Winter Sailing *pg16* | **Vivian Vuong** *pg24* | **Toerail Replacement** *pg18*

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Issue 142: January/February 2022

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Good Old Boat

Issue 142: January/February 2022

FEATURES

DEPARTMENTS

On the Cover
Summer and Emmie (L to R), canine crew aboard *Serendipity*, a 2011 Jenneau 44i, take in some sun and catch scents on the breeze while cruising in Casco Bay, Maine. Their humans (who operate the boat and provide kibbles for the crew) are Kevin and Stephanie Ferrie and their kids Mairead, Lilah, Clara, and Callum.

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The sailing magazine for the rest of us.

Contributing Boats

A few boats behind the stories in this issue.

Traveller, 1968 Cheoy Lee Luders 36

"In terms of being just the right size, *Traveller* checks all the boxes. I sail the boat singlehanded, and it is easily managed. Having said that, I may consider gutting the interior and upgrading it—and getting rid of that infernal Perkins diesel!"
She dodges danger on the Ditch on page 28.

Designer: Alfred E. "Bill" Luders
Owner: David Bond
Home Port: Rockport, Maine
Fun Fact: Yes, she's named after Gen. Robert E. Lee's warhorse.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRITZ SEEGERS

Finn, 2004 Barnstable Cat

"Finn is the great love of our boating life. She keeps us within arm's reach of the water, taking us from the open bay to the thinnest shallows in coves and creeks—no motor required. Even now, after over a decade of owning her, whenever we can drop off the mooring and head for open water, we're overjoyed."
Enjoy memories of a sailing claustrophile on page 61.

Designer: John Howard, from Beetle Cat molds
Owners: Craig and Ellen Moodie
Home Port: North Falmouth, Massachusetts
UnFun Fact: The cockpit's cedar planks "wreak havoc on our aging carcasses."

Phantom, 1981 Pearson 365 Ketch

"There's nothing I don't like about this boat. Engine access, if I had to list something. But just like everything else, you learn to deal with it. Since we spend most of our time on the ICW, any day we can get her out to really sail is a joyous day of sailing. Matagorda Bay is one of those places."
Catch the DIY anchor lights on page 34.

Designer: William Shaw
Owners: Jim and Barbara Shell
Home Port: Clear Lake Shores, Texas
Fun Fact: Jim's nickname is The Phantom, because he courted Barbara with anonymous roses.

Cetus, 1980 Fantasia 35 Mk II

"We love that it is a center-cockpit boat. That design makes it roomy down below, having an aft cabin removed from the galley and salon. And the center cockpit with surrounding coaming keeps you dry and secure, protecting you from errant waves. The day we made landfall in the Galápagos Islands was a dream come true."
Read about the belowdecks non-skid solution on page 23.

Designer: Bruce Bingham
Owners: Terry and Heidi Kotas
Home Port: Gig Harbor, Washington
Fun Fact: She has been their home for nearly 30 years.

Let's Go Sailing!

BY ANDY CROSS

When I was in my mid-20s, I instructed cruising and sailing classes on monohulls and catamarans in the Caribbean, Bahamas, Florida, and basically anywhere else I was asked to go. It was a blast...mostly, anyway. I loved sailing in new places, and I enjoyed sailing with new people each week. Overall, I relished the opportunity to teach fledgling sailors a lifestyle and sport that I was so passionate about.

On one particular escapade to the Abacos, my flight was late coming from Florida, and I knew the students had been stewing impatiently on the boat for a while. The flight delay was out of my control, of course, so I wasn't bothered—I'm a pretty laid-back guy. But walking down the dock towards the big cat, I knew I had to do something lighthearted to grab their attention. I needed to start this class in an uplifting way to diffuse any hard feelings they may have had.

As I approached, I could see my cantankerous crew gathered at the table on the aft deck, and I broke into a huge smile and gave an energetic wave. Then, in one quick motion, I swung my sea bag over the rail, hopped aboard, and emphatically exclaimed, "Let's go sailing!" Totally caught off guard by my Captain Ron-esque entrance, the students laughed, and our week together was cheerfully underway. Mission accomplished.

Later, while talking with them about their backgrounds and sailing dreams, I could see the excitement in their eyes. But, when I asked what they wanted to get out of our week together, I could also sense uncertainty and trepidation when discussing their sailing goals. This was totally normal, I assured them, and by week's end I was proud when they stepped off the boat with more confidence than when they arrived, chatting about where they'd sail next and what boats they might buy. I'm glad it all began with a laugh.

Whether you're starting sailing for the first time like so many of my former students, buying a new-to-you boat that has seen better days, or standing dockside admiring the craft you may have owned and cared for with pride for decades, intense emotion comes with the territory. One thing that knots all sailors together is the love and joy that shines through when the main is set, the jib unfurled or hoisted, and the engine shut off. There's no sensation quite like the bow diving into a wave, water rushing down the hull, and a frothing, V-shaped wake trailing in our paths, all because we're harnessing the power of the wind. To be sure, it keeps all of us coming back for more.

For me, more meant buying a boat of my own. Five or so years after jumping aboard that catamaran in the Bahamas, my wife, Jill, and I experienced many of these same feelings when we purchased our 1984 Grand Soleil 39. When we tossed *Yahtzee*'s dock-lines aboard at the broker's office in Seattle and set out for our first long weekend of sailing, we were running high on excitement with a bit of nervousness tucked in for good measure. The world was ours.

From that moment forward, we never looked over our shoulders, but rather jumped right into racing and cruising, all while having two boys along the way. Now, over nine years later, from Washington to British Columbia and Alaska, all the way to California, Mexico, and Central America, I still have those same feelings when the sails are set and the engine is shut off. I always will.

Along with my deep affection for all things sail, I'm also a passionate writer and editor and have worked in that capacity over the past decade while living aboard and cruising. During this time, I've truly come to understand how the medium of boats and the act of sailing elicit emotions and narratives about a seemingly endless array of topics from sailors of every stripe. Whether they are sea stories of my own device or those of other authors, I love bringing these tales to life for readers who range from novice sailors to old salts.

In that spirit, I'm excited to throw my sea bag aboard with the fine crew and faithful readers of *Good Old Boat*. When you get a chance, please feel free to share a sea story of your own, a tip for an anchorage down the way, or simply to say hi (andy@goodold-boat.com).

Let's go sailing!

Boat Show Buddies, The Exit Not Taken, and Remembering Bill Sandifer

What's in a Word?

Thanks very much to *Good Old Boat* and John Vigor for a most informative and delightful article about Albert Einstein the sailor ("A Sailor, Relatively," September/October 2021), and his boat, which Mr. Vigor described as "a battered 17-foot daysailer called *Tinef*—meaning worthless, or of no intrinsic value." The article did not mention that Einstein was Jewish and that tinef is a Yiddish word, and its meaning may be slightly different. According to an August 8, 2007, article in "The Forward," (the English-language publication descended from what once was *The Jewish Daily Forward*), it might also have meant "a little piece of junk" or even "filth." I am not a Yiddish scholar, but my background in Jewish history and maritime history drew me to this story, as I have continued to learn more about Jewish sailors. As a side note, there was another physicist and sailor, also named Albert and also born into a Jewish family, who conducted experiments on the speed of light as early as 1877. A contemporary of Einstein's, Albert Michelson in 1907 won the Nobel Prize in Physics and became the first American to win the Nobel Prize in science. He was a midshipman, naval officer, and then professor at the U.S. Naval Academy, where a building is named in his honor—one of four at that institution named for Jewish officers, the others being Rickover, Crown, and Levy. That is certainly not "tinef."

—**Paul Foer**, Annapolis, Maryland

Doggone Good *Dogwatch*

I don't know who put the latest edition of *The Dogwatch* together (October, 2021), but let me say that I thoroughly enjoyed the articles by Ed Zacko ("Dead in the Water") and John Laskowsky ("Coming About.") The exhaust episode reminds me to check my own exhaust system this winter, and John's sailing story should be a must read for everyone climbing aboard shiny new boats at the boat shows.

—**Bert Vermeer**, *Natasha*, Sidney, BC

New Day, New Reader

Doug Vaughn awoke to this sunrise (opposite page) in Galesville, Maryland, aboard *Abaco Rose*, his 1985 Sirius 28, while attending the U.S. Sailboat Show in Annapolis in October. At the show, he stopped by the *Good Old Boat* booth, met the team, learned about the magazine, and signed up on the spot. "I've already read two of the pieces," he wrote when he sent us this pic a day later, "and am glad I subscribed."

The Atomic 4, Always

Hooray! Finally, a positive article about the Atomic 4 ("The Atomic 4 Engine: Smooth, Worth Another Look," *The Dogwatch*, October 2021). I have a 1977 Catalina 30 with the original Atomic 4 with minor repairs and upgrades. I hate the smell of diesel fuel and the noise of diesel engines. I like the Atomic 4's smooth, quiet, low-fuel-odor running. One thing not mentioned in the article is horsepower versus weight and size. A well-running Atomic 4 supposedly puts out 23 horsepower. The replacement diesel (same size) is about 15 horsepower. Replacing with a diesel to match the Atomic 4's horsepower

Good Old Boat **Creative Director Kelley Gudahl caught this classic sloop sailing in front of the Lynde Point Lighthouse coming into Saybrook, Connecticut, after a crossing from Cuttyhunk, Massachusetts.**

Shearwater Yacht Club's annual Good Old Boat Regatta, scheduled for October 16, 2021, out of Annapolis, Maryland, was sadly canceled due to high winds and the arrival of a sharp cold front mid-afternoon. But none of that deterred Mike Brown and his crew, Kristen White, who reefed down Mike's Pearson Vanguard, *Seawolf*, and had a banging sail just off the Severn River in 20-30 knots of southwesterly ahead of the front's arrival. Sailing photographer and *Good Old Boat* reader Wilbur Keyworth caught the action. "That was probably a bit much wind for the Cal 25s," Mike said later, "but the Vanguard fleet would've been in its element. Reefed down the way she was, *Seawolf* was charging ahead fully powered up and feather light at the helm. Not much more you could ask for—unless you're looking for speed!" Photo Credit: Wilbur Keyworth

would mean an engine about 3 to 4 inches taller, and I have no idea how much heavier. Thank you for mentioning that most boats with a dinghy and outboard will have gasoline on board, anyway. And, what about all that propane running the heater, stove, hot water heater, etc.? Long live the Atomic 4 and Moyer Marine.

—**Jim Findley** *Nightwind*, Jarrell Cove, Washington

I have been a long-time subscriber and enjoy the range of articles you present. I have a 1971 C&C35 MkI that I race and cruise in the Great Lakes area, and our C&C35 MkI club has 18 boats. Many of us race almost every weekend, including an annual race in July up Lake Huron to Mackinac Island, Michigan.

Keeping the boats working has been a joint effort, and we help each other in the areas of sails, fiberglass, equipment, and power. All but one of the fleet have Atomic 4 engines; that one has a diesel conversion that works well but was expensive.

I was interested in "The Atomic 4 Engine: Smooth, Worth Another Look," (*The Dogwatch*, October 2021). As the article pointed out, I have rebuilt the electronic ignition and electric fuel pump and upgraded the charging system. But, the article did not address what I think is an important maintenance issue with these engines: the use of engine oil without friction modifiers and with higher levels of anti-wear additives.

During my career as an engineer in the automotive industry, I was involved with engine design and development. In the late 1990s, the designs I worked on accommodated a regulatory move to high-efficiency oils that use friction modifiers and have lower concentrations of anti-wear additives. These oil formulation changes allowed revised engine tolerances to improve fuel economy in passenger cars and trucks. These oils were required to have lower levels of ZDDP (zinc dialkyldithiophosphate), an anti-wear additive. We also developed engines to take advantage of synthetic and synthetic oil blends which helped with longevity.

All of this change in oil formulation is good for cars and trucks, but it's not so good for motorcycles with wet clutches and common sumps, as the friction modifiers causes clutch slippage, and less ZDDP causes wear in transmissions. The motorcycle folks had a strong voice in the regulatory process and were able to carve out an oil product for their engines that have little to no friction modifiers and higher levels of ZDDP.

Just as these high-efficiency oil blends aren't good for motorcycles, they're not good for the Atomic 4, which also has a wet clutch and common sump for engine and transmission lubrication.

As a solution, since the early 2000s, I have been using "racing motorcycle"

continued on page 54

We Want to Hear from You

We love hearing from you, our readers! To be part of Mail Buoy, share your letters and images with andy@goodoldboat.com. Also, 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.

Hunter 260

A Low-Priced, Water-Ballasted Trailer-Sailer

BY ALLEN PENTICOFF

Bill and Marianne Blaschka of Madison, Wisconsin, have been so blown away by the Hunter 260 that they've kept theirs for 12 years—and even named it that, *Blown Away*. Previous boats in their fleet include an O'Day 20, Hobie 16, and Balboa 26—all trailerable.

When Bill retired from the Wisconsin Department of Corrections, he started a day charter business called Sail Madison on Lake Mendota. Bill estimates he's taken a thousand folks sailing, but has closed the business after 11 incident-free years.

The Hunter 260 looks a bit pudgy due to its 9-foot beam, flush deck, and high freeboard, perhaps creating doubt about her handling and motions, but she sails sweetly.

History and Design

Starting in 1969, Warren Luhrs, with his father, Henry, and brother, John, built Henry Luhrs Sea Skiffs and Silverton Sea Skiffs before producing the first John Cherubini-designed Hunter 25 sailboat in 1973. Ninety-four models of Hunters followed.

In 2012, David E. Marlow acquired Hunter, with current boats sold under the Marlow-Hunter name. Hunters have long been known as a good value thanks to efficient production methods and judicious choice of materials.

Warren Luhrs set records and won singlehanded ocean races on his Paul Lindenberg-designed Open 60 *Thursday's Child*. With this boat he developed innovations such as the swept-back B&R rig and water ballast, both featured on the 260.

The Rob Mazza-designed (yes, *Good Old Boat's* technical editor), water-ballasted Hunter 23.5 came along in 1992 at a time when modestly sized trailerable sailboats were having something of a market surge. This trend was led by MacGregor, the low-price leader, which had introduced the water-ballasted 26D in 1986. Santana came out with the water-ballasted 2023 in 1993. All shared the concept of draining water ballast for lighter on-the-road towing (there is also construction savings in water ballast).

The Hunter 26, again a Mazza design, was added to the Hunter lineup in 1994 as a larger version of the 23.5. In 1997, Hunter made several changes to the 26, altering the windows and forehatch, adding the B&R rig, a swim platform, and a new rudder, as well as some minor dimensional changes to length and beam. This became the Hunter 260,

so a 1997 model could be either a 26 or 260.

Most Hunter 26s had tiller steering, while the Hunter 260 was available with Edson wheel steering as a popular option. With the 260, Hunter began using an innovative interchangeable molded section in the cockpit and transom so they could build the tiller and wheel versions with different transoms without needing different hull molds.

The tiller-steered boats have a wide-open transom down to the small swim platform. On both versions, the outboard is offset to starboard. Key features of the 26/260 are the retractable, lightly weighted centerboard and rudder that allow for skinny-water anchoring and beaching with only 1 foot 9 inches of draft. On both boats, the centerboard protrudes below the bottom of the hull while retracted, so one needs to be mindful in thin, rocky waters.

Construction

Layup is with end-grain balsa core in the fiberglass hull and plywood in the deck, while the interior incorporates fiberglass pans. There are no bulkheads. The hull-to-deck joint is a modified shoebox bonded with glass and fastened with screws through the rubrail extrusion.

Stanchions are held in place with glassed-in aluminum backing plates. The mast is supported with a chromed compression tube. The centerboard pivot is below the step.

The 26/260 has foam flotation in many cavities, and while this is a reassuring feature, it can be a hassle if running new wires or plumbing. There was an optional fixed-bulb wing keel with 3 feet 6 inches of draft and a 9-horsepower Yanmar inboard diesel available on the 260; these models are called the Hunter 270.

Rig

The 26 has a fractional rig with swept-back spreaders and no backstay, as Hunter came to believe in full-batten, large-roach mainsails and smaller jibs. The 260 went a step further with the three-stay B&R rig that incorporates reverse diagonal bracing stays and solid struts at deck level. The rig was developed by Lars Bergstrom and Sven Ridder as a lighter alternative to conventional rigs.

A good look at the transom of a wheel-steered model, above. On tiller-steered boats there is no helm seat and the transom is completely open.

The mainsheet tackle is fastened to the cockpit floor, handy to the helm of a tiller-steered boat, but not so much with a wheel. Not an issue with crew aboard, below left.

The wheel-steered version of the Hunter 260 has a helm seat behind the wheel that also serves as a fuel tank storage locker, below.

With just a forestay and two shrouds, the B&R rig relies on two sets of diamond stays and solid struts at deck level to keep the mast in column, at right.

Fuel tank storage and access to the steering cables are provided beneath the helm seat in the wheel-steered version, at bottom right.

The 260's mainsail is a combination of full and partial battens. Hunter 260s came with lazy jacks as standard equipment, but Bill presently does not use them. *Blown Away*'s headsail is a roller-furled 110-percent jib that tacks with ease. Most lines are led aft to the cabintop winches. It's nice having no backstay to dodge while at the helm.

Deck

To gain a roomy cabin, Hunter chose a flush deck and high topsides. The deck is wide and easy to move on with good non-skid. A downside is that there is little to hold onto while moving forward, so one usually grabs for the shrouds. In the case of the 260, the mast-raising system's struts, which stabilize the mast while it is raised and lowered and stiffens the mast under sail, also make for great grab rails.

At the bow is a shallow anchor locker (some have a pit so the anchor is vertical) and many have an anchor roller. Both boats have plentiful large windows about the cabin for great interior light and views out. But there is only a single opening port over the galley and another in the head.

The cockpit is wide and comfortable, with plenty of room for entertaining. Early models had a cockpit table. There is a shallow fender locker under the port seat and another under the starboard seat. Small cubbies in the forward corners have drink holders. As the transom is open, there is no need for cockpit drains, but one needs to keep an eye on anything on the cockpit floor as it could soon be overboard. If there were following seas, it would be wise to put in the companionway drop boards as there is no bridge deck.

Accommodations

Passage from the cockpit to belowdecks is through a wide, low companionway.

There is a little passage to the short swim step at the stern. The built-in folding ladder can be accessed from the water, safely away from the outboard motor, at left.

The sliding hatch is a translucent smoked acrylic that on the 260 is protected by a sea hood. Two steps down and you are in a spacious cabin with the head immediately to port. Under the bottom step is access to the valve and vent for the 2,000-pound water ballast tank that runs the length of the boat. There is near-standing headroom for a 5-foot 10-inch person throughout the cabin except at the galley and head, where there is a bit more.

The saloon is exceptionally generous for lounging and entertaining. The table mounted on the mast compression post can be spun around to make a longer V-berth. It appears that the table could be lowered to form a very large berth, but the owner's manual does not indicate this is possible, although there are receiving two sleepers athwartship.

The galley is quite usable for a 26-foot boat. The cook can stand at the counter without bending and prepare the meal on the one-burner butane stove (alcohol two-burner on the 26) and has easy access to the ice chest below a hinged section of the counter. On the 26, drains lead to simple above-the-waterline through-hulls, while the 260 has below-waterline through-hulls with valves.

Personally, as a trailer-sailor, I am in love with the head on both of these models. Located to port at the bottom of the companionway steps, the head provides room to stand inside with the handsome curved door closed. Most will be found with a portable toilet, however Bill upgraded *Blown Away* to a marine head. In the back corner of the head is a fair-sized hanging locker and access to plumbing.

notches in the furniture pan. As have many owners, Bill cut a foot off the table to help in moving about the cabin; it is still a large table.

Aft, under the cockpit, is an extra-large berth that looks like it could sleep four if one could resolve the problem of humans getting in and out of it; it is meant to accommodate

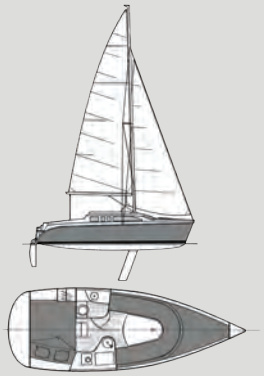
Underway

Our August test sail, with local sailing legend Ralph Immell aboard to lend a hand, found us with perfect conditions on lovely Lake Mendota.

Shortly after hopping off my pontoon/photo boat onto *Blown Away*, I was at the helm and astonished at the delicious feel of her wheel, despite it moving the outboard as well. As we bore off on a beam reach in winds of 6-8 knots, she barely needed any attention. When the wheel did need attention, it was only the lightest of touches.

Consequently, one could steer from about anywhere. Sitting directly behind the wheel was quite comfortable with the Lifesling pack serving as a cushion. One can even sit up in the stern pulpit seats and still reach the wheel with a foot to give it the occasional nudge. Tiller-steered Hunter 260s and 26s are often steered from these optional seats. Visibility was good.

The mainsheet tackle is attached to the cockpit floor, a leftover arrangement from the tiller-steered boats. This is all but inaccessible



LINE DRAWINGS BY ROB MAZZA

	Hunter 26	Hunter 260
Designer	Rob Mazza	Rob Mazza/Glen Henderson
LOA	25'9"	26'3"
LWL	23'1.5"	23'3"
Beam	9'0"	8'11"
Draft down/up	6'0"/1'9"	6'0"/1'9"
Displacement	4,600 lb	5,000 lb
Ballast (water)	2,000 lb	2,000 lb
Displ./LWL	165	178
Sail Area	290	298
SA/Displ.	16.8	16.28

The molded galley module incorporates space for a stovetop, small sink, and manual water pump; a foot pump would be a worthwhile upgrade.

to the helm of a wheel-steered boat. As water-ballasted boats are sensitive to gusts and can round up, it's important to be able to depower the mainsail quickly. The best solution is to reef early.

With crew, standing in the companionway to handle jib sheets is the way to go. Both sides are within easy reach. In any case, the Hunter 260 comes about very quickly with little fuss and handles nicely off the wind as well.

The cockpit seats are quite comfortable with good width and chamfered backs that take the pain out of heeling. However, they are too far apart for bracing one's feet, so there is a small heel ridge aft of the mainsheet attachment for staying in place. I would rig up something a bit taller running full length of the footwell.

I rate the cockpit seats a 4.5 on the Penticoff Napability Index (PNI) scale of 1-5. They would be a perfect 5 except they are a tad short for me. Lounging against the bulkhead also makes for comfortable seating. While the boat heeled, even below I found it easy to move about, using the galley sink as a handhold.

