Good Old Boat

The sailing magazine for the rest of us!

March/April 2001
Issue 17
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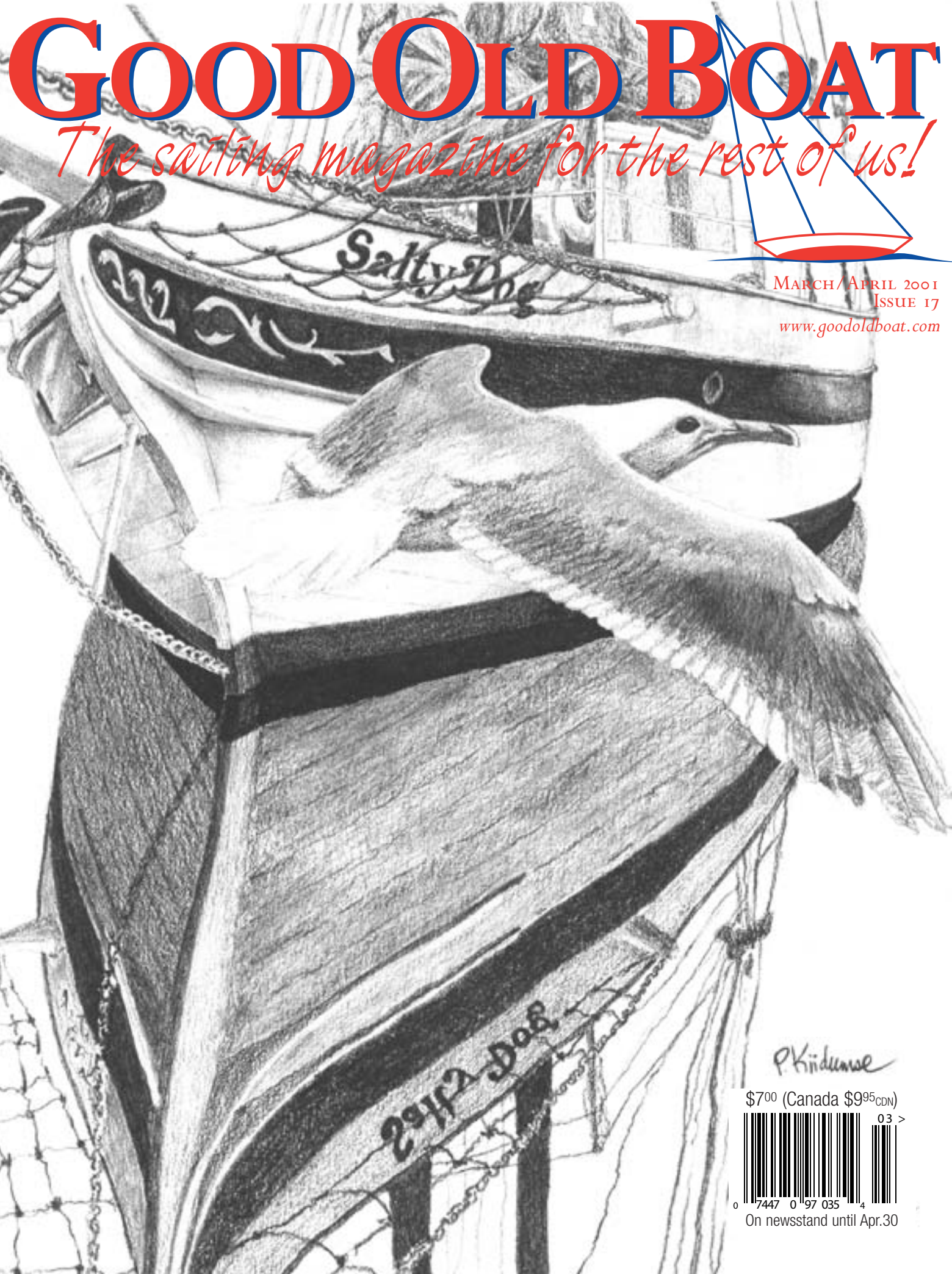

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This Issue

About the cover...

A few years ago Peter Kiidumae started creating artistic holiday cards featuring wild creatures in a marina setting (his marina in Vancouver, by the way). These evolved into a sought-after series. At right is an otter scene that we particularly like. The cover features a gull with *Salty Dog*, a 1972 57-foot schooner by William Garden. These prints and greeting cards are available for sale at <http://www.goodoldboat.com/ships_store.html>.

Good Old Boat

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The view from here

Unofficial "poster kids"

by Karen Larson

We never meant to be the poster children for "National Life Jacket Safety Week,"* but then, no poster child chooses to star in this sort of event. Jerry started it. He fell out of one dinghy too many even before I knew him. And I remember rescuing a skipper who fell out of his boat and was not wearing a life jacket. That took *both* of us out of the race.

When we started cruising on Lake Superior, we already had the habit developed. You wear your life jacket when the boat is underway. Period. Just as we had been doing in dinghy races. The air is usually cold, or at least cool, as it blows over that 50-degree lake, so wearing a life jacket is not uncomfortable. Besides, we filled the pockets with jack knives, whistles, flares, and strobes. You don't get much time in that water. We wanted to hasten our recovery, should the unthinkable happen. We even added rings and a harness for hauling our freezing bodies from the drink.

It got to be such a habit that we felt a bit undressed without our life jackets. (Sort of the way it feels to drive without a seat belt, once you've been wearing one for years.) So sometimes we forgot to take the life jackets off at the dock on short missions. We've been caught in the marina restrooms still wearing our life jackets, or refueling the boat without being aware that we were fully protected from drowning by our life jackets. That was probably when our reputation as life-jacket poster children began.

But now that we have this reputation, let me say simply that life jackets (like seat belts) probably do save lives. Sailboat decks are unstable at the best of times, and it's hard to be as graceful as a gazelle with every step you take on a boat. We wear ours, we encourage guests on our boat to wear theirs. Yet we don't believe there should be a law mandating that all boaters wear life jackets. The choice is theirs.

**No, this is not a real week, not that we know of anyway, and we're not actually official poster children of anything. Certainly it's been a long time since we were children!*

Remembering Seven Bells

Thank you for publishing Isaac Harter's wonderful two-part article on *Seven Bells*. It brought back vivid memories of the first time I saw her during my first sail on a week-long cruise from Duxbury, Mass., to Nantucket, R.I. In August 1972 I was a guest onboard the *Griffon*, a Columbia 39, owned by Albert Pratt of Boston and skippered by his son, Dan. Sometime around mid-afternoon we saw tan-colored sails on the horizon. The boat was too far away to get a good photo, but Dan said they were probably headed to Nantucket, and we might get a closer look at her there. As we were enjoying a glorious sail in high summer, we noticed that the boat had changed course and was now bearing down on us. She came alongside, and just as I was getting my camera ready, we were pummeled by a barrage of water balloons launched from funnels and elastic surgical hose attached to her shrouds. We all had a good laugh, and I was able to get a few good photos as she sailed by.

Robert Charron

Seven Bells *in 1972*
as Robert remembers her

We were able to make out the name, *Seven Bells*, on her stern and found more information in Lloyd's Registry of Yachts. When we finally reached Nantucket, we spotted *Seven Bells* at a mooring, and now it was our turn to bear down on her. Her astonished crew looked up just in time to see us return a few unexploded water balloons that had landed on our deck. We had another good laugh and exchanged compliments on the beauty of each other's boats.

I trace my love of sailing to that first cruise on the *Griffon* and my deep appreciation for classic sailboats back to the day when I first saw *Seven Bells*.

Robert Charron
Syracuse, N.Y.

As the January 2001 issue, with the second part of the Seven Bells *story, was going to the printer, we got some sad news from the Harter family. Ike passed away quietly and unexpectedly shortly before Thanksgiving. This story and photo serve as a reminder of happier times for those whom Ike has left behind.*

Pearson Ensigns are back

Good Old Boat *received this news from Ensign Spars:* Ensign Spars, Inc., of Dunedin, Fla., has been named the official licensed builder of the classic Ensign daysailer which has been out of production for 17 years.

Ensign Spars has been supplying replacement masts and parts for the Ensign for more than five years. The company was founded by Ensign sailor Zeke Durica. It was begun by accident, literally, when Zeke's wife, Elizabeth Brincklow, broke their mast while racing. The company was awarded the contract in summer and took delivery of the Ensign Class Association's molds in November.

The new boat, to be called the Ensign Classic, will be a semi-custom boat made with the same materials but offering many options that were not included in the original Ensign. The Ensign Class Association is enjoying the best growth of members in its 38-year history. Last year's nationals broke all attendance records with 50 entries and 49 racing.

Triton Association reenergized

With the help of fine publications like *Good Old Boat* and the super Triton-related articles that have appeared in recent issues, a number of Triton owners have banded together for the sole purpose of sharing the fun and excitement of our good old boats!

The New England Triton Association (NETA) has members from nearly all of the New England states, including Maine, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and New York. Founded by Bill Bell, the recognized authority of all things Triton, the NETA is one of the oldest Triton organizations in the United States.

We are pleased to have posted a new Web site. Please add the following address to your Web browser: <http://24.4.181.189/NETA_Website/ NETA_mainframe.html>.

We would like to hear from any Triton fans who would like to get together for some fun, learning, friendship, and really neat Triton talk.

Dana Berube
Narragansett Bay, R.I.

While we're on the subject

The National Triton Association is calling all Triton owners with boats in the U.S. and Canada to register (no charge). Members receive a newsletter telling them of Triton events, places to get parts, Web sites, and a listing of Tritons and their owners. Register by email, mail, or phone: Gary Everingham, 9238 Fairview Ln., Chatham, ON, N7M-5J4, Canada; 519-352-0993; 519-436-3648; evering@attglobal.net. Check out the Web site at <http://www. netcom.com/~suter/nta/>.

Gary Everingham
Chatham, Ontario

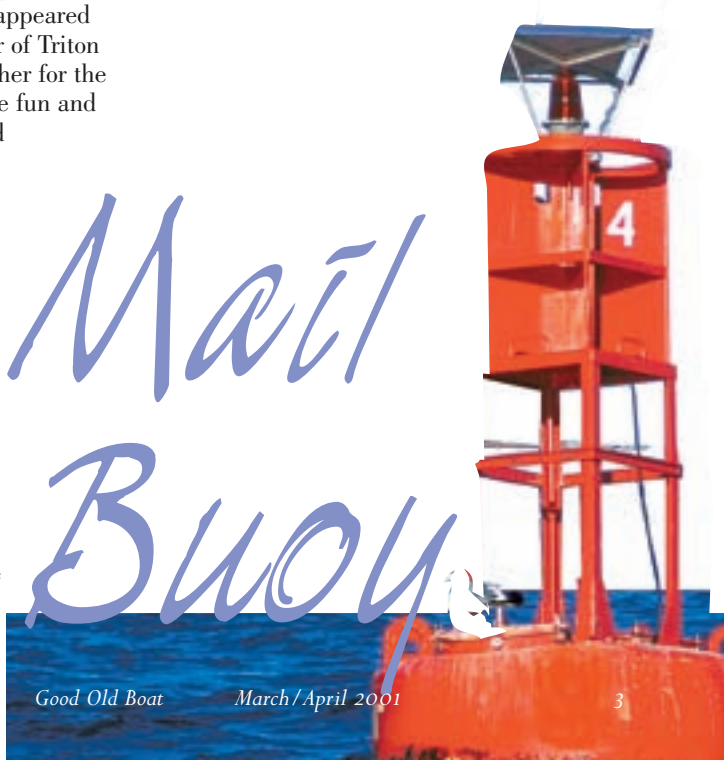
Charcoal in the bilge

First of all, great magazine. There is so much useful information here. It's a good thing it only arrives every two months; it takes that long to read it.

In the September 2000 issue is a letter from Steve Edmondson telling of using charcoal for deodorizing the boat. Here is a quote from the Canadian Power and Sail Squadron Boating Course:

Continued on 72

Mail Buoy



Four tenders for sail

Searching for the ideal sailing tender, we test four of the best

by Scott and Barbara Thurston

As our friend John Fox says, "It's a dinghy's life." They spend most of their lives upside down on a beach somewhere or else tied to a dock jostling their cousins. When finally called to service, they're all but set adrift tied by the nose by a light piece of line and left to fend off wind and wave as they are dragged from location to location. There they are filled to the brim with too many people or too much stuff and rowed or motored someplace else, only to be dragged over the sand and rocks to await the next travail.

They don't ask for much. A little fresh water cleaning. A little bottom paint to keep from becoming marine habitat. Maybe, occasionally, a little wax or a coat of paint. Utilitarian to the core, all they ask is for a little respect and, as to those in life who most deserve it, it is seldom given and then only sparingly.

But, as in the core of every Volkswagen lives the heart, soul, and engineering of a Porsche, in every dinghy lurks the desire to break free of the mundane, to run with the wind, to skim across the sea. In short, in the heart of every tender is the desire to sail.

We gathered four sailing tenders, each representative of a different concept regarding how to best set free that desire. Each was developed to satisfy the designer's best methods of addressing the compromises embodied in a small sailing craft. Each is capable of utility, transporting people and cargo in the best dinghy tradition. But each one has also been designed to take that extra step . . . to let that latent desire take wing . . . to break free and run with the wind.

Plastic and fantastic

You've undoubtedly seen the Walker Bay 8. In a world where a good tender has become the forgotten boat accessory (forgotten by boat dealers, that is), these boats have become commonplace, showing up in showrooms around the country, their cheerful blue and white hulls gleaming. A casual glance tells you right away that, though this may look like nothing more than a big toy, there's more here than meets the eye.

The Walker Bay 8, at left, is full of thoughtful design details. The whole group pictured above, from left: the Fatty Knees 8, Chesapeake Light Craft's Eastport Pram, the Tinker Traveler, and the Walker Bay 8.

It's the details that set this boat apart. For instance, there's a wheel molded into the aft end of the vestigial keel to help save the plastic hull from the rocky shores of the real world and to make it less awkward for one person to move the boat. That keel is hollow to the interior of the boat, so any water that does find its way aboard will settle lower than cargo and not wet the bags and butts that end up sitting on the bottom. The seats are foam-filled for strength as well as for flotation, and the fasteners holding them in place don't penetrate the centers, so the flotation won't get saturated. The lapstrake hull is not only pretty, it also gives longitudinal stiffness without the weight penalty and intrusion into the living space of internal stringers.

The test boat arrived unassembled, like a big model kit, and I came to appreciate the quality of the manufacture while I put it together. I admit surprise — the parts fit, without forcing. Holes lined up where they were supposed to. Only one tool (they provide it for you) is necessary to tighten all the nuts; the heads of the bolts are captured by the plastic moldings, and the ends of the bolts are positioned so they are unlikely to tear clothing or skin. The bolts meant to be permanently fastened already have Loctite applied, so they are unlikely to loosen with time. The assembly instructions are simple, and easy to follow — the whole thing from bags to boat takes only 40 minutes or so.

Like the hull, the sailing rig is elegant in its simplicity. The sail slipped easily over the two-piece aluminum spar, and one piece of line served to hold the rig to the hull and as a Cunningham for sail tension. There is a boom vang and an adjustable outhaul on the boom. The rudder assembly was the best of all the boats tested with a simple, positive lock and a push-button release. With practice, the Walker Bay could be rigged and ready to sail in about five minutes and was stable enough to be rigged while afloat — essential for quick evening jaunts from the mother ship. The spars, foils, and sails all come with storage bags. Both the spars and the oars can be stowed in the hull of the boat (though not wedged under the seats — they should be tied in if kept there while under way). The sail could also be left wrapped around the mast for short-term storage.

The light weight of the hull and the fine lines of the bow make it very easily driven, either under oars or sail (we tested none of the boats under power, though all can carry a small outboard). Like the Fatty Knees, and for that matter, all round-nosed dinghies, the Walker Bay is a little tender when you step into it from above but, like a canoe, that initial tenderness firms up as the side of the hull comes more in contact with the water (so-called form stability). The Walker Bay has a fairly firm chine aft, which anchors that stability and also helps prevent the hull from squatting under power or a load. That said, the Walker Bay is mostly a one-adult/two-kid boat. With only the midships rowing station, the normal balancing act of placing a rower forward and the second adult aft, can't happen without adding extra holes for the oarlocks; and the hull has such a fine bow that the weight forward would impede the otherwise fine rowing abilities.

Under sail, the Walker Bay moves briskly. It comes about smartly and balances the tiller well on all points of sail. The rudder has authority, as evidenced by the boat's ability to sail backward under control (useful for getting out of irons), and the long keel keeps the hull tracking well. The sail luffs cleanly along the mast, and the unsupported tip bends to spill excess wind in a puff.

Sailing is best accomplished sitting in the bottom, as keeping most of the passenger weight below the waterline helps ballast the boat, as in a kayak. As the boat heels, the chine and the lands of the lapstrake work with the daggerboard to keep the boat on its feet.

When the inevitable does occur, the boat is easily righted, though the mast will fill with water if left upside down for long and may counterbalance the weight of a kid trying to right it. However, this would not be the boat for a kid (or adults unsure of themselves in the water) to sail unsupervised without adding buoyancy bags like those found in an Optimist. The boat will fill with water to the brim, and that may make it difficult to bail or pump enough water to make it possible to re-enter it. My weight along with that of the sail rig meant that the swamped Walker Bay 8 floated in a stable manner about four inches under the surface when I sat in it, and just above the surface when I hung alongside in settled conditions. While this is OK close to shore and in warm water, it could be an issue in any but the best conditions.

Despite that caveat, the Walker Bay 8 is a pleasant surprise. Experience it, and it'll prove that your first impressions were correct. It is much better than the toy you might take it to be. While its abilities as a working tender might suffer some from its small size, that size and its light-though-rugged construction might be just the thing as a people-mover for folks who don't need a lot of room to haul anything more. Its low cost, both for the boat and the sailing rig, mean it is really affordable, and perhaps an argument could be made to justify it as a second dinghy, conceivably kept just for the pure joy of having a small boat to sail. A 10-foot version has also been introduced.
Nice touch: The sliding tiller, for different-sized skippers.
Could be better: Could use more flotation.

A traditional favorite

The Fatty Knees dinghy is to the Walker Bay 8 as a Mercedes 300SL is to an MG Midget. Where the Walker Bay is light,

Nephew Stephen sails the Fatty Knees in Dix Harbor, Maine, with a proud Scott as crew.

The Fatty Knees shows her Lyle Hess heritage nicely.

quick, and relatively inexpensive, the Fatty Knees is solid, substantial, and built with the best materials. It carries with it the weight of tradition and the blessing of Lin and Larry Pardey who have owned one for years.

The Fatty Knees 8 is a Lyle Hess design and, like his Bristol Channel Cutter and *Seraffyn* and *Taleisin*, the Pardeys' cruising boats, it shares the full buttocks and bluff bow of the eminently seaworthy British pilot boats of the last century. As built by Edey & Duff, it shows the same commitment to quality and attention to detail as their Stone Horse sloop. The bronze fittings, the riveted teak rails, and solid teak foils show that this is a boat to be treasured, to be used well and handed down from sailor to sailor for a long time. And now that the company has produced more than 2,000 of them, one at a time, it has truly become a classic.

From a few feet away the Fatty Knees and the Walker Bay could be confused with one another. Both are lapstrake, and it's not until you see them side by side that you can pinpoint the differences. The Fatty Knees seems bigger, with its higher topsides, but it's actually 3 inches shorter and has 1 inch less beam. The bow is not so fine, but the stern is more so: the Fatty Knees has more of a wineglass shape when seen from the transom. Its buttock lines are softer; it's left without the hard chine. This makes its immersed surface area less than the Walker Bay 8's and gives it livelier performance despite its greater carrying capacity and one-third higher displacement. The high topsides make this a boat you sit in, not on, and the T-shaped front seat means the interior space is more usable. The boat can swallow all the gear and groceries for a week's sailing adventure and still give you room to row.

In anything this small,

it's details that count: the optional teak floorboard (oh so nice for keeping feet and cargo out of any water in the bottom) has an opening to get a bilge pump down to the very lowest point when it's sitting on its lines. The inside fiberglass has been coated with a buff-colored gel to help keep the inside clean. The motor mount, a teak pad, has been offset to port, to make it easier to reach the steering handle of the outboard. The teak cap for the daggerboard opening has a rubber gasket to keep water from coming up the trunk while motoring or rowing (and conveniently makes it much more comfortable to sit on). A bag inside the inspection port in the front seat keeps cameras and lunch safe and dry during dinghy adventures. There is even a notch in the transom so the forgotten skill of sculling can be practiced.

The increased cost of the sailing kit, compared to the Walker Bay 8, is evident in the size and quality of the bits and pieces. The Fatty Knees uses real Harken blocks where necessary, and the bigger-cross-sectioned mast seems also to be Harken roller furling extrusions. The slip-together joint in the mast was yet another of Edey & Duff's details: the two halves of the male insert are of different lengths, the easier to align them as they slide together. The spars can be stowed aboard the dinghy, as can the 7-foot leather-covered oars. The foils are solid teak, and the rudder assembly is a traditional mix of stainless gudgeons and pintles with a simple but effective cord-based lifting arrangement. Initially, we had some trouble fitting the gudgeons to the pintles, but when we realized the trick was to angle the tiller slightly off the centerline, things lined up much more easily. Because she's more robust, she's more likely to get used in higher winds than the Walker Bay, which makes the reef points in the sail more than just a good idea.

In the water the Fatty Knees feels lighter and more responsive than it does on land. She accelerates quickly and is very responsive to inputs from the varnished ash tiller. Upwind she glides smoothly, tacking within about 85 degrees. On a run the bow lifts over the waves and the water slips easily astern, leaving a small wake. The openness afforded by the T-shaped front seat was most apparent when under sail, and the cockpit was the most comfortable of all the boats reviewed because of that room. With two aboard, the crew gets relegated to the front seat and, while the higher weight didn't seem to affect the heeling moment, fore-and-aft trim could be affected by just where on the seat that weight is placed.

In my experience most dinghies tow best when the towline is fastened to the top of the bow and the full waterline length of the tender can be used. This also helps keep the dinghy from squatting on the back side of the wave, slowing progress for the dinghy and the yacht. On the Fatty Knees, however, the tow eye was perfectly placed (low, just above the waterline), and the dinghy stayed back where it belonged, perfectly behaved.

All in all, the first impression is that

this is a well-crafted boat with good performance. It will do a great job in nearly any task, from shuffling gear and people to playing in a crowded anchorage. Further examination continues that impression. A possible heirloom, it might be almost too nice to leave tied to a crowded dinghy dock, there to bump and grind against its less well-bred cousins.

Nice touch: The replaceable sacrificial teak shoe at the end of the keel, designed to take the wear of dragging the dinghy up those rock-strewn beaches.

Could be better: Expensive to buy.

A sailing inflatable?

"Who ever heard of such a thing?" That was the way my friend Jack put it when I first mentioned the Tinker Traveler to him. Well, the Brits, that's who. The Traveler and its little brother the Tramp are exports from England and are as common there as Avons and Zodiacs are here.

The Tinker Traveler is an interesting hybrid, sort of a cross between a common inflatable and an Olympic-class sailing dinghy. Of the four boats tested, it is perhaps surprising that this is the most purely performance sailing machine of the bunch. The literature says it's at its best performance in winds between 8 and 15 knots, and that statement is backed up by Michelle D'Aoust of Neris Marine, the East Coast distributor. She tells of blasting around the Chesapeake with a partner and having to use the painter as a makeshift hiking strap when trying to keep this lightweight flyer upright in winds of 20 knots and more. When you see the boat and realize how light the whole package is and that the two hulls and the flat floor are not much more than catamaran hulls connected by a planing surface, you can imagine the turn of speed this demon must have.

Unfortunately, the wind our scheduled sailing day was blowing less than 10 knots, but even in the zephyrs it was obvious that the Tinker was the fastest of the boats. Broad reaching and running, we were able to go just less than the speed of the wind, demonstrating the Tinker's catamaran-like abilities. She crawled upwind smoothly, tacking between 85 and 90 degrees with the roller-furling genoa pulling well. I was even able to hike the hull upwind, getting the rig high into clear air and effectively sailing on only one hull, a great way to decrease drag and increase speed. As you might imagine, the boat is quite stable with the catamaran hulls and the deep, wide daggerboard giving the Traveler nearly all its surface area below the waterline. The biggest boat of the bunch, it was very comfortable to move around and spend time in, even for two.

The hull is surprisingly stiff for an inflatable, though it does flex some. The two inflatable tubes that make up the side of a Tinker run one inside the other, and each is enough to keep the shape of the boat, should one be punctured. The base of the mast sits on an aluminum brace that runs from the thwart/daggerboard trunk forward. This also helps keep the bow in place, against the upward pull from the rigging.

Unlike most of the inflatables we're familiar with in this country, the Tinker has a pram bow, a flat piece of wood that joins the port and starboard tubes together, rather than having the main tube circle back. The tubes, 18 inches in diameter at the stern, taper carrot-like as they go forward, and from the permanently attached spray skirt forward they also slope toward the water. This odd design, reminiscent of the wave-piercing hulls seen in modern multis, is part of a second feature that sets Tinkers apart: available as an option is a kit to turn the

The Tinker Traveler sails in light air, above; close-up of lock-in oar locks and cam cleats, at left; and the aluminum channel on bottom and stay adjustors, below. Note the roller-furling jib.

"Art," the Chesapeake Light Craft Eastport Pram, is pronounced a "sculpture" with good reason. Barbara at the helm, at right.

dinghy into a highly regarded (and legal for racers) emergency life raft. The bow is shaped low because it becomes the boarding platform for the life raft.

While a low bow makes a great loading platform, under sail downwind it can make a good shovel, and the Tinker newsletter mentions what can happen if you inadvertently stuff the bow into the back side of a wave while planing downwind. (Apparently, there is quite a one-design class in England, and the Brits race these things intensely.) Inadvertent pitchpoling or temporarily "taco-ing" of the boat adds to the excitement, I guess, but it does explain the need for the two big drain plugs in the transom. I expect that it takes an awful lot of wind to get that to happen, and chances are the average user won't be sailing the boat under those conditions. With the weight of a motor aft, it's not so much of a problem under power. While rowing, the boat is so buoyant it floats above everything.

Due to time constraints, we didn't practice the capsize drill with the Tinker, but Michelle asserts that the boat rolls up dry, and I believe her. The boat is so buoyant and floats so high, the round tubes wouldn't scoop much water on the way back up.

The Traveler had the largest sail area of the four boats with up to 63 square feet set from its three-section mast (52 square feet if you set the working jib, rather than the genny). It was also the most complicated rig of the bunch. It was the only one with stays, nylon cords attached and adjusted with cam cleats. With experience, you could set the rig and be sailing in about 20 minutes, though it would be better to do it ashore.

Rowing the Tinker is a little cumbersome, with the locked-in oars, and the seat atop the thwart is of necessity at the same height as the row locks, making for an inefficient stroke angle. Michelle says they're coming out with a set of breakdown oars for next year that'll be easier to store, and with luck the grips will be smaller, too. It rows well, though tracking is a bit of an issue without any kind of a keel, and the light weight makes it hard to have any authority over wind and chop. The best place for a passenger is forward of the thwart, feet under the skirt, facing forward. Sitting back-to-back with a passenger would give the rower some more support. There is room for cargo between your feet and farther under the skirt, but the tall rowing position would limit the amount you could carry. Like most inflatables, it's better to motor if you have to go any distance.

There is a towing eye well anchored on the pram bow, but like most inflatables, the Traveler is going to tow best with the bow tied against the stern rail, nose in the air. Even then it's susceptible to wind gusts and wear on the Hypalon. Since it folds up into a space less than 4 feet by 2 feet by 1 foot, why bother? Let the air out, stick it in a locker, and refill it when you get there. It only took us about 10 minutes with the supplied double-acting pump. Isn't that the beauty of an inflatable?

Testing the Traveler was an interesting diversion into just what a sailing tender might be. It embodies all the useful attributes of an inflatable: light, stable, and taking a minimum amount of storage space, with the added excitement of sailing and the ability to become a true emergency life raft. Its ability to sail will appeal to those who expect more from their sailing than a pleasant dodder around the cove. That it is a quality boat becomes apparent when it's known that no less than respected technical maven Nigel Calder owns one.

Nice touch: The tensioners on the stays.

Could be better: Complicated rig.

A pretty pram

The Chesapeake Light Craft's new sailing tender nearly didn't make this test, and wouldn't have without the lucky intervention of an anonymous truck driver. The logistics of getting the boat finished on time and delivered to our test site seemed insurmountable as the deadline loomed, until a delivery driver allowed as to how he just happened to be heading from Maryland to New Hampshire and that he would be glad to drop it off.

There was no doubt about which boat was the favorite of the beachgoers when we pulled up to do our photo shoot. In the last rays of sunlight, the deep-red stained and varnished wood, offset by the contrasting white paint, seemed to glow from its own inner light source. One of the beachgoers referred to it as sculpture, and Barbara and I immediately gave it its name, "Art."

Chesapeake Light Craft is an Annapolis-based company specializing in making plans and kits for do-it-yourselfers to complete. They started out with designs for sea kayaks and have a whole stable of those craft. Several years ago they started branching out into other designs: rowing gigs, sharpies,

The Chesapeake Light Craft Eastport Pram.

skiffs, and this one, the Eastport Pram. It's such a new design it's not even listed in their current catalog.

Most of the designs are built using the stitch-and-glue method of boatbuilding — flat precut panels of wood are held together using short twists of copper wire and tape. Once the epoxy has set, the wires are cut off, the joints are filleted, and the holes are filled using thickened epoxy. It's a quick, relatively simple method of building small boats that are very strong and usually very light, as the panels create a monocoque structure without the need for the weight of internal bracing. It's a technique that's perfect for getting folks with the most basic of tools and skill levels afloat in vessels they've built themselves, boats they can be proud of.

