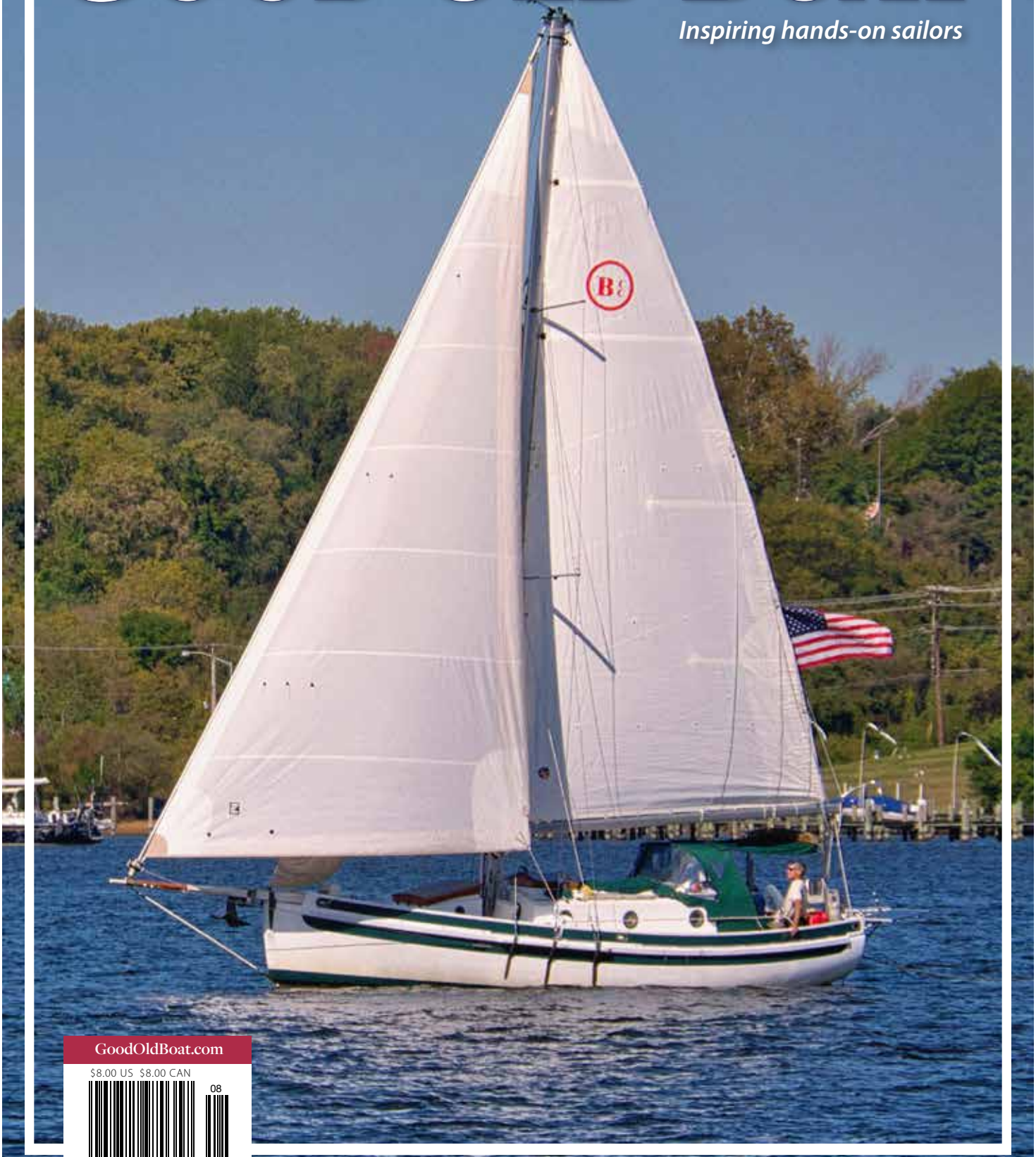
The Small Boat Issue *starting on pg5* | **Salish 100 Rally** *pg26* | **Trailer-Sailer Cruising** *pg14*

Good Old Boat

Inspiring hands-on sailors



GoodOldBoat.com

$8.00 US $8.00 CAN

08

0 62825 97035 7

Issue 145: July/August 2022

HM 45 YEARS

HAMILTON MARINE

BOATERS' STORE™

HAMILTON has it!

Paint

Rope

Anchoring

Electronics

Gear

FREE! 2022 CATALOG

REQUEST ONE TODAY!

800-639-2715

hamiltonmarine.com

WHEREVER YOU GO IN MAINE THIS SUMMER, HAMILTON MARINE IS NEARBY. WE ARE STOCKED & READY TO HELP YOU FOR ALL YOUR SUMMERTIME FUN. HAMILTON MARINE IS YOUR ONE STOP SHOP FOR EVERYTHING BOATING. WHETHER YOU ARE JUST VISITING, OR PLAYING TOURIST IN YOUR HOME STATE, **HAMILTON HAS IT!**

KITTERY • PORTLAND • ROCKLAND • SEARSPORT • SW HARBOR • JONESPORT

Good Old Boat

Issue 145: July/August 2022

The Small Boat Issue

FEATURES

14 Hit the Road, Jack
After thousands of ocean miles, a Nor'Sea 27 finds more waters to explore via highway.
by Ed Zacko

22 Little Wings
For six-time circumnavigator Webb Chiles, small boats are bluewater revelations.
by Webb Chiles

31 Small Boat, Big Love
If one Bristol Channel Cutter fulfilled their sailing dreams, two could only be better.
by Nica Waters

42 *Déjà vu* All Over Again
A small-craft sailor finds a second chance with the perfect boat that got away.
by Frank Durant

47 Return to Sender
A serendipitous turn brings a small sailboat full circle.
by Amy Devanney

DEPARTMENTS

8 Review Boat
Hirondelle: A Pert British Cruising Catamaran
by Dan Spurr

12 Design Comparison
Hirondelle and Two More British-Bred Catamarans
by Rob Mazza

19 Simple Solutions
Repurposing a 12-volt car cooler transforms an icebox into an inexpensive DIY fridge.
by Damien Contandriopoulos

26 Short Voyages
During a seven-day rally, the Salish 100 celebrates the vivacity of small boats.
by Ferd Johns

36 Simple Solutions
When the toilet pump handle broke, ideas began to flow.
by Christopher Birch

38 Sailing Tales
The boat was small, but the crush was huge.
by Ann Hoffner

41 Simple Solutions
Trailer sailing depends on finding a good launch ramp.
by Ken Van Camp

45 Simple Solutions
Installing GFCI outlets is an easy way to make your shorepower system safer.
by Matt Parsons

50 Refit Boat
After an exhaustive six-month refit, a forlorn Blue Jay flies again.
by Jim Champagne

61 Reflections
Maybe a good small boat and a quiet lake are all you really need.
by Ken Van Camp

On the Cover
The Bristol Channel Cutter *Calypso* cruises along in the Severn River near Annapolis, Maryland, enjoying a nice breeze and flat water. Jon and Shannon Neely, of S/V *Prism*, shot the photo of the 28-footer owned by fellow cruisers Nica and Jeremy Waters.

GOOD OLD BOAT

CEO / CFO / PUBLISHER
Karla Sandness

EDITOR
Andy Cross
andy@goodoldboat.com

SENIOR EDITOR
Wendy Mitman Clarke

BOAT REVIEW EDITOR
Dan Spurr

TECHNICAL EDITORS
Drew Frye | Rob Mazza

ELECTRONICS EDITOR
David Lynn

COPY EDITOR
Marcia Landskroener

CREATIVE DIRECTOR
Kelley Gudahl

ILLUSTRATORS
Tom Payne | Fritz Seegers

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS
Cliff Moore | Fiona McGlynn
Allen Penticoff | Bert Vermeer | Ed Zacko

ADVERTISING SALES
Behan Gifford
advertising@goodoldboat.com

DIRECTOR OF CIRCULATION & BOAT CLASSIFIEDS
Brenda Ellingsen
brenda@goodoldboat.com | 701-840-6137

FOUNDERS
Karen Larson and **Jerry Powlas**

145 – VOLUME 25 NUMBER 4
GOOD OLD BOAT (ISSN 1099-6354; USPS 019327)

PUBLISHED BIMONTHLY BY
Good Old Boat, Inc.

BUSINESS OFFICE:
1300 Evergreen Dr. N.W. | Jamestown, ND 58401-2204
701-952-9433 | karla@goodoldboat.com
GoodOldBoat.com

SUBSCRIPTION RATES (1, 2, 3 YEARS):
US and Canada – $39.95/$74.95/$110.00 US
Overseas – $49.95/$94.95/$139.95 US

DIGITAL-ONLY SUBSCRIPTION RATES
US, Canada, and Overseas – $29.95 / $54.95 / $79.95 US

Periodicals postage paid at Jamestown, ND 58401 and at additional mailing offices.

POSTMASTER, SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO:
Good Old Boat
1300 Evergreen Dr. N.W.
Jamestown, ND 58401-2204

The sailing magazine for the rest of us.

Contributing Boats

A few boats behind the stories in this issue.

***Calypso*, 1976 Bristol Channel Cutter**

"This boat has yards of teak to care for and maintain. But she isn't just arbitrarily hard. She's also lovely. She eggs us on. Invites one more pass of ever-finer sandpaper before just one more coat of varnish. Asks for shiny new winches and crispy new sails. She more than meets Don Casey's first rule of boat ownership—she makes our hearts sing when we dinghy away and look back at her."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRITZ SEEGERS

Designer: Lyle Hess
Owners: Jeremy and Nica Waters
Home Port: Averill, Vermont
Fun Fact: She's commodious enough below to seat 10 people for dinner.
If one BCC is good, two must be better, right? Read about it on page 31.

***Surprise*, 2007 Sanibel 18**

"I am 80, and will likely be sent out to sea, aflame, in this boat, having shuffled off this mortal coil. That is, unless I can find a solid Montgomery 17 for a good price to renovate in the meantime! I love her (relative) comfort for a small, able, easily handled coastal mini-cruiser, suitable for an old man to singlehand."

Designer: Charles Ludwig
Owner: Ferd Johns
Home Port: Whidbey Island, Washington
Fun Fact: This is his third Sanibel 18; he also has a 31-foot Camano Troll trawler.
Sail along with Ferd and Surprise *in the Salish 100 on page 26.*

***déjà vu*, 1985 Jeanneau Eolia**

"I like its shallow draft (2 feet 7 inches with the board up) and her simplicity and sailing ability. The greatest day I've had sailing this boat was a fast broad reach in 16 gusting 22 from Marsh Harbour up to Manjack Cay. We sailed through shallow 'Don't Rock Pass' just an hour before low with the board up. Few boats could do that."

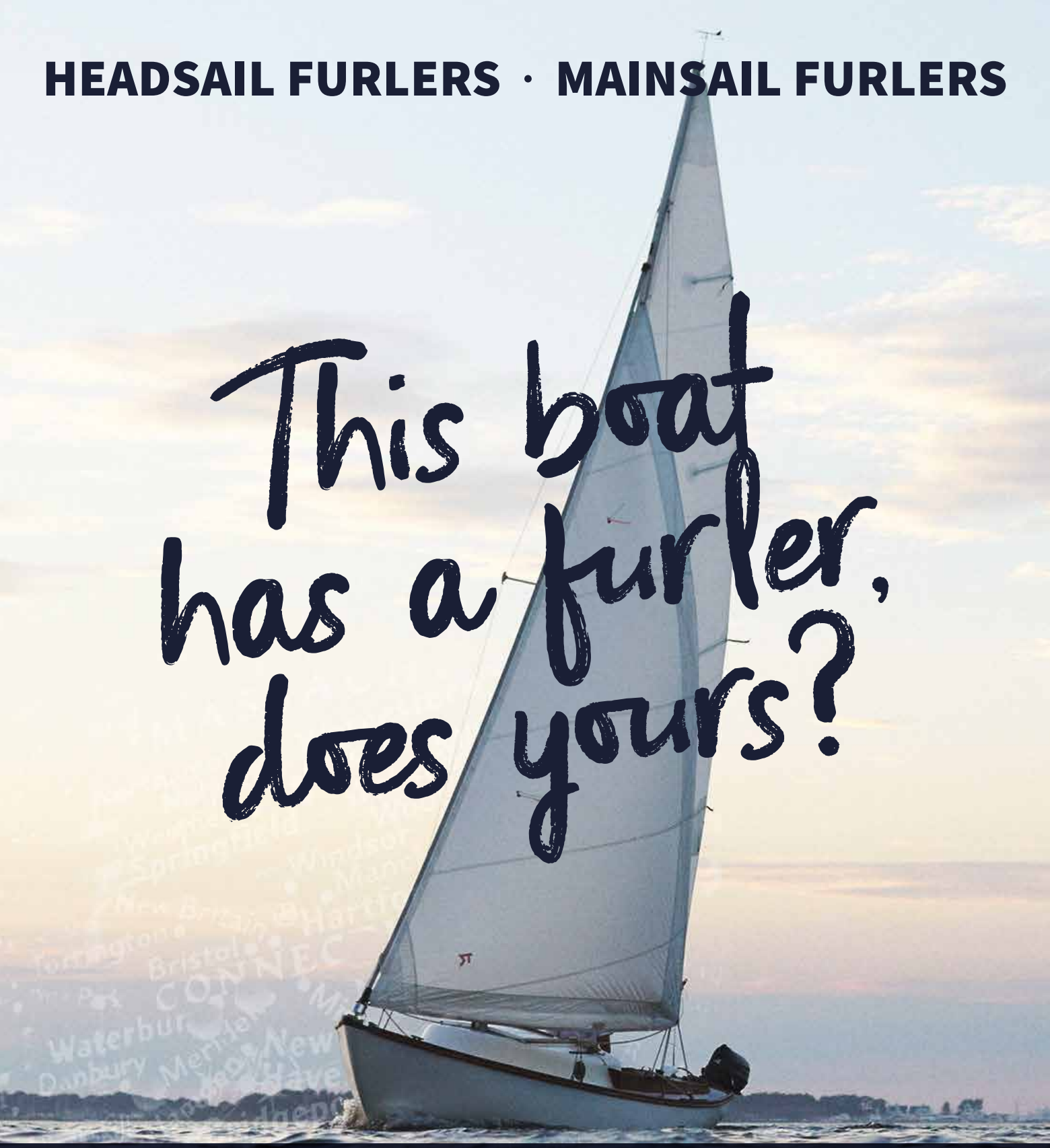
Designer: Philippe Briand
Owner: Frank Durant
Home Port: Green Turtle Cay, Abacos
Fun Fact: Jeanneau built 1,288 of them in just four years of production.
Once was not enough for this boat. Catch the story on page 42.

***Gannet*, 1979 Moore 24**

"*Gannet* is hull #40 of 156 Moore 24s built from the late '70s to the early '80s. Moore 24s were the first ultralight class built in the U.S. Ron Moore and his workmen never imagined when they were building her that she would sail around the world. It is great credit to their skill and honor as workmen that she did."

Designers: George Olson, Ron Moore
Owner: Webb Chiles
Home Port: Hilton Head Island, South Carolina
Fun Fact: In a 55-knot gale, she lay safely ahull for 36 hours in 20-foot waves.
Learn how bluewater sailing isn't just for big boats on page 22.

HEADSAIL FURLERS · MAINSAIL FURLERS



CDI has been involved in the sailing industry for over four decades. We stand firmly behind our products, and with unprecedented reliability our furling system will save you time and money. Backed by our comprehensive warranty, you will have peace of mind and more days on the water. Visit **Sailcdi.com** and sail away with ease.

photo by @mikeydetemple

CDI
CRUISING DESIGN
INTERNATIONAL

In Praise of Small Wonders

BY WENDY MITMAN CLARKE

I don't know what most 14-year-old boys want for their birthdays—I could speculate, though it's a slippery slope—but when my son, Kaeo, turned 14, his birthday request was absolutely no surprise. He wanted to go sailing.

Understand, we already *were* sailing. We were cruising full-time as a family aboard our 45-foot Adams, *Osprey*, and that April, we were at the end of a winter we'd spent in the Guna Yala, an archipelago of 378 gem-like islands east of the Panama Canal. It's a surpassingly beautiful place, and we were there with other cruisers, among them our friends Julie and Mark, who sailed a Tayana 37 named *Rachel*.

When Julie and Mark asked Kaeo what he wanted for his birthday, his request was simple: that they let him borrow their Trinka sailing dinghy, so he could make that little boat his for a day and sail her wherever he wanted.

I have a series of photos from him that day as he sailed past the beach where we were hanging out. He's hamming it up in some of them; in others he's standing and roll-tacking the little boat as if channeling his Opti sailing lessons. But in my favorite image, his face is mostly hidden under his hat, his gaze dreamy down in the boat. He's sitting to leeward, one hand on the tiller, the other trailing in the turquoise water.

Bliss. Communion. Joy. Freedom. All of these I see in his body's languid expression, his hand cupping the water not to hold it, but to let it go between his fingers, there and gone like a liquid whisper.

At the time, one of Kaeo's favorite books was *Swallows and Amazons* by Arthur Ransome, a story whose main characters—four siblings—commandeer a sailing dinghy named *Swallow* and have a summer's worth of fantastic adventures as she takes them far afield on a lake in England's Lake District.

Was he imagining himself as young John Walker, captain of the *Swallow*? Or was he being transported somewhere else by that humble little boat that served primary duty as our friends' hard-working family car and dinghy, but on this day was freed from the mundane and transformed into something altogether more inspired, more insouciant?

"The boat was the realization of that inner vision of wind, water, tides, terns, and salt air," writes Richard Bode in *First You Have to Row a Little Boat*. "It was the summation, the epiphany of a boy's life as it was, as it would become, as it had to be."

This issue of *Good Old Boat* is dedicated to celebrating small boats. And whether it is Webb Chiles circumnavigating in a 24-foot racing design, Nica Waters describing how a 28-foot Bristol Channel Cutter has framed a family's sailing life, or 80-year-old Ferd Johns and his Sanibel 18 finding camaraderie amid dozens of other small boats capering up Puget Sound in the Salish 100, an unspoken but bright common thread weaves through every one of these stories.

The best I can do is call it a sense of wonder.

For all the most ordinary reasons, small boats are practical—they cost less to buy, keep, maintain, and sail. They're easier to handle, they fit in shallower, smaller places, we can throw them on a trailer and take them someplace new and different. But for the most extraordinary reasons, they speak to things much more elemental.

For one, they literally put us closer to the water. In Ann Hoffner's lovely reminiscence about growing up sailing a Mercury 15 in summertime Maine, she describes her bare feet feeling "the water chuckling by as she sped along on a reach, and the fiberglass was always cold." That exquisite sensory memory has remained intensely immediate across decades. That's what a small boat can do.

For another, they remind us of the beauty and healing power of unfettered simplicity, gifts that Ken Van Camp's O'Day 192 provides to quiet his mind as he frets about his life's trajectory on a peaceful Pennsylvania lake.

Often, the first boat we sailed was a little boat, and so they invoke a version of ourselves that is less troubled, less burdened by the realities of adulthood. By their very nature and size, they require us to distill our lives to the essence of what we need in the moment. And there, we find our sense of wonder restored.

My son is 25 now, a long way from that 14-year-old celebrating an unforgettable birthday solo sailing a friend's Trinka. But every time I see him sail a small boat—which he still does as often as possible—I know a part of him is set free, and always will be. That's the enduring power of small boats.

Electric Outboards, Kilowatt Correction, and More on Insurance

Insurance Issues

I recently purchased a new insurance policy for my 1980 Tartan 37, having acquired the boat through a family transfer. Sadly, the long-standing Geico policy could not be renewed under my new ownership because they no longer write new policies for boats over 40 years old. It was a grandfathered policy with premiums that had gradually increased despite no claims, but remained manageable, and I would've gladly continued with Geico if I had that option. Additionally, the valuation of the boat had remained the same for literally decades and was set to the original 1992 purchase price of the boat ($60,000). When I started refitting the boat two years ago, it was scantly worth $10K on the open market in its state of disrepair and realistically had negative value. After numerous quotes, I decided on a new policy through Progressive that allowed me to attain insurance for a reasonable premium, without a requirement for a survey, but with a significantly reduced valuation of the boat at only $40,000, despite the fact that I've spent nearly double that on the refit (I made the mistake of keeping track). So, I would say that I'm "self-insured" for half of what I've put into the boat, which is an acceptable trade-off. While I don't know how the insurance bean counters look at claims statistics, it seems to me that barring a survey, the individual circumstances of each owner and each boat are not assessed well by insurance companies. Old boats definitely can be huge liabilities if not properly cared for, but I'd venture a guess that the readers of this fine publication are among the most careful when it comes to protecting their investment. When I spoke with my agent, I provided proof of the extensive work I had done to update systems, results of a professional electrical system survey, and personal experience and qualifications. I don't know if any of this helped, but I did receive listed discounts for being a "responsible driver" and having completed the Safety at Sea certification.