Bill has had *Blown Away* out in 40-knot winds. Though the ride was wild, the water ballast kept her up and stable. On the other hand, while motoring, the offset outboard caused the handling to be peculiar, so Bill fabricated a stainless steel rod to connect it to the rudder, which doesn't seem to affect handling under sail. Now the 9.9-horsepower Mercury four-stroke steers with the wheel while the engine controls are at hand on the helm seat. While I did not get a chance to steer under power, I would expect excellent low-speed handling qualities, although Bill says it gets a bit squirrelly at high speed.

Comments from Owners

We have sailed *Done Reach*, a 1995 Hunter 26, all over the Finger Lakes of upstate New York, explored the Erie Canal (with the mast down), sailed on the lower Potomac and Chesapeake Bay, and pulled it on its trailer to Florida a couple of times to explore the Keys, and then over to the Bahamas for five or six weeks. The design is brilliant; it does many things well. Overlooking things like the tiny mooring cleats, the flimsy fore-hatch, and the silly camping containers for water storage, the boat can be sailed the way it came from the factory. A new rudder blade has eliminated broaching. Jib sheet tracks have made it possible to adjust the lead for the new roller-furling jib. Turning blocks at the base of the mast and additional rope clutches have made it possible to lead all control lines back to the cockpit.

—David Lewis
St. Mary's City, Maryland

A3 Island Girl is a 1995 Hunter 26. A great little sailor. We had to get used to the increased windage and momentum for maneuvering. The build quality is wonderfully strong. We most like the palatial accommodations. Three broken rudders, and a smashed centerboard. Be sure to tell Rudder Craft if you are planning to take the boat into the ocean. I bought a brand-new rudder after smashing my old one, and then we smashed that one three times and finally had to replace it with a more solid bluewater one.

—Keith Reid
Pinawa, Manitoba, Canada

My 1999 Hunter 260 shows no signs of stress other than normal for a boat this age. It is very comfortable; we stay on it for a week at a time. The solid stainless-steel struts that function as the baby stays to stabilize the mast-raising process are the best. It is easier to raise the mast than any other boat I have seen. The lack of a backstay makes it easy to set up and take down.

—Rolf Van Houton
Eau Claire, Wisconsin

Conclusion

All in all, the Hunter 260 is a trailer-sailor's dream. It is comfortable and handles like a sport boat. Hunter sold these boats as ready-to-sail packages for the novice, complete with a thorough 106-page owner's manual that is still available online. The boat's bareness, however, invites upgrades and customization.

The absence of wood makes it easy to maintain. As a trailerable boat with a clever mast-raising system, it is big. It may be more work than some owners will want to do before

and after each sail. But the upside is that faraway cruising destinations are only a few road hours to endure.

Check to see if you need a permit for the 9-foot beam, as 8 feet 6 inches is usually the maximum allowed. If you want to trailer often, you might look at the Hunter 23.5 or the Hunter 240 (beam 8 feet 3 inches), which are smaller versions of the 26/260 with similar features, including water ballast, and hard to discern as different.

The Hunter 26/260s are very popular. Online I found many for sale, but prices are all over the place. Low was $10,450 for a 1996 26, with a high of $32,000 for a 2004 260. Generally, the 26s are in the low teens, while the 260s are mid-teens to low 20s. Because they are trailerable, give preference to freshwater boats, of which there are plenty. One should confirm there is a two-axle trailer with the boat if you intend to move it via land. Most seem to come equipped with a 9.9-horsepower outboard.

As for various maintenance problems, leaky windows will likely be the main troublemakers. There were some issues with 260 rudders cracking in the 2004 models. It appears this was a short-term build issue that Hunter resolved, sending updated rudders to owners. Foss Foam can provide "as original" fiberglass rudders, while Rudder Craft provides HDPE aftermarket replacements.

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

(top to bottom) **Because securing a portable ice chest on small boats is often a problem, on the 260 there is a dedicated built-in place to keep one that is handy to the galley.**

The cavernous area under the cockpit is billed as a double berth, though for many owners it's storage for miscellaneous gear. An interesting feature is that this area is ventilated and illuminated by a small opening port under the starboard cockpit seat as long as the seat is up.

Some owners have modified the large table to be smaller to ease access fore and aft.

Hunter 260

. . . And Two More Water-Ballasted Trailer-Sailers

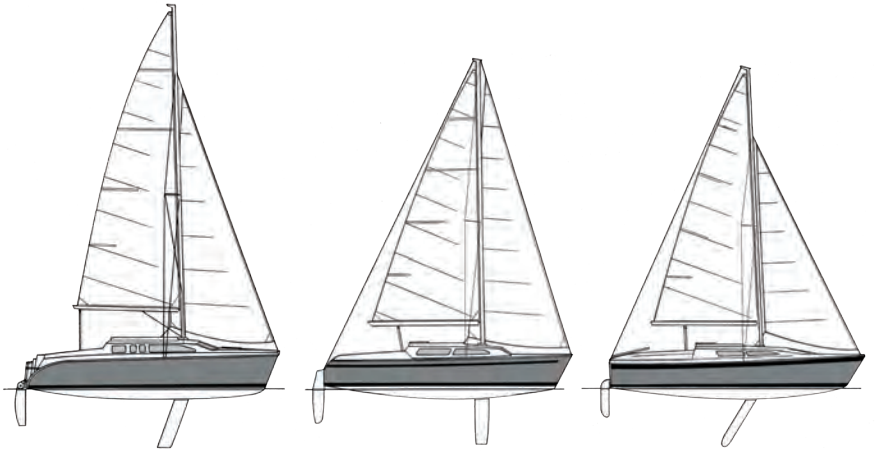
STORY AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROB MAZZA

The Hunter 260 is an evolution of the Hunter 26, which was developed during my tenure at Hunter Design. As Allen Penticoff mentions in his review, it incorporates a number of deck modifications introduced after my departure, including a revised transom more suited for wheel steering, relocation of the forward hatch from the middle of the "windscreen" to the foredeck, and the addition of the B&R (Bergstrom and Ridder) rig so beloved by Warren Luhrs. (Warren and Lars Bergstrom were close friends and sailed many miles together aboard *Thursday's Child*.) The 260's sail plan also underwent a few modifications to produce a slightly larger sail area, but the interior layout and details remain essentially unchanged.

In the early '90s, the sailboat industry was exploring the concept of water ballast as pioneered by Roger MacGregor. The goal was to reduce the all-up weight of a trailered boat so it could be more easily towed by a smaller vehicle and more easily launched and retrieved from a ramp. Why lug around a fixed weight of lead ballast that could amount to 40 percent of the boat's total weight if you could avoid it?

In this period, the three big players were MacGregor with the 26S, Hunter with the 26 and later the 260, and Catalina with the 250. The MacGregor 26S is a centerboard development of the original MacGregor 26D, which had a vertically lifting daggerboard.

In "Water Ballast for Trailer-Sailers" (July/August 2019), I explored the inherent compromise of water as ballast, specifically its volume being 10 times greater than



	Hunter 260	Catalina 250	MacGregor 26S
LOA	26'3"	25'0"	25'10"
LWL	23'3"	21'3"	23'6"
Beam	8'11"	8'6"	7'10"
Draft	1'9"/6'0"	1'8"/5'9"	1'3"/6'4"
Displ.	5,000	3,250	2,850
Ballast	2,000	1,200	1,200
LOA/LWL	1.13	1.18	1.10
Beam/LWL	.39	.34	.33
Displ./LWL	178	151	98
Bal./Displ.	40%	37%	42%
Sail Area (100%)	298	262	235
SA/Displ.	16.28	19.08	18.68
Capsize No.	2.1	2.3	2.2
Comfort Ratio	17.2	12.2	12
Year Introduced	1997	1995	1990
Designer	Rob Mazza/Hunter Design Team	Gerry Douglas	Roger MacGregor
Builder	Hunter Marine	Catalina Yachts	MacGregor Yachts

an equivalent weight of lead, and the resulting increase in the height of the boat's center of gravity. For instance, the 1,200 pounds of ballast in two of our comparison boats would require only 1.7 cubic feet of lead but now requires 19 cubic feet of fresh water. This would raise the ballast center of gravity substantially in a configuration that is already high since the ballast is housed in the hull, not a deep keel.

This highlights an additional water ballast issue for trailered boats. Designers have traditionally incorporated a wider beam to achieve greater form stability to compensate for a high center of gravity. But for highway towing, the allowable maximum beam in most jurisdictions is 8 feet, or in a few cases 8 feet 6 inches, beyond which you need special permits and equipment. Note that only the MacGregor meets the 8-foot restriction, with the Catalina aiming for 8 foot 6 inches, while the Hunter cheats a little with 8 feet 11 inches, perhaps hoping no one would notice, or that the owner would be holding the other end of the tape if stopped by the highway patrol!

So, if stability is the defining characteristic of water-ballasted trailered boats, what can we tell from the numbers? The MacGregor has the lightest displacement at 2,850 pounds and the narrowest beam at 7 feet 11 inches. It does have the same weight of ballast as the Catalina at 1,200 pounds, so its ballast/displacement ratio at 42 percent is slightly higher than the others, but certainly not high enough to make up for that narrower beam when sailing upwind in any sort of breeze.

However, sailing stability is a trade-off between righting moment and heeling moment, and the MacGregor has reduced its heeling moment by incorporating the smallest sail plan at 235 square feet—which still produces a high sail area/displacement ratio of 18.7. It also has the squattest rig, in an attempt to lower the heeling arm. Yet despite these efforts to reduce the heeling moment, we can still safely say that the MacGregor would be the most tender of the trio.

The Hunter 260, on the other hand, would certainly be the most stable of the three. It tops out as the heaviest at 5,000 pounds (400 pounds heavier than the Hunter 26) with the greatest amount of ballast at 2,000 pounds and substantially more beam at 8 feet 11 inches, as well as the lowest sail area/displacement ratio of 16.3, despite having the largest sail area.

Note that the Catalina is the only one of the three to employ a masthead rig, while all incorporate swept-back spreaders and shrouds, and the Hunter eliminates the backstay completely with her B&R rig. Most boats that are on the tender side—which all three have to be considering their high centers of gravity—use fractional rigs so the larger mainsail can be quickly eased or reefed when required.

Like most small boats, each has a capsize number above the threshold of 2, which is more a reflection of their light displacement than their narrow beam. The comfort numbers also follow the displacement numbers.

Each of these boats achieves its stated purpose of more easily and economically broadening an owner's cruising options by allowing easier towing, launching, and retrieval with a smaller vehicle than would be possible with a traditional ballasted keel/centerboarder. Having personally towed and launched the Hunter 26 and her smaller sister, the 23.5, around Florida, I can certainly attest to the usefulness of that advantage.

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.*

Winter Sailing

Two friends' seasonal ritual in a frozen boatyard sweetens the long Canadian winter.

BY ZORAN GLOZINIC

It is mid-January, Quebec winter at its best. The day is sunny, the air crisp, and the sky a deep blue you just don't see anywhere else. My old Saab starts without hesitation, despite the cold. Nordic genes are still running strong.

Half an hour later we are at the yacht club, where all the boats are hauled up for the winter. Most are covered with tarps, but some are left bare to face the elements. I can never understand it—is it laziness? Lack of time? As I walk between sleeping boats, I feel sorry for the uncovered ones. They look very much like orphans to me.

But my gloomy thoughts soon disperse, because there is *Old Duck*, my Vivacity 20, the very epitome of my freedom. Surrounded by bigger boats towering over her with their deep-draft keels, she sits low on her trailer, her two bilge keels canted slightly outward. The tarp is clear of snow or ice and the lines holding it to the trailer frame are still taut.

I walk all around her, making sure everything is OK. With the mast serving as a ridge pole, the tarp's steep sides make a toboggan run for any snow, and small hills surround the boat on the ground. Both ends of the tarp tent are rolled up together and kept in place with plastic spring clamps. They hold the tarp tightly closed even during the strongest winter winds.

I position a ladder next to the stern and tie it fast to the lower rudder fitting. I remove the spring clamps one by one, unroll the tarp ends, and re-clamp them open. Now I have easy access to the cockpit, up the ladder and over the stern.

The strong wooden A-frame sits on the lazarette's small deck, and it will take some yoga-inspired movements to navigate over it and into the cockpit. But that comes later; first, I climb back down with the end of a power cable that had been wrapped around the mainsheet horse and plug it into the electrical box a few feet away. I put my ear next to the hull to see if I can hear the gentle rumbling of my electric heater fan in the main cabin. I can. Good.

I walk to the harbor, where the vast expanse of the ice-covered lake shimmers in the sun. The distant shore and St. Lawrence Seaway are barely visible—no ships in sight. I walk for the next half an hour, enjoying the sun, deeply inhaling fresh winter air, and imagining white sails and the harbor full of masts. It will come soon, I know. We just need to hang on four more months.

Finally, I return to *Old Duck*, climb aboard, and look around carefully under the tarp for any critters such as racoons who may have taken up residence (it happens frequently around here). All clear.

I open up the boat and step below, where it's already nice and warm. To keep it that way, I close the slider, replace the lower hatch board, and slide a piece of acrylic into the upper board's space so I can look outside.

I remove a water jug from my backpack and fill the kettle. I spend the next few minutes turning the hand crank

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRITZ SEEGERS

on my Grundig radio. I've removed the batteries for the winter, and using the crank keeps rechargeable batteries inside alive. Minutes later, the Montreal Classic Radio station comes to life. Beethoven. Perfect.

I hear some commotion outside. The ladder rattles, and Ante's head shows up against the bright triangle of light over the stern. He scrambles below, and once he's settled into his usual place in the port quarter berth, I take out two small glasses and a bottle of walnut elixir—homemade liquor made with green walnuts. As the song says, "We toast to the future, and we drink to the past." The liquor is cold yet warms us, nevertheless.

I turn on the stove to heat up the kettle and pull out two coffee mugs—the blue one is mine, the white one with our yacht club burgee is his—and a jar of Nescafé. During winter "sailing" we keep it simple. Summer is another story; sometimes I make a real Turkish coffee, sometimes the espresso machine is plugged in. Yet it is often Nescafé that saves the day.

The kettle whistles, and I turn off the stove and pour just a little cold water into the kettle. It brings the temperature down and helps the Nescafé make a nice creamy top in the coffee mug. I dig deeper in the *cambuse* (the pantry) and find an open box of chocolate wafers. "Made in Croatia" is written on the packaging. We were both born and raised in Croatia, a long time ago.

The wafers are cold and crispy. Steam rises from our mugs. The cabin is warm and comfortable; the thermometer shows 24°C (75°F).

Now discussion begins, a serious one, indeed. Will I use wind-vane steering for my next long trip? I believe not; I am more inclined to get two electric tiller pilots and a bigger battery. Where to mount additional solar panels required in that case? Etc., etc. We talk, we make plans.

Discussion turns toward the outboard choice I need to make. Last summer my old Evinrude decided it had had enough. After spending a decent amount of money and a lot of effort that ended with a deep and painful cut on my hand, I gave up. It did not want to come back to life. Now I need to buy another outboard. I hate the look of new outboards; they are just plain ugly, too big and heavy in my opinion. Any new model would look so out of place on *Old Duck*'s stern.

Ante presents his arguments. I do not agree. Not for the first time, we reach a total impasse. We will continue this particular subject next time. We move on and discuss past and future voyages, upgrades, and various projects done and to be done on our boats.

Ante is wondering aloud: Are we the only two sailors in Montreal in the middle of winter, sitting in a small boat on trailer and covered for the season? It is hard to say. I tend to think that we are. It is our winter sailing. The boat is still, but we are not.

This ritual makes the winter less harsh for a grounded sailor.

This ritual of ours makes the winter less harsh for a grounded sailor. It creates continuity from one sailing season to another. It makes short days and long winter nights less detrimental to our spirits. And there is no better place than a small boat cabin to have a mug of hot coffee on a cold winter day.

It is time to go. We do not want to, but we know that our "day sail" is over. I open the companionway, and the cold air rushes in. We put on our jackets. Ante goes down the ladder while I check the cabin, making sure everything is turned off except the heater, which I return to maximum heat setting.

After closing the companionway, I descend the ladder and disconnect the power cable, wrapping the end around the mainsheet horse again. Then I close the tarp, fastening it tightly with spring clamps.

We walk to the parking lot. Ante is saying to me, as always, "This was very good, we need to repeat it." Of course, we both know it was good, and we know that we will repeat it. There is still plenty of time before the winter is over.

Zoran Glozinic is a retired business professional who has been messing about in boats and old cars all his life. He lives in Laval, Quebec, where he divides his time between a good old English bilge-keeler and a 19-year-old Saab car.

Toe-tally Worth It

Replacing leaky toerails with beautiful bulwarks was an intensive but rewarding job.

BY MARISSA NEELY

Despite her many attributes, our 1979 Cheoy Lee 41, *Avocet*, for a time was living up to the epithet "Cheoy Leaky," and when my husband, Chris, and I realized that the toerail was a significant source for many of those leaks, we knew we had to come up with a solution. We put a Band-Aid on by applying a bead of Teak Decking Systems caulking on the seam where the toerail met the deck and hull. That mitigated the problem for a couple of years until we had the time, money, and plan to convert our leaky toerails to lovely bulwarks.

Back in the 1970s when *Avocet* was built, the Cheoy Lee Shipyard in Hong Kong was known for its strong fiberglass construction. To make the hull-to-deck joint on which the toerail would reside, Cheoy Lee glassed in a shelf where the deck would sit in and on the hull. As the deck was dropped into place, builders applied a generous amount of sealant in the joint, then fiberglassed the two pieces from the inside.

Externally, the joint was not glassed over—a labor-intensive and expensive additional step. The quicker, tried-and-true approach was to construct a toerail and through-bolt it on top of the joint; on *Avocet*, the 41-foot-long, 1¼-inch by 4-inch toerail was bent into place and drilled every 12 inches down through the wood, the deck, and the hull shelf before finally being bolted in place.

And in that final step—bolting—lay the rub. Cheoy Lee was also known for using poor-quality stainless steel, and the galvanically corroded stainless bolts and bronze nuts that connected the toerail to the deck compromised the otherwise solid structural integrity, in addition to being prone to leaking. When we removed what was left of 180-plus bolts, many of them crumbled in our hands, making it clear where the water had found voids to creep below.

> **When we removed what was left of the bolts, they crumbled in our hands.**

Faced with the choice of repairing the damage and installing a new toerail or considering a completely new option, we opted for the latter and began looking into designing and installing a bulwark.

The new wooden bulwarks complement *Avocet*'s lines and add an extra element of grace to her overall look.

The Design

What's the difference between a toerail and a bulwark? In the most basic way explained to us by various boat designers, a toerail is a piece of wood, aluminum, or fiberglass that usually does not exceed more than 3 inches tall and is bolted every few inches through the deck. Anything bigger, which typically is bolted to the stanchions for support, is called a bulwark.

Because whatever we chose would be integral to the hull-to-deck joint, we considered sailor and author John Kretschmer's advice on the matter, noting that the ideal hull-to-deck joint for a bluewater boat "does not rely on bolts, screws, rivets, or adhesive for strength or watertightness. The joint is heavily glassed on the inside, the entire way around the boat, and solid stainless steel rods [are used] for mounting stanchions [that] are recessed into the bulwark thus eliminating potential leaks so common when stanchion bases are through-bolted."

Choosing the bulwark option would give us that sought-for seamless hull-to-deck joint, which would reinforce the interior glass as well as reconcile the damage and voids left by the old bolt holes. Unlike a toerail, we could drill far fewer holes to fasten the bulwark bases and stanchions, further limiting potential for leaks—and we wouldn't use the dissimilar metals (stainless steel bolts and bronze nuts) as the builder had, so corrosion would be much less likely.

Inspired by a blog called Far Reach Voyages, in which the boat owners created and installed bulwarks on their Cape Dory 36 using a Lyle Hess Bristol Channel Cutter blueprint, we developed our design to incorporate a 6-inch-tall wooden bulwark that would sit about 1½ inches off the deck.

Chris concluded that the best way to mount the bulwark was by fastening it to a series of stainless steel L-brackets installed along the deck. Using this design, we could keep our existing stanchion bases by incorporating them into the L-brackets, making the brackets' horizontal surface just slightly larger than the stanchion bases. When the time came to bolt the brackets to the deck, these bolts would first go through the stanchion bases, which would sit directly on top of the brackets' horizontal surface. This would mechanically join each bracket and stanchion base without requiring us to weld them together, which would have been costly.

A removed section of the old toerail reveals the rotten fasteners that led to many of the leaks belowdecks, at top.

Chris uses a pry bar to remove the old toerails. In some places where the bedding was still stubborn, he had to resort to a Sawzall to get them off, above.

After running our bulwark plan by boatwrights, engineers, and local fabricators, we concluded that our design idea was sound, and we got to work. We planned to make the toerail-to-bulwark conversion part of a series of projects that included repainting the topsides and deck.

The Prep

We did as much prep work in our slip as we could before our haulout. We removed the toerail by drilling out what was left of the corroded through bolts. We used a crowbar to pry the teak up from the hull-to-deck joint, though in some places where it had been sealed with 5200, we Sawzalled the pieces out.

We used an angle grinder with a flap disk to remove any remaining old caulking. Once the joint was clean(ish), Chris measured 3 inches down from the deck and marked a dot every few feet. Using a 15-foot batten we found in the boatyard, he laid the batten along the dots and then then hot-glued it to the hull. This would act as a guiding edge for the router, which he fitted with a ½-inch-wide straight bit.

With it, he removed a 3-inch-wide, ¼-inch-deep band of fiberglass along the outer edge of the deck and top edge of the hull. This created a bed for the two layers of 6-inch 1708 fiberglass cloth we would lay in to seal the exterior edges of the hull-to-deck joint beneath.

We did one last round of sanding with 60-grit before rounding the sharp edge where the deck met the hull, using a ½-inch roundover bit in the router. This would allow the glass to adhere better, as fiberglass does not like to conform to hard bends. Since we had anticipated laying up two layers of glass, we rounded this edge deeply enough for the glass to be inlaid with room on top for fairing compound.

With the surface prepped, we were finally ready to glass. Using a nifty worktable we had set up, I cut the glass and wet it out using a fin roller and squeegee before passing it off to Chris. This method preserved our epoxy supply and increased our efficiency. We started with the smaller area of the transom, then expanded our work to the starboard and then port sides.

