

DeFever Cruisers Magazine

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DAY, Jim & Susan (#261) 1960 • DF 47, Wood • PAU HANA II Green Cove Springs, FL Circumnavigating Vancouver Island aboard PAU HANA II

We have just completed our eighth summer of cruising in the waters of the Pacific Northwest. In 2005 and 2008 we traveled north to SE Alaska and last summer we traveled west across Hecate Strait to the remote but beautiful Queen Charlotte Islands. This summer we circumnavigated Vancouver Island and following is a brief synopsis of our trip.

Vancouver Island, the largest island at 12,000 square miles on the western edge of North America, extends 300 miles from top to toe. Its western shoreline is referred to as the West Coast with its rugged rock-studded shoreline, crashing ocean swells, miles of sandy beaches, wildlife, coves, and bays. The coastline consists of five sounds and we would be traveling counter-clockwise, or down-island. We have an easier time running with the seas than into them.

We left PAU HANA's winter home in Port Townsend, Washington June 25, 2010 and worked our way north checking into Canada at Bedwell Harbour, on South Pender Island in the Gulf Islands, on July 1st. For the next six weeks we slowly made our way north up the east side of Vancouver Island and spent two of those weeks in our favorite cruising grounds, The Broughtons. We were constantly listening to the weather reports on the radio for the West Coast. Even in summer, storms of considerable force can hit and fog can be a problem. The month of August is usually referred to as "Fogust". This summer the



PAU HANA II in Adventure Cove

weather in July was unbelievable with gale force winds almost every day. We almost thought that this might not be the year to go. We finally started getting favorable weather reports while sitting in Port McNeill at the top of Vancouver Island.

On August 13th we left Port McNeill at 06:00 and traveled with less than 1/4 mile visibility and had to keep a sharp eye out for small fishing boats. Our radar was doing its thing and even picking out birds on the water. This is not the most scenic trip but the wind and sea is calm so we're not complaining! The fog lifted at 09:30 and big



Big Bunsby Marine Park

ocean swells were rolling in as we approached Hope Island. We entered almost landlocked Bull Harbour on the south side of the island. It was named in the mid-1800s for the numerous sea lion bulls that guarded the shoreline. We dropped anchor at 10:55



To go down the West Coast we had to first get around Cape Scott, one of the notoriously rough three capes on this coast. There is a dangerous bar, Nahwitti just outside Bull Harbour, just before Cape Scott. There are big

currents which make the bar very dangerous, with current against westerly swells and wind, and those currents extend 20 miles all the way to Cape Scott where they hang a sharp left and cause all kinds of large and confused seas. We raised anchor at 05:55 and left Bull Harbour, no fog. We crossed Nahwitti Bar two hours after high water slack, with big ocean swells but the wind was calm so it was doable - only the coffee spilled. We successfully crossed the bar at 06:30 with six foot westerly swells, and now headed SW to Cape Scott. Vancouver Island was to port and the open Pacific Ocean to starboard.

We couldn't have asked for better conditions as we rounded Cape Scott, the westernmost point of Vancouver Island. Cape Scott weather station reported clear, visibility 15 miles, winds calm, seas one foot chop with low west swell. Now that we were on outside, the radio was quiet. It's like we were all by ourselves and we only saw a few small boats fishing for salmon and halibut, but lots of otters and birds. We were wearing shorts on as it was nice and warm.

We entered Quatsino Sound, the northernmost of Vancouver Island's five sounds and the first sheltered waters south of Cape Scott. Quatsino weather station reported visibility 15 miles, wind NW at eight knots, one foot chop, low SW swell. We headed to the small community of Winter Harbour, once a commercial fishing outpost but now serving the sport fishermen, and tied up at the marina at 13:00 after traveling 57 nm. The waterfront village is connected by a wooden boardwalk and the general store sells "everything from bolts to bananas" including fresh produce, liquor and Cuban cigars.

The next morning we left Winter Harbour at 05:50 and headed south for the Brooks Peninsula, a mountainous land mass that juts more than six miles into the Pacific Ocean and has a reputation for extreme weather conditions. This

will be one of our last early starts and long runs for a while as we wanted to take advantage of the early morning conditions. We had great conditions with a low westerly swell, chop from the NE, winds NE 10, clear.

We passed Cape Cook, NW tip of Brooks Peninsula where rocky shoals extend offshore almost to Solander Island. So we passed a mile outside Solander Island which is an ugly treeless rock 300' high with a light on it. Conditions are seldom ideal offshore of Cape Cook and Solander but we had it, winds reported N at eight knots. Now we can relax and take our time gunkholing down the coast.

We entered Columbia Cove named by Capt. Robert Gray who anchored several times to trade with the people in the late 1700s. We dropped anchor at 11:05. The next day we took a short 10



The former sawmill town of Tahsis



Nootka Lighthouse

nm trip over to the low-lying Bunsby Islands, surrounded by reefs, rocks, and pocket beaches. The Bunsbys were the first site for the reintroduction of the sea otter whose population was decimated by the fur trade in the early 19th century. The last count on the West Coast found 2,700 of the “sea urchin guzzlers” whose eating habits help to sustain kelp forests. But to our great disappointment, there’s no crabbing when otters are around.

The next day was another short 10 nm run to Kyuquot Sound, the second of the five sounds. Our first stop was in Walters Cove where we were given three fresh sockeye salmon (free!) from a fisherman who had caught too many, and we bought some fresh halibut fillets for \$5 a lb.! From there we went to Dixie Cove and then Queen Cove where we traded some wine for geoducks (clams on

steroids!). Our last stop was Zeballos where gold was found in the 1930s and its population quickly grew to more than 5,000 people, but all mining activities were brought to a halt by the war in 1939. It’s now a small sport fishing center.

Nootka Sound is the third sound on the West Coast. In 1778 Capt. Cook, in search of the NW passage, was the first European to set foot in Nootka Sound when he anchored his ships *Resolution* and *Endeavour* here. Cook and his men spent a month repairing damage to their ships caused by a severe Pacific storm. One of *Resolution*’s masts had to be replaced and there was excellent timber on the island.

Our first stop was to the former sawmill town of Tahsis and we tied up at Westview Marina. We’re back in civilization with power and water on the docks, laundry nearby, Internet in the café, and a courtesy van to drive into the small town to provision where fresh produce is delivered every Friday. This is primarily a sport fishing center but the welcome mat is out for cruising boats. The largest Chinook salmon caught in this area in August was 47 lbs. The marina is done on the theme of Jimmy Buffet’s Margaritaville. Other stops in this sound were Bodega Cove and Friendly Cove.

We then headed for the fourth sound and second largest in population on the West Coast, Clayoquot, and it’s divided into West and East Clayoquot - lots of humpback whales. It’s a series of islets and passages that circle islands and indent Vancouver Island for approximately 20 miles along the coast. The only town is Tofino, population 1,906. Our first stop was Hot Springs Cove which is now a major attraction with a large number of visitors transported in by small boat and seaplanes from Tofino, an hour away by high-speed boat. It’s frustrating to us cruisers that have come down the West Coast the hard way that they have turned this into a tourist attraction and we can’t enjoy the hot springs until after they leave. Our stops were Bottleneck Cove (caught crab!), Bacchante Bay, Ahousat, Quait Bay, Gunner Inlet (caught crab and saw a bear), Adventure Cove, and Tofino. Up until this point, we’d only seen three other cruising boats: two sailboats and a Hatteras.

We passed below the 49th parallel as we headed to the southernmost sound on the West Coast, Barkley Sound. It’s the most expansive and its entrance spans 16 nm, approximately 12 miles deep, dotted with rocks and islands. It is named after English Captain Charles William Barkley, who in 1787 sailed into the sound to trade with the Indians for furs. Ucluelet is one of the three major communities of the sound, population 1,800. From there we went to Effingham Bay (caught crab and saw black bears), Useless Inlet, Eagle Nook Resort, Nettle Island, Joes Bay, and Bamfield.

We left Bamfield and the West Coast, rounded Cape Beale, and headed east in Juan de Fuca Strait stopping in Sooke. This was our longest run (75 nm in nine and a half hours) and calmest of the whole trip. Our next stop was the beautiful city of Victoria, British Columbia’s capital and oldest city, where we moored in front of the Empress Hotel. We ended our circumnavigation of Vancouver Island in Bedwell Harbour (caught crab!) on September 25, 2010 after traveling 1,050 nm. Thus ends another great summer cruising the Pacific NW and August was not “Fogust”!



A Great Summer on the Tennessee River

OMEGA left her home port on Summerland Key, FL on May 18. After spending a month at Cape Coral Yacht Basin in Cape Coral visiting our great friends, Bob and Barbara Fordyce (former owners of DF44 GOOD GRIEF), we continued north on June 16.

While anchored behind Useppa Island, Bob and Barbara Dein (#2, DF44 GONDOLA) dinghied over to say hello. They had been to the Keys and were returning to their home in Venice.

We crossed the Gulf on June 19 from Anclote Key off Tarpon Springs to Appalachicola. With a midnight departure, we arrived about 6 p.m. after an exceptionally smooth crossing with only six hours of darkness and a gorgeous sunrise! We celebrated with oysters at Boss Oyster House.

With some concern about the Gulf oil spill crisis, we accelerated our pace across the Panhandle on the Gulf



Omega



Bob & Barbara Fordyce



Sunrise on the Gulf

Intracoastal Waterway (GIWW). While we observed extensive evidence of preparation to protect the bayous and inlets west of Panama City with booms, we didn't see or encounter any oil whatsoever. Most of the anchorages west of Pensacola were blocked with booms. We docked at Lulu's at GIWW Mile 155

(Gulf Shores, AL) for lunch on June 23. Lulu is Jimmy Buffett's sister, and she serves a great Cheeseburger in Paradise. Lulu's is colorfully decorated, and the staff provides excellent service and are super friendly.

As we traversed northwest on Mobile Bay headed for Dog River, we saw numerous small boats just sitting in the bay or moving slowly around. The boaters did not appear to be fishing. Upon our arrival at Dog River Marina, the dockmaster told us the boaters were being paid by BP to watch for oil in the Bay. He had refueled 81 boats that day, all at BP's expense. The boaters were paid handsomely each day on watch. Every morning it looked like the Spanish Armada leaving Dog River as the boats headed out to the Bay to their assigned lookout spots. A high-level official said it was "bank robbery without a gun!"

