter on the beach, and it's easy to collect the



ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM PAYNE

occasional beer can tossed up in the sumac. Sunbathers, fishermen, and recreational clammers co-exist in the intertidal zone.

Of course, there have been exceptions, such as the 42-foot wooden fishing boat that a dreamer dragged up on the beach intending to transform into a houseboat. Quickly overwhelmed by the scope of the project, the owner abandoned it; eventually, at a family reunion, my brother, Steve, took a chainsaw to the stern while the rest of us fed rotted oak into a bonfire and salvaged the intact cedar planks for a walkway.

And, there's *La Vie en Rose*. The longtime owner is a Peaks Island local. Each spring, at low tide he drove his truck onto the beach, pulled the sturdy homemade cradle to the water's edge, and launched the boat, courtesy of Casco Bay's 10-foot tides.

Each fall he reversed the process. And the boat was well used; he more or less lived aboard in the summer, sailing to Casco Bay's outer reaches and sleeping aboard for long weekends. Then, seven years ago, the sailboat sat through the summer. One year became two. Bittersweet curled up over the hull and entangled the boom and halyards. The supporting beams of the cradle splintered. I called the owner. Don't worry, he assured me, he would either rebuild the cradle, or perhaps—and he hated to think about this—sell *La Vie en Rose*.

But any hopes of the owner repairing the cradle evaporated when he was in a motorcycle accident and a few weeks later suddenly went blind. It was a devastating, life-changing tragedy.

When the boat began to list, I worried that it might suddenly fall over and injure or kill someone. Complicating things, the owner claimed that the boat was not on my property. Phone calls with a maritime lawyer, our island police, the Coast Guard, and the harbor master achieved no resolution. I built a fence around the sailboat and hung up a For Sale sign with the owner's phone number. There were no takers.

When John offered to help me jack up the boat, I asked him why. "Two simple reasons, you are a friend in need, and it has to get done." The abandoned boat wasn't just my problem, he said, it was an accident waiting to happen for the entire island. Who knew when a curious teenager might be injured climbing into it? What fifth grader pays attention to a fence or sign?

John is certain that we can straighten and lift *La Vie en Rose*, block the keel, and once we can safely board, pump out several thousand pounds of water from the interior.

"From there, we can figure out the next step," he says. "This boat belongs in the water."

I know nothing about moving a boat to the water. In truth, I know almost nothing about sailboats. I am tasked with doing exactly what John tells me to do. When I am not tightening jack stands, I am clearing out debris from beneath the sailboat, although *debris* doesn't properly capture the Bronze Age, archaeological nature of the remains of the cradle and trailer—half-buried, decayed, 6-x-6 spruce beams, rusted truck-sized wheels connected to a bent axle, all held together by reinforced iron plates.

The incoming tide flows across the mudflats—perhaps three hours from lapping against the tires of my truck. Oblivious to us, several great blue herons work the shallows for crabs and small fish while a flock of eider dive for mussels just offshore.

After lunch, we redouble our efforts until the boat comes to vertical. I gingerly climb into the cockpit and jimmy open the companionway, where a beautiful edging of pale green lichen lines the wood trim. I step below and retch at the complex odors of mold, oil, gasoline, standing water, rust, and decayed wood. I pull out my phone and shine a light in the tomb. The engine is half submerged. A yellow rain slicker, piles of discarded clothes, mildewed magazines, rope, and rusted tools litter the bunks. I place one end of a hose in the water and work a hand pump until a torrent flushes onto the beach.

"Chuck," John says as we watched the water cascade down the sand, "as long as *La Vie en Rose* is on your beach, it will never be totally safe. The highest tides will eventually undermine the stands and the boat will fall. It's another sad example of the old adage, 'no good deed goes unpunished.' " He tells me to call Captain Jim's Marine Salvage and Nautical Antiquities.

"Once we launch *La Vie en Rose* and she's on a mooring, he

can take her for salvage." John walks around the hull tapping it with a hammer. "I think she's basically seaworthy. It's a shame she can't find a new home."

I move the truck. We gather our tools. The tide meets the stern of the boat.

To actually launch the boat, we need to build a temporary cradle that can move her down the beach to meet the tide. That doesn't happen for another couple of months, when John and I meet another friend, Chris Roberts, on the beach with his truck and flatbed trailer. It is loaded with, among other things, 2 x 4s, a cordless circular saw, a Sawzall, several bottle jacks, a grinder with a cut-off blade, drill, shovels, crowbars, steel pipes for rollers, chains for pulling, boxes of miscellaneous nails, screws, and lag bolts, wrenches, and a stack of wooden blocking. John's truck is also burdened with key components, namely two 6-x-6, 11-foot beams and close to a dozen 2-inch steel rollers.

I feel, well, strangely competent with my Thor-sized mallet and crowbar. A few minutes later, Chris parks his Kubota tractor next to the truck. He sums up our chances: "With the right tools and a sharp blade, you can move anything."

The six jack stands safely support the boat, but we need to build the temporary cradle inside the stands before we can slide *La Vie en Rose* to the water. The two long beams John brought will be the foundation of our sledge. We'll attach a crib to the top of the beams before backing off the jack stands. Then, we'll raise the cradle and boat with bottle jacks to sandwich metal rollers between the underside of the beams and a series of long planks pointing towards the water. If all works as planned, the sailboat will roll down the plank road and the next tide will float it off the cradle.

John says, "I've moved a lot of boats around. The bigger the move, the smaller each step. We have a good team process: Stop, think five steps ahead, and work methodically without haste."

I think: I have never moved a boat. Stay alert. Don't lose a limb.

After clearing out the remains of the old cradle, Chris places a bottle jack on a platform of blocks in the midline of the hull. It is an unimpressive piece of equipment, about the size of a coffeepot, but capable of lifting up the corner of a small house. Chris inserts a metal rod into the bottle jack and rapidly moves it up and down, elevating the boat a fraction of an inch each time. We loosen the jack stands slightly so the boat can rise, adjusting the connecting chains each time and listening for creaks or groans indicative of structural failure.

By midafternoon, we lay the two parallel beams inside the jacks. After Chris drills pilot holes, I use a ratchet wrench to drive lag bolts into the beams and build out the crib. This takes several hours. Then it's back to the bottle jacks so that we can place boards and metal rollers under the beams in preparation for the move. We're getting tired. Between the three of us, we are roughly 200 years old.

The rollers and boards slide under the beam with considerable difficulty. I get to use my mallet, the perfect tool to pound the leading edge of the board in place. We remove the temporary jacks. The sailboat still stands.

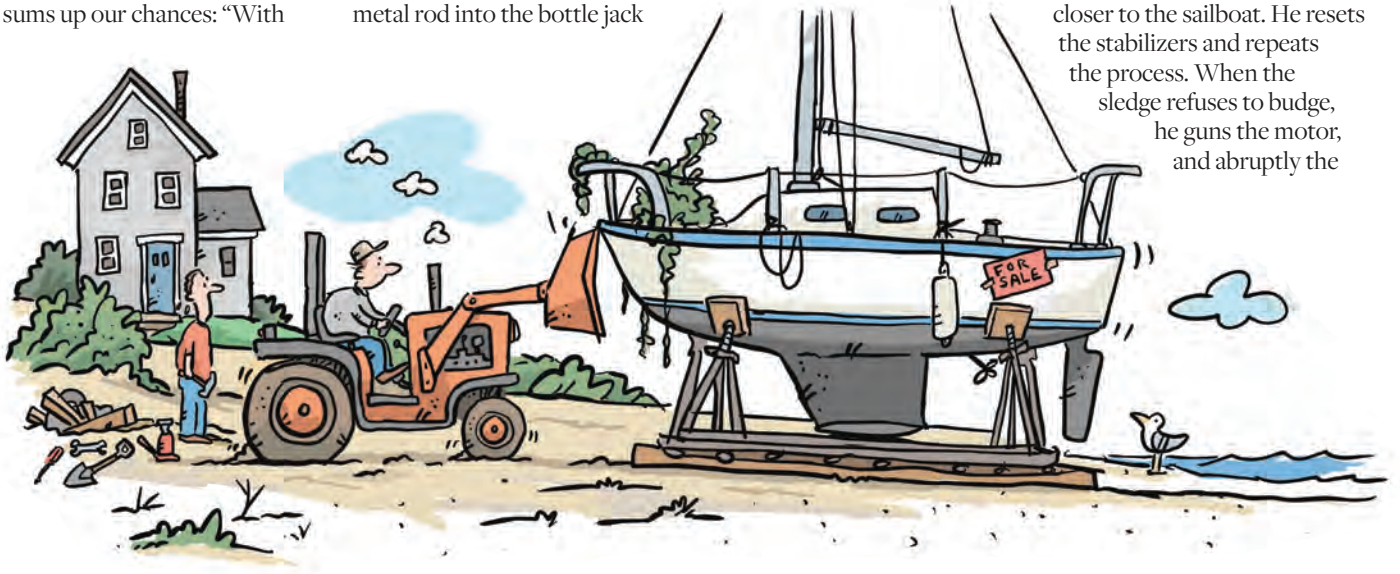
The tide is at ebb. By eleven tonight, it will be high. If we can move the sailboat 50 feet down the beach, the flood tide may, possibly, float it off the cradle. Chris hops on his tractor and positions the bucket against the bow, and his wheels spin for traction. John and I crouch at the downhill side of the beams holding blocks to use as brakes if the boat moves too fast. The boat slides shoreward. Six inches. Two feet. Ten feet. I let out a whoop!

Chris backs the tractor away, and John and I place new rollers beneath the leading edge of the beam. For another 10 feet, all is well, then the beam inexorably slides partway off the rollers.

Chris changes the angle of his bucket pushing the bow. We add more rollers and adjust the planks. *La Vie en Rose* moves seaward. Then one beam slips off the rollers and is no longer on a plank. The boat lists ever so slightly. I hold my breath.

We're not nearly far enough for a successful launch. Playing his trump card, Chris calls his friend, Travers, who owns an ancient Holmes wrecker. A half-hour later, Travers arrives and parks the truck a few feet from the incoming tide. He plays out cable through an overhead crane and attaches the free end to the sledge. After setting the stabilizers, he flips a switch. The cable tightens; we involuntarily step back. Impossibly, the sailboat moves another few yards. It's probably not far enough.

Travers moves his truck closer to the sailboat. He resets the stabilizers and repeats the process. When the sledge refuses to budge, he guns the motor, and abruptly the



front end of the truck pops a wheelie. There is a collective gasp before Travers manages to release the cable pressure and the front tires settle onto the sand. He's game for one more try. When the cable suddenly breaks, he calls it a day.

Chris and John believe *La Vie en Rose* will launch tonight at high tide. I think, no way.

Shortly after midnight, John and I meet at Chris' skiff and motor towards the beach in a wet, cool fog so impenetrable that cottage lights on the shore are like distant fireflies. John pans a flashlight over the bow, alert for mooring balls and lobster buoys. The gray curtain parts. John gives a shout.

Up ahead, off to port, a sailboat is bobbing in the water. It is *La Vie en Rose*. On the darkened beach, a figure waves. It's Craig, a neighbor who, I later learn, was concerned about the cradle and wood drifting into the shipping channel, so he swam out and retrieved them when he saw *La Vie en Rose* float free. We tow the sailboat to a mooring and go to bed.