Chris first applied a thin layer of US Composites medium epoxy hardener to

(top to bottom) **Marissa and Chris walk the bendy cumaru planks down the dock. Known as "Brazilian teak," the wood is rot-resistant and easy to work with.**

Chris clamps sections of the cumaru together to create the 32-inch-long scarf joint that would join them into one 42-foot bulwark.

Each L-bracket base had to be precisely drilled out to match the stanchion base to which it would be attached. Chris uses a Sharpie to mark the stanchion base's outline on the L-bracket in preparation for marking and drilling.

the working surface. Working in 6-foot sections gave him just enough time to lay the fiberglass and work each piece into the edge with a fin roller to remove all the air bubbles, then be ready for the next layer as soon as I was done wetting it out. We continued this method for all 88 feet over the course of two days, taking three hours per side.

Twenty-four hours after the glass had set, we lightly sanded using 80-grit on the orbital sander to remove the amine blush and any high spots before we began applying fairing compound. Using US Composites fairing filler and epoxy, we applied three rounds of fairing compound, sanding with our Flexisander long board with 80-grit between each application to ensure a smooth surface. Then, we rolled on a two-part epoxy barrier coat that we used on not only the bottom but the topsides as well, since as a cruising boat, the entire hull is subjected to being constantly wet and rolling in the swell.

We used the barrier coat as blister protection as well as for its ultra-high-build primer characteristics that filled the small cracks, low spots, pinholes, and things we couldn't see with the naked eye while fairing. This showed us where we needed to sand, fill, and fair more before continuing on to the Awlgrip primer for the topsides paint job.

Slowly, *Avocet* began to look a bit less derelict, with the grey barrier paint hiding her once-fairing-compound-pink

hull-to-deck joint and various splotches revealing hull imperfections. Chris rolled the Awlgrip primer, and two days later, *Avocet* was completely off-white and only had to be sanded one more time before being ready for the final topcoat.

The Supports

First, though, we had to prepare for the installation of the bulwark supports. We had purchased nine 24-by-4-by-¼-inch-thick 316L stainless steel bars, which we then cut in half (it was cheaper to buy them at twice the length than to buy them at the actual length needed). After cutting them into 12-inch sections, Chris used an angle grinder with a 150-grit floppy disk to remove the matte finish left over from being cold-rolled in the manufacturing process.

Next, we had to measure the degree for each L-bracket to be bent. Each was slightly different due to the deck's curvature. To obtain precise measurements, we used two straight pieces of timber about 16 inches long, placed one on the deck and one along the hull, and then measured the bisecting point. This measurement would ensure that the bulwark would be following the sheer line of the hull itself.

Then, we sent the measurements and the bases to a Southern California fabricator, Garhauer Marine, where a hydraulic press bent all 16 bases quickly and effortlessly. This sounds so much easier than it actually was, since dialing in the degrees on a ¼-inch piece of stainless steel all comes down to the skill of the operator. Luckily, Doug Garhauer had over one million "hits" with this press, so we knew our metal was in experienced hands.

An L-bracket and stanchion base fully installed for the new bulwark configuration.

While Garhauer had the L-brackets, Chris used a brass L-bracket template made from a prototype to recess the bulwark bases down into the deck. This way, they would sit flush when mounted with the stanchion base on top, giving a more "factory" appearance. Chris placed the template at every stanchion base location as a guide and used a router to cut the ¼-inch-deep pockets into the deck. Once this process of cutting holes in our so carefully faired deck was finished, we could complete the topside painting.

With the custom-shaped bases in hand, the next step was drilling out the holes to attach the stanchion bases. This also sounds easier than it was; for one thing, the stanchion bases had different hole patterns, so we would need to custom drill each one. Doug Garhauer had educated Chris on the proper technique for drilling through hard and thick material such as our stainless steel. It all comes down to using the proper tools—but not everyone can keep a drill press onboard! With Doug's advice and our wonderful friend letting us borrow his drill press, Chris was able to drill the bases, as well as the four holes in each vertical where the bulwark boards would attach.

Finally, it was time to attach the L-brackets and stanchions to the deck. We placed the stanchion bases on top of the bracket bases with a healthy amount of butyl tape between them, then placed more butyl tape on the bottom of the

Pandemic supply chain issues meant that Chris and Marissa had to use 5½-inch cumaru rather than 6-inch; the result (for now) is that the top half-inch of the L-brackets are visible.

brackets to seal the area between the deck and the base. We through-bolted the bases using 2½-inch-long 316 stainless steel 5/16 machine screws. Finally, we added a bead of Sikaflex to entirely fill the remaining ⅛-inch gap between the bases and the recessed deck edge.

The Bulwarks

The wood we used to construct our bulwarks was a hot topic aboard for weeks. We wanted to use teak again, but our wallets did not agree, so we researched alternative rot-resistant hardwoods. There were many great options like white oak, purple heart, black acacia, and mahogany, but we finally settled on cumaru, also known as Brazilian teak.

We ordered 100 feet of 20-foot-long, 6 x 1-inch boards from Advantage Lumber. On this part of the project, COVID became a factor when the supplier ran out of 6-inch boards, and we had to opt for 5½-inch. At this point, we had already completed the L-bracket fabrication and drilling; this would mean that the verticals of the L-brackets would stand slightly proud of the tops of the bulwark boards. Not ideal, but it had taken months already just to get the 5½-inch boards, so we decided to live with it.

While waiting for the wood to arrive, Chris studied scarf joints to choose the best method to join three sections of wood into a single 42-foot board. He settled on a mechanically fastened, plated scarf joint that would be 32 inches long. Hours went into mathematical equations sketched out on his signature yellow legal pad to ensure the cuts would be precise, since we only had one shot at getting this right, or else we would have to order new wood—and who knew how long that would take to be delivered? Once he transferred the sketches to the wood, Chris used an accurate combo square, circular saw, Japanese hand saw, sharp chisels, assorted drill bits, 316 stainless hardware, and marine glue to construct the bulwark plank.

With the help of our friends, we carefully maneuvered the heavy, long, and bendy plank to the L-brackets, where I was quick to secure them with C-clamps. With the bulwark now dry-fitted into place, we stood back and admired how nicely this project had come together. We were thrilled to learn that we would not have to steam the wood to conform to the boat's shape, which was ultimately a relief despite our elaborate plan to create a steam bag using a thick plastic bag and a turkey fryer for steam.

Sixty-four 316 stainless steel fasteners later, we had bulwarks! The wood completed *Avocet*'s newly improved look, adding a hint of timeless design to her somewhat more modern construct, as well as an admiring nod to one of Chris' favorite designers, Lyle Hess.

The final pieces were the hawse holes that would replace our prior fairleads, which we felt did not do the overall hull design justice. After Chris sanded, polished, and inset them into the bulwarks, the cast-bronze additions sparkled, beautifully complementing the wood and the boat's overall look.

When the last hawse hole was in place, we broke free of the docklines that had seemingly weighed us down like shackles and made a mad dash to the Channel Islands so we could enjoy our boat the way she was intended. The water splashed on deck, washing overboard immediately under the bulwark through the slim gap. It was perfect. The bulwark's height made it easy to safely store jerry cans, fenders, lines, and even the dinghy without the deck looking cluttered.

This conversion was a long, complicated process, but overall, we are pleased with the outcome and hope that it can inspire others who might be interested in making such a change.

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.

Get a Grip

Careful use of KiwiGrip provides a solution to some slippery problems.

BY TERRY KOTAS

Having lived aboard *Cetus*, our Fantasia 35, for nearly 30 years, my wife, Heidi, and I are well aware of its slippery areas belowdecks. *Cetus*' steep companionway stairs are a good example. There are only five steps to the cabin sole, but when they're wet, it's a long fall. And in the aft cabin, the floor next to the Pullman berth—roughly triangular in shape and about 4 feet long—slopes steeply enough that we call it the landing strip.

We've tried numerous products, from safety tapes to adhesive-backed step pads, to create a lasting non-skid surface. Most of the products work well and look good—at first. But it doesn't take long before even the stickiest glue surrenders itself to the grind of repeated use.

After a successful deck overhaul ("New and Cool Underfoot," January/February 2017) when we removed old teak decks and painted the newly exposed surface with a non-skid coating called KiwiGrip, we hit upon a novel idea: Why not replace some of the slippery spots down below with some of the leftover paint?

We started with the companionway steps. Peeling off the pads was the easy part. Getting rid of the glue? Not so much. We used all the old standbys—vinegar, Goo Gone, mineral spirits, and finally alcohol (OK, this was actually for me). The resulting solvent bath turned what had been hard glue into a sticky slime that eventually adhered to anything it touched. But, after sanding and scrubbing, the glue finally came up.

Next, I hit the areas with 120-grit sandpaper. Then we cleaned the surfaces with soap and water, and Heidi taped them and dabbed the non-skid on with a disposable chip brush. (Heidi is the taper and painter aboard *Cetus*. Her eye for detail and a steady hand make my life easier.)

By using a paint brush, she was able to form a light stipple that wasn't overly aggressive on the feet, but still offered slip protection. Four years after that first experiment, the steps look great and still provide us with safe footing between the topsides and cabin.

We used the same technique on the landing strip in the aft cabin. (On one of our first nights aboard, I got up to investigate a noise and promptly skated down this runway until I face-planted. Detailed swearing and non-skid tape followed.) We'd replaced the non-skid tape more than once; now we tried KiwiGrip.

We used the same techniques (and had the same glue challenges) as on the companionway steps.

The floor was a slightly different color where the old strips had been stuck on for so long; Heidi used this as a guide for taping so the discolored areas would be completely covered. As she taped off the area that would be the new non-skid strips, she was careful to press the tape down into the slight dips between the teak and holly planks of the floor to prevent any seepage under the tape.

We used gray KiwiGrip because that was the color we had. However, white KiwiGrip can be tinted to any light color using universal water-based colorants such as those found at a hardware store. PYI, KiwiGrip's distributor, can also color-customize the product to virtually any shade.

Another KiwiGrip attribute is its fast drying time. We applied it in the morning, and eight hours later we could walk on the strips in socks. By the next day, the non-skid was completely cured. After 24 hours, I finished the project by reapplying teak oil to the floor.

Like the steps, the landing strip turned out great. No more unsightly peeling tape, and no more face plants.

Terry Kotas and his wife, Heidi, began sailing in 1978. After building their first boat from a bare hull, the family set sail for the South Pacific. They have continued sailing throughout the Pacific ever since. They are currently enjoying the Sea of Cortez aboard Cetus *with their cat, Rosie, while planning their next adventure. Terry has written three humorous sailing adventure novels and the latest,* Adventures Off the Beaten Path, *is now available at all major booksellers.*

After the non-skid tape was removed, it was time to remove the sticky adhesive underneath. A combination of Goo Gone, a paint scraper, and some elbow grease eventually got the job done, at far left.

To prevent the KiwiGrip from creeping into the shallow channels between the floorboards, Terry's wife, Heidi, firmly pressed the tape into these depressions before starting, at left.

BREAKING THE MOLD

Vivian Vuong is on a mission to make sailing more accessible to all.

BY ERIN CAREY

One of sailing's great paradoxes is that while it offers an immense sense of freedom, in exchange you must accept the reality that you have little control over what the weather, the sea, and the boat may dish up. For some people, the self-reliance and mental fortitude this requires can be intimidating.

But for Vivian Vuong, these challenges are part and parcel of a life that has been forged finding strength in precisely those qualities of adaptability, independence, and working around and through forces greater than oneself to move forward. In that sense, she's uniquely suited to thrive as a professional sailor, though in an industry that is largely white and male-dominated, the 33-year-old—at barely 5 feet tall and of Filipino and Vietnamese descent—doesn't fit the mold. But Vivian is used to not fitting in, and her resilience has helped her carve out a career in an industry where she stands out.

"I want to show people that sailing isn't just a man's industry. I'd like to be someone who empowers minorities to sail," she says. "I want to show everyone that you don't have to be affluent and wealthy, you don't have to be part of a fancy club, and you don't have to own a pair of deck shoes to fit in. That there's room for us all to work together with respect and understanding."

"Vivian has every right to be proud of herself," says John Kretschmer, the offshore sailing coach and author ("Big Sea, Small World" January/February 2020), who has mentored Vivian and her husband, Nathan Zahrt, in their fledgling sail training business aboard their 47-foot Compass, *Ultima*. "She's the epitome of a self-made woman who made her way into the male-dominated sailing world the hard way... but she's self-effacing and humble, her self-assurance is natural and genuine, she's always ready to lend a hand and a smile. She and Nathan both understand that to survive and thrive at sea you need respect for the ocean and for your shipmates. To be able to admit your mistakes and realize that the pathway to experience is fraught with pitfalls while still maintaining the ability to inspire is what allows you to be a great teacher."

> "I had multiple people tell me, 'You'll never make it in sailing.' "

The path that led Vivian to this point has been tough from the beginning. Her father, who escaped the Vietnam War as a refugee, worked in the casino business, regularly uprooting his family to go wherever the

Vivian smiles after flaking the sails on a delivery from Newport to Annapolis, above. Photo courtesy Ocean Passages.

After managing and running a catering company on land, Vivian went on to a yacht cookery school to enhance her skills in the galley. Photo by Nathan Zahrt.

work was. Vivian would often criss-cross the country unaccompanied, relying on the kindness of strangers and airline staff to deliver her safely to whichever uncle, aunt, or grandparent was waiting at the other end.

It was a lonely life for a child, and the constant moves made friendships and academic achievement a real challenge. But it also made her strong and self-reliant.

"My childhood wasn't normal," she says. "Not everyone's is. But I give a lot of credit for my determination to being raised by people who expected me to survive on my own. My parents came to this country with close to nothing, worked for themselves with sheer guts and drive to earn a living. Sure, my parents and I didn't get along a lot of the time while I was growing up, but looking back, I can see that they did the best they could. I thank them for giving me that independence and the confidence to set out to wander around this world on my own."

That wandering embedded within her a desire for an adventurous life. She observed the professionalism of the many flight attendants who were "my temporary guardians of the sky" and thought about how one day maybe she could have a job that would let her travel the world as they did.

Eventually, that idea began to evolve into a life on the water when friends talked Vivian and Nathan into moving to Melbourne, Florida, to help them refit a 1973 Irwin 37. It sounded like a crazy, fun adventure, and the couple jumped at the opportunity. The plan was to fix it up, teach themselves to sail, and then go cruising in the Bahamas.

The friends had very little experience on boats. Living aboard full-time for over two years while simultaneously upgrading the boat made for a steep learning curve. They learned a ton, but the reality of sailing as two couples with four very different personalities eventually led Vivian and Nathan to head in a different direction.

They sold their share of the Irwin, and the pair took a job with a professional captain who was delivering a Hylas 54 from the British Virgin Islands to Newport via Bermuda.

"Our flights and food expenses were covered, and we got to explore foreign ports, even if it was only for a few days," Vivian writes in a blog post on extremenomads. "It felt like a grand vacation with a mission and we enjoyed the freedom and adventure it offered."

The trip convinced the pair that this was the life for them.

"We loved the idea of traveling while still working and focusing on self-sufficiency. Sailing was unlike anything we'd ever done in our lives, and it was (and still is) so intriguing," she says. Their goal was to save enough money to buy their own boat, to be able to make their own destiny as sailors. Not surprisingly, they encountered various opinions on the concept, not all of them positive.

"I had multiple people tell me, 'You'll never make it in sailing,' " Vivian says. "But I was determined to push ahead, make a little money, and buy a boat that we would be able to fix up ourselves, mostly with our own skills and time."

Finding oily rags while refitting Vivian and Nathan's first boat, *Hobo Chic*, at bottom left. Photo by Meagan Wildwoods.

Vivian works to replace the interior headliners and paint the fiberglass on *Ultima*. Photo by Nathan Zahrt.

***Ultima* underway in the Virgin Islands, at right.** Photo by John Kretschmer.

While Nathan worked to earn his licenses to become a delivery captain, Vivian worked to develop skills across all aspects of the professional yacht world. She started as a stewardess, became a deckhand, upgraded to a mate, and eventually flew to Palma de Mallorca to complete a yacht cooking course, letting her take work as a chef. She took courses to qualify her for all the basic requirements of working on luxury yachts including STCW, a five-day, safety-at-sea training focusing on fire-fighting, life raft deployment, swimming, and first aid.

A job as first mate on a 108-foot yacht sounds glam, but it was, Vivian says, "the most physically demanding job I've ever had. But I enjoyed the challenge. I wanted to learn. I wanted to know how to effectively sail, maintain, and repair everything on the boat. I wanted to make sure I know how to deal with any situation that arises at sea."

Responsible for maintenance above and below deck, Vivian polished stainless fittings until her fingers bled.

"Motor yachts have to be clean, shiny, and sparkling, along with their tenders," she laughs. "When I wasn't cleaning, there were anchor windlasses to be refurbished, LED lights to be replaced, VHFs to be rewired, and new electronics to be installed. I stripped paint in the engine room and repainted it from end to end. I spent countless hours in bilges finding and fixing leaks, scrubbing, fixing broken mounts and pumps, and running hoses. Above deck there was endless polishing of brightwork, sanding, taping, and varnishing. And then, when guests or owners were aboard, I had to do all those things while wearing a clean white polo shirt—plus launching jet skis, paddleboards, fishing and diving gear, and all the other water toys."

Between seasonal gigs on yachts, Vivian would join Nathan on deliveries to gain more sailing experience. Over five years, she sailed on more than a dozen deliveries—including a transatlantic on a Helia 44—and worked as crew on another dozen vessels, racking up over 30,000 nautical miles on boats and yachts from 37 to 150 feet.

Once Nathan earned his licenses, the team began double-handing boats between the Caribbean and the United States and up and down the East Coast. In 2019, they achieved their goal of owning their own boat when they bought a 1981 Angelo Lavranos-designed Compass 47, built in South Africa.

"We found her on the hard in Cambridge, Maryland," Vivian says. "The engine was brand new, only eight hours on it. But everything else needed to be replaced or fixed. We took off old standing and running rigging and replaced it with new. She had no working electronics, so we rewired and installed a new depth gauge, wind instruments, VHF, autopilot, AIS, and solar."

Over a year, they meticulously restored and upgraded *Ultima* in preparation for launching their sail training business, Ocean Passages. In this, they had found a powerful mentor along the way. Vivian had met John Kretschmer's wife and sailing partner, Tadji, after replying to a comment on her Facebook page; both Nathan and Vivian were fans of John's books.

"When Nathan returned from the United Kingdom after finishing up his Royal Yachting Association Yachtmaster Offshore training, they came to our Christmas party, and a fast friendship took root," John says. "When we decided to expand our offshore sail training business, we knew that Nathan and Vivian were the perfect couple to work with. We were attracted by their sheer hard work and tireless dedication to upgrading every aspect of their sailing and seamanship skills. They've done the hard work of logging miles, deep ocean miles aboard a variety of different boats and have become highly accomplished sailors along the way."

Helping the young couple develop their business and bringing them into his own successful enterprise, John has been a driving force, believing in Vivian and Nathan

(L to R) **Rob, Nathan, Lee, and Michael with Vivian on a training passage from Maryland to the U.S. Virgin Islands via Bermuda.** Photo courtesy Ocean Passages.

Vivian and Nathan have logged over 120,000 nautical miles between the two of them. Photo courtesy Ocean Passages.

and guiding them at every step. "He was there with us from the start of Ocean Passages," Vivian says, "even coming out to Cambridge before we had put an offer on *Ultima* to check her out while she was still on the hard. His support means the world to me, because the way he and Tadji live their life is very much in tune with how I live mine. To succeed on whatever track you choose, you have to surround yourself with those on the same mission as you."

Aboard *Ultima,* Vivian is as confident and competent going up the mast as she is handling lines, getting her hands dirty in the engine, or creating a feast for the crew.

"Taking on a variety of professional roles on boats helps prepare you for being a multitasker, especially when there are captains and mentors willing to teach you," she says.

John says one of the things that impresses him about Nathan and Vivian as sailing professionals is that they "complement each other perfectly and don't fall into predictable gender roles. Vivian is an incredible chef, but Nathan often cooks underway. Vivian is usually at the helm when they come into a crowded marina. They have the right mix of communication and sailing skills to make a sailing life work."

But overcoming stereotyped gender roles in the marine industry has not always been easy. Although Vivian has had many positive experiences with co-workers, clients, and employers, speaking out about the sexism she's encountered is important in trying to effect change.

"If you're a woman working in a male-dominated industry, unfortunately you are likely to encounter unprofessional behavior at some point. I hope that one day, it will be utterly shocking to hear that statement, but right now it is so common that it's accepted," she says. "I've had an owner of a yacht tell me that he wanted to pay for me to have implants so that I could look a certain way, and that I should start walking around in high heels. There have been nights when I've been too scared to sleep because I'm stuck on a boat with someone who objectifies me and has crossed professional boundaries. I have had to make completely unfair choices between keeping a job and my physical and mental health."

Vivian wants other women to know that they are not alone, that they deserve respect, and that they can have a rewarding career at sea. "Even though the marine industry has bashed me unforgivingly, being at sea honestly makes me feel like the strongest, bravest, and most resilient person alive. I want to help other women feel that power too."

Being Asian-American has also added a layer of complexity in her interactions in the industry, especially since the beginning of the pandemic. "I've had some nasty comments from people who find terms like Kung Flu and the Chinese Flu funny and have directed them towards me. I feel like shouting, 'Hey! I live on a boat! I'm not out here trying to spread the virus!' I was born here in the States, and it's awful being treated like I don't belong. We're all humans with hearts."

Vivian has always believed that treating people fairly and with kindness is a part of her job, as well as her life.

"I have always been someone who encourages helping each other and having a high degree of professionalism aboard. No matter what position I am hired on as, I will do whatever it takes to get the boat to the next port safely and efficiently. That means if I am mate, I help with dishes, even if I still have to tidy or clean the tender. If I am chef, I'll still help with handling lines or cleaning outside of the galley. If other crew don't take their jobs seriously, I just focus on what I need to do to set a good example. People who don't care about the boat or their responsibilities don't last long in this industry."

There were times, she says, when she wanted to give up. "But when you are motivated and have the drive to succeed in something you know you can do well, things start to fall into place. You have to be patient with yourself, knowing that even if it doesn't feel like you're going in the right direction, sticking to your morals and listening to your heart will lead you towards your goals."