—**Jesse Falsone**, Deale, Maryland

Can't Escape Geico

Great job to the *Good Old Boat* team and writers Alison O'Leary and Christine

Chesapeake Bay channel marker 14 just west of Belvedere Shoals had a ringside seat to watch the *Ever Forward*, shown here firmly planted in the Bay bottom shortly after she ran aground on March 13. The 1,095-foot-long containership—owned by the same company as the *Ever Given*, which famously blocked the Suez Canal in 2020—was southbound out of Baltimore when it failed to make a slight but critical course adjustment and sailed out of the dredged shipping channel. Making 13 knots, she plowed into the bottom in about 20 feet of water just east of the channel. The ship, which was loaded with 4,964 containers, drew 42 feet. Thirty-five days of salvage operations included dredging 206,280 cubic yards of material from around the ship, and the removal by crane barges of 500 containers. Two attempts to free her in late March failed, but on the full-moon, spring high tide in the early morning of April 17, two pulling barges and six tugs yanked her free. As of mid-May, the Coast Guard had not announced what caused the grounding. Photo courtesy of Maritime Safety Innovation Lab.

Using the panorama feature on his phone, *Good Old Boat* reader Jeremy Waters caught this incredible cloud formation over the Corsica River on the northern Chesapeake Bay as squalls approached. He and his wife, Nica, were safely tucked in on their Bristol Channel Cutter, *Calypso*, when the clouds unleashed some 30 knots of wind and brief, heavy rain. After it passed, they enjoyed a perfectly peaceful sunset.

Myers on the insurance articles ("Unsure About Insurance," and "Insurance 101," May/June 2022). I hope it helps calm the waters. After my letter to the Commonwealth (see sidebar "Readers Weigh In"), my car needed to be registered. I applied online, and a month or so later, I got my registration in the U.S. mail, and included in the envelope was a flyer for Geico! A few more phone calls later, I was told that Geico is paying for the Registry of Motor Vehicles' mailing costs. In return, they are being allowed to enclose the advertisement. It just doesn't stop.

—**Michael A Cicalese**, East Greenwich, Rhode Island

A Kilowatt of Correction

Adam Cove's piece, "Evolving Into E-Power," and David Lynn's story, "Repower With E-Power?" (March/April 2022) presented thoughtful approaches to sailing with an engine that I find particularly refreshing. However, a mistake appears in both pieces; the stated kW (kilowatts) should read kWh (kilowatt hours). Sorry; it's a personal peeve. Thanks for another wonderful issue.

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

The Editors respond:

Hi, Henry. We appreciate you bringing this to our attention, and you are correct. It was an error that our Technical Editor Drew Frye caught as well, but unfortunately too late to change. We're confident that readers understood the intention, given the surrounding context, but we'll be certain to catch it next time. Overall, we're glad you enjoyed the issue!

The Right Outboard for the Job

In Drew Frye's article on electric outboards ("To (B)e-Outboard, or Not to (B)e-Outboard?" March/April 2022), he makes the case that electric outboards may not be ready for prime time and cites numerous shortcomings, among them, range, power, charging, corrosion, etc. He cites near-silent running as their main advantage. As a new owner of a Torqeedo Travel 1103, I believe he has overlooked a couple of key advantages of an electric outboard and the sage advice of choosing the right tool for the job.

Having considered an electric outboard for some time, we purchased the Torqeedo under duress. While cruising far from home, our new gas outboard was proving to be unreliable and in need of warrantee service that could not be conveniently completed while cruising. Faced with abandoning our trip or purchasing a new motor, we chose the latter. We went into this purchase with eyes open. We knew about range, power, speed, and charging—limitations to which we would have to adjust. Offsetting these issues were ease of use, light weight, and reliability.

Most of the time, our Honda 5-hp would start on the first or second pull, however, this was not always the case, and my wife was unable to start the motor at all. With the Torqeedo, we just push the on button, twist the handle, and we are off. My

continued on page 55

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.

Hirondelle

A Pert British Cruising Catamaran

BY DAN SPURR

Forty-some years ago, empty-nesters Richard and Sheila Olin sold their business in Chicago, and with their two daughters in college, boarded their British-built, 23-foot Hirondelle catamaran and headed south. No more Windy City, no more snowy winters.

In 1987, they sold the Hirondelle and bought a Gemini 3100 catamaran for more spacious Florida cruising. About five years ago they sold the Gemini to a persistent acquaintance who wanted the boat. But unwilling to be boatless, and eschewing the monohull option, Richard searched for a small cruising catamaran and settled on another 23-foot Hirondelle, listed for sale in Scottsdale, Arizona.

Once a multihuller, always a multihuller; level sailing and speed are persuasive. Indeed, in the 1960s Richard had owned a 35-foot Lodestar trimaran, also built in the U.K. His current boat, *Full Circle*, has allowed him to keep sailing safely well into his 80s, though Sheila has since passed.

The 23-foot Hirondelle scoots handily off the wind in flat water on Sarasota Bay, above.

Twin companionways access each hull. The molded coamings make for comfortable backrests. Note the well enclosure for the outboard that allows it to be lifted clear of the water to prevent drag, at right.

History

This clever little catamaran was introduced in 1968, designed by Chris Hammond and built by the British yard Brian Carvill & Associates. According to a feature story in the September/October 1994 issue of *Multihulls* magazine, more than 300 were sold. The subject of that article was the announcement of the Hirondelle Family, an updated model of the same length but with 2 feet of extra beam, a roomier interior thanks also to extending the cabin forward a bit, and the option of the innovative Aero Rig in which the headsail and mainsail are set on the same rotating boom.

Here, however, we'll focus on the original Hirondelle. The early 1970s models are now called Mk Is; Mk IIs had shorter masts; and late '70s models are listed as Mk IIIs and feature fixed keels as opposed to retractable boards, as well as upgraded interior features.

Design and Construction

Hammond decided on symmetrical hulls of sufficient width for single berths. To maximize interior volume, the flat-ish sheer actually has some reverse to it.

(top to bottom) **The twin rudders raise for shallow water but do not kick up in a grounding. Access to the swim platform and ladder is easy through an opening in the stern pulpit.**

Bridge clearance and configuration affect two things: wave slap and interior volume. Richard Olin reports minimal slapping noise though he mostly sails in protected waters.

The foredeck is mostly solid, with a small area covered by netting. Each hull has an anchor roller, so a bridle would minimize "sailing" while anchored.

The original daggerboards make for superior upwind performance, a talent in which multihulls are generally inferior to monohulls. The trade-off is additional manufacturing cost and complexity, i.e., trunks and raising/lowering lines and hardware. In modern catamarans, the choice of daggerboards versus fixed keels is a quick and decisive insight into the boat's intended service—cruise or race, or at least better sailing performance.

The rudder boards raise but do not kick up; if they strike bottom, the aft ends of the trunks are designed to break away.

The space forward between the hulls is mostly solid, that is, fiberglass, with just the most forward foot or so filled by a "tramp" or netting. On a small boat of just 23 feet, the extra weight of the solid deck is a concession to the Hirondelle's cruising side, as several lockers are stowage for ground tackle, fenders, and lines. Richard says wave slapping under the bridge hasn't been noticeable on *Full Circle*, adding it was more of an issue with the Gemini.

While little information about construction is available, the hull is single-skin fiberglass; one owner says the deck is cored with balsa. There are no liners in the hulls or on the underside of the deck. While seemingly crude, at least all

With the dinette table down, the main cabin is dominated by a queen-size berth, at right.

The single berth aft in the starboard hull. No need for lee cloths, at bottom right!

deck hardware fasteners are easily accessible.

Accommodations

As with most cruising catamarans, the bridge deck is where crew gather for meals and evening games before lights out. The U-shaped dinette easily accommodates four, and the table lowers to form a large berth, somewhat disturbed by the compression post under the mast. The table is held in the up position by a clamp attached to the compression post; there are fixed backrests outboard.

Depending on crew number, the two single berths in the aft ends of the hulls and the single forward in the starboard hull may suffice. The head with portable toilet is forward in the port hull, and a small galley with a two-burner stovetop is abaft the dinette in the bridge deck. A small, molded sink is in the starboard hull, handy to the galley.

There are numerous cubbies for stowing stuff, all without doors; remember that multihull performance is predicated on light weight, beginning with the absence of ballast and perpetuated throughout design and construction by eliminating unnecessary features, such as cubbie doors. That said, photos of the Mk III show a few refinements such as a privacy door to the head and nicer upholstery around the dinette, including padded backrests.

Rig

According to sailboatdata.com, the original design was soon modified with a shorter rig, carrying just 220 square feet of sail. One can only speculate on the reason, though safety—keeping the boat right side up—is a strong possibility.

On *Full Circle,* Richard has opted for a roller furling headsail and mainsail; a man in his 80s doesn't need to be teetering around the foredeck and cabintop. Richard can set and furl both sails from the safety of the cockpit. The stock Hirondelle had a roller furling boom, but Richard opted for roller furling behind the mast because he feels it gives better sail shape and can be handled from the cockpit.

Under Sail

Many years ago, a Hirondelle won the multihull class in the Around the Isle of Wight race, though the particulars are not

Comments from an Owner

Weight distribution bow to stern wasn't an issue unless the bow was overweighted with too many bodies. Best for a heavy load was good central weight distribution about where the centerboards are located. Too much stern weight did cause tacking challenges—irons, etc. Four adults worked quite well, six adults started to get tight, and weight shifting was used during tacking and jibing. The boat sails flat and smooth on most points of sail. Downwind is smooth and quiet. Close-hauled in windy conditions and choppy waves (lake conditions) can cause some forward-to-aft pitching, but falling off slightly seemed to solve that issue.

The boat had very good construction but there were specific weaknesses. The rear starboard shroud pulled out of the cabintop and was repaired by a prior owner. It happened again during a very gusty day on Lake Mendota, and I had to find a structural fiberglass solution. This included rebuilding a section of the curved portion of the cabintop and adding a stainless steel backing plate (there wasn't any structural reinforcement to hold the eye chain plate in the original build). I reinforced the port side rear shroud eye plate as well. There are a few deck locations that are a bit soft. The balsa core is slowly deteriorating and will need replacement eventually.

—**Neal Gruber**, Madison, Wisconsin

The main cabin is dominated by the dinette, which easily seats four. When the table is lowered, this becomes a queen-size berth, at left. Photo by Neil Gruber.

The modest galley is basically a platform for a camp stove, at bottom left.

known to this writer. I have, however, enjoyed a daysail with Richard on Sarasota Bay and found performance to be lively. He says it's best to lower both boards, which we did. We did not measure tacking angles that day, but Richard says it tacks through 130 degrees.

Full Circle is equipped with a Raymarine ST1000 autopilot that Richard controls with a remote. As crew there was absolutely nothing for me to do, as he has everything from dock lines to sheets to steering set up for "old-person sailing." The two rudders and tillers are connected by a steering bar that is easy to tend if and when he wants to hand steer.

Because of the boat's lightness and absence of ballast, maintaining momentum when depowered while steering through a tack is best accomplished by a gentle turn rather than quickly throwing the helm hard over. The risk is stalling the boat, though Richard says that "sailing backward with helm reversed provides an easy way to relieve the stall."

Manufacturer's sailing instructions that accompanied the boat emphasize that catamarans can capsize and not return to level. The message is to reduce sail early. Regarding beam and close reaching, the instructions state: "Except on a very close reach, beware of luffing in response to gusts, because an abrupt luff may aggravate heel by banking up water against the lee hull and centreboard. On some catamarans the technique is to bear away during gusts in order to help the boat absorb the wind energy by accelerating; but this is not appropriate for Hirondelle, which accelerates better if held straight. When reaching along the line of largish waves remember that a wave front both rolls the boat to leeward and lifts it into bigger exposure to wind at the same instant."

I include this here less as a tip on a specific handling techniques and more as an alert that multihulls behave differently than monohulls, and it will take a newcomer a bit of time to adjust, though it's not difficult and it is rewarding.

Additional instructions are thorough and cover such situations as flying a spinnaker, heaving to, and board height (in certain conditions half boards are recommended).

An outboard motor mounted in a well aft in the cockpit provides auxiliary power. While the boat can handle up to 25 horsepower, Richard finds his new four-stroke, 8-hp Honda more than adequate and wonderfully quiet. Short- and long-shaft motors work, though the short can cavitate in certain wave states, and the long may risk running aground if not tilted, as it projects below hull level. Fuel tanks are stowed under the port and starboard helm seats.

The Hirondelle is a versatile family cruiser for short cruises and spirited daysails, with speeds surpassing most monohulls of similar length. Construction is adequate but dated.

An Internet search for used Mk I Hirondelles found a few for sale in the U.S. Models from 1971 and 1973 were listed for $14,000 and $14,400, respectively. More are for sale in the U.K.

Dan Spurr is Good Old Boat*'s boat review editor. He's also the author of several books on boat ownership, among them* Heart of Glass, *a history of fiberglass boatbuilding, and the memoir* Steered by the Falling Stars.

LINE DRAWINGS BY ROB MAZZA

Hirondelle

LOA	22.67′
LWL	20′0″
Beam	10′0″
Draft boards up	1′3″
Draft boards down	4′0″
Displacement	2,300 lb
Sail area	250 sq ft
Displ./LWL	128
SA/Displ.	23

Hirondelle

. . . and Two More British-Bred Catamarans

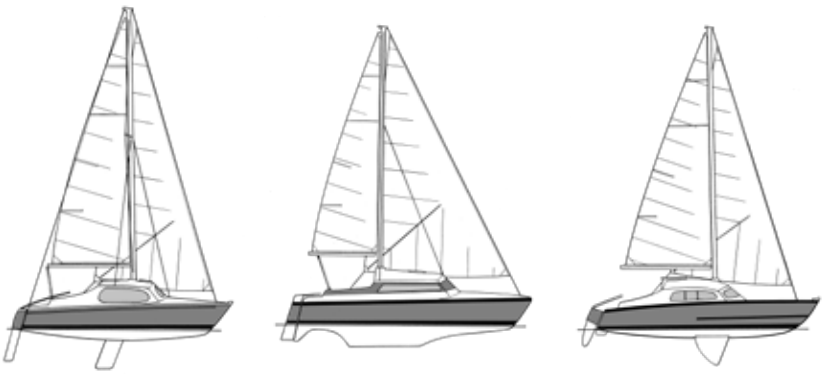
STORY AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROB MAZZA

Catamarans have much to offer the cruising sailor, not least of which are increased cockpit and saloon area and relatively flat sailing. Brits seemed to have developed an affinity for production fiberglass multihulls well before North Americans, and the two boats we have chosen to compare to the Hirondelle (French for swallow) are also British-designed and built. The Hirondelle and the larger Iroquois debuted in 1968, and the Prout-designed and built Sirocco 26 entered the market 14 years later in 1982.

The 30-foot Iroquois was designed by the great J.R. "Rod" Macalpine-Downie, who rose to international recognition in 1966 as the co-designer, with Austin Farrar, of the revolutionary *Lady Helmsman*, three-time winner of the International C Class Catamaran Challenge Trophy. *Lady Helmsman* sported the first true wing mast. She currently resides at the National Maritime Museum Cornwall, home of the finest collection of historic recreational sailing craft in the world, and the Iroquois' profile shape is quite reminiscent of this famous multihull.

Macalpine-Downie also designed a series of boats in the 1980s named Crossbow that set several sailing speed records. This design pedigree alone, as well as her same building date as the Hirondelle, justifies the Iroquois 30's inclusion in this comparison, despite her larger size. And, she's a centerboarder, also significant.

The 1982 Sirocco 26 differs from the other two with her two stub keels rather than centerboards, and her rather strange "cutter" rig with the mast stepped well aft on the aft bulkhead of the cabin. Stub keels have largely displaced



	Hirondelle	Sirocco 26	Iroquois Mk II
LOA	22'8"	25'11"	30'0"
LWL	20'0"	22'6"	27'0"
Beam	10'0"	12'9"	13'6"
Draft	1'3"/4'0"	2'4"	1'3"/5'0"
Displ.	2,300	5,291	6,560
LOA/LWL	1.13	1	1
Beam/LWL	.50	.57	.50
Displ./LWL	128	207	149
Sail Area (100%)	250	330	345
SA/Displ.	22.9	17.4	15.7
Capsize No.	3.0	2.9	2.9
Comfort Ratio	8.0	11.72	11.35
Year Introduced	1968	1982	1968
Designer	Chris Hammond	Prout Catamarans	J. R. Macalpine-Downie
Builder	Brian Carvill & Assoc.	Prout Catamarans	Sail Craft Ltd.

centerboards in modern cruising catamarans. Molded keels don't steal room from the interior as centerboard boxes do, and they often offer increased under-sole storage. Fixed keels also eliminate complicated and expensive moving parts.

Note that the Sirocco 26's displacement, at almost 5,300 pounds, is closer to the Iroquois' 6,560 pounds than it is to the 23-foot Hirondelle's 2,300 pounds. This higher displacement is also reflected in the Sirocco's higher displacement/length waterline ratio of 207 compared to the 149 and 128 figures for the other two. This raises the obvious possibility that the Sirocco's two stub keels actually house ballast. That higher displacement and wider beam/length waterline ratio of .57 compared to both the Hirondelle and Iroquois at .5 would greatly add to her sailing stability.

However, like all multihulls, these three boats are as stable upside down as they are right side up as exhibited by their capsize numbers of 2.9 and 3, well over the threshold of 2. I don't expect the capsize screening formula (beam/cube root of displacement in cubic feet) was devised with multihulls in mind, but their wide beam combined with lighter displacement certainly doesn't work in their favor. The multihulls' lighter displacements also do not work in their favor when it comes to the Comfort Ratio, which is 8 for the Hirondelle and about 11 for the Sirocco and Iroquois.

With waterline lengths varying by 7 feet, it makes little sense to try and compare actual speed potentials between these three boats. But, remembering Uffa Fox's famous credo that "weight belongs in steam rollers not sailboats," we can predict that the Hirondelle, having the lightest displacement at 2,300 pounds, the lowest displacement/length waterline ratio at 128, and the highest sail area/displacement ratio of 22.9, would have the sprightliest performance.

It is my understanding that later production models of the Hirondelle had 3 feet removed from the mast, so that high sail area/displacement ratio may have been more a liability than an asset. The Sirocco 26, on the other hand, with the highest displacement/length waterline ratio of 207, even with a sail area/displacement ratio of 17.4, would be the least sprightly of the three.

Being fond of center and daggerboards myself, from my dinghy design and racing days as well as on my own boat, I think they work well on multihulls, since they provide the necessary resistance to leeway with minimum area and weight and maximum efficiency, while providing the shallowest cruising draft possible. We once chartered a 42-foot cruising catamaran with twin daggerboards in French Polynesia. While the boat had many faults, the daggerboards weren't one of them. She sailed remarkably well.

If I were contemplating a multihull, for a piece of sailing history and heritage I'd certainly be drawn to the Iroquois. She also provides that little bit more interior volume available in a 30-footer.

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.*

Hit the Road, Jack

After thousands of ocean miles, a Nor'Sea 27 finds more waters to explore via highway.

BY ED ZACKO

The burgundy-colored jug, bearing the logo of a winery somewhere on France's Canal du Midi, had been sitting next to our woodstove for seven years. Filled now with Bahamian sand, the jug and its contents served as a memory of what had been a solemn promise that my wife, Ellen, and I had made to return, someday, to France or the Bahamas—it made no difference, as long as it was by sea.

It had been another long day of work on *Entr'acte*, our Nor'Sea 27 huddled on her trailer under cover beside our house outside New York City. The sound of snow falling heavily on the shelter seemed totally out of place with the Bahamian music on our tape player. Tired and cold, we returned inside to regroup. As we sat and gazed at the fire, our eyes fell to that wine jug full of sand and the idea suddenly hit us: "The boat and trailer are ready to go. With the proper tow vehicle, we can be back in the Bahamas in no time."

So began a new chapter in the story of our relationship with this remarkable "small" boat, a story that opened when we were young newlyweds with bluewater dreams. We had searched the East Coast for a suitable vessel without success until we saw the ad for the Nor'Sea 27. Designed by Lyle Hess, it embodied everything we desired in an ocean-going vessel and seemed like an affordable option because we could buy a bare hull and deck and complete it ourselves. It was love at first sight.

The "asphalt yacht" with *Entr'acte* rigged for land travel, above.

Back in the Bahamas, *Entr'acte* and crew take a break from the workaday and return to the cruising life, at right.

That the boat was advertised as a seaworthy trailer-sailer seemed a stretch—and why would we want a trailer anyway? We dreamed about crossing oceans, not interstates. But as it turned out, purchasing a trailer with the boat was the smartest choice we could have made. Not only did it enable us to work on the boat where we wanted, when we wanted, it has given us the flexibility to continue to develop our careers while also letting us quickly return to places that we love, as well as discover destinations we had not before considered.

> **We dreamed about crossing oceans, not interstates.**

It took us awhile—about 30,000 bluewater miles, and that jug full of sand

Trips past the Statue of Liberty became regular as the Zackos cruised the Hudson River and then Long Island Sound, above.

***Entr'acte* shows off her Nor'Sea 27 bluewater chops, at left.**

holding us to our promise—but we have grown to fully appreciate bluewater trailer-sailing, and the Nor'Sea 27 has proven over and over Shakespeare's observation: "Though she be but little, she is fierce."

Bluewater Sailors

Truth is, the trailer almost sunk the whole deal, at first. We loved the design, and while we could afford an unfinished hull and deck, the trailer and other associated costs—including shipping her from California to our home—quickly drove her out of range budget-wise. We were heartbroken.