The next morning, I receive a text from Chris: *Sailboat taking on water. Not sinking*. By the time John and I meet Chris at the dock and row out to the boat, he's already fashioned a temporary pump and removes a whale gusher of raunchy water from the bilge. Chris determines that the through-hull fittings for the sink and head are open and taking on water. He closes them, and the leaks stop.

In short order, I arrange for Captain Jim to pick up the boat from a marina in Portland. I call the owner of *La Vie en Rose* and tell him I want to officially assume ownership so I can hand it off to Captain Jim. He sells her to me for a dollar.

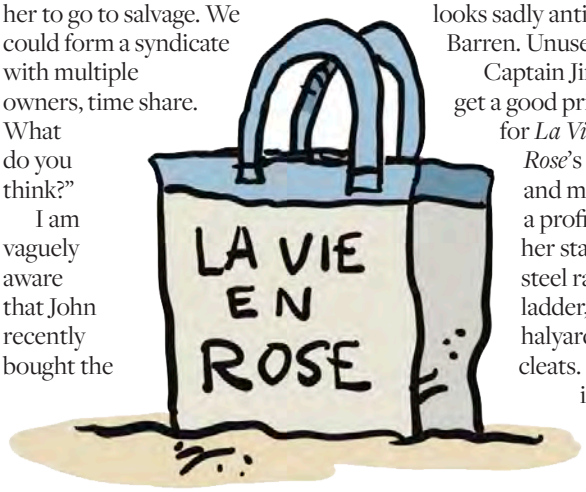
On the day we bundle into Chris' skiff to tow *La Vie en Rose* to Portland, John is having second thoughts. He is a romantic at heart.

"Chuck, it's a shame for her to go to salvage. We could form a syndicate with multiple owners, time share. What do you think?"

I am vaguely aware that John recently bought the *Grammie Annie*, a lobster boat with similarities to a neglected puppy needing a new home. On the other hand, until today, I have never owned a sailboat. What could possibly go wrong?

Chris ignores our chatter, wraps the towline to the bow cleat of *La Vie en Rose,* and suggests that John get onboard to steer. Thinking back, I believe this was to separate us to save us from ourselves.

Underway, *La Vie en Rose* rides our wake, pointing towards Portland, her final resting place. A sprig of bittersweet curls around her bow, pulled from the underbrush when the tractor pushed her seaward for one last journey. I look over to my beach. It looks sadly antiseptic. Barren. Unused.



Captain Jim will get a good price for *La Vie en Rose*'s mast and make a profit on her stainless steel railings, ladder, halyards, and cleats. There is a market for the keel's lead. Even the hull will be sold and ground up to be mixed with gravel for resurfacing mainland roads.

When we reach the marina, a launch rafts up to the sailboat and John transfers aboard our skiff. We watch as *La Vie en Rose* is slow-walked towards a boat lift, much like a prisoner is escorted to the gallows after a last meal. She's floating out of this world the same way she came in.

I've already dropped off her sails at Sea Bags on Custom House Wharf where they will be cleaned and transformed "into nautically inspired totes and accessories that bring our customers great happiness." In exchange for the sails, I'll receive two free tote bags, and possibly great happiness. And perhaps I'll stop by Captain Jim's later. Maybe there's another trinket or two to remember her by.

For more than three decades, Dr. Chuck Radis and his family have lived on Peaks Island, commuting to the mainland year-round on his boat, Dasakamo. *Early in his medical career, he provided primary care to four islands in Casco Bay, traveling by boat and logging more than 100 yearly house calls. He has been named the Louis Hanson Maine Physician of the Year, and Teacher of the Year at the University of New England, College of Osteopathic Medicine, where he is a clinical professor of medicine. His book* Go by Boat: Stories of a Maine Doctor *was published in April.*

A SOUTHEAST SOJOURN

Part One: Baranof Island's wild beauty and singular towns open a summer-long journey through Southeast Alaska.

BY ANDY CROSS

Two hundred miles from the nearest point of land, it's 11 p.m. on the summer solstice, and I'm peering out across the expansive Gulf of Alaska. To be smack in the middle of this storied and notorious body of water on the longest day of the year is stunning. All around our 1984 Grand Soleil 39, *Yahtzee*, the calm North Pacific Ocean is lit up like I've never seen before—light is slowly fading through soft shades of oranges, reds, and finally cool blues as midnight approaches. Throughout the night it never truly gets dark at this latitude. Instead, a dusky combination of lingering sun and moonlight lies gracefully on the horizon. The experience is almost like a dream.

We'd slipped *Yahtzee*'s docklines two and half days earlier on Kodiak Island and pointed east on the 560-mile rhumb line toward Baranof Island with a planned landfall at Goddard Hot Springs near Sitka. Even in summer, weather windows to cross the gulf can be few and far between. But, having sailed the opposite direction from Sitka to Kodiak Island several years earlier, in 2017, we knew what we were getting into. When the opportunity to cross presents itself, you go.

Light winds were expected for several portions of the passage and, thus far, that's how it has panned out. We've been chugging along under power through most of the first couple days with rare patches of wind coming and going. It's frustrating, but we'll take it. Finally, a southerly breeze trickles in after the magical solstice show, and by

***Yahtzee* anchored in Gut Bay, one of the many pristine and wild spots that makes Southeast Alaska an extraordinary place by boat, above.**

It's never too early to learn how to handle your boat. Porter, at 6 years old, takes the helm of *Yahtzee*, at right.

Downtown Sitka is among the largest communities in Southeast Alaska, and around every corner is either a towering mountain or sweeping water view.

midmorning we're shooting eastward at a pleasant 6 to 9 knots under our big blue spinnaker. All the while, Jill helps our boys Porter and Magnus with schoolwork in the cockpit, and we listen to music, read books, and tell jokes.

After 12 hours of gorgeous spinnaker sailing, the wind goes light again. Down comes the sail, on goes the engine, and we continue plodding eastward through another beautiful night at sea. Only light zephyrs appear until a bank of clouds arrives on the southern horizon. Sure enough, this is the wind we've needed, and *Yahtzee* gets hit with a 15- to 20-knot southeasterly that puts her into a close-hauled gallop.

Soon, heavy rain squalls pass over, and the seas quickly go from smooth to a sloppy chop that is, by all accounts, annoyingly uncomfortable. Fortunately, as night approaches, so does landfall. It's a mere 12 hours away, and we can almost feel our reward—soaking in hot springs and exploring one of our favorite places on earth, Baranof Island.

In the middle of the night, as if on cue, the wind makes an abrupt change from the southeast to southwest, and we ease the sheets for a long broad reach toward Sitka Sound. When the morning light filters through the dark clouds, a faint bit of volcanic Mount Edgecumbe becomes visible on the horizon and our excitement builds. On our approach to Goddard, our first landfall, the skies alternate between sun, clouds, and rain. And then, nearly four days to the minute after leaving Kodiak Island, we pick a spot off the beach in Hot Springs Bay and set the hook.

My last log entry of the passage gives the overall stats but most importantly conveys the mood: "564 miles, 95 hrs 55 min, 5.9 knots average (with a big smiley face written beside it). Back in Southeast Alaska and we're happy to be here. Time for a soak."

An embarrassment of riches, Baranof Island has dozens of incredible places to drop the hook, and Goddard is a perfect place to start. When the anchor is snubbed, I scramble to get the dinghy off the foredeck and switch *Yahtzee* from offshore to cruising mode. Our crew can't get ashore fast enough and the reward is sweet. Alternating between the beach at Goddard and two hot tubs that are plumbed with hot water from the springs, we bask in our new surroundings and hug friends from *Arctic Monkey*, a buddy boat.

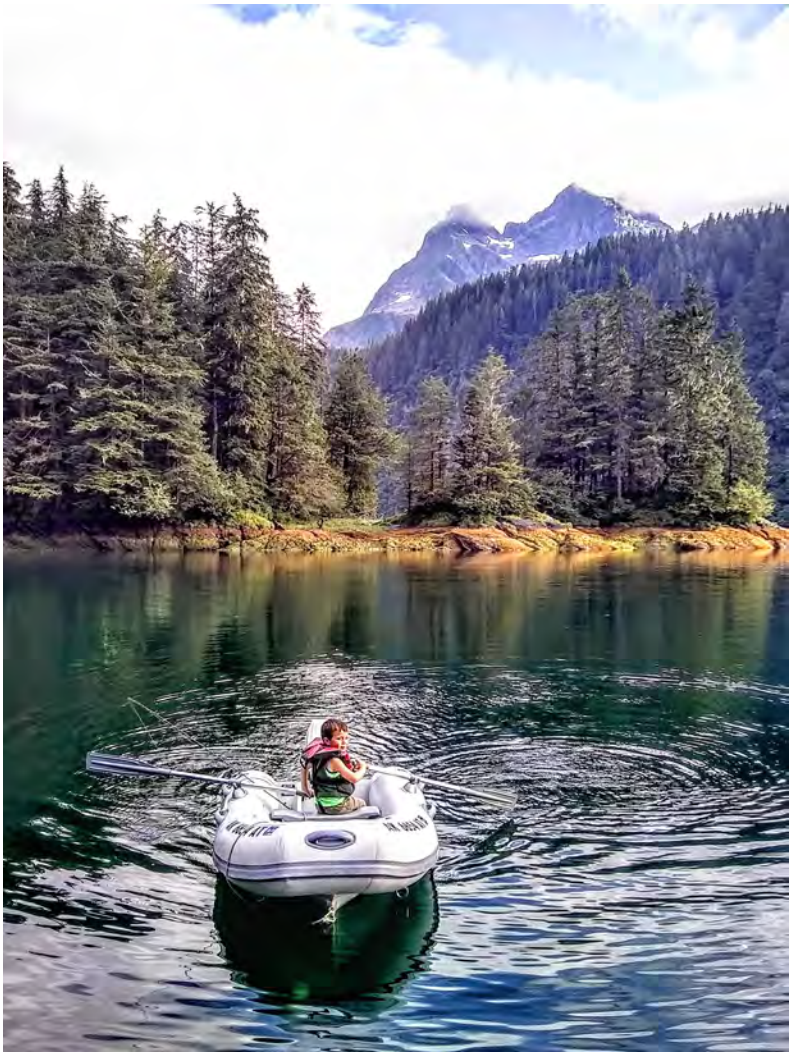
With no pressing reason to be in Sitka anytime soon, we pass another day at the springs before moving over to nearby Kidney Cove to prolong the fun. Rain continues as we sail through a cluster of islands, and when we arrive, clouds cling to the green mountainsides hanging above the cove.

Southeast Alaska—or simply "Southeast" as it's called by Alaskan residents—is recognized for these breathtaking mountain views, abundant wildlife, countless islands, and scenic anchorages. It's also known by sailors and locals for its typically rainy weather, even in the summer. This particular season, though, we're about to get lucky.

While roasting hot dogs and marshmallows for s'mores over a beach fire later that evening, we watch as the once sedentary clouds start to move and then fracture to reveal a pale blue sky. This is the beginning of what turns out to be a gorgeous stretch of sunshine and warmth that lasts off and on throughout most of the summer.

The following morning, we awake to brilliant sunshine and

Magnus hones his dinghy handling skills.



decide to move closer to Sitka and anchor in Leesoffskaia Bay. A long, shallow bay that snakes its way from west to east just a few miles south of Sitka, we find surprisingly warm water and a mid-70-degree day—hot by Southeast standards. Swimming, fishing, hiking, berry-picking, and beachcombing take up most of the next three days before we reluctantly peel ourselves away and make for the city to reprovision and get fuel.