With the exception of a few bits of hardware for the rudder, and so forth, there's almost no metal in the whole boat — a couple of pairs of oarlock sockets, a couple of screws to hold the cleat and the towing eye in place, and that's about it. It's details like this that make the Eastport the lightest of the bunch, weighing in at just 55 pounds. It's also the smallest of the four, measuring just 7 feet 9 inches, with a beam of 48 inches. It spreads the same 39 square feet of canvas as the Walker Bay and carries the same load as the Fatty Knees. It also looks like a lapstrake, and has some of those virtues, but because the individual panels are wider, it is more correctly a multi-chine hull.

The stiffness and lightness, coupled with the lowest wetted surface of the four, means that "Art" was the most easily driven of the boats, noticeably so in the light winds we encountered. Rowing from the center seat with the spoon-billed oars moves the boat with a minimum of effort, and it sails in just a ghost of a breeze. It punches through chop and boat wakes more easily than might be expected from such a light boat, particularly with that flat pram bow, a benefit of all that stiffness. The bottom panel is shaped and wider in the middle than it is at the bow, which helps with buoyancy and tracking. The Eastport is not the fastest of the bunch — it's got too much rocker for that — but that rocker makes it very nimble. The rocker also makes it a little more conscious of fore-and-aft trim than the others. It really likes to have the weight in the boat centered. I found it happiest when I sailed it from atop the center seat, though Barbara was able to sit in the normal spot quite comfortably. It does come with two rowing stations and still leaves some room for cargo between the passengers' knees.

A sailing dinghy: Is it worth it?

A sailing rig is an expensive option, one that usually only comes on a boat they don't give away in the first place. The question becomes, how do you justify the extra cost for what is just another toy?

To find out, we took Edey & Duff's Fatty Knees along with us on vacation and put it through a real-world test — hauling people and groceries to *Penelope*, exploring the islands, visiting our anchorage neighbors — the same uses you would put any dinghy to. And in the spirit of this article, we used it to play with.

The Fatty Knees makes a great tender. It rows and tows well, riding high on the stern wave, its bluff bows cleanly parting the waves that boiled up off *Penny's* port quarter. It was easy for Barbara or me, with our disparate sizes and weights, to row solo or together against the slight wind chop and currents you're apt to find in any harbor.

But where the Fatty Knees really came into its own was at the end of the afternoon, when the anchor was down and before it was time to dine. The rig came out and in five minutes she was ready. For a couple of hours we could glide around the anchorage, ghosting or boiling along, as the wind would have it, ducking under the quarters of the other anchored boats, exploring the fringes of the harbor, and generally being the envy of all who watched. We met our neighbors, we gunkholed more than we would have if we were rowing, and we capped off our needed sailing fix more than we might have in a week of high-pressure cells and light winds.

Our nephew, Stephen, came along with us for the first part of our trip, and it was in the Fatty Knees that he first soloed a sailboat, tucked up in the head of the harbor in Rockland. He was a competent helmsman on *Penny*, but it wasn't until his first crash jibe in the Fatty Knees that he realized how close the water was, and after that he was a lot more conscious about wind angles and heeling than he would be if sailing only on *Penny*. We played fetch for a while (he was Rover; I got to throw the ball), and he learned how to sail for a point and circle it, and how to balance . . . all the sensations involved in keeping a boat upright and moving, no matter what direction he was heading in. He learned how to dock a boat under sail. As part of the game was that he had to lay the ball at my feet, like a well-trained Lab would. And in the dying evening breeze he learned how to make every zephyr count because he really, really, really wanted to get back to the dock in time for dinner.

Was it worth it? Ask Stephen. Do you think he remembers his time with us sailing the coast of Maine? Ask the crew of *Gaelic* what they remember about being anchored near us at MacGlatherty's, and I'll bet the Fatty Knees comes up. Ask Barbara what she remembers most about being anchored in Laundry Cove on Isle au Haut. If money is nothing more than the substance with which to make memories, then the extra cost of the sailing package has already paid for itself. Anything that comes next is money in the bank.

Manufacturer	Edey & Duff	Walker Bay	Tinker Marine	Chesapeake Light Craft
Model	**Fatty Knees 8**	**Walker Bay 8**	**Traveler**	**Eastport Pram**
Length, inches	96	99	123	91
Beam, inches	51	52	59	48
Draft, inches	39	21	21	25
Load, persons	2 sail/4 rowing	2	4	2
Weight, pounds, with sailing kit	128	105	84	80
Sail area, sq. ft.	50	39	52/63 (see story)	39
Max. horsepower	2	2	3.5	2
Mast length, inches	176	168	182	120
Oar size, feet	7	6	6	6
Suggested price	$1,895	$449	$3,637	$499 (kit)
Sail package	$850	$449	$1,296/$1,995	$550
Designer	Lyle Hess	Paolo Rista/ Grahame Shannon	Henshaw Inflatables	John Harris

Edey & Duff, Ltd
128 Aucott Rd.
Mattapoisett, MA 02739

Walker Bay Boats
15300 Woodinville-Redmond Rd.
Woodinville, WA 98072

Tinker Marine
1919 Clement Ave., Bldg. 11
Alameda, CA 94501

Chesapeake Light Craft
1805 George Ave.
Annapolis, MD 21401

The gaff rig was the best balanced of the boats without a jib, the peak of the sail forward of the mast helping to balance the helm. The boat reached and ran well, as is to be expected with a big square of canvas set high on the one-piece mast. During upwind work the boat sailed flat though we noticed that heeling it intentionally helped prevent leeway. We had problems with the daggerboard wanting to levitate out of the slot when sitting still in the water, though once water is moving past it, it's not a problem. Tying it in place wouldn't be a bad idea, especially in the event of capsize.

The rudder is big enough for control and helps with the lateral plane, but it's here that it becomes obvious that this design is still a work in progress. Instead of using gudgeons and pintles, the builder's lighten-at-every-cost mentality shows. They compromised the weight issue with four stainless steel eyescrews, set in the transom and the leading edge of the rudder stock. These are connected by, and pivot around, a length of stainless rod, that is drilled for split rings top and bottom.

The idea is that with one hand you line up the four eye screws (two of which are mounted on a piece of wood: the rudder, which wants to float away) and then you put the rod down the centers of all four eyes. Then, without dropping the split ring, you open it up and put it through the hole in the bottom of the rod. Couple this with the fact that the tiller is in your face and that the rudder has no provision for kicking up — so you have to be in a bit of water to get it in place — and it means that parts of you are getting wet while you rig the boat. Did they save much weight? An ounce or two at best. This system is way too fussy. Two pintles, two gudgeons, and a thumb latch, and it's all over with, weight be damned!

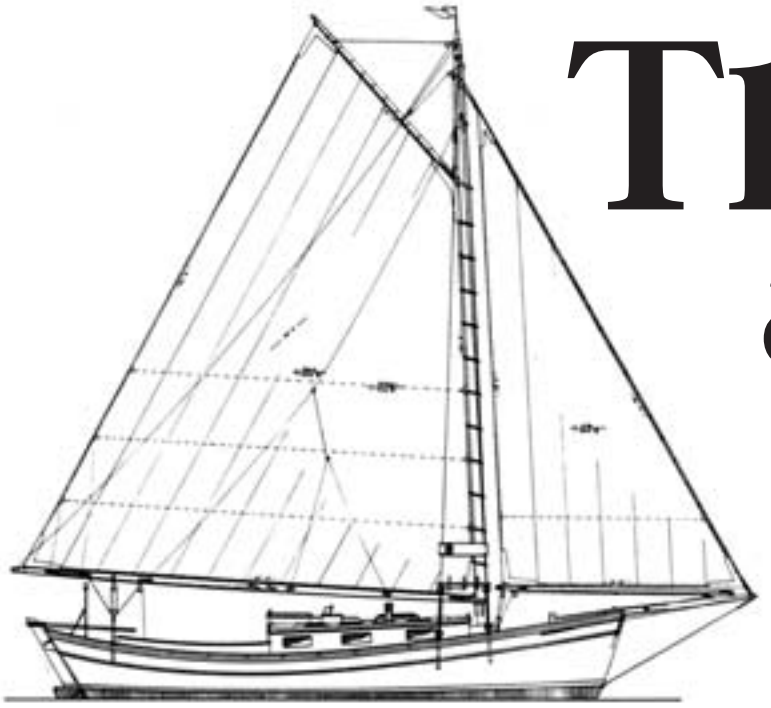
All in all, though, the Eastport proved itself a fun little boat that's enjoyable to sail and has working capabilities that belie its small size. As a tender to a yacht, it will fit on the foredeck of all but the smallest of cruisers. As a sailboat in its own right, it'll satisfy all but the most demanding. And as a piece of "Art" that you can make yourself, well how satisfying is that?

Nice touch: The two wear strips on either side of the skeg on the bottom. They keep the boat upright and stable on the beach, and help the boat track in the water. (Perhaps they could be faced with stainless-steel rubrail, to save them from wear, too?)

Could be better: The mast is too long for easy storage aboard the mother ship. Perhaps a two-piece take-apart stick, like the Fatty Knees/Walker Bay, or better yet, a two-piece sliding mast would be more appropriate.

Scott has returned three boatyard monsters to solid sailboat status with the primary addition of elbow grease. He and Barbara sail Penelope*, their 1968 Camper-Nicholson 32, from Falmouth, Maine.*

The fore-and-aft rig



Sunshine, ***a 33-foot gaff sloop with a bowsprit***

by Ted Brewer
featuring Brewer designs

The history of the fore-and-aft rig is a fascinating one. It is particularly interesting when you realize that two of the earliest fore-and-aft rigs, the lateen sail of the Middle East (Egyptian feluccas and Arabian dhows) and the Chinese junk, have remained largely unchanged over the centuries and are still in use in the areas where they began.

Conversely, in the West, the fore-and-aft rig has been under constant development: from the dipping-lug rig based on the old square sails to standing lugs, gaff rigs, and finally to "leg o'mutton" sails, spritsails, and the modern Bermudan rig. And, of course, the rig is still being developed with newer materials, fully battened sails, mechanical vangs, in-mast reefing, sprit rigs with wishbone booms, and so forth.

Readers will note that I use the term "Bermudan" rather than "Marconi." The reason is that the rig first became more widely known in the late 1600s after reports reached Europe of the good performance of the small sloops of Bermuda. So I prefer to use the island name, rather than call it after a radio mast that was not invented until 200 years after a Bermudan rig first caught the breeze.

Gaff vs. Bermudan

The gaff rig and the Bermudan are the two major rigs today. Each has its advantages, but truly they operate on different planes. The racing sailor and the average yachtsman stay with the Bermudan rig, while the gaff is favored by a few diehards and is used, of course, for character boats and replicas.

While economics favor the sloop, other rigs have much to offer

The gaff rig does feature a lower center of effort for a given sail area and so develops less heeling moment. This is partly offset by the heavier weight of the spars, but the weight of the gaff comes down as the sail is reefed. Furthermore, a quick "reef" can be achieved in a squall by dropping the peak halyard to scandalize the sail and immediately reduce the effective mainsail area by 30 to 40 percent. The gaff sail itself is slightly more effective offwind than the Bermudan as it presents a flatter area to the breeze and, in addition, the gaff can be fitted with a vang to reduce twist. More important to the serious cruising sailor is that the gaff rig is simpler and cheaper to set up, less sensitive to bad tuning, and generally simpler to repair if something goes wrong at sea.

The gaff rig hasn't had the advantage of the development that has gone into the Bermudan rig in the past 50 years. The British designer, J. Laurent Giles, showed the gaff rig the way over a half-century ago with the lovely 47-foot gaff cutter *Dyarchy*. Her single-spreader rig supported a tall, wooden, pole mast with an unusually large main topsail's luff rope sliding up into a groove. Despite *Dyarchy's* success, this did not stir interest in further development unfortunately, so the gaff rig of today is little changed from that of a century ago with the exception of synthetic sails and, possibly, aluminum tube spars.

The contemporary, highly developed Bermudan rig, with its lighter spars, higher-aspect-ratio sail, inboard chain-plates, close jib-sheeting angles, and so on, has much the better windward ability. Also the development of the spinnaker and (more importantly to the cruising sailor, the asymmetrical spinnaker) has more than offset the gaff rig's advantage downwind. A major feature of the Bermudan rig, of course, is

21-foot catboat

that a permanent backstay can be fitted, adding to safety and reducing the need for running backstays.

For these and other reasons, such as rating handicaps and manufacturing economy, the Bermudan rig is vastly in the majority today for cruising and racing, while new gaff-rigged craft are few and far between. Still, the gaff rig finds favor with those who love traditional craft and replicas of the working sail of yesteryear. I've been fortunate to have been commissioned to design a wide range of gaff-rigged yachts, from 25-foot catboats and Bahama sloops to 70-foot schooners, and

Sandingo, ***a 42-foot sloop***

I know that our waters would be very dull indeed if the gaff rig ever vanished completely.

Efficiency

In the 1960s, the Royal Ocean Racing Club of Great Britain developed a handicap rule that estimated the efficiency of the various rigs:

Rig	Handicap (%)
Bermudan sloop or cutter	100
Bermudan yawl	96
Bermudan schooner and gaff sloop	92
Bermudan ketch and gaff yawl	88
Gaff schooner	85
Gaff ketch	81

In effect, the rule said that a gaff ketch rig has only 81 percent of the

42-foot double-headsail sloop

efficiency of a Bermudan sloop or cutter of the same sail area, but that was with other things being equal. That's not always the case, and it is obvious that a gaff ketch with a well-designed hull and a slick bottom can sail circles around a poorly designed Bermudan sloop with ratty sails and a rough bottom. Also, the cruising sailor must consider that efficiency is not necessarily handiness or safety.

Safety in cruising is having sufficient windward ability to claw off a lee shore in a gale, but only if the rig can be handled by a short-handed crew. If a sloop's sails are too large for the crew to change or reef under storm conditions, then you have no safety and would be better off with a divided rig with its smaller sails and greater ease of handling.

37-foot triple-headsail sloop

Rigs

Until the 1980s, the cat rig was limited to small character boats, usually gaff-rigged, and designed along the lines of the Cape Cod model. Now we have beamy fin keel/spade rudder Nonsuch catboats in sizes to 36 feet, spreading over 700 square feet in one huge sail. I know from racing against them that these new catboats sail well to windward, certainly much better than the old gaff-rigged cats, but how much of that is due to the rig and how much to the modern hull design is open to question.

Cat rigs

The cat rig is certainly suitable for coastal cruising, with an eye on the weather, but I don't consider any single-masted cat rig, not even the most

29-foot sloop

Blue Jeans, ***a 46-foot cutter without a bowsprit***

modern, to be a true bluewater cruiser. Someone will cross an ocean on one, probably has already; oceans have been crossed in all manner of small craft, from rowboats to sailing canoes . . . just not with me aboard

Sloops and cutters

The sloop rig and the cutter are almost indistinguishable today. If the boat sets only a single headsail, she is a sloop, of course. With or without a bowsprit, if the mast is set well aft, abaft 40 percent of the waterline length, and the boat carries two or more headsails, she is a cutter. Confusion arises when a boat has her mast located forward but sets several

Kaiulani, ***a 38-foot cutter***

headsails. Many will call her a cutter but she is, in reality, a double-headsail sloop. Even with a short bowsprit she'll be a sloop unless the foretriangle is larger than the mainsail.

The sloop and cutter are the most efficient of all rigs. Indeed, a sloop with a self-tending jib would be as easy to handle as a catboat and a better all-round performer. The single-headsail sloop usually has a slight edge over the double-headsail rigs, as the staysail is not an easy sail to trim for maximum performance. Properly set up, either rig is simple to handle, and with modern (and very expensive) gear they are suited to cruising yachts up to 50 feet or more.

An important point with cutters and most double-headsail rigs is that running backstays are required to properly tension

Julie, ***a 52-foot yawl***

the staysail stay. Often, you'll find an intermediate shroud fitted, running from the point where the staysail stay intersects the mast to a chainplate just abaft the aft lower shroud. The angle this shroud presents with the mast is far too small to tension the staysail stay, so all it really does is add undesirable mast compression. On many designs I have fitted a heavy tackle to the lower end of the intermediate shroud so it can be left set up as an intermediate in light air and, when it breezes up, brought aft as a runner, properly tensioning the staysail stay and reducing mast panting at the same time. Don't cross an ocean without one!

It should be noted that the most

A 44-foot ketch with a small mizzen

efficient setup for a given sail area is a sloop with a large mainsail and a non-overlapping jib. The big 150-percent masthead genoa jib beloved of modern racers only pays off under handicap rules that do not penalize the extra area of the overlap. In class racing where every square foot of sail area is counted, such as the 5.5-Meter class, the rigs quickly settle down to using the largest permissible main and the smallest jib to make up the allowed area. Such a rig can make good sense for the coastal cruiser also, as it simplifies handling. The main can be quickly reefed when it blows, eliminating the need for a headsail change. Tacking with the smaller jib is much easier on a husband/wife crew than handling a whopping big genoa. Such rigs were once common but are now out of style in this era of masthead sloops.

Yawls

Despite the efficiency of the single-masted rigs, my own preference for bluewater cruisers over 40 feet is a divided rig, the yawl or ketch. A true yawl has the mizzen set abaft the rudderpost and the sail area about 10 to 15 percent of the total. It's a useful rig with some of the advantages of both the sloop and ketch. It is almost as weatherly as a sloop and, like the ketch, can set an easily handled mizzen staysail to increase area in light air or

Miami, ***a double-headsail ketch with a bowsprit.***

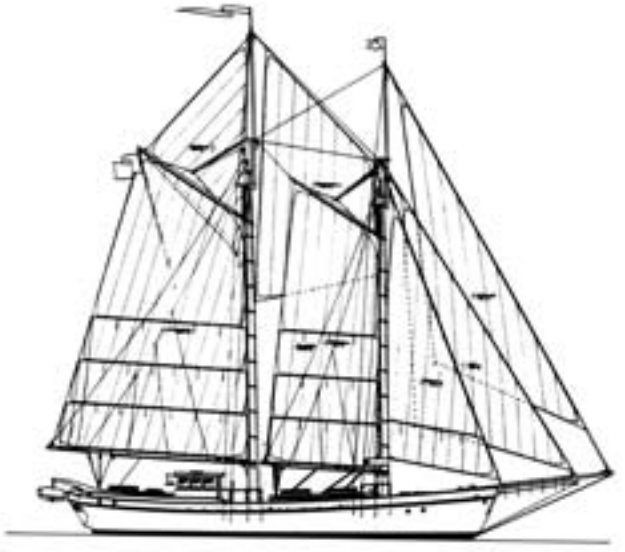
jog along under jib and mizzen in a blow. At anchor, if you leave the mizzen set with a reef or two, the boat points quietly into the wind and no longer sails around its mooring. The yawl's mizzen must be strongly stayed so the sail can be set to balance the jib in heavy weather and, in a real gale, to keep the yacht head-to-wind with a sea anchor off the bow. It's difficult to design a yawl today, though, as the rudders on contemporary yachts are usually so far aft that you'd have to tow the mizzen in a dinghy for it to be abaft the rudderpost.

Ketches

The ketch has her mizzen forward of the rudderpost, and the sail area is comparatively larger than that of the yawl's mizzen, up to 20 percent or more of the total. As a result, the ketch is slower and not as weatherly as the yawl because the large mizzen is partially backwinded by the main when beating to windward. The answer is to design ketch rigs with a smaller mizzen, closer to yawl proportions. This makes a good compromise rig with some of the advantages of both. The mizzen mast can be well stayed, and the mizzen sail is not so large that it unduly affects performance.

Both the ketch and yawl can be balanced under a wide variety of reduced sail combinations in a blow and, to many cruising skippers, this handiness more than offsets the loss of a fraction of a knot to windward. Both rigs can be built in smaller sizes, of course. I've owned a 22-foot ketch and 22-foot, 25-foot, and 30-foot yawls. Still, it is generally considered that over 40 feet is the proper size for the rigs, although I would not dismiss them in smaller sizes for extended bluewater cruising. The versatility and handiness of yawls and ketches can more than make up for an extra day or two at sea on a long voyage.

By the way, there is no such rig as a "cutter-ketch" but I've heard a Whitby 42 called that when one is fitted with a bowsprit and double headsails. The term makes about as much sense as calling a Maine Friendship a "cutter-sloop." The correct term is simply a ketch or, if you wish to be exact, a double-headsail ketch.



Tree of Life, ***a 70-foot schooner***

Schooners

The schooner rig is rarely seen today and, to my knowledge, there have been only two schooners in production in North America, the beautiful Cherubini 44 and my own little 32-foot Lazyjack *(see January 2001 issue of* Good Old Boat). The usual schooner is set up with one or more headsails, followed by a gaff foresail set on the foremast and either a gaff or Bermudan mainsail on the mainmast. The staysail schooner replaces the foresail with a staysail between the masts. *Nina*, a famous old staysail schooner, was winning silver from her first trans-Atlantic race in 1928 to her last Bermuda win in the late 1960s.

A few schooners have been built with Bermudan sails on both masts. My *Ingenue* design was a CCA rule-beater of this type, winning a lot of silver in her day and beating many larger yachts boat-for-boat when the wind was free. Still, although the schooner is fast off the wind, she is not as weatherly as the sloop or yawl. A schooner can be a handy rig for cruising, though. A well-designed schooner can beat slowly to windward in a blow with only her foresail set and is well suited to handling in adverse weather by a short-handed cruising crew. Schooners have been built as small as 20 to 22 feet, and Murray Peterson designed many traditional beauties in the 30-foot range. The rig is best suited to larger craft, generally of 40 feet or more, but if you like the rig and want a small schooner, go for it.

When I started in this business more than 40 years ago, the waters were dotted with schooners, ketches, yawls, cutters, and sloops of all types, sizes, and colors. Today, unfortunately, rating rules and the economics of modern mass production have decreed that the sloop rig is the way to go. Over the years, the factories have turned them out by the thousands, usually with blue trim or, like the bathtub in my home, all white with no trim at all. As sailors, we have lost much of our heritage, and our waters are a great deal less interesting as a result.

Ted is a Good Old Boat *contributing editor and the designer of many of the boats sailed and loved by our readers. For a more in-depth bio, see Page 51.*

the Partnership

by George Cooligan

A sudden and unexpected dunking ends an uneasy alliance

Carmine and Chico ran Venice Boatyard at the foot of Emmons Avenue in Brooklyn's Sheepshead Bay. Many years ago, I would walk the long distance from the Brighton Line subway stop, past Lundy's Restaurant and the harbor crammed with fishing party boats with names such as *Helen H, Ranger*, and *Hi Hook,* to Venice Boatyard, which was tucked into a small cove on Gerritsen Creek.

Even today I can still smell the oily saltwater foaming around the wooden hulls — a rainbow smeared with diesel fuel and foam — and see the red-and-green-and-orange enamel peeling away from the window trim and the signs calling to wandering gawking anglers for a night's fishing for porgies, or blues, or sea bass in the oceans off the Jersey shore or Roamer Shoals.

In those days, three people — Frank, Carmine, and Chico — ran the yard. Frank sold hot dogs. Carmine and Chico hauled boats on two railway tracks and, with logs and planks and greased wheels, shoved them sideways to where they'd spend the winter. Cursing and spitting, the old man, Frank, reached into the steam tables and hauled out hot dogs and slathered Gulden's mustard on the rolls. I always ate one after the long walk from the subway to the boatyard. No one complained about Frank's picturesque manners. He was very old. He was very surly. He was Carmine and Chico's father, and he owned the marina, or more precisely, the boatyard — marinas not yet having been invented.

> *"And, as the scene in boatyards seems to arrange itself, kibitzers would sidle by and admire* Windhover. *Twenty-four feet of lovely sheer masked twenty-four feet of stuff to fix."*

My boat, to which I made this pilgrimage from lower Manhattan every Saturday, was an old Eldridge-McGinnis-designed sloop in need of "some work," as I blissfully used to tell acquaintances of mine in the Greenwich Village of the 1960s. Some work meant some painting, some fixing up of wooden stuff, some fixing up of sail stuff, and some fixing up of engine stuff. But, alas, getting out of The Village every Saturday and heading, with tools in hand, to the wilds of Sheepshead Bay was adventure enough for one such as I, who, at that time, had little or no interest in traveling to Saugerties, New York — you may remember it as Woodstock.

Moreover, I had help. Another lost soul from The Village had agreed to be my partner and help fix up the "good ole girl" as he called this wooden sloop named *Windhover*. We'll call him Paul in case he's still alive and reads this story and finally realizes how thoroughly I came to despise him. Paul had a clever phrase with a certain nautical twang to it for everything. He loved nautical twanging, and he loved to talk about nautical things. So when he arrived at Venice Boatyard, he was immersed in the nauticality of the place, surrounded as it was with nautical stuff, the very stuff of which nautical consists.

Stuff to fix

At first, with the help of Carmine and Chico, I got straight to work. And, as the scene in boatyards seems to arrange itself, kibitzers would sidle by and admire *Windhover*. Twenty-four feet of lovely sheer masked twenty-four feet of stuff to fix. To the kibitzer she was to be talked about. Now that's the part Paul liked the best. Nautical talk with nautical kibitzers about his boat, a "good ole girl." I was content to work along, scraping, painting, varnishing, and re-building the engine while Paul served the function of so profoundly boring the kibitzers that eventually the kibitzer brigade gave wide berth to the *Windhover* cradle site. As Paul regaled people with his infinitely tedious anecdotes and outright lies, they eventually developed sharp pains in their heads and, as though from post electro-shock treatment, wandered away.

For most of the winter, work on *Windhover* went well. With the wind blowing sharply off Jamaica Bay, it was cold and hard work, but late-afternoon respites of clams and beer at Lundy's and the promise of great sailing past the Rockaway jetty into the Atlantic off Sandy Hook made it all seem wonderful and a marked contrast from Greenwich Village and my daily grind in the New York City Department of Markets.

By the time spring was sprung, as they say in Brooklyn, Paul had stopped coming to the boatyard altogether. His audience had evaporated and so, without an audience, his reason for being was gone. No nautical people upon whom to heap nautical manure. So I was content to let Paul be forgotten, and prepare *Windhover* for launch day. And so it came to be, but not quite as planned.

On launch day Paul showed up wearing some old yachting togs. As he waddled down the path toward the launching windlass and railway, I filled with hostility like I had never experienced before. This lout, who had done no work, tendered no coin, carried no tools, was expecting to now go sailing. (I was aware he didn't actually know how to sail.)

As the boat hit the water, Paul strolled down the adjacent pier and admired her. "Boy, doesn't she look great!" Back and forth, as if awestruck by his own handiwork. And, as people who are delusional often are, he was giddy with the prospects of sailing off into the briny sea, wearing a lot of nautical stuff. My anger grew and grew but, having been brought up by the good Sisters, I couldn't find a way to tactfully explain to Paul that his dreamboat was setting sail without him. He had made no contribution, other than a series of unsolicited lectures on nautical themes in Venice Boatyard to a student body which began to boycott the course. What to do? This partnership must be ended and ended now. But, how?

"My anger grew and grew but, having been brought up by the good Sisters, I couldn't find a way to tactfully explain to Paul that his dreamboat was setting sail without him."

Benevolent intervention

Perhaps it was plain good fortune. I tend to believe it was by the direct intervention of a benevolent pantheon of gods. Paul, as he wandered mindlessly up and down the pier, gradually got caught up in the euphoria of his achievement. Not watching his footing as carefully as any sane man might, he took a long walk off a short pier, as the expression goes, and plunged into the frigid waters of Gerritsen Creek. I exploded into laughter. Paul burst upward sputtering and yelling. I couldn't stop laughing.

Now, when a partnership goes bad on a boat, it can go very bad. So many things left unsaid get said in moments like this in one expostulation. Laughter. Long, loud peals of laughter! Paul knew everything I felt at once, as though delivered by a sharp blow to the front of the skull. Only one question remained. Was I going to help him out of the water? Was the hostility so great that I would let him die from hypothermia? It took a long time for me to decide. This was not an easy choice. Finally, though, I hauled him out of the drink, called a cab, handed him $20, told the cabby, "East 7th Street, in The Village," and never saw Paul again. It was a long, humid walk that afternoon from Venice Boatyard back to the Brighton subway stop, not far from the old firehouse in Sheepshead Bay. The clams at Lundy's seemed never to taste sweeter, the beer never colder, creamier, richer. *Windhover* was at last launched, sparkling, rigged, and ready.

Windhover sailed briskly upwind toward the Narrows, past Coney Island and the silhouette of the Parachute Jump, into an iridescent fog and the elegiac notes of the horns and whistles in the entrance to New York Harbor by the green knoll in front of Fort Hamilton where, after all the years that had passed since the troop ships came back to the Brooklyn docks, you could still make out the impression of the words of a weathered sign in the grass: Welcome Home.

George, formerly a marina owner in upstate New York, sails with his wife, Susan, aboard their Tartan 34, Temujin. *Their sailing plans include voyages around the Great Lakes, passages to Cuba, Ireland, and other points around the compass. He is still contemplating the meaning of relationships. If your name is Paul, we hated to have to break it to you like this, but then perhaps it's time you knew.*

First aid for C&Cs

If you own an older C&C, here's where to get technical support and advice

by Dennis Boese

Maintaining, repairing, or restoring an older boat, especially one that is no longer in production, can become a real problem when owners can't get access to specific technical information or the right parts.

Owners of older Cuthbertson & Cassian (C&C) yachts are fortunate to have available the invaluable resources of Ontario-based South Shore Yachts and its owners, Rob MacLachlan and Steve Kiemele. If your C&C was built before 1998, you can call South Shore Yachts, just as you might call the manufacturer's customer service line.

Not long ago, Fairport Marine Company began building boats under the C&C name, but these new models are different from the original Cuthbertson & Cassian-designed boats, and Fairport doesn't offer much technical or service support to the owners of the earlier C&Cs. Instead, they refer these calls to South Shore Yachts for parts and service.