Then a company representative called and told us that they had a trailer coming east with a new boat that would tour the New England boat shows by land. They planned to launch the boat after the show in Stamford, Connecticut, and demonstrate its passagemaking ability by sailing to the Annapolis show. They offered us the used trailer at a reduced price.

This changed everything. Not only did we save half the shipping charges, now we could build our dream at home. By October 18, 1976, hull #44, which was to become *Entr'acte,* sat regally beneath a pine tree in our backyard. A mere two months into our project, we realized that had we tried to do this in a boatyard, our work schedule, coupled with the complication, inconvenience, and costs of boatyard storage and commuting to work on the boat, would have eventually worn us down and buried us.

We launched *Entr'acte* in the spring of 1980, during the last snowstorm of the season. A year later, after a long winter of final, frantic preparations, we were ready. Young, fearless, and reasonably well-capitalized for what was supposed to be a one-year voyage, we departed New York. After a summer warm-up in New England, we made for the Chesapeake Bay, then the Bahamas, Caribbean, Bermuda, the Azores, two years in Europe, the French Canals, then back across the Atlantic to see every island from Martinique to Florida.

We returned to the Chesapeake Bay in October 1986, and after 13,000 miles, *Entr'acte* was reunited with her trailer. It was time to get serious about working again, and we could not afford any distraction. It seemed prudent to leave her with friends on the Chesapeake's Eastern Shore, where she might be out of sight, out of mind, but she would stay secure in a field, quietly awaiting our return. And, we wouldn't have to sell her, as did so many of our cruising friends when they returned to land.

Highway Passagemaking—EZ

Many people we meet express trepidation over towing anything such long distances, but we actually find the road trips quite relaxing. We approach these "land passages" with the same preparation, detailed planning, and execution as we do our ocean passages.

Our asphalt yacht (truck and trailer) is given the same attention to detail as *Entr'acte*. Maintenance is proactive; we keep logs and refer to them often. We keep spares and tools onboard for easy access.

On the road, meals are planned, as is a change of watch when Ellen and I trade driving duties. We plan our daily departures and routes according to weather forecasts, and we weather route while traveling to avoid the worst. On one passage across Texas, *Entr'acte* hove-to for three hours in the lee of the large brick wall of a church to wait out a hellacious thunder-and-hail storm.

Our daily run begins at 4 a.m. traveling with the professional truck drivers until 2 p.m. We enjoy sharing the road with these pros who understand and adjust to each others' problems as we all dance our way through this over-the-road ballet. A good cup of coffee and plenty of fine country music complete the recipe for a relaxing day.

The Asphalt Yacht—EZ

When it comes to your tow vehicle and trailer, don't scrimp. You need the power to pull your load at a safe highway speed. If you cannot comfortably keep up with traffic, you are a hazard to navigation. You also need brakes to stop you safely.

Our tow vehicle is a 1997 Dodge Ram 2500, ¾-ton pickup with four-wheel drive. This is certainly the ultimate in tow vehicles, but a brand new one is extremely expensive, so looking on the second-hand market is an option.

Don't get hung up on horsepower. Plenty of torque, a large cooling system, and good brakes are far more important. Four-wheel drive isn't a necessity but it's nice to have. We use this feature perhaps a total of 15 minutes every year, but during those minutes we are extremely thankful for it.

Our original trailer had two axles with surge brakes and was rated to carry 10,000 pounds. The Nor'Sea 27 and its mast weighs close to that. The 2,000-pound weight of the trailer must also be considered part of the load, thus, on paper, we were overloaded by 2,000 pounds. While we never saw any evidence of overloading, we were uneasy. We also disliked the surge brakes because they make using an equalizer hitch more complicated, contributing to swaying especially when braking downhill. They are also illegal in some states.

A triple-axle trailer would be rated for 12,000 pounds, but the third axle increased the trailer weight to 2,500 pounds—close but not good enough. We also dislike triple-axle trailers because they are difficult to maneuver in confined places like filling stations, boatyards, and parking lots.

We eventually had a trailer custom built. It retains two axles for easier maneuverability, electric brakes on all four wheels, and weighs 3,000 pounds. Fully galvanized, it is rated to carry 14,600 pounds, which gives us a good margin for safety.

It is possible to launch and retrieve *Entr'acte* on a ramp. We have helped other Nor'Sea owners do this, but we make a practice to never immerse our trailer, which has greatly extended its life.

The first tow vehicle was a 1986 Suburban, barely adequate to haul *Entr'acte* long distance. The Zackos learned that plenty of torque and a large cooling system are more important than horsepower, at top right.

***Entr'acte* fully rigged on the original trailer in Ed and Ellen's yard. They also made a simple rig that let them raise and lower the mast while on the trailer, at right.**

Three years later we were financially and professionally in a position to hire a friend with a Suburban to bring *Entr'acte* home. After cleaning her up and making a few improvements, we moored her in a marina on the Hudson River just 10 miles from home, where we could unwind for a few hours here and there and sometimes grab several days in a row.

The Hudson, while beautiful, quickly became confining, and next season found us back on Long Island Sound. It was wonderful to return to real, open-water sailing, and for a while, this became an annual ritual. But it simply wasn't enough.

We longed for the adventure and independence that comes with crossing oceans, but we were also hitting our stride professionally and needed to take care. We remained stuck in this limbo until that snowy day, when the wine jug full of sand prompted the revelation: If we had our own tow vehicle, we could go anytime.

Road Warriors

The plan was simple: one week to Florida, one week to commission, three weeks in the Bahamas and a week to get home. We could safely arrange that much time away from work. It would have to do.

After weeks of serious searching, we found an '86 Suburban that we felt could pull our 10,000-pound boat—after replacing a suddenly locked-up rear differential.

Our first road trip to Florida was an adventure itself. With barely enough power to maintain highway speed, the big, burdened V-8 guzzled gas at 8 mpg, and its engine temperature gauge hovered far too close to the danger zone for comfort.

Still, we made landfall at Indian Harbor Marina on day five of our overland passage. Despite our relatively slow average highway speed over ground of 50 mph, it was 10 times faster and 100 times more comfortable than sailing that same distance to windward.

The moment *Entr'acte* splashed, we immediately transformed from "house people" to ocean sailors once again. Two days later, truck and trailer in storage, the last of the provisions stowed, it was as if we had never moved ashore.

The rest was easy. We knew where we were, where we were going, and most importantly, how to get there. One day on the Intracoastal Waterway found us at

West Palm Beach inlet waiting for our next weather window to cross the Gulf Stream. It arrived a few days later, and we left for Grand Bahama Island, 60 miles east. We took up a heading of 135 degrees magnetic to compensate for the northward flow of the Gulf Stream and immediately settled into our old routine.

We motor-sailed into a light south-easterly breeze under a nearly full moon, and our landfall just after sunrise the next morning was as magical as our first one had been 10 years earlier. Our anchor went down, and that beautiful, clear, turquoise water danced in our eyes to the rhythm of Bahamian Goombay coming from our FM radio. We were home again!

Expanding Horizons

Over the next several weeks we enjoyed fabulous reunions with old friends. Somehow, what was supposed to have been three weeks stretched well beyond into August, where we found ourselves down in the Exuma Cays—a long way from home with a due date for being back at work in September and hurricane season upon us.

It took more than a month to meander from Grand Bahama all the way to Georgetown, Exuma, but in one day with a 15-knot trade wind astern, we rocketed

(top to bottom) **Solitude at anchor was one of the greatest benefits of trailer-sailing to the Bahamas in the summer. More open weather windows also meant that the Zackos could drive to Florida from New York City, launch the boat, and be across the Gulf Stream and checking in to the Bahamas in as little as three days.**

Ellen pops up from the hatch during a rollicking downwind passage back to Florida from the Bahamas.

Collecting conch for dinner is just one of the pleasures of making the transition back to the cruising life.

Resources—EZ

Nor'Sea user group: groups.io/g/NS27/topics

This is a group forum of Nor'Sea owners and is open to anyone who is interested in boat building, repair, trailering, and voyaging. A wealth of information and experience is available in the archives.

Turbo Diesel Register: turbodies-elregister.com

This is a magazine and accompanying forum for fans of extreme tow vehicles.

Turbo Diesel Buyer's Guides: turbodieselregister.com/Issues/BuyersGuide2008.pdf

If you are looking for a second-hand tow vehicle, this is one place to start. It includes torque and horsepower specifications of various years.

Triad Trailers: triadtrailers.com

Custom crafted boat trailers. Built to your specifications

to the top of the Exuma chain. The second night found us anchored in Nassau, where learned that Hurricane Andrew was coming.

The story of our encounter with Andrew must be saved for another time. We survived it, but we were later than ever. Now we really had to make tracks. Under full sail with the trade winds and Gulf Stream astern, we flew back to Florida at a speed over ground of over 14 knots. We stopped just long enough to clear customs, and as *Entr'acte* redlined it, we placed a call to the marina.

When we arrived, the lift was set and running, straps in the water waiting. We flew into the slipway at full throttle making a full-astern crash stop. Twenty minutes later, *Entr'acte* was on her now-beloved trailer, and three hours later, Indian Harbor Marina was, sadly, far astern. Three days later, *Entr'acte* sat next to our house, the truck empty, the storage shed full. We were home a scant six hours before we had to return to work.

Our experiment had been eminently successful. In addition to the supreme enjoyment of returning to our life at sea, we had learned a few things. First, *Entr'acte* was, as advertised, an oceangoing vessel that was seriously trailerable. Second, trailering wasn't that bad! (We quickly purchased a Dodge Ram pickup with a diesel engine that could easily tow 10 Nor'Seas.)

The greatest success of this voyage was the certainty we could survive a few more years of working before we took off on another long cruise. Now, when work seemed unbearable, our safety valve was knowing that in only a few days we could be back in the Bahamas or anywhere else we wanted.

The winter work schedule of '94 was so wild and tense that by spring we were truly motivated. The moment our obligations were satisfied, we exploded out of New York on a Friday, and on Monday afternoon, an astonishing three days later, set the anchor at West End, Grand Bahama Island. The almost total silence of our anchorage was in stunning contrast to the chaos of the preceding winter and spring. Completely alone, speaking in barely a whisper, we simply sat there for an entire week, decompressing.

Weeks later, instead of going directly home, we decided to carry on and relaunch on Long Island Sound to enjoy the fall sailing through September and October as our work schedule permitted.

Well and truly hooked on this trailer thing, we settled into an annual routine of working all winter to the max with the goal of summer in the Bahamas followed by fall in New England as our reward. This served beautifully until 2002, when we finally set off once again to see the world.

Now firmly based in Arizona, *Entr'acte* and her crew are not as far from the sea as one would imagine. After her refit in a community indoor workspace, (see "Testing Their Metal," May/June 2021, and "An Encore for *Entr'acte*, September/October 2021) she finally explored San Francisco Bay and the following year saw a reprise of the Bahamas-to-New England route.

This past season, *Entr'acte* once again took to the road for a herculean, 4,000-mile, land-and-sea passage. After driving from Arizona to launch in upstate New York, we cruised down the Hudson River into Long Island Sound, sailing Down East to Maine, then finally hitting the road back to Arizona.

Where to next? Who knows—from here, the Sea of Cortez is a mere five hours away. Twist my arm!

Good Old Boat *Contributing Editor Ed Zacko, a drummer, and his wife, Ellen, a violinist, met in the orchestra pit of a Broadway musical. They built their Nor'Sea 27,* Entr'acte, *from a bare hull, and since 1980 have made four transatlantic and one transpacific crossing. After spending a couple of summers in southern Spain, Ed and Ellen shipped themselves and* Entr'acte *to Phoenix, where they have refitted* Entr'acte *while keeping up a busy concert schedule in the Southwest U.S. They recently completed their latest project, a children's book,* The Adventures of Mike the Moose: The Boys Find the World.

Bluewater Trailer-Sailers—EZ

We always knew that a large, expensive boat was not a requirement for successful cruising. In our zeal, however, what we failed to fully appreciate was that a trailerable boat does not prevent you from enjoying the same cruising lifestyle or making ocean voyages to exotic places. The only requirements are a good, strong boat, and a well-found trailer and tow vehicle adequate for the load.

While the Nor'Sea 27 is trailerable, it is also without doubt the extreme upper limit for this endeavor. No longer commercially built, they are also somewhat rare. But take heart— following are just a few viable contenders. These designs have proven themselves many times over to be well suited to ocean passages. We have seen each of these boats sail into ports all over the world from the Mediterranean to Fiji and in between. Several have circumnavigations to their credit as well. Their dimensions make them eminently trailerable, and best of all, having finally reached good-old-boat status, they can be found at attractive prices.

What makes a boat trailerable? If your boat is no wider than 8 feet 6 inches (102 inches), and less than 12 feet high, it is legal to tow through most states. Standard height for overpasses and power lines is 14 feet; anything less must be clearly marked.

Entr'acte's 8-foot beam, 11½-foot height, and 13,000-pound load are easily negotiated on main highways and through most towns. For safety and peace of mind, we make a practice of following truck routes. If a commercial big-rig truck can go, so can we.

Examples of fine ocean-capable boats that are trailerable include:

	LOA	LWL	Beam	Draft	Displacement
Albin Vega	27.08 ft	23 ft	8.08 ft	3.67 ft	5,070 lb
Cape Dory 26	24.83 ft	18 ft	7.25 ft	3 ft	4,000 lb
Dana 24	24.16 ft	21.42 ft	8.58 ft	3.83 ft	7,400 lb
Dawson 26	25.70 ft	22.17 ft	8 ft	5.33 ft	4,000 lb
Flicka	20 ft	18.17 ft	8 ft	3.25 ft	5,500 lb
McGregor 26	25.82 ft	23 ft	7.82 ft	1.5 ft (5.5 ft)	2,250 lb
Stone Horse	23.33 ft	18.33 ft	7.08 ft	3.5 ft	4,500 lb
Contessa 26	25.5 ft	20 ft	7.5 ft	4 ft	5,400 lb

Too Cool

Repurposing a 12-volt car cooler transforms an icebox into an inexpensive DIY fridge.

BY DAMIEN CONTANDRIOPOULOS

Our boat *Allamanda*, a 1984 Alberg 29, has an icebox for keeping food. While this is a fail-proof option that uses zero onboard energy, it also has obvious limitations, not least of which are finding ice while cruising for longer than a weekend and preventing one's comestibles from turning to mush after swimming in ice melt.

Planning for some summer sailing in somewhat remote places around Vancouver Island, we decided to explore ultra-low-cost options for onboard refrigeration. Given that we'd recently spent about 10 years' worth of boat money replacing all through-hulls and valves and rebuilding the rudder, the fridge budget dropped to menacingly low levels. And whatever we chose would need to manage with our spartan electrical system. *Allamanda* sports two 50-watt solar panels connected to two Group 24 lead acid batteries, one of which needs to be kept charged enough to start the diesel.

With these constraints in mind, I started exploring the world of onboard cold-making, and I concluded that the most efficient system remains the good old compressor—a method that produces cold by having a gas expand in an evaporation module located inside the cold zone of the refrigerator, and then recompressed again in another, heat-producing compressor unit outside of the fridge.

But...budget. The marine compressor-based systems are well into four figures when all the parts (compressor, evaporator, and control units) are factored in. So, after mulling some more, we decided to build our own compressor-based system out of a modified 12-volt car cooler. These coolers have a built-in compressor and run off the vehicle's 12-volt charger, so you can travel or car-camp with basically a mini-fridge.

My plan was to buy an inexpensive unit and gut it, then reconfigure its key parts—the compressor and evaporator—to work in our icebox. We purchased a $200 unit (shipping and taxes included) made by a Chinese company named Vevor.

One anticipated challenge was that I would not be able to disconnect the compressor

The car cooler's evaporator tubing was embedded in its insulation, so the first task was to extract it, very carefully, without damaging it, at top left.

Damien dismantled the car cooler to use just the parts he needed—the evaporator tubing and the compressor, at top right.

After forming the tubes into a shape that would fit well in the icebox, Damien wrapped them in foil adhesive and copper wire. This section would slide into the icebox, while the attached compressor would live right next door in the lazarette, at right.

from the evaporator during the installation. Boat-specific refrigerator systems have a clip-in connector between the compressor and the evaporator so you can install each unit where it belongs, run copper pipes from one to the other, and then connect them without losing the coolant. Without such a connector, I would have to cut a larger opening in the icebox wall to slide the entire evaporator in while still attached to the compressor.

Also, the two units would need to be close to each other. Fortunately, the aft wall of the Alberg 29's icebox, located in the galley to starboard, also happens to be the forward wall of the lazarette. I could install the compressor in the lazarette against that forward wall and slide the evaporator into the icebox.

Another challenge was lack of information or technical diagrams for these inexpensive car coolers; when the box arrived, I was anxious to see what the guts of the beast would be. I was pleasantly surprised to see that the compressor was quite large and reasonably well built. The manual also showed lots of interesting options from the control unit, such as a low-power mode when the compressor runs on a reduced power draw, as well as an adjustable self-shut-down setting when battery voltage drops below a set threshold.

However, the manufacturer had built the evaporation unit right into the cooler's insulation as one continuous, spiraling copper tube embedded in the urethane foam. This called for careful dismantling and created some interesting new retrofit hurdles. (This embedded evaporation module could also be adaptable on boats where a couple feet are needed between the compressor and icebox.)

After carefully extracting the evaporation tube from the foam without pinching or puncturing it, I was left with an odd-shaped pipe spaghetti. I reconfigured the pipes into a shape that would likely fit our icebox, repacked them in foil adhesive, and wrapped some copper wire around them for good measure.

I decided to install the control unit in the galley rather than leaving it on the casing above the compressor—the thought of crawling into the lazarette to tweak the temperature provided plenty of motivation to go this extra step. This required cutting the six wires going from the compressor to the control unit and soldering a longer harness. The only wires I didn't cut were those running from the control unit to the temperature probe, since they looked long enough to reach the icebox as they were.

While I was at it, I also fully embedded the electronics in silicone to protect them from onboard humidity and added some small aluminum hangers to secure the new evaporator module. I built the casing for the compressor from parts of the original cooler and some marine-grade plywood. I rehoused the control unit in leftover teak.

Next, I drilled two pilot holes from inside the icebox into the lazarette to align the final cutting. Then I Houdinied myself inside the lazarette, and with the drilled holes as reference, I used a thin-blade oscillating saw to cut a 12-by-½-inch rectangular opening between the lazarette and the icebox. I also drilled a hole the size of the evaporator tube just at the edge of the cutout so that I could snug the cutout back into place once everything was installed.

Despite the stress I always feel when sawing through the boat, the rest of the install went smoothly. I screwed the compressor housing to the lazarette wall, reconnected the wire harness, slid the temperature probe into the icebox, and connected the 12-volt power supply to the appropriate

(top to bottom) **Damien cut a rectangular opening in the bulkhead between the lazarette and icebox, through which to slide the evaporator.**

The compressor, installed in the lazarette.

The evaporator in place in the icebox, attached to the icebox wall. Note the urethane foam sealing the opening to the compressor in the lazarette.

breaker. As I switched it on, the control module came to life. The compressor is so silent that I couldn't hear it from inside the cabin, which prompted another anxious visit to the lazarette. But the compressor was happily purring, and, after a while, the evaporator started icing.

With everything installed and operating, I slid the plywood cutout back into place and carefully filled the opening with boat-grade urethane from the icebox side. A day later, I cut away the surplus urethane and reinstalled the reciprocal fiberglass cutout in the icebox wall. I had planned to re-glass it but just re-taped it in place for the time being. The finishing touch was to screw an ⅛-inch aluminum plate over the evaporator tubes to help diffuse temperature, protect them, and prevent food from leaning up against them and freezing.

A few days later, we went for a short sail, and with a mix of sun and clouds, the solar panels kept the battery topped up with the fridge (on eco-mode), sailing instruments, and VHF all running. The battery was fully charged when we left and fully charged when we returned, which exceeded my expectations. Meanwhile, the icebox temperature dropped from 53°F to the set temperature of 37°F. From the information provided by the solar charger, eco-mode power consumption appears to be between 2 and 3 amps when the compressor runs.

Given our small house battery, I suspect we might have to turn the fridge off if we hit long stretches of gray, windy weather. But where we sail, gray, windy days never get hot anyway. And, we'll always have the option to put the fridge on fast-freeze mode when motoring or in marinas. According to the manual, the maximum draw of the new system is 45 watts (under 4 amps at 12 volts) so the onboard 20-amp charger should be able to recharge the batteries and power the fridge on 12 volts when we connect to shorepower.

As for the BTU of cold produced, I don't have any measurements, but given how fast the evaporator freezes even in eco-mode, I'm not worried about it. The true test will be durability. Our boat drips with moisture six months per year, which is tough on even the most rugged, marine-grade equipment. Time will tell how long our cheap fridge will last, but for now, we're pleased with the result.

Astrid and Damien sail from Victoria, British Columbia, usually with some, or all, of their three kids. Also, truth to be told, Allamanda *is Astrid's boat. Astrid's second boat. The first was a 1975 Folkboat. There is something like a trend in the affection for old-school, long-keel boats that won't ever back up where you want them to. But forward they're fine. Really fine.*

Little Wings

For six-time circumnavigator Webb Chiles, small boats are bluewater revelations.