Savoring Sitka

Pulling in through the harbor's northwestern breakwater, we can instantly feel the vibe of this quaint Alaskan city where mountains meet the sea. With sun gleaming off craggy, snow-capped peaks that seem to shoot straight up from the city's subdued skyline, and tall, green conifers growing thick underneath it all, there is something about this scene that instantly captures the senses. Truly, it is a special place.

One of our favorite aspects of cruising in Southeast Alaska is that for all the solitude and wilderness that we revel in, visiting the unique communities nestled among it all can be equally as rewarding. With a population of roughly 9,000 Alaskans, Sitka is on the larger end of these locales, which means an expanded selection of eateries, boating and fishing supplies, boutiques, and shoreside activities.

With *Yahtzee* snug into Eliason Harbor among the rustic and hearty North Pacific fishing fleet, we set about with a mix of chores and fun. The boys scurry onto the dock and are soon met by members of the Sitka Coast Guard Auxiliary who pass them coupons for free ice cream cones at McDonald's (yes, there's even a McDonald's here) for wearing their lifejackets. Given the warm day, that seems like an appropriate place to start.

With drippy ice cream cones in hand, we head downtown, which is a modest 10-minute walk. Along the way we find ourselves passing through a working waterfront where seafood processing facilities and marinas perfectly showcase the town's deep roots in the sea. Sitka's downtown is a quaint mix of storefronts, restaurants, parks, historic sites, and a beautiful library. All look out over the water or up at sweeping mountain views. The only thing that changes the complexion of its streets is when a throng of tourists descends from a cruise ship onto the city's sidewalks. But it's only a minor annoyance. After all, they're enjoying Southeast Alaska, too.

While the conveniences of the city are pleasant, we particularly enjoy exploring

(top to bottom) **Porter tries his luck in Warm Springs Lake.**

Porter holds one of the nine Dungeness crabs he snagged in Appleton Cove to feed the family.

After a 560-mile passage across the Gulf of Alaska, the boys and Jill are all smiles in one of the hot tubs of Goddard Bay.

the beautiful Sitka National Historical Park and Castle Hill, the former site of old fortifications and the home of the first Russian governor. Sitka and Baranof Island are the ancestral home of the Tlingit people, who lived full and imaginative lives here for thousands of years until the Russians came in 1799 in search of more fur and forced them from their land, only to sell Alaska to the United States in 1867.

The town was later a hub for those seeking fortune in the Alaska Gold Rush. Storyboards throughout the park illustrate the fascinating history of the area, and we also use the space to enjoy the stunning views and burn off some of the kids' energy. Another popular attraction in Sitka is the Raptor Center, a rehabilitation facility for eagles, hawks, and owls.

Though we're enjoying the town, our crew is also excited for the next part of our voyage. The plan is to round the top of Baranof Island to explore some favorite spots and discover others. Indeed, being larger than the state of Maine, Southeast is so big that you can't see it all in one summer. Not anticipating another stop in port for several weeks, we change the engine oil, fully stock the fridge and cupboards, buy extra fishing gear, and top up on fuel and water.

Baranof Found

On our list of haunts from 2017 that we want to revisit are Appleton Cove on the north side of the island and then Baranof Warm Springs, Red Bluff Bay, and Gut Bay on the east side.

While rounding the top of Baranof Island, we happen upon a brown bear swimming across a narrow expanse of Peril Strait. I don't know who is more surprised by the encounter, us or the bear. Brown bears are native to Baranof and the neighboring islands of Chichagof and Admiralty. We prefer to view them from the safety of our boat and do so often. But when we venture ashore, we take precautions such as being loud and carrying bear spray and/or a flare. Should we accidentally encounter a bear closeup, our plan—which most experts prescribe—is to fight the urge to run and to talk to the bear calmly. Easier said than done, I suppose.

Soon after the (thankfully distant) bear encounter, we watch humpback whales feed close to shore and drop the hook in nearby Appleton Cove. A known hotspot for Dungeness crab, we bait our crab trap with the remains of a decent-sized ling cod, and Porter catches nine monster crabs that keep us fed for days.

Pulling ourselves away from Appleton, we sail into Chatham Strait toward one of our favorite places in all of Alaska, the glorious hot springs at Warm Springs Bay. Chatham is a relatively narrow, 150-mile-long body of water that extends from the junction of Icy Strait and Lynn Canal, in the north, all the way to the Pacific Ocean in the south. It can be notoriously boisterous, but on this day it's quiet, with puffs of breeze working down from the north. Shortly after turning into the strait, we come across more whales—a female orca with what appear to be two calves, and a pod of humpbacks.

As we move south, a public bathhouse and natural pools at Baranof Warm Springs sing their siren song. These are our main preoccupations once *Yahtzee* is tied up at the free dock where we plan on spending the night. But there's fishing ashore as well, next to a nearby waterfall or by

Jill and Porter show off a rockfish caught near Sitka. The shorts and T-shirts aren't typical here, but the Cross family lucked into a long spell of warm and clear weather, at top left.

Andy and Porter head out on another fishing expedition, at left.

climbing up to a picturesque alpine lake. It's hard to fathom that the hustle and bustle of Sitka is only 15 miles from here as the crow flies. Yet, because of Baranof's mountainous interior, there is no road connecting us.

Later that evening, I push the window curtain aside in the bathhouse, look out to my right, and take a few seconds to watch the massive waterfall tumble into the bay. To my left, *Yahtzee* sits at the dock with a mishmash of other cruising boats and rugged Alaskan fishing craft. Behind me, hot spring water is filling a tub, and as I reach down to test its temperature, I can't help but crack a wry smile. Baranof Warm Springs is one of our most cherished stops, and it's so good to be here again.

After one final morning soak with sunshine filling the bay, we finally pull ourselves away from the hot springs and meander south toward Red Bluff Bay and Gut Bay, our final stops on Baranof Island before crossing Chatham Strait. Only 10 miles apart, Red Bluff and Gut weave directly into the mountainous heart of the island with 2,000- to 4,000-foot peaks and glaciers hanging above. Steep rock walls grace the sides of the inlets until the few anchoring spots reveal themselves. We get a strong sense of the true pristine wilderness we're in and try hard to hang on to every experience we're having together.

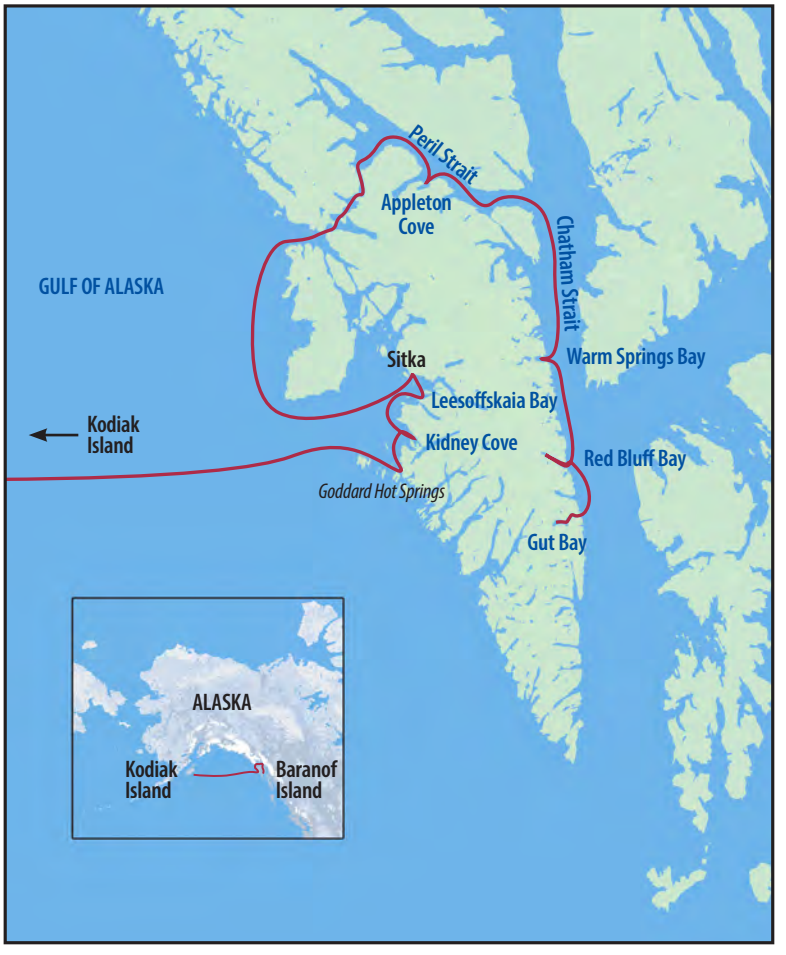
In Gut Bay, we are anchored to the west of a tall mountain peak rising vertically from sea level; the sun is up but not quite extending all the way to *Yahtzee*. Rowing toward a sun-splashed beach, we soon feel the warm rays and scurry ashore to bask in the morning light.

With the tide nearly 15 feet out, the beach is basically a massive science laboratory for us to explore. Crabs, clams, mussels, urchin, limpets, sea stars, and more fill the tidal zone, while four species of salmon jump just feet from shore. Above the high-tide line, a grassy meadow of verdant greens stretches toward the base of a mountain and a trickle of cold spring water snakes its way down through tall conifers and past huge boulders. I climb atop a particularly flat one and scan the meadow for brown bears before sitting down, stretching my arms overhead, and letting the warm sun hit my face. Perfection.

This is our last stop on Baranof, and our landfall from Kodiak Island seems like it was a year ago, not a month. Now, with a limited amount of time left in Southeast Alaska before summer ends, I start to envision the next few weeks ahead. While I don't like to think too far forward while cruising, it's inevitable—and bittersweet. We have more places to see in this breathtaking place but, until then, I decide I'll just enjoy this moment.

Andy Cross is exploring the western Pacific coastline, from Alaska to Panama, with his family aboard Yahtzee, *their 1984 Grand Soleil 39. He is the editor of* 48° North *magazine and former managing editor at* Blue Water Sailing *magazine.*

The hot springs in Warm Springs Bay are among the Cross family's favorite stops, and Magnus makes tracks for them.



In the Comfort Zone

Often it's the little things that make a boat feel like home.

BY DAVID ROPER

A small sailing craft is not only beautiful...if it happens to be an auxiliary cruising boat, it is without question the most compact and ingenious arrangement for living ever devised by the restless mind of man—a home that is stable without being stationary, shaped less like a box than like a fish or a bird or a girl, and in which the homeowner can remove his daily affairs as far from shore as he has the nerve to take them, close-hauled or running free—parlor, bedroom, and bath, suspended and alive. —E.B. White

And in that floating small home, comfort is, of course, important. But comfort is more than a soft pillow or a hot shower. Comfort is also a state of mind. It's about feelings of satisfaction, contentment, and well-being. These can come from items or colors or even smells that are evocative, conjuring up good memories that bring comfort. In my case, sometimes this goes to extremes: I remember, several boats ago, putting a ball of tarred hemp under my bunk because the scent reminded me of the old manila rope on my dad's wooden cutter built 80 years ago.

In the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City hangs a small etching titled "The Cabin," created by Anders Zorn in 1917. A framed copy of it also hangs on the main cabin bulkhead, alongside the big brass paraffin lamp, aboard my 42-year-old Independence 31, *Elsa Marie.* It's an evocative work of a sailboat cabin of the early 1900s. My father framed it and put it on the bulkhead of our old Atkin cutter, *Phyllis,* about 60 years ago.