These days, Vivian continues to push herself to learn and expand her professional experience. She's on track to earn her 100-ton master's license, and while the pandemic put a pause on their business, she and Nathan headed into 2021 with a booked sailing schedule aboard *Ultima.* And, with a second business called VIZA, Vivian is throwing herself wholeheartedly into her skills as a photographer, videographer, and licensed drone pilot.

"When I was a kid, my heroes were David Attenborough and Connie Chung, and all I wanted was to be an explorer and reporter," she says. "In many ways, being a sailor is much like being an explorer, so I feel like I'm pretty close to living out my childhood dream. And for that, I'm grateful."

Erin Carey is the founder of Roam Generation, a travel and lifestyle PR agency focused on helping brands and experts raise their profile and increase their organic reach. Roam Generation is run from Erin's 47-foot Moody as she and her family sail around the world. Follow their adventures on Facebook @SailingtoRoam or to inquire about PR, visit roamgeneration.com.

Hell and High Water

A pleasant amble up the ICW is rudely interrupted by a near-sinking.

BY DAVID BOND

It's a hot August day, Mile Marker Somewhere, along a meandering stretch of well-marked rivers down in South Carolina's portion of the Intracoastal Waterway (ICW). Too hot for alligators, I guess, but there's enough of a breeze to fill the jib, so I throttle back the diesel.

My version of motorsailing *Traveller*, my 1968 Cheoy Lee Luders 36, is to unfurl the big jib and keep the diesel clicking along just enough to glide on through the dead spots. The mainsail is tucked away on the boom above the canvas bimini.

I am not built for these warm, southern waters, but the boat doesn't seem to mind the heat.

I've only had *Traveller* for about a month and am working my way up the ICW, *chancing along*, as they say in Maine, as I try to make my way north and home. A cold beer and a sandwich—that's what a fella wants on a hot day like this. Maybe at the next mile marker I'll drop the little Fortress anchor and make lunch.

And that's when it happens.

First comes the sound—the electric, brain-stabbing shrill of the high-water alarm. It shocks the heck out of me. I slide back the companionway hatch; my blurry reflection sloshes back and forth up at me from the cabin sole.

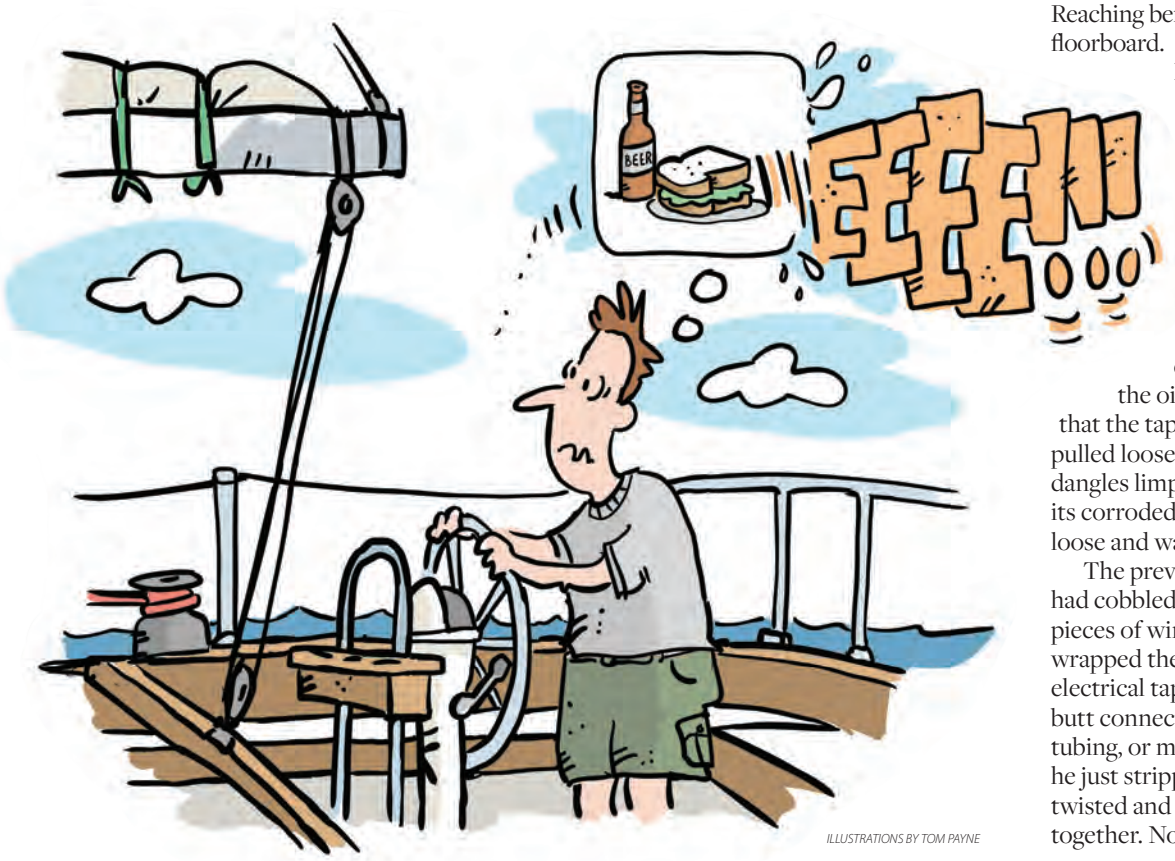
That noise! It doesn't help that the cabin resounds like an echo chamber. And where is all this water coming from anyway?

The previous owner, a cunning old devil and crooked as a fish hook, had proudly showed me his "bombproof" pump system: two Rule-o-Matic float switches, one above the other, with a high-water alarm wired into the top one. Of course, he never left the dock, and like a dope, I never checked his electrical connections.

Now, I'm furious at him and at myself, but this is no time to fume. It's time to act.

I furl the jib smoothly and dart forward to lower the anchor, stopping briefly enough at the bow pulpit to hurl a few choice words and have a good yell. I return aft, push the throttle into reverse to set the hook, and pop the throttle into neutral. A quick look up and down the river, then I splash down into the cabin.

The water is warm and not quite up to my ankles. Reaching beneath it, I pull up a floorboard.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM PAYNE

Both Rule switches have failed, but luckily, not the alarm. The pump is in the deepest part of the bilge and cable-tied to a long, wooden dowel. I pull up the oily pump and find that the taped wires have pulled loose. The float switch dangles limply from the pump; its corroded wire ends are loose and waterlogged.

The previous owner had cobbled together short pieces of wire and loosely wrapped them with black electrical tape. He didn't use butt connectors, heat-shrink tubing, or marine sealant; he just stripped them back, twisted and then taped them together. Now the tape is

water-logged, oily, and falling off. The exposed copper ends are wet and green with corrosion.

Suddenly, like a diver underwater, I feel like I've been down here too long.

Back up the companionway steps and into the cockpit. The Perkins diesel is still clicking over, but I have noticed that the ICW is starting to lap at the motor mounts. I shut down the engine. The sound of the alarm is louder now as it cuts through the hot air.

I find my last penciled position on the paper chart and glance at the depth finder. I'm thinking that maybe I can make my way over to the edge of the river and ground myself in a shallow area while I work on the bilge pump.

I look at the soundings: 8 to 12 feet with nothing shallow nearby. The banks are sheer. *Traveller* draws 5 feet 6 inches. Half the time the problem in the ICW is shoals when you don't want them, and now that I want one, there isn't one!

I cannot believe that my old boat is going to sink along this quiet stretch of water.

But, no! *Hell no!*

Until now, my new life with my old boat had been pretty uneventful. Sure, there had been some large (expensive) and small (annoying) problems, but nothing as black and white, nothing as dire, as this. Options furiously tick through my brain, and it suddenly occurs to me that it's just me and the boat now. I might as well be in mid-ocean. No one else is around to help me. Besides, what could they do?

Pump! They could help me pump.

I break out the manual pump, a big Whale Gusher. It's screwed down to a wooden board. The handle is short but luckily tethered to the pump. I rake through a heap of rusty tools, old gloves, an old roll of duct tape, a spool of red wire, and a 10-foot length of black plastic exhaust hose that I'd bought on one of my many trips to West Marine. I pat myself on the back for being so clever and forward thinking. *Oh yes, I'm a mariner.*

I set up the Gusher in the cockpit, shove in the hose, and start pumping like a man possessed.

The old rubber diaphragm disintegrates on the first pull. Just rips to crumbly bits.

I decide that now would probably be a good time for a primal scream. It cannot compete with the high-water alarm though. Subconsciously, I think, *Well, the water hasn't reached the batteries yet.*

The batteries. I remember that I have another spare Rule float switch in a cabinet down below, so I slide down the companionway steps to grab it. I can wire it from the batteries to the bilge pump and get it going again.

Back in the cockpit, I fumble through the lazarette and pull out that spool of red wire, 12-gauge. Might as well grab the duct tape, too.

From the spool, I cut off two long lengths with my Swiss Army knife, then peel back a couple inches of insulation at each end. I twist the gleaming copper ends to the float switch wires and duct tape over the whole thing.

Wait—forget the float switch! The bilge pump's wires can lead straight to the battery. I pull off the float switch. That can get rigged up later.

I pull the bilge pump out of the water and twist and tape the new red wires to the pump's gnarly old ones. Then

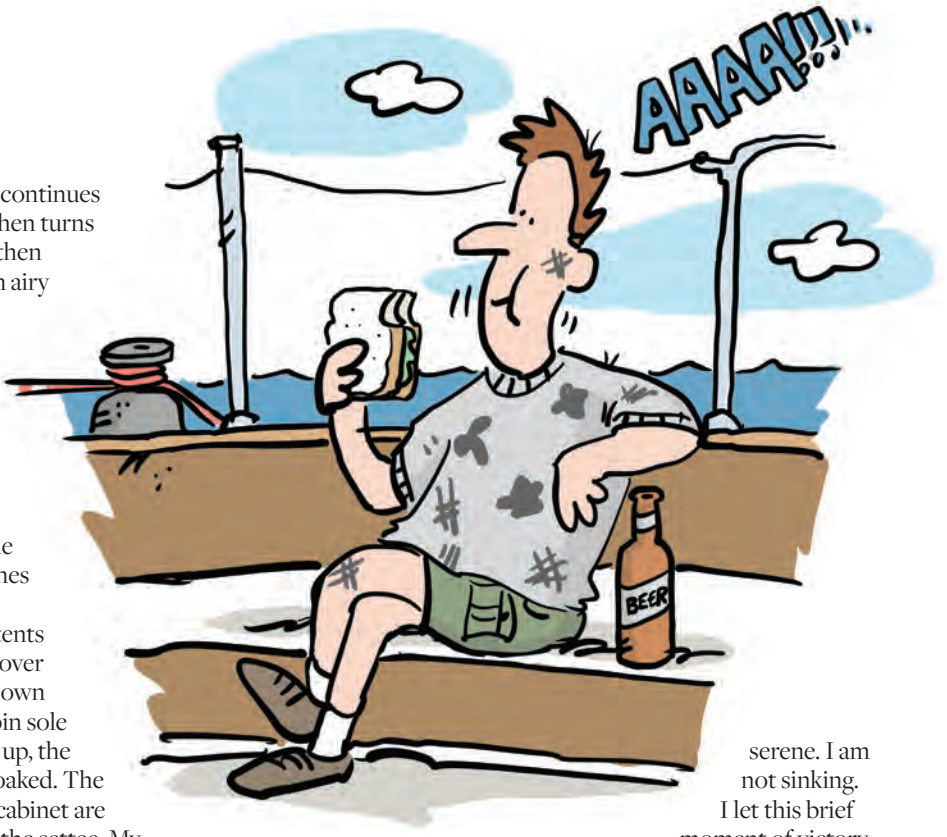
I push the exhaust hose back onto the pump housing and lower it down into its home in the bilge. I take the free ends of the wires and dash back up to the cockpit, where the batteries are located in the starboard lazarette. I touch the wires to the battery terminals.

Sparks! Then, from deep down in the bilge, there's a whirring sound. And after a minute or so, I hear a wonderful *new* sound. Water is gushing out of the boat from the transom through hull. It takes several minutes, but the high-water alarm finally shuts the heck up.

A seagull squawks in the distance. The main halyard clanks against the mast. I keep kneeling in the cockpit, holding those wires to the battery terminals and listening.

The water continues pouring out, then turns into a trickle, then there's only an airy sputtering. I pull the wires off the battery.

Around me, my new old boat is torn apart. The lazarette hatches are both open and their contents are strewn all over the cockpit. Down below, the cabin sole is still opened up, the floorboards soaked. The contents of a cabinet are spread across the settee. My finger is bleeding; my bare feet are oily.



But man, am I happy. No. I'm more than happy. I am serene. I am not sinking. I let this brief moment of victory sink in (no pun intended).

Then I check through hulls and hoses looking for a possible source of the leak. I suspect the stuffing box, but it's not until later, in a marina, that I find the true source of the problem (see The Takeaway). For now, the water seems to be staying where it's supposed to—*outside* the hull—so I rig the new float switch (properly), fire up the diesel, and continue on my merry way...with a wary eye on the bilge.

And, that sandwich—remember the sandwich? That was probably one of the best sandwiches I've ever had. And damn! That ice-cold beer hit the spot.

David Bond is a writer and artist from Maine. He currently teaches English in Germany while Traveller *rests ashore in the Chesapeake. They will continue their adventures together soon. Before wading into teaching, David operated a sailboat chartering business in Kennebunkport, Maine. His book,* Adventures in the Charter Trade, *is about those crazy times and is available on Amazon.com.*

The Takeaway—DB

It might be considered reverse engineering, but from this incident, I can now see all the steps that either I didn't do or got totally wrong.

First, the stuffing box. It is the old-fashioned arrangement packed with waxed flax rings. The rings are compressed by tightening the stuffing box nuts; this provides a watertight seal. But over time, the seal had worn out, which allowed the spinning bronze shaft to rub against the bronze stuffing box housing, ultimately damaging the shaft. I only discovered this when I attempted to repack the stuffing box and was shocked to find thin strips of soft metal that the previous owner had stuck on the shaft. He was trying to build it up so it wouldn't leak—a purely cosmetic fix, since the boat never left the dock. This arrangement would never have held if the shaft were turning.

The reason this problem persisted was the sheer difficulty of reaching the stuffing box. Because of the deep, reverse curves of *Traveller*'s hull, servicing the stuffing box is a matter of climbing headfirst into a lazarette, holding your arms straight out in front of you, and working two wrenches on the stuffing box before passing out from all the blood rushing to your head. As a result, regular servicing of the stuffing box suffered.

I'm considering installing a watertight hatch in the cockpit sole in order to service the engine as well as to access the stuffing box. Though it might provide easier access, the concept certainly needs more refining before I cut anything. Meanwhile, I'm looking at alternative types of stuffing boxes.

The reason I didn't know about the stuffing box problem is that I didn't get an engine or mechanical survey when I bought the boat. I surveyed the hull and rig myself, even dove on the bottom, but just gave the engine a once-over and deferred to the former owner's remarks about the electrical system. It never occurred to me then to have gotten a mechanical or engine survey, but it sure did later. It would have been a wise investment.

It also would have been a good idea to check the status of the manual bilge pump before I needed to use it and it disintegrated in my hands. That goes for all the safety gear aboard.

In the Groove

A luff tape cleaner makes mast groove maintenance easy and sail hoisting smoother.

BY DREW FRYE

The most basic part of sailing—hoisting your sails—should be easy and straightforward. While many of us have furlers to handle the headsails, most mainsails still go up and down rather than in and out. But when they start getting sticky about it, it's time to give that system a good look and make sure your moving parts move as they should.

If your mainsail luff slides into a groove on the mast (in other words, it's not an externally mounted slide system), the first place to look is the groove itself. All kinds of stuff can get in here—dirt, spiderwebs, leftover gunk—that can make the mainsail luff drag. Keeping that track clean and lubed is key to making it a smooth and easy trip up and down for your mainsail (and, by extension, easier on you).

The best way to keep the mast groove clean and lubed is to make a cleaner using a segment of luff tape. I've seen lots of variations on home-made cleaners employing knots and bits of old rope, and while I have used these successfully, they can be fiddly. On the other hand, every sailmaker's supply house—Sailrite, for example—sells luff tape by the foot in a range of sizes. You'll only need about 12 to 20 inches (the one I use is 16 inches long), so I've always bought 8 or 10 feet of tape, made a few extras, and given them to sailing friends.

Put a grommet in each end. You'll clip the halyard to the top grommet and attach the halyard tail to the bottom (of course, they're interchangeable). If your mainsail groove is really wide or you want a real scrubbing, glue fabric to the luff tape or even terry cloth toweling if there is room in the groove for it. A polyurethane sealant, such as Sikaflex 291 or 3M 4200, is perfect for the job.

If the groove is really dirty, start with simple cleaning (the terry cloth-covered version is more aggressive, but a standard luff tape is enough for maintenance cleaning if used several times a year). Atmospheric dirt, spiderwebs, mud, and other insect leavings are best removed with soap and water. Soak the terry cloth version of the cleaner and haul it up and down. Rinse the groove with a jet stream from the hose when you're finished. Some suggest leaving the soap as a lubricant, but in my experience, it becomes sticky when it dries, increasing friction and attracting fresh grime.

If the dirt is minor, skip the soap and water and go straight to solvent cleaning. This can help eliminate the buildup of sticky stuff such as adhesives that have transferred to the groove from tape repairs to the sail, as well as accumulation of lubricants. Soaking the luff tape cleaner with mineral spirits can remove adhesives, although xylene also works and it dries faster. Don't use acetone—it's ineffective on wax and grease, and it dries too quickly to dissolve stubborn deposits.

Once you're confident the groove is clean, it's time to lube. It's not enough to lube your sail's luff tape itself; hoisting sail takes time, and any lube you've applied is probably dry long before the sail reaches full hoist. I also don't soak the sail luff heavily, so lube transfer to the mast groove is probably limited past the first 20 feet.

Instead, use your luff tape cleaner. I prefer the plain luff tape for this step, because the lube dries fast, so I like to haul the cleaner up the mast fast.

Choose your lube—I like McLube SailKote, although CRC Heavy Duty Silicone lubricant and Super Lube Silicone Lubricant also have their fans. Don't use wax; it builds up and may require removal. Candle wax is even worse, building up and attracting dirt.

Apply the lube and then run the cleaner quickly up and down the mast a few times. You want to do it with speed and vigor, because you want the lube all the way to the top before it starts to dry on the applicator.

A few quick maintenance passes like this each year are enough to remove dirt before it builds and to refresh the lube, which means I usually can skip the cleaning steps and go straight to lubing.

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).*]

Haul the cleaner up and down quickly several times. Resoak and repeat as needed; generally, twice is enough.

A Matter of Scale

A dreamy cruise is interrupted when the head calls it quits.

BY BERT VERMEER

A number of years ago, my family and I sailed *Dreamer*, the first of two Islander Bahama 30s we've owned, from the Vancouver area of British Columbia north to Desolation Sound. The passage was as we'd hoped—sunny days with enough wind to fill the sails—and once there, we enjoyed peaceful overnight anchorages.

Life aboard was wonderful except for one, nagging issue: With the dawning of each new day, the manual marine toilet got harder and harder to pump.

I had replaced the original toilet, hoses, and holding tank when we purchased *Dreamer* a few years before. I thought the toilet pump O rings were probably getting a little stiff, so I poured a bit of vegetable oil into the head and pumped it through, hoping it would lubricate them. No dice.

As was typical of boats in British Columbia waters at the time, *Dreamer*'s toilet had the ability to pump directly overboard or into a holding tank. Perhaps, I thought, the problem was at the Y- valve. The good news was that the toilet still worked, albeit reluctantly, and the sailing itself was idyllic.

Then early one sunny morning, the pump handle simply refused to go down, even when I applied considerable pressure to it. As a bucket wasn't high on the options list for my wife and daughter, I decided to head for the nearest point of civilization. There was no point in taking the toilet apart, I thought, without having access to parts. We tied to the public dock at the little village of Lund, British Columbia, which is an interesting place to visit, but more importantly had a marine supply store nearby.

The girls went ashore to avoid the language they knew would be coming. The temperature outside was well into the 80s, without a whisper of a breeze. The first thing I did was try both Y-valve positions to see if the pressure at the toilet pump handle changed. It did not.

This meant that the blockage had to be somewhere in the hose between the toilet and the Y-valve. I assumed that the hose was under pressure, as well, which did not bode well. (Aboard a friend's boat in which a small vent hose had somehow gotten plugged, the holding tank system became so pressurized that a 1 ½-inch hose under the V-berth ruptured in the wee hours of the night! The story was side-splittingly funny when told over drinks, but I'm sure it wasn't at the time.) There was nothing for me to do, however, but loosen the hose at the toilet and hope for the best.

I didn't get sprayed, but it was not a pleasant job, especially in the heat. The standard 1½-inch sanitation discharge

Scale buildup in marine toilet hoses is one of the nastiest and most intractable problems in boats that use saltwater in their head systems.

hose was about 5 feet long with an upward sweep from the toilet through a bulkhead, then down to the Y-valve in a small locker. Sweating mightily, I endured a lot of twisting, pulling, and bruising of knuckles to get the hose off the barbs, then through the tight-fitting hole in the bulkhead.

Out on the dock, an examination revealed that calcium deposits (scale) had reduced the diameter of the inside of the 1½-inch hose to no bigger than the tip of my pinky finger. I was amazed that anything had managed to get through at all. Fortunately, the nearby chandlery had a replacement hose. It was a simple matter of snaking the new hose into position and clamping it in place, and our head was once again a smooth operator.

(If no hose had been available, I would have slapped the hose on the dock to knock the calcium out, which I have since learned is a tried-and-true technique for clearing these hoses, not to mention it does wonders for one's aggravation level when dealing with this unpleasant problem in the first place.)

The lesson learned? Just because the hose is shiny and white on the outside doesn't mean it's the same on the inside. It needs to be inspected. Now that particular section of hose gets replaced every three years, usually with about ¼-inch of calcium buildup on the inside. I have replaced the rest of the waste plumbing with hard PVC pipe, which doesn't seem to collect calcium at the same rate.

The girls are happy, which means I am happy. The memory of that day rises to the surface every time we approach the dock at Lund, at which time I usually tip a cold one in the direction of the head.

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

Scale Prevention and Treatment—Drew Frye

Seawater is extremely hard, and contains large amounts of calcium and magnesium. While this is good for shellfish, which otherwise would find it difficult to make shells, when combined with urine, the calcium and magnesium form a complex insoluble scale consisting of calcium and magnesium salts of carbonate, phosphate, oxalate, and urate.

