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THE SAILING MAGAZINE FOR THE *REST* OF US!

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Issue 61 July/August 2008

GOOD OLD BOAT 1998-2008

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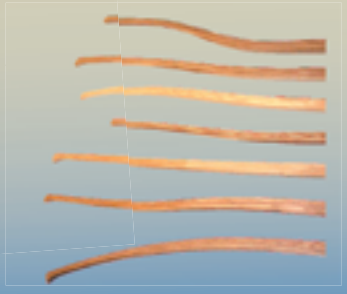

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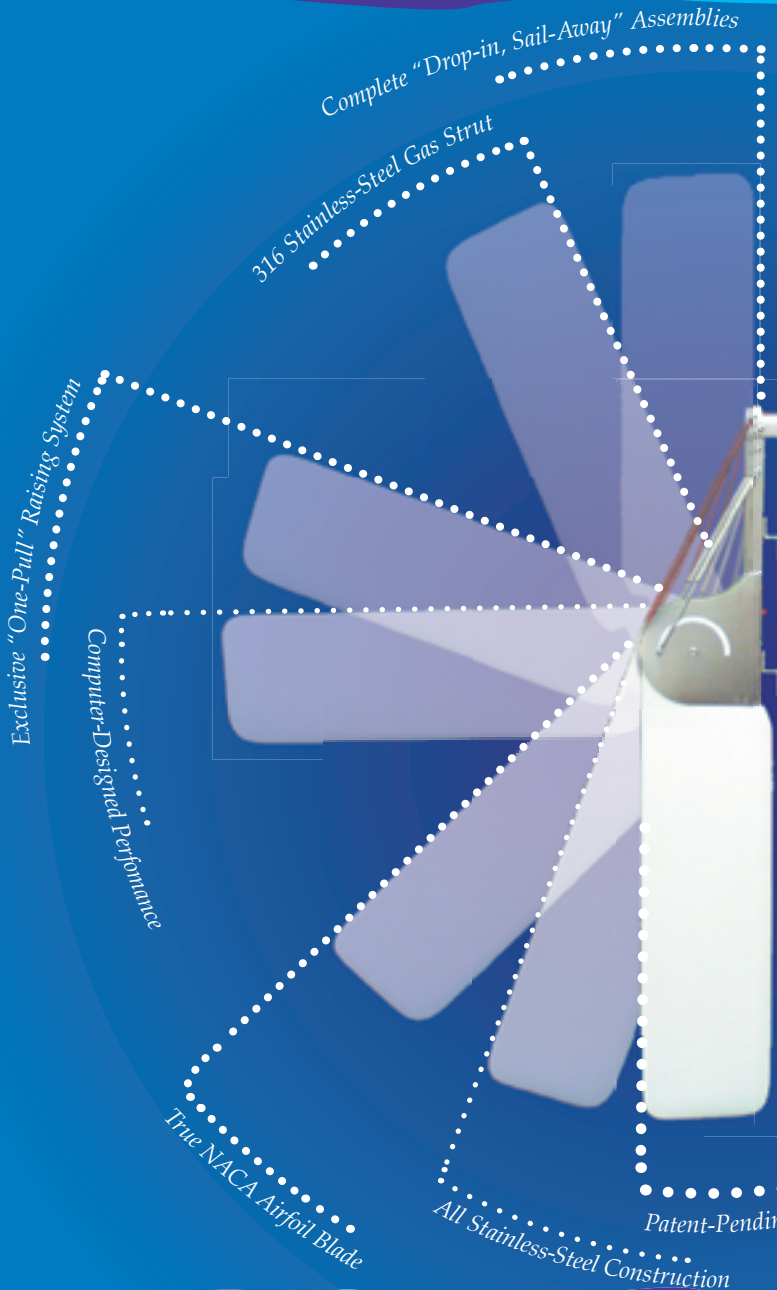

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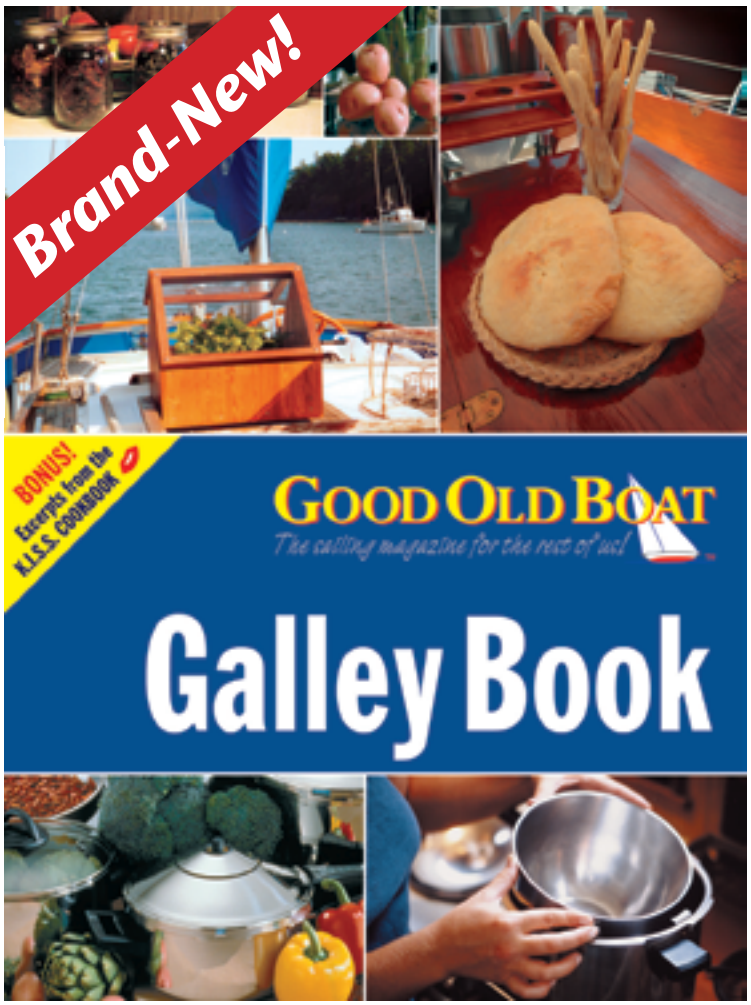
For the love of sailboats

10-year anniversary features

GOOD OLD BOAT
1998-2008

Introducing the
Good Old Boat Galley Book



Just right for your galley, this book is small: it's a PDF on a disc! And it's affordable: $19.95

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- No oven? No refrigeration? No ice? **No problem!** *(How to do without and still look good to your crew!)*
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- Making your own **yogurt**
- Growing **sprouts**
- What to do **when the salad veggies are gone**
- **Canning meat**
- **Drying foods**
- **Harvesting** the bounty of the sea
- Dealing with too much of a good thing: **storing and preserving** the food you catch, collect, or buy in bulk
- **Bonus tips and recipes** from Corinne Kanter's ever-popular *K.I.S.S. Cookbook*!
- **Pressure cooking** tips and recipes
- The priorities (tools and recipes) in a **trailersailer's galley**
- **One-pot meals**
- **Provisioning**
- **Conserving water**
- **Growing your own** herbs aboard
- **Solar cooking**
- **Preserving cheeses** when on long passages
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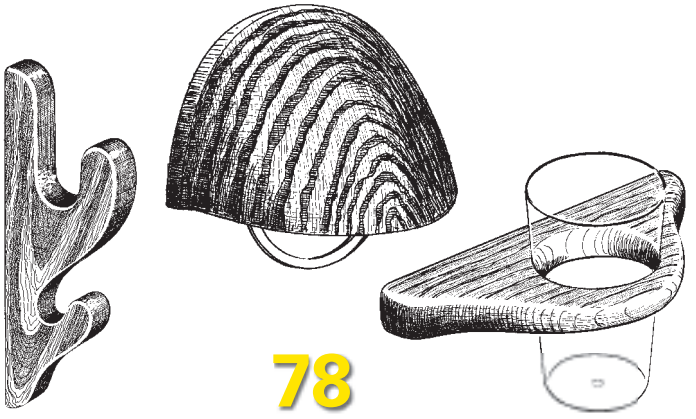

Speaking seriously

Just for fun

What's more

About the cover . . .

Karen Larson snapped this photo of *Mystic* anchored in the Benjamins in the North Channel of Lake Huron. *Mystic* is a C&C 30. The photo proved inspiration to artist Peter Kiidumae; turn to page 4 for that story.

Ten years and counting

With this issue we are celebrating the 10th anniversary of *Good Old Boat* magazine. No one in the sailing publishing business thought we'd make it this far. Frankly, we never considered where we'd be in the year 2008. We took the start-up surprises and learned the lessons that accompanied each new victory (or defeat) one day at a time. It's easier to look backward than forward, so with this issue we're celebrating the path we took and the many people who had a hand in this success. If you're in the mood for celebrating with us, please look for the special logo, at left, on selected articles.

No one makes a go of any business alone. Special thanks go to our advertisers, particularly those who were there in our earliest issues; to our charter subscribers, who sent us money on their own gut feeling and a flimsy promise from a couple of fellow sailors; to the readers who have signed on for long-term subscriptions; and to those who have worked side-by-side with us for many years. Thanks to all for sharing the vision of what *Good Old Boat* could become — and for having the confidence that this magazine would be still sailing after all these years.

Is it real or Memorex?

Peter Kiidumae's painting of our cover photo, presented not long ago to us as a surprise gift, is so realistic it might be confused with the real thing. (The cover features our boat, *Mystic*. Peter's rendition is shown at right.) Peter says he is a self-taught artist. The rest of us can safely assume that these skills come naturally to some people. We're in awe of this man's talent and glad that Peter was born with the gift of observation and the ability to share his unique perspective with others.

Peter tells us that he took the liberty of brightening up the gloom of the original photo's gray day, saying that he "added a bit of blue sky above the fog, which I put in to suggest that, despite the grayness of the background, it was going to be a beautiful sunny day eventually." He also changed the aspect of the original photo by making the illustration a striking vertical. It's so tall that it didn't fit well as a cover, but it makes a strong statement on the wall of Good Old Boat headquarters, also our home. The painting fits perfectly on a very prominent wall in our dining room. We never cease to smile when we walk past and catch a glimpse of Peter's amazing talent and our favorite good old boat.

Peter spent 16 years sailing the Great Lakes and another 14 years sailing the Pacific Northwest. For more than eight of those years he lived the dream in Vancouver, British Columbia, as a full-time liveaboard on a 45-foot ketch.

More of Peter's lifelike art is available for viewing and for purchase on our site <http://www.goodoldboat.com>. Click on Books & Gear, then find Peter's name beneath Art & Boat Models. His newest addition, *Voladora*, is based on the illustration that graced the cover of *Good Old Boat* in November 2002. His first illustration to appear on one of our covers was in March 2001.

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GOOD OLD BOAT

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MMPA

Still married . . . after all these years

There's nowhere to run, nowhere to hide

by Karen Larson

Jerry and I hadn't been married all that long (something over five years, is all) when we founded *Good Old Boat* magazine. What were we *thinking?* Occasionally women have said to me: "If I had to work with my husband, I'd probably kill him." Grounds for murder, rather than divorce? I wonder if it would stand up in court.

We didn't know how compatible we'd be, working together day in and day out. We work in our home. Days go by and we don't leave for more than a trip to the grocery or hardware store, perhaps a walk around the block. Days go by sometimes when we don't see anyone else. This is much like it is when we're on vacation on our boat . . . there's nowhere to run, nowhere to hide.

As joint leaders of this organization, we make some decisions independently and some cooperatively. The most important decisions that we save for mutual agreement are the choices we make regarding content of the magazine. The most important thing we can do for the future of this magazine, we figure, is to give our readers good articles to read. So it takes two thumbs to get in: Jerry's and mine. (Sometimes, if an article can bring tears to the eyes of that "old softie," however — and some writers know how to play him like a violin — Jerry is able to get a thumb-and-a-half for that article.)

> **"We didn't know how compatible we'd be, working together day in and day out."**

Thinking of our cozy arrangement leads one to wonder what works in a marriage. Similar temperaments? Not in our case. One of us has a short fuse. The other is slow to explode. Similar skills? On the contrary. Our skill sets are just different enough to make this business work. We each bring to the table what the other lacks. It was a brilliant mix for starting a magazine, which we could not have guessed when we met. Similar backgrounds? Not at all, although we both grew up in Indiana and attended competing Big Ten schools, and we both wound up divorced and single and living in Minnesota.

We certainly have much in common now: an entire company and relationships with all the people involved in making each issue happen, as well as a host of sailing friends. We're learning the magazine business together. It's a little easier than it was in the beginning, but the technology changes so fast that neither one of us dares to blink. We make those mutual decisions about content and the future of the business together. We work together and we vacation together. We go on business trips together. And at the end of the day we sleep in the same bed. A recipe for a long marriage . . . or a disaster. It could have gone either way.

JIM HILDINGER

The true test? I think we should wallpaper a room in our home. Or maybe not. He might murder *me!*

Good old mast climbers

I thoroughly enjoyed the article on rig inspection and maintenance by Petrea Heathwood in the March 2008 issue. As a former base manager for a major fractional sailing fleet, I have spent a lot of time in a bosun's chair. Other than obvious footholds and handholds like the spreaders, I would suggest that the "climber" do as little climbing as possible. Climbing is very tiring, regardless of your fitness level. In my experience, fatigue lends to shaky hands, which increases the risk of dropping parts or tools aloft. In addition to the safety issue, there is also a risk of damaging the boat or disabling it. Let the grinder and tailer do most of the work. While you're working on the rigging or masthead, he or she can relax after securing the halyard.

Chris Larsen
San Francisco, Calif.

A website of interest

While trying to find a comparison of boats, I ran across this website and sail calculator: <http://www.imagination.com/sailcalc.html>. It may not be all-encompassing but it might benefit some of your readers and find a place on your website. I thought I would pass it along.

Steve Tudor
Indianola, Iowa

Captivated by *A Year in a Yawl*

I was so enthralled by your teaser chapter of *A Year in a Yawl* (in the March 2008 issue or available as an audio sample <http://audioseastories.com/downloads/Yawl_Sample.mp3>) that I had to find the book! You can download the book from Google and read it. I did and thoroughly enjoyed it. What an adventure for such young boys!

Jim Scoble
Reidsville, N.C.

Jim sent a link to the free text download for A Year in a Yawl. *We've never ever seen such a long URL! Rather than run that incomprehensible string of letters and symbols here, we suggest you go to <http://www.google.com/books> and search for* A Year in a Yawl. *If you'd rather have us read it to you, it's not free, but it's fun. Go to <http://www.AudioSeaStories.com> for the unabridged audiobook.*

Speaking of books

I just finished reading an interesting book called *Princess*. It is the story of one man's love affair with a sailboat. The story takes place prior to and immediately after World War II. It is well-written and captivating. The author is Joe Richards, one of the main characters in the book, along with *Princess*, his Friendship Sloop. Joe finds *Princess*, restores her, and sails her to the Caribbean. He meets many interesting folks along the way, has many unique adventures and experiences during his journey, and relates some useful and interesting seamanship skills that could be useful to us all. *Princess* is a truly well-written and interesting good old boat story!

This classic book was written as *Princess – New York* in 1953 and has been republished several times since then.

Jim Shroeger
Travis Bay, Mich.

Princess *is another classic recommended to us by many sailors. It is a great book and appears to be available at no cost from the Google site mentioned above.*

We've run across another site, by the way, which makes text of the classics available at no cost. This one is called Project Gutenberg: <http://www.gutenberg.org>. We didn't see A Year in a Yawl *or* Princess *there, but it has books by Joshua Slocum and others of interest to sailors.*

Small boat envy

I have had a number of boats. I have cruised and raced with some significant success. As I age, however, the sentiments of your article regarding the desirability of smaller boats struck me. I love my big boat but the hassle of getting crew, the expense of fixing every little thing, and the cost of electronics, sails, and so on are staggering. As I age, I find that I have less to prove and want much more to simply enjoy. I am looking at Catalina 22s, Cal 22-24s, and San Juan 24s with envy because of the simple enjoyment they promise.

Bigger is not always better, and it certainly is more aggravation and expense. Unfortunately, it takes a lot of years to learn that lesson and to overcome the ego boost that a large, shiny boat brings. Right now the market is horrid, so I will probably have my current craft for a while. Fortunately, it is not too big or too new and it is basically simple.

Chip Minshall
Cleveland, Ohio

Another gripper knot

The braided rope end described in the article by Rudy and Jill Sechez in the May 2008 issue looks like an elegant way to finish a rope end.

I've always used a conventional back-splice, which, being slightly "bulkier" than the braid, seems to me might better serve Rudy and Jill's purpose in preventing slip in the rolling hitch. Notwithstanding, a triple-sliding hitch, or Prusik knot, shown below, is a much more secure method of attaching a snubber to either rope or chain rodes. I'd also suggest that the snubber line should always be of smaller diameter than the rope rode to which it's fixed.

Gord May
Thunder Bay, Ontario

Looking for crew?

I am the founder of ShareYourBoatRide.com. We provide a forum for boatowners to list upcoming boat trips they plan to make. Listing boat rides is free. Membership for those who would like to go along on boat rides is $9.95 a month. Our members can view these boat rides and, if interested, contact the boatowner to share the boat ride and expenses. It is a win-win situation for both the boatowner and member. The boatowner makes boating affordable and accessible, and the member discovers the wonderful boating lifestyle.

This is a brand-new service. We are receiving rave reviews from boatowners and members alike. Please browse our site <http://www.shareyourboatride.com>.

James Tomaszewski
Southold, N.Y.

More on Nightwinds

I enjoyed your article on Nightwinds in the January 2008 issue. Thirteen Nightwinds were built by Ryder and Fort Myers Yacht and Shipbuilding (FMYS), two (#12 and #13) as kits. Somewhere around #10, a hull and deck were laid up using an experimental laminate. The bond between the core and the outer skin was very poor, with many square feet of delamination. The two moldings were thrown out back and scrapped. A young technician for FMYS, Chip Pfalz, bought them from the company and, in a labor of love, salvaged them and built *Neptune*, which he is still sailing. However, she was not numbered in the Arkady sequence and was assigned a number as a home-built boat.

Around 1983, my friend, Tweed Hunter, and I were interested in high-performance centerboard boats. He stumbled upon the Nightwind and told me about it. We felt that the interior left much to be desired and we could do better. We each ordered a set of moldings consisting of hull, deck, hatches, centerboard, and ballast keel. By this time, production had pretty much ceased, so the boats were done mostly as fill-in work between Brewer 42/44s. Tweed sold his boat (#12) to John Carey of St. Petersburg, Florida, who raced it very successfully at Key West and Biscayne Bay race weeks. John then sold *Glass Frog* to a new owner in Long Island, where she went ashore in a northeaster and was a total loss. I still have #13, *Skimmer*.

As far as I know, the standard lamination schedule for Nightwinds used a fully cored hull and deck, with 15-mm Airex in the hull and Klegecell in the deck. *Gator* (reviewed in the January 2008 article), being the prototype, may be different. Since I was doing all the detail design on *Skimmer*, I needed a good sail plan to try out the look of window arrangements, lifeline heights, and rudder planforms. Bruce Kirby's sail plan showed the boat only from the waterline up and was a very early version, probably a proposal drawing. That old sail plan showed an essentially straight sheer. It was later given a graceful curve. But since Bob Perry likes springy sheers and only had the old sail plan to look at, he called her an ugly duckling, or something similar, in his Nightwind review.

I drew the sail plan that you had in the article and sent it to Bruce Kirby to show him my rudder design. Only two boats were built with that rudder design and one of them has been wrecked. I have since changed the design for *Skimmer*, so the skeg no longer exists.

I think if Bob Perry saw a Nightwind in the flesh, he would agree with Bruce Kirby and me that it is a classically handsome yacht. I disagreed with Bruce about only two things from an aesthetic perspective. One was the sheer in plan view at the bow deck. He drew it straight back almost to the shrouds, while I sprung the hull about 2½ inches on each side before we trimmed the deck. I did this to take the "curse" off the straight-line sheer. The other was the rudder. Twelve of the Nightwinds have a rudder that is a perfect rectangle above water in order to be able to insert the rudder board into the rudder from the top. *Glass Frog* was scrapped still using the rudder shown in the sail plan. I designed that rudder, basically as a copy of the rudder used on the Tanzer 10.5. It slid 24 inches vertically on a tube that was fixed to the bottom end of the skeg.

I have always liked tiller steering and hoped the skeg would reduce the helm force that I felt when I sailed *Shasta I*. It didn't. On a broad reach in a breeze, it would rip your arm from your shoulder. After sailing the boat for about six years, I finally realized how to get some balance area into the rudder. On the sail plan, the skeg has a forward upper portion that is horizontal. That is the original skeg that all Nightwinds have. I cut off my added vertical skeg and put a similar area into the rudder forward of the pivot axis as balance area. I then built an L-shaped rudder board that had its own balance area retracting up into the main rudder. Now, when racing with seven people on the rail, I hold the hiking stick lightly in two fingers. The new rudder steers like a dream. The boat will also easily turn 180 degrees in her own length without the skeg slowing the turn.

By the time I built *Skimmer*, I had been cruising for 20 years and had some very specific ideas about what I wanted for an interior. It is *Skimmer's* interior that has the head aft and the icebox under the bridge deck. *Glass Frog's* was similar and I don't remember *Neptune's*. I do find it interesting that not one of the custom boats uses an interior remotely like the stock interior.

I have now been sailing *Skimmer* for 15 years. I race her every two weeks, daysail her frequently, and have cruised her from Melbourne, Florida, to the Chesapeake twice, as well as to the Bahamas a dozen times, including a trip to Georgetown in the Exumas. I've taken her 22 miles up the Shark River into the Everglades. I have cruised her singlehanded for a month. I have climbed overboard into waist-deep water to push her off sandbars. I have never seen a boat

Ron Schaper sent this photo of contented sea lions basking near Santa Barbara, California. Send a high-res image of your favorite aid to navigation. If used, we'll send you a *Good Old Boat* ball cap or T-shirt.

that can do as many things as well as a Nightwind. When I go to boat shows, it is to find interesting details. I already have my perfect boat.

Hasty Miller
Palm Bay, Fla.

Southern sailing

Scott Murphy wrote to remind those in the north country that "we still get warm days in February on Lake Pontchartrain." Even though Scott sent this photo, at right, in February, as the north country was experiencing yet another winter storm, we were pleased to receive it. We're as happy as Scott is to see that New Orleans' Lake Pontchartrain is returning to "sailing as usual."

Editors

Northern sailing

Wait a minute! It was harder to be gracious when we received the photo on the facing page with a note from Pete Pellinen in northern Minnesota in early April. He wrote, "I wanted to send to you a photo of our first outing of 2008. Easter Sunday, my son, Jack, and I shoveled out the public access on Silver Lake right in town and launched our X-Boat. I have a San Juan 21 on Lake Vermilion but keep the small one for the 'shoulder seasons.' Come to Tropical Virginia (Minnesota) for an extended sailing year."

How'd he do that? Easter Sunday was a nice warm day

in Minneapolis, Minnesota, but the kids in our neighborhood were building snowmen with the slushy snow we'd just received in a spring snowstorm.

Editors

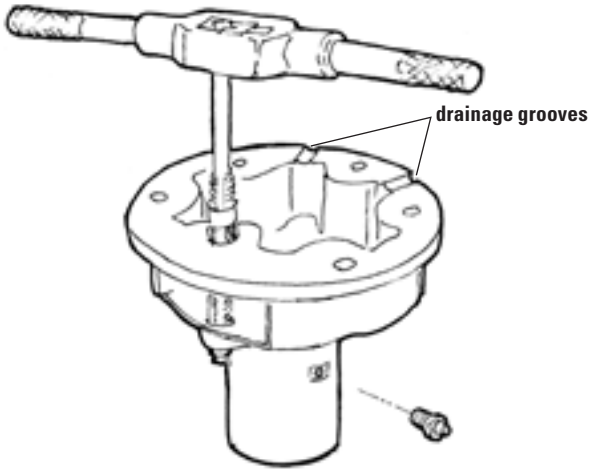
Spring ice

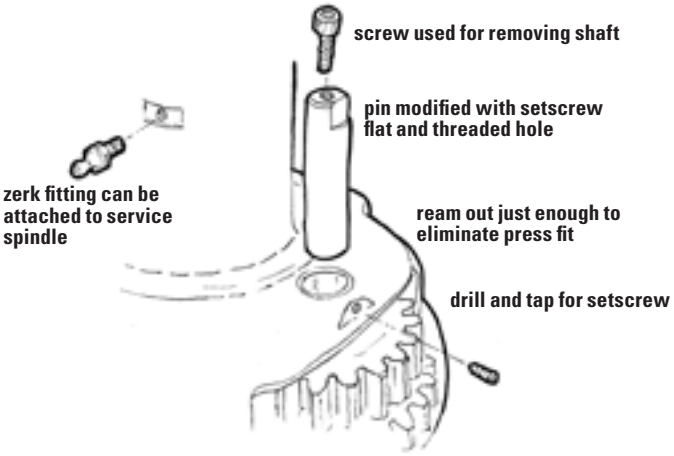
I felt a wave of sadness wash over me today (April 20) as I rode my bicycle around one of our city lakes here in Minneapolis. A warm southeast breeze had pushed the last of the ice crystals of the winter freeze into a corner of the lake. Every northern sailor knows the sonorous zinging sound these last crystals make as they clink against each other in the swell. What pleasure to be anchored out after that first chilly sail of the season and serenaded all night long by spring ice! But, alas, our iPod generation, bless 'em, walking briskly, eyes dead ahead — in nature, sort of, but with earbuds in and electronics blaring — remains utterly unaware of the carillon of sacred music erupting from the water only a few feet away.

Jim Hawkins
Minneapolis, Minn.

Avoid that plink, plink, splash

I just received my sample subscription and read Jamie Harris' article on winch care (March 2008). Excellent! One thing I do to save losing parts overboard is to cut the bottom out of a plastic ice cream container to the exact size of





the particular winch drum I'm working on. I then squeeze it over the drum before I attempt to take it apart. If anything falls out, it lands in the container, not the drink.

My subscription is enclosed.

Ken Bell
Halifax, Nova Scotia

Speaking of winch maintenance

I read Jamie Harris' excellent article about servicing Barient winches in the March 2008 issue with great interest because I upgraded to similar winches a few years ago. Jamie pointed out that these models have to be entirely removed to disassemble the units and service some of the moving parts. Even after the addition of access holes, it's no fun to remove the sheet winches on my boat. Since the amount of preventive maintenance done is inversely proportional to that fun factor, I decided to make some modifications that might solve that problem.

I used an adjustable hand reamer to enlarge the mating holes for the pin that serves as the axle for the bottom gears — just enough to change from a press fit to a sliding fit (see diagram above, at right). I cut a small flat in the housing at the upper-pin mating location so a threaded hole could be made to receive a setscrew. Then I made a flat in the pin to receive this setscrew. Next, I made a slightly larger threaded hole in the upper end of the pin so that a fastener could be used to pull the pin out during disassembly.

I also put a small flat area with a threaded hole about midway up the pedestal post. The threads match those of a zerk grease fitting that can be screwed in, so flushing and lubricating materials can be forced into the spindle bearing surfaces.

Instead of washers to achieve drainage as Jamie described, I added two grooves in the base and mounted the winches flush to the coaming (see diagram above, at left).

Walt Pearson
St. Paul, Minn.

Another tip

An ordinary electronic stud finder is a useful tool on a boat. It can be used to determine the waterline from inside the hull or to display the liquid level in a non-metallic tank.

Paul Campbell
St. James City, Fla.

Dancing with the Wind, version 2

I just recorded a professionally narrated voiceover track for a TV broadcast and film festival version of the film, *Dancing with the Wind*. It will wind up becoming the new and improved version (although I still prefer just the music myself). The music-only version will remain an audio option on the film DVD as a "Play Meditation Loop" option, but tests so far are revealing that the narrated version makes our film a true documentary of *much* greater impact. To reach a larger market, help non-sailors enjoy it more, and perhaps encour-

age newcomers to the arena of sail, this new narrator version will most likely become the new version of *Dancing with the Wind*.

The original has been well-received by buyers, but we all hope that more distributor interest will exist for this new "true documentary."

Ed Verner
Plant City, Fla.

Ed's new version of his very professional Dancing with the Wind *DVD is different in that he added narration to what is already a lovely introduction to the sailing life. We reviewed the original version in our June 2007 Newsletter <http://www.goodold boat.com/resources_for_sailors/book_reviews/reviews_from_2007.php#23>. You be the judge: is it better with narration or just with the customized background music that Ed wrote? His website is: <http://www.dancingwiththewind.net>.*

What shall I read tonight?

When I bought my Cape Dory 28 about three years ago, I also started subscribing to several sailing magazines. I also purchased a number of how-to-sail and how-to-maintain-that-diesel-engine books. In order to properly have these magazines and books readily available beside my easy chair, I built a three-shelf bookstand. Now almost every night after the evening news, I turn to my bookshelf to see what I'll read that evening. And almost every time it's *Good Old Boat*.