BY WEBB CHILES

I have owned three great boats, and two of them were small: *Chidiock Tichborne*, an 18-foot Drascombe Lugger yawl, and *Gannet*, an ultralight Moore 24 sloop. (The third great boat was *Resurgam*, a Sparkman & Stephens SHE 36.) I have immense affection for small boats, which, if well-designed, well-built, and well-sailed, can do so much more than most people believe possible.

I made most of my second circumnavigation in *Chidiock Tichborne*, and my sixth, which I finished in April 2019, in *Gannet*. In both instances, I chose the boats because I wanted a new and different experience of the sea. I did not want to be like some old rock star who is forever singing the songs of his youth. I wanted to sing new songs, and I think that *Chidiock Tichborne*, *Gannet*, and I have.

After I completed my first circumnavigation in 1976 in the engineless 37-foot cutter *Egregious*, I had very little money and did not know what I would do next. Selling *Egregious* and publishing my first book, *Storm Passage*, provided some money, and after a year I sought a new challenge.

I wanted a qualitatively different experience, even simpler, even closer to the sea, with even greater reliance on myself. That the boat would be inexpensive was a given—all of my boats have been.

Chidiock Tichborne

Before I set out from San Diego in November 1978 in *Chidiock*, I knew that the design had been tested; David Pyle and Dave Derrick made the first open-boat voyage from England to Australia in the wooden Drascombe Lugger *Hermes* in

Webb sailing *Chidiock Tichborne* in Tahiti in 1979.

1968. (This journey was described in Pyle's book *Australia the Hard Way*.)

I found *Chidiock* in Anaheim, California, where a park ranger named Rich was selling Luggers part-time using his own as a display model. When I arrived at his place, I found a very pretty boat on a trailer in the driveway. I examined her, found the quality of construction excellent, and asked if I could step on board. Rich said yes. I climbed up and looked around, then lay down. There was just enough room for my shoulders beside the centerboard trunk.

I got up and said, "I'll buy one." Rich said, "Great. What are you going to do with her?"

"I'm going to sail her around the world," I told him. Rich cashed my check quickly.

That was in June. In November, I rowed from the marina in San Diego's Mission Bay and set out for Nuku Hiva in the Marquesas Islands 3,000 miles away. We made it in 34 days, only a few more than several 40-footers sailing at the same time.

With only 12 inches of freeboard and no deck, *Chidiock Tichborne* certainly brought me closer to the sea. In fact, one night between Fiji and what is now Vanuatu, she hit something—probably a container—and threw me into the sea. She and I ended up drifting for two weeks and 300 miles before reaching land.

She survived that accident as a bigger boat might not have. Although gunnel-deep in the water, she had sufficient flotation not to sink. I tied her and the inflatable together, and she followed me over the reef onto Emae Island. With new masts, sails, rudder, floorboards, and oars shipped from England, she sailed again five months later and completed 15,000 more miles.

Gannet

My second admirable small boat came into my life when I was living part-time in Evanston, Illinois, a suburb of Chicago

(top to bottom) ***Chidiock Tichborne* sailing in 1978, a small boat in big water.** Photo by Suzanne Chiles.

In 1980 while sailing in the South Pacific, *Chidiock Tichborne* hit a submerged object—likely a shipping container—and was severely damaged, but the boat had enough flotation that it didn't sink. Webb shot this image after the accident; he and the boat drifted to safety at Emae, an island in Vanuatu.

Webb calls this selfie, taken in the Atlantic Ocean in 2018, "sailing joy."

***Gannet* zooming along with the tiller pilot steering.**

on Lake Michigan. The 37-foot IOR one-tonner I had sailed and lived aboard for most of three decades, *The Hawke of Tuonela*, was based in New Zealand, and I decided to get a second boat to sail on Lake Michigan during the North American summers.

Checking boat listings, I came across a Moore 24 for sale in Detroit. I knew of the Moore 24's superb reputation as the first ultralight class built in the U.S., a 1970s design that continues to win races 50 years later.

I did not want to race, but performance like that was tempting. The Detroit boat sold before I could see her, but the seed had been planted, and I found another Moore for sale in Duluth, Minnesota. I made an offer, and *Growler*, soon to be renamed *Gannet*, was mine the following May. Along with changing her name, one of my first modifications was to give away the two old gas outboards and replace them with an electric Torqeedo.

I kept *Gannet* on Lake Michigan for only two summers. I am pelagic. I like sailing oceans. I need endless horizons. I don't want to set out one morning and see Michigan appear before sunset. So, I sold *Hawke*, towed *Gannet* to San Diego, and decided to sail her around the world. Moore 24s had successfully raced from San Francisco to Hawaii. No one had gone farther than that, but I thought, if 2,000 miles, why not more?

Like all of my boats, *Gannet* was stock, and I didn't make huge modifications. I did replace her mast and boom, increasing the rigging by one size—as I have on all of my boats except for *Chidiock*. It probably was a good decision, since *Gannet*'s masthead has been in the water at least four times.

Initially I planned to put a self-steering vane on *Gannet,* but I found that because of her ultralight construction, her transom would have to be strengthened to support a vane at a cost of more than half of what I paid for her. I decided that I could buy a lot of tiller pilots for that amount, and I have. I also knew that I could use sheet-to-tiller self-steering, a method I've used to sail more than 50,000 miles on three different boats.

I carried some equipment on *Gannet* that I never had on earlier boats: a dry suit, an emergency rudder, and a Jordan drogue. I was glad to have them on board and equally glad never to have needed them.

I navigated on *Gannet* by iPhone using both iNavX and iSailor charts and apps. I do carry a sextant as backup, and though I made my first two circumnavigations using celestial, I haven't taken a sight in years.

I do not push *Gannet* as hard as those who race Moores, but I try to keep her in the groove. She accelerates faster than any other boat I have owned. Going 6 or 7 knots, she catches a wave or a bit more wind and instantly is doing 12 or 14.

Small boats...can do so much more than most people believe possible.

Tough Customers

Small, well-built boats are capable of surviving severe weather. Both *Chidiock Tichborne* and *Gannet* endured at least two 55-knot gales as recorded by official sources ashore.

With her yawl rig, *Chidiock* hove to better than any boat I have ever owned by furling the jib, lowering the main, dropping the centerboard three-quarters of the way down, tying the tiller amidships, and flattening the mizzen, all of which weather-cocked the bow into the wind. In *Gannet*, I lay ahull. Both boats were corks that rose over waves. Mostly.

Ironically, the most dangerous moments of *Gannet*'s circumnavigation did not come in gales but on a sunny, moderate-trade-wind day 300 miles from Apia, Samoa. Just after noon, I was standing in the companionway—which on *Gannet* comes just above my waist—when I saw two 10- to 12-foot waves coming at right angles to the 3- to 4-foot wave pattern. They were steep and close together. As the first one hit, I ducked below, sliding the companionway over me. However, the vertical slat was not in place and not reachable. The second wave exploded into and over us, knocking *Gannet* down, her masthead touching foaming water.

With the boat heeled 90 degrees, I braced myself from falling and stared down at the ocean. *Gannet*'s lee rail was underwater, the sea only inches from downflooding the companionway. The wave was gushing in and pressing us down. It was a matter of whether the ocean would reach the companionway before *Gannet* found her feet. Time slowed to a stop. Probably a few seconds passed. *Gannet* came back up.

I would not go to sea in just any small boat, or just any big boat either. For me, a boat must be well built, look pretty, have clean, uncluttered lines, and sail well. Notice I didn't mention comfort. In my experience, no boat is comfortable in a gale—and I have the advantage of not getting seasick. I am glad to be writing this on a comfortable sofa in a sunny room in a condo on Hilton Head Island overlooking the Intracoastal Waterway, but comfort is not a life.

Our lives are as brief as a butterfly's cough. I believe they are redeemed by moments of joy. I have known countless such moments sailing small boats across oceans.

Webb Chiles, 80, the first American to sail alone around Cape Horn, has circumnavigated six times and married six times. He has no plans to increase either of those numbers. He has been awarded the Cruising Club of America's Blue Water Medal and the Ocean Cruising Club's Jester Medal, and he's published seven books and a multitude of magazine articles about his journeys. He bases Gannet *at South Carolina's Hilton Head Island. You can follow him at inthepresentsea.com/the_actual_site/webbchiles.html and read his online journal at self-portraitinthepresentseajournal.blogspot.com/.*

Webb stands in *Gannet* while the tiller pilot steers. He opted for a series of tiller pilots because modifications to accommodate a self-steering wind vane would have been cost-prohibitive, at top left.

***Gannet* on a mooring in Opua, New Zealand, in 2016, at left.**

A Sea of Small Wonders

During a seven-day rally, the Salish 100 celebrates the vivacity of small boats.

BY FERD JOHNS

Competitors in the Salish 100 gather on the docks where the conversations inevitably turn to all things small boat, above. Photo courtesy Northwest Maritime Center.

Ferd and *Surprise* ghost along through the Colvos Passage, at right.

Usually, I'm better prepared. Self-recrimination rarely does any good, but as I fumbled to stuff AAA batteries into my portable running lights while vaguely tending the tiller of *Surprise*, my Sanibel 18, better-sailed boats ghosted through the foggy circle of my vision, and I cursed myself for not having everything ready before leaving the slip. We were headed out of Ludlow Bay on Puget Sound when the typical light marine layer had become dense fog, and now I was threading a needle between Snake and Colvos rocks, scrambling to get my radar reflector and running lights in place.

I'd already dashed below, desperately rummaging for the running lights in the by-now-totally-disorganized navigation bin. After several minutes of futile searching, I'd popped my head out of the companionway and realized we were headed for some submerged pilings to port. Lightweight sailing craft are very sensitive to weight shifts! I'd jumped back into the cockpit, reset our course, adjusted the sails, lashed the tiller, and returned below to continue the excavation.

Finally successful, I clipped my tether to the port shrouds and crawled forward on the slippery deck to lash the lights to the pulpit. Creeping halfway back, I grabbed the radar reflector and hoisted it with the spare jib halyard. Just in time, too, as the fog-muffled tolling of the Klas Rock bell buoy dead ahead ominously reminded me to remain alert.

So began the final day of one of my most enjoyable cruising adventures in 65 years of avid boating. *Surprise* and I were participating in the second annual Salish 100, organized by the Northwest Maritime Center of Port Townsend, Washington. After a one-year pandemic hiatus, in July 2021 more than 100 small-craft enthusiasts were sailing in the 100-nautical-mile cruising rally through the Salish Sea from Olympia to Port Townsend. Along the way, we experienced 10-foot-plus tides, currents topping 5 knots, tidal rips, fog, fast ferries, ship traffic, and the fickle winds and unpredictable weather of a Pacific Northwest summer.

It was my first time at this event, whose first rule—don't have too many rules—appealed to my sense of whimsy and discernment. Waterborne craft of any description under about

23 feet and powered by sail, oar, paddle—even a small motor—or any combination thereof are eligible. If your boat is too large or too powerful, you can volunteer to participate as an escort vessel, shepherding the small fry. Entrants must certify that their craft can maintain an average speed of 3 knots, whatever the conditions, to make each day's march. Failing that, they'll be ignominiously towed into port by a support boat.

The route begins in Olympia, the southernmost end of Puget Sound (and the Salish Sea, which stretches north into British Columbia) and travels basically north to end at Port Townsend on the Olympic Peninsula. Each day's 10- to 16-nautical-mile passage ends at overnight stops in Henderson Inlet, Penrose Point State Park, Gig Harbor, Blake Island State Park, Kingston, and Port Ludlow.

Before I could take on these navigational challenges, though, I had to survive the most nerve-wracking and perilous part of the voyage—towing *Surprise* from my home on Whidbey Island through Seattle and Tacoma traffic on terminally congested Interstate 5. I arrived with relief at Swantown Marina in Olympia, where the launch area and guest docks were already aswarm with tiny boats and their crews, many of them obviously old friends.

Mini-Boat Mecca

The next day, boats continued to pour in from all over. And what a collection of small boats it was! As one would expect in the Pacific Northwest, beautiful and unique wooden boats of all descriptions graced the docks, but so did great examples of classic production fiberglass craft.

Many of the wood/composite boats, often

A Sage 17 and two fiberglass SCAMPs share a slip.

A member of the fleet anchored up in Gig Harbor.

owner-built, had been designed by such notables as Welsford, Devlin, Oughtred, Stambaugh, Gartside, Henrickson, Hvalsoe, Short, Chesapeake Light Craft, and others. Most were open, camp-cruising, row-and-sail craft, but a few unique powerboats and several elegant coastal cruisers were also in evidence in the wood/composite fleet.

Among the fiberglass boats were 1970s-era small cruisers, including Montgomery 17s, a Montgomery 16 Katbote, Montgomery 15s, West Wight Potter 15s, a West Wight Potter 19, two Kent Ranger 20s, a Sea Pearl 21, an O'Day Mariner, a Balboa 21, a North American 23, a Flicka, and a Venture of Newport. Gig Harbor Boatshop's SCAMP and a Sage 17 rounded out the fiberglass fleet, while unusual entries included a solar-powered electric boat, a spritsail proa, a

Rigged and ready to go, *Surprise* waits at the dock.

sleek rowing shell, and even a competition paddleboard fitted with a dry bag.

That evening, the first and only organizational meeting laid out a general daily plan: morning roll call of boats, then get to the next stop however you can and anchor or moor as you see fit. Repeat seven times. If you get into trouble or leave the fleet, call on the VHF. Have fun. And that was it. Amid the happy, friendly, relaxed crowd, I felt immediately welcome, even though I had only known one other person there before my arrival.

The next morning dawned with light winds, but a favorable northerly current would help, as it would for the entire week. I congratulated myself on slipping out early and hoisting sail, pleased that *Surprise* could make way, if only barely, in the light breeze. However, I picked the wrong side of Budd Inlet, and soon most of the boats had passed me.

"Hmm," I mused, "get used to it, Ferd. You and your boat are not really competitive in this fleet!"

Finally straggling into Henderson Inlet 11 miles from Swantown, I anchored, raised the bimini, and ate my one-pot dinner in relative comfort. That is the upside of my chubby but comfy boat. Friendly chatter from the smaller open boats camped in a gaggle along the shore murmured across the still water as I drifted into a peaceful sleep.

The next day, awakened by roll call on the squawking VHF, I leapt into adrenalin-fueled action with barely time to make oatmeal and coffee. No more oversleeping! Once underway, a tiny but skillfully sailed SCAMP passed us, so I eventually gave up and used Tohatsu-assist to transit wide Drayton Passage, followed by tortuous and narrow Pitt Passage, finally picking up a mooring ball in Mayo Cove. My only consolation was learning that almost everyone else had motorsailed or rowed as well—even that SCAMP, which I discovered had a stealth electric outboard.

The smaller boats made for the park docks or beach, the rest moored or anchored out. The pace of social life picked up, and a sunny afternoon with a decent breeze inspired some to daysail around the cove. Impromptu sails are one of the real pluses of small, easy boats, but I lazily chose to retain possession of my mooring ball. The predicted 15-knot nocturnal winds failed to show, and it was another quiet night for all.

On day three, I got underway early in hopes of minimizing my humiliation, sailing across Carr Inlet to pass north of Fox Island. The wind picked up a bit, and I was leading most of the fleet for once, making almost 5 knots with a lovely current assist as

Salish 100 participant Chris Fry takes a break under some impromptu shade in his boat *Bibi*.

I passed under the Fox Island Bridge. The breeze dropped as I turned north toward Galloping Gertie, the infamous Tacoma Narrows Bridge, so I started my outboard for insurance, motorsailing at a slow idle while hugging the east shore for the fastest ride.

We blasted under the bridge at more than 8 knots and swung westward toward the dogleg entrance to Gig Harbor. I had furled my sails in preparation for entering, but just as we nosed into the tight channel, the Tohatsu packed it in and refused to restart. I quickly unfurled the genoa, thanking the gods that the wind was favorable, and sailed toward a sleek 40-foot sailboat anchored midway on the packed harbor's north side, dropping my hook just off his starboard quarter.

Doubtless concerned for his topsides, the owner came on deck and watched as I pulled off the outboard's cowling. Noting that gasoline poured out of the carb each time I squeezed the bulb, I suspected a stuck float was the culprit. I gave the carburetor a smart whack with a crescent wrench, and the owner's expression was priceless at the Tohatsu's start on first pull. I thanked him for the loan of real estate and proceeded to anchor in good company with a Navigator and San Francisco Great Pelican in the shallows, as only we skinny-draft boats can do.

Finding Family

The next morning, I powered out of Gig Harbor with the fleet, then sailed with a north-flowing current and fair wind. With a decent breeze abaft of beam, *Surprise* was more competitive, and we hung with the fleet leaders all morning. It was wing-and-wing until we reached the Southworth ferry terminal, where I peeled away to pick up a mooring ball off the west side of Blake Island, finishing the beautiful, all-morning sail.

I noticed a lovely Devlin boat, a 15-foot Nancy's China, looking for anchorage, and invited James Thomas to raft up. He did, and we chatted about his adventures building the boat—as well as my life story, I'm afraid. Dennis Wang, in his handy escort boat *Moon Lady*, swung by asking if anyone wanted a run ashore, and James hastily agreed.

When he returned, we were surging up and down so much that I had been fending his boat off. James is an engineer, so he tried valiantly to rig our fenders to avoid damage to his beautifully finished brightwork, but finally gave up and left to anchor solo. It had been a fun, if brief,

Some of the open boats used a variety of tents for shelter while tied up or moored.

interlude in an otherwise solo passage so far.

As day five dawned, the typical early-morning marine layer was up at the treeline, and a southwesterly of about 4 knots got me going under sail right after breakfast and ablutions. I fired up the Tohatsu to quickly cross the track of the fast ferries that blast out of Rich Passage headed for Seattle. Ferry stress took the place of a second cup of coffee, but once past Restoration Point, I killed the engine and sailed northward along the east shore of Bainbridge Island, well inside the southbound shipping lane. As the wind freshened from the south, the sailing was so good that the escorts were fully occupied nudging overly enthusiastic skippers out of the danger zone.

Along the way, the fleet encountered the 133-foot gaff-rigged schooner *Adventuress*, and I had a gangbuster time chasing her deep into Port Madison and racing back out again to join the fleet. Need I mention that I never caught her? Still, it was the most exciting and energetic sail of the trip; I don't know why nobody else came along!

The more time I spent with this fleet, the more time I wanted to spend.

In Kingston, the jovial dockmaster and his friendly crew found a spot for everyone, packing as many as six of our small boats plus dinghies (yes, several boats towed dinghies, or at least floats) into one standard boat slip. It was my first step ashore and a very welcome one. I had a shower, dumped the dangerously full portable toilet, took a walk, and ate crepes and ice cream with Dennis Wang and Bill Ferry. Then we walked the crowded docks, swapping lies and brilliant insights with fellow cruisers. The more time I spent with this fleet, the more time I wanted to spend.

After motorsailing and dodging ships through most of the next day's passage, I was happy to tie up again, this time at Port Ludlow Marina. The Northwest Maritime Center organized a much-appreciated barbecue, and we all ate, drank, mixed, mingled, recited doggerel, and exaggerated.

The last day of the rally began in the fog at Port Ludlow, and after bungling my exit with the frantic scramble for running lights, a bit of a breeze picked up, and the fog lifted some by the time I approached the southern end of the Port Townsend Canal. I motorsailed the canal for control rather than speed, as we shot through with a brilliant following current and spit out past Port Hadlock toward our final destination.

Once across Port Townsend Bay, several boats went directly to the ramp to haul out, while the helpful and pleasant Boat Haven marina staff directed the rest of us to the linear dock (translates to "long walk") for the night, where we spent a final evening trading stories.

In all my years of sailing small boats, I've rarely had as much fun as I did in the Salish 100. It was an ideal combination of camaraderie, small-boat sailing passion and skill, organization, and beautiful boats and geography, with plenty of fun and humor woven throughout. You can bet I'm already signed up for this year's event—and this time, the running lights will be ready.

Ferd Johns is an 80-year-old architect who, after decades of cruising the Chesapeake Bay and Florida Keys, now sails out of Whidbey Island in the Pacific Northwest. Afflicted with small boat-itis for more than 65 years, Ferd has collected, reconstructed, and briefly sailed an embarrassing number of small plastic cruisers, mostly sail. His wife, Beth, prefers their 31-foot Camano Troll.

Some of the fleet tied up at the docks in Swantown Marina in Olympia where the rally began.

Small Boat, Big Love

If one Bristol Channel Cutter fulfilled their sailing dreams, two could only be better.

BY NICA WATERS

"This poor, poor boat," I thought, looking at the forlorn Bristol Channel Cutter tied to the dock, mold-stiff lines heavy with barnacles where they sagged in the water. Varnish peeled off the bowsprit in sheets. At the waterline, crabs foraged in the forest of swaying, dark-green moss. Wasps flew in and out of the sail cover; the once off-white deck and cabin sides were black with mold.

It didn't get any better below, my husband, Jeremy, and I gagging on mildew and diesel fumes when we opened the companionway. Water stains spread on the wood under each porthole. A monstrous snake of plastic and wire ran along the cabin sides to a cockpit chart plotter. The keel-stepped mast sat in 5 inches of standing water, oxidized aluminum visible under a water-saturated fiberglass cast.