Years later, my dad transferred it to the bulkhead of his next boat, *Eastward,* where it traveled along some 35,000 miles over the next decade. When he sold *Eastward*, he gave the etching to me.

I placed it on the bulkhead of *Chang Ho,* my Cape Dory 25, where it hung for a decade. It now hangs on *Elsa Marie*'s bulkhead, where its very presence brings me comfort because of the times, places, and memories it evokes—family stories of my childhood aboard *Phyllis* and *Eastward;* budding relationships as a teen; confiding conversations as adults; laughter and romance under the cabin lamps in each of those four boats over six decades. In short, it has meaning, and that meaning brings comfort. All this from an 8 x 10-inch etching! More folks should plant personal memorabilia in their boat cabins, that small living space which, due to its size, requires an intensity of comforting visuals.

> **Comfort is also a state of mind.**

Elsa Marie, **David's 1979 Independence 31.**

Elsa Marie's cabin has four bunks that we've covered in what my wife, Mary Kay, calls "lake cottage green" canvas. This fabric and its color bring comfort to the cabin and to my wife, who feels a strong sense of place from the Minnesota lake cabin where she grew up, where the walls and old stuffed chairs (and sometimes even the lake) were the same shade of green.

Green is a color that represents the environment and outdoors, for obvious reasons, making it a clear choice to suggest nature and an organic quality, all a good fit on a boat. And, artists, therapists, and interior designers have long understood

(top to bottom) **David's Magma grill, on which he can cook virtually anything, including popcorn, and the homemade shade for the helmsman or book reader, are two comfort items in *Elsa Marie*'s cockpit.**

The gimballed Forespar burner mounted next to the companionway is one of David's favorite cooking devices onboard—despite the three-burner galley stove.

The fabric colors aboard *Elsa Marie* were selected to mirror a shade of green that reminds David's wife of her childhood time spent in a Minnesota lakeside cabin.

how the right color can dramatically and positively affect moods, feelings, and emotions. In a sense, my wife's lake cabin was her version of my childhood boat, the Atkin cutter *Phyllis.* So, it was an easy decision to bring a representation of these comforting memories aboard *Elsa Marie* when we chose the upholstery.

Elsa Marie's cabin is a reflection of my floating world as a child, young adult, and older man. But it's also a reflection of what I've learned about living comfortably in a small space—about the value and joy of minimalism. For me, there's immense satisfaction in making a small cabin uncomplicated and a manifestation of oneself, equipped with only what's truly needed, and all within easy reach.

How satisfying to sit on your bunk and plan the best location for new essential things—for a coat hook in just the right spot, or a mount for your handheld GPS within easy reach or viewing, or even a paper towel rack positioned in such a way that the wind doesn't blow down the hatch and unroll it. After all, it's your little world, it's your creation. All the little tweaks are yours, and you're proud of where you placed those essentials and accoutrements.

On the old *Phyllis,* my dad slept on a hanging, spring-bottomed "destroyer" berth from WWII that put his nose just a foot below the cabin overhead. When cruising, he strung shock chord across the beams above him and slid the next day's charts under it, so in the morning his eyes opened to the buoys, depths, islands, and harbors of that day's run. It gave him information, heightened his anticipation, and just made him happy to imagine what was coming.

And then there are the simple, reliable things that are clever and provide us with an innate sense of satisfaction. I think of the two bricks my dad kept under the old alcohol stove aboard *Phyllis.* Along with the paraffin lamps, they were the cabin dryers.

Whether it's an oil lamp, artwork, or a strategically placed mirror, David believes in the power of carefully chosen items to warm up an otherwise austere environment.

On foggy or rainy days in Maine, Dad would carefully fire up the old, pressurized alcohol stove and place a brick on each burner, "cooking" them until well done. Then he would turn off the stove, leaving the bricks on the burner, and he and my mother would close the cabin portholes and hatches and row ashore for a walk. Upon return, they would enter a cozy, comfortable space, the bricks having done their job of drying and warming the cabin.

In *Elsa Marie,* we keep our cooking simple, as well. Despite the three-burner gimballed stove on board, all we ever seem to need is the Magma grill/cooker that hangs off the stern (I've cooked lobsters, steaks, English muffins, zucchini, popcorn, and even pancakes on that grill), and a little Forespar gem that's conveniently mounted just inside the companionway. That one is the real joy. It's stainless, gimballed, and comes with a mini fry pan, stew pot, kettle for tea, and even a coffee percolator. This and the Magma run on the same small green propane bottles. The on- and off-watch have easy access to the Forespar for tea or soup. Especially during inclement weather or at night, this is a real plus. Both cookers are simple and easy to maintain.

Rituals on a small boat also become important to comfort. Little actions become more valued. The small world of the cabin is cared for more, like the world of a small town. Everything seems to matter more; everything seems more intimate. You get off a bus onto 5th Avenue in New York City and appear temporarily lost and nobody notices, nobody makes eye contact, nobody seems to care. Everything is just too big, and the people are too many.

But when you walk into a tiny town and stop and look to get your bearings, someone is likely to ask, "May I help you? You seem lost." You matter more, it seems. For many of us, there's no place more soothing than the cabin of a sailboat.

We love our boats. We think about them a lot (sometimes too much). We plan for ways to make things even better, even more comfortable. And that makes us happy. And I know we all agree on that, for, as Mark Twain said, "A man cannot be comfortable without his own approval."

David Roper is the author of three nautically themed books, among them the three-time Boston Globe *bestseller* Watching for Mermaids. *A columnist for* Points East *magazine, he's also written for* Cruising World, Lakeland Boating, SAIL, and Sailing. *Among his youthful occupations was captaining a 135-foot Mississippi River paddlewheel cruise ship. Presently, he sails his Bruce King-designed Independence 31,* Elsa Marie *out of Marblehead, Massachusetts.*

Edge Wise

A bar magnet and simple woodwork create an elegant knife-storage solution.

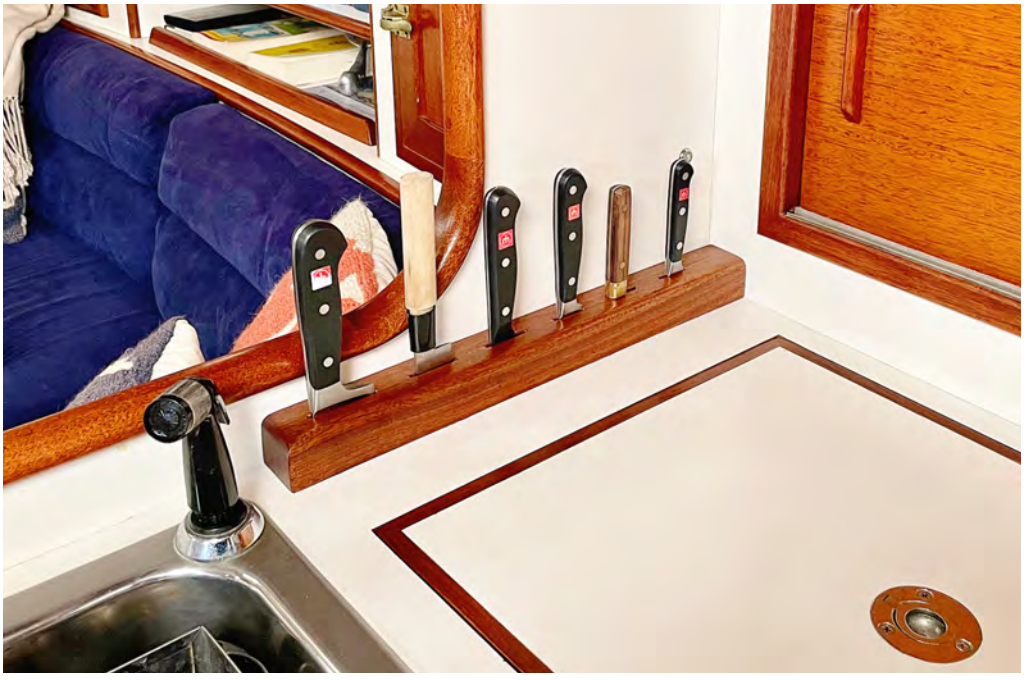
BY CHRISTOPHER BIRCH

Everything on a boat must have its place—especially knives. The last thing you need in the cabin during rough weather is a free-range, airborne knife.

But, the household-style knife block and the industrial kitchen-style knife magnet are ill-equipped to hold knives adequately aboard a boat. Tossing knives in a galley drawer feels like another bad idea; loose drawer storage offers poor protection, quickly dulling sharp blades. Besides, that little drawer is already crowded with the wooden spoon, corkscrew, measuring spoons, whisk, and lobster-claw crushers, among other things. Finding a new home for the knives would free up a lot of much-needed space in there.

While working on a customer's Hylas sailboat recently, I came across an artful solution to the knife-storage conundrum. The design drops the knife blades through the galley countertop in a typical knife-block fashion, and then ingeniously secures them with a hidden bar magnet below the counter. It's a perfect solution for knife storage, and I knew right away I had to have a comparable arrangement aboard *Sundance,* our 1991 Morris Justine. The design was easy to replicate, requiring only minor alterations to fit the knives aboard our 36-foot boat.

First, I chose the block's location, in a corner of the galley near the sink and next to a below-counter storage area.



The finished product. The block is made from sapele mahogany, which matches the Herreshoff-style interior of the Morris Justine. The block's location was the most lightly used space on the entire counter, above.

The knife slots were created by sandwiching carefully spaced sections of ⅛-inch batten between a pair of outside rails. The block was finished with Epifanes rubbed-effect varnish, at right.

From the project's start, I knew the knives that I wanted to store, and I designed the block to accommodate their blade lengths and widths; designing for specific knives was essential to this project's success. I also considered the restrictions imposed by the available countertop space. The block's height was decided partially for aesthetic reasons, but more importantly, it helped determine how much blade was exposed below the counter. On my boat, this was a crucial design factor because of a sliding drawer in the storage space below the knives.

A protective panel below the countertop hides the bottoms of the blades and the bar magnet, at left.

With the protective panel removed and the knives only partially inserted into the block, the bar magnet Christopher chose is revealed. The magnet itself is encapsulated in a walnut veneer, at bottom left.

For the block, I chose a sapele mahogany finished with Epifanes rubbed-effect varnish to match the boat's Herreshoff-style interior. Simple glue-up construction allowed me to sandwich carefully spaced sections of ⅛-inch batten between a pair of outside rails. Because my block is corner mounted, I only have two edges that are fully exposed to the cabin space. I ran these edges through the round-over bit on my router table for a pleasing, finished look.

Next, I cut the opening into the countertop. A battery-powered DeWalt oscillating saw was the perfect tool for rough cutting the narrow rectangular slot for the knife blades to pass through. Knowing that this opening would be completely hidden from view by the block helped remove some of the stress of creating a perfectly square and symmetrical opening in this awkward-to-work spot.

Once the slot was cut, I drove eight #10 x 2-inch pan head stainless screws up from below the counter to secure the block.

The bar magnet I selected was encapsulated in a walnut veneer accented with a hole pattern to slyly reveal the magnet within. Sexy! In truth, the aesthetics made no difference to me, because the magnet would forever be hidden from view, below the countertop. The real value of the walnut veneer is the prevention of that metal-on-metal, fingernail-on-the-chalkboard screech.

