

DeFever Cruisers Magazine



Volume 14 Number 3

Summer 2009



SHIPP, Jim & Pam (#537)

2005 • DeFever 49 CPMY • SILVER BOOTS Sparks, NV

Staniel Cay *Impromptu DFC Rendezvous*



Beach on Exuma Sound



This was a very windy spring in the Exuma Islands. SILVER BOOTS and crew waited a very long time for other DeFever's to make it down to Big Majors Spot adjacent to Staniel Cay.

The first to arrive was LUCKY STARS with Dan and Carol Rohr (#665) aboard. We

actually ran into them in the Staniel Cay Yacht Club! We shared a lovely pink golf cart with them for a tour of Staniel Cay. This was a colorful and fun adventure, and we discovered a beautiful view of both coasts complete with a gorgeous, long beach on the Sound side.

We could not let the opportunity for a party to pass by when four other DeFever's and a companion SOB dropped the hook nearby. Sixteen of us gathered at the Staniel Cay Yacht Club for lunch. Jim and Pam (SILVER

BOOTS) were joined by Dan and Carol (LUCKY STARS), Rick and Lynnne Tierney (RICKSHAW, #822), Norm and Vicki Naughton (TIDE HIKER, #772), Doug and Tammy Johnson, John and Colleen Clayton (GYPSIES IN THE PALACE, #990), Bob and Stephanie Vandegejuchte (SEPTEMBER SONG, #734), and non-members Todd and Brenda (Life's2Short).

To commemorate this rendezvous, we all signed our names to SILVER BOOTS', burgee. Dan and Jim shared the honors of hanging the burgee among the other colorful flags in the rafters of the Yacht Club. The burgee looked really grand!

After LUCKY STARS and Life's2Short moved on to Black Point Settlement, a beach cocktail party/cookout was organized for the remaining five boats. We shared appetizers, stories, and a wonderful fire with fellow DeFever Cruisers. It's hard to beat this kind of fun in an exceptionally beautiful setting.



Iguanas at Allens Cay



Captain FJ's Birthday: Pictured with Gramma and Grampa Shipp on SILVER BOOTS' bridge.

SILVER BOOTS at Cambridge Cay (Little Bell) in Bahamas before the mooring field.



THE **OTHER** KIND OF DEFEVER RENDEZVOUS. . . **LET'S GO!!!**

DeFever Cruisers 2010 Rendezvous

At the Stuart Boat Show January 15, 16, and 17, 2010



The 2010 *DeFever Cruisers* Rendezvous will be held in conjunction with the Stuart, Florida, **Boat Show** and **Cruiser Expo**. Enjoy the show for three days and attend as many seminars as you wish for just \$100 per person. This is half the regular price, just for DeFever Cruisers members. But wait, there's more! You will also receive vouchers for morning coffee and pastries, lunches at the show, and two cocktail parties – all included in the \$100!

Stay at the **Harborage Yacht Club and Marina** at half price too, just \$1.00 per foot! The marina is a short one block walk from the Boat Show and the Cruiser Expo meeting tent.

If you want to **fly or drive** to the rendezvous, there are hotels nearby, just a short shuttle ride away. Fly into Palm Beach International Airport and drive about one hour north. We expect to have discounted rates for several good hotels.

Cruiser Expo Seminars: Take a look at the topics for the Cruiser Expo seminars at www.cruiserexpo.com. The titles are for the 2009 seminars, but you can get a good idea of the subjects that will be offered in 2010. The organizers are working on posting the new seminar information soon.

Boat Show / Cruiser Expo Reservations: Make your reservations early. Your registration fee is 100% refundable right up to 3 days before the Boat Show begins. Go to this special link, just for DeFever Cruisers members: www.cruiserexpo.com/guest. You must enter username *DeFever* and password *Chief Pilot* in order to get the \$100 rate, which includes seminars. Sign up each person separately. You don't need to select any seminars now. You can do that later after the 2010 subjects are finalized in September. Payment can be made by credit card. The web site also gives info on nearby hotels. You may cancel your reservation by calling Allsports Productions at 305-868-9224.

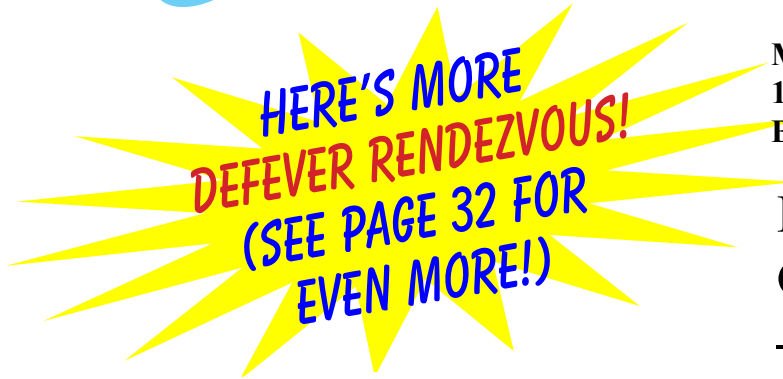
Harborage Yacht Club and Marina Reservations: Call 772-692-4000 ext 4 and make your reservations for a slip with the Dock Master, Scott. Check out their web site at <http://www.harborageyachtclub.com>. The DeFever Cruisers member rate is \$1.00 per foot for up to four days before, three days of the show, and four days after. Make your reservations early. If your plans change, your deposit is fully refundable right up to three days before the show begins.

Special Events Just for DeFever Cruisers: We anticipate a private "arrival party," just for our members, on January 14th, the night before the show begins. We can have open boats too. And we will probably arrange a private dinner for one evening.

Stuart is a Great Place for a Rendezvous: Located near the "cross roads" of the Atlantic Intracoastal Waterway and the Okeechobee Waterway, our vessels can arrive from near or far by way of sheltered waterways. Don't miss this very unusual and cost-effective meeting.

Make Your Reservations NOW!

Ver 2 June 16, 2009



MARK, Bill & Kathy (#596)
1971 • DF54, Wood • RUFY ANNE
Bremerton, WA

Pacific NW DeFever Cruisers Rendezvous – October 2009

This year’s Pacific Northwest Rendezvous will be held at the recently rebuilt Bremerton Waterfront and Marina. All members are invited to get together and join the fun! Some planned Rendezvous activities are a “meet and greet” cocktail party, Life Sling demonstrations, a catered dinner, and a pot-luck breakfast. Quite a few diversions are also happening in the city of Bremerton. As far as overnight lodging is concerned, members can stay on their vessel or, for those that cannot come by boat, the Hampton Inn and Suites Waterfront Hotel provides nice accommodations. The hotel offers views of Sinclair Inlet, Olympic Mountains, Mt. Rainier, and the marina. There is no need to contact the marina because slip assignments will be handled by Kathy and Bill.

Please RSVP by September 1 to Kathy and Bill Mark at kmark@wvin.com.



DeFever Cruisers Kathy and Bill Mark Featured in *MotorBoating* Magazine

Pacific Northwest area DeFever Cruiser members Kathy and Bill Mark (and their dog Anne, #596) aboard RUFY ANNE were featured in an article in *MotorBoating* Magazine – check it out on the web “Confessions of a Live-Aboard”:

<http://www.motorboating.com/articleHtml.jsp?ID=1000070362>



SILVER, Steve & Kim (#1079)
1987 • DeFever 44 • MAYA Cincinnati, OH

Musings about our Trials and Tribulations as First Time Cruisers

Our boat, like yours is very similar to a small city. We have all the necessary utilities and public services, albeit on a miniature scale. There is the sanitation department (the heads or ‘bathrooms’ for you landlubbers), the water department (for drinking and bathing), power and energy (the engines and batteries for electricity) and the

public works department whose job it is to maintain and fix all the other components that make the boat work.

Additionally, we have a city government that consists of the Mayor (Kim - my wife) and Administration (me). I like to think that our “government” is a democracy where we each get one vote in all matters... and we do. It’s just that in the event of a deadlocked vote, Kim has the authority to break all ties. This arrangement has served us well so far. The one thing we don’t have onboard is a brig (prison). I am not sure what the penalty is for insubordination (or dare I say, “mutiny”) but I suspect that it is swift and severe.

On our very first cruise, the Public Works Department notified the Mayor of a potential problem that involved our electrical grid. There were some questions about how long the batteries could support her use of a hair dryer, microwave oven and such. Being new to the job and the boat, I wasn’t sure how good our battery system was or how many amps these devices would use. As you know, when you are running the “city” on battery power alone, you have to conserve amperage lest you run out. Running out involves the loss of other essential services, notably the sanitation department and the ability to notify EMS via the radios. Seeing how this fell under my jurisdiction, I felt obligated to manage this situation before it became a crisis.