We cruised quickly up the Tenn-Tom Waterway (450 miles in seven days) and arrived at Grand Harbor Marina on July 3rd in time to enjoy their great Fireworks Spectacular. Just beyond Grand Harbor, the Tenn-Tom ends at its junction with the Tennessee River (Mile 215). From there we cruised 162 miles up the Tennessee River to Goose Pond Colony Marina in Scottsboro, AL, where we spent the next two months. We stayed at Goose Pond last summer, and it feels like our second home - a really nice place with lots of friendly folks, and the monthly rates can't be beat! Be



Lulu's



Boats Leaving Dog River



Captain Bill & First Mate Charlotte overlooking Guntersville Lake

sure to visit Goose Pond if you have an opportunity to cruise the Tennessee River. Their transient rate for 40+ foot boats is \$30 a night.

During our stay at Goose Pond, we took several short cruises by tender. One of them was a 30-mile round trip cruise to Lake Guntersville State Park Lodge for lunch. The park has free docks for those coming just for the day; the charge for overnight dockage is \$.75 ft. The lodge is high up on top of the mountain overlooking Guntersville Lake, and the view from there is breathtaking. With just a phone call to the lodge, a courtesy van comes to pick you up at the dock and takes you up to the lodge to eat.



Ft. Loudon Lock

On September 24, we left Goose Pond Colony Marina and headed northeast on the Tennessee River toward Chattanooga. Since our cruise through the Grand Canyon of the Tennessee and our visit to Chattanooga was spotlighted in our 2009 article, we won't repeat it. However, it is a "must-see" if you're cruising the Tennessee River. We cruised as far as Mile 555 on Watts Bar Lake last year; this year we continued on up to the Little Tennessee River and Tellico Lake. At Mile 602.3 we entered Ft. Loudon Lock, which lifted us 72 ft. to an elevation of 813 ft. We have locked through 19 locks since leaving Mile 0 at sea level in Mobile, AL on June 26th. For only \$30 a night, we have enjoyed two nights at Ft. Loudon Marina, which is a very nice full-service facility with everything transient boaters need. Lenoir City, TN is

near the marina, and a courtesy car is available. We recommend it to any DFC members cruising this way.

During the next few days, we will be exploring the Little Tennessee River and the Tellico River (Tellico Lake) which we are told has many great scenic anchorages. This valley was the primary home of the Cherokee Indians from about 1730 to 1836, was a major Indian trading route and thus the ideal location for frontier forts. Among the archeological sites in the



Tellico Lake

valley listed in the National Register of Historic Places are Chota, Ft. Loudoun, the Tellico Blockhouse, and several Indian villages. One of the Cherokee villages (Tanasi) is thought to be the origin of "Tennessee." We understand you can cruise upstream for about 20 miles. From there you can explore another 10-15 miles by tender.

After three months of extremely hot weather, we are delighted to have beautiful cool sunny days with highs in the mid-70's and lows in the low 50's. By October 4th, OMEGA will do an "about-face" and start the trek downstream back to the Florida Keys. We hope to arrive back at our homeport by the last week of November. It has been a memorable cruise to date! Beautiful scenery, fresh water, very little wake, reasonable marina rates, great anchorages, and friendly folks! Hopefully some of you will have the opportunity to cruise the Tennessee in the future.



NEKOLA, Joseph & Julia Requena (#654) 2002 • DF53PH • SEA PEARL New York, NY

New England Cruise

Last winter, 2009-2010, I had a great time following in the wake of *September Song*. I had been cruising solo for three years and having traveling companions made it much more fun and relaxing. Bob and Stephanie Vandegejuchte (#734, *September Song*) couldn't have been more helpful or more gracious and they made the trip one of the most enjoyable I have ever had. An added bonus was Stephanie's flawless navigational skills, which



Bob and Stephanie Vandegejuchte



Sea Pearl

allowed me to chill out a bit.

We hung out together in Stuart and cruised to Fort Myers, Pine Island, and Sarasota. I headed up to Apollo Beach to have some cabinetry work done by Ron Owens (#401, *Waypoint*). *September Song* headed south in search of warmer weather. While in Apollo Beach I got to see Norm Naughton (#772, DF49 TIDE HIKER), who was also having Ron do some work on his boat. While there, I was able to visit friends from my yacht club at their winter home

in Indian Rocks, just north of Tampa. I also had a great time meeting some of the locals at Circles, the restaurant at the marina I was staying in. The cabinet came out perfectly. Ron matched the wood exactly and transformed what had been a built-in television to a beautiful cabinet that houses all the myriad battery chargers for the various electronic gadgets that we can't live without. I then aimed the pointy end south and connected with *September Song* on Pine Island. From there we went to Naples, Key West, and then settled into the Sombrero Dockside Marina in Marathon while waiting for a weather window to cross to the Bahamas. The one thing missing was my lady, Julia, who was in New York working. She managed to fly down to various locations for long weekends, including a trip to Staniel Cay, but we were both looking forward to the day when she could sign on full time.

Recently Robin and Jim Roberts (#331, DF49 ADVENTURES) wrote an outstanding article chronicling their adventures in the Exumas that I couldn't hope to duplicate, so instead I decided to write about the cruise that I took this summer upon my return from the Bahamas and Florida. We covered some of our favorite places on Long Island Sound, Block Island Sound, and Vineyard Sound, returning to destinations that we have been visiting for many years.



Julia at the Staniel Cay 'airport'



DeFeverites at the Sailor's Return restaurant in Stuart

On May 20th I left the Bahamas and stopped in Stuart for a few days to hang out with fellow DeFeverites Nelson and Susan Hallman (#824, DF44 ISOLDE III), Ron and Charma Owens, and Norm and Vicki Naughton. I then started my journey back up the coast and I arrived back at my homeport, the Huguenot Yacht Club in New Rochelle, NY on June 30th. While I was in the Bahamas, I told Julia that I wanted her to retire and to come cruising. She agreed and gave her employer two months notice on June 1st. Her last day at work was Friday, July 30th and we shoved off the very next day and began a cruise of Long Island and Block Island Sounds before embarking on this year's trip to Florida and the Bahamas. We were joined by a number of friends from our club on their boats. Our first stop was Port Jefferson on Long Island. My Caribe inflatable had taken a beating in the Exumas and I wanted to visit Port Inflatables, the local Caribe dealer, to see if it could be brought back to 'like new' condition. I was embarrassed every time I tied up next to *September Song's* immaculate dinghy "Half Note" with my roughed up T/T SEA PEARL. So when I was told that it couldn't be made to look new, I made a fast decision and left as the proud owner of a brand new 2011 Caribe. Now the new dinghy has a new name, "Mini Pearl" and is looking forward to hooking up with "Half Note".

We left Port Jefferson the next day and crossed the Sound to the Connecticut side and anchored behind Charles Island, just outside the entrance to Milford Harbor. It's a protected anchorage for all but south and southeasterly blows. The town of Milford, CT is a quaint little New England town and easily accessible by dinghy. Late in the afternoon our friends from the Huguenot Yacht Club, Bob and Penny Hulbert on board their 40' Ocean Alexander *Penny Too* and Mark and Patti Schwab (#980, DF49 CPMY PIED PIPER) on board their DeFever PIED PIPER arrived and anchored near us. We all have dogs and we loaded them in the dinks and brought them into the beach to do their thing.

The next day the Sound was a little lumpy and there was some discussion of putting in at one of the many fine harbors on the Connecticut coast, but I decided to push on and get to Watch Hill, RI. Shortly after weighing anchor and starting out PIED PIPER had some mechanical issues but they told us to keep going and that they would catch up. Within an hour they radioed that all was well and they would see us in Watch Hill. Once we were inside of Fishers Island the seas calmed down. We all anchored in Little Narragansett Bay, a short distance from the town of Watch Hill, and went to the



North Dumpling Island at the entrance to Fishers Island Sound

friendly Watch Hill Yacht Club to visit Pete the bartender and sample his great cocktails. The club was booked solid for dinner so we walked across the street to the Olympia Tea Room for a great dinner.

On Wednesday the guys dinghied into nearby Stonington to buy lobsters, but we were too late and didn't get any. On Thursday we made sure to get to the lobster pound very early and bought eight two and a half pounders. That afternoon another couple from the club, Bruce and Linda Schwartz on board their 42' Grand Banks *JERika*, joined us. We feasted on clams and lobsters on board PIED PIPER.

Watch Hill is one our favorite destinations. It has a great anchorage, sand bars at low tide for the dogs, nearby villages of Stonington, CT and Westerly, RI within a short dinghy ride, and the town of Watch Hill itself. Watch Hill has the usual array of beach shops, several restaurants, and the fabulous newly renovated and reopened Ocean House. (www.oceanhouseri.com/) We all treated ourselves to a rather extravagant lunch at Ocean House that was spectacular.



Westerly, RI

We stayed and played here until Saturday. PIED PIPER left early as they had to return to New York for business reasons and the rest of us weighed anchor and headed for Newport, RI. *JERika* and I stopped along the way in Point Judith, RI for fuel and then met up with *Penny Too* at the mooring field, off Fort Adams in Newport Harbor, where we picked up moorings. The Newport Jazz Festival was being held in Fort Adams Park a few hundred yards from our moorings. (Photo of Penny Hulbert and Calle at the jazz festival raft-up) We dinghied over to the fort and joined the hundreds of rafted boats, floats and dinghies that were anchored there listening to the great music. In the crowd of vessels we spotted friends from our yacht club, Steve Devoe and Ellen Herman. I sailed the Newport to Bermuda race with Steve on his beautiful Swan sailboat, 'Black Tie', a number of years ago and hadn't seen him in a while. He recently moved back to Jamestown, RI where he took over the full time running of his marina, The Jamestown Boat Yard. Needless to say we all had a great couple of days together capped by cool drinks on the veranda at Steve's *other* yacht club, The New York Yacht Club.



Newport Harbor

Newport is another great destination where you could spend a week and not get to see and do everything, however we wanted to get to Martha's Vineyard. So the next morning in spite of the fog we headed out into the Atlantic in pea soup conditions. We arrived in Menemsha, Martha's Vineyard five hours later after a nice trip in and out of fog. The only room for our three boats was at what was left of the town dock after a recent fire. The part of the dock that connected to land had burned and there was no water or electricity, but who cares? We were in Menemsha, the weather was great, lobsters plentiful and we had our dinghies to get around in. I had to have some blood tests done and was able to get a cab to the excellent Martha's Vineyard Hospital and was back in Menemsha in a little over an hour. Later that afternoon the six of us took the island bus to Edgartown for lunch and shopping.

Menemsha is the opposite of Newport. Both have lots of things to see and do, but the *things* are very different. Newport is crowded, has lots of bars and restaurants, great historical sites and loads of shopping. Menemsha has great places to explore with the dinghy, beautiful beaches, some on the ocean, some on the Sound and others in the pond. It is very laid back. There are two wonderful seafood markets, a small general store, a couple of restaurants and a little band

that plays on the town beach on certain evenings. People buy dinners at the seafood markets and sit on the beach listening to the music and watching the sun go down. The only thing missing are the conch horns.

