Good Old Boat

The sailing magazine for the rest of us!

January/February 2008
Issue 58
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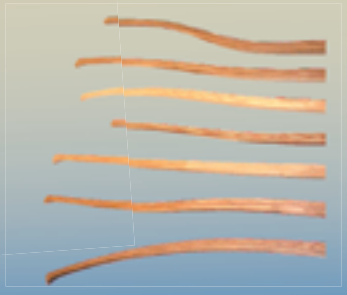

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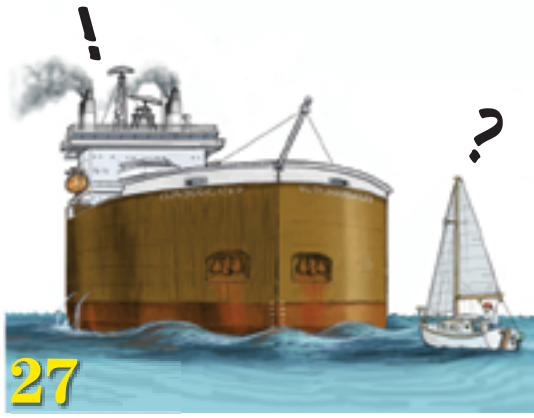
GOOD OLD BOAT

January/February 2008

About the cover…
Massachusetts photographer Paul Rezendes has a real artist's eye for beauty. Since Paul is also a sailor with a good old boat, he's out there capturing our favorite scenes. To see more of his work, visit his website: <http://www.paulrezendes.com>.

For the love of sailboats

Speaking seriously



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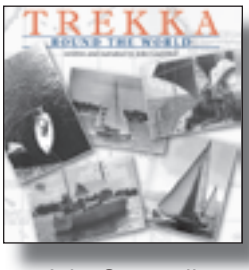

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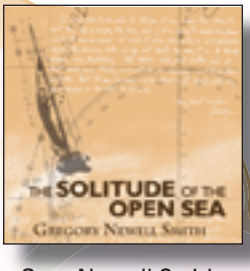
Legendary sailor John Guzzwell narrates the adventures he had while circumnavigating in *Trekka*, the 20-foot yawl he built. This is a must-have release for all who now follow in his wake and those who dream of doing so.



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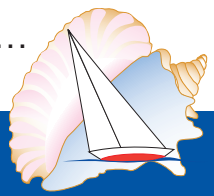

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Good Old Boat

January/February 2008

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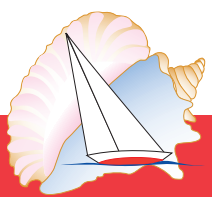

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MMPA

Where are we going?

Bad weather turns plans into uncertainties

by Jerry Powlas

I was coiling the shorepower cord on the pier at Prince Arthur's Landing Marina in preparation for getting under way. Conditions were cold but otherwise benign in the marina. I had learned that the conditions in that marina don't tell you much. I thought back to another occasion when the water inside the huge breakwater that defines the port of Thunder Bay was quiet but the bay itself was rough and windy. I tried to remember where we were going at that time . . . we must have been going to the Slate Islands, 150 miles to the northeast.

It seemed odd to me to think of the Slates as a destination. We'd gone to so many other places since then that the Slates seemed more like a waypoint on a route to . . . to where? Prince Arthur's Landing Marina I supposed, but here we were, leaving again, this time for Superior, Wisconsin, so maybe the Slates were truly a waypoint on a route to the twin ports of Duluth/Superior. That would close the circle of our 2007 season, returning our beloved *Mystic* to the hard at Barker's Island Marina, whence she'd come in the spring.

> **"...there is nothing in the log that lets you look forward."**

But did that circle make a route? It is easy to look backward if you keep a log, but there is nothing in the log that lets you look forward. Where will we go next? As I write this, we are weatherbound in a small bay well short of yesterday's objective on the route to Barker's Island Marina. We'd had a plan with at least two variations, but rough weather caused us not to follow either of them.

As I look back on the 65 years of my life, it has been like that. I've had goals, plans, objectives, and destinations. Some I've reached and some I've abandoned as not possible, practical, or even desirable. Rough weather, or life's equivalent of rough weather with all of its uncertainties, played a part in these routes to . . . to where? To the place where I am now I suppose, here in Jarvis Bay, north of the border between Canada and the United States, waiting for the wind and seas to go down.

The uncertainties are the things that prevent me from writing the whole log at one sitting and then just closing the book; not that I would want to do that. Maybe it is just as well that it's not even possible.

By the time I had the shorepower cord coiled and stowed, the docklines singled up, and the engine mumbling in the bilge, I sort of understood the thing: I can make plans, some of which I'll follow, and I can set waypoints along the route, but I'm sure now that I don't really know where I'm going. Not really. Perhaps that is *why* a life must be *lived*, not just speculated about.

Karen freed the last dockline from the cleat and we jumped aboard. I shifted into reverse and bade the little red beast in the bilge mumble louder and faster. As *Mystic* backed out of her slip, I had a clearer picture in my mind of where we might be going . . . or not . . . and why I could never be sure.

Where's the contributors' page?

You name it, I have read it in the last 35 years. *WoodenBoat* is one of two that I liked because it told about the history of boats and the people who sailed, powered, and messed with boats. Then along came *Good Old Boat*. I thought "Great! A magazine for *fiberglass* people!" I looked forward to every issue. Then came Issue 56: no contributors' page! I looked through the issue four times and there was no contributors' page! I even thought maybe the mailman ripped it out. I hope and pray that it was some mistake in printing or editing. Many thanks for the great articles and pictures.

J.R. Cobb
Nederland, Texas

Umm, we can answer that . . .

Oh boy, J.R., we're in trouble now! (It's hard to please all the people all the time.) Yes, we have dropped the contributor page. *But wait!* It was for a good reason (we thought). We felt that most readers didn't pay any attention to the contributors' info at the beginning. But they *might* read it at the end of each article. So we put it where we *thought* it would be more useful.

Also, we had a problem making all the contributors fit on one page! Sometimes we had to drop their photos or really cut back on their bio information.

After that admission of guilt, we hope you'll agree that it wasn't such a bad idea after all . . .

Editors

Pearson Ensign sail area

In the September 2007 issue, you had a great review of the Pearson Ensign by Gregg Nestor. Gregg captured the essence of what many sailors have found when out on the "little big boat."

However, the review was in error when describing the amount of sail area. The review states that the total sail area is 201 square feet. This is only true when the 61-square-foot #3 storm jib is used with the 140 square-foot main. The #1 genoa, as Jerry Powlas pointed out in his sidebar, is the sail that just about every Ensign sailor uses under most circumstances. The #1 has 150 square feet. So the article should have stated that the total sail area is 290 square feet.

Thanks for publishing my favorite magazine on my ever-enduring hobby/obsession.

Dan Wilk
Grosse Pointe Park, Mich.

Cal 30 corrections

Thanks for the story on *Catspaw*, my Cal 30 (November 2007). I feel the need to point out a few issues with the story. The Cal 30s have no keel bolts. That explains why I've had no problems with them, I guess. The mast is deck-stepped, not keel-stepped, as you can see in the photo on Page 13. *Catspaw* has a three-burner propane stove and oven. Perhaps in 1964 she came with a pressure alcohol stove. The table is indeed larger than the original to add to our dining pleasure, but I kept the original so I could make up a double berth for guests. Very comfortable!

Holly Scott
Seal Beach, Calif.

Glamour girl

This is a picture of our Pearson 26, taken on Labor Day in Narragansett Bay, Rhode Island, by RIaerials.com. They often fly over the bay taking action pictures of boats. We have been sailing this sailboat since 1994. For its age, it's in great condition and sails great. We enjoy reading your magazine.

Richard and Veronica Chouinard
Northborough, Mass.

Capsizing with sails set

I was very interested in the excerpt of Beth Leonard's book, *The Voyager's Handbook*, published in the September 2007 issue, relating to the stability of sailboats, especially because of a capsize I suffered in 1983.

Beth gives an excellent account of the design factors that affect stability. I do have a question, however, concerning the influence of the sails in a capsize. In an extreme situation one must suppose that the boat is under bare poles and the only windage is that of the rigging with the furled and tied sails.

On the other hand, should capsize take place while some of the sails are set, my guess is that the wind on the sails would make it easier to capsize and — once the boat is completely or partially submerged — the water pressure against the sheeted sails would make it very difficult for the boat to right itself, unless the crew is quick to let go of the sheets at the start of the capsize.

I wish to add my compliments to the many you receive from other readers on the quality and relevance of your publication to owners of good old boats. I have a 1971 Santana 21 to which I've made many upgrades over the last 36 years.

Michael Bonny
Columbus, Ohio

Don't ask him *how* he knows

Speaking as a recovering dinghy racer, there is absolutely no question about your contention that once sails are in the water they will make recovery more difficult and much slower. To some degree, however, they may also resist the boat's effort to turn turtle. This is certainly true in the case of dinghies but, alas, they do not prevent turning turtle completely. Also from my experience with dinghies, I don't think releasing the mainsheet has as much impact on matters as I would like.

Jerry Powlas
Technical editor

You missed several folding kayaks

While I greatly enjoyed Margo Reveil's article on tenders (November 2007), the list of folding kayaks omitted a number of the leading makers of folders, including the world's oldest maker, Klepper <http://klepper.com>; as well as this country's leading maker of expedition-quality folding kayaks, Long Haul <http://longhaulfoldingkayaks.com>.

Might I suggest that those interested in learning more about folding kayaks visit my website, <http://foldingkayaks.org>? We have user reviews and articles on just about every folding kayak made, photos from kayakers around the world, and a forum with nearly 500 members.

Mike Edelman
Huntington Woods, Mich.

Insurance for older good old boats

The sidebar on insurance for older boats is quite accurate (Page 57, November 2007). Rather than checking with the accredited marine surveyors in the area, I would check with the insurance company as to whether or not they have already accepted surveyors in the area. The last time I went looking for a boat, I called my boat insurance company for a list of surveyors that they would accept. That way, I had a survey that the insurance company would accept with no questions.

C. Henry Depew
Tallahassee, Fla.

Who's that cover girl?

I love the magazine (the only one I now subscribe to). What kind of boat is on the cover of the November 2007 issue (*Shamrock* of N.J. entering Scituate Harbor)? Thanks.

Deborah Linnell
North Kingstown, R.I.

Photographer Mary Jane Hayes responds

My husband looked this boat up online in a list of documented boats. The sailboat on the November 2007 cover is a 38-foot Cabo Rico.

Mary Jane Hayes
Hanover, Mass.

Time to run an S2 article

In the past, your great magazine has covered just about all the classics I have owned: Pacific Seacraft 25, Blackwatch 24, 8-foot Fatty Knees. I'm not sure about the Boston Whaler 6.2 or Harpoon.

Now I have found an S2 yacht 8.0 with the center cockpit. I have never seen so much room in a sailboat only 26 feet in length. I just know you are sitting up there on the other side of Lake Superior, waiting for some smart aleck misplaced Mainer to request that you do a review of these well-built boats from Holland, Michigan, the 8.0 center-cockpit model in particular. Keep the finest small boating magazine "for the rest of us" rolling.

Joe Schlichte
La Salle, Mich.

It just so happens that there is an S2 article coming up in 2008.

Catalina 30

As a former Catalina 30 owner, I enjoyed Bob Britnall's review in the November 2007 edition. We sailed our '82 C30, *Amity*, out of Long Beach, California, for two years. The boat lived up to Bob's review: great to sail (I singlehanded her quite a bit) and roomy abovedecks and below.

In addition to the points Bob made, prospective purchasers should also look at two areas related to the mast-compression system. The C30 mast is deck-stepped, with a wooden compression post in the cabin running to a wooden compression block at the forward end of the bilge. On deck, look for "dishing" of the deck under the mast. A small amount — perhaps less than ½ inch or so — is common and not a particular problem. Deeper dishing can be a sign of over-tightening the standing rigging, saturation of the deck core, or more significant problems in the compression system below.

Belowdecks, in the bilge (particularly if deck dishing is found) use a sharp tool to probe the integrity of the wood compression block, which can be subject to rot. I think the cause is generally that the shower in the head, just forward of the compression post, drains to the bilge right at the compression block. This means the block is subjected to drain water. If rot is found, the block can be impregnated with penetrating epoxy or removed and replaced. The problem is common enough that Catalina Yachts has technical information available on the block replacement and even sells (or used to sell) a block-replacement kit.

Our boat had both a minor amount of dishing

This buoy, in Lake Superior's Whitefish Bay, was a welcome sight for your editors after two years on Lake Huron.

and a soft compression block (the face of the block was soft; my ice pick hit solid wood about ¼ inch in). We went the penetrating epoxy route. This involved drilling a series of small holes into the wood and using a syringe to inject penetrating epoxy into the holes, followed by epoxying over the face of the block and then painting it. I also extended the shower drain hose farther aft into the bilge and, using modeling clay, built a small partition laterally across the forward end of the bilge midway between the compression block and the end of the shower drain to keep shower water off the block. The fix worked well for us. In the contacts I had with *Amity's* subsequent owner, there were no reported problems.

The Catalina 30 Owners' Association has a very good owners' manual on the C30 for sale, and I found the factory to be very helpful, once giving good running repair advice via cell phone while we were under sail!

Since then, we "right-sized" to a Rob Roy 23 yawl, another good old boat you previously reviewed. Have enjoyed *Good Old Boat* for years; keep up the good work!

Mike Turner
Fairhope, Ala.

Eighth Good Old Boat Regatta

It's hard to believe it's been eight years since the first Good Old Boat Regatta began with 21 entries. Since then, the event, sponsored by *Good Old Boat* magazine and hosted by Shearwater Sailing Club, has seen a lot of growth and changes. Entries surged to about 100, then were capped at 80 due to size limitations at the party site. A two-Saturday event was combined into a single weekend to accommodate the many entries from as far away as New Jersey and North Carolina. And this year the Tartan 34C fleet chose the Good Old Boat Regatta for its annual running of the T34C Challenge Cup.

The pirate crew of the Cheoy Lee 40, *Dolce Vita*, celebrate their win with *Good Old Boat* editor, Karen Larson.

During the race itself, the weather gods have been fickle. Saturday morning this year brought a 2-knot south-south-easterly with gusts to 5. While the race committee pondered a course that might be completed in very light air, the Cheoy Lee 40, *Dolce Vita*, with its crew dressed in pirate costumes, sailed into the starting area flying the Jolly Roger. Every boat they approached was bombarded with Super Soakers and screams of "Arrrgh!" That continued until the crew of the Triton, *Sandpiper*, crossed their stern and let loose with a barrage of doughnut holes, forcing an immediate truce but threats of water cannons next year. Shortly afterward, the classes were started and 73 entries began a slow-motion race around the 7.3-mile government mark course. For the next four hours, breezes disappeared, reappeared, and shifted direction. However, all but a couple of boats finished.

Good Old Boat magazine founders Karen Larson and Jerry Powlas made the trophy presentations Saturday night along with Good Old Boat Regatta co-founder Charlie Husar. The Tartan 34C Challenge Cup (an impressive piece!) went to David Schiff, owner of *Odyssey*.

Sunday morning looked promising with winds of 8 to 10 out of the SSE. But the winds faded to nonexistent. Only two boats finished: Dave Hoyt's Cal 25, *Zephyr*, and David Shiff's T34C, *Odyssey*. Then everyone went back to Bob and Cindi Gibson's Sailor's Wharf to party.

The real question lingers: do these people block out the first weekend of every October to race or to party? Maybe they just do it for the fun of it.

Don Frye, GOBR co-founder
Silver Spring, Md.

Short question

We have a 1,200-watt (puts out 8 amps directly into the batteries) generator on our 34-foot sailboat, along with the alternator (puts out 25 amps) on the diesel inboard. After a night on the hook using the refrigeration and anchor light, we find that the two Group 24 deep-cycle house batteries need a charge. I was wondering whether we can run the generator and the engine at the same time and get 33 amps to charge the batteries quicker.

Bill Allman
St. Ignace, Mich.

Long answer

It is not quite that simple. I'm assuming that your 1,200-watt generator is putting out 1,200 watts AC but only supplying 8 amps DC. The way a deep-cycle battery works — or the way two of them work if they are in parallel — is that they will take a charge in amps that is about equal to the number of amp hours they are down below full charge. For example, say your batteries are down 30 amp hours total between the two of them after a night at anchor. No matter what the charging source or sources, once the voltage is brought up to the regulated level — perhaps 14.3 volts — the current flowing into the batteries initially will be 30 amps. Later, as the batteries become charged, the current will fall off. That is to say, when the total discharge is down to 15 amp hours the charge will be about 15 amps. This would be true even if you had a 300-amp charging source.

That was the long answer. The short answer is that if the

batteries are down far enough for them to actually take 33 amps at or below the regulated voltage, combining the charging sources will put their combined output current into the batteries. As the batteries become charged, the regulators in the two charging sources will begin to pull back on the charging so that the regulated voltage is maintained. This will be somewhat unpredictable. The load may go mainly on the alternator or on the generator, depending on minute differences in the set points of their regulators.

Once the charging current at the regulated voltage (a function of the batteries, not the charging devices) goes below the maximum output of the alternator, running the generator will serve no useful purpose. It will just burn fuel. Assume the 25-amp alternator will put out a little less than that when running (hot).

If you use AGMs, they will take a charge in amps that is equal to almost twice their discharge in amp hours. This speeds up the charging process.

Jerry Powlas
Technical editor

The Good Old Boat Regatta Saturday morning race started in light winds.

Hmmm, very large 30-footer . . .

As the owner of a '79 Catalina 30, hull #1560, I was so looking forward to the article about the Catalina 30 in the most recent issue (November 2007). However, the boat shown on the title page is a Catalina 34.

Also, the earlier Catalinas were quite prone to blisters. I have had mine completely repaired twice during the 25 years I have owned *Mindsweeper*.

I do agree with everything else in the article. They are fabulous boats, terrific value, fun to upgrade and, for me and many others here at Marina del Rey in Los Angeles, the perfect sailboat!

Marshall Turner
Los Angeles, Calif.

Say it isn't so! *We illustrated the Catalina 30 article with a lead photo of a Catalina 34? The editors asked the author about that and learned that this may indeed be the case. We'd like to hear from the owners of* Black Magic *to set the record straight.*

Bob Brintnall responds

I only met the owners of *Black Magic* once and then just long enough to get their names. But the boat has been moored behind us for years and I have always thought she was a Catalina 30; she has exactly the same window treatment and sweep of deck and certainly looks the same length. I certainly can't say I've never been wrong, and this *is* a boat I am less familiar with than the others belonging to dock neighbors I know.

Also, our old Catalina 30 has never had a blister.

Bob Brintnall
Buckley, Mich.

As for the above debate between two Catalina owners regarding blisters or absence of blisters, the temperature and salinity of the water where these two sailboats are kept may play a role.

But we kept the website up-to-date

Our wet season (in the water) is over and an early autumn afternoon has me paging through saved issues of *Good Old Boat*. My unsorted piles include every issue. I just rediscovered the January 2000 issue wherein you discuss the virtues of consignment shops and — since I'm looking to replace the 36-inch wheel of our new-to-us Islander Freeport 36 with the specified 40-inch version — I thought I'd give some of the listed dealers a try. What I found is that the featured shop and several of the others have more or less dropped off the radar. They have either gone under or do not do business online.

What's needed is a refreshed listing of the folks who still offer used and/or consignment gear, I'd think that there would be lots of it around after the hurricanes of a few years ago. I know that Minney's and Sailorman are still going strong, but there must be some others.

Good Old Boat just keeps getting better and better. You guys are doing a great job; I can only hope that it's still fun. *Good Old Boat* has been a remarkable asset for the "rest of us." Aside from *WoodenBoat*, which doesn't really count, *Good Old Boat* is now the only sailing magazine we take.

Bill Dimmitt
Sioux City, Iowa

That listing in the January 2000 issue was out of date soon after it was printed. We try to maintain a somewhat more current list on the Good Old Boat *website: <http://www.goodoldboat.com/consignments.html>. We're always looking for feedback about new shops as well as those which, as Bill says, "have dropped off the radar." Please let us know about changes as you make contacts with any companies listed on our site.*

Praise for the good old audiobooks

I just saw a mention of your audiobook project in *Cruising World* (another great magazine) and I thought I would write you a note. Several months ago I downloaded *Sailing Alone Around the World* and really enjoyed it. It was especially interesting to hear the added commentary. As John Vigor says in his introduction, Captain Slocum's book was my first sailing book. Nothing has been the same for

me since. Even if it is not apparent to the outside world, Slocum's book has colored most of the decisions I have made over a lifetime.

I had been sailing for a few years by the time I read *Sailing Alone Around the World*. My friend's father had recruited me as crew on his 26-foot sailboat named for a Vietnamese sea goddess. I was a very green 11-year-old who learned a lot from him and his salty crew. So I was primed to be affected by Slocum's tale.

Revisiting the book surprised me. For one, Slocum negotiated many more storms than I remembered; and two, how palpable he made the danger from the natives while rounding South America. Nor did I remember the celebrity surrounding him on his trip. He must have been quite the PR genius.

Trekka Round the World was my next audiobook. You have to ask John Guzzwell to narrate another book. He is a wonderful reader, so relaxed. He made my commute tolerable. Maybe he could read the book written by his close friends, the Smeetons.

Now I am on to *The Solitude of the Open Sea*. I have listened to two chapters and I am captivated. Greg Smith is another natural reader and has given me much to mull over while I am rolling along on rubber.

Dean Raffaelli
Chicago, Ill.

Recording some of the Smeetons' books is a great idea! Miles and Beryl Smeeton wrote a number of excellent books that would make wonderful audiobooks. Once Is Enough *tells of* Tzu Hang's *dismastings, but there are many others:* Sunrise to Windward, The Sea was Our Village, Because the Horn is There, High Endeavors, *and more. For those who'd like to read these stories, most are out of print but can be located through used book sources.*

While we're on the subject . . .

I particularly enjoyed in your September 2007 issue the book condensation of *Trekka Round the World*. For readers who aren't familiar with it, *Tzu Hang's* dismasting in the Southern Ocean is one of the great stories in sailing literature. In fact, the 46-foot *Tzu Hang* was catapulted end-over-end, hence the compression fractures of her spars. Beryl Smeeton managed to climb back aboard with a broken collarbone. John Guzzwell and the Smeetons nursed *Tzu Hang* to Chili, where they refitted her. The Smeetons made a second attempt at Cape Horn, but they were rolled and dismasted again! Many years later, they attempted a third — and ultimately successful — rounding of Cape Horn. Tough people!

Leo Krusack
Glen Ellyn, Ill.

A question for Ted Brewer

Repeated over and over concerning good old boats is that those with overhangs lengthen their waterlines when heeled and are thus faster. I've not really noticed that. Could you please comment?

Kent Knisley
Wellsboro, Pa.

Ted Brewer responds

Very few boats built since the early '70s have overhangs worth discussing. The boats that lengthened their sailing waterline when heeled were craft like the Luders 27, about 40 foot length overall on 27-foot waterline, and similar CCA designs. Some older one-designs followed that trend, the L-16 with a 26-foot length on a 16-foot waterline is one example. The Dragon (29 feet 2 inches/19 feet 8 inches) is another.

Freeboard was lower in those days as well; I can recall when no boat under 30 feet had standing headroom. With low freeboard, the long ends were stretched out closer to the water. In addition, boats were much narrower in those days and they rolled in when they were heeled, making the LWL longer. Today's chubbies roll out as a rule so there is no gain in waterline length.

Now, beauty is another matter. A boat with nicely balanced overhangs, even if of modest length in comparison to the good old days, can still make my heart beat faster!

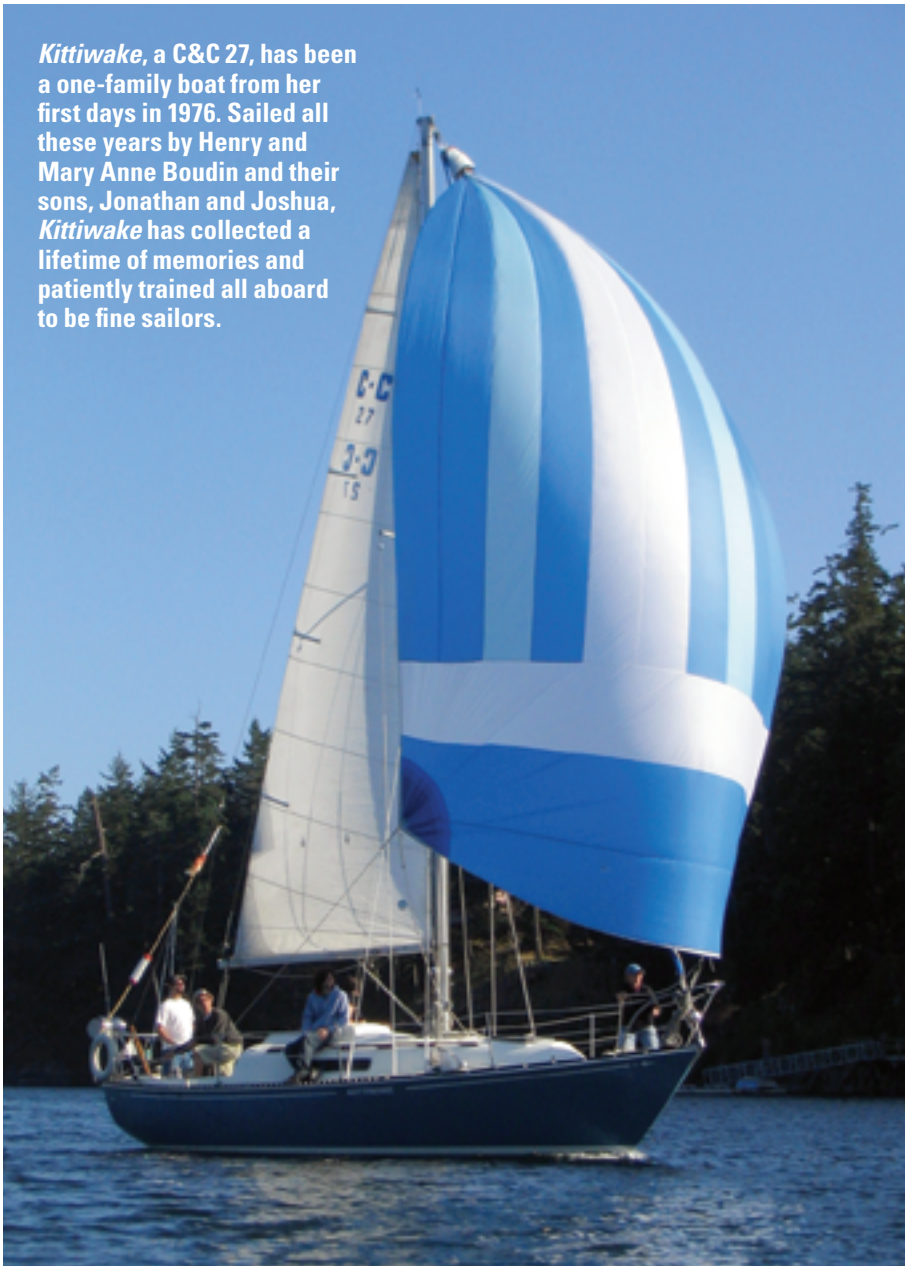
Ted Brewer
Agassiz, British Columbia

Send questions and comments to *Good Old Boat*, 7340 Niagara Lane North, Maple Grove, MN 55311-2655, or by email to jerry@goodoldboat.com.

A C&C 27 called *Kittiwake*

Since 1976 she has been part of the family

by Jonathan Boudin



***Kittiwake*, a C&C 27, has been a one-family boat from her first days in 1976. Sailed all these years by Henry and Mary Anne Boudin and their sons, Jonathan and Joshua, *Kittiwake* has collected a lifetime of memories and patiently trained all aboard to be fine sailors.**

Is it possible for a boat to become a member of the family? Is it strange to say, "Hello, good old boat!" out loud when you climb aboard? When a boat has been part of your life ever since you can remember and your dad's eyes light up with pride every time he talks about her, then the answers are "Yes" and "No," respectively.

My parents, Henry and Mary Anne, are clinical psychologists (I couldn't get away with anything as a teenager) whose true passions in life run toward music, horses, and sailing. Dad is an accomplished jazz musician; Mom plays violin and viola.

Neither of them spent much time on sailboats until they moved to Vancouver, British Columbia. Dad grew up in Montréal and Mom is originally from Chicago. In Vancouver, a city surrounded by mountains and sea, it is not surprising that a desire to explore nature brought them from the high peaks of Black Tusk to the waters of southern British Columbia. Eventually, this desire led them to a 1976 C&C 27 Mk III named *Kittiwake*.