The batteries we have onboard are pretty good. They were designed to power the boat for several days while at anchor. Every time you run the engines or genset (which wasn’t working on this cruise) they are completely recharged. However, we had been having issues with this system and I didn’t want to go hog wild right off the bat. I felt that monitoring the power usage each day and then adding components a little at a time was the best way to keep us from having a black out. We have many other items that are good to have working as well. There are the lights, which are nice. We also have need for water and bilge pumps. The refrigerator needs lots of power as does the starter motor that gets the main engines going. In my mind, these are high priority items.

As it turned out, we were able to do fairly well by conserving power where we could and measuring our usage on a daily basis. Since we ran the engines all day, by the time we stopped for the night, the batteries were fully charged. We just had to make it through the night and following morning on our batteries until it was time to get underway again. We have this very neat device which measures our electrical usage and gives us a reading of how much battery power we have remaining. On behalf of the Mayor, I checked this device quite often and when necessary, provided recommendations for her consideration. Unlike Bush administration officials, I felt compelled to speak out on issues even though I knew my thoughts would not be received kindly. But hey, that is my job and I take it seriously.

I am happy to report that the crisis that I was concerned about never did materialize and while some might call me a Pollyanna, I don’t think I overreacted. Being conservative never hurt anyone, especially when you are new to something. Perhaps a few protein follicles did not have the benefit of being dried in a controlled environment; however we were cruising essentially in the wilderness where the probability of running into any “constituents” was nearly zero. It’s okay to let your hair down once in awhile, especially if no one is looking.

I have also been informed by the Mayor’s office that I need to get the electrical grid under control before the next cruise. This boat was purchased with the understanding that most of the creature comforts of home would be available onboard at all times and that it is my job to see that these things work. Seeing that the next election isn’t in the foreseeable future, I best snap to it. I want to keep my job.

You can read more about MAYA’s adventures at:

<http://mayaadventures.blogspot.com>



O’MALLEY, Jim & Ann (#238)

1980 • DeFever 43 • WILD GOOSE

Merritt Island, FL

FIRST RIDE ON A DEFEVER

This is the story about the first time I ever took a boat ride on WILD GOOSE.

I had been an avid sailboat owner and racer for over 10 years. In 1995 I decided it was time for me to upgrade from my 27 foot sailboat to a 46 foot Morgan Out Islander sailboat or a trawler. My evaluation went something along the lines of: I’m 50 years old, I didn’t want to start looking forward to lugging a hundred pound bag of sails around the deck, nor was I particularly excited about being on the water with a 50 foot or taller lightning rod. So I

started looking in earnest at purchasing a trawler.

I first looked at one down in Marathon, Florida - it was a 36 foot Marine Trader. It didn't satisfy my needs because the engine room was quite cramped and I felt I couldn't operate in that area. I rejected that boat. I took my lovely wife on several excursions looking at trawlers and every time she came away with the same comment "God what an ugly boat". I continued to learn what was desirable (big engine room) and not desirable (cramped galley) in a trawler. Because of my financial situation - two kids in college and a government employee - I was looking for a boat that I could buy and fix up over the next couple of years, the intent being the boat would be cruise ready for my retirement planned to occur in 2007.

I saw an advertisement in Boat Trader for some kind of a trawler located up Welaka, FL on the St. Johns River. It was handled by a broker so I called him up and asked him to show me the boat. He gave me the address and he told me to go look at it and give him a call. The asking price for the boat at that time was \$90,000. So Ann and I took a weekend day and drove to Welaka. We met the owner who I will affectionately call "Homer". He showed us where the boat was moored on the St. Johns River, told us to go down to the dock, get on the boat and look around. I took one look at the boat, tied to the dock for several years, fiberglass damage on the port bow from hitting the piling, covered with acorns and oak leaves, etc. and said "God it's ugly".

Ann on the other hand, climbed on board went up to the upper station, sat down in the chair and said "I could see myself sitting here with a frozen daiquiri". That was all that was necessary for me to begin negotiations on the purchase of the 43 foot DeFever built in 1980. I called the broker and made the comment "that's not a boat that's a project". The boat had apparently been sitting for several years. Nothing on the boat worked except perhaps the running lights; all the other electrical systems were inoperable in some way, shape, or form. I didn't know if the engines would run.

I told the broker if I started to negotiate with him the only thing I'd be doing is driving the owner's expectations down to the point where somebody else would buy the boat. The broker said he needs to have it done anyway, go ahead and make an offer, so I did. I made an offer of \$45,000 with a full sea trial to ensure the engines would run and everything would work. The broker presented the offer and the owner countered from asking \$90,000 to \$80,000. I told the broker, we are going in the right direction and I countered with \$46,000. The broker presented the offer and the owner came back to counter offer of \$70,000. I told the broker; Homer is still going in the right direction. I counter offered \$46,500. The broker called back several days later and said your offer is rejected and Homer doesn't want you to make any more. And so I walked away from the boat not giving very much thought to it but still thinking about it.

I had the opportunity (five day training class) to have some time during the day to assess and do a true cost analysis on the boat, motors, and hull. I started with what the boat should be selling for in good condition and all systems operable. I then deducted from that value the anticipated repair costs and used this value as my maximum purchase price for my negotiations. I made my first offer 10% below this. I came to the conclusion that if everything on the boat was bad and had to be fixed and I had to put a lot of money into it I could bring the boat reasonably close to very good condition for about \$70,000.

I called the broker and told him that I was willing to make an offer of \$50,000 for the boat as is where is with the only condition being that I'm able to take the boat down the river and drive it away from the dock under its own power. The broker tells me another couple had been on the boat and spent over eight hours detailing all the things that need to be done and that they had made him an offer of \$55,000. It had been rejected, but the broker said he thinks the owner would take \$55,000 now. I told him that was my last stand absolute highest amount that I would go and not one dime more. It truly was my not to exceed number. He wanted to present it and so I agreed to an offer of \$55,000. I gave them 24 hours to respond. 24 hours passed and the broker called me and said there had been a problem in the owner's restaurant and he had to have another day, would I concur? I agreed. 24 hours plus a little bit more passed and the broker called me back and said the owner's dog died and he'd like to have a little more time - another 24 hours. I agreed to that and waited another 24 hours. The broker called me back after about 36 hours and said the cook got hurt in the restaurant and he would like little more time. I told the broker, just call me back when he decides whether to sell it or not and get back to me in a couple of days. Several days passed and I heard nothing from the broker so I assumed the boat owner had decided not to sell it for that price. Several days after that, the broker called me up to tell me I bought a boat.

Arrangements were made to conduct the sea trial where the boat was driven away from the dock and returned. We went back to Welaka and got on the boat. The engines did start up, the propellers turned, and we were

successful in driving the boat away from the dock, proceeding down the river for a couple of miles and returning back to the dock.

When the boat was listed in the advertisement, it had an extensive list of equipment that was supposedly operational including a bimini top, propellers, windlass, autopilot, etc. I put a stipulation in the contract that there would be a \$2000 escrow for those items to be provided after the boat had been picked up. So arrangements were made, I procured funds, and on May 2 six of us: Ann, myself, TJ - my father, Randy Talbert - the only other capable navigator on the boat besides me, my sister Kathy, and her son Ryan - a teenager, loaded into a car with my brother Tommy as chauffeur. We stopped on the way to the boat at Wal-Mart in Daytona Beach to pick up an 8-D battery to power the running lights. Homer had installed a car battery to start the engines.

We then proceeded to Welaka to get on the boat and sail down the St. Johns River at night towards Jacksonville. When we got to Welaka, Homer said he had some problems and needed to make an emergency trip to St. Augustine, somebody had a bad toothache. He told me that he would complete the sale of the boat when he returned. So there we are, six people, stuck in Welaka, no car as my brother had taken the car home after he dropped us off, and no place to sleep except on the boat. We proceeded to put the battery on the boat and check out the systems for the trip down the river. Nothing worked. We eventually got the running lights to work but none of the interior lights on the boat were working. Fortunately the head did work. With none of the interior lights working it meant that whenever you had to use the head you had to take a flashlight with you. We did make a trip to the local drive-through liquor store; we walked through, for the procurement of "tranquilizer fluid".

After checking out the boat's accommodations, all began settling in for the trip down the St. Johns, hopefully starting when Homer returned. Everybody grabbed a spot on the boat and went to sleep that night hoping for the best. At about 1230 that night, there is a knock on the boat and it was Homer, a little more than three sheets to the wind explaining how sorry he is. He tells me that in the morning we can complete the sale of the boat and we could leave. And sure enough in the morning around 0730, on a picnic table in his trailer park next to his gourmet restaurant we pass the checks and I receive title to the boat. We then went down to the dock and untied the boat and, with great expectations, pulled away from the dock and started our trip down the St. Johns River to Jacksonville, to the Intracoastal Waterway south to Titusville, FL and ultimately Cocoa Beach.