Rob has been connected with C&C Yachts in one form or another since the 1970s. He first worked on the C&C production line when he was a student. Later, after majoring in marine maintenance in college, he worked for a C&C dealer and then went on to work for the company in 1984 as manager of special events, service, and warranties. He founded South Shore Yachts in 1989, first as a yacht brokerage and eventually as a way to supply customer service to C&C sailboat owners. He assisted the company as it changed hands and eventually provided this service as an independent agent.

Steve worked for the company as a service representative in 1994 and continued in similar roles with South Shore Yachts when C&C shut its doors. Rob says, "He is a great problem-solver, and we do a lot of that at South Shore Yachts."

"More recently, he sees people searching for the older boats . . . looking for value. He has been getting more calls lately from people looking for some of the older models."

Rob MacLachlan, left, and Steve Kiemele, right, work the phones at South Shore Yachts.

Like many boatbuilders in the late 1980s, C&C had its share of problems. After a number of changes in ownership, the company was placed in receivership and taken over by a mutual trust in 1990. In 1991, Rob started offering service work for C&C boatowners and selling a select group of used boats.

Production restarted

In 1993, when the company was purchased by a Hong Kong investor, and production of C&C Yachts started again, the new owners contracted with South Shore Yachts to handle sales. Later, when these owners wanted to discontinue their service department, Rob convinced them to contract with South Shore Yachts to provide the service work for C&C owners. As part of this arrangement, South Shore Yachts became C&C's customer-service division and took over all the technical records, drawings, patterns, molds, and tooling for parts such as rudders, portlights, toerails, and rubrails.

South Shore Yachts continued to act as the customer-service arm of C&C until 1996, when a series of events that included a troubled economy, financial problems, and a fire brought an end to the production of these sailboats once again.

An interesting side note concerning

Rob's association with C&C at that time was the role he played as their representative in the South Pacific. In 1995, Rob moved to New Zealand, where his father lives, and set about the task of selling C&Cs "down under." Unfortunately, after Rob had set up their first dealership in New Zealand and sold the first boat, C&C ceased production. So that effort was abandoned, and Rob moved back to Canada to rejoin Steve who was overseeing the operation of South Shore Yachts in his absence.

Together, they continued to take care of the C&C service work until early in 1998, when the Hong Kong owners sold the C&C name and moved the hull molds to Fairport's Tartan facility in Ohio. With the factory closed, South Shore Yachts began servicing and selling parts for older C&C boats independently.

South Shore Yachts is located in Niagara-On-The-Lake, Ontario, a small, but thriving, boatbuilding community on the south shore of the lake, where the early C&C yachts were built. It's not a particularly large operation. It consists of a yard where boats are stored and worked on, a workshop, a 12-foot by 20-foot office, and a small, but complete, ship's store. The company's relatively small size allows Rob and Steve to handle most of the work themselves. They have either the tooling or the patterns to allow them to make almost any small wood or metal part that C&C made for their boats originally. They will do custom fabrication and casting duplications for any older C&C boat (or any boat for that matter). Rob and Steve do much of the fabrication themselves, including the molding of the rudders.

"They have either the tooling or the patterns to allow them to make almost any small wood or metal part that C&C made for their boats originally."

Rob waxes a rudder mold.

Custom-made parts

Many replacement parts are stocked or documented in the company's drawing files. Things like the old C&C handrails and hatch covers are custom made. They are even able to reproduce parts for which no documentation exists. Some of the standard parts available to customers are bow castings and weldments, cleats, mast collars, portlight gaskets, and Plexiglas windows. Items such as stanchions and bow pulpits are subcontracted. Rob explained that all the different stanchion bases are still available, and there are quite a few of them as they are specific to the toerail detail of different models.

In addition to making and selling parts for older C&Cs, Rob and Steve offer other services to their customers. These include technical information and advice for do-it-yourselfers and service work for those needing rigging, parts, and system installation, deck hardware layout and design, interior and exterior redesign, retrofits, and commissioning. "What we can do for our customers," Rob says, "is take the hassle out of repairs, upgrades, retrofits, and maintenance tasks and get them back on the water fast."

Rigging work is an important part of South Shore Yachts' business. As the Navtec representative for all of eastern Canada, they run a full-service rigging shop. They do running rigging, rod rigging, wire rigging, and swaging. They also install, repair, and maintain hydraulic tensioners. Because the equipment is portable, Rob says they often travel to customers' boats to do the work, as long as it's within a reasonable distance.

For owners who wish to update their boats' interiors, South Shore Yachts works in close association with interior designers Asquith & VanderMass. Marco VanderMass originally worked as a designer for C&C and knows the boats intimately. Customers get a detailed, computerized, three-dimensional design and working drawings that allow them to visualize and make decisions about the final look and atmosphere of the interior. The detailed working drawings list materials required and how to put them together, allowing the customer or local yard to do the work. Asquith & VanderMass can take care of ordering all the materials and supervise the entire process. Rob advises that it really doesn't pay do to this sort of an interior

Resources for C&C sailors

South Shore Yachts
<http://www.ccyachts.com>
905-468-4340.
sservice@niagara.com

Holland Marine Products
<http://www.hollandmarine.com>
416-762-3821
order desk@holandmarine.com

C&C Sailing Association
<http://www.cnc-owners.com>

C&C Email Discussion List
<http://members.sailnet.com/resources/links/list/index-new.cfm?id=candc>

C&C Corvette Association
Chuck Jones
<http://www.reach.net/~cjones/>
613-392-5405
cjones@reach.net

C&C Redwing 30
Andrews Hooker
<http://redwing30.homestead.com>
716-745-3903
ahhooker@buffnet.net

C&C Sailing Club (Chesapeake)
sailor@annap.infi.net

C&C Web site
<http://www.cncphotoalbum.com>

upgrade on boats of less than 40 feet, though. "The owner just wouldn't be able to recover the cost on a smaller boat," he points out.

Original files

The family of C&Cs built before 1998 includes large boats such as custom 48- and 62-footers as well as the ubiquitous 25s, 27s, 30s, and 33s of the 1970s era, along with the newer one-design racing SR21s. "We have customers located all over the world," Rob says. He gets calls or email messages every day from owners looking for any and all kinds of information, advice, technical manuals, or parts. In addition to supplying technical information and parts, they talk customers through problems and even make recommendations as to yards where the owners can have work done.

One thing C&C owners are particularly privileged to have access to through South Shore Yachts is the original "build file" for each boat. This file documents the building of any particular boat back as far as 1972. Owners can buy the package that includes detailed information as to who built the boat, a list of the original options, and even the original factory kit list showing what parts went into the boat. This is a one-time opportunity though, "as this is the original file, and once it is sold it can't be duplicated and is no longer available to anyone else," Rob notes.

South Shore Yachts also offers advice on specific models for potential buyers of C&C sailboats. For $35 (Canadian) Rob and Steve will put together a package that includes copies of the old brochures (or the originals if they are available), the equipment list, designer comments, and boat reviews — if there were any.

South Shore Yachts also brokers a select few C&C yachts. These are boats that are "pristine . . . only boats that I would personally want to buy myself," says Rob. They also offer to help locate a particular model C&C for a customer. According to Rob, used C&Cs in good shape are in demand right now. "People are looking for good old boats, but they don't want a piece of junk because it's a lot of work to redo," he says. He notes that a few years ago, used-boat buyers were afraid of older boats. They wouldn't consider boats older than 1980 or even 1986. More recently, he sees people searching for the older boats because they are looking for value. He has been getting more calls lately from people looking for some of the older models, like the C&C Corvettes or Redline 41s. "People have always liked C&Cs . . . they seem to have maintained their value well," he says.

"One thing C&C owners are particularly privileged to have access to through South Shore Yachts is the original 'build file' for each boat."

Steve, above, applies veneer to a new door. The partners are supported in all they do by Stella, the office dog, below at left.

Classic half-tonner

Rob himself recently purchased a 1974 C&C Half-Ton racing sloop, a boat he admired for many, many years. He purchased the custom 30-footer from the original owner, a C&C dealer in Maryland. Rob says he had been "bugging" this dealer for a long time to sell him the boat. He considers the boat to be a "classic C&C:" fast, incredibly nice to sail, and with a style that is still contemporary by today's standards. "Most people who see the boat can't believe it was built back in the 1970s," he says. Rob lights up when he talks about this boat. His passion for C&Cs and sailing are unmistakable. His other boat is a C&C SR21 Max One-Design Class sport boat that he bought new when they first came out in 1994. Rob races the boat extensively and is active in promoting the class through the SR21 Owners Association.

If you're looking for a boat in need of some work (a fixer-upper), South Shore Yacht's design and construction services make refitting and upgrading an older sailboat viable. While Rob and Steve don't offer full restoration work, Rob will help a customer find the right yard to do the work. "We don't get into work like fiberglassing and painting here. We have a great yard nearby, Murry's Boat Repair, that does fiberglass work and painting better than anybody else I've seen, and I've seen a lot," he says. "We work well together. He only works in the fiberglass and painting area. We send that kind of business to him, and when he needs a mast put up, some rigging or instruments installed, he calls us."

While their original manufacturer is no longer available to them, C&C owners are fortunate to have South Shore Yachts to provide the services and information they need to keep their boats sailing now and into the years ahead.

Dennis, his wife, Dyane, and faithful boatdog, Cincinatti (sic – look, the dog can't spell, so it's OK), spend their summers cruising the Great Lakes aboard their Catalina 28, Whisper.

Love song to a Tot

by Brooke Elgie
illustration by Mike Dickey

This is a sonnet, a love song if you will, of appreciation and praise for a stubby little cast-iron stove. In it I will sing unabashedly about this stove's virtues (and its very few vices) and about my continuing admiration for it. Let me assure you at the outset, gentle reader, that this is no flash-in-the-pan infatuation. This is not a love that will pass with the coming of spring. I am a mature lover of this stove. We have "been together," as they say nowadays, for many a winter, and I know whereof I speak.

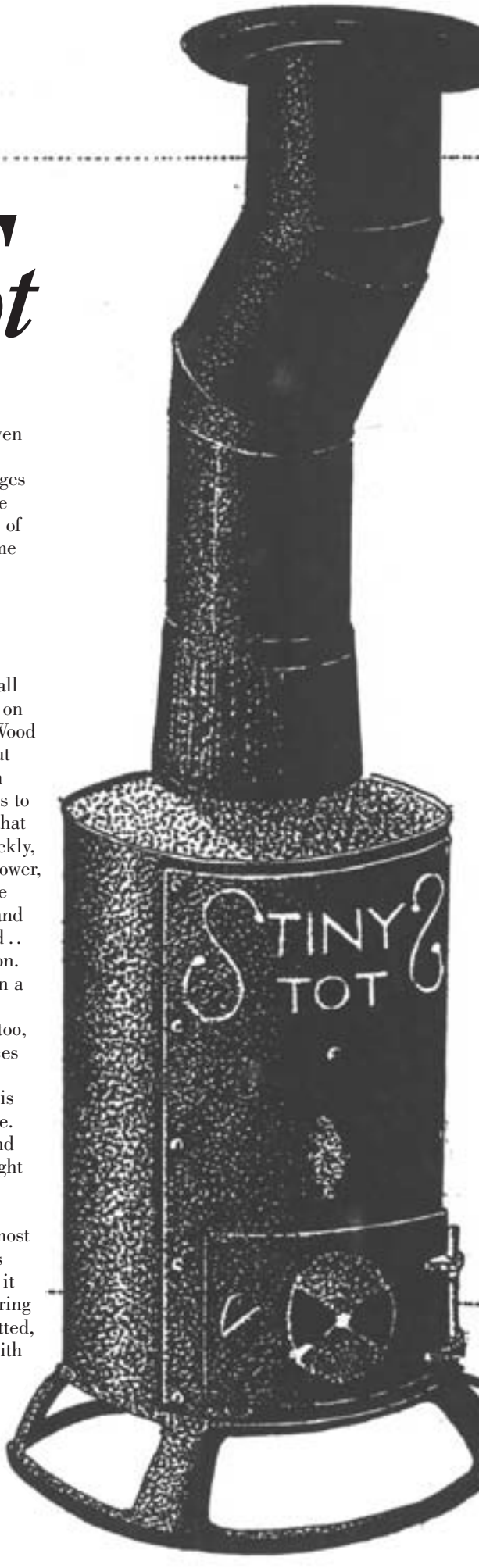
This object of my affection, this paragon of simple beauty and goodness that I commend to you, is a Tiny Tot. It is one model of a line of stoves made some years ago by a small foundry in Benton Harbor, Mich. It may still be in production for all I know, but I haven't seen a new one anywhere in years. *(See Resources on Page 21. **-Ed.**)*. The Tiny Tot is basically a cast-iron and stainless steel cylinder about 7 inches in diameter and 12 inches high. It has a semi-circular lid on the top and an ash removal/draft door at the bottom. Inside, it has a cast-iron liner and a circular grate that is shaken periodically to encourage the ashes to fall. It is vented to the outside with a 3-inch stovepipe and, employed as I describe, requires no damper. This little stove and charcoal briquettes are, to my mind, just about the perfect solution to the sailor's perennial problem of providing safe, dry, even heat on a small boat.

Oh, I've tried the other solid fuels: composition logs, coal, wood scraps, even pellets, but they all failed me. I've had a bulkhead-mounted diesel stove, and I've jury-rigged the galley range. Once in my unstable middle age I even tried propane. Some of these flashy vixens lead to temporary trial marriages of a season or two, but in the end I've always returned to the steady virtues of the Tiny Tot and charcoal . . . each time with renewed admiration, each time chagrined at my own inconstancy.

Why others fail

To review the failings of the others: coal works, but it's hard to get in small quantities, and it makes a lot of soot on the cabinhouse. Wood scraps are OK, but they have to be in such small chunks to fit into the stove that they burn too quickly, have no staying power, and too soon leave you cold. Bright and cheery fires, dramatic but short-lived . . . surely a metaphor and a moral lesson. I suppose we should be grateful when a moral lesson comes so cheaply.

Composition logs work, but they, too, need to be broken up into small pieces in order to fit, and I cannot believe that the gunk binding them together is a proper substance to burn or breathe. The diesel stove leaked and stank and was expensive to keep. Unless I bought it kerosene instead of diesel, it put a layer of oily soot on the cabinhouse. Even these irritations aside, it sent most of its heat up the stack, and precious little remained in the cabin. I called it The Harlot, promising all and delivering little. The propane was, as I've admitted, a brain cramp probably associated with the onset of middle age. It was new and shiny and heavily advertised as something that could keep me warm and dry with little effort on my part — which, come to think of it, also describes a different love



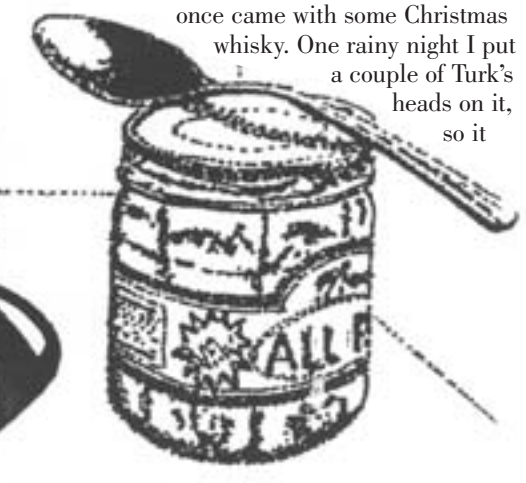
Lessons in morality from a tiny charcoal-burning stove

affair of about the same time. There are moral lessons everywhere one looks. The galley range experiments? I'd really rather not remember them. They were the kind of doomed endless failures that come from forgetting to Keep It Simple, Stupid.

It's not perfect, but . . .

In Puget Sound we sail year 'round, but winters are cold and rainy, and cabin heat is no lightly considered matter. It was a challenge when I first came to the Tiny Tot and charcoal. Charcoal, I admit, is not perfect, but if we attend to its goodness and deal gracefully with its few flaws, we have the making of a very long and happy union. Where were these moral lessons when I needed them?

The most obvious problem with charcoal is that the stuff itself is dirty compared with other fuels. It also leaves a lot of ash. Don't let the first obstacle deprive you of the prize, though. In fact, let's not even deal with it at all just yet. Taking second things first, I suggest that you devise a good ash-handling system as part of the whole scheme. Look carefully at your stove, its placement and stowage possibilities in your cabin. It can be worked out. To collect the ashes I use a decorative metal canister that once came with some Christmas whisky. One rainy night I put a couple of Turk's heads on it, so it even looks quite "shippy." It has its own lid and its own wedge-in spot in the galley where it is safe and out of the way even if the ashes are hot. This way it doesn't have to be emptied right away if it's the middle of the night and raining. An old tablespoon, appropriately filed and bent, works for shaking the grate and pulling the ashes forward and out of the stove. I fastened a short copper chute to the stove to direct the ashes cleanly into the can.



Down and dirty

"What about the dirt of the charcoal itself?" you ask. "Get back to the dirt. How can I use charcoal without getting sooty handling those nasty little devils?"

"Think of it as a challenge," I reply. I have dedicated one small locker as storage for charcoal. I pour a 10- or 20-pound bag right into it, then I use a coffee can scoop to feed the stove. So far it's just a plain coffee can, but winter and more rain are coming — I'll gussy it up somehow. (Do you begin to notice how the lives of Puget Sounders are shaped by rain?) A friend of mine goes so far as to use a large mitt-shaped potholder to keep his hands clean — but until recently he was a powerboater. I advocate a discreet wipe of the

Resources for those in need of warmth

Stoves

Fatsco is the maker of the Tiny Tot and its accessories along with a variety of other small stoves.
5660 N. 7 Rd.
Mesick, MI 49668
231-885-3288

P. E. Luke makes soapstone and tile fireplaces for use in boats.
HC65 Box 816
East Boothbay, ME 04544
207-633-4971

Gas and CO detectors

Fireboy-Xintex
0-379 Lake Michigan Dr. NW
Grand Rapids, MI 49544
616-735-9380
<http://www.fireboy-xintex.com>

Sensidyne
16333 Bay Vista Dr.
Clearwater, FL 33760
800-451-9444 x614 (answer line)
<http://www.sensidyne.com>

Neodym
711-675 W. Hastings St.
Vancouver, BC V6B 1N2
877-723-5400 (toll free)
<http://www.neodymsystems.com>

Safe Home Products
P.O. Box 5319
Coralville, IA 52241
888-607-9902 (toll free)
<http://www.safehomeproducts.com>

John H. Leavey Mfg., Inc.
P.O. Box 720
Fulton, NY 13069
800-537-1339 (toll free)
<http://www.gastool.com>

inevitably smudged fingers on a hidden corner of the dishtowel.

Finally, in the cleanliness department, a dampened 1-inch foam brush makes the perfect tool for sweeping up the fine debris that does inevitably collect around the stove.

Now then, having solved the stowage and handling problems, we come to the turning point which, if neatly done, will convince and convert you. For many, I fear, the starting is already the ending. When you think of lighting charcoal do you think of dangerous fluids? Do you fear explosions? Do memories of interminably delayed hamburgers flood over you? Rest easy and follow these simple instructions. Buy a 4-ounce jar of artichoke hearts, expensive preserves, chutney — anything that comes in a short, straight-sided, wide-mouthed glass jar. It is likely to be a delicacy of some kind. Pick the extravagant food that suits you and eat it. There now, that wasn't hard, was it?

Soak the fuel

Save that jar and place a few briquettes in it with a slosh of kerosene you already have for the lamps. Surely you have kerosene lamps? Ah, good. I knew we were all brothers and sisters together here if you've come this far with me. To start a fire, simply lift one of the soaked briquettes out of the jar with the tablespoon, hold it over the open stove, and light it with a lighter or wooden match. When it's going well, lower it into the stove, scoop a few dry briquettes into the stove, and close the lid but leave the bottom draft door open. In a very few minutes you will be feeling the first warmth. You might also be tempted to feel just a little smug over the ease with which you have just *Made Fire*. Watch out, though, for those moral lessons. When the initial fuel is going well, you can fill the stove to the brim with new charcoal and adjust the draft door as needed.

With a Tiny Tot, there is almost no flame, and since nearly all the heat stays in the body of the stove, the stovepipe never overheats and is therefore quite safe. Due to the tall, narrow shape of the stove, the fire tends to be self-damping. As it burns its way up, the ash will increasingly restrict the flow of air from below, and the fire will burn more slowly. For a hot fire, shake the ash down regularly and keep the draft open; for a low, long-burning fire, let the ash build up and leave the draft closed. If you shake it down well and fill it with new fuel before retiring, you will surely find a low fire still burning in the morning. Shake it down, add a bit of new charcoal, and leave the draft door open for almost instant heat.

"Bright and cheery fires, dramatic but short-lived . . . surely a metaphor and a moral lesson. I suppose we should be grateful when a moral lesson comes so cheaply."

Quick, safe heat

So, there you have it. With these few pointers and your own ingenuity to adapt them to your own boat, you will have safe, quick, and altogether pleasant heat. For me, the sturdy little stove in its own secure nook is the hearth and the center of the cabin. It is only in the middle of summer that it goes cold, and that first fire of early autumn is always a pungent and symbolic marker event in my sailing year.

I would be gravely remiss if, before ending, I failed to remind you of a few things. Only a colossal fool would ever empty the ashes, however cold they may feel, into the trash. When you do empty them overboard, be sure to lean way over the lee side and tip the can gently into the water. Don't ask me how I learned this.

Also, a charcoal fire, although it has very little flame, is still a fire and it consumes oxygen just as you do. You will surely lose out to it if you fail to provide plenty of fresh air for both of you. It doesn't take much; a hatch opened a few inches does the trick for me. There is a wonderfully sonorous legal phrase, "Herein fail not at your peril." In this case it is literally true. *(Charcoal is one of the most prolific creators of carbon monoxide, a silent and invisible killer. CO can travel upstream against the air current and pollute the cabin by traveling back down through the grate and the air entry. Watch your ventilation carefully. Also protect the bulkhead from getting dangerously overheated by installing a metal plate behind the stove.* ***-Ed.****)*

See that the stove is well secured to shelf or bulkhead and put short sheet-metal screws in all the stovepipe joints. The last thing you want is to have a hot stove and numerous live coals adrift in your cabin just when things are already hectic on deck.

Having attended to these housekeeping details, however, set about playing with your fire. Tend it, check on it, warm your hands and your coffee on it, rig a rod to dry your socks over it, and take full pleasure from its friendly smoke curling up from your Charlie Noble. You will have gone to a bit of trouble in order to secure these gifts, and they will be sweet. Moral lessons are everywhere we look.

Brooke Elgie and his wife, Wendy Stern, cruise the "upper left corner." In a few months they will depart Puget Sound on their third trip to Alaska in search of a place to settle permanently. That's Samantha in the photo with Brooke.

Jibs *by the names and numbers*

Confused by jib nomenclature? A look at names past and present

by Ken Textor

They come drifting out of the past like the ghosts of old friends: Yankee. Spitfire. Mule. Drifter. Like specters in a dream, they are frequently ill-defined and only vaguely recognizable. But we know them, or at least think we should know them.

If you're in the market for a good old boat, you definitely should know the old-fashioned names of various headsails. Numbers too. As I found in my recent search for a keel/centerboard boat of 1960s vintage, modern boatbrokers, sailmakers, and even the sellers of the boats themselves often misuse the terms shown on listings of a boat's sail inventory. I suspect the arrival of roller furlers is the chief reason for the old terms falling by the wayside.

In any case, with only a novice's knowledge myself, I had to do some quick self-education in sail terminology. What I found were a lot of colorful terms and numbers for sails, the precise definitions of which are occasionally elusive even for sailmaking experts. Still, I was able to put together some useful rules of thumb and offer them here.

— Current Usage —
What is a genoa?

The most basic description is a headsail (in current use "headsail" and "jibsail" mean the same thing) that overlaps the mast by several feet or more and has a very low clew with a deck-sweeping foot. An LP range of 100 to 155% of "J" dimension is most common, but even sizes up to 200% make sense on a few boats with smaller foretriangles and a wide sheeting base aft. The larger the percentage of "J," the greater the overlap on the main. Because this range can vary so much and because all of these sails are termed "genoa," a numbering system is often used. A #1 is the largest genoa on the boat (often 150% on the LP), a #2 is the next smaller genoa (often 130% on the LP) and a #3 is the next smaller (often 115% on the LP). The numbers are obviously meaningful only in terms of a given boat's inventory.

From the 1998 Sailrite catalog

Jib names

Originally, a jib was any triangular fore-and-aft sail set forward of a boat's foremost mast. Jibs were usually hanked onto the forestay. Depending on their size and intended use, they developed various names as a quick means of identification. Sounds simple enough, doesn't it? Well, as with many things nautical, the more terminology, the more chance for misunderstanding.

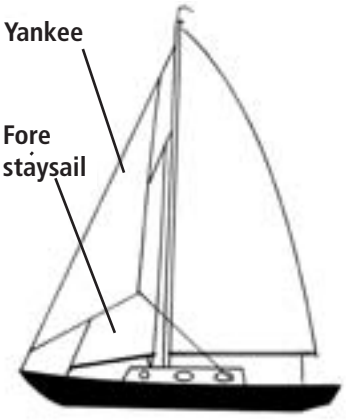
Over the last year, the two most misnamed jibs I've encountered were the Yankee and the spitfire. I saw them in listings all the time, but everyone seemed to have a different definition. After consulting such published sailmaking and terminology-defining legends as Lenfesty, Ross, Ulmer, and some others, I found a 19th-century Yankee was originally considered a small sail for racing in rough weather only. It was set high on the forestay and more properly called a Yankee jib topsail. But eventually, the term Yankee became a standard name for other heavy-weather headsails.

In the 20th century, a Yankee was sometimes numbered to help indicate its size and use. Or it was paired with another name, like Yankee staysail, again to indicate its size and use. Roughly speaking, then, a Yankee jib can occupy from 75 percent to 100 percent of the foretriangle formed by the forestay, mast, and deck.

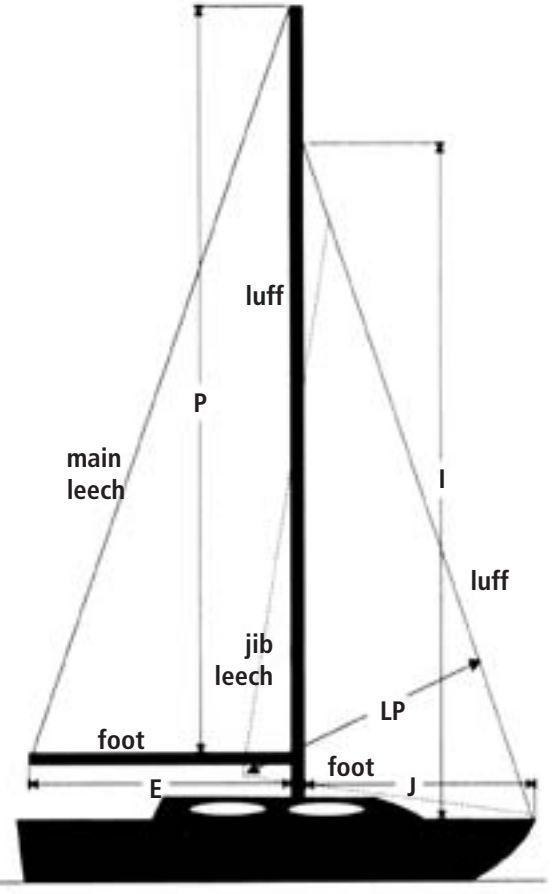
The spitfire, however, is better defined. It's a storm headsail cut from very heavy material and limited to about 35 percent of the foretriangle. It is distinct from the more common terminology of a storm jib, which may be of slightly lighter material than a spitfire and cover up to 60 percent of the foretriangle. A mule is another term for a sail the approximate size and use of a storm jib.

Jibs greater than 100 percent of the foretriangle have acquired a broad range of names, some well-defined and others less so. The lapper has been a popular name for a lightweight jib which is approximately 120 percent the size of the foretriangle. As the name suggests, this sail overlaps the main mast.

But a lapper is often confused with a genoa, which was first developed in 1927 by a Swedish sailor for a race in Genoa, Italy. These days, a genoa (also known as a "genny") is often used interchangeably with the word jib. The British are particularly fond of calling nearly any jib a genny. But as a rule of thumb, a genoa is most often a larger headsail of lightweight material covering 130 percent or more of the foretriangle. Sailmakers frequently discuss genoas in terms of the placement of the clew, whether it's high or low. But in listings of older boats, genoas are most often just a larger headsail.



Drifters are similar to genoas except they are not hanked on the forestay and the material often is as light as a spinnaker's. Technically, this removes it from the narrow definition of a true jib. Sometimes this sail is referred to as a gollywobbler, a ghoster, or a reacher. If the clew of these larger sails is cut low, the boat's listing may call it a decksweeper. Other names include blooper, big boy, and wind-finder.



— Current Usage —

Working jib (115%)

$$\text{Area} = \frac{\text{LP} \times (.85\sqrt{(I^2 + J^2)})}{2}$$

or:

$$\text{Area} = \frac{\text{LP (luff length)}}{2}$$

Width should be ⅓ to ½ of height.

Genoa (150%)

$$\text{Area} = \frac{\text{LP} \times (.95\sqrt{(I^2 + J^2)})}{2}$$

or:

$$\text{Area} = \frac{\text{LP (luff length)}}{2}$$

Width should be ⅓ to ½ of height.

Drifter (150-180%)

See genoa area calculations. Not attached to forestay.

Storm jib

⅓ the area of the foretriangle

$$\text{Area} = \frac{I \times J}{6}$$

Courtesy of Sailrite

Jib numbers

When jib names began to go out of fashion in the mid-20th century, jibs were then (and often still are) referred to by numbers. In brokerage listings and among many older skippers, they are frequently called, simply, the Number 1, Number 2, Number 3, or Number 4 jib. The British will often use those numbers and substitute the word genny or genoa for jib. In any case, although many brokers and even some owners get it backward, the rule of thumb is: the smaller the jib number, the bigger the jib.

