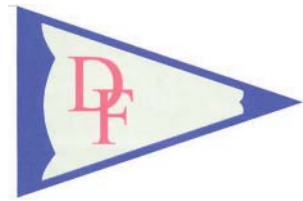


DeFever Cruisers

DeFever Enthusiasts who share a common love of their vessels and the cruising life.



Fall, 2006

Volume 10, issue 4

“Ches-Dez-Vous”

Robin & Jim Roberts (#331)
DF49RPH ADVENTURES
Annapolis, MD

Chesapeake DFC Rendezvous (aka “Ches-Dez-Vous”)
July 2006

The West River and the town of Galesville, MD, played host to a fleet of DeFever Cruisers members in July. Forty-five people and 18 boats gathered for the weekend, despite a

Saturday’s highlights included a rain squall, a little bit of anchor dragging, lots of boat visitations by dink, and a gala cocktail party and dinner at the newly-refurbished Riverview Inn. Our tables were arranged across the panoramic windows of the restaurant, with a perfect view of all those high DeFever bows in the anchorage; as Mal Curran (#787, BEAR BOAT) said, “The West River never looked so good!” Guests of honor were Bob and Barbara Dein, and the group took the opportunity to thank them for their tireless work on behalf of this great organization.



DF49s ADVENTURES and BEAR BOAT Hosted a Cocktail Party



The DF49 Bow Has Many Uses



Local Restaurants Did the Rest



Uh-Oh!

few who could not make it due to high winds and the threat of squalls. A brief shower came through the first evening, but it ended half an hour before the scheduled cocktail party aboard the rafted DF49RPHs, ADVENTURES and BEAR BOAT. Everyone had a grand time catching up with old friends and meeting new ones.

The weekend ended all too quickly, with a Sunday farewell brunch hosted by Mal and Nancy Curran (BEAR BOAT) and Ted and Nancy McCarley (#526, ALOHA FRIDAY) aboard ADVENTURES/BEAR BOAT.

Thanks to all who participated in the Ches-Dez-Vous, and here’s hoping we’ll see more of those big bows visiting the Bay

again next year!



Galesville, Maryland, Art

Boats attending: ADVENTURES (DF49RPH, Jim & Robin Roberts- #331), ALOHA FRIDAY (DF44, Ted & Nancy McCarley- #526), *Baderio* (Hatteras 48 LRC, Jim & Gina Roberts- #794), BEAR BOAT (DF49RPH, Mal & Nan Curran- #787), BLESSINGS (DF44, Mike & Jane Ross- #641), CHRISTMAS (DF41, Steve & Karen O'Brien- #616), ELIZABETH ANN (DF44, John & Ann Gardner- #853), FLORISEAS (DF44, Bob & Andy Utter- #221), GALILEO (DF49RPH, Darien & Marie Pringle- #842), GONDOLA (DF44, Bob & Barbara Dein, #2), GYPSY (DF49RPH, Alan & Stephanie Scoll- #722), LEGACY (DF44, Ron & Pam Swezy- #619), RESURGENT (DF49RPH, Joel & Marian Busse- #6), SEAHORSE III (DF44, Bob & Sue Hodes- #700), SEAWEEED (DF44, Stephen & Jill Kempe- #851), SOMERSET EAGLE (DF49RPH, Jim & Joni Marquardt- #367), TRANQUILITY BASE (DF49CMY, Nishan & Kathy Topjian- #789), and QUEEN B (GA64, Jeff & Brenda Bowen- #435).

Attending by car were: Lloyd & Cindy Abbot (#866), Grant Huber (#490), Gale & Marcie Mutum (#627), Norm & Vicki Naughton (#772), Alice Needle (#51) and Ned & Mary Sommer (#346).

Jim & Robin Roberts (#331)

DF49RPH ADVENTURES

Annapolis, MD

Electronics Update

11/28/05 – Annapolis to Cambridge, MD We're taking the boat over to Cambridge, on the Choptank River, for the long-awaited electronics upgrade (new radar, radios, autopilot, depth sounders, etc.). It's an unusually warm day today, and we're taking two friends from the Power Squadron with us for a trawler ride. Bill and Clara are starting their own search for a trawler. Clara is a fabulous cook, and despite my assurances that she needn't bring anything, she brought a gorgeous loaf of banana bread – what a treat!!