Dad's dream of being on the sea in a wind-driven vessel began small. Long before he set foot on a boat that he could sail, he quenched his thirst for sailing with miniature versions of boats and ships. A walk through my parents' home reveals models and pictures of boats and ships. The *Santa Maria* on display on top of a cabinet was given to Dad by his aunt and uncle when he was 13. A model of a ship from the 18th century sits on a bookcase along with a ship named *Canadienne*, which used to sail the St. Lawrence River. Best of all, a model ship Dad and

Henry Boudin, looking fatherly and nautical, at left, and Jonathan looking epic, on facing page at right. Mary Anne and Josh, below left, and a much younger Jonathan, below on facing page.

I built together is proudly displayed on the mantelpiece.

Functional model

A picture from 1981 shows Dad and a less than one-year-old version of myself playing with the fully functional model of a modern sailboat that he built and painted red. That little boat set off a chain of events that would eventually lead to *Kittiwake*.

Shortly after its christening in the bathtub, the little red boat had its first saltwater voyage, although it kept to the shallows where it could be retrieved if the wind tried to take it out to sea. After watching it sail, Dad decided it was time to upgrade to something a little larger.

Mom and Dad took lessons in Flying Juniors — often ending up wet — and attended Power Squadron courses in an attempt to look like they knew what they were doing. It wasn't long before they purchased a twin-keeled Vivacity 22, named *Gemini*.

> "Shortly after its christening in the bathtub, the little red boat had its first saltwater voyage … After watching it sail, Dad decided it was time to upgrade to something a little larger."

"We went from sailing that little red boat to owning *Gemini* in one month," Mom says.

They sailed *Gemini* for two years and explored the areas of Howe Sound and Bowen Island, but a growing family created the need for another upgrade. After looking at several boats, they found *Kittiwake*.

"Henry completely fell in love with her," Mom recalls. "She has beautiful, artful lines. She's crafted like a sculpture … a work of art."

"She is a racer/cruiser," Dad adds. "She is perfect for a family and fast. What makes her an attractive boat is also what makes her perform well."

You could say it was love at first sight.

Making memories

Shortly after *Kittiwake* entered our lives, we began our annual summer cruises, or "boat trips," as we called them. We were an interesting crew. These trips often included a full-grown German shepherd and a cat.

There is nothing like loading that last bag full of groceries and untying the mooring lines for weeks of summer exploring. Dad built a dinghy, painted it the same colors as *Kittiwake* and named it *Kiddywake*. With this tender in tow, we embarked on cruises that took us across the Strait of Georgia from Vancouver to the Gulf Islands (the Canadian extension of the San Juan Islands). They might as well have been ocean voyages for me.

One of my early memories aboard *Kittiwake* is when I was 10. We were on a particularly rough Strait of Georgia crossing. While Mom and Dad were on deck trying to keep us headed more or less in the right direction, my brother, Josh, and I were in the V-berth, whooping it up at the feeling of zero gravity we experienced each time the boat crashed down a wave and left us airborne. We thought it was great, but I'm not sure how the cat did on that crossing.

We slogged for hours — often through rough waters — on those crossings, but it was well worth it for the thrill and the reward of making our way into a cozy bay, dropping anchor, and discovering a new world. As children and into our teens, we explored worlds far removed from anything modern and urban. We learned about the wind and tides, how to keep a heading, and how to keep the sails full.

We discovered things like phosphorescence. I would look over the stern at night, turn the wheel with my foot and watch the light show that the rudder put on beneath the surface.

On Wallace Island, we found an old International Harvester pickup truck and a tractor left over from the island's orchard-farming days. I found myself mesmerized by these remnants of days gone by and, although I didn't know it, I was getting a history lesson unlike any presented in a classroom.

Discovering treasures

From island to island, treasures big and small were ours to discover … from the famous murals in the tiny town of Chemainus on Vancouver Island to small sea creatures that resided in tidal pools. We searched for gold in Pirates Cove on DeCourcey Island but were content to

> **"We went to school the next day, unaware that our parents had risked our lives to get us there."**

leave with a few sand dollars.

Josh and I learned to row on these trips while we were at anchor. We spent time in the dinghy with the painter securely fastened to *Kittiwake's* stern. That way we could practice without being lost at sea. On one occasion the painter wasn't fastened as securely as we'd hoped. Josh found himself drifting slowly away from us, his rowing skills not yet honed. I — the superhero big brother — donned my life jacket, jumped in, and rescued our tender and its occupant.

To top it all off, we learned how to load a large dog into a tiny rowboat and how pull him up the boarding ladder when we returned from shore. That was nowhere near as difficult as bringing the cat ashore and not losing her.

Being on *Kittiwake* for weeks at a time gave me a sense of self-sufficiency and responsibility. When you are on a boat, situations arise that you must deal with the only way you know how. Josh had an asthma attack while we were at anchor one night. These attacks often required a trip to the hospital and the use of an asthma mask. That was not an option at 2 a.m. at a remote island. Mom and Dad dealt with the situation by using relaxation techniques and got him through the night. If the situation had become life-threatening, we could have radioed for help.

Almost bluewater sailing

When you are school-age, a benefit of a boat trip in late summer is the chance of missing several days of school due to weather severe enough to prevent a crossing of the Strait of Georgia to get back to Vancouver. Mom did not see such situations in the positive light that we did.

One year, after waiting out a storm for several days, Mom had had enough of sitting tied up at a marina and couldn't stand the thought of her children missing any more school. The gale-force winds had not settled when she decided that we were going. Josh and I were stashed down below, Mom and Dad put on their bright yellow floater jackets, and we departed.

During the crossing, Mom looked astern only once, thinking it was better to ignore what she saw behind her.

"If you looked out behind the stern, it looked like a 20-foot wave was going to engulf us," she recalls. "I saw Henry turn pale as he glanced back, and I told him it was better to keep his eyes forward as well."

Josh had a tendency to get seasick, head below, and go to sleep on these crossings. When the inevitable occurred, Mom was at the helm, so Dad went down below to take care of Josh. While Mom was on deck alone, the wind picked up and *Kittiwake* began to heel severely. Mom tried to release the mainsheet from the cam cleat, but the force was too great. Dad leapt up through the companionway and used all his weight and momentum to release the mainsheet as the rail disappeared further and further beneath the surface.

We went to school the next day, unaware that our parents had risked our lives to get us there. It wasn't exactly bluewater sailing, but it sure felt like it.

More (mis)adventures

Kittiwake has provided a lot of suspense and laughter over the years. There was the time that Dad stretched his arms and leaned back against the lifelines, only to find himself going heels-over-head over the side of the boat when the stanchion bent like melted butter. On another trip, we found a dock to tie up to for the night. Mom was halfway stepping onto the dock when Dad realized it was private, powered up the engine, and pulled away. Mom was less than impressed when we fished her out of the water.

Kittiwake's 30-year-old Atomic 4 engine has generally been reliable, but we have found ourselves without

Jonathan has somehow managed to make off with *Kittiwake*. Once again looking epic, he certainly appears to be the master of all he surveys.

power and without wind from time to time. Being left without sail or auxiliary power caused us to spend one night tied to a free-floating gas dock. We were told we could stay as long as were gone before the sea planes showed up for fuel in the morning.

Some years later, I had friends from out of town on board and had promised them a relaxing sail. We were 20 minutes away from the dock when the "Atomic Bomb" made several strange noises and went quiet. The silence was broken by words of wisdom from my friend, Tony, that I will never forget: "Dude, your engine just died!" I docked *Kittiwake* under sail for the first time that day.

By dragging anchor in the middle of the night on a kelp bottom amid shrieking birds and lightning (at islands that are rumored to be haunted) and by pitching her occupants overboard and almost falling over while on a tidal grid (it turns out that tidal grids and fin keels don't mix very well), *Kittiwake* has provided our family with many stories that will be told for a long time to come. She has also been known to fly a pirate flag in a race and to fire water balloons at her opponents.

Boats and music

Being musicians, Mom and Dad find strong similarities between their music and sailing.

"You have to make sure your sails are trimmed and you have to make sure your instrument is in tune," Mom says of the connection between the two. "You have to make sure everything works well, and you have to sail and be in tune with the wind."

Just as improvisation is a part of music, it is also a part of sailing.

"The feeling of sailing is like flying," Dad says. "When you're improvising while playing jazz, it's a feeling like flying, like being in flight. You're not really thinking about stuff; you're reacting to stuff as it happens."

"And if something comes up, you never know what might happen. Just like in music, in a sailboat you have to be ready for anything within a second," Mom notes about the similarities between live performance and sailing.

The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation did a TV special on Dad and his band, Eastwind, a few years ago. During one song, the image on the screen cut from Dad playing live to videos of boats under sail. Interestingly, the editor who put that special together had *no* idea that Dad is a sailor.

Upgrades, or lack thereof

Kittiwake has not needed many improvements over the years. She's a solid boat, keeping true to C&C's reputation. The only additions include a jib-furling system and an automatic bilge pump. The rest of her equipment and hardware is original.

Even though *Kittiwake* is a safe and sturdy boat, there are always ways to make a boat safer. A benefit of owning an older boat is the many opportunities for projects and upgrades. I would rather upgrade *Kittiwake* than replace her.

After 30 years of being cooled by raw seawater, the original Atomic 4 has succumbed to corrosion and begun to overheat. A replacement or a rebuild with a heat exchanger will be in the cards soon, although the engine still starts vigorously every time. I would also like to upgrade the electrical system and install some toys, such as GPS.

I'm not sure when our adventures on *Kittiwake* tapered away to jobs and college, but eventually Josh and I grew up.

I gained much from having a sailboat in the family, like the realization at a young age that there is more to the world than TV and video games and that a house can seem too small for a family but a boat — a self-contained, floating home free to go anywhere you want — always has enough room for everyone.

I gained a sense of self-confidence, self-reliance, and resourcefulness. I learned how to read charts, keep the sails full, and what a broad reach is. I felt pride every time I took the helm. The magical moments in time that occurred during our cruising days cannot be replaced, nor will they be forgotten. And that, to me, is what having a boat in the family is all about.

Getting out a lot

Although it's been a while since we cast off the lines and sailed away for weeks at a time, *Kittiwake* has been getting out a lot lately on daysails and for races. Although our racing record is not always stellar, we blame the boat's crew, rather than the boat herself.

We are older now, but *Kittiwake* is still a big part of my life. I am ready for more cruises, and I look forward to the time when I can take my kids sailing on her, just the way my parents took me.

Kittiwake is still there, waiting for her mooring lines to be cast off for the next adventure.

Jonathan Boudin grew up learning to sail aboard Kittiwake, *his family's C&C 27. He has managed to abscond with* Kittiwake, *and they still cruise the Gulf Islands in British Columbia together. He uses his time away from the water to write yarns and is a published author.*

C&C 27

Four family-sailers

by Ted Brewer

C&C 27

Newport 28 II

S2 8.5

Cal 2-27

In the September 2006 issue of *Good Old Boat*, I reviewed four other boats in the 28-foot/29-foot size range: the Ranger 28, Ranger 29, Islander 28, and Sabre 28. Each of the boats in that comparison has a near relative in the 27-foot/28-foot range.

The S2 8.5 and Sabre 28 are quite close in size and displacement; the Islander 28 and Newport 28 are similar in many respects; and the Ranger 29 and Cal 2-27 share a number of characteristics. The C&C 27 and Ranger 28, at 5,500 and 5,100 pounds displacement, respectively, are the lightest boats in either group, by far.

This does not mean that one designer copied another. There are limited variations for a 27- to 28-foot yacht intended for general family use.

The C&C 27 is the smallest and slimmest of the group, having the lightest displacement and carrying the least ballast, so I would assume she is also slightly tender as a result. Surprisingly, her Newport 28 sister, also designed by C&C just three years later, is a considerably larger boat. She has 27 percent more displacement along with five inches more beam and also carries almost 800 pounds more ballast on a deeper fin. Surprisingly, some owners report her to be tender also, perhaps due to a fairly round midship section, according to *Practical Sailor*.

With the heaviest displacement, good ballast, and generous beam, the S2 may be the stiffest boat in this group and a good all-around performer. However, the deeper draft of the Newport and the high sail area/displacement ratio of the C&C 27 could give each of them an edge under certain conditions: the Newport in a moderate breeze to windward and the C&C in lighter air, where she should be able to accelerate faster in the puffs. The classic Cal 2-27 is no slouch either, and owners have reported good stability and excellent performance.

Performance essentials

Obviously, their ultimate performance for cruising or racing will depend to a large extent on the condition of the sails, plus having a well-tuned rig, a clean bottom, and a competent skipper and crew. Given those essentials, any one of them will give its owners a great deal of fun and a chance at the silver in local events.

A less-than-desirable feature of the interiors of many boats in this size range is that the head is arranged fully athwartships so no one can enter or exit the forward cabin when the head is occupied. This could be objectionable to a family cruising with children. Only the Newport 28 II and Islander 28 appear to have a proper head off to one side, leaving the passage free when the head is in use. Indeed, the Cal 2-27 has even less privacy than most, as there is no way to close off the head from the V-berth.

There is little to choose between the boats when considering motion comfort. Any of them will be reasonably steady when heeled under sail and will bounce like a cork given light winds and a leftover sloppy sea. As to bluewater capability, none is what I would call ocean-going but, given good condition, equipment, and an eye on the weather, each is quite capable of coastwise voyaging and hops to the islands.

Because these are older craft they will be affordable, yet perform well and provide fun and excitement in club competition…as well as a grand cruising experience for a couple or young family.

Ted Brewer is a contributing editor with Good Old Boat.

	C&C 27	Newport 28 II	S2 8.5	Cal 2-27
LOA	27' 11"	28' 0"	28' 0"	26' 7"
LWL	22' 11"	23' 6"	22' 6"	22' 1"
Beam	9' 1"	9' 6"	9' 6"	9' 3"
Draft	4' 6"	5' 3"	4' 6"	4' 3"
Displ.	5,500 lb	7,000 lb	7,600 lb	6,700 lb
Ballast	2,116 lb	2,900 lb	3,000 lb	3,100 lb
LOA/LWL	1.22	1.19	1.24	1.20
Beam/LWL	0.396	0.404	0.422	0.419
Displ./LWL	204	241	298	278
Bal./Displ.	0.385	0.414	0.395	0.462
Sail area	372 sq ft	395 sq ft	400 sq ft	374 sq ft
SA/Displ.	19.1	17.27	16.56	16.84
Capsize no.	2.06	1.99	1.94	1.96
Comfort ratio	18.28	21.54	22.06	22.66
Years built	1971–87	1974–87	1983–86	1975-86
Designer	C&C	C&C	Art Edmonds	Bill Lapworth

Electronic devices designed to save your life at sea

by Don Launer

EPIRB is an acronym for emergency position-indicating radio beacon, a device designed to save your life in an emergency by alerting rescue authorities with information about you, your boat, and your location. Early EPIRBs operated on 121.5 MHz, a frequency designed for detection by boats and aircraft before satellites were available. But when satellites took over the search-and-rescue functions, this frequency was not ideal and a newer EPIRB system, operating on 406.025 MHz, became more practical and reliable and included better information about the vessels affected. (For more on this subject, see the January 2001 and July 2007 issues.)

In addition to the 406 MHz signal, the 406 MHz EPIRB transmits a homing signal on the old 121.5 MHz frequency for the purpose of guiding nearby aircraft and vessels to the beacon. While the EPIRBs using only 121.5 MHz will continue to be able to communicate with the search-and-rescue units, their satellite-location properties will be lost over time as this capability is phased out.

A Category-I EPIRB is considered the best and is the most costly. It is a 406/121.5 MHz unit that is housed on deck in a specially designed bracket. It has a hydrostatic release and is activated when it sinks in water to a certain depth. It can also be manually activated.

A Category-II EPIRB is a 406/121.5 MHz unit similar to a Category-I unit except that it can only be manually activated. It is less costly than the Category-I unit.

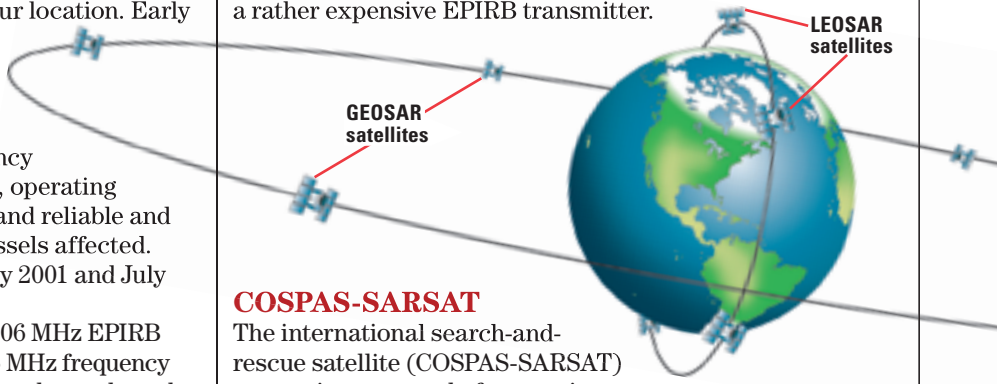
A personal locator beacon (PLB) is a special category of EPIRB designed to be carried by an individual. It operates on 406 MHz but can only be activated manually and, when activated, gives information about that individual as well as the location. This smaller, less expensive unit, can be carried by sailors, hikers, or anyone who will be in a remote area.

Registration

When any new or used EPIRB or PLB is purchased, it is required by law that the new owner must register it with NOAA. Also, if there is a subsequent change in registration information, this information must be updated with NOAA.

This can be done through NOAA's website. Adobe Acrobat Reader is required to view and print these forms. Print from the Adobe Acrobat toolbar to negate any browser incompatibilities. Go to <http://www.sarsat.noaa.gov> and click on "Register Your Beacon." This page gives an overview of the registration procedure. Then click on "Registration Website" for online registration. For any questions pertaining to registration, call 301-817-4515 or 999-212-7283.

NOAA only accepts registrations from the contiguous United States, Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, U.S. Virgin Islands, Northern Marianas, and American Samoa. The registration of an EPIRB or PLB can also be done through BoatUS. In addition, BoatUS rents EPIRBs to sailors who make infrequent offshore cruises and don't want to invest in a rather expensive EPIRB transmitter.



COSPAS-SARSAT

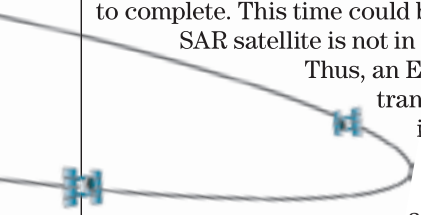
The international search-and-rescue satellite (COSPAS-SARSAT) system is composed of geostationary search-and-rescue (GEOSAR) satellites that orbit about 22,300 miles above the Earth, and low-Earth-orbit satellites (LEOSAR) that orbit 528 miles above the Earth, with an orbit every 100 minutes.

The GEOSAR satellites are capable of viewing large areas of the Earth and are able to provide immediate alert and

Layout and illustrations by Ted Tollefson

identification of an activated 406 MHz emergency beacon. They are, however, unable to determine the location of that beacon, unless the beacon is transmitting GPS coordinates. If no GPS coordinates are associated with the emergency beacon, then the LEOSAR satellites must determine the beacon's location using Doppler.

This Doppler-location process of the LEOSAR polar-orbiting satellites may take two or more 100-minute orbits to complete. This time could be further extended if the LEOSAR satellite is not in view of a ground station.



Thus, an EPIRB with an integral GPS transmitting the EPIRB's location is of great value. It makes the EPIRB's location known immediately, rather than having a delay of as much as several hours by units using Doppler-shift location of the LEOSAR satellites.

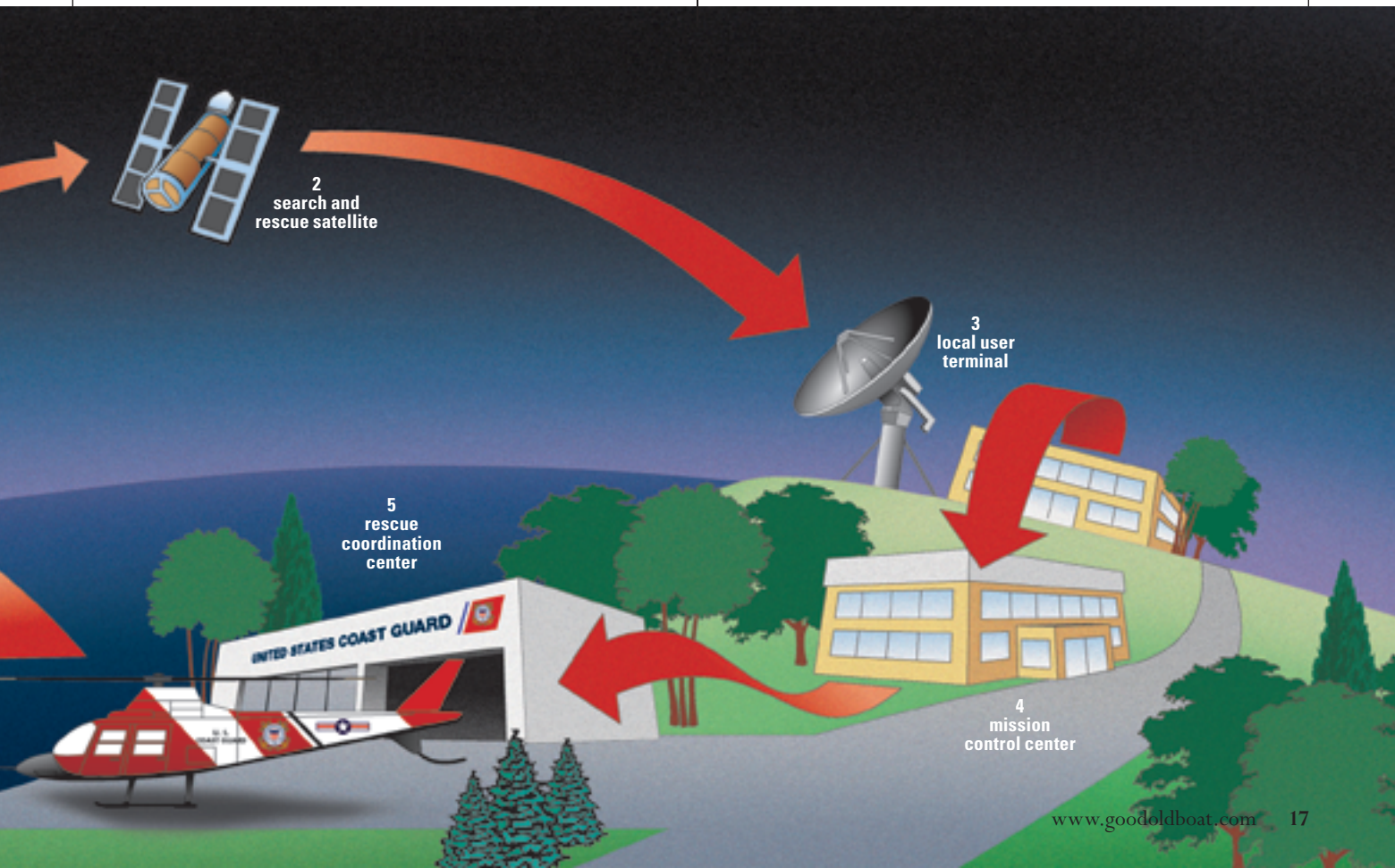
Search and rescue

The EPIRB's or PLB's emergency transmitter sends a unique identification number (UIN) to the COSPAS-SARSAT satellite search-and-rescue (SAR) system. The UIN, which has previously been registered with the Coast Guard, identifies the vessel or, in the case of a PLB, the individual in trouble. This information, along with the vessel's or person's location, is then transmitted and received at a local user terminal (LUT), which is a satellite ground station. The information then goes to a mission control center (MCC) and from there to a rescue coordination center (RCC), from which the physical rescue operation is deployed.

One more useful tool

SART is an acronym for search-and-rescue transponder. This transponder is a battery-powered receiver and transmitter that, when activated, constantly scans the maritime radar frequencies. Upon receipt of a radar signal, the SART transmits a radar-frequency signal that will be received by the searching radar. Since the SART's signal is much stronger than any passive reflected signal from the searching radar's beam, it creates a unique display and greatly enhances the chances of location. If you must abandon ship, the SART should be included in your "ditch bag."

Don Launer is a contributing editor with Good Old Boat *magazine.*



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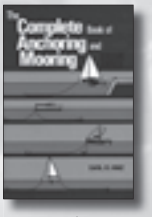

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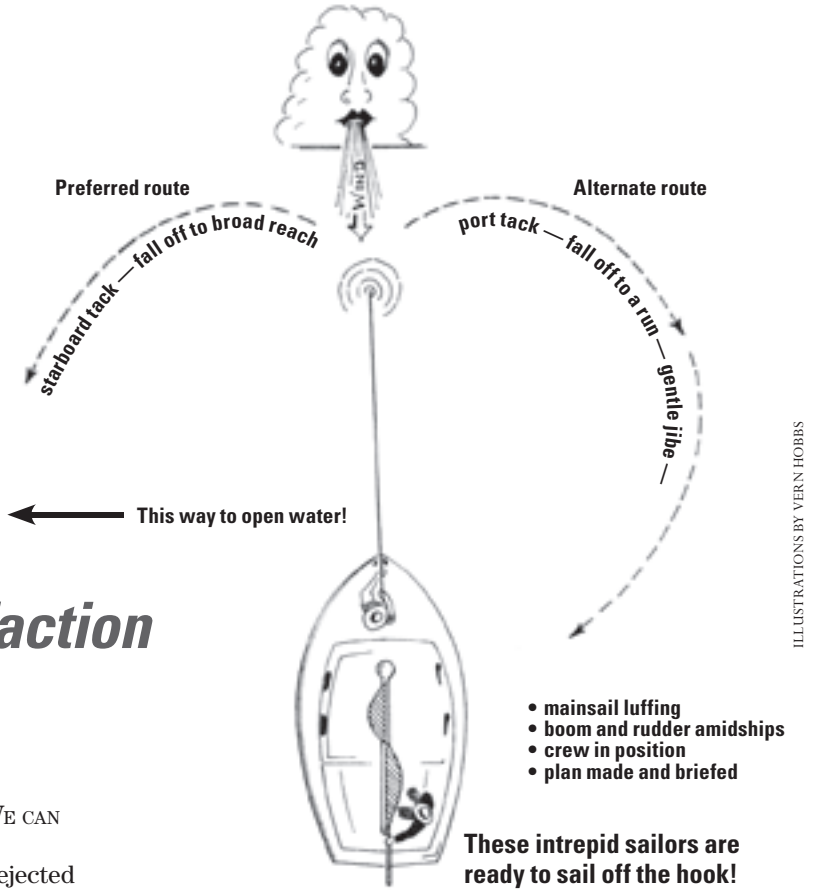
Sailing off the anchor

It's a seamanlike act that brings great satisfaction

by Vern Hobbs



These intrepid sailors are ready to sail off the hook!

ILLUSTRATIONS BY VERN HOBBS

"Tow? Why on earth would we need a tow? We can sail her back in. The wind's perfect!"

The Old Master was responding to my dejected report that our auxiliary engine was simply not going to start.

"OK…sure," I said, weighing the possibility, "but how will we weigh anchor if we can't motor up as we haul in the rode?"

The Old Master shook his head in amazement to my reliance on mechanical contrivances. He then patiently and methodically set about sailing us off the hook…

Learning this once-common practice not only reduces reliance on the engine, it improves basic seamanship, enhances crew coordination, and sharpens boathandling skills. Many techniques exist, but this simple, short-handed, method has served me well since the day the Old Master first demonstrated it. It's a technique best learned and practiced in an uncrowded anchorage with light winds, slack current, and the help of a trusted crewmember.

Analyze the situation

Take a good look around before you begin. Ideally, the boat should be pointed into the wind while lying at anchor. If the often-underestimated factor of current is causing it to lie otherwise, consider waiting for more favorable conditions.

The wind direction will dictate the course you are able to steer out of the anchorage. Ensure that it favors a safe route that will allow departure on either a run or a reach. Wind speed, as always, determines how much power a sail will produce. Stronger winds may give the boat power to overcome a contentious current, but they may also make control more difficult. Be certain there is adequate wind to drive the boat but not so much that events unfold more quickly, and with greater force, than you and your crew are ready to handle. If conditions are sportier than you like, consider tying in a reef or two as you set the mainsail — the only sail you will be using — or just relaxing until the breeze calms down a bit.