Like most of the jib names, the numbers are reasonably well defined but rarely absolute. For instance, a Number 1 jib (or a Number 1 genoa) is about 150 percent or more of the foretriangle. Alternately, its size may be a percentage worked out using outdated offshore racing rules. Since most older boats are no longer suitable for offshore racing, it's best just to remember that a Number 1 is usually made of light material; it's big and best for light-air situations.

The Number 2 and Number 3 jibs are smaller than Number 1 and usually fall somewhere between the size of the lapper jib and working jib, with progressively heavier cloth in each of them. Their size is either a percentage of the foretriangle or a percentage of the Number 1 genoa. Sailmakers often differ on the way these sails should overlap the mast, with some insisting on their being decksweepers and others opting for a high clew. In any case, no one definition fits all, so it's best just to remember that low-numbered sails will vary in their cut and uses. You may be able to contact the sailmaker and discuss the exact reasoning and formulae behind the cut of a sail.

The Number 4 jib, however, is always a heavy-weather sail and rarely occupies much more than 75 percent of the foretriangle. The cloth is thick, heavily stitched and copiously reinforced. It's rare to see a Number 5 jib listed in a sail inventory. But if one is, it's likely to be of a size similar to the spitfire.

Jib miscellany

Of course, jibs are subject to myriad modifications. For instance, a Number 1 jib could be made of considerably heavier material and, with reef points sewn in it, can be used in a greater variety of conditions. There are also club-footed jibs on many older boats. This simply means the jib has a small boom attached to its clew and there is only one jib sheet to tend. This makes tacking a lot less work. Obviously, a club-footed jib must be smaller than the foretriangle, usually around 90 percent.

The cut of a jib's components may vary. Panels for headsails have been sewn horizontally, vertically, diagonally, on the miter, and bi-radially. Sailmakers can discuss the pros and cons of these technicalities for hours. Still, when buying or sailing on an older boat, it's always best to discuss first with the boat's owner the exact nature and use of each jib included in the boat's inventory. Then you can be assured you'll get the most out of sailing with your jibs, either by their names or their numbers.

Measuring the sail

I is measured from the top of the jib halyard sheave to the deck (actually the sheer line).

J is measured from the center of the stay at the stem to the front of the mast horizontal to the waterline.

P is a measurement from the main halyard sheave box to the main tack fitting.

E is measured from the main tack fitting to the "black band" on the end of the boom.

Headsail luff is easily measured by attaching a tape measure to your halyard, raising the halyard to full hoist, and measuring to the bearing point of your tack shackle horn. In the case of a furling system, measurement is from the sail attachment points when the system is fully raised. Main leech may need to be measured in special circumstances (Bimini clearance, etc.)

LP = luff perpendicular. This determines the percentage (i.e., 150 percent genoa) your headsail overlaps the mast. The formula:
J x % = LP.

Courtesy of Sailrite

Ken has lived and worked aboard boats for 24 years. He is a contributor to many sailing magazines and recently bought an Allied Seabreeze which he is restoring.

Restoration relived

From *Loon* to *London*

A neglected 1977 Cape Dory 27 is returned to the sea. Second of a two-part series

In the January issue of Good Old Boat, *Peter wrote about the project he took on when he bought a 27-foot Cape Dory that had been neglected for 10 years. With this article, we bring you to launch day and the trials of the first season. Perhaps the events which follow demonstrate the true origin of the expression "sea trials."*

by Peter Baumgartner

In a few days, we were at the water's edge. Before she was launched I sprayed her bow with English Ale and then said a few words of blessing. The truck driver, crane operator, and crew were smiling. I passed around the some of the rest of the beer. It was May 19, 1999. I wanted to go through this simple launching ritual because I had renamed the boat from *Loon* to *London* when I had applied for the documentation change. Since this is reputed to be bad luck, I wanted to make amends. Bass Ale seemed appropriate. It seemed to work.

When the boat was launched, water ran in through the stern tube in a steady stream, but after perhaps an hour settled down to a steadier drip and one that I, the batteries, and the new automatic bilge pump could live with. Once she was afloat and tied to the dock, I began getting used to the sensation of her movement underfoot as I knocked around down below looking for leaks. Other than the stern tube, not a drop! And so it would stay through her first season.

That evening my friend Pete came

Above, Peter Fifield waves as he and the author begin the trip which will deliver* London *from Quincy to Buzzard's Bay. At right, marina workers Dave and Nick at the launch on Town River.

by the dock. He helped me get the boom and the mainsail rigged. We ran the engine for a while but stayed tied to the dock, stowing supplies and getting things shipshape. It was a warm, still evening. The dock I had rented for two weeks of commissioning was way up a tidal river, almost at the limits of navigation, away from the open expanses of Boston Harbor. It was very sheltered, but this evening you could still smell the ocean a mile or so away. Our side of the river was densely developed. The narrow drive into the marina passed between a muffler shop and a body shop off a busy highway, past boats sitting among cars in various stages of rebuild. Four huge green oil tanks overshadowed the eastern end of the marina shoreline, but the view across the river was of a protected area, entirely green with open marsh and scrub trees.

Old Reliable, an 8-hp single-cylinder Yanmar

Off cruising

The next day when Rich arrived, I started the engine, he untied the lines, and I backed her out. Quite suddenly, and as if we had been doing it forever, we were off, cruising down the Town River toward the open harbor. The much-anticipated instant of actually being underway in this sailboat I had worked on and obsessed over for so long was missed somehow in these first moments, but by the time we had traveled down this short stretch of river and made the turn out into the open water, I was feeling great. Better than great, I was soaring. The motor was on, and the mainsail was up, pulling just a bit. The bow splashed through the salt water, and I felt the first gentle breezes from the sea on my face. It all hit me: the pride in this accomplishment, the joy of being on the water, the sudden realization that I now had my own boat after all those years of standing on docks and looking and yearning. I became ecstatically happy.

It should have gone on like this for the rest of the day. Rich and I should have gone out through Hull Gut and on to at least Boston Light, but things don't go as we might expect or even think we deserve. Before I had hanked on the jib, the engine quit. It refused to restart. We were adrift in the ferry channel to Boston. The afternoon began to take on a different aspect. A little chillier. I got the jib on and hoisted before we drifted into the shallow water, and we soon had her sailing and under control. As we turned and sailed back the way we had come, the breeze came up suddenly in our faces. We ended this first sail in my new boat with an awkward spread-eagle landing at the marina slip.

I spent the next three days on my knees in the cabin with my head in the engine compartment learning to bleed the engine. The consensus was that after all the work I had done on her fuel system, there was still air in there somewhere, or maybe I had a bad fuel pump. Don Casey says, in his book, something to the effect that the problem with gasoline engines is keeping the fuel in, and the problem with diesel engines is keeping the air out. One of my neighbors at the marina, who has a nicely rebuilt Ericson 28, and who had generously helped me with a few other problems, was now telling me about the virtues of gasoline power. As he spoke, a large pirate flag flapped behind him in the breeze from his mast. I heard that the Coast Guard had boarded him a few days before and stopped him from flying it while underway.

Pumping bilges

One slip further over, a recently launched wooden cabin cruiser had an emergency pump in her bilge and was now wired to the power mains. Every 30 minutes, she would shoot a stream of fresh water, enough to fill several bathtubs, out of her bilge with the force of a jet engine and lift again several inches on her lines. It was spring in the marina. We all had our problems.

After bleeding the system, I would let the engine run. It would run for 15 to maybe 30 minutes and then just quit. It would not restart until I bled it again. I would go through the process over and over, trying something a little different each time. Early on Saturday morning, on my way to the marina, I stopped at a marine store and read another book on the subject of bleeding.

I realized I had not been bleeding the complete system. I raced to the boat and tried a new method. By early afternoon, the engine had run for an hour before I shut her off. That was done.

I felt another surge of pride at solving a difficult problem and fixing it myself. The rest of the weekend was spent happily tinkering, followed by a successful Sunday sail with my wife, friend Bruce, and his son.

I had her all nicely cleaned up and had rebuilt the manual bilge pump when it was time to move *London* to her summer mooring in Buzzard's Bay. My friend Pete and I planned to sail out of Boston Harbor and turn south to cruise just off the coast past the old coastal towns of Cohasset, Scituate, and Plymouth to the entrance of the Cape Cod Canal. Once through the canal, we would go down Buzzard's Bay, almost to New Bedford, where my summer mooring lay. It was a distance of about 80 nautical miles. We planned to take our time and enjoy the trip, spending two nights on the boat. Sailboats are required to motor through the canal. To make good time you want to hit the tide right, because the current averages 4 knots. We left early to catch that evening's ebb tide at the canal entrance.

Changeable weather

We had a nice westerly breeze, maybe 20 knots, all day. It was a changeable day, with rainsqualls off Plymouth beach in the afternoon. *London* really showed her stuff. We seemed to be averaging better than six knots. This was the one thing that really surprised me about the boat: she could actually go faster than I had ever imagined. I had expected her stable, full-keeled shape to provide us

with a comfortable, but somewhat stately, ride; instead we could often coax her into a brisk run.

The wind was with us until we rounded the Mary Ann Rocks off Manomet Point. We decided to power the last eight miles to the canal in order to make the tide and have daylight through its length. Not far from the canal entrance mark, the engine quit and would not restart. My heart sank. I had thought that was behind me. While we drifted, I bled it again. And again it ran. We went through the canal with Pete at the helm and me standing near the engine with my wrenches laid out on the bunk, ready to bleed her again at a moment's notice. We were lucky; she ran fine right through the canal.

This is how it would go over the next few weeks. Most of the time the engine (now referred to as Old Reliable in the hope of flattering it into consistent performance) would rumble on, but at those moments when the most seemed to be at stake, it would cough, sputter, and stop with a rattle and a shake. I began to associate that last mechanical shudder with a sinking feeling in my stomach.

On my first solo sail in *London*, at the entrance to Wood's Hole, just as I was standing at the mast lowering the mainsail for the passage through that ornery current, and just as I was thinking: "This would be a terrible place to lose power," I noticed it had gotten very quiet. Looking at the rocks to my lee with resignation and a sigh, I quickly raised the main and tacked my way into a cove, dropped the anchor, and went down into the cabin to kneel before Old Reliable and bleed it again.

It quit again

With my friend Bruce, on a day when the small-craft warnings were up, and we were making that dogleg in the channel back to my mooring, right where it is the narrowest and shoal to either side, Old Reliable quit again. Bruce made the familiar rush to the bow to toss the anchor over, and I went below to relieve Old Reliable of that offensive air again. Bruce said, "You have got to get this fixed."

So with new resolve, on a day Nancy and I spent on the boat at the mooring waiting for the wind to drop from gale force, as *London* tacked back and forth on her pendant, we tried something new with some tape and a bicycle pump. I disconnected the vent hose from the fuel tank and sealed the opening with duct tape. Then I attached a needle valve on the end of the pump hose and used it to pierce the duct tape covering the vent. While Nancy gently used the pump to pressurize the tank, I assumed my position in front of the engine. The air pressure forced the fuel into the system as I felt around the fuel lines and filter with clean paper towels looking for leaks. We figured if it leaks fuel when being pumped, it will leak air when the fuel pump is sucking under load. We found leaks around the fitting to the new fuel filter. The fittings and clamps were as tight as they could be, but the fuel was leaking out around the metal threads of the fittings. I removed all the threaded fittings from the filter, spread liquid rubber gasket on their threads, and screwed them back in nice and snug. I bled the engine again.

Old Reliable ran through the summer and fall without any further trouble, and as the summer progressed into fall, the mechanics of the boat finally settled into the background of my thinking. I was now focused on cruises along the southern New England coast, on what to eat, who to have aboard, and where to anchor during *London's* first season afloat.

It is only now, as I write this with snow outside the window, and *London* again standing next to the garage, that I have begun to think about the next set of changes to the boat — but that's another story.

Peter says he sails to avoid technology overload. A sailor most of his life, he was converted to cruising just 12 years ago. He sails London *in the Buzzard's Bay area. For more, see his Web site at <http://demo.napsys.com/london/>.*

Work done

Work done to *London* (née *Loon*) from Oct. 1998 to Oct. 1999:

General: Sand all exterior teak to bare wood and give two coats of Cetol. Remove everything from boat and scrub inside and out three times. Add anchor line pipe to foredeck. Repair cosmetic fiberglass around keel. Replace all protruding bungs in toerail with new teak bungs.

Mast: Replace all three halyards with New England Ropes ⅜-inch Sta-Set X Polyester Braid. Replace masthead/steaming light. Add anchor light at mast top. Replace VHF antenna. Scrub mast.

Freshwater system: Remove water tank, clean and reinstall. Add deck water fill and pipe into water tank. Replace all freshwater hoses with series 168 reinforced clear tubing. Add new 1-micron Aqua City water filter. Replace water faucet with a new Fynspray galley spout. Replace water pump with a Whale Gusher MKIII foot pump). Replace sink drain hose. Remove sink drain through-hull and seacock, rebuild, and reinstall.

Head system: Remove existing holding tank and destroy. Remove all existing hoses and replace with new. Buy and install new holding tank. Remove, rebuild, reinstall Whale Gusher 10 manual pump. Remove through-hull and seacock. Replace seacock and reinstall. Remove intake through-hull and seacock, rebuild, and reinstall. Install new bronze vented loop. Install new Whale Y-valve. Purchase Headmate spares kit.

Engine cooling: Remove intake through-hull and seacock, rebuild, and re-install. Install new Groco seawater filter. Replace all cooling hose.

Engine fuel system: Remove existing fuel tank and replace with new 12-gallon Skyline metal tank. Install new Racor 120 diesel filter with water trap. Replace all flexible fuel lines.

Engine: Purchase complete parts kit.

Galley: Replace existing pressurized alcohol stove with new non-pressurized Origo 4000.

Bilge pumps: Rebuild manual Whale Gusher. Add new Rule automatic electric pump.

Electric: Install two new batteries. Clean and test all connections. Install new grounding plate. Install two new halogen berth lights in main cabin. Rewire and restore navigation lights. Rewire spotlight. Replace cigarette-lighter light and socket with new. Replace antenna coaxial lines and connectors for VHF radio.

Instruments and navigation: Install new Raytheon Autohelm ST+ 2000 autopilot. Install new barometer in main cabin. Remove and service speedometer impeller.

Sails: Have leech line of small jib repaired.

Get a grip:

Improve your dodger

by Don Launer

Handholds are an easy and inexpensive way to increase your security afloat

Dodgers are not necessary — that is, if you're a masochist or a Spartan who enjoys being hit in the face with water from every wave when beating to windward or developing windchill in the off-seasons. Since I'm neither a Spartan nor masochist, I wouldn't do without my dodger. I find it an indispensable accessory for creature comfort. It provides protection from the spray, wind, rain, and sun and prevents downpours from entering the cabin when the companionway hatch is open.

For all of the obvious advantages of a dodger there is one glaring, and potentially dangerous, disadvantage. If you have to go forward when the seas are kicking up and the deck is bucking like a bronco, the trip around the dodger becomes hazardous. There are no handholds except for the low lifelines; you can't clip your safety harness onto the safety line until you've made it around the dodger; and the shrouds are usually too far forward to be of any use. For any member of the "over-the-hill gang" like myself, especially when sailing solo, the risk and insecure feeling is compounded.

The obvious answer is to have a handhold available. I recently installed handholds on our dodger, and it has increased our sense of security dramatically.

The stainless steel tubular frame that is an integral part of dodgers provides the mounting spot. I used streamlined stainless steel handles manufactured by AFI Industries. They're made from bent stainless steel tubing with 2-inch-long by ¼-inch threaded studs at each end. These handles are widely available in 12-inch, 18-inch and 24-inch lengths from West Marine, BoatU.S., and many other catalog and retail marine-supply stores.

The first decision is to determine what length handles suit your installation. Try a simulated trip around the dodger to find the best height for a handhold, then at that spot measure the distance between the two diverging frame members. The figure closest to one of the three sizes is the one you want. Remember that by just moving the handle a few inches up or down, a fit can be obtained. After purchasing the length closest to your needs, place the handle on the Sunbrella fabric and slide it up or down until the ¼-inch mounting studs are directly over the centers of the stainless steel tubing beneath the fabric. Check this position with a level, or have someone away from the boat look at the position of the handle to see if it is at an aesthetically pleasing angle, then mark where the threaded studs touch the fabric.

Now loosen the dodger fabric so it is away from the frame. Most of the fabrics used for dodgers are made of acrylic material, such as Sunbrella. The hole for the threaded studs of the handle can be made through these synthetic fabrics with a hot soldering iron, a heated screwdriver, or even a heated nail. The hot tool melts its way through the acrylic fabric with surprising and disconcerting ease, like the proverbial hot knife through butter. As the hole for the stud is made, the fabric ends are simultaneously sealed to prevent unraveling, in the same way the end of a nylon or Dacron line is sealed with a hot iron or flame.

Now replace the dodger cover and tension it to its normal position. This is important, since the stainless steel tubing will be held in this final position by the handles. Mark the stainless steel tubing through the holes you have made in the fabric. Pull back the dodger cover and drill ¼-inch holes in the dodger's tubular frame at these marks.

The cover now goes back on again, and the handhold studs are put through the fabric and frame. The 2-inch-long studs on the handle will probably protrude too far on the inside, and you may want to cut them off to make them shorter. As always, when cutting a threaded bolt, put a nut on before cutting. After cutting, removing these nuts helps to clean out the thread where the cut has been made.

Two rubber gaskets come with each handhold. When installing the handle, these should be between the handle and the fabric, cushioning the contact as well as making the hole

a) Marking the handle position on the fabric, b) Burning a hole through the fabric at the marked location, c) Marking the stainless steel frame through the hole in the fabric, d) With the fabric removed, drilling ¼-inch holes through the frame, e) Mounting the handles and rubber gaskets, and f) Using wing-nuts on the inside of the dodger to make disassembly easier.

watertight. Although ¼-inch stainless steel washers and nuts also come with the handles, you might want to consider using stainless steel wing-nuts on the inside rather than the nuts supplied. This makes disassembling the dodger simpler and faster, with no tools required. These wing-nuts are available at nearly every marine-supply store.

Now do the same for the other side of the dodger, and your job is completed. The whole project shouldn't take more than an hour or two.

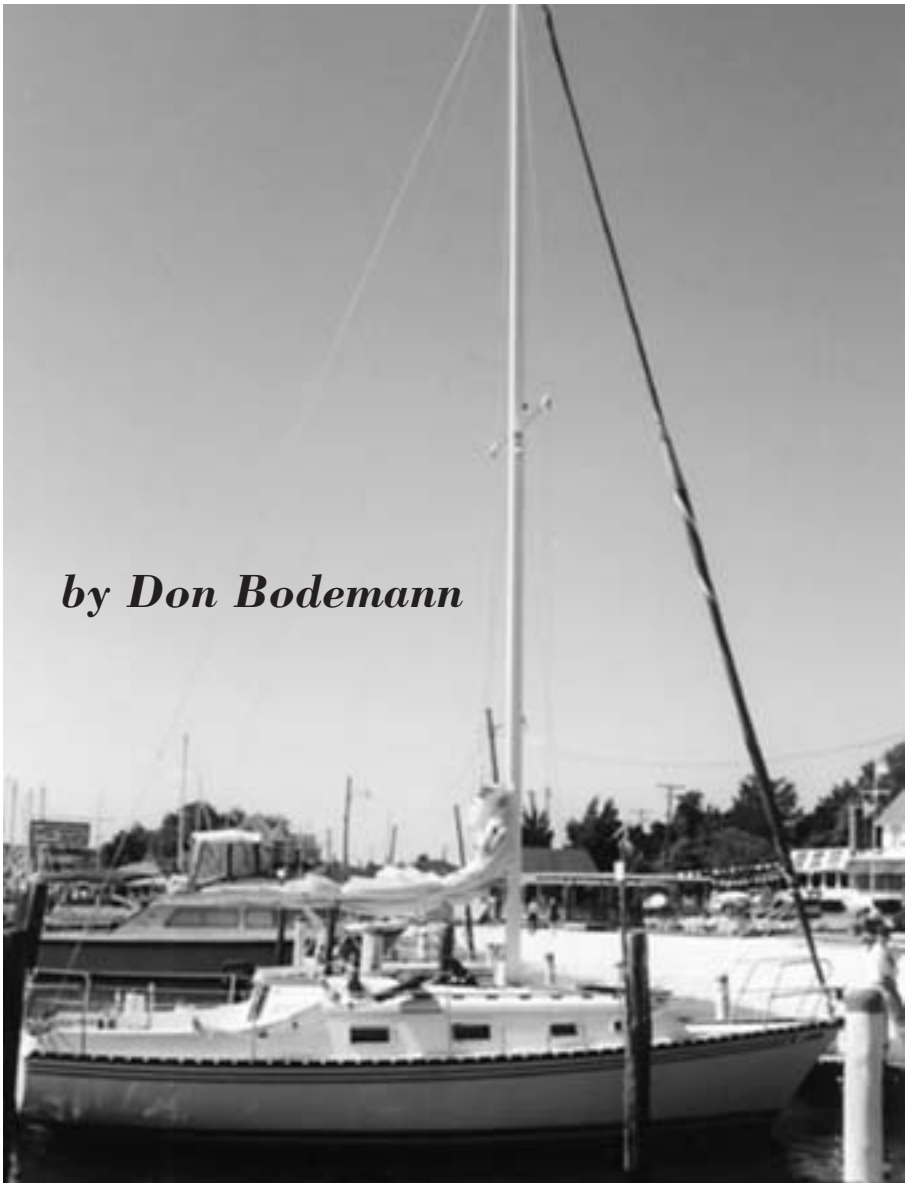
The first time I used my new handles in a seaway I wondered why I hadn't done this long before; they solve the problem perfectly. And I discovered that as an added benefit, the handles stiffen up the whole dodger frame remarkably.

Installing handholds on your dodger is an upgrade and safety project that is well worth the small time and expense required — and may pay off in unknown dividends sometime in the future.

Don may be a self-confessed member of the "over-the-hill gang," but he is also a good old salt in every sense of the word. We have recently named him as one of our Good Old Boat *contributing editors, a strictly honorary, but highly honorable title indeed.*

What about those good

Boats designed by John Cherubini, a naval architect with a genius for blending function and form



by Don Bodemann

When sailors hear the name Hunter these days, the first thing that comes to mind is radical new designs. Visions of ultra-luxurious cabins, downswept transoms with swim platforms, B&R rigs (an intricate system of shrouds, double diamonds, and aft-swept spreaders devised by Lars Bergstrom and Sven Ridder) and, of course, the renowned arch, are just a few of the things Warren Luhrs and his team of Hunter designers are known for. But as a lover of good old boats who has owned more than one older Hunter, I decided to take a closer look at the Hunters of the 1970s and early 1980s.

It all started in 1973, when newly formed Hunter Yachts, a division of Silverton, led by Warren Luhrs, began building sailboats. Warren came from a family of sailors and boatbuilders, and he was familiar with the territory. Perhaps Warren saw the success of the Pearsons and Frank Butler's Catalina 22, and felt that the first oil embargo (and the resulting energy-conscious public) signaled a growing market for a small, affordable family cruiser.

Warren turned to Robert Seidelmann to design his first boat. Robert and his friend, John Cherubini, were known as "river rats" because they spent much of their leisure time racing sailboats on the Delaware River near Philadelphia. These two middle-aged sailing buddies teamed up to design the boat that was to become the beginning of the Hunter success story. The result of this first project was a 25-foot sloop that, besides meeting Warren's objective, turned out to be an excellent performer, winning most of the official races during its first year.

After seeing the success of this project, Robert Seidelmann started a company of his own in the mid-1970s and built several coastal cruisers, from 25 feet to 37 feet in length. When you study these boats, you can see some similarities to the early Hunters. But Robert Seidelmann's boats are another story.

John Cherubini, a former World War II bomber pilot and aeronautical engineer for Boeing, became the designer for Hunter Marine for the next nine years. John came from a long line of sailors, artists, and musicians. Together with his engineering knowledge, he applied his artistic talents and became known as a great marine architect with a genius for blending function and form. John also designed two boats for the family business in New Jersey,

old Cherubini Hunters?

which was called the Cherubini Boat Company at the time and is now known as Independence Cherubini. These two ketches, first a 44-footer and later a 48, were John and his brother Frit's attempt to build the perfect yacht. I recently had the opportunity to inspect one of these newly completed boats and was stunned by the beauty of this magnificent example of a Cherubini-designed boat *(see* Good Old Boat, *May 2000, for more on these boats)*. In addition to the beautiful classic lines, the excellent craftsmanship and finish work must be seen to be appreciated. The Cherubini family is still building John's designs as well as Independence Trawlers.

"Two middle-aged sailing buddies teamed up to design the boat that was to become the beginning of the Hunter success story."

Brand loyal

As an "aside," in the midst of writing this article, we sold our 1980 Hunter 27. We had discovered her while searching for another Catalina. Like many sailors, I was rather "brand loyal" back then and only had eyes for Catalinas. My wife, Cheryl, on the other hand had no such blinders and knew when she saw something she liked. Our Hunter 27 was a wonderful boat for us, and we will remember her and the cruising we did with her fondly.

With the sale of the 27 we decided to give the sailing thing a rest and try powerboating. After six months with a 23-foot, 260-hp cuddy cabin, we said, "Enough of that, let's go back to sailing!"

While spending a lazy weekend at our favorite marina in Ocean Gate, New Jersey (Ocean Gate Yacht Basin), I found myself wandering around looking at all the sailboats. I came upon an interesting looking boat on stands. It appeared to be an old Hunter 33, but it was unlike any I had seen before. It turned out to be a 1977 model, one of the early versions I was not familiar with. The registration sticker had been expired for three years (indicating the owner had not sailed the boat for some time), so I contacted the owner and inquired about whether the boat was for sale. It was not, but he agreed to consider an offer if I

was so inclined. I was, and two weeks later we were sailors again, this time the proud owners of a Hunter 33. In need of some tender loving care after several years of neglect, this boat is a work in progress. In the first season that we owned her, we found her to be a treat to sail (much faster than I expected) and quite comfy as our new weekend retreat.

In looking back at the evolution of Hunter sailboats, it appears that some time after the 1975 model year, John Cherubini redesigned the 25 with many cruiser-friendly upgrades, and the resulting boat looked more like the rest of the Cherubini Hunters. Following the success of the 25, the next boat from Hunter Marine was the Hunter 30.

Attempting to duplicate the success of the 25, the criterion again was to design a boat that would be fast, but also have a comfortable, spacious cabin and, as always, be affordable. Like the 25, the 30 was also quite successful, despite fierce competition from the Catalina 30. I believe it was the only Cherubini offered with a centerboard. Incidentally, the original 30's interior was designed by John's son, John Cherubini II.

A "masterpiece"

The 30 was immediately followed by the 27, which was originally offered with a tiller and later with a wheel, a T-shaped cockpit, a teak-and-holly cabin sole, and opening ports. In 1977, the 33 was introduced, looking a little like the original "Seidelmann" 25 with a sleek, tapered forward cabintop. Hunter Marine called this boat a "masterpiece from the drawing board of John Cherubini."

In 1979, the 33 joined the rest of the fleet with the typical raised cabintop and 10 opening portlights, but the hull and interior design remained the same. The 33 was followed in 1978 by the 37-foot cutter, the boat I consider to be the queen of the fleet.

Although John designed much of the Hunter 54 hull, the 36 was considered the last of the Cherubini Hunters and was introduced in 1980. The 36 was a little unusual in that there was no quarterberth. Not many seem to have been sold. Perhaps this was the reason.

Regarding the 54, the original was a very light, custom-built racer that John designed for Warren Luhrs to race. It turned out to be another masterpiece and was displayed at the Hunter exhibit at Annapolis in 1977. It had a structural tube frame inside, like a drag-racing car. People came aboard and saw all the tubes and said, "Oh, this must be for racing," since it didn't have a yachtlike interior. There was no engine, no toilet, no deck hatches, and no through-hulls (the sink pumped up into the tiny cockpit). A tiller at the end of the midships cockpit was connected by a cable to the outboard rudder about 14 feet behind the cockpit. The original did not have a sugar scoop transom. I am told there were only four winches. When people asked what all the tubing was for John told them, "To hold the boat together." Then they'd ask what the fiberglass was for and he'd say with a wink, "To keep the water out." The boat design was later radically altered by the Hunter design team to make a production model, which is why purists don't consider it a true Cherubini.

"John Cherubini enjoyed a good race and designed most of his boats to move."

Some may credit Hunter's early success with high-volume manufacturing techniques, along with standardizing the design and allowing for few options. Hunter's idea was to fully equip its boats and take advantage of high sales volumes to sell loaded boats at bargain prices. Other comparable boat manufacturers were offering bare boats and charging relatively high prices for optional (but essential) equipment such as sails, bow pulpits, lifelines, and so on. The only option Hunter offered was a choice in keel configuration — deep or shoal.

Cruising emphasis

When comparing the Cherubini Hunters to other similar vintage production boats, you'll notice an emphasis on cruiser/big boat attributes. Features such as spacious cabins (at the expense of somewhat smaller cockpits), diesel auxiliaries, wheel steering, enclosed heads, teak-and-holly soles, opening screened portlights, and solid wooden doors (no cheap plastic curtains) were standard equipment on most of the Cherubini Hunters, not to mention things that should be standard, like lifelines and sails.

Some of the common flaws in these boats can be found by reading through the extensive list of owner reviews that is located on the Unofficial Hunter Owners' Web site (also known as HOW): <http://www.hunterowners.com>. Typical complaints include poor-quality portlights, underpowered auxiliaries, and excessive weather helm. Occasionally, the quality of workmanship on the interior woodwork (joinery) and finish on the hidden glasswork (tabbing) comes under fire.

I have found the Gray portlights to be as good as one can expect from plastic (which is not very good). The rubber O-ring seals will leak with age if not replaced, and the plastic lenses can take only so much ultraviolet before they become brittle. With a little maintenance, they will do the job and I, for one, will certainly be willing to do a little maintenance in return for having portlights that will open.