Bruce Schwartz is our *purveyor extraordinaire*. When it comes to acquiring lobsters fresh from the trawlers, clams from the clammers or tuna from the sports fishermen, no one can deliver the goods like Bruce and he didn't fail us in Menemsha. He made friends with the captain of a local lobster boat and we ate like royalty.

From Menemsha we had a very nice six-hour crossing to Block Island. My yacht club maintains a great mooring there and luckily, for the first time, no one was on it. So there was room for all three of our boats to raft up together. *JERika* left the next morning to meet friends on Shelter Island. Bob and I took the dinghy in to Champlin's Hotel, Marina and Resort to get our free, Senior Citizen Clamming Permit and later in the afternoon, at low tide, we proceeded to rake in dinner for the evening.



Penny Too cast off the next morning, Saturday, and headed for home. We stayed, toured the harbor and ended up having a cocktail party onboard *AMICI*, Ted and Sally Grave's (#572) 44' DeFever and John and Marilyn Salyer (#1259) the new owners of *A CAPTAIN AND A KID*, a 49' DeFever CPMY, to be renamed *CAROLINA*.

We left Block Island the next morning and decided to stay at Milford Landing Marina, in Milford, CT. We always love coming here. We either anchor out in back of Charles Island and dinghy in to town or the Milford Yacht Club or get a slip at the town's Milford Landing Marina. There are several very good restaurants and numerous shops within a short walk from the water. The next morning the weather turned lousy and we decided to return home. We would be shoving off soon for Florida and the Bahamas and needed time to get *SEA PEARL* ready for the trip.

From the western end of Long Island Sound out to Nantucket are some of the finest cruising grounds on the East Coast. Harbors are so numerous and well marked that there is virtually no stretch where you couldn't find shelter if needed. Both the Long Island side and the Connecticut/Rhode Island side offer cruisers great harbors and anchorages with something to satisfy all tastes. Oh, and by the way, did I mention the lobsters?



ROBINSON, Betty (#1236 2006 • Kadey-Krogen 48 North Sea • LILI Green Cove Springs, FL

Bald Head Island

As one of those cruisers who make her way each spring and fall up and down the eastern seaboard, I consider the ICW a fabulous interstate with lots of on and off ramps. When I travel during migration season, I like to take my time and stop along the way. Although I generally do Florida to the Chesapeake in four to five weeks, I would be happier if I could spend eight and truly explore all the towns and anchorages along the route.

During the times I have traveled north and south, a few spots have become favorites and a "must stop" on each trip. Bald Head Island is one of those spots. Set at the mouth of the Cape Fear Inlet, it provides the eastern boundary of the Cape Fear River. For those following along the ICW magenta line, turn to port in the fall or starboard in the spring as you near Southport, NC and you will discover this wonderful spot.

Bald Head is an island formed at the inlet which is still only accessible by boat or ferry. If you picture the shoreline of Cape Cod with





large lumpy sand dunes, anchored by beach fences, sea oats, lots of tall grasses and beach roses, you can picture Bald Head. This is also home to the famous Frying Pan Shoals, a deadly shallow 15 mile stretch of sand jutting out into the ocean off the coast. It is a fabulous place to watch the surf crash ashore endlessly, as fishermen in their waders cast into the surf for hours.



Just inside the inlet is a breakwater that is the entrance to Bald Head Island Marina. Admittedly its position is perpendicular to the inlet currents, so timing your entrance is important. No need to worry about depth or width as the ferries and work barges use the same entrance. But we all know how the Cape Fear River can rush, so a slow speed trawler needs to work with Mother Nature and approach when the current is not so strong.

Once inside the basin you will find the marina at Bald Head is rarely busy and offers you a choice of both slips and a couple of T-heads. I always make a reservation in advance to ensure a proper spot with sufficient room to turn around. Most of the boats in the marina are owned by the residents but transients are welcome.



The island is beautiful in a secluded sort of way with sandy shoreline, an interior forest and marshes toward the Cape Fear River. It is a nature sanctuary as well as a place where the rich can hide-away. The portion of the island that has been preserved is lovely with marsh grasses, sea oats, beach roses and beautiful dunes. It is touted as a wild life refuge and you will find a Turtle Conservancy on the interior of the island. In contrast to its natural beauty, however, is the amount of upscale development across the island. To give you a sense of the clientele, on my last visit when we docked, George Steinbrenner's yacht, TOPPS, was docked right behind me.



But don't let that put you off. You will have a total sense of nature in spite of the houses and a day or two spent exploring the island is a welcome respite during your ICW trip. Since no cars are allowed on the island, bicycles and golf carts are the order of the day. Rent a bike and pedal your behind across the whole island. Even with home construction on-going, the variety of vegetation and the beauty of the natural scenery are hard to beat. To truly enjoy it, stay a second day and walk for hours on Frying Pan Shoals. Chase the plovers, feel the



wind on your face, the sand in your toes and forage for that perfect seashell. From the marina you will even be able to hear the waves crashing onto the shore in the evening.

On our trip last fall we arrived in beautiful weather and opened up *LiLi* for the warmth of the afternoon sun that turned into a brilliant red-globed sunset. The next day we rented a golf-cart and did the tour. Old Baldy has 110 steps to the top of the lighthouse in a dizzyingly tight spiral of stairs... great exercise. And we managed an afternoon of brilliant sunny weather so I unearthed the beach chairs and we had lunch and a good book in the sand.

The ferry was crowded with residents coming for the Halloween weekend, and we were invited to join the festivities. The night air was chilly, and the sky had fast-moving streaks of clouds passing by the moon. Very ghoulish! They had haunted hayrides around the property for all. The kids got the early one as the adult version would be more dramatic. However, I and my crew chose the kiddie ride so as not to bring on any unnecessary stress! Hot chocolate, warm cider, candies, cookies and a camp-fire topped the evening. We truly felt a part of this small community.



With Southport just a ferry ride away there is little shopping on the island. They do have a fabulous hardware store with just about anything you could want and it is even fun just to go and wander the aisles. They have a small gourmet food market with a great wine selection and some art and clothing shops. You would not go there to provision, but if you needed something, you could find it. I would say the same about restaurants. There is only one restaurant on the island by the marina. Never having eaten there, I have no recommendation. I suspect most folks opt for something like Joseph's in Southport.

Bald Head is simply a slice of shoreline that you can enjoy after the hassle of the NC bridges and before the shallow waters of Georgia. If you want to relax, you can get lost in its foliage or stretch out on a dune. Even in rainy weather there is something peaceful, secluded and special about Bald Head. We all spend a great deal of time on the water. Sometimes it is just nice to meander along and observe its beauty from the shore.



VANDEGEJUCHTE, Bob & Stephanie WAKELIN (#734) 2007 • Signature 55 • SEPTEMBER SONG Green Cove Springs, FL

Blackbeard Island

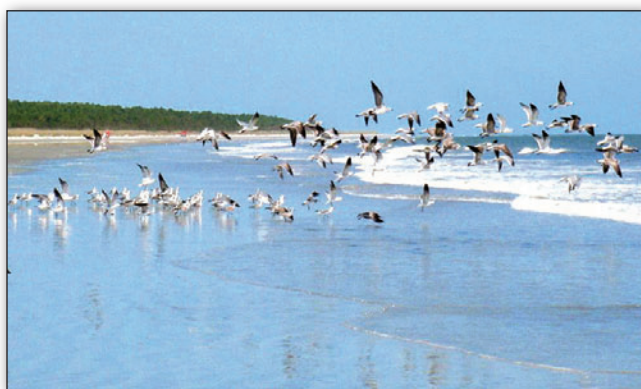
All of us cruisers have those destinations that are special to us. If I had to pick my Number One destination, it would be the Exumas. Others on the list would be the Chesapeake, the Outer Banks of North Carolina, and as I think about it, the list could get quite long, but one special place that would make the list is Blackbeard Island, located off Sapelo Sound on the coast of Georgia, south of Savannah. Not many people know about this special place



because you can only get in and out of the anchorage at high tide through a nine mile creek that starts at Sapelo Sound. Blackbeard Creek winds through some of the most beautiful and pristine marshlands you will ever see, with tons of wildlife. At the south end of the creek it opens up into an anchorage that would hold 10 large boats, with a sand dune that is the only thing between you and the Atlantic. On the other side of the dune is a beach that stretches for nine miles and at low tide is one hundred yards wide. On the south end of the beach, which is the best place to park your tender and start your walk, you can walk out on the beach into the Atlantic for a mile at low tide. The beach is smooth and hard so it makes for good



walking, tons of perfect shells lay along the dune, and you are the only one there. After playing at the beach it's always fun to explore the creeks that run through the marshlands, or take a trip to the ranger station dock and walk the trails. At night there are no lights so you get a spectacular view of the stars. You go to sleep to the sounds of waves on the beach on the other side of the dune, and in the morning you wake to a beautiful sunrise over the Atlantic and another fun day at Blackbeard Island and you are the only one there. Well, maybe not anymore.



Blackbeard Island was named for Edward Teach, aka Blackbeard the Pirate. Legend tells of his murderous and plundering activities along the coast and his periodic retreats to the island for “banking” purposes. Rumors of Blackbeard’s buried treasure still flourish, but no evidence of his fortune has ever been discovered. You don’t want to look for his treasure, because his ghost still roams the Island protecting it. AARRG!

Blackbeard Island National Wildlife Reserve is one of the oldest wildlife refuges in the country. The island has been in continuous federal ownership since 1800 when it was acquired by the Navy Department at public auction for the sum of \$15,000. The Navy did a limited amount of harvesting of live oaks on the island for ship building. Between the years of 1880 and 1910, the island served as the South Atlantic Quarantine Station for yellow fever. In addition to housing for medical personnel, a wharf with disinfecting tanks, a hospital, and associated buildings were constructed on the island. As crews disembarked from ships, those that were sick were hospitalized, while the healthy were housed separately and examined daily for yellow fever symptoms. Once disinfected, the ships were allowed to continue to their destination. Sulphur dioxide gas was used to disinfect the ships. Located on the north end of the island is a structure referred to as the “crematorium”. Although documentation does not exist to confirm the structure was ever used for body incineration, it stands as one of the few reminders of that era. The island’s history as a refuge began on February 5, 1924 when Blackbeard Island was placed under the jurisdiction of the Bureau of Biological Survey to be maintained as a preserve and breeding ground for native wildlife and migratory birds. In 1940, by Presidential Proclamation, Blackbeard Island was designated as a National Wildlife Refuge.