Preventing scale involves limiting the contact time between the calcium in the water and urine. When flushing, don't just clear the bowl, but pump enough strokes to move the urine all the way to the holding tank. Doing this will limit the interaction time and reduce odor permeation. Head-pump volume varies from unit to unit, but as a general rule, two strokes per foot of discharge hose is a good starting point. Yes, this will result in the holding tank filling more quickly.

Keep the hose runs as short as possible. If long runs are unavoidable, the hose should rise quickly to a high point and then slope steadily to the holding tank (the hose only needs to be cleared to the high point).

Another solution is to flush with freshwater. But be warned, this is not as simple as connecting your boat's freshwater tank into the head system. Bacteria can leak through the intake hose and spread upstream to the water tank. This is prevented in your home toilet with an air gap in the water tank—that's why water always fills from the top—and commercial toilets use backflow-preventer valves. Two possible solutions aboard a boat are to have a separate freshwater tank for the head, or to flush the toilet using sink water. For the latter, one would need to install a T and some valves in the head compartment's sink drain.

Removing scale can be done in several ways. If the hose is nearly blocked, replacement is the best bet. If the scale is thick enough, chemicals won't usually get through it. Scale can sometimes be mechanically removed by flogging the hoses on the dock. Not a fun job, but you have to remove the hoses anyway (often half the battle of replacement); the effectiveness of this varies.

Soaking the blocked hose in a commercial cleaner is another potential solution. Commercial cleaners are prediluted and inhibited to be somewhat less corrosive to metals and to you, but read the instructions carefully. Sew Clean (Trac Ecological) and C. H. Cleans Hoses (Raritan) are strong solutions of phosphoric acid and have proven effective.

Or, you get a jug of muriatic acid (hydrochloric acid), dilute 3:1 with water, and let the blocked hose soak in that for an hour. It will foam and bubble as the acid is neutralized by the scale. When the bubbling stops, flush the hose through with water. Repeat as needed. (Goes without saying, be extremely careful with the acid.)

Buildup can also be controlled by routinely introducing acid (flushing it) into your marine toilet's water system. Some have suggested that vinegar works, but the reaction rate is so slow as to be relegated to the realm of urban legend. Stronger acids can actually do considerable good. CLR, a liquid calcium, lime, and rust remover, contains 35 percent lactic acid and is very effective at removing scale without damaging metals. Citric acid powder (also excellent for stainless steel) is available online and should be diluted to about 12 percent before using. Muriatic acid (30 percent hydrochloric acid) is available at the hardware store. Flushing one of these products through your marine head once every few weeks should do the trick.

Be aware that the over-treatment of your system with acid will lower the pH of the holding tank, upset the natural biome, and potentially make the tank's odor worse. If possible, pump out the tank and flush it after performing one of these treatments.

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

Lightbulb Moment

From a spare parts drawer and a galley, you can make a quick and easy anchor light.

BY JIM SHELL

A functioning anchor light is a basic piece of vital equipment on board. And while you might have one, we all know that bad things can and do happen to our gear, usually when we're least ready for it. Having a spare is a good idea, but let's say you don't. Then what?

Making an anchor light out of found items aboard is easier than you might think. Here's how.

First, dig into your spare parts drawer. Here you likely will find spare bulbs and sockets for your lights aboard, and these can be put into service. If no spares are available, cannibalize an existing light fixture that you can live without for a bit. In your drawer, you may also find a spare 15D bayonet base and its 10-watt bulb, along with wire end connectors, and possibly even wire, to hook everything up.

Next, look around for the container that can serve as your lens fixture and will protect the light from the elements. There are many options—a glass Mason jelly jar or even a plastic mayonnaise jar are just two obvious examples. If your found item is textured, all the better, because this can increase a light's visibility. Old-fashioned saltshakers make especially good Fresnel lens-style globes. In all cases, the lids of each can act as the base for the lightbulb.

Building a light from these parts is as easy as drilling a hole in the top of the jar lid, running wires through the hole and attaching them to the bulb inside, then using electrical tape around the opening to make it as watertight as possible.

What about power? Typically anchor lights run off power from the boat's batteries, but for a homemade light, a power tool battery pack can work, especially with LED bulbs. Tool battery packs typically come in 12- to 20-volt units with 2 to 4 amps of available power. This should be sufficient to run a 1.9-watt LED (170 lumens) bulb for 12 to 24 hours.

There's another lamp to consider carrying aboard that can also solve the dead anchor light problem: a hurricane lamp. Usually found on modern boats only as "mood" lighting, if they're good quality with the right wick and oil, they can hang from the headstay and glow all night long, regardless of weather and never needing an electrical power source.

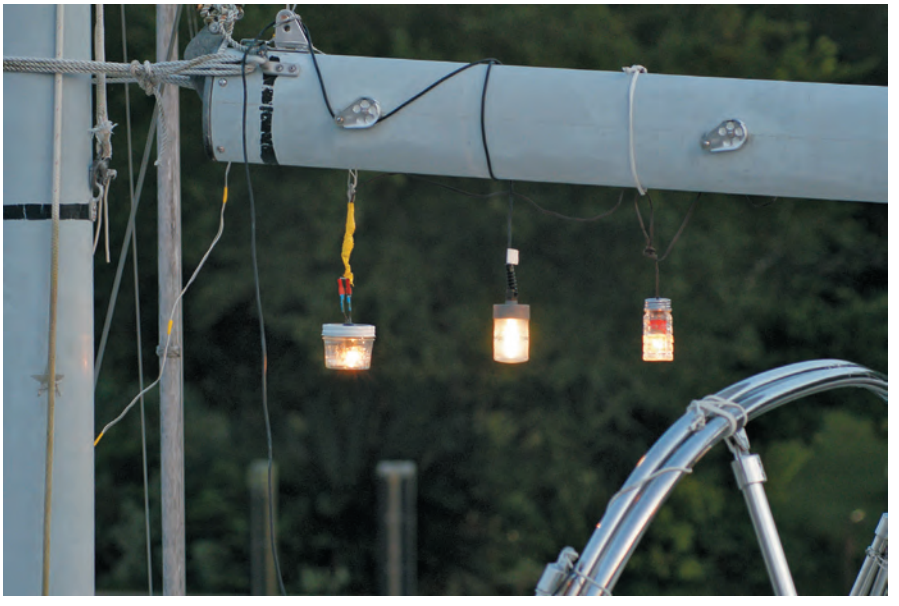
Although not as bright as electrical lights, oil lanterns with wicks ½-inch or larger are bright enough to meet the USCG 2-mile visibility requirement. Lamps with a Fresnel lens only need a wick that's ⅜ inches wide.

Hurricane lamps need quality fuel, clean globes, and a properly trimmed wick. Most experts recommend the wick be trimmed to the shape of the burner head for the brightest light, but a pointed trim makes a taller flame. Too high a flame soots up the globe; too low produces less light. There's a bit of art in working out the optimal settings for a particular lamp.

From my experience, I can say that a quality hurricane lantern—a $25 Dietz for example—is a far better product than a $10 one at a big box store. These lamps excel in fit, finish, and operation. As a rule of thumb with Dietz lamps, the more expensive the model, the happier you'll be with its performance.

Hurricane lanterns are a real asset to any boat. They'll stay lit in most weather conditions, and they'll work when the electricity doesn't. And, even if not needed to warn other mariners of your location, they have the added benefit of warming the chilly night air in your cabin.

Jim Shell and his wife, Barbara, sail their Pearson 365 ketch, Phantom, *off the coast of Texas.*



Homemade anchor lights made from a half-pint Mason jelly jar (L) and an old-fashioned saltshaker (R) shine as brightly as the off-the-shelf anchor light in the center.

Skating Through Winter

For these Lake Ontario sailors, the off-season is full on.

BY DEBORAH KELSO

It is February in Bluffers Park Marina in Toronto, and Lake Ontario is frozen solid. Winter in these parts can be pretty inhospitable—in 1981, the record-setting low temperature was -24°F. You might think all would be quiet, every boat safely tucked away on the hard, every sailor snuggled in somewhere warm and dry and on land, waiting for warmer days.

But then comes the unmistakable clack of a hockey stick smacking a puck, the *shirr* of sharp blades on ice, the excited shouts of competition, and there, next to a 1973, 53-foot Spencer ketch called *Ocean Spirit* that is still in its slip and entirely tented up for the winter, is a perfectly cleared ice rink. At about 110 by 85 feet, it's bordered by portions of the dock, 2 x 4s, and mounds of snow that Dave Gordon, *Ocean Spirit*'s owner, fellow sailors, and friends have shoveled off the 2½-foot-thick ice.

Far from fleeing the season, Dave and others live aboard here fulltime, and friends, family, and marina staff gather around *Ocean Spirit* to skate, play hockey, and enjoy the crisp air. Even Dave's border collie, Spirit, delights in chasing the biscuit (hockey slang for puck) around the ice rink.

It's a tradition Dave has maintained every winter since 1987, when he was living aboard a C&C 38 in a marina in Oshawa and started a rink there.

"That was there for 19 years, imagine that," says Dave, a retired television video tape recording (VTR) technician and editor at CFTO-DT, who's been living aboard *Ocean Spirit* in Bluffers Park Marina for the past 13 years. "My daughter is 30 now, and all of that involved my daughter and two nephews playing hockey. My nephews would bring their whole hockey team on a Sunday—they treated it like a practice and played a whole game with goalies and everything. They were about 10, 12 years old."

So how does a marina fairway turn into an ice skating rink? Dave starts looking at the water closely as the nighttime temperatures plummet and stay cold.

"Bang, it goes to minus 15 one night. It's a Great Lake; it's moving, and bumpy, and big. And all of a sudden, it will skin over, no wind. And that's it," Dave says. "Day two, it'll be like 2 to 3 inches. On day three, I get about 4 inches, and then I go around the sides of the dock and just tap with a ball peen

Dave stops rinkside for a cuppa something warm, at top left. Photo by Steve Roy.

The ice rink from above, with *Ocean Spirit* alongside. The finger pier nearby serves as a rest area, at left. Photo by Wyatt Williams.

An afternoon hockey game in full swing, left. Several of Dave's friends were Olympic players. Photo by Dave Gordon.

Spirit, Dave's border collie, stands on the ice, while *Ocean Spirit* floats in the background, fully enclosed for winter living, below left. Photo by Dave Gordon.

hammer." As he taps, he cracks the ice a little, and he can see its thickness in the crack. "It's black and clear, you can see right through. You can see salmon."

Once the ice reaches about 4 inches, he taps all around where he knows the rink edges will be, testing the ice, and then marks the boundaries. "In about a week it's a half a foot thick, 7, 8 inches. And it's go time." They set up LED lights on poles, add some tunes with a Bluetooth speaker, and people start showing up, day and night, to skate and play.

"The manager skates, he and his kids and wife skate. The marina staff even shovel the rink and go skating. They're really great," Dave says. "Last winter we lit it more, we had like 10 lights on it coming off batteries, and we had some really good hockey players here. I have two friends who were Olympic hockey players. These guys, they hear about the rink, and two or three days a week, this is happening. A lot of the guys are retired like me and they show up, two in the afternoon, and by 20 after, we're playing. Very professional, these guys."

To add to the fun, a firepit constructed of a heavy sheet of metal and bricks is set up a safe distance away from the boat on the ice. There, the skaters gather around the fire, warming up with the heat of the flames and steaming mugs of hot chocolate.

By February, the skating and hockey parties kick into high gear. It's what Dave

Winter on Ice-DK

Many fulltime liveaboards winter over in his marina, Dave says, and like him, they have older boats that can withstand the pinch of ice.

"Good old boats are conducive to living aboard in northern climates because their hulls are much thicker," he says. "They're simply stronger and have more integrity and therefore can endure the hostile winter weather much better."

But living through a Canadian winter aboard requires more than just the right boat; there's a lot of preparation involved in making sure you stay safe and warm. First and foremost is the cover to protect the boat from the inevitable snowfall and help keep heat in. Dave builds a sturdy frame of electrical conduit over the deck, then secures thick, clear shrink wrap to it, creating a dome-like enclosure that encourages snow and ice to slide right off. He cuts a section to install a full-size door to easily access the cockpit.

While some winter liveaboards use bubblers to keep water from freezing around the hull, *Ocean Spirit* has a radiant heating system of 11 copper "rads" located throughout the boat beneath the floors. They move water that's been warmed by the diesel Dickinson heater, which also heats the cabin. He also has Planar forced-air heat that runs off 12 volts. These systems heat the boat enough to maintain a thin moat of water around the hull, and they ward off the winter enemy of condensation in the bilge and cabin.

He leaves the engine un-winterized; the boat stays warm enough to protect it, but Dave still runs it every three weeks for about ten minutes to make sure all is well.

The marina maintains a submerged water system that operates under the ice all winter long, some 20 feet down. Dave has a hose plumbed into it, so whenever he needs freshwater, he simply brings up the hose and fills his tanks.

The marina's portable pump-out cart (called the honey wagon) handles the holding and blackwater tanks. The sails spend the winter folded in bags up on the foredeck under the tent.

Though challenging, winter is a quieter, unique time. There's far less human activity at the marina, and wildlife is less timid about venturing out. From his porthole, Dave has spotted deer nearby and has seen beaver dragging pieces of wood across the frozen lake. He's also seen coyotes, and quite often he can hear their calls during the night.

The marina liveaboard team (L to R) Cory, Craig, Tyrone, Al, and Dave, help keep the rink in skating shape, right. Photo by Colin Slivinskiauld.

Dave pursues the puck and Spirit, who is the official puck chaser, below right. Photo by Adam Crawford.

calls the "February highs." The month is mostly blue skies. The air is cold and dry. It's rarely windy, and if there is any wind, the Bluffs escarpment helps protect the marina.

Dave's famous parties start in the afternoon and carry on throughout the evening. No one goes hungry either. Dave has two outdoor vats on the go. One usually contains fresh-cut fries, and the other has mussels steaming in butter, garlic, and sea salt. And in case someone's had one too many beers, there are plenty of berths on *Ocean Spirit* to accommodate his guests.

On occasion, folks go ice fishing nearby. At the end of the day, Dave and his friends take the catch to the boat and carry on with an old-fashioned fish fry on the ice.

In 2020, during the first winter of the pandemic, Dave says the rink took on a whole new meaning.

"People would say, 'You have no idea how much we appreciate this. Just to get us out here.' Hockey is closed down. We're all hockey players, and just to come down here and play on this pristine ice and shoot on these nets and just laugh, be in the fresh air. You could just feel the emotion in this. They were so appreciative."

The season lasts as long as the ice. Four years ago, Dave says, it was so cold, the rink was skateable by November, and it stayed that way until just before April. In 2021, the rink lasted till the first week of March.

"The sun is the beast in March," Dave says. "You have to skate in the morning. Not noon." One day, they skated in the morning, "and by 4 o' clock the ice was done. The ice was over. So I started peeling off the lights. The next day it's slush, and by day three it's on the move. The marina is alive, it's a body of water that has a lot of energy in it."

But this time of year? There aren't enough hours in the day for all the skating Dave and his fellow sailors and hockey players want to do.

"When you get out there on a full moon? I'll literally set my alarm for two in the morning on a Saturday or a Sunday. Put the music on, and just get out there, it's like minus 15 or 20, and you stare at this shining glossiness, and it just can't get better."

The Scarborough Bluffs on Lake Ontario, where Dave's boat rests currently, served as Deborah Kelso's childhood playground. These days, Deb can be found sailing Lake Simcoe on her beloved Grampian 2-34, Panacea.

A Southeast Sojourn

Part Two: After Baranof Island, an Alaskan voyage brings more beauty, a few bears, and stories to tell.

BY ANDY CROSS

As we walk down the main pier in Craig Harbor, our family's dock cart is heavily loaded with provisions and making a thudding clunk-clunk-clunk while passing over the well-worn boards. My wife, Jill, carries an armload of groceries next to me, and our two boys, ages 4 and 6, totter behind while looking down into the water or up at hulking fishing seiners. The only sailboat in this tiny Alaskan harbor, our 1984 Grand Soleil 39 *Yahtzee*, sits far out at the end and appears poised to push away from land.

It's mid-August, and another summer of cruising in Alaska, our third, is coming to a close. Unlike our previous two, though, we're getting ready to head south instead of gearing up for the long, dark winter ahead. In 24 hours we'll toss *Yahtzee*'s docklines aboard, weave our way into the Pacific Ocean, and make a course nonstop for San Francisco, some 1,300 miles distant.

That evening, as we sit in the cockpit talking through the plan for the next day and the voyage ahead, our family's conversation turns reflective. Reminiscing about our journey to Southeast Alaska in 2017, then sailing to Kodiak Island, Prince William Sound, the Kenai Peninsula, and finally, back to Southeast this summer (2019) has been nothing short of magical, and it is gratifying to recall so many wonderful memories.

Yahtzee has Gedney Harbor all to herself.

Truly, Alaska is like no place on earth, and we feel exceedingly fortunate to have experienced so much of it. The past few weeks of sailing through gorgeous islands and fjords have perfectly culminated our time here. It's only appropriate then, that we keep with a family tradition when leaving somewhere, and each person picks a favorite moment from our recent adventures to share.

Be Bear-y Careful

Jill kicks off story time with a tale from Trocadero Bay, Prince of Wales Island. But first, some context is required. At 35,138 square miles, Southeast Alaska is an immense cruising ground that offers extensive options for adventurous sailors. Due to its size, you simply can't see it all in one season—a fact we were well aware of when we arrived in spring 2017. Among the areas of Southeast that remained on our list of must-see places were the many islands and bays in the southern portion of Chatham Strait and near the

Truly, Alaska is like no place on earth.

town of Craig, which sits on the southwestern side of Prince of Wales Island.

Prince of Wales, along with its northern neighbors Kuiu, Kupreanof, Baranof, Chichagof, and Admiralty islands, is part of the Alexander Archipelago and is accentuated with dense forests of tall conifers, winding fjords, and steep-sided mountains. The fourth-largest island in the United States, Prince of Wales boasts a population of 6,000 hearty Alaskans and, some say, just as many black bears. Which makes a close encounter or distant sighting very likely.

While we've safely encountered brown bears on Baranof several times, we had heard how numerous their black bear cousins were throughout Prince of Wales. In Trocadero Bay, just south of Craig, we found an isolated cove to anchor *Yahtzee* with no structures or other boats nearby. The only sign of human activity was an old, overgrown logging road that had basically turned into a hiking trail. Armed with our trusty bear spray and creating lots of noise, we made for shore and hiked the road for several miles, winding through spruce forests and grassy meadows. Along the way, we came across several piles of bear scat that, while not alarming, did serve as a reminder that we were sharing the island with them.

Then, while sitting in the cockpit shortly after returning to the boat, we watched as a medium-sized black bear ambled down the shoreline flipping rocks, nosing through the grass, examining stumps, and even sitting and staring out at the water for several minutes. It was mealtime, and watching the bear forage for food was mesmerizing. Seeing bears from the boat is, of course, our preferred viewing platform, and Jill shares how wondrous and awe-inspiring it was to watch this bear for so long in its natural habit. "A National Geographic type experience," she remarks. Time and again, those moments seem to happen throughout Alaska.

Smooth Sailing

When my turn at the story-telling helm comes, I can't pick a singular moment or place, but rather an overall theme of traveling slowly and enjoying each other's company, stunning anchorages, smooth sailing, and good weather. In particular, I recall a weeklong stretch of island-hopping that began with several days of beautiful sailing down Chatham Strait towards Kuiu, Coronation, and Warren islands.

I remember unfurling *Yahtzee*'s white code zero with a snap and, while trimming in, feeling all 40 feet of her gently accelerate in the fresh breeze. The autopilot steered diligently southward and the mountains on Baranof Island slowly got smaller behind us. We'd spent the better part of a month cruising around Baranof (see "Southest Sojourn, Part One," November/December 2021) and were excited to be visiting some new places.

Our first stop was on the east side of the strait at the Bay of Pillars on Kuiu Island, a mere 15-mile hop, so we weren't in a hurry. Lazily sailing at 4 to 5 knots, Jill and the boys, Porter and Magnus, lounged on the side deck and I sat back, kicking my feet up and taking in the scene. Within a couple hours, the entrance to the bay became visible, and we zigzagged through tiny islets before settling into a quiet nook to drop anchor.

A black bear came foraging along the shoreline at Trocadero Bay, near Craig, after the Cross family had finished their walk ashore, below.

Alaska's unspoiled beaches provided plenty of materials for good forts; Magnus and Porter built this on Coronation Island, at bottom.

Porter and Magnus tend a beach fire while hanging out on Coronation Island.

Little did we realize at the time, but this became our routine for the next couple weeks: Sail a short hop to a new place, find a secluded spot to set our hook and explore, and enjoy each other's company and our remaining days in Alaska.

Besides spotting a few commercial fishing vessels on the horizon during this stretch, we didn't come across another boat for several days and were unsurprised to find empty and unspoiled anchorages at Gedney Harbor and breath-taking Coronation Island. Nor were we shocked when we entered the small bay on the east side of Warren Island and found it vacant. After making a couple tight circles to check our depth and swing room, I shifted into reverse and Jill paid out the anchor and chain into impossibly clear water. The boys were on the bow, too, assessing our newest anchorage and plotting their shoreside adventures on what looked to be a stunning sand beach.

The One that Got Away

While I explain the feelings of pulling into what ended up being one of our family's favorite anchorages in all of Alaska, 6-year-old Porter throws his hands in the air and says, "You had to bring it up!" Clearly, it's his turn to spin a tale.

By this point, we'd all heard this story several times, but nobody stops him from regaling us with his fishing exploits. He had become quite a fisherman over the past year or so, and his confidence and skill in catching dinner for us was burgeoning. In Warren Cove, Porter set out in the dinghy, rowing towards the beach and several sizable schools of coho salmon.

Once in place, he explains, "It was sunny, and I could see shadows on the bottom, so I rowed towards them slowly. I casted near the shadows a few times and got nothing. Then I casted in front of the shadow and while reeling it in, I felt a hit!"

Gathering excitement, standing now and waving his hands in the air, he continues, "I was reeling it in and while bringing it up to the side of the dinghy, which is rubber, I grabbed it and got it into the boat near the seat. Then it flopped, the hook came out of its mouth, and it bounced off the side and into the water! No!"

Sitting back down, he laments the unfortunate outcome. "I will never forget that. It was huge!" he says while spreading his arms wide. "Wow, that was so...so sad."