Nothing like a good plan

The plan had been to take the boat down the St. Johns River during nighttime because with the GPS available, and the width of the river (wide), it would have been an easy nighttime trip from Welaka to Jacksonville. In addition, the departure time would have us arriving in Jacksonville just after daybreak. That did not occur. We were delayed by more than 12 hours because of Homer deciding not to do the boat transfer on Friday night. We later found out that it was Homer's trophy wife's birthday and it was apparent she was upset about selling the boat, particularly for that price. But there was a brand-new go-fast sports car sitting in the yard when we left and she looked very happy with it.

We proceeded down the river on Saturday, May 3 and just as a matter of geography, Welaka is located about five miles south on the St. Johns River from Palatka. And just as the calendar would have it, that Saturday happened to be The Mug Race for the Jacksonville sailing club, where they have an annual race from Palatka to Jacksonville, and it usually involves more than 150 sailboats of various types, manufacturers, and classes.

We were unfortunate enough to motor through the starting area about the time half of the fleet had already started. So we had half the sailboats ahead of us and half behind us and the middle third was with us. The winds were light and the sailboats were typically cruising around five-and-a-half to six knots. The engines on the boat ran fairly well, except the port engine would overheat when taken to high RPMs, typically above 1800. The starboard propeller had a ding in it and it was off balance, so it could not run over 1100 RPM without getting a noticeable vibration on the aft deck. So we were limited to cruising around 1100 RPM which equates to about five-and-a-half knots which just happened to be optimum sailboat speed for the Mug Race. Picture yourself, sailing with 150 different sailboats all day long. We had sailboats passing us and us passing them all the way from Palatka to Jacksonville's first bridge - basically from nine o'clock in the morning until four o'clock in the afternoon.

We arrived at the first bridge in Jacksonville around four o'clock and proceeded towards the ocean going through downtown Jacksonville. The good news is we had the outgoing tide with us so our speed was close to nine knots going through downtown Jacksonville. We proceeded down the river to the Intracoastal Waterway and were fortunate enough to get to the junction with the St. Johns River and head south just as darkness fell. Traveling the

Intracoastal Waterway at night is not one of my most favorite things to do - in fact I don't recommend it to anybody. I was familiar with the Jacksonville to St. Augustine run however, and because a goodly portion of the trip is motoring behind people's well-lit backyards, we slowly proceeded down the ICW. We did have a time constraint to try and be back home by Sunday night.

As we start going down the ICW, I'm steering the boat and all I'm interested in is looking for a red or green flashing navigation light to keep the boat in the channel and on course. Randy, the other navigator on the boat decides that the proper way to call out marks is by their number with me making a decision on whether it's red or green. I finally got to the point where I screamed "don't give me the damn number tell me what color the light is". Randy immediately went into his pout mode. This means he stops talking so Ann had to quickly learn how to read charts. We continued down the ICW proceeding very well until we got to St. Augustine.

If you read the charts for St. Augustine as you're proceeding south and you go through the lift bridge, there is a lighted red mark that you're supposed to go to. If you're not careful you can pick the red channel mark as opposed to the correct mark much further east. Unfortunately, we proceeded towards the wrong mark and bumped bottom. Having been a sail boater for many years, you learn to know where the deep water is and to immediately turn towards it when you bump. This is what I did, and the boat heeled over rather sharply while executing a port turn. We were free after a bump - we had been heading for a sandbar and several people down below were thrown out of the bunks over to the port side. Back in the channel, we proceeded towards the St. Augustine inlet, then took a hard turn to starboard to proceed up the Intracoastal Waterway towards downtown St. Augustine. At this point in time, the port engine high temperature alarm went off and I shut down the engine. We had an outgoing tide and just one engine running at 1100 RPM (remember the out-of-balance prop). We were barely able to move against the outgoing tide. I made the decision to re-start the port engine again to see if the overheating situation had cleared. Keeping the RPMs low to prevent overheating the engine we were able to run both engines to clear through the St. Augustine inlet to the Intracoastal Waterway south, passing through the Bridge of Lions, which had to open for us to pass. Fortunately, the tender was pretty quick about it and we did not have to wait. We then proceeded south to Matanzas inlet. Anybody who's been through Matanzas inlet knows it's a great place to watch boats go aground. The channel cuts very deep and very close to the northern shore. It was early in the morning, around 2 a.m. and I had gone to sleep because I was exhausted; Randy, who is now talking somewhat but not to me, is at the controls of the boat. When we got to the turn by Matanzas inlet there was a red light marking the way to go, but there was also a big bright light by it. The light was scanning the water according to Ann, and we later learned that it was a barge that had run aground in the channel and they were using the spotlight to point out the green marks of the channel. As I said, it was dark and we were extremely tired - another reason not to travel the ICW at night. We proceeded towards the light where the barge was aground (unknown to us at this time). At the same time the barge held a spotlight on shiny little green "hats" in the water on our starboard side - kind of showing them to us. Ann thought "isn't that nice to show us where the crab pots are" and we proceeded towards the red mark. Shortly thereafter, the boat ran hard aground. Thank you Ann. I immediately got out of bed and went into my "boat aground mode" screaming "find me deep water". After a few expletives we got out a pole to sound for deep water around the boat. Low and behold there wasn't any. It seemed as though everywhere you went around the boat the water was less than four feet deep. So we sat there watching the tide go out and waiting for something to happen. I said "that's it - we're just going to go to bed". We were all very tired and would be better able to assess the situation in daylight.

In the morning, we waited and watched several boats through go through the channel and saw where the deep water was located. We realized that the green temporary marks were there and that we should have been north of those marks instead of south. While we watched several boats go through the channel, we sounded the depth around the boat to see where the deep water was and finally decided that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line and decided to go directly towards the channel. I was able to jockey the boat around, and with the tide helping we were able to push and plow our way through the sandbar to get to the channel. We were free at last.

Once in the channel, we went back to the north side of the channel and watched several boats go through. We even watched one powerboat - a small skiff - run aground right by the mark. When they jumped into the water they were only ankle-deep and after pushing the boat no more than 10 feet, they were it in the water over their heads. We waited for a deep draft sailboat to come from the north heading south. We watched him go through the channel and then we followed his path and continued our trip south.

At this point I'd like to digress and talk about the steering on the boat. The steering on the boat could be described as quote "loose". You could turn the wheel to starboard but when you wanted to go to port you had to turn

the wheel at least a quarter turn before the rudder would start to move, so you have this huge swing in the wheel with no movement of the rudder. This was tolerable while you're traveling down the Intracoastal Waterway because you could go from one side to the other like a drunken sailor. Going through bridges got to be real exciting as you had to rapidly spin the wheel first to port then to starboard and back the port to keep the boat going in a somewhat straight line through the span. Our biggest challenges were when we went through Daytona Beach, which has several drawbridges in a row. Trying to keep the boat straight with current made things most exciting. We got through Daytona Beach and the New Smyrna Beach Bridge, proceeding south through Edgewater and Mosquito Lagoon, the Haulover Canal, and finally Titusville. When we arrived at Titusville, darkness was quickly falling.

After two full days of non-stop travel in rivers or the ditch, everyone was ready to get on dry land. We all were dead tired and it was time to call it a day so we decided to stop at Titusville Marina so everybody could call friends and family to pick them up there and take them home.

We had planned for the trip to take two days, arriving at my at my Dad's house in Cocoa Beach on a Sunday afternoon. However due to the late start leaving Welaka, it was impossible to make Cocoa Beach without having to continue the trip in the dark. So Ann, Randy, my Dad, my sister, Ryan and I left the boat and went home, cleaned up, and rested. Since most of the crew had to work on Monday, I went about making arrangements to bring the boat from Titusville to Cocoa Beach.

The only people available to help me with the rest of the trip were my Dad (TJ) and my friend Ed Harrison. Monday morning the three of us got on the boat, fired the engines up and left Titusville Marina. We proceeded south through NASA Causeway going through the Barge Canal towards Port Canaveral. Before the lock to the ocean, we headed south in the Banana River to my Dad's house in Cocoa Beach.

We had some concerns about getting to my Dad's house because the channel has a posted depth of five feet. We had a friend meet us with his boat, equipped with a depth sounder so he could lead us through the shallow parts of the channel. Having never taken the boat through narrow channels, it was nice to have Ed Harrison along as he had big boat experience. We got to a particularly sharp and narrow point in the channel where we had to turn hard to port and then rapidly turn the wheel to starboard to straighten the boat out. Just as it looked like we were going to run the boat aground, Ed reached over, placed the port engine in neutral and then into reverse. I watched the bow politely swing to port and the boat crisply moved into the new path of the channel. We proceeded through the through the canal to my Dad's house, again passing another row of boats on one side and shallow water on the other. All the time were traveling in the canal were driving the boat with the steering wheel, rapidly moving it from port to starboard. We finally arrived at my Dad's dock and we tied up the boat. I congratulated everybody for our success and got off the boat to relax.