Identify any obstacles such as other boats, structures, or shoaling that may impede your departure route. Are you satisfied you can avoid them by a comfortable margin?

Finally, how about your crew? A seasoned singlehander might pull this off solo, and even make it look easy, but sailing off anchor is a dance best performed by two. Choose a partner with whom you've sailed before, who is knowledgeable of general anchoring procedures, and is easy to work with.

Make your plan

Visualize two suitable courses out of the anchorage — one that allows initially falling off on a port tack, the other that allows for falling off on a starboard tack.

Assign crew duties. One person will be the helmsman, responsible for boat handling, coordinating the maneuver, and issuing the appropriate commands. The second will be the foredeck crew, or bowman, responsible for hauling the ground tackle aboard, securing it, and relaying concise information to the helmsman. Should a third crewmember be available, he or she is best utilized at the mainsheet, providing sail trim as commanded by the helmsman.

Explain your intentions. Crewmembers must understand the plan and their role in it. They must also possess a vocabulary of mutually understood communications, backed up by simple hand signals.

Prepare boat and crew

For ease of handling and to keep the foredeck clear, the mainsail is the only sail that will be used. Center the rudder, hoist the main, and sheet the boom amidships. Prepare other sails so they may be easily deployed after you are under way.

Position the crew, rehearse your commands and hand signals, and have a last look around. Check that the decks are

clear of tripping hazards, particularly the foredeck, and see that no boats are heading into your maneuvering area.

Execute the plan

Lying at anchor with the mainsail and rudder set amidships, notice that the boat tends to gently turn, first in one direction, then the opposite. Observe this rhythm . . . it sets the tempo for the dance to come.

As the mainsail momentarily fills, the boat lazily drives forward a few feet. Then, the resistance of the anchor pulls the bow back toward the wind. The sail empties and begins to luff, with the momentum of this gentle tug causing the bow to pass ever so slightly through the eye of the wind. The sail fills again and the cycle repeats. If this motion fails to begin on its own, the helmsman may initiate it by pushing the boom slightly to windward.

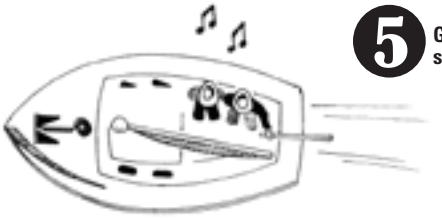
The bowman will use the moments when the boat briefly makes headway to take in the rode, pausing as the boat points, and then hauling in a bit more rode on the next cycle (1-3). When the bowman judges that the anchor is about to break free, he prepares to rapidly retrieve the remaining rode and bring the anchor aboard. The progress of the retrieval, especially the freeing of the anchor, must be relayed to the helmsman (4).

When signaled that the anchor has broken free, the helmsman gently falls off onto the tack favored by the current motion of the boat. The helmsman should steer and trim to produce only minimal speed until the bowman signals that the anchor is aboard. If the anchor fails to break free at the anticipated moment, the bowman must signal this to the helmsman, who will steer into the wind, taking off all headway until the hook is freed.

Once the anchor is safely aboard, the helmsman will steer the predetermined course out of the anchorage while the bowman stows and secures the ground tackle (5). After the bowman's task is complete, the jib, and any other sails, may be hoisted and set as desired.

Mastering the knack of sailing off the anchor will bring about a great feeling of satisfaction. More importantly, it will increase your level of self-reliance and refine your skills. Like any sailing maneuver, the keys to success are to think through the process first, communicate clearly with the crew, and then be patient, careful, and deliberate in the execution of all steps.

Vern Hobbs and his wife, Sally, sail a 1974 35-foot Bristol cutter along Florida's Atlantic coast and the Intracoastal waterway. Their day jobs pay the rent, but Vern's work as a local artist specializing in maritime subjects finances the boat projects.



5 **Ground tackle stowed, sails set, a fine day at sea awaits!**

4 **Anchor breaks free! Bowman quickly hauls it aboard and signals the helmsman. Helmsman falls off onto the tack favored by the boat.**

3 **Momentum pulls the bow through the eye of the wind — the sail fills — the boat moves forward again. The bowman hauls in more rode.**

2 **The rode (scope) shortens, pulling bow to wind — the sail luffs and forward motion stops. The bowman snubs off the rode that has been brought aboard — takes a break and waits for the cycle to repeat.**

1 **A slight tug of the boom to windward and the boat moves gently forward — The bowman hauls in some scope as the rode momentarily slacks.**

The Clark Boat Company

Capitalizing on the 1970's trailersailer boom

by Mike Robinson

For nearly 25 years the Clark Boat Company built a line of small- to medium-sized racer/cruisers that introduced a lot of people, on both coasts, to sailing. The model line was named San Juan, after the islands north of Seattle. For Bob and Coral Clark, it was a family business, actively involving their three sons.

Designed in 1969 by Don Clark and introduced at the 1970 Seattle Boat Show, the San Juan 21 was one of the early trailersailers that quickly grew in popularity, owing to its mobility and the low cost of ownership.

The beginning

Coral Clark wrote a book titled *Learning to Sail — The Hard Way*, in which she tells how she and Bob got started, in Ohio, circa 1939. "We had been married a short time when Bob . . . announced he had bought a sailboat . . . Being from North Dakota, [I] said, 'What's that?' . . . We put her in the water at the Toledo Yacht Club and proceeded to learn how to sail. In those days you didn't go buy a book about it — there were none!"

After the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, Bob joined the Marines. While he was gone, Coral put a new canvas deck on their little boat and sold it, since she couldn't justify paying $2.50 a month for storage. When Bob returned home he soon began building a Lightning in their basement.

"She was beautiful," Coral wrote, " . . . mahagony planked, solid oak keelson . . . 685 brass screws, all plugged . . . and weighed 1,200 pounds; she was supposed to weigh 700!"

In 1960, the Clarks moved to Kent, Washington, to start a fiberglass boatbuilding business. While Coral worked as a nurse supervisor, Bob set about building the Clark Boat Company into a viable business. Their three sons — Don, Dave, and Dennis — attended school but helped out when they could. The first boat with the "Manufactured by Clark Boat Company" label was a Lightning, one of the first built of fiberglass. They also built OK dinghies, 505s, and Stars. Two Clark-built Stars took first and second places in the 1970 World Championships.

All the Clarks were involved in one-design racing. The success of their sons, mainly Dennis, would influence the design of the San Juan 21 in ways that clearly separated it from the competition. Dennis would later become a champion in four classes, including the International 14 and Thistle. He started the Clark Sails Loft in 1971. Don had a degree in engineering with additional training in naval architecture. He was very involved in the design of a number of their boats. Dave had a degree in management and entered the sales and marketing side of the business.

The C-Lark

The Clark's version of the International 14 was called the C-Lark 14, an open 295-pound daysailer. More than 1,000 were built. With a 5-foot 8-inch beam and 133 square feet of sail area, the C-Lark promised excitement somewhat stabilized by a swinging centerboard drawing 4 feet 9 inches. In its day, there probably were not many faster dinghies. Nevertheless, the boat has a roomy cockpit that will accommodate up to four on a leisurely daysail.

The Clarks used common manufacturing methods of the time: gelcoat applied to a hull mold, followed by a hand-laid laminate. The San Juan hulls, therefore, are quite solid when compared to boats manufactured entirely with a chopper gun. Less critical components, like the interior liner or pan, however, were sprayed in a mold using a less-expensive chopper gun. The decks were typically of end-grain balsa core sandwich construction, which was and remains the industry standard.

> **"Overall, 2,600 San Juan 21s were sold, a success by almost any measure."**

San Juan 21 is born

The young company's first model with interior accommodations was a trailersailer — the San Juan 21 (see review in March 2003). In addition to above-average construction, Don Clark gave it some unusual features: a fiberglass-skinned, foil-shaped keel and rudder, a real rarity at the time. In addition, the swing keel retracts completely into the hull, allowing for the ultimate in easy trailering and shallow-water launching. The third unusual feature is a gasketed keel trunk to minimize turbulence from the keel slot when the keel is in the down position.

The Clarks were confident they had a winner, but they needed to hustle to make the Seattle Boat Show in the winter of 1970. The first San Juan 21 was barely ready in time, but it was a hit, with seven orders. The San Juan 21 Mk I was designed for the Northwest, where rainy day sailing is a common occurrence and ventilation down below is nice but not essential. Hence, the first boats have no forward hatch. This contributed to a strong foredeck but little air circulation below for sleeping. Some later first-generation boats had a large, round, screw-in deck plate added for ventilation. The 1973 redesign of the Mk I deck added a forward hatch and softened the line of the cockpit coamings.

The boat's broad entry made it pound in a chop, but there was a reason for it. If the cross section were narrower, when crew went forward to tend the jib or set an anchor, the bow would sink or, worse, the boat might tend to roll. The SJ 21's broad entry eliminated that problem.

The 21 was easy to trailer and launch. Thanks to its narrow 7-foot beam and completely retracting keel, it rides low on the trailer (between the wheels, not above) and can be launched in 2 feet of water.

The 21 was a great success. The Clarks organized the first San Juan 21 Championships in 1971, and by 1972 the company had produced 400, with another 250 projected for the following year. Overall, 2,600 San Juan 21s were sold, a success by almost any measure.

The Eastern U.S.

The Clarks, Don in particular, saw new markets east of the Mississippi River and began a push toward a larger East Coast presence. They responded by searching for a site for an East Coast factory. By late 1970, it was evident that the Clark sons could manage the western operation (Don was now president and chief engineer), so Bob and Coral moved to New Bern, North Carolina, to assist with the management of the new factory.

In 1972, Bob and Coral helped form the Blackbeard Sailing Club, which remains a hotbed of San Juan racing. In 1973, they sponsored the first in-the-water boat show the eastern North Carolina area had ever seen.

Resources

<http://www.sanjuan28.org>
A great site for information on all types of Clark and San Juan sailboats.

<http://www.sanjuan28.org/othersys.htm>
A good place to begin looking for other San Juan sites.

San Juan 24

Riding the success of the SJ 21, the Clarks embarked on a larger boat, a true keelboat — the San Juan 24, designed by Canadian Bruce Kirby. Most noted for his design of the Laser, Bruce was brought in to develop a boat that would be competitive in the IOR quarter-ton class. Bruce was well known to the Clarks; they'd been building his Mk IV International 14 for a few years. The San Juan 24 has typical IOR features, like the pinched-in stern and tiny transom. For cruising and trailering, Don restricted draft to 4 feet and beam to 8 feet.

Bruce recalls the SJ 24 as "…one of my favorite wee yachts, and still my most successful design, except for the Laser. Looking back after 30 years…I feel that Don's decisions might have been right, as the boat became remarkably popular and, in fact the restrictions might not have hurt performance very much. More beam would have helped with stability by getting the crew farther outboard, and later quarter-tonnners were much wider."

The San Juan 24 was the first keelboat Bruce had designed. In doing his research, he polled friends in the sailing community, particularly George Cuthbertson of C&C Yachts. George helped Bruce understand some of the terminology in the IOR. Bruce confessed to being nervous about the boat's performance, saying later, "I was particularly happy when Don Clark phoned me after the first sail in the boat to say that it had all gone very well. I asked him what the wake looked like, and he said, 'What wake?'"

As hull number 1,000 rolled off the line in 1978, the boat's IOR days were heading to a close, but its one-design future was and remains bright. The San Juan 24's legacy also is assured: it is the most popular quarter-tonner ever.

Changes to the 21

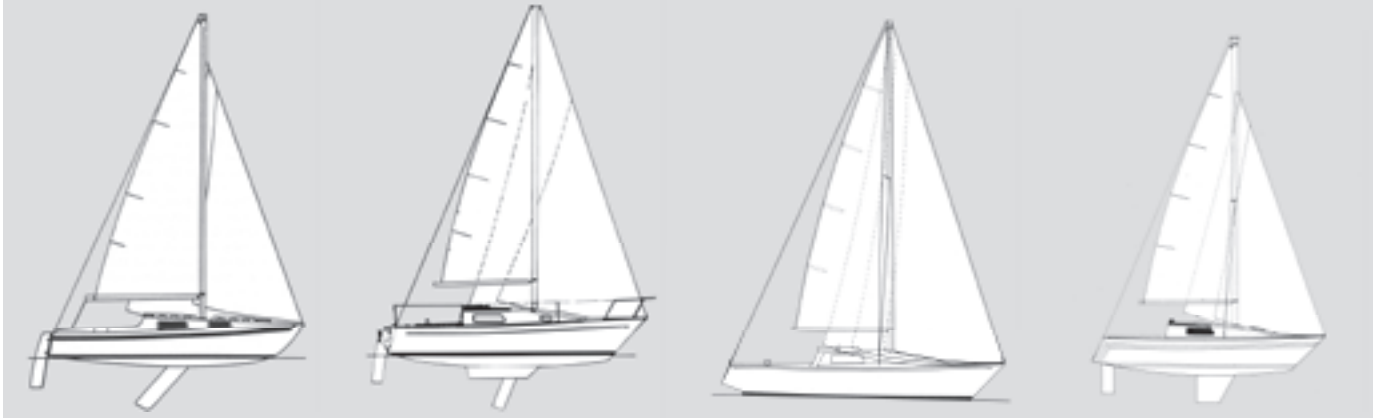
A radical redesign of the SJ 21's deck led to the Mk II in late 1974. This occurred around number 1,000. The hull remained unchanged, but the deck was transformed to allow for more interior space. The cabin sides were now flush with the sides of the hull, the cabin came 18 inches farther aft, and the foredeck was one continuous line from the mast to the bow.

All things come at a price, and the cockpit was reduced. Both the Mk I and II were built concurrently until the last Mk I was produced in 1977. New molds were made from time to time, to preserve quality.

San Juan 30 and 26

In 1975, Bruce Kirby again teamed up with the Clarks to develop the San Juan 30 half-tonner. This big San Juan was designed to build on the success of the SJ 21 in one-design and PHRF racing and the SJ 24 in IOR racing. Bruce did a lot of work on the project, but the Clarks believed it might not be wise to spend the money on the bigger boat and put the project on hold. Bruce, however, had grown fond of the design and had one built by the Gougeon Brothers as their first major monohull project. The boat was the 30-foot *Accolade*, cold molded in cedar and finished with varnished topsides. In addition to being beautiful, she was fast, winning a lot of races.

Bruce recounts, "We won class and overall in the Riverside-Stratford Shoal Race by 22 minutes corrected time in a large mixed fleet." *Accolade* also won class in the 230-mile Vineyard Race by



San Juan 21*
Designer: Don Clark
LOA: 20 feet 6 inches
LWL: 17 feet 6 inches
Beam: 7 feet 0 inches
Draft: 4 feet 0 inches
Displacement: 1,250 pounds
Ballast: 400 pounds
Sail area: 190 square feet
Displ./LWL ratio: 104
SA/Displ. ratio: 26
PHRF rating: 252
*Mk II shown

San Juan 23
Designer: Don Clark
LOA: 23 feet 6 inches
LWL: 20 feet 4 inches
Beam: 8 feet 0 inches
Draft: 1 feet 11 inches board up
Draft: 4 feet 9 inches board down
Displacement: 2,700 pounds
Ballast: 960 pounds
Sail area: 234 square feet
Displ./LWL ratio: 144
SA/Displ. ratio: 19.3
PHRF rating: 252

San Juan 24
Designer: Bruce Kirby
LOA: 24 feet 2 inches
LWL: 19 feet 0 inches
Beam: 8 feet 0 inches
Draft: 4 feet 0 inches
Displacement: 3,300 pounds
Ballast: 1,600 pounds
Sail area: 241 square feet
Displ./LWL ratio: 215
SA/Displ. ratio: 17
PHRF rating: 216

San Juan 7.7
Designer: Don Clark
LOA: 25 feet 9 inches
LWL: 20 feet 0 inches
Beam: 9 feet 6 inches
Draft: 4 feet 0 inches
Shoal Draft: 3 feet 3 inches
Displacement: 3,200 pounds
Ballast: 1,100 pounds
Sail area: 304 square feet
Displ./LWL ratio: 179
SA/Displ. ratio: 22
PHRF rating: 198-201

36 minutes and beat all of the boats in three of the five classes above them.

These racing successes sold the Clarks on the design. They bought the mold over which *Accolade* had been built, added ⅝ inch to it (the thickness of *Accolade's* skin) and made the plug for the San Juan 30. They offered two interiors, one just like *Accolade's* with upper and lower quarter berths and only a head forward of the mast. The cruising version has a traditional layout.

The Don Clark-designed San Juan 26 also debuted in 1975. This was a keel/centerboard boat for the large trailerable cruiser market. It had a deep keel option, though few were made. With its shallow draft and easy launch capability, it was targeted for East Coast sailors. For racing, the San Juan 26 has a PHRF rating of 246, which is not much faster than the 21, and certainly behind her little sister, the SJ 24, at around 216 in the larger fleets.

The 26 has standing headroom and a head compartment. As the advertised weight was 4,400 pounds, one needed more than a small car to trailer it. The SJ 26 did not fit the raceboat culture of Clark, however, and was deemed by some as not attractive. In 1979, the more race-friendly San Juan 7.7 replaced it.

San Juan 23 and 28

The San Juan 23, one of 1977's new entries, was a scaled-down SJ 26, with a large cabin and smaller cockpit than many of its contemporaries. The 23 was listed at 2,700 pounds with 960 of that in the keel/centerboard, though like many Clark boats, it came in heavier than intended. It was advertised with more than 5 feet 8 inches of headroom and accommodations for five.

With a PHRF of 240, it was at least as fast as the SJ 26 and much easier to trailer. The 23 also came in a fixed keel/tall mast version, although the vast majority built had the keel/centerboard/short mast combination. This boat showed its Clark racing heritage by offering some items not usually found on cruising boats of that era: mid-boom sheeting, traveler, and racing blocks. It is a solidly built boat, featuring a through-bolted hull-to-deck joint incorporating an inward-turning hull flange on which the deck rests.

The 23 was similar to the SJ 24 in styling and in rig — both are masthead sloops able to set large genoas. The 23 doesn't sail well under main alone and likes to be kept on its feet to sail swiftly. That said, it can be quite competitive in PHRF. The SJ 23 sold well; close to 700 were built.

"The San Juan 24's legacy also is assured: it is the most popular quarter-tonner ever."

On the heels of the SJ 23 was the San Juan 28 and, later, the San Juan 29, designed by Don Clark. More than 300 San Juan 28s were built after its introduction in 1978. It became one of the most popular boats in the Clark line. The difference between the SJ 28 and 29 is really nothing more than the builder. The 28 was built by the Clark Boat Company; the 29 (an SJ 28 with a few cosmetic changes) was built by the company that succeeded it, San Juan

San Juan 26
Designer: Don Clark
LOA: 25 feet 11 inches
LWL: 21 feet 8 inches
Beam: 8 feet 0 inches
Draft: 2 feet 3 inches board up
Draft: 5 feet 0 inches board down
Displacement: 4,400 pounds
Ballast: 2,000 pounds
Sail area: 252 square feet
Displ./LWL ratio: 193
SA/Displ. ratio: 15
PHRF rating: 246

San Juan 28 & 29
Designer: Don Clark
LOA: 28 feet 8 inches (SJ 28)
LOA: 28 feet 10 inches (SJ 29)
LWL: 22 feet 4 inches
Beam: 10 feet 0 inches
Draft: 4 feet 6 inches
Displacement: 6,200 pounds
Ballast: 3,100 pounds
Sail area: 385 square feet
Displ./LWL ratio: 250
SA/Displ. ratio: 18
PHRF rating: 191

San Juan 30
Designer: Bruce Kirby
LOA: 30 feet 0 inches
LWL: 23 feet 8 inches
Beam: 10 feet 0 inches
Draft: 5 feet 4 inches
Displacement: 7,200 pounds
Ballast: 3,550 pounds
Sail area: 402 square feet
Displ./LWL ratio: 245
SA/Displ. ratio: 17
PHRF rating: 168

San Juan 34
Designer: Hein Driehuyzen
LOA: 33 feet 10 inches
LWL: 27 feet 11 inches
Beam: 10 feet 11 inches
Draft: 5 feet 11 inches
Displacement: 10,500 pounds
Ballast: 4,800 pounds
Sail area: 548 square feet
Displ./LWL ratio: 217
SA/Displ. ratio: 18
PHRF rating: 132

Manufacturing. There is a rumor that the 28 was simply a downsized version of the San Juan 30, but this is not true.

The San Juan 30 is a Bruce Kirby design and, while there is a family resemblance, the SJ 28 is a different boat. A quick look at the underbody of the hull confirms that. A year after its introduction, the SJ 28 finished second at *Yachting's* One-of-a-Kind-Regatta in Annapolis, Maryland, finishing behind a San Juan 24.

A shortcoming the SJ 28 shares with the SJ 21 Mk II, as well as the 23, 24, and 26 is the potential for rot in the wooden bulkhead in the cabin to which the chainplates are attached. The early Clark boats had no cap over the slot in the deck through which the chainplates pass, relying entirely on caulk to prevent water from migrating to the bulkhead. Later boats had caps fitted.

"More than 300 San Juan 28s were built after its introduction in 1978. It became one of the most popular boats in the Clark line."

San Juan 7.7

The San Juan 7.7 was introduced in 1979. With the IOR rule no longer a factor, and the San Juan 26 not performing as hoped, Don Clark decided to fix the shortcomings that the IOR rule had imposed on the popular SJ 24. Its narrow beam, a requirement for trailering, had significant limitations. Downwind performance had always been an issue, due to its narrow aft sections. The bar for Don Clark's new design had been set very high. He had to design something faster than the famous SJ 24, and something that would challenge the hot newcomer from the East — the J/24. The result was a whole new raceboat in the mid 20-foot range, the San Juan 7.7. The Clarks still believed in the concept of the racer/cruiser, so the SJ 7.7 had significantly better accommodations than a J/24.

In the days before extensive computer testing, exact ballast amount and placement was often a designer's best guess until sea trials could be completed. The SJ 7.7 displaced 3,200 pounds with a 9-foot 6-inch beam. It came only with a fixed keel and was a bit underballasted at the outset. The thought was that light weight improved speed and that adding ballast was easy with a wide beam boat by just putting more crew on the rail.

As a result, the SJ 7.7, as initially designed, was simply overpowered. The fix was a shoe fitted to the bottom of the keel, adding 4½ inches to its 4-foot draft and 125 pounds to its displacement. The boat is listed as 1,000 pounds lighter than the 26 it replaced and the performance improvement was nothing short of incredible. The improvement over the performance of the SJ 24 was not so dramatic, however the downwind stability was distinctly better.

Though not meant to be an ocean racer, an SJ 7.7 won a leg of the Conch Republic Cup race in May 2002. The race series, from Key West to Cuba, pitted American and Cuban boats during a lull in the hostilities between the countries. The SJ 7.7 carried on the "wedge deck" styling that was popular from the mid-1970s on, something of a San Juan family trademark. It gave a sleek look to the boat but limited headroom forward. Around 200 SJ 7.7s were built.

Into the 1980s

The racing future for Clark boats continued to look promising. The 1977 San Juan 21 Eastern Nationals in Columbia, South Carolina, drew an amazing 58 boats. The 1980 and 1981 events in Columbia and Charlotte drew even more: 70 and 63 boats respectively. And by 1978, Clark Sails was the largest sail loft in the Pacific Northwest.

San Juan 34 and 33

In 1980, the company introduced its largest sailboat yet, the San Juan 34. The hull is foam-cored. Standing rigging is rod. Draft is 6 feet. Many owners have described the 34 as bulletproof and very fast. The 34 generally rates 130 PHRF. Many of the 34s were configured as racers with pipe berths, but others were cruising class with more finished interiors. The layout is classic with a very long forward V-berth. The head is a little cramped for showering.

The SJ 34 began life as the Crown 34, manufactured by several Pacific Northwest companies. The original design was by Hein Driehuyzen, who worked as the manager of Calgan Marine in North Vancouver, British Columbia. It was designed in 1974 to the IOR rule with a large foretriangle, tall mast, and narrow transom. Hull #3 was launched in August of 1975 as *Moody Too* and is still owned and actively raced by the original owners. The molds were sold to GlassFab of Monroe, Washington, which built the boat as the Sun Yacht 1030. The molds were later sold to the

Continued on Page 82

The Big Boat Rule

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRITZ SEEGERS

How collision regulations apply in real life

by Jerry Powlas

I studied the radar screen as the heavy cruiser USS *Newport News* crept through the night down the Lamma Channel into Hong Kong harbor. The screen showed hundreds of small craft rushing around the harbor at their various errands. This was not my problem; the captain was on the bridge, but I wondered how we would sort out the right of way in a situation like that. The answer was simple: at 717 feet on deck and 22,000 tons, we were one of the larger vessels moving about at that moment. We moved ahead at bare steerageway and let the small craft sort it out. This was not an application of the International or Inland Regulations for Preventing Collisions at Sea. This was an application of the Big Boat Rule.

A few years later, I was on the bridge of the same ship, which was then maneuvering near the beloved sea buoy 2 Charlie Bravo. We encountered a merchant vessel. She was in clear sight. CIC (Combat Information Center) reported the range and bearing, did a maneuvering board solution and advised that she was CBDR (constant bearing decreasing range). Vessels that are CBDR will collide if they both hold course and speed. I made a quick mental calculation of the applicable rules of the road and decided we had the right of way. The captain was on the bridge and, after a moment's assessment, ordered a course change that would relieve the CBDR situation. We had the right of way, but we altered course. This was not an application of The International Regulations for Preventing Collisions at Sea. Nor was it an application of the Big Boat Rule. It was an application of the Golden Rule that supercedes all others: don't hit anything, and don't let anything hit you.

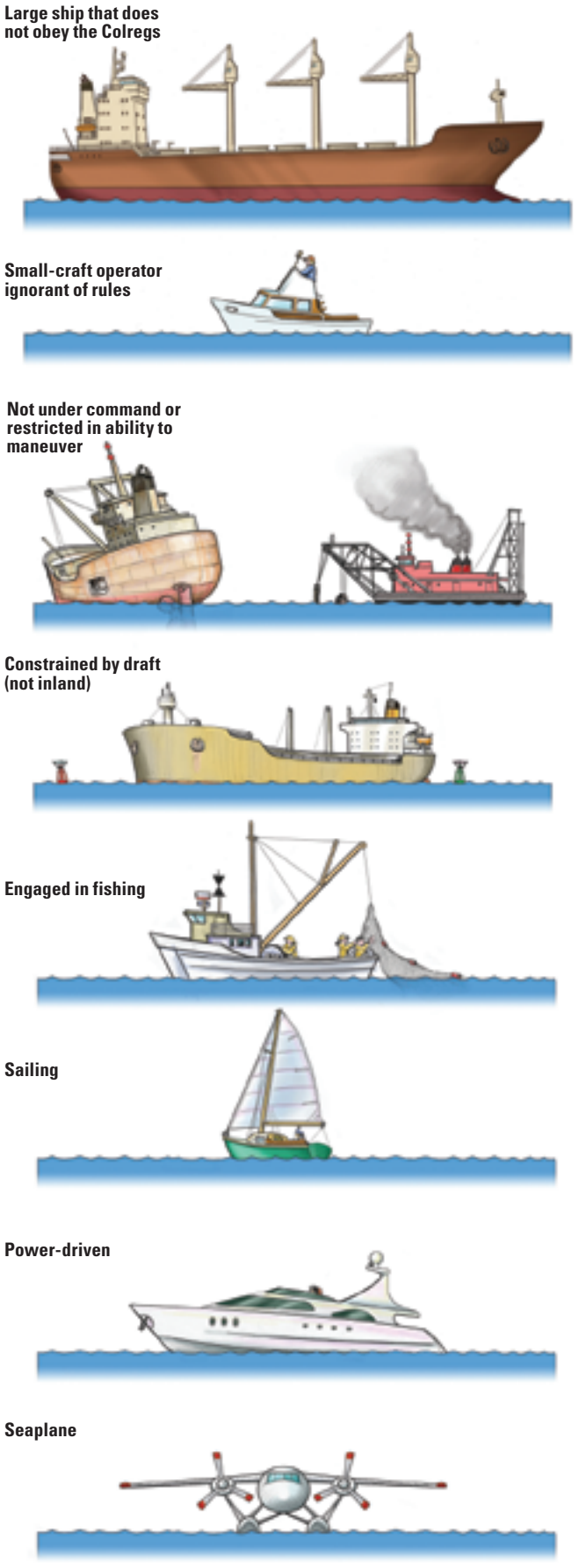
> "…the vessel that can withstand the collision without significant damage will probably not yield the right of way…"

Frequent encounters

These days, Karen and I go to sea in a vessel of about four tons displacement and, because of where we sail, we frequently encounter large merchant vessels. I understand that it may be heresy to suggest this, but in such encounters, neither the Inland nor International Regulations for Preventing Collisions at Sea (Colregs) has much to do with the conduct of the vessels or the outcome of the encounter. In these cases, the Big Boat Rule applies.