I remember him coming back to *Yahtzee* that day and his facial expression looked absolutely devastated. This was his first solo fishing excursion and he'd had one in the boat, only to lose it. I was crushed for him. Wanting to help, I jumped in the dinghy and we went back to his honey hole. I rowed

Anchored near Craig, Magnus and Andy enjoy some time in the cockpit before dinner.

Magnus takes a little downtime on the mainsail cover.

and he casted from the bow and after about 30 minutes of trying, he had another one on the line. This time, he landed it. And while devouring the delicious salmon that night, he mourned the one that got away.

Sweet Rewards

Moving on from the latest telling of the lost salmon story, Magnus is the last one up. At four years old, I know his story is going to be something more immediate. That's his personality. And I'm not disappointed. His story was from a chance encounter earlier in the day.

Even though space is at a premium on a cruising sailboat, we keep scooters and helmets aboard for the boys so they can roll around whatever port we happen to be in. In Craig, there's a hill that goes up from the marina to the grocery store, and they loved going to the top and then riding down as fast as they could. On one of their rides down, a police officer was coming up the two-lane road and made a U-turn when he saw the boys. When he met us at the bottom of the hill, none of us was quite sure what he was going to say.

Then, much to our surprise, he pulled two coupons out of his vest pocket and handed one to each boy. "I pulled you over," he said with a smile, "because I see that you're wearing your helmets. Nice job. Enjoy your ice cream."

Porter and Magnus stood on the sidewalk in stunned silence before saying thank you, and Jill and I laughed and told the officer we appreciated the gesture as he got in his cruiser and pulled away with a hearty wave. It was yet another positive experience in small-town Alaska.

Magnus' telling of the story concludes with the most memorable part being eating the ice cream, his favorite flavor that day, chocolate. The moment is perfectly sweet.

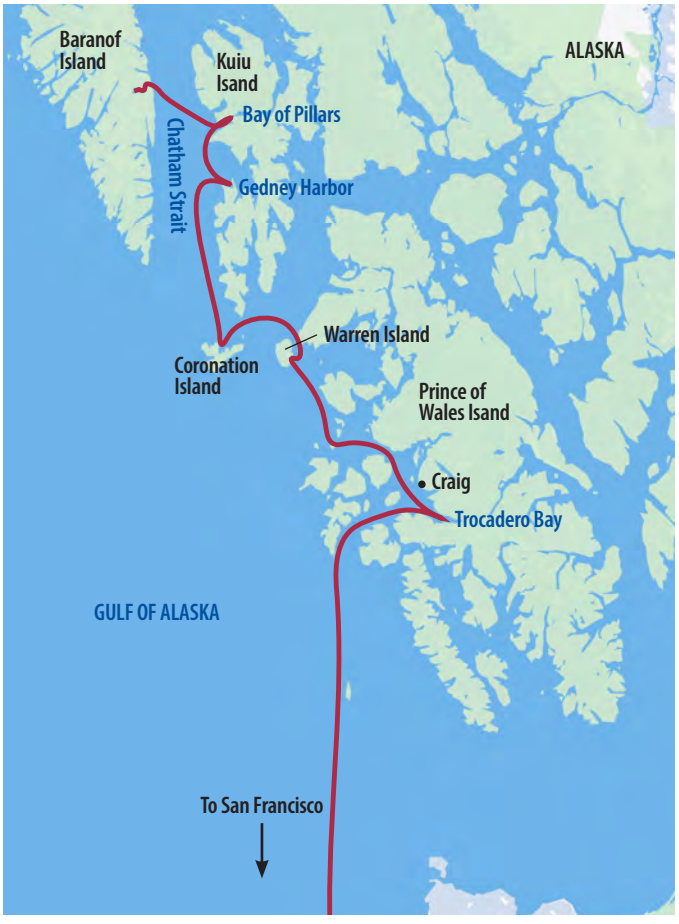
Stories and memories like these are part of what makes cruising on a sailboat so intensely rewarding—especially as a young family. Our summer in Southeast Alaska had been amazingly memorable, and we knew it. If there ever was a year to be wandering this incredible place by boat, it was certainly this one.

And though it's hard to pull ourselves away, we're content with moving on because we know that the best sailing destinations are like that. Mentally and physically, they pull you back time and again. Thus, it's not a matter of if we'll return, but when.

I had that in the back of my mind while untying the docklines in Craig early the next morning, while also thinking about the long voyage ahead. The sunshine of days before had given way to overcast skies and wisps of low clouds settled in over the islands. A few hours later, motoring over a glass-calm sea out of Southeast Alaska, the open ocean and long horizon in front called.

Once we were clear of land, the wind promptly filled in from the west, and with a hoot and holler from the crew, *Yahtzee* leaned to port, and off we sailed with so many wonderful memories trailing in our wake.

Good Old Boat *Editor Andy Cross is exploring the western Pacific coastline, from Alaska to Panama, with his family aboard* Yahtzee, *their 1984 Grand Soleil 39.*



A Solar Vent Save

Installing a new motor in a dead solar vent was far more satisfying than the alternative.

BY BRADLEY STEVENS

Shortly after buying my 1975 Tanzer 26 in 2011, I installed two 4-inch Nicro solar vents, one above the saloon, the other above the V-berth. Recently, one of the vents died. Since I bought the vents between 2012 and 2014, I naturally assumed that fixing the broken one would just be a matter of replacing its battery.

Each vent had a single NiMH C-size 2800 mAh battery that produced 1.2 volts. I decided to replace both of them with EBL 5000 mAh batteries that produced the same voltage. Increasing the mAh is an added benefit, because the fan will run longer on a given charge. Plus, a two-pack of them from Amazon was only $8.99. So far, so good.

But after replacing the battery, the vent's fan still wouldn't run.

Testing with a multimeter showed that the solar panel was putting out a solid 1.4 volts. This led me to conclude that the motor had died, meaning the whole vent needed replacing.

Imagine my dismay to learn that the new vents cost $160 to $170. Worse still, since my Nicro vents were made, the company had been purchased, and the new vents no longer fit my existing base plate. And, there's no replacement motor. So, unless I wanted to shell out the cash for a new vent and base plate, I was stuck.

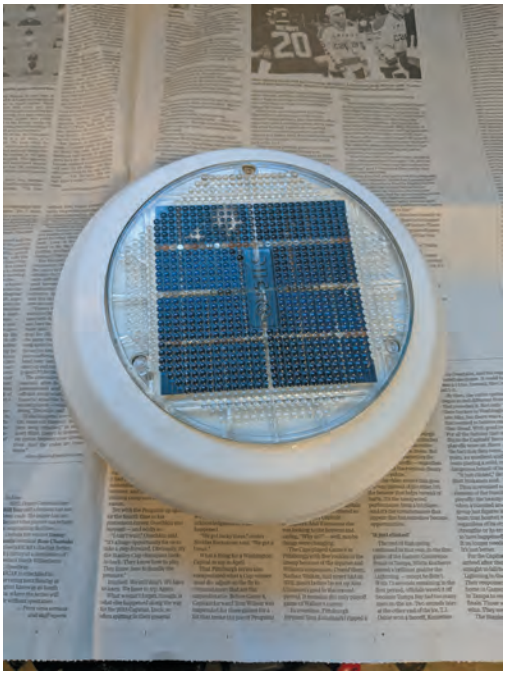
Or was I?

Searching various sailing online chat boards, I found a cryptic note about replacing the motor with one from another manufacturer, which gave me hope. Following that lead, I purchased a small DC motor from a company for $15 (it has since gone out of business due to the pandemic). I ordered the motor with wires already attached, which turned out to be a good choice since space inside the Nicro motor housing is quite tight.

To reincarnate the solar vent, I first removed the three screws in the top to detach the entire vent unit from the base plate. I brought the unit home, where I could work on it without worrying about losing small parts (hint of experience here). After removing the solar panel and battery, I slid the battery contacts out and removed the motor retaining screw. Next, I removed the switch cover and retaining ring from the bottom and pulled the switch and the motor out of the housing.

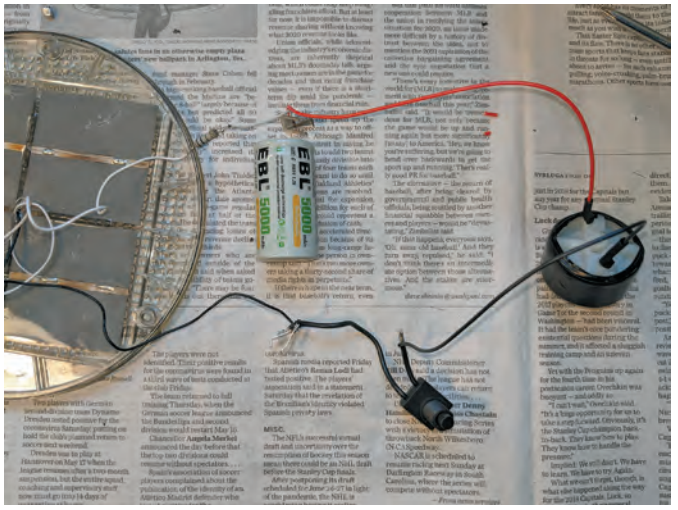
With all the components removed, I used a soldering tool to detach the wires from the old motor and battery contacts. The next step was to cut the ends of the old wires off and strip about ¼-inch of the coverings back from the new ends. Now it was time to resolder all the connections.

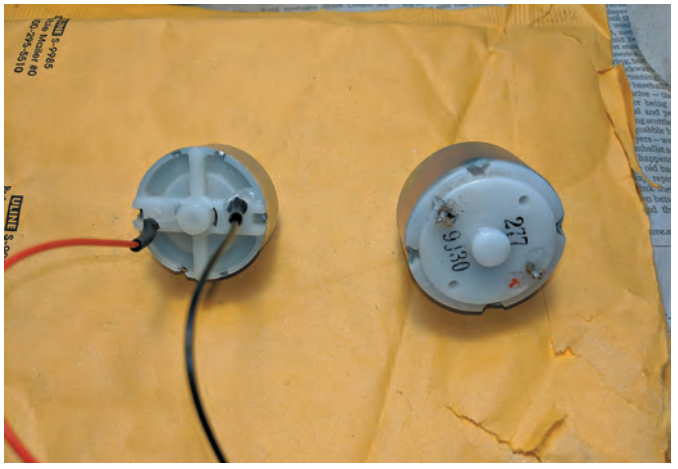
The white wire from the solar panel was connected to a one-way diode, then to the motor; another wire ran from there to the battery contact. I didn't want to disturb the prewired motor connections, so I soldered the white wire and diode directly to the battery contact, along with the red motor wire. The black wire from the solar panel runs to the switch, and another black wire runs from the switch to the other battery contact. That wire was a bit too short after trimming the end, so I added 2 inches of additional wire to make sure it would reach the



The old 4-inch Nicro vent after removing it from the boat, at right.

The old motor in the housing. Note the set screw (top left) and diode (top right), at far right.





The wiring harness before reinstalling it, at left.

The old (left) and new (right) motors, at bottom left.

contact, and I heat-shrunk the connection.

The original motor was 1⅜-inches in diameter, with a ½-inch-long shaft. Corresponding measurements on the new motor were 1¼-inches and ⅜ inches, respectively. Because of the shorter shaft on the new motor, I had to use a hack saw to remove the 1/16-inch spacer stub from the bottom of the plastic housing. This left a ¼-inch opening for the shaft instead of one that was 1/16-inch, but better accommodated the shorter shaft of the new motor.

Next, it was time to reassemble. To fit the new (smaller-in-diameter) motor snugly inside the cylinder in which it was to be housed, I had to wrap about 10 turns of electrical tape around it. Since the old motor was 1 inch long and the new one only ¾ inches, the original set screw (on a post) was now of no use.

No problem: I drilled a small hole in the side of the cylinder and inserted the set screw horizontally. It bites into the wrapping tape and holds the motor securely without touching the motor itself. While I had to coil and bend extra wire into the cavity between the motor and the battery, there was still plenty of space owing to the new motor's shorter length. Finally, it was time to install that new battery.

There was one final matter to attend to: replacing the fan blade on the shaft and reinstalling the vent. My old fan blade had an enlarged shaft hole from years of use and was somewhat loose on the new motor shaft. These vents were sold with two blades—one for exhaust, one for intake—so I switched the old exhaust fan for the alternate, which fit snugly on the new motor shaft. (Most people use an intake on one fan and an exhaust on the second, to facilitate air flow through the cabin.)

I fastened the vent back in place with its three screws and—voilá—I had a working solar vent. The new motor definitely runs at a slower rpm than the original, which means it moves less air. But I'd rather spend the few hours and $25 it took me to restore this solar vent than spend the money to buy a new one I didn't really need.

Bradley Stevens, a retired marine science professor at the University of Maryland Eastern Shore, first learned to capsize a Sunfish in a farm pond at the age of 11, then moved up to capsizing larger boats. Following a midlife crisis, he sank a small fortune into refurbishing a Catalina 22 before selling at a complete loss. He has spent the last 10 years throwing boat bucks into his "almost free" current boat, a 1975 Tanzer 26, which he hasn't managed to capsize yet. He sails on the Chesapeake Bay.

The bottom of the motor housing had a 1/16-inch stub that covered up part of the motor shaft and needed to be removed, at bottom left.

The new-and-improved motor housing with the stub removed and set screw relocated, below.

Across the Bar: Ted Brewer

BY KAREN LARSON

From the day back in 1998 that Ted Brewer mistook me for an old friend, my husband, Jerry Powlas, and I have had a warm and special relationship with him. At the time there was a sailor/publisher in Ontario named karin larson (her lowercase spelling, not mine). Unbeknownst to us and long before Jerry and I started *Good Old Boat*, she had started a successful regional sailing magazine called *GAM on Yachting*.

But, as the editor of a sailing magazine that had not even been published yet, I was hopeful when I called Ted and left a message asking him to serve on our editorial board. This was a purely advisory position, since we believed we could never hope to ask for more.

A professional photo of Ted taken for one of his three books on boat design.

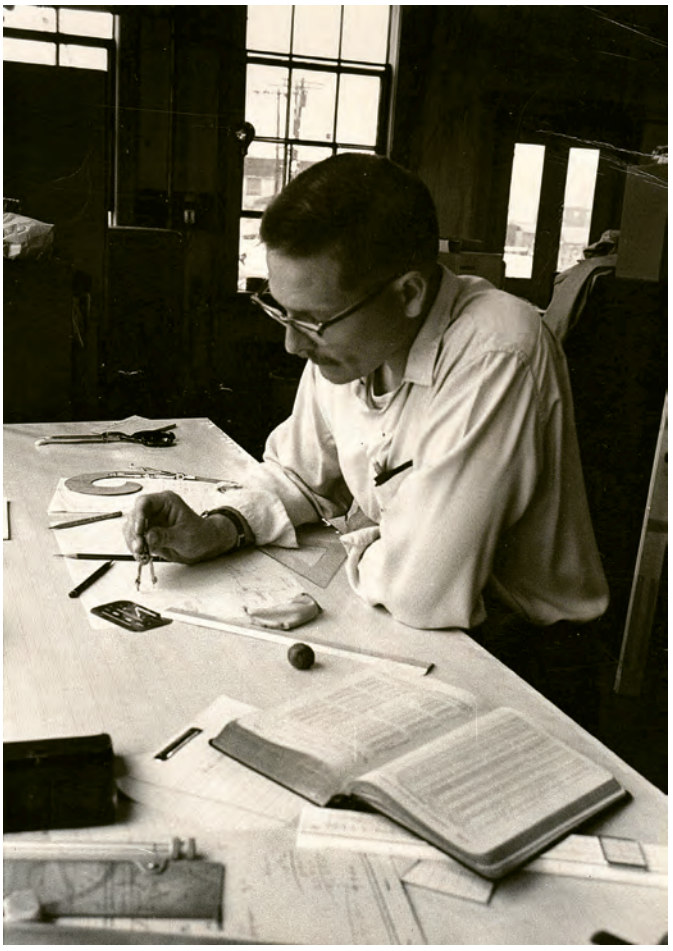
Ted, thinking I was the other karin larson, returned the call full of his signature bubbly enthusiasm and said he'd be delighted...and how were things in Ontario? Once we straightened out the misunderstanding, Ted said he'd be happy to work with us.

I don't need to remind you of the wonderful boat designs by Ted Brewer, the Brewer Bite, his Comfort Ratio, or the books he authored on sailboat design. Others can—and have—told these tales (See "A Stand-Up Draftsman," July/August 2020).

Instead, I want to focus on the personal Ted Brewer and his long and positive relationship with *Good Old Boat*. Ted's name did indeed appear as a member of the editorial board starting with our first issue. By the third issue we published a profile of Ted written by John Vigor. We were still too timid to ask Ted to write for us, but we needed his expertise. We had started a series, focused on good old boats and their sailors. These features could use the addition of technical insight, but we didn't have the background to review every sailboat. We were the sailors of a good old boat, not experts on design. We asked Ted to give us a technical review of Robert Perry's Baba 30. A day later, an article appeared on our fax machine, and before we had a chance to read it, Ted called to ask, "How'd you like what I wrote? Do you want more?"

We did. That led to 50 more sailboat comparisons, 35 technical articles on everything from stability and galley layout to sail plans and rating rules—and an ongoing friendship. Ted offered us the use of his boat, a 24-foot Nimble Nomad, to explore British Columbia if we could arrange to visit (who does *that* for perfect strangers?). He and his wife, Betty, frequently drove from the West Coast to visit family in Ontario, and they visited us in Minnesota a couple of times on their way through.

Ted designed some 260 boats, but the Whitby 42, shown here, is the one he credits for establishing him as a production boat designer. Photo credit: Brian Glaessner/All Coast Yacht Sales.



Ted Brewer works at his drafting desk in the early 1960s while at Bill Luders' firm.

Eventually we did get out to Vancouver Island and spent several days touring with Ted and Betty and then following him around as he went through the formalities that his honorary position as commodore of that year's Victoria Classic Boat Festival required. We have many fond memories of that trip and our time together.

Every year we received long Christmas cards detailing the Brewers' year with stories of family visits and their long road trips, always taking the back roads across Canada and the U.S., eating and sleeping at the most out-of-the-way establishments possible.

The very vagabond nature of these trips highlights Ted's indomitable spirit. Betty, as sidekick and best friend, was always one for adventure. They discontinued their travels as it became increasingly painful to sit for long periods of time, but Ted and Betty stayed busy with family, friends, and the active support of their home community through Royal Canadian Legion projects.

Ted died on September 30, 2021, at the age of 88. Along with Betty, he's survived by her two daughters and one son, six grandchildren, two great-grandchildren, and his legacy: scores of good old boats built to his designs—what he called his "babies."

It's hard to believe he is gone. He was always active and vigorous, a risk-taker who sought adventure and knew no obstacles, one who was cheerful and outgoing. He had a wonderful sense of humor and a can-do, let's-go approach to life. He knew no strangers.

In an author bio we printed in November 1999 we said, "Ted Brewer is, simply put, one of our favorite people and a terrific naval architect. Seems like this should be enough. His real bio is on page 51."

That "real bio" sums up a sailor's life worth living: "Ted Brewer is one of North America's best-known yacht designers, having worked on the America's Cup boats *American Eagle* and *Weatherly*, as well as boats that won the Olympics, the Gold Cup, and dozens of celebrated ocean races. He is also the man who designed scores of good old boats...the ones still sailing after all these years."

Jerry and I will be forever grateful for the many connections we made as the founders of *Good Old Boat*. Ted and Betty Brewer stand out among the best. Like the many others who were influenced by, have boats designed by, or were simply blessed by knowing Ted, we already miss him very much.

Karen Larson founded Good Old Boat *with her husband, Jerry Powlas, in 1998.*

Ted and Betty photographed in Ted's office in October 2019. The two met when Ted chased after Betty's father to learn more about his BMW motorcycle.

Another Adventure

Mending a father's grievous losses seemed impossible until another boat came along.

BY NICOLE BLACK ROBEY

Every year, countless sailors venture south. I never thought I'd be one of them but apparently, I am. Well, we are. "We" is Dad and me.

It all started back when I was about 16. A typically rebellious teenager, I was mostly obsessed with doing the opposite of anything Mom and Dad were doing. I remember the day they returned from dinner giggling. Their laughter had an unfamiliar tone, so naturally I was suspicious (I was, and remain, a rather cynical and suspicious person).

A few days later, the situation worsened when a giant world map appeared on the living room wall. It was covered with push pins connected by red string crossing oceans and countries. I scowled, rolled my eyes, and asked sardonically, "What's that?"

Mom and Dad looked at each other like love-struck teenagers. They didn't sugar-coat it or break the news gently. They said: "We're selling the house and moving onto a sailboat."

This is the point when I should stop and explain my parents and their culture of adventure. It was just bad enough that when they said, "We're moving onto a sailboat," I took pause. My cynical mind knew that nothing was too far-fetched for them.

In buying and refitting *Whippet* (now named *Bob*), Nicole and her dad have found a new adventure together.

These were, after all, the same two people who, when I was nine, declared, "We're flying out to see Grandma." Little did I realize that this statement, when literally translated, meant that Dad would get his pilot's license, rent a four-seat Cessna, and fly his family from Colorado to Virginia where we did, in fact, "see Grandma."

So when they started talking about living on a boat, I knew one thing: Do not underestimate them.

The weeks following their announcement verified my suspicions. They didn't mean "move onto a sailboat" in a one-day, whimsical sort of way. They meant, like, now. In a month.

I watched in undisguised annoyance as our four-bedroom farmhouse slowly emptied. A garage sale magically evaporated most of our stuff. My pet pig was given to a school 4-H program, and I had to choose one of my five horses to keep. The rest were sold. Within 45 days, our 90-acre country lifestyle was packed into a 30-foot Bayfield.

Of course, I protested. Of course, I declared I wouldn't go. And my parents—always so supportive (note the sarcasm)—suggested I get a job, rent a place to live, and board my horse. So, I accepted their offer and did just that. Sort of.

Turns out the only job I could get was at McDonald's. No one would rent to a 16-year-old (not that I could afford it anyway), and boarding a horse was a lot more expensive than I thought. Long story short, I moved onto the boat and learned what a quarter berth is.