(It's important to pause here and note that when mounting any magnet aboard, it's essential to provide adequate spacing between the magnet and all of the boat's compasses for the integrity of navigation.) I sent four #8 x 1¼-inch stainless pan head screws through the provided mounting holes in the magnet to secure it to the forward galley bulkhead below the countertop.

The last piece of the project was fabricating and installing a small panel below the countertop to protect fingers when they are down in the storage compartment rummaging for the rum bottle, as well as to hide the bar magnet.

I made the 18-by-6-inch panel from 4-millimeter sapele veneered plywood and varnished it to match the block above. To create enough space for the blades, I installed two spacer blocks before attaching the panel with six #8 x ¾-inch pan head stainless screws.

The knife block consumes little space in our galley, and the spot that it does occupy was some of the most lightly used countertop space aboard. We don't miss it. Boat owners lucky enough to have a workbench aboard might also try something similar to stow tools in the same manner.

Christopher Birch is the proprietor of Birch Marine Inc. on Long Wharf, in Boston, where he has been building, restoring, and maintaining boats since 1985. He sails Sundance, *a 1991 Morris Justine.*

Across the Bar: Bruce Kirby

BY ROB MAZZA

The sailing world in late July lost a giant, and many sailors—myself included—lost a good friend, with the passing of Bruce Kirby at age 92. He is most well-known, of course, for his design of the ubiquitous Laser, now an Olympic Class with over 250,000 boats being built. But the influence that this yachting journalist and racing sailor turned designer had on the sport he loved goes far deeper than one famous boat. Even without the Laser, he would have to be recognized as one of the most prolific and versatile designers during the "New Age of Sail" spanning the 1960s to the 1980s, and in Bruce's case, right into his 80s.

Trained as a journalist, he worked for the *Montreal Star* before relocating to Chicago to become the editor of *One-Design Yachtsman*, which soon became *One-Design and Offshore Yachtsman*, then *Yacht Racing*, then *Sailing World* magazine. A racer in the highly competitive International 14 class, his first design—a 14 he named *Torch* that became known as the Kirby I—was born of frustration when he and other members of Canada's team competing for the 1958 International 14 world team racing trophy in England were vexed by the New Zealanders' upwind speed. With no engineering or design experience, he laid the design out on grid paper and literally counted the squares to determine sectional areas. Unusual for the time, he had her built of fiberglass.

His design approach was then and would continue to be highly intuitive. By his own admission, he was "never any good at math." But in the case of the Kirby I, as with almost all of his designs, his intuition was bang on; the boat went upwind like a rocket ship. However, when she got to the weather mark, most of the fleet would plane by her. He learned from that and produced the Kirby II, again in fiberglass, a much stronger all-around performer.

But it was in a Kirby III called *T'ief Up* that his friend, Ian Bruce, won the prestigious Prince of Wales trophy—the ultimate symbol of International 14 sailing and design supremacy—back to back in 1967 and '68 that established Kirby as the dominant designer in the 14 fleet.

Two years later, Bruce and Ian would team up again to design and build the Laser, and at the same time the Kirby V International 14. Though the latter was probably the most successful production 14 built, it was the Laser that attracted international attention, especially when it debuted at the 1971 New York Boat Show, where it immediately sold 144 boats.

Meanwhile, Clark Boat Company in Seattle, which was already building the Kirby IV, decided to branch into small keelboats with the growing popularity of the quarter-ton class under the newly introduced IOR. They asked Bruce to come up with a design. At this point in his career, he had never designed a keelboat, or any boat to a design formula. He had only rudimentary knowledge of stability and righting moment and an aged copy of the original *Skeene's Elements of Yacht Design* to guide him. So, he turned to his friend, George

Bruce Kirby sails *Torch*, his first International 14 design, which became known as the Kirby I, at top. Credit: Bruce Kirby.

Margo and Bruce Kirby at the Kingston Yacht Club for his induction into the Canadian Sailing Hall of Fame, above. Credit: Rob Mazza.

Cuthbertson—with whom he had sailed a C&C Corvette to a class victory at the 1968 Southern Ocean Racing Conference (SORC)—for advice and guidance in these specialized topics.

The result was the San Juan 24, a boat that initiated the IOR shape of wide beam and pinched ends, predating both Doug Peterson's *Ganbare* and Ron Holland's *Eygthene* (which Bruce was always proud to note). Over 1,200 were built, and the boat would hold the record for the class that generated the greatest number of IOR certificates. The Clark brothers would initially balk at introducing a larger sister to the 24, but after the success of Kirby's custom half-tonner *Accolade*—the first monohull built by the Gougeon brothers—the Clarks introduced the San Juan 30 in fiberglass production in 1974.

Though these designs were innovators in their own right, it was the success of the Laser that changed Kirby's life. The royalties enabled Bruce and his wife, Margo, to buy a waterfront home in Rowayton, Connecticut, and for Bruce to start designing full time. From his drawing board emerged a number of successful one-design classes, among the most notable the Sonar (designed originally for his own Noroton Yacht Club), the Ideal 18 built by Ontario Yachts, and the Kirby 25 and 30 built by Mirage Yachts. He also designed a number of custom boats; the most successful was the 40-foot *Runaway*, which was part of the 1981 Canadian Admiral's Cup team and Boat of the Year on Long Island Sound. He even designed a line of Norwalk Sharpies to be home-built in plywood, as well as a successful human-powered boat to cross the Atlantic.

The custom 40-footer *Runaway*, designed by Kirby, was a member of the 1981 Canadian Admiral's Cup team. Photo courtesy Bruce Kirby.

In the 1980s, the America's Cup came calling through a commission from Canadian Marvin McDill that resulted in the 12 Metres *Canada I* for the 1983 challenge, which, when modified, became *Canada II* for the 1987 challenge. One modification was adding a winged keel, an innovation borrowed from Ben Lexcen's *Australia II* in the 1983 campaign, and which Bruce used on his 8 Metre design *Octavia* to win the 8 Metre Worlds. When asked about his background in winged keels, in typical Bruce Kirby manner he replied, "I just took a wild-eyed swing at it!"

Bruce always worked alone in an office in his house, avoiding the temptation to hire staff. Like most old school, self-taught designers, he was reluctant to embrace the computer, and so he relied on Paul Fuchs, a University of Michigan naval architecture graduate who lived nearby, to translate his hand-drawn lines plans to computer models.

I first met Bruce sailing International 14s in my youth, and we maintained sporadic contact over the years. I wrote an in-depth look at his design career for *Professional Boatbuilder*, and I was chairman of the Canadian Hall of Fame and MC at the ceremony for his induction. Later, my wife and I would drop in to see Bruce and Margo in Rowayton, where we were always greeted warmly. A conversation with Bruce was always enjoyable and absent of rancor, even during his recent tribulations dealing with successive builders of the Laser that resulted in frustrating and costly legal entanglement.

Bruce was fortunate to be recognized for his achievements many times during his life. Along with his lifelong friend George Cuthbertson, he was an honorary co-curator of the New Age of Sail exhibit at the Marine Museum of the Great Lakes at Kingston, and both were the first inductees into the Canadian Sailing Hall of Fame. He was one of North America's most talented helmsmen, representing his native Canada in three Olympics. He has also been inducted into the U.S. National Sailing Hall of Fame and the Canadian 14 Foot Dinghy Hall of Fame. Recently he was made a member of the Order of Canada, the highest distinction bestowed upon a Canadian citizen.

There were a number of intersections throughout Bruce's life that led him to greater success, including George Cuthbertson, Roger Hewson, Dennis Clark, Ian Bruce, and even Mark Ellis (when Ellis was designing the Nonsuch, he turned to Kirby for advice on designing hulls with cat rigs). But beneath it all, his extraordinary self confidence and ability to ignore fear of failure allowed him not only to grasp opportunities as they came but to create those opportunities. He was an amazingly confident, yet self-effacing, individual with a prodigious memory; he could describe every leg of the 1958 team racing in England that led to his determination to beat the Kiwis upwind. He continued to sail competitively in the Sonar class at Noroton Yacht Club into his 80s. Looking back on a design career that spanned over 50 years, he admitted in his typically understated fashion that he was "lucky to hit things when they were happening!"

Bruce Kirby was simply a remarkable individual, and it was my privilege to know him.

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

Door Jam

Wherein the lack of a head door threatens a happy marriage and worse yet, a cruise.

BY JOHN VIGOR

One thing I learned about long-distance cruising under sail—especially aboard boats on the smaller end of the spectrum—is that you must take seriously the requests about which your crew seem particularly adamant. Especially when one of the requesters is your spouse.

Now, let me say at the outset that I favor simple, robust fittings on a sailboat. I don't think fancy gadgets make good shipmates. In fact, I guess you could classify me as spartan in some ways, because I got along very well aboard my South African-built Performance 31, *Freelance,* without the trappings of luxury.

Nevertheless, when one is planning to live with one's spouse and 17-year-old son during a six-month cruise, certain adjustments—what one might even consider lavish additions—are called for. The item in question on this particular cruise was a door to the head.

That's right, there was no head door aboard *Freelance*, and no way to isolate the forward part of the boat, where the head was located, from the rest of the boat.

The matter first came to light during a weekend afloat, a practice run for *Freelance*'s 7,000-mile cruise from Africa to America, and this "adjustment" was of such a serious nature that my wife, June, made me record it in the ship's log. The following is a paraphrased account of the event:

A special meeting was held in the main saloon of the yacht *Freelance* at 2000 hours on Friday.

The business on the agenda was a proposal by the ship's mate, "That urgent consideration be given to providing a solid wooden door for the toilet."

The skipper pointed out (very reasonably, he thought) that a door was a fancy gadget that would be difficult—nay, almost impossible—to provide.

The mate said she didn't care; she wasn't going cruising with two males without a door on the head.

The skipper then proposed an amendment, saying that male members of the crew would be prepared to make a solemn promise to repair to the cockpit each and every time the mate needed to use the ship's head.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM PAYNE

The mate expressed dissatisfaction with this arrangement, saying she feared it would be impractical on a dark rainy night, for instance, when said males would be loath to leave a warm and comfortable saloon to stand around in a cold and dripping cockpit.

The skipper then offered to provide a curtain that would slide across the entrance to the head, thus ensuring the privacy the mate seemed to require.

The mate, on a point of explanation, then asked the skipper for his definition of "privacy."

The skipper said "privacy" was patently present when the occupant of the toilet was invisible to others in the near vicinity.

The mate said that in her humble opinion, "privacy" also constituted an element of noise-proofing.

The skipper expressed surprise that ladies made noises in the loo, saying he thought only men did that sort of thing.

The mate said with some asperity that it was none of his business what ladies did in the loo, and would he kindly get on with the meeting?

The skipper then pointed out that, of the seven yachts of the same class as *Freelance* with which he was acquainted, not one possessed a door to the toilet. In the confined space of the head, he said, a door could not swing without hitting the bowl, the washbasin, the towel rail, the toilet-paper holder, and the gadget that held the baby-wipe dispenser.

The mate said she didn't care; she wanted a proper door.

The skipper, visibly roused, said he thought it a luxury even to have a toilet on a 30-footer, let alone one with a door. It was just a matter of getting used to it, that was all.

The mate then called for a vote.

When all those in favor of the mate's motion were asked to say "aye," the mate said, "Aye."

When all those against the motion were asked to say "nay," the skipper said, "Nay."