The Big Boat Rule goes something like this: in situations where risk of collision exists, the vessel that can withstand

The real hierarchy of status



the collision without significant damage will probably not yield the right of way to the vessel that will be significantly damaged if the collision occurs.

To understand all this, we need to go back to the Colregs and look at them a little more closely. The Colregs only apply to encounters between two vessels; they never address situations involving more than two vessels, so there are bound to be situations where they cannot be applied slavishly. The Colregs are actually very well thought-out and quite logical, but their original intent was to deal with encounters between ships. For example, other than in the Colregs section on lighting rules, vessels under oars are not mentioned and, therefore, by default, are only covered in the sections for all vessels. In my opinion, two principles guided the development of the Colregs: maneuverability and predictability.

In many cases in the Colregs the less-maneuverable vessel is given the right of way. This is logical, but not applied consistently. Should a rowing dinghy or kayak be required to maneuver to avoid a 45-knot powerboat holding course and speed and CBDR? Can a 5-knot sailboat motoring in a fog maneuver to avoid a merchant vessel traveling at about the speed of a WW II torpedo?

> **“…large merchant vessels will rarely acknowledge that a smaller craft, which cannot damage them, has the right of way.”**

Not in Colregs

You will find no mention of predictability in the Colregs, but when the regs are working at their best, each of the two vessels in the encounter knows exactly what the other vessel is going to do and — if the prescribed behavior for the vessels does not allow for the likelihood of collision (or at least lessens it) — a collision will probably not occur.

In order to achieve predictability, the regs do not attempt to give the larger vessel the right of way since it might be difficult to quickly determine which vessel is the larger one. This leads to situations where a smaller vessel has the right of way over a larger vessel…at least in theory.

In actual practice today, there are three problems with this. The Colregs are not strictly enforced. Many small-craft operators do not understand the Colregs, and large merchant vessels will rarely acknowledge that a smaller craft, which cannot damage them, has the right of way. That is to say in encounters with smaller vessels, large merchant craft will almost always be guided by the Big Boat Rule.

If you press this apparent conflict between the Colregs and actual customary practice, merchant captains, instructors, Coast Guardsmen, and others will commonly offer you one or more of several half-baked waffles. They will say that the merchant vessel is in a channel and unable to maneuver. Or they will say it is in a traffic-separation zone…or that such large craft are simply unable to maneuver to avoid small craft. Any of these explanations may occasionally be true, but they do not explain the common behavior of large

merchant vessels, which is to never accord the right of way to small craft that cannot damage them in a collision. They will apply the Big Boat Rule in channels, traffic-separation zones, and on the deep and wide blue sea. Even when they can, they won't give the right of way to a small craft. It is simply not done. That is the real rule.

Other options

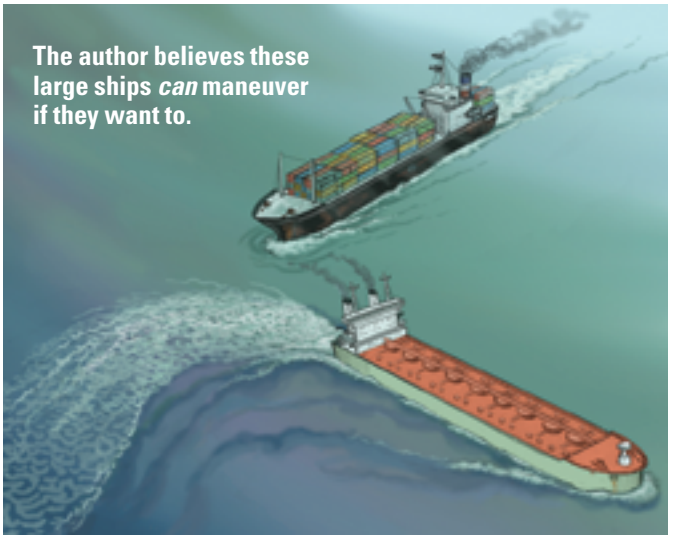
What should you do with a situation like that? The normal response is to try to explain the conduct of merchant craft by finding something in the rules that might justify this behavior. Nobody wants to say, "They are breaking the rules." This tends to confuse helmsmen of small craft just when they need to be clear-headed. I propose a different approach that includes operating according to the Colregs as an option but does not consider them to be the only option.

Here is very different, but still simple, decision tree.

1. A contact is detected and determined to be another vessel.
2. Determine if the contact is CBDR.
   - **a.** If not CBDR, watch the contact but look for trouble elsewhere.
   - **b.** If the contact is CBDR, decide what rules of engagement are likely to be used in this encounter.
     - Remember that one authority thinks only 20 percent of small-craft operators are familiar with the rules of the road.
     - Remember that large commercial craft will probably apply the Big Boat Rule.
     - Remember the Golden Rule that supercedes all others: Don't hit anything and don't let anything hit you.
3. If CBDR and yours is the give-way vessel according to the Colregs, you are in luck. Maneuver to avoid the other vessel while watching for the possibility that the operator will not understand his responsibility to hold course and speed. Maneuver in accordance with the Colregs if you can, but consider any maneuver that will alter the CBDR situation.
4. If CBDR and yours is the stand-on vessel, you are not in luck; you are in danger, particularly if you are facing an adversary who is either ignorant of the Colregs or intends to apply the Big Boat Rule. Predictability is your friend here. Look at the chart for traffic separation lanes and for places in the area where the merchant vessel might be going. You need to allow for the fact that the merchant might do just about anything, but you can base your initial maneuvers on the likelihood that the ship will stay in a traffic lane if there is one and, in any case, it will hold course and speed, pretending you are not there. Or it may turn off to enter a nearby harbor.

The merchant holding to the Big Boat Rule is actually safer than the small boat operator who is not familiar with the rules of the road. Watch for the possibility that the other vessel understands its obligations and, if there is evidence that it does, attempt an encounter governed by the Colregs. Even if you take this approach, don't completely trust the other vessel.

Finally, even if you are the stand-on vessel, it may be much safer to make an early maneuver to break the CBDR situation. This is a very attractive option because it puts you in control of the encounter. If you choose to maneuver, do it early, as soon as you conclude that there is a CBDR contact.



The author believes these large ships *can* maneuver if they want to.

Reasons to cooperate

In summary, if you have strong reasons to believe that the other craft you encounter is going to maneuver according to the Colregs, by all means operate by the Colregs too. If you think you are dealing with vessels that are either ignorant of the Colregs or that will probably favor the Big Boat Rule, you must maneuver to avoid them. It is never wrong to make early maneuvers to break a CBDR situation and, no matter what other rules might be thought to apply, a merchant vessel can't run you down if you take his stern.

There is a high-tech device that may help the small boat captain avoid collisions with large merchant craft. The AIS (automatic identification system) is a transmitter that all large civilian craft are required to carry. This device regularly transmits the name, location, course, speed, and intended destination along with many other bits of information. Simple receivers for small craft are available at a fairly reasonable price. These receivers don't transmit, so you will not be seen by the merchants with this system, but you will see them, and in many cases their location and other critical data will show up on your chartplotter. If you know what they are doing, and what they intend to do, you can stay out of their way.

It is important to know the Colregs, but real life can be a little different. Don't hit anything. Don't let anything hit you.

Jerry Powlas brags that he has cruised halfway around the world twice (same half each time) courtesy of Uncle Sam's Navy. Later he discovered sailboat racing and got into Flying Scots in a big way. He didn't discover cruising sailboats until he met and married Karen Larson. Together, these two founded Good Old Boat *magazine in 1997.*

For further reading . . .

For more about the Colregs, we recommend *The One-Minute Guide to the Nautical Rules of the Road*, by Charlie Wing, and *Navigation Rules,* by the U.S. Department of Homeland Security and the United States Coast Guard. These books are available online <http://www.goodoldboat.com/bookshelf.html> or by calling 701-952-9433.

Herreshoff America

This catboat has had nine lives — well, almost

by Bill Sandifer

Catboats don't point very well compared to fin-keel, Marconi-rigged sloops, but with a little nudging they can be made to go to weather. Because of their generous beam and, therefore, good form stability, catboats don't heel that much—about 15 degrees max during our test sail. Allan and Marlyn Eddy's *Sassy Cat* is a joy to behold…even when sailing with two reefs in.

Sassy Cat, a Herreshoff America catboat was recently selected by Paramount Pictures for a supporting role in a movie. Since one would be hard pressed to find a prettier catboat of the fiberglass variety, it's not hard to see why.

In the early 1970s, when Halsey Herreshoff was hired by Nowak & Williams to come up with a catboat design, he chose one from a number of models drawn in the early part of the 20th century by his grandfather, Nathanael Herreshoff. He copied the hull exactly from the original model, but the deck, cockpit, and cabinhouse were Halsey's designs. The model he selected was the fastest of the group. With the addition of an outboard well in the stern, however, the boat gained added resistance and is no longer, and perhaps never was, "the fastest 18-foot catboat on the block."

Nevertheless, its sail area/displacement ratio is a very high 24, which suggests generous power. The reason for this is that all the sail area is in one sail; when the wind goes light, you can't set a genoa. And when the wind blows, you must reef early. Regardless, the America is still the prettiest fiberglass catboat to my mind.

Catboats are famous or infamous, depending on your viewpoint, for weather helm. Because shoal draft, usually in the form of a centerboard, is essential to the catboat concept, many, including the original cats, have so-called barn door rudders to provide sufficient surface area for steering. To compensate for lack of draft, catboats have generous beam to give them form stability. The result is a high potential for bad manners. But not all catboats have weather helm, though most of the smaller ones do require early reefing and careful handling to point well.

Five lives, actually

The Herreshoff America design has an interesting history for a fiberglass boat. The hulls and decks were first built by Tillotson-Pearson Industries in Warren, Rhode Island. Then Nowak & Williams, just down the bay in Bristol, did the finishing work and sold the completed sailboats directly to sailors. Nowak & Williams got caught in the mid-1970s recession, and in 1977 the molds were bought by Squadron Yachts, which built a few boats before they also suffered financial reversals. Next, Nauset Marine acquired the molds. Several boats were built before the molds were acquired by NOA of St Petersburg, Florida, which did not build any boats as far as I know.

NOA held on to the molds until about 2006 when Com-Pac Yachts of nearby Clearwater bought the molds, redesigned the boat by adding a shallow fin keel, doing away with the traditional centerboard, and opening up the interior. Now named the Horizon Cat, Com-Pac also added its exclusive Mastendr mast-raising system, and a high-aspect rudder — worthy improvements for this nine-lived cat!

When it had the boat designed, Nowak & Williams had a good idea. The company offered multiple models. The most common of these was the America catboat. The second most popular model was the 22-foot Eagle. The Eagle has a bowsprit, hence the extra 4-foot length. The mast is moved

The cockpit benches are long enough for a 6-footer to stretch out comfortably and offer a wonderful way to stargaze on warm summer nights, top. Like most catboats, the Herreshoff America has a so-called barn door rudder, bottom, giving it adequate steerage even in very shoal waters.

PHOTOS BY JIM SCHMITT

Twin companionway ladders lead to a compact galley to starboard, two bunks and a portable toilet to port.

aft for a sloop rig and she carries a topsail. She has a little more windward ability than the America, but she still will not go to weather like a conventional Marconi sloop. Other models include a yacht club launch; a forward cabin powerboat; the Harbor Pilot open powerboat; the Bay Fisherman; and finally, a cat ketch called the Scout, with an after cockpit, no cabin, and a comfortable forward cockpit.

Sailing performance

Catboats are not known for their windward ability and this one is no exception. The America will not point much closer than 75 degrees to the wind, but she can go to windward if you understand how to sail her.

The secret is to bear off the wind, get up some speed, and harden up to get closer to the wind. Then when you are almost in irons, bear off and work up speed again. Do this a number of times and you will work to windward, but slowly. If you want windward ability, get a fin-keel, masthead sloop like a J/22 or Melges 24. Catboats are fun to sail and hard to sail effectively, but that is part of their charm.

I recently had the pleasure of sailing a Herreshoff America named *Sassy Cat*. She was discovered in North Carolina and purchased sight unseen. She was a little rough around the edges, but this was quickly remedied by her new owners, Allan and Marlyn Eddy. Under power she is quick and stable, and under sail, a joy. We had two reefs in the sail as the wind was about 15 knots. We were sailing in a river estuary so the waves weren't large. The board was down two thirds of the way. She did slide a little but was comfortable at about 15 degrees of heel.

Herreshoff America

LOA: 18 feet 2 inches
LWL: 17 feet 9 inches
Beam: 8 feet 0 inches
Draft, board up: 1 foot 10 inches
Draft, board down: 48 inches
Displacement: 2,300 pounds
Ballast: 500 pounds
Sail area: 260 square feet
Displ./length ratio: 184
SA/displ. ratio: 24

Comfort

An 18-foot catboat offers a lot of accommodations for a boat of this length. This, of course, is due to its length-to-beam ratio of almost 2:1, and the fullness in the bow. The cabin is divided by the centerboard trunk but will allow two to sleep comfortably on the port and starboard bunks.

There is room for a portable toilet aft of the bunks on one side, and a minimal sink and galley flat on the other. That's it for the belowdecks area. There is sitting headroom for anyone less than 5 feet 10 inches in height but no taller, except at the sliding companionway hatch, where you have all of God's universe above you.

In theory, you could sleep four people on board — two belowdecks and two in the cockpit — but it would not be fun. All would have to be related as there is no good way to provide privacy for the head.

> **"The America will not point much closer than 75 degrees to the wind, but she can go to windward if you understand how to sail her."**

The cockpit is comfortable for two to four, though it is better with two. There is a traveler behind the aft cockpit coaming, and everyone needs to be aware of where the mainsheet is in case of an accidental jibe. It is easy to jibe a cat if one is not careful.

The traditional charm of a catboat is universal and this Herreshoff America catboat and her kin are living proof of the fun to be had, even if *Sassy Cat's* appearance in the Paramount Pictures movie did end up on the cutting room floor.

Bill Sandifer is a contributing editor with Good Old Boat *and a marine surveyor and boatbuilder who has been living, eating, and sleeping boats since the early '50s. He and his wife, Genie, sail an Eastward Ho 32.*

Vacuum bagging

Bonding teak veneer to plastic cabin sides

by Scott Senkbeil

Lovers of classic sailboats would agree that a teak coach house is a beautiful sight. However, as time has progressed and cookie-cutter fiberglass boats have become the norm, teak (and the upkeep it requires) has disappeared like a ship going over the horizon.

There are still a few with fiberglass classic boats who love a teak-sided coach house. They don't mind the upkeep associated with it, believing that the beauty of teak far outweighs the winter upkeep required to keep it looking new. One of these sailors is Richard Charette, a friend of mine. I have been working with Richard on the restoration of his 1984 Sea Sprite 30, *Panache*.

Obviously, rebuilding the coach house, or siding it with teak planking, is not an economical way to create the classic look. Teak veneer, with its workability, became an economical alternative, but what would be the best way to bond veneer panels to the sides of the coach house? The answer: vacuum bagging. This process is, in our opinion, the easiest method of clamping irregular or large laminates and veneers. The ability to clamp irregular shapes makes vacuum bagging the logical choice for bonding veneers. It also works well if you're considering adding teak strips to your cockpit seating area.

> **"This whole process is best visualized as a 'seal-a-meal' machine for clamping."**

What is vacuum bagging?

The process of vacuum bagging uses a polyethylene/polyurethane sheet to apply pressure to the materials beneath it. This is made possible by sealing the poly to the surface to be bonded to with an airtight material called tacky-tape, a mastic-type sealant, which is very pliable, easily shaped and cut, and can be removed cleanly.

The perimeter of the area to be bonded is outlined with tacky-tape, and then the poly is sealed to the tape, while taking care to press the poly as smoothly as possible, thereby creating an air-tight seal. The heart of the system is the vacuum pump or generator. The pump supplies vacuum to the poly by means of a manifold, a two-sided disk with a seal in between that, when connected on both sides of the poly, creates a port for the vacuum line from the pump to be connected. Then it evacuates the air inside the poly and creates an even surface of clamping pressure. This whole process is best visualized as a "seal-a-meal machine" for clamping. When you remove the air from the inside of the bag, the atmospheric pressure squeezes the outside.

For our teak veneer project, we first removed the teak trim on the top outside edge of the coach house, then filled and faired all screw holes with thickened epoxy. As the trim was replaced, and we were installing the mounting screws in different locations, the need to have the mounting surface airtight (watertight) necessitated filling the old holes.

The next step was to lay out the shape of the veneer. For this, we applied common contact paper (wood-grained shelving paper) to the cabin sides, lining up the top with the old screw holes and trimming the bottom edge by marking the contact paper with a magic marker, using a template made

A sheet of strong poly is sealed to the area and a vacuum pump is used to supply an even clamping pressure.

to follow the same radius up from the inside line of the deck non-skid. Once the final shape was established and cut on the contact paper, we removed it and transferred it to sheets of cardboard of a like thickness of the veneer.

Transferred the shape

We then did a dry-fit of the cardboard, doing any final trimming, taping off the outside edge, top and bottom. Then we removed it from the boat and prepared to transfer the shape to the teak veneer. One of the tricky parts of this project was lining up the templates on the veneer to best use the materials while still keeping the grain pattern running straight. The cabin side has a curvature as it goes in, going forward, and it also curves up so the panels don't just lie flat. Once all veneers were laid out, I cut the material using heavy-duty scissors. Then I sanded the lower edge and butt joints and coated all veneers with System Three Clear-Coat epoxy resin.

After the epoxy cured, we taped the outside edge all around and covered the veneer with rosin paper. We taped a layer of breather fabric, a felt-like fabric that allows air to be pulled out evenly beneath the bag, onto the paper-covered veneer panels.

As we had already taped off the outside of the templates, it was time to prepare the cabin sides to which the veneer panels would be bonded. We wiped down all surfaces with acetone, sanded them with 80-grit paper, then wiped them down again. The tacky-tape was then applied around the outside of the taped-off area of the cabin side. Due to the length of the panels, we bagged one at a time (two panels on the port and starboard side, one on the bow, and one on each side of the companionway, see photo, top right). We paid special attention to the areas over portlight openings. The ports had been removed for polishing, so the openings had to be sealed from

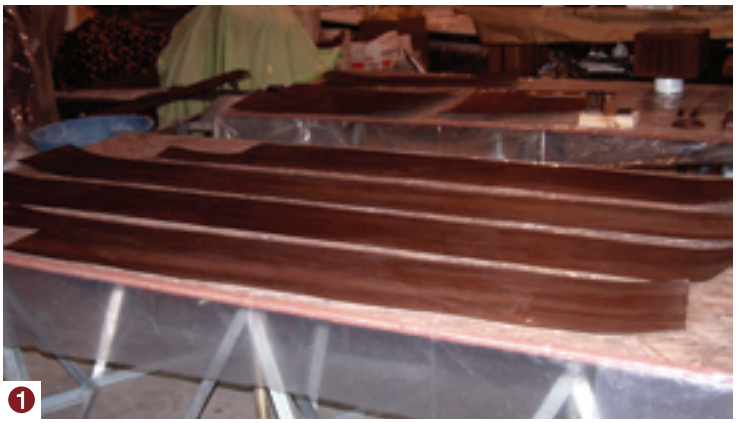
Materials and equipment

The vacuum bagging system we used to apply the teak veneer included a vacuum generator fabricated from a kit supplied by Joe Woodworker. See <http://www.joewoodworker.com>.

It also included a V2 generator, which operates by the use of our shop air compressor and a venturi to create vacuum. This kit is easily assembled, portable, requires little air (if the bag is sealed properly) and is quiet. The Joe Woodworker website does a very good job of explaining the setup and use of the vacuum bagging system. This company is primarily geared toward veneer use in furniture building, but people there are very willing to help on any type of project requiring the use of the vacuum-bagging process.

The teak veneer was supplied by Boulter Plywood Corp.: <http://www.boulterplywood.com>. Their veneer is beautiful, easily cut and shaped, and their service is excellent.

The bagging materials, breather fabric, sealant tape (tacky-tape), bag film, and vacuum probe (manifold) was supplied by Express Composites Inc.: <http://www.expresscomposites.com>. They give excellent service also.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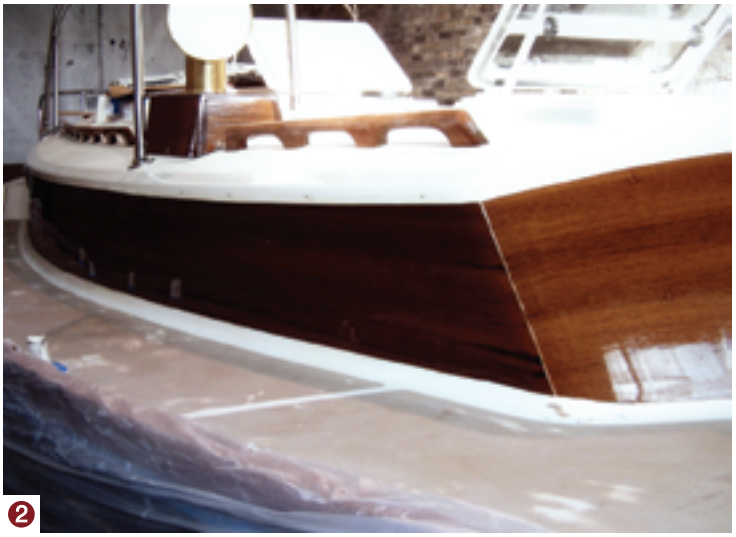
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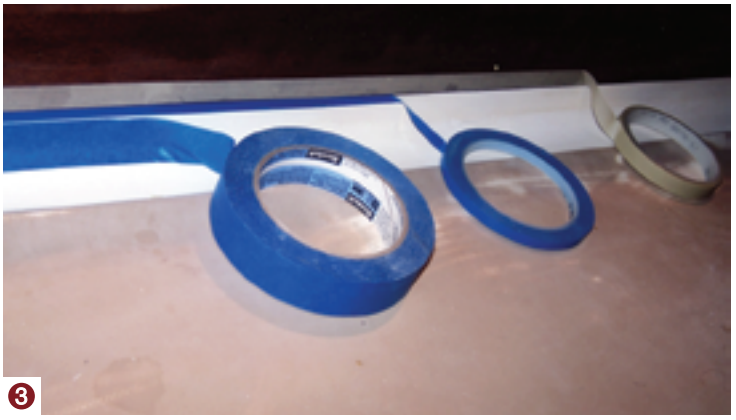
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the inside. We used ¼-inch plywood cutouts to fill the ports and applied tacky-tape along with the poly to accomplish the seal.

Adhesive filler

The veneer panels and cabin side were then wet-out with epoxy and allowed to "tack-up." Then we rolled a light coat of resin with adhesive filler on the panel. The panel was then carefully set in place, held by 2-inch tape tabs at the top. The poly sheet with the manifold installed in the center was evenly placed over the panel being bonded, and the outside of the poly was pressed firmly onto the tacky-tape.

The seal is of utmost importance. Without a good seal the pump will not be able to fully evacuate the air inside the bag. When the poly bag is sealed up, the pump (vacuum generator) is turned on and the vacuum is applied. At this time, the poly bag will be pulled against the cabin side, squeezing the veneer in place. Now is the time to make sure that the veneer is positioned exactly. We marked the placement by making marks on the tape around the outside edge of the veneers and then placing tape outside the panels on the cabin side. When everything was positioned properly, we checked the bag for leaks. This is best done with a stethoscope, listening for the hiss of air being pulled into the bag. All leaks must be sealed, so one must force small bits of tacky-tape into any voids that may be leaking. The edge of the plastic can also be taped down. When all leaks are sealed, one must leave the vacuum applied until the epoxy is cured. We repeated this procedure with each panel.

New veneer revealed

The moment of truth comes when the bagging is completed and the masking paper is removed, revealing the now bonded teak veneer. As *Panache* was also getting a new Awlgrip paint job, the veneer was finished off on the bottom edge by first taping the veneer, then laying down a strip of ¼-inch fineline tape, with a strip of 1-inch tape below that (see photo on facing page). After the three runs of tape were laid down, the ¼-inch tape was removed, leaving a space that was filled with thickened epoxy in a radius cove shape, with the help of a rounded pallet knife. It was allowed to cure, then the epoxy cove was sanded fair and the Awlgrip was applied. This created a smooth transition area on the bottom edge of the veneer. The top edge was treated to a new teak trim all around (back side of trim recessed to fit over veneer) and the butt-joints, forward and aft corners were trimmed out. Once caulked, the veneer was sealed from water intrusion. Then we cut out the portlight holes using a Roto-Zip tool and the veneers were ready for more than 10 coats of Interlux Schooner varnish.

The final result is stunning and sure to turn the heads of those who fancy the beauty that only a teak-sided coach house can provide. The process itself is rather easy, but like everything in life, it's the planning stages that ultimately help to deliver a quality finished product.

Scott Senkbeil has messed around with boats since boyhood, sailing and fishing on Lake Michigan and inland waters. In 2003, he started a yacht restoration business,S.S. Marine. He resides and does buisness in Sheboygan, Michigan.

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It took seven panels to cover the cabin sides: two on each side, two in the cockpit, and one at the bow (1 and 2). The veneer was taped on the bottom edge to allow for Alwgripping the deck (3); the transition at the cockpit by the companionway was handled with trim pieces (4). A gleaming *Panache* is an inspiration to all (5-7).

The Pearson 28-1

An old IOR-influenced design becomes a liveaboard cruiser

by Jeff Williams

For 50 years, the name Pearson has been synonymous with sailing. Along the way, Pearson built three very different 28-footers. The first was the famous Triton from 1959 to 1967. Then there was the Pearson 28 Mk 1 (P28-1 as it's called now), designed in 1974 and produced in 1975. Significant changes were imposed on the design in 1976, making the earliest examples of the boat a prototype of sorts for the higher interior volumes to come. Eventually, the demands of the recreational boating public for greater perceived luxury tolled the death knell for the 28-1. Launched in 1985, the P28-2 moved away from the traditional small seaboat concept toward increased interior volume. More than 350 P28-1s were built, and the boat is still popular. Selling prices vary, but seem to be somewhere around $10,000, just about what they sold for when new 25 years ago.

Miss Bohicket (hull 149, 1977) is a beautiful example of this classic boat. Her current owners, Phillip and Andie Reid of Wilmington, North Carolina, have lovingly "restored" their Pearson to a state that is in fundamental ways well beyond the original.

Phillip and Andie found *Miss Bohicket* near her eponymous creek in South Carolina in March 2000. After moving her to a berth at Masonboro Marina where they could be close to her, they began what became a six-year labor of love, bringing their new boat to a standard commensurate with their intentions: liveaboard cruising.

The Reids' approach to cruising is pragmatic: rather than succumb to the present vogue of buying large boats of dubious pedigree, they focused on an affordable, well-found boat that they could fit out modestly with high-quality equipment and installations.

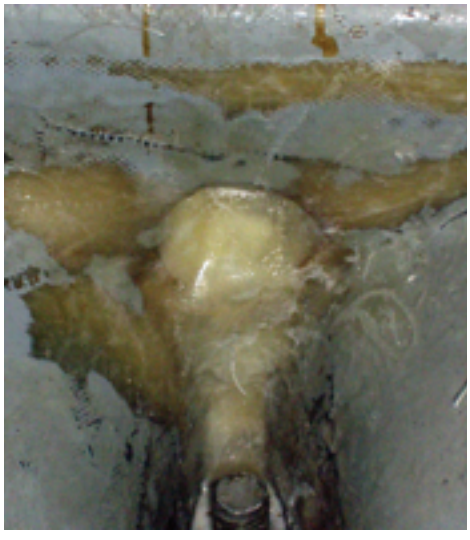
> "…they focused on an affordable, well-found boat that they could fit out modestly with high-quality equipment and installations."

In reasonable condition

When they began their project, what they found was a boat in reasonable condition (for her 20-plus years) with anachronistic electronics and tired systems. As Phillip puts it, they "learned a lot."

Any 20-something boat is going to require a thorough refit as well as problem solving for the inevitable things like water intrusion, corrosion, former owners' sins, and the like. The work that the Reids have done makes an excellent case study of the breadth and complexity of such a project.