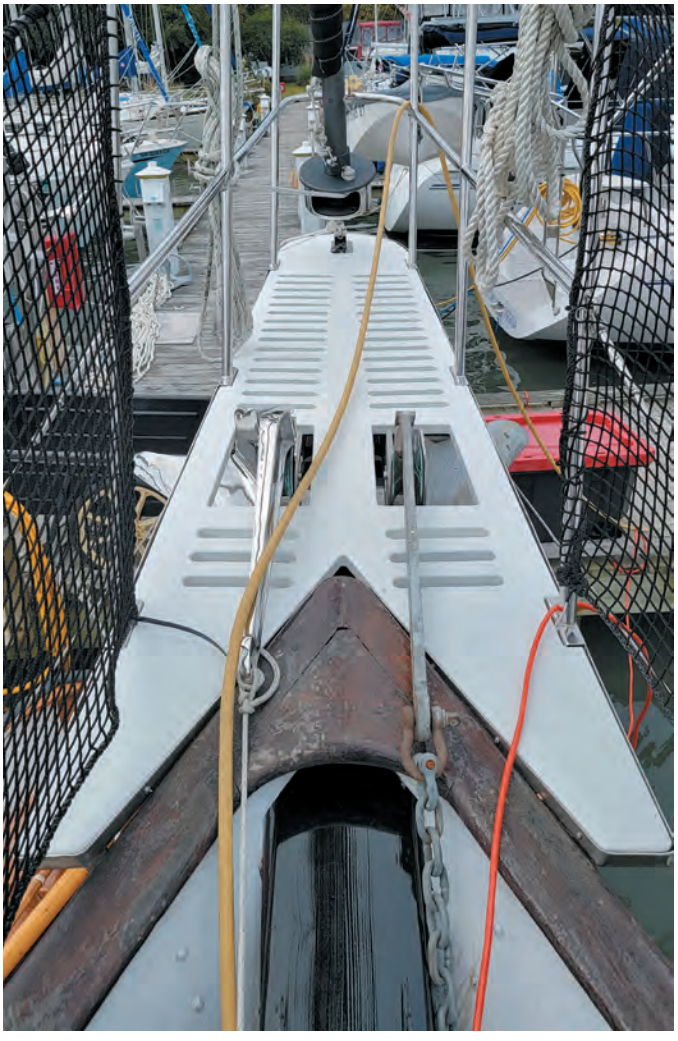
The years following were full of stories—highs, lows, laughter, and tears. Most of the tears resulted from Mom's health. It just kept declining, and after living aboard for five years, Mom and Dad sold the boat.

I eventually went back to school, finishing my bachelor's degree and a juris doctorate. Later, I became an elected official and did a stint in politics.

Mom and Dad bought property in Washington state, and over the next 20 years, they often reflected on sailing, boat life, and life as landlubbers. Sadly, more often than not what started with laughter and storytelling ended in hushed tones of regret.

Mom and Dad never sailed around the world. Mom's health just wasn't stable enough.

Unfortunately, living on land didn't magically cure her. And after 50 years of marriage,



Whippet **resting in her slip. Nicole knew the boat's salty lines would attract her father, left.**

The newly refurbished bow pulpit is all business and no longer has an actual bust of a whippet on it, below left.

adventures, children, losses, and loves, Mom passed away. A year later, my only sister and sibling also passed away. Suddenly it was just Dad and me. I wasn't much help with his grief. I never grew out of that cynical, somewhat crass disposition. And losing Mom and Sister was nothing short of devastating—for both of us.

Fortunately, my husband provided endless support while I grieved. But Dad didn't have anyone. And as I've explained, warm and fuzzy is hard for me. I felt guilty for not knowing how to help, and little by little, I watched Dad slip away. His bright green eyes that once danced with mischief and excitement were fading. And nothing—I mean nothing—could bring him back.

Then, in the summer of 2020, I was going through Mom's things when I found a drawing she had made of Chicken Little and Henny Penny on a river raft with charts and provisions for their trip to see the king. Mom was an endearing artist whose drawings were full of life and charm, and this one had always been my favorite.

I set Mom's drawing on the counter, planning to frame it. Dad walked in, saw it, and his eyes lit up. That's when it hit me. Dad needed a sailboat.

I started searching. As luck would have it, I found a boat two hours away that I thought would entice him. It was 1983 41-foot Transworld ketch, full keel, clipper bow, all the things I knew he liked. *Salty.*

I asked Dad if he wanted to see it. He was slow to respond at first, but I watched the idea tempt him, and those green eyes sparked. I knew this would work.

We left at dusk and arrived well after dark. We found a hotel and anxiously slept; the next morning, we drove straight to the marina.

Tires crunching gravel, we slowly drove by boats on the hard towering above us, boats of every shape and size.

Wiggling with excitement, we passed the boatyard office and made our way to the waterfront. I saw her right away. "There she is!" I pointed and squealed. Her red stripe, white hull, and green sail covers were hard to miss.

We jumped out and scurried down the dock until we reached her. *Whippet*. It was somewhat difficult to digest her eclectic color scheme, and as we got closer, I decided she was the nautical equivalent of Punky Brewster.

Stepping aboard, we noticed freshly caulked seams on the teak decks and long, stout chainplates hugging her hull. The bowsprit pulpit was missing stanchions, and her lifelines dangled like shoulder straps on an evening dress that had been slept in.

Her red-painted bowsprit jutted some 6 feet out, and on its tip, someone had installed a crudely painted silver propeller and a statue of an actual whippet's head.

It felt like conflicting banjos playing out of sync. And I loved every inch of it. We couldn't help smiling and giggling even as our eyes struggled to make sense of the odd adornments.

Belowdecks, I slowly turned in a circle, resting my eyes on a beautiful teak table and settee with white leather cushions. Moving closer, I was shocked to discover someone had painted the buttons red. Yes, her white leather settee cushions had red polka dots.

Forward was a cabin with a V-berth, head, and door. In the main cabin, a navigation station to port of the companionway had a spacious bench, chart table, and perfectly accessible electrical panel. The galley on the starboard side had a large ice box, sink, a gimbled stove, and teak sliding doors covering the shelves.

I opened the aft cabin door and fell in love. Here was a separate, spacious cabin with a queen-sized bed, a second enclosed head, polished bronze portlights, and polished teak doors on a full-length closet.

Opening the engine compartment behind the companionway steps, we turned on the light and were startled to see that the engine, hoses, and wires were covered in gold spray paint. Bewildered and curious, Dad located the key and nervously turned it. Much to our surprise, the old Ford Lehman started and purred.

***Whippet*, before her name change, waits on the hard, where Nicole and her dad have been steadily prepping her for a trip south.**

Nicole's dad stands on the boat's deck, upper right. The project has given him a new energy and inspiration.

Throughout the day and well into the evening, Dad inspected the boat and became familiar with her systems. Later that night, we chatted excitedly over dinner, planning and laughing.

After six weeks and one survey, we bought her. We renamed her *Bob*. She needs a full refit including a new engine, sails, electronics, and canvas. Hopefully when we're finished, with luck and an approving nod from Neptune, we will leave the Chesapeake Bay and head south.

It's a lot. And I know it. But for the first time in years, there is pep in Dad's step, a fire in his belly, and his green eyes are dancing again. We're on another adventure.

Mom would approve.

Nicole Black Robey was born in Charlottesville, Virginia, where she lives with her father and husband. She has a master's degree from Evergreen State College and a juris doctorate from Taft University School of Law. She is an avid equestrian, animal lover, and sailor. Follow her on YouTube at Saddles & Sails.

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Supporting Venture

A clever design for storable mast supports makes for easy traveling between lakes.

BY TOM ALLEY

I have the great fortune to live next to an inland lake that is fully navigable, which means that I can go literally anywhere in the world from my home port. But there's one catch if I want to venture forth: I must unstep the mast so my 1965 Alberg 35, *Tomfoolery*, will fit under bridges and other structures in the New York Canal system.

No big deal, right? Slap some 2 x 4s together to make mast crutches and off we go. And for a time, that's what I did, and the supports worked great and were inexpensive to build. But they were bulky and difficult to store and transport.

When we would travel to Lake Ontario and the Thousand Islands from the Finger Lakes, I would have to finesse them into my car to get them to the boat. Once on the boat they were fine, but when we would step the mast after leaving the canals, I had to store them ashore while we cruised the larger lake, and then fetch them again before our return trip in the canals. This meant we always had to return to the same spot to retrieve the supports.

What would be ideal, I thought, would be a set of supports that could be folded up and stowed without taking up too much space. Being an engineer, I couldn't resist the temptation to design something to meet these requirements.

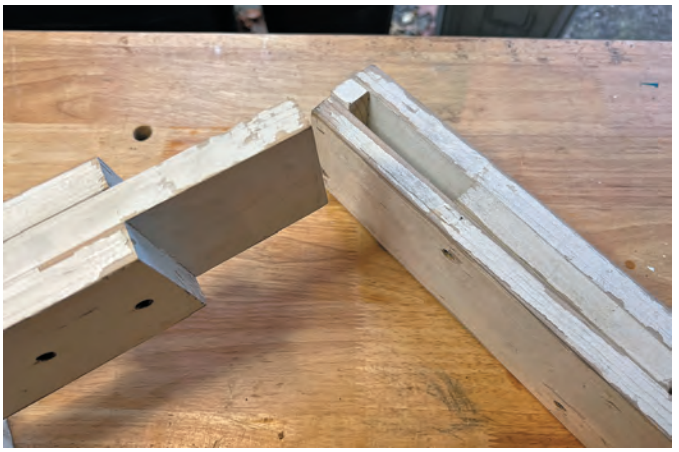
With spreaders, shrouds, running rigging, and other fixtures, my mast weighs about 300 pounds. I would only need two supports since the bow pulpit would hold the mast up forward. I developed a design that uses mortise-and-tenon joinery and the weight of the mast to hold things together; it requires no mechanical fasteners, only some lines and tie-downs to secure the whole assembly to the boat. It also allows the supports to be taken apart and stowed in a cockpit locker without consuming much volume.

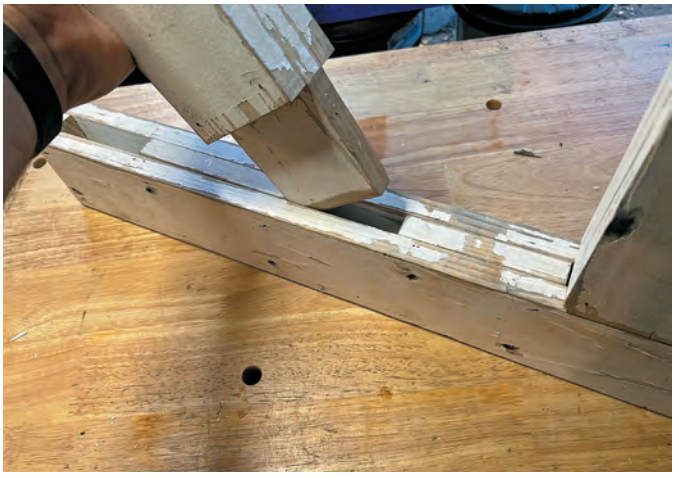
***Tomfoolery* canal-side with her mast down and lashed to the supports, left.**

Disassembled, the mast supports are easy to bundle together and store aboard. Note the gaps cut out of the center pieces of the laminate; two 1 x 4s are strong enough to support Tom's mast, so he cut out portions of the third, center piece to save lumber and weight. The gaps also provide a convenient place to pass through straps and lashings when tying down the mast, bottom left.

Both supports follow the same design; they consist of two vertical columns and a horizontal beam. The columns attach to feet that let the support stand securely. Two vertical chocks that fit into the horizontal beam provide a cradle for the mast and prevent it from rolling to one side or the other before everything is secured. The length of the horizontal beam is determined by the usable width of the deck where I planned to place the supports; for this calculation, I had to pay attention to the locations of cleats, vents, deck penetrations, and opening hatches.

I made each column and beam of the supports by laminating three layers of 1 x 4 pine lumber (these can be joined with screws and/or glue). Then, I created mortise-and-tenon joints by leaving the center piece longer than the





The tenon (left) is a piece of the central 1 x 4 that is longer so that it sticks out of the three-layer laminate. The mortice (right) is a gap cut out of the central 1 x 4, top left.

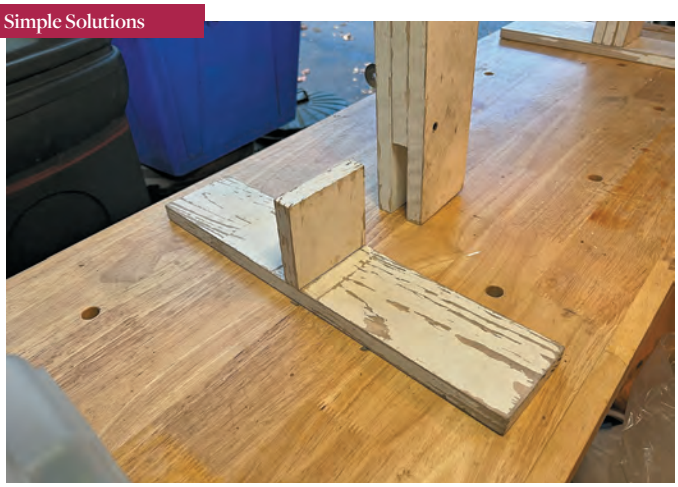
Assembling the supports is simply a matter of sliding the tenons into the mortices. No mechanical fasteners are needed, above.

One of the supports fully assembled. The mast sits securely between the top two vertical chocks, above right.

two sides, so it sticks out (the tenon), and cutting a chunk out of the center piece to create a gap (the mortice). This simple method eliminated the need to drill, cut, and shape each joint.

Another design factor was storing the mast at a height sufficient to provide standing headroom in the cockpit and to clear the dodger so that it could be left up. This way, I could also rig a tarp or awning over the mast and tie it to the supports to provide a full cockpit cover for really sunny or rainy days.

It was easy enough to calculate this height for the middle support; I tied a piece of string to the bow pulpit, pulled it taut, and then raised it high enough to clear everything. Then I had a helper measure the distance from the deck where the support would stand up to the string, and subtracted 3½ inches (the width of the 1 x 4 in the support's cross beam). I did the same thing to calculate the aft support's height, this time taking the string to the location and height of where the middle support would



be, then pulling it aft over the cockpit and accounting for standing headroom and the dodger.

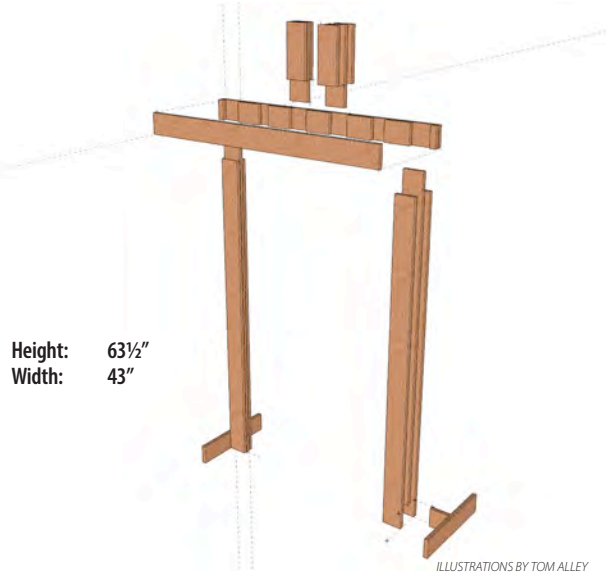
To date, these crutches have made four transits of the Erie Canal. I've also used them to support the mast while the boat was in storage for one upstate New York winter, and they held up a considerable amount of snow on the tarp draped over the boat without allowing the mast to sag.

So far, they have lived up to my expectations, and I look forward to many more years of service from them.

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. He also manages the Alberg 35 User Group website (Alberg35.org). When he's not sailing, thinking about sailing, or tinkering with his boat, Tom is either scuba diving, hanging out with fellow amateur radio operators, or (as a last resort) working as an engineer to support his sailing addiction and, if there's any money left over, send his kids to college.*

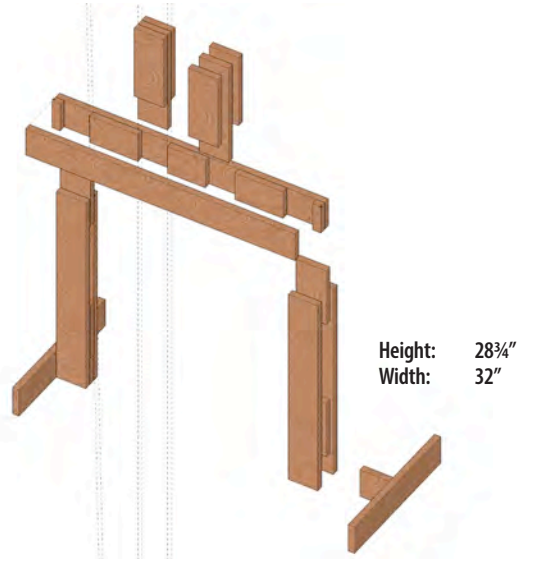
The feet are a single 1 x 4 cut to length, with a vertical tenon placed in the middle. The length of each foot depends on where the support will stand; Tom had to account for deck hardware and other obstructions when making these measurements, top left.

Attaching the vertical column to the base by sliding the mortice and tenon together, above and bottom left.



ILLUSTRATIONS BY TOM ALLEY

The aft support weighs about 22 pounds and is just under 6 feet tall, making the mast high enough to clear the dodger and provide for headroom for the crew in the cockpit. The small vertical chocks help hold the mast in position on each cross piece.



The mid support weighs about 13 pounds and is about 2 feet tall. It's narrow enough that it fits between two Dorades on the coach roof.

Product Profile

Happy Nav

I spend a lot of time navigating shoal waters, and my dedicated (and expensive) chart plotter only gets fresh information about such places when I install an updated SD card, yet another expense. That's just one reason I'm so pleased with the Aqua Map app; with the Aqua Master subscription, the U.S. Army Corps of Engineer (USACE) overlay provides up-to-date, easy-to-read depth data. The overlay uses colors to show the safest passage through trouble areas and the spots to avoid. I have found surveys that are less than two months old, really fresh data. And, Aqua Map alerts you when its frequent updates are ready to download.

Like most chart plotter apps, Aqua Map lets you plan (measure distances and set waypoints) and navigate your route. You can activate and download data from your ActiveCaptain or Waterway Guide account, so that real-time information is displayed.

Enable the satellite overlay, controlled with an on-screen slider, to layer satellite views over your chart. Use two fingers to swipe up for Aqua Map's "bird's-eye view" for a different perspective on what is approaching. Another two-finger swipe down returns you to overhead view.

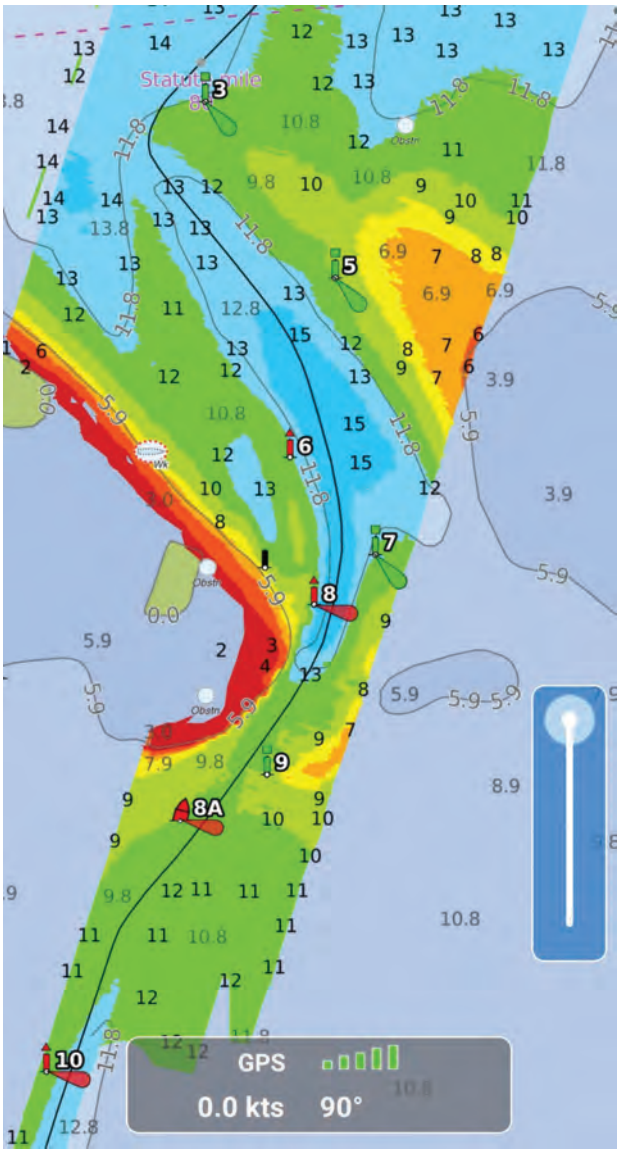
The anchor alarm will help you rest easy, and tide and current data help plan your timing. Aqua Map's record feature is a great way to document your trip. Just press the REC button in the top left-hand corner as you get underway, and Aqua Map will record your track. Click on the track to stop recording and read the available track information, which includes total distance, total time, average speed, and maximum speed. You can add all the detail you want in the track description, and it's easy to save tracks and then to back them up through your GEC account (the app's account manager tool) when connected to WiFi. This means you can load your tracks any time to review a passage.

Aqua Map Master also includes WiFi to connect to your NMEA devices and the ability to display AIS data. I didn't test the WiFi and AIS features, but I did try out Route Explorer (iOS only, but promised for Android soon), which also comes with the Aqua Map Master subscription. Route Explorer constantly looks ahead and alerts you when you are approaching features such as a bridge, marine hazard, or a marina—good information to know at a glance.

You can download Aqua Map for Android and iOS (Apple) for free, then purchase charts you desire from within the app. I have the United States forever, a $24.99 one-time cost. Aqua Map Master costs another $10, bringing the total cost for an extremely powerful chart plotter to $34.99. Through the GEC, you can share Aqua Map Master, as well as charts, routes, pictures, etc., across up to five devices.

Overall, I find Aqua Map more intuitive and easier to use than my expensive, dedicated chart plotter, with more readily updated information and at far less cost. For more information, globalaquamaps.com.

—**Jerry Thompson**, *Good Old Boat* contributor



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

oils in my Atomic 4. I personally use a full synthetic racing motorcycle oil, but the motorcycle oils that are designed for wet clutches and or common sumps also come as conventional and synthetic blends.