It was a horror of a project boat. But it was a Sam L. Morse Bristol Channel Cutter.

So, of course we bought it.

And if this sounds a little crazy, consider this: *We already own a Bristol Channel Cutter*. *Calypso* has been in our lives for 30 years, having taken us on extended cruises twice already. We're finishing up a long-term refit that has left no system untouched. We're well aware of the pitfalls of a project boat; there's barely enough time to do the work on the boat we already have. Why on earth would we add another?

The simplest explanation is the most honest one. It must be love.

First Love

There's no mistaking a Bristol Channel Cutter. The short rig and long bowsprit, the wineglass transom. The planked bulwarks and outboard rudder. At 28 feet long on deck and 37 feet overall, she looks like she belongs in a different era, one steeped in romance and possibility.

In 1975, Sam L. Morse commissioned Lyle Hess, designer of Lin and Larry Pardey's *Seraffyn* and *Taleisin*, to draw a 28-foot version of those wooden classics to be built in fiberglass. BCCs, as they're known, are based on old Bristol Channel pilot cutters, work boats that needed to be fast and seakindly. Full keels, a long waterline, and impressive sail area are part of their pedigree. Early hulls were sold unfinished, but eventually the Morse company turned out completed boats. These featured interiors with a pull-out

***Calypso* shows off the sailing skills for which the BCC is known.** Photo courtesy S/V *Prism*.

***Calypso* sails off St. Lucia in 1995. The island was among the many stops on the Waters' first three-year cruise in the 1990s after buying *Calypso* and spending two years refitting her.**

double bunk in the main saloon, a workbench in the forepeak, water tanks in the bilge, and storage everywhere.

When we first set our sights on going cruising in 1991, we weren't looking for a forever boat. All we wanted was one that could take us to the Caribbean for a couple of years on the pulled-from-thin-air budget we'd conjured up.

When we saw the Sam L. Morse Company ad with the line drawing of a small, sturdy, salty-looking sailboat, it instantly made our short list. It ticked all the boxes: less than 30 feet, shallow draft, strong, seakindly, and by all accounts a good sailing boat. The only drawback was finding one we could afford.

Eventually we found hull #006. One of the early, home-finished boats, she was in rough shape. Opened blisters pockmarked the hull. Underneath threadbare blue tarps, raw wood formed the bulwarks. The interior had been essentially gutted of all but the bulkheads and the settees. Still, the light streaming in from the center hatch bounced off the honeyed tongue-and-groove cedar strips. Curved mahogany, varnished to a gleam, edged any opening. It was relatively easy to envision a finished cozy space even if some things needed to be changed right off the bat. (Three-gallon stainless steel lobster pot for a head, chocked into its own perfectly built teak cabinet? See ya!)

We weren't looking for a forever boat.

We named her *Calypso*, invoking both Odysseus' nymph and Trinidad's music, and, with island music playing on repeat, tackled the first of our refits. Over the next two years, she got a full galley, a new forepeak area that included a double bunk and manual head, and a table big enough to seat six comfortably.

When we left in October 1994 with our beagle, Toby—whom we'd adopted the same day we bought the boat—we'd finished the last, gotta-be-done-before-we-leave projects just the week before, including installing the head through-hull at the dock. And despite more than a few people shaking their heads when we shared our cruising plans, we couldn't stop grinning as we tucked docklines and fenders into the lazarette. We were off!

We were 25 years old and living large in the boat we'd chosen in part because it was small enough to afford and to maintain. While college friends financed new cars and wondered aloud how we could drop any semblance of employment and sail off—if not into the sunset, at least across it—we were snorkeling, laughing, and marveling at the world that opened to us just by pointing our bow in that direction. Our days centered around basics like weather, food, and friendship, with a good dose of boat projects sprinkled in.

A barely toddling Bee Waters learning how to stand with the help of *Calypso*'s interior.

Julian and Bee Waters playing on board in 2002.

The BCC more than lived up to its reputation as a good sailing boat. Give us a breeze, even a small one, and off we'd go. Once we turned the corner on the trades at Saint Martin and didn't have to claw to windward for every bit of easting, it really got memorable. The sailing surpassed our wildest dreams, whether we were beam reaching on passage between Caribbean islands at 7 knots or tacking slowly in and out of shallow bays along Venezuela's coast, making a knot or two and loving it.

True Love

That first cruise, a three-year jaunt from Texas to Venezuela and Bonaire via the Eastern Caribbean and up the U.S. East Coast to Virginia, taught us a lot about hard work and reward. At the center of it all was *Calypso*, that 28-footer we hadn't thought was going to be our forever boat.

And so, we kept her. The freedom that little boat represented was too precious to sell off, even if we were living a couple of hours inland and only able to spend weekends working on her. Kids came along, and we made the changes to the boat to make it work for them. Lee cloths on the settees formed safe sleeping spaces, the cockpit made a perfect playpen. Legos took over the storage space in the table that once held wine bottles. Our son, Julian, first steered the boat when he was 2; our daughter, Bee, learned to stand up under the chart table.

We talked about taking the kids cruising, but the time never seemed right. And while we thought the boat was too small, it was never the right time to sell or to buy a different boat, and so we sailed on her and worked on her and lived on her at the dock on weekends.

Then, on our 15th wedding anniversary, what began as the "we're not going cruising any time soon" lament became an animated discussion about leaving for the Bahamas in 10 months. To hell with the idea that *Calypso* was too small for a family of four. We had the boat and were all used to spending time on her. Let's go.

It took surprisingly little to morph *Calypso* into a proper cruising boat once again. Kids' books took over the bookshelves, games filled one locker behind the port side settee. We found kid-sized harnesses. Two kayaks joined the 10-foot RIB we'd purchased in a prescient fit of budget-busting in Venezuela, all those years ago. I practiced my nonexistent sewing skills by making cushions for the quarter berth; once the

When Nica and Jeremy found hull #006, the interior was essentially gutted, above right.

***Calypso* sailing in the Chesapeake Bay, at right.**

The BCC that would become *Mischief* was sitting neglected at a dock on the Chesapeake when Nica and Jeremy found her in 2021, below.

Nica and Julian in 2001. The kids grew up spending weekends sailing *Calypso*.

boat's garage, it would be Julian's bunk while Bee had the port side settee.

Once again, naysayers rolled their eyes. "You're going in *what* size boat?" This time when we left the dock, in September of 2009, it was the kids who laughed with glee as they tucked lines into the lazarette. While their friends back home threw snowballs, Julian and Bee kayaked in the marshes of South Carolina, swam with feeding dolphins in the Abacos, eyeball navigated along the Devil's Backbone of Eleuthera. Watching them internalize the sense of freedom and empowerment that comes with successful cruising was a highlight of our parenting lives.

One major change we noticed on this cruise was that the average boat size seemed to have grown considerably. Our best buddies sailed a 45-footer; other friends were on bigger boats or catamarans. There just weren't many small cruisers out there.

But that cliché that says the sunset looks just as beautiful from the deck of a 28-foot boat is accurate. And sometimes, it felt like we had the advantage. We may have had to leave a couple of hours before our friends to make it to the next anchorage at optimum light, but with a mast 45 feet off the water, raising the main was a two-minute job. Tacking was so easy that we frequently chose to weave our way through the anchorage under sail, extending a gorgeous sailing day with some close-quarter maneuvering. And we still entertained with abandon, including a memorable birthday feast with six adults that culminated with a late-night dishwashing gabfest in the cockpit.

When we returned to land life this time, Jeremy and I had realized that cruising was the goal, and we had no desire to spend the next 25 years of our lives working. But, we also came back to the same question that had pushed back cruising with the kids for so long. Is this boat big enough? Can she accommodate the changes we want?

Spreadsheets gave way to more spreadsheets. We cross-projected until we saw numbers in our sleep. Keep the boat. Sell the boat, buy a different one. Spend money on a refit, spend money on insurance, spend money on maintenance. The answers all kept guiding us to the crux of the matter: *Calypso* was ours already. We knew what she needed, we knew how to live and sail on her. And, no small consideration, we loved her.

We were four years deep into her complete overhaul, prepping her for long-term life aboard and crossing the Pacific, eyes firmly on that prize. And then...

More Love

"Hey. Did you hear about the BCC that's up the Piankatank?" said a fellow owner who cornered us at the yard one day. "Apparently, it's been kind of rotting at the dock for a while. It can't be in *that* bad shape. It's a BCC! Someone could get a killer deal."

Which brought us to the dock where she sat, her lovely lines still apparent beneath the neglect. We'd already decided we were going to buy this boat before we stepped aboard. The lichen-encrusted bulwarks and coamings, the water damage, even the uncertainty of whether the engine would fire—none of these things deterred us. The Sam L. Morse company built 121 BCCs. Losing even one was too sad to contemplate.

And, unlike *Calypso*, this BCC had been completed at the Morse yard. The touches noted in Ferenc Mate's *World's Best Sailboats*, which highlights the Morse

Jeremy and Nica Waters grab a selfie while passing the Statue of Liberty during their summer cruise of 2021.

boats—details like brass ventilation plaques at the lockers, the swing-up counter extension linking the stand-up chart table with the sink, the side table where a cabin heater could sit—this boat, unlike *Calypso*, has them all (along with standing headroom for my 6-foot-2-inch-tall husband).

After looking at old Bristol Channel pilot cutter names, we named her *Mischief*—a little sneaky, a little joyful, a little sassy. Kind of like these boats themselves.

In many ways, our two boats are flip sides of the same coin. They're both the same sturdy, classic, overbuilt fiberglass hull and deck. With *Calypso*, though, we needed to build her, more than once, from the inside out. Along the way, she's taught us about patience and joy, hard work, and the deep satisfaction in sailing a boat you know intimately. She is memory and stories and laughter in every angle.

Mischief needs some love and care to bring her back to her true self. The thorough cleaning has already begun. Her external woodwork needs sanding and cleaning; the mast likely requires either replacement or massive repair. She needs a bottom job and maybe a blister one. I'm sure that's just the start of the project list. It's a boat, after all.

Once again, friends and family are scratching their heads: Just how does *another* BCC fit into our long-range plans? His-and-hers BCCs? A parts boat for *Calypso*? A fix-and-flip? None of the above.

Calypso will be the go-far boat, and *Mischief* will be based on the U.S. East Coast, a boat to restore to glory and explore parts of the Northeast we haven't seen yet. We get that it may sound crazy. But for us, it's quite clear.

Love is love. More can only be better.

Nica Waters and her husband, Jeremy, sail their Bristol Channel Cutter, Calypso, *when they're not refitting her. Now that they've added a second BCC to the fleet, the ratio of work to sailing has increased, but they still hope to head for the Caribbean on* Calypso *in autumn 2022. You can listen to more of Nica on The Boat Galley podcast at theboatgalley.com.*

Julian and Bee on the foredeck in Eleuthera during the cruise to the Bahamas in 2009-2010.

Pimping the Head

When the toilet pump handle broke, ideas began to flow.

BY CHRISTOPHER BIRCH

My father once offered me a sage piece of advice: Never get run over by the same trolley car twice. So, when the handle on my boat's toilet pump sheared off in my hand, instead of sourcing an identical replacement from the toilet manufacturer, I vowed to build a better handle.

I like my toilet. Of all the heads I've had the pleasure to know, this is my favorite. The PHII manual marine toilet, made by Raritan Engineering, does its job smoothly and rarely clogs. Service is easy thanks to a smart design that allows for simple removal and disassembly of the entire pump system. Better yet, service is rarely required.

My only qualm with this toilet is its pump handle. Constructed from a pair of telescoping aluminum bars and a slide-on plastic grip, the handle's fit to the pump isn't great, and the pumping motion feels sloppy. The telescoping feature regularly slides in unexpectedly, oftentimes pinching a finger. The plastic pump handle digs into the soft spot in the flusher's palm in an irritating way. In short, the handle's design and construction make flushing harder and more uncomfortable than it should be.

It was serviceable though, so I didn't think too much about it. Then one day, the handle sheared right off in my hand. One minute we had a great toilet, and the next minute, no toilet. The spare toilet pump that I keep aboard was new, complete, and in the box ready to go, but it didn't come with a handle. The wide assortment of toilet rebuild parts that I also keep aboard included just about every part in that toilet—except the handle.

Luckily, we were bound for Northeast Harbor, Maine, the day the handle broke, and much to my amazement, it wasn't a Sunday. The hardware/marine chandlery store in town, F.T. Brown, was open. This most excellent store provided a serviceable temporary fix: a replacement, hickory, hammer handle. I cut it down a bit on one end, whittled the taper on the other end, and we were back in business.

Some sailors might be put off by the idea of a hammer handle for a toilet handle, but my wife, Alex, and I liked it. Its blend of rugged utilitarianism was as welcome as a blend of whiskey in a lowball glass. We

After the original handle broke, this hickory hammer handle stood in till the end of the season and inspired the concept for the fancy replacement, below left.

Christopher started the handle with battens of 1/16-inch sapele, at top right.

The battens are glued up, at right.

liked the wood. We also liked the fact that it didn't telescope. But it wasn't perfect; the angles were wrong, and the end of the handle still ate away at that soft underbelly of the flushing hand.

I started to fantasize about a custom, bent-laminate toilet handle built of mahogany to match the interior trim on *Sundance*, our 36-foot Morris Justine. Once I opened that mental tap, toilet pump handle ideas flooded my head. Was I really going to spend my winter days building a custom hardwood toilet handle? Yes, I was! In fact, I was going to build two of them, because while I was at it, I knew it would be smart to build a spare.

I cut, bent, and glued a dozen 1/16-inch battens of sapele around a form that I carefully designed by eye. I rounded over the edges on my router table. A hole saw produced the perfect pin to fit the toilet socket. A centerline 1/4-inch bar of silicon bronze added strength. I glued that bar and through-bolted it with bronze fasteners hidden by mahogany bungs. Then I finished the handle with 12 coats of varnish.

Inspired by the wood and metalwork in the locker behind the toilet, Christopher created a new pump handle that would complement the details.

My mahogany creation met the plastic toilet pump with a pin/socket arrangement. I decided to glue the two together permanently with West System epoxy thickened with 404 high-density adhesive filler. Plastic is a less than ideal material for epoxy glue up, but the structure of the bond was exceptionally strong. I suspect I picked up in mechanical adhesion all that I lost in chemical adhesion. Should that joint ever fail, I could through-bolt it later as well. For now, I opted not to, in an effort to keep that joint completely sealed and dry.

I laughed at myself nearly every day I worked on this project. In hindsight though, it wasn't as frivolous as it sounds. We only have one toilet on *Sundance*, and it had better work. Flushing is now a pleasure. The pump handle feels perfect in the hand, and every stroke basks in the glow of an important project done well. And yes, it makes me laugh out loud, which is always a good thing.

Christopher Birch is cruising full-time with his wife, Alex, and dog, Bill, aboard their 1991, 36-foot Morris Justine, Sundance. *You can follow their voyage at EagleSevenSailing.com.*

Christopher cuts the slot for the silicon-bronze stiffener, below.

The new handle fit to the pump, with the spare Christopher made at the same time, at bottom right.

A Mercurial First Love

The boat was small, but the crush was huge.

BY ANN HOFFNER

At the age when girls often dream of riding horses, I was falling in love with a sleek, white, fiberglass hull. And though I've come a long way through many boats since my first sailboat crush, like all first loves, that first boat is in some ways the most significant in my sailing life.

During those years in the 1960s and early 1970s, for a couple weeks each summer my family rented a cabin on Frenchman Bay in Down East, Maine, where the ocean temperature doesn't get above 60°F and conditions can be windy and unpredictable. The local yacht club's training and one-design racing boat was the Cape Cod Mercury 15, a peppy Sparkman & Stephens design with a keel and good ultimate stability—an obvious choice when it came time for me and my siblings to move up from rental boats.

The Mercury 15—not to be confused with the Mercury 18, an older California boat with a still-active fleet—is categorized as a family boat/trainer, with a cockpit big enough for two or three sailors and a hull and sail plan that are forgiving to beginners. With active fleets throughout New England and elsewhere, the boat has never gone out of production.

Our Mercury, hull #966, was a joint purchase with the people who owned the cabin, made so that both of our families could use the boat when we were there at different times. After trying unsuccessfully to find a name we could agree on, by default she became *Misnomer* (which means a wrong or unsuitable name), and though the word was never painted on her transom, the yacht club recorded her as such.

A few Mercury 15s are reflected in the sunset's light on Sorrento Harbor. The boat and the place are entwined in Ann's youthful memories, above.

Ann's mother, Dorothea Hoffner, enjoys a brisk sail on *Misnomer,* at right.

As luck would have it, I was the first to use her after she arrived in Sorrento Harbor, and I was quickly smitten. During those early weeks of ownership when I couldn't convince a sibling to sail with me, I'd row out to her mooring and find some chore to do as an excuse to sit in her cockpit.

The interior of her hull was gray speckled with black, a thin layer of fiberglass except where seats were molded in the same sea-light-green gelcoat as her deck. She was 15 feet on deck,

The local yacht club used the Mercury 15s as a safe, stable sailing platform in a place where the weather often dished up tough conditions. Here, the fleet hangs on moorings in Sorrento Harbor with a variety of other boats.

had a beam of 5 feet 5 inches, a 29-inch draft, and displaced 730 pounds. If your feet were bare, they felt the water chuckling by as she sped along on a reach, and the fiberglass was always cold.

There was a fierceness in the way I clung to my love for her. During the winter months in snowy New Jersey, I pored over advertisements for boating gear in *Yachting Monthly*. I spent the money I made doing chores and later teaching music to buy upgrades like tiny cam cleats and jam cleats to carry lines for the spinnaker I convinced my parents to buy the next year.

At Girl Scout camp, I made a spinnaker pole out of a broomstick, hammering a nail into one end to hold the sail's clew, painting *Misnomer*'s racing colors on the other end, and varnishing the whole thing. I equipped a plastic bucket with small-jawed shackles so I could attach the three corners of my green and blue handkerchief spinnaker to store in the bucket, ready for clean, quick launching.

My memories are bound to the boat and what she provided me.

When *Misnomer* was brand-new, she was faster than the rest of the boats in the fleet, some of which dated to the early days of fiberglass for Cape Cod Shipbuilding and were pretty heavy. This made her coveted on the local racing circuit, both in afternoon racing lessons, which were round-robin, and in town races, where I could get good crew.

Though not a spectacular racer, I was tenacious, and I liked to win. *Misnomer*'s thin skin was particularly satisfying to stamp on when I was in the throes of the excitement of winning (or losing). Mercurys do well racing around the buoys, and when I was in high school, the elimination series for the North American Yacht Racing Union Junior Sears Cup was held on Frenchman Bay in Mercurys.

An Enduring Design

While researching this story, I grew curious how many Mercurys have been built to date, so I wrote to Cape Cod Shipbuilding on the Wareham River off Buzzards Bay in Massachusetts. The answer is, close to 1,400 if you count keel and centerboard models, according to Wendy Goodwin. She's company president and

Ann sails on *Misnomer* in Sorrento Harbor circa 1969. Though shared with another family, the boat became Ann's first sailing love, at left.

Ann with her mother, Dorothea Hoffner (in the white brim) and friend Nancy Zufall sailing *Misnomer*, at bottom left.

granddaughter of Les Goodwin, who bought the shipyard in 1939 and built the first Sparkman & Stephens-designed Mercury 15 there in 1940.

Keelboat #966 should translate into the ninth boat built in 1966, Wendy told me. When I replied that it would have been 1968 or '69 when we bought the boat, she wrote back, "Grandpa wasn't terribly strict with sail numbers, and I don't think he thought these boats would ever last this long." He had a habit of sending off whatever new sails were in his inventory when a boat needed them, not bothering to change the sail number.

In an article in *Cruising World* in February 1966, Les said that while gearing up to produce the Mercury, he kept sending the plans back to Olin Stephens for review, only to have Stephens complain that he was spending more time on the 15-footer than he would designing a 50-footer. Les told Stephens he'd make more money on the Mercury because he'd sell a lot more. Indeed, to this day, S & S still receives a $2 royalty on every boat the shipbuilder produces.

In its heyday, the yard produced 50 to 60 Mercurys a year, but the number is down to one or two, largely because of competition from used boats, which don't seem to break down enough for people to need to replace them.

Thread of Memory

I realize now that some of my emotions are tied up in *Misnomer* because of Sorrento itself. Though I've rarely spent more than a few weeks at a time there and didn't even own a house, the town is a golden thread woven through my life. In Sorrento, it is always summer or early fall.

But my memories are also bound to the boat and what she provided me. I would sail *Misnomer* in any weather the bay threw at us. There were times I was out solo sailing clutching the single-purchase mainsheet in my callused, numb hands, tearing away from the safety of the harbor and finding myself in august company with a local sailing legend, the only other sailor out there in those conditions.

I remember sailing across to Bar Harbor and returning in thick fog, trusting the wind to stay constant and lead me home. In afternoon racing, we used to push the Mercurys hard enough to swamp, but with positive flotation they'd right themselves, and then we'd have to bail with cut-off Clorox bottles until we could move again. I won lots of racing pennants and shared the annual master mariner award with another sailor. Usually it went to just one person, but my co-winner had the technical know-how and I was the seat-of-the-pants sailor, and the powers that be couldn't decide who deserved it more.