Prior to the first haulout, the to-do list included delving into the bilge, replacing mooring cleats, cockpit drains, and through-hulls, plus the usual: acid-wash the hull, check the rudder and Cutless bearing, paint the bottom, and so on. During that haulout, the list expanded. Replacing and raising the bootstripe revealed some superficial gelcoat blisters under the old bootstripe. They repaired them and added a full barrier coat of Interprotect 2000,



After a six-year refit, *Miss Bohicket*, waits patiently at a dock, facing page, during her first outing with Phillip and Andie Reid. Andie is captured in 2003, top photo, during the most glamorous and grueling portion of the refit: removing the bottom paint prior to raising the bootstripe. The bilge yielded a few bits of rusted metal, formerly known as hardware, and saturated foam mush that had been part of the original construction. As part of the 2003 haulout, Phillip prepared the floors for epoxy and glass, center, and for bilge paint, bottom.

a new Awlgrip bootstripe, and two coats of Trinidad SR. All metal below the waterline was cleaned completely, then treated with Pettit Metal Primer, Interprotect 2000, and bottom paint. The good news was that the boat did not suffer from any general osmosis blistering below the waterline; a knowledgeable previous owner had already done a complete bottom restoration including drying, de-blistering, and epoxy barrier coating.

Repair, clean, and repaint

The bilge yielded a few bits of rusted metal, formerly known as hardware, plus the discovery that the foam used in the floors was completely saturated with muddy water. This was all removed and replaced with epoxy and mat, and the floors were re-glassed with epoxy. Then the whole bilge was thoroughly cleaned and repainted.

All the seacocks were removed and replaced. Three of the four originals were frozen or leaky gate valves, two of which had to be ground off from the outside. The new installations were done with glassed-in backing plates for strength. Phillip chose Marelon seacocks for simplicity of maintenance, durability, and lack of corrosion.

Back in the water after nearly a month in the yard, *Miss Bohicket* enjoyed a thorough cleaning and her topsides reflected both water and pride for the first time in years.

While the Reids are practical, they're not Spartans. They installed a good stereo with a built-in sub-woofer to see them through the next five years of projects.

They found the Atomic 4 to be in serviceable condition — a testament to the quality and durability of these engines. Even lacking a mechanical background, Phillip found it to be a simple engine to learn about and care for.

The rig presented a special set of issues. Years of standing water at the base of the mast had corroded the mast butt, and it had to be trimmed 4 inches, cleaned, and repainted. Then Phillip built a riser and installed it to bring the total mast height back to its original (see *Good Old Boat*, September 2005). He kept the original mast step. It was ground down, corroded areas were drilled out and filled with epoxy, and proper drain holes were drilled. The step and the riser (both aluminum) were coated with zinc chromate primer, then epoxy primer, and finally

Praise for seaworthiness

P28-1 owners generally assert that their boat is an excellent seaboat. Designer Ted Brewer has noted that, given the choice between going to sea in a Triton or a P28-1, he'd choose the latter. Not that this denigrates the Triton — a proven circumnavigator many times over — in any way; just that it places the P28-1 in the same class. The keel-stepped rig is sturdy and well stayed. The beefy rudder is gudgeon-hung and protected by a partial skeg.

Of course, one downside is that the interior design is the traditional seaboat layout: two sea berths in the main saloon, a head no bigger than it needs to be, sufficient headroom, and a basic-but-workable galley.

One shortcoming of the basic design is the low companionway sill which, coupled with a too-small cockpit drain, can lead to violating Boating Rule #1: Keep the water on the outside. Owners interested in offshore cruising have designed solutions for this.

painted. For this, Phillip recommends Interlux Bilgekote or any other paint suited for application below the waterline. To reduce corrosion between the aluminum parts and the steel bolts, Phillip bedded the step to the riser with 3M 5200 before bolting.

Rotted balsa core

The deck around the mast partners needed work where water had rotted the balsa core. The fiberglass was cleaned well inside and out and the rotted core ground back to fresh, dry wood. Then the cleaned-out area was epoxy filled and a new interior trim ring was made from plywood, coated in epoxy, epoxy primer, and Imron. This structural component backed the through-bolts of the mast collar on deck. A Spartite installation completed the project.

The chainplates were removed and, upon inspection, found to still be in serviceable condition, showing no signs of cracking, corrosion, or elongation of the mounting holes.

Another significant deck project, aimed at taking the boat from weekender to liveaboard status, was the addition of a bow roller and a deck hawse for ground tackle. Phillip chose a 35-pound CQR as his primary anchor and constructed a custom roller and chock system for it. The trick was to clear all the things on the bow — roller furler, stemhead fitting, fairleads, and stanchions — and to keep the anchor from gouging the fiberglass, while limiting the overhang and making the whole look good.

The roller is made of two pieces of ¼-inch 316 stainless-steel angle, mounted on a pad made of three layers of ½-inch Starboard sealed with 5200 and fastened with four ⅜-inch, 316 stainless-steel, hex-head bolts. The roller is a urethane trailer bow roller (a quarter of the price of the black anchor roller) on a ½-inch 316 bolt. There's a chrome-plated bronze deck plate behind the anchor. The rode is 40 feet of 5/16-inch chain on 300 feet of ⅝-inch nylon.

Back at the stubby end, some important modifications were made in the cockpit. The engine controls had to be moved to a location more accessible from the helm. A VHF radio was

The new bow roller with a used CQR and a quick-remove roller bail, top photos on facing page, and the sparkling cabin after an interior refit, bottom on facing page. Exterior projects, at right, included cockpit canvas, portlights, navigation lights, and other projects too numerous to list. The result of all these projects was that the previous owner might not have recognized this brand-new Pearson 28-1 as the same one he'd sailed.

relocated to the helm. The manual bilge pump was replaced, and a sturdy pedestal guard was installed for support.

Mounted in locker

A custom teak box holds the VHF, ignition switches, and wiring. It supports a frame for a sliding Plexiglas door. This was all mounted into the aft section of the port cockpit locker with through-bolts and 5200. Permanent wiring and a deck gland were added for an adjustable solar panel mounted to the port pushpit.

On deck, the whole boat was treated to a new non-skid surface. The original deck had been repainted and no longer provided any traction, especially when wet. The original surface was ground back and then painted with Durabak 18 — a suspension of recycled rubber bits in a one-part xylene-based polyurethane. With the decks painted white, the interior is much cooler too.

Cockpit canvas, holding tank, windows, portlights, navigation lights…projects too numerous to list, distinguish the contemporary *Miss Bohicket* from her former self.

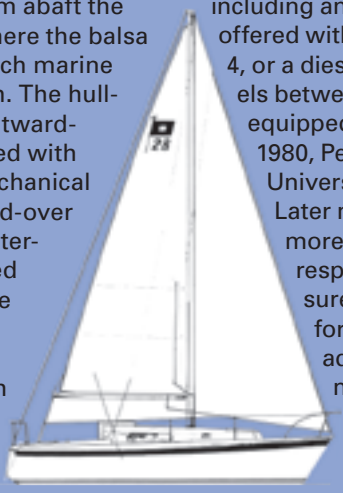
The culmination of all this work is a

Pearson 28-1

Designer: Bill Shaw
LOA: 28 feet 00 inches
LWL: 24 feet 00 inches
Beam: 9 feet 3 inches
LWL/Beam: 2.6
Draft: 5 feet 0 inches
Displacement: 7,850 pounds
Ballast: 3,530 pounds
Ballast/Disp: 45
Sail area: 418 square feet
Displ./LWL ratio: 254
Capsize ratio: 1.86
Motion comfort: 24.7
PHRF: 192

A fast cruiser

Fundamentally, the Pearson 28-1 is a moderately-conservative take on the International Offshore Rule (IOR) of the 1970s and '80s: a masthead sloop with a solid-lead, deep-fin keel and a semi-balanced, squared-off rudder secured to a horizontal partial skeg by a bronze gudgeon. The hull is traditional, hand-laid, solid fiberglass (mat, woven roving, and cloth) and the deck is cored with end-grain balsa except on the centerline from abaft the mast to the stem, where the balsa is replaced with ¾-inch marine plywood for strength. The hull-to-deck joint is an outward-turning flange secured with both sealant and mechanical fasteners and glassed-over on the inside. The external flange is protected by a vinyl rubrail. She has seven structural bulkheads of ½-inch marine plywood with teak veneer. Additional stiffness is provided by heavy fiberglass hull and deck liners glassed to the hull and deck and by fiberglass bilge floors and glassed-in marine plywood stringers.



The 1975 model had no cockpit coamings, a quarter berth trimmed out in pegboard, and a 4-foot 6-inch draft. The 1976 model axed the quarter berth in favor of an additional deep cockpit locker; draft went to 5 feet, and the galley was re-arranged. Almost all amenities were optional, including an engine. The boat was offered with an outboard, an Atomic 4, or a diesel, but most of the models between 1975 and 1980 were equipped with the Atomic 4. In 1980, Pearson started putting a Universal diesel in each boat. Later models tend to show more amenities as Pearson responded to market pressures. In the early 1980s, for example, the company added wheel steering and mid-boom sheeting with travelers, where earlier had been tillers and end-boom sheeting.

Phillip and Andie celebrate following a race with something cold and wet. Their advice to anyone beginning a refit (or lost somewhere in the middle of one) is to approach it with a focused tenacity, a willingness to experiment and learn, and above all, a good sense of humor.

boat that's comfortable and fun to sail. Four of us headed out into the Atlantic for a Saturday race and raft-up on board *Miss Bohicket*. Performance-wise, she was able to hold her own against other cruising boats in the 30-foot range. The helm was responsive and it was easy to find the groove upwind in a 2- to 3-foot chop.

The small wheel doesn't provide much leverage and requires a heavy hand at times; a tiller might be more appropriate to the boat, but it wouldn't play as well to the cruising theme.

When we were beating into the waves, the cockpit was remarkably dry for a 28-footer. The ride was comfortable, though it was easy to end up overcanvassed. A nimble, well-balanced boat does have a tighter wind range for any given sail configuration than a heavy-displacement cruiser would. Downwind, the sailing was easy; the boat was steady, making few demands on the helmsman. Although the waves weren't big enough for us to surf, we could feel the acceleration with the larger swells.

Reversing is interesting

Under motor, the offset prop gave the helm a constant bias, though nothing that any autopilot would have trouble with. We motored easily at 5-plus knots. Phillip says that the shaft offset also makes reversing an interesting exercise, but he had no trouble backing out of the tight marina slip.

Overall, it's a pleasure to see a well-found boat like this P28-1 gain a new lease on life. Taking an older boat and bringing it back as a liveaboard cruiser is not a trivial endeavor.

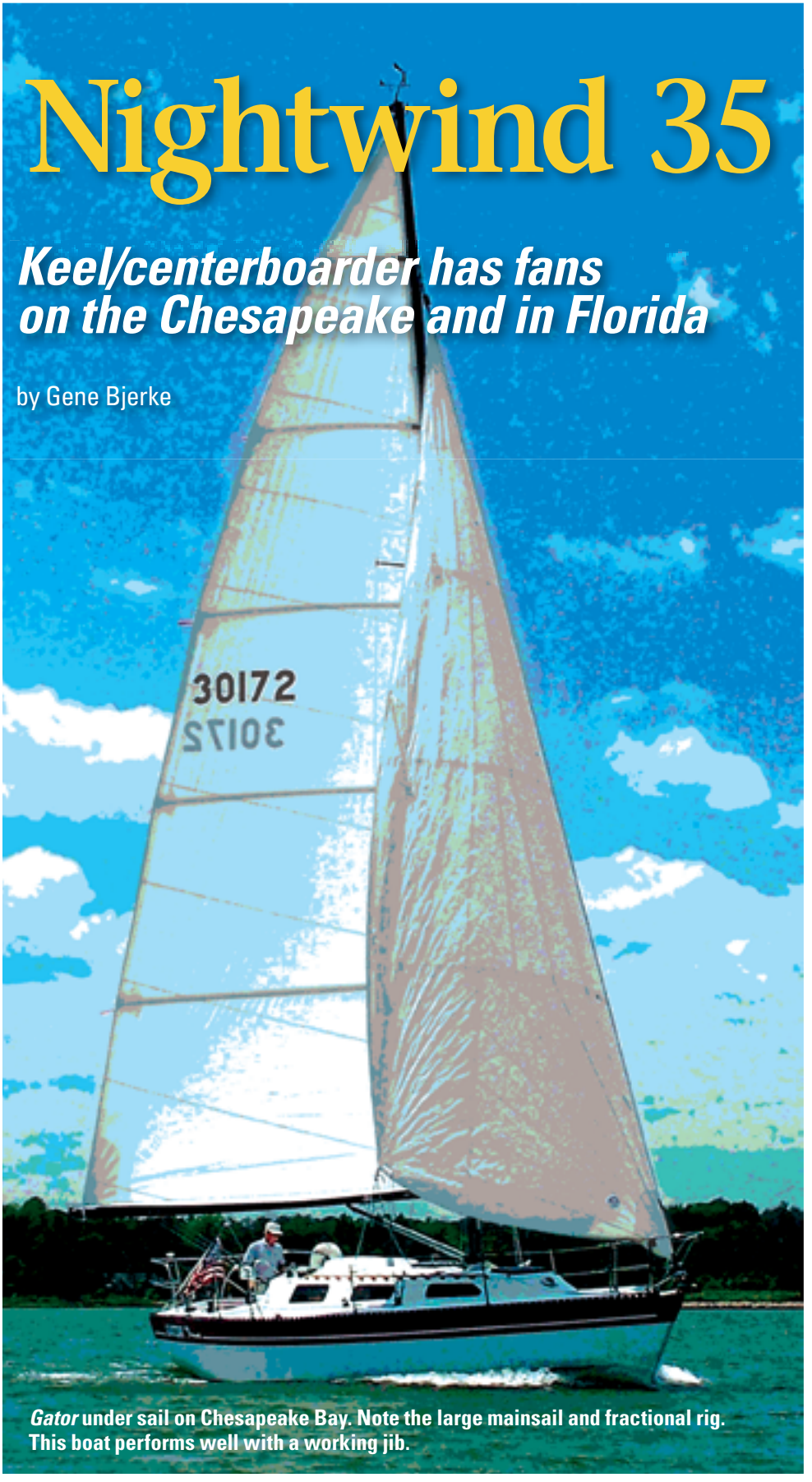
It is essential, first of all, that the unchangeable basics — the initial design and the original construction — be credible. The Pearson 28 is. And second, the project must be approached with focused tenacity, a willingness to experiment and learn, and a good sense of humor. *Miss Bohicket* is testament to both the Reids and her builders.

Jeff Williams lives on board his J/40, Gryphon, *on which he and his partner, Raine, circumnavigated from 1998 to 2004. See their story at <http://www.j40.org>. They are presently cruising the BVI.*

Nightwind 35

Keel/centerboarder has fans on the Chesapeake and in Florida

by Gene Bjerke



Gator **under sail on Chesapeake Bay. Note the large mainsail and fractional rig. This boat performs well with a working jib.**

In the late 1970s, Robert Deutsch decided he needed a new boat to race on the Great Lakes and approached Bruce Kirby with his ideas. Bruce was a magazine editor, racer, and designer of the immensely popular Laser. He designed a shallow-draft sloop for Robert that would do well under IOR (the favored rating rule at the time). He wanted to create a "normal boat," meaning one without any "bumps or hollows that would be there only for measurement purposes." The resulting boat proved reasonably fast and manageable. Robert owned at least two of them, both of which he named *Shasta*.

In addition, Robert formed a company, Arkady Marine in Green Bay, Wisconsin, to market the boat, which he called the Nightwind 35. He did not build the boats himself. Beginning in 1980, the first seven boats were built by the C. E. Ryder Company in Rhode Island. These were fitted with Volkswagen diesel engines. The molds were then moved to Ft. Meyers, Florida, and another six (or seven; there is some question) were built, this time with Yanmar diesels. I recently had an opportunity to sail on hull #1, *Gator*, in southeast Virginia.

Design and construction

The Nightwind is a moderate displacement keel/centerboarder with a fairly long waterline and generous beam. Bruce Kirby has compared the design to the famous Sparkman & Stephens yawl, *Finisterre*, which won the Bermuda Race an unprecedented three times but was influenced by the CCA rule, rather than the IOR. "It should be noted," he says, "that the Nightwind is not typical of the traditional American centerboarder, such as the *Finisterre* relatives, which were much

The cockpit, at left above, is spacious with the mainsheet traveler forward on the bridge deck. Note the ample number of seat lockers, and especially the unusual one on centerline, against which one can brace one's feet. The mainsheet is adjusted by a six-part tackle, at right, but *Gator's* owner found this inadequate for going to weather in strong winds and added a four-part tackle between the becket of the six-part and bitter end of the mainsheet. About half the Northwinds were fitted with Volkswagen diesel engines, below; the other half with Yanmars.

heavier for their length and relatively deeper with the board raised. They also had longer ballast keels with rudders hung on the after end of the keel. Nightwind is far more dinghy-like, lighter for her length, and with ballast keel and rudder widely separated.

"The Nightwind was designed in the IOR days, when I had done several boats to that rule that had lead only in the top half of the keel and with a good chunk of ballast inside the boat. This was done by a lot of designers to deal with the rule's CGF, or center of gravity factor, which, in short, dictated that a tender boat should be slower than a stiff boat and, therefore, should rate lower. But as I was not designing the Nightwind under the IOR rule, I gave her a wide and flattish bottom for stability to make up for the high center of gravity of the ballast. Robert Deutsch wanted a shallow boat with good stability and that was how I handled the problem."

The hull is solid fiberglass with Airex foam coring on the flat sides of the bow to prevent flexing and oil-canning there. The deck is solid fiberglass with plywood backing plates for deck hardware at the mast partners.

The fiberglass hull has a fine entry with moderate overhangs. The rudder is hung on the transom with a skeg protecting the upper two-thirds, which is built like a narrow box. The blade can be raised within this "trunk" like a daggerboard, and an emergency tiller is easily fitted to it.

The hull molding has a shoulder at the top. The deck molding fits over this shoulder and is joined to the hull by bolting the rubrail through the joint.

The inside ballast is located in the area of the mast step, but not on the centerline. It starts about a foot out from the center and fills an area of several square feet.

Ballast is part inside and part outside. On the outside is something Bruce describes as a foil-shaped lead shoe that is about 10 feet long and 10 inches thick and weighs 3,800 pounds. Since this is not deep enough to contain the centerboard, there is a trunk in the cabin. In addition to the stub keel, there are also 1,400 pounds of inside ballast. Total ballast is 5,200 pounds on 11,900 pounds of displacement for a ballast-to-displacement ratio of .46. The boat is reasonably stiff in normal wind ranges. The limit of positive stability (LPS) is 105–110 degrees, about standard for a centerboard boat. Draft, board up, is only 2 feet 9 inches; lowering the foil-shaped board brings the draft to 7 feet 3 inches. Beam-to-length ratio is .33.

On deck

The Nightwind is a sloop with a seven-eighths rig. The sail area is 624 square feet, with most of that (359 square

> **“He wanted to create a ‘normal boat,’ meaning one without any ‘bumps or hollows that would be there only for measurement purposes.’”**

feet or 57 percent) in the main. The keel-stepped mast reaches to 53 feet above the water and has two spreaders. The cabintop is low and narrow with the chainplates installed against the cabin. The result is a wide deck for moving around on the boat and narrow sheeting angles for the headsails. There is ample working area on the foredeck. *Gator* has full-length lifelines.

Since *Gator* is not raced, she is normally sailed with a 110 percent working jib. All lines are led to the cockpit for shorthanded sailing. There are two two-speed winches on either side of the cockpit. The forward winches are self-tailing and are used for the headsail sheets; the after winches are available for the running backstays. We didn't use the running backstays for casual sailing, but Dave Crossett, *Gator's* owner, says that using the backstays reduces the tacking angle. There are also four winches and 11 clutches on the cabintop for everything else, from the centerboard pendant to the spinnaker pole downhaul.

The mainsail is controlled by a mid-boom sheet taken to a traveler on the after edge of the bridge deck. Because it is a large sail, the mainsheet tackle has a hefty six-part purchase. Even that is not always enough purchase going to windward in a strong wind, so Dave has added a smaller, four-part tackle on *Gator* between the becket of the six-part and bitter end of the mainsheet (see photo). This allows him to make fine adjustments in strong conditions.

The Nightwind has a large cockpit for a 35-foot boat. It's a bit over 8 feet wide forward and 5 feet wide aft on a total length of 8 feet 7 inches. This provides ample room for guests or a racing crew. The width might seem to be a disadvantage when the boat heels, but the center of the cockpit has a box the same height as the seats. This is convenient for bracing your feet and for sitting on when working the traveler on the bridge deck. It is possible to lift the bottom out of this center box to gain access to otherwise inaccessible areas below the cockpit and abaft the engine.

Gator is fitted with an oversize 40-inch wheel — the largest that will still allow the seat lockers to be opened. This makes it somewhat difficult to get behind the wheel when changing helmsmen, but allows the helmsman to sit up on the narrow deck outside the cockpit and reach the wheel easily. This is Dave's favorite position because it gives him a good view of the jib. *Gator* also has a firm, portable, and very useful “helmsman's seat” that sits on the stern seat and is raised about 10 inches.

Nightwind 35

Designer: Bruce Kirby
LOA: 34 feet 8 inches
LWL: 28 feet 2 inches
Beam: 11 feet 6 inches
Draft (board up): 2 feet 9 inches,
Draft (board down): 7 feet 3 inches
Displacement: 11,900 pounds
Ballast: 5,200 pounds
(1,400 inside, 3,800 outside)
Sail area: 642 square feet
Displ./LWL ratio: 343
SA/Displ. ratio: 19.7
PHRF rating: 123
Mast height above LWL: 53 feet
Limit of positive stability: 105-110 degrees

There is a self-draining propane locker under the after end of the starboard seat in the cockpit. It is fitted to take a 20-pound propane bottle. Another interesting detail is a small hatch amidships at the port rail. It opens to reveal a fitted locker that holds a Danforth anchor (about 13 pounds) vertically. It holds just the anchor, not the rode, but it does move that much weight off the bow.

Belowdecks

Below, the Nightwind has the typical layout of V-berths forward and settees in the main cabin. The boat also can be set up with pipe berths above the settees. This allows a sailor to race with a large crew but doesn't clutter up the cabin with lots of berths that are unnecessary when cruising with the family.

The U-shaped galley is aft on the starboard side. There are two possible arrangements for the galley. One has the sink aft and the icebox forward; the other has those two reversed. Icebox forward seems like a better bet, because in the aft position the icebox lid, when it is opened, tends to bump against the cockpit overhang.

There are some slight variations among boats (at least on paper). One plan calls for a generous enclosed head opposite the galley. *Gator* has a navigation station and quarter berth in this area instead, with a small enclosed head just aft of the port V-berth (there would otherwise be hanging lockers on either side in that area). The headroom below is a generous 6 feet 2 inches, with a soft overhead.

The centerboard trunk is in the middle of the main cabin, but there is ample room to pass on either side. In addition to the overhead grab rails, it does give you something to hang on to in a seaway. And it forms the base for the drop-leaf table.

Natural light is provided by four fixed portlights and a translucent hatch in the saloon. There also are two fixed portlights and another translucent hatch in the fore cabin. In addition, there is a small translucent hatch over the head.

The freshwater-cooled engine is mounted under the companionway

The saloon, at left, is fairly straightforward with opposing settees and a drop-leaf table on centerline. The centerboard pendant runs through the pipe, which also functions as a handhold. Note the massive chainplates through-bolted to the main bulkhead; check underneath for rot, a common problem on older boats. Chart work is done on a dedicated nav table, at right, at the head of the port quarter berth. This is a nice feature that keeps charts, pencils, and rules off the dining table.

steps. This provides good access for maintenance and repairs. Removing the steps opens up the whole front of the engine. Another cover can be removed to access the rest of the engine, mainly from the port quarter berth. This is normally enough since most components, like oil dipstick and filters, are on the port side of the engine. It is possible to get access to the entire engine if needed.

An advantage of the Nightwind models with Volkswagen diesels is that parts are usually available from a good auto parts store. In fact, Dave was able to adapt a cylinder head from a parts store and make it work on his engine. The only difference between the automobile head and the marinized head is a small vent pipe attached to the front, necessary because the engine is not installed horizontally in the boat. Dave was able to install a pipe himself on a new head and saved about $300 over a used marine cylinder head.

The propeller is on the centerline, forward of the rudder, so the boat handles well under power, including backing. In fact, Dave backs *Gator* into a narrow canal to get to his pier because there isn't enough room in the canal to turn around. *Gator* will make about 6¾ knots under power.

Performance

The important question is how does the boat sail? The first day we went out, the wind was light and fluky to begin with but eventually settled in at about 10 knots. We set the main and 110 percent jib. *Gator* is not raced. Dave crews on friend Dan Smoker's Nightwind in races) so *Gator* is set up for easy singlehanding.

In the process of circumnavigating an island between the creek where the boat is moored and the adjacent York River, we covered every point of sailing except a dead run (Dave prefers to tack downwind). When beating, *Gator* made about 7 knots and tacked through 85 to 95 degrees (without the running backstays). On a beam reach the knotmeter read about 5.5 with an indicated true wind speed of 9 knots. When broad reaching, the boat sailed at 4.3. At that wind speed, heeling was quite moderate. Set up

as we were for casual sailing, it was a most pleasant and relaxing afternoon.

On the next sail the wind started at 8 to 10 knots and gradually built to about 15. We kept the boat on a beam reach for most of the afternoon, and she generally sailed about half the wind speed. We ended up hard on the wind to fetch the entrance to the creek. For a short time we furled the jib for comfort. The boat was well balanced and held her course under main only. The appearance of another Nightwind created an informal race and the jib was set again. Bruce Kirby feels that such a situation, beating in 12 to 15 knots of wind, is the boat's best point of sailing. It was certainly a delightful sail.

The Nightwind's PHRF rating is 123 seconds per mile, which compares favorably with a Niagara 35 at about 156, and an O'Day 35 at 150. J/Boats are the high-performance benchmark among production boats, so it's always instructive to look at their ratings. A J/35 comes in at 89.

Bottom line

Properly set up, the Nightwind does well as a racing boat. It is the boat of choice for Dan Smoker, who is generally considered to be one of the Chesapeake's hot racing sailors. He has won a lot of silver with his good old Nightwind. But if racing is not your thing, the accommodations are quite comfortable for cruising. It seems to be a true cruiser/racer. It is a shallow-draft boat that can perform adequately, if necessary, with the centerboard and rudder in the raised position. Thus, it's no surprise that the boats are mainly found in Chesapeake Bay and Florida.

The Nightwind does not seem to have any inherent problems to look out for, at least none have been reported among the boats that Dave is aware of. Of course, age-related problems, such as corroded electrical wiring and leaky portlights, are common to all boats.

This was a low-volume boat. Only 13, or perhaps 14, were ever built, and at least one came to grief on some rocks. As far as I have been able to discover, there was only one Nightwind 35 available for sale as of this writing. It was listed on several websites, priced variously at $64,900 and $77,000.

It seems obvious that Nightwind owners are happy with their boats. Bruce Kirby bought one for his own personal boat. That says a lot.