DeFever Cruisers headed south this fall might want to check it out. To get to the anchorage you need to schedule your trip through Blackbeard Creek an hour either side of high tide. Our tides here in Georgia range from seven to eight feet. The anchorage has great holding and at low tide you will be in ten to eleven feet of water. You will know you are at the anchorage when it opens up to a large body of water with a fifteen foot sand dune between the anchorage and the Atlantic. The



creek is winding, so be ready for some sharp turns, but most of it is deep except one area that is about eight feet. It’s the last turns of the creek about half way in just before the Ranger Station which are

noted on your chart. Just be careful and pay attention to your chart. Don’t be afraid of it, we have been in and out dozens of times and never had a problem. We just got back from there three hours ago. I’m sure you will fall in love with it just as we have. The last friend we sent in for a couple of days

ended up staying for two weeks. Don’t tell all your friends or we won’t be alone. We consider you a friend. If you need more information, we are listed in the DeFever Cruisers roster and would be happy to provide it.



ILIFF, Charles (#1210) 1982 • DeFever 44 • INDIAN SUMMER Arnold, MD

(This article appeared in the March, 2010 issue of PropTalk Magazine, and is reprinted with the gracious permission of the publisher.)

First Trip

The words “cruise” and “voyage” don’t quite work. A cruise usually involves nights aboard, or at least a few meals. A voyage implies considerable distance - usually out of sight of land. A three and a half hour uneventful run from Baltimore to Luce Creek on the Severn River probably isn’t either one. No nights or meals on the trip - no new areas explored - no significant distance. But, it was our first trip on our new-old 1982 DeFever 44, and the excitement level was pretty high. When done, the satisfaction was vast as well. Even if it weren’t the first trip on the boat, we’d have been gratified to complete thirty miles on the Chesapeake Bay in cold and breezy conditions. When it ended without incident, we considered

it a grand and significant success.

We picked Saturday January 9th, because settlement on the boat was the 6th. We wanted to get her moved before serious ice made it impossible. In that regard, our timing was impeccable. Luce Creek iced over the night of the 9th, and the whole Severn River the following night. At this writing a couple of weeks later, everything is open again, but who knew?

During the week before our trip, 15 items listed on the survey as “Essential Repairs” had to be dealt with. The insurance binder required a certificate of completion before navigation. Fortunately, none of the needed repairs were serious, although a couple took a bit more time than we expected.

Some will become routine maintenance such as changing the six main engine and three generator fuel filters, replacing smoke and carbon monoxide alarms, and checking and updating flares and extinguishers. There were some through-hull fittings that weren’t used, which required plugs in case the valves were bumped, and some wires loose from the windlass switches which needed to be secured until the switches are replaced.

One modification wasn’t difficult, but introduced us to a bit of controversy in the industry. Our boat has an anti-siphon loop on each main engine, which is vented at the top of the loop by a tube down to the muffler. Our surveyors wanted bleed valves at the tops of the loops. After some research on the web and in Nigel Calder’s tome, “Boatowner’s Mechanical and Electrical Manual,” we found proponents of the vent to exhaust gases, adherents to the valves recommended by the surveyors, and Calder’s preference: an open line to the cockpit or other high outside area. We compromised. Our boat now has both the vent to the muffler and the bleed valves. We’re confident that water won’t be siphoning into the engines.

During the week before our trip, we commuted to the boat in Baltimore, and watched the ice form and recede on the Severn. We scratched off the initial plan to take the boat to Oxford to have Campbell’s do her bottom. Their basin had even more ice than we were seeing on the Severn. We optimistically engaged the services of Captain Bo Weaver to meet us Saturday morning at the boat. Ultimately six of us joined Captain Bo. Everyone had significant experience on a lot of different power and sail boats, but not a lot on powerboats of this size and complexity. Bob and Linda Burnett, Roger MacWilliams, Glenn “Herky” Warner, my brother Nick Iliff and I had all raced sailboats together on *Alaris*, *Merope* and *Muskat*. With the exception of a few AYC frostbite seasons in a Rainbow when we were young and foolish, we shared a well-developed aversion to cold-weather boating. This trip, however, made us wonder about previous limits on the boating season.

The weather was clear as we boarded the boat. The temperature was 25 and the wind was 15-25 out of the northwest. To our delight, the reverse cycle system kept the salon at shirt-sleeve temperature for the whole trip. The motion was gentle: no one spilled coffee or the celebratory Bud longnecks which were distributed as we went under the Bay Bridge. The boat went where we pointed her, and didn’t work us hard even with waves on the quarter.

Nick Iliff, skipper when we raced sailboats, brought along a couple of GPS receivers, a laptop with a bluetooth adapter, and a couple of navigation programs. He seated himself on the settee, placed the computer on the table, tossed a little GPS receiver under the windshield and navigated in style. Although visibility outside was unlimited and the area familiar, it was entertaining to watch moving map displays in fairly windy weather without worrying about drenching the equipment - a novel experience for people used to the decks of racing sailboats. We compared programs and found the Tiki Navigator to be our favorite. There are a couple of laptops banging around that will become our boat’s new electronic aids.

Overall, the trip from Baltimore to the Severn was uneventful: a desired objective. We’d been concerned that wave action might stir up some bad stuff from the bottom of the tanks and plug the new filters. The fuel is old, and we plan tank cleaning and fuel polishing before we head out again. On arrival at the Burnetts’ dock in Luce Creek, however, we did have a couple of problems to solve. First, the boat’s 14’ 9” beam doesn’t include the rub rails. So, we proved conclusively that she won’t fit into a 15’-wide slip. Fortunately after a lot of discussion and head scratching, Captain Bo was able to shoehorn her



Indian Summer

into a 16'-wide space next to the dock. Clearance was tight all around, but he made the 90-degree turn into the space look easy. A couple of pilings will have to be moved to make her permanent slip. Then, after Captain Bo was safely on the way back to Baltimore by car, the accumulated ignorance of a bunch of sailboat people was demonstrated regarding shore power hookups. The most any of us had ever fooled with was a 30 amp 120V circuit. This boat has only a cable for 50 amp 240/120V service. That wasn't available on the dock. An array of adapters and Y cables was discovered under a seat in the salon. Several false starts and blown breakers later, half of the boat's systems were powered, and a couple of hardware store extension cords run in for heaters. (After consultation with Nigel Calder's third edition, the dock has since been wired with a full 50 amp 240/120V service outlet.)



Plug This into That. . . .

So the boat is now at one of her Severn River homes, and work has begun on the surveyor's list of recommended but not essential items. And, new lists are being made up of mechanical maintenance chores and appearance and comfort upgrades. High on the list is replacement of port lights. There are 12 of them - glued in with impervium - also known as 3M 5200. It may be worth it just to cut all the way around them and install much bigger ones.

Like every other boat, INDIAN SUMMER is a work in progress. The first trip, however, was a grand success.

Our 1982 DeFever 44 is now named INDIAN SUMMER.

Heffalump Not was the subtitle of our article in the last issue about finding and buying our DeFever 44. We had a lot of hilarious discussion about what to name her, with little agreement. *Heffalump* didn't get many votes.

Almost 40 years ago, my father, Dr. Charles Iliff, sold his racing/cruising boat, *Alaris*, to my brother Nick and bought a Whitby 42 cruising boat which he named *Indian Summer*. At the time, I really didn't appreciate how appropriate that name was and is for a retirement boat - a boat which is itself that last pleasant cruising weather in the late autumn. Now I understand, and now our boat is INDIAN SUMMER.



DEIN, Bob & Barbara (#2) 1999 • DeFever 44 • GONDOLA Venice, FL

Cooking Fish

So - you went cruising this summer, and along the way put out a line or two with a 'guaranteed lure', or squid, or the 'can't fail local bait' - pinfish, barnacles or shrimp. And you were successful - filled up the freezer with your bounty. Now you should begin cooking and enjoying, and smiling at the memories of those great fishing days by that favorite man-made reef, or on the high seas, or in your dinghy near to shore. Here are a few very simple, definitely low-key (non-gourmet) easy ways to prepare your entree, with basic ingredients that are usually kept on board in the galley supplies, or at home in the kitchen pantry, using the oven, the microwave, or the grill. These recipes rely heavily on using items you enjoy consuming, and flavored with your personal choice of herbs and spices. They are more of a 'tickle your memory' preamble, reminding you of a preparation that you haven't cooked in some time.

1. Really Basic Recipe: coat the fillet or steak in Pam, olive oil, canola, coat with seasoned salt and/or dill and/or ground pepper and/or thyme, and/or basil... you get the idea. Grilling is probably my choice (gets the heat out of the cabin AND puts Bob to work!!) Never overcook fish - check doneness frequently.

2. Tear off a good-sized piece of heavy foil, and oil or spray with Pam to keep fish from sticking. Lay fish down and add fresh (or bottled) lime or lemon juice, very thin slices of onion, green pepper, red pepper and/or yellow pepper, and spices to taste, and capers if you like them, then tightly fold foil into a packet and cook in oven, or on grill.

3. Another foil packet temptation: coat foil, then add fillets, seasoning, lemon juice and mayonnaise, plus spices, and capers - fold closed and cook as in #2 -yummy.

4. This is more of an oven preparation: cover cooking tray with foil, and oil or Pam. Coat fillets with mayo, choice of spices, parmesan or romano cheese - grated , and crushed cereal or cracker crumbs. It is amazing the difference in flavor between corn flake crumbs, crushed cheese crackers, or 'bran nuts' - cook with foil closed, until the last minute or so to crisp up the coating. This may be done in a glass dish in the oven.

5. This one may also be done on an aluminum-covered tray or in a dish. Generously spread yellow mustard, plain, or spicy, on cooking surface, sprinkle with chopped onion and celery, then place fish on top. Add any seasonings - think 'dill' - and coat the top with mustard. Cover and bake.

6. Sauté onion in a bit of oil in a large skillet until tender; add parsley, pepper, seasoned salt to taste. Pour in one 8 oz. can of tomato sauce and simmer a couple of minutes. Add fish, cover and simmer, checking frequently for doneness, basting the fish each time.

Notice how there are virtually no exact amounts or times used in these 'recipes' - on purpose because the instructions are basic suggestions - your oven may not be the same temperature as my oven, and your filet may be bigger than mine. Just DON'T OVERCOOK!!! (AND GONDOLA's crew will NEVER turn down any offers of fresh or frozen mahi, grouper, wahoo, etc.!!!!)



Bob's Nephew showing DFCers how it's done. . .