About 90 minutes out of Annapolis, the high-temp alarm sounded on the port engine, so we immediately shut her down and went to investigate. The v-belt broke (which drives the water pump), and although we have spares aboard, the hydraulic pump for the Naiad stabilizers is bolted to the harmonic balancer, requiring a bit more work to replace the belt. We

decided to lock the shaft (what would we do without our chain-vice grips?), and run on one engine. The rest of the trip was uneventful, though a tad slower, until we got to Cambridge. We passed the *Cindy Lou* (Al and Cindy Gellene's Symbol 42) as she was heading out the Choptank, where she just had electrical work completed at the same place where we are headed. Mid-Shore Electronics is located on Cambridge Creek, just above a little bascule bridge. And the wind was picking up and getting gusty. I've brought this boat into the dock on one engine once before, and I know she can be ornery - the props are pretty far apart, and the rudders are outboard of the prop centerlines. Luckily I didn't have to wait long for the bridge to open, and I had a big face dock to aim for. A strong gust caught us just as I lined up even with the dock, and it shoved us into the dock a bit, but it wasn't a horrible landing, and nothing was harmed. We'll replace the broken belt next weekend, and flip the boat around so we're facing the winter weather from the west.

We had a most marvelous day with Clara and Bill – another advantage of the slow trawler speeds is that there's time to just enjoy the company!

12/5/05 – Cambridge, MD We're still here at Mid-Shore, waiting for things to start happening. I'm guessing that this project is like most – lots of waiting around, followed by frenetic activity and general chaos.

I'm on wave-and-smile terms with the local fellows – watermen that keep boats here, as well as some of the guys working on the black DeFever 41 in the next slip. Everyone around here is nice, but they're pretty quiet. I don't envy the watermen going out oystering on these cold mornings, but I got a kick out of seeing them unloading a big bushel of oysters with Christmas-morning grins on their faces. Personally I'm not enthralled by a pile of cold muddy bivalves, but I understand that they are a sought-after treasure for many. To each his/her own.

12/7 It's a cold morning here in Cambridge. Outside, the water is trying to harden – it's slushy, and I'm amazed how fast the ice began to appear. When I went to bed last night, the outside temp was only 31, but the ice was forming on the creek already. One of the Maryland Natural Resources boats lives in this creek, and was out at 0730 this morning, making a quick trip to the bascule bridge to break a path in the slush-ice. One of the local fellows working on the boat next to mine said that the state boat will break ice two-three times a day when it's needed – good to know!

The fenders and lines are really creaking with the cold. I'm used to hearing the lines creak a little now and then (in strong winds), but the fenders sure are noisy! I need to get some rock salt – yesterday's melt has re-frozen into some invisible slick spots on the deck, and I don't need any excitement getting on and off the boat. During the day there are people around, but at night I'm on my own. I keep the swim ladder tied so it can be lowered from the water – just in case... but I don't relish the idea.

It's mid-morning now, and there's a light wind blowing up the creek - amazing how a little wind can generate enough ripple on the water to make the slush ice disappear (and how quickly the ice can re-appear with calm cold conditions).

12/10 It's a simple life here at the Mid-Shore Electronics dock. Our satellite TV dish is back in Annapolis, and our regular TV antenna (which never worked very well) is propped up on the bow – we sort-of get three channels that come and go (mostly

DeFever Cruisers

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Membership

As of Nov. 22, 2006, *DeFever Cruisers* has 448 members.

DeFever & Grand Alaskan lengths owned are as follows:

*34 -10, *38 -4, *40 -16 *41 - 29, *43 -15, *44 -69, *44+5
 -30, *45 -5, *45+2 - 1, *46 -3, *47 -8, *48 - 20, *49 -56,
 *49+6 -1, *49+8 - 1, *50 -3, *51 -1, *51+9 -1, *52 -6,
 *52+7 - 1, *52+8 -1, *53 -22, *53+7 -1, *54 -4, *56 -2, *57
 -5, *57+11 -1, *60 -6, *60 +8 - 1, *63 - 1, *64 -3, *65 - 2,
 *66 -2, *68 -1, *71 -1, *72 -2, 78 -1.