The auxiliary in my boat happened to be the little bulletproof 8-hp Renault diesel. I found, like most owners, this little engine keeps going and going … or should I say chugging and chugging. (It reminds me of the *African Queen*!)

Resources for Hunter sailors

Hunter Sailboats Owners' Web
<http://www.hunterowners.com/>

Hunter Email Discussion List
<http://members.sailnet.com/resources/links/hunter/index.cfm>

Cherubini Hunter Photo Page
<http://albums.photopoint.com/j/AlbumIndex?u=204587&a=1888331>

This engine has no thermostat and no oil pump; it is simplicity itself. The addition of an aftermarket three-bladed propeller made the performance of my little engine acceptable. Perhaps this would be a solution for others who believe their auxiliary to be a little anemic. Most of the other Cherubini Hunters came with one of the venerable Yanmars that are still one of the most popular diesels used in production boats today. Many of the reviews indicate that insufficient power with these engines can also be remedied by changing to a different propeller.

Friendly weather helm

Weather helm can be the best friend of a novice sailor. Safety-conscious cruisers will also appreciate a boat's tendency to round up into the wind when hit with a strong puff, but for those who want to bury the rail on a regular basis and take their boats to the edge, the Cherubini Hunter might not be the best boat. That's not to say these boats are slow. John Cherubini enjoyed a good race and designed most of his boats to move. Many owners have found that, even when loaded with cruiser goodies and supplies, these boats can be very competitive.

When it comes to workmanship, I have found that there are some folks who can appreciate quality woodwork and will be critical of the joinery (as I was). Others just appreciate the solid wood doors and teak-and-holly soles and don't seem to mind if some of the joints in their cabin trim don't line up perfectly. For the perfectionist out there, this is a good place to make improvements if you enjoy working with wood. I also found some of the glasswork that was hidden from view looked a little sloppy and the bonds to be of questionable strength — for example, where bulkheads and floor "joists" are tabbed and bonded to the hull. I have not heard or seen anything to suggest that this has caused a significant structural weakness or problem though, and it is a flaw that is easily remedied.

Even among those who complain the most, when asked if they would buy their Cherubini Hunter again if the hands of time could be turned back, the overwhelming response is, "Yes." Those who are familiar with the Cherubini Hunters have found them to be very affordable, quick, and strong boats with attractive, classic lines that lean toward the coastal cruiser rather than the racer …truly a line of good old boats.

"Other comparable boat manufacturers were offering bare boats and charging relatively high prices for optional (but essential) equipment such as sails, bow pulpits, lifelines, and so on."

Don designs, builds, and flies giant-scale radio-controlled model airplanes and has a private pilot license. He says flying got expensive, so he bought a Sunfish, then an O'Day 17, then a Catalina 22, then a couple of Cherubini Hunters (a 27 and the current 33). It appears to the dispassionate ones among us that this sailing hobby is going the way of the airplane one, but the individual with the habit is always the last to know.

Long hull, lovely

by John Vigor

There are some people whose artistic sensibilities are offended by the size of the Bristol 27's cabintop. They wonder how a designer with the flair and talent of Carl Alberg could have put such a lumpy top on such a sweet hull. The answer is very simple. He did it because the public wanted it. It provides what everybody wants, with the possible exception of the aesthetically oversensitive: standing headroom below.

While it's true that a lower, more streamlined coachroof would have made this boat a spectacular looker, it could only have been done at the cost of comfort and bad backs. Bristol Yachts quite rightly figured that the great majority of the boating public is not sensitive to minor artistic transgressions, so they built it the way Alberg designed it. And in the end it proved to be a great success — more than 400 of these robust little cruisers were created between 1966 and 1978.

To tell the truth, you quickly get used to the look of that cabintop and tell yourself it's not so bad after all. It begins to look "traditional," like the rest of the boat, and in any case, as Francis Bacon assured us, "There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportion."

You can, if you want, deceive the eye with painted color schemes that will lessen the apparent height of the cabinsides, but few people have bothered.

The Bristol 27 is a typical product of its era, the early days of fiberglass construction. She has a long, skinny hull with lovely overhangs. She's made ruggedly to perform well in heavy weather, and her basic seaworthiness means she's fit to cross oceans. And if you're working on a tight budget, the price is right.

Basic design

As was the fashion in the 1960s, the Bristol 27 has a traditional keel, well cut away forward for better maneuverability and safer tracking under a downwind rig.

Her ballast ratio of nearly 40 percent and the position of the encapsulated lead, much of it about 4 feet below the waterline, gives her a large positive range of stability. If she should be capsized by a plunging breaker in a bad storm, she'd bring herself upright again very quickly.

But her narrow beam (actually a factor that contributes to her seaworthiness) dictates that the righting moments of the keel and her form stability will not come into play until she has heeled over some 15 degrees or so.

This has led armchair critics to dub her "tender," as if tender were a pejorative term. In fact, there is nothing dangerous or unseaworthy about initial tenderness, as long as it disappears at the right time, which it does on the Bristol 27.

Frederick Corey's Bristol 27,* Watercolors, *is a thing of beauty even when perched on a cradle. Her large cockpit marks her as a Weekender version. For more from Frederick about his boat, see Page 39.

overhangs

After 15 or 20 degrees, she stiffens up and stubbornly refuses to heel any more, unlike some of today's beamy boats, which seem to want to keep on rolling over forever.

The hull is solid fiberglass, laid up by hand, largely of woven roving, which was then the "strongest material available," according to Bristol Yachts' sales brochure.

The deck, cockpit, and that cabintop were integrally molded and mechanically bonded to the hull molding. Her graceful counter stern provides buoyancy and good stowage space in a lazarette behind the tiller.

The large efficient rudder hangs off the aft end of the keel, where it is well protected from floating debris and crab-pot lines.

Her 6-foot 2-inch-long self-bailing cockpit is well above the waterline and is provided with 1 ½-inch drains. Early boats were provided with a solid bridgedeck at the forward end of the cockpit to prevent water from cascading below if a large wave filled it. For some reason, this bridgedeck disappeared on later models and a low sill was substituted — not a good idea on an ocean-going boat. You can achieve the same effect, of course, by keeping the lower dropboard in place in the companionway opening, but human nature being what it is, it's safer to have a permanent barrier between the accommodations and a cockpit full of water.

The standard boat came with a well for an outboard motor in the aft lazarette, and an inboard engine beneath the companionway was an option. When they found that most buyers went for the option, Bristol Yachts filled in the well and turned the space over to stowage. While outboard engines work well in calm water, they hardly work at all on this type of boat in choppy seas (when you really need their help) because the propeller is out of the water so much of the time.

The inboard engine most commonly fitted at first was the popular 30-hp Universal Atomic 4 — far too powerful for the job, but good and compact. Other owners opted for a reliable diesel, the Westerbeke Pilot 10.

Three models of the Bristol 27 were produced: the Standard, the Dinette, and the Weekender. The first two were cruising designs, fit for deepsea work, but the third was, as its name implies, a sort of picnicking, daysailing, short-term-camping type of boat with an 8-foot cockpit and a consequent shortage of space below. You could make the Weekender fit for sea, but it would hardly be worth the money and effort, considering how cramped the accommodations would be.

The Bristol 27 is a design fit for heavy weather. She should heave to well and lie ahull in comparative safety.

Lani Evans'* Vigilant, *a Standard-model 1967 Bristol 27 waits at the dock in Bristol ready for delivery to her home port of Hull, Mass.

Accommodations

The Standard model is thoroughly traditional below, with 6-foot 6-inch V-berths up forward and a 20-gallon water tank below them, together with a seat/locker and stowage cubbyholes. Overhead there is an opening hatch for light and ventilation.

Next comes a small, but private, head and a linen locker to port. To starboard, opposite the head, there's the usual wardrobe and shelf.

The main saloon comprises two 6-foot 4-inch transom berths, one either side of the central gangway, and a galley in two halves, either side of the companionway steps. A two-burner alcohol stove lies to port, alongside a generously-sized stainless steel sink placed inboard for good drainage. A large icebox that drains overboard lies to starboard.

Headroom is 5 feet 10 inches beneath the overhead liner in the main cabin — courtesy of the prominent cabintop. There is unlimited headroom if you stand at the foot of the companionway steps with the sliding hatch open. Four fixed ports admit light to the living area and, while they are not excessively large, it wouldn't be a bad idea to make plywood or acrylic storm covers for them that could be fixed in place in really bad weather.

The more popular Dinette model is provided with a table as standard equipment. The dinette seats four on three sides, and converts into a double bed. The galley then gets its act together in one piece along the starboard side, and a quarterberth begins where the galley ends. Otherwise, the accommodation plan is the same as that of the Standard model.

The rig

Here we have yet another deck-stepped mast, but this time the downward thrust is taken by a substantial bulkhead separating the forward cabin from the head compartment.

As was usual in her heyday, the Bristol 27 has a relatively large mainsail and smaller foresails than are now common. She is a masthead sloop with anodized aluminum spars. The original boats were supplied with roller-reefing on the main boom, which by now should have been converted to jiffy reefing for improved speed and better sail shape.

Wire halyards with Dacron tails were originally supplied for the mainsail and foresail. These, too, should have been replaced by now by low-stretch Dacron halyards. With any luck, the masthead sheaves will have been changed, too, to accommodate the greater diameter of the line.

This is a good cruising rig, though that big mainsail will call for fairly frequent reefing. A third row of reef points, in lieu of a dedicated storm trysail, would be an excellent addition.

Singlehanding her should be easy, with tiller, mainsheet, and jib-sheet winches all within easy reach.

Performance

The original Bristol Yachts brochure claimed the 27 was fast. But then, they also claimed she was roomy below. You can draw your own conclusions.

At the same time, she's no dog. She has that average sort of performance that makes her pass everything in sight when you're concentrating really hard, and fall behind when your attention wanders seriously.

She carries slight weather helm, which is fine. Weather helm is a good thing in small doses. It helps suck a boat to windward on the beat, and it means she'll round up and wait for you if you fall overboard. But if you find yourself with the tiller up under your chin in a breeze, it's time to reef the mainsail followed by a smaller jib or some rolls in the furling genoa.

Owners like to refer to the Bristol 27 as "nimble," meaning that she has her wits about her, even if she's not equipped with afterburners, and that she tacks and jibes quickly and precisely.

In short, there's nothing wrong with her performance, and if you give her a chance to show you what she can do on an ocean passage, she might surprise you.

Under power, it's a question of what engine you're carrying. Any outboard is likely to be unsatisfactory in choppy seas. Any inboard is likely to be fine if it's 10 horsepower or more. And being so nimble and sailing as well as she does, you could easily persuade her to sail around the world without an engine. Many other boats have done it in the past, and many are still doing it. That extra space, coupled with the lack of a fuel tank, propeller, and all the through-hull holes and paraphernalia associated with an engine, could be a blessing.

David Berke's 1968 Bristol 27,* Second Wind, *sails Peconic and Gartiners bays from her berth in Southold, N.Y.

Known weaknesses

Here are some points to ponder if you're thinking of buying an old Bristol 27 for long-distance voyaging:

- Ignore the scaremongers who tell you she's too tender. Indeed, she does exhibit initial tenderness, but it's not a bad thing, as we mentioned earlier. It's a safety feature that some of today's beamy coastal cruisers badly need.
- Don't choose an outboard engine model.
- There have been reports of leaks in the hull-deck joint. Probably the caulking is getting old and tired. Get out the hose and squirt the joint from the outside. Check inside with a flashlight for leaks. Mark the places and then get out the caulking gun.
- Get rid of the main boom roller reefing system and install slab reefing. It's faster, and better for the sail.
- There's not much through ventilation. A Dorade box or two in the right places would help a lot, especially in the tropics.

Owner's opinion

For four years, Christopher Gross, of Centerport, Long Island, New York, sailed a Standard Bristol 27 on Long Island Sound, where a strong north-easterly or southwesterly sets up a short, nasty chop.

She was a 1966 model that he sailed with his wife, Barbara, and two children, and although he now sails a Ranger 33, he still has a fondness for the old Bristol that nursed him and his family through a storm or two.

She was tender, he recalls, but never seemed to heel more than 30 degrees. He learned to reef the mainsail promptly when the wind rose, and it made "all the difference" in the way she handled. As the wind piped up, she would start to experience heavy weather helm, but one reef in the main made her handy and docile again. "She came with roller reefing on the main," Gross recalls, "but

it didn't work well because the boltrope kept fouling the gooseneck. When I got a new mainsail, I had two reef points put in it and used jiffy reefing. It was much easier."

One day, in the North Fork, the Grosses got caught in a northeaster. "We were fully exposed, and the seas built amazingly fast," he said. "We double-reefed the main and kept up the working jib on a broad reach for a while, then we turned downwind to run for shelter.

"There were huge waves towering over the transom. Our wooden pram dinghy was surfing down the waves and threatening to ram the transom. It was survival sailing. We made sure the kids were wearing lifejackets. The jib got wrapped around the forestay and ripped, but the boat handled OK, and we gradually worked her into protected water, where she was fine."

Vigilant ***sails out of Boston Harbor. This summer she cruised to Penobscot Bay in Maine taking the offshore route.***

The one time she didn't handle so well was in a 30-knot southwesterly blowing on the nose. "We were going into waves about 6 feet high and of very short duration. We were pounding and hobbyhorsing. As soon as we'd get going she'd be stopped dead by another wave and fall off. We couldn't make any progress to windward."

Eventually, Christopher was forced to turn on the motor. He was hesitant at first, because his power came from a 9.9-hp longshaft Evinrude outboard housed in a well under the aft lazarette. "I was afraid the propeller would keep coming out of the water," he said, "and in fact it did. But even so, it did the trick." He was able to forge ahead and find shelter.

On the whole, he found the Bristol 27 reasonably fast and comfortable — "Actually quite quick on a beam reach" — except when she was pounding into short head seas. "We and the kids took her all over the Sound, as far as Bristol, Rhode Island, and she sailed and handled very nicely. Although she was quick to heel, she felt stable. You never felt you were in any kind of danger."

This boat had no hull/deck leaks, nor did she experience any mast-compression problem. "She was seaworthy and well-constructed. There was really thick glass where I put a knotmeter in," Christopher says.

The cockpit, he felt, would be a bit large for safety offshore, and would need to be partially filled in. And although his 27 had a bridge deck to prevent a cockpit full of water flooding down below, she also had a deck-opening ice box. It was meant to be convenient for grabbing an iced drink while you were on deck, "but it needs to be fixed closed or glassed over for sea work," Christopher notes. "Additional cockpit drains would also be a good idea. And also, you'd need to carry more drinking water — the standard tank was very small." Finally, if you're planning to cross an ocean in a Bristol 27, go for the inboard engine, not the outboard, he advises.

His boat had a wooden rudder that used to shrink when she was hauled out for the winter. "It developed big gaps between the boards, and it looked horrible, so I caulked it up. Then, when she got back in the water again the wood swelled up and all the caulking came out. I learned not to do that again."

Christopher says that some later-model Bristol 27s had higher cabintops than his. "That's because they started using iron ballast instead of lead, and had to raise the cabin sole to accommodate the greater volume of iron. So they also had to raise the cabintop to maintain the standing headroom."

He says the ballast was iron filings. "If it got wet it rusted, expanded, and made a real mess." One person he knew vacuumed out the iron filings and had a proper lead keel made to fit in the hull.

So watch out for iron ballast. It doesn't necessarily disqualify a Bristol 27 from sea service, but if you can find a boat with a lead keel and a lower profile, you'll probably be happier.

Conclusion

She's cramped down below, but she's ruggedly built and likely to be around for a long time. There's nothing very fancy about the Bristol 27, but when it comes to value for money she's in the top league. She sold originally for about $13,000. By 1976 the price had risen to more than $18,000. You should be able to find a mid-1960s model for about $12,000 to $15,000 depending on condition. Not a bad price for an ocean-going yacht.

This and other reviews are reprinted from John Vigor's book, Twenty Small Sailboats to Take You Anywhere, *available on the Good Old Bookshelf.* *See Page 65.*

She hangs tough

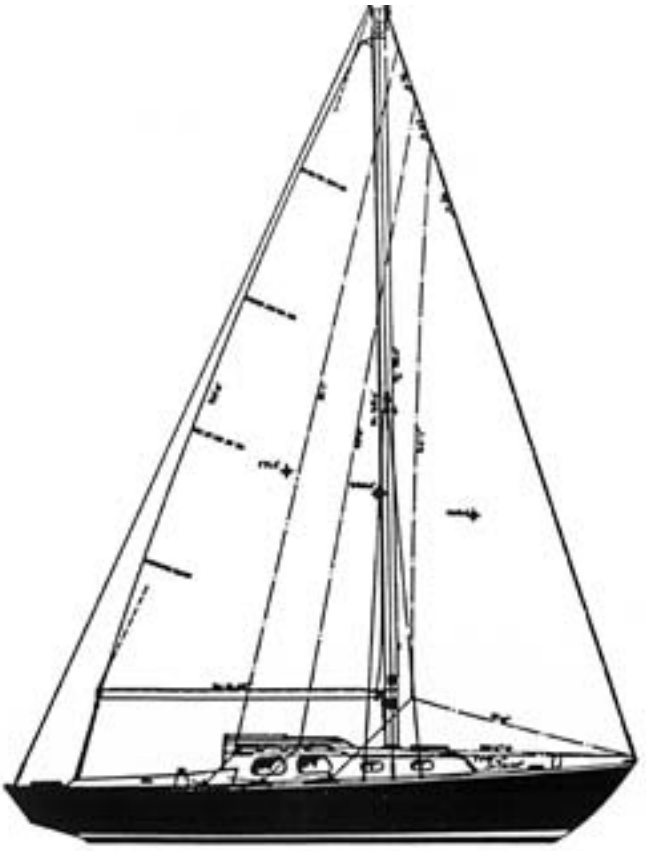
"Unfortunately," writes Frederick Corey, "there are three versions of the popular B27. Not wanting to get outdone by the more popular Cruising (Standard) and Dinette editions, I find I need to stand up for the Weekenders of the world.

Yes, yes, I admit it. We're the stepsisters of the triad (but so was Cinderella). And only a few Weekenders were built.

Take in the lovely lines! Alberg capitulated to commerce when he created a Cruiser with headroom, but penned his own dreams with the Weekender. Do you think it coincidence that there's such praise for the Alerion 28? The Alerion hails from Newport, and this comes classic from Bristol, oh but a few headlands apart.

Our Weekender is *Watercolors* (shown on Page 34), which we sail on Duxbury Bay. Her spacious (8-foot 5-inch) cockpit makes daysailing a pleasure. The sleepers stretch out to leeward, the sailors sit to windward, and the kids hang out on the foredeck.

We have a head if we need it, a sink when we want it, and four good, long bunks below. Her 43-percent ballast ratio and a hull that slices through waves assures us of easy, confident passages on any coastal cruise. Although she's initially tender, her rail stays dry, and as Clint Pearson once put it, 'She hangs tough. '"



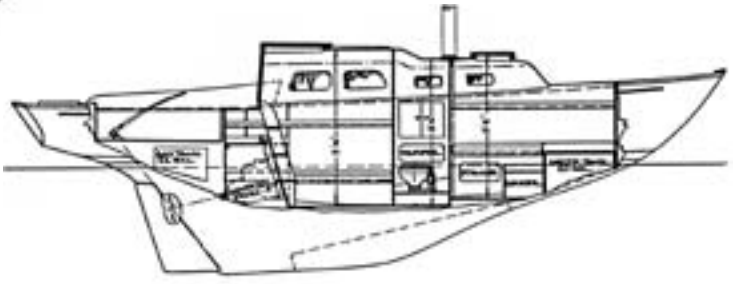
The Bristol 27

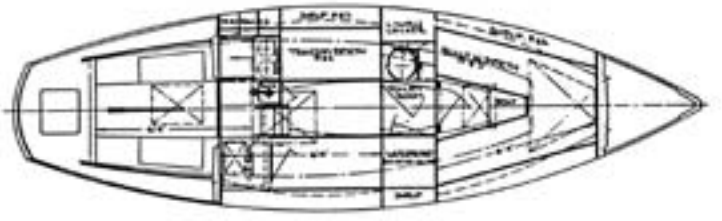
In short

Designer: Carl Alberg (1965)
LOA: 27 feet 2 inches
LWL: 19 feet 9 inches
Beam: 8 feet 0 inches
Draft: 4 feet 0 inches
Displacement: 6,600 pounds
Sail area: 340 square feet
Ballast: 2,575 pounds
Spars: Anodized aluminum
Auxiliary: Outboard in well or inboard gasoline or diesel
Designed as: Seaworthy cruiser with club racing capabilities

In comparison

- **Safety-at-sea factor:** 7 (Rated out of 10, with 10 being the safest.)
- **Speed rating:** Not bad for a cruiser. She has an average PHRF rating of 234, about the same as the nippy little Santana 22 club racer/weekender.
- **Ocean comfort level:** All right for one or two adults; two adults and two kids in less comfort.





Resources

Bristol (Chesapeake Bristol Club)
Art Bretapelle
1940 Rockingham St.
McLean, VA 22101

Bristol Discussion List
<http://members.sailnet.com/resources/links/list/index-new.cfm?id=bristol>

Bristol Owners' Association
Douglas Axtell
Bristol32@aol.com
<http://members.aol.com/bristolyht/>

Chris Wilson:

Inspired by commercial seafarers

The subjects of Chris Wilson's watercolors, photos, and occasional oil paintings are the large freighters which ply the Great Lakes, and which he fears are declining in number. A Pearson 30 sailor, Chris is also interested in lighthouses and landscapes. Clockwise from top left: Algoma Central Marine's Algosteel*; the Peele Island Ferry; the steamer* Cuyahoga*; the* Tadoussac*; and the Fairport Harbor Light in Fairport, Ohio.*
For more from the self-named "freighter artist," visit his site: <http://home.earthlink.net/~freighter/>.

9 steps to boat ownership

Make your game plan to avoid the obstacles

A year ago, I bought my first sailboat. In the months preceding the purchase, I was filled with countless questions about the process of achieving this dream. I didn't know how much boat I could afford. I didn't fully understand the role of the yacht broker. I had no idea what a boat surveyor does for a living. In short, I went into the acquisition process ignorant of the procedure that would allow me to realize my dream.

It's not that I didn't attempt to educate myself. I researched the boating magazines, talked to my friends, and purchased a few books. These sources offered plenty of suggestions on what to look for in a boat, but none of them outlined the buying process and the roles of marine finance companies, yacht brokers, surveyors, and insurance companies. If you finance your boat, you'll be dealing with all these people and organizations. *If you know exactly which boat you want, are paying cash to the seller, and don't need marine insurance, you can skip most of the steps.* Here's what I discovered:

STEP 1 Find out how much boat you can afford.

Walking down the docks looking at beautiful yachts and picturing yourself at the helm can be a heartbreaking endeavor. Sailboats can be expensive. My troubles began when I ogled a 103-foot floating mansion docked in Ft. Lauderdale. Then I leaned the owner pays more than $100,000 a year in slip fees. I continued my search.

Fortunately, countless sailing magazines offer boats for sale. Pick up a few and thumb through the classified sections. You'll quickly get a sense for the type of boats in your price range. Look specifically for *Soundings* magazine and the local *Boat Trader* publication, and search for listings on the Internet. The *Good Old Boat* classified ad page, <http://www.goodoldboat.com/classifieds.html>, is a good place to start, since it lists many sources of boats for sale on the Internet. Regional magazines typically contain black-and-white pictures of hundreds of boats, along with asking prices from individual sellers and brokers.

Once you have some idea of how much your dream will cost, contact a marine finance company. These organizations are similar to home mortgage companies, but they deal specifically in financing boat purchases. They often advertise in sailing magazines. Most of them have an Internet presence; just type in "marine finance" on any search engine.

Your goal should be to find out if you qualify for a loan matching the asking price of the boats you've seen advertised. The first thing they'll want is a financial statement that lists your income, debts, and tax returns for the past two years. It will speed up the process if you have this information prepared beforehand.

In my experience, the finance companies needed to know exactly which boat I planned to purchase in order to run my application through their systems. Since I had no idea which boat I would eventually choose, I asked them to "make up" a boat for me that perfectly matched my target spending cap. Not all finance companies will do this, so it pays to shop around. The CIT Group was especially helpful and willing to play this game with me, and I learned in a half-hour that I would qualify for a loan. The type of boat didn't really matter . . . now I had a pre-qualified loan and could begin shopping for my dream boat.

STEP 2 Contact several brokers.

Now that you have a spending cap, it's time to start contacting brokers. The role of yacht brokers is very much like that of real estate agents. They serve as the intermediary between the seller and buyer. Many states require them to carry a special license. Like finance companies, yacht brokers advertise in boating magazines, on the Internet, and in the Yellow Pages. Find one who's interested in spending time listening to your boating requirements and in helping you find what you're looking for.

Some brokers will want to know if you've been pre-qualified for a loan. It's their way of determining how much time they should spend with you. They are busy people. If you can't afford the boats they want to show, why should they waste their time? I did most of my broker searching through the Internet; <http://www.yachtworld.com> is a great place to start. In general, their Web pages show pictures of the boats being offered, asking prices, and the boats' locations. I sent email messages to brokers who seemed to deal in the type of boat I was looking for. In the messages I described my spending range, desired amenities (watermaker, electrical generator, air conditioning, and so on), my plans for the boat, and the dates I would be available to visit them. It didn't take long to get appointments with several brokers in my area.

STEP 3 Visit a lot of boats.

The broker's job is to show you several boats with the hope that you will be

by Robert Doty

hooked on a particular vessel. First you'll meet in the broker's office. You'll be offered coffee and exchange pleasantries. He or she will ask questions about the type of sailboat you're interested in buying, how much you want to spend, and so forth. Then you'll be loaded into a car and driven to various marinas to see four or five boats.

When you go aboard these vessels, don't hesitate to look in every nook and cranny. Lift the floorboards to see if there's a lot of water in the bilge (if there is, ask why). Check the hoses — if they're as hard as rocks, they'll need to be replaced soon. Flush the head. Turn on every light to make sure they work (don't forget the spreader lights on the mast, the anchor light, and navigation lights). There should be an electric bilge pump — turn it on to make sure it operates.

If there are electrical outlets, plug something in and turn it on. Turn on the refrigerator to make sure it's operating. Open and close every hatch to make sure that the seals are tight and the hinges work properly. Turn on every faucet. Turn on the shower. Ask the broker to run the engine for a few minutes. Lie down in the berths to make sure they have enough room for you to get a good night's sleep. If you have a significant other, make sure there's enough room for both of you. Test the depth sounder, radar, Loran, GPS, and wind indicator.

Ask lots of questions about the boat. The most important things to know are the length overall, displacement, draft, age of the vessel, number and types of sails on board, and price. Also be sure to ask if there's any equipment that is presently on the boat that will be removed by the owner prior to the sale. Some owners will remove electronics such as televisions, GPS systems, and even radios. I spent approximately 90 minutes aboard the boats that interested me. Do not be afraid to spend as much time as you like aboard any boat you're visiting. You aren't wasting the broker's time … this is part of the job.

The more boats you see, the harder it will be to remember the particulars of each, so bring a video camera with you to record your visits. It is important to record the broker's "sales pitch" while he is explaining the various features of the boat. The camera will help keep him honest, and it will help you remember the various features you'll see.

STEP 4 Make an offer.

Once you've seen a lot of boats you'll know which one is right for you. It's like falling in love … you'll simply "know," through some primordial sixth sense, which boat is the perfect match for you. For me, this happened as soon as I set foot on *Prairie Dream*, now *Candide*, a 38-foot Hans Christian. What sexy lines she has! A hull so sleek and firm she made my knees weak. When I saw her interior and gazed into all that polished brass, I knew I was hopelessly lost.

The next step is to make an offer. In my situation, the asking price was about 30 percent more than I had been approved for. So I made a call to the finance company and asked for a larger loan. In a half-hour, I was approved for the extra amount.

Now comes the bargaining stage. Call the broker and say you've narrowed your decision down to three boats (perhaps this is a white lie — welcome to the bargaining table). Give some details about the other two boats, and what a great deal the other brokers have already made. Explain that you really like this particular boat but that you're concerned about her price. At this point, you'll most likely be asked to make a formal offer. Remember that the price of the boat is simply "made up" by the seller, usually with some help from the broker. Everything is negotiable. Offer 80 percent of the original asking price.

Most likely, there will not be a reaction from the broker. It's not for brokers to accept or reject your offers. It's their job to tell the seller that an offer has been made. The broker will ask for a check for 10 percent of this amount, which will be kept in an escrow account. Now it's time for you to "put up or shut up." You should have at least 10 percent of the asking price in your bank account. You're about to launch a huge process, and the people involved (including the seller, broker, and financial institution) want to make sure that you're not pulling their legs. Write the check and have it wired to the broker's account. Don't worry, the money still belongs to you, and it is fairly easy to get back if the deal falls through.

You may consider hiring a lawyer to review the documents that you'll be asked to sign when making the offer and submitting the check. My lawyer included a clause that provided for a penalty of $500 per day if, for any reason, the money in the escrow account was not returned to me if the deal was not completed by a certain date.

Once the broker has received your check and signed the contract (a Purchase and Sale Agreement), your offer will be relayed to the owner, who will have a screaming fit. Fortunately, you won't have to listen to this. By this time, the broker will have figured out a few things. He or she will tell the seller, "Gee, I think we can get 95 percent out of this buyer." The seller will say, "Make it so."

The broker will call you back and relay the message. My suggestion is to counter-offer with 85 percent of the original asking price. The broker will call the seller, and this process will ping-pong back and forth until agreement is reached. How did I do? Well, I managed to work the seller to 93 percent of the original asking price. Not necessarily a fantastic deal, but this is only the first round of negotiations! Read on …

STEP 5 Choose a surveyor.

Before representatives of any financial institution will write a check to the seller, they will demand that a certified marine surveyor inspect the boat from stem to stern. Do not let the broker choose the surveyor. It is in your best interests to find one on your own. Locating a surveyor should not be too difficult. Find a brokerage firm that sells ridiculously expensive luxury yachts. Call them up, be polite, and explain that you're looking for a reputable surveyor in the area. They'll give you a list of names.