O'MALLEY, Jim & Ann (#238) 1980 • DeFever 43 • WILD GOOSE Merritt Island, FL

Florida West Coast Vacation Adventure

This 2003 write up is somewhat dated based upon the prices for marinas and the facilities at Captiva Island. It was the next year that South Seas Plantation and Captiva Island were decimated by the hurricane. My understanding today is that the area has been fully rebuilt and is better than ever. After having read this through I'm going to put it on our short cruise list to repeat this voyage within the next year.

Hopefully this story will give members of DFC some insight and education about the fact that it's more important to go on the voyage than to succumb to the fear of not having a good voyage. As is usually the case with me when I get ready to start a voyage I usually start doing projects that I Think Have To Be Done. On a sad note both my Dad and the dogs have passed away in the time since this trip occurred.

June 27, 2003 – VACATION for two whole weeks! Ann is off for the summer. Time to take WILD GOOSE somewhere, anywhere - cabin fever had reached its peak. Ann and I decided we were not going to let the summer pass without an extended trip (a trip greater than a weekend) on WILD GOOSE.

I had to finish hooking up the fuel lines on the new port tanks; the original port side tank had developed a rust hole in its side requiring replacement. I had to fabricate three new smaller aluminum tanks. In January after installing the tanks, I filled them with water just to be sure they would not leak. They held water for five months with no problems. I then drained

the tanks of the water and used a vacuum cleaner to blow the water out of the new fuel lines. I had previously installed one of the more elaborate fuel filter systems so no other procedures were used to eliminate water in the fuel tanks or lines. Sooooo in June, I finally decided to bite the bullet and put fuel in the tanks - the moment of truth. The final connections were made in preparation for the fuel load on Monday.

Earlier in the week I decided to replace all the control cables for the engines and transmissions, since Bob Smith of American Diesel touched the controls at the last DFC Rendezvous and scowled at me since they were so tight. The plan was to replace the cables over the weekend, take on fuel Monday and leave.

June 28, Saturday. I was sitting in the engine room during a heavy rainstorm and I noticed water pouring in from the main deck location. It was later found that the brass fittings in the main deck gunwale were leaking badly. The repair of this was mandatory for the trip. Ian, my fiberglass man, immediately began the process of removing the fittings and repairing the glass below. My Dad bless his soul, decided that since I was working on the boat he could use the time to complete the final installation of my alternator and Heart 2000R regulator. I tried to explain to my Dad that their installation would mandate the reorganization of the battery systems (battery box relocation, connection cables and rerouting of 4/0 cable from the new battery location to the inverter), but he was driven (as he usually was) and pressed with the installation. He absolutely insisted I must have the alternator operational for the trip. I was not too concerned as Ann and I decided we would be staying at marinas for the entire trip. One did not argue with my Dad, so the alternator installation continued. He progressed while I fought with the cables and installation of the VHF Horizon RAM mike at the lower station, another 'it would be nice to have a project' that I decided to do while I was working in the area of the upper helm station and lower helm station. It involved enlarging the hole in the roof of the cabin to allow the connectors to pass from the upper station to the lower station. I proceeded to install the RAM mike and available control cables.

June 30, Monday. I took a load of fuel, 325 gallons total, 175 in port tanks (first fill of the new tanks) and 150 gallons in the starboard tank. I used a long nylon tie to measure the fuel level in the first of the three port tanks. The port tanks were not yet directly connected to the fuel system. We did not take on fresh water. I finished installation of the Heart LINK 2000R instrument panel and ran through some tests. It seemed to work.

July 1, Tuesday. We continued working on the boat, installing the charging system for the new alternator. I obtained additional wire from my local area discount source (0.50 cents per pound and 4/0 for \$1.00 per pound) and installed the house batteries on the floor of the engine room.

July 2, Wednesday. Installation of the house bank and alternator charging system was completed. We tested the unit by placing the boat on the house bank and then running the microwave to boil water. The engine was started and the amp charge rate of the alternator was observed.

July 3, Thursday. My vacation was now chopped to 11 days. While it might be fast, we decided to take a trip to the west coast of Florida. We received a gift certificate for three nights at Tween Waters Marina at Captiva Island during a DeFever Rendezvous. The time-frame seemed right, four days over, four days back, and three there... it just fit.

We set sail on our new adventure at 1:30 p.m. It was Ann, Tater, Little Bit and I off on a cross-state trip. It was to be our longest trip without others on the boat since we owned WILD GOOSE.

After dinner, the discussion turned to where we wanted to spend the night: Sebastian Inlet area or Vero Beach. Vero Beach City Marina is a great stopover - very friendly. That night we showered and slept with the fan blowing on us, as I had not hooked up the air conditioning. We did have an air conditioning unit on the boat - it was a 16,000 BTU unit we used while docked to spot-cool the work area while working on the boat. It had never been installed in a permanent location (think pump, condensate drain, condenser water supply and return, as well as points of intake and discharge). It was all jury rigged, with the condenser water pump sitting on the dock and hoses running from the pump to the air conditioning unit and then over the side of the boat. It was totally functional, but it was not very pretty to look at.

July 5, Saturday. Our goal for the day was to "get air conditioning on the boat". After a brief talk with the owners of Indiantown Marina we decided the best opportunity to obtain the parts to get the air conditioner functional was to shop for them in Indiantown. Just outside the marina gates a gentlemen picked us up and drove us to the Western Auto store. We got most of the pieces we needed: garden hose, clamps, and PVC glue. They did not have the required 1¼ inch suction hose so I was off to the NAPA store for something I could use. As I was going to the NAPA store I noticed the well driller and pump store open on a Saturday. Wow - they had the 1¼ inch suction hose and adapters I needed. The only suitable pump I had for the condenser water was a bronze centrifugal pump. It had a 1¼ inch inlet fitting hence the need for the adapter. I set off with all the items needed to place the air conditioner pump on the swim platform and supply condenser water to the air conditioning unit in the lounge.

During the initial engine check, I noticed the fuse for the alternator was blown. This is usually an indication of high

amp charge or over amp charge. We will work on that later since we planned to be in a marina, and the alternator is not a mandatory need. By 12:30 we locked through Port Mayaca and were on Lake Okeechobee. The Lake did not seem too bad, yet as we continued the afternoon storms started to cause the Lake to kick up. Yes we now had the stabilizers on. Ann loves the stabilizers. We turned west traveling along the rim of the Lake and proceeded on to Moore Haven. There are really two docks directly on the waterway side by side. One is run by the city, and one is run by the Thompsons. Both are directly on the waterway and you just pull off to the side and tie up just after the lock and tall bridge. The cost was \$.75 per foot per night including electricity.

After docking, I immediately started to put the air conditioning system together. I placed the circulation pump on the swim platform, glued the PVC pipe fittings together to install in the outlet of the pump, connected the garden hose, put the suction hose on the pump suction, but wait... We needed a suction strainer so that the weeds and river trash would not get sucked up into the pump. Ann, in her resourcefulness, found a crumpled stainless steel screen formerly from the aft cabin window and I was able to fashion a suction strainer for the pump. I cut the garden hose so that it can be connected to the condenser coil of the air conditioner, and then from the outlet of the coil to the discharge overboard. What a sight - hoses and wires running inside the lounge with a bucket placed under the air conditioning unit to catch the condensate. After all was hooked up the switch was thrown and Halleluiah the thing worked. Tater was initially scared of the noise the air conditioner made, but when she found out it made cool air she was its biggest fan.

July 6, Sunday. We arrived at the marina and they parked us on the interior side of the outside pier. We hurriedly got off the boat and to the marina office, paid the bill, and then made arrangements to go to West Marine to pick up the necessary hose adapters and paraphernalia to move the air conditioning pump inside. The marina personnel were very nice, accepted the Boat/US discount card and called a taxi for us to go to West Marine. Wow: \$13 for a ride, two adults and two dogs - all for \$8 in parts. I did have to buy the right material and I knew it was there, including the weird ¾" pipe to 1" hose adapter.

We got a recommendation to have dinner at a nearby Shrimp Shack. They had an outside patio and allowed us to have dinner there with the dogs at the table. I had the shrimp specialty of the house and Ann had grouper - both were excellent. Most important Ann finally had a store-bought dinner! We took the taxi back to the docks. We set out the pump, hose, and wire and turn on the air conditioning. We then walked the dogs, showered and retired inside for the night... in an air conditioned boat. We read the Sunday paper and worked the crossword puzzle and then slept.

July 7, Monday. Ann's Birthday - Happy Birthday Ann! Today is the first day we really settled into vacation. We got up, walked the dogs, placed them back into the boat leaving the air conditioner running and set out on foot to find a restaurant open for breakfast. 12:53, we arrived at Tween Waters. The objective of our trip has been reached!!! After check in we immediately proceeded to hook up the air conditioner and other power to the boat. All is well.

Having never been at Tween Waters before, we did not know what to expect. Boy, were we astounded. This place was great. Nice boater facilities, excellent pool and weight facilities, several restaurants, but most of all are the people there - they always wanted to make your stay the most relaxing possible. After docking the boat and the drop in adrenalin, we opted for a grouper sandwich from the grill at the pool in the afternoon. It was delicious. Later that evening, we walked from the boat to the Gulf beach to watch the sun set. It was beautiful. I had promised Ann an elegant dinner that night for her birthday. Having eaten so late in the day, we decided to forego the elaborate dinner and just go the Crow's Nest for eats and drinks. This was Monday night and it was NASCRAB races night. They have two sessions: kids at 5 p.m. and adults at 9. If you have never been to the hermit crab races at Tween Waters you must go. Two bucks and you rent the crab for the evening. Half the money goes to prizes and the other half to United Way. It was great entertainment. Ann won one of the heats and was awarded a kazoo. Ask to see her NASCRAB kazoo the next time you see her - she is real proud of it.

July 8, Tuesday. In the morning we went to the Tween Waters Old Captiva House Restaurant buffet of fresh fruits and pastries. As I love pineapple and there was an ample supply, I thoroughly enjoyed the meal. Ann enjoyed the juices and pastries as well as the fresh strawberries. After breakfast we asked for the courtesy car to take two dogs and us to the north end of Captiva. The resort allows the bellhops to use the car to transport people to the north end for tips. We were dropped off at the center of town. We went to the grocery store where we purchased homemade ice cream cones, and then we did some short exploring of the area, eventually walking back to Tween Waters.

We left the library and walked a mile to the resort on the beach. The beach is very pretty and spotted with turtle nests and covered with shells. After dinner we walked on the beach to watch the sunset and had an evening swim in the pool.

July 9, Wednesday. We took a leisurely walk down the beach to town and ate breakfast at JR Otters - a nice restaurant with a huge menu both in size and offerings. The bacon, eggs, and muffins were very good. At about 3:30 we retired to the boat and remained there until after the late afternoon rains. The rains stopped just before sunset and we rushed

to the beach to see our last Gulf sunset for this trip. It was not too good since the rain clouds obscured the sun, but the sky was colorful. We went to the pool and finished the night off with a late evening swim.