DeFeverless - 122

Finances

Financial Statement as of 11/20/06

Balance as of 3/20/06	\$9,948.54
Revenues:	
Dues & Reprints	\$660.00
Burgees	\$320.00
CD Sales	\$40.00
Total Revenues:	\$1,020.00
Expenses:	
Printing	\$2,762.32
Postage	\$1,378.94
Refunds	\$00.00
Website	\$2,154.99
Burgee Expense	\$0.00
Supplies	\$20.00
Total Expenses:	\$ 6,316.16
Balance:	\$4,652.38

DFC Burgee

To obtain a DFC burgee (designed by Alice Needle, #51), your visual symbol of membership, and a must-have for your boat, send a check or money order, made out to DeFever Cruisers, for **\$20** (\$22 in US funds elsewhere) for std. size, or **\$30** in US (\$33 elsewhere) for the large size, to DeFever Cruisers 308 Nassau St., N. Venice, FL 34285-1419. ◆◆

DFC Apparel

Jill Grandy (#140) arranged for clothing and other items embroidered with the DFC logo. To view the "catalog" (follow exactly!):

- go to www.mediasource.net
- Click on: shop your catalog
- Type in the password 'DeFever'
- Click on each selection, eg. 'wovens'
- Click on each photo for enlargement and size/price/additional embroidery info.

Items may only be purchased from the company by following the directions on the web site. ◆◆

2007 ANNUAL DFC RENDEZVOUS

Jan 26 - 30, 2007.

The Club at Hammock Beach

(located south of St. Augustine in Palm Coast, FL,)

Chairpersons Steve & Di KOCH (#74)
sushstevdi@aol.com

DeFever Newsletters on CD!

Joel Busse (#6) has converted all Newsletters from 1997—2004 to pdf format, and copied them to CDs.

Members with the original issued CD may upgrade by sending their CD and a check for \$5 in U.S. funds made to DeFever Cruisers. Or members may purchase the new CD by sending a check for \$20 in U.S. funds made to: DeFever Cruisers.

Send to: Joel Busse 110 Waters Edge, Jupiter, FL 33477
Bussejm@aol.com ◆◆

Boat/U.S. Membership

DeFever Cruisers is a participating member of the Boat/US Co-operating Group Program. A DeFever Cruisers member may join Boat/U.S. or renew their Boat/US membership at the special Co-op Group rate of \$9.50, instead of the usual \$19.00 annual fee. When you join or renew, state that you are a DeFever Cruisers member and mention DFC Group Number GA84456B. For additional information, brochures or applications, contact us or your nearest Boat/US facility. ◆◆

2007 Brings Changes to DFC

We founded DFC in June 1997, and the membership grew and grew. We loved hearing from each new member, meeting many at Rendezvous and while at sea, and looked upon us all as 'extended family.' Now the time has come for more of these members to participate in the newer, more interactive communications medium soon to be launched (see page 28). We will look forward to having more time to cruise on GONDOLA, and more opportunities to get together with all DFCers. See you on the water, soon! Bob & Barbara (#2) ◆◆

“go”), but only one of them comes in with any useable audio (which comes and goes). My cellular Internet connectivity is slow here – 14.4kb, so even “net” news and weather are a bit painful to wait for. There really isn’t anyplace safe to locate the big DVD player at the moment, so my entertainment is largely CDs, Radio Margaritaville over the “net,” or rented movies played on the laptop. I’m also knitting, wrapping Christmas gifts, and preparing for the big Antarctica trip – there’s no shortage of things that need doing!

The pilothouse is getting to be quite a spaghetti-mess of dangling wires and cables – Jim is painstakingly pulling out the old electronics and switches, labeling everything carefully, and trying to keep some semblance of order. Listening to him take a saw to my pilothouse dashboard was a bit painful... the demolition phase of any transformation project is always the hardest!