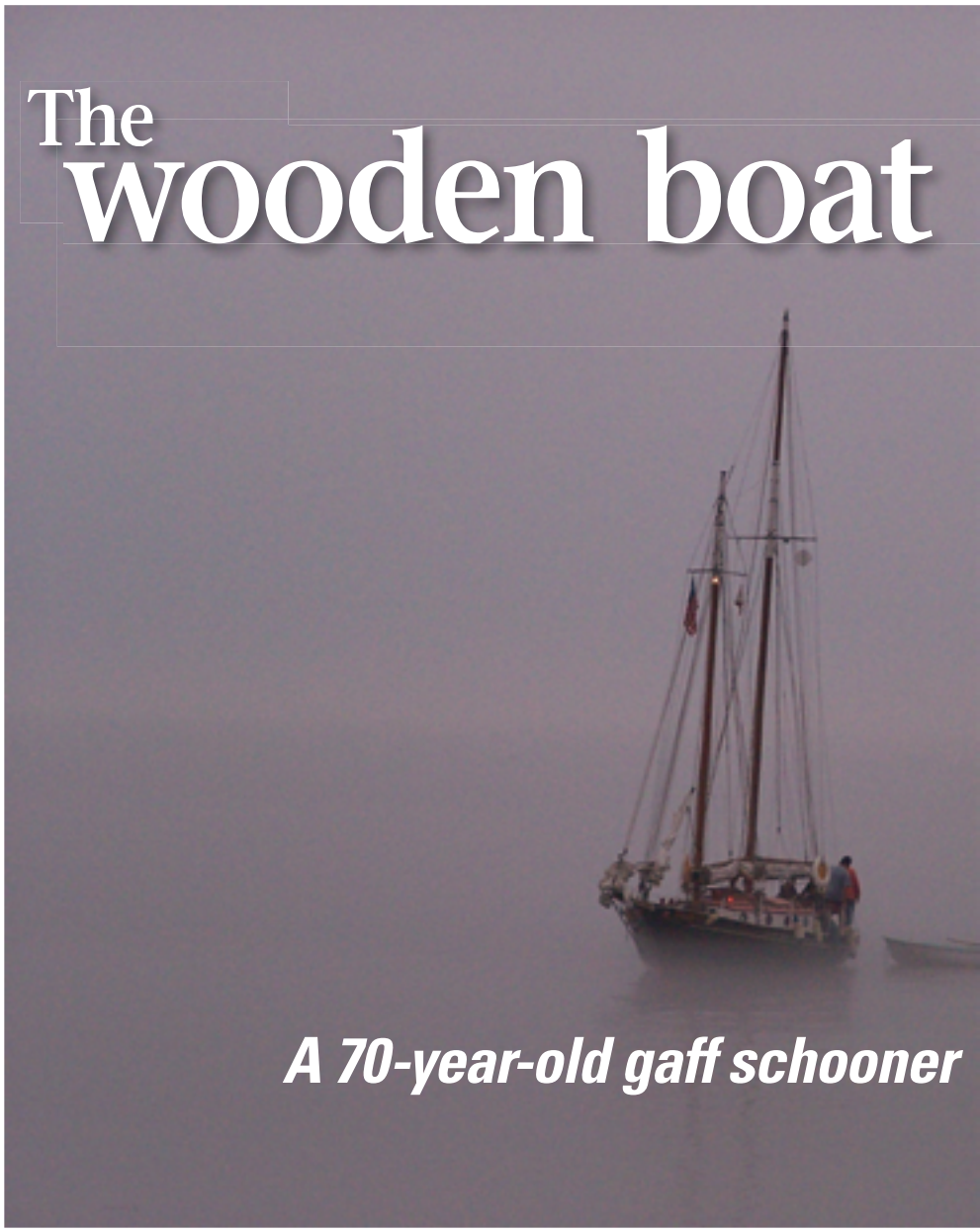
The galley is aft to starboard, with a double sink under the bridge deck, a three-burner gimbaled stove/oven, and icebox. There isn't much counter space.

In the last 45 years, Gene Bjerke has sailed on all sizes of boats, from 8½ to 116 feet. He currently crews on a couple of reproduction 17th-century square-riggers.

PART TWO

The wooden boat

A 70-year-old gaff schooner



LAST SUMMER, WHILE PUTTERING around at the mooring, I heard a runabout idling and voices in conversation. The occupants were apparently studying our old boat. I heard one say above the engine noise, "Is that *whole* thing really made of wood?"

Yes, there was a time, not too long ago, when all sailboats were built of wood. But by the time I began sailing an old cedar-and-mahogany Lightning in 1967 on Lake Ontario, most of the larger cruising boats in our yacht club were fiberglass. The rush to virtually indestructible homogenized hulls of plastic had been underway for 10 years. By then, the handful of surviving operational woodies in our harbor largely belonged to people operating on lean boating budgets.

In 1979, I judged that I had attained a sufficiently reliable level of liquidity to move up to a "big boat" and bought a 23-foot sloop, homebuilt during World War II. By then, biodegradable boats were even rarer in upstate New York. The 1970s were generally not kind to wooden boats. Unwanted and unloved, these relics were left to sit in back corners of boatyards, as owners enthusiastically embraced plastic. And who could blame them? No more yearly caulking of bottom seams. No more replacing rotten planks and frames. No more worries about rusty screws, bolts, or weakened nails holding the whole thing together. The advantages of fiberglass hulls were apparent to even the staunchest Luddite.

A few pockets of wooden-boat interest survived in the Pacific Northwest and New England. In the 1970s a stirring of renewed interest began, fueled in part by a growing number of wooden-boat shows and two periodicals: *WoodenBoat* and *National Fisherman*.

Centered on powerboats

During the 1970s and '80s, much of the wooden-boat revival that I witnessed bypassed larger auxiliary sailboats. It centered on powerboats, smaller sailing skiffs, and traditional rowing and paddling boats. As one upstate New York boat-shop proprietor noted recent-

Just another foggy day in paradise, above. It takes two men and a boy to adjust the headstay on a big schooner, right: Nick; his son, Ray; and friend and dockhand, Ed. Daughter Stephanie relaxes aboard after a long sail to a wooden boat festival, center. Nick polishes a bronze windlass, far right.

revival

sails again

by Susan Peterson Gateley

ly, "Wooden boats were being trashed, literally and figuratively." No longer competitive in races, due to rating changes, the surviving woodies were viewed as old-fashioned and obsolete even though some of the designs, like the widely raced Thunderbird, were excellent all-around performers.

But as decades of production-boat building led to a collective fleet of increasingly indistinguishable white fiberglass sloops, the seeds of a "counter culture" in sailing were germinating. Wooden boats were increasingly sought by a few hardy nonconformists. A small, but growing, number of sailors wanted something different. Some of these stubborn souls built their own in their backyards. Others prowled the late summer boatyard seeking the old, odd, and neglected.

About the time I finally caught up with modern technology and went partners on a 1968 plastic classic 10 years ago, increasing numbers of well-heeled members of the yachting community were fueling a revival of wooden sailboats through orders for custom-built cold-molded and composite wood-cored hulls. The builders of these boats often used new technologies, deck hardware, and materials but crafted the boats to closely resemble the graceful old classics, at least above the waterline. A sort of trickle-down effect from these high-profile ocean racers and boat-show queens helped fan the spark of interest in old sailboats.

Changing times

These days, many of the people who are restoring old wooden sailboats have never owned a biodegradable boat before. They didn't grow up with planer shavings underfoot or the smell of turpentine and pine tar in the air, and they have no idea what they've been missing. Yet a few fearless do-it-yourselfers are taking the rehab thing to a whole new level by rescuing and tackling the restoration of tired old wooden boats. One such is Nick Alexander, a man of courage if I ever met one.

> **"The schooner, 35 feet on deck and displacing 11 tons, was big enough for the whole family, yet was still of a reasonable size for one or two to manage."**

Nick wasn't looking for a wooden boat when someone pointed him toward an elderly wooden schooner languishing under a winter cover in the far corner of a boatyard in Wilson, New York. He and his new wife, Amanda, simply wanted a bigger boat

Nick Alexander, above, and Amanda Alexander, below, have become the caretakers of *Liberty*, the 35-foot wooden schooner on facing page.

to accommodate their newly blended family of four children and a dog. Their Catalina 27 wasn't up to the job.

The schooner, 35 feet on deck and displacing 11 tons, was big enough for the whole family, yet was still of a reasonable size for one or two to manage. And as Amanda puts it, "We were totally fascinated" by the classic clipper-bowed beauty. Their unexpected find was a Sam Crocker creation, a traditional gaff-rigger built to the Aunt Sara design in Port Elizabeth, New Jersey, by Henderson and Henderson and launched in 1936.

Unlike many of her depression-era sisters, this boat was bronze fastened (a fact that undoubtedly contributed to her survival into the new millennium). Her framing and planking were of white oak. A long layup, along with 70 years, had taken their toll of both. The elements, with the assistance of carpenter bees and dry rot, had made serious inroads on the boat's stern, forward mast step, keel, decks, and underlying deck beams. She was so dried out that Nick says, "You could read a newspaper through her hull."

Graceful hull

But the couple was totally charmed by the schooner with its once-varnished brightwork, graceful hull, and vintage interior, complete with a little cast-iron Shipmate range and coal bin. She had been re-powered, the original Graymarine gas engine having been replaced by a Perkins 107 diesel, and her sails, rigging, and spars were in good condition.

Neither Nick nor Amanda had ever owned a large wooden sailboat. Amanda had begun sailing only five years before. But Nick had been afloat nearly his whole life. He had considerable knowledge of wooden-boat construction, thanks to a shipwright grandfather who had built large wooden vessels in a commercial yard. Nick is a person who possesses strong convictions and the energy to act on them. He says, "I can outwork two 20-year-olds," and, after seeing his project boat, I believe him.

Just take your time

Nick dismisses the skill and strength required for this massive, yet precise, work, "It's quite easy. Just take your time fitting," he says. Nonetheless, this was not a job for the faint-hearted. He does add that "if the old-timers had used a chainsaw (for roughing out) they would have lived longer." And he admits that doing the job in mid-winter in 20-degree weather in the boatyard with a brisk bone-chilling wind was less than pleasant.

The keel was not the only heavy work. *Czarina's* entire transom also had to be replaced, as well as all her aft deck beams and some of the steam-bent ribs. To gain access to this area of the boat, all deck planking aft of the cabin had to be removed and ultimately replaced with new white cedar, laid and caulked. The heavy oak transom and its framing was cut and chopped apart and rebuilt, and all the deck beams from the cabin aft were renewed.

"When asked how he knew so much about sailing the old girl, he said he had sailed her a thousand times in his dreams."

Czarina's owner had some age-related health issues. He had offered the laid-up boat for sale for several years at a price the local market deemed excessive for an old woodie, even if a classy one. Nick recalls, "I offered him $5,000 — $4,000 for the sails and rig and $1,000 for the hull." The deal was made. It was late summer and time to get to work.

It was none too soon for the old boat. Nick and Amanda began immediately. Perhaps the most profound repair they had to tackle was the replacement of two 15-foot sections of the keel, the very backbone of her hull. To replace the original heavy timber, the cast-iron ballast had to be dropped and the old oak keel removed. Nick then laminated three pieces of white oak to build up the new keel. Using a chainsaw and a power plane to shape and fit the wood, he fashioned two new sections and the scarf joints to fasten them to the rest of the boat. Once these were in place and the 2-foot long holes drilled and new fasteners bolted through the transverse floor timbers that join boat and keel together, he had to jack and wedge and move the several-thousand-pound ballast back into place.

As winter melted into spring, Nick and Amanda reinstalled new wiring with a custom breaker panel, overhauled the long-dormant engine, and re-did the instrument panel using

antique-style (but new) gauges. Then there were many more hours spent sanding, painting, puttying, and caulking. Somehow, in between boatyard sessions, the Alexanders also found time for the three kids at home, Amanda's landscape business, and Nick's job at Praxair, where he was a senior R&D technician.

As the two worked on their boat, spending every free hour on her restoration, many people stopped by to watch or give advice. Amanda recalls, "It was challenging — when you are being asked so many questions by curious onlookers — to get work done."

Obnoxious advisor

Nick also found the abundance of free (but often not very good) advice challenging. He once physically chased off a particularly obnoxious advisor. As it grew colder, the spectators thinned out and the Alexanders fired up the old Shipmate stove, creating a warm place to get in out of the wind.

The boat was relaunched in March and named *Liberty*. "To have liberty you must work hard," Nick notes. Then her new crew set about learning to sail a gaff-rigged schooner equipped with six sails and a bewildering array of downhauls, halyards, and sheets. As Amanda puts it, "Nick seemed to be a natural when it came to sailing a gaffer. When asked how he knew so much about sailing the old girl, he said he had sailed her a thousand times in his dreams."

When asked about what was most enjoyable about sailing the reborn *Liberty*, Nick says it is the attention they get and obvious pleasure that she brings to people seeing her sail by. Without a doubt, *Liberty* is a head-turner. In late August she attended the Oak Orchard Wooden Boat festival with her entire crew including Ginger, the family Corgi. There she won the People's Choice Prize for boats over 26 feet.

The Alexanders plan to put their classic gaffer to work doing day trips and charters out of Wilson, New York. As Nick explains, "From the day we saw the boat, we knew others needed to experience a gaff-rigged schooner." Both of them obtained their captain's licenses. His boundless energy yet unchecked, Nick is making plans to acquire a second, even larger schooner. Down the road, he hopes to go into chartering full-time with a summer Lake Ontario season and a winter season in southern waters. *Liberty* has a website with lots of photos and information on charters at <http://www.libertyexcursions.com>.

"Why would someone, who has previously owned a wooden boat and should know better, ever buy a second one?"

Why restore?

Attention or money-making aside, ordinary mortals not blessed with the energy and guts of people like Nick and Amanda might wonder why — in this age of inexpensive fixer-upper plastic boats of good design and pedigree — would any sane individual of presumably normal intelligence buy a tired old woodie and spend hundreds of hours restoring her. In particular, why would someone, who has previously owned a wooden boat and should know better, ever buy a second one?

For an answer, I'll refer to *Sara B*, the elderly Tancook schooner that entered our lives after my spouse's foray onto eBay two years ago. For me, there is a rock-solid integrity about her sweet-lined design that speaks to my heart. I see beauty, authenticity, and heritage in her being.

In a time of globalized manufacturing and the ever-increasing standardization that goes with it, her workboat heritage — designed solely to get the job done — satisfies deeply, even as I marvel at her perfect and pleasing proportions.

As others have said before me, the combination of seakindliness, ability, and beauty in a traditional boat design fashioned by hand from once-living wood has an enduring appeal.

Long live *Liberty* and her sisters and long live the git-'er-done spirit of those middle-class do-it-yourselfers who are keeping old woodies (and plastic hulls too) afloat.

Susan Peterson Gateley offers day trips with a good old fiberglass boat and writes about Lake Ontario <http://www.silverwaters.com>. Her woodie, Sara B, *also has a website at <http://www.sarab.brownroad.com>.*

Into the Light

Note: *This material is excerpted from several chapters of Dave and Jaja Martin's popular book,* Into the Light, *which tells of their family voyage to Iceland, Norway, and Spitsbergen on their 33-foot steel sloop,* Driver. *Your* Good Old Boat *editors were so taken with this book that we selected it as one of the first audiobooks produced for sailors who enjoy listening to well-told nautical stories. The audiobook is beautifully narrated by Jaja Martin. We hope you'll enjoy this sample. In the first section, the family of five celebrates Christmas and appreciates the New Year's activities while wintering over in Iceland.* ***–Eds.***

CHRIS, HOLLY, AND TEIGA WERE ECSTATIC to learn that there were 13 Santas who left gifts for children in Iceland. Jaja and I reflected that the tradition would make any American retailer jealous. Beginning on the 12th night of December, Icelandic children put one of their shoes on a windowsill before going to bed, in anticipation of the trolls who would come bearing gifts. Aboard *Driver*, we modified the tradition slightly and encouraged our kids to put one of their boots in the dodger. It worked! They awoke on the morning of the 13th and found a small present wedged inside each boot. Using a flashlight, they looked for footprints in the freshly fallen snow.

"He wasn't here that long ago," Chris observed. "His tracks on the pontoon are still fresh!"

I winked at Jaja.

Chris, Holly, and Teiga were very careful during the 13 days prior to Christmas. They had heard that naughty children often received rocks or rotten potatoes from the mischievous trolls. Jaja and I approved of any tradition that inspired good behavior in children.

Up at the school, the students and parents assembled to make Christmas crafts. Each classroom had a different project. After buying the necessary components at the door, we went into the rooms and taped, glued, cut, sponged, colored, folded, and licked. We made angels using Styrofoam balls and paper cones, we decorated sugar cookies, we made colorful Christmas cards with construction paper, but best of all, we made an advent candle display. Chris, Holly, and Teiga each filled a red ceramic flower pot with clay, garnished it with very dry pine branches, then adorned it with dried berries, fake mushrooms, and a small wooden star. A tall, thin, purple-and-gold candle was stuck in the middle of it all. It was the most marvelous fire hazard I had ever seen, and every kid in school was walking around with one.

Every year at Christmas, we debated having a real Christmas tree. And every year we decided that putting a tree on a boat was highly impractical. During our years on *Direction*, we put Christmas presents on the cabin sole in front of the kerosene stove. We usually hung a few ornaments around the cabin, but we didn't go overboard on decorations. When we arrived back in the States after our circumnavigation, we took Chris and Holly to see Santa Claus at a store in New Bern, North Carolina. When Saint Nick asked Holly what she wanted for Christmas, she answered, "a real Christmas tree with lights." I could see tears welling up in Jaja's eyes.

We celebrated our first Christmas aboard *Driver* at anchor in Stuart, Florida. Inside *Driver's* cabin, the steel compression post that supports the mast had "Christmas tree potential" written all over it. That year we decorated the "Pole" with colorful paper. For our Icelandic Christmas,

excerpt by Dave and Jaja Martin

Driver **anchored at Gullvika Bay in Norway's Lofoten Islands, latitude 68° N, April 2001, below on facing page. *Driver's* women, at left: Jaja, Teiga, and Holly make a discovery in Norway, 2001. Jaja, Teiga, Holly, and Chris at a children's cross country ski race in Solvaer, Norway, winter of 2000.**

we wanted more authenticity, so we priced real Christmas trees at a lot in town. Three-footers, imported from Denmark, cost the equivalent of $120. Cut branches were $5 a foot, and loose pine needles were priced by the gram. In nearly treeless Iceland, we were careful not to get our kids excited about having a real tree. Fortunately, they accepted our decision not to buy one as status quo. In our rented house in Oriental [North Carolina], we bought a genuine Christmas tree, one that touched the ceiling in the living room. We adorned it with so much tinsel and so many lights and ornaments that the tree could have been fake because you couldn't see it anyway. It smelled good, though.

Gently falling snow accompanied us from Akureyri's downtown tree lot to Blómval, an indoor garden center that sold Christmas decorations. Fake trees were tempting, but the cost was ridiculous. The kids were begging for lights, but without shorepower, there was no way to electrify them on board. A 10-foot-long piece of plastic pine garland that looked real from two paces was the answer. We wound it up the Pole in a spiral. Inside *Driver's* dark cabin, the garland looked real from two inches away. We decorated the garland using wooden carvings we had collected over the years. The kids were ecstatic. The downside was that anyone who brushed past — which was about every 30 seconds — knocked ornaments off the "tree" onto the cabin sole. The best part of the tree illusion was that 2½-year-old Teiga couldn't knock it over.

After the Pole was decorated, the kids lit their incendiary candle displays, and the extra candlepower drove the nearly perpetual night from the cabin. With the fluorescent light turned off to save power and with Christmas music playing on the tape deck, *Driver* became a force in the night, a bubble of warmth and good feeling on an otherwise cold and dark fjord. Chris and Holly had given the 13 Santas some deep thought. "If the real Santa doesn't come to Iceland because of the weather, does that mean we aren't going to get any presents on Christmas morning?"

"Bad weather was a problem that Santa faced many, many, years ago," I said. "He has GPS now."

A look of relief spread across their faces.

On Christmas morning, Chris, Holly, and Teiga whispered quietly together. They wondered if Santa had found his way to *Driver*, and they dared each other to turn on a flashlight and look under the Pole for presents. Jaja and I lay in the dark listening, holding each other silently and pretending to be asleep. Our own childhood memories came to mind. The feeling of joy on Christmas morning had stayed with us through the years.

What would our kids remember? Our Icelandic Christmas? The dark morning, with fresh-fallen snow covering the hatches and cabin windows? Or maybe they would recall our Christmas in northern Australia aboard *Direction*. We awoke to a bright, hot and breathless, 90-degree-Fahrenheit morning, then spent the whole day swimming in a billibong, the Aussie word for swimming hole. Maybe they would remember snatches of our conventional "house Christmas" in the States — the big tree, relatives, and plenty of lights.

For Jaja and me, wondering where we were going to be at Christmas was similar to our kids' anticipation of what they would receive. Would we be on the boat? In a house? In the tropics? We shook the contents of our imagination, trying to speculate on the intricacies that might shape our future Christmas seasons. It was just as well we didn't know what the fates had in store for us the following Christmas.

We pulled the covers over our heads and whispered sentimental thoughts to each other. Without warning, six elbows and six knees suddenly attacked us. Chris, Holly, and Teiga giggled excitedly.

"We knew you were awake!"

Chris, Holly, and Teiga, at left, in front of a turf hut at Seydisfjordur, a fjord on Iceland's east coast, May 1999. The three, somewhat older, children hanging from the rigging, below center, in Maine 2003, following their Arctic cruise. The family on the beach, below right, at Spruce Island, Merchants Row, in Maine, in the summer of 2003.

On December 31st, Knútur held his annual New Year's Eve party. His wife, Gógó, made a cauldron of fish stew, and friends and family brought cakes and cookies. There was a hot spiced wine drink called glögg plus plenty of beer and coffee. For the kids, there was candy, soda, fruit, ice cream, and real hot chocolate. Jaja baked a batch of pecan sugar cookies, and we brought Gógó a bouquet of flowers.

At 8 p.m., after sumptuous eating, we drove from Knútur's house to the edge of town, then tramped with our kids through a foot of slush — along with throngs of other alcohol-impaired parents — to watch the annual fireworks. With long hours of darkness, New Year's Eve provided a fine chance to celebrate. The Red Cross rescue organization sells fireworks to the public and also orchestrates the big fireworks displays in the towns. Several days before the New Year, pyrotechnics went on sale at the rescue center. The booms and whistles, plus the shoosh of rockets, began filling the air. Kids ran around wearing hats, gloves, and heavy coats, trying their darnedest to destroy the world. It was a winter version of America's Independence Day.

> **"'Safe and sane' is not a phrase that describes Iceland's import 'restrictions' on Chinese pyrotechnics."**

As a child in the States, I remember running with my barefoot friends on July 4th in the warm twilight of summer vacation. None of us had any money, but we always managed to acquire bottle rockets, Piccolo Petes, and a book of paper matches. Parents warned us not to put out an eye, neighbors complained that we were scaring their dogs, and we all dared each other into acts of foolishness.

One of the dumbest things I did on the 4th was to take a dozen rolls of red cap-gun caps and cut the unraveled strips into single squares. Each red square had a blister of gunpowder on it. Using nearly half of a roll of masking tape, I shaped the hundred or so squares into a crude round bomb, about the size of a golf ball. I recall kneeling on my driveway, with my homemade bomb in front of me and pounding it as hard as I could with my father's claw hammer. I walked around the rest of that day saying, "Huh?"

At 10:30 on New Year's Eve, Icelandic TV broadcasts a one-hour show satirizing the year's political and social events. Since we could not understand the show, we said farewell to Knútur's family and departed. Although someone offered us a lift, we preferred to walk.

We inhaled the fresh air of a 20-degree polar night. The roadside slush, which had melted in large rivulets during the early evening, was frozen solid making it easy for all five of us to slide down the hills toward the waterfront.

The town was deathly quiet. We were the only people in sight. No cars were moving, and even the cacophony of fireworks that had continued in Akureyri for the past three days ceased temporarily. As we walked, we could see the blue glow from television screens lighting dark living rooms. We could imagine families gathered around, watching the yearly program that they scorned in public but clearly enjoyed in private.

At 11:30, the town came back to life. We sat on *Driver*, looking up the hillside toward town, waiting for the last and most exciting phase of New Year's.

The fireworks sold by the Red Cross in Iceland would make the officials in any American city look for a bomb shelter. "Safe and sane" is not a phrase that describes Iceland's import "restrictions" on Chinese pyrotechnics. Soupcan-size rockets glued to five-foot-long wooden sticks were popular, as were large cardboard boxes loaded with self-firing continuous-barrage-style explosives. The fireworks were expensive, but Iceland is a wealthy nation, and its citizens enjoy a night of fun. If you knew the right people at the Red Cross, you could get your hands on the fairground-quality stuff. The town display at 8 p.m. was impressive, but our friends told us to wait until midnight when the private arsenals were unleashed.

At 11:45, the tempo accelerated as larger and larger rockets hit the skies. The government requires that all commercial vessels replace their emergency parachute flares annually, so fishermen use New Year's as an opportunity to fire their out-of-date ones. Parachute flares were going

off steadily all day, drifting slowly earthward, but by 10 minutes to midnight, we counted at least 40 in the air at any given moment. Only a fool would put to sea on New Year's Eve. With so many "distress" flares being set off, no one could possibly discern a real emergency.

We had six out-of-date parachute flares of our own that we had bought from a cruise ship four years earlier. We fired the oldest to see if it still worked. It whooshed up. Then like magic, the flare ignited, the little parachute popped out, and we watched it float back to earth. It was still burning when it landed in the harbor just three feet from Knútur's boat. At five minutes to midnight, the entire town was ablaze with flashes, booms, and soaring rockets. People were launching them from gardens, street corners, rooftops, and verandas. The largest rockets went up at midnight, making the first moments of January look like a night on the Western Front. On the other side of the fjord, a team of volunteers stuck hundreds of hand flares in the snow to form the numbers 1998. At precisely midnight, the volunteers changed the eight to a nine. The digits 1999 burned on the hillside for a quarter of an hour.

From the harbor, we had a splendid view of everything. The choking smell of gunpowder hung in the air and residual smoke hung like fog over the windless fjord. Pieces of blown-to-bits paper fluttered like snow, burning parachute flares got hung up in trees and on rooftops, and the now powerless wooden rocket sticks fell without purpose, stabbing the snow like dull knives. By 12:15, the show was over. Except for the odd, small rocket and the red glow of lingering parachute flares, peace was restored. Holly, Chris, and Teiga had sat on deck, clapping and yelling excitedly over the din. Holly was beside herself with joy.

"This is the best night of my life!"

In this second section, the Martins have crossed the Atlantic and wintered over in Norway. Now in the short summer months they have ventured above the Arctic Circle to Spitsbergen, where the wilderness and the wildlife it contains is like nothing they have ever witnessed before.

Hornsund Fjord is 15 miles long, with seven active glaciers spilling into it. At the back of the fjord, three of the glaciers join together, creating a continuous wall. This wall rims a large, semicircular bay called Brepollen. The glacial wall is hundreds of feet high and a dozen miles long.

According to the scientists, Hornsund Fjord had been locked in the grip of winter ice just three weeks earlier. None of them had ventured down the fjord lately, so they did not know if the water at the back of the bay was open. Apparently, it was not uncommon for Brepollen to be clogged with ice year round. From our anchorage in Isbjørnhamna, all we could see was liquid salt water stretching up the fjord.

It was tempting to laze around all day to fully recover from our recent passage. After all, we had only been anchored for 18 hours. But conditions on the fjord were calm and settled. With the unstable weather patterns in this part of the world, we wanted to make the most of each good day. We raised anchor.

"Holly was beside herself with joy. 'This is the best night of my life!'"

Driver drifted quietly under mainsail and genoa along the south shore of Hornsund. The snow lay like a blanket from the mountain peaks to the water's edge. Puffy, white clouds leaked sunlight, allowing occasional shafts of warmth to meander down and touch our bare faces. Here and there, the same sunbeams zeroed in on a mountain slope, creating blinding reflections on the snow.

"Oh!" Holly said. "Look how pretty the mountains are when the bright sun shoots down and hits them!

"Yeah," Chris agreed. "It looks like slow-motion lightning."

Soon the research station was obscured by headlands jutting into the fjord. Except for *Driver*, there were no signs of civilization. We had the entire fjord to ourselves. After a few of hours of slow going, we sighted the glacial wall that defines the back of Brepollen Bay. Too soon, we came to a barrier of fjord ice. The back of the bay was still four miles away. End of the road; there was no going further. But it didn't matter. The wind had dropped to zero, and the fjord's surface was mirrorlike. We parked *Driver* alongside a two-

Jaja transports Teiga and Holly on a Norwegian "spark," or kick sled, in the town of Svolvaer in Norway's Lofoten Islands, spring 2000.

foot-thick slab of floating ice as if it were a dock. Nearby, a 1,400-foot-high rock pinnacle called Bautaen rose out of the frozen slopes. Ring seals lounged like couch potatoes on the ice, and sea birds swarmed in clouds. We had read that there were millions of birds in Spitsbergen. If we had ever thought the number was exaggerated, we believed it now. Fulmars and kittiwakes soared majestically, while auks, puffins, and guillemots flapped clumsily. Nature filled our souls with priceless riches. We took off our coats and drank coffee and hot chocolate in the dry cockpit.

We felt humble — meager compared to the vast scenery surrounding us. I thought of the noise and pollution in major cities where man reigns supreme. In cities, the ground is covered with pavement. Tall buildings block the sky, and laws, which protect humans from other humans, are necessary. Here in Spitsbergen, nature rules. Acts of stupidity or inattentiveness can extract high penalties. It made me wonder why "civilized" man feels impelled to act in a way that requires a manufactured system of authority. When civilization supplants nature, artificial laws displace natural ones.