This stalemate was eventually resolved by the mate, who informed the skipper he'd be leaving Africa one crewmember short if, at the time of departure, there wasn't a solid door to the head.

Well, the writing was on the wall, of course. So, with grave misgivings, I set

out to design a door for the head. After lots of head-scratching and sketches on the back of yacht club menus, I managed to make an odd-shaped piece of half-inch marine plywood fit the cut-out in the main bulkhead in the saloon.

I hinged it on one side and cut a small notch, so it cleared the bowl of the Lavac toilet. The seat and the lid of the Lavac protruded farther than the bowl. But rather than end up with a door looking like a piece of cheese the rats had nibbled, I opted for the simpler arrangement of lifting the two lids when the door needed to be opened or closed.

When it was finished, the door simply separated the saloon from the forward half of the boat, which included the head, sandwiched between two bulkheads, and the fo'c's'le.

It was just what the mate wanted, apparently. "It's lovely," she exclaimed—and promptly jammed it against the toilet seat.

"Bit awkward to use," I pointed out.

"Don't care," she said. "It's lovely."

Over the months we became accustomed to our eccentric loo door, but while most boats provide detailed instructions for the occasional passenger outlining use of the head itself, we also needed them for the door to access said head. They went like this:

To Close Toilet Door:

1. First move right out of toilet area and stand in FORWARD cabin.
2. Reach into toilet area and unlatch door from bulkhead.
3. Lift lid and seat of toilet into upright position.
4. Remove portable wash basin from drop-down flap. Empty contents (if any) into toilet bowl. Raise drop-down flap to upright position.
5. Close door and latch against main bulkhead to starboard.
6. Move into toilet area and read list of instructions for use of toilet.
7. Use toilet.
8. When finished, close seacock marked "A."

To Open Toilet Door:

1. Move yourself into forward cabin.
2. Reach into toilet area and unlatch door from main bulkhead.
3. Wait 30 seconds, or until hissing noise from toilet has ceased, after which toilet seat should be raised.

4. Check that portable wash basin and flap, if used, are not obstructing movement of door.
5. Close door and latch against bulkhead to port.

Even after it was sanded and varnished, only a mother could truly have loved our loo door. And yet, after having shared with it some of my most intimate moments, I had to confess a growing affection for it. When you got everything right the first time, and it swung closed without knocking anything over or jamming on the seat, you experienced a wonderful glow of satisfaction.

And when you did make the odd mistake, and it stuck fast halfway open, it taught you humility and patience, two qualities much to be admired in seagoing people.

And then there was the fact that it saved our cruise and our marriage. The mate liked it. That was really all that mattered.

There came a time, in fact, when the mate gave ladies from other boats guided tours of our loo. They were very envious. Their unthoughtful husbands made them use curtains. I, on the other hand, was much admired for my sensitivity and understanding.

And naturally, I took all the credit for thinking of the idea in the first place.

John Vigor is a retired journalist and the author of 12 books about small boats, among them Things I Wish I'd Known Before I Started Sailing, *which won the prestigious John Southam Award, and* Small Boat to Freedom. *A former editorial writer for the* San Diego Union-Tribune, *he's also the former editor of* Sea *magazine and a former copy editor of* Good Old Boat. *A national sailing dinghy champion in South Africa's International Mirror Class, he now lives in Bellingham, Washington. Find him at johnvigor.com.*

Doubling Up

A new pair of pedestals and cockpit winches improves trimming ergonomics.

BY TOM ALLEY

When I purchased my 1965 Alberg 35, *Tomfoolery*, a little over two decades ago, she came with a tiller. A year later I replaced the tiller with an Edson wheel.

This change freed up cockpit space that would have otherwise been occupied by the helmsman, but suddenly, the winches used for sail trimming were no longer optimally located. Placed well aft in the cockpit, where the sail trimming crew would sit behind a tiller-steering helmsman, they now were adjacent to the new wheel. This arrangement worked well for singlehanding, but when racing with a full crew, things in the aft end of the cockpit got a bit, well...congested.

The solution? I decided to add another pair of winches that were more centrally located in the cockpit. Not only would this help spread out personnel when the boat was fully crewed, it would also provide some redundancy if one of the older winches failed.

The first step was to find suitable winches. Installing another pair of self-tailing Lewmar 44s would have been ideal, but new ones were prohibitively expensive. Eventually I found a used pair of two-speed Barlow 24s that looked up to the task. Now I had to figure out how to attach them to the boat.

Tomfoolery's old winches are mounted on solid wooden pedestals that are bolted through the deck and screwed to the boat's wooden cockpit coamings—a fairly straightforward and time-tested arrangement on older boats with wooden cockpit coamings. I decided to attach my new-to-me winches in the same manner.

First, I built two winch pedestals. Rather than using two solid blocks of wood, I made my own blocks out of wood that I laminated together; this is a more practical and stronger solution than using a single block. Since I didn't have quite enough mahogany on hand for the whole job, I used rough-cut, 2½-inch-thick cherry for the blocks' cores. I glued the pedestals together with TotalBoat's Thixo low-viscosity epoxy.

Next, I fashioned two backing plates out of ¼-inch aluminum; these would go beneath the pedestals under the sidedeck.

Since the deck and the cockpit coamings do not intersect at right angles (it's a boat), I drilled the through-bolt holes in the pedestals before custom fitting each one for its location. (A trip to the boat confirmed what I already suspected: The angles between the deck and coaming varied slightly from port side to starboard.) Pre-drilling the holes ensured that even after I fit each pedestal, the drilled holes stayed square to the top.

To accomplish this, I used the winch base as a template to mark where each bolt needed to go, and then drilled down at a 90-degree angle to the surface so that the drill bit emerged in the same relative position on the bottom of the block. Doing this accurately by hand is way beyond my skill level, so I used a drill press—an invaluable tool if you are trying to drill a hole perpendicular (90 degrees) to a surface.

The two new pedestals glued and clamped together, above.

Short of being varnished, this pedestal is ready to be fitted to its new location just outside the cockpit coaming, at right.

Once each pedestal had been fitted, I marked its location and clamped it in place against the cockpit coaming. Then I used the mounting

holes in the pedestals as guides for drilling the holes through the deck.

Silicon-bronze bolts—my first choice—were quite expensive, about $300 for the 12 bolts total I would need. Beyond the price, the ideal-sized bolt for installing the winches, 8 x 5/16 inches with a machine-screw head, were incredibly difficult to find. Even a large marine chandlery like Defender doesn't carry them at that length.

So, on the advice of a local industrial supplier, I opted to make my own out of stainless steel. I screwed a shorter bolt into the top of a coupler, then screwed threaded rod into the bottom of the coupler. The threaded rod provided the length I needed to attach the backing plate; I trimmed them to fit using the cutting wheel on a Dremel tool. The total cost of the stainless steel bolts, couplers, and nuts came to $50. (I realize this is probably more work than the typical DIYer would take on; in that case, you should be able to purchase 12 8-inch x 5/16-inch stainless steel machine screws for the job at about $240 from an online industrial supplier.)

I also added 4-inch stainless steel screws through the inch-thick coaming and into the pedestals. As the winches and pedestals work under high loads, these reinforcing fasteners help prevent a gap opening up between the coaming and the pedestal. The coaming also provides substantial fore-and-aft support (much like a strongback gives stiffness to a tabletop), given that it's a solid piece of teak about 7 feet long.

After applying seven coats of varnish to each pedestal, I reattached all the hardware and mounted them to the boat using a liberal layer of TotalBoat Sealer from Jamestown Distributors.

Viola, a second set of winches, and much more room in the cockpit when we're racing. The only problem is that now it looks like I'll have to re-varnish the rest of the cockpit's wood to match the new pedestals!

The new Edson wheel in *Tomfoolery*'s cockpit freed up space, but the existing winches were now right next to the wheel, making it difficult for crewmembers other than the helmsperson to trim.

Tom Alley 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. Tom is a long-time U.S. Power Squadrons member, and manages an Alberg 35 website (Alberg35.org). When he's not sailing, thinking about sailing, or tinkering with his boat, he is scuba diving, hanging out with fellow amateur radio operators, or (as a last resort) working as an engineer to support his sailing addiction and/or to send his kids to college.*

Product Profile

Electrical Education

When we were preparing for a three-year cruise aboard our 1979 Dufour 35, we knew we needed to rewire our boat. But, overwhelmed by the technicolored spaghetti behind our DC panel, and knowing nothing about electrical (save that the electrics on our boat were a mess), we decided to hire an electrician who would guide us through a complete rewiring.

He arrived on a rainy Monday morning, sniffling and sneezing, and proceeded to open the AC panel. He fumbled and dropped his trouble light into the AC compartment. A burst of sparks erupted, frying our inverter and blowing the main dock breaker. To top it all off, three days later I came down with a miserable cold.

This experience provided sufficient motivation to teach myself marine electrics. I waded through clunky YouTube videos, struggled to decipher wiring diagrams, and puzzled over multimeter readings. My education began in our home port and lasted the three years while we sailed offshore. Turns out, it could largely have been condensed into a few hours, if only I'd had access to something like the new online course Boat Electrics 101.

Designed for the recreational boat owner, the course covers everything, including effecting your own electrical installations and repairs, the basics of electricity, and how to design your onboard electrical system and rewire your boat. It delves into the nitty-gritty of how to read and create your own circuit diagram, select and install cables, and establish proper connections.

The course is the brainchild of marine experts Nigel Calder, Jan C. Athenstädt, and Michael Herrmann. Calder and Herrmann have been longtime members of American Boat and Yacht Council (ABYC) and International Organization for Standardization (ISO) committees, which work on the electrical standards for recreational boats.

Their goal was to create a course with the most accurate and reliable information about boat systems on the internet. According to them, YouTubers and bloggers sometimes get it wrong, giving dangerous DIY electrical advice. Their expertise complies with ABYC E-11 and ISO 13297 standards. If you follow their advice and document your work, your boat electrical systems should comply with insurance requirements.

While learning to do your own electrical may seem intimidating, this course makes it accessible and engaging with videos, text, illustrations, and animations. As a text-based learner, I like that I didn't have to watch every video to get the information I needed.

Real-life examples keep the theory relevant. In one module, Calder drives a screw through an unprotected wire and connected the battery. The cable immediately goes up in flames, filling the room with smoke and providing a stark reminder of the importance of overcurrent protection (fuses or circuit breakers).

I recommend Boat Electrics 101 to anyone going offshore or planning to rewire their boat. Its accurate information is compellingly presented and available wherever there's a reliable internet connection. For more information: boat-howto.com/boat-electrics-101.