MCLERAN, Bob & Judy Young (#996)
Merritt Island, FL

1987 • DeFever 41 • SANDERLING

Got Fog? Trust Those Instruments!

I recall sitting in the cramped but comfy cockpit of the little Cessna 172, blindfolded, flying in erratic circles, dips, and rolls, then having Ken, my flight instructor say, "OK, now put us level, on a heading of 070 Magnetic, at 5,000 feet." Still blindfolded to the horizon, I had to depend on the flight instruments to tell me when we were "straight". Geez, what tricks the brain can play when "confused"! I fought the urge to pull back on the yoke, because my brain told me I was heading "down", when in



reality, I was heading up about 30 degrees! I forced myself to focus solely on the instruments, and eventually got the plane flying straight.

Now, it is true that our trawler SANDERLING sits at sea level, goes about 7.5 mph, and the likelihood of crashing and killing ourselves is slim. But when the fog closes in, the horizon simply disappears, and the whole world becomes a little blip on a green radar screen - we become totally dependent on our instruments. My husband Bob and I consider ourselves safe boaters. Our practice has always been that if the weather is doubtful or threatening, the smart thing is to STAY in the slip or at anchor. We've read those frightening stories about the commercial ships running over pleasure craft in the fog; we've heard downright scary stories from boating acquaintances that have had close encounters with BIG vessels in soupy fog. We always trusted this would never happen to us, because we are SAFE boaters!

We live in Florida, and there isn't much fog there. So to stay in practice for our northern cruises, we often turn on our radar and pick out the targets cruising down the ICW. Sure seems easy, I mean there they are on the radar screen, and there they are cruising a mile up river from you... this isn't rocket science! We have an appropriately displayed radar reflector, which we have tested by having other boaters check us on radar. But our 2008 cruise north proved to be as challenging as it was exciting, and truly tested our ability to overcome adverse situations... namely fog!

Our first exciting encounter was with a whale-watching boat off the New Jersey coast. Prior to leaving Cape May, New Jersey, we listened to "Mr. and Ms. NOAA" give us their weather predictions. Ms. NOAA told us, in her animated voice, that we might see some "patchy" fog, with partly cloudy skies later in the morning. Ms. NOAA's patchy fog slowly turned into something more closely resembling pea soup! Instead of burning off, visibility dropped to double-digit yards. We were almost totally dependent on the radar to see other boat traffic. We were closely watching a "target" (which turned out to be the whale-watching boat) on an intersecting course with us. He was the give-way vessel, as we were approaching his starboard side. He did the appropriate thing, turning to starboard to come around behind us, and just to be sure our courses were no longer intersecting, Bob turned starboard a little also. All was well, until the Captain of the whale-watcher evidently over estimated our forward speed! Instead of passing us port-to-port, we could see him on the radar suddenly turn right toward us! Evidently he thought we were moving faster and intended to turn behind us... guess he didn't check our location on his radar. As we were sounding our horn and turning to starboard, he appeared out of the fog, saw us and suddenly stopped about 50 yards off our port bow! The folks on the whale-watching boat were waving rather tentatively; surprised to see us "rise up out of the fog"! After we regained control of our nerves and I cleaned up the spilled coffee from the cup I was clutching, we had to ask, "How the heck could that guy see whales when he couldn't see a 41 foot boat?" Well, we're sure glad we believed that moving spot on the radar!



Cape May, New Jersey

Based on our cruising experiences in Maine during August of 2006, we fully expected the whale-watcher experience to be an isolated event. However, blame it on global warming, bad karma, or just plain boater's luck, this cruise taught us more about cruising in fog than we ever wanted to know. Just a few days after the whale-watching encounter, we were sitting in Three-mile Harbor, in the Fish Tail section of Long Island. We listened to "Mr. and Ms. NOAA" give us their predictions for the weather in Block Island and Rhode Island Sounds. Ms. NOAA again warned of patchy fog. At the time we were listening, it was partly cloudy with about 10-15 knots of wind and very scant fog. So we pulled up the anchor and headed to Block Island Sound. About two hours out, we began to get into those patchy areas of fog, and they got thicker and thicker until, before we knew it, we were completely socked in with only about 50 yards of visibility. As Yogi would say, "It's déjà vu all over again!" Except, no puny little 75 foot whale-watching boats on this Sound, we have the Block Island Ferry and huge fishing boats called "dragger" to deal with!

The New Jersey coast can be pretty desolate sometimes, but Block Island and Rhode Island Sounds are never

desolate - well, maybe in the winter, I suppose. This was July 1st - one of the biggest boating weekends of the year. At one point in this very long, wet, cold and tedious day, we counted more than a dozen moving “targets” on our radar scope all within a two mile range. We could see none of them! It was just total chaos - frequently we heard boats giving a ‘securite’ with their location, heading, and speed - all except the fishing vessels, of course. The Block Island Ferry was running back and forth from Port Judith to Block Island, cruising along at break-neck speed - fortunately, he was talking AND answering. When we contacted him with our coordinates and heading, he told us he had us on radar. We had the task of guessing which targets were talking and which ones were not! At one point, there was a ‘securite’ from a sailboat coming out of Block Island, stating there was a large “dragger” fishing boat out there and he was NOT talking. A few short minutes later, we found him! We were watching a target moving within a quarter of a mile of us, closing in. We tried hailing the vessel with our coordinates, heading and speed—he didn’t answer. We began to hear this deep clanging noise coming out of the fog, getting closer with each “clang”. I yelled to Bob that he was closing in on us, but I still couldn’t see him. He never sounded his horn, he just kept clanging! We were blasting our horn for a potential collision; Bob was turning away from where we thought this guy was based on the sounds and the radar target; I was straining with the binocs to see him in the fog! Suddenly, and I mean suddenly, he came out of the fog, and was on a collision course with us! He couldn’t have been 50 yards away! I screamed a couple of obscenities at him (I’m sure it hurt his feelings). He slowly turned away and disappeared back into the mist... it was like something from a Hitchcock movie. As he moved away, the clanging continued and faded into the distant fog... just downright eerie! Hmmm... do these guys not have radar?



Ship in Fog – Narragansett Bay

Our 2008 summer cruise took us to Maine and to the Bay of Fundy to St. John, New Brunswick, Canada. It just happened that it was one of the foggiest summers on record “down east”! Great! But we aren’t deterred... we’re planning to cruise back to Canada again next year, possibly via Lake Champlain or the Erie Canal. I’ve already begun to ask Bob, “Don’t we need a bigger radar screen?? Or how about one of those AIS gadgets that some of our friends have???”



BUSSE, Joel & Marian (#6) 1989 • DeFever 49 Pilothouse
• RESURGENT Jupiter, FL

RIVER FOG *(An article from the Magazine Archives)*

In the fall of 1999 we delivered RESURGENT, our 49 pilothouse DeFever, from her usual waters of Lake Michigan to her new berth at Admiral’s Cove Marina in Jupiter, Florida.

On October 9, 1999 we departed North Point Marina, 40 miles north of Chicago, over-nighted at Chicago’s Burnham Park Marina and the next day entered the Cal-Sag Canal ten miles further south. The Cal-Sag Canal marked the beginning



Resurgent with mast down at Burnham Park Harbor awaiting entry into river system



Foreground: Chicago Light, Background: Navy Pier

we had plenty of water under the keel and lots of space all around us. As we motored past downtown Chicago the radar indicated that there were no obstructions and no potential collisions for quite a distance. That was not the case on the River System.

Two days later on the Illinois River while tied up to the gas pier at Three Rivers Marina, we experienced the first of many early morning fog-ins. It seems that with the cool, perhaps even cold (25 to 45 F degree overnight temperatures) the relatively warm water in the rivers would cause fog to develop right at the interface of the air and the water.

One could look straight up and see blue skies. Walk 100 feet on land away from the bank of the river and the fog would dissipate. However, on the river itself the fog could be quite dense, limiting visibility to less than 100 feet. If one could wait until the sun got a little higher in the sky the fog would burn off. Anchorages and marinas are few and far between on the River System. Given a nine knot vessel, there were times we had to leave at or before sunrise in order to make the next land fall or anchorage before dark, which meant running in the fog for a couple of hours.