> **"If we hadn't been paying attention, the bears could have walked on the ice right up to *Driver*..."**

As we prepared to cast off from our ice "dock" and return to the anchorage near the research station, I spotted a polar bear strolling on the ice. It was heading right for us. Then Jaja spotted two more bears that were smaller than the first and the same size as each other. "I bet the big bear is the mother," Jaja said, "and the others are her cubs."

I turned on the engine and powered away from the ice floe. If we hadn't been paying attention, the bears could have walked on the ice right up to *Driver* and caused havoc on deck. I filed this valuable lesson in my memory bank.

Mother bear jumped into the water and began swimming toward us. Feeling somewhat safer in open water, we slowed down the boat to get a closer look.

I was taking pictures wildly.

Jaja was calm. "I'd better get the gun, just to be on the safe side."

She went below, removed the gun from its case, placed a bullet into the empty chamber, and set the gun upright, like a fishing pole, against the stern rail. I increased the engine RPM to hold us at an even distance from the bears that were swimming at a speed of about one knot. We told the kids to move away from the rail and stand next to the dodger. The largest white beast continued to swim after us.

Our dinghy was trailing behind *Driver*, and the bear was dog-paddling 15 feet aft of the dinghy, trying to paw it. Before long, the two cubs hit the water to join in the pursuit.

Chris said, "Daddy? What if the engine stops?"

Valid point. If it did, we'd be sitting ducks for the bears. There was no wind for sailing. Chris continued to vocalize my thoughts. "Do you think a bear could climb on deck from the water?"

Another good question. Jaja and I exchanged glances. The bears were swimming after us energetically, lifting up their heads and growling. They were apparently hungry.

"Go get a seal!" Teiga said.

The two small bears growled in unison.

"I think they understood you," Jaja said in jest. "Their growls meant, 'small children taste better.'"

"Mommy . . ."

After studying the bears for 10 minutes, we motored away reluctantly. We felt we were teasing them by staying just out of reach. As the distance between us widened, the bears finally gave up the chase and swam back to the ice. Then each one completed an extraordinarily smooth, powerful leap onto the floe. Effortless.

"Wow!" Chris spoke for all us. "Did you see that?"

The three bears shook themselves like dogs and staggered off to hunt something else.

For further reading . . .

Read *Into the Light*, or let author Jaja Martin read it to you. *Good Old Boat* has produced this book in unabridged audio format. It can be downloaded as an MP3 file or ordered on CD in two formats: MP3 or audio CD. Go to <http://www.goodoldboat.com/audio.html> or call 701-952-9433. The book itself is available from the Good Old Bookshelf <http://www.goodoldboat.com/bookshelf.html> or by calling 701-952-9433. Or visit the Martins' website: <http://www.iceblinksail.com>.

Fiberglass hulls have many advantages, but no one ever mentioned insulation as one of them. Connie and Dave McBride thought they'd better do something about that before living aboard in South Carolina over the winter. The V-berth before the insulation was added, at left.

Facing a winter aboard

When the going gets cold, the cold insulate

by Connie McBride

How quickly we forget. Winter is much like childbirth to me: you must forget just how bad it really is or you would never put yourself through it again. Having lived in North Dakota, Maine, and Maryland for almost 20 years, Dave and I swore we would never be cold again once we set off cruising with our three sons on our 34-foot sailboat six years ago. This spring, while in the Virgin Islands, shortly after our oldest son graduated from "boat school," he received notification that he had been accepted to the University of North Carolina in Wilmington. Even though we had spent two gloriously warm years in the Caribbean, we felt it was our parental obligation to at least return him to the correct continent, rather than simply putting him and his belongings on an airplane. We told ourselves that maybe it was time to go back to the States, spend some time with family, and work a season back in the real world. After all, winter could not possibly be as bad as we remembered.

It was worse. By October, Nick was safely tucked away in a warm college dorm and we had decided to go to Hilton Head, South Carolina, for a winter work stop. We were also waking up once a week to condensation on the inside of the hull, in our lockers, and dripping on our heads from the hatch over our V-berth. If we were going to survive a stateside winter, something had to change.

Like all of his good ideas, this one did not strike Dave like a thunderbolt. Rather, it revealed itself only as needed at each stage. The problem was simple enough: a solid, hand-laid fiberglass boat will sweat. The solution, therefore, should be equally simple: insulate it.

Since the sides of the V-berth along the hull are relatively flat, we decided to start there to see how well the insulation could be cut to fit and whether we could find some attractive way to hide it. (What we already had on the inside of the hull was far from attractive, but once he installed the Celotex with the reflective side showing, I realized I would not like living in what resembled the inside of a tin can for the next six months. He assured me that we would worry about aesthetics later.)

> "We were also waking up once a week to condensation on the inside of the hull, in our lockers, and dripping on our heads from the hatch over our V-berth."

House insulation

Wooden boats generally do not have the problem of condensation like fiberglass boats. The wood in these boats acts as insulation. Our fiberglass 1978 Creekmore, however, needed all the help she could get to combat the effects of the cold. Dave had been a carpenter for years so he was familiar with Celotex insulation. Having installed it on the outside of many houses, he decided to try it on the inside of *Eurisko*. For this purpose, he chose ½-inch Celotex insulation, which comes in 4- x 8-foot sheets.

We removed the cushions from the area and he measured the four sides of the first wall. Of course, the sections of the hull to be covered, though relatively flat, were not square. By using a bevel gauge, he determined the angle of one corner and transferred it to the Celotex along with the lengths of each side (see sidebar). After he marked the dimensions he used a straightedge and a utility knife to score one side of the board. Once one side of the Celotex is cut, it snaps easily along that line. Keeping the insulation folded at

Dave cuts the Celotex to size for use in the V-berth, (1), and sprays the edges, (2), to create a tacky seal for the fabric covering.

a 90-degree angle, you can cut along the foil hinge. This prevents you from having to cut the entire ½ inch of insulation and possibly through to whatever it is resting on. All of the work was done on board, since we were at anchor, so we had to use methods that protected the workspace as much as possible.

Decreased space

We measured the Celotex to cover all the way to the bottom of the V-berth cushions, which decreased the space available for the cushions by 1 inch, but this had no noticeable effect, other than increasing the difficulty of making the bed. Putting sheets on a V-berth is never easy anyway, so we considered it a minimal sacrifice.

To our surprise, when carefully cut and measured, the Celotex fit so well against the hull that each piece was able to remain in place with just the help of the cushions. We did not have to attach the insulation to the hull at all, though we were prepared to try contact cement if necessary. Now that we were sure the panels could be cut to fit and would stay in place, it was time to consider a covering for them.

While wandering through the fabric store, we used process of elimination. Nothing with any cotton in it was considered, since cotton mildews easily. Though we were not sure how long we would use these boards, they had to last at least through the winter. Sunbrella was expensive and anything vinyl would be cold to the touch. Our choices were narrowed to an outdoor furniture fabric, which has the benefit of being mildew-resistant, is thick enough to hold a glue, and is easy to work with. To my great pleasure, it came in a neutral color with an interesting design. I was thrilled with the choice, but still worried that the end product would look exactly like what it was: a cloth-wrapped piece of insulation. Dave repeated the mantra he reserves for when I have doubts about projects, and cannot yet visualize the end result: "Patience."

Cheapest glue

Since we were not willing to invest much money into a project that we were making up as we went along, we bought the cheapest spray glue we could find. We covered the deck with a blue tarp to protect it from overspray. After placing the cloth on top of the first panel we cut it to size, leaving an extra 3 inches on each side as a hem to be folded over. We then flipped the fabric over so the side to be glued was up and sprayed the fabric and Celotex with the glue. We waited for the glue to

The aft cabin before the insulation treatment, (5). Dave snaps the Celotex to form a curved shape, (6).

When the adhesive has set up, Dave folds the fabric covering over the Celotex, (3). The finished V-berth panels, (4).

get tacky, per the instructions on the can, then flipped the fabric back over the panel. I held one end off the insulation while Dave pressed down on the other end, smoothing out the creases as he went. After the first section was completed, we realized how important it is to remove any piece of dirt from the insulation before spraying the glue. The tiniest bump was visible once we put the fabric over it.

Once the cloth covering the visible side was attached, we flipped the piece over, sprayed the edges of the Celotex and the overhangs of the fabric and glued them to the back. Only after all of the panels were installed in the V-berth did I break into a smile and say, "Wow, what a wonderful idea you had!"

After all these years spent witnessing the miracles Dave can perform on a boat, I wonder why I am ever surprised. Total cost for insulating the V-berth was one sheet of Celotex, two cans of spray glue, and three yards of fabric: $30. Time invested: two hours.

The aft cabin

Our aft cabin contains the boys' bunks. The biggest difference in using this process in their spaces was the curve of the hull. Since even the slight curve in the sides of the V-berth was too much for the Celotex to conform to; we needed a different approach for the aft cabin. Dave decided to kerf cut the back of the Celotex to help it conform to the curved cabin side. Once he transferred the lengths and angles for each panel in the aft cabin, he cut out the insulation. On the back side he made horizontal cuts every 6 inches and snapped the Celotex along those lines leaving the foil hinge. Once he had kerf cut the back, the insulation conformed to the shape of the hull yet was still one piece. Yet because these pieces were held together by the foil on the front side the sections were easy to handle. If there had been more of a curve he would have made the cuts closer than 6 inches apart, but eventually the board becomes less manageable and will not hold its shape well enough to stand against the hull without glue or fasteners. If the hull has a compound curve you can kerf cut in both directions, making small squares on the back.

Again, the closer together they are, the more closely the insulation will follow the curve of the hull, but the harder it will be to work with and to cover each section. The project worked just as well in the aft cabin, though it was slightly more expensive since this space is bigger than the V-berth.

When we finished insulating these areas we had a lot of scraps of Celotex left over so we started putting insula-

Single directional kerf cuts, above (7) for bending the Celotex. The finished aft cabin panels, (8).

tion in every space where it would fit. We put the bigger pieces behind the ceilings on the hull in the saloon. After measuring the distance top to bottom and between the frames, Dave cut out each piece, then cut a horizontal kerf every 6 inches. We removed the top two boards and slid the Celotex down the hull behind the rest of the boards through that opening.

Nothing wasted

Every remaining scrap of Celotex has been put to good use in lockers and on the back of hanging locker doors and hatch covers for use at night. Dave even cut a piece of insulation with vertical kerfs and wrapped it around our French press to keep the coffee warm while it brews.

There are many types of board insulation available, but Celotex has several advantages. It has a foil covering on both sides, which makes it easier to cut to fit since you can kerf cut it. The foil acts as a reflective heat barrier, increasing its R value to 3.6 (as a reference, the R value of plywood is 0.62). Spray glue sticks well to the smooth foil surface. We started with

No scrap went to waste. Even the French press received an insulation treatment. The scored and wrapped cylinder demonstrates how to fit a curved shape using Celotex.

the cheapest spray glue we could find (Elmer's brand). We used two $5 cans for the V-berth, but when we returned to buy another for the aft cabin, the only available brand was a 3M product at $8 per can. We were amazed at the difference in glues. The 3M brand had a much nicer spray pattern, was easier to use to completely cover a large surface, and seemed to bond better.

Our choice of fabric to cover the Celotex was based on the pattern as well as on the material. Since we use pilot berths rather than the V-berth when we are offshore, the checkered pattern was acceptable for the V-berth. We chose a more subdued pattern for the boys' berths to reduce its ability to make them seasick.

When choosing a pattern, imagine it bouncing around in front of you. If it is likely to confuse your eyes, then it could contribute to seasickness. Avoid small designs, narrow stripes, busy patterns, and bright colors. When determining how much fabric to buy, take into consideration how the patterns will meet on adjacent sections and opposite sides of the hull. Keep your pattern layout in mind when cutting the fabric for each panel. As an added touch, I made throw pillows with the extra material.

Not permanent

Though I am pleased with the visual results and I am sure this project will help with our heating costs this winter, this is not what I consider a permanent fix. What we have been dreaming of for years is wooden ceilings along the hull in the berths similar to what is in the saloon, but time constraints and our budget preclude that option for now.

The Celotex panels serve their purpose extremely well: they were cheap, quick, easy, attractive and can be easily changed. If we decide to remodel and change the color scheme of the V-berth, or if the fabric gets stained or ripped, it will take less than an hour to replace the fabric for each section. When the time comes to put wooden ceilings in the V-berth, we will leave the insulation there and simply cover it. Once we come to our senses and return to more tropical climes, the insulation will help keep the cabin cooler in the summer. For now, though, the Celotex panels are the perfect solution to a cold and wet problem.

Connie McBride, her husband Dave, and their three sons left Maryland in 2002. Aboard their 34 Creekmore, Eurisko, *they have sailed the U.S. East Coast, Bermuda, the Bahamas, and the Caribbean islands.*

How to measure a quadrilateral

When trying to determine a four-sided shape with different angles and lengths, the easiest and quickest way requires measuring only one angle with a bevel gauge and the length of all four sides.

1. Make a very rough sketch of the shape.
2. Measure any one of the angles with a bevel gauge, taking care not to change it. Mark on your sketch which angle was measured.
3. Measure the length of all four sides, adding the measurements to your rough sketch.
4. Take your sketch to the material to be cut and lay the bevel gauge on the appropriate corner, one leg of the gauge flush with one side of the material.
5. Using a straightedge along the side of the bevel gauge, draw a line at least as far as the length of that side. Repeat for the other side of the angle the bevel gauge is measuring.
6. Mark each of the two lines at their appropriate length as found on your rough sketch.
7. From the end point of each line, swing an arc the length of the adjacent side, using a tape measure. These two arcs will cross at the corner opposite the angle measured with the bevel gauge. Mark this point.
8. You now have two lines and one point. Connect the end of each line to the point, using a straightedge, and your shape is complete.
9. Before cutting, if you doubt the accuracy of your new shape, measure any of the three previously unknown angles with the bevel gauge and compare it to the original shape. If your work was accurate, you will have an exact replica.

Boats

Gitana 43
1981. Sloop-rigged GRP cruiser. Beauty, speed, comfort. Was voyaging Indian Ocean. Designer Oswald Berckemeyer, built Cape Town, raced by John Martin in early years. Must sell, but hurry — if we get loan, sale's off! Needs some TLC. Lying Kenya, wonderful cruising grounds (Zanzibar, Maldives, Seychelles). Good starting point for Cape Town or Far East. British (Channel Islands) registered. Details, photos <http://www.chamchela.co.uk>. $96,000 USD.

Jo Holloway
jodie@chamchela.co.uk
+441508480087 (England)

West Wight Potter 19
2000 in VGC. Standing rigging replaced '06 by Potter factory. All-new wood trim, tiller, and rudder. Nearly new 6-hp Nissan OB. Bluewater layup, bottom paint. Hull white and teal. Galvanized trailer, Bimini, dodger, cockpit cushions, more. We love her but do not want to tow her across the country. Docked at Lake Mead, Nev. $9,500.

Jim Drummond
jhdscot6@msn.com
702-818-4706

Liberty 28
1982 cutter-rigged double-ender. Ruggedly built. Limited production boat built to owner's requirements. Liberty 28s have crossed oceans and been north of the Arctic circle. Freshwater only: Lake Michigan. Westerbeke diesel 21-hp, 700 hrs, Adler Barbour refrigerator, water heater, microwave. 6'2" headroom. AP, 70-gal SS water, dockside water also, 20-gal holding tank, 35-gal SS fuel. 31'6" LOA, 28' LOD, 9'7" beam, 4' draft. More at <http://www.home.insightbb.com/~garyandpatti>. In Racine, Wis. $26,000.

Gary Burgess
garyandpatti@insightbb.com
815-871-1172

Hinckley B40
1964 custom yawl, upgraded '89 Westerbeke 46, (1,620 hrs), dark blue hull, white dodger, new sails and covers. New Simrad AP w/remote, new windlass w/remote, D/S, water temp, log, radar, bronze fireplace, sun shade, cockpit cover. Lying Ocean City, N.J. Reduced to $110,000. More photos at <http://tinyurl.com/gfweq>.

Joe Scafario
homeportoc@aol.com
609-398-8400

Bayfield 29
1983. Rigged as a sloop w/Profurl RF headsail, staysail in deck storage bag. Wonderfully cared for, freshwater boat all her life. New '05: Navman D/S, repeater, smart battery charger, deck and anchor lights, including new wiring. Radar, AP, VHF, and GPS, dodger, Bimini, Origo alcohol stove, pressurized water, CD player and radio. Completely equipped, ready to sail! Bayfield, Wis. $25,000

Jim Beran
jim@rohnind.com
612-850-0068 (cell) or
763-572-8797 (evenings)

Bristol 29
1968 sloop. Full keel w/CB. Hull #51. Single skin FRP. H.C. Herreshoff, Inc. builder. Set up for cruising. Atomic 4 w/low hrs. 100-amp alternator, 20 AC convertor. Tiller steering. 4 sails, 2 anchors, radios, spin pole. Chesapeake Bay area. $9,500.

Richard Burnett
ringsend@friend.ly.net
410-928-3293

Lord Nelson 41
1982 cutter-rigged, full-keel cruiser. 75-hp Yanmar diesel (new '03 only 48 hours). Bottom layup '00. Gennaker (with sock) '02. Raytheon 4-kw radar/GPS/chartplotter '01. Other upgrades too numerous to list. Marvelous galley and saloon layout, beautiful teak interior, great storage. Sleeps 7. Cruise-ready. In Bay City, Mich. Reduced to $144,900.

Alan & Joy Doss
fairwind2@earthlink.net

Pearson 33
1970 cruiser/racer. Solid hull #143. Shallow draft 4', w/CB 6.9'. Careful restoration of bottom, deck, teak. New standing rigging, Schaefer RF. AP, cockpit controls. Yanmar 3GM diesel. Sail anywhere. Photos at <http://picasaweb.google.com/huizingaharry>. Boat details: google blog search: Pearson33sailboat. In Mystic, Conn. $19,500.

Harry Huizinga
harrysail@yahoo.com
520-241-1043

Catalina 30
1983. Tall rig, RF genoa, FB main. Lazy-jacks, wheel, new head system, new water heater, toilet, holding tank, piping, GPS, handbooks for all equip. 33-hp Atomic 4. Branford, Conn. Reduced to $,18,500.

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Peter Cohrs
613-542-6801

Bristol 40
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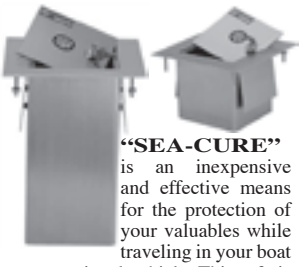

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Love in

Late-developing passion

"Maybe I am too old for this," I thought. Our shiny new 16-foot Precision's shoal keel was embedded in the muddy bottom at the end of the launch ramp. Blood was streaming down my leg from a wound I didn't know I had. Worse, standing at the top of the ramp with an enormous powerboat behind him was a large, dangerous-looking fellow with arms and legs so thick they stuck out at odd angles. He looked like an enforcer for a corrupt waterfront union. What's more, he was telling me in a loud voice that if I didn't move my boat *right now* he'd come down and move it *for me*. I was feeling my 56 years, nearly exhausted from shoving the boat's bow back and forth trying to wiggle her free from the clutching mud.

I had to laugh.

Nothing done for the first time is as easy as we imagine, and on this day Mary Ann and I had done a lot of things for the first time. We drove an old Taurus through Winthrop's narrow 19th-century streets, pulling a trailer with the 750-pound sailboat sitting on it, occasionally bouncing the trailer up over a curb, and wondering how we could manage to get lost on such a narrow peninsula. We finally found the launch ramp and sprang to the task of raising a 20-foot aluminum mast that had complete freedom to topple over in any direction . . . and we had to do it balanced on the cabintop 10 feet above the parking lot asphalt. "The hard" had never looked so hard.

With the forestay secured, it was time to back the boat down the launch ramp. I repeated over and over the rule of thumb for steering a trailer backward for fear I'd forget it again. And now, since everything had taken longer than expected, the tide was at lowest ebb. But onlookers assured us that there was still plenty of water. It sure didn't look that way to me, but who was I to doubt "local knowledge"?

Disarmed him

"We've never done this before!" I yelled back at the bruiser. For some reason, that seemed to disarm him. Was it because in Boston I was supposed to return belligerence with belligerence, so when I instead spoke the simple truth, my antagonist didn't know what to say next? Or did I manage to remind him of the days when he didn't know what the hell he was doing either? Whatever it was, he hesitated a moment and said in an irritated but quieter tone, "Well, hurry up," and turned away.

The rising tide finally lifted the *Truelove* enough for us to shove her free of the mud. We scrambled aboard and after six or seven heartbreaking pulls on the outboard's lanyard someone yelled, "Gas cock!" Oh, right. The final humiliation. As soon as I provided it fuel, the little outboard kicked right over, and I knew at that moment a deeper meaning of the word "relief" than I have ever known.

We motored out into the channel between Winthrop and Boston's Logan Airport. With airliners roaring overhead every 90 seconds drowning out our shouts, we tried to hoist the mainsail, only to realize we had rigged the halyard aft of the spreader. I tried tossing a messenger line through the tiny triangle a few times but by now all competence was enveloped in numbing fatigue, and it was getting late.

"All right," I said to Mary Ann, "we've made every possible mistake there is to make. Now that's out of the way. Next time we'll just go sailing."

It was only a year before that we had decided to learn to sail . . . though the notion of doing so had occurred to me decades before that.

Over the boats

The southbound Red Line subway trains climb up out of the earth near MIT, arc over the River Charles on the ornate Longfellow Bridge, and plunge underground again at the base of Beacon Hill. Those few seconds in daylight always caused me to look up from my book and out at the dozens of sailboats on the river below as they tacked back and forth in the tricky urban winds. Even though the 14-foot centerboard sailboats were forever trapped between two bridges and the granite riverbanks, they looked like graceful birds free to go where they would, yet happy where they were. Each time I saw them during that brief moment of light, I resolved to try my hand at sailing one, but by the time the train dove underground and pulled into Park Street Station the resolution was always set aside.

That went on for 25 years.

Then one day Mary Ann was with me. At first it all went as before, the bursting out of the subterranean darkness where mangy, stunted mice eke out a dismal living, up into the summer day to fly over the little white fleet. By now,

the golden years

brings deeper appreciation

by Michael Hoffman

at age 55, my idle declaration of intent had become a dispirited, "I always wanted to try that."

We descended back into the underworld, but this time there had been an observer, a beam of light to transform a mere quantum possibility into reality. A few days later, she had all the information needed to sign up for sailing lessons at the Community Boating Center, and a couple of weeks after that came the day when I first put one hand to a tiller, the other to a mainsheet, and balanced the forces of wind and water to accelerate our little boat forward until her centerboard hummed. It was as unexpectedly thrilling as the dreams I have of spreading my arms, giving a kick, and taking flight. Mary Ann knew from the delight on my face that we'd be doing this for a long time to come.

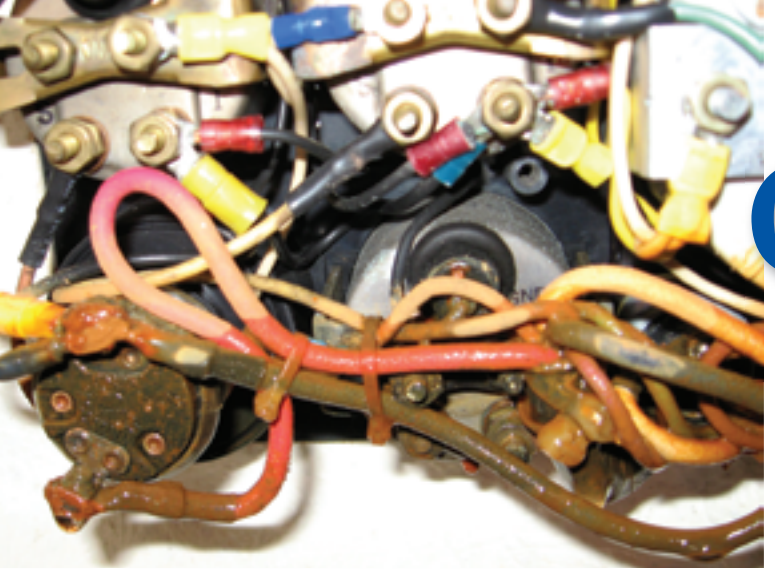
> **"It was as unexpectedly thrilling as the dreams I have of spreading my arms, giving a kick, and taking flight."**

Nothing in the way

It was only two seasons until the Charles River began to feel confining. I knew we'd never sail to the Azores — no money then and perhaps now I'm too old to be so far from an emergency room — but I wanted at least to know that there was nothing between us and the Azores but the Atlantic and that we could, in principle, head our boat out to sea and make for the Pillars of Hercules. That's when we bought the *Truelove*. She was barely able to keep us safe from powerboat wakes, but in her cockpit we explored Boston Harbor and Narragansett Bay until the day we again began to feel fenced in. We traded in *Truelove* for her 21-foot sister, which we named *Sutra* (which means a teaching, her lesson being the pleasures of coastal cruising in Cape Cod Bay). Suddenly, standing headroom, a flush toilet, and hot and cold running water seemed absolutely necessary, so along came *Puffin*, our 25-foot pocket cruiser that we now sail for weeks at a time along more of the beautiful New England coastline, fighting sore backs, muscle stiffness, and all the other ailments of aging flesh.

I never regret getting a late start. True, I would have had more years to explore sailing, years of greater stamina and tolerance for discomfort. Add to that the youthful daring that might have made me a better ancient mariner and might even have gotten us to the Azores. But one of the benefits of age is deeper appreciation. Had I started early, perhaps I would have traded sailing for some new pastime before sailing became more than just fun … before I fully realized the sea's immensity and infinite variety and how wonderful it is that we bravely sail to its horizons and how utterly astonishing it is that the sea and we, its sailors, exist at all.

Michael Hoffman grew up in Northern California riding his family's tugboats and ferries that once served Humboldt Bay, but 40 years had to pass before he sailed a boat and realized what he'd been missing. He recently retired from software development and now devotes his time to writing and sailing his Com-Pac 25, Puffin*, along the New England coast.*



Check your

Who could have guessed his was half-submerged?

by C. Henry Depew

My ignition key had to be wiggled to get the engine instruments to become active and, since the same "wiggle" could happen on the water and shut everything down, I decided it was time to open things up and change the ignition on-off switch.

The instrument panel had been installed when the boat was new in 1985, and I had not worked on it since I purchased the boat in 1991. The first step was to dissemble the non-structural bulkhead that separated the head from the back of the outside cabin bulkhead that held the instrument panel. After that was done, I carefully removed the cosmetic back cover to the instrument panel and discovered the bottom half of the cover was full of water and the backs of the instrument connections were wet!

You can see in the photo how much water was sitting inside the back cover to the instrument panel by the change in color of the inside of the cosmetic cover. This cover was meant to protect the connections; but unfortunately it also trapped condensation there.

As all the instruments had been working quite nicely, I started on the assumption that the positive connections were the ones on top (above the waterline). After drying everything off, a test of the connections showed that there was no circuit breaker or fuse between the hot line from the starter to the instrument panel and all the connections (although corroded) worked, even though the positive line connection to the ignition switch had been immersed in the water. The first step after the testing was cleaning, with a

instrument panel

brass bristle brush, and then lubricating all the connections.

At the moment, the cosmetic cover is off the back of the instrument panel while I consider my options. Since the cover is both for show and to protect the connections, I will probably drill some holes in the bottom and top to allow air circulation and avoid the water trap in the future. My question to you is: could you also have this problem and not know about it yet?

As a youngster, C. Henry Depew learned to sail on an Optimist Pram. Flying Juniors followed during the college years. Later he bought and rebuilt a blizzard of sailboats (nine in six years). He is active in the U.S. Power Squadron and sailboat racing.

Could a troublesome ignition key indicate that the wires behind the cosmetic cover are doing the backstroke? Since Henry's engine started, the slimy wires, on facing page, and the inside view of the cover, above, came as a big surprise.

Nitro-meals

Easy meals when the ice is gone

by Rich Finzer

Ready in two minutes, no cooling — no fooling!

THERE'S NOTHING QUITE AS SATISFYING WHEN CRUISING AS reaching into the icebox for a frosty cold beverage of your choice. But what happens on a longer cruise when all those little pieces of ice begin to liquefy? You could hope that an ice machine will come bobbing by or you could reluctantly put into a harbor town for a refill. Let's face it: unless you have onboard refrigeration, you will always be faced with a shortage of ice and a surplus of stuff you are trying to keep cold.