—**Fiona McGlynn**, *Good Old Boat* Contributing Editor

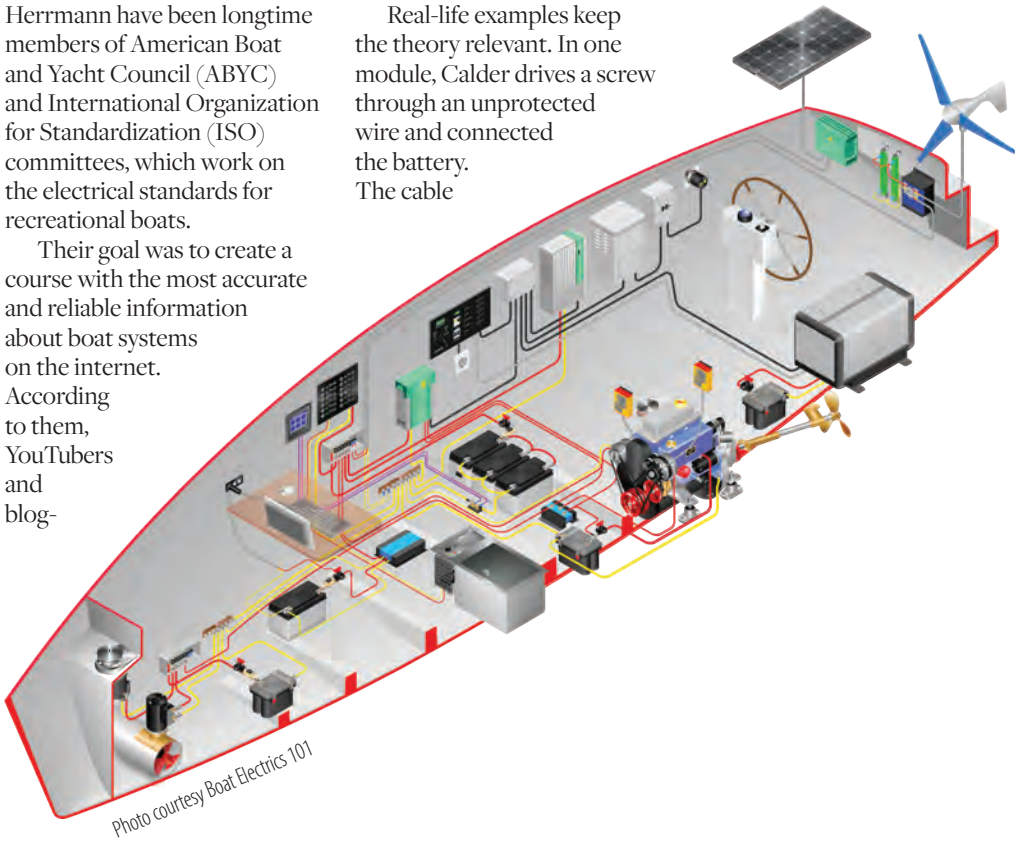


Photo courtesy Boat Electrics 101

The electrical systems aboard modern sailboats have become increasingly complex. For those interested in understanding them, the online course Boat Electrics 101 might be the path to enlightenment.

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

Love Everlasting

Earlier this year, my reading list for a trip to a friend's cabin in the mountains of New Mexico included the July/August 2021 issue of *Good Old Boat.* Wendy Mitman Clarke's article, "Lost and Found," about the role a particular sailboat has played in her family's history, was the last one I read. It was an "Oh-my-gosh" moment that compelled me to read the piece aloud to the cabin owner and his guests, all of whom are sailors. Like me, they loved it.

There's a sailboat that has cut an oversized hole in my family's history, as well. It all began on a cold, rainy January night in 1979 when we were invited by the crew of *Bandito,* an O'Day 23, aboard for a drink. The boat was owned by Clem, a co-worker of my then-new wife, Judy, and upon entering the small cabin we were struck by the ambience of the place. Four sailors and a sleeping dog were already aboard, and the scene was warmly lit by an oil lamp.

The night was one of good company and libations, and before it was over Judy said to Clem, "If you ever decide to part with this wonderful boat, please call me." The call came a year later, in 1980. Fast-forward 42 years. In that time our family grew to include our son, Alan, and aboard *Bandito* he became an excellent sailor and valued crew.

So yes, all the nuances regarding Wendy's boat *Luna*, which she touched on so well in her piece, we absolutely understand. They must be endemic to a well-loved small boat.

—**Peter Burgard**, Green Valley, Arizona

Sharp-Dressed Men

Source: USCG/Facebook

In 1889, U.S. Department of the Treasury issued circular No. 80, prescribing an appropriate outfit for keepers and surfmen of the U.S. Life-Saving Service. This was the first time that uniforms were required for the service.

While some crews had a tradition of donning their own station-specific uniform, now the entire service would wear the same ensemble.

Ordinary surfmen had single-breasted jackets of a dark-blue kersey cloth, while keepers—the men charged with selecting the best method for each particular rescue—had a double-breasted jacket (think of a modern pea coat). Hats with the name of the service were also called for, as well as heavy rain jackets and sou'westers. A summer uniform of white cotton cloth would be introduced as well, looking not unlike a typical sailor's shirt.

The cost of the uniforms was deducted from the surfmen's salaries, leading to plenty of grumbling in the early 1890s. Most surfmen, however, were quite proud of their uniforms. The men in the photo below were members of the Point Allerton Station in Hull, Massachusetts.

Editor's note:
After Lee Brubacher wrote an article about his decision to move the mainsheet traveler from the bridge deck of his Mirage 29 to the boat's cabin roof ("Clear Passage," July/August 2021), there was some minor backlash on several of Good Old Boat*'s social media platforms. The main complaint? By moving the traveler, Lee was limiting his ability to optimally trim the main. That Lee noted in the article that he'd had to cut nearly two feet off the track for his new traveler only bolstered the naysayers' point. But at least one* Good Old Boat *subscriber wrote in to defend Lee's decision. Read on...*

Aboard my 1976 Fuji 32 Ketch, *Valhalla,* the mainsheet traveler has always obstructed the companionway. Beyond this inconvenience, during tacks the mainsheet posed a risk to occupants of the cockpit, and the track wasn't long enough to allow me to move the traveler as far to leeward as I like in heavy weather. This last part was, to me, the biggest disadvantage of the original setup.

During a refit of my boat in 1996, a friend whose boat is larger than mine gifted me the traveler off his boat after he replaced it. The bulge over the

companionway hatch on my boat made installing the traveler as-is impossible. Fortunately, Harken sells risers for this purpose. I bought some and installed the traveler right over the top of the bulge (see above).

Using two bails on the boom provides a 6:1 purchase to the main. The wide track of the new traveler allows me to trim the main much better than previously in both light and heavy weather conditions. The mainsheet is led through the base of the dodger to a Spinlock line clutch and cleat on the cabin top that's easily accessed from the cockpit.

It wasn't a trivial modification to *Valhalla,* but, in my opinion, worth every bit of effort and expense.

—**Terry Sargent**, Honolulu, Hawaii

A Wanderer Comes Home

I remember the day when my friends called to say, "We found you a free boat!" Even though I knew nothing about boats, I was certain the words "free" and "boat" should never be used in the same sentence. However, since I was in the market for a boat, specifically a sailboat, I could already feel the gravitational pull to investigate further. I should confess that at the time I knew nothing about sailboats or sailing, which made the prospects of the project even more interesting.

The boat's story is all too familiar along Florida waterways. After more named and unnamed storms than I can ever recall here in the Sunshine State, we have a surplus of derelict vessels. Some are at the bottom of the river, some deep in the mangroves, and some just seem to traverse the waterways—eerie reminders of what Mother Nature can unleash. The story of *Emi Wren,* named after my granddaughter, is more like a novel than a short story. For those who like details, she is a 28-foot masthead sloop, made in Italy and of French design—a Comet 860. And for me it was love at first sight.

For reasons unknown, she never fully sank. It appears she preferred to float along a narrow stretch of the ICW in New Smyrna Beach. In a sense, she was minding her own business, until she appeared one morning directly in front of the city park during the annual billfish tournament. For her it might have been an ideal location, but for the tournament it wasn't. A rescue team was quickly assembled, and they pulled her off a sand shoal and deposited her on a mooring ball. From 75 yards away she looked magnificent! I contacted a friend, petitioned the court, and was awarded her within a month.

I never boarded her while asking for custody, deciding that denial was the better option. When I finally did, denial turned to despair. It appeared as if the hurricane had occurred *inside* the boat, not outside. She wasn't neglected, but rather stripped and left abandoned. I was still in love but wasn't sure how to even begin the relationship.

Thankfully, I had help from my "free-boat" friends, and so the list began—repower, rewire DC/AC, new panels, new sails, new fuel tank, new head, water lines, new tiller, new air conditioner (it's Florida, after all), bottom job, and gelcoat repairs...you get the idea. I never imagined getting her shipshape would take four years and I'd be left with a stack of receipts larger than a New York City phone book. For me, it was fun. It was a journey. And it never felt like "work." That's not to say I didn't come home covered in grease and too tired to shower–I did. But I'm stubborn and determined, and so, after four years, I took her to the Abacos, in the Bahamas, on a 10-week adventure. It was a dream come true.

One other small detail you should know about me—I was born with one arm and have worn an artificial limb since the age of two. Whether I was learning to swim, ride a bike, or hit a baseball, my parents told me I could do "anything I set my mind to do." And so, *Emi Wren* found me and challenged me on all fronts—mentally, emotionally, and physically. I needed her as much as she needed me. I'm still not much of a sailor (yet), but if the head aboard *Emi Wren* backs up, I know just what to do.

—**James Grummer**, New Smyrna Beach, Florida

A Great Escape

I want to thank *Good Old Boat* for Cliff Moore's article ("Escaping Forward," July/August 2021). His recounting of the trip south to North Carolina from New Jersey is a delight. The vagaries of passagemaking, the thrill of new ports, and a bit of "how-to" was all rolled together nicely. I particularly enjoyed the historical perspectives he skillfully melded into his story. Part of why I sail is to learn more, and I appreciate how he took us along on his journey through space and time. I was both entertained and educated. I am looking forward to more from him.

—**Baxter Williams,** Orange Beach, Alabama

Boats for Sale

Ontario 32
1978. Modified C&C design sloop. '10 Yanmar 3YM30 diesel, overhauled '16. 11.5′ beam provides space and headroom of 36- to 38-footer. Bluewater boat that has crossed the Atlantic, sailed the Mediterranean, Black Sea, Caribbean, and West Coast from Alaska to Costa Rica. On the hard in Puerto Penasco, Sea of Cortez, Mexico. Full inventory avail. $19,500.
Aubrey Millard
705-849-3836
svveledaiv@hotmail.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, 1⅜″ carvel planking, both garboards and 3 planks above. Set of 5 sails including gollywobbler. Bullet-proof Sabb-2hr, 18hp, new rings and cylinder sleeves '12. 6′ standing headroom, sleeps 3+, July '18 survey. Sale incl hurricane mooring in Colonel Willis Cove, RI. Wishing $60,000, best offer negotiable.
Jim De Reynier
860-305-1582
Jimder40@gmail.com

Seafarer Meridian 26
1966. Masthead sloop, CCA rule hull, full keel. LOA 26′, beam 7′, draft 3.75′. Fully restored + extensively upgraded. Recently replaced full suit of sails/rigging. 9.9hp Johnson electric start, installed in motor well (inboard style), built-in alum fuel tank. Original teak interior. Standing headroom main cabin w/berths port and starboard. Large V-berth forward w/concealed head. Motivated seller downsizing to smaller boat. Brooklyn, NY. $12,000.
Steve Morse
718-383-0123
smdfstudio@gmail.com

Stone Horse 28
1974. *June Lee* is an Edey & Duff fiberglass reproduction of classic 1931 Sam Crocker design. Owners wish to sell her to someone w/ an appreciation for her classic lines + sailing ability. Offered well below value when considering many recent upgrades ('19-'21), including a professionally rebuilt Westerbeke Model 12c diesel engine + more. Capable daysailer or weekend pocket cruiser, ready to sail off the mooring for her next adventure! Aucoot Cove, Marion, MA. $10,000.
Tom de Groot
561-578-2721
tomdegroot@hotmail.com