We decided to venture into town for dinner, looking for those wonderful local spots that most towns have, camouflaged by an unassuming exterior but offering warmth, friendliness, and simply delicious fare. I think that’s one of the things we both really enjoy about visiting or living in different places - exploring and discovering the special treats, like: a fabulous old-fashioned hardware store with aisles upon aisles of useful treasures thought impossible to find, a great little café, or places staffed by friendly people. There are plenty of disappointments when one embarks on a quest like this, but the successes – discovering the secrets – makes the effort worthwhile.

Tonight’s discovery was the Dayton Café on the Point – right next to the Choptank River. No view, three dining rooms, closes at 8pm, and friendly young waiters and waitresses dressed in clean white shirts and pants. The café is owned by a grandmotherly lady (Henrietta – her picture is on the menu), and I wouldn’t be surprised if some of the wait staff were her grandchildren - kind, lovely kids. The food wasn’t to-die-for, but it was just what we needed on a cold winter evening – tasty home-style cooking in a warm place full of locals. We chose the third dining room – which was full of various animal heads on the walls... and I mean FULL. Besides the requisite deer, there were water buffalo, antelope, gazelle, and a number of bighorn sheep. There must have been more than 30 heads in there... our waiter said that a lot of people don’t like that dining room because they feel all those eyes looking at them... thanks, kid... now I notice it! Jim kept noticing the signs that said “Apple Sauce Cakes available – order now!”- and although we resisted the urge to get one, I’m willing to bet that Henrietta’s Apple Sauce Cake is one of those gems... the stuff of dreams for the Apple Sauce Cake cognoscenti. I know we’ll be back to Cambridge again, so we’ll file that one away for a weekend-cruising treat.

We had a minor adventure this evening, discovering that the blower for the heating system in the staterooms is making funny noises. Jim tried changing the speed to see if that would do anything. It did do something – it gave way entirely. Thank goodness we have our small electric oil-filled heaters aboard; so we fired one up in our stateroom, and we’re keeping the door closed. The temperature in the cabin is fine, but the deck is a bit cooler than we’re used to, and the forward stateroom is pretty chilly. I’ll have to track down a new blower box this week, and we’ll install it when Jim returns next weekend.

12/11 In addition to the sketchy TV reception here, I can’t

tune many radio stations either. The humor of the situation is that a new TV antenna and Sirius satellite radio are on the list of new electronics to be installed, but they probably won’t be operational until we’re off on our big trip! However, I found a local station playing holiday music this morning (predominantly country & western, but hey – Rudolph is Rudolph, right?) ...something to listen to while I made some cinnamon-raisin biscuits for Jim’s breakfast. I just love the local advertisements – this morning’s favorite was the one for hunting scents. I wish I could remember all the various names the announcer rattled off for scents to attract deer – things like “Doe Heaven” (I wonder if the double-entendre was intentional), “Buck’s Best,” etc. And of course there are the scents to mask the hunter’s personal odor: “White Oak,” “Apple Wood,” etc. I’m not that familiar with the nitty-gritty of hunting, so I certainly learned something new! But it was such an incongruous thing to hear on the radio – perhaps a tad insensitive in proximity to all the Rudolph songs – it really cracked me up. Reminded me of our all-time favorite cable access local show and advertisements for the “Snook Nook,” a fishing shop in Stuart, FL – a topic for its own log entry some day. Now don’t misunderstand me – I’m not making fun of the local culture... in fact, learning about the locals is what we enjoy so much about traveling. More often than not, we find that we like the local ways better than our old ways, and we’re always ready to adopt new tricks!

Jim is under the flying bridge right now, still removing old electronics. The process of removing old equipment from a boat is a little like an archeological dig – there are always unexpected things, and bits of history, to be found. Our boat was built in 1988 and we’re her fourth owners. We know she’s been as far south as Venezuela with the second owner, but we don’t know as much about her history as we’d like. As Jim pulls more cables out and opens up more access panels, we occasionally find labels and notes in different handwriting, as things were added or changed with various owners – it makes us wonder where else she’s been or what she’s experienced. But like a polite lady, she says little about her former beaux.