Unlike other sailing magazines, almost all the articles in yours cover subjects pertinent to my boat. Because I save all past copies of *Good Old Boat*, I often thumb through older copies and read for the second time articles that attract my attention. Keep up the good work!

Dixon Hemphill
Fairfax Station, Va.

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

Captain-in-training

I just can't help sharing a great picture, at left, taken last fall. Monet is my granddaughter and my newest captain-in-training. We bought *Chiquita*, a 1974 Venture of Newport in 1978.

Henry Rodriguez
Mound, Minn.

Routinely recommended

As a moderator of an online sailing forum <http://sfsailing.com/cgi-bin/forum/index.cfm>, I often get questions about good old boats, with the most frequently asked: "Which boat is right for me?" After spouting my own personal opinions, I suggest the folks subscribe to your excellent magazine — or at very least, click on your website — because I can't think of anything that covers the wide world of classic plastic better than *Good Old Boat*.

Dan Goodman
Issaquah, Wash.

Kansas sailing

The photo below shows Cheney Lake, 25 miles west of Wichita, Kansas. Not much sailing was to be had. But it is still a pretty picture. I am a member of the Ninnescah Sailing Association and love *Good Old Boat*.

Jon Zehnder
Lindsborg, Kan.

Kuma, a 1977 Ericson Cruising 31, at left. Facing page: a new anchor sprit and windlass, top. New crossbeams and battens alongside main beams, center. The cabin, looking aft, bottom.

Making it your boat

Indulging that strong urge to stamp it with your own character

by Richard Smith

Just after high school, I bought a good old car. The first thing I did was to wrap the sun visors and glove box door in fake ocelot skin. That made it my car — not my dad's car — not just any 1947 Studebaker. It's the same thing with good old boats.

I once, only once, bought a *new* boat: a 1975 Ericson 27. The problem with going out and buying a new boat, money matters aside, is that like a new car, it's hard to wrestle the thing completely away from the manufacturer . . . or the bank. As new owners, we're afraid to make any marks on it for fear of making it seem, well, used. But for some of us, there is a compelling and sometimes irrational need to possess a boat, to make it our own.

Naming a boat is a step in the right direction. It felt good to see the name I'd assigned my glossy new Ericson — *Otter* — proudly painted on that lovely transom in big bold letters, but it did little to make the boat feel truly like mine.

Case of the jitters

Popular taste for the new and shiny is right up there with the big and expensive. The thought of adding anything too personal could bring on a case of the jitters. I was intimidated by the pristine gelcoat that seemed to defy the attachment of anything more intimate than registration numbers. Polished teak veneer bulkheads dared me to drill holes to mount a clock and barometer. God forbid, what if I got the holes in the wrong place? Completely cowed, I left my battered old Navy surplus nav box in the garage.

I strapped a crab trap to the shrouds and carried fishing poles on deck but, try as I might, I couldn't get my new boat to feel as if it were mine, really mine, that nautical equivalent of a house that feels like home. In spite of my best efforts, it was beginning to look like everyone else's clean and well-equipped boat, loaded like a lot of other Ericson 27s. Just after the second summer, I became overwhelmed by monthly payments and sold it.

> **"As new owners, we're afraid to make any marks on it for fear of making it seem, well, used. But for some of us, there is a compelling and sometimes irrational need to possess a boat, to make it our own."**

Everything I added to the boat had to be off-the-shelf and brand-new: a depth sounder, VHF, and a few cockpit cushions. I indulged in a fine Dutch brass anchor light, but it didn't seem entirely happy within the welter of stainless steel.

In my view, buying a good old boat goes a long way toward owning a boat

that is truly one's own. It's probably got leaks and a few nicks here and there. Previous owners may have left a trail of small holes: phantom reminders of once carefully placed, replaced, and finally rejected toothbrush holders, clocks, and fire extinguishers. The gelcoat may have sprouted a little crazing and gone flat in places. (Incidentally, I've found that a good exterior, water-based, semigloss paint matches the 30-year-old gelcoat on my boat almost perfectly. It's easy to work with and holds up well.)

Involvement counts

Half the pleasure of sailing an old boat comes from gradually getting to know it and setting it right, one small project after another. This takes time. It doesn't matter whether it's filling holes, scraping blisters, changing zincs, cleaning out the strum box, or replacing duff instruments or worn-out upholstery. It's the involvement that counts, that and realizing your old boat is getting to be a good old boat of your own.

My present boat is another Ericson, a 1977 Cruising 31 that I've had for 10 years. When I first saw this boat it was a real mess. It had the essential features I felt I wanted but it had been badly treated by a succession of owners. It took X-ray vision to see through to the good old boat beneath the surface of confused, misplaced, and ill-conceived add-ons, not to mention star-crossed ideas that hadn't quite worked out.

To my eye, the Cruising 31 is a good-looking boat, especially in the cutter version that sports a long and serious-looking bowsprit. But *Kuma* is the sloop version. She has the same graceful clipper bow, but without the sprit she seems a bit dressed up with no place to go, like a fine Irish setter without the long, fringed tail. Rightly or wrongly, I decided that I could improve her appearance and make the foredeck a bit handier by adding an anchor sprit and bow roller.

Building a mock-up

This was a big modification and I gave it a lot of thought. I made several drawings and built a mock-up to get

the chain lead and other matters right. Stainless-steel straps hold the 3-inch iroko laminations to the deck and are bolted through a large 1-inch plywood blocking plate below. A windlass rides on top of the sprit and is also bolted through the backing plate. The anchor sprit continues the line of the sheer and stops at a point just below the upper pulpit rail, helping to unify the sprit and the rest of the boat. The whole affair is robust and works well.

There have been many such projects, most of them far less complicated and irrevocable than the anchor sprit. It was a pain removing the vinyl headliner to get at the bolts that secured the cabintop grabrails so they could be re-bedded. I decided to fit removable wood trim pieces between the beams. These covered the slits in the fabric that were made in order to get at the bolts. While I was at it, I removed the crummy little plastic strips that hid the rusting staples alongside the beams. It was a few days well-spent, and the additional wood goes well with the snug cabin.

Along with the familiar array of essentials situated about the galley/companionway area, I've installed a piece of stained glass made by an old friend. It fits into a hole left over from a long-forgotten instrument. To me and my mate, Beth, it seems a good and lighthearted companion to the GPS, binoculars, flashlight, and such — a very small thing, but important in making the boat special.

I've built a bridge deck of sorts abaft the companionway where it serves as a platform for chartwork. We place the wooden tray of nav gear (tide tables, log book, pencils) beneath it, where the instruments are out of the way but handy. The improvised nav station suits our particular use of the cockpit well (see *Good Old Boat*, May 2007).

The wooden cockpit sole (see *Good Old Boat*, September 2007) adds a certain individuality and warmth to the plastic cockpit and contributes to the traditional look of the little sloop. We don't mind the marks of dropped winch handles on our homemade softwood floorboards; along with the stained-glass portlight, they've become part of the personal history of our boat.

Marking your boat

Making a boat your own is to let those peculiar habits and attitudes you've acquired over the years mark your boat, even if they alter the original design and seem to go against the tide of popular opinion. For instance, I confess to a basic mistrust and general avoidance of what I take to be less-than-essential electronic accessories. Not surprisingly, that attitude affects the character of my boat. If I don't understand or cannot fix something that's broken, I prefer a simpler arrangement, whenever possible.

We've taken out the rusting water heater from the engine compartment and replaced the pressurized fresh-

This page: Stained glass portlight in an old instrument hole, top. The bridge deck, bottom. On facing page: a handmade mat at the companionway ladder, top. The cabin, looking forward, bottom.

water system with a foot pump. The engine's easier to get at, and we use less water.

When our propane solenoid valve failed, I moved the gas-bottle box from the foot of the mast to the cockpit seat just abaft the main bulkhead. The gas lines are shorter and there is a greater fall for the overboard gas hose. We can also reach through the hatch and turn off the gas directly at the bottle. It's possible to get our arms wet in the rain, but when the knob is turned off, we know we've stopped the gas at the bottle and that feels good.

Beth and I made a small rope mat one winter when we were recovering from the flu. It's the welcome mat when we're in port, and we keep it under the companionway ladder when we cruise, where it contributes to a "shippy" feeling down below.

There are six berths on the Cruising 31, but I seldom cruise with more than two shipmates. Our house on land, on the other hand, sleeps two comfortably and has additional accommodation for one or two others. (It should be added that the house is 5 feet shorter than the Ericson's overall length though, admittedly, it has a wider "beam.")

Improved access

With this in mind, I've taken out the 5-inch-thick quarter-berth cushion to improve engine access. A simple thing, but the gymnastics required to check fluid levels, make crankcase and gearbox oil changes, and tighten the stuffing box are easier to do in the now enlarged scrunching-down space. I can get at the cockpit drain seacocks back up against the transom more readily, and we can slide in crates of additional cruising gear along with bulbous fenders and dinghy oars.

Considering that we can still accommodate more overnight guests in our boat than in our house, I've cut 18 inches off the end of one of the saloon cushions. That makes it a sort of inglenook next to the wood stove, which is now placed down at sitting level where it has a proper, albeit stainless-steel, hearth. The berth is useless as a bed for anyone other than a small child, but it's a cozy place to read with feet up, nudging the warm Dickinson on cold mornings and nodding off on fog-bound days at anchor.

"Half the pleasure of sailing an old boat comes from gradually getting to know it and setting it right, one small project after another. This takes time."

When we change the workings and appearance of a small boat, when we build something of ourselves into it, we help shape its character. That character, in turn, shapes us, making us feel at one with our boat — making us feel that we a sail a boat of our own.

Richard Smith is a contributing editor with Good Old Boat. *He has owned and built several boats, including an Atkin Red Onion sloop, a 30-foot Alan Pape steel cutter outfitted from a bare hull, an Atalanta 26, five dinghies, and an Ericson Cruising 31.*

Be careful where you use these similar alloys

by Don Launer

Brass, primarily an alloy of copper and zinc, is less expensive than bronze and can be used for making items that remain in the cabin, such as clock and barometer cases.

In comparing bronze and brass, it is helpful to define two key terms before pointing out the differences, attributes, and deficiencies of these two materials:

Alloy – When metals combine with each other, along with certain other elements, and fuse together as mixtures, compounds, or solutions, these combinations are known as alloys. The resultant metallic substance often has substantially different properties from any of its individual components. These include strength and corrosion-resistance, which are considerably greater for the alloy than for any of its constituent elements.

Electrolyte – An electrolyte is a nonmetallic electrical conductor in which current is carried by the movement of ions. When two dissimilar metals are immersed in an electrolyte, they create an electrical cell. As current is drawn from this cell, the lesser metal on the galvanic table is sacrificed and goes into solution. Salt water is a strong electrolyte because of all the sodium and chlorine ions in the water. This property of salt water creates a hostile environment for many alloys.

Bronze

Bronze was first created around 3000 B.C. Although it is primarily an alloy of copper and tin, bronze has always included other elements. Modern bronze alloys may contain many other elements, such as phosphorus, aluminum, manganese, iron, or silicon. Within the wide spectrum of alloys that are called bronze, some also contain small percentages of zinc. Since copper and tin are adjacent to each other on the galvanic table, this mixture gives bronze the ability to withstand the harsh marine environment.

This is dramatically demonstrated by bronze artifacts that have been brought up from the depths after hundreds or even thousands of years and show little or no deterioration. Bronze melts at a relatively high temperature and is a very hard metal compared with brass, so it takes a toll on machining tools.

Brass

Brass is primarily an alloy of copper and zinc but may also contain other elements. Copper and zinc, metals widely separated on the galvanic scale, become highly interactive in the presence of an electrolyte such as salt water or in rain containing atmospheric contaminants. Under these conditions the zinc in the alloy becomes a "sacrificial anode" and is eaten up, leaving behind a soft, porous copper sponge. What is left retains the shape of the original part but has little mechanical strength. This process is known as dezincification.

> **"Bronze artifacts . . . have been brought up from the depths after hundreds or even thousands of years and show little or no deterioration."**

Brass deck hardware, even though it is not normally immersed, can deteriorate in this way. Although such hardware is dry most of the time, saltwater splashes leave a residue of salt on the hardware's surface. Then condensation (fog, light rain, or even an extremely humid atmosphere) supplies the water needed to create an electrolyte and subsequent dezincification of the brass. Although it is less common, dezincification can occur in freshwater environments when atmospheric contaminants initiate the process.

LAYOUT AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY TED TOLLEFSON

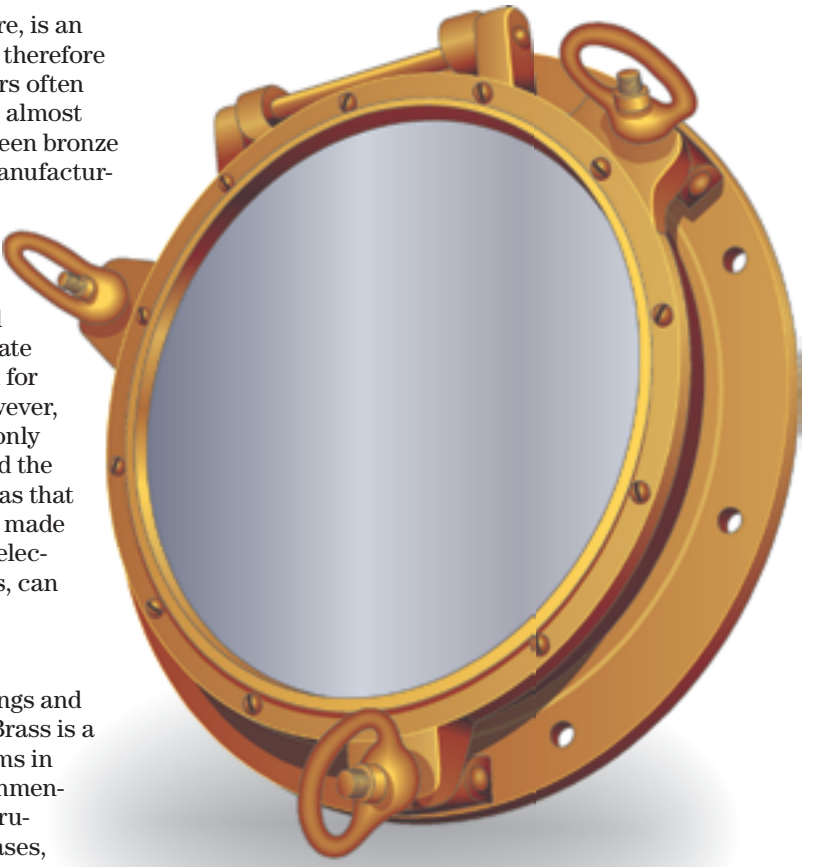
Since brass melts at a relatively low temperature, is an easy material to cast, machines like butter, and is therefore less expensive to work with, marine manufacturers often choose brass when they should select bronze. It is almost impossible for the consumer to differentiate between bronze alloys and brass alloys, so the reputation of the manufacturer will be the best indicator.

Electrical conductivity

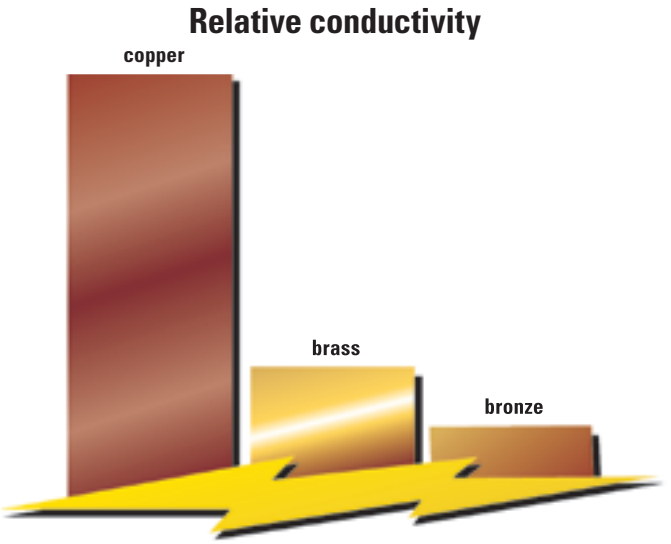
Alloys always have a higher resistance to electrical current than the resistance of the individual metallic elements that have been combined to create them. Copper is the standard conducting material for electrical wiring and bus bars. Unfortunately, however, brass and bronze are sometimes used. Brass has only about 28 percent of the conductivity of copper, and the conductivity of bronze can be as low as 7 percent as that of copper. That means that electrical components made from brass or bronze, such as bus bars, will offer electrical resistance and, when carrying high currents, can become hot enough to be a fire hazard.

Uses for brass and bronze

Bronze is the clear choice over brass for deck fittings and for anything that will be immersed in salt water. Brass is a practical and relatively inexpensive choice for items in the cabin that do not come in contact with environmental salts: candlesticks, paperweights, musical instruments, barometer and thermometer instrument cases, and cabinet hardware. For the harsh environment outside the cabin, however, bronze is the alloy of choice.



Bronze, primarily an alloy of copper and tin, is the clear choice for deck fittings and anything that will be immersed in salt water.



Copper is the standard electrical material for electrical wiring. Brass and bronze are poor substitutes.

Many "bronze" products come to us from overseas. Even major marine-hardware distributors in the U.S. buy items manufactured outside of this country for economic reasons. Unfortunately, many of these items contain scrap alloys of unknown content, some of which may contain zinc or other unwanted elements.

It would be convenient if we could question the marine-hardware distributors about the content of the so-called bronze they are selling, but they often lack that information themselves. It's up to each buyer to maintain a healthy skepticism and to keep an eye on all bronze in exterior use.

Don Launer, a Good Old Boat *contributing editor, has held a USCG captain's license for more than 20 years. He built his two-masted schooner,* Delphinus, *from a bare hull and sails her on Barnegat Bay in New Jersey.*

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Make-and-mend days

When weather lets you goof off without a guilty conscience

by Karen Sullivan

ILLUSTRATIONS BY KAREN SULLIVAN

Assemble your materials: a length of rope for the grommet, a spool of small cotton line, and either instructions for making a grommet or waxed whipping twine (if you choose to join the two rope ends instead).

Some days dawn gray, wet, and windy and promise only scud, thump, and splash. But if you are safely anchored and generously scheduled, you can smugly sip a second cup of coffee — brewed, not instant — and declare this an old-fashioned make-and-mend day.

I love make-and-mend days. Sure, lots of good projects can be done, but they can coexist with those appealing newfound hours of enforced, guilt-free relaxation. Being a make-and-mender is not for the faint of heart, however. Many a skipper, after glimpsing the morning's wild, woolly weather outside the cove, still gets underway, despite knowing there's a nasty bash to windward before reaching the marina and, eventually, the long commute of the new workweek in a stressed-out, hopped-up world. This is the Sunday-itis syndrome. Make-and-mend is its nemesis and cure.

> **"By no means do make-and-menders consider lay days to be time-wasters. They know . . . that such days are actually time-expanders."**

To qualify as a make-and-mender, you must be able to:

- Cheerfully toss schedules in the trash bucket. This is far easier said than done, and it may require a certain vagueness about when you'll return to work or else some extra days built into your float plan.
- Enjoy time's windfall. Remember, time is the one thing we can't bank. Try thinking of snow days, if you had them in childhood, to enhance appreciation and reduce guilt.
- Appreciate the philosophy of "eating dessert first." With all this newfound time on a wind-tossed day, what boat projects would please you (and the boat) most?

Truly unrepentant make-and-menders also possess the following:

- A decent bosun's kit and spare bits of cordage, wood, and other assorted spare parts;
- An adequate ship's library;
- Ingredients for a magnificent, cooked breakfast; and
- Charts and cruising guides beyond the local area, for dreaming.

Not time-wasters

By no means do make-and-menders consider lay days to be time-wasters. They know, because most already own good old boats, that such days are actually time-expanders.

Resources

Good instructions for making rope grommets can be found in many books, but I like Hervey Garrett Smith's *The Marlinspike Sailor* and Brion Toss' *The Complete Rigger's Apprentice*.

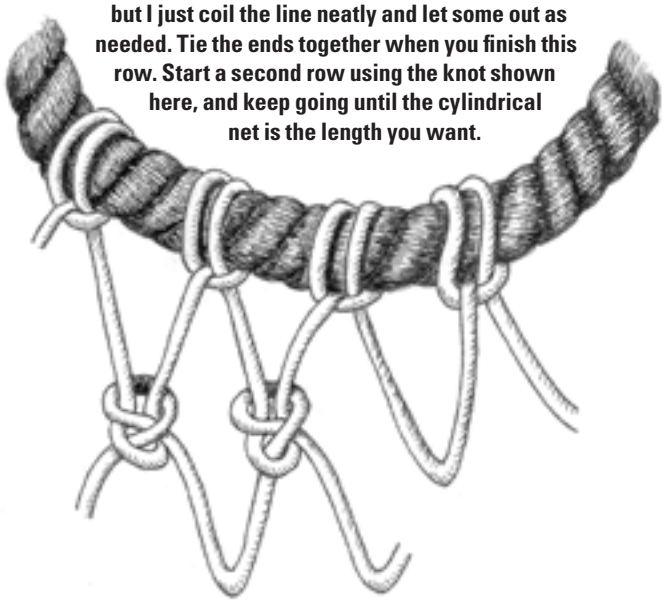
"Nice? It's the only thing," said the Water Rat solemnly, as he leaned forward for his stroke. "Believe me, my young friend, there is nothing — absolutely nothing — half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats. Simply messing," he went on dreamily, " . . . messing about in boats . . . messing . . . " This philosophy, from Kenneth Grahame's *The Wind in the Willows*, is intuitively understood and actively cultivated by make-and-menders.

One of the finest make-and-mend days I ever spent was aboard a 1937 vintage wooden schooner tucked way up in a slough near Oriental, North Carolina, while an October gale blew itself out. After an excellent breakfast of coddled eggs, sausage, and fresh coffee, an exploring party set out to row the dinghy as far as we could up winding, ever-narrowing channels until we followed one to its end. There we found a quiet bank of Spartina grass with a dark hole in it and a glitter that blinked and declared itself to be an eye. The eye's otter-owner slid quickly down the bank, dived under water, and left a trail of bubbles for us to marvel at.

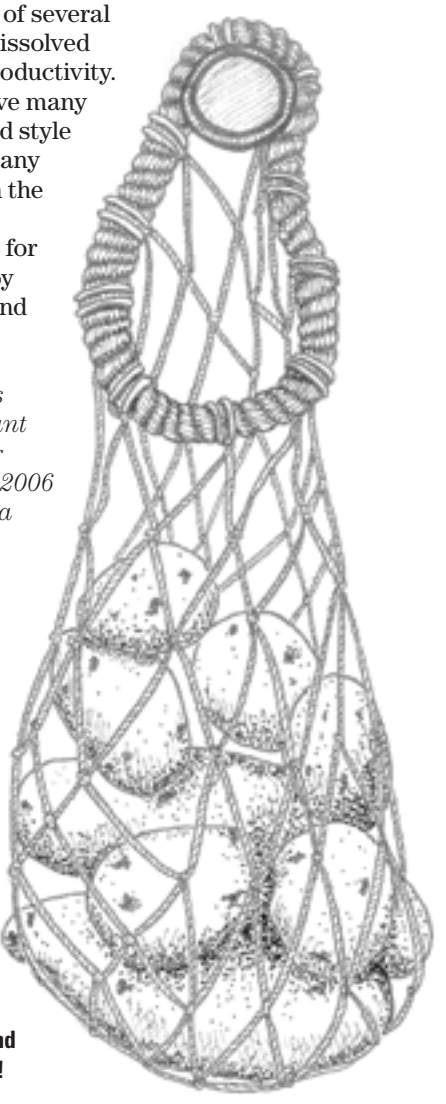
"Lots of good projects . . . can coexist with those appealing newfound hours of enforced, guilt-free relaxation."

Back aboard the boat, I chose my project: making net bags for holding onions and potatoes. Fueled by the good breakfast and using spare bits of cordage and directions from one of the books in the ship's library, I lost track of several happy hours that dissolved into pleasurable productivity. These two bags gave many years of service and style in the galley and many happy memories in the mind. Illustrations show the sequence for making them. Enjoy your make-and-mend days!

If you decide not to unlay the rope to make a grommet, you can join the two ends together with sail twine and cover the joint with a nice whipping. This is not a true grommet as it cannot take any loads, but it's fine for a net bag. Try an inner diameter of 4 to 5 inches for your first bag.



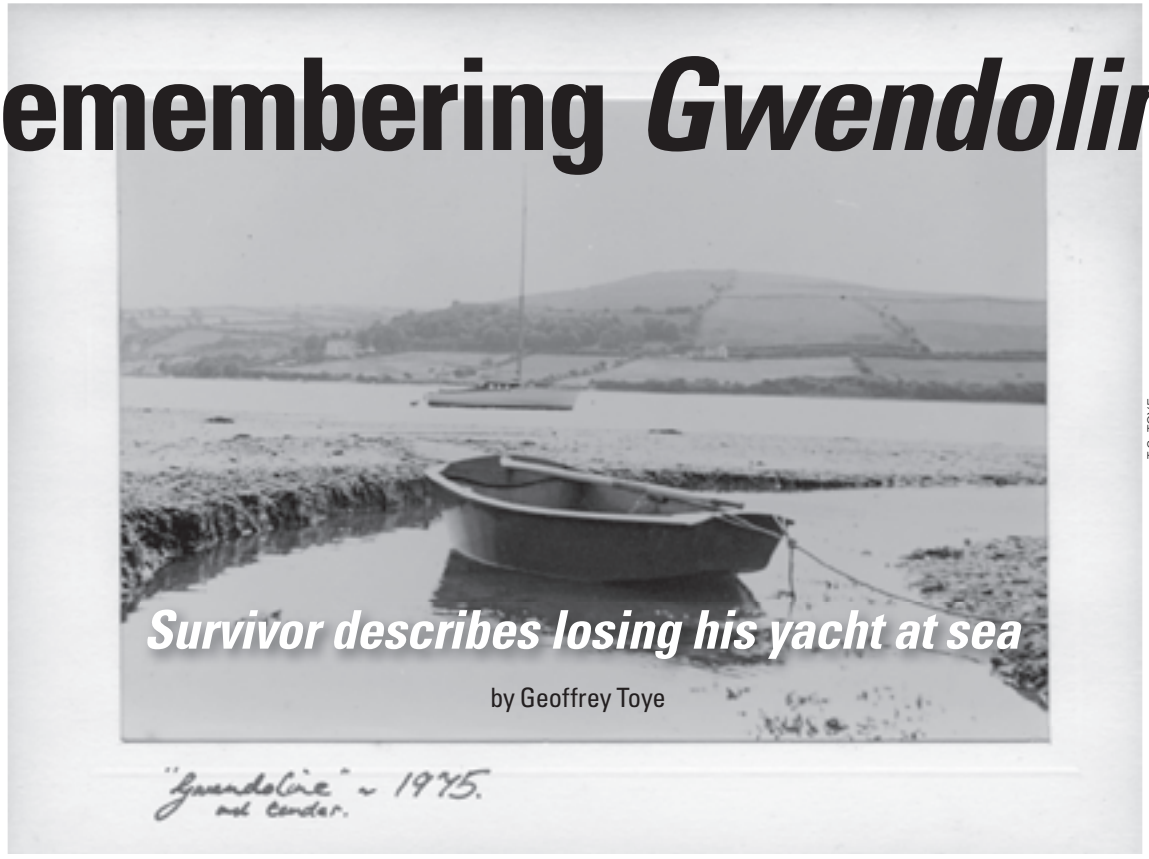
Clove-hitch a row of evenly spaced loops around your grommet. For a first bag, 10 or 11 loops will work well. Leave enough cotton line to make a V-shaped loop between each clove hitch. You can use a netting needle if you want, but I just coil the line neatly and let some out as needed. Tie the ends together when you finish this row. Start a second row using the knot shown here, and keep going until the cylindrical net is the length you want.



To finish your bag, thread some cotton line through the last row of loops, cinch it up, and tie securely with a knot of your choice. Hang it on a handy knob or hook and enjoy your handiwork!

Karen Sullivan has been an unrepentant make-and-mender since the 1970s. In 2006 she sailed her Dana 24, Minstrel, *from Seward, Alaska, to Port Townsend, Washington, via the Inside Passage, accompanied by icebergs, whales, logs, and rain.*

Remembering *Gwendoline*



T.C. TOYE

Survivor describes losing his yacht at sea

by Geoffrey Toye

It was a long time ago. One might imagine it would haunt, cling with the chill of a sea mist on a night watch, but it does not. We survived, and that day is not the only memory, just one among many . . . but that log was never signed off. I was not her first master, but I would be her last.