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. $6,000.
Michael Barnes
763-557-2962
granite55446@gmail.com

Cal 21
1973. Newly restored. New motor (Mercury 4hp May '18), trailer (new tires Mar '18). New bulkheads (Apr '15); new sliding main hatch cover (Aug '16); new standing rigging (Feb '18); mainsail w/3 jibs (one new Aug '20); new bimini May '20; new Lewmar winches June '20, and *much more*. Greeneville, TN. $2,500.
Villa Guiffre
SailAwayKM3@gmail.com

Hunter 34
1985. An incredible Hunter, fully refitted with everything you could want for a weekender or simple solo sail vessel. Galveston, TX. $25,000.
Ian Hancock
713-584-7480
ian.hancock@hey.com

Bayfield 29
1983. Cutter. Solid seakeeper, furling headsails, newer main, Pace Edwards mast steps, chart plotter, AP, VHF. Shallow-draft cruiser (3.5′) with full-keel stability. Wheel steering, Yanmar 2GM diesel. Arcadia, MI. $12,900.
John Jenkins
ptarmigan4693@gmail.com

Tanzer 10.5
1983. Great cruising boat. Anchor windlass, Hood mainsail, stowaway mast & boom, Profurl headsail system w/self-tacking jib. Vetus bow thruster. Retractable ballasted lead keel with elec hydr lifting system. Mast tabernacle with lowering equipment. Pilothouse accessed from the cockpit down short ladder. Center cockpit with aft cabin connected to the galley through small passageway, with 3 maple cabinets for storage. Dinette w/comfortable seating for 6. Port Clinton, OH. $59,900.
Carl Gottwald
419-320-3154
cgot@inbox.com

Island Packet 29
1992. IP-29 cutter, CB, Yanmar 2GM20F w/1600 hrs, new genoa, newer main, Dutchman system. Many upgrades, '13 electronics, Raymarine e95 w/radar. Comfortable family cruising w/2 large berths fore and aft. Easily singlehanded. Needs some cosmetics. Owner downsizing. Georgetown, ME. $49,000.

Bruce ZuWalick
203-430-9822
Bzuwalick49@gmail.com

Sabre 28
1976. 20 years on the Great Lakes, 20 years on Muscongus Bay, prof. maint. Freshwater radiator, auto bilge pump, custom 2-way waste system, folding prop, Garmin GPS, Harken RF jib w/telltale windows, full battened main with leech telltales, windspeed indicator, boom vang, boom kicker. Other standard features of Sabre 28 (e.g. Raytheon depth/temp, boat speed/distance, ICOM VHF, oil pressure, water temp, voltage gauges). Friendship, ME. $18,000.

Ken Dunipace
317-654-2929
krd9@att.net

Islander 36
1973. *Cheetah* is a Swiftsure veteran. Tall mast racer/cruiser. Poor health forces sale. New bottom paint and rig updated July '21. Gently used main, 3 spinnakers. 39hp Yanmar. Racing anchor. Boat Haven, Port Townsend, WA. $32,000.

Brian Arthurs
360-531-1598
arthurs7ewp@gmail.com

Cal 34 sloop
1969. *Fandango* is at the dock and ready to sail. Graceful classic, strong, safe, comfortable cruiser, w/bright spacious cabin; sleeps 6. Well maintained w/many newer upgrades, incl. full set of sails for cruising, heavy weather + racing. Much loved. Will last another 50 years! Must sell due to health issues. Slip at Schooner Bay may be available. Bayfield, WI. $14,000.

Joe Passineau
715-570- 7083
jpassine@uwsp.edu

Pearson 44 Countess Ketch
1965. John Alden-designed ketch. Great liveaboard or sail around the world. Everything new; electronics, AP, AIS, batteries, etc., you name it, it has been done. 6cyl Ford diesel, new heat exchanger, rebuilt injector pump. Bottom redone recently, blisters repaired and sandblasted, epoxy barrier coat. Everything incl. Retiring from sailing. Please call for pics/info. Venice, FL. $49,000.

Rusty Pearsall
910-269-1644/941-600-7785
rustypearsall@msn.com

Parece Flybridge 34
1953. Cedar on oak, extensive refit '17-'19 (frames, transom, horn timber, planks as needed, elec and fuel systems, starter, alternator). Kohler generator, 327 cu in Chrysler 275 hp gas motor. External canvas covers, all berth/seat cushions, etc. Fiberglass dinghy + dock steps also available. Inquiries info, pics, etc. email to mick7walker@gmail.com. Kittery, ME. $10,900. Offers accepted.

Michael D. Walker
603-562-4478
mick7walker@gmail.com

Products - General

Statement of ownership, management, and circulation

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Three's a Crowd

A masked intruder triggers an emergency trip ashore and a call to animal control.

BY KIMBERLY BONEHAM

The plan was to sail our 1975 Bristol 24, *Pegu Club,* to Block Island, Rhode Island, for the Memorial Day weekend. We were on our mooring in Groton, Connecticut, and I was in the cabin unpacking when I heard my husband, Jeff, say, "There's a raccoon in the lazarette."

Jeff is known to say random, silly things, so of course I thought he was joking.

"No. I'm serious," he said. "There's a raccoon in the lazarette."

Well, this was a new one.

With the furry intruder's sharp claws and the (albeit remote) risk of rabies, we were reluctant to take it upon ourselves to displace him. After unsuccessfully trying to reach the marina's yard staff on the VHF, I hopped into the dinghy to row back and get some assistance.

When I informed the guys in the yard of our situation, they looked as incredulous as I must have when Jeff first made the announcement.

"But, you're on a mooring," one of them finally ventured.

"Yep."

"OK, so then he must have gotten in when you were on the hard."

"Nope. We've been on the boat every weekend and have explored every nook and cranny. He wasn't there last Sunday."

After some discussion, the guys suggested we motor to the T-dock while they called Groton Animal Control. I pointed out that with the raccoon curled up next to the outboard, motoring was not an option. So, they hip-towed us to the dock, where we waited for the animal control officer, who showed up fairly quickly, snare in hand.

Watching the raccoon repeatedly evade the officer, it was clear to us that the little guy wanted nothing to do with the snare. In an inspired moment, and by simply pulling on its line, Jeff removed a fender that was also in the lazarette. The raccoon saw the opportunity. He made a beeline for the engine well—on many older boats they are accessible through the adjacent lazarette—and slid into the water, dog-paddling away.

Ah-ha! That's how he got in there!

Knowing that letting the raccoon go might mean a future trip to the marina, the officer still wanted to catch him. But this raccoon would soon demonstrate a bit of the cunning that this species has long been associated with.

Swimming down the port side of a boat tied stern-to in a slip, he saw us watching him from the dock. He turned around, crossed the bow, and started dog-paddling down the starboard side instead. When we walked over to the starboard side, he turned around, crossed the bow, and started going down the port side. It was comical, and it quickly became clear that the officer was simply going to have to drive to the marina if and when the next boat reported a stowaway.

Three hours had passed, making a pre-sunset arrival at Block Island impossible. So instead, we decided to sail to nearby Stonington, Connecticut, after finishing our preparations for the long weekend—preparations that fortunately did not include cleaning up the lazarette. The raccoon must have made himself at home shortly before we arrived because there was no evidence that he had been there at all, save for a tuft of fur that Jeff discovered on Block Island the next day.

Jeff and Kimberly Boneham sail on the 1977 Bristol 29.9, Pegu Club, *the "big boat" they bought after selling their Bristol 24, which had the same name. To read about their recent adventures traveling along the U.S. East Coast and the Bahamas, go to adventuresontheclub.com.*

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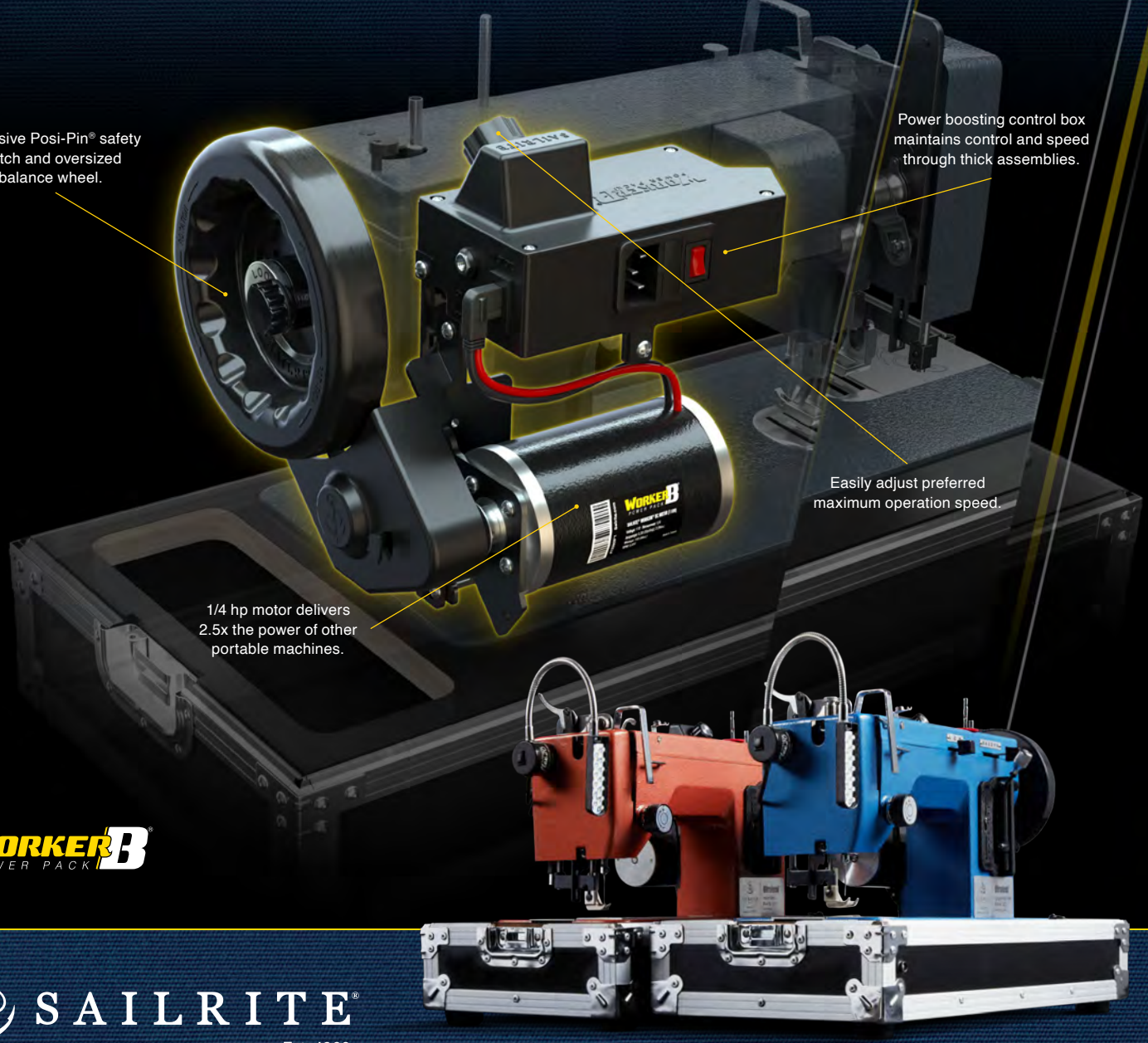

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