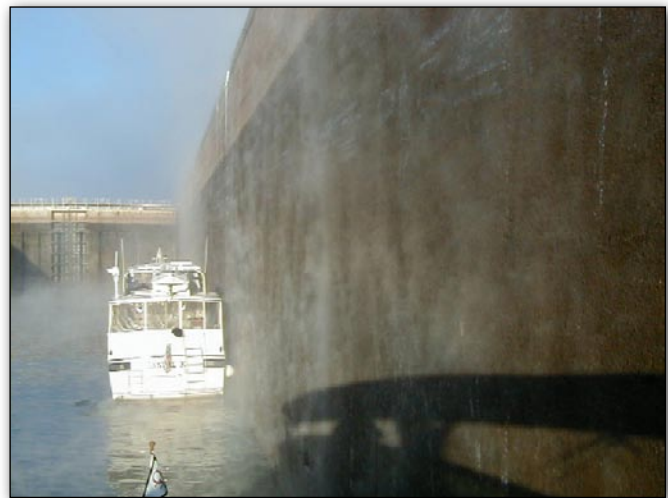
Here are a few things we did to minimize the risk of collision while motoring in river fog.

Try to delay your departure time until after 0900. Look for an alternative marina or anchorage for the upcoming night, one you can reach before it gets dark.

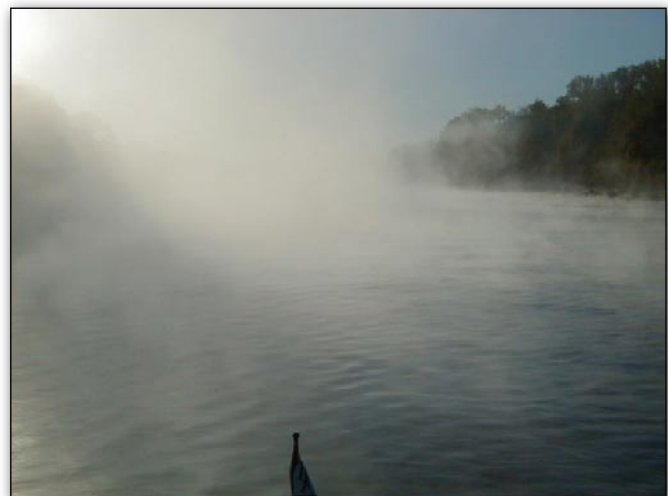
Operate the boat from the flying bridge rather than the pilothouse. That means you'll get wet, but the 360 degree sensory contact (sight, sound, and smell) you will have with the river banks and with your wake will be a big help in orienting you to move in the right direction. While the helmsman was on the bridge, another crew member manned the radar down in the pilothouse, especially watching for oncoming traffic around the

of a trip that would take us down the Illinois River, down the Mississippi River, up the Ohio River, the Cumberland River, into Kentucky Lake (Tennessee River), the Tenn-Tombigbee Canal, the Black Warrior River, and finally out the Mobile River into Mobile Bay and the Gulf of Mexico.

On route to Burnham Park Marina we passed the Chicago Light at 1600 hours that first day. There was fog on Lake Michigan around Navy Pier but we could still make out the twin spires at the end of the pier beyond the Chicago Light from a distance of a half mile. The foggy landing at Burnham should have warned us of what was to come. However, our level of anxiety due to the fog was much less on Lake Michigan compared to what was to come on the rivers. We think that was due to the fact that on the big lake



Warm water, cool air, creates river fog



Morning sun burns off the fog



View from the Bridge

bends in the river. In addition, the helmsman could get a better view from the bridge of the water straight ahead, and was thus able to steer around deadheads and floating debris.

Reduce speed. There were times we crept along at idle speed in line with a half dozen other boats, barely able to see the wake from the vessel 100 feet in front of us. We did get some reassurance about our direction when we could see the wake of the boat in front of us during our flotillas, but it also made us nervous about colliding into the stern of the boat we could not see just ahead of us. At idle speeds you will have more time to stop or make adjustments if another boat (or worse a barge and tow) is headed for a collision. We kept in constant radio contact during these tense episodes and monitored VHF channel 13 for commercial traffic. Interestingly enough, the giant barges tended not to run

in the fog, which invariably developed between 0500 and 0900. Tows and barges ran all night long before the fog developed, but come 0500 the fog would start to thicken and the barges would push up into a bank and stop until the fog lifted.

Try to anchor or take a slip for the night as close to the next lock and dam as possible. That way, it is only a short cruise in the fog to the first lock of the day. Generally the channel coming into a lock is larger and is well buoyed so there should be little difficulty in negotiating the entrance. You will be securely tied to the wall in the lock while the sun is rising and beginning to burn off the fog. Also the locks tend to be empty of barges at that time of the morning because they have not been running in the fog. To be sure the lock will be empty; you can easily raise the lock master on the VHF before departing your slip or anchorage.

We can honestly say that we feel a great sense of accomplishment having negotiated about 1300 miles of the River System with all the adversity it has to offer, including river fog. If we had a choice, we would prefer not to run in the fog, and perhaps if we had left earlier in the season, the fog would not have been so bad. However, now we can say: "Been there. Done that." Another notch in the handle.



Early morning lock-up



MOORE, Glen & Jill (#314)
St. Augustine, FL

1976 • DF40 Passagemaker • LAST DANCE

Cruising the Pacific Northwest with Friends and *Friendship*

Our motivation to write this article was created by a DF 48 owner we met in Roche Harbor, San Juan Island, Washington. As they graciously gave us of a tour of their beautiful boat, we brought up the topic of DeFever Cruisers. Their reply was: "DeFever Cruisers is an East Coast organization." Knowing that our membership is international, that often two DeFever Rendezvous are held in the state of Washington each year, and that Arthur DeFever had just been honored at a Trawler Fest in nearby Anacortes a few months earlier, we took umbrage to the statement. Our response is to contribute an article on cruising in the Pacific Northwest, written by two native

Floridians who have never lived north of St. Augustine, as a challenge to those members who know the area much better than us to write articles for the DFC Magazine, creating a more viable image of DeFever Cruisers in their home waters.

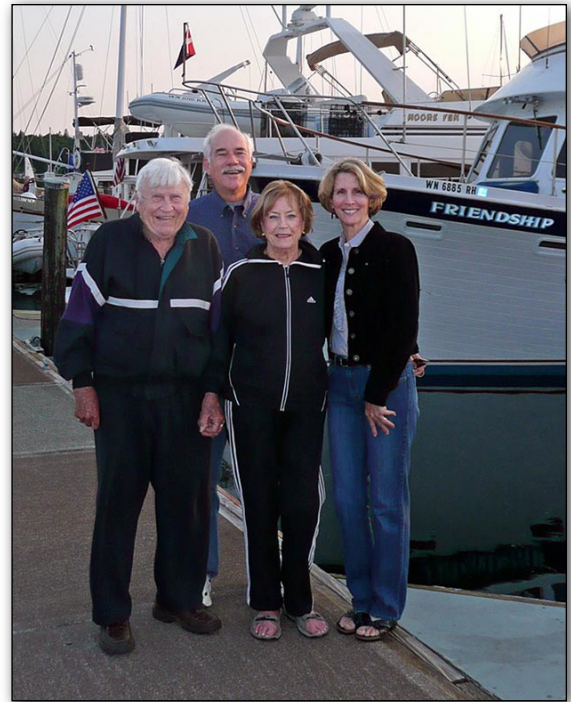
Marshall Perrow invited us to join him on a summer cruise from his homeport of Tacoma, aboard *Friendship*, his DF 43. Marshall travels the globe and cruises with his girlfriend Vera Reynolds. They are an interesting couple with many experiences and stories to share... a long history of experiences as they were both 92 years old at the time of our cruise.

Marshall began cruising Puget Sound before he reached high school, often taking dates out on a small sailboat he built. During World War II he cruised the area in a submarine chaser. He has raced sailboats and taken family on extended cruises into British Columbia. His travels continued throughout the area in his career as an architect, designing commercial and residential buildings along the coast from Mexico to Alaska. His most famous design is the Rainbow Bridge in La Conner, Washington, which has become the symbol of the city. From the Chamber of Commerce logo to the artwork in the galleries, the image of his bridge seems to always be in view as you walk this quaint little town. It is the only bridge in western Washington to be painted red. After seeing the bridge in red primer, Marshall lobbied the State Legislature to exempt his bridge from the requirement to be painted green because the red color made it appear like a rainbow. The bridge, built in 1957, is still painted red.

Vera Reynolds resides in Smith Valley, California, but the distance between their homes does not seem to hinder the amount of time they spend together. Vera and Marshall are both water color artists – award-winning artists. Vera won Best of Show in a San Francisco art show and Marshall’s art was selected for a showing in New York City in early 2008. They met during a water color workshop in Portugal. A future workshop was scheduled at Friday Harbor in the San Juan Islands. Marshall invited Vera to join him for the workshop aboard *Friendship* and she, with no experience on boats and a bit weary of this just-met guy, somewhat reluctantly accepted the invitation. She now enjoys cruising on *Friendship* and on big ships with Marshall, often.