To solve this problem you could rely on the usual alternatives, including freeze-dried meals, dehydrated foods, and the contents of the ubiquitous tin can. But now, thanks to European ingenuity, you have another option: nitrogen-preserved food. In Europe, because of punishing electric rates and taxes, refrigerators are small. Nitrogen preservation is one of the tools our continental cousins use to conquer the "fridge gap," since food preserved in this way can spend its shelf life literally on the shelf.

Nitrogen preservation works like this: prepackaged meals are manufactured in the same way that classic frozen dinners are. But after packaging, roughly 98 percent of the oxygen in the container is replaced with nitrogen. It is oxygen that keeps microbes alive and causes food to decay. But nitrogen-preserved foods can be stored without refrigeration for months.

Conventional heating

When it's mealtime, you can heat these meals on your conventional galley stovetop or, if you're back at a dock with your shorepower cord attached, you can heat up a meal with an onboard microwave. If your club is like mine and prohibits open flames while tied up at the pier, the "nuclear option" might just be the ticket. Best of all, you don't have to reconstitute them with water or fumble with the can opener. And, like frozen meals, you can eat them right out of their own serving containers, so there are fewer dishes and less mess to contend with afterward.

Nitrogen-preserved food is marketed and sold under several names, but the brand I'm most familiar with is the Transitions line of products. Available in a variety of entrées, they are nutritious, low in fat, and taste good. When I need to order some, I go out to the website: <http://www.marketamerica.com> and type "Transitions" in the search box.

These meals can be shipped to any location we choose: our home port or a cruising destination where we will meet up with them.

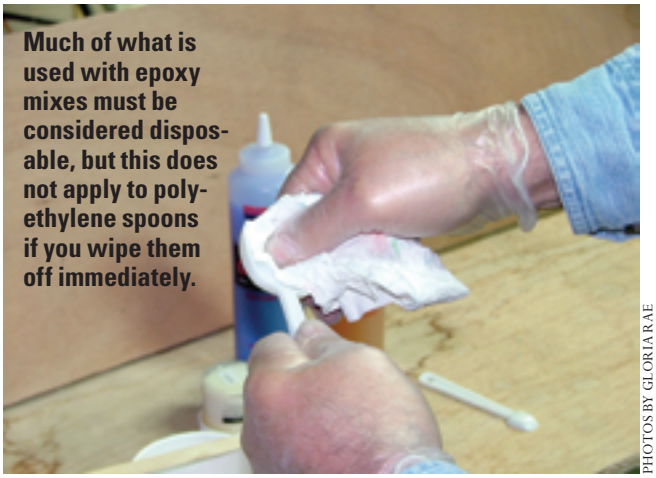
Rich Finzer earned his powerboat operator's license at age 11 and began sailing six years later. He cruises Lake Ontario aboard his Hunter 34, Pleiades. He supports his sailing addiction as a technical writer and is a frequent contributor to boating magazines.

Measuring epoxy

Here's how to mix those small batches

by Jeff McFadden

Little batches require little measuring tools. Take a tip (and even a few spoons if you can get away with it) from the gadgets used in your kitchen.



Much of what is used with epoxy mixes must be considered disposable, but this does not apply to polyethylene spoons if you wipe them off immediately.

PHOTOS BY GLORIA RAE

Many good old boaters use epoxy for a variety of small repairs. Small repairs require small epoxy batches. In my life, whether I'm repairing boats or building them from scratch, I mix far more small epoxy batches than big ones.

If most of your epoxy batches are small, you may find it difficult to get consistent mixes. If you're not coming out even at the end of a jug of resin and a jug of hardener, you know something's been wrong along the line.

Some epoxy manufacturers recommend pump dispensers. Others give you proportions by volume and let you figure it out from there. For those tiny batches needed to glue a small object or fill a bolthole, I find it hard to trust pumps, especially old pumps.

Cooks know how to mix anything you can think of in proportions by volume. They use measuring spoons. The same system works for epoxy.

Get plastic measuring spoons. Almost all of them are made of polyethylene, one of the slickest substances on earth. Whether your epoxy brand of choice requires a two-to-one ratio, a five-to-two ratio, or any other ratio by volume, you can get it by counting spoonfuls.

Resin before hardener

There are a few tricks to make measuring epoxy with spoons work better. First, measure the resin before the hardener. Since there is always more resin than hardener, this will reduce the likelihood that your epoxy might begin to set up on the surface of your spoon while you're working.

Second, scrape the spoon carefully between spoonfuls, and clean the scraping stick off on the edge of your mixing vessel each time. You want all the epoxy you have measured to wind up in your mix.

Finally, after you've transferred all your epoxy resin and hardener to the mixing vessel, take a paper towel and thoroughly wipe and dry your measuring spoon. Do this even before you stir the epoxy. Since the polyethylene is so slick, a dry paper towel will remove the residue. Your measuring spoons can last as long in your workshop as Mom's did in her kitchen.

If your chosen brand of epoxy requires a two-to-one ratio, as System Three epoxy does, you can often eliminate the "counting spoonfuls" step by using quarter and half teaspoons, or half and whole teaspoons. However, it takes three teaspoonfuls to make a tablespoonful, so the system breaks down there.

Dixie or Lily paper cups, the ones about the size of a shot glass, make ideal vessels for mixing small quantities of epoxy. I clean up my spoons and sticks for re-use, but I throw away my Dixie cups.

Jeff McFadden and Gloria Rae live, farm, and sail about as far from one ocean as the other — and slightly closer to the Great Lakes than to the Gulf of Mexico — but not much. Jeff builds small boats and Gloria takes pictures of them. They are looking for a good old boat to convert to a junk rig.

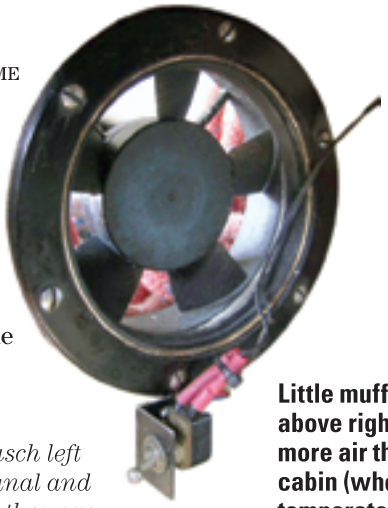
Keeping your cool

Oh, do you know the muffin fan?

by Bob Steadman

IT GETS SO HOT IN THE TROPICS THAT WE HAD TO COME up with some method of getting the stove's heat out of the cabin. I took a 4-inch inspection port and installed it in the bulkhead next to the stove. I found a "muffin fan," which was also 4 inches, and mounted it on the back side of the bulkhead. It does a great job of carrying heat and cooking fumes out of the cabin.

On cold nights, we put the cover into the port to keep the cold out. "Muffin fans" are made for cooling electronics and can be purchased at Radio Shack or electronic parts stores.



Little muffin fans, shown here from the back, above right, and from the front, at left, can move more air than you'd think through a hot and stuffy cabin (whether that cabin is in the tropics or the temperate zone during the soggy season). No matter where one may choose to cruise, ventilation is a key to making life bearable and the boat livable.

Three years ago ***Bob Steadman*** *and Kaye Nottbusch left Los Angeles. They went through the Panama Canal and worked north to Boston last summer. Currently they are in the Rio Dulce, Guatemala, hiding out from hurricanes. Their boat is a custom Cascade 36 that Bob built. It was launched in 1984.*

No-sew drapes

Turn table placemats into portlight curtains

by Judee Stalmack

The curtains that came with our "new" old boat had a kitchen-curtain look: two panels of faded cotton strung on a plastic cord screwed to the bulkhead above each porthole. When we had our saloon cushions reupholstered in ultra leather, we wanted to modernize the porthole coverings and, because I'm not a seamstress, I wanted a no-sew solution.

I found my no-sew, modern look by draping a heavy cotton placemat over the existing plastic cord. The placemat was exactly wide enough to cover the porthole. I let three-fourths of the placemat hang down in front of the porthole and one-fourth hang over the plastic cord in back. When privacy is not needed, I roll up the placemat — catching the part hanging in back as well — and tie this neat, tight roll to the plastic cord.

A Velcro ribbon could be used to secure the placemat to the plastic cord, but these ribbons would have to be stashed somewhere while the drape is down. The tie-up I designed can stay in place whether the drape is up or down.

I use a long piece of silky string (about 30 inches), folded in half, with a large wooden button or ceramic bead secured at the fold as a stopper. I tuck the string (still folded in half) behind the placemat so the two free ends hang down behind the rolled-up placemat. The shorter loop end, the one with the decorative stopper, hangs in front of the roll. Taking the two long ends from behind, I wrap them tightly around the stopper several times to secure the roll, then tuck away the ends.

My no-sew drapes always look neat and, even better, are unique. The decorative button is a pretty accent whether the drape is up or down. And should I decide to change the color or fabric with the season or my mood, the old drapes needn't be pitched into the rag bag. They will just become placemats again.

Judee Stalmack, and her husband, Tom, retired from Detroit Edison in 1997. Their only permanent address is tomjudee@aol.com. If they aren't cruising the Atlantic coast aboard the Cheshire Cat, *a Nonsuch 30, they're exploring the interior of the U.S., Canada, and Mexico in their motorhome,* Ratherby Sailing. *Judee writes freelance articles for boat and RV magazines.*

If you grow tired of the same old décor, use placemats of a different color tomorrow. No problem. There's no sewing. Not a stitch.

Cruising memories

When less is more

Hefty downgrading leads to happier sailing

by Nathaniel Poole

While climbing the ladder to the deck of my old wooden sloop with yet another can of paint, a disturbing thought occurred to me. I stopped and looked out over the dozens of neglected and unused boats in the boatyard. It was then that I knew I was going about it all wrong. In thrall to the demands of boat ownership, I was no longer calling the shots. Seeing all those unused and neglected boats in the yard, I knew that many others had come to the same conclusion: when you spend more time fixing and sanding and priming and painting and upgrading than you do actually sailing, it just isn't worth it.

I walked back down the ladder and never went back.

I sold our boat the next week and tried to remember what attracted me to sailing in the first place. There is the love of the sea, of course, the indescribable sensation of a full sail and the sound of water flowing past the keel …the smell of kelp and salt…exploring new places by water…the skill and sport of sailing itself…and those so-rare commodities, solitude and silence.

But nowhere did I yearn for hours of backbreaking work on the bottom of a hull surrounded by toxic dust; the endless draining of the bank account; purchasing inordinate quantities of environmentally hazardous and expensive chemicals (I never had need for carcinogenic, aromatic hydrocarbons until I owned a sailboat); and the constant vigilance required to keep an aged, wooden vessel seaworthy and reliable.

Where had the dream gone awry? The problem was in the boat itself. None of the things I looked for in sailing required a deep-draft full-keel sailboat, much less a wooden one. Like many others, I always thought I wanted a bigger boat, even though downsizing in the rest of my life has made me a more contented person. I did not know why my love of boats had blinded me to that philosophy, but I was determined to bring my love of sailing into line with the rest of my life.

Large variety

I went shopping for a dinghy. I was surprised at the variety of dinghies out there, but it seemed there were two designs: dinghies used as tenders and dinghies used for racing, the latter being far more common. Those I judged as unacceptable for my purposes, due to their instability and lack of comfort.

Most larger daysailing dinghies, better suited to the "messing about in boats" philosophy, were made of wood and homebuilt. There had to be something simple, seaworthy, fun, and inexpensive.

While walking along the shores of Okanagan Lake, I noticed several catamarans pulled up on the beach in front of the Kelowna Sailing Club. I looked them over: GRP pontoons, vinyl trampoline, aluminum spars, simple rigging. I climbed onto one…comfortable enough at 16 feet. I had heard of Hobie Cats, but I knew nothing about them. But there was something I really admired about the lines of the vessel, the comfort, and the stability offered by twin pontoons.

As it happened, there was one listed in the local paper for sale: an early 1980s model. It had been epoxy painted with upgraded rudders and sails in very good condition and was offered for $1,500, including trailer. I was hooked.

Our first launch at Crescent Beach was quite an affair; my wife and I took a long time to figure out how to raise the mast and set up the rigging and sails.

> "…when you spend more time fixing and sanding and priming and painting than you do actually sailing, it just isn't worth it."

Now I can do it in less than half an hour, but that day the gulls giggled at us.

Did I mention I knew nothing about Hobie Cats? This boat had a stick and sails and a rudder, so I figured I knew what I was doing. A sailboat is a sailboat, right? There was a 10-knot breeze that day, gusting to something over 15. I had just climbed onto the trampoline when the wind gathered in her sails and she took off under me as if her pontoons were twin rockets that someone had lit beneath us. It was only my panicked reflexes that saved me from being dumped in the water, leaving my

poor wife aboard . . . a fast-diminishing dot headed for Seattle.

Wailing cry

My cry of "Aieeeeeeeeeee!" carried over the water like the wail of some kind of grotesque waterfowl that had seen the other side of death and was deeply distressed by the vision.

I had *no idea* that anything on water could move so fast! A very good speed for our old sloop would have been 6 knots, but we were doing at least three times that. I have since seen a video showing a guy waterskiing behind a Hobie Cat. 'Nuff said.

Ducks scattered, the patapatapat of their stubby little wings skipping as they ran frantically across the water ahead of us. I envisioned catching whole flocks in our jib, like sardines in a gill net. I threw out the mainsheet and we ploughed to a stop, our eyes as wide as hubcaps.

As far as I can tell, most Hobie Cat owners prefer to race their vessels in regattas; instead, we found the perfect weekend sailer. With a draft of only a few inches, I can take this boat anywhere. As long as you can feel air moving with a wetted finger, she will move, loping along at a few knots. And when the wind comes up, you have a choice: go like stink, maybe even flying a pontoon, during which that same eerie shriek sometimes finds it way out again, or just ease the sheet a bit and run circles around a Zodiac for an afternoon. You don't have to get wet unless you want to.

I've found the sailing I was missing. Many a long day I've stretched out on the tramp, foot hooked over the tiller, drifting along a shoreline somewhere. There I'll be: lying on my back bobbing in the swell, staring at a blue sky while playing childhood games of what the clouds look like, with the multi-hued, sunlit sails a dazzling display of color. Occasionally, I'll turn around and check what's ahead. After all, it's the other guy I have to worry about.

Motion of the sea

With such a small, light boat so close to the surface of the water, I feel the motion of the sea, like a paddler does in a kayak. Everything is so quiet I can hear the peeps and churrs and twerps of the sea ducks that do not seem disturbed by our presence. So simple to helm, so simple to maintain, so simple to just bob around on the ocean. It's also possible to scream along when the mood strikes. There have been wild bronco days out on the Strait of Georgia in a steep chop with water flying in our faces, when we were having the time of our lives.

I've never felt so safe in a boat, never relaxed so much. There's so little to worry about. I remember the questions that occupied my mind while sailing our keelboat. Is the bilge pump in order? How are the through-hulls and clamps?

"With such a small, light boat so close to the surface of the water, I feel the motion of the sea, like a paddler does in a kayak."

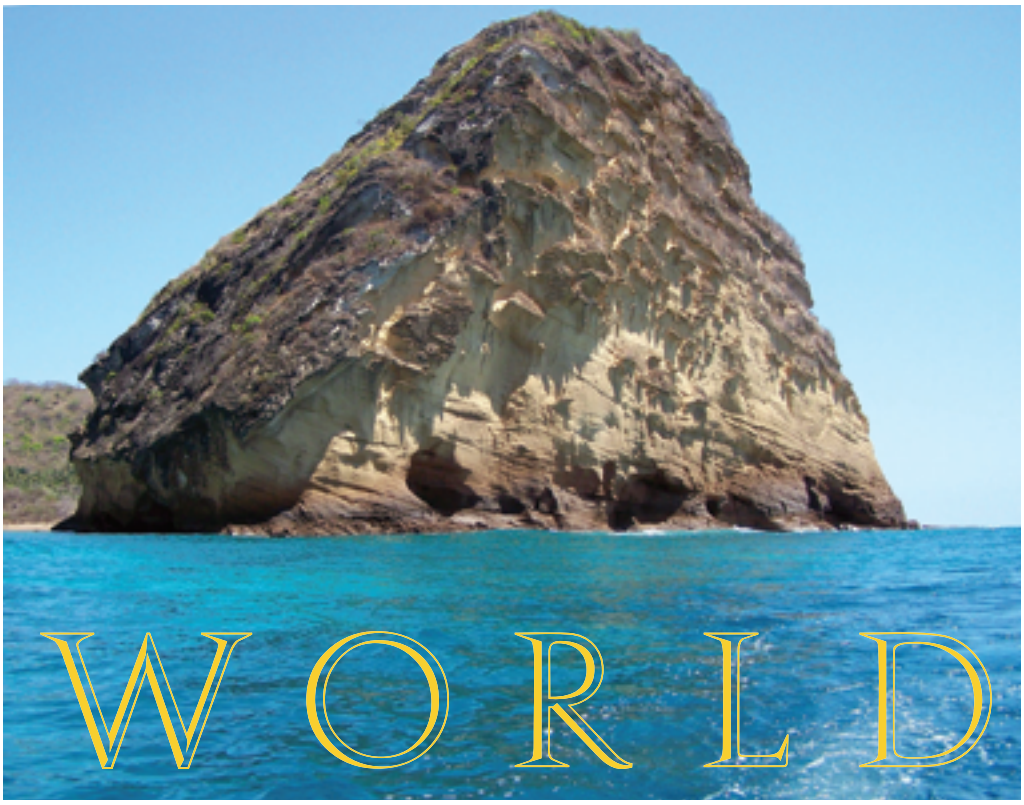
What's the depth? Is the engine tuned right? How's the gas? What are the current and tide doing? What's the direction of the wind? What's the state of the GPS batteries? Does the anti-fouling need to be done this year? How about deck paint? Is the hatch leaking again? And there is the ongoing battle against rot. The list seemed endless.

When sailing the cat, I have often let go of the tiller and tied down the sheets and allowed current and wind to take me where they will. Sometimes I'll let it go aground and my wife and I will jump off and explore a new beach. Like kayak sailing, it is easy enough to pack aboard a tent and camping gear in waterproof bags and explore the Gulf Islands. If the wind dies completely, we can paddle or just bob about and wait for something to happen. Sometimes we'll read a book. There's no hurry. The trampoline feels like a mattress anyway.

In the year we have owned our cat, I have bought a couple of spare stainless shackles and spent $40 repairing our jib. Our trailer insurance is around $150 a year. I have spent far more hours snooping along the coast and exploring lakes — even in December — than I ever did sailing our old sloop.

As I've aged, I've found that contrary to the mainstream values of our culture, less is far more. So it's not surprising that simplifying sailing has led me to so many more hours of what sailing is to me: unfettered time on the water with a sheet in my hands and a sense of absolute freedom. The sea and the wind are free and are what it's always been about after all.

Since penning his article, ***Nathaniel Poole*** *pushed out the kids and moved from a 3,000-square-foot house to a 36-foot sailboat. He lives aboard with his wife in Victoria, British Columbia, writing historical novels and dreaming about simpler days aboard the Hobie Cat.*


WORLD

CRUISING

BY

JO

HOLLOWAY

The Clark Boat Company, Continued from Page 26

Clark Boat Company. Don Clark mildly redesigned the boat, removing the skeg, modifying the galley, and adding mid-boom sheeting. Around 50 San Juan 34s were sold between 1980 and 1988. All three versions of this design are active in the Pacific Northwest PRHF racing scene.

The last Clark boat, the San Juan 33, is a bit of a mystery boat; it was produced by Clark for only two years — 1981 and 1982. Designed by Dave Pedrick, the San Juan 33 displaces just 6,000 pounds. It is a fast racer with a PHRF of 129 to 141 in fleets in Tennessee, Arizona, Florida, and Lake Champlain. The San Juan 33S is also known as an Eagle 33.

Boom and the bust

The sailboat market that had boomed in the 1970s was quickly fading as the 1980s progressed. The Clarks sold their company in the spring of 1984 to San Juan Manufacturing, which made boats for a few years. The bankruptcy of this group led the boat molds and rights to be split between two groups, one on the West Coast and one on the East Coast.

The eastern group used the molds to make a few boats in the Tanzer factory in Edenton, North Carolina. Both of these groups continued to make boats until 1988. Boats made in mid-1984 and after would be post-Clark. Many of the post-Clark boats had minor cosmetic changes to keep up with the changing styles.

Bob and Coral Clark continued to live and support San Juan sailing in North Carolina until their deaths. They sailed a San Juan 34 named *Big Juan* for many years in eastern North Carolina. Don runs a bicycle shop in Ventura Beach, California, and Dennis owns a cabinetmaking shop in Gig Harbor, Washington. Dennis still sails actively, most often in the Laser Class.

Mike Robinson loves sailboats so much his wife Nan has asked him to put a cap on the number of boats the family can own. Mike holds a 50 GT Masters license and is an active racer of a San Juan 21 and a Sunfish. He enjoys cruising North Carolina's Outer banks.

San Juan 33
Designer: David Pedrick
LOA: 33 feet 0 inches
LWL: 27 feet 9 inches
Beam: 7 feet 11 inches
Draft: 5 feet 11 inches
Displacement: 6,000 pounds
Sail area: 464 square feet
Displ./LWL ratio: 125
SA/Displ. ratio: 22.5
PHRF rating: 129-141

Idiots to the left, morons to the right

Don't judge other sailors for their choices

by Karen Larson

A seed of a concept was planted in my brain, perhaps as long as seven years ago. It has been rolling around in there ever since, gathering material in the same way that a snowball, on its way to becoming a snowman, grows as time goes on.

This concept applies universally to all things we do, including sailing. But it was first presented to me as a way to categorize fellow travelers on our nation's highways. There are two levels of drivers, I was told: idiots and morons. From the speaker's perspective, as a perfectly sane driver, all drivers who drove faster and took more risks were idiots. All those who drove more slowly and showed more caution were morons.

There's a center point of this continuum, you understand, and this point just happens to be wherever a particular observer is standing.

This concept is particularly clear on the sailboat racecourse. Choices associated with spinnakers are one of the many points of differentiation. As the only well-adjusted and sensible skipper on the course, you can be amazed by the lack of seamanship shown by the fellow who chooses to fly a spinnaker on the days when wind conditions indicate folly in such a choice. Yet, because he is flying his, you believe you must do likewise if you want to be competitive. So both of you have a very stressful spinnaker leg, an ordeal that your spinnaker and crew may (or may not) survive.

> "As sailors — each of whom is perfectly sane and always correct — we rate each other, sending irate letters to sailing magazines…"

"Idiot!" you're thinking. "Why did he make such a foolhardy choice?"

Or there's the other guy who chose to live through that leg by flying wing-and-wing. It's nearly as competitive. (Jerry and I used to do this when racing in the Flying Scot fleet because Jerry knew my skills as a crew were not up to taking "the idiot's challenge." I suppose that we were, therefore, morons. Nonetheless, I was still smiling when the race was over.)

Cruisers too

The idiots vs. morons concept applies to cruising as well. It's about the gear you choose to take or choose not to take on a cruise. It's about the skills you choose to learn before you go or don't have a clue about by the time you set off on your voyage. It's about the safety precautions you choose to take or don't take when you drop the docklines for the last time. It's about the timing of your departure. It's about weather windows and the decisions you make each time you decide it's time to leave.

As sailors — each of whom is perfectly sane and always correct — we rate each other, sending irate letters to sailing magazines because someone was featured on the cover with or without a tether or a life jacket…because someone pushed the EPIRB button or didn't…because someone left when the season was at an end or just beginning…or a weather window wasn't large enough or interpreted correctly…or they didn't go soon enough in life…or they were way too young to have any experience…or they chose the wrong anchor tackle…didn't take the right training program (or have any experience or training at all)…didn't buy a life raft…on and on it goes.

In the end, the personal choices you make about your own sailing activities are just that: personal choices. All these choices lie somewhere on a continuum. Choose your center point and be comfortable there. Neither judge the other sailors for their choices nor let their judgments (real or imagined) rule your life. There will always be idiots to the left of you and morons to the right. Sail on!

The lantern ritual

'New' anchor light maintains old tradition

by Brooke Elgie

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID AIKEN

One of the pleasures of a traditional-style boat, such as my *Persistence*, is the encouragement she gives us to practice the old skills of seamanship and to do many of the tasks commonly dealt with these days by flipping switches or up-linking or downloading or interfacing something. We have no weatherfax, autopilot, or computerized charts. We do have radar, radio, and a depth sounder, though we did very nicely without any of them one wonderful summer in a previous boat. Because of our hands-on style of cruising, our whole experience is deepened and given extra levels of meaning that might otherwise be lost. Take our brass, kerosene-burning, anchor light.

No matter that Coast Guard rules and good common sense require one, many boaters don't seem to bother with an anchor light. However, a sailor has only to grope into a strange harbor once after dark to realize how frighteningly difficult it can be to see an unlighted vessel at anchor. A late-night row back to your own boat after a serious social hour or two elsewhere can be a "sobering" experience all by itself. It's a small thing, the anchor light, a simple little insurance policy. A small electric light fixture, a switch and a bit of wire would do the job, but the twice-daily ritual of our lantern is symbolic of what our way of voyaging is all about. Reduce it to flipping a switch? No thanks.

Each evening, the anchor light is brought from its corner of the cockpit locker. It is opened and filled, the wick pinched free of carbon (oily fingers surreptitiously wiped on pants) and lit. It is then re-assembled, clipped to a shroud, and hoisted on its own lanyard where it sways easily until morning. My wife's first task on the dewy deck of morning is to lower it, blow it out, and return it to its little corner of the locker.

Wendy and I are not just a couple of old fuddy-duddy traditionalists resistant to change or oblivious to progress. For more than 20 years I doggedly carried a battered old kerosene railroad lantern that worked just fine. It never blew out and it was pretty bright.

Trash and treasures

When *Persistence* came to us, neglected and forlorn, she was stuffed with moldy decades' worth of accumulated detritus. Among the trash and treasures, we found a wonderful heavy old brass anchor lantern made of thick metal. It was made in Germany who knows when. It had that nice pale green patina that only time and salt air can create. It had a heavy cast-glass lens that focused the light just like the lens in a lighthouse. It even had a ring on the bottom for securing it from wild swinging. It was a real piece of gear for a real boat.

Were we resistant to change? Did we stay locked in the past? Not on your life! We "upgraded" in a heartbeat. Progress and modernity had sought us out and we embraced it as some might embrace another hundred gigabytes of…whatever. We've kept the old railroad lantern as a spare, of course, and if all goes well with the "new" anchor light for a few years, we may permanently retire it. For now, though, the more advanced technology has won the field. Glancing across the night harbor or rowing home in the dark, I have the same smug satisfaction of any other cutting-edge guy. We may resist being up-to-the-minute but there's nothing wrong with being up to the 1940s.

I run it aloft, secure it with a certain little hitch that works particularly well, and look up to see its band of yellow light reflected from the mast. Even in the middle of summer when it never really gets dark — even when we're so far up the inlets that we haven't seen another boat for days — still, every evening before bed I set it out and still, every morning Wendy goes to the dew-wet cockpit to lower it and make wet footprints on the galley sole as she starts the morning coffee. The anchor light is one of the slow metronomes that mark our days.

Brooke Elgie and his wife, Wendy Stern, have cruised the "upper left corner" of North America for many years. They primarily cruise in Alaska, where they have adopted the town of Tenakee Springs and are building a home.

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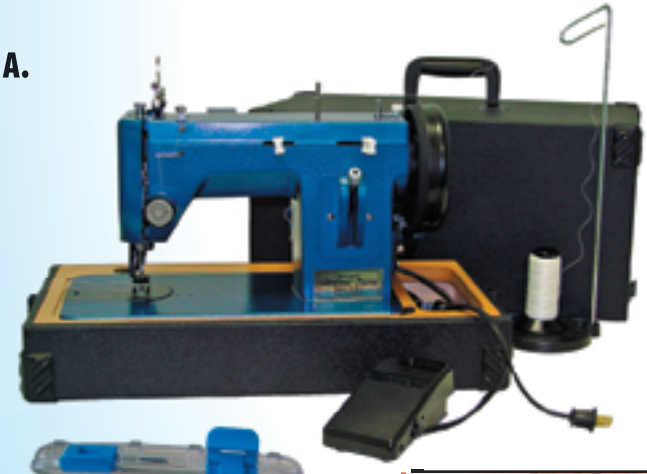

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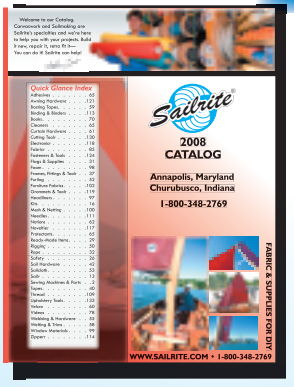

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