Contact the surveyors and explain your situation. Ask how much they charge (typically, they'll charge by the length of the boat). Ask if they'll climb the mast (an important part of the process that many surveyors won't do). Have them send you a sample survey report that they've prepared for

another buyer. You probably shouldn't hire an illiterate surveyor. The report will be extremely important to your finance company and insurer. The broker, surveyor, and you will agree to a certain date on which the boat will be taken out to sea. The seller will most likely not be present.

STEP 6 Take the boat for a sail.

You'll meet early in the morning, and the boat will be hauled out of the water for inspection. The surveyor will use a rubber mallet to tap along the hull, checking for weak spots under the waterline and noting any significant blistering. When the surveyor is finished banging on the hull, the boat will be launched, and the fun begins. The broker will sail the boat. You should be below with the surveyor, watching every move and paying attention to every comment. The surveyor will remove every cushion, open every drawer and floor plate, examine every wire and hose, and check every seam between the bulkheads and hull. He or she will also go above deck to examine the sails, rudder, GPS, radar, and every other part of the boat. A good surveyor will spend at least an hour with the engine — verifying the propeller-shaft speed, checking the temperature of different engine components, and examining the wires to make sure they're in good shape. The water systems, holding tanks, and fuel tanks will also be checked.

Basically, the surveyor will go over every square inch of the boat, and you should be right there to watch. Offer to take notes or to move those floor plates and hold the flashlight. It's in your best interests to make sure of the most thorough job possible.

When you return to port, and while the broker is not around, ask the surveyor for an honest opinion about the condition of the boat. Don't hesitate to tell how much you've offered to pay for the vessel. The surveyor's on your side, and you'll get an honest appraisal.

STEP 7 Renegotiate the price.

Within a few days, the surveyor should send you a typewritten report that describes all the things that need to be fixed on the vessel. You may be surprised at the number of things that were found to be objectionable. In my case, the surveyor returned a 15-page document that listed everything from blisters below the waterline to wiring that was too close to the propeller shaft.

I decided to concentrate on the two or three things that seemed particularly significant. I called the surveyor and asked how much it would cost to fix these problems, and he guessed at a price of a few thousand dollars. This was enough information to return to the broker and renegotiate the price of the vessel. I explained to him that I was very serious about proceeding with the purchase of the boat, but I hadn't budgeted for these unexpected repairs. Would the seller be willing to make these corrections or lower the price so I could pay for these repairs myself? An hour later, the broker had contacted the seller, who agreed to meet me halfway on the repairs and reduced the price by $2,000. Over the phone, we agreed that I would purchase the vessel. My dream was quickly becoming a reality.

STEP 8 Find insurance.

Even though the boat isn't officially yours, you will be required to purchase insurance for it immediately after final price negotiations. This is for your lending institution. Most finance companies won't write a check to the seller until the buyer can show proof of insurance.

I suggest that you first check with your homeowner and automobile insurance companies to see if they insure boats. Many insurance companies will give discounts if you already have a policy with them. Your yacht broker may also be helpful in identifying insurers. Ask him for a list of marine insurance brokers for you to contact, and start making telephone calls.

The insurance people will want to know what kind of boat you've purchased, how much you've paid for it, how much sailing experience you have, and whether you've taken any official sailing certification classes. All of these things will affect the premiums you'll pay. If you've only purchased automobile or homeowner's insurance in the past, you'll most likely be displeased at how marine insurance companies operate. They will most likely require the entire year's premium up front. Be prepared to write a very large check.

STEP 9 Sign the documents.

Finally, the boat is nearly yours. All you have to do now is sign the agreements. I was truly amazed at the contract I received from the finance company. In all, it contained about 40 pages that described my obligations. They included not being able to sail the boat out of the country with no intention of returning, having to pay for insurance up-front for the entire year, no chartering of the boat, and so forth. Each page had to be initialed by me, and there were 11 places that had to be notarized.

You may also want to have the vessel documented by the U.S. Coast Guard. The finance company can arrange this, but be prepared to fork out $500 or so for the paperwork. For more information, see the U.S. Coast Guard Web site: <http://www.uscg.mil/hq/g%2Dm/vdoc/faq.htm#01>.

Lastly, be prepared to pay sales tax on your purchase. You will pay taxes either in the state where the purchase was made, or you'll pay them in your home state. There is no lawful way around this obligation. The good news is that most finance companies will allow you to borrow the taxes on top of the boat's price.

When you've returned the documents, the finance company will write a check to the previous owner, and the dreamboat will (at last!) be yours.

Robert Doty lives and works aboard Candide, *his 38-foot Hans Christian in Jacksonville, Fla. He's an avid traveler and dreams of making a circumnavigation before his 40th birthday. Single, he's always on the lookout for potential sailing partners. He maintains a Website dedicated to the liveaboard lifestyle at <http://www.SleepingWithOars.com>.*

Cruising the Florida Panhandle in 22 feet

Bob Endicott

by Mary Maynard Drake

Tequila Sunset, ***anchored in an island cove on Choctawhatchee Bay, in Florida Panhandle waters. As here, they often set an anchor off the bow and tie the stern to a tree ashore.***

Bob and Trish Endicott of Fort Walton Beach, Florida, give enthusiastic thumbs-up to extended cruising in a 22-foot sloop. The couple, named Cruising Family of the Year 2000 by the Catalina 22 National Sailing Association, "cruises large" every month of the year in their Catalina 22, *Tequila Sunset*. On days, evenings, weekends, and up to six-day voyages they explore the protected waters along 130 miles of Florida's Panhandle.

More importantly, the former Midwesterners inspire novice sailors by organizing and leading C-22 Fleet 77's cruises (including the popular annual 160-mile Northern Gulf Cruise) and by their on-line cruisers' guide, *The Book*.

The Endicotts were among those who reactivated Fleet 77 at Fort Walton Beach in 1995, and Bob serves as the fleet's cruise captain and webmaster. (Fleet 77 also has an active racing fleet and will host the 2001 C-22 National Championship Regatta, June 23-29.)

"I know how many people are out there using their C-22s," says Bob, whose salt-and-pepper beard gives away his 51 years. "We're in good company.

"Trish and I are weekenders who prefer to spend nights on the hook, rather than in an RV park. Our cruises have been some of the best times in the 30+ years of our marriage — a means to rediscover each other and learn what quality time really means."

Since they gave up smoking last year and used the savings for membership and a slip in Fort Walton Beach Yacht Club near their home, they can — and do — sail at a moment's notice. They keep *Tequila Sunset* stocked with staples, linens, and equipment. All they need to bring is fresh food, clothing, and Bob's Martin Backpacker guitar.

Created a guidebook

The Book, an 11-page on-line illustrated guidebook, began as a short list they wrote for boaters preparing for the annual Northern Gulf Cruise to

Wolf Bay, Ala. (The Endicotts will lead the 2001 cruise May 12-18.)

"The list just grew and grew. As a friend says, 'Ask Bob the time, and he'll tell you how to build a watch.' " says Bob, an aircraft mechanic for the 46th Test Wing at Eglin Air Force Base.

"People wanted to know what to bring, because many had never cruised on salt water, and some had never cruised at all. If you're 'going long' on a C-22, you have to pick your gear correctly, or the boat can feel awfully small."

"We're always careful what we bring, and we were extra careful when we took another couple on a four-day cruise," says Trish, a pixyish 51-year old homemaker with a warm manner and a ready smile.

"Choose your shipmates carefully," Bob warns, "because on a 22-footer, privacy is an illusion." (On the foursome cruise, their guests used the V-berth and forward hatch, while the Endicotts slept on the converted dinette and used the main hatch. They moved the Porta Potti into the cockpit.)

They filled *The Book* with such tips, plus whatever they felt important for cruising comfort and safety — boat preparation, equipment checklists, provisioning, and sample menus. Bob recommends some 30 items, from a battery charger to the best "relief" jugs and directions for several accessories.

Fleet 77's Web site and information on the Northern Gulf Coastal Cruises is linked from the Catalina 22 National Sailing Association Web site <http://www.catalina22.org>. Bob's email is: c2212759@aol.com. To see *The Book*, go to : <http://c22fleet77.tripod.com/index.htm>.

Bob Endicott

On their frequent cruises Trish cooks aboard using their non-pressurized alcohol stove. They use the built-in icebox (foreground) as a cupboard, and store chilled foods in a standard portable cooler (on the settee).

Novice sailors responded with accolades on Fleet 77's Web site — "a Great Mate and Ol' Salt," "Great trip itinerary," ".-.-. enjoyed our evening with Bob's famous *Tequila Sunset* cocktails." "We followed their advice [in their cruising guide] and were glad we did."

"The Northern Gulf Cruises, especially last year's, have been awesome, with lots of great sailing," says Bob. "Even two guys in their 20s had a blast with us old fogies last summer. The young fellows would fly their chute when we'd be reefed. Once, as they came flying past, we could see their centerboard trunk."

Two local boats made the cruise in 1998, seven in 1999, and last year 15 boats from several states and Canada participated. The boats cruise westward along the Gulf Intracoastal Waterway, accompanied by dolphins, then anchor in secluded coves, often under a full moon. During dinner at Wolf Bay Lodge, Ala., the turnaround point, everyone receives "Great Mate & Ol' Salt" certificates.

Trish enjoys cruising in company, but is nervous about "mother henning" a group whose skill levels vary so enormously. "Planning helps, and we've already begun planning for the 2001 cruise," she says.

Bob admits he hesitated to tell other boaters what to do, for the Endicotts bought their C-22 #12759 only six years ago and consider themselves to be still learning.

"I'm a superb example of the old maxim: 'Good judgment comes from experience; experience comes from bad judgment.' Such is the lot of those of us who are self-taught," he says. "Trish and I are lazy sailors who want the comfort meter in green. We don't race, but I'm the fastest reefer in the South, and I'll fire up the old Johnson (a 1977 6-hp hand-start) in a New York minute."

"He's very safety conscious because I don't swim," adds Trish, who is now taking lessons.

"*Tequila Sunset* is perfect for year-round sailing here," says Bob. "We can head up or down the [Gulf Intracoastal] Waterway, explore two nearby bayous or sail [three- by 50-mile] Choctawhatchee Bay. There are plenty of marinas and restaurants to enjoy. Or, because of our swing keel and kick-up rudder, we can anchor stern to an island, climb over the stern rail into knee deep water, then explore or walk across to the beautiful Gulf of Mexico beach."

Spacious and forgiving

The C-22 seems stiff, spacious and

Bob Endicott

The Endicotts try to camp-cruise at least one weekend a month, exploring Choctawhatchee Bay, two bayous and the Gulf Intracoastal Waterway around Fort Walton Beach on the Florida Panhandle.

Bob Endicott

Tequila Sunset ***rode out Hurricane Opal successfully, though she was blown out of her slip. One line kept her from blowing ashore like the two dozen boats in the surrounding slips.***

forgiving compared to the very tender Gulfcoast 18 in which they learned to sail. They overnighted only once, sleeping in a berth Bob built over the centerboard trunk, while their two sons bunked in the cockpit. (The boys, now grown and on their own, didn't take to sailing.)

The Endicotts are delighted with their C-22. "*Tequila Sunset*, not 'Sunrise' because I don't do sunrises," says Trish. Bob rates the boat as functional, fun and lots of boat for the money ($2,000 for a fixer upper, $4,000 to 5,000 for one with trailer and kicker, ready to sail). "It's perfect for the three of us — Trish, me, and Jimmy Buffett."

Shortly after they bought the boat, it successfully rode out 1996 Hurricane Opal at the base marina. *Tequila Sunset* was blown out of its slip, but remained tethered by one line. Two dozen nearby boats ended up stacked like cordwood on shore.

While repairing the slight damage from the hurricane, Bob also reinforced the swing keel pivot mechanism and upgraded the electrical system. The 11-watt Uni-Solar flexible solar panel he mounted on the Bimini slows the drain on the upgraded batteries (two Group 27s) enough so he switches batteries only every four or five days. They've never run a battery flat powering the stereo and the interior, running, and anchor lights.

With only 212 square feet of working sail, *Tequila Sunset* is easy to handle. To drop the jib, Trish stands in the forward hatchway and doesn't have to go out in ugly weather.

They raise the poptop for full headroom in the cabin. By attaching the poptop's storm curtains (original optional equipment), they can leave the poptop up at anchor in bad weather.

The swing keel trunk doesn't intrude into the cabin; it forms the side of the forward dinette seat and the edge of the raised floor beneath the table.

The original non-pressurized alcohol galley stove is "absolutely foolproof," says Trish, who enjoys preparing meals aboard. "We use coolers because the icebox is too small. It makes a great cupboard for dishes."

Ample storage

Since they "cruise large," the Endicotts utilize the ample storage beneath all the seats and the cockpit. "We couldn't cruise in a C-22 built after 1986, because they have no shelves above the settees. Where would we put our stuff?" she wonders.

They don't sail in the Gulf of Mexico because of the swing keel. "Besides, it gets choppy, and there's no place to buy beer or ice," says Bob, "so there's nothing out there for us."

Bay breezes are usually southeast in the morning and southwest in the afternoon, giving them a reach both ways on day sails. But bay sailing can get adventurous.

"Once, in a squall, we were going backward with no sails up and the kicker running," he says. "I couldn't let go to get the anchor from the lazarette. Now I always keep an anchor ready.

"Since I don't like to get up at 2 a.m. and re-anchor in a storm, I always anchor with chain for a blow. We've been caught in many storms, but good days greatly outnumber the bad.

"You do remember the white-knuckle days, like the time we sailed home downwind nine miles in one hour flat! That's 50 percent above hull speed!" he says. "Even though we were surfing every fifth wave or so in 30 knot winds, I couldn't turn to drop the main because I was afraid we'd broach. It took massive concentration to steer straight. Now I don't put the main up in those conditions."

Over the years they've raised *Tequila Sunset's* waterline twice as they've added cruising comforts. Items like a battery powered fan, tiny propane heater, the Velcro-attached wind scoop Trish fashioned, solar shower to use over their "bathtub-like

Bob Drake

Bob and Trish aboard **Tequila Sunset** ***in their slip at Fort Walton Beach Yacht Club.***

Chad Chisholm

The C-22 fleet sails under the bridge connecting Navarre and Navarre Beach, Fla., during the 2000 Annual Northern Gulf Cruise. This year's cruise is planned for May12–18. The Endicotts sail #12759, the white hulled sloop with the blue Bimini.

cockpit," and a 12-volt car radio/tape deck with stereo speakers in the cockpit seatbacks and cabin. Bob's custom-built 18- x 26-inch mahogany plywood cockpit table mounted on a three-inch PVC pipe pedestal is indispensable. They position it where needed for cocktails, cribbage or meals, then Bob takes it apart to store behind the dinette seatback.

In the V-berth, the Endicotts added convoluted foam mattress toppers with washable covers that Trish sewed from sheets. The toppers roll up to form day pillows.

"A C-22 is easy to modify because with 16,000 built, everything you want to do has already been done," says Bob. "You can get help from other owners or on the Web. The C-22 support group is the best, with lots of communication between individual owners, local fleets and the national association."

"*Tequila Sunset* has no problems, but sometimes, like everybody, we wish for a bigger boat," he says. "The older we get, the tougher it is to fold into the V-berth and to bend under the poptop. But we haven't succumbed to 'three-foot-itis' because we're having too much fun sailing our C-22 with the wonderful friends we've met in Fleet 77."

After ocean voyaging separately with their respective families for years, Bob and Mary Drake returned home to Connecticut where they married and sailed their Cape Dory Typhoon *and 23-foot* Sailmaster *on Fishers Island Sound. They now summer in Maine and winter in the Florida Keys, which gives them many opportunities to meet, write about, and photograph good old boats and their owners along the East Coast. Mary does the writing, Bob is the photographer.*

Catalina 22 Resources

Catalina 22 National Association
Karen Miller, Secretary
920 Flaming Tree Way
Monument, CO 80132
kmillerc22@aol.com
<http://www.catalina22.org>
To join: send $25 annual dues to Karen Miller.

Catalina (All Fleet)
Walt Ahern
1011 Blackburn Dr.
Inverness, Il 60067
847-358-4295

Catalina Email Discussion List
<http://members.sailnet.com/resources/links/catalina/index.cfm>

Catalina Mainsheet magazine
Jim Holder
3649 Foxfire Place
Martinez, GA 30907
706-651-0533
jholder@mainsheet.net
<http://www.mainsheet.net>

Catalina Direct
Aftermarket C22 items
<http://catalinadirect.com>

Catalina & Capri National Association (New Hampshire)
Steve Raichelson
69 Main Street
Hooksett, NH 03106
603-485-8362
Raichelson@aol.com
This association has active regional fleets throughout the country. It publishes a monthly newsletter, *Mainsheet*.

Catalina & Capri National Association (Washington)
Bill Holcomb
W. 1617 Grace
Spokane, WA 99205
509-327-5337
wholcomb@on-ramp.ior.com
This association has active regional fleets throughout the country. It publishes a monthly newsletter, *Mainsheet*.

Catalina Owners' Web site
<http://www.catalinaowners.com>

Catalina Fleet 77
<http://c22fleet77.tripod.com/index.htm>

Catalina Owners' Association (Annapolis)
John Potvin
telltales@radix.net
<http://www.geocities.com/Yosemite/4249/index.html>

Catalina Owners' Association (Lake Erie)
Rosie Daniels
1468 Bonnie
Macedonia, OH 44056
<http://members.tripod.com/~LECOA/index.html>
George Lippert is newsletter editor.
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Lake Michigan Catalina Association
Steve Magennis
P.O. Box 157
Grand Rapids, MI 49501-0157
616-676-2788
magenns@freenet.macatawa.org
<http://www.lmca.com>

Catalina 22

by Ted Brewer

The Catalina 22 is a sporty little craft that does triple duty as a daysailer, weekend cruiser, and club racer. I became aware of the 22's performance potential about 12 years ago when I belonged to the Anacortes Yacht Club. A well-sailed 22 was always in the forefront in the club's Saturday PHRF races and usually seemed to gather up more than her share of the silver at the annual banquet. If we compare the Catalina 22 to a trio of similar sized yachts, we can understand why.

Let's consider the easy ones first. When it comes to ease of motion, none of these little yachts will provide more than a modicum of comfort at best, and they'll all give a bumpy ride in a steep chop. The Catalina seems to come off much the worst when it comes to cruising comfort. Saying that, I have to admit that I've cruised for a week or more in boats with a lot less space and comfort than any of this group provides, including some great cruises in open daysailers and outboard skiffs. When you're young and enthusiastic, adventure comes first, and comfort is the least of your worries.

As to the Capsize Screening Factor, none of these craft is intended as an offshore boat. Still, there are "protected" waters such as the Great Lakes, Chesapeake Bay, the Straits of Georgia, and similar large, open bodies of water where the wind and waves can become very serious indeed. As the CSF indicates, sailors of small, light yachts such as these must keep an eye on the weather and be ready to seek shelter when the wind pipes up to the point where small craft warnings are issued. To quote Wilfred Brimley, "It's the smart thing to do."

The ballast ratio would seem to favor the Canadian Sailcraft CS22, a popular Canadian boat. However, on boats as light as these, crew weight becomes a large part of the stability, so the Catalina, with an active crew, can hold its own in that regard, especially in moderate winds. Still, when it comes right down to performance, the factors that give the Catalina the edge are her high Sail Area/Displacement ratio and her low Displacement/Length ratio. With her wide stern adding to stability, she should get up and fly on a good reach. Too, her high-aspect ratio board projects a full 50 inches below her clean hull, quite a bit more than on the competition, so it adds its share to weatherliness and performance.

To sum up, the Catalina 22 has, over the years, provided a great many sailors and families with the things that they want in a small boat: adventure, performance, and fun. It's no wonder they sold 15,000 of the little rascals!

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

Catalina 22

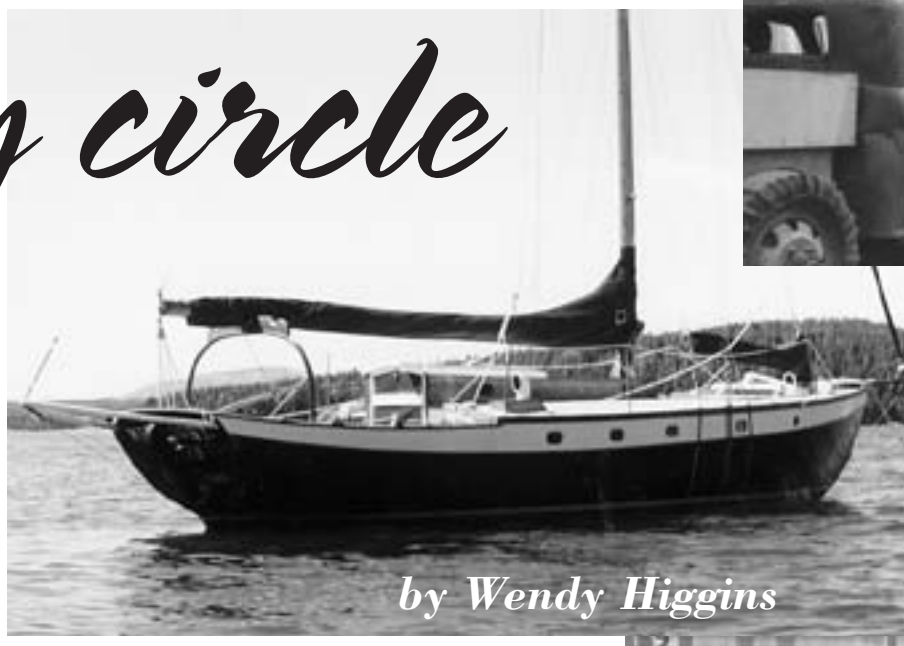
O'Day 22

Aquarius 21

CS 22

	Catalina 22	O'Day 22	Aquarius 21	CS 22
LOA	21 ft. 6 in.	21 ft. 8 in.	21 ft. 0 in.	21 ft. 6 in.
LWL	19 ft. 4 in.	18 ft. 11 in.	18 ft. 3 in.	17 ft. 6 in.
Beam	7 ft. 8 in.	7 ft. 2 in.	7 ft. 10 in.	8 ft. 0 in.
Draft	10 in./5 ft. 0 in.	15 in./4 ft. 3 in.	12 in./4 ft. 7 in.	24 in./5 ft. 0 in.
Displacement	1,850 lb.	2,000 lb.	1, 900 lb.	2,200 lb.
Ballast	550 lb.	700 lb.	665 lb.	1,100 lb.
Sail area	212 sq. ft.	190 sq. ft.	191 sq. ft.	212 sq. ft.
Displ./length ratio	114.4	131.8	139.5	183.3
Ballast/displ. ratio	27.7%	35%	35%	50%
Sail area/displ. ratio	22.51	19.15	19.92	20.05
Capsize sailing factor	2.5	2.28	2.53	2.46
Comfort ratio	9.42	11.29	9.85	11.31

Family circle



by Wendy Higgins

Her name is *Midnight Blues*. She is 30 feet 6 inches long. One mast, three sails. Wooden. I love to tell her story.

It's a story that began, really, before either she or I were conceived. It began with a young couple, an experienced boat designer, and a dream. The young couple — newlyweds in 1961 — dreamed of buying a sailboat instead of a house or a car. Having been raised near the ocean, they shared an attraction for boats and seaside adventure. In their first year together they visited the Crocker Boat Yard, in Manchester, Mass., to commission their first sailboat.

To their great disappointment, Sam Crocker talked them out of it. Crocker, known to many as a "builder's designer" and an "owner's designer," urged them to buy an existing sailboat. He encouraged them to sail it for a couple of years, maintain it, get to know what they liked and what they didn't like about it. "Then," he said to them, "come back, and I will design a boat for you."

The 26-foot *San Katy*, design number 286 (originally named *Wendy Ann*), had been built at Crocker Boat Yard in 1956. A modified version of *Last Call*, design number 273, she became *Sunset* when Mary Ann and Al Higgins climbed aboard for their honeymoon cruise in 1961.

Both teachers, the young couple cruised the coast all summer from Cape Cod to Christmas Cove, returning to Crocker's in the fall. On that first cruise they visited the waters of Gloucester, Annisquam, the Isles of Shoals, Cape Porpoise, and Haskell and Seguin islands — exploring their anchorages in a seven-foot canvas dinghy built by Ned McIntosh, brother of Bud, a boatbuilder from Dover, N.H.

New plans

The following spring, as the couple prepared for the second season aboard *Sunset*, Sam Crocker began working up plans for the boat Sturgis (his son) would build for them. He began with the lines from *Gull*, design number 304, and adapted them to suit the couple's needs. The contract was signed June 12, 1962, and work began that summer on the spars and keel of design number 334. She was set up in December, planked in February, and the deck laid in March. And my parents — who had been married at sunset — launched the boat of their dreams at sunset, July 1, 1963.

"Rechristened Midnight Blues, *she is my life's lesson. A perfect combination of wind and wave and sun. It's an incredible thrill to know we have a lifetime of moments to discover together."*

They sailed her happily and proudly for a few years until 1966, when my older brother, Eric, was born. They made a few adjustments, including the installation of child harnesses and a crib. They childproofed the galley, and they continued their summers afloat. But by 1973, *Sunset* had become too crowded. With three children under the age of 7, two cats, and two adults, her capacity had reached its limit.

Reluctantly, my parents sold the boat of their dreams for a larger Crocker design, number 313 (originally *Green Heron*), a 39-foot 6-inch center-cockpit ketch. This boat, as before, was named *Sunset*. Crocker Boat Yard remained her homeport until 1983, when she joined my family in Castine, Maine.

Parting with the second *Sunset*, the boat the Crockers had designed and built specially for them, had been an emotional decision for my parents. It truly was the boat of their dreams, and while their young family had outgrown

A family's abiding passion for their boat heralds a new dawn for an old Sunset

her, she remained firmly in their hearts. They watched for her at every anchorage during every summer cruise. In the late 1980s, after several years had gone by without a sighting, my father contacted the Coast Guard's office of registration, wondering what had become of her.

He learned she was in Texas, a gift from an ill father in Connecticut to his only daughter (and one not much into boats). The boat, now named *Vakantie*, was sitting in a marina in a saltwater lake, soaking up the sun and Texas heat. The boat was for sale and had been for several months with little interest from any buyers. When a business trip took him to Houston some time later, my father arranged to see her. Dad returned from that trip heartbroken.

Heavy guilt

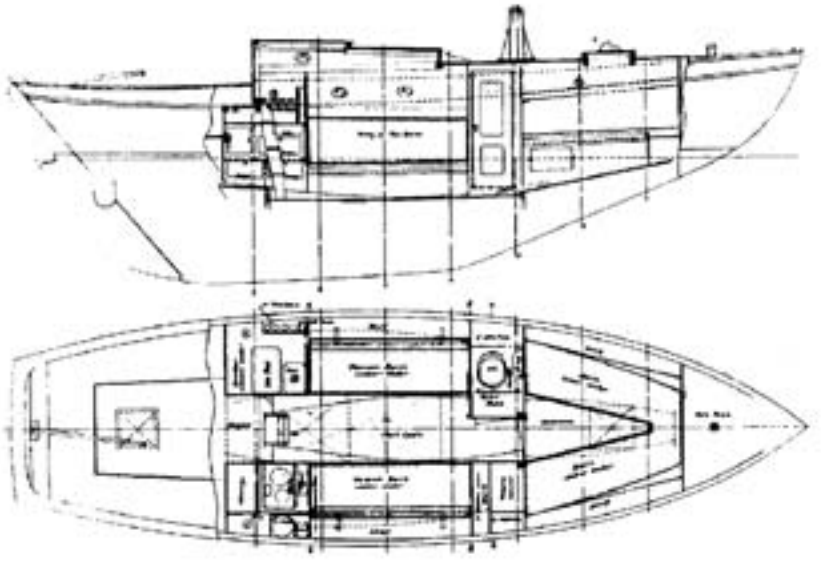
Her bare wood was exposed to the heat and sun; she was filthy and unkempt and in such disrepair that he doubted her survival. His reaction was almost one of heavy guilt, as if giving her up so many years before had brought her to her current state. In the end, there was nothing to be done but hold on to the memories.

Years later, I began to focus on those memories. I decided to buy a sailboat. At the time, I knew only that it must be wooden and sail well. I bought books on how to buy and sell a boat. I scanned newspapers and magazines for boats for sale or free. In the end, it was my father who found the best boats for me. Who better?

Dad had spent the summers of his childhood in the coastal town of Lanesville, Mass. At 12, he bought his first boat, an Amesbury skiff built by the Lowell Boat Shop. He recalled the outing his family made to buy it and how his parents came to his rescue when he discovered that the cost advertised hadn't included oars. As a young man, he earned money for college working the fish piers of Gloucester every summer. He went to school on a Navy ROTC scholarship, then spent three years in the Navy. He learned navigation at that time, and developed a feel for the wind at his neck. To this day the trim of his hair allows him to detect the slightest breeze and its direction. My father has fostered in me the passion for wood and wind and sail that will always define who I am.

Undeniable energy

Disappointment with what was to be found locally within my price range led to discussions of the lost little soul in Texas and the potential she might yet possess. I was skeptical, especially as I recalled my father's reaction to seeing her. But there was an energy around the thought of her that was undeniable. Whatever the case, in April of 1994 I flew to Texas to meet her. I spent four hours with her and, although there was nothing specific about her that I



Sunset, ***Sam Crocker's design number 334, was begun in the spring of 1962 and launched in July of 1963.***

recognized, something about her was familiar. It felt a little like home. I returned from that trip without a doubt in my mind. Sturgis Crocker (now in his early 80s) flew to Texas the following month with my father to survey her. He was pleased with what he found. Cosmetically, she needed help. She had a broken boomkin that would need to be replaced. But beyond that, she was sound. In June of 1994 she was returned by truck to the Crocker Boat Yard, and the man who had built her more than 20 years before saw to her reconstruction.