12/16/05 - Cambridge, MD - HOSTAGE CRISIS - DAY 19

We’ve been here for three weeks now... waiting and waiting and waiting - patiently - for the electronics guys to do something. Y’know... pull some wires, install some stuff - anything. They haven’t even come in to put their protective matting on the pilothouse floor yet - that’s how much nothing has happened. So far, the only work done on the boat has been done by Jim - tearing out the old electronics, pulling old wires out, labeling things, etc. The Morse controls have been disconnected so we’re quite literally stuck at the dock. (Yes, we could reconnect the controls, put the wheel back on and get out of here... but I’ve invested three weeks in this, and I’m not leaving until I get my paid-for pile of electronics installed correctly in this boat.) I don’t know if it’s an Eastern Shore thing or not, but there’s a definite difference in how the locals deal with “The Husband” versus “The Wife.” The wife gets assurances about carpet protection mats... the husband gets meaty answers to technical questions. Conversation crawls to a stop when the wife wants to see what’s happening or discuss options, but the level of chatter increases dramatically when the boys are left to themselves. From what I’ve been able to determine so far, stereo speaker placement seems to be the limit of the electronics guy’s comfort level in terms of technical conversation with a woman. For

those of you who know that I'm a serious boat geek, you can appreciate how much that's grating on me as well.

12/19 - Hostage Crisis - Day 21 We're starting to do some of our own installation work. Jim pulled the old radar cable out, and decided that we might as well keep making progress one way or another. He got one of the electronics guys to give him the new radar cable (they were reluctant, but Jim was firm!), and we pulled it from the pilothouse through the flying bridge and frame top. Once that was in, we pulled the hose for the new air horns, and the wires for the anchor and boat deck lights.

We finally got to meet the people on the black DeFever 41 next door to us - lovely couple: Dave and Rebecca (Johnson, #848). Yesterday's sea trial with the electronics guys was the first time underway on their new-to-them boat, and we got to see the pure joy and gigantic smiles on their faces! It brought back the feelings from our first time out, and gave us a pretty good idea of what we must have looked like a little over three years ago. We had a thoroughly enjoyable dinner with Dave and Rebecca this evening, and got to hear more of their story - they had a horse farm in Tennessee, but had been dreaming about moving aboard and cruising on a trawler for a number of years. Some of their horses were named "Krogen," "DeFever," and "Nordhavn" - so boats have been on their minds for a while!

Today's adventure: running out of water at 1 am. We knew we needed to fill the tanks, but didn't think we were *that* empty. Too much laundry, I suppose. No worries, the project manager at Mid-Shore showed me where the freeze valve was located on the side of the building earlier in the week, and we carry 'puh-lenty' of water hoses just in case. I dragged out my big pile of hoses and started linking them together... got to the freeze valve - no water. They must have turned it off to winterize the outside bibs, and forgot to turn it back on. This isn't a marina, so there's no bathroom or shower facilities to use as an alternative... so we *have* to find water. Dave and Rebecca were getting close to empty on their tanks as well. We pounded the Internet, and wandered around the building, trying to find a phone number or the last name of someone (so we could look them up in the directory) - no joy. Fortunately, one of the local watermen came by, and he had the home phone number for Mid-Shore's owner, so we were back in business soon enough.

12/21 - Cambridge, MD Installers finally showed up yesterday to start doing some work. I like to think that Jim's initiative helped spur them to action... the alternative was going to get ugly! They're installing the black boxes for the radar and autopilot under the bridge, and are starting to run some wire. They're not big fans of working outside when it's a little cold though, and they surprised me this morning with the announcement that they were going to work in our stateroom and closet ahead of schedule, as well as in the lazarette, installing the autopilot rudder sensors and pump. "Surprise" means that I wasn't supposed to have those areas cleaned out for them for another week - which meant that I had to drop everything and move most of my clothes and disassemble our bed in the midst of trying to pack for Christmas visiting... and I had to work outside (where it was too cold for them!) to get all the gear off the top of the steering box in the lazarette. I'm getting immune to chaos now. Anything to keep the installation moving forward is okay in my book!