The story began in a backwater boatyard, one of those timeless places where nothing much seems to happen. *Gwendoline* was a small Sterte-class cruiser/racer, less than 20 feet on deck. Designed by Fred Parker, she had been carvel-built by Kitson's of Poole, England. Through her peeling paint I could see a pretty boat of good lines, white with the ghost of a once-gold sheerline and red bootstripe, her topsides raised to a flat deck forward over powerful bows. The deck stepped as it ran aft, dropping into a reverse sheer running down to a neat little transom over a pleasing tumblehome. At the step there was the bulkhead of a low cabin trunk. Her diminutive coachroof had once been white.

> **"... I felt the intoxication of the deck of my own vessel alive under my bare feet for the first time."**

I looked her over. The yard boss looked me over. I guess he knew this young man, fresh from Oxford's Dreaming Spires, with more dream than substance, did not possess the 500-pound asking price. I went off to do some thinking at a little tea shop overlooking a winter-quiet harbor crossed by rainsqualls and cat's-paws, but I was already lost to the romance of the place and that little ship.

"Er . . . would you take 365 pounds . . . er . . . delivered . . . please?"

His eyes were steady with a weary certainty. "That's all you've got, isn't it?"

I nodded. He shook his head, in despair rather than in refusal, I hoped, and we both shook hands. I'll never forget that pivotal long-ago moment. I had become the owner and master under God of my first real ship.

Emotional stake

Her transom, I found, was soft enough to push a finger through. That quickened my pulse to a panic rate. Already I had an emotional stake. There was a deciduous fall of rust around her rudder stock, among other obvious — and more numerous, less obvious — signs of her age. It could be done. I had a job, not exactly an executive position, but it would finance the repairs piecemeal, and by the following spring *Gwendoline* was just about fit for trials. I wanted a shakedown sail before committing another winter to a longer, strategic, and more costly refit.

The sun was shining on a fine morning as she slid off the chocks, and I felt the intoxication of the deck of my own vessel alive under my bare feet for the first time. It felt of a reassuring inertia, ship-like, quite distinct from the canoes and open boats of my youth. I walked along the sidedeck because I could, and marveled at how the deck lifted as much as dipped under my manly weight. Her ballast keel was a massive chunk of solid iron, and her skipper had the physique of a stalk of early asparagus.

Her spars were bare, sails not yet bent on, but she had an auxiliary: a fine British Seagull outboard on an outrigger bracket. I wrapped the cord and it started on the first pull. Fairly bursting with pride, we chugged away to a waiting mooring out on the saltings. Her bilges were dry by the lenient standards of the time, but I "pumped ship" because I liked the sound of the words.

Her first sailing trials went well. She could be a little stubborn in stays, the yard boss had warned me, and she had scared the life out of her previous owner by torpedoing, bows under, if she was put about too harshly, but she was kind to me. She was fast, weatherly, and I loved her.

One night I stayed aboard. Conditions were cramped: a hard bunk, barely sitting headroom, a single Primus kerosene cooker, and a brass oil lamp for company. It blew a gale and she was pitching and rolling even at her mooring, but not a drop came aboard. Sharp, cruel seas slammed into her sides and, belowdecks with a lantern, I understood the meaning of "shiver me timbers."

With minimal accommodation for her displacement, by any practical standard she was the worst of many worlds, but tread softly, this was a young man seeing visions. She was the guardian of his dreams and in the dispatch of that duty she would acquit herself with distinction.

A mystery leak

After a few weeks spent daysailing in the bay, I decided to cruise down the coast a little. Once clear of the headland, the sea got up. *Gwendoline* sailed like a witch at first, but then became sluggish. She felt suddenly heavy. A glance belowdecks revealed that sea water was already over the cabin sole and rising quickly. The pump could not cope with it. I got a life vest on, hauled up and readied the dinghy, and prepared to abandon if I had to. I hove-to, ignored the inadequate pump, and set-to with a bucket and strong incentive. I was gaining. Finally the bilges were cleared and there was no sign of a leak. It was a mystery.

I released the foresail, then let draw. *Gwendoline* began to shoulder through the seas once more, heading for home. Within minutes the water was over the boards again. She was a centerboarder, so if the water were to rise over the open top of the trunk she would be gone — but not without a fight. Beat to quarters, full plain sail, and the Seagull fired up and growling, this would be a close race.

We rounded the headland and came into the calmer waters of the bay. Again I emptied her bilges, after which there was no sign of that mysteriously intermittent leak. When we got back to the mooring, a matter of a couple of miles, the bilges were still dry. For the rest of that summer I would sail her with one eye on the cabin sole, never far from home, and I would get to know her as well as one may know a beautiful lady with a dark secret.

That autumn I had her hauled at the yard and the awful truth was revealed. She lifted, but her keel at first did not. Then it followed reluctantly, on stretched keel bolts. The cause of a leak that only occurred in a seaway was that the ballast keel was swinging on bolts rusted as thin as needles.

The yard owner was a friend of mine, a little roguish perhaps, but a good friend and a fine traditional boatman. He replaced all but one of the bolts from bar stock the old way, cutting, then heating them to an orange glow before tapping them down onto an anvil to cone out the end. He ended up shy of one very long bolt, hard to find in those austere days. To illustrate quite how long, he pointed to a similar one used to fasten the attendant's cabin to a heavy post in the nearby municipal car parking lot. It was long.

"She lifted, but her keel at first did not. Then it followed reluctantly, on stretched keel bolts."

The perfect bolt

A telephone call that evening brought the relief that a perfect bolt had been located. The next time I visited, the parking lot attendant was drinking his morning mug of tea, his back pressed to the wall of a cabin that was sagging precariously away from its post . . . *Gwendoline's* keel was once again secure.

The rest of that winter was spent steaming in new oak ribs, meticulously attending to every inch of her boards, and equipping her for more serious sailing. High on the list was a modern, large bilge pump. By the spring I would know every inch of that boat.

The re-launch was a new beginning. She was smart,

T.C. TOYE

***Gwendoline* and Geoffrey Toye, the owner and master of his first real ship. Facing page: *Gwendoline* and her tender still evoke fond memories more than 30 years later.**

sound in every board and timber, and taut as a drum. She sailed well too. Now there were charts on her table, a Walker log ticking at the taffrail, and a newly swung compass. I took her out to sea and she went like a thoroughbred. Down the coast we flew, creaming easily with poised insouciance past the scene of our mysterious alarm, no more than a ripple in our wake now. She dipped her rail and danced to the wild music of the ocean.

The coast unrolled its beauty in a tapestry of color, flecked white with spring lambs. Sea air was perfumed with gorse flower. Mile upon mile the pencil line trekked across the chart. Then the coastline opened to reveal a wide bay and a harbor. We had made our first port and, with that, the discovery that this boat could take us to far places.

On the return passage the wind got up for a while, gusting at times to gale force. It was a broad reach, so I furled the main and ran under a genoa headsail. As long as it lasted, *Gwendoline* showed her mettle, steady between 5 and 6 knots. Night was falling as we entered the bay and the wind dropped to a breath, the ship ghosting upriver. A shadow moved; a friend waved from the beach where he sat cross-legged. There was haunting music, the magic of a flute beside still water.

“Down the coast we flew, creaming easily with poised insouciance past the scene of our mysterious alarm . . .”

Learning her tricks

During the remainder of that season I would discover the boat’s capabilities and mine. With her centerplate down, she was very close-winded; with it raised a little, she was steady off the wind; and with the board up, she would still respectably perform all required evolutions under sail while drawing less than 2 feet.

I had heard of two Stertes crossing the Atlantic. In the right hands, maybe. *Gwendoline* would certainly look out for me in a blow. She would also steer herself if the wind was forward of the beam. She was a good boat, I was young and fit, and it was time to spread our wings: I was beginning to think of a passage from Wales to southern Ireland.

The two are separated by St. George’s Channel, a few hours or more out of sight of land, pleasant enough in calm conditions but, when the weather turns there or as far away as Biscay, as treacherous a stretch of water as one could wish to give a wide berth. The seas of the Atlantic Ocean are constricted into a chaos and, like rats with no escape, peaks rise and lash out at each other or any vessel in their capricious path.

Preparation would have to be thorough. I laid up *Gwendoline* early that autumn so I could proceed with the maintenance. Before the winter set in, she was tucked away under a green canvas tarpaulin, caulked, painted, and her brightwork varnished.

While I was doing this work, a young lady stopped to see me at the boatyard. Tracy was a talented artist who created meticulously detailed ink sketches of wild places. She had heard I was planning to cruise the south coast of Ireland and asked if I wanted a crew. She would work her passage and, in return, she would see places she wanted to sketch. She could neither sail nor navigate but said she would learn if I could teach.

We met for dinner one evening. I had thought it through and agreed, provided she really could learn the basics in short time and, in a matter of days, she did. I have never met anyone before or since who could absorb and master the principles of navigation and seamanship so quickly. Perhaps it was her artist’s eye for recording detail. In no time at all she could manage most onboard sailing chores, lay off a course with due allowance for set and drift, take bearings, recite the collision regulations, and steer by wind or compass. I could not have wished for a better crew and willingly rigged her a second bunk, a pipe cot athwartships above the centerboard trunk.

Heading to sea

Through the spring and early summer I sailed *Gwendoline* coastwise, tuning her rig and adding fall-back rigging, spares for the engine, navigational equipment, and a powerful hand lamp. The table and floor of one room at my home were covered in everything one could imagine for a tricky cruise in a very small sailboat.

One Sunday in August, we slipped our moorings and headed for the western horizon. In the clear air, the empty vastness of the ocean was humbling. The nearest land dead on the bow might have been Florida. I streamed the log and took the departure.

As the young captain with his first command, Geoffrey toiled over *Gwendoline's* refit both on land during the winter, on facing page, and on a floating platform once she was launched the following spring, at right.

In the confused sea off the headland, Tracy was queasy and I didn't feel so great, but that could have been nerves. Working out a few figures for the coming hours, I asked if she could take the first watch, then retired to my bunk and slept. When I awoke I felt much better, the light was fading, and I would take over for the night watches. On the west coast of Wales I could see the Strumble Head light group-flash four every 15 seconds and just about make out some land features for a fix. It confirmed the log; Tracy had steered a good course.

We shared a companionable hot drink in the cockpit. She went below and slept. Then followed the best sail of my life. The breeze strengthened to perhaps Force 4 and *Gwendoline* flew through the darkness, throwing clouds of phosphorescent spray that set the sails aglow. Droplets twinkled on my jacket, and the back of my hand was bright enough to illuminate surrounding objects. A steamer overhauled us a couple of cables to starboard, lights shining, her wake a blaze of phosphorescence under a perfect canopy of stars. It was a night I shall never forget.

The wind strength was increasing and by first light there was menace in it. I had left Tracy in her bunk as she had been feeling sick most of the night, but she rose and helped me tuck in a reef. Visibility was poor. Dead reckoning put us near Tuskar Rock, Ireland, although I had been unsuccessful in picking it up on the RDF. Not wishing to close that inhospitable coast in uncertain conditions, we altered course, swinging south, hoping to resume a westerly track toward the Coningbeg Light Vessel as soon as our reckoning put us south of the rocks.

"…I was suddenly awake, my heart pounding. I no longer felt sick, but I was wet. There was cold water lapping against my bunk."

Fateful decision

That decision, which I believe I would make again if faced with the same situation, would place my crew and myself in grave danger and cost me my boat.

After many hours at the helm, I felt sick and weary. Tracy took the watch and I dropped into my bunk. Almost immediately there was a loud bang; the centerboard trunk to which my bunk was fastened quivered violently. I knew it was not a rock, it felt alive, but Tracy could see nothing in the water. The echo sounder indicated off-soundings. Then Tracy reported that she could see a fin, encrusted with barnacles and higher than the deck. It disappeared.

No doubt I should have sprung from my bunk and gone on deck and, sitting in my study now, it seems incredible that I did not. But I was sick, and the lethargy that accompanies that sensation has to be experienced to be appreciated. Also, it was futile; the sighting of the fin explained the impact on the keel and there was nothing I could do. The moment, I thought, was past. We had come up on the back of a mature basking shark and it had responded angrily before departing. (Many authorities claim that the basking shark, numerous in those waters, is a plankton-eating gentle giant. Others say they have witnessed aggression in these creatures, particularly in that region where several reports to that effect were made that year.)

Sleep came, but after less than an hour I was suddenly awake, my heart pounding. I no longer felt sick, but I was wet. There was cold water lapping against my bunk. I worked the pump until the bilges were dry, but *Gwendoline* was making water fast under the keelson, through the garboard I guessed, while the weather was deteriorating rapidly. Our charts were soaked, floating in useless fragments around the cabin.

Treated as a joke

A French fishing boat hove in sight. I called her on the emergency frequency of 2182 kHz. Her skipper was chatting to a friend on that frequency. I used the alarm button to break through. I am reasonably fluent in French so I explained our plight in that language and requested a position. The response was to treat it as a joke, the skipper mimicking the sound of the alarm. I shall not dwell on this, but it happened.

The wind was rising. Tracy took the helm while I furled the main and replaced the working headsail with a stout canvas spitfire jib. As I was returning to the cockpit, the yacht rolled heavily, jibed all standing, and the boom cracked my skull. In my memory, I tried to break my fall, then scrambled up at once, but the truth was that I lay

On a passage from Wales to southern Ireland, the situation grew grave. *Gwendoline* was somewhere to the south of Ireland, sinking, with an injured skipper, in conditions fast rising through gale to storm.

senseless on the cockpit sole for several minutes. Tracy made sure I was breathing and returned to keeping the boat afloat. When I came to, sick and a little irrational, I gave a few course instructions that Tracy wisely ignored, then lay down again.

The situation was grave. We were somewhere to the south of Ireland with an injured skipper, aboard a small sinking yacht, in conditions fast rising through gale to storm. None of this had been forecast by the British Meteorological Office. When I recovered my senses sufficiently and sent out a Mayday, in reply I heard three more Mayday calls from other vessels in distress. The air was full of urgent evidence that we were not the only crew caught out.

Then the ground wire of the emergency radio parted. Despite its lead sinker, the force of the wind had blown it out of the water and it had tightly wound itself several times around the propeller of the raised outboard, rendering useless both engine and radio.

By this time there was a full gale from the north and we had no option but to run off before it. A hundred miles to the south across the Celtic Deep lay the rocks of the North Cornish coast, a lee shore to be dreaded in a northerly gale, but the problem of navigating around Land's End in a storm, with no charts, was academic. We were cold, wet, sick, and weary; we would never have kept pumping her out that long, and our inflatable raft would have taken us out into the Atlantic approaches.

Fervent prayers

Neither of us said what each of us was thinking. There was almost serenity, there in the vortex of a storm. Tracy silently helmed the boat. I brought the outboard in from its outrigger, not that it could have powered us against that solid wall of air and spray.

Going below for the toolbox, I found myself on my knees and out of sight of Tracy. I said a prayer. I am afraid my Maker only hears from me when I am in trouble, but we needed Him then. I was fearful and feeling the weight of my responsibility at having involved another person. As I would later discover, Tracy had taken advantage of the moment to say a few words herself. It was not that we were self-conscious, but neither of us wanted to erode the presumed fragility of the other's morale.

Then, incredibly, the miracle. A few minutes later, while I was unbolting the propeller, Tracy sighted another vessel. There were huge banks of sea mist streaking across the water and a ketch had appeared between them. I raced to the flare locker. It was going to be a long shot. I braced myself in the forehatch with two Icarus rockets. The first missed by a mile, but it gave me a trail to correct my aim. The second exploded above the cockpit of the other boat. The ketch sailed on. Once again we were alone.

Some time later she returned. Her steering gear had been damaged by the storm but the crew had rigged a jury tiller and come back. At first her skipper was reluctant to take us aboard, an evolution that might endanger both boats, but he could see blood on my face from my head wound and that we were clearly in a sinking condition, and he gallantly helped us.

Challenging rescue

Steadying the two vessels by sailing alongside each other, it was possible to get Tracy aboard the higher rail of the ketch as the sea lifted *Gwendoline* just before it lifted the other vessel. But when I left the helm to make my leap, the boats veered apart. I hit the topsides, missed the upper rail, grabbed the lower one, and water closed over my head.

As I hauled myself up, three people rushed to get hold of me. In their good-hearted enthusiasm, they failed to notice they had my arms on either side of a wire shroud that was threatening to cut my head off. I shouted to them to let go, which they took to be narcosis of the deep, and pulled even harder while urging me not to give up. Then their skipper saw what was happening and pried one of my arms loose. I flew over the rail like a cork from a bottle.

Norman, the skipper, was a doctor sailing with his wife, Sheila, their son, and nephew. Sheila and the boys were exhausted and seasick. He took a look at my head, told me it was likely a mild concussion, and asked if I could help him sail the boat through the night to Penzance in Cornwall.

We never made Penzance, but in watches 15 minutes on, 15 minutes off, we did make Milford Haven after sailing through the worst conditions either of us had experienced. The wind reached a steady Storm Force 10, gusting through 11 to Hurricane Force 12. Even in that high center cockpit, I awoke several times floating in my life vest, still secured by my harness, seeing then the whole vessel emerge from beneath the sea. When the storm jib was caught aback, the flexing of the deck was clearly visible. After nightfall, there was pitch black interrupted by

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GOOD OLD BOAT
1998-2008

"Let's launch

How two sailors became publishers

by Cindy Christian Rogers

It all started at anchor, the setting that buoys so many dreams. One foggy September day in 1997, two sailors huddled aboard their 30-foot C&C among Lake Superior's Slate Islands. They wouldn't glimpse any caribou, but perhaps they could see the future.

"What should we do when we grow up?" the captain asked his mate. He had just left his engineering job, eager to embrace a new challenge after 29 years designing products for manufacturing companies.

Replied the mate, herself ready for a change after running a successful desktop publishing business for 10 years, "Let's launch a sailing magazine. How *hard* can it be?"

a magazine!"

Tucked away in a storm hole, Jerry Powlas and Karen Larson couldn't imagine just how hard creating *Good Old Boat* would turn out to be. But they had gone there to float ideas, and they grabbed onto one that combined Jerry's background as a naval officer and mechanical engineer with Karen's expertise in writing, editing, and public relations. Besides, they each had a history of innovation as well as a willingness to change course.

Jerry, who always had an aptitude for "technical stuff," chose to earn a psychology degree and then pursue an engineering career, working his way up to director of engineering and acquiring six patents. Karen completed two bachelor's degrees and a master's in modern languages, journalism, and public relations, using her skills at a variety of companies before starting her own business, no small venture for a single mother. Each grew up in Indiana and, in search of better jobs, moved to Minnesota, where they met in midlife. And each learned to sail as an adult, compelled by curiosity rather than family heritage. They were as undaunted by the prospect of producing a magazine as children starting a lemonade stand. "Only we didn't know *anything* about lemons," as Karen now says. Or about how many resources this grown-up stand might require.

At first they thought to publish a magazine modeled after *Catalina Mainsheet* but directed toward owners of other fiberglass production sailboats. Familiar with *DIY Boat Owner*, they opted not to do another publication with solely technical content. As Karen puts it, "We decided to include editorial about the art of sailing, why we sail, and why we work on older boats." They came up with the term "good old boat," which they defined as a vessel 10 years or older. They would celebrate pride of ownership, enabling sailors to share maintenance, upgrade, and refit tips with fellow owners of diverse models and sizes of sailboats, including ones that have gone out of production. They wouldn't cover powerboats and trawlers or brand-new seafaring palaces, and they would avoid an implied pecking order of sailors based on dollars invested in boats or gear. They would emphasize cruising rather than racing, featuring not circumnavigations to exotic locales but the kind of sailing weekend and vacation sailors would do — and on the budgets weekend sailors tend to have.

Getting underway

"One of the attributes of your boat has to be that you can afford to own it," Jerry believes. "Many wonderful boats have been out there sailing for 30 or more years. Unlike cars of the same vintage, they haven't rusted. They just keep sailing." None of the then-existing magazines catered to this special group of boatowners, which essentially meant . . . themselves. "We are the readers and they are us," Karen says, a theme highlighted in the tagline: The sailing magazine for the *rest* of us! Yes, they would launch a magazine, and while they were at it, they'd build a community of good old boaters.

Magazine professionals know that coming up with an editorial vision is daunting enough; translating the concept into a self-sustaining business is another matter altogether. By choosing to create a magazine they would want to read, Jerry and Karen created what is called a niche publication. It proved a clever move financially

***Mystic* floats peacefully in the Slate Islands of Lake Superior, facing page, where *Good Old Boat* was conceived. Jerry and Karen, this page, under sail aboard the 1976 C&C 30 during their first year of ownership in 1993. They prefer wilderness sailing, taking along a kayak-that-serves-as-dinghy to hunt for caribou — with a camera, of course.**

because it simultaneously defined their market and limited their investment demands.

Back at home in a suburb of Minneapolis, they decided to publish *Good Old Boat* as a bimonthly, which they would produce themselves, without advertisers, relying on subscriptions to fund the enterprise. "We were standing in the kitchen discussing what to charge per year, and Karen picked $39.95 out of the air," Jerry recalls. "Her reasoning was that two people could go to dinner for that amount." Surely hard-core sailors would be willing to give up one meal in a restaurant to learn new ways to save money on their boats.

They did a simple spreadsheet to see how many copies they could afford to print. The answer: 5,000. They would debut the magazine the next June and canvass subscriptions in the meantime. They didn't waste time: the very month after their brainstorming session, they organized a phone and email campaign to conduct informational interviews with editors of boating magazines and books, and they made lists of sailing associations, charter operators, cruising guide authors, and boating friends to contact. Knowing little about what magazine marketers call audience development, they relied instead on word-of-mouth and what publicity they could garner by their own efforts. They spoke at sailing clubs and mentioned the magazine to recipients of their holiday letter. They drafted a press release and sent it to publications from *Professional Boat-Builder* to *Caribbean Compass*.

"Jerry and Karen took a different tack. They had no investors, preferring to build 'brick by brick,' using their own savings and what they could earn from the magazine itself."

In December they began developing material for the premier issue and established a website to attract contributors; the first copy featured articles by Nigel Calder and Don Casey but also a schoolteacher and several artists *cum* sailors, a mix of sailing "names" and regular "folks" that has remained a hallmark of the editorial pages. They also began building a database of people who wanted to receive a copy of the magazine after it was published. "If the Internet had not been where it was in 1997-98, we wouldn't have been able to start the same way," Karen says. "We could not have afforded to send out subscription offers by mail." The Internet also made it easier to assemble a list of owners' groups, which they printed in the debut issue.

Once they had that issue in hand, they redoubled efforts to sign up subscribers. They had about 500 takers from the website, so they sent everyone two polybagged copies with a note suggesting, "Surely you have a sailing friend you can give the extra copy to." They dropped off magazines anywhere they thought potential readers might come across them — yacht clubs, marine retail shops, the cockpits of boats bobbing in marinas. "We thought once people saw our nifty content, they'd buy it," says Jerry. The supposition paid off. Their efforts generated 2,600 subs by the end of 1999.

Among those whose attention they attracted were cruising icons Lin and Larry Pardey. "We happened upon the first issue just after we arrived in the U.S. after spending two years in European waters," Lin says. "It caught our attention because we'd talked on the passage about the difference between American yachting magazines and *Practical Boat Owner*, the biggest-selling British sailing magazine. 'All the American mags seem to assume everyone has lots of money, always wants new boats, and can afford to pay someone else to fix things,' I said. 'Maybe we should start a do-it-yourself yachting magazine,' Larry said. Well, the first edition of Jerry and Karen's magazine looked an awful lot like what we had been thinking about, so we visited them that winter. Afterward I told Larry, 'I owe them a thank you note for far more than a delightful stay in their home. I have to thank them for putting together the magazine because now *we* don't have to do it!' "

Adding crew

Jerry and Karen had made headway with fellow sailors but recognized they needed help with the business end of magazines, with such intricacies as postal regulations, circulation and list management, and advertising sales, an area they saw as increasingly worthwhile for both the busi-

ness and their readers. Two publishing experts showed them those ropes. "After sailing my Typhoon one day," recalls Bill Hammond, a Minneapolis-based literary agent and author of the maritime novel, *A Matter of Honor*, "I wandered into the yacht club and picked up issue #1 because it had a Cape Dory on the cover. I noticed it was being published locally and I called to say I was fascinated." With his business partner, Bill Dorn, a legendary publisher and consultant in the Twin Cities magazine industry, as well as Jack Culley, owner of Sailboats, Inc., a marina management, brokerage, and charter company based in Superior, Wisconsin, he formed *Good Old Boat's* business advisory board. "We served as cheerleaders in the early days," Hammond says. "Later we served as a sounding board for matters like newsstand distribution and ad rates."

If a boat is a hole in the water you pour money into, then a magazine is a hole on land. Only one in 10 titles makes it to its first anniversary; few of those are publishing five years later. The reason: enormous capital outlays that are hard to recoup. Jerry and Karen took a different tack. They had no investors, preferring to build "brick by brick," using their own savings and what they could earn from the magazine itself. "The conventional publishing path was beyond our reach, so we simply didn't approach the magazine conventionally," Jerry explains. "We dodged going around to banks with a hat in our hands." Karen adds, "There are two kinds of entrepreneurs, those who follow a plan and those who follow a dream. Jerry and I are definitely in the dreamer category."

The dreaming — and careful spending — paid off; by the third year they had developed a rhythm. "We were running on creative energy and enthusiastic feedback from readers, but the growth was steady enough to keep us going, although," Karen smiles, "it was like buying a new car every other month — with cash."

They never thought of giving up, even during their biggest crisis in year three when they fingered one last check and sweated out the wait for subscription renewals. (The magazine now enjoys a renewal rate of 67 percent, a figure most other publishers would covet.) Jerry and Karen had found what they would do when they grew up. And the magazine grew up too, reaching 12,000 readers by the end of 2001 and 20,000 by the end of 2002. Circulation today numbers about 30,000, including subscriptions, a sampler program offering free issues to prospective subscribers, and newsstand sales, which began in November 1999. Most readers live in the U.S. or Canada, but subscriptions are delivered to such farther-flung locales as Australia, Brazil, and Scotland.

As for advertising, "we originally thought it would be a big hassle," Karen notes, "one more thing to manage, and we didn't want high-powered ads anyhow because they weren't consistent with the editorial content. Classifieds fit in right away, but then real companies called up, asking to buy ad space." These companies, many run by sailing enthusiasts, offered a wide-ranging array of services and products of value to readers. Today the magazine boasts 125 advertisers, which accounts for the full page devoted to each issue's ad index (see page 66).

"Karen adds, 'There are two kinds of entrepreneurs, those who follow a plan and those who follow a dream. Jerry and I are definitely in the dreamer category.'"

Harnessing gear

The magazine's editorial pages also have grown in sophistication without losing their grass-roots appeal. Layouts have more variety and color, type is easier to read, graphics are engaging. Such enhancements have gone hand-in-hand with advances in the hardware and software tools that revolutionized magazine production over the last decade. Jerry and Karen became early adopters, and technology continues to play an integral role in their endeavors, notably on the recently redesigned website, which offers online book and logo merchandise sales, as well as a regularly updated marine suppliers' directory, searchable index of articles, and perhaps the most extensive list of owners' associations anywhere. Nowadays, the site averages more than 24,000 unique visitors a month.

As the magazine's visibility grew, Jerry and Karen no longer could function as a do-it-yourself team. During the summer of 1999, they began pressing others into service. *Good Old Boat* now draws on the skills of a virtual staff that helps prepare issues, process subscriptions, sell and place ads, whatever it

Jerry races a Flying Scot, circa 1996, facing page. He participated in 40 to 50 races a year while a member of the Wayzata Yacht Club near Minneapolis, before Karen coaxed him into cruising. That decision, of course, came after the classified ad that coaxed Karen to meet Jerry. Karen, this page, spends a relaxed moment aboard the Flying Scot.

takes to get the magazine into readers' hands. (See "Meet the Magicians" on page 34.) Additional crew members help manage the website, produce a print and electronic newsletter and CD-ROMs of back issues, mount exhibits at national boat shows, and develop spin-off products, such as audiobooks.

Navigating life

But Jerry and Karen remain at the helm, an appropriate place for two people who have shared a zeal for sailing since Karen answered a classified that began: "Sailor pretending to be engineer." She joined Jerry racing a Flying Scot on Lake Minnetonka, a 14,000-acre lake just west of the Twin Cities, but she soon asked, "Isn't there *more* to this sailing thing than going around the same buoys?" Married in August 1991, they chartered a Catalina 30 on their honeymoon, then started looking at cruising boats, although they told each other they weren't really interested in buying.

Another classified ad sealed their fate: in one Saturday newspaper, there among the Sunfish and Lasers, appeared an ad for *Mystic*, the 1976 C&C 30 on which *Good Old Boat* came into being. As Jerry tells it, "Karen called the number and talked for an hour. When she hung up, she said I had to call the guy back. I talked for an hour too. When I got off the phone, Karen and I discussed the thing like people pretending to be rational adults. The next day we drove five hours for a test sail. When we were clear of the hazards I took the helm. 'This lady can dance,' I thought. *Mystic* will be ours as long as she and I can still sail."