Later that summer, my father and I spent a week sailing her back home (in more ways than one). Gloucester, Annisquam, the Isles of Shoals, Cape Porpoise, Haskell and Seguin islands — every harbor met again by a beautiful Crocker boat trailing that same small canvas dinghy in her wake.

Rechristened *Midnight Blues*, she is my life's lesson. A perfect combination of wind and wave and sun. It's an incredible thrill to know we have a lifetime of moments to discover together. During the past few years of learning from my father, my eyes have been wide open. Every spring, as we maintain and rebuild her, I continue to learn from the best teacher I will ever know. We brought her back as a family, into the family. And she has brought us together in a way nothing else could have done.

1973 above: the growing family: Eric, 7; Wendy, 4; and David, 3. Wendy at right. A proud dad below with his young crew in 1971.

As we sailed her home that first summer, we passed through waters of my remembered youth. As Dad told me stories about sailing her those first few years with Mom, I could sense a destination met. She is for me in this moment what she was for them then. How wonderful it must feel for them now to see me dream my own dream and to know it was once theirs. I feel in my own joy their happiness, too.

"Parting with the second Sunset, *the boat the Crockers had designed and built specially for them, had been an emotional decision for my parents. It truly was the boat of their dreams, and while their young family had outgrown her, she remained firmly in their hearts."*

Wendy is a graphic designer who sails Midnight Blues *from her homeport of Rockport, Maine, with her partner, Marc Craig, and their Rodesian Ridgeback named Cutter.*

Plumber's helper?

Think carefully before you accept advice about this sea chest

by Jerry Powlas

I tell my wife, "These are not the hands of a plumber," before I tackle home chores calling for such skills. Still, I find myself writing again about toilets. One would think I have a fixation about this . . . I don't.

It's just that I've read two separate pieces recently by two very credible experts who suggest connecting the head-flushing water intake to either a sea chest or the head sink drain. The sea chest concept has been suggested to us by other credible experts on several occasions. In its favor is that the sea chest eliminates some underwater through-hulls and seacocks by attaching several items that need seawater to a single seacock. Used thoughtfully and in moderation, the sea chest may indeed perform this function with no drawbacks.

By "moderation," I mean don't connect all systems needing seawater to the same sea chest, and therefore necessarily to each other. By "thoughtfully," I mean you must understand both the workings of the devices that are being interconnected as well as all the possible flow paths of the water involved, not just the intended flow path where seawater enters the sea chest and goes to the device that needs it. We can only wish life were that simple.

Plumbing codes for homes and other buildings have several seemingly strange requirements in them that are intended to prevent sewage from getting into the potable city water system. They anticipate that things can go wrong and that flow may, on some occasions, reverse or be in an unintended direction.

The flow of flushing water in a marine head is normally assumed to be from the sea through a pump and into the bowl, then (with waste) out of the bowl through a pump into the holding tank or back into the sea, depending on the locale. In the case of our marine head, and in the case of many others of similar design, the pumps mentioned are in fact a single double-action pump with sets of valves at each end of a common cylinder stroked by a common piston.

Consider that carefully: flapper valves, a common cylinder, and a common piston. That means the walls of the cylinder are alternately in contact with sewage, and then seawater, and then sewage, and so on. Any leakage between the piston and cylinder will cause one stream to leak into the other with each stroke. (All pistons of this type leak.) The piston will not completely scrape all the sewage off the cylinder wall with each stroke. No piston can do that. The flapper valves alternately open and close because of differential pressure and associated flow. That means there is always a little flow in the wrong direction in the region of the valve. All valves of this type exhibit this characteristic. The result of all this is a small flow of sewage in the wrong direction back into the toilet seawater intake hose.

No connections

Sorry folks, it is going to happen. If the cylinder scores, the piston breaks, the piston ring (an O-ring) breaks, or the valves get worn or dirty, it is going to happen a lot. That means that anything connected to a common sea chest with a toilet's flushing-water intake should not be headed for human ingestion. That means no connection to sink basins, and that means no connections to seawater faucets in the galley.

I have had one expert, whom I really like and respect, tell me he has this arrangement and has had no trouble with it. Notwithstanding this testimonial, it is not a good practice to connect the toilet flushing water inlet to a common junction with anything that goes to either the galley or head sinks.

Perhaps you are thinking maybe we could connect the toilet flushing-water inlet and the engine raw-water inlet to a common sea chest with no problem. The engine, after all, does not need sanitary cooling water. Indeed, it does not. But it does need a pretty much uninterrupted high-volume flow of seawater, and would not benefit from the intake of air if it sucked some other water user backward. In some cases this connection will work, but there are things to worry about. There is often a vacuum breaker in either the inlet line or outlet line of the flushing-water pump. Without such a device, the boat can be sunk by a leaking valve in the pump if the bowl rim is below the waterline, which is commonly the case.

We have even seen suggestions that the engine raw-water pump should be used as an auxiliary bilge pump by connecting it temporarily to the bilge. Again, advice from experts. This might be a worthwhile thing to do if your boat is sinking, and this measure would save it. Otherwise, ask yourself next time you are cleaning your bilge if you would like to see the stuff in your bilge stuck in your heat exchanger. The inside diameter of heat exchanger tubing is really quite small. I cleaned our heat exchanger with a pipe cleaner.

What can we learn from all this? There are many novel suggestions and practices out there that are being offered to the sailing public that may not be exactly perfect ideas. They may work some of the time or even most of the time, but like the sea chest, and the engine raw-water bilge pump, they may have drawbacks and not be for you or your boat. Be very careful with this stuff and think it through for yourself. Murphy rides boats, and your builder, if he was a good builder, was conservative. A few extra through-hulls and an extra bilge pump are not all bad.

I will not write about toilets again. I will not write about toilets again. I will not . . .

Jerry is Good Old Boat *technical editor. Normally he fills his head (sorry!) with subject matter unrelated to plumbing. Truly, his are not the hands of a plumber.*

Quick and Easy

Beating the Texas heat

If you sail in Texas, or somewhere just as hot, you learn to live with the heat. But on those nights when the breeze dies, there's only one thing to do: head for the marina and plug in the air conditioner! After a long hot sail, any way to get cool is welcomed, especially if the alternative is packing it up and driving home.

After getting an estimate of over $3,000 to install an air conditioning system in our boat, my wife/accountant convinced me to be creative once again and figure out an inexpensive solution.

First, I researched several portable air conditioners. My criteria were these: the unit must be light, give the highest output for the price, have a carrying handle, and not look like the ugly square ones that hang out of windows.

The winner was a unit made by White Westinghouse that weighs only 50 pounds, puts out 7,000 Btu per hour, has a handle and a white plastic exterior that even looks cool! The recommended cooling capacity for our boat was 12,000 Btu per hour, but just for nighttime use we found that 7,000 Btu per hour works really well. You may choose another brand, but make sure the width will fit into your main cockpit hatch.

You may have seen some people make a new hatchboard and cut a hole in which to mount the air conditioner, but how practical is this? How do you get in and out of your boat?

Here's my solution: I built a simple wooden platform to fit the bottom of the air conditioner and added four, 360-degree-rotating, small rubber wheels on the bottom. I paid special attention to the total height of the lower front edge of the air conditioner, so it would go over the bottom edge of the main hatch and protrude inside the hatch.

On the underside of the wooden platform I mounted two battery tie-down strap mounts on both sides and, with an extra long plastic webbing strap, I secured the air conditioner to the mobile platform.

Next, I measured and cut two pieces of Sunbrella to cover the open hatch with two small flaps to go on either side of the air conditioner, all about an inch larger when hemmed for overlap to keep out the rain. Then I placed a sheet of old pink fiberglass insulating material in between the two layers of canvas, like a blanket, and sewed it all together. Later, I added canvas button snaps along the top to attach it to the sliding hatch. (You could use a Velcro strip if you don't like putting screws anywhere in your boat.) Also, I am planning a partial wooden hatch so I can lock the hatch. We routed a very-heavy-duty short extension cord to an aft locker for the power supply, and for about $400 we are cool, man!

The great part is that to enter the boat, all we do is slide the hatch back, flip up the canvas cover, roll the air conditioner back a bit (leave it running) and soon we're inside relaxing in cool comfort.

by Charles Duhon

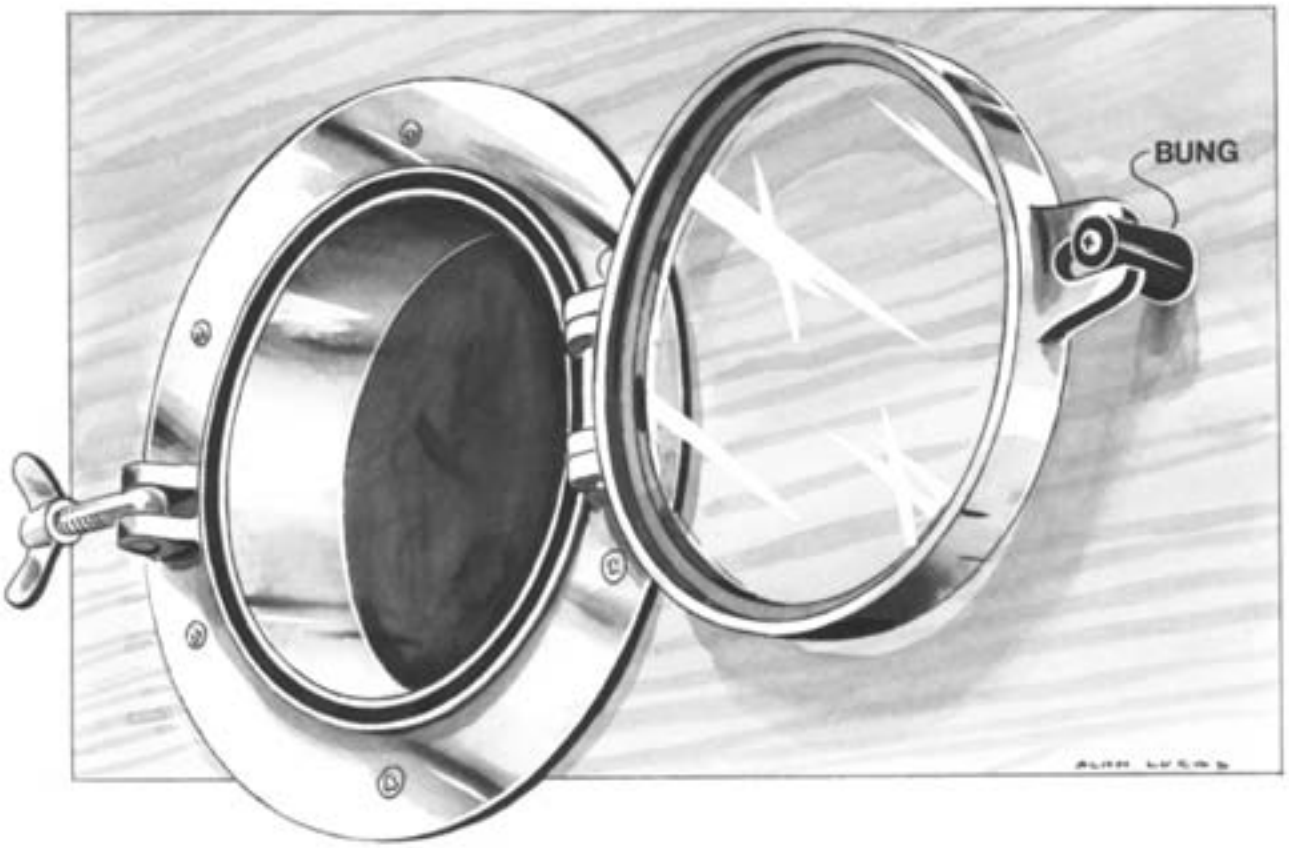
Charles has been an artist and sailor in the Dallas, Texas, area for more than 20 years. He dreams of retiring to paint and sail. These days he and Lynn, his wife, sail a Hunter 34 named Artistry.

Anchoring tip

Like many production sailboats, my Ericson 38 has an anchor roller but no centerline cleat (or windlass) for the anchor rode. Anchoring by leading the rode aft to one of the two bow cleats does not work well because the rode then chafes on the bow pulpit.

You can avoid this chafe by bringing a bight of the rode back from the roller and tying off directly to one of the bow cleats. This works, but is less than satisfactory because the bow cleats are well off the centerline, which causes the boat to swing more at anchor.

A solution to this dilemma is easy and requires just a 4-foot length of line. First, run the rode aft from the roller



A catchy portlight latch

by Alan Lucas

The traditional portlight is best fitted into a cabinside or hull with the hinge at the top. This guarantees maximum closing pressure at the bottom where water is most likely to enter. In the open position, the portlight can be held up with a simple lanyard from the deckhead. Unfortunately however, this arrangement can be too obtrusive in a small cabin — a fact that encourages the fore-and-aft installation illustrated here.

In this position, a plain, rigid tender bung, or hard rubber plug, can be used to jam the porthole open, as shown. The plug is screwed into the cabinside with long, slim stainless fasteners after first being drilled.

The system is foolproof, unobtrusive, and secure, although it *can* fail in a violent seaway. Since all ports should be closed during such conditions, this is of little consequence.

Alan, an Australian from New South Wales, has been cruising for 40 years, primarily south of the equator. He and his wife, Patricia, have built or restored all eight of the boats they have owned. The most recent of these project boats is a 50-foot fiberglass modified Chesapeake Bay skipjack. Alan is the author of several Australian cruising guides.

to one of the bow cleats. Then fasten your 4-foot line to the rode with a rolling hitch about one foot forward of the cleat. Finally, lead the tail of the 4-foot line to the opposite bow cleat, pull in enough to center the rode, and cleat the line.

The resulting rig is chafe-free, secure, and has the advantage of spreading the anchoring load over both bow cleats.

Steve, a research chemist, moved from Utah to Michigan and took up sailing to replace skiing. He and Beth, his wife, sail Rag Doll, *an Ericson 38, on Lake Huron. But they dream of warmer waters.*

by Steve Christensen

Book reviews

Looking back at the Chesapeake Bay

Chesapeake Sails, A History of Yachting on the Bay, by Richard Henderson (Tidewater Publishers, 1999; 278 pages; $39.95.)
Review by Rolph Townshend, Annapolis, Md.

Chesapeake Bay, known to locals as "the land of pleasant living," has been a major yachting center for well over a century. Its yachting history, which is actually a record of the Bay's good old boats and the personalities who sailed them, is well documented by sailor/author Richard Henderson in his latest book, *Chesapeake Sails*. If you have ever been involved with the yachting scene anywhere from Norfolk to Baltimore, it will bring back many fond memories of sailing when the Bay was cleaner and less crowded, the boats were of wood, and the people who sailed them were clearly unique.

Richard Henderson begins by noting that much has been written about the Chesapeake's workboats and the watermen who run them, but little, if anything, has been written to document the Bay's yachts and those who race and cruise them. He begins in the late 1800s with racing workboats and the era of the P, Q, and R classes. He weaves in the formation of the Bay's yacht clubs as he moves on in time to the cruising racers and later to fiberglass yachts.

Although the book's primary focus is on the various yacht designs and classes, the real memories that are recalled come from the individual yachts, the people who sailed them so successfully, and the many fine old photographs that are included. Whether you know of the Lightnings, Hamptons, Comets, and the like (known in the book as "small fry") or the larger cruiser/racers like the Oxford 400s, Bermuda 40s, Alberg 30s, the Owens cutters, and the New York 32s, you will find a wealth of history on the many boats that have graced the Bay over the past 100 years. Names like Arnie Gay, Carlton Mitchell, Buzz White, Ralph Wiley, Karl Kirkman, and R. Hammond Gibson are among the many well-known sailors and designers who fill the pages. Boats like *Kelpie, Dyna, Running Tide, Royano, Vamarie*, and *Brown, Smith and Jones* will also jog old memories. Combining the boat descriptions with the skippers who drove them and the short tales of little-known events, makes this a most interesting record of the history of Chesapeake Bay yachting. The photographs alone are worth the cost of the book.

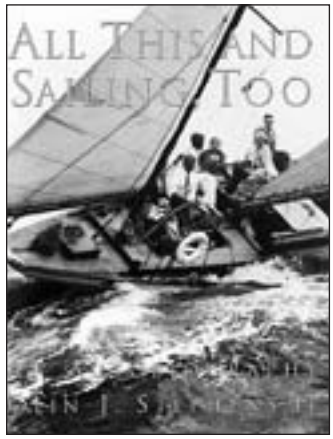
If your past includes Chesapeake Bay racing, you will find this book a joy to read and own. If you just want to know a bit of the Bay's yachting past, you might simply want to borrow a copy from a library.

For more on Richard Henderson, see Page 64.

Olin Stephens shares fond memories

All This and Sailing, Too, by Olin Stephens (Mystic Seaport Museum, 1999; 280 pages, $45.)
Review by Ted Brewer, Gabriola Island, B.C.

Olin Stephens is a brilliant and largely self-educated designer who nevertheless became one of the past century's most distinguished and revered naval architects. In 1927, at the age of 19, with his partner Drake Sparkman, he founded the prestigious firm of Sparkman & Stephens. Later Olin's brother, Rod, joined them to look after things in the field, and together they reigned supreme in the world of ocean racing and the America's Cup contests for more than 50 years, from the early 1930s to the 1980s.



Stephens-designed yachts were second-to-none in the racing field, whether they were inshore 6-, 8-, and 12-Meter sloops or bluewater cruiser/racers. Olin's designs ran the gamut from the little Lightning sloop to the lovely schooner, *Brilliant*. So many famous yachts have come from his fertile imagination that there is room here to mention but a few: *Dorade, Stormy Weather, Baruna, Finisterre,* and, of course, the famous 12-Meter yachts, *Vim, Constellation, Freedom*, and so many, many others.

Not only were the S&S yachts fast, they were strong and beautiful as well, being designed in an era when ocean racers were also cruisers between races, and their crews were enthusiastic amateurs, rather than paid professionals. The numerous photos and drawings are testimony to a past era when yacht design was as much art as science. In Olin's words, ".-.-. I feel doubt whether our technological and scientific learning has given us a better sport or a happier world. I fear we have lost." I agree wholeheartedly with him as, I'm sure, do many other sailors.

The book is a wealth of information about many S&S designs and a virtual history of ocean racing and America's Cup challenges over the years. It took me back to my days with Bill Luders in the 1960s when I met so many of the men mentioned in the book and began my practical education in yacht design. A very pleasant surprise for me was when I turned to page 128 and saw that Olin Stephens and I had the same taste in cars; I still think fondly of my old Riley, despite its faults.

I cannot remember when I have enjoyed a yachting book more. This is history that reads like a Tom Clancy novel, and it contains a wealth of wisdom and insight as well. Every yachting enthusiast should put this book in his library. I guarantee it will be read and reread many times.

For liveaboard kids by liveaboard kids

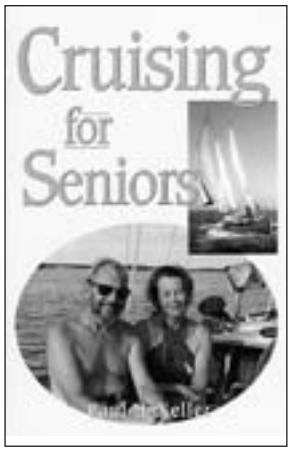
Fun Afloat!, by Theresa Fort (FortWorks Publishing, 2001; 170 pages, $19.95).
Review by Karen Larson, Minneapolis, Minn.

Theresa Fort, a homeschooling mother, and her children, Amy and Alex, the "homeschoolees," have assembled a delightful boating-activity book for families who enjoy being together on the water. Dad, Chuck Fort, also made significant contributions to this family project which combines the foursome's favorite learning activities in 170 pages of action and entertainment.

This book can be part of any homeschooling curriculum for liveaboards, but it need not be. It's useful any time families are on the water together, whether for weekends or vacations. It might just be the thing to keep stashed in a locker for the times that grandchildren or other small visitors come aboard. "Bored? Nothing to do? Not a chance on this boat!," you'll say.

The pages are full of energy, with lively graphics, and the activities have been tested and approved by Amy and Alex at various ages and stages of development. Get the book and get ready for the coming boating season by stocking up on a few handy supplies recommended within. Then anticipate a fun-filled season for kids on your boat from ages 5 to 75.

Cruising hints for late starters



Cruising for Seniors, by Paul H. Keller (Sheridan House, 2000; 160 pages; $17.95)
Review by Ken O'Driscoll, Waterloo, Ontario

There used to be a bumper sticker, popular in marinas, that said "Old Sailors Never Die, They Just Go a Little Dinghy." The premise of this book is that they should go cruising offshore. The author and his wife did, embarking on a circumnavigation when they were newly wed and in their sixties. He has written about those travels in two other books (*Sailing the Golden Sea* and *Sailing the Inland Seas*), and in the current book provides a dozen chapters of advice, primarily intended for senior citizens whose "mental attitude is the primary deterrent" keeping them from setting off into the cruising life.

The first six chapters discuss topics of importance for would-be cruisers, including whether to go or not, and mostly focus on the choice of boat and its attributes. While it is difficult to find fault with any of the opinions expressed by the author, few of them relate explicitly to seniors' issues. He does call attention to the sailing consequences of the lessening of physical endurance and strength to be expected when one passes 60 (don't push yourself or your boat), and also to the loss of balance and its importance in a seaway (grabrails everywhere!). Otherwise, most of the advice is such that the book could just have easily been entitled *Cruising for Inexperienced Sailors Who Are Safety Conscious and Not in a Hurry*.

Several of the later chapters in the book are written by experts on the topics of weather, boat electrical systems, and medicine. One, by the author's wife, Emily, looks at cruising from a woman's perspective. None of these chapters address any issues that are unique to seniors, except for the one on medicine, Medicine for Geriatric Cruising, by Mark Anderson, M.D. If you are a senior and about to go cruising offshore (or even coastwise), you would do well to read this chapter — it might even justify the purchase of the whole book. For younger sailors, this chapter might frighten you into making your parents abandon their cruise — don't do it, they'll survive.

In sum, if you are a senior, want to go cruising, and know little about sailing, this book might be a good place to start reading. At a minimum, you'll also want to read the books offered as selected references by the author in his last chapter.

Handy knots, splices and fancy work

Creative Ropecraft, by Stuart Grainger (Sheridan House, 2000; 128 pages; illustrated; $10.95).
Review by Dan Smith, Key Largo, Fla.

When *Creative Ropecraft* was first published in 1975, there was limited written material on the subject. During the next 25 years, an awareness of the possibilities for intricate, but functional, ropework proliferated. Perhaps Stuart Grainger's original book stimulated this interest, but he passes much of this credit on to the International Guild of Knot Tyers, an organization formed in 1982.

The author has diligently laid a foundation for the novice knot tyer, while at the same time providing a concise refresher course for those who have already been to sea in ships. Essentials such as splicing an eye loop, joining two ends together for a short or long splice, then constructing the handy monkey fist to weight down a heaving line, are just a few of the stimulating exercises offered.

As the reader advances beyond the basics, he is introduced to the Turk's head, probably the most important of all single-strand fancy knots. Starting with a three-lead, four-bight, Stuart Grainger works his way up to the beautiful six-lead, five-bight example. I had learned to tie this years ago by using another author's drawing and must admit to a rampant frustration trying to decipher where the leads should go. *Creative Ropecraft* greatly simplifies the process.

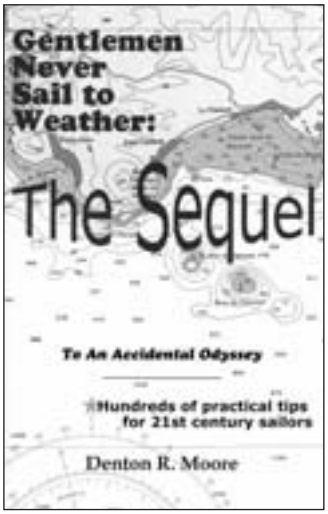
Later, the legendary star knot is introduced. The author counsels patience in learning to tie this most distinctive knot. Without question, the pictures offer a fail-safe entry into laying up the star knot.

This book offers instructions for coachwhipping. There are unlimited designs developed by grafting, half-hitching, and spiral hitching. Handsome drawings of netting show neat methods of covering rounded objects with overhand knots and sheetbends. The sheetbend is the primary knot used in making fishing nets. Details of these are greatly magnified to enhance understanding and simplify direction. The book concludes with six practical projects: a lanyard for a knife or whistle, a hammock, a rope-edged serving tray, a table lamp, and a door knocker. Each is meticulously illustrated with written instructions.

The cover itself is a rich gold color, attesting to the real treasure that lies within. The tradition of maritime artcraft with dreams of square-riggers will live on as long as there are people like Stuart Grainger to lead us through life with readable and workable books like *Creative Ropecraft*.

Practical tips for 21st century sailors

Gentlemen Never Sail to Weather: The Sequel, by Denton R. Moore (Prospector Press, 2000; 236 pages, $15)
Review by Myrna Farquhar, Mamaroneck, N.Y.



I really appreciated the merits of this book when I didn't have it during a recent trip to the Caribbean. *The Sequel* has nothing to do with gentlemen and/or sailing to weather. It is, however, an indispensable resource for cruisers.

Suppose you are chartering a boat. This is the perfect companion to help you out of indelicate spots. Forgot to charge the battery? No problem, here's a recipe for restarting the diesel in spite of those missing volts. Knotmeter's broken? Never mind, construct a Dutch log to measure your speed. Mainsail's spilling all over the place on takedown? Here are several ways to rig lazy-jacks.

Do you know the difference between an embassy and a consulate? Why fold, rather than roll, charts? Why not to splice an eye in the end of a bucket lanyard?

All these tidbits are not offered free of opinion. With plausible reasons, Denton Moore suggests: replace refrigeration with a pressure cooker; don't use an automatic bilge pump; the best anchor rode is not all-chain; why you shouldn't carry a life raft; and more.

There are chapters on picking the right boat, outfitting, vessel management, seamanship, weather, piloting and navigation, and traveling out of the USA.

This book is a gem. Drawn from questions fielded at speaking engagements across the country, it is relevant and to the point. I won't go cruising without it.

Nautical Almanac difficult to read

Nautical Almanac 2001 Commercial Edition (Paradise Cay Publications, 2000; $22.50)
Review by S. Merrill Hall, Yarmouth, Maine

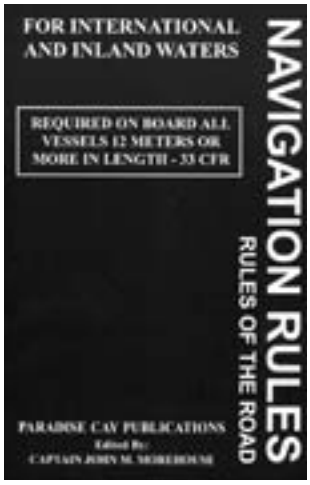
This is the yearly presentation of data used for astronomical navigation at sea. With the exception of 21 pages of advertisements, it contains the same data, in the exact same format, as the edition produced jointly by the Royal Greenwich Observatory (UK) and the United States Naval Observatory.

I found one unfortunate discrepancy. For the last few years, the "equation of time" data, at the lower right-hand corner of the "daily page," has been shaded for negative values and left clear for positive values. On many pages, I found it nearly impossible to accurately read the numbers through the shading. This is due to poor printing quality that, in my opinion, renders the volume of limited value for serious offshore navigation.

Brush up on your "rules"

Navigation Rules — Rules of the Road for Inland and International Waters (Paradise Cay Publications, 2000; 104 pages; $9.95)
Review by S. Merrill Hall, Yarmouth, Maine

Alice Bea, ya better get outta' the way!" bellowed the skipper of an enormous cutter overtaking my 22-foot Pearson Ensign. Not wanting to argue the rules at that moment, we fell off sharply and got "outta" the way. What was wrong here? If you don't know, it's time to brush up on the rules.



The ideal rules-of-the-road book should serve equally well for study and quick reference. In addition, if your boat is 12 meters (39 feet) long or greater, a current copy of *The Rules* must be kept on board to meet the inland rules requirement. The book under review, when kept current, will meet the legal requirements for those larger vessels but, in my opinion, is not a good choice for either study or quick reference.

I compared this book with the USCG Navigation Rules International — Inland COMDTINST M16672.2D. The separation of inland and international rules is handled differently. The USCG displays the international rule on the left-hand page and the corresponding inland rule on the right-hand page. This book places a vertical "margin bar" next to the international rule text indicating that there is a difference between the international and the inland rule. A page footnote directs you to the inland rule section, at the back of the book, where you can find the difference. Only those sections of the inland rules that differ from the international rules are printed.

Many readers may find this more confusing than helpful.

I tested the "quick reference" potential by timing two friends finding a particular rule in each book. Although the "Annotated Index" is initially helpful in finding specific definitions, I feel that it is over-rated as a "feature." The book's preface states that there is no index in the government edition of *The Rules*. I checked this out and found two pages labeled "Contents" that were reminiscent of an index. Lights and day shapes were easily found in the USCG edition, taking 40 to 60 seconds each. This was due to the use of color illustrations. This book does not use illustrations, resulting in more than triple the search time. When finding rules without illustrations, search time was essentially the same.

In my opinion this is a singular-use book — for complying with the requirements of the inland rules. There are better books with illustrations and more user-friendly formats that can additionally serve for both study and quick reference.

Confidence to do your own canvaswork

Sail Repair and Modification and ***Make Your Own Boat Cushions***, by Jim Grant (Sailrite; CD-ROM format $9.95; Videotape format $15.95)
Review by Diana Nelson, Yellow Springs, Ohio

Looking for a good boat project? How about replacing those sad-looking boat cushions or adding a set of reef points to your sail? Sailrite's proposition has always been that if you have a sewing machine you can do your own sail and canvas work, and they are right. Volume 1 of *Sail Repair and Maintenance* (available in video or CD) covers simple repairs such as mending a tear in the sail or batten pocket, and adding a window or reef points. The *Make Your Own Boat Cushions* edition covers the whole process, from selecting the right foam to inserting it in the cover.