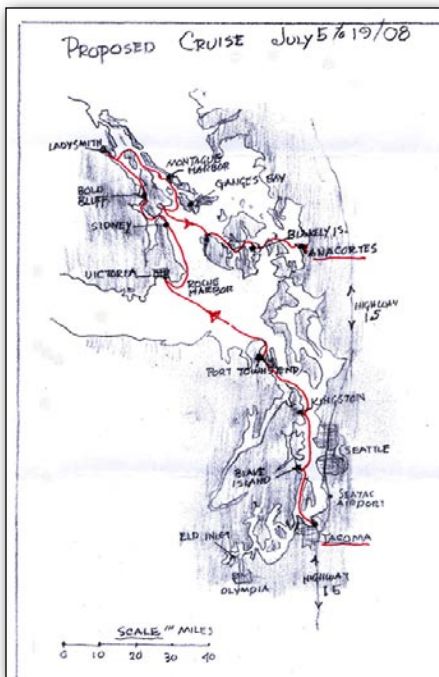
Marshall’s invitation included a hand-drawn chart (to scale) and a hand-drawn spreadsheet with departure/arrival/cruising times, tides, currents, and most importantly the best restaurants at each port. His navigation skills are best described as “seat of the pants,” just knowing the right place to go from years of experience and watching the waters. He always has bits of navigation wisdom to share such as: “Don’t go near kelp. Kelp only grows in 12 feet of water or less.”

Leaving Tacoma we passed a large, quite battered boat with unique styling, MV Kalakala. We



Four Cruisers





learned from Marshall that this famous old ferry was having a difficult time finding a benefactor to save and restore her. She is still depicted on postcards and book covers we found in visits to many stores. The Art Deco cabin was built during the Great Depression on top of an older ferry hull that had burned. The 276' Kalakala (pronounced kuh-LOCK-uh-la - Chinook Jargon for "flying bird") was a featured exhibit at the 1962 Seattle



Kalakala then and now

World's Fair, but her career ended in 1967. Seeing Kalakala was just the first of many historical experiences. (<http://www.kalakalamaniamania.com/>)

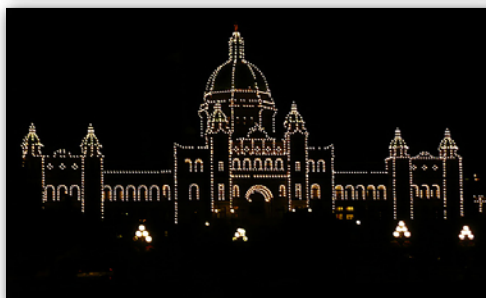


Victoria Light

A couple of stops along Washington State's Olympic Peninsula provided more opportunities to view the area's history. At Kingston, the very nice city marina had transient rates at \$0.65/foot. (We Floridians are still in a bit of shock over that experience.)



The small, but interesting town provided a nice stopping point and an interesting walking tour. Port Townsend, famous for hosting a wooden boat festival, is home to the Wooden Boat Foundation. The town is full of architecturally interesting buildings constructed during a boom in the 1880's. Port Townsend provides a last stop in Washington State before crossing the Straits of Juan de Fuca into Canadian waters and on to Victoria, Vancouver Island, British Columbia.



Parliament Day and Night

Victoria is an amazingly beautiful and interesting city. The entrance to the harbor is shared with two airlines that use the same narrow waterway for seaplane landings and takeoffs. The small, protected harbor is busy with pleasure boats, large ferries, a high-speed jet-powered passenger ferry, and water taxis in addition to the two busy airlines. The city dock is directly across from the Empress Hotel in one direction and the Parliament Building in the other. Both have jaw-dropping beautiful



Empress Hotel



architecture. Of course, such a prime location makes the dockage come at a premium price – \$1.30/foot. The city is beautiful, historic, charming, fun, entertaining, and educational. Flowers are everywhere. The rose gardens at the Empress are immense and stunningly beautiful, setting off the historic hotel. The architecture and intricate detailing in the Parliament Building is worthy of hours of study. Victoria is compact, providing easy walking tours from the marina.

Wallace Island was one of our favorite anchorages. This small island has three protected harbors. We chose Princess Cove, a long and narrow harbor providing our first experience at stern-tie anchoring. After the trip, Vera sent us the book Once Upon an Island, a story of a couple

who purchased Wallace Island after World War II, embarking on a dream of building a resort on the island. With no skills, they learned to live off the land and, with numerous difficulties, gained seamanship and construction skills. Enduring many challenges and trials, they did succeed in creating a summer resort with multiple cabins that thrived for many years. Their original home, built of drift lumber, still stands. Today, Wallace Island is a British Columbia park, welcoming all arriving by boat.

Parks seem to abound along the waters. This was something we never thought of researching before the trip, but should have. If we found so many just stumbling upon them, there must be a large number accessible from the water. At Cattle Point on southern San Juan Island, we walked through a Washington State Park and a National Park that adjoined. They were the site of the American camp during the 1859 Pig War between the United States and Britain which



decided the dividing line between the U.S. and Canada. The pig was the only casualty, but we will let the history buffs do their own research on this one. The beach at Cattle Point was polished river rock rather than sand, with the rocks curiously grouped by size. Not far from Cattle Point, Deception Pass provided a beautiful, albeit tricky, entry into another state park with waters rushing through this narrow pass. Deception Pass Park provided many miles of walking trails with majestic trees and varied flora.



Pass Bridge

The islands in northern Washington and southern British Columbia have a mixed history of English and Spanish exploration. The names of the islands themselves have either an English or Spanish basis. An often referred to tree, interestingly, has both the English and Spanish names used – Arbutus/Madrona. This red-barked tree grows throughout the Islands and its name is attached to many businesses. The wood is used by many woodcarvers, crafted into sculptures and utensils. Its beauty is frequently on display as you cruise these waters, as it tends to grow along the edge of the islands, even in the steepest of rock walls.

Marshall and Vera do enjoy sharing a meal at unique restaurants. Finding restaurants with interesting menu items featuring local foods and recipes adds to the adventure of a cruise. We enjoyed a number of restaurants that we can recommend: Kingston: Main Street Ale House; Port Townsend: Belmont Hotel; Victoria: Bard & Banker Public House; Sidney: Sidney Bakery, Rum Runner Pub; Roche





Arbutus/Madrona, the red-barked tree



Harbor: Madrona Grill; Anacortes: Village Pizza; La Conner: Kerstin's; and Thetis Island: Honor Grocery. OK, Honor Grocery is not a restaurant, but it does have great fresh foods. It is a building about 18 feet square with fresh baked bread, fresh vegetables, a freezer and refrigerator, and homemade pies. You pick the items you want, list them in a spiral notebook, add up the prices, then place the money in a small box. You need to get there early if you want to get one of the Bumbleberry pies. As we walked out of the Honor Grocery carrying the last fresh Bumbleberry pie, others walking to the store almost came to tears when they learned there were none left.

Food and drink are often subjects expounded on by Marshall. He has many stories and recipes to share. We will leave you, sharing just one simple recipe for fresh grapefruit: Add just a dollop of Tanqueray.

Before the trip I told Jill that one of the things on my bucket list was to ship LAST DANCE to Victoria so that we could cruise the Pacific Northwest. She questioned the wisdom of such a dream due to the difficulties and large expense. After the trip, Jill asked: "When are we shipping LAST DANCE to Victoria?"



ROSS, JR., Michael & Jane Ross (#641)
Manteo, NC

1999 • DeFever 44 • BLESSINGS

Final Travel Journal of BLESSINGS

April 11-12: We departed Islamorada, FL and cruised north in Hawk Channel. Lots of boat traffic since it was the Saturday before Easter. As we started to see the Miami skyline some dark clouds were forming so we decided to come into Crandon Park Marina at Key Biscayne, FL. We just got docked when the rain started to pour and we had a few lightning strikes in the area. The rain only lasted about 30 minutes but it was a great boat wash. We decided to spend Easter Sunday here instead of traveling and we had a wonderful day walking and biking. Took Godiva to the ocean this morning for a romp and then biked to No Name Harbor and ate lunch at the Boater's Grill. Tomorrow we will head north again after some planning this evening for our next stop. Hope everyone has had a very Happy Easter.