Sailing remains their chief enthusiasm, even as they make time for family; between them, they have three grown children and three grandchildren. Production schedules don't permit the longer voyages they covet, although in recent years they've juggled responsibilities to allow for trips up to three weeks long, most often on Lake Superior where they enjoy wilderness sailing. They share their adventures with readers, including a 2005-06 passage through the Soo Locks into the North Channel of Lake Huron. Since returning to Superior, *Mystic* can be found in Thunder Bay, Ontario, and Jerry and Karen plan to sail along the Canadian shore this summer.

> "These are people who have achieved success by *not* following the pack . . . who prefer decisions based on common sense rather than detailed business plans, whose choices might come across as unorthodox."

Fitting out

Then there's the C&C Mega 30, the 1980 trailer-sailer that will extend their cruising range. Since February 2003, readers have watched their struggle to refit this boat, a venture that has not gone as quickly as envisioned. Even so, they live their business philosophy, working on the Mega as time and finances allow. Other activities follow suit: Karen cans with a pressure cooker and knows her way around a sewing machine, making upholstery for their boats; Jerry enjoys hiding out in his home workshop, fashioning water tanks for the Mega, among other projects. They drive a modest car and a truck whose most compelling feature is the *Good Old Boat* logo on its windows. Jerry's one indulgence is a red BMW motorcycle, which he's been known to take for a spin even on brisk autumn days. Karen bikes too, on a "good old bicycle," transporting magazine proofs in a backpack when weather permits. Both are avid readers of all kinds of fiction and nonfiction; they especially savor the audiobooks that accompany them on their drives to *Mystic* or to boat shows.

Sometimes they work en route to or onboard *Mystic*, with Karen reading manuscripts aloud for discussion. But most of *Good Old Boat* is still produced out of a 1970s-vintage tri-level that sits a couple of lots off Fish Lake, a humble member of Minnesota's famed 10,000 lakes, just northwest of Minneapolis. Boating memorabilia adorn the walls — racing plaques and photos of sailboats, favorite anchorages, Jerry's Navy ship. (Jerry served three years on the U.S.S. *Newport News*, with two tours in Vietnam.) Karen's study upstairs and Jerry's workspace downstairs abound with computers, scanners, and printers, all networked together, with a high-speed Internet connection to Transcontinental, their printer in Winnipeg, Manitoba. Yet, despite installing all this electronic wizardry on behalf of the business, they do not own a television.

Fathoming success

These are people who have achieved success by *not* following the pack, who take pride in a simple lifestyle, who prefer decisions based on common sense rather than detailed business plans, whose choices might come across as unorthodox. They have never put article titles on their covers, for example, even though the vast majority of magazine editors recoil at such a heretical approach. Jerry and Karen, however, prefer to let the ambience of sailing speak for itself, featuring cover photographs — and occasional illustrations — of sailboats in picturesque settings. And they don't automatically adopt what many business owners might presuppose as standard operating procedure. Jack Culley recalls how Jerry at first refused to accept credit cards: "I argued with him, we virtually had a confrontation. I kept saying a small percentage of something was better than 100 percent of nothing." Ultimately *Good Old Boat* did take credit cards; its owners may be unconventional but they've never lost their willingness to change course when conditions warrant.

These are people, too, who offer free subscriptions to soldiers and hurricane victims, who will adjust deadlines to accommodate a staffer's travel plans or another's son's baseball game, who will make lunch for everyone who happens to be on site, serving it on the dining table that doubles as conference table. In the case of Karla Sandness, their financial manager, Jerry

"Watching them prepare an issue is a study in complementary personalities. Jerry takes the lead on technical and strategic matters while Karen prevails as wordsmith and master scheduler."

and Karen not only celebrated her wedding and relocation to North Dakota but were willing to set her up as a telecommuter to keep her in the *Good Old Boat* family. It is a family that extends far beyond their staff, out into that boating community they sought to engender. "Over the years my writing has yielded numerous successes but also its share of rejections," says Gregg Nestor, a freelance writer and *Good Old Boat* contributing editor. "While not everything that I've submitted to *Good Old Boat* made it to the printer, each rejection was accompanied by an insightful comment containing some sliver of guidance or encouragement. It is this type of personal professionalism that has inspired its contributors and readers alike."

Jerry and Karen's regard for their readers is visible on every editorial page. "They had a wonderful conversation with readers right from the start," says Bill Dorn. "They found sailors who truly love their good old boats and provide them with information they want and need." They routinely address readers directly in print, clarifying terms and how-to steps, with editors' notes sprinkled throughout articles. Nowhere is this more evident than in the Mail Buoy, the letters to the editor department, where a running dialogue takes place between editors and readers — and between readers and readers. So far, more than 1,500 voices have shared their boating experiences, whether

continued on page 76

A classified ad, facing page, caught Jerry and Karen's attention one Saturday and led to the purchase of their beloved *Mystic*, which they've sailed in the Great Lakes. The Mega 30, a trailerable C&C, waits patiently for launch, this page. Jerry and Karen plan to tow her to extend their cruising range, perhaps to southern waters for a change of scenery, but definitely to meet good old boaters in different parts of the country.

GOOD OLD BOAT
1998-2008

Meet the

The inside story of producing a magazine

Magicians on this page: Karla Sandness, Michael and Patty Facius, Dan Spurr, Elizabeth Whelan, John Vigor, and Mary Endres. On facing page: Janet Cass, Cindy Christian Rogers, Pat Morris, and Mark Busta.

DENNIS MCGILL

Jerry and I are happy to claim credit for having started *Good Old Boat* magazine and for keeping it afloat for a decade. But we don't pretend to have done it alone. We are surrounded by a team of magicians who help us run the business and help us produce each issue of the magazine.

How a business is run is no mystery to most people, although each business has its special points of differentiation that make it seem unique — at least to those running it. But how a magazine is produced is a mystery of interest to many people we've met in the past decade. Perhaps now's the time to explain how it's done and who does what.

Except for your founding editors (Jerry Powlas and Karla Larson), only two people work on the payroll as full-time staff members: Karla Sandness and Michael Facius. Others are on the payroll as part-timers, but the vast majority work as independent contractors on an hourly basis. Computers and the Internet have allowed us to create a virtual company, whose members live and work all across the country. Allow me to introduce the magicians and explain the magic.

Each issue really begins about a year in advance as articles are submitted for publication. Jerry and I read every article and must agree that it will be of interest to our readers if it is to be selected. There's a lot of competition for space; we say "no" more often than "yes," but it's often because we just ran (or soon will run) something on the same topic as the one submitted. Or we don't think the project will be of interest to enough readers to be included in the magazine. (Just how many good old boaters will be doing a bow-thruster installation any time soon, after all?) Or we simply have too many articles of a certain type already. The Cruising Memories and Reflections categories are particularly tight all the time.

But no one tells the story of a specific boat project better than a sailor who has just done that project and likes the way it turned out. We're very pleased to accept the short Quick and Easy articles, the mid-length Simple Solutions articles, and the full-fledged project articles. Those creative boat improvements (so long as they will work on an Ericson and a Catalina as well as on a Columbia or a Ranger) make the magazine what it is . . . and we love them.

One year ahead

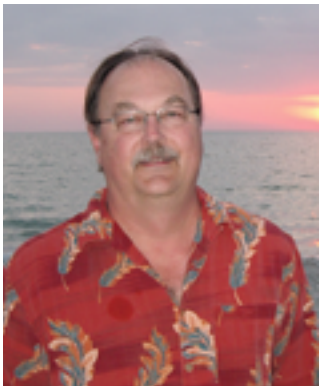
So step one is the acceptance of articles, which I then assign to upcoming issues to ensure a good mix of subjects within each issue. Since this is the digital age, text and photos usually arrive by email or on a CD. (There's more information on the submission process and what we pay for articles on our website at <http://www.goodoldboat.com/writers_guidelines>.)

While most of our articles come from enthusiastic readers, some are solicited from writers experienced in particular areas. For example, Dan Spurr works in advance with authors who are writing our history and boat-review articles. As a part of the

WANDA HENNIG

magicians

by Karen Larson



research for his book, *Heart of Glass*, and based on many years in this industry, Dan has developed a wonderful overview of the designers and the companies that produced the sailboats we still care about today. Few have written as many boat reviews over the years, so he makes a big contribution to the quality of our magazine.

With each issue

Step two brings us to the preparations for a specific issue. Draw the curtain aside. Now the magic begins. As we approach each issue's deadline, Michael Facius is talking to advertisers about their specific needs for that issue. Karla Sandness is working on the classified ads (for the magazine and also those that appear only online at <http://www.goodoldboat.com/resources_for_sailors/sailing_classifieds>). And Elizabeth Whelan is designing some new ads, tweaking some existing ones, and making sure all the rest are available at the resolution and specifications required by our printer.

So those three are the advertising magicians, although each has many other roles within our operation. Karla is a whiz at the myriad details that go into publishing, Michael understands finances and spreadsheets in a way that Jerry and I never can, and Elizabeth has an enviable artistic bent, as you may have noticed with the spread that displayed her drawing talents in our May 2008 issue (page 80).

There's one more important component to the advertising side of our business: the advertisers. We say "bless 'em" on the list of advertisers in each issue (page 66 in this issue), and we really mean it. There is a steady group of marine vendors who want to communicate with good old boaters because they're selling the products we all use and want to know about. Advertising in *Good Old Boat* works for them and it's good for our readers. But this magazine is primarily financed by subscription checks, so no single advertiser has the power to influence the editorial decisions made by those of us who pay the printer and make the payroll.

Several weeks before each issue's final deadline for articles and illustrations, the articles that have been awaiting their turn for publication go off to John Vigor for copyediting. As the magician for this stage, John reviews everything for technical and nautical accuracy, makes grammatical edits, and writes the headlines.

"…how a magazine is produced is a mystery of interest to many people we've met in the past decade. Perhaps now's the time to explain how it's done and who does what."

Meanwhile, I'm doing Photoshop magic to the digital images (changing them from .jpg to .tif images) and digitizing the slides and print images by scanning them. Next I create a "best guess" layout of how many pages each article will need and where it will appear in the issue. Then I send each article's text and illustrations to our creative director, magician Mary Endres. Mary uses a page layout program and a great deal of experience and talent to design the first draft of each article. Sometimes I guess too short and sometimes I guess too long regarding the true number of pages needed to tell a story, so Mary and I work as a team, adjusting articles, accommodating ads, and moving stories around till it all fits.

Because we are constantly tweaking the process, we have a new magician beginning with this issue. Janet Cass has assumed the title of managing editor. Her role will expand over time to include the initial editing of content, scanning of slides and photos, and much more — as the ebb and flow of issues continues into the future. Jerry and I looked up one day and realized that we weren't getting any younger. It's time to go sailing.

Janet will set us free to do that, although we will

"We believe in our magicians, every one. It is their diverse combination of skills and experience that brings you each issue of *Good Old Boat* magazine."

continue to keep our hands in. It's hard to turn your back on your own creation. We'll consider it good if, by the summer of 2010, we can work half as much as we do now. Since we have no secrets from our readers, you'll know as this evolution toward semiretirement occurs.

Swirling background

An editing team is swirling around in the background as the layout process moves forward. Jerry reads each story once more at this stage for technical accuracy . . . not just accuracy of the content but also with an eye on the finished piece: are the illustrations in the right place, do they communicate, and are the photo captions and illustration labels correct?

I read every article a couple of times, concentrating on spelling, grammar, and consistency. There is always at least one more proofer to back me up because it's easy to become blind to errors after reading the same material several times.

The proofing magicians are Pat Morris and Cindy Christian Rogers. They often alternate issues, with one or the other reading every word of every issue with a fresh set of eyes. Pat is known to her friends and family as a "grammar nag," a description that she particularly relishes. Cindy is a sailor with a long career in magazine publishing. Both make a huge contribution to the quality of our magazine at this stage.

Meanwhile, magician Mark Busta, our circulation director, is rushing to make our database as up-to-date as possible because Karla Sandness is about to send the list of subscriber labels to the printer, as well as a list of newsstand quantities and a total for printed copies. Mark and Karla are legendary for their customer service. If you've ever had a subscriber problem, one of them has bent over backward to make it right for you. It's simply the way we do business.

By this time a couple of proofs have flown back and forth between the members of the production team, the jigsaw puzzle of components that make up this issue of the magazine has been locked down, and Mary Endres makes a final digital file for the printer — a file that, for better or worse, has been blessed by all. We all stand back at this point, breathing heavily, as the file is taken over by the printing magicians at Transcontinental in Winnipeg, Manitoba, where *Good Old Boat* has been printed for more than eight of its 10 years. Tracy Berch does the production magic at that end, overseeing the progress of our newest baby through the printing plant from scheduling to press to bindery to shipping.

More key players

We have other key players on our team. There are the contributing editors: Ted Brewer, Theresa Fort, Don Launer, Dave Martin, Gregg Nestor, Paul Ring, Bill Sandifer, and Richard Smith. Over the years each of these folks has played a big part in delivering good content to *Good Old Boat* readers.

Regular illustrators include Tom Payne, Fritz Seegers, and Ted Tollefson. We couldn't do it without their talents either.

There's a team that moves the *Good Old Boat Newsletter* to its finished stages also. I get each issue started, but Michael Facius and Pat Morris get it finished. Then Michael and his wife, Patty, record a podcast version of it, which is produced by Theresa Meis. Mary Endres posts the written version in .html and .pdf formats.

And behind the scenes lurk at least four more technical types: Jerry Stearns, Jim Nedbalek, Matthew Darnell, and Theresa Meis. Jerry is our webmaster, the guy who keeps our site current (and there's something going on there all the time). Jim is the computer wizard who has created the subscription database that manages each subscriber's account. Matthew is the fellow who made our wishes come true with our new website design. Theresa has played a number of roles starting with our audiobook adventure. Once we discovered that she's fearless with new software of every description, we put her in charge of the Audio Sea Stories side of the business, managing our downloads, our podcasts, and the web pages that make them happen. She's young, and her star is still ascending.

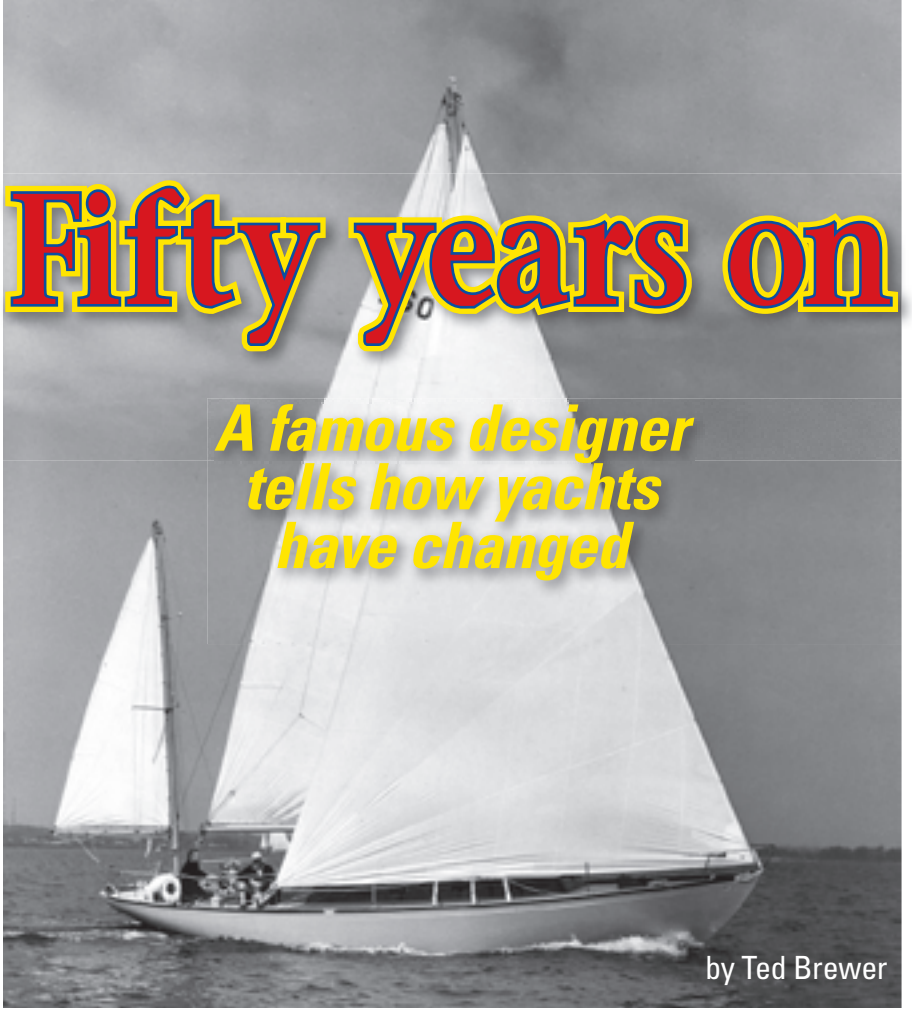
In fact, as far as we're concerned, they're all stars. It's not easy to build a team of magicians. It takes time. It takes faith. It takes trust. We believe in our magicians, every one. It is their diverse combination of skills and experience that brings you each issue of *Good Old Boat* magazine. We thank them, every one.

Technical wizards on this page: Theresa Meis, Jerry Stearns, and Jim Nedbalek.

Fifty years on

A famous designer tells how yachts have changed

by Ted Brewer



COURTESY OF SPARKMAN & STEPHENS

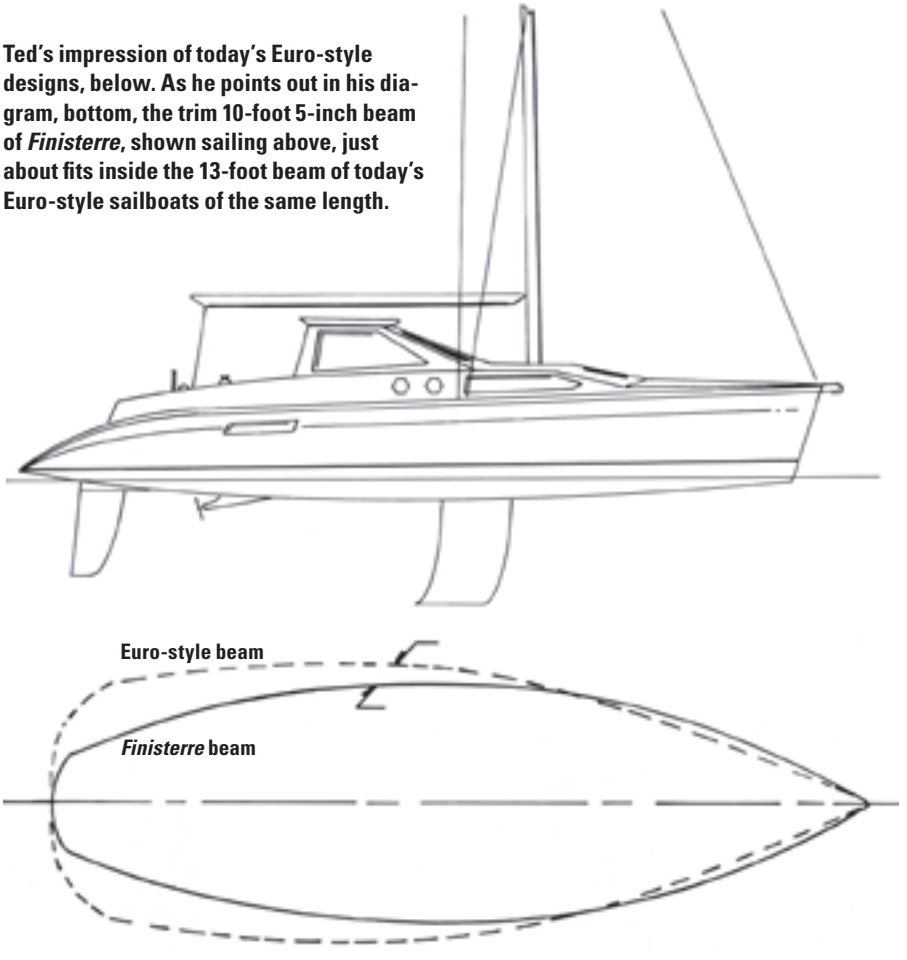
GOOD OLD BOAT 1998-2008

In honor of *Good Old Boat's* 10th anniversary, I thought it would be interesting to look back over the changes in small-boat design in the 50-some years that have passed since I was discharged from military service in May 1957. That's when I got into the boating business, beginning as a yacht broker at George Cuthbertson's Canadian Northern Company, later to become famous as C&C Yachts.

My father served with the Canadian Navy so I learned to sail on 27-foot navy whalers and 14-foot dinghies when I was a teenager, but I knew literally nothing about the sailing yachts of the late 1950s and I was keen to learn. Thanks to George and his partner, Peter Davidson, I found a berth aboard *Vision*, a 48-foot Eight Meter sloop, sailing out of Toronto's Royal Canadian Yacht Club. There was an active fleet of Eights in Toronto, with races twice weekly plus weekend regattas at various ports around Lake Ontario. It was a great start to my career, as it gave me the opportunity to see and race against all types of yachts, from 25-foot Folkboats and 27-foot Tumlarens to large 50- to 60-foot cruiser/racers.

At the time, George Cuthbertson was designing a new 54-foot keel/centerboard (keel/cb) yawl; construction had already started at Cliff Richardson's yard in Meaford, Ontario. The keel/cb type was popular in those days, as the Cruising Club of America (CCA) handicap rule favored long overhangs, short waterlines, husky displacement, shoal draft, good beam, and yawl rigs. Olin Stephen's 1954 design of *Finisterre*, the keel/cb yawl (pictured on this page), combined these features, with a length overall of 38 feet 6 inches on only a 27-foot 6-inch waterline, 11-foot 3-inch beam, a board-up draft of only 3 feet 11 inches, and, at 18,640 pounds of displacement, a very husky 400 D/L ratio. In the late '50s and early '60s, *Finisterre* was winning major coastal and offshore races, including several Bermuda Races, and cleaning up the competition. As a result, other designers started drawing up their own ver-

Ted's impression of today's Euro-style designs, below. As he points out in his diagram, bottom, the trim 10-foot 5-inch beam of *Finisterre*, shown sailing above, just about fits inside the 13-foot beam of today's Euro-style sailboats of the same length.



sions of the type, producing keel/cb cruiser/racers ranging from Bill Shaw's exquisite little 24-foot yawl, *Trina*, to George's handsome 54-foot *Inishfree*.

Of course, there were plenty of CCA-type deep-keel yachts sailing and racing as well, many of them built in the 1930s, along with many newer ones designed and built post-war from the boards of Olin Stephens, Bill Luders, Phil Rhodes, Ray Hunt, John Alden, Laurent Giles, and other talented designers in North America and abroad. Fiberglass construction was in its infancy in the late 1950s, so these boats were custom-built, usually of wood, and designed primarily as cruising yachts with racing potential as a plus, but only if they were successful at bringing home the silver.

No large facilities

Even the smaller yachts were custom-built, as there were no large production facilities turning out great numbers of boats and, for that matter, no demand for great numbers of boats either. Bill Luders was building the 26-foot Luders 16s of hot-molded wood construction, but the quantity turned out was very small by modern standards. The 25-foot Folkboats that we imported, used, from Denmark were built by the score in Scandinavia, but each shapely lapstrake hull was individually built to order in small boatyards.

I sold several Folkboats while working for George and greatly envied their lucky owners. The boats cost about $2,500 delivered to Toronto but, compared to a modern 25-footer, they were very stark indeed. There was no engine and only sitting headroom in the cabin. The primitive galley had no running water, sink, or icebox. The stove, if there was one, was usually a single-burner kerosene Primus that would flare like a volcano when fired up.

The cabin featured only two settee berths with an exposed toilet or a bucket up forward. A few of the boats had two children's berths in the forepeak. But these models were the exception, as you can only put so much into 19 feet of waterline. The cockpit was deep and comfortable but not self-bailing and that, in itself, would frighten off many of today's sailors. Yet the Folkboats raced in all weather, won their share of heavy-weather events, and sailed all over the Great Lakes and coastal waters with their happy crews. Indeed, several modified Folkboats sailed and raced across the Atlantic.

Larger yachts were not much better off in their accommodations. It was generally considered that no boat less than 30 feet in length overall could have standing headroom. Even 30- to 40-footers (and larger) lacked pressure water systems. Galley sinks were supplied by hand pump. The boats had no water heater, no electric refrigeration, and little decent lighting, as you could only do so much with the puny 6-volt batteries that were the standard in those days. Indeed, kerosene navigation and anchor lights were quite common; otherwise, you could run down the weak little car battery overnight and awaken to find that you owned a true 100-percent sailboat.

Hand-crank starting

The gasoline engines of that era were low-compression types, and many small engines had the luxury of a hand crank to start them when the battery died, as it so often did. Diesel engines were unheard of except in larger yachts and, even then, of low power by today's standards. As I recall, the heavy-displacement, 54-foot *Inishfree* had only a four-cylinder Mercedes diesel of about 40 horsepower. She managed quite well with it, but many owners of 40-footers would consider that to be inadequate power today.

The necessity for custom building in wood kept the price of a new yacht on the high side and the numbers built relatively small. Yachting definitely was a gentleman's sport, a wealthy gentleman's sport by today's standards. Then, in the late 1950s, things began to change, with the introduction of fiberglass-reinforced plastic (FRP) construction. The U.S. Navy experimented quite successfully with FRP personnel boats in the late 1940s, but the first large FRP yachts were not pro-

***Protégé*, Brenda and Gary Everingham's Pearson Triton (reviewed in the May 2000 issue); a Cal 40 named *Wings*, owned by several couples in Seattle (reviewed January 2002); and Ted Brewer's Cape North 43 design, based on his all-time favorite one-off, *Black Velvet II*.**

ED LAWRENCE

Gordon Dunn's Douglas 31, *Fling,* and Greg and Jill Delezynski's Nor'Sea 27, *Guenevere* (featured in the November 2002 issue).

duced until 1956, when Fred Coleman introduced the handsome Phil Rhodes-designed Bounty II, a keel sloop [*no centerboard –**Eds.***].

Other large production yachts soon followed and, in 1957, Bill Tripp designed a keel/cb yawl that was first produced by a Dutch yard as the Vitesse class. Later the molds were shipped to the U.S. and built as the Block Island 40. Bill followed this up in 1959 with the Bermuda 40, another successful CCA keel/cb yawl, for the Henry R. Hinckley Company, which until then had been building wooden yachts.

The Carl Alberg-designed 22-foot 6-inch Sea Sprite, introduced in 1958, was primarily a daysailer with weekend aspirations. The big surprise at the 1959 New York Boat Show was another Alberg design, the first true production small cruising yacht, the Pearson Triton. With her standing headroom and an introductory price of $9,700, the little Triton was such a success that Pearson built 750 of them before production stopped in 1966.

With the Triton's success, Carl Alberg became one of the major cruising yacht designers of the 1960s, specializing in full-keel sloops with long ends, narrow beam, good draft, husky displacement, a high ballast ratio, and a flattish sheerline. Alberg designs were popular and built by Pearson, Whitby, Cape Dory, Ryder, and others for many years. The last Alberg 30 rolled out of the Whitby plant in 1987, some 25 years after the launch of the first one!

In 1963, the beginning of the end came for the CCA full-keel and keel/cb cruiser/racers, when the first of the Bill Lapworth-designed Cal 40s was built by Jensen Marine in California. The next winter a Cal 40 won the prestigious Southern Ocean Racing Conference (SORC), but the real clincher came in 1966 when *Thunderbird* won the Bermuda Race and five of her Cal 40 sister ships finished in the top 20 in the fleet. Bill Lapworth's breakthrough design combined light displacement (D/L ratio 248), a long 30-foot 4-inch waterline, generous 11-foot beam, and a sail area/displacement ratio of 18 with a fin keel and spade rudder to reduce wetted surface. On top of that, Lapworth set the chainplates inboard to reduce the sheeting angle and also gave the hull flat bilges to enable the boat to get up and surf in favorable conditions, helping her win the Transpac Races in 1965, 1966, and 1967.

"It was generally considered that no boat less than 30 feet in length overall could have standing headroom."

Keel discussions

For the next few years there was considerable discussion about the merits of fin-hull designs, and many designers stuck to full-keel types, particularly for cruising yachts. Indeed, my first production design after leaving Luders in 1967 was a full-keel cruiser, the Douglas 31, a standard CCA-type hull with the long ends and other general features of that rating rule. Other designers were experimenting with fin hulls, particularly if the boats were cruiser/racers, and the fins grew increasing smaller fore-and-aft as time passed. *Practical Sailor* summed it up by noting that the Cal 40's fin was small compared to a full-keel hull of its day but, when compared to a contemporary fin, it hardly justified the name. Such is progress.