Misnomer became an extension of myself. All-day picnic sails, overnights, and the sheer good feeling of advancing my skills in a small boat totally under my command contributed to *Misnomer* becoming my own version of the adolescent rider's first horse.

These days, daysailing a small boat on a small body of water is no longer appealing to me; somewhere along the way to adulthood, my brain learned to step back and examine such experiences rather than live in them. But sailing is still my lifeline, and though I've spent much of my adult life on and around big boats, my affection for them lacks the poignancy of my love for a Mercury 15 called *Misnomer*.

Ann Hoffner spent summer 2021 sailing Ora Kali, *her Sabre 30, from New Jersey to Maine, where she and her husband, co-sailor and photographer Tom Bailey, recently moved. She has written numerous articles about their voyages on* Oddly Enough, *a Peterson 44.*

Ramping Up

Trailer-sailing depends on finding a good launch ramp.

BY KEN VAN CAMP

One advantage of owning a trailerable boat is being able to explore distant and unfamiliar waters on a tight timeline and budget. But a simple question can deter even the most adventurous gunkholer, whether sailing, motoring, or paddling: Where do I launch my boat?

Doing your homework to find the answer can mean the difference between a successful voyage and an epic fail. Here are some questions I ask right off the bat when sussing out a potential launch spot for my O'Day 192: Is overnight parking allowed, and for how many days? What are the fees to launch and park? How safe is it to park overnight? How many vehicles with trailers can park, and is there an overflow lot? Since my boat has a mast, I want to know if there are overhead obstructions such as trees or power lines between the parking area and open water, as well as in or near the launch staging area. Is there dock space? Is the ramp steep enough and long enough for boats with deep draft?

It may take a little digging to answer these questions. Information can be spotty, but following are some good sources; it's always better to pick ramps found in multiple sources, if possible.

ActiveCaptain (activecaptain.garmin.com or search the App Store or Play Store for "ActiveCaptain"): Garmin bought ActiveCaptain a few years ago, but the website is still free and doesn't require a Garmin device. Many boat ramp reviews list fees and usage restrictions, as well as boat sizes and parking spaces.

Google Maps (maps.google.com): A search on "boat ramps" near your sailing destination will usually result in an extensive list; reviews can be helpful but require using the "Search Reviews" feature to find relevant ones. Use satellite mode to check for overhead obstructions, parking, ramp size, and docks. Besides public boat ramps, consider commercial marinas—many will allow you to launch and park for a fee, and they may be more secure.

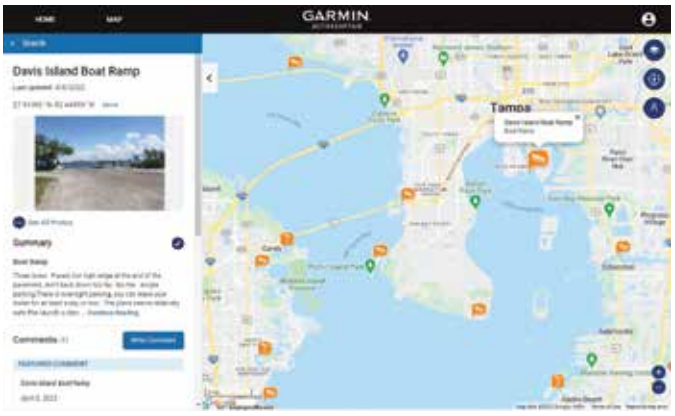
Boating clubs and bait shops: Local knowledge is always best. Search boating clubs or bait shops using Google Maps, then a quick email or phone call can get you started. Keep your questions brief, then ask for more details if you find someone helpful.

Forums: There are many boating forums that discuss ramps, or you can post a question to find local knowledge. Try a web search on "boater forums," or add your region name into the search to find a local one. I've found trawlerforum.com to be an active and helpful forum.

Once you've located a potential ramp, use nautical charts, tables, or apps to verify water depths and tides. Then employ some basic strategies to make your life easier. Try to avoid peak launch times and, if you must launch on a weekend, arrive early to beat the rush. Identify a backup ramp in case your first choice is unsuitable or the parking lot is already jammed. Don't leave valuables in your car; cover anything with a blanket that might attract an unsavory eye.

Finally, if you find a good ramp (or a bad one), post a review on ActiveCaptain or Google Maps. Answer all the questions you would have asked, and help future boaters have a successful trip.

Ken Van Camp has been sailing along the Eastern Seaboard of the U.S. since before he could walk. His boats have plied the waters of Long Island Sound, the Chesapeake Bay, Tampa Bay, and several lakes in Pennsylvania and north-central Florida. He can be reached at ken@vancamp.info.



This ActiveCaptain overview of the Davis Island boat ramp near Tampa, Florida, shows nearby ramps on the accompanying map. Using feedback from users, the app provides up-to-date information about ramps, at top right.

The Venetian Gardens boat ramp in Leesburg, Florida. Note the tree on one side of the ramp, something sailors will want to be well aware of when launching a boat with a mast, at right.

Déjà vu All Over Again

A small-craft sailor finds a second chance with the perfect boat that got away.

BY FRANK DURANT

Most of us have been there—fallen for an early love who for one reason or another became the one that got away. In quiet moments of solitude and reflection, we wonder, "What if?" Yet life moves forward, and we carry on.

But what if we had a do-over, a second chance, a lingering moment of déjà vu?

A Surprising Small Boat

The story of my repeat romance started in the winter of 1985, when I attended the boat show in Toronto. A multitude of manufacturers were there, each with a variety of designs, including several French builders whose boats were different from anything I had seen before.

Always drawn to small craft, I stepped aboard a 25-foot Jeanneau Eolia and then and there was smitten. What designer Philippe Briand had accomplished within that diminutive hull seemed to me then—and now—simply amazing.

The 25-footer I was sailing at the time had the typical interior arrangement—step below onto the galley and look forward to settees port and starboard, a bulkhead hiding the head, with the V-berth visible beyond. It was functional if lacking privacy or floor space. Predictable teak trim here and there minimized how stark the white fiberglass drop-in interior really was.

The Eolia, on the other hand, had a beam 15 inches wider, open floor space at the bottom of the full companionway stairs, a fully wood-framed interior, and a teak-and-holly sole. There was nothing stark about it, nor conventional. Gone was

The Eolia *déjà vu* in mid-refit. After buying her a second time, Frank made modifications and upgrades to optimize her for southern-waters cruising, at top right.

The Eolia's clean, roomy main cabin after her refit. Note the opening portlight above the settee; Frank added four opening portlights to improve ventilation, at right.

The dedicated nav station, with chart table and seat, was one of the big-boat features that surprised and delighted Frank the first time he saw the 25-footer. Note the centerboard winch mid-cabin, above.

The Eolia's commodious, handsome interior—including an enclosed head and cabin aft—was a revelation for Frank the first time he saw the 25-foot boat, above right.

the V-berth, and in its place was a large U-shaped settee surrounding a hinged table, providing room for six friends to share a drink on a windy or wet day.

Aft to starboard was a nav station and chart table with dedicated seat. What? A chart table on a 25-footer? Across to port was an L-shaped galley with a gimballed, propane, two-burner stove, sink, icebox, and storage.

And oh, the luxury—aft to starboard was a private head with a vanity sink! No more using the head right next to your mate's head in the V-berth, but rather some semblance of dignity and privacy back there behind a closed door. To port was an aft cabin complete with a small hanging locker and a seat to assist with clothing changes, again with privacy behind a closed door.

On deck, halyards were led aft to the winches, inboard shrouds provided better sheeting angles, and a proper anchor locker waited up forward. For safety, the cockpit had a proper bridge deck and oversized 2-inch drains. And somehow, it all fit and was, to my eyes, very pretty.

I enjoy gunkholing, and when I learned that she could be had with a keel/centerboard and lifting rudder drawing only 2 feet 7 inches with the board up, I was sold.

She arrived by trailer in April 1985, just in time for rigging and spring launch at home on the Ottawa River. Proud as a peacock, I could barely contain myself after splashing her. But would she sail? Again, this design exceeded expectations, surprising many larger boats at our local club races and passing all in her size except for a lightweight Kirby 25.

Did I still want the Eolia? Hell, yeah!

In short, I loved her, though I never could seem to find the right name for her.

But, life has a way of interfering. Being self-employed presented unique challenges, and three years later, I needed more funds to advance my young, growing business, and the bank required more security.

Sadly, I sold the Eolia to a lovely couple who lived 25 miles upriver. In making the sale, I asked for right of first refusal when the time came for them to sell her.

Always in Mind

Years passed, other boats came and went.

Yet every time I found myself driving past her new owners' town, I'd drop down to the marina, and there she would be. Whether the boat was in a slip or hauled out and tarped for winter storage, I'd visit. Many times, I left a note: "Let me know when it comes time to sell." The phone would ring, and a pleasant voice would tell me how much they still loved and enjoyed her.

Even as the couple grew older, their sons, who had grown up learning to sail on the Eolia, still enjoyed sailing her. My hopes of ever getting her back faded. I looked for other versions of her, but she's a rare model in North America, rarer yet with the keel/centerboard option. Simply purchasing another didn't seem possible.

I'm in the construction business, and in 2002, after eventually realizing that building during winter in our cold and snowy location wasn't profitable, I started keeping a boat in Florida or the Bahamas and would spend January to March exploring the Florida Keys or the Abaco

Islands. I sailed a series of boats, from a 20-foot Flicka to a Beneteau 423, and I can honestly say that no matter how much I appreciated them, the thoughts of my sweet-sailing, super-shallow-draft Eolia would creep in, and I'd envision her tucked into the shallows where others could not approach.

Then came Hurricane Dorian. My boats had survived four hurricanes in the yard at Green Turtle Cay where I haul out and the boats are professionally and securely strapped down. So, I didn't pay the extra for "named storm" insurance.

But Dorian wasn't a just hurricane. With winds gusting over 220 miles per hour, it was a monster. No boat in the yard was left unscathed, including my Beneteau 423, which lost its mast and rigging, among other damages.

As I repaired the Beneteau with plans to sell her, the thought of a simple, inexpensive boat that I could keep here constantly occupied my head.

A Second Chance

Then one day back home the phone rang, and 32 years after selling her, I finally heard the question I'd been waiting for: Did I still want the Eolia? Hell, yeah!

I drove up to inspect her and found her in decent shape but, not surprisingly, in need of some work. I hauled her home in the fall of 2020 (after the couple's sons spent a final summer enjoying sailing her) and in spring of 2021 began to refit her to be a southern cruiser.

I tripled her water tankage and installed four opening ports to improve ventilation. I added a new electrical panel and replaced all interior and running lights with LEDs. I upgraded all the plumbing, created new storage, and installed a low-draw cooler/freezer.

On deck, I installed a new solar panel on an adjustable stern-rail mount. I ordered a CDI furler for the headsail, as well as a new headsail. I had a new dodger, bimini, and side curtains fabricated, and powered her with a new four-stroke, 8-hp outboard with electric start.

At times during the three-month refit, I questioned my sanity, but there comes a moment when it all starts coming together, and excitement overtakes frustrations. Once finished, I hauled her to Florida, where my friend, Roger Richards, met me and helped rig her at Port Salerno, launch her, and staged for a Bahamas crossing from Lake Worth.

The weather gods were kind and the wait was short, giving us a nice northwesterly to cross the Stream and sail to West End, Grand Bahama, to check in.

As I write this, it's been five months since her launch. Just as I knew she would be, this little boat has proven to be a wonderful, comfortable home and has allowed me access to places I'd only dreamt of previously. It's wonderful to anchor where others simply can't. Tucked up the creek behind Manjack Cay, in the shallow town harbor of New Plymouth, Green Turtle Cay, or behind the entrance island going into Hope Town Harbor, shallow draft truly is such a treat.

A small, easily handled boat certainly is as well. Simple systems and smaller size equate to easy repairs and less stress. Smaller investment means less worry. Smaller length means less expensive haulout and storage fees. I enjoy her many virtues; she is so easy to take out for an afternoon sail.

When I ordered her new, 37 years ago, I never dreamt we would be sailing in these beautiful blue-green waters and that I would still be admiring her lines and design so many years later. She continually makes me grin as I look back at her. I guess an old love is like that.

And the name I'd never given her before now seems obvious: She is *déjà vu*, all over again.

With her centerboard draft, *déjà vu* is an ideal boat for the shallow Bahamas, at top.

Frank's partner, Bev Gervais, enjoys the Eolia's nimble sailing abilities underway in the Bahamas, above.

Frank Durant has been a fan of small boats since 1977 sailing his first boat with a cabin, a 17-footer. Since then, he's cruised the southeast U.S. coast and the Abacos in the Bahamas, including 19 Gulf Stream crossings, in boats smaller than 25 feet. He's also trailer-sailed the Chesapeake Bay, Buzzards Bay in Massachusetts, Lake Champlain in Vermont, and Moosehead Lake in Maine.

A Good Trip

Installing GFCI outlets is an easy way to make your shorepower system safer.

BY MATT PARSONS

Ah, shorepower. Love it or hate it, it's important, especially if you are a liveaboard. In a cold or wet climate, it lets you run dehumidifiers or heaters to keep the onboard climate pleasant. However, due to the high voltage (120 in most of North America, 240 in Europe), it has the potential to be more dangerous than the 12-volt DC system.

Luckily there are a number of simple steps you can take to make it safe. Probably one of the easiest and most effective of these is to install GFCI outlets.

GFCIs (or ground-fault circuit interrupters) are amazing things. They are roughly the same size and shape as a normal outlet and fit in the same receptacle, yet they're able to monitor the amount of electricity flowing in both sides of the circuit. If a discrepancy is found, the GFCI breaks the circuit in as little as one tenth of a second.

This is useful, because any such discrepancy is likely due to some kind of ground fault, and that "missing" electricity is now going through your body on its way back to ground, which tends to be extremely bad for your health.

After sensing a change and breaking the circuit fast enough to avoid any possibly fatal injuries (although there is still the possibility of a burn), the GFCI needs to be reset, by pushing a small button on the device, before it will conduct electricity again. If it refuses to stay activated and keeps popping, you have a problem. Disconnect the shore-power plug and investigate the circuit to make sure you have no chafed wires or something similar.

You can buy a standard GFCI for less than $20, and you only need one per circuit. If you install a GFCI as the first outlet in each circuit, any normal outlets installed after the GFCI in the circuit will still benefit from the protection. They are standard in newer boats and in houses anywhere there may be water, such as bathrooms and kitchens, but good old boats tend to not have them.

Installing a GFCI

First and foremost, if you are at all unsure about how to change your outlets, hire an electrician. One-hundred-twenty volts can and will give you a nasty, possibly fatal shock.

Assuming you do know your way around electrical outlets onboard, here's how to install a GFCI. First, turn off your shorepower breaker, then unplug your shorepower lead from the dock end first; this ensures that the boat end isn't a live end hanging around, just ready to be dropped in the water. Then unplug the boat end of the cable as well for good measure in case Bob, your overly helpful neighbor, plugs in the dock end while you are elbow deep in the guts of the AC system.

If your boat has an inverter, make sure that it doesn't automatically turn on when the boat is unplugged (some do). The safest practice is to use a voltmeter set to AC volts and check the outlet you are replacing to make sure it is not powered before you do anything else. If you don't know how to use a voltmeter, then you should hire an electrician to do this job.

This older, non-marine, standard household outlet shows multiple problems, including solid wire that's simply wrapped around the terminals and attached with wire nuts rather than positively connected to the outlet with heat-shrink ring connectors.

This is everything you don't want to see on a boat: solid copper wire, wire nuts, and an outlet that has been overpowered and has tried to burn, without tripping a breaker, as evidenced by the scorch marks on the side of the box, at right.

This solid wire is not safe on boats. It should be tinned, multistrand wire, below right.

Next, get your tools ready, and then go recheck that the shorepower cable is unplugged. Yes, really.

Now for the fun part. Installing a GFCI is as simple as removing the old outlet, removing the wires from it and then attaching the new GCFI outlet.

A couple of things to check while you have the old outlet out: First, check that the wire colors actually match up to the correct location on the outlet and that the neutral, live, and green wires are the colors you expect. Check that the wire is stranded wire, not solid, and check for any signs of overheating such as scorch marks or melted areas.

A lot of old electrical outlets in older boats are attached by simply tightening the stripped wire under a screw. This is poor practice.

Instead, add a heat shrink ring connector onto the end of each wire and use those to attach to the GFCI. Double check you are attaching the correct wire to the correct place. They are usually marked, and the screws are color coded, but still—check! Attach the wire for downstream outlets the same way, using heat shrink ring connectors instead of any bare wire.

Then it's just a matter of screwing the GFCI outlet into place in the wall (they usually screw into the electrical box), putting the faceplate on, and testing.

One thing that confused me originally is that many GFCI outlets come already "tripped"—you have to press the reset button on them to get them to work. Once done, you can test by either using a cheap household receptacle tester (less than $20) or plugging in a lamp. If it refuses to reset and keeps instantly tripping, then you have a problem. Disconnect all the power and call an electrician.

If it all tests out OK, then you are done. Repeat for the first outlet in each circuit, and then celebrate having a safer boat by using your favorite 120-volt household appliance (I'd suggest a margarita blender!).

Matt Parsons has been living aboard and cruising sailboats for 10 years. He currently lives on Sooner, *a Rafiki 37, in Victoria, British Columbia, and keeps a blog at saildivefish.ca.*

Return to Sender

A serendipitous turn brings a small sailboat full circle.

BY AMY DEVANNEY

"I owe Kelley a letter. I wonder how Doug and Laura are doing? I need to call Mom and Dad. I should find a new dentist for Ava."

Then, my stream of consciousness skipped back into the physical realm, launching a journey that would bring my family's small boat sailing story full circle: "I wonder what's down this dirt road?"

Although I had been running this route near Michigan's Interlochen Center for the Arts for five years, it hadn't occurred to me until that winter morning in 2020 to check it out. So, I swerved, like we all do when we listen to our inner voice, ran down the road a bit, and took a left turn. I stopped. My eyes grew wide as I wondered at this providence.

Sitting next to a pile of logs, likely destined for the dump, was a Boston Whaler Harpoon 5.2. It had a mast, boom, rigging, and bags of sails. But, with gashes in the hull, cracks, and weather-worn seats, it had clearly seen better days.

Nevertheless, having grown up with Boston Whalers since my dad was a sales rep for the popular brand, I knew this was a fortuitous find. Though Boston Whaler is mostly known for its small powerboats, the company built 1,700 of these C&C-designed, 17-foot, centerboard sailing dinghies between 1977 and 1983.

I called the maintenance department of Interlochen Center for the Arts.

"Is there a plan for that sailboat on the side of the dirt road?"

"No. If you have a trailer to haul it out with, it's yours."

I called my dad.

"Hmm...Well...." Long pause. "Well, now, that's a *sail*boat. That's not a boat for one person." He paused again. "You would really need to learn to sail if you're going to get that."

Ever since sailing with my high school boyfriend on his Hobie Cat on Lake Michigan nearly 40 years ago, my love for and interest in sailing had been steadfast.

This is the sight that greeted Amy when she decided to follow her curiosity about a dirt road she'd jogged past several times but never followed. She knew right away this was a Boston Whaler Harpoon 5.2, above.

The Boston Whaler Harpoon was in rough shape when Amy found it, but all the parts were there, at right.

For several years I had been wanting a small sailboat to try my hand at solo.

I called my brother, Scott, another Whaler lover, and owner of a 15 Sport.

"Really? I've been looking for one of those for years!"

We sealed the deal after a few more phone calls and a donation to Interlochen.

In June, Scott bought an old trailer and picked up our treasure. The maintenance department

Amy and Scott are all smiles aboard the restored Harpoon 5.2, at right.

Amy steers *De Vuelta*, the boat she knows is going to teach her much more about sailing, bottom right.

employees who helped him lift the boat onto the trailer seemed thrilled to get rid of it. We were thrilled to acquire it. Scott hauled it to Ludington, where our parents live, to show them our find. Dad came outside, leaning on his walker, eyes focused and brows furrowed as he assessed whether we had a prize or a problem.

"You've got a shrinker," he remarked to my brother.

"A shrinker?"

"On some of the Harpoons they made back then, the foam between the two hulls shrank in certain places, creating dimples on the exterior. I don't think it will be a problem, but I'll call Hobson and find out." He could hardly wait to call Jack Hobson, his old Whaler buddy, and tell him about the boat.

But Dad's first phone call, after getting the serial number from the stern, was to Boston Whaler. He discovered that our boat had been manufactured in October 1978 and sold to Irish Boat Shop in Harbor Springs, Michigan. My dad started selling for Whaler in September 1978, which meant, by a freak of fortune, that he himself had sold this baby, which now sat in his driveway, to Irish Boat Shop!

He was tickled pink. Though he had retired from Boston Whaler years ago, in keeping with his meticulous nature he presented us with a manila folder containing the original Harpoon manual and advertising brochure.