May 2-28 - Final Journal Entry: After anchoring one night in Kilkenny Creek, GA we traveled on to Isle of Hope, near Savannah, GA on May 2. We felt right at home since Bob and Barbara Dein (#2) on our sister ship GONDOLA were already there. Daughter Natasha joined us on May 6 after her last final at Western Carolina University where



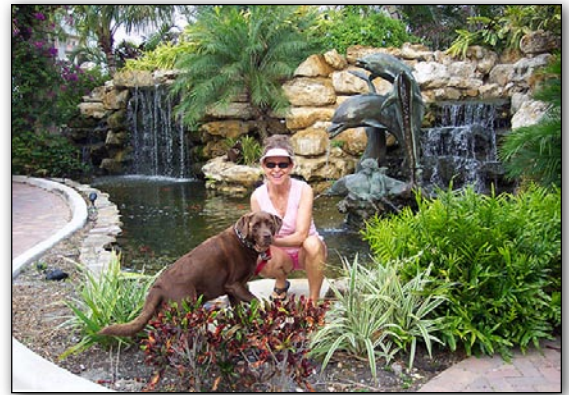
Miami Skyline



she made straight A's!! We are so proud of her. Before we departed Isle of Hope our good friends aboard Summer Wind came in for one night on their way north. Also, from our homeport in Manteo, NC Dave and Penny Stormont (#683) aboard STORMY tied up for one night. Michael, Natasha and I all enjoyed Isle of Hope, Savannah, Beaufort, Charleston, Georgetown and cruising the beautiful Waccamaw River to Myrtle Beach, but all good things must end and Natasha returned to Western Carolina on May 24 after a delightful afternoon BBQ at the home of friends. On May 25 Mike and I departed Myrtle Beach and traveled to Southport where we visited and ate with Kathy and Roger Tatum who sold their DeFever 44 last year. After being gone from home for over seven months we were anxious to get back, and we arrived in Manteo on May 28 where we tied up at Marsh's Light. Now



we must offload all our personal belongings from BLESSINGS and move back into our home in Kitty Hawk. Once we have moved off, BLESSINGS will be taken to Great Bridge, VA and listed for sale. The name of our boat says it all... we have had the adventure of a lifetime and are really BLESSED. The beauty of nature on the waterways has been incredible but the absolute best part of this journey has been all the wonderful new friends we have met and the old friends we have visited. Our next adventure will be on a land yacht... otherwise known as an RV.



Please make a note of our new mailing address and home phone number:

3833 Elijah Baum Drive, Kitty Hawk, NC 27949-4256
New Home Phone: 252-261-3624, Cell Phone: 252-207-4611



Don't Forget!

West Marine New Member Discount

Just a reminder that West Marine as well as some other marine stores offer a discount program for new boat owners. You don't necessarily have to purchase a brand new boat – just a boat that is “new to you”. Proof of purchase is usually required to take advantage of the program, but do inquire at West (they offer a discount for 30 days) and at other marine retailers in your area. Thanks to Barbara and Bob Dein (#2) for this tip!



**PEDERSEN, Ole & Jan (#792) 1986 • DeFever 49 Pilothouse •
EMMA JO Green Cove Springs, FL**

Meet DFC Members Jan and Ole Pedersen

”Would you like to come to my cabin and listen to some Norwegian accordion music?” he asked me with a twinkle in his eye.

Perhaps it was the novelty of the approach, or maybe it was the fact that Chief Engineer Ole was the first Norwegian crewmember aboard the *North Star* to express any warmth to me as the new Cruise Director on my first foreign-flagged ship in Alaska. That was in September 1985. Intrigued, I accepted – and twenty four years later I’m still delighted I did.

During our official courtship on stolen weekends from the shipyard in Vancouver where *North Star* was towed after a serious grounding, Ole’s idea of a hot date was visiting marinas and boat shows, sharing a beer and conversation with folks working on all manner of boats. While trooping on and off trawlers on Seattle’s Lake Union during a boat show, he asked me if I would ever consider living on a boat. An intriguing question – one that would remain unanswered for nearly twenty years.

We were married in June of 1988, on a boat in Lake Washington. We honeymooned in the U.S. and Canadian San Juan Islands aboard a chartered Grand Banks 32, where Ole celebrated each navigational accomplishment with a hearty “Hah! I said it would take 73 minutes, and by golly it did!” I never realized at the time that in his work as a chief engineer, he was always in “the basement” for port arrivals and departures!

In 1993, Ole re-joined Royal Caribbean Cruise Lines after trying really hard to live ashore, in a house, with a yard, for the first few years of our marriage. The little cruise line I had worked for, first as Cruise Director in Alaska and Tahiti for two seasons, then in the office as Manager of Shore Programs, went out of business. I went to work in the public seminar/training industry, travelling the world as a public speaker and trainer in communication skills, conflict resolution, and human resource management.

Royal Caribbean offered us a unique opportunity in 1996, sending Ole (and me, and our two cats) to a shipyard in St. Nazaire, France for nearly a year to assist with the construction of its *Rhapsody of the Seas*. Since my company had an office in the U.K., I could continue working with a much shorter commute, just hopping across the Channel for a week or two at a time. During our stay we took advantage of our location on the Breton coast to tour marinas, fishing villages, and maritime museums, with a steady whine of “when are we going to buy a boat?” accompanying the miles.

When we returned to Seattle in 1996 we got our first boat, an abandoned 1968 Fairliner 26 cabin cruiser, a disappointing step down from the Grand Banks we had chartered for our honeymoon and the Puget Trawler 36 we had time-shared for a year. Ole picked it up at a sheriff’s auction for \$750 and we aptly named her *Pandora*, for the never-ending parade of challenges she presented during the four years we owned her.

Ole spent almost all of his free time gutting and restoring the old flat-bottomed, single gas engine plywood girl, first to the derision, and eventually the respect of the old salts at the marina, who had seen the comings and goings of many a “blue tarp” project. First they watched Ole show up at 7:30 each morning and work until 5:30 each night, and then, over time, they began to contribute tools, advice, parts, and even a cast-off chart plotter for which we’ll always be grateful. And during those four years, I gained an appreciation for Ole’s eye, work ethic, and skill, as well as our ability to work as a team in turning her around so we could proudly cruise with the “big girl



Jan and Ole

boats” at the Brownsville Yacht Club. Sometimes at anchor, he’d break out the accordion to shatter the silence of a cool Puget Sound evening and delight the neighbors.

During that time we made the acquaintance of our first DeFever – a 49RPH EL CAPITAN (Hull #3) owned by Dale and Linda Bixler (#556), who lived aboard at our marina. Returning to our humble little practice boat after martinis on EL CAPITAN’s back deck during one yacht club outing, we developed a severe case of the wants, which we finally cured in November 2004.

We purchased EMMA JO (nee *Not the Office*) while Ole was on a three-year assignment at Royal Caribbean’s head office in Miami. We moved aboard full time in June 2005, with a plan to cruise from Florida back home to Seattle. Preparation included the usual list-making, cleaning, replacing, repairing, painting, purchasing, swearing, and sweat equity we refer to as “Break Out Another Thousand.” When Ole returned to the big ships, I continued working as a human resource training consultant, spending evenings taking all the course work I could at the Pompano Beach Power Squadron, earning an “Advanced Pilot” designation.

We left Florida in February 2007, casting our Florida license plates over the side, getting as far south as our current location in Bocas del Toro, Panama. We’re looking forward to transiting the Canal later this year and working out a “boat sharing” arrangement with the Bixlers to help get her north toward home.

While I’m unofficially “retired,” Ole’s still working, currently as Chief Engineer on the *Independence of the Seas*, the largest passenger ship afloat.

And, intriguingly, he still entertains me with accordion serenades at sunset – but now it’s a whole lot warmer – and it’s OUR boat!

Our website and cruise log can be found at <http://www.emmajo.net>



DeFever TECH

YOST, Ralph & Celeste (#1138)
SAY GOODBYE Linwood, NJ

1982 • Defever 41 •

Trawler Dog Lift

(Images by Betsy Barron Photography © www.thebetsy.com
– with permission)

My wife and I began trawler shopping in January 2007 and soon recognized cruising with Striper, our 45-pound Portuguese Water Dog, might present a problem getting her on and off the boat and into the dinghy while anchored. We looked at basic boat designs including pilothouse trawlers and trunk cabin trawlers. The pilothouse trawlers allowed the dog to simply walk from the deck level through the stern door onto the swim platform and into the dinghy. However, the pilothouse boats also had a flying bridge that required climbing a ladder, something the dog could not do on her own. She is too large and heavy for us to carry up and down the ladder. The trunk cabin trawlers however, offered a flying bridge that allowed relatively easy access for the dog. She could use the steps



from the deck onto the trunk cabin top and easily make her way up the two or three steps to the flying bridge area. We felt it important to have a boat layout that allowed the dog to be with us and to move about the boat on her own. The trade-off is that the trunk cabin trawler has a deck level that is about three and a half feet above the water. This meant that our challenge was to figure out the best way to get her to and from the dinghy from deck level. (photo 1)

We read many articles and books and had personal and online dialog with other cruisers traveling with pets. We gleaned a lot of great information, but really nothing that would quite work for us. Next we consulted various



Photo 2



Photo 3



Photo 4



Photo 5



Photo 6



Photo 7

ramp, stair, and float manufacturers and concluded the safest, most easily stowable, and efficient means would be a ramp. Piece of cake, I thought since I had already built one a few summers earlier for my Parker fishing boat. A few limited modifications and we'd be good to go.