In lateral shape, designers experimented with rakishly raked fins and fins that looked as if they had been modeled after a shark. They certainly appeared to be fast, but over the years the fin's leading edge has become less raked and the trailing edge almost vertical. Still, many boats were very CCA-ish in the late 1960s, with long ends, short waterlines, and husky displacement . . . even if they did sport a fin. Despite the Cal 40's success, it appeared that few designers took Lapworth's other innovations seriously for racing under the CCA rule or, across the pond, under the Royal Ocean Racing Club rule.

This began to change in 1969 when the International Offshore Rule (IOR) was developed. This rule measured displacement not, as the CCA had, by designer's certification or, later, by actually weighing the boat, but rather by measurements taken from the hull. Naturally, it did not take designers very many years to figure out how to beat the rule with distorted bulges and even chines in the hull to increase the

"displacement factor." Ends became very pinched to exploit the rule, and the boats came out with V-shaped transoms and diamond-shaped deck plans. The rule eventually produced unseaworthy yachts in the quest for low ratings. This resulted in many boats being abandoned and lost — and 15 sailors died — in the 1979 Fastnet Race when the fleet was hit by an unusual freak storm.

Sensible, seaworthy designs

Even before this tragedy, cruising yachtsmen had grown away from the extreme IOR boats, and many fine, seaworthy fin-keel and full-keel yachts were developed to meet a demand for a sensible and seaworthy auxiliary cruiser with good performance. In any case, I was never keen on the IOR rule and was not interested in producing such freak boats. My own favorite design is a custom one-off cruiser, *Black Velvet II*. She was a 43-foot fin-hull, skeg-rudder cutter with a 35-foot 4-inch waterline and a D/L ratio of 251 that I designed in 1971. *BV II*, as I call her, was later put into production in Hong Kong as the Cape North 43, and the latter won a few notable ocean races. Still, the true *raison d'être* for the design was to provide her Montreal owner with a weatherly yacht to tackle the annoying headwinds of Lake Champlain, while being capable of voyages to Bermuda, the Caribbean, or even transatlantic when time permitted.

Many other designers also created fine non-IOR cruising yachts, both full-keel and fin-hull but, in 1974, Bob Perry's Valiant 40 fired the cruising sailor's imagination. The Valiant is a fin-hull, skeg-rudder cutter, 39 feet 11 inches overall on a 34-foot waterline with a D/L ratio of 256. Its double-ended hull with a full deckline and a Scandinavian-shaped stern was apparently based on the marketing success of the very, very full-keel Westsail 32. Bob felt that a truly well-performing double-ender would attract sailors, and he was right. The Valiant 40 was a great success from the start but, when one sailed by Francis Stokes in the 1980 OSTAR singlehanded transatlantic race won its class and was the first American monohull to finish, the boat became legend.

By this time the serious ocean-racing sailor and the cruising/racing sailor were parting ways. The IOR rule gave way to the International Measurement System (IMS), but it has also created problems. The Royal Ocean Racing Club finally came out with its own rule that was approved for international competition in 2004. Now different areas of the world sail under different rules, and racing appears to be fragmented. I have not followed handicap rule development in the last few years as it simply does not interest me anymore. When racing yachts started to sport advertising slogans and well-paid professional crews, I quit paying ocean racing any attention whatsoever.

"Euro-design in boats is all the rage . . . such radical streamlining seems unnecessary on a vehicle that will rarely travel faster than a man can run."

Plenty of amateurs

Of course, there have always been, and always will be, thousands of true amateur sailors, who enjoy taking part in club racing and overnight events in boats that are fast cruisers or vintage

A pair of Valiant 40s: Scott and Jennifer Brigham's *Pendragon* and Bob Morris' *Apogee*.

racers but are not necessarily the ultimate in new rule-beating racing design with the latest equipment. Fortunately for these folks, the popular Performance Handicap Racing Fleet (PHRF) rule allows them to compete fairly with a wide variety of boats.

There are also many sailors who never race and who swear by the steadiness of full-keel designs, such as Bruce Bingham's little Flicka, Lyle Hess' Nor'Sea designs, the chunky and able Island Packets, the very husky Hans Christians, and similar craft of even older vintage. However, the mainstream design of cruising yachts has changed significantly over the years, as owners demand more accommodations, greater amenities, and improved performance. Fin hulls with spade or skeg rudders are widely accepted for inshore and bluewater cruising, while the boats have grown in waterline length and beam and, at the same time, lost heaviness. The great majority of designers and builders turn out able, good-performing cruisers, but some contemporary yachts are so beamy and of such light displacement that I would hesitate to take them very far offshore, regardless of their size. That includes some craft as large as 60 feet.

In addition, imports from Europe in the last two decades have given many newer sailors a very different idea of what a boat should look like compared to the yachts of 30 years ago. Today, Euro-design in boats is all the rage, featuring a flat sheer, high freeboard, reverse transom (preferably with sugar scoop), super-wide stern, superlight displacement, and deep, narrow fin. The trunk cabin is streamlined like a Buck Rogers rocketship but, to me, such radical streamlining seems unnecessary on a vehicle that will rarely travel faster than a man can run.

Such boats would have L. Francis Herreshoff rolling in his grave and, frankly, they do nothing for me either. That is to be expected after the years I've spent admiring and studying the work of so many of the truly great yacht designers both in North America and Europe. Indeed, I still long for the days of the old CCA rule and the handsome and able yachts that were produced: a little short on accommodations and all modern conveniences, perhaps, but long on beauty and seakindliness.

Fortunately, there are designers alive today — men like Bill Crealock, Mark Ellis, German Frers, Rod Johnstone, Chuck Paine, Bob Perry, and others — who can still draw a sweet sheerline, balanced ends, and a generally handsome, well-performing, cruising-yacht design, no matter whether it is of traditional or contemporary styling or of wood, fiberglass, or metal construction. Fortunately, too, there are still owners who appreciate such fine, well-thought-out, and beautiful yachts and the craftsmen who can build them.

Ted Brewer is a contributing editor with Good Old Boat *and one of North America's best-known yacht designers. He also is the man who designed scores of good old boats . . . the ones still sailing after all these years.*

GOOD OLD BOAT
1998-2008

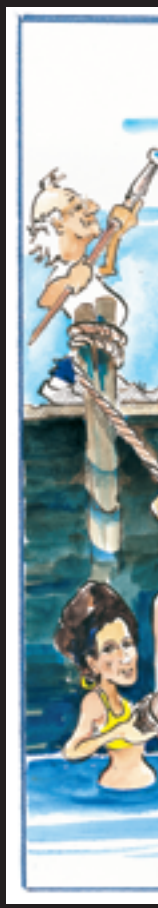
Sailor Dave Chase has many artistic skills. One of these is the ability to capture the identifying features of an individual with a few masterful strokes of a pen. We relied on his talent during *Good Old Boat's* first year of publication. Dave created images of the authors and illustrators contributing to each issue's pages. It was great fun. The trouble began as we had more and more contributors and it became increasingly difficult to get them all onto one page! After that first year, we agreed with regret to drop the caricature page.

Herewith, in the spirit of this 10-year anniversary celebration, is a retrospective of the best contributors' page illustrations by Dave Chase. If you want to know who is represented by each illustration, turn to your old copies of 1998-99 issues or our first back issue CD for the years 1998-99. One hint: the Karen and Jerry likenesses always wear life jackets. As Jessica Rabbit said, "We were just drawn that way!"

Editors

June 1998

January 1999



September 1998

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March 1999

May 1999

GOOD OLD BOAT 1998-2008

Note: *This material is excerpted from editorial columns previously published in* Good Old Boat*: The View from Here and the Last Tack, written by founders and editors Karen Larson and Jerry Powlas. Because these columns run at the beginning and end of each issue, they have been referred to by our readers as "bookends." We adopted this title when we produced an audiobook of the 100 columns that appeared in the first 50 issues. Some are reflective. Some are opinionated. Some are fun. Some are insightful. Since they're all short, these audio-bits, recorded by Karen Larson, make good light listening when you're in your car or exercising.* ***–Eds.***

Bookends

About sailing . . .

Sailing is a process of restoration. Sometimes the boat is restored, sometimes just maintained . . . Done properly, the crews are also restored. As sailors, we come to know that, and so, sometimes landsmen will see a faraway look in our eyes. It means that just now we need to go sailing. *–J.P.*

We're becalmed on a floating island of our own. I disappear below briefly to start a sheet of cookies. We have fuel for the stove, water in the tanks, food in the galley, and a bunk for the night. I sit, quietly tweaking the sail occasionally. I'm warm, content, rested, comfortable. A loon calls, and his wail echoes from the opposite shore. We're in no hurry to go somewhere. We've already arrived. *–K.L.*

. . . that's what sailing is all about. It's about doing things yourself. It's about preserving the old ways and the materials formerly used. It's about going slowly and appreciating what surrounds us. It's all about keeping life simple. Sailors have discovered what the others yearn to find. *–K.L.*

The sailing craft we are familiar with today is a recreational craft. It continues to exist because it can take the sailor places he cannot get to any other way. These are not external geographic places; rather, they are the internal places of the mind. *–J.P.*

All I can say with certainty after a great deal of time spent in an open cockpit in all kinds of conditions is that if you spend your days outdoors, sometimes you will glory in the beauty of it all . . . and sometimes you'll remember why mankind built shelters in the first place. You have to accept both kinds of conditions and, because you do, you'll be ever so much more appreciative when conditions are perfect and all's well in the world. *–K.L.*

About good old boats . . .

We are living in a culture that needs a very simple, single figure of merit. Something by which we can judge a boat to see if it is for us. I submit that smiles are the factor to maximize, not length, displacement, or board feet of topside teak. To judge a vessel properly, look to the body language and facial expressions of the skipper and crew. If they are clearly happy, the vessel will usually look good on them. It will have satisfied its design intent. *–J.P.*

. . . would-be sailors/boatowners dream that they can own a good boat even without being extremely wealthy. They will get an older boat and fix it up, investing time and effort in transforming the boat into a jewel. Note here, they do not expect to get off easy in this dream. They know their time and effort are their most precious possessions. They're not trying to get off easy. They are trying to get on the water. *–J.P.*

While sanding the deck smooth, I had many hours to contemplate the joys and responsibilities of sailboat ownership, particularly of a boat manufactured 10, 20, or 30 years ago. Bringing a boat back to good-as-new condition is not easy. But the rewards are somehow sweeter once you're sailing. *–K.L.*

As long as cosmetics are not the goal of boat ownership, I'll sleep better at night. I'll be less devastated when some "helpful person" at the dock yanks our baby into the corner of the dock with an exuberant tug of our dockline. I'll feel less remorse when I am the reason for the new gash or ding. If we worry less about her cosmetics, we'll certainly relax and enjoy our time aboard more. And we'll sail more often. *–K.L.*

About good old boaters . . .

There is good advice that says go small, go with what you've got, go now. Good advice, but go where? Pecking orders evolve. In some circles you aren't a player unless you are

planning a long cruise or, better yet, have already been on several . . . Fact is, most sailors are not going around the world, most are not even sailing to the Caribbean this winter. Very few will cross the North Atlantic. They are nonetheless very important people. Their lives are filled with very important things, and sailing is just one of them. Like most people, they will run out of time before they run out of anything else. –*J.P.*

There is no one else in the marina right now . . . Some people think the "real sailors" are doubling the Horn in a gale at this moment or perhaps taking the sun in a hammock strung between the foremast and the inner jibstay just off a gleaming tropical beach. Certainly some are doing that, but the owners of the boats in this marina are at work. It's Monday. –*J.P.*

If our boats are right for us and the kind of sailing we do, we need have no regrets if someone else has a larger boat . . . This magazine is dedicated to the proposition that all sailboats are created equal. Bigger boats have disadvantages along with advantages. Bigger is not necessarily better, and it is not, in our terminology, "a move up." Selecting a larger boat is a choice some sailors make. Nothing more. –*K.L.*

. . . if you think it was worth it, it was. Nobody else gets to make that decision. Remember to factor in your old friends and your new ones. You changed the boat and the boat changed you. –*J.P.*

About rules and regulations . . .

In the end we, the recreational boaters, need to take care of ourselves and our fellow boaters. We should not expect to be taken care of by regulations and rescued by the Coast Guard every time we make a mistake. . . . When we dial 911 on shore, as when we call Mayday on the water, we have done one thing that may improve our odds. Once we have done that, however, we should immediately look for what else we can do to help ourselves. The attitude we need is self-sufficiency. –*J.P.*

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

I'm all for safety and, in the case of sailing boats, I enthusiastically recommend that skippers and crews study their art, learning navigation, rules of the road, weather, and the other relevant skills. The study and the learning make the hobby not only safer but also more enjoyable. I do not, however, believe that regulators and the regulations they require will make sailing safer. Such things will just make sailing more complicated, bureaucratic, expensive, and less fun. –*J.P.*

Recreational sailing is a voluntary activity. It is also not inherently safe and cannot be made to be so. In my opinion, very few recreational activities are inherently safe. If you want to be a lot safer than you are when you are sailing, sell your boat and go home and lock the door and suck your thumb. Please sterilize your thumb first; there are bound to be germs. –*J.P.*

About this magazine . . .

As a group, good old boaters are an awesome force with much to contribute to the sailing community as a whole. Jerry and I are here to let your voices be heard. Thanks for being a part of our community of good old folks with good old boats. Like you, we are tickled to be a part of it. –*K.L.*

Our covers are meant to be a quiet invitation to enter our world. Sailing takes us all to a pleasant and quiet place. This is never so noticeable as just after we shut off the engine . . . Our role is to gather and present information you need, to entertain in some cases, and to reassure. Got an older boat? It doesn't have all the latest gadgets? It's not the biggest on the dock? Join the club of good old boaters. We're actually in the majority . . . –*K.L.*

. . . we found a lot of sailors, or perhaps they found us, and together we assembled the things that make a modern niche magazine. The wind that propelled it all was enthusiasm . . . for the sheer joy of sailing. Enthusiasm for boats so beautiful you can't take your eyes off of them and enthusiasm for good people who really are at their best when they are sailing. –*J.P.*

For further reading . . .

Let Karen Larson read you the unabridged editorial columns from the first 50 issues. The Bookends audiobook can be downloaded as an MP3 file or ordered on CD in two formats: MP3 or audio CD. Go to <http://www.AudioSeaStories.com> to order this or any of the other audiobooks produced by *Good Old Boat* magazine. If you'd prefer to talk to a human, call 701-952-9433.

Gwyneth at anchor.

What makes my

Eleven good reasons for loving her

by Andy Vine

She's called *Gwyneth*, after my mother. A nice Welsh name. A Crown 28 sloop, *Gwyneth* was built in Vancouver, British Columbia, in 1974. The word on the dock is that the Crown 28 was pretty much a knockoff of the Cal 2-29, another fine boat of the era. Anyway, around these parts the Crown 28 is known as a well-built, well-balanced boat.

Certainly that's what she has proven to be for me. After six seasons I'm still happy to see her when I get down to the marina, and that's a good sign.

So why does she keep my affection flowing? Here are a few of the reasons:

1. She sails well.
2. She has ample standing headroom. My wife insisted on this because she is taller than I am.
3. The first mate also told me to mention the galley, which has a three-burner gimbaled propane stove with an oven. Being able to boil a kettle for tea or make some soup while on a passage is a big plus.
4. She has been well-cared-for. The last owner, who had her for more than a decade, was an engineer who made sure all the mechanical systems were A-1.
5. She has tiller steering, which I much prefer to a wheel.
6. She has a Yamaha 9.9-hp outboard that we love. It's reliable, has plenty of power, and gives us tons of storage under the bridge deck and cockpit — we call it "the hold."
7. Did I mention that she sails well? Not that she's a flier, but boat-for-boat against others of her size, most of the time I'm doing the passing.
8. She's tough. I put this to the test last season when, due to a navigation hiccup, I tried to change the shape of an underwater reef. Yes, there was some hull damage at the aft end of the keel but nothing that some fiberglass work couldn't fix. Now she's stronger than ever.
9. She's well-equipped for coastal cruising. Since I bought her six years ago, my boat buddy, Ken, and I have added an electric windlass, chart plotter, depth sounder, jiffy reefing, cabin heater, LED lighting, 6-volt batteries with a Xantrex charging/power system, new upholstery, and more. Last year we replaced the standing rigging and changed the furling system to one that works.
10. She looks pleasing in a modest way. Not an outright beauty, but nicely proportioned and "tidy" in a nautical way.
11. She's mine!

Two summers ago, my wife, Danielle, and I spent a month on board on a cruise to the fabled Broughton Archipelago, about 100 miles north of Desolation Sound. What a joy to be able to cruise in comfort and explore some of the most beautiful and unspoiled waters in the world.

Now I'm planning an odyssey around Vancouver Island, a trip that involves several hundred miles of the open Pacific Ocean on the wild, west coast of the island. Thanks to *Gwyneth*, the spirit of adventure is still strong in this mid-60s sailor. Hopefully, we'll enjoy many more years of happy cruising.

Learn more about Canadian songwriter and folk balladeer ***Andy Vine*** *by visiting <http://www.andyvine.com>.*

old boat good

Inishmaan in Eshamy Bay, Prince William Sound, Alaska.

A sailor experiences the bliss of perfect satisfaction

by Rick Smeriglio

Upon first inspection, the boat intimidated me. "Too big, too many complicated systems, too much money," said the thin, reedy voice of inexperience. One look sufficed to tell that a person couldn't just clean her up for quick resale on the local market. Disorder belowdecks, algae on deck, distressed teak, and other telltale signs of more serious neglect said that this big-boned gal required more commitment than I had to spare.

In truth, I had never owned, maintained, or even steered a vessel of her size. In the end, for reasons more related to a fetching hull shape than to good sense, I just jumped. Signature ink dried, and the U.S. Coast Guard mailed a document declaring that I now owned the boat. I did not yet know this boat, however. So began the long-term relationship that can make any boat a good one.

Supplicant hours spent kneeling at the altar of the engine compartment initiated me into the mysteries of electrical wire, black boxes, and hose. Countless trips to-and-fro with a dock cart kindled knowing smiles on salty faces. Like some overworked Jack Tar of bygone times, I swabbed those dirty decks and slathered soothing oil into that teak. I had become the boatswain: in literal Middle English, a young male servant of the boat.

After years plying Resurrection Bay without me, the boat had more of a reputation than I did. Sailors knew the boat. They said that they had seen her under sail along the coast. I enjoyed the compliments, always for the boat, never for me. I introduced myself to dockside acquaintances who promptly forgot my name. They remembered the boat's name though. In time, I came to feel shy pride as an associate of the boat.

Happy history

Good times, like migratory birds, came regularly every year. Fresh salmon grilled over a beach fire. Guitar sing-alongs. Spray-filled days of sailing glory spent all on the same tack. Each pearl of experience duly entered in the log and memory. Photographs, those poignant aids to memory, yellowed in their albums. That glowing, lovely insinuation into the track of my life caused the boat to become good as she aged. The boat has rewarded me with what I have come to want, a history of happiness.

I call my boat *good* because she has served my purpose so well for so long that I have no desire to start over with an unfamiliar vessel. Sometimes the local sailboat broker half-jokes about my "moving up to a newer, better boat." I josh back about plans for my proper funeral. The race committee of the William H. Seward Yacht Club will quaff a hogshead of mead, furl me into the cockpit with a marlinespike and a winch handle across my cold chest, and then set *Inishmaan* ablaze and adrift at sunset on the ebb tide. Higher authorities disallow this ancient rite on any boat that has not yet become good, as well as old.

The manufacturer of my boat discontinued the model years ago. The current cruising market seems to prefer floating living rooms. I may look twice at these young, new models, as any married sailor will. I prefer what I have. I still want the boat that brought me back to the harbor safe and warm after shouldering the vicious chop of a fall gale. I want the boat that the pod of orcas swam next to but never touched. I want the boat that prompted the Coast Guard boarding party to change into clean shoes "because she looked so nice," as the Coasties said.

Any scow with a mast will get old. A boat becomes *good* when she continues to satisfy her sailor as they both become old. My good boat, at the newly respectable age of 17, generates golden memories. We have many years and many leagues left in us. I regard it a sound investment in future satisfaction to lavish time and money on such a vessel. I have exactly what I want.

Rick Smeriglio and Ellen O'Brien sail Inishmaan, *an Island Packet 35, near their home in Moose Pass, Alaska.*

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What makes my old boat good, continued from page 47

One dark night and a personal voyage of discovery

by Anthony DiStefano

Some people say wood makes a good old boat, others say fiberglass, or concrete, or metal, but I say it is feeling. My good old boat is a 1980 Irwin 37 center cockpit that started out as a floating house for the previous owner. When two partners and I purchased her, she became our sailboat in Florida.

All the work had to be done 1,100 miles away in one- and two-week increments. And work we did: new ports, new running rigging, sails cleaned and stitched, engine problems fixed, electricals rewired, headliner replaced, bottom painted, hull painted, new water heater, autopilot, stereo, and on and on. We learned a lot about the boat and each other in the process. I was told over and over that partnerships do not work, but this one did. We found that we could work together, complement and motivate each other . . . and also drive each other nuts. After two years we had a nice, clean, working sailboat. But she had done nothing but daysailing and one or two overnights.

It was not until December 24, 2007, when it all changed. That was the day she became *my* good old boat. I had left our home port the day before, and now I was doing my first night passage, from Naples to Key West, Florida. Leaving Naples, I was telling myself how well the trip was going: no problems, good weather, but not enough wind.

Alone in the dark

The pivotal moment arrived about 8 p.m., when I could no longer see the last of the lights of Marco Island and the moon had not yet risen. I thought, "Boy, is it dark," and then it hit me — my cell phone had no signal and there were no lights of other boats that might hear my VHF. I was alone, all alone.

I gave the wheel to Otto, the autopilot, and made a cup of tea. Then I hooked the MP3 player's six hours of Jimmy Buffett into the stereo and went back to the cockpit with my tea to relax. But I started to think about my situation. At first I wondered why I was here alone, why it was dark, then just plain "Why?"

Then it happened — I started to *feel* the boat: how well she was sailing, how she moved through the water, how stable she was, how she had come this far with no problems. She was 27 years old — half my age — but she was working hard and, most of all, she was keeping me safe.

She became my good old boat at that point, and we stayed up together sharing the sights and sounds of the night. She kept me company and safe for the rest of the trip and back. I only hope my partners someday discover what a good old boat she is.

Anthony DiStefano, reformed powerboater, has been sailing waters off the Northeast and Florida for the last 11 years on his boat, 3W's.

Our thanks

As part of our 10-year anniversary, we asked subscribers to tell us what makes their old boats good. Our three favorite essays are printed here on pages 46 to 48. We received more great reasons for loving a good old boat, and we'll print many of those in the subscriber newsletter in the months ahead. If you don't receive your subscriber newsletter, please tell Karla: karla@goodoldboat.com.

A glance astern

Practical lessons gained from a cruising life

by Jaja Martin

Indonesia, 1994. This man and his companions (not shown) had been hunting octopus all night. They followed us back to our boat, *Direction*, where we gave them children's clothing and cookies, and they gave us an octopus. We should have kept the cookies . . .

Looking back over the years, it's easy to spot lessons we gained from cruising, lessons I've been asked to share as part of *Good Old Boat's* 10-year anniversary celebration. But I wonder if the insights are a result of travel or just basic lessons acquired from raising a family. Dave and I realized early in our relationship that we tend to look at problems differently from others and also that we are inclined to accept unusual solutions to ordinary problems.

We built our house, for example, like a boat in the woods. It's powered by solar panels and propane. During the two years it was under construction, our family of five lived in our self-built garage without such amenities as hot water and a shower. Much like living aboard, we had battery-powered 12-volt lights and a wood stove for heat.

Now we've moved into the house, and even though our children miss cruising, they've seen the advantages of living a shoreside life, and so have we. A "normal" high school education, complete with afterschool activities and numerous peers, is a great contrast to an adventurous traveling life.

Whether cruising high latitudes or going to high school, most of the important lessons our children have learned have not been from books. As we make the philosophical transition from life on board to life on land, it's useful to consider the lessons we've learned along the way.

Our perspective changes

Perspective is like a piece of glass. Sometimes you can see through it to the big picture, and sometimes all you can see is your own reflection. After five years on land, we've finally achieved a clear view of our cruising life. In the midst of our adventures we were too caught up in daily challenges to contemplate alternative lifestyles. But now, when I see mothers pushing their babies around in high-tech strollers, I realize that we really did raise our children differently. But differently from whom? In the islands, mothers tied their little ones to their backs with a piece of cloth; we had a fancy front pack. We were living the life of luxury.

Later, when we met other families ashore, they often wondered how we squeezed all our stuff onto our boat, dealt with privacy, and coped without conveniences such as a car, a washing machine, and running water. We didn't realize we were coping without anything! Now that we live in a house, I finally understand their astonishment. We have storage for stuff, the kids have their own bedrooms, and I don't know how we'd get around without our car. If I contemplated putting everything from our house onto a boat, it wouldn't work. But some of our cruising ways have stayed with us: we don't collect too much stuff, our needs are broken down to the basics, and we revel in being self-sufficient.

> **"We were the same people, but we were unbelievably rich in one place and pitifully poor in another."**

While cruising, our perspective changed along with locale. When we visited remote Indonesian islands, locals would paddle out to our 25-foot boat and lounge in our "voluminous" cockpit. We offered coffee with canned milk and sugar. When asked if they wanted a refill, they were completely taken aback. Were we so rich that we could offer two cups of coffee? They marveled over our scented shampoo, sunglasses, and fishing lures. Just a matter of weeks later, yachtsmen in South Africa stood on a wharf looking down on our boat. Through the open hatches, we could hear them talking: "Look at that tiny boat . . . everything on it has been broken and fixed at least once . . . imagine being at sea tossed around in that tub." We were the same people, but we were unbelievably rich in one place and pitifully poor in another.

The perspective shift that occurs during the beginning of a passage is probably the most difficult to prepare for. Going from frantic-preparation mode to the relative idleness at sea

requires an adjustment period. The brain is still in high gear, but there is comparatively little to do. We learned to prepare for this change by anchoring in an uninhabited bay for a few days before setting sail. When the mind and body acclimatize to the quiet life at sea, events are reduced to basic levels. Life is peaceful and fulfilling.

Unfortunately, this unique state of mind ends the moment we enter a new harbor and our feet touch land. Everything on shore seems overwhelming at first. Then slowly we reacclimatize. Around and around it goes.

It's easier to do without

Having a lot of stuff isn't a prerequisite for a successful voyage. In fact, it's easier to do well with less. Here are some items that Dave and I did without: paper towels, disposable diapers, new charts, fancy electronics, and specialized sailing clothing.

I remember reading in a cruising handbook that if you cut your rolls of paper towels in half, they would last twice as long. The author wondered how Columbus could have possibly sailed without paper towels. I could have told her: he used rags. Then he washed them and used them again. Paper towels were definitely out of our budget.

Charts were another story. Whenever we could, we bought updated charts. Sometimes we used extremely old charts, photocopies, and even tracings. We found that foreign libraries often had stacks of charts for reference (useful for tracing or for making photocopies). Basics such as clothes and books are necessary but can be taken along in limited quantities. Books don't have to accumulate aboard, since every cruiser is eager to trade for something new. And fewer clothes mean less to wash. With less stuff the boat is lighter and space can be used for important things such as food, water, fuel, and spares.

Just because there is empty space in your life does not mean it has to be filled.

> **"When the mind and body acclimatize to the quiet life at sea, events are reduced to basic levels. Life is peaceful and fulfilling."**

Consider the source

Information about a destination can be gathered from cruisers who have already been there: where to clear in, which dryer works for free, and where to buy the cheapest rum. Although we frequently collected information from other cruisers, we learned to scrutinize the source. Someone from a large yacht might recommend an expensive marina. The owner of a small boat will usually point to an adequate anchorage. The trick is to filter the information and mold it to our own situation.

We also found that information becomes outdated quickly. Seasoned cruisers in the Caribbean advised us to carry bolts of cloth when traveling through the Pacific islands: "Natives will trade fruit and beautiful carvings for it." Luckily, we didn't have enough money to buy cloth. By the time we got to the Pacific, the natives had enough cloth. They wanted gold jewelry, perfume, fiberglass, and resin. We traded cassette tapes of rock music for fruit.

Another important lesson we learned was that negative people tend to give discouraging opinions, while positive people think everything is great. Either viewpoint can be erroneous.

Fix it yourself

When something stops working, we take it apart and try to fix it. This is especially true of the engine. Often the repair is quite simple. If it can't be fixed, at least there's an understanding of how the equipment works. Maybe replacement parts can be ordered. The more gear we have taken apart, the more discerning we have become when buying something new. Quality products are generally easier to dismantle.

We learned that it's usually worthwhile to spend the extra money and buy good quality items. Gear is designed to make our lives safer and more convenient. I would rather do without something than buy a cheap reproduction that is going to prove unreliable.