Scott presumed, correctly, that the hull was water-saturated, having sat in the dirt for at least a year. He drilled several holes in the hull and let the water drain out. As Scott cleaned the boat, freed the impacted centerboard, took out the weather-worn seats, and spent hours buffing the fiberglass, my dad supervised the work from the seat of his walker, chuckling in amazement.

It was good to see him taking such an interest. For a few months now, he'd not been his usual industrious self. Summer had been busy with various doctors' appointments, and my mom was worried about his lack of energy. Before Scott left to return to Toledo with the boat to have the cracks, gouges, and drilled holes in the hull repaired, Mom took him aside.

Amy and her brother, Scott Nelson, toast the newly launched *De Vuelta*.

"Dad could use a little project," she said. "Could you leave something here for him to work on?

So, the boat was hauled to Toledo, while the seats were left behind. Standing at his workbench in the garage, his walker in the locked position behind him, my dad began sanding the mahogany seats. An hour here and an hour there, a bit each day, before retiring for a nap.

Meanwhile, I began dreaming up a name for the boat. The image that kept appearing in my mind was that pointed index finger, rubber-stamped on an envelope, with the words: "Return to Sender."

In August, my dad was admitted to Meijer Heart Center. Because of COVID-19, I could not visit. I called him on August 18.

"My situation is very complicated, Amy."

"Well, Dad, do the doctors and nurses know your birthday is coming up this Saturday?"

"Yes...I think they do."

"Well, tell them you've got to be out of the hospital by then because you have a birthday party to attend!"

As we were about to hang up, I remembered one more thing.

"Dad, I decided on a name for the boat!"

"Oh?"

"Yes, it's *De Vuelta*—Spanish for 'Return to Sender.' Get it? You sold it to Irish Boat Shop and now it's back in our family. And it's in Spanish because remember how you used to teach us how to count in Spanish at the dinner table?"

"Oh. Ok." He hung up the phone somewhat abruptly.

A few days later, I was granted hospital visitation rights. On the morning of August 22, his 82nd birthday, with his sons-in-law and grandchildren Facetiming from the hotel nearby, we sang Happy Birthday to our dad and grandfather. And that afternoon, I was there, holding his hand, as he was returned to his Sender.

For the next year, Scott worked on refurbishing the Harpoon. Fortunately, we had the help of Mike Yauch, another former Whaler colleague, friend of my dad's, and a Harpoon expert.

Mike spent countless hours on the phone with us, explaining how to stain the seats, rig the boat, which cleats to buy, what kind of lines we needed, which kind of motor to buy, and the list went on. When we had a question, we called Mike.

Among other things, we had the bottom of the hull painted, repaired loose seams in the mainsail, and replaced the bailers and cleats. Scott expertly finished the seats that our dad had begun sanding on those afternoons when he had enough energy to do so.

Meanwhile, in a scrapbook I found a note that my dad had written to me in college. He usually wrote in cursive, but this was printed. I emailed it to a graphic design shop and requested a font matching his printing as closely as possible for the boat's name: *De Vuelta*.

On July 20, 2021, the week of our family reunion in Interlochen, we launched *De Vuelta*. I was filled with nervous anticipation as we motored away from the launch ramp, and our maiden voyage abruptly stopped when we couldn't get the centerboard to lower. Two days later, Scott successfully cleared the stuck board, and we two "wannabe" sailors set off in a gentle breeze.

Our family followed us around the lake in our Boston Whaler Montauk, cheering us on. Scott manned the centerboard, mainsail, and jib, while I handled the lines, tiller, and rudder. With everything set and cleated, we looked over at one another and smiled. Dad would have been so proud.

De Vuelta's destiny was not the dump. It was to be well loved and cared for by a Whaler family and to continue to grace Green Lake with her beauty. As for those serendipitous thoughts that pop into your head: heed them. And Dad, thanks. Your legacy sails on.

Amy Devanney, a retired teacher, is raising her teenage daughter while also being a Kids Hope USA volunteer, Girl Scout leader, and yoga teacher. Her hobby list is long, and sailing is now near the top of it.

A Bird in Hand

After an exhaustive six-month refit, a forlorn Blue Jay flies again.

BY JIM CHAMPAGNE

When I first saw her, leaves swam in 6 inches of dirty water in her cockpit, and the trailer had a flat tire. But on that late September day in 2019, there was no mistaking the clean lines of a Blue Jay, a 13-foot sailboat from the drawing board of Drake H. Sparkman of Sparkman & Stephens.

Designed in 1947 to be used as a sail trainer or small family boat, Blue Jays were sold in kit form or as a complete boat from different builders, all under license to Sparkman & Stephens. Many young sailors learned how to handle the Blue Jay's fractional Bermuda rig at yacht club sailing programs primarily in Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, and Maryland. Many of today's senior sailors cut their sailing teeth on a Blue Jay, or they helped their dads build one in the family garage from a kit.

According to the very active International Blue Jay Class Association, more than 7,200 Blue Jays have been built, and you can still buy a new one today from the class builder, Allen Boat Company in Rochester, New York, who has the molds. Annual regattas and national championships still draw a devoted fleet of sailors.

So, this little boat was an ideal candidate to satisfy my hobby of finding forlorn, small, fiberglass-hulled sailboats and restoring them. (I'd already completed one previous Blue Jay restoration, along with a couple of Chrysler Mutineers and a Newport 16.)

I usually troll a couple of websites looking for the next project boat, and I had found this one via Craigslist, in New Jersey. The owner was moving south and needed to get "a project Blue Jay" out of his yard; she was free to whoever would pick her up. The ad provided no photos, just a phone number. So, I called and learned that the boat was complete with sails, mast, boom, rudder/tiller, trailer—everything was there.

The following weekend, I arrived at the owner's driveway and found the boat in rougher shape than he'd thought. However, I saw her as a challenge.

I got to work, pulling the trailer wheels and hubs, greasing the bearings, and mounting two good tires and rims that I had brought with me (this wasn't my first long-distance-tow rodeo, so I

(top to bottom) **The old hardware was in poor shape, and the deck wasn't much better.**

Much of the boat's new wood, including the floorboards and the new tops for the centerboard, came from a repurposed tabletop Jim found on Craigslist.

Jim installed all new hardware, halyards, and lines after spending much of the winter hunting down replacements.

(top to bottom) ***Nikommo*** **looking spiffy on her refurbished trailer. Note the T-shaped wooden boom, which Jim modeled after the same approach he'd seen on other Blue Jays.**

The splash guards and centerboard also needed to be replaced.

The top of the centerboard is just visible; Jim built a new board out of spruce, using the broken, old board as a template.

made sure I had good rubber and that the wheels turned easily). I mounted a set of temporary lights, bolted on my tag, got the trailer hooked up to the SUV, and away we went.

The trip wasn't without adventure; in the middle of the Delaware Memorial Bridge, the trailer tongue broke. BoatU.S. trailer towing insurance to the rescue!

First, the Fiberglass

In early 2020, I started the Blue Jay project in my workshop, and the first step was to assess what was needed to bring her back to life. The list was substantial.

I needed to replace all the floorboards, the coaming boards, the mast step, the splash guard, and the skeg. The rudder had multiple coats of paint and the tiller was a mess of peeling varnish. The wooden centerboard had broken in half when I moved the boat off the trailer, so that needing replacing. The mast was in good shape, but the boom was toast—corrosion had eaten through the fittings, and I deemed it too unsafe to use.

The mainsail was usable, but the jib was torn. All the sail-handling hardware needed to be replaced—a couple of the factory blocks were frozen—and she needed all new running and standing rigging.

She needed some fiberglass repairs to the cockpit floor, the centerboard trunk, the foredeck, and the bow, and I wanted to close a hole in the transom that some previous owner had cut.

I began by stripping everything off the boat—all the wood, hardware, and the rubrail. To tackle the fiberglass work, I ordered a half-gallon of U.S. Composites 635 Thin Epoxy with a 3:1 hardener and 1 yard of 4-ounce E Glass cloth.

I cut an access hole near the bow so that I could do some underdeck repairs without having to crawl in. The stem fitting had been pulled lose, so I filled in the damage and glassed in a backing plate. Next, I glassed around the area where the splash guards mount and the hole in the deck for the mast tabernacle.

From there, I moved to the cockpit floor, where I glassed over the stringers to fill all the screw holes from the floorboards and to strengthen them. I noticed that the flooring between the stringers seemed thin, so I added a few layers of fiberglass cloth and resin, doing the same to the floor in the stern area. Using TotalBoat Thixo thickened epoxy, I filled in all the screw holes in the deck, on the deck joint, on the cockpit coaming edge, and the top of the centerboard trunk. Finally, I filled in the hole where an owner had added an inspection port. And in between

coats of cloth and epoxy, I did a *lot* of sanding.

Next, the Woodwork

Once I had the fiberglass work under control, I began to think about the woodwork. The old wood was too far gone and most of it was broken anyway, but I could at least use it for templates. On Craigslist, I found a person giving away a solid wood table. A quick call and a trip across town, and I had a 6-foot-by-4-foot table of oak and maple boards that had been glued along their lengths.

I cut the tabletop along the glue lines for each board and ended up with six 6-foot-by-1-inch-thick boards of varying widths. I ran these through a joiner to ensure that the edges would meet perfectly. Then I ran most of the boards through a surface planer to get them to the thickness I needed for the floorboards and the coaming boards. I used this same wood stock for the new splash guards, skeg, mast step, and for the additional stringers to support the floorboards.

All of the boat's wood was either rotten or broken, below.

The Blue Jay rigged up with temporary lights to trailer her to Jim's shop for the refit, at bottom right.

"Sea trials" started with setting everything up on land first, at right.

Finally, I made new pieces to top the centerboard and trunk.

Woodwork also came into play when I replaced the boom. After searching unsuccessfully for a nearby aluminum replacement, I decided to fabricate one from wood. I had seen photos of early Blue Jays that used wooden booms, so I copied them.

A quick trip to the lumber yard and I had five 8-foot spruce boards, 4 inches wide and 1 inch thick. I ran one board through the table saw and took an inch off the width. With that board on edge and a second one on the flat, I epoxied and screwed them together into a T-shape. I screwed in the gooseneck on one end and fixed a block on the other, then added two sections of T-track to the length of top board. I added track slides to the mainsail's foot that would easily slide in the new T-track. Boom problem solved!

The next challenging woodwork job was the centerboard. Using my remaining three spruce boards, I ran them through the planer to reduce them to ¾-inch thick, then cut them in half. With my router and a rabbeting bit, I created interlocking rabbets on the long edge of the boards. I glued these boards with TotalBoat Thixo thickened epoxy and clamped them together. When dried, I had a glued-up board 4 feet long by 2 feet wide.

I laid the old centerboard on this new board, traced the outline, and cut out the excess material with my saber saw. A Blue Jay centerboard has a 5-pound brick of lead in a pocket near the tip of the board to help hold the centerboard in place when sailing. I routed out the pocket and epoxied the

The deck undergoing filling and fairing. Fiberglass work included filling in all old holes, at top.

To start with a clean slate, Jim stripped everything off and out of the boat, above.

brick in place. After shaping the leading and trailing edges of the centerboard, I coated it with two layers of fiberglass cloth followed by two layers of epoxy resin to seal it all in place.

Nearing the end of the woodworking to-do list, I made new splash guards from the last of the tabletop boards, using the one original splash guard remaining as a template. Then I sanded the rudder and tiller down to bare wood, removing old paint and varnish and prepping it for new.

I coated the rudder and tiller—as well as all of the new wood—with a layer of thinned epoxy resin to seal the fibers. Then, over several weeks, I applied four coats of spar varnish to every piece of wood. I'm partial to McCloskey Man O'War brand and went through three cans of it for this part of the project.

By spring of 2020, I moved the boat outdoors for painting. I'd already sanded and faired the dock rash, digs, and scratches on the hull.

I flipped the boat hull-up and wiped it down with acetone to remove any dirt and sanding dust. I applied two coats of Sea Hawk Tuff Stuff white epoxy primer over the entire hull as a barrier coat to reseal the fiberglass. Then I applied Sea Hawk VMG Racing Finish, a red, hard bottom paint, up to the waterline. Above the waterline, I rolled and tipped three coats of TotalBoat Wet Edge flag blue.

Once all these paints had a week or so to set, I flipped the boat back over and primed the deck and cockpit with two coats of Interlux Epoxy Primekote. The deck got three coats of Interlux Brightside Blue-Glo White, while I painted the cockpit with two coats of Rustoleum Bristol Tan. Last but not least, I added a white boot stripe and cove stripe to the hull.

Pulling it Together

By now it was June, and I wanted to sail the boat in an annual regatta at the Ware River Yacht Club in Gloucester, Virginia, in early August. I had to get the boat rigged and ready. All winter and spring I had been surfing marine websites and eBay for bargains on rope and sailing hardware, and I'd collected Harken blocks in various sizes, Harken and Ronstan cam cleats and clam cleats, Sta-Set line in different flecked colors, and a replacement jib and spinnaker.

I started putting the boat back together by installing the new centerboard and its new cap, followed by the floorboards, new coaming boards, splash guards, and the new mast step.

I installed all new stainless standing rigging and then new sail-handling gear—blocks and cleats for the jib cars, jib sheets, and barber haulers, blocks and swivels for the mainsheet and traveler, and blocks, cheek blocks, and cam cleats for the spinnaker sheets. I added all new color-coded halyards and sheets for the main, jib, and spinnaker.

As for auxiliary power, I had found a great new/old stock motor mount on eBay and bolted that to the transom, adding new electrical wiring under the deck and a socket on the transom to plug in a trolling motor.

Finally, I gave the boat a new name, *Nikommo*. I grew up in part of New England that is rich with the history and culture of the Narragansett and Wampanoag people. In their legends, Nikommo is a spirit who brings good fortune and assistance to those who are respectful of nature. A small sailboat like this Blue Jay is, by design, respectful of nature.

She sparkled like a new dime by mid-July on the refurbished trailer, which I had upgraded with a new tongue, hubs, bearings and seals, fenders, wheels, lights, and bunk boards. We made the August regatta on the Ware River, and on this first time out, I found her to be a sweet sailing boat.

But, when it comes to forlorn little sailboats, I have a roving eye, and the following spring it was time to find her a new home, as I was already at work on my next little boat in need, a Sunfish. I advertised *Nikommo* on Craigslist and my inbox quickly exploded with interest. The best offer came from a nice guy who lived a couple of miles away and summers in Maine. And that's where *Nikommo* is now, happily sailing.

Jim Champagne learned to sail in his teens on Narragansett Bay in Rhode Island. He has owned a succession of boats starting with an American Mariner 24. He likes to work on boats as much as sail them. He currently sails a restored 1974 Chrysler Mutineer on Chesapeake Bay and its tributaries and is working on refitting a 1968 Cal 20.

Product Profiles

Taking the Nip Out of Flies

Sailors who assume mosquitoes are the pastime's main insect issue clearly haven't experienced biting flies. Mosquitoes primarily come out at night, the wind keeps them off, and they won't cross much open water. Biting flies, on the other hand, will find you miles from shore, in a breeze, at any time of day. They'll stay with the boat, are undeterred by DEET, and will bite right through your clothes.

I did a little internet digging, looking for alternatives that might be worth testing, and came across a paper by the USDA Agricultural Research Service, published by the National Institutes of Health, regarding the effectiveness and safety of catnip oil on stable flies. In the words of the lead USDA research entomologist, Junwei J. Zhu: "Catnip oil and its active compounds—nepetalactones—are powerful repellents against stable flies. Catnip is probably the best repellent identified including DEET and DMP so far, for flies that bite."

While I couldn't identify anyone marketing catnip spray as a fly repellent, that didn't stop me from picking up a bottle at the local pet store and giving it a summer-long trial on the Chesapeake Bay. It has a mild herbal odor, sprays and spreads easily, is non-irritating to the skin, and washes off easily. Unlike DEET, it is harmless to plastics; I soaked samples of common boat materials in it, including soft vinyl window materials, which DEET melts on contact. While it only repels the flies for about 30 to 60 minutes, it's instantly effective, and you can spray it on your legs with one hand while steering with the other. (To my relief, even though our cat is a serious catnip junkie, he showed no interest in either my legs or clothes after use.)

This isn't some naturalist appeal for sustainable solutions. I'm a chemical engineer, and if there were a synthetic concoction that did the job better, I'd be recommending that. I'm a big believer in the effectiveness and safety of DEET—especially for mosquitoes—but for flies, catnip has proven better for me while sailing, as well as to the USDA for protecting livestock. An 8-ounce bottle from Petco costs about $9. It has earned a place by the helm.

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

Happy Feet

My new-to-me boat is a sporty, open-transom F-24 trimaran, and if we slow down too quickly, the stern wave can sweep the cockpit ankle-deep. That's fine in summertime, but when I'm cold-weather sailing, the one thing I hate is cold feet.

Wetsuit socks just leak and are barely warmer than fleece; wetsuit boots crush my feet. Dinghy boots are hard to pull on and lack any support, big-boat boots are clunky, and deck shoes are designed to drain water, not repel it. The answer? Waterproof socks.

They have less stretch than conventional socks, so read the sizing chart, but they stretch enough and are woven from thick, comfortable knits. Get the winter versions with a merino wool liner; you don't want to launder a sock with a membrane every wearing, and wool reduces odor. Dry them on a boot drier (see "Hung Out to Dry," May/June 2022). Mid-calf is better than boot height in most weather, unless you'll be wading or so wet you are concerned about wicking up your mid-layer. They don't breathe as well as ordinary socks, but after 10 hours in the 50s and 60s, they are just slightly clammy. And, they add wind resistance to deck shoes.

Randy Sun cold-weather waterproof socks are the bargain. The merino liner makes them surprisingly warm, and the $26 price tag is easy to take. The Gill Waterproof Boot Sock ($57) is the bomb for really cold weather, keeping you dry right up to your knees, but they're overkill above 55°F, depending on your thermostat. The Showers Pass Crosspoint Mountain Sock was comfortable, but not quite as warm as the Gill Boot Sock and a little pricey at $45. Sealskinz waterproof socks are good but can't compete on price ($50 for mid-calf). A dockmate suggested DexShell Hytherm Pro Socks, but I haven't worn them. His only complaint was that they weren't boot height ($46).

I switch from fleece to waterproof socks as soon as the leaves start to change. I start with Randy Sun Cold Weather Socks and switch to Gill Boot Socks when it gets colder, adding a thin layer underneath for freezing spray sort of days. I don't care if the water rolls in deep, and I even wade ashore from my kayak, oblivious to the cold.

—**Drew Frye**

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 %age 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.

wife now has the freedom of the dinghy when we are on anchor or a mooring.

Most 4- to 6-horsepower, four-stroke motors weigh in at about 60 pounds, and the Honda was no exception. Removing and installing it was always a chore even with a motor lift and in flat water. Throw in a little chop, and it got dicey. The Torqeedo weighs 38 pounds, and because it has three parts (motor and shaft, battery, and tiller), installing it is much easier.

A key to using any tool is knowing its strengths and limitations. Torqeedo's limitations involve power, speed, and time. Flat out, the Torqeedo will push our dinghy at 4 knots, but only for an hour or so before the battery is depleted. Thus, it is not a viable option for long distances or where speed is important. As Frye notes, as speed increases, power consumption increases exponentially. At about 20% of full throttle (~200 watts), we can motor along at 2-2.5 knots, extending our range at the expense of time.

Having sufficient charging capacity is important, however, more important is the time to charge. Unlike gasoline-powered motors, refilling is not a quick task. While it takes only minutes to refuel a gas motor, it can take up to 10 hours to charge the Torqeedo's 915-Wh battery. Planning ahead is important.

In the future, we will carry both—an electric and gas dinghy motor. Today, sitting on a mooring a few hundred yards from the dinghy dock, electric is the choice. Speed and time are not big issues, and silence, reliability, and management ease far outweigh the small cost in time. The Torqeedo is a superior choice for these conditions. In contrast, if the dinghy is to take us far afield or across open stretches of water, the more powerful gas motor would be a far better choice. Choosing the right tool for the job is key. For us, in quiet anchorages or mooring fields with distances of a mile or less the Torqeedo works well. For longer, less-well-protected distances or when dealing with currents, the gas motor will be the tool of choice.

—**Dave Lochner**, *Second Star*, Fair Haven, New York

Hanging Out

I enjoyed Christopher Birch's "Hip Hugger" (May/June 2022) and wholeheartedly agree—pulling the dink alongside and out of the water is a great way to keep it safe. We use the block and tackle from our running backstays (connected to our

spinnaker halyard) to make lifting easy (see photo above). We recently found out the hard way that our marina doesn't allow us to store the dink on the hip though! Thanks for another great *Good Old Boat* article.

—**Janet Gannon**, Brunswick, Georgia

A "Puckerish" Passage

We thoroughly enjoyed Christopher Birch's "River of Riches" (May/June 2022), as it brought back fond memories of our cruise up the Saint John River in 2016 on our 2006 Beneteau 423. We hit most of the places discussed and even made it as far up the river as Fredericton, where we met the commodore of the Fredericton Yacht Club, who invited us to their outstation for Saturday races. Everywhere we went, we were made very welcome by our friendly Canadian hosts. My recollection of the in-bound crossing of the Reversing Falls is similar to the author's description. We waited patiently in the Bedroom for slack water (on the rising ocean tide). As we decided it was OK to proceed, I could see a tug in the river getting ready to come out. I hailed him on the VHF and asked if he wanted to go first, but he advised he would wait for me. We proceeded, and the current got a bit squirrelly in the middle under the bridge, but we got through without any particular issues. I called up the tug to thank him for his patience. In response, he said something like, "You got through fine, but it looked a bit puckerish in the middle." That pretty much summed it up. We were perhaps five minutes ahead of absolute slack, but probably better early than late. Coming out, after four glorious weeks up the river, was a piece of cake. Definitely worth the trouble, if you are already up in that neck of the woods.