12/23 Enduring a major electronics installation is a lot like dating. It's fun to choose all the new gadgets, and the anticipation

is exciting... but the event rarely goes as planned, and when they say "I'll call you..." you know that means you'll never hear from them.

Merry Christmas.

1/14/06 - Cambridge, MD HOSTAGE CRISIS - Day 47 Yes, you read that right - I had to do the math more than once. We're back from holiday travel, and a trip to Antarctica... hoping that the work would be finished. Not only is it not finished, but it *seems* that there's still a lot more to do. Hard to get a really definitive answer - at least another week-and-a-half, from what I can discern. Imagine chaos in every room, and then come home from a long trip with huge bags and mounds of laundry.

If you don't live in a small space, you may not understand the fact that when chaos ensues, there is NO PLACE to put things that are in the way. The only places are on top of useful things, or in important places (like beds, sofas, chairs, etc.) When everything is put away the boat is a great place, but when one whole room needs to be cleared out, it gets ugly everywhere else pretty fast. For this project, add boxes and boxes of new stuff, and some boxes of old (outgoing) stuff... in an already limited space... and THEN come home with lots of luggage. Ugly... cubed. Cars make excellent storage containers when the need arises!

On the positive side, all the new teak is in place in the overhead and the helm station, and most things are installed in the flying bridge - except for the gelcoat work that must wait until spring. The new radar is up, along with the new LED anchor light, and the Kahlenberg horns mounted under the arch - pretty spiffy! We have to be glad for the mild weather though; the boat has stayed warm, and we're not worried about getting iced in here.

1/16 Hostage Crisis - Day 49 Progress... Visible things are now getting installed (that's Jim installing the SSB and a new speaker!), and the varnish is dry on the overhead. This means that equipment will fill up the empty holes, and will simultaneously vanish from my galley counter and pilothouse table! There's still a lot to be done, but progress is a happy thing to report!

1/20 Major progress! As with many boat projects, we've learned that the chaos seems worse in the moments before everything comes together... and that was true with this project. Yesterday was a flurry of activity into the early evening, and sea trial is today! Hard to believe how much things have come together in these last few days, but our escape from Cambridge looks like it will actually happen (Cambridge isn't a bad place, but the inconvenience is getting on our nerves).

Sea trial reveals that the radar is aligned perfectly, but the autopilot is having serious problems - it appears to be a bad board and/or rudder position sensor. After installing this much complex equipment, I'm not surprised that something isn't quite perfect. No matter, the board and sensor will be replaced in short order for us, in Annapolis - so we really are going home this weekend! We sadly bid farewell to the electronics guys - the delayed start of the project was a bit frustrating, but they really were super, and the quality of their work has been flawless. Thanks most especially to Mike for his perfectionism, and to Johnny for his artful mounting of the new Kahlenberg horns, among other nice surprises. This was a complex job, and Mid-Shore treated us very well - now that it's over it's easier to be happy. Living with the dust and the mess while the job is in progress isn't always easy. The outside carpenter's work wasn't quite what we expected, so it means more sanding and

varnishing for me later on.

Summary of the new electronics installation:

Furuno NavNet system - Autopilot, black box Radar (4' open array) and chartplotter (CMAP-NT), two new depth sounders (black box fishfinder), 10" Furuno radar/plotter display, Icom VHF radios at both steering stations, Sirius satellite radio with remotes and speakers in the stateroom and flying bridge. Partial installation of new Kahlenberg air horns, replacement of the anchor light fixture and installation of LED bulb. Two Sony flat-screen 15" monitors - one display for the Cap'n chartplotter running on a standalone computer, one for radar and other NavNet data. Reconfiguration of dashboard in pilothouse and flying bridge, new teak in pilothouse overhead. Old autopilot was left in place as a backup system. Most systems (except radar) have redundancy.