Speak the language

We had a better time when we tried to learn the local language. It doesn't take much to pick up a few words of any language, but it will bridge an enormous gap. With just 10 or 20 words, we could reach out across cultural boundaries, especially on small islands where locals were shy and didn't speak many words of our language. In Indonesia, we made an ef-

Spitsbergen, Norway, 2000. Walking on water can be achieved by anybody with a little imagination.

Indonesia, 1994. Island of Kisar. This is a rare moment when the locals were not swarming around us, trying to touch the blond hair of Holly and Chris.

fort to learn our numbers (for bargaining) and basic niceties (hello, goodbye, please, thank you, and so on). Being able to speak French in the French islands opened up doors (and jobs) for us. A smattering of Spanish was also useful here and there. (Now that our kids are teenagers, Dave and I have had to learn an entirely new language.)

Have child ambassadors

After we had children, we were received much better in every country and in every culture. Cute babies are especially good ambassadors; very few people can resist them.

We learned that a young couple with kids is less threatening than a young couple without kids. When our kids entered local schools, we had automatic friends in the parents of our kids' friends. We became part of the local society while volunteering at schools, attending sporting events, and celebrating holidays with other families. We enjoyed being involved and having the opportunity to experience how other societies operate.

Get away from the crowd

We learned the value of getting away from the cruising crowd in the anchorage. Although we've had excellent times hanging out with fellow cruisers, our best memories come from times spent on our own. Sometimes, as in Panama, we had to take risks to get off the beaten path. At the time of our canal transit, Noriega was being ousted. There were rioting and civil unrest in the streets. "Don't go out of the Canal Zone," people warned us. "Stay inside the gates. Don't walk to the grocery store."

We took the challenge and walked to the store. Life outside the gates seemed fairly peaceful. Since we didn't want to hang out by the yacht club, we walked to town, boarded a local bus, and toured the distant hills. We met some villagers, had fresh octopus for lunch, picked pineapples, climbed a mountain, and were followed around by groups of children. A memorable day. Back in the Canal Zone, cruisers were nervous. There was a strange group energy: the Canal Crazies.

We found that by getting off on our own we could have a more spontaneous day. We didn't have to plan events, meet at certain times, or worry about cocktails. This philosophy served us well. It is much easier to get to know locals when you are not part of a big group.

Send simple letters

When writing to friends and family, we have learned to keep it simple. As the recipient of many form letters and email travelogues, I can say that my favorite letters are the short ones that are filled with insights and irony. Be careful not to bore your friends with temperatures, wind speeds, and sail combinations. Forget the history lesson. The best stories revolve around people you meet and the funny situations you get into.

Beware, however, of giving experiences away too cheaply. Dave and I work hard for our adventures. We spend a lot of energy getting into situations that make us wonder why we ever chose a life under sail. Before giving away the best stories, we want to savor them, turn them around in our heads, find the irony, the humor, the perspective. It's a way of learning something about ourselves. If given away too quickly, our stories cease to be ours and deep understanding may never come.

Now that we have embraced land life, Dave and I are looking forward to making a new transition: back to boat life. This time it will be different. This time we'll be taking all the lessons we've learned on land and applying them on the boat.

Jaja Martin began sailing with her father in New Jersey and met Dave in the Caribbean, where they started their circumnavigation. For more insights into the Martin's lifestyle, visit <http://www.iceblinksail.com>.

Life and a little red boat

by Lionel Taylor

A dinghy that delighted family generations

In April 1959, I bought a new 10-foot, fiberglass sailboat of the Sprite Class from the O'Day Corporation for $450, complete with sails, oars, and oarlocks. This little red boat has served our family, including grandchildren, for the last 49 years and is still going strong. Our trailer adventures with this boat took us from the Gulf of Mexico to Cape Cod and to all the intervening stops during those years, as I moved from job to job and into retirement.

The design of this centerboard sloop came about, chiefly, as the result of the efforts of Norris Hoyt of the St. George's School in Newport, Rhode Island. In his effort to create a junior trainer, Norris enlisted the aid of naval architect Robert Baker and celebrity sailor George O'Day. The O'Day Corporation was the builder. There were more than 1,100 boats in existence in about 30 states, where they were adapted chiefly as trainers.

The vital statistics are: length overall, 10 feet 2 inches; waterline, 9 feet 4 inches; beam, 4 feet 9 inches; draft without centerboard, 3 inches; draft with board, 3 feet 5 inches; sail area, 63 square feet. A spinnaker was available. (I made one myself in 1979.) If the wind is too strong, the mast can be moved forward and the sloop rig changed to that of a cat. It is the ideal craft for a young family learning, or trying to remember, how to sail.

When my wife, Fay, brought #75 home from the Boston, Massachusetts, plant, we lived in Groton, Connecticut, not far from the Thames River. As the boat weighed 150 pounds, the first problem was how we were going to get her down to the river, a couple of miles away, from our front yard where she was to be stored. Our three young children — Kim, Tad, and Joy — were dying to try her out and, not owning a trailer, I had to devise a method to get the boat on and off the carrier on top of the car.

I had been a lousy physics major in college and tried to reacquaint my brain with the principles of the inclined plane. I got some long pieces of planking and padding to slide the boat up the inclined boards laid alongside the car. The boat didn't slide too easily over the wood but, with the children shouting encouragement, I finally had her in place.

To the boat launch

I drove the boat, the boards, the padding, my wife, and three children to the Gales Ferry boat launch on the river. It was much easier getting the boat down the inclined plane than putting her up there so, with renewed energy, I launched the boat and we all went for a glorious sail.

This was the first time our children had ever sailed and the first time my wife and I had sailed together in many years. As youngsters, we were brought up in sailboats on western Long Island Sound, but the war years, marriage, children, and job changes didn't allow us the time or money to indulge. It was a great return to sailing for us and a beginning for the children. We had many happy sails together on the Thames River. The children were so enthusiastic that nothing would do but to take their best friends for a sail too. You may well question how six small children and two

adults got into a 10-foot sailboat. But we foolishly did just that on a calm evening, with about 2 inches of freeboard left. The shallow-water sail along the banks of the river was, naturally, short.

A job change intervened and, with the Sprite stowed in the back of the moving van (without the boards and padding), we moved inland and away from our sailing life. Only months later, however, I was transferred to Decatur, Alabama, on the Tennessee River. Of course, the Sprite went with us, and a new kind of boating life opened up for us there.

I purchased a boat trailer and the little red boat became a little more mobile. We hauled her around to try the local sailing areas. The company that employed me had a small park on the Tennessee River where we could launch her. Although we were again sailing on a river, this was much different from sailing on the Thames. The current was a lot stronger and the river was full of snags and sunken tree limbs . . . not to mention snakes. Kim and Tad had other interests by then, but Joy and I had a few nice sails together. We always sailed upriver to be sure we could get home again, in case the wind failed.

The real fun, however, was sailing in our own backyard. The Tennessee River had a drainage canal that ran along behind our property and, after periods of heavy rain, the water ran over the banks into our large backyard to the depth of 18 inches or more — enough to float the dinghy. Because we couldn't let our centerboard down all the way without striking bottom, our sailing was restricted to reaching or sailing downwind. We became quite skilled at it. While we were at it, we became a local attraction. All the neighbors came to see the crazy Yankees sailing a boat in their backyard.

"We became quite skilled at it . . . All the neighbors came to see the crazy Yankees sailing a boat in their backyard."

Whitewater run

After the waters subsided but still ran strong, the concrete canal behind our property became a whitewater run. With the rigging removed, our children and the neighbor kids "ran the rapids" and then dragged the boat back upstream to the starting point. The little red boat suffered some bangs and scratches in the process but was always ready for another adventure.

On my two-week vacation in the summertime — instead of going north like some other Yankee employees — we went farther south to the Gulf of Mexico. There we rented a cabin on beautiful Santa Rosa Beach near Destin on the Florida Panhandle and went sailing among the bottle-nosed dolphins every day when it wasn't raining. The sea breezes kept it cool during the daylight hours but after sunset, as the land winds came out of the dismal swamps behind us, so did the mosquitoes. But we were young then and it didn't matter.

Still, we wanted to get back home to the Northeast. So we welcomed another new job and a relocation to Buffalo, New York. Away we went with the little red boat in the back of a moving van again. My job in Buffalo was demanding, so our sailing was limited to my vacations.

Rather than sail on the Great Lakes at our doorstep, we wanted to get back to salt water and chose to trailer our Sprite to Cape Cod. We rented a house in the village of Wellfleet, Massachusetts, right off the bay, and kept the sailboat on a mooring in the harbor. A fair-sized motor launch took us out to her, but I had trouble getting into the small boat from the large one. One of the trips resulted in an embarrassing capsize and swim. However, I casually stood on the boat's centerboard, tipped her upright again, and went for a summer sail, albeit a little damp. I was glad that neither my wife nor children were present to see their captain take this unprofessional plunge.

Vacation sailing

Another job change took us and the boat to western Pennsylvania with little hope of sailing . . . that is, until we towed her to my in-laws' home on the shore of western Long Island Sound. With their cooperation, we towed our boat down to Greenwich, Connecticut, and left her on their side lawn. We sailed her a few days of our next summer vacation. It was then that Joy decided she would show her friends that she knew how to sail. Taking the boat out from the beach on a breezy afternoon, she caught a wave

and jibed badly, taking water aboard and losing the rudder overboard. We had no way to find and recover it from the muddy bottom, so that ended our sailing for the year.

It would be some years before we would sail the Sprite again. We towed her home to Pennsylvania and later watched her being loaded again, not too gently, into the back of a moving van for storage — we were on our way to England for three years.

My wife and I were to live, without the almost-grown children, in Cowes on the Isle of Wight on the Solent, the body of water that separates the island from the mainland. Since it is a famous yachting center, we were happy to return to our sailing pastime. It was no small boat that we purchased this time, but rather a 26-foot IOR (International Offshore Rule) cruiser/racer called *Bourisheen*. We had so much fun in her, we gave little thought to the little red boat waiting for us in a dark, damp, storage warehouse 3,000 miles away.

A year after our return to the U.S., we purchased a summer home on Fishers Island Sound in Groton Long Point, Connecticut. While I was still working in Pennsylvania, we went there only during summer vacations.

When we retrieved our household goods and the Sprite from storage, she was not in good condition. Before we left for England, the Pennsylvania moving man had jammed the boat into the back of his loaded van and closed the truck door on her. This resulted in a bad break in the starboard gunwale. But she was made of fiberglass and was repairable. Using a wooden backing board and some epoxy resin, I soon made her as good as new.

Back in business

But we still had no rudder or tiller. However, it was about this time that my sister-in-law in Greenwich was out in her boat in the area where Joy had lost the Sprite's rudder years before and chanced to find it at low tide. With a broomstick for a temporary tiller, we were back in business again.

When we arrived for our summer vacations in Connecticut, we'd launch our boat from the local beach and store her in our side yard when we had to go home to Pennsylvania. This went on until I retired. After that, the boat spent the whole summer on the beach, ready to sail.

The episode with the boat's rudder and tiller was not over, however. One day when I was sailing singlehanded on Fishers Island Sound, the extension of Long Island Sound to the east, the outboard rudder caught in the line of a lobster pot buoy. The rudder popped up out of the gudgeons, went overboard with the tiller, and sank. I had a hair-raising trip back to shore maneuvering the boat with just the sails.

Unfortunately, the O'Day Corporation had recently gone out of business and there were no spare parts to be had for a Sprite. Since no one could bail me out this time, I made, from my own design, the tilt-up rudder and tiller combination that is still steering the boat.

In the meantime, our son, Tad, had married a young woman with three children and, before we knew it, Fay and I had six grandchildren. We relished the idea of teaching six young children to sail. I think we succeeded with five of them, but we couldn't call it a clean sweep.

When I retired, we moved to Connecticut; settling into our smaller home in Groton Long Point kept us busy. Although I had purchased a 23-foot Pearson Ensign in the meantime, the O'Day Sprite remained the family boat of choice. The grandchildren were always most comfortable in the small boat. I guess that was because Tad and I introduced them to sailing when they were really too young to enjoy anything else. We usually took them out for an indoctrination sail from the beach near our home. Our youngest grandchild, Forest, was so enthralled with the sport that he'd fall asleep, lulled by the rocking motion of the boat, before we got home from a sail.

Younger model

Because I became concerned for the safety of the children in a 40-odd-year-old boat, I found and purchased a younger red Sprite, #502, not far from home. Another marine company had taken the George O'Day design and upgraded it. The

builder, however, maintained the Sprite as a one-design class boat, the same as our #75 had been when George O'Day built her years before: the same dimensions, weight, sail area, and so on. However, instead of a wooden mast and boom, she now sported aluminum spars; the rigging, instead of being made of rope, was stainless steel with turnbuckles. In other words, she had been "modernized." I still couldn't entice the grandchildren to desert the old boat they had learned in, however.

Joy and her partner loved the young #502, however. Unaware, I'm sure, of the one-design requirements of the class and thinking they had the younger, faster boat, they offered a challenge to her mother and me in the old Sprite to an "around the buoys" race. It would be interesting: students vs. teachers. I told Joy she had a chance to win if she didn't capsize again. It was no contest. The old folks won hands down. After all, we hadn't taught them all the tricks we had used when sailing *Bourisheen* during Cowes Week in England.

Not too many years later, I had grown so "long in the tooth" that I could no longer safely sail in the Sprites or my beloved Ensign. As there would be, sadly, no challenges issued to race the new against the old Sprite, I knew there was no use owning two O'Days.

It was time for a change — a time for Tad and the grandchildren to have the old, beloved red boat for their own. He brought his trailer down from his farm in Vermont to take the old boat away to sail in a freshwater lake near his home, the third time the old veteran would be sailed in fresh water after her initial ride on the Thames River almost 50 years before. I still have the memory of two grandchildren, Forest and Miles, pulling the old Sprite back from the beach to their father's trailer — to ride once more in the back of a moving truck — to begin her trip to a new home away from the sea.

Waiting patiently

Meanwhile, Sprite #502 lies upside down on the lawn of our house in Groton Long Point, looking a little worn and dirty but waiting for a chance to again breast the waves of Fishers Island Sound. I've ordered larger wheels for my boat dolly to make it easier for me to roll this boat down to the beach and into the water. Perhaps this is a wasted effort, in view of my age, but I'll probably make one last attempt to extend the saga of the little red boats. It won't be too long, I'm thinking, before there would be another Taylor generation getting ready to teach children and friends how to learn to sail in a little red boat.

There is, unfortunately, a sad postscript to the story of the little red boat. Tad died before he had a chance to launch the boat on her new home waters or to give his boys the thrill of sailing her themselves. She sits upside down on his lawn waiting for a new skipper. I have hopes that in the future their grandfather might temporarily be accepted as an alternate trainer in his place. Given time, we shall see.

When ***Lionel Taylor*** *was 7 years old, his father introduced him to sailing with a sailing canoe. Now he is duty-bound to pass along the tradition to the next generation. Excluding service on an aircraft carrier in World War II, he has been skippering good old boats — sailing dinghies to 36-footers — for 70 years.*

Trekka

NIGEL CALDER

***Trekka* under sail from Port Townsend, Washington, to Victoria, British Columbia, with Sandy Goodall at the helm.**

Some years ago, when I was building boats on Orcas Island in the San Juan Archipelago north of Seattle, I considered the possibility of producing fiberglass hulls based on the lines of *Trekka*. She's the 20-foot 6-inch yawl I built in Victoria, British Columbia, and solo-sailed around the world between 1955 and 1959.

I contacted the heirs to the Laurent Giles yacht design office in England, where the original plans were drawn in 1953. Would they be interested in updating the design from wooden plank-on-frame to fiberglass, based on my experience and the changing nature of yacht construction since 1953? Although correspondence ensued, I quickly became aware that this was a venture that would require a considerable financial outlay for an uncertain market. As I already had work in hand, the idea languished into obscurity.

Although I still considered *Trekka's* original design well-thought-out and certainly adequate for her intended purpose of solo offshore voyaging, there were several design features that I felt could be improved in a way that would not increase the cost and would, perhaps, simplify the building. As you will appreciate, the amount of space in a 20-footer is somewhat limited.

> **"...there were several design features that I felt could be improved in a way that would not increase the cost and would, perhaps, simplify the building."**

So my first alteration was to increase the beam at the midsection by 12 inches, which not only created more space inside the hull but also provided additional stability. I lofted the original *Trekka* lines quarter-sized on a sheet of particleboard using a 6-inch curved centerline so that the bow and stern still matched the original lines. This swelled the middle of the boat like a woman in early pregnancy. I liked what the lines revealed.

That sheet of particleboard with the lofted lines survived for several years through many moves. When I was offered a small workshop at Nautical Landing on Seattle's Lake Union waterfront, the place and time finally allowed me to develop and build the little boat that became *Dolly*, which is my wife's childhood name.

Rough-sawn cutoffs

By chance I met a man who had acquired two trailer loads of top-quality spruce cutoffs from a sawmill. It was rough-sawn, but after I planed it to ⅛-inch finished thickness, the old-growth vertical-grain spruce could have graced the finest of guitars. My construction preference is the cold-molding method: several thin skins of planking or veneer laid up double-diagonal style over a mold or interior framing that is usually longitudinal. The original *Trekka* scantling was 9/16-inch western red cedar supported on ½-inch x 1-inch oak bent frames set at 4-inch centers. I figured that three layers of the spruce, with a final skin of 1/16-inch mahogany veneer, would provide sufficient stiffness without additional framing, other than interior bulkheads and partitions such as bunk fronts and cabinetry. This would save weight and increase interior space.

I became aware of the cold-molded form of construction when I got to New Zealand in the mid-1950s. Max Carter, one of the premier builders in

begat *Dolly* . . .

by John Guzzwell

Famous mini-cruiser's lines updated for home builders

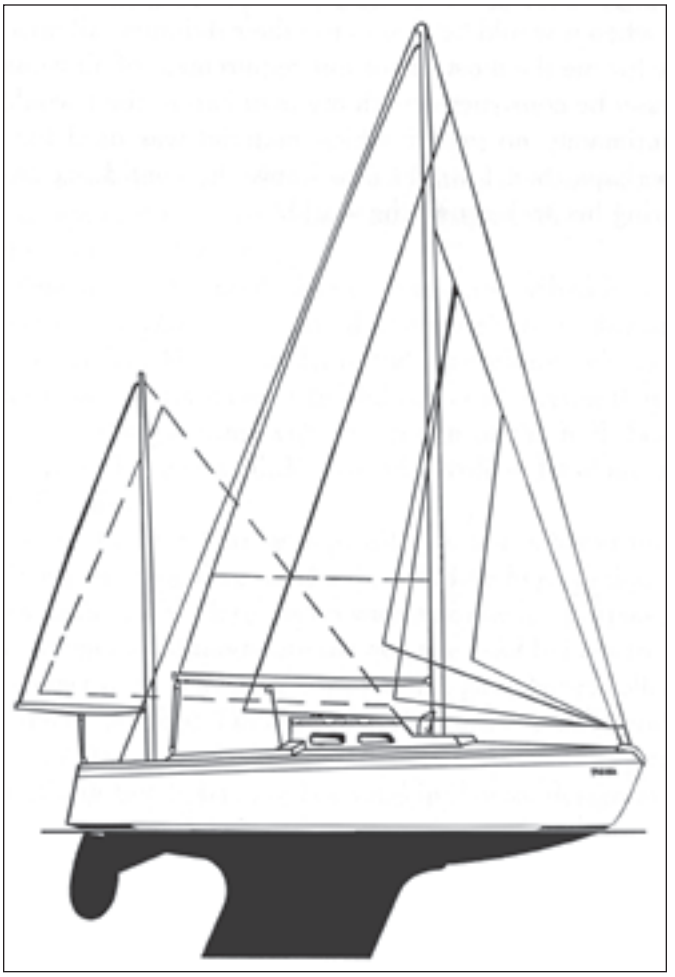
Auckland, pioneered the modern method of using World War II-developed adhesives to bond layers of planking together to form hull shells in much the same way that plywood sheets are produced, with the grain of one layer at about 90 degrees to the adjacent one. Max built many yachts using this method and is largely responsible for raising the bar for the Kiwi yacht-building industry.

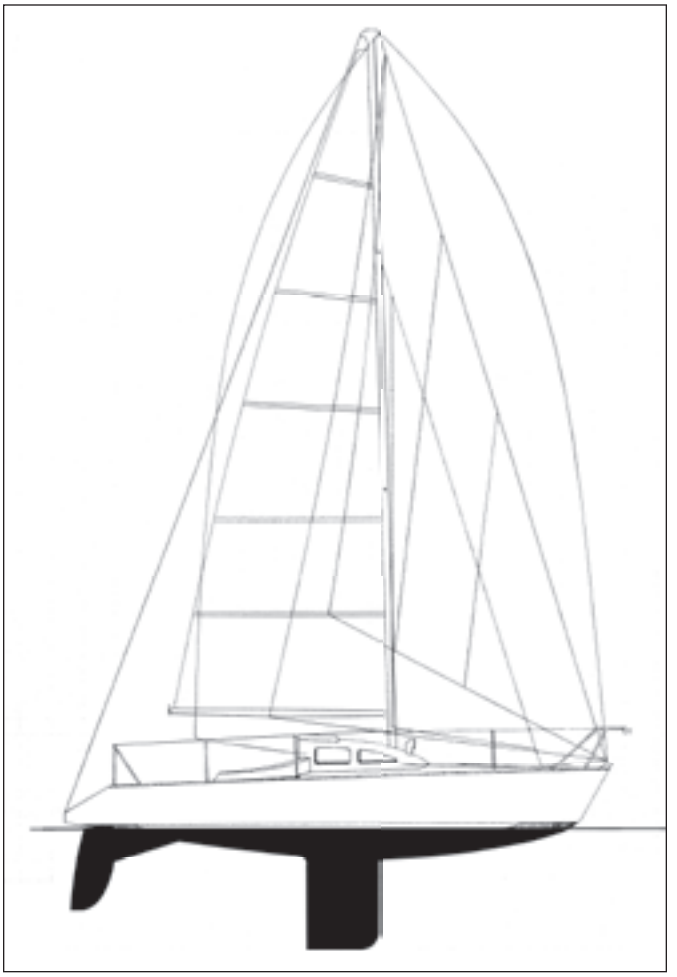
Having built several cold-molded boats myself, I knew how to go about building light and strong hulls in suitable wood. The early aircraft builders chose Sitka spruce for similar characteristics, and I was fortunate to find enough material for the project.

In addition to adding beam to the hull form, I shortened the fin keel and increased the draft 6 inches for greater stability, the better to carry more sail. Instead of the little yawl rig on *Trekka* — chosen for its ability to balance the rig for better self-steering — I chose to rig *Dolly* with an efficient cutter rig that was well-stayed for offshore sailing. Self-steering, if required, could be accomplished with the use of a modern windvane unit.

Similar down below

The accommodations in *Dolly* are arranged much as they are in *Trekka*, with a couple of full-length berths forward and two small cabinet lockers on each side, each with shelves for galley supplies. Aft of the lockers is space for a two-burner stove to port, with navigation space to starboard. Under the bridge deck is a small sink and, under that, storage for a Porta Potti. Aft of a bulkhead are two large storage compartments that can be used as sleeping berths alongside the cockpit sides. (One needs to be nimble to get





***Trekka,* at left. *Dolly,* at right.**

SVEN TRAUTMANN

***Dolly* under sail during the Port Townsend (Washington) Wooden Boat Festival, at left. The accommodation plans for *Trekka* and *Dolly*, below, show the benefits of an increase of 12 inches at the midsection.**

into these!) Under the cockpit is a water tank and more storage.

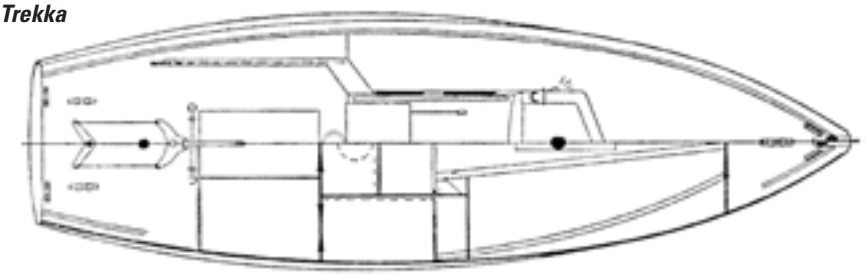
Dolly is capable of extended offshore cruising for those not influenced by glossy yacht ads showing all the modern conveniences. As with *Trekka*, she is capable of delivering her crew safely to far-off destinations at a fraction of the cost of her much larger rivals. A small boat like this offers minimal maintenance costs, allows easy handling, and provides adequate shelter and living space in a tiny package. Possibly her best feature is that she is an enjoyable boat to sail, with a variety of sail combinations for cruising or racing.

The *Dolly* design is one that can be built in a relatively small shop like a garage or shed, as the keel assembly can be attached toward the end of the project. The cold-molded method allows small members to be glued into a very strong one-piece structure without excess weight or expense. Yet this is no quick stitch-and-tape method using sheet plywood tortured into position. Cold-molding is real yacht building, suitable for dinghies or mega-yachts.

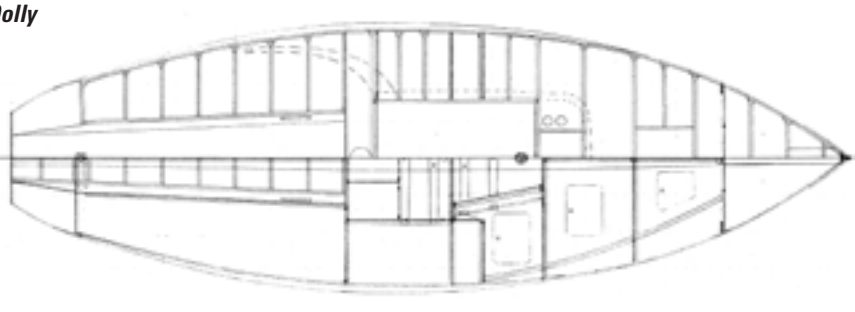
Dolly is based in Seattle, where she receives exquisite care from her owner. At the 2006 wooden boat festival in Port Townsend, Washington, *Trekka* and *Dolly* received a lot of attention. I like to think that the two boats had a chance to get to know each other in the quiet of a summer's evening after the crowds had left.

John Guzzwell built Trekka *at age 24 and completed his world circumnavigation with her before he reached 30. He and his wife, Dorothy, live on Washington's Olympic Peninsula. He is active in the marine industry as a sailor and boatbuilder.*

Trekka



Dolly



Resources

Information and plans are available from John Guzzwell, 16162 Virginia Point Rd. NE, Poulsbo, WA 98370. Get a copy or audiobook of John's book, *Trekka Round the World*, from <http://www.goodoldboat.com/books_&_gear> or <http://www.AudioSeaStories.com>.