July 10, Thursday. Time to leave. We decided we would have our breakfast at Old Captiva House buffet offered by the resort. I really like pineapple. So we had a leisurely early morning swim in the pool, breakfast (Ann could not eat in anticipation of THE LOCKS), worked the crossword puzzle, and prepared the boat for the return trip. I stopped at the marina office to settle up the bill and was told I owed nothing; the gift certificate took care of everything. Wow, I at least expected to pay for power or tax, what a great place. I told him I would be back and his only comment was a smile and he said “bring money next time”.

July 11, Friday. First action, pass through the lock at Moore Haven. Again the gods were in our favor and the lock was open and waiting for us. We entered the rim canal of the Lake and proceeded around the rim to Clewiston where we set out across the Lake to Port Mayaca, 24 miles across open water. Today, the lake was calm for the entire trip, even waiting for the lock at Port Mayaca. Knowing we could make Stuart well before sunset, I made reservations for us at Stuart Cay Marina. They had advertised in the Maptech guide and they were right off our route located by the Roosevelt Bridge. The reservation and payment took place over the phone, as we would arrive after they had closed for the night. I received the combination for the facilities and was told to dock at the end of the pier. We proceeded down the waterway and arrived at St. Lucie Lock. There was a slight delay for the gates to open and we entered. The Lockmaster was exceptionally helpful; taking the time to insure the lines were properly led and wrapped around the cleats so they could easily be held and allowed to slip as necessary. He was particularly helpful and understanding with Ann as he instructed her on some finer points of locking. Ann commented he was one of the best on the trip. We exited the lock and proceeded the next nine miles to our berth for the night.

We arrived at the dock much later than expected but well before sunset. Much to my horror, the slip we had been assigned was at the end of the dock and was suitable for a 55 footer. (Can you picture in your mind where the pilings for the dock lines are located?) While bigger is better, in this case the slip was oriented so at this time both the river current and wind were in the same direction and were perpendicular to my line of travel into the slip. What excitement. Pilings were very far apart and it was difficult backing into the slip. After several tries and many anxious moments we were in the slip with the assistance of the crew from Sea Turtle, the boat we had met in Moore Haven. Sure is a small river.

We walked to Stuart downtown and looked for a place to eat. Riverside restaurants were eliminated, wanna guess why \$? We were very tired and hungry and as we passed the Triangle Bar and Grill we noticed it had a lot of cars in the parking lot, so it must be a good place to get a bite. We entered and took a side table near the door. Maybe because we were tired, or looked like we belonged there - 11 hours on the boat can make you willing to accept most anything. It was a true biker bar. The girl at the sit-down bar in front of us had so many tattoos that she did not really need a blouse. I asked the bartender for a menu and was politely told I could have chicken wings or chicken fingers. “It’s entertainment night and we don’t serve food on entertainment night.” The Tattoo Girl suggested we get the chicken fingers, so we ordered the fingers, two orders I thought, and waited for the entertainment. I jokingly asked the tattoo lady’s escort “who is the entertainment?” and he pointed out a bent-over guitar player standing above the cash register doing something with his boots. The entertainment started by pointing out that this was a no smoking establishment as required by law. Ann and I quickly noticed there was not a table or place at the bar that did not have an ash tray at it. The guitar player then stated “if you got’m smoke’m.” We listened to the entertainment, ate our one order of chicken fingers and because we were so hungry we ordered them again. After about an hour we had completed dinner and walked back to the boat. Moral of this encounter – just because there are a lot of cars at a bar and grill doesn’t mean the food is good.

July 12, Saturday. The short trip from the bridge to the Intracoastal was beautiful. We had morning sun, gentle breeze and relatively little traffic on the water. Just, the occasional fishing boat making its way to the inlet. We left the Okeechobee waterway and entered the Intracoastal Waterway at St. Lucie inlet and proceeded north. After two hard days of pushing the boat we decided to overnight in Vero Beach. The Intracoastal trip from Stuart to Vero Beach was just as pleasant as the morning. We arrived at Vero Beach Municipal Marina at 2:52 p.m. They are a great place for a stopover (\$1.00 foot/night). The personnel are very courteous and helpful. We learned from them that in the summer Vero Beach has a street band every second and fourth Saturday of the month. Our luck was holding. It was Saturday and it was the second of the month. We chose to walk to the beach with our remaining cash – now \$30 since \$20 of that went to the Marina key deposit. The last time I was here a taxi to the beach was \$15. Well it was a nice walk to the beach, only about a mile through flat land and nice neighborhoods. We arrived and found a band on the street and several food vendors with drinks sold by one of the service clubs in the area. We chose to sample the fare of one of them, Jambalaya, \$5 for a huge plate with shrimp, rice, sausage, and chicken. It was fantastic. What a perfect end to the day and our last full day on the water.

July 13, Sunday. The trip through the Intracoastal north of Vero Beach was picturesque. Again the morning sun and the still water were beautiful. We had breakfast on the boat and were only bothered by the one jet skier of the trip. We had to slow the boat down so there would be no waves for him to jump. He eventually left and we again had peace and quiet for the trip. The remainder of the trip home had us continually looking to the west as the sea breeze was creating thunderstorms and we were expecting them to overtake us in our trip north. We went through periods of little or no wind and it was here we discovered the joys of owning a trawler. We put the large ventilation fan on the upper deck and used it to blow cool air on the dogs and ourselves. The dogs really appreciated the breeze. The dreaded thunderstorms we feared never arrived as they always stayed to the west of the river. We arrived at our home marina, Harbor Square, on the Barge Canal at 3:15 p.m. This trip was another shake-down cruise, the first time with the dogs. After 11 days on the boat we were very pleased with the results. On the other hand, WILD GOOSE showed us that the trip is not over until the boat is docked. Just as we were backing into the slip, I was using the starboard engine almost exclusively and it quit. No amount of cranking the engine would get it to start. There we are, inches from the dock and me trying to back the boat with one engine. After several attempts Ann and I got the boat to a position where we could pull WILD GOOSE gently into her slip. The dock lines were made fast and we left for home. I'll work on the engine issue another day. All in all, it was a great trip. Ann and I have gained a tremendous amount of confidence in our abilities to operate WILD GOOSE and traverse locks. We are looking forward to our next adventure with WILD GOOSE - The Adventure Never Ends.

As a postscript, I checked out the starboard engine and ended up replacing the two fuel filters on the Ford Lehman. I cannot explain why they prevented fuel from getting to the engine or just the mere act of changing them caused the problem to go away. I have a Racor filter in series before these engine filters and it did not clog up. In addition the port engine has not experienced this problem and is fed from the same fuel supply line and Racor filter as feeds the starboard engine. I believe the problem is resolved, as the engines have both been run for over 10 hours since the failure of the starboard engine.



**HINES, Andrew, Hampton & Brad (sons) & Brad (#816) 1979 • DeFever 43 • SMALL WORLD
St. Petersburg, FL**

Poems by Andy Hines

My father, Andy Hines, owner of SMALL WORLD, a 1979 DeFever 43 and a member of DeFever Cruisers, has written many poems throughout the years. Many of them deal with our family's many years of boating. I have copied some and attached them for your use should you find them interesting. All of them are written by Andrew H. Hines, Jr., are copyrighted and used by permission. Many of us can identify with them and perhaps there may be other poets out there amongst the DeFever owners.

Beer Cans On the Reef

The sea was rough, the day was hot,
And no fish were aboard
And so the crowd began to drink,
As men do when they're bored.

So each one popped his can of beer.
Then each another round,
And overboard the cans they threw
Which floated all around.

And by and by each can filled up
And sank down to the reef
And rested on the coral there
In that bright world beneath.

It takes nature ten thousand years
To build a coral strand,
To shape in infinite detail
The boulders, fish and fans.

And beauty such as God can make
Is there for all to see,
With balance perfect in all things
As life was meant to be.

So often have I seen in life
The best that one could do
Besmirched by careless words or acts
By those who never knew.

Like beer cans settled on a reef,
The digs, slurs and complaints
Reveal how shallow is the mind
Of those whose souls are faint.

Who always cuts his fellow down
And grinds him underneath
Is like the fisherman who throws
His beer cans on the reef.

Boat Trip

The Gulf is smooth, the air is cool.
The sky's a misty blue.
The tank is full, the engines hum.
The compass course is true.

Beyond the rim a harbor waits
That I have longed to see,
And yet I've found the trip's the thing
That means the most to me.

So happiness is not a goal
We reach some distant day,
But rather, it's a journey
And the steps along the way.

(Stay tuned for more of Andy's poetry in future DFC Magazine issues – Ed.)



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.

In Memory of the DeFever Cruisers Rendezvous

Oh, how I mourn the passing of the Classic DeFever Rendezvous... those fond memories of getting together with friends both new and old. Learning about cruising places to go, mechanical issues, anchoring, electrical systems, just to name a few of the great seminars that we have attended. Who could forget the Ms. DeFever contest with eight of the ugliest women that you could imagine at the Pier 66 get together? How about James Bond and Pussy Galore actually being on stage at the '007 Rendezvous at Hammock Beach? Some of the members that have been around the longest would even remember an appearance by Sonny and Cher at the South Seas Plantation Rendezvous.

Then there was all the excitement and frenzy of the much anticipated auctions where making great deals on an array of items we just couldn't live without was brought to a crescendo by the coveted Stidd chair! I still think the best part is crawling around other boats that are similar to our own and seeing what our peers have done to their vessels while gathering ideas and thinking about making changes to our own vessels.

Of course we all love to chat about our adventures on the high seas where the more seasoned cruisers can advise and discuss the many places that we have been with the newer members who are just starting their dreams. The same as we all did some years before...

The object of my rambling on is to bring about a point which is, that although members ask where the next rendezvous is going to be or what a great time they had at the last one, it seems no one wants to step up to the plate and carry on our tradition. The members who have been in charge of the past events have contributed enough. Some of the names you have heard over and over again during the last 10 rendezvous like Dein, Haeseker, Busse, Owens, Koch, Utter, Moore, and Spriggs, have all gotten involved and were just as busy at those times as anyone else is now. In the past we would seek support from marinas, restaurants, boat product manufacturers, and solicit sponsorships from marine related industries and secure raffle items from the same. We have scaled down our events so we do not need additional financing as we did in the past and therefore you do not have to seek sponsorships nor do you have to be in Florida to get things done. With the Internet, emails, faxes and cell phones you can "virtually" take charge and organize the event hassle free! Yes, there can be a resurrection of the DeFever Rendezvous and tradition can live on!