1/22/06 - Annapolis, MD Home!!! We spent yesterday - all day - cleaning up the pilothouse and finishing re-installation of some personal items like our special clock and barometer. Once we got everything put together, the overall effect was really quite nice, and we're very happy. It's a beautiful day for the five hour ride home to Annapolis - plenty of time to play with the new toys. We even used our old autopilot (the backup system), since the new one isn't ready for prime time just yet. The new radar knocked our socks off - we can see our own wake, as well as birds in flight, with proper tuning. We picked up some good radar tips from the professional mariners aboard the National Geographic *Endeavour* when we were in Antarctica earlier this month, so we configured the radar to show *all* moving objects moving across the screen - including us (the source). With trails turned on, it's much easier to see which objects are moving and which are fixed - a much safer way to run. The ability to configure various data sources from the Furuno NavNet system to a single display was awesome - this is a very powerful system, well thought-out. The second screen is our usual chartplotter, fed from a laptop (for now, until we build a dedicated computer that will hide under the dash). We have temporarily rigged one of the old depth sounders, since the new NavNet sounders can't receive data from our old transducers. We'll replace the 'ducers when we haul-out for our usual summer bottom paint.

The flying bridge dashboard is still pretty ugly - it will have to wait until spring when the temperatures are warm enough for Mid-Shore to do the cosmetic repair where old gauges were removed, and new things installed. It will be nice when everything is finished, but the list of boat projects is endless... we should know that by now! But the bottom line is that we put a lot into this long-planned project, and we feel like we got something of real value to us. Mid-Shore was really superb, and we had a positive experience overall. The photos don't really convey the significance of the changes we've made - most of the really nifty bits are hidden away (though the wiring and the workmanship is as neat and clean as if it were meant to be seen every day). It may not look all that different, but the performance, flexibility, and power of the system is stunning.

P.S - Radar Configuration: I suppose this only works on some of the newer generation radars - we have a Furuno.

When we were aboard the National Geographic ship in Antarctica this winter, the professional crew showed us how they configure their Furuno radar, and we've adopted their method with excellent results... we thought we'd pass it along, so you might try it yourselves.



Before



During



After

The objective with this configuration is to be able to detect radar targets in motion as quickly as possible, and to determine the direction of a target's motion. First, you set the radar to "True Motion" ("TR-M"), as opposed to North-up or Course-up. In this mode, everything in motion is shown in motion, including your own boat. The second part of the configuration is to set TRAILS to ON, and we find that a TRAIL time of 30 seconds works well (at our speed, anyway). With True Motion and Trails set, any moving object is very obvious, and its relative speed and direction are also obvious from the trail's appearance. No more watching targets for multiple passes to try

and determine whether they're moving - especially nice when there are a lot of pips on the screen.

For our computer monitor (connected to the black box), we can use any color scheme, but for the Furuno 10" monitor on my flying bridge, I've found that the "manual" color scheme (black background with green pips) works best - the trails are yellow, and they show up very well. ◆◆

George & Jessica Smith (#623)

DF41 ROBERT E. WYNNS

Green Cove Springs, FL

Received 7/9/06 We spent a fabulous winter on the St. Johns River, anchoring out almost every night. I think we were the only boat cruising this area. No other boats anchored with us, and the only boats we saw were small pontoon boats, rental boats, and bass fishermen. The wildlife was so abundant, that at night, the birds and wild animals made such a racket, it felt as if we were in a jungle.

We reluctantly headed north in May, for our favorite marina in Beaufort, SC. We took a month to visit with friends and catch up on maintenance, including finally varnishing our doors and window frames. In June, we motored north. Our original intent was to cruise the Erie Canal this summer, but my heart was occasionally going into atrial fibrillation. After searching the Internet, I decided on Johns Hopkins in Baltimore, MD, to have ablation surgery to correct the problem, which is essentially a short in the heart's electrical system.

Later, the Erie Canal flooded from the torrential rains the upper NY area had. Several of the locks were severely damaged, and the boats in the Canal were stuck until repairs could be made. So maybe I was lucky to have a-fib (just joking).

We ran north very fast for us, averaging about 40 miles a day in the ICW. We were stuck in Dowry Creek, NC, for three days at a marina, sitting out tropical storm Alberto. We stopped at the lovely Waterside Marina in Norfolk, after transiting the Great Dismal Swamp Canal. The Waterside is located right downtown, within walking distance of MacArthur Mall. We hadn't been in a mall for eight months, and we were sort of dazzled by everything.