Boats

Down East 32
1977 cutter-rigged, full-keel, comfortable/roomy, heavily constructed for coastal/offshore cruising. Ideal for those seeking simplicity and safety. Standing rigging and deadlights '02. Running rigging, sails, covers, electrical, plumbing, bowsprit, ground tackle, PV panel, 400-amp batteries, controllers '04-05. '92 Westerbeke 37-hp less than 1,400 hrs. Composting head. FB main w/Dutchman. Tiller. Teak companionway hatch, mastlights, Harken winches '07. Exc sailing qualities. Specs/photos avail. <http://www.downeastyachts.org/history/downeaster32/index.html>. Lake Champlain, VT. $38,000.
Duane Nealon
homewright@taconic.net
518-658-9629

Whitby 42
1982 cutter ketch. Hull #225. Best of the center-cockpit live-aboard cruisers. Spent a third of its life in fresh water. Third of three loving owners. Boat upgraded for 3.5-year live-aboard adventure. Extensive upgrades. Well kept, shows very well. Email for more info and website.
David Brown
dbbrown@greatlakes.net
810-387-3059

Hunter 27
1978. Well maintained, ready to sail. On its own cradle in Lake City, Minn. 150 genoa on Harken RF, Yanmar diesel, Bimini, new depth sounder, VHF, refinished exterior woodwork, shoal keel, 6" foam in V-berth. Owners moved to a larger good old boat. Listed at $11,200.
Steve Mack
smack@schadtracy.com
507-254-1339

Cal 27
1972 sloop. Family boat last 15 years. Good cond. Needs some cosmetic interior woodwork, Yanmar diesel. On eastern shore of Chesapeake Bay. She always gets you home. $5,750.
Owen Allison
717-368-1920 or 717-898-3075

Hunter 33
1980 Cherubini-designed sloop. RF. 5-hp Yanmar diesel, starts easily, runs well. Racing instruments, sleeps 6. Needs some new cushion covers. Boat and owner have aged together. At my own pier, Annapolis, Md. $18,000.
Joseph Dinunno
josephd6@verizon.net

18-foot catboat
By owner/builder 18-foot catboat, launched '99. Fenwick Williams design. Full keel, cedar/oak. 8'6" beam, 3,800-lb disp. Includes 6-hp Yamaha ('02), Venture trailer ('05), and many extras. Exc cond. Stored indoors off-season. Pictured in *WoodenBoat* #125, page 100. In Grand Manan, New Brunswick, Canada. $18,500.
Tom Wetzel
annandtom@fundybaynetworks.ca
506-662-3879

Hinckley B40
1964 custom yawl, upgraded '89 Westerbeke 46, (1,620 hrs), dark blue hull, white dodger, new sails, covers. New Simrad AP w/remote, new windlass w/remote, D/S, water temp, log, radar, bronze fireplace, sun shade, cockpit cover. New bottom paint. In Ocean City, N.J. Reduced: $110,000 <http://tinyurl.com/gfweq>.
Joe Scafario
homeportoc@aol.com
609-398-8400

Island Packet 31
1988. One owner. Fresh water. Cutter-rigged, full-keel. 11'6" beam. Good cond main, jib, staysail, storm sail, and 27-hp Yanmar diesel. Full-enclosure dodger. Equipment includes: Galerider drogue, 2 anchors and numerous lines, new IP original holding tank and toilet, radar, GPS, Loran, RDF, D/S, compass, Pioneer CD/XM stereo and speakers, VHF, OB motor lift and bracket, and more. Ready to sail. Holland, Mich. Health issues force sale. $64,900.
Robert Browning
rmbrowning@insightbb.com
317-861-1829

Cape Dory 25
1977 w/many upgrades, survey available, pumpout head, full gear, new cushions, 9.9 elec start motor, newer sails, RF genoa, very good cond, clean boat for spring launch $8,750.
Mervyn Taylor
merv@tidewater.net
207-763-3533

Tartan 27
1974 in good cond, new Harken RF and traveler, Lewmar 42ST 2-spd winches, Eggars main and 150 genoa, 110 jib, spinaker w/sock, whisker pole, new running rigging, VHF radio, auto and manual bilge pumps, Atomic 4 w/electronic ignition, new holding tank, much more. On Barnegat Bay. $8,500.
Donald Brennan
dhbrennan@yahoo.com
732-779-0478

Morgan 38
1980 Morgan 382. Extraordinary Ted Brewer-designed, fast offshore cruising yacht. Easy to handle, well-built, tough, sails well, balances well. Draws 5', long fin keel. Heavy-weather capable with wide decks and high bulwarks, safe and comfortable in all sea conditions. Handsome, classic, traditional lines w/modern underbody. Well-equipped, lightly used, Perkins 4-108 diesel only 1,200 hours, lightning grounding system, heavy-duty vinylester bottom. On the Chesapeake. $54,000. More info: <http://www.rockportinstitute.com/evenstar.html>.
Nick Lore
pathfinder@rockportinstitute.com
301-340-6600

Sea Bird Yawl 26
A classic designed 1901 by Tom Day, editor of *Rudder* magazine, and C.D. Mower, naval architect. Built 1970 by Harry Farmer, former owner Yankee Point Marina. Fiberglass over wood. Full keel, 4' draft, 8-hp Yanmar diesel, RF genoa, marine head, small galley, sleeps two, recently

painted. Myer Creek, off Corrotoman River, Lancaster County, Va. $9,500.

Wiley Wright
bwright@kaballero.com
804-462-7100

Kaiser 26 Mk II
Lovely classic 1972 full-keel sloop. LOA 27'6", LOD 26', beam 7'10", draft 4', disp. 6,200 lb, ballast 2,700 lb, SA 296-385 sq ft. Sleeps 4 w/6' headroom. Basic galley, enclosed head, small diesel. Main, RF genoa, hanked-on jib and 2nd genoa. Asymetrical spinnaker. New VHF, speed, compass, and nav lights. Wonderful sailor. Limited-edition: approx 25 built by John Kaiser, Sr. In Brooksville, Maine. $12,000 OBO.

Dorie Meltreder
207-326-9676

Tripp Lentsch 29
1963. Hull #7. Rare Tripp-designed classic (see article Nov. '06). Built in fiberglass by DeVries Lentsch. Well maintained and upgraded. Awlgrip red hull. Awlgrip/polyurethane deck. 4 berths. D/S, radar, Autohelm, new VHF. ST winches, RF jib. All sails, including drifter and spinnaker w/pole. Holding tank, Atomic 4. Very able and attractive cruiser. In Conn. $20,500.

Ed Holahan
203-367-3598

Pearson 33
1970 cruiser/racer. Hull #143. Well maintained, exc cond. Turnkey boat. Shoal draft 4' (6.9' CB down). Reconditioned deck, teak woodwork, bottom, electrical, Cutless ('07). New '06: standing rigging, Schaefer RF. Easy single-handing w/AP, cockpit controls. Sails: main, 130 genoa ('06), 150 genoa, spinnaker, jib. Solid 24-hp Yanmar diesel. Photos on web <http://picasaweb.google.com/huizingaharry>, <http://www.ablboats.com/details.asp?ListingID=80154>. In Mystic, Conn. $18,500.

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

Bavaria sloop 8.9 meter
1984 freshwater boat past 3 years on Lake Champlain. Exc cond. Fully equipped for cruising. FB loose-footed main, 130 genoa on furler. Extra main, 2 extra genoas, 2 light-air sails, instruments, H/C pressure water, marine head. 18-hp Volvo w/ Max prop, self-tailers, wheel, etc. $29,900 CDN.

Phil Lambertucci
phillambertucci@hotmail.com
450-826-0657

Pearson Triton 28
1961. Hull #202. Fully equipped for racing or cruising. Well maintained w/many updates including Edson WS, RF, dodger, pushpit and full lifelines w/gates, refrig, rebuilt Atomic 4, VHF, S/D, Loran, GPS, AP, AM/FM radio/cassette, AC dockside power, marine battery charger, 4 batteries. Jiffy reefing main, genoa, working jib, and spinnaker. 8' sailing dinghy w/OB. $10,000 OBO.

George Vosburgh
516-671-1034

Pacific Seacraft Flicka 20
1981 teak and bronze beauty. 8-hp OB, mooring, dinghy, bottom painted. Two-boat owner. In Long Island, NY. $18,500.

Kenneth Deering
tkd@aol.com
516-628-3122

Allied Seabreeze 35
1972 Citation yawl, 2nd owner. Always in fresh water, home-ported in Northport, Mich. Original gelcoat, Westerbeke 4-107 w/1350 hrs, 6 sails, Harken RF, B&G electronics, refrig, vacuum head, more equipment and accessories. Very good sailaway cond. Complete inventory available. Documented. Retiring from sailing after 40 years. $48,000.

Fred Steffens
fred@paulmaurer.com
231-386-7033

Gear

Shipmate stove/oven
Old Shipmate stove/oven off a 1934 sailboat. Free to good home. Needs to be cleaned, fixed. A project but a classic. In Daytona Beach, Fla.

Louise Drinnan
sailingtoday@att.net

Wanted

Recessed bow chock
Looking for recessed bow chock for teak toerail. Used on Hong Kong-built boats from the '60s through '80s. Need starboard chock or pair if available to repair storm damage.

Jerry Sansom
fishawk@aol.com
321-777-8130

Real Estate

SW Florida's sailing playground
Sail Charlotte Harbor and the Gulf of Mexico from your backyard! Waterfront homes, residential lots, and investment properties <http://www.flhomesbestkeptsecret.com>.

Roger L. Richmond,
Broker Associate
Century21 Sunbelt Realty
Bugattiboy@comcast.net

Building lot with boat slip
Building lots with deeded boat slip in Grand Isle Vermont. Lake Champlain is one of the most beautiful sailing destinations in the world. The lots are permitted and ready to build with utilities on site. Great westerly views. Clean water. Rural setting 1 hr to Montreal and 4 hrs to Boston. Photos at <https://www.forsalebyowner.com> listing #21182179, <http://lots.littlecovemarina.com>.

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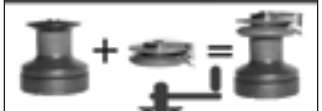

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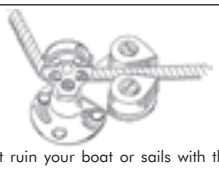

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Another clever LED application

If you've tried to find your slip after dark, you know how nice it would be if it were lighted. Taylor Made Products has unveiled solar-powered lights that charge during the day and feature an on-at-dusk/off-at-dawn light sensor. These LED lights are equipped with three settings: a steady-on mode, a slow flash, or a fast flash. In low-light conditions, these lights can help mariners locate docks, moorings, buoys, pilings, and obstructions. They're available as red, white, or green LEDs. The units are cased in rugged, waterproof plastic and are easy to attach to just about anything that requires nighttime identification. These lights are available for about $119 each from most marine retailers or online vendors.

For more information, call 800-628-5188 or send an email message to salesinfo@taylormadeproducts.com. The Taylor Made web address is <http://www.taylormadeproducts.com>.

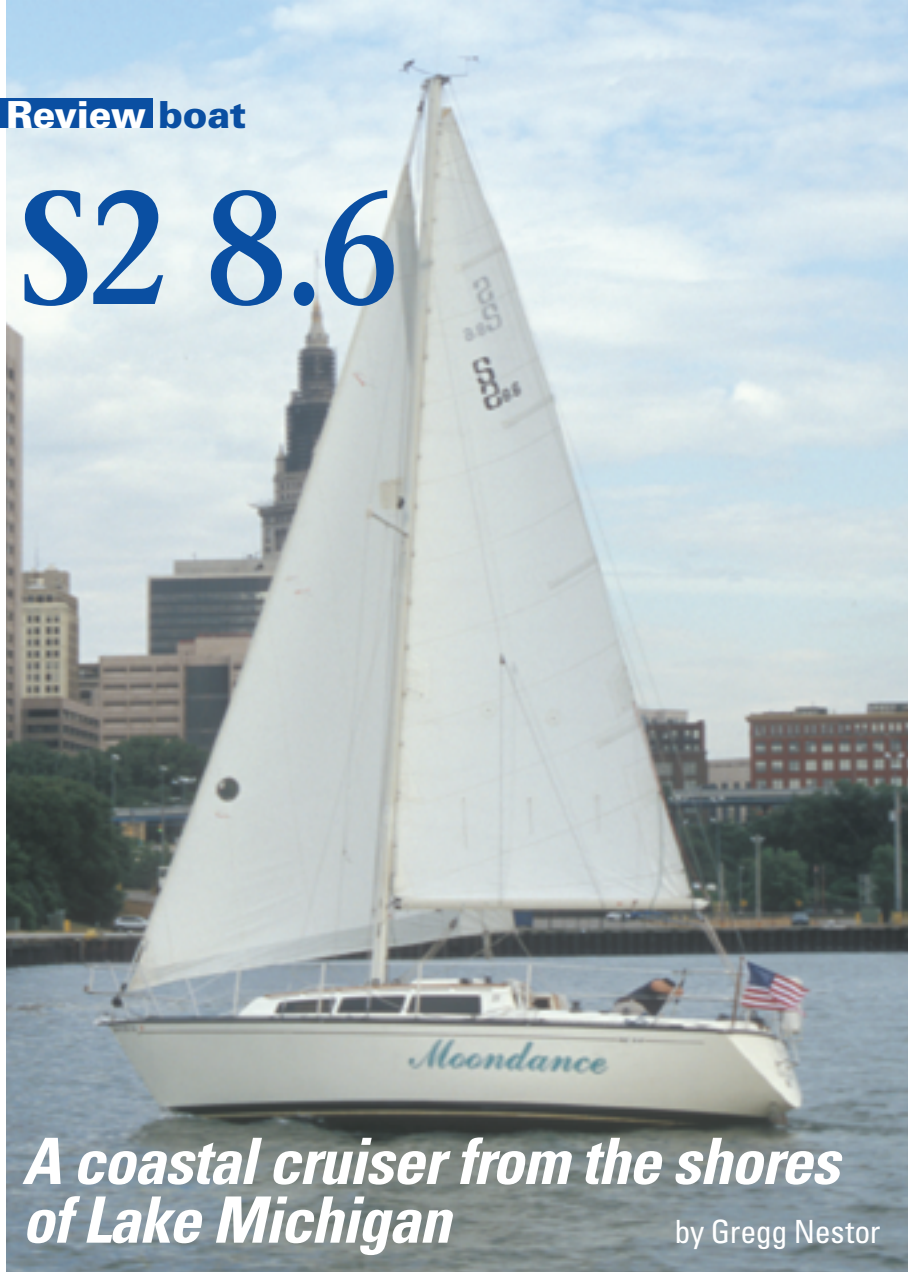
Finally a tool that floats!

Clunk! Splash! Every sailor has sent at least one tool to Davy Jones' locker and wondered why companies can't build tools that float? As it turns out, the folks at Phillips Screw Innovation have wondered about that too. In May they introduced a floating Phillips-head screwdriver with ACRs (Anti-Camout Ribs) that keep the driver securely mated to the screw to prevent damage or slippage. You can buy these screwdrivers in a set or individually. Prices range from $10.99 to $14.99 for individual screwdrivers. Sets range from $23 to $63. Currently these floating screwdrivers are only available on the Phillips Screw website. Now, let's get started on inventing the floating wrench . . .

Visit the Phillips site for more information <http://www.phillips-screwinnovation.com>, call 866-508-0289, or send an email message to customerservice@phillips-screwinnovation.com.

To be featured on this page, items must be new products. If you would like to have your product featured here, please send an email to Michael Facius, michael@goodoldboat.com, or call him at 612-605-8319. By the way, readers, if you contact a marine supplier mentioned here or elsewhere in our magazine, please remember to tell the folks there that *Good Old Boat* sent you.

S2 8.6



A coastal cruiser from the shores of Lake Michigan

by Gregg Nestor

***Moondance*, owned by Joe Locala of Bratenahl, Ohio, was designed in 1984 by Arthur Edmonds. The S2 8.6 still looks fairly contemporary, though the reverse transom is reminiscent of a previous era.**

The S2 is one of a handful of small- to medium-sized sailboats built by Leon R. Slikkers, a Michigan man who has spent much more of his life building powerboats. But during its relatively short history, S2 Yachts produced several quality sailboats that continue to be much admired by their owners.

The Slikkers story

In 1946, 18-year-old Leon left the family farm in Diamond Springs, Michigan, for a job in the joiner department at the Chris-Craft Corporation in Holland, Michigan. During nearly 10 years with Chris-Craft, Leon refined his skills and was noted for his ability to create innovative designs.

During a 1952 company-wide labor strike, Leon decided to build powerboats of his own design and began production in his garage. While the strike was in progress, he fabricated about 10 15- and 17-foot plywood runabouts.

With labor strikes becoming increasingly common and his after-hours boatbuilding business becoming increasingly successful, Leon seriously considered going out on his own. His first step was to register the name SlickCraft in 1954; a year later he made his move. During the 1955 model year he built 35 boats, all of wood.

By 1956, Leon was experimenting with fiberglass hull construction and came to believe that fiberglass was the future; he switched to all-fiberglass construction after the 1962 model year. Innovation and success continued for his small family-oriented company, and SlickCraft became synonymous with quality and affordability.

After attracting the attention of a conglomerate with an interest in boats, the Slikkers family sold SlickCraft to the AMF Corporation in September 1969, the same year that AMF bought Alcort's Sunfish and Sailfish brands. Leon was retained as president of the SlickCraft Division, staying with AMF four years. Upon leaving, he immediately began experimenting with a fiberglass sailboat design that would not violate his powerboat noncompete clause with AMF.

On February 18, 1974, S2 Yachts came into being. While Leon's goal was to build a series of well-detailed, nicely built, high-quality trailerables, his first offerings weren't particularly attractive, nor did they perform all that well. The joke was that S2 stood for "slowly sideways." But he rapidly made adjustments, and by the late 1970s the company had developed an impressive line of cruising auxiliaries. As with the SlickCraft brand, S2 soon became synonymous with craftsmanship, styling, and performance.

Correctly anticipating a shrinking sailboat market, Leon added powerboats to his product line, now that his noncompete had ended, with the introduction of the Pursuit series of fishing boats in 1977, followed by the Tiara line of express cruisers in 1979. Leon reacquired the SlickCraft sportboat brand name from AMF in 1983 but, sadly, in 1987, S2 sailboat production ceased.

Design

The S2 8.6 is a refinement of the S2 8.5 manufactured from 1981 to 1983. Introduced in 1983, the 8.6 remained in production until the company stopped making sailboats. Both boats were quite similar and were designed by naval architect Arthur Edmonds, whose best-known production sailboat is probably the Allied Princess 36.

While the earlier Graham and Schlageter-designed Grand Slam series of S2s were high-performance sailboats — including a two-time MORC (Midget Ocean Racing Club) champion — all of the Edmonds-designed S2s were cruisers and moderately designed

The swim ladder looks handy, but you have to climb over the stern pulpit to get into the cockpit.

Sail controls are led aft to rope clutches and winches to either side of the companionway. Note the sea hood.

ones at that. To achieve this end with the 8.6, Edmonds combined the design elements of a somewhat flat sheer, moderate fore and aft overhangs, a reverse transom, and a slightly forward-leaning cabintop. Together, these elements produce a balanced and graceful appearance. For some traditionalists, however, the boat may look a little too modern, especially with its European-style cabin portlights.

Construction

The hull is solid hand-laid fiberglass laminate. Next to a high-quality gelcoat, the first fiberglass layer is chopped mat followed by a succession of cloth layers. The deck is also hand-laid fiberglass, with all horizontal areas cored with end-grain balsa. The hull-to-deck joint is an inward-facing flange arrangement, bonded with flexible adhesive and through-bolted on 6-inch centers by passing the bolt through the slotted aluminum toerail. The outboard seam is cosmetically hidden by a vinyl rubrail that S2 quite aptly termed a "crash rail."

Underwater, the 8.6 is fitted with a spade rudder mounted on a 1½-inch stainless-steel rudder post. This appendage is combined with either a deep-fin or a shoal-draft keel. Rather than being bolted externally to the hull, both keel configurations (which are lead castings) are encapsulated inside a hollow keel shell.

The chainplates are bolted to plywood gussets as well as to the bulkhead in the main cabin and are backed with stainless-steel plates. All deck hardware is through-bolted and backed with stainless-steel fender washers, rather than the preferred metal backing plates.

The majority of the boat's interior structure is plywood, veneered with plastic laminate, trimmed with teak, and glassed to the hull. Hull and headliner treatments are of moisture- and mildew-resistant fabric.

Overall, the construction of the S2 8.6 is very good, with excellent glasswork.

On deck

The foredeck of the S2 8.6 is relatively clutter-free. Mounted quite a bit aft of the stemhead fitting are a pair of large 8-inch mooring cleats positioned outboard on wide stainless-steel chafing strips. There are no chocks. This arrangement necessitates leading the anchor rode well off the boat's centerline and is likely to result in the boat sailing around its anchor or mooring. The only other foredeck feature is the flush-mounted anchor locker. This leaves the foredeck, with its two-tone non-skid surface, clear of any obstructions. There are a stainless-steel bow pulpit and dual lifelines. The sidedecks are reasonably wide, but the shrouds are fastened to chainplates situated toward the center of the sidedecks, restricting fore-and-aft movement.

Forward on the cabintop is a flush-mounted, smoked-acrylic hatch covered with teak strips to protect it and provide better footing. Aft and to starboard is a vent over the head compartment. (Instead of a cowl vent,

The forward hatch has teak strips over it to provide sure footing.

Mainsail sheeting is end-boom to a traveler across the transom.

our review boat had been upgraded with a solar vent.) To port is a provision to add another vent — not a bad idea, since there are no opening portlights. A proper sea hood protects the companionway sliding hatch. A pair of teak handrails, one port and one starboard, span the full length of the 10-foot 6-inch cabintop and, since they are recessed, are promoted as being of a non-trip design. While they look great and are an interesting concept, they are not easily accessible and in actual use can be a "finger breaker." On each side of the cabin trunk are three large fixed portlights.

The cockpit is T-shaped and comfortably sized, measuring 7 feet 6 inches long. The coamings are of a reasonable height and width and provide decent back support. There is a deep locker beneath the port cockpit seat, plus an equally deep lazarette with access on either side of the tiller. A battery box is fitted at the forward end of the port cockpit seat locker. Wheel steering was optional, hence the T-shaped cockpit. The bridge deck is narrow. To provide cockpit drainage, there are a pair of scuppers aft. Dual lifelines connect to the stainless-steel stern pulpit. The centerline swim ladder is a separate structure. Its use requires climbing over the stern pulpit, which is awkward, to say the least.

Belowdecks

The accommodations of the S2 8.6 are fairly conventional. The forward cabin features a V-berth and a pair of deep bookshelves outboard and above. The cushion of the V-berth is divided athwartships, rather than down the centerline, into two manageable pieces. This unique feature allows for easy access to the forward locker. The remaining area beneath the V-berth houses the 37-gallon potable water tank and a couple of small lockers. A single fixed portlight and the forward hatch offer natural light and ventilation.

Aft and to port is a hanging locker with a trio of cubbies and a bureau top. To starboard is the head compartment with a teak-veneer door. The base portion of the head compartment is a single fiberglass unit that comprises the sink, vanity, medicine cabinet, sole, and toilet base, with adequate space for toilet articles. Manual cold water via a foot pump and no shower are standard. If equipped with a shower, the gray water drains to the bilge. A single fixed portlight and cowl vent service this compartment.

In the saloon are opposing settees/berths and a teak drop-leaf table mounted to the starboard bulkhead. The port settee is a short single with a foot well beneath the galley stove. To access this additional space, the galley counter extension must be flipped up. The starboard settee pulls out and converts to a double berth. While there is stowage beneath the port settee, the area beneath the starboard settee houses the holding tank. Outboard and above both settees is additional stowage in the form of cubbies and fiddled shelves.

The L-shaped galley is aft and to port. Across the aft bulkhead and situated almost on the centerline is a single stainless-steel sink with foot-pump-operated cold water. Outboard and to port is a top-loading icebox that's tiny, poorly insulated, and drains to the bilge. Behind the icebox and beneath the port cockpit seat is a convenient trash compartment. Forward, between the icebox and the flip-up counter extension, is a two-burner Kenyon alcohol stove with a cutting-board cover. While this initially appears to be a workable arrangement, the stove is situated athwartships rather than fore and aft. As such, it cannot be gimbaled. More importantly, when using both burners, the cook must either sit sidesaddle on the port settee or reach across the inboard burner to reach the outboard one, not the best of situations. On the plus side, however,

S2 8.6

Designer: Arthur Edmonds
LOA: 28 feet 0 inches
LWL: 22 feet 6 inches
Beam: 9 feet 6 inches
Draft: 4 feet 6 inches, fin
3 feet 11 inches, shoal
Ballast: 3,000 pounds
Displacement: 7,600 pounds
Sail area: 390 square feet

Facing page: The galley is compact, to be sure; the icebox is poorly insulated. A flip-up counter extension increases space for food preparation, at left. The dinette table folds down from the main bulkhead and comfortably seats four, at right. This page: The V-berth cushion is split athwartships for easier access to the locker underneath.

there's reasonable stowage space for galleyware and provisions.

Across from the galley is the junction of the starboard settee and the spacious quarter berth. Most quarter berths tend to be a bit claustrophobic. But not on the 8.6. This one has sitting headroom, which comes in handy since there's a large removable panel that allows for good access to the engine, transmission, stuffing box, and other associated parts. At the foot of the quarter berth is a smaller panel providing access to the lazarette.

An electrical panel and cabinet with sliding doors are mounted outboard and directly above the head of the quarter berth. The panel has a locking battery switch, two-battery test meter, and room for a dozen circuit breakers. There is also a reasonable amount of unused surface area on which additional marine electronics can be installed.

The remaining four fixed portlights and the companionway hatch provide light and air circulation to the balance of the boat. There are 6 feet of headroom and a teak-and-holly sole.

The rig

The S2 8.6 is a masthead sloop featuring a high-aspect-ratio sail plan with a small mainsail and an overlapping headsail. The mast is deck-stepped and has a bridge clearance of 41 feet. Both spars are painted aluminum extrusions, as is the single pair of airfoil spreaders. A pair of Lewmar #8 single-speed halyard winches are mounted aft on the cabintop, to port and starboard. Common today, but unique for its time, all sail controls are led aft through clutches. The arrangement includes the Cunningham, outhaul, reef, and halyards. All but the Cunningham are sheaved internally. Short tracks used for the smaller headsails are mounted on the sidedecks and led aft to Lewmar #30 two-speed primary winches and cleats situated on the cockpit coamings. The sheets for larger headsails are led through snatch blocks clipped to the slotted toerail. The mainsail is sheeted to the end of the boom and led to a traveler that spans the transom.

The standard Yanmar 2GM diesel moves the boat easily under power. Surprisingly, there is no strainer on the intake of this raw-water-cooled engine. (Adding one was among the first upgrades the owner of our review boat made.) Fuel capacity is 18 gallons in an aluminum tank beneath the cockpit sole, just aft of the stuffing box. Access to the engine for routine maintenance is excellent and is gained from several different areas: by removing the companionway stairs and a galley panel, through a panel in the quarter berth, and from inside the port cockpit seat locker.

Underway

The S2 8.6 is a comfortable, stable, and relatively stiff cruising boat. It's

There's room for electronic instruments above the surprisingly spacious starboard quarter berth, at left. Good access to the engine is gained through a removable panel inboard of the quarter berth, at right.

no slouch either. It is easy to sail and generally performs well, exhibiting a balanced helm and good tracking. It is not the best light-air performer; however, on most points of sail it compares favorably to most other boats of similar size and type. The test boat is a strong competitor in local racing.

Not many 8.6s were built, so it's not surprising that PHRF fleets are few — just two boats are listed, rating 189 and 201 seconds per mile. The more prevalent 8.5 rates in the mid-180s. For comparison, a Pearson 28 rates around 192 while the O'Day 28 and Catalina 28 both rate around 201.

Things to check out

Encapsulated keels pose a potential problem. In the event of a grounding or damage from an underwater obstruction hard enough to damage the leading edge of the keel, water can enter the space between the fiberglass outer skin and the lead ballast. Fixing this can require significant time and money. A drain plug isn't a bad idea.

The good news is that water shouldn't enter the living spaces or compromise buoyancy.

Any boat with a balsa-cored deck is a candidate for deck delamination. The S2 8.6 is no exception. One area of chronic leakage is around the chainplates. If you've got your eye on a used 8.6, sound out the deck and examine the fabric liner in these areas as well as around all deck fittings. Speaking of deck fittings, replace those fender washers with metal backing plates to better spread the load.

If there's no strainer on the raw-water intake, have a mechanic determine whether the engine's operating temperature is within specification. If not, the engine's cooling passages may need to be cleaned and flushed. In any event, add a proper strainer.

Conclusion

The S2 8.6 is a comfortable, stable, and easily managed coastal cruiser and club racer. Despite having been designed more than two decades ago, the S2 8.6 styling is quite contemporary. The boat is well-built and finished with care. These boats tend to hold their value. Expect to pay between $15,000 and $23,000.

Gregg Nestor, a Good Old Boat *contributing editor, developed a keen interest in sailing while growing up on the southern shore of Lake Erie. His third book, currently at the publisher and yet to be titled, is a comprehensive handbook for trailersailors. When not writing about sailing, Gregg and his wife, Joyce, cruise aboard* Raconteur, *their Pearson 28-2.*

Remembering **Gwendoline***, continued from page 26*

occasional blinding whiteouts. Seas the size of houses would burst aboard and, in the brilliant white of the spray, only the gimbaled compass gave any indication of horizontal. It was a nightmare.

Like most nightmares it ended with the morning. The storm was over as we came gently to a visitor's berth in Pembroke. We took our leave of this family of quiet and kind people with just a brief exchange of thanks and courtesies. We have never forgotten them.

Bronze release pin

Hunger supervened, spurred by the aroma of steak from a quayside restaurant. Full marks to the waitress who said nothing of our appearance. Tracy looked pretty good, but as I left I caught sight of myself in a mirror, caked with salt and dried blood. In the pocket of my torn jacket was the bronze release pin from the Seagull; I still have it in my study. My thoughts went back then to my final sighting of *Gwendoline* dipping her rail for the last time, her tan sail still drawing, very low in the water and sailing fast toward the open Atlantic.

"My thoughts went back then to my final sighting of *Gwendoline* dipping her rail for the last time, her tan sail still drawing, very low in the water and sailing fast toward the open Atlantic."

Did I lose my nerve? To say so would be dramatic but untrue. I am not sure I had that much nerve to lose. And once ashore, fed, and rested, the search for a new boat began with the indecent haste of youth, just as soon as my insurance company congratulated me on getting my crew and myself out alive and wrote the check.

Now *Gwendoline III* is stationed in the creek awaiting a refit, a task I plan to enjoy as much as the sailing, which will not happen before she is as fit for sea as may be. Tracy returned to her art and her horses and seemed none the worse. We still chat when we meet in the supermarket and, just once in a while, there is something in the eyes and we quietly remember that we are bound by an event few have experienced and fewer survived. We each know the limits of our courage and are not ashamed, yet rarely do we speak of it. I believe I owe her my life.

Long-remembered objects

After many years I would still pat my pockets and look around for that pen, that magnifier, that flashlight . . . and then recall that it had been left aboard, along with my grandfather's binoculars and that old army compass. One person remarked that she thought the worst part must be the loss of personal possessions. It was a cliché, said only for want of the scarcely expressible. But even so, the comment vexed me. As if any possessions could be more personal than my lovely vessel.

Now there is no haunting feeling, but rather a humbling sense of proportion and the many more good memories than bad that I have recounted here. I learned, perhaps, greater caution and a keener sense of the responsibility that one takes on with another soul aboard. I also learned that boats are more seaworthy than their human complement, that onboard comfort is an important factor of seaworthiness, and that with the best preparation we had simply been at first unlucky, then very fortunate, in happening across another ship and her noble crew.

And that the only distress call that was heard, and answered, was heartfelt prayer.

Geoffrey Toye, a writer and journalist, lives in a beach house in Wales and has been involved with small craft for more than 40 years. Good Old Boat *has produced an audiobook version of his novel,* Telegram from the Palace, *a work of sailing fiction full of conspiracy and intrigue.*

"Let's launch a magazine!", continued from page 33

via letters, short tips, or full-length articles. "Readers have good ideas," Jerry says. "Our publishing model is really not a magazine model, but a journal model. We apply a tight filter so that only the best material goes into print, but the 'amateurs' — our readers — are thoughtful and enthusiastic. Even the readers who never contribute will know the magazine is theirs."

Jerry contributes his engineering insights, evaluating ideas and techniques used to maintain, repair, and restore sailboats. Karen deploys her early career experience as a feature writer, profiling boats and boaters with equal aplomb. They each write a column per issue, sharing their sailing philosophies and opinions on topics from the joys of sailing to federal boating legislation. (See "Bookends" on page 44.) Watching them prepare an issue is a study in complementary personalities. Jerry takes the lead on technical and strategic matters while Karen prevails as wordsmith and master scheduler. As Pat Morris, an editor and proofreader who has known Karen for nearly 20 years, describes it, "Karen has no ego. She doesn't whitewash the realities. Meanwhile, Jerry's engineering brain keeps asking what's next. He has an intimate sense of how things work, and if he doesn't know, he'll damned well find out."

> **"Eventually, they might wish to train the staff to carry on in their absence . . . a plan consistent with Karen's primary definition of success: 'We have created lifestyle jobs for ourselves and others.'"**

As for what's next for *Good Old Boat*, Jerry says, "We can do a better job of serving our niche, looking for new and better ways to increase subscriptions." As they continue fine-tuning the magazine, they will also energize their newest initiative, a line of audiobooks, which feature classic and likely-to-be classic tales of sailing and the sea. "We will start anything we think to be in harmony with our readers' needs," Jerry adds, including podcasting.

Eventually, they might wish to train the staff to carry on in their absence. They'd own the magazine but not demand much from it financially, preferring instead to spend more time sailing. It is a plan consistent with Karen's primary definition of success: "We have created lifestyle jobs for ourselves and others." But she's also proud that other magazines have rediscovered classic plastic, and she suspects good old boats will endure because they are extensions of who we are or want others to believe we are. "We invest heavily in our boats in terms of time and money but also subconsciously," she says. "Each boat represents beauty, pleasure, recreation, travel, opportunity, home, a passionate endeavor that we can never truly explain."

The same could be said of *Good Old Boat*. After 10 years of issues, Jerry Powlas and Karen Larson remain devoted to their love of sailing, to the enterprise that has grown from it, and above all else to each other. "They love each other, respect each other," says Bill Dorn. "I'm not sure the magazine would work without both of them." Bill Hammond adds: "They're humming along on their own wind. Their humanity comes through on every page. One day at lunch I turned to Karen and asked, 'What's it like to be a publisher?' She said, 'I'm not a publisher, I'm a sailor.' "

So how does launching a magazine compare with launching a boat? Karen says, laughing, "We spent more money and time launching a magazine." Jerry puts it this way: "I would never take the kind of chances we've taken with the magazine with a boat. We could *die* doing that!"

Members of the *Good Old Boat* community, whether they be readers, contributors, advertisers, or vendors, are no doubt delighted that Jerry and Karen took those chances in print — and that the most impulsive action they've taken *on* the water has been to drop anchor in the Slate Islands and dream up their good old magazine.

Cindy Christian Rogers is an award-winning magazine writer and former magazine editor, publisher, and launch consultant. With the captain of her heart, Randy, she has sailed everything from cutters and cats to iceboats and "good old wood."

Clear your shop and your conscience

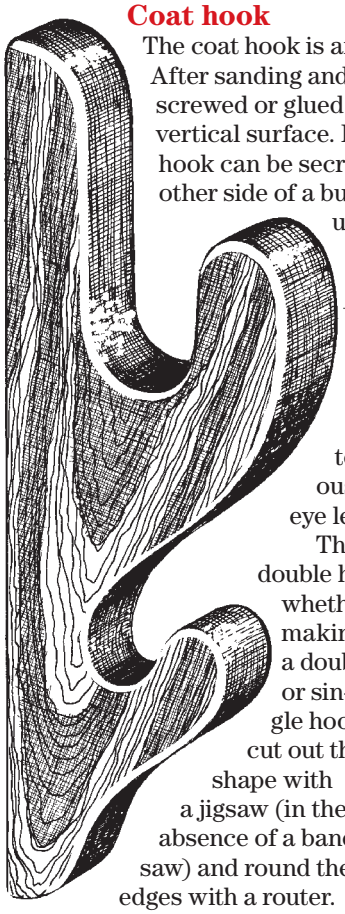
Salvage those little bits of horribly expensive wood

by Alan Lucas

After fitting out a boat or just making moderate changes to its interior, few of us escape the scrap dilemma. This occurs when you find yourself surrounded by frustratingly small, apparently useless scraps of richly grained, incredibly expensive timber. It's one thing to throw away scraps of cheap pine, quite another to drop red cedar, teak, and mahogany into the trash.

The answer is to resist dumping scraps until their potential is fully considered. By thinking small, creative ideas for a range of wooden fittings may surface, making the hoarding of "useless scraps" a smart and useful idea. The following examples describe a number of uses for quality timber scraps on a good old boat. The trick is to take advantage of their inherent quality by turning them into simple, practical, and attractive fittings that not only enhance the vessel but also satisfy the desire to recycle beautiful timber. This is not rocket science, nor does it demand detailed plans, merely a desire to turn trash into treasure.

Coat hook



The coat hook is an easy fitting to make. After sanding and varnishing, it can be screwed or glued (or both) to a suitable vertical surface. In some cases a wooden hook can be secret-screwed from the other side of a bulkhead. A particularly useful site is close to the main companionway, where a hook is valuable as a place to hang not-quite-dry foul weather gear. Metal hooks in this busy area, as many of us know only too well, can be dangerous, especially if situated at eye level.

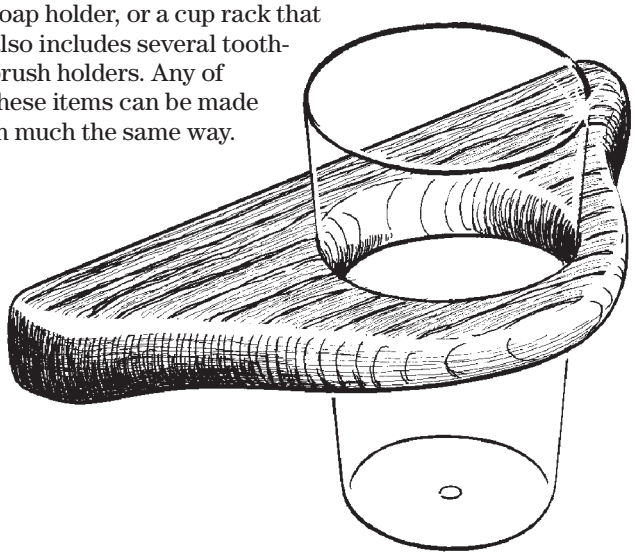
The illustration shows a double hook in its raw state. But whether making a double or single hook, cut out the shape with a jigsaw (in the absence of a band saw) and round the edges with a router. Then varnish it half a dozen times or more. Leave the base raw if the hook will be glued to the ship.

Glass holder

For that favorite drinking glass that is rarely properly stowed — owing to its constant demand, no matter whether it is kept in the head or in the galley — this holder can be screwed or glued to a bulkhead close to the washbasin.

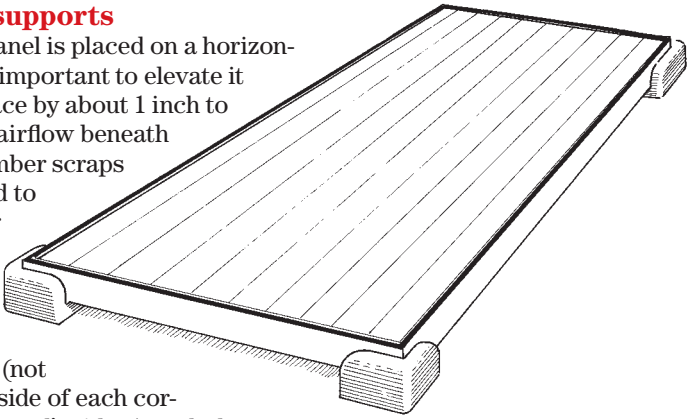
The aperture is best cut with a good-quality hole saw. Enhance the overall appearance of the fitting by tapering its bottom surface toward the outer edge. Then round the edges with a router, including the aperture for the glass.

If you're rich in scrap lumber and have some larger pieces about, you might consider making a rack that will hold several glasses, a cup rack, a combination cup-and-soap holder, or a cup rack that also includes several toothbrush holders. Any of these items can be made in much the same way.

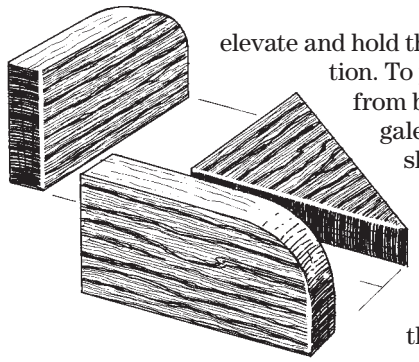


ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALAN LUCAS

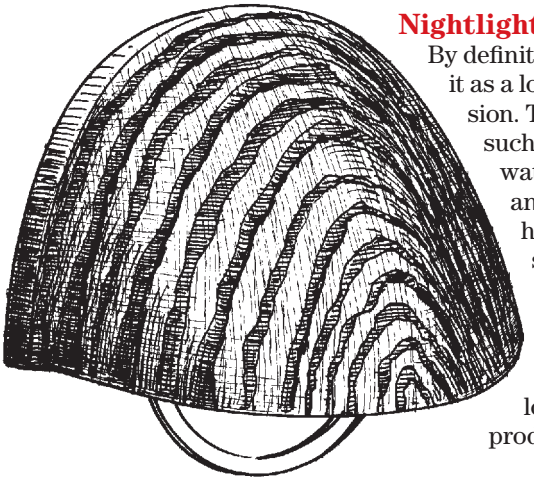
Solar panel supports



Where a solar panel is placed on a horizontal surface, it is important to elevate it above that surface by about 1 inch to allow a cooling airflow beneath it. Very small timber scraps can be employed to fabricate corner supports that elevate and hold the panel in position. To prevent the panel from blowing off in a gale, drive self-tappers (not shown) through one side of each corner piece into the panel's side. Attach the supports to the cabintop with polyurethane adhesive/sealant whose squeeze-out is coved into the base with a wet finger and/or mechanically secured with self-tappers or threads. As suggested by the illustration, construction can be very basic without any fancy joinery because of the intrinsic strength of a unit this size and the fact that it is best painted over for less maintenance.



Nightlight



By definition, any light is a nightlight. But in the lexicon of the sailor, we know it as a low-powered light that gives illumination without destroying night vision. The light described here blends into the furniture while illuminating such tricky areas as alleyways and companionway steps during long night watches. Scallop the hood to whatever exterior shape takes your fancy and place it over a very-low-powered globe-holder. It is not — repeat not — intended as a strong light, which would defeat the objective of protecting night vision, plus the excessive heat would turn the hood into charcoal. The globe should remain as cool as possible and be of minimal amps. Better still, use a low-amp 24-volt globe working on 12 volts to produce a cool soft yellow glow.

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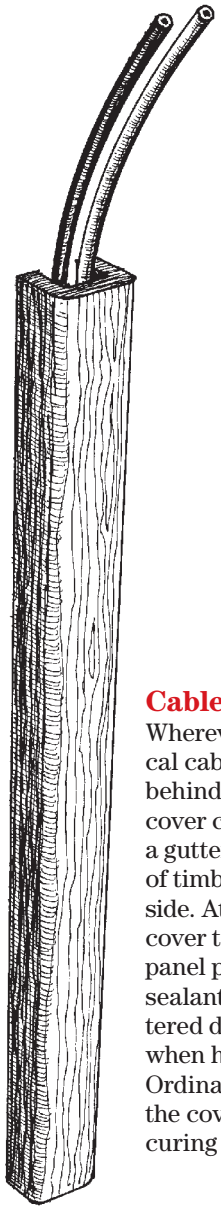
Clear your shop and your conscience, continued from page 79

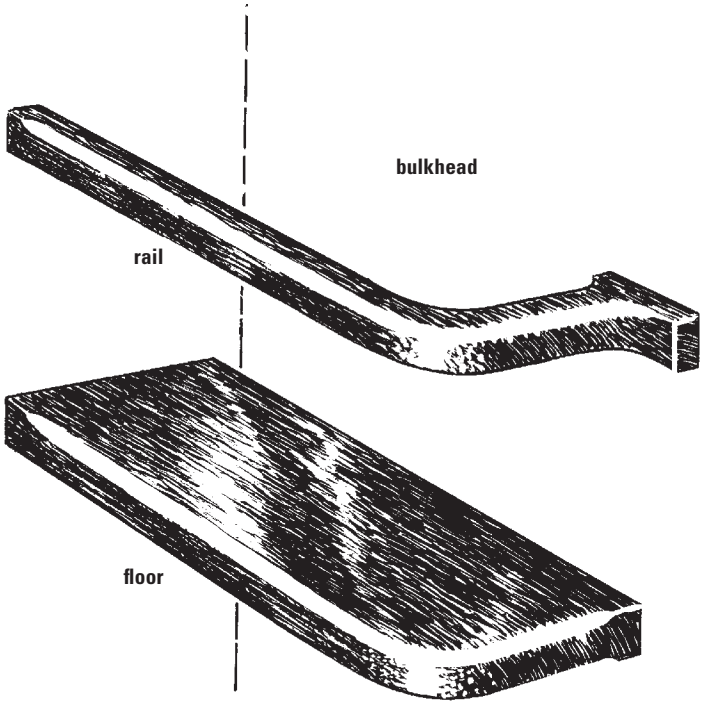


Cable cover

Wherever short runs of electrical cabling cannot be hidden behind a bulkhead, a cable cover can be made by routing a gutter in one side of a length of timber and rounding the outside. Attach the finished cable cover to the bulkhead with panel pins or with an adhesive/sealant using very small scattered dabs that squeeze inward when held in place to cure. Ordinary masking tape holds the cover in position during the curing process.

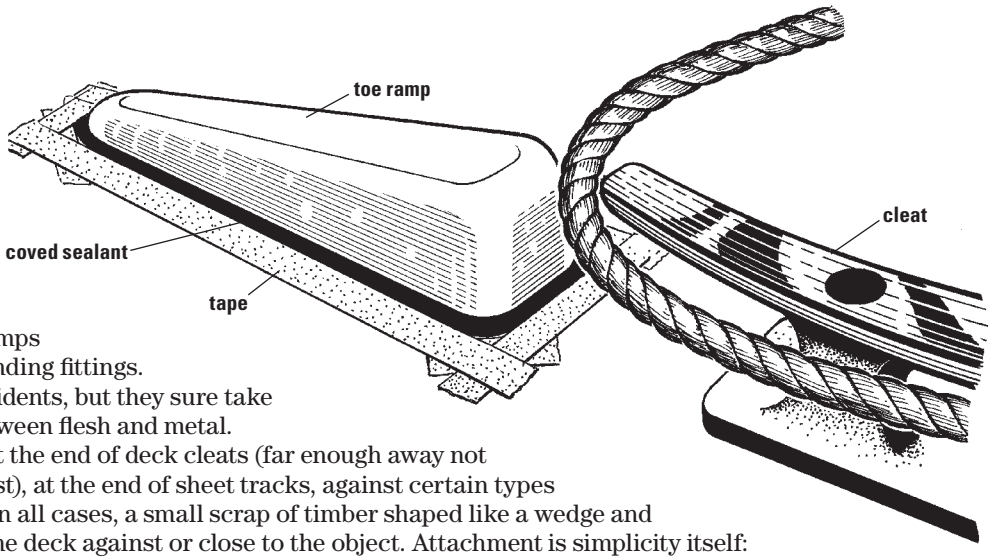
Binocular rack

Reminding us that more than one scrap can be combined to produce a single unit is this binocular rack composed of a small floor and rail. Because a timber rail of this size is easily knocked and broken, it is best placed away from serious traffic and care is needed in its use. Although it is not as robust as a proper binocular bin, this type of solution does an excellent job and is much easier to clean than a bin.

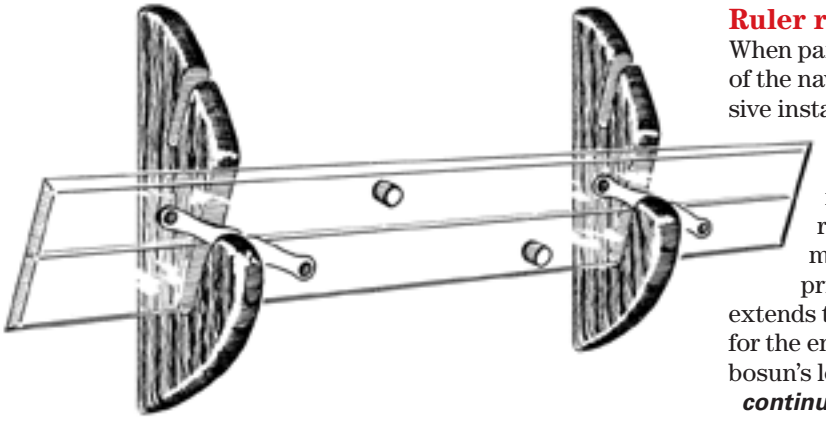


Toe ramp

If you've never stubbed bare toes on deck, you are either an extraordinarily diligent person who wears shoes at all times or someone who has never been aboard a boat. The rest of us need toe ramps to deflect toes up and over offending fittings. They don't actually prevent accidents, but they sure take the pain out of the collision between flesh and metal.

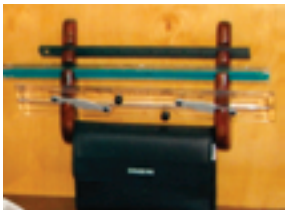


A toe ramp may be needed at the end of deck cleats (far enough away not to obstruct lines being made fast), at the end of sheet tracks, against certain types of stanchion bases, and so on. In all cases, a small scrap of timber shaped like a wedge and rounded on top is attached to the deck against or close to the object. Attachment is simplicity itself: use a good sealant/adhesive whose squeeze-out is coved into the deck with a wet finger.



Ruler rack

When parallel rules are not in use, they get in the way of the navigator unless they are provided with exclusive instant-access stowage. This is easily achieved with a couple of tiny, slotted timber scraps that form a bulkhead rack for one or more rulers. Such a rack is easily made, and the principle readily extends to a tool rack for the engine room or a bosun's locker.



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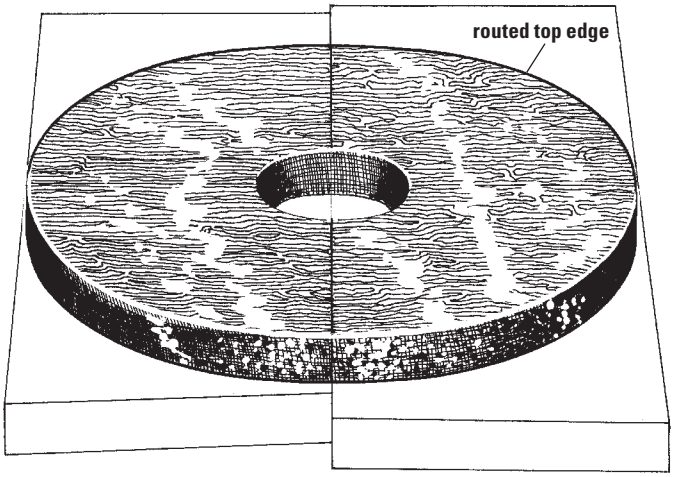
Clear your shop and your conscience, continued from page 81

Compass base

Using a single scrap, or two or three scraps butt-glued together, a compass base can be easily fabricated. It enhances the marriage of compass and control surface but, more importantly, is a means of mounting the compass on a curved or sloping surface. Tailor the bottom of the base to the shape of the surface to ensure the compass sits horizontally.



And more, much more

There is no definitive end to this subject because it is limited only by the human imagination. And should you become hooked on this satisfying way of recycling yet feel bereft of new ideas, there is always the call of traditional blocks, cleats, locker latches — you name it — to keep you busy. The trick is to hang on to those scraps.

Alan Lucas has been cruising nonstop since 1960, using his training in commercial art to support himself by illustrating how-to articles and books. Of his 28 books, he is best known for two cruising guides to Australia's east coast: Cruising the Coral Coast *and* Cruising the NSW Coast.

Ten years behind the scenes

Thanks to a formidable and dynamic crew

by Jerry Powlas

It's not a big deal as magazines go . . . unless it's *your* magazine. Lots of magazines are older, but many more have flamed out before they reached 10 years. Coincidentally, 10 years was part of the description of the boats we initially decided to cover with our brand-new magazine. We focused on sailboats 10 years old or older with a head, galley, and bunks. Later, on advice from a subscriber, who was also the head of a giant magazine conglomerate, we realized we were also writing for boats newer than that. Even a new boat needs work after the first season.

> "Today I can't imagine trying to publish this magazine without them."

In our own first season, we didn't even know what we didn't know. Looking back, this was a blessing. Karen and I each wore several hats and worked several jobs until another adviser and friend noted the ambient stress level and said we needed to get some help. I was thinking we needed to make some money *before* we got some help, but that really isn't how you start a business.

We still sail our beloved *Mystic* with a crew of two, but the motley crew of *Good Old Boat* is a formidable and dynamic cavalry unit that, on any given day, seems to be riding out of camp in all directions at once. Actually, they're just doing all the things that need to be done at that moment. The staff muster list passed 10 long ago, but most of them do other things as well, like being a mother, or having a "day job," or freelancing.

Mark Busta is an ex-cop. Karla Sandness collected back taxes. They can be serious people, but they seem to take great joy in their current jobs. These days, Mark works hard to get books and magazines into prisons, and Karla chases about a million dollars in one door and (unfortunately) out the other. She hangs onto enough of it to make payroll. When Karla announced after her second week working for us part-time that she had quit her job at a bank and wanted to work for us full-time, I about had a heart attack. In Mark's job interview, we mostly tried to talk him out of wanting the job, but he prevailed. Today I can't imagine trying to publish this magazine without them.

Michael and Patty Facius are theater people who have been restaurateurs, as well as working in multimedia and the legal field. First, we got Michael half-time and more recently we got the other half, while Patty, who is actually his other half, works our booths at boat shows and records the podcast with Michael. Some day we will probably have to pay Patty.

Layout, and more

In the beginning, Karen did the layout and a lot of other things. After a while she took the job across the street and gave it to Mary Endres. Now Mary does it while raising two growing basketball players and teaching yoga classes. Every summer, she packs the whole thing up and moves it to her lake cabin where she raises the basketball players and designs the magazine pages from there. Mary likes things just so. We like Mary.

Jim Nedbalek has an IQ of 686. He wrote our subscription software, designed our I.T. system, and keeps the whole thing running without breaking a sweat. He works only with Macs. He hates PCs. Mark and Karla only *tolerate* Macs, preferring PCs . . . but nobody actually *likes* PCs.

Pat Morris has been working with Karen longer than I have. She likes good grammar and frogs, and she has a big heart. Audrey Mikkelson has retired for health reasons, but when she was with us she said she had the ideal job. She is still training Pat on the fine points of newsletter page design.

Karen is training Janet Cass as the next managing editor, and nobody is training Elizabeth Whelan, who just trains herself in the advertising arena. She is a reader who was drafted after she made a suggestion to the editors. Theresa Meis is nursing little Morgan while she tries to figure out what happened to her life the day she became a new mother. In her incredibly rare spare time, she displays the wonderful talent of being able to do almost anything.

> "The view . . . is one of mildly organized chaos, but every two months we get out a podcast, a newsletter, and a magazine."

John Vigor, with his precious British/South African accent, prevents Karen and me from getting lost in the bush; Ted Brewer adds his professional opinion about why boats are the way they are; Dan Spurr runs our boot camp for authors; and Don Launer, who is a very complicated renaissance man, continues to write explanations simple enough for mortals to understand in his 101 column.

There are many others, but I'm out of space. Sometimes they get in each others' hair, sometimes they row together. The view from behind the scenes is one of mildly organized chaos, but every two months we get out a podcast, a newsletter, and a magazine . . . and that is the big deal: we want it to be your magazine.

We'll tack on the header, OK? Ready about . . .

Humble beginnings

Painful introduction to sailing leads to lifelong passion

by Rich Finzer

DAVID AIKEN

The mist of a late summer morning was rising from the waters of Penn Lake. It mingled and swirled into the rays of the yellow sun and slowly began to burn away. It had been nearly 40 years since last I stood on the shore of this tiny lake in the Pocono Mountains. Forty years since I had discovered my true passion. No, it wasn't that dark-haired girl with whom I'd shared a brief summer romance. It was the memory of a tiny sailboat that had drawn me back. As I gazed into the mist, my thoughts traveled back to those days.

It was 1966. My friend, David, had invited me to spend two weeks at his family's cottage. One day he asked if I wanted to go sailing. "Sailing?" I asked "You mean, like, on a sailboat?"

"Yeah," he replied, "we have a Super Snark." I knew absolutely nothing about sailing. I didn't know a halyard from a jibsheet, a centerboard from a rudder. But I was 17 and could not begin to imagine the consequences of my reply.

Of course, I said, "Yes."

We stepped the mast, raised the single sail on this foam-cored, plastic-hulled little catboat, and pushed her out. A gust of wind arrived just then, and we immediately capsized. Neither of us knew enough to balance our weight to windward. David's entire lexicon of sailing terminology consisted of "Coming about." Didn't matter that half the time we were jibing. It was the only sailing term he knew.

> **"The gift of sailing is a bequest I can never repay to my friend. It is beyond price."**

That day we dumped the boat a dozen times. My face was bruised from several impromptu encounters with the boom, and my knees were nicked from unsuccessfully trying to shift my weight as we turned. We discovered that if I began shifting my weight just before we turned, the boat stayed on her feet and we could keep sailing instead of climbing back aboard and bailing.

Sailing again

That first day was a painful introduction to the world of sailboats. Nonetheless, the next day I asked if we could go sailing again. We sailed every day after that, and by the end of the first week we were only dumping the boat once daily. By the middle of the following week, we had finished with capsizing altogether. I got to steer a bit, and it was during one of my brief stints at the helm that my epiphany occurred. I thought, "I don't know how much little sailboats cost, but someday I'm going to have one." It was my first truly adult decision, and one of the best I've ever made.

Several boats later, I am the proud skipper of a 34-foot sloop, a yacht club member, an accomplished racer with silver on the mantle, and one who has journeyed many places before the mast. The liberation and independence I savor aboard my sailboat keeps me sane, makes me tick, and drives me forward. But those feelings can never duplicate the pure rapture I felt aboard that little catboat. The gift of sailing is a bequest I can never repay to my friend. It is beyond price.

That glorious summer marked the end of our boyhood. With war raging in Southeast Asia and the pressure of college admission facing us, our lives changed forever. Gone were the idyllic days of sunbathing, swimming, and budding passion. For those two young men, their bodies bronzed from hours in the sun, boisterous shouting and unbridled enthusiasm gave way to the realities of life. Yet the joy of sailing on that little boat had been burned indelibly into my soul and would stay with me . . . has stayed with me to this very day. Soon afterward, David moved away. He graduated from college, moved to the Colorado mountains, and became a successful designer and engineer. I became a sailor.

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.*

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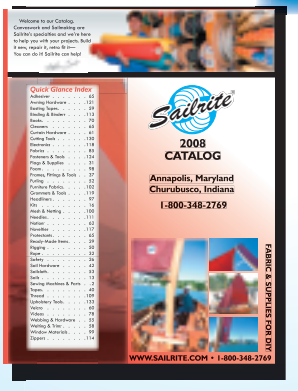

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