—**Hal Wells**, S/V *c'est le bon*

Battery Upgrade

First, thanks for a great issue (March/April 2022); I enjoyed every page. A quick appreciative comment on the in-depth articles on electric propulsion (see image below). They will play a large role in decisions I'm making now about my next boat. In the meantime, I've discovered that a quick, easy, and relatively inexpensive upgrade for my Harpoon 5.6 dinghy has been to switch from a lead acid marine battery driving a 50-pound thrust saltwater trolling motor to using a 25-aH LiFePO4 battery charged with a single 30-watt solar panel through an inexpensive charge controller. The battery is far lighter, making it easier to remove and store or to use with my electric kayak. It gives me 2.5 hours at a medium speed and nearly an hour at high speed—more than you should need for lake sailing if the wind dies or makes coming into a slip difficult. And the cost of everything (motor, battery, panel, controller) is about a quarter of a Torqeedo or other integrated electric/lithium option without a panel. My only problem has been hot connectors at full power, which should be easily solved as better weather approaches.

—**Robert Hunt**, Dallas, Texas

Moments in Time

In the March/April 2022 issue several stories touched on the nuances that make what we do special, those "moments in time"—a sail across a large bay on a perfect day, a tidal estuary explored under sail and electric power, a spouse assisting a significant other to complete a difficult DIY job. For the crew of *Bandito*, a special moment in time is a memory of a false dawn. I can see the boom overhead. The stars are fading, the coffee on, the aroma filling the cabin. The first mate stirs. We spot a line of migrating grebes resting close aboard. Then evening, the anchor set, sails furled, the sun below the horizon, the hills above bright pink. It is quiet, barely a whisper of breeze to swing. The bar is open, and cocktails in hand we toast the end of another day afloat. A great blue heron patrols the shore as the stars and Milky Way light the sky.

—**Peter Burghard**, *Bandito*, Lake Roosevelt, Arizona

Simply Solar

Thanks to you and Drew Frye for the solar article ("Small-Scale Solar," *The Dogwatch*, February 2022). I've been thinking about adding a panel to *Leda*, and there are plenty of ideas here for keeping it simple.

—**Julian Smith**, *Leda*, Shelburne, Vermont

The Unkindest Cut?

Ann Hoffner's article about snagging rockweed and lobster traps in Maine waters ("In the Weeds," May/June 2022) included a casual note that caused me distress and alarm. In her sidebar, she says that one approach to avoid snags is to install a shaft cutter. Yikes!

Unless you carry a wad of $100 bills to hand out to every lobster fisherman whose lines you cut, I believe your obligation as a sailor is to *avoid* lobster pot lines and buoys, or to get into your dinghy when entangled and untangle them by hand. You should consider the lobster fishing industry as having right of way of sorts, not simply something that can be brushed off like snow on your car in winter.

Each buoy, whether a small "toggle" buoy or one with the distinctive identity colors of the owner, costs money and time to buy, paint, attach, maintain, launch, and retrieve. And if the rope you cut is solo (e.g. someone else already cut the toggle buoy line, etc.), it goes straight to a trap—one that will represent not only loss of cost but of income to the fisherman, plus a loss of life to the lobsters and crabs that get into it.

Think about that, please, everyone who sails in Maine or other areas filled with evidence of fishing and the many people who depend on that for their living. Sail carefully! And don't give sailors a bad name by destroying trap lines.

—**Steve Ettlinger**, Brooklyn, New York, and Stonington, Maine

Andy Cross responds:
Thanks for your email, Steve. I think it's safe to say that no sailor intentionally wants to cut the line for a lobster trap or any other commercial fishing gear and we all try to avoid them—as we should. Ann isn't advocating that sailors use shaft cutters to specifically cut these lines; she says that even if her boat did have a shaft cutter (which it doesn't), she'd still have a cutting tool taped to a boathook for rockweed. On the topic of shaft cutters, she says: "Shaft cutters appear to be a good solution for boats under power, greatly reducing the likelihood that catching a length of rope will cause damage. But a boat that's sailing through a field of pots and catches a trap line still has to find another way to get unstuck under sail (this happened twice in the final days of our voyage) when turning on the engine could cause the rope to wrap before it was cut." Shaft cutters are a tool sold by various companies, and sailors have the choice to install them on their boats when they see fit, which is basically what she is pointing out. Readers can interpret the information in Ann's article as they wish, but I think we can all agree that cutting lines to fishing gear is not collectively in our best interest.

The Peterson 34's Legacy

I was so happy to read Wendy Mitman Clarke's "The Gift That Keeps on Giving," (The View from Here, March/April 2022). During the 1975 Half-Ton Worlds in Chicago, my father, Mo Rosenzweig, and Doug Peterson had a few sit downs and came up with the idea of a 34-footer that would rate between half- and three-quarter tonners, i.e., a performance cruiser that wouldn't be a level class boat. Level class boats in those days pushed the structure envelope to such an extreme they had very short shelf lives. They were often referred to as "throwaway boats." Andy Greene in Fort Worth, Texas, had a solid reputation for excellent engineering skills and understood how to build a tough, strong boat that would last. He built our P34, hull #1, and a few more before selling the tooling to Marion Hayes, who built 78 more. Clarke's narrative, 43 years after her Peterson 34 was built, would make Doug, Andy, and my dear old dad smile. I consider the Peterson 34 to be an important part of the legacy of many people, including Marion Hayes, who bought the tooling from Andy and Joyce Greene's Composite Technology, my dad, and of course Doug Peterson. This boat shows that even while not being a big-name brand like C&C, Tartan, Ericson, etc., a few people with a great idea can find success in the American sailboat market.

—**Bruce Rosenzweig**, Chicago

The view from the cabinhouse of the Peterson 34 *Luna* as she slices upwind in Baltimore on Boxing Day, 2021.

The Great North

I really enjoyed Andy Cross' Alaska cruising articles ("A Southeast Sojourn," parts one and two, November/December 2021, January/February 2022). Having cruised from Alaska's Gore Point to Boca de Quadra over the past 20 years, he mentioned many places I've been. What was extra, though, was that his take on these places and the ones in between was like reading about new secrets to be found. He reminded me: I've only just begun. Truly, Alaska cruising is huge, cool, and pristine. Thanks for highlighting this great corner of the world.

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

Boats for Sale

C&C Corvette 31
1970. Well maint. race/cruise, keel/centerboard, wheel, barrier coat w/excellent bottom. Recent upgrades incl. new sails, dodger, canvas, cockpit cushions, teak trim, interior, winter cover w/frame & stands. Maintenance & upgrades continue to this date. 50th Anniversary Antique Boat Museum Boat Show Restored Classic Award. "Sailing this boat is better than dreaming!" Clayton, NY. $18,500.

Robert Charron
315-481-6844
charronr@sunyocc.edu

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. Bulletproof 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. Owned for over 29 years. Great cruising boat. Cruised all Great Lakes (North Channel)/lived aboard w/wife over 14 months. Anchor windlass, Hood mainsail, stowaway mast & boom, Profurl headsail system w/self-tacking jib. Vetus bow thruster. Retractable ballasted lead keel w/elec. hydraulic lifting system. Mast tabernacle w/lowering equipment. Dinette w/comfortable seating for 6. Pilothouse access from cockpit down short ladder. Center cockpit w/aft cabin connected to galley through small passageway, w/3 maple cabinets. DVD w/50+ photos available. Lake Erie, OH. $49,900.

Carl Gottwald
419-320-3154
cgot@inbox.com

Sabre 28
1976. Professional maint. Freshwater radiator, auto bilge pump, folding prop, Garmin GPS, Harken RF jib, windspeed indicator, boom vang, boom kicker. Standard features of Sabre 28 (e.g. Raytheon depth/temp, boat speed/distance, ICOM VHF, oil pressure, water temp, voltage gauges). Friendship, ME. $16,500.

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

Irwin 30
1974. Shoal-draft sloop. Owned by a rigger for 20 years. Many rigging upgrades. RF genoa, reefable mainsail w/Dutchman traveler, halyards led aft, self-tailers, new boom, wheel steering. Harken blocks, spinnaker gear. Split backstay. Newer head, folding prop. VC-17 bottom annually. Atomic 4 gas engine has fresh ignition parts. Very complete boat ready to sail. Bring offers. On cradle in Eastern Lake Erie, NY. $9,500 OBO.

James Berry
716-867-7388

Acadia Ketch 33
1968. Manitou. Classic Winthrop Warner-designed Acadia Ketch, Beam 9'9". One of 3 custom-built in Taiwan, sailed only in freshwater. Well maint. Honduras mahogany planking on oak frames. 28hp Westerbeke diesel. Sails incl spinnaker, main, 2 headsails, stays'l, new mizzen. Bayfield, WI. $19,500. Please see website for more details and contact info: sites.google.com/view/sailing-manitou/home

Kathryn Jensen
kljensen@uslink.net

Precision 28
2001. For nearly 20 years I have loved this boat. *Black Magic* has a Yanmar diesel. Google "Precision 28" for basic specs. Add cockpit seat cushions, LED running and nav lights, LED cabin lighting, 2 headsails, 2nd anchor, Alpine stereo w/Bose speakers in cabin and cockpit w/subwoofer, Raymarine nav electronics, autopilot, radar, w/many other upgrades incl. Extended V-berth plus other additions. Incl heavy-duty trailer. Very clean and well maintained. Sails great. $30,000 Cedar Rapids, IA.

Clay B. Bergren
319-329-4589
claybergren@gmail.com

Fenwick Williams 29
2003. *Lazy Lucy* was featured in *Good Old Boat* Sept/Oct 2007, "Lucy's Gift". Cold-molded in Spanish cedar with embedded Kevlar/epoxy frames. Standing hdrm below. Yanmar 2GM-20. New oak mast hoops, sail cover, CB, gaff saddle. Fresh paint on spars, topsides, and bottom. Fully equipped galley. Porta Potti (enclosed head with standing hdrm). Interior cushions. VHF w/AIS receiver. Chartplotter. Two anchors. Walker Bay dingy. Brownell stands. Relocated; no place for the boat. Orleans, MA. $38,000.

Brent Putnam
561-621-5080
brent2021cl@sudomail.com

Alberg 37 Mk II
1978. Sloop-rigged, Canadian registered, Hull #192. Freshwater boat well maintained and very clean. Pro Furl, North Sails main and jib, 35hp Volvo Penta MD2030D ('04) diesel, fridge/freezer, elec windlass, solar panels. Sail-away condition. Full inventory plus extensive list of upgrades available. Midland, ON Canada. $65,000. CAD.

David Takahashi
416-574-8157
sailoreh37@gmail.com

Tanzer 26
1977. One owner. Full of accessories for coastal cruising or PHRF club racing. Electric start OB, trailer. North sails plus add'l headsails and spinnakers. Spacious interior sleeps 5. Equipped to singlehand and cruise in comfort. LED running and cabin lighting with solar panel, AP, bimini, 2 anchors, and roller. Lovingly cared for and lightly used for many years. Omaha, NE. $13,000.

Robin Mayo
402-571-7297

Pearson 10M
1974. *Snow Flea* is a sloop-rigged stable cruiser with a tall rig (50'). The 11' beam provides ample space below for complete galley, nav station, 12' of seating, full head and sleeping 4. Many days/nights spent cruising the Maine coast. She is well maintained with recent improvements that include new cockpit sole and rebuilt steering assembly. Recently upgraded mooring rig included. Complete equip list and your questions answered upon request. Raymond, ME. $16,500.

Ken Hann
207-939-5511
mhann1@maine.rr.com

Carter 33
1974. Two-owner vessel:. First owner limited production ¾-tonner racing series hull 5/10, Henry Scheel's boatyard, NY; second owner Chesapeake Bay cruiser. Original papers, all manuals print or electronic. 6' hdrm, spacious, VG condition, fully equipped, she loves to sail. Innovative architect, search "Dick Carter Fastnet." Pics at ritual.piwigo.com. Lancaster, VA. $18,500.

Jeffrey Seed
804-690-2214
jaseed@jaseed.com

Cal 25
1970. Hull #1238. Harken RF headsail. Jiffy reef mainsail. Spinnaker and pole. Boom vang. Rigged to cockpit. Backstay tensioner, Signet depth sounder. Signet speedo. Plastimo compass. Porta Potti. Brass oil lamp. Solid decks. Pop-up main hatch. Mercury 6hp 4 stroke LS. Steel cradle. Grosse Pointe, MI. $5,000 OBO.

George Duffield
313-410-3764
mrgeorgeduffield@att.net

Pearson Wanderer 30
1970. Plastic Classic. Freshwater boat in great shape. Northport, MI. $9,000.

Jim Zevalkink
Jbz@poplarridgepartners.com
616-970-7070

Tartan 34
1968. Classic S&S by original builder, Douglas and McCleod, hull #18. Solid hull and deck, no problems. Solent rig w/double RF jibs. New mast '12, masthead and deck-level LED running lights. New dodger, new ultrasuede upholstery, optional deluxe interior w/recent refinish. SS LP stove/oven. Upgraded Atomic 4 engine. GPS, VHF, depth sounder, double anchor roller, 3 anchors. West Coast of FL. $22,500.

David Santos
252-617-2808
santosjd10.5@gmail.com

Products - General

Books & Videos

Selling Your Writing
to the
Boating Magazines

"When I get queries from sailors wanting to know how to get started writing for the sailing press, I'll recommend this book."
--**Karen Larson**, ***Good Old Boat***

amazon BARNES & NOBLE

Good Old Boat Gear

GoodOldBoat.com/
product-category/apparel/

Good Old Boat
Advertising Deadlines:

Sept/Oct	June 27, 2022
Nov/Dec	Aug 29, 2022
Jan/Feb 2023	Sept 26, 2022

Sails/Canvas

Second Wind Sails

1000s of new and used sails
secondwindsails.com

- Repairs
- Sails made to order
- Sail cleaning
- Canvas cleaning and Waterproofing

Clean out your limited storage and turn unwanted sails into cash
email: info@secondwindsails.com
Toll free: 800-273-8398

LIBERTY SAIL & CANVAS
small boat specialists
canvasandsails.com
215-393-7833
made in Lansdale, PA

THE SAIL CLEANERS

Sail Cleaning
Canvas Cleaning & Waterproofing
Repairs

800-273-8398
sailcleaners.com

Sail Care *20 Years Of Service To Sailors*

Over 100,000 Sails Cleaned
Call For Catalog (800) 433-7245
www.SailCare.com

NATIONAL SAIL SUPPLY
Best sails for the money

Supplying sailors everywhere with high quality sails at reasonable prices

Sailing doesn't have to be expensive

Phone 352-540-9101
E-mail:NewSails@aol.com
www.nationalsail.com

Boat Deliveries

CROSS COUNTRY BOAT TRANSPORT

Specialized boat handling to 55 feet

Licensed • Insured • Storage
651-437-2454

Boatbuilding

www.epoxyproducts.com/marine.html
603-435-7199

FIBERGLASS SUPPLIES

Epoxy, Vinylester, Polyester
Gelcoats, Barrier Coats
FG Laminate Angle & Panels
Carbon Fiber, Kevlar
Fairing & Bonding Compounds
Marine Plywood, Core & More!
DURATEC Divinycell H
CARBON CORE
Technical Assistance
800-231-6537
www.lbifiberglass.com
LBI

Products - Electrical

TIRED OF HAND STEERING?
GET THE RELIABLE, POWERFUL WHEEL PILOT!

- Quiet & Dependable
- Powerful
- Easy To Install
- Low Power Usage
- Built for Immersion

CPT AUTOPILOT
831-687-0541 (9AM-5PM PACIFIC TIME)
www.cptautopilot.com

Services

boat brochures
owner's manuals
blue prints

YOUR SOURCE FOR OLD BOAT LITERATURE

sailinfo
BOATBROCHURE.COM
power.sail.info

Can't find what you need?
askus@boatbrochure.com

Where skilled craftsmen produce top quality results at competitive shop rates

Bingham Boat Works Ltd. Established 1930

Bingham Boat Works LTD.

We can build and repair your fiberglass and wood projects

906-225-1427
906-225-0050
Fax 906-225-0604
BoatsWeDo@aol.com

Marine Solar Systems

- SunPower cell solar panels
- Walk-on semi-rigid solar panels
- Easy to install solar system kits
- LiFePO4 marine batteries

custommarineproducts.com
248-705-8337

Changes in Attitude

Maybe a good small boat and a quiet lake are all you really need.

BY KEN VAN CAMP

One sunny Saturday afternoon found me trailering my O'Day 192 to a nearby lake for an afternoon sail and an overnight stay. The lake was an hour's drive away, so I passed the time with Jimmy Buffett crooning on the car stereo and the windows rolled down. Normally, this ride would induce in me a carefree, tranquil mindset and a perfect layup to a stress-free weekend, but this time I found myself becoming agitated.

Several years ago, I had discovered *A Salty Piece of Land*, a novel Jimmy had written about a rancher who tells his boss where to shove it, picks up, and moves to the tropics for a relaxed (if predictable) lifestyle that featured women, booze, and the sea. I read more of his books after that, which similarly espoused a life free of cares and responsibilities.

Listening to Jimmy's island-infused tunes, this theme started to intrude as I drove along, and I began to wonder if I was letting life pass me by. Here I was, 50-something, doing the daily commute to a stressful job, paying off a mortgage, putting kids through college, slowly building a 401K, and watching friends retire and move south. The past couple of Pennsylvania winters had been more brutal than most, and I felt myself longing for those "changes in latitude, changes in attitude" that Jimmy so famously sings about.

I switched off the car stereo and rode the rest of the way to the lake in silence, the sun on my dashboard but a cloud over my head. Once at the lake, I quickly packed my gear into my boat and paddled out from the dock to open water. I had a motor, but we had a strained relationship and currently were not on speaking terms.

Winds were light, but sailing progress was steady for a couple of hours. The major impediment to an enjoyable sail was the cloud that had continued to gather moisture over my head as my lifestyle contemplation brought lightning bolts of anger and thunderous rolls of jealousy to the leading edge of my darkening emotional cumulonimbus.

As the wind died, I was nowhere near an anchorage, and I cursed my obstinate motor and pulled out the paddle. I left the sails up, hoping some light wind might reduce my labors, but the occasional breezes were tauntingly small and short-lived. After 30 minutes of paddling and any anchorage still a long way off, I decided to go below to straighten the cabin.

As I stowed gear, I happened upon my long-missing copy of *A Dream of Islands*, one of my favorite small-boat sailing books. I brought it out to the cockpit while I waited for any wind to resume.

In this beautifully written narrative, Philip Teece describes his travels in *Galadriel*, a pocket cruiser smaller than my own, as he explores the San Juan Islands near his home in British Columbia. He fits this in among the demands of a normal life, juggling responsibilities like the rest of us and finding an inner peace amid the solitude and nature of his local waters.

I read as long as the fading light would allow, then lowered the sails and started paddling again. But in contrast to my earlier frenzied, frustrated labors, I assumed a slow, deliberate motion, with the repetition and cadence relaxing my muscles. My paddle barely disturbed the water as I sliced and pulled, and the silent movement allowed me to hear fish jumping and watch a blue heron patiently stalk its prey. It was a peaceful summer evening. Why hurry? I had no deadlines to meet.

I thought about Teece's adventures, so close to home yet a world away, separated more by the cabin walls of his boat than by the miles in between. Sure, I had to earn a living, but at least I was healthy enough to do so. Maybe I couldn't recount seagoing adventures that would make me the life of the party, but this secluded lake was a stress elixir. My family brought responsibilities, but they also brought love and pride and irreplaceable joys.

Eventually, my boat and I found an anchorage, and I climbed below to lay in my bunk, the boat rocking gently as I shifted position but otherwise perfectly still in the calm night. The loudest disturbance came from a nearby croaking frog. Through the open hatch, I could see hundreds of stars and the outline of trees on the nearby shore. No neighbor's spotlight, no barking dogs.

And I thought that maybe the truth is I didn't need a change in latitude. Maybe, after all, I only needed a change in attitude.

Ken Van Camp's bio can be found on page 41.

sunbrella · TOP NOTCH · TOP GUN · Odyssey · EverSoft · PHIFERTEX · STAMOID · STRATAGLASS · NAUGAHYDE · Dura-Wax · CRYPTON

Ultraleather · CORDURA Fabric · Morbern · Sea · EDGE Hotknife · SnapRite System · YKK · DOT · LOXX · Tenara · COATS · AE · COVINGTON · Ratchet · & MORE!

SAILRITE®
Est. 1969

Equipping you to sew since 1969 | Visit us at **Sailrite.com**

Fabric • Sewing Machines • Notions • Foam • Hardware • Tools • Adhesives • Cordage • Maintenance • Kits • Window Material