We've even told the Grim Reaper to back off while someone in the congregation steps up to the altar and SAVES our beloved DeFever Rendezvous! Just when you thought it couldn't be done three possible venues presented themselves for the coming year that have great potential. Since the contact info and sites have already been established, it's a matter of some phone calls and a final decision. So... how 'bout it?? Don't keep Lucifer waiting as he hates that! Keep our DeFever Cruiser Rendezvous alive and well!!

First one to sign up for the job wins a Key Lime Pie, so call me...

Yes, that's ME in the photo! **941-320-4266**

Late-breaking Editor's Note: See the e-mail below from Bob Ebaugh... THANK YOU BOB! we got a volunteer this year, but next year and the following years will still need people to step up.

"I have taken Hank's remarks in the last DFC newsletter to heart. While I'm a newbie to DFC, I really think we want to continue to have an annual east coast rendezvous. It will take the help of many veteran members to make this a success. I'm counting on you! . . .

Regards, Bob Ebaugh

Mar Azul, DF 44 St. Pete"





KOCH, Steven & Diane (#74) 1989 • DeFever 49 Pilothouse • AURORA Palm City, FL

New Owner of the Old September Song

When I first found out that SEPTEMBER SONG, the 49' DeFever RPH, had been sold, I was pretty happy. Our friends, Bob and Stephanie Van DeGejuchte (#734) now own a newer *September Song* (Signature 55) and their previous vessel had been sitting around broker's yards for a while. When Diane and I saw it in Deltaville last year, it looked like it needed a friend who would take care of it.

Sometime after our DFC rendezvous in January, Diane and I took off on a cruise to the west coast of Florida for a month or so. Anyone around that part of the state knows that we froze our butts off for most of the time. About half-way through our cruise I received a call from the man who had bought the "old" SEPTEMBER SONG, John Barker (#1206). He told me he had a bunch of electrical problems and had not been very successful in getting them resolved. I explained I would be back around Stuart in the beginning of March and he stated that he did not have a problem waiting at Sunset Bay Marina for me to arrive. When we got back to Stuart, I gave John a call and we chatted for a bit and I told him that we would come over the next day and have a look at his electrical system.

John is from Australia and has quite a "down under" accent and he explained to me that he was a bit different than most people. I asked in what way and he told me that he had no legs below his knees and only two fingers on his right hand. When I arrived at the marina and walked down to his vessel he was at the breakfast counter which was about as high as he was. I stepped aboard and we shook hands and then I noticed that not only did he only have two fingers on his right hand, he had no left hand at all! I looked around for other people aboard and asked him who he was traveling with when he informed me that he had brought the boat down from the Chesapeake by himself and was planning to travel south through Mexico, Belize, and then on to the Panama Canal where he planned to put the boat aboard a ship and then cruise the Pacific islands. WOW! He had traveled with a buddy boat for most of the way south whose owners were in their 70's and had previously cruised to the Canal, and now the plan was for the two boats to travel south together.

John explained that he was born this way and he never accepted that he was handicapped. He had owned and operated a livery car service before retiring and his dream was to cruise the South Pacific. When he told the commodore of his yacht club in Australia that he wanted to buy a SAILBOAT and go cruising, the commodore subtly suggested that perhaps a power trawler might be a better choice for him.

I figured out the problems aboard and ordered some parts to re-do the charging system, and he also wanted me to install an ICOM SSB radio that he had already purchased.

I spent the next few days working with John and during that time he said he would like to come over and see AURORA. No problem, Di and I invited him for dinner and asked Karen Spriggs (#13) to join us as well. When I told him that another person would be there he decided that perhaps she would be more comfortable if he came as "Tall John". After a while John had us laughing so hard we never even thought about it. When I picked him up, he had put on his artificial limbs and was wearing long pants. It was obvious that he could not get around as well as he did when he was "Short John". We brought him aboard and had a great time eating and drinking. John had no problem serving himself and bringing many glasses of wine to his mouth. When I drove him back to his boat he said he would really like to come back as "Short John" when he would be able to get around the boat better and get more ideas for his new boat. Later that week I finished the work on his boat and we decided to have another gathering aboard AURORA. John had a lady friend who arrived from



*Old SEPTEMBER SONG at anchor off
Marathon*



John Barker

Australia to travel with him and he wanted her to meet Diane. So I picked up “Short John” and Gillian and brought them back to our boat. We also included Chuck and Karen Spriggs aboard and a special guest, Ray Cope (#124). We all had a blast and John explored all the nooks and crannies, looking over systems.

He related a story to me about one of his nieces who had told her school teacher about her uncle and how sometimes he came over “short” and sometimes “tall”. During open school week the teacher related the story to the girl’s parents and said that she had quite an imagination. After the parents explained the situation the teacher understood.

Well, “Short John” pulled out of Stuart and was heading out the St. Lucie River towards the ICW when he called me. It seemed that a depth sounder was not working and could I have a look at it. As it turned out I was working aboard BALI MOTU a Grand Alaskan docked on the St. Lucie River and he was heading our way. Bob Hooker (#222) and I launched his dinghy and we motored out to meet SEPTEMBER SONG as he passed in front of us. After some checking of wiring and breakers, it seemed the unit itself was not working and John decided to have it replaced in Lauderdale where they were planning to spend some time before heading south. That was the last I saw of “Short John”. I miss him and hope all is well with his trip. Anyone who says they cannot do something should meet this inspiring gentleman.



*Gillian, John, Steph and Bob aboard
September Song in Marathon*



DEGROOT, Bob & Kemba (#857) 2001 • DF 49 CPMY • SPIRIT DANCER
Green Cove Springs, FL

Weather Websites That Work [for us]

The four primary sites that have proved most useful for us:

<http://www.windfinder.com> – wind speed, gusts, and direction

<http://www.passageweather.com> - wind speed direction and wave heights (in meters)

<http://www.weather.gov> (or <http://www.srh.noaa.gov>) – weather, wind and wave heights

<http://www.weather.com> - hour by hour forecasts and radar picture

We used the first two websites in all areas of the Bahamas that we visited and the NOAA Marine weather (weather.gov or srh.noaa.gov) for the near Bahamas. All three were pretty close to what we saw on the water.

Our primary concern when going through large open bodies of water is the size and direction of the waves. We don’t have stabilizers and so we don’t appreciate waves over a couple of feet on our beam.

Wind direction, length of time it’s been blowing, tide and current direction, along with length of fetch help us determine wave height. The longer the fetch, the stronger the wind, the longer it’s been blowing, the more opposing the current or tide, the bigger and meaner the waves become.

Windfinder.com: In some locations, Windfinder.com will also provide wave heights. We do find the wind indicators to be very accurate (direction, speed and gusts). We found the predictions to be very accurate in general and by making adjustments for land sheltering the water, we could get a pretty good picture of what to expect.

Passageweather.com: This site was exceptionally accurate for our Gulf Stream crossing to Bimini and throughout the Bahamas. Although it doesn’t provide sufficient wave information in the bays or ICW, it does show us what’s happening offshore for those runs we make outside or across big bays close to the ocean. Animate the wind and then scroll down to animate the waves over the predicted time period. Read the wave heights in meters and note the time is given in UTC, ough!

Weather.gov or srh.noaa.gov: We use the NOAA Marine Weather site www.srh.noaa.gov or the www.weather.gov because we can zoom in on specific areas by clicking the map. Once you’re at your general location you can zoom in or out (to zoom, put the cursor over the map and turn the wheel on the mouse). Select the map and hold the mouse button down to move the map. Single click on the map to pick a location for a weather report. This is where the accuracy is far better. If you select a land spot, you will get the standard NOAA weather for that location. But if you click a spot on the

water, you will get the Marine forecast, including wave height.

For example, NOAA weather radio and NOAA website for the Chesapeake was forecasting four to six foot seas. We didn't want to travel in that slop, so we brought up the NOAA Marine weather map and started clicking around until we found the seas on our route that we wanted to travel in.

It was indeed four to six feet and building late in the day south of Tangier Island and really nasty as you headed toward the mouth of the bay. We confirmed this when we talked with some friends held up in Norfolk by the big waves on the Bay. But we weren't going there. We were going from Baltimore to the Potomac River and on up to Washington, D.C. For our route, it was only one foot building to two feet.

You can get a good feel for what the weather folks are broadcasting by clicking around in different locations until you find the "elephants" they were predicting and stay out of those areas. The reverse is also true. They may predict less than what you see. Again, go out and click on your route to see what you'll get.

Weather.com: We like this site because you can get the hour by hour forecast. This bit of "hocus pocus" can be useful to see what time you want to leave and what time you want to be secured for the day. It's a useful set of trends.

Of course, a book on clouds or spending some time on <http://www.weatherwizkids.com> certainly helps understand what the forecasters are saying and helps understand how to read the clouds.

On our <http://www.boatersites.com/HelpfulLinks.htm> when you scroll down toward the bottom, you'll see our current collection of weather sites.

Please feel free to suggest additional weather sites you like for our website.



SHETTER, North and Janet (#571) 1988 • DF47 POC • TWO SEASONS Menominee, MI

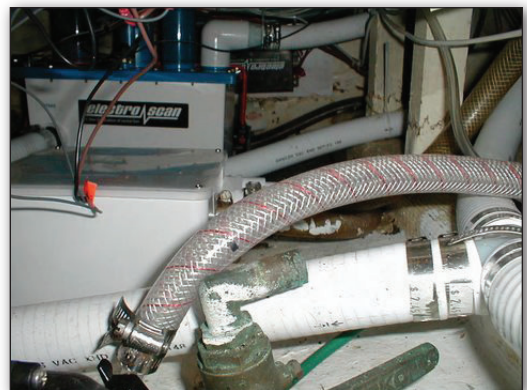
Changing Out Heads and Sanitation Lines on Our 47 POC

One of the reasons we bought our 1988 47 POC was that everything on the boat was original. There are pros and cons to this sort of approach. We did not want to deal with poor craftsmanship where tables, walls or bulkheads had been removed and refitted. We determined that if someone was going to screw things up we wanted to be the first to do it. Our

boat came with Galley Maid heads and the so called "peanut butter pump" maceration system leading to our 30 gallon holding tank. We live on board from November through May. If we have guests on board, we determined that we could not go more than about four days before a pump out was needed. The Galley Maid units use seawater so there was a constant odor in the heads. We wanted a change to reduce odors and pump outs. After much research, we decided to make the following changes.

Replace all 20-year-old sanitation lines with new lines. Remove Galley Maid head system and replace it with Tecma toilets and Raritan ElectroScan system retaining direct access to the holding tank from our forward head with a manual Raritan system. The Tecma heads have a built in maceration system and lots of flushing power. We decided to tee them into a single ElectroScan unit. In order to prevent back flow between the units we added check valves in the lines in front of the tee. The Tecma heads use seawater to flush but are dry between uses eliminating odors.