Both CDs (or videos) have good tips, such as using an awl to pre-drill holes for hand sewing a sail and using a stapler to baste the pieces of the cushion covers. The process of inserting the ring at a cringle is particularly well covered, as is the process of assembling the boxing, piping, and plates for a cushion cover.

Jim Grant is very reassuring at the complicated parts, and he warns the viewer when *not* to take short cuts. Just as I was thinking that I could get away with not putting basting tape around the curved corners of the sail window, he explains why that would be a bad idea.

There are some problems, however. The first is a usability problem. Although inserting the CD launches the player, I had trouble starting the video portion. The player's start button does not start the first segment; the viewer must click the bullet to the left of the title text. Not obvious.

In the discussions, there are places where a little more detail would have been helpful. How should the intermediate reef patches be positioned? How much longer than the tear should the patch be? There is a four-minute segment on sizing foam for cushions that concludes that you should just follow the rules in whatever book you are using. (Some rules of thumb are provided.)

Some of the video production problems are distracting. Since the filming was done in the Sailrite loft, you can hear telephones ringing and conversations in the background. The graphics/text in the batten repair section are illegible, and some of the superimposed text is hard to read. And one safety issue: the demonstrator in one segment is shown pulling the electric knife toward his thumb and the power cord.

If you have a computer, the CDs are a better value than the videotapes. They also make it easy to choose a single topic, rather than having to watch an entire video. If you are thinking about taking on one of these projects, these videos may be just the thing you need to build your confidence and show you how it's done.

Seen the movie? Now read the book

White Squall, Last Voyage of Albatross, by Richard Langford (Bristol Fashion, 2001; 126 pages, $17.95). Not yet widely distributed; call Bristol Fashion: 800-487-7147.
Review by Janet Groene, Deland, Fla.

Not until a year ago did I see the manuscript, yellowed and frayed, that had been forgotten in Dick Langford's office for 30 years. I cried when I read it then and cried again recently when I turned the last page of the finished book, *White Squall, Last Voyage of Albatross*. Some readers will remember the sinking of the school ship with the loss of four students and two adults in the early 1960s. The movie *White Squall* brought the story to today's audiences. Now Dick Langford, who was the English teacher on board the brigantine, chronicles the real voyage — not the Hollywood version.

Typical of books published by Bristol Fashion, this one is plain-jane, with black and white photos that could be clearer and spiral binding that is practical but not pretty. Covers are tough, acid free, mildew resistant, archival quality paper for a long life on service at sea. The production could be more slick, but the content succeeds nevertheless.

As the voyage proceeds, you get to know the kids and crew and care about them. You join them in their hijinks and great discoveries. You'll feel the awe of starry nights, sun-toasted shores, and days under sail. The book has humor, sweetness, and great poignancy because you know from the start that lives and the ship will be lost in the end. Dick's own story of being dragged down with the ship and escaping only at the last second is chilling, and his numbed grief at the loss of life is achingly credible.

I admit to special prejudice because Dick Langford has been a close friend for 20 years. Years ago, he showed my husband and me brilliant color slides he took during the voyage. They survived because they had been shipped home before the sinking. Even then we didn't know he had written a book. Sadly, too few of the photos are used in the book, and they are converted to black and white, but the originals are going to Mystic Seaport for posterity.

This is a compelling armchair travel yarn that will resonate with nostalgia buffs, anyone who has cruised the Caribbean and Galapagos, and all those who love the sea.

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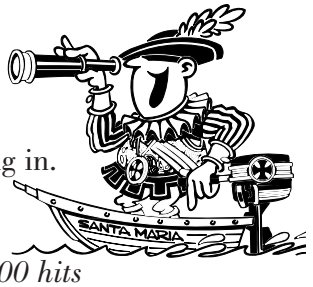

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Henderson is a sailor's sailor

Richard "Jud" Henderson from Gibson Island, Maryland, began sailing (downwind) at the age of six in a half-dory named *Jay Tee*. Since then he has owned or co-owned a deadrise skiff, LJ scow, Barnegat sloop, Star boat, Alden yawl, Cruisken sloop, Ohlson 35 yawl, Cal 2-30, Ohlson 38 sloop, and now a Cape Dory Typhoon. He owned the 38-footer (actually 36'8") for 20 years, racing it extensively, and sailing it to the Azores with family crew in 1975. Jud has written 21 nautical books on subjects ranging from seamanship, to yacht designs, small boat voyaging, and yachting history. His most recent book is *Chesapeake Sails*. *Sail and Power*, another of his works was for 30 years the official textbook at the U.S. Naval Academy. He has been: guest columnist for *Yachting* magazine, board member/ writer for *The Telltale Compass*, member of the Seaworthiness Technical Committee of the American Boat & Yacht Council, and a judge for *Cruising World's* Boat of the Year awards. He's still learning about boats and sailing. Boating aside, his principal interest is playing mainstream jazz piano.

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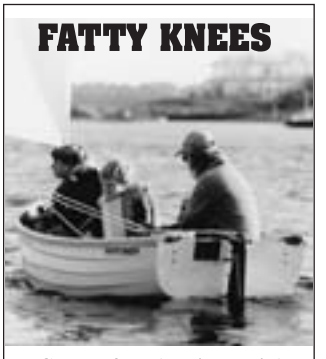

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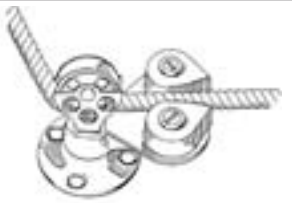

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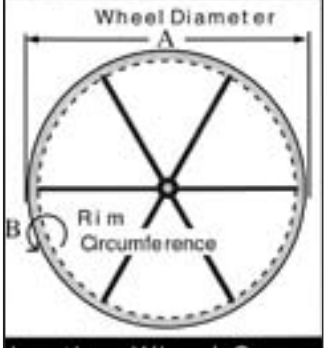

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Continued from Page 3

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Tom Hart
Cobble Hill, British Columbia

Early extreme keel designs
Steve Bunnell writes in the November 2000 issue that Ben Seaborn predates Lapworth in the use of lightweight hulls with bolt-on fin keels and NACA-type profiles. Seaborn's genius has lately been reappraised including an article in *WoodenBoat*, and it seems that he may have been one of the first (maybe *the* first) to use a trim tab. However, let us not lose sight of the fact that there is little new in yachts that has not been tried before. Fin keel, torpedo, bulb, patented shaped ballast at the lower edge, aft-swept keels, incipient winglets, Scheel shapes, cutaway aft profiles to keels, and many other futuristic shapes were experimented with in designs from the late 1890s into the first decade of this century, including spade and aft-swept rudders but without skegs. Herreshoff, Fife, Payne, and several other British designers all tried this out a century ago as half models in the NYYC in NY or the RTYC in London testify. The problem was that wooden construction and the lack of high-tensile glues and laminations made for hulls which had a very limited racing life before heading for the bottom. Lamination and GRP resulted in a renaissance of earlier theories.

Patrick Matthiesen
Sparkman & Stephens Association
London, United Kingdom

Ted replies
Patrick is right in saying that many of the turn-of-the-century racing yachts had extreme keels and rudders, not unlike some of the designs we've seen in the last 40 years. Indeed, I've noted in some of my writings that the designers of that era went to such ridiculous extremes that fins and spade rudders fell out of favor as a result.

A point to note though is that these were primarily inshore racers and not ocean racers. In fact, there was very little, if any, true "ocean racing" in those days. No one in his right mind would have taken such boats offshore; they were simply too frail and overcanvassed. I'll say again that it was the Cal 40 that really opened up sailors' eyes to the fact that a fin/spade rudder combination could become a successful ocean racer.

Ted Brewer
Gabriola Island, British Columbia

Thing of beauty
I have always enjoyed everything that I have ever read by Ted Brewer. But I particularly enjoyed and benefited from the article in Issue 15 (November 2000) "A Thing of Beauty is a Joy Forever." For example, his comments on the relationship of lines in a cabin trunk were simple yet very profound.

I enjoy each issue a lot. I run a small boat repair and service business, perhaps one-third wood and two thirds glass, and we do not get involved in extensive rebuilds. Nevertheless most of each issue is very interesting. I particularly like the general articles such as Ted's and the articles on *Seven Bells*. You might consider someday even doing an article on rebuilds of classic powerboats such as the Dyer 29 and smaller Grand Banks. At my age – 74 – more and more are going to power.

Townsend Hornor
West Bay Marine Corp.
Osterville, Mass.

Great idea!
This magazine has sure helped me as a relatively new boat owner. I bought a Ranger 29 in June 1998 and, with your articles, I have been able to do a lot of my own work.

The article I used most recently and which saved me the most, was the one about building a trailer. It cost me $400 for a pair of brand-new farm trailer axles with new tires. Had to buy a new reach (the heavy duty pipe that holds the two axles together) for $50, $150 to cut and weld my cradle onto the axles, and $85 to tow it out to a barn that belongs to a friend of mine.

So now I have a trailer that cost me $600 plus $85 to take it to storage and who knows how much for the use of his barn? Maybe $200. By doing the work and learning, I figure I can save lots of bucks.

Bob Beswick
Wyoming, Ontario

Something new every day
I just finished Bill Sandifer's "New Oars for Old," January 2000. Once again I've been able to add another item to my bag of tricks. It's surprising how you can learn something new about the simplest of items – in this case, oars. It's the

second time this year that I've learned something new about oars even though I've been using them for more than 65 years.

A few years ago I bought a Bauer-10 dinghy with varnished oars. Last year the varnish began wearing off the tips of the oars, and I called Chris Bauer to find out what type of varnish was used (to make sure mine was compatible).

"Instead of varnishing them, why don't you paint them white?" Chris answered.

"Why would I want to do that?" I replied.

His simple answer was an oar-ephany: "Have you ever tried to *find* varnished oars in the water at night?" was his reply.

Don Launer
Forked River, N.J.

What'd they say?

As a novice sailor with more certifications than experience, I find your subscription the most anticipated. I hope you can help me with a question I have about the Allied Princess boats. Our future plans include some ocean crossings. In an older *Practical Sailor* review the author referred to the boat as tender; perhaps, too tender for passagemaking . . . then went on to say that the only boat more tender was the Seawind II. Many people rave about the Seawind's capabilities. So I'm confused, maybe ignorant is more apropos. What the heck does tender mean and is this a subjective term?

Rock Troxel
Eaton, Colo.

Ted says

Do bear in mind that tenderness is purely subjective. A narrow yacht, such as an 8-Meter class sloop, will sail rail down in a moderately stiff breeze. She heels easily until her deep ballast begins to take effect. She may feel tender to sailors accustomed to beamier craft but such a yacht is very difficult to capsize and will pop right side up, like a dumbbell, if she does go over.

On the other hand, the beamy, light displacement yacht will heel a lot less and feel stiff in a good breeze. However, if she is capsized offshore by a breaking sea, she will be slow to recover and may swamp, or even sink before she rights herself, if she ever does.

For bluewater sailing, stick with yachts that have moderate characteristics, neither too beamy or too narrow, too light or too heavy. Knowing Art Edmund's work, I'll bet you find that the Princess fits into this groove.

Ted Brewer
Gabriola Island, British Columbia

My boat antique?

My compliments and thanks for providing me with my favorite magazine. (Been sailing a 23-foot Cape Cod Marlin for 40+ years – it's good and surely old by now.) The test of age came when the builders suggested that I describe the old one-lunger I've been nursing along as an "antique engine" when I go looking for parts. I'm a bit nonplussed about having to use such terminology for something I bought new!

The reason for my letter: The family of Goodwin Cooke heard about your article on *Seven Bells* (their family's boat). I mailed them a copy of the article and, naturally, it got lost in the mail. Could you possibly send me that recent issue or a copy of the article? I would dearly love for them to catch up with the boat they grew up with as chldren.

Tony du Bourg
Summit, N.J.

Tony, we know our magazines don't always reach their destinations. It makes us feel only a bit better to realze that we're getting nothing less than the usual treatment provided for others. We hope the Cookes enjoy both issues we sent you.

Legal at last

We now feel "legal" as *Marvelus*, our 1990 C&C30 MKII is now just 10 years old (qualifying her as a good old boat) from when we first saw her and purchased her at C&C Yachts in Niagara-On-The-Lake. Even now as a good old boat, she still looks new.

Dick & Marvel DeWitt
Wilson Harbor, N.Y.

Not Monday Night Football!

I received the sample yesterday, and I'm subscribing today. So I guess you could say I was impressed by your magazine. I was even reading it some during Monday Night Football. That about says it all. I sail a Com-Pac 19. Keep us little guys in mind when you are doing your articles. I don't plan on owning anything I cannot trailer and work on myself, even if I win the lottery. Thank you for the good job, and especially the articles by Ted Brewer.

John Sanders
Troy, Ohio

Continued on Page 76

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***Ken Kloeber models the denim long-sleeved shirt. (He's the one with the sunglasses.) Pup's wearing the denim ballcap. They sail a Catalina 30 named* Positive Impact.**

ships_store.html

If we're not showing it here, you can probably see it on our Web site, where we have more pages and can run all the color we want! Go to: <http://www.goodoldboat.com/ ships_store.html>

Ted Brewer, at right, has been spending a lot of time at the Silva Bay Shipyard School. Sometimes Ted wears our long-sleeved denim shirt when hanging out appreciating boats like this 18-foot runabout he designed for the school.

E.J. Hurst

Dave Chase, above, designed the "work for boat parts" T-shirt, even if he did get his on backwards for the photo. Susan Chase shows how it really goes.

We're glad Charlie Perry got this Tilley hat, at left, because we like the way he poses in it. Ask Charlie, you can get your photo here, too. All you need is a good smile and something (from Good Old Boat*) that you don't mind having others see you wearing.*

Scott Kennedy, below, penned the museum T-shirt and a popular Good Old Boat *cover. Scott is shown making like a human whisker pole on a still day in California.*

Continued from Page 73

It was a dark and chilly night
It was January 1. 18 inches of snow covered the ground. All the marine stores were closed, and I thought that once again the postman had "borrowed" my January copy of *Good Old Boat*. Imagine my surprise and pleasure when at the bottom of the mail drawer I found the issue, neatly wrapped and ready to peruse on this cold January day. My wife, who insists that my good old boat is just a hole in the water where her new dining room set goes, must have played elf and hidden it from view. Well, I've fixed the pipes, mended the sled for the kids, found umteen sets of mittens, hats, and scarves, and now I'll light the fire, get a cup of eggnog and read your fine magazine for the afternoon. Thanks for a great afternoon dreaming of the spring and another season of sailing.

Howard Nelson
Greenlawn, N.Y.

Club-footed jibs
Thanks ever so much for the article on the club-footed jib by Donald Launer. I've already ordered some parts from Bristol Bronze (very helpful), and I'll be out there solo next summer for sure. Keep up the good work!

Dick MacKinnon
Ipswich, Mass.

Lessons learned from refits
As a new subscriber to your magazine and having today checked into the Web site, may I say both are great? The list of fixer-uppers is especially interesting inasmuch as I'm about to finish my fourth. The first was a nine-year keeper, a Herreshoff 36-foot leeboard Meadowlark which went like stink in a straight line, stood up in 55-mph winds, and had a turning circle somewhat less than a quarter of a mile. The others were a 32-foot Pearson Vanguard, a 24-foot Pearson Lark (raised deck like the Cal series), and a C&C Hinterhoeller 24-foot Shark, just nearing completion.

Anyone doing this sort of thing, unless he really wants to keep the boat for the long haul, certainly has to consider several things. l) Was it a good boat in design and construction when new? If it meets that test, there may be some market for it, and you'll get your money back to cover materials and labor. 2) Have you inspected every piece of the boat to know what you'll need to replace and for how much? And 3) unless you're a boat mechanic pro, which I am not, you have to be very careful estimating the time it will take you to do what you can do and what it will cost the pros with the skills and equipment you don't have to do their part. This last seems the most difficult, especially if you keep asking yourself the costly question, "How would I do this if I were going to keep it for 10 years?"

All of this may be obvious to most of your readers, but to a former college dean for 20 years and 15 years in the yacht brokerage business, I can tell you there are a lot of "things you don't learn in kindergarten."

Bill Swartzbaugh
Essex, Conn.

Exchanging sailboats
Most boat purchases or business ventures have a story . . . since we have a good old boat and usually not enough money left over to charter, we went out exploring other options. We not only found an existing Web site <http://www.sailboatexchange.com> that solved this problem but simultaneously stumbled upon a new business venture. The current owner didn't have time to develop this site (and concept) and was looking for someone to take it over. Thanks to input from Karen and Jerry at *Good Old Boat* and other friends, we agreed. This is mostly because of our own desire to sail other parts of the U.S. on limited funds. We believe that other boatowners may feel the same way. Check it out!

Rose Hansmeyer, Tom McMaster
Minneapolis, Minn.

Proofread?
I enjoy the magazine because it is full of **real** articles. Unfortunately, sometimes the articles are confusing. For instance, Peter King wrote in "Photography for the Rest of Us," November 2000, "To sum up, you should use the best camera, the fastest film .-.-." but earlier he wrote, "The slower the film speed, the better the resolution and color saturation." Huh?

Don Gray
Tucson, Ariz.

Peter responds
What you are after is a happy medium. The slowest speed film will give you rich color saturation (lots of delicious reds), fine grain (you can blow pictures up to a larger print), and huge depth of field (focus). But you had better be able to hold the camera and subject still for a

while. Fast film will capture a moving bullet, but only within a narrow depth of field and with a lot of blue. There is a speed range between the two that is useful to us. Boats at a dock can be shot with slower film than can a Pearson Triton regatta on San Francisco Bay. Basically you want to use the slowest film for conditions. That takes judgment. If you guess wrong, you have blurry, if artsy, photographs. If you're going to use one combination, a good camera and fast film is an excellent place to start. You will see useful pictures on every roll. In time you will learn when you can/want to use slower film. What do I use? A lot of ASA 200. Anything faster has too much blue in it in outdoor shots. Anything slower captures blurry masts and fuzzy wave tops.

Peter King
Signal Mountain, Tenn.

Bayfields made changes
Just finished the third reading of the November 2000 issue. Each reading unearths something missed on the last pass. This is my third issue, and I promise to send a check as soon as I complete my 12-step procrastinators' program. A friend turned me on to *Good Old Boat* knowing that I am a former Blackwatch owner (#55) and former Bayfield dealer down here on the Gulf Coast. Anyone who gets excited about these boats can't be all bad.

This brings me to the subject of my letter. I enjoyed Ted Brewer's article as usual but in re-reading it, one comment caught my attention. He stated that the Bayfields' clipper bows with trailboards and no bowsprit looked odd and affected. I agree completely but in fairness I think it should be noted that Bayfield apparently arrived at the same conclusion and after 1982, only the Bayfield 25 was built without a bowsprit. All the later boats, with the exception noted, were greatly enhanced by the addition of the bowsprit. One can only wonder how a boat like the Ericson Independence would look with the addition of a sprit?

Niels Daugbjerg
Clear Lake, Texas

For procrastinators like Niels
I like the new format for the Web page and especially the ability to subscribe online . . . which I just did! No more excuses about not finding my checkbook anymore.

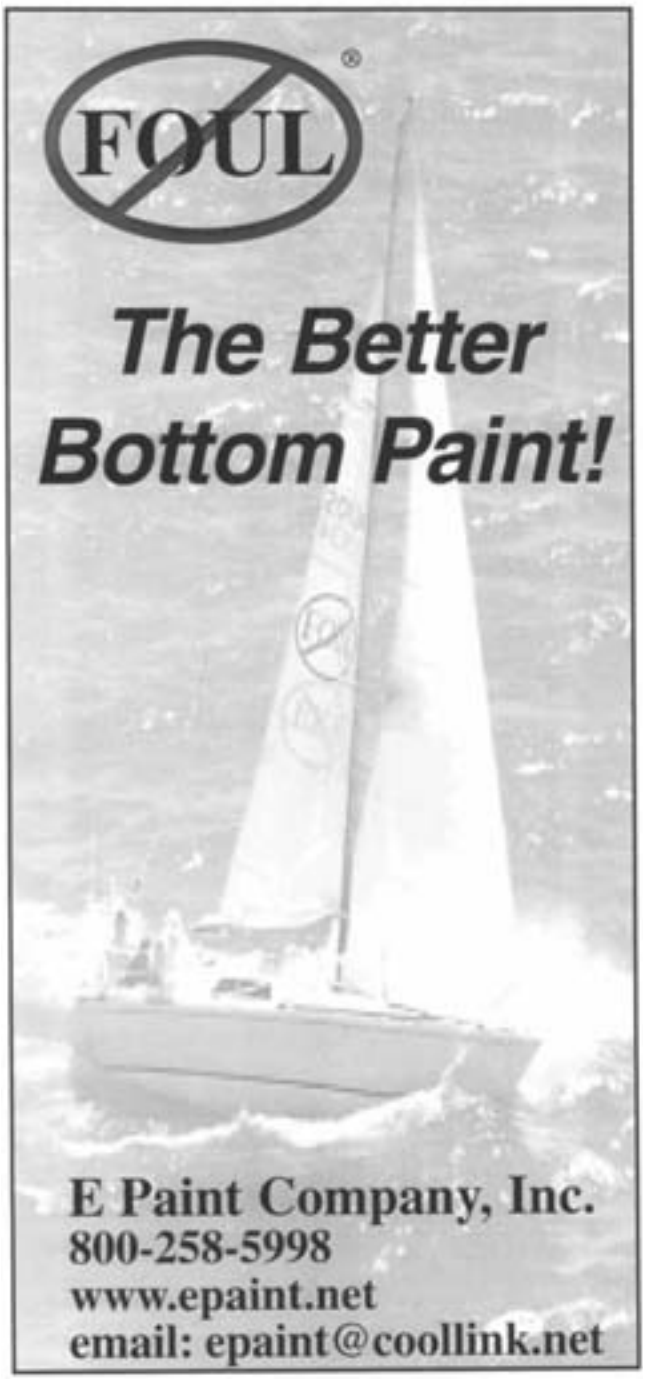
Craig Poole
Jersey City, N.J.

And it's free
The magazine continues to be just wonderful. And I love the fact that it's free. I've financed it from the savings I've gotten by canceling my subscriptions to *Cruising World* and *Sail*.

Art Pine
Chevy Chase, Md.

That's my boat!
I've been talking to an acquaintance of mine in the States, and he has told me that a photo of my yacht, *Waione*, has appeared in your magazine. It was in "Classics in New Zealand," by John Geisheker, photo by Bob Grieser, July 2000. (Good Old Boat *sent him a copy of the issue).*

Your magazine arrived today, and I was thrilled to see the article and the photo. I haven't seen that shot before although I remember the day well . . . we were sailing home after a weekend away when two boats full of photographers appeared and stuck with us for 10 or 15 minutes. Strange feeling, I



must say. As a matter of interest, the other boat, *Yum Yum*, was built by my great-grandfather, so I can tell you that my family will be excited to see the two boats on the same spread.

John Bertenshaw
New Zealand

Thanks for the memories

Thank you for *Good Old Boat*. When one can relate to so many of the articles and pictures that appear in each magazine, it is just great. In the November 2000 issue four experiences that I have had jumped out. 1) First, several letters spoke of fin keels in the 1950s. Brought back memories of *Keppewa*, our 32-footer with a 6-foot fin keel, an Alden Arrowhead. 2) She also had a club-footed jib. We had her in the late 1940s to 1953. She was fast and could spin on a dime. She would have been able to fly with a genoa jib. 3) We sold *Keppewa* and bought an Al Mason-designed hull, built by Gill Klingel in 1954. The article in July 1999 shows pictures of *Millennium Falcon*. I had to take a double look; I thought it was our *One Fathom*. We completed building her and enjoyed using her at all stages of construction. She also originally had a self-tending jib. 4) "Photography for the Rest of Us," November 2000, was most interesting. Several weeks ago a schooner, *Green Dragon*, had been trucked from Boston to Markley's Boatyard on Middle River to race in the schooner races to Norfolk. I was getting ready to haul out and had a disposable camera aboard *One Fathom*. After stepping the masts, the sails were set up. I thought it looked beautiful and took several pictures. Not being a photographer, I did not notice the reflections until the film was developed. After reading the article, I thought, "Gee, I did good!" Thanks for a magazine that brings back and helps make memories.

Jane Smith
Baltimore, Md.

Jane Smith

Green Dragon
(another photographer is born!)

Your magazine

Your magazine is a wealth of information and inspiration to those of us who look at that old boat sitting in the corner of the boatyard with a sign saying, "For sale … Cheap" and think, "I can give that boat a happy home where she will be loved, cherished, and made to Bristol fashion." I wish you all continued success with the magazine. It is proof that if you do what you love, you might one day make enough at it to put some food on the table.

Jeff Press
Oceanside, N.Y.

Send questions and comments to* Good Old Boat, *7340 Niagara Lane North, Maple Grove, MN 55311-2655, or by email to jerry@goodoldboat.com. Please limit messages to 150 or fewer words. We reserve the right to edit.

Time capsule

by Jerry Powlas

One of the peculiarities of the magazine business is that the deadline for the March issue is January 1. Nothing personal; even if you are married to the editor, it is still January 1. In this case it was moved up a week for tactical reasons, so I find myself writing just before the winter solstice a piece that will be read in early spring . . . a little time capsule.

My friend George is fond of saying that you should not read anything that is less than 200 years old — then he reads computer manuals with the ink still wet. Some really good writing has stood the test of centuries and yet still remains wise and relevant. Most writings die with their age, as is proper. I don't presume to get much past spring with this one.

I had a call yesterday from a reader who said that last year he bought the boat he had wanted and almost bought about a quarter century ago. Yup, he's got it now; the same model and same year he had almost bought then. He said he was happy with the boat and had some regrets that he didn't buy it sooner. I told him I expected him to try to make up for lost time. He said he would.

He didn't say exactly why he waited so long, but what he did say made me think it was about values. Perhaps timeless values. He had other things he needed to do with his time and his money for a quarter of a century. He'd done them, and now it was time for that boat. He'd balanced values and time and other resources to execute his duties as he saw them. Perhaps he was guided in some part by writings that were wise and relevant, perhaps some were even quite old. The good stuff can stand the test of time.

The pressures of duty notwithstanding, when your time is done, your time is done. If you were meant to be a sailor, and you have not sailed, it will not matter. Your time will be done.

So it is legitimate to ask where that sailboat in your mind fits into the complex play of values, time, and duty in your life. It can nurture the spirit, and provide the needed strength for the other things that duty demands. It need not consume much money. In most cases, the boat of modest cost delivers the best return per unit of money.

Properly done, however, sailing a boat will consume a fairly large amount of time, which is the most precious resource. But then, perhaps, it is not time consumed so much as time well spent. If this is true, then those blessed boats that we can afford, the small ones, the old ones, the cheap ones that will take even more of your time to restore, are incredibly valid and pertinent. They are the good old boats that have withstood the test of time. If you've got one you probably know all that already, if you don't . . .

Get one and go sailing.

Jerry is technical editor of Good Old Boat. *He's been sailing for 34 years, actively racing Ensigns, Flying Scots, and other boats and cruising Lake Superior with his wife and editor, Karen Larson, in their C&C 30,* Mystic. *Before founding the magazine, he enjoyed a 29-year career in engineering, during which he was awarded six patents. Prior to his engineering career he served in the U.S. Navy aboard the heavy cruiser* USS Newport News, *in which he sailed halfway around the world and back twice.*

Reflections

by Dolores Hanan

Too late! It's sold: the *Dodo*, a 40-foot Bristol yawl, to a nice couple from Douglas, Mass., Gail and Roy Swenson.

I couldn't bear to see her go. Nineteen years of tender loving care. Nineteen years of memories, of adventures never to experience again . . . a boat that lost its captain (my husband) to a heart attack all too soon. Yes, the boat would leave a void impossible to fill, as all boatowners know.

The Swensons waved goodbye from their "new" vessel as I (on a friend's boat) escorted them out of our harbor. With tears in my eyes, I clicked away on my camera as the *Dodo* sailed onto the horizon and out of my life. Going . . . going . . . forever gone . . .

Wrong.

Throughout the winter, postcards came, reassuring me that *Dodo* was very happy in her new home. The cards kept me informed about her new self-tailing winches (oh, how I could have used those!), dodger (ditto), and other extras that were making her very spiffy indeed.

In no time, the new owners became special friends, so special that an invitation came to accompany them on a Labor Day sailing trip to Newport. Newport, a favorite port where my husband and I had so much fun together, a port too far away from the home base for me to get to with my miserable navigation skills.

I didn't have to be asked twice. So, off to Wyckford. And when I saw *Dodo* in her new home, looking younger than ever, I knew there was a happily-ever-after story here.

I was permitted to take the helm for almost the whole trip. The day was perfect, the wind divine. And as I sailed into Narragansett Bay, I looked up at the beautiful sky and realized that whoever said you can't go home again obviously never owned a boat.

Editor's note: *A year after she wrote this, Dolores sent an email message adding: "By the way, the Swensons continue to invite me to sail every summer and have even visited me here in Chicago." Most recently the Swensons sent Dolores a burgee she's been instructed to bring along whenever she's a guest on the boat. "A Big O, a 3, and a B. I held it up and didn't get it," she writes (see below). "Luckily they enclosed the key . . . "Original Owner On Board." That's Dolores above left on the Swensons' boat . . . still very much in comand of the vessel and enjoying every moment. New proud owners Gail and Roy Swenson, at left.*

Boat for sale: *(Original owner included)*

Our selections, worthy of a second glance:

Creating a community

***Good Old Boat* magazine is about:**

Creating a community of sailors – Through our directory of sailing organizations and contacts, we're developing links between sailors.

Offering a resource – By pooling the knowledge of our readers, we're creating a directory of the suppliers of parts and services we all need.

Keeping our boats afloat – Our technical articles focus on maintenance and upgrade issues and give them the space they deserve.

Celebrating older-model sailboats – We emphasize pride of ownership.

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