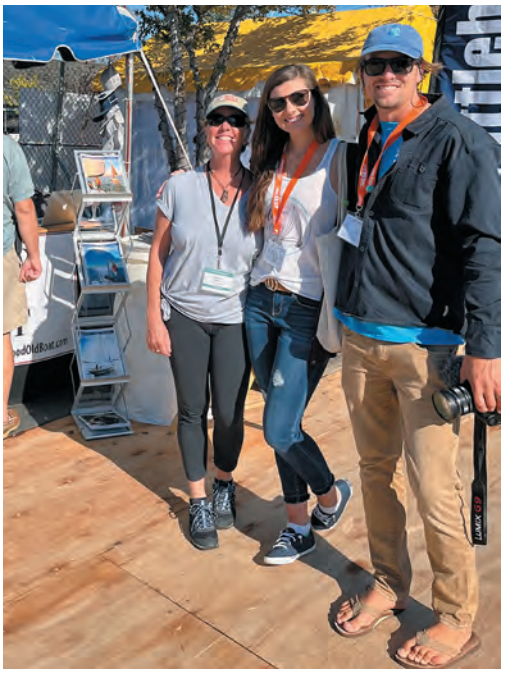
Since most boat owners likely buy this high-efficiency oil from the auto supply store when they change their engine oil, I suggested to members of our club who still have Atomic 4s to consider using the motorcycle alternative, and I pass the same advice on to your readers.

—**Brian Geraghty**, C&C35 MkI *Siochail*

Boat Show in Annapolis!

The *Good Old Boat* team was happy to meet old friends and new readers at the U.S. Sailboat Show in Annapolis in October. Here's just a little bit of the love! (Photos by *Good Old Boat* Copy Editor Marcia Landskroener.)

—Editors



(clockwise from top)
Sailors and writers Marissa and Chris Neely of SV *Avocet* stopped by. Check out their story about the toerail-to-bulwark project, "Toe-tally Worth It," on page 18.

Nick Marinelli of Philadelphia, who depends on *Good Old Boat* to help undertake projects aboard his 1988 Hunter 28.5, met with Publisher Karla Sandness.

Stephanie and Ben Wessell and kiddos Tristan and Trixie, who sail the 1983 Vagabond *Jeleana*, met *Good Old Boat* Ad Sales Manager Behan Gifford and Art Director Kelley Gudahl.

Robert and Donna Weikert of Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, stopped by the *Good Old Boat* booth Saturday morning and perused the latest issue with Senior Editor Wendy Mitman Clarke.

New subscribers Rob Osborne and Allison Keith (right), who sail aboard *Duchess*, an Allied Seawind 32, join their friends Ben and Kristine Foley

and their baby, Maverick, who sail a 1988 Bayfield 36 named *Lumos*.

Another Good Man Gone

We were recently informed of the death of Bill Sandifer, 82, who will be remembered by the earliest readers of *Good Old Boat* as a frequent and excellent contributor. Because Bill's background and technical expertise were profound, and because he loved working on his own good old boats, he had much to offer readers as our magazine grew following our first issue in the summer of 1998. Bill was a marine surveyor and boatbuilder who began sailing around the age of 8, taught sailing through high school and college, and later cruised in the Far East, the Mediterranean, the U.S. East Coast, and the Gulf Coast.

Consider this common-sense advice from one who had spent many years in boatyards: "The Thinking Chair is the tool you should use before you subject yourself to the frustration, heat, and body-abusing contortions that accompany the quest for the fully renovated good old boat." This knowledge was gained at least in part through a complete renovation of his beloved Pearson Ariel and then later as the owner of an Eastward Ho 31.

Bill's first articles began in our second issue (September 1998), and we gave him the honorary title of contributing editor in the same issue. That title did not require him to write something for every issue, nor did it obligate us to publish all he wrote. Nevertheless, he had articles in most issues for the first 10 years, although space was tight, and an increasing number of excellent authors competed for a place in each issue.

While he wrote mostly technical pieces, Bill occasionally wrote a humorous piece, such as "Why July?" noting that almost all boat breakdowns occur during the hottest month of the year. The article that resonates the most with me, however, was written following Hurricane Katrina's devastation of New Orleans and the Gulf Coast, where Bill and his wife, Genie, lived. Bill and Genie lost nearly everything except their lives in that hurricane of August 2005. Bill's comments a year later in our September 2006 issue about that storm brought the tragedy home to those of us who have never experienced devastation of this nature. He compared the sudden loss and the storm's lasting effects to post-traumatic stress disorder. It was heartbreaking to read.

Bill and Genie moved from their home on the Mississippi Coast and started over in Louisiana, but while he continued to write for *Good Old Boat*, his contributions became infrequent, and eventually he told us that he had Parkinson's disease and would not be able to write in the future. He asked that his name be removed from the list of contributing editors in the fall of 2015.

Bill Sandifer was missed then and will be missed even more now. Fair winds, Bill, and following seas.

—**Karen Larson**, *Good Old Boat* founder

Decisions, Decisions…

I just finished reading Hal Wells' account of his boat's encounter with a bridge ("A Bridge Too Close," September/October 2021), and it reminded me of a similar experience but with a different ending.

My wife, Mauri, and I own a 1995 Olson 34 sloop named *Watermark*. Several years ago, we spent a night in a marina in Ganges Harbor on Saltspring Island, British Columbia. Ganges is a lovely town, but sometimes the wind funnels down the narrow bay and creates some challenges for sailors. We had spent a quiet night aboard with plans to leave mid-morning, but we noticed the wind starting to develop much earlier in the day than usual. The forecast was for it to continue to build. It had already quickly developed from a moderate breeze to a very brisk one. As luck would have it, the wind was dead abeam and putting us firmly on the dock.

Our particular position in the marina was a side tie in a U-shaped dock, with our boat in a line between one boat at our bow and one at our stern running along the bottom of the U. The left and right branches of the U were short lengths of dock running perpendicular to the portion

where the three boats were docked. The couple on the sailboat at our bow said they had looked at the situation and decided to stay an extra day. The powerboat to our stern appeared to be unoccupied, the owners probably uptown at a coffee shop.

I sized up the situation and thought the best approach would be to push the stern out with a hard-over helm in gear and a spring line from the bow leading aft. I thought if I could get the stern far enough out, I might have adequate room to get the boat moving fast enough to get past the boat astern as I was being swept toward it by the beam-on wind. I started doing the maneuver in my head, gauging vectors based on the exact angle of disengagement of the spring line, acceleration of the boat in a full astern command on the engine, the amount of swing to leeward of the bow as the speed of the boat increased enough to generate the full effect of the rudder, and the amount of room to perform the next maneuver so I didn't have to back entirely out of the marina.

I stood there for a number of minutes, gauging all of this, listening to the sounds of aggressive commands on engine controls of other boats leaving their respective slips (lucky for them, not in the U portion of the marina where we sat). I looked at my anxious wife and said hesitatingly, "I'd give us a two out of three for getting out of here without hitting something." She looked back at me with an expression I should have expected. I looked at our lovely *Watermark*, unscratched in over 20 years of ownership. I looked up the bay with a dense field of breaking white-caps as far as I could see, and with a sudden feeling of conviction said to Mauri, "Let's stay another day." She concurred.

It's hard to say just how harrowing our exit might have been. At the very least, it would have been stressful and dramatic; at most we probably would have damaged the boat to our stern, as well as our own, and prompted a string of unhappy events that would have ruined our vacation and made us the conversation of the day for the entire marina. Instead, we won't know if I was skilled enough to pull it off, but I do know I made the right decision. In addition to having an extra day in the lovely community of Ganges, we struck up a conversation with the couple in the sailboat ahead of us who had already made the same decision (probably with a lot less debate and calculation of vectors). They have now become good boating friends whom we probably never would have met under any other circumstance. What might have been viewed as a lost opportunity to see the next place turned into an even more rewarding experience by simply choosing the safer option.

—**Jay Miner**, *Watermark*, Seattle

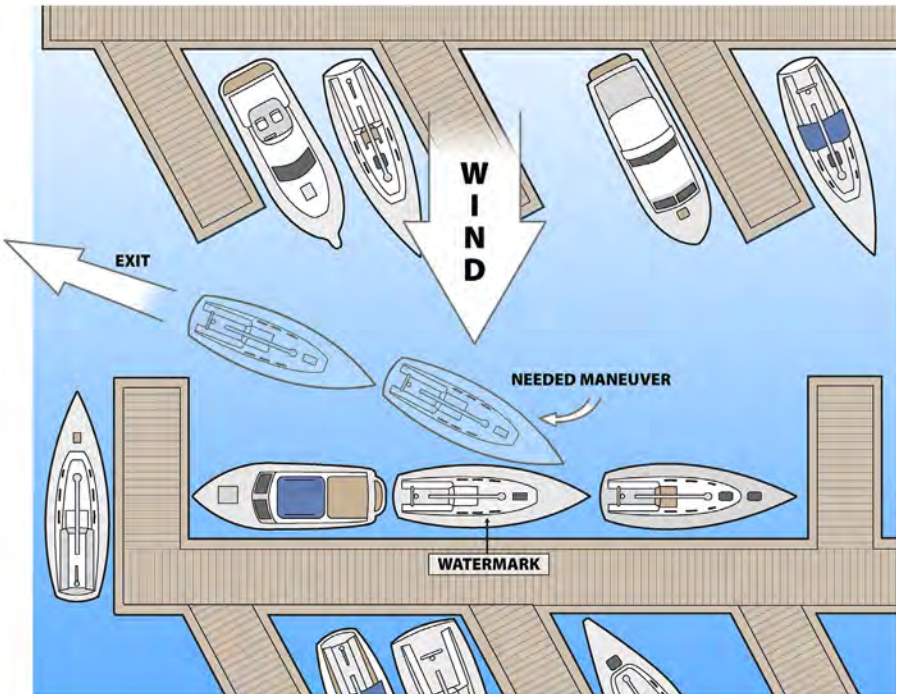


ILLUSTRATION BY TOM PAYNE

Centerboard Advantage

In his article on the Sabre 38 and two other boats ("Sabre 38...and Two More Centerboard Cruisers," November/December 2021), Rob Mazza does not mention an advantage to pivot centerboards. As a pivoting centerboard is lowered, it moves the center of lateral resistance forward. I sailed on a Morgan 28 and Morgan 35 for many years. After the sails were trimmed for the desired course, we were often able to position the centerboard such that the boat would be perfectly balanced. We could sail long stretches with minimal touching of the wheel or tiller.

Loved the cruise article about Baranof Island by Andy Cross ("A Southeast Sojourn," November/December 2021). I do wish that he had included on his map a scale of miles. It would have been most helpful in appreciating his sailing distances.

—**Ken Thorn**, Carrboro, North Carolina

Andy Cross responds:
Thanks for the feedback, Ken. The maps in these stories are developed by the writer, the editors, and our designer. Our concept for them is to provide a general view of the journey described in the story, with key points of interest and waterbodies noted, rather than as a map to be used for planning or routing. As such, we haven't felt a mileage scale was necessary, but we'll take your suggestion into consideration.

Remember September

I just re-read your September/October 2021 issue and felt deeply rewarded for my efforts. The articles about Red Jacket ("Anatomy of a Legend"), the Newfie schooner escapade ("Captain Spontaneous") and Einstein ("A Sailor, Relatively") brought tears of gratitude to my eyes. Good writing and good stories. Thanks a lot!

—**Andy Vine**, Cortes Island, BC

Weather First

It was good to read J.S. Veter's comments on what they learned after that eventful sail ("No Mistake About It," November/December 2021). My dad, who I'm sure is sailing in heaven somewhere, would always turn on the VHF local weather channel as soon as we got on the boat. We could listen to it as we were getting the boat ready to make sure we were not venturing out in bad weather. I still do this every time I go sailing on San Francisco Bay or the ocean. I also installed a jam cleat on my 1980 Mariner 36's jib furling line. It makes a world of difference when I am trying to furl the jib in high winds, and it frees up a winch to hold the furled jib in place.

—**George Sparr**, Danville, California

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. $17,500.
Aubrey Millard
705-849-3836
svveledaiv@hotmail.com

Downeast 38
1975. Cutter-rigged. Recently completed $10,000 interior upgrade. 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-2H, 18hp, new rings and cylinder sleeves. 12′ 6″ standing headroom, sleeps 3+, July '18 survey. Westerly, RI $60,000, all reasonable offers will be considered.
Jim De Reynier
860-305-1582
Jimder40@gmail.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

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 MkII
1977. Well maint. small yacht, very comfortable for a couple or small family. New Quantum full battened mainsail with stack pack '21. Quantum 110 jib '19. Dodger, bimini and connector. Annapolis, MD. $15,000.
Mark Molesky
410-562-5043
mark.f.molesky@gmail.com

Tartan 34C
1969. Classic. Ready to race/cruise. Gorgeous, solid, seaworthy, w/ great lines, custom cabinetry, tons of upgrades for off-grid cruising, recent electronics, solar, lithium batteries, repowered w/Yanmar diesel, high perf. charging system, new forward berth mattress + insulation w/cedar ceilings, new plumbing, HW, refrigerator, new genoa, all sails in good to exc. cond., nearly new Achilles Hypalon dinghy w/6hp outboard. Don't wait, this one won't last long. Little River, SC. $29,500. Full details/ equipment list: sailboatlistings.com/view/93466
Adam Deem
330-313-9601
captainwackadoo@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

Tartan 37
1979. *White Hawk* is a self-sufficient cruiser. 4′6″ CB. Strong Track slide, Harken lazy jack systems, both '20, for Quantum main. Sails incl. 140 genoa, 100 jib, staysail, gennaker. Westerbeke 40hp. Garmin radar and chart plotter, Raymarine instr. Two solar panels w/Blue Sky Solar Boost charge controller run Frigaboat fridge and most elec needs. Immaculate interior w/ upgraded galley, new Bomar SS ports. Pasadena, MD, $65,000. Contact for details or view at boatsforsalebyowners.net/109933.

John Clarke
410-570-1500
johnclarkejr45@gmail.com

S2 9.1
1983. Hull #1. *Rampage* is a fun, fast racer/cruiser with many upgrades. Blast around the buoys with the new Trogear carbon fiber sprit + A-spin or take a relaxing weekend cruise. Kevlar race sails + Dacron cruising sails. Triton 2 instruments with wind + depth. Sleeps 6 comfortably. 6′ hdrm. Origo 3000, two-burner alcohol stove. USCG documented vessel. Motivated seller. Alexandria, VA. $12,000.

Hank Messick
hank.messick@gmail.com

Tartan 34C
1973. #288. Short-boom sloop-rigged. Many upgrades incl new Beta Marine 25 with 85 hours since new, dual fuel filter system, '21 flag blue topsides, '19 new two-part barrier coat, new cabin cushions and foam, rewired mast with tricolor nav lights. Fully equipped with loads of accessories; send for detailed listing. On the Bohemia River, MD, at the head of the Chesapeake Bay; desirable bulkhead slip available. $26,500.

Alfred Poor
610-853-2034
apoor@verizon.net

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Confessions of a Boat Rat

A boat's small spaces and singular scents are alluring and memorable.

BY CRAIG MOODIE

I must have been a stowaway rat in a former life. Why else would I have a nose for the dim, fragrant (usually cramped) recesses unique to small boats, much as I revel in the elements topside?

Aboard *Sea Hunter*, a 35-foot Maine-built fishing vessel I crewed on back in the 1980s, the portside berth held a special allure for me—even though I usually occupied it while the diesel, inches away, bellowed at battle speed, blaring through the engine box so loud my ears still ring to this day. You had to wedge yourself between the oak planks and ribs on the portside and a slag heap of equipment ranging from coils of line, extra handlines, and fish totes to tools, clothes, and life jackets filling the starboard berth. The wall of gear and the hull formed a kind of hibernaculum—or sarcophagus.

Roaring engine aside, I loved to burrow into the khaki-colored Army surplus sleeping bag and doze off in the boat's embrace. Rough conditions could play havoc with sleep, but usually my exhaustion from handlining codfish all day, especially after back-to-back trips with little shuteye, brought sleep on in a blink.

Carousel, a 35-foot wooden Ohlson yawl my family owned during my boyhood, could have been named *Nirvana* from my point of view. She embodied the ideal of a beautiful yacht—and of a floating paradise of hideaways for a rat boy like me. My sisters and I would vie for the right to sleep in the quarter berth, a slot beneath the starboard lazarette so tight you would graze your nose on the ceiling if you flipped onto your back. Even while we were under sail, I sometimes crawled in there to fantasize about sailing solo around the world while listening to the waves cluck against the hull and the rigging creak above.

The forward cabin captivated me as much as the quarter berth, especially when my sisters stayed ashore and I had its snuggery of V-berth and forepeak to myself. That compartment became my nest: I could close the door and hole up among sailbags and kapok life jackets and seabags and coils of line, the funk of salty damp canvas enfolding me. I could open the hatch and watch the stars swim through the square of sky. My transistor radio might catch phantom snatches of an Orioles game—this was in some backwater cove or creek on the Chesapeake—its oscillating reception feeding my sense that I was the last sailor on the planet.

Our 12-foot Barnstable catboat, *Finn*, affords no such belowdecks accommodations as a quarter berth or a V-berth. You'd have to be a bona fide bilge rat to squeeze below her floorboards. But I have been known to channel my former ratdom and inch beneath her foredeck between the centerboard trunk and the gear—ditty bag, cushions, life jackets, plastic milk bottle bailer, hand pump, tool box—and listen to the water clap and lap against her hull while she hobby-horses on the waves. Squeezed into the semidarkness, I breathe in her signature bouquet: the aromas of decaying canvas, mildewed cushions, soggy rope, paint, and varnish suffused in salty stagnant dampness. One of our nieces used to shimmy under there when she was young and fall asleep cradled within the boat as we tacked around Megansett Harbor and Buzzards Bay. Maybe the musk mesmerized her as much as the motion.

This is not to say that I'm nostalgic for all of my experiences below on boats. I've spent many a long hour cantilevered in bilges and holds, shivering or sweating, knuckles bloodied and clothes slime-soaked, hands begreased and muscles cramped. But as my beard grows saltier, even the trials retain an air of mystique.

If "petrichor" describes the fresh scent rainfall creates after a dry spell (released bacteria is said to be the cause), what word or phrase captures the magical combination of paint and rope and salt and mildew and canvas small boats produce below their decks? Call it "boat's breath" or "bouquet de bateau." Each boat possesses one as distinctive as its hull number.

To appreciate it, of course, you must cultivate a finely tuned nose—that of a stowaway rat.

Craig Moodie lives with his wife, Ellen, in Massachusetts. His work includes A Sailor's Valentine and Other Stories *and, under the name John Macfarlane, the middle-grade novel* Stormstruck!, *a Kirkus Best Book.*

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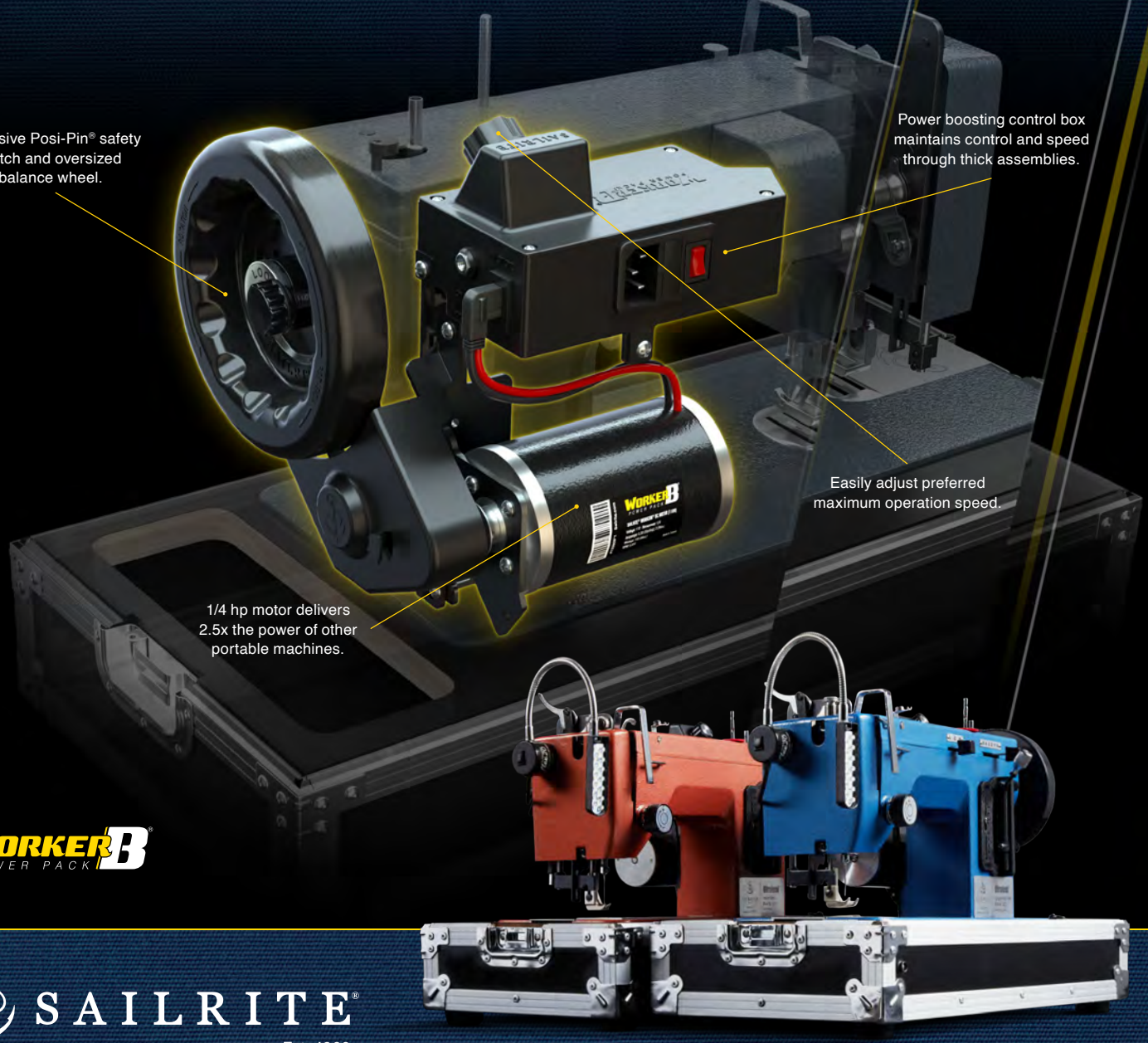

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