Removal of the sanitation lines and head installation consumed one full week over the summer of 2007. Access was difficult and 20-year-old lines do not separate easily. A good heat gun and line cutter was worth the investment. Once the units were out, running new lines was not too difficult.





We wired in the ElectroScan with no problem. Getting the Tecma units to work properly was more difficult as the company had sent us a bad flush switch and only wanted to talk to a dealer about replacing parts. Once that was remedied by having a local contractor become a dealer, things went well.

After two winters of use, we are well pleased with the Tecma heads and the ElectroScan system. The ElectroScan system requires very specific maintenance to work flawlessly. Follow the rules and it will work great. The Tecma units have been bullet proof.

We initially plumbed in some of the system with plastic and found upon an insurance survey that we should have been using brass fittings. We are using one through-hull for seawater with an individual pump for flow control to each head. The ElectroScan unit allows us to program in two heads with individual flush switches.

The ElectroScan unit runs for 90 to 120 seconds with each flush and draws about 15 amps during that time. Noise is minimal. The Galley Maid units ran for about 30 seconds with lots of noise. We removed about 350 pounds of parts and pipes and installed about 100 pounds.



We still have our holding tank as a back up and a system that is USCG approved for the areas that we currently cruise.



ROHR, Dan & Carol (#665) 1988 • Camargue 48 CPMY • LUCKY STARS Palm Coast, FL

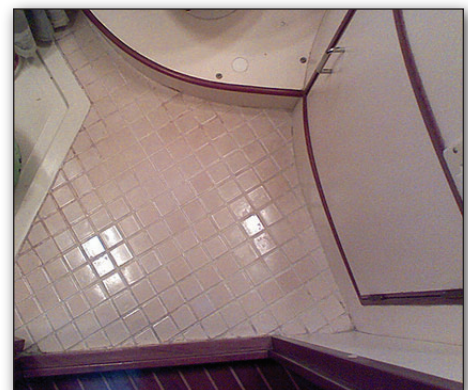
Floor Me!

Boat projects come and go between the cruising times whether a vessel is new, experienced, a DeFever, or some other boat. Sometimes projects happen based on the owners' whims and wants. On one such day, Dan routinely disappeared to check on *Lucky Stars*, conveniently berthed behind our salt-water canal home. Then he floors me with the announcement, "Let's replace the tile in both heads." What?!?!? No electronic or engine room stuff?!?!?!

Floor tile renovation seems like a wish list project that would be unlikely to happen. Sure, little rugs almost hide the not-so-pretty, tired, little whitish tiles. The prospect of removing and replacing the discolored grout and the sometimes-slippery tile does not appeal to either of us. Nonetheless, Dan's proposal motivates us. Besides, the job should be a piece of cake after our numerous do-it-yourself installations aboard our new-to-us boat of two years. Let's do the new tile!

The tiling adventure progresses in earnest once we set some goals. First, we want to enhance the floor's appearance and integrity with a low maintenance, slip-resistant product. Second, we want to optimize tile cuts to minimize waste, number of cuts, and costs. We also want to line up grout lines with the stateroom's teak and holly floorboards. When aboard, one must go with the flow.

The hands-on part begins with measurement of the two odd-shaped floors. Without a doubt, the VIP floor mimics a gerrymandered congressional district with corresponding challenges. Those dimensions helped us to estimate square feet of tile for the project and to decide on optimal tile size for the



Original VIP Tile



Original Master Tile

layout. Finally, we checked various tile samples on-board *Lucky Stars* and selected the finalists based on best appearance in various day and night lighting conditions.

Laying new over old tile isn't an option. Yet the physical nitty gritty to remove the old flooring delivers an unexpected obstacle. The doggone floor tile and grout vehemently resist their departure from *Lucky Stars*. They even stay steadfast through aggressive hammering and muscled attempts to pry them off.

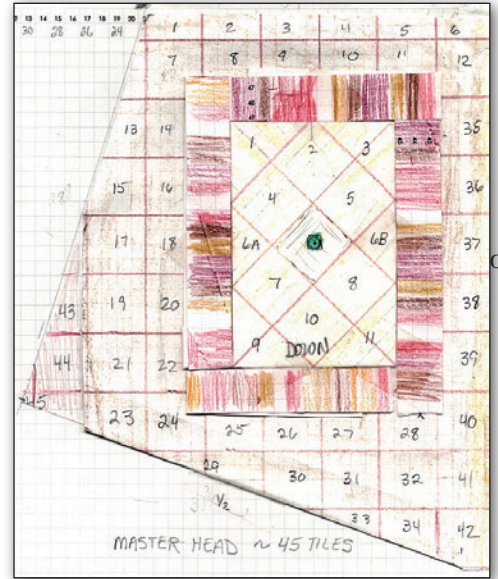
So another dandy gizmo is pulled from one of Handy Dan's ever-ready tool (treasure) chests, a heat gun. We removed flammable material from the work area and, just in case Mr. Murphy visits, ready some fire extinguishers. Dan puts on safety glasses and strategically heats some tiles. Behold, the underlying adhesive softens its grip so old tiles readily pry off.

We recommend setting designs on paper before adhesive application and tile installation. For us, different approaches helped cast off some bad ideas and develop better prototypes without a lot of effort. The first involved small, rough drawings on square-lined paper. Dan also cut poster board and 1/4" plywood templates to the actual size and shape of each head's floor area. I then lay uncut, primary tiles in our prototype pattern on top of the templated poster paper which lies over the plywood. Some small areas need filler tiles. We opted to cut corresponding sized tiles from readily available 12x12" mesh-backed sheets since it looked a ton better than a glob of grout on a finished job.

Dan placed the non-glued combinations on the head's floor. Since paper stock easily slides over the plywood, a little shift of the whole layout aligned the tiles with the flow of the teak and holly sole. Likewise, we slid the pattern's focal point until it was centered in front of the sink basin. Dan then marked the center point and the spaces between tiles with pencil on the poster board.

Confident in the layout and fit, Dan cut tiles that needed trimming and we pieced everything over the pencil-patterned paper-plywood combo like a puzzle. All of this was done away from the boat and without making a mess of *Lucky Stars*. Once aboard, Dan transferred the positioned tiles from the plywood base to their respective spots on the prepared, glued floor. After appropriate drying times, we applied grout and sealer.

Mission accomplished. We met our goals, and *Lucky Stars* head floors are much better looking, modern, low maintenance, and slip-resistant. One could say that we've got refreshed soles.



... first set the design on paper ...



Upgraded Master tile

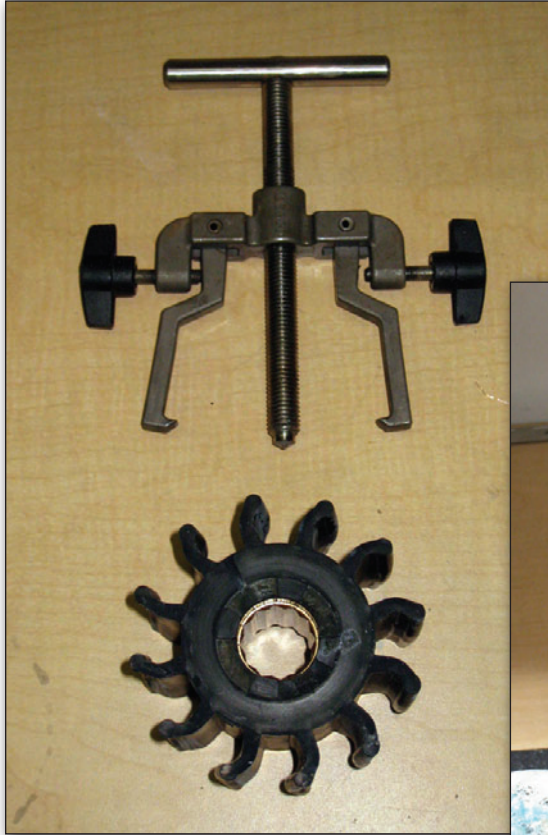


Upgraded VIP tile

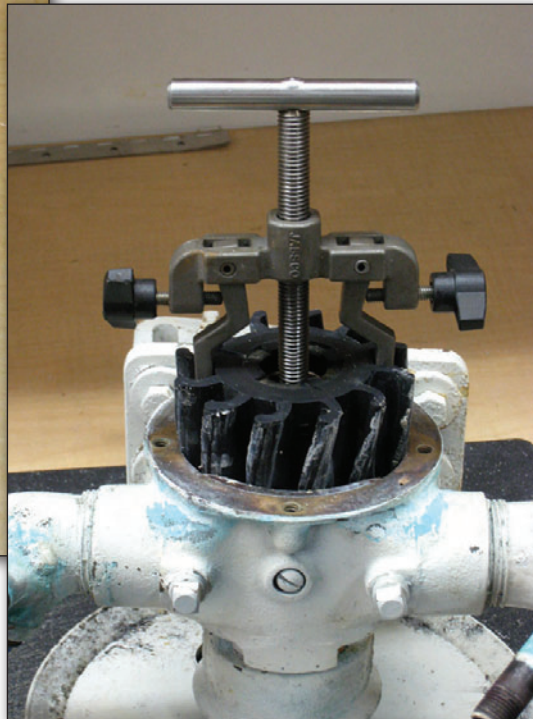


HAESEKER, Hank and Nancy (#22) 1988 • DeFever 52 • LAST LAUGH North Palm Beach, FL

What's In Your Toolbox?



It looks like a gear puller – but it's not. This handy device by Jabsco is an impeller removal tool. I call it an impeller puller. If you have ever struggled with two screwdrivers or two long-nose vice grips to try to remove a rubber impeller from your raw water pump you will know that it can be a knuckle buster. This tool is simple to use. The two "arms" reach into the impeller and grip it in the hub when you tighten the two thumb screws. Then tighten down on the T-handle



and it jacks the impeller right out for inspection or replacement. It doesn't harm the impeller, so you can keep it as a spare or put it back in, as you wish. You can buy it at West Marine or on-line for about \$70 to \$90, depending on the size you need.



DISCOUNT *from* **MANAGING THE WATERWAY**

Below is the 2010 web voucher code for DeFever Cruisers members, good for 20% off any of our products. This code is good through December 31, 2010 for any purchases (included already discounted "bundles") on our website, www.managingthewaterway.com. It will also be valid on our forthcoming title, *Managing the Waterway: Chicago, IL to Mobile, AL*, scheduled for publication later this spring.

Simply cut-and-paste the following 20% off voucher code on the order page when prompted:

17DEFEVER122240