We then sailed to Solomons, MD, for the 4th of July; unfortunately the fireworks were spoiled by rain. We left Solomons, and promptly got a taste of just how rough the Chesapeake can be. We banged into four foot steep seas, and 25 knot winds, for six hours. Finally after a close call with a waterspout, we abandoned our effort to reach Annapolis, and went up Hudson Creek on the Eastern Shore. We spent two nights anchored in this lovely spot, and finally pulled into the Anchorage Marina in Baltimore. This will be our home for the next month while I have the surgery at Johns Hopkins. ◆◆

Teak Paneling (A)

Engine Temp (B)

Jim Cooper (#413) asks:

A - We would like to remove and replace a section of teak paneling in the master stateroom. Any ideas on where to get the paneling, unfinished or not? **B** - Our port engine runs about ten degrees hotter than the starboard at the thermostat area, and

more as you check other spots - oil pan, trans., oil cooler, trans. cooler, etc. We have 120 Ford Lehman's in our 1982 49RPH. We have replaced the raw water pump and heat exchanger, changed the impeller, new thermostat, pulled the oil cooler and exhaust manifold, and inspected and cleaned the sea strainer plenty of times. The inside of the exhaust elbow can get up to 325 degrees, where the starboard one is about 200. What more can we do ... thinking of replacing the transmission cooler. Help! Could it be because the port engine also supports the stabilizer pump, which we only use occasionally? Does anyone else have this problem?

Ron Owens (#401) responds:

A - Based upon my experience working on a few DFs, I can give you what is my best educated guess on the construction of your stateroom paneling. Typically, wood strips are fastened to the inside of the fiberglass hull (like furring strips on a masonry wall). The necessary electrical and plumbing items are run to their locations in the space allowed by the strips (studs, sort of). Then the inside is paneled with one to 12 millimeter (roughly 1/2") thick marine plywood - this can vary with location and boat model, but this is common. This layer tends to be glued and nailed to the "studs." Then the finished layer you see is applied with glue only. The finish layer of plywood is usually only three layers thick - about 1/8" or three mm. This layer can be peeled away and leave the plywood intact, though this is not always easy. Once a corner is started, you can keep working the glue line until it is removed. Great care must be taken at seams, so you do not damage the adjoining panel - which you want to save. This plywood can be purchased in the Palm Beach area - I am looking for the supplier, and have not yet found it. They will custom make it for you, if you want it to match closely. If you choose to go ahead with this project, I can share the finishing method to match what you have, based upon experience, BUT I would have to see it to know with relative certainty.

B - ENGINE TEMP - the 135 Lehman's in our DF44 have similar habits, with the exception of the exhaust elbow temp. The port engine does now, and has always, run 15 degrees cooler than the starboard engine. The starboard stays at a textbook 185 degrees, while the port is 170. The port engine also handles the stabilizers, and the water heater exchanger, and still it is cooler. I have changed thermostats, and done everything I can think of, but it is just 15 degrees cooler. The exhaust elbows are the same temp at 210. It could be that you have some restriction in the elbow itself - but I assume you have inspected it for this.

Another place that is normally overlooked is the INTAKE side of the system. Check ALL the INCOMING water lines, through-hull fittings, and valves AHEAD of the engine. If it cannot get all the water it wants to pump, it may not overheat, but it will run warm. Seacocks get the flow restricted with yearly layers of bottom paint and marine growth just a little bit further into the through-hull fitting, etc. I replaced ALL the through-hulls and seacocks on our boat last year, and was amazed at how thick the layer of built up "stuff" was. I would guess that the incoming flow of each through-hull fitting had been reduced by 20% or more. Everything works better with the new through-hulls and seacocks. The standard 3/4" water pumps on the Lehman's are JUST adequate, so any restriction in the system, from INTAKE to DISCHARGE, will not leave you with adequate flow. I know several boats whose owners have converted to 1" pumps to give extra safety margin on the cooling water flow.

Rich Ashman (# 104) responds:

A - I can get it here in New