That June we took delivery of SAY GOOD-BYE, our 1982 41' DeFever. It became obvious there were no modifications that could be made to our existing ramp that even came close to fulfilling our needs. The freeboard was too high, the swim platform too narrow and slotted, and a set of St. Croix davits protruded from the transom just above two staggered steps leading to the opening to the aft deck. Placed sideways across the stern with

the lower end of the ramp on the swim platform, it slanted upward to rest on top of the uppermost staggered step. It was heavy, very steep, and very unstable. I intended to provide stability by building a hinged brace that the ramp would connect onto. We set it up as a prototype experiment to see if the concept would work and if it warranted the fabrication of the hinged brace. In doing so, we discovered that the davits protruded over the ramp near the top and the dog had to crouch abnormally and then hop on board. It was totally unsafe for her and for us assisting her. We discussed ordering a lighter weight customized ramp, but the other issues remained the same. Scratch that idea... on to "Plan B".

We were stymied until a logical idea struck me to simply transport Striper in much the same manner that livestock are offloaded from ships. Using a customized reinforced doggie life jacket and a block and tackle system on the boom, we hoist Striper up and over the stern rail, drop her down to the swim platform, and into the dinghy. Here's how we do it.

The life vest we purchased is a Fido Float Life Vest from www.arcatapet.com for just under \$20 (photo 2). It's a padded floatable doggie life vest with mesh underbelly support that zips up the back. The dog steps into two front leg holes in the mesh underbelly (photo 3) and the vest is zipped snugly (photo 4). The original design of the vest had one woven adjustable strap handle sewn onto the front of the vest near the collar and a second strap handle located near the hind leg area. The front strap goes around the dog's chest, forming a "handle" on her back near her head, but lifts her from underneath. We had The Ship's Tailor (a local canvas and sailmaker) add a woven adjustable strap just in front of the dog's hind legs going around her belly area, thus reinforcing the second "handle" on her back near her tail. This modification affords total support from underneath and distributes her weight evenly between the two handles. The woven straps are adjustable to fit comfortably - not too tight or too loose.

We feed a heavy line with spliced eyes (photo 5) at either end through both handles of the vest and attach both line eyes to a shackle. Using a block and tackle attached to the boom, we attach the snap shackle to the two eye splices of the lifting line (photo 6). Then I go down to the swim platform where I control



Photo 8



Photo 9

the 4:1 block and tackle that hangs from our lifting boom. I carefully hoist the dog from the aft deck up and over the stern rail (photo 7), then lower her to the swim platform. My wife assists from the deck level by ensuring that the dog is guided up and over the stern rail (photo 8) so I don't snag her legs on it! A lightweight Rubbermaid container lid approximately

2'x3' is all that's needed to cover the slots in the swim platform, allowing her a solid place to "touch down" (photos 9-11). The line is unshackled and removed from the life vest and attached to one of the davits temporarily while we are ashore. Striper gets a dog treat, then hops into the dinghy and we're off (photo 12). The container lid can remain on the swim platform or be stowed on the aft

deck for the return, which is done in the same manner. This method is safe, efficient and easily stowable... and best of all, she likes it!

One caution for dog owners: don't just lift your dog with the boom and expect the dog to cooperate. Training is essential so the dog knows what to expect. We started by putting her in the vest, then manually lifting her a few inches off the deck, allowing her to hang while holding her. We rewarded her with a treat, petted her, and verbally reinforced the good behavior. We repeated this several times so that she associated getting into the vest and being lifted with a fun and rewarding activity. Next using the block and tackle, we lifted her higher to the level needed to get her over the stern rail. Again we reinforced the maneuver with a reward and repeated it several times. Finally, we went for broke and lifted her up, over, and down, disconnected the apparatus and she hopped into the dinghy.

Your dog will soon learn that the process enables her to go with you in the dinghy where more fun activity takes place... exploring the land areas, beaches, the essential personal relief... and of course, all those dog treats!



Photo 10

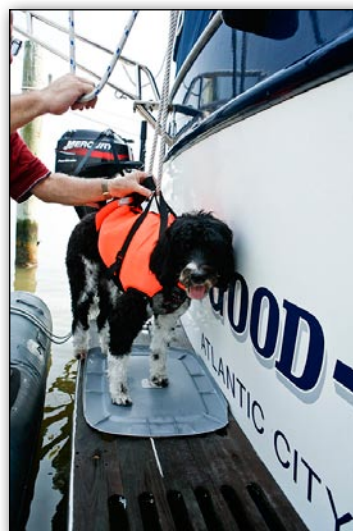


Photo 11



Photo 12



Compass points:

Point#	Compass point	Abbr.	Traditional wind point	True heading
1	North	N	Tramontana	0.00°
2	North by east	NbE		11.25°
3	North-northeast	NNE		22.50°
4	Northeast by north	NEbN		33.75°
5	Northeast	NE	Greco Bora	45.00°
6	Northeast by east	NEbE		56.25°
7	East-northeast	ENE		67.50°
8	East by north	EbN		78.75°
9	East	E	Levante	90.00°
10	East by south	EbS		101.25°
11	East-southeast	ESE		112.50°
12	Southeast by east	SEbE		123.75°
13	Southeast	SE	Sirocco	135.00°
14	Southeast by south	SEbS		146.25°
15	South-southeast	SSE		157.50°
16	South by east	SbE		168.75°
17	South	S	Ostro	180.00°
18	South by west	SbW		191.25°
19	South-southwest	SSW		202.50°
20	Southwest by south	SWbS		213.75°
21	Southwest	SW	Libeccio	225.00°
22	Southwest by west	SWbW		236.25°
23	West-southwest	WSW		247.50°
24	West by south	WbS		258.75°
25	West	W	Ponente	270.00°
26	West by north	WbN		281.25°
27	West-northwest	WNW		292.50°
28	Northwest by west	NWbW		303.75°
29	Northwest	NW	Maestro	315.00°
30	Northwest by north	NWbN		326.25°
31	North-northwest	NNW		337.50°
32	North by west	NbW		348.75°



DeFever Cruisers Embroidered Items

A variety of clothing and other items are available with the DeFever Cruisers Burgee logo from www.mediasource.net. To go to the custom embroidery shop click on the bottom right icon: “Stylesource.” Then enter the password, “defever” in all lower case. There are no minimums. For promotional items, click on the bottom left icon and search for a product that you like (there are minimum quantities for promo items).

Join us for this spectacular cruising opportunity as fellow DeFever Cruisers enjoy the company of one another for two full weeks of fun, relaxation, and all sorts of DeFever “Stuff!”



DeFever Cruisers 2010 Panama Canal Cruise

March 5 to March 19, 2010 Ft. Lauderdale to San Diego

- Visit Aruba; cruise the Golfo Dulce; call at Puerto Caldera, Costa Rica; Santa Cruz Huatulco, Acapulco, and Cabo San Lucas, Mexico.
- Full Daylight Transit of the Panama Canal with commentary.
- DF Cruisers can dine together and will meet for private seminars and social gatherings.



Holland America's ms Maasdam

At 720-feet, the *ms Maasdam* is designed to carry fewer guests while providing more space for maximum comfort. Many staterooms feature commanding ocean views, and each suite has a private verandah. Length 720 feet, Passenger Capacity 1,258, Crew 557. Get more details at www.HollandAmerica.com

Discounted Prices from: \$1,524 per person for inside cabin (Cat K)
\$1,724 per person for Ocean View (Cat EE)
\$3,224 per person for Verandah (Cat B)
*Add approximately \$282 per person for port charges, gov. taxes, and fees.
*Fuel surcharge may be imposed if oil prices rise above \$70 per barrel.

Group Credits – The larger our group, the more “points” we earn to pay for special DeFever Cruisers Events and individual ship-board credits.

Shore Excursions are optional at extra cost. Book ahead or on board.

Air Travel and Gratuities are not included.

Cruise Hosts – DeFever Cruisers, Hank and Nancy Haeseker 561-630-6034 or cell 561-602-9070

Make Your Reservation with our group agent – The Travel Agency. Call Angela Pierson or Ange Wallace, 1-800-872-7122 or e-mail angela@thetvlagency.com for questions or details.

We strongly recommend selecting your cabin now while you have the best choices. A \$300 per person deposit will hold your preferred cabin. Fully refundable ‘til final payment is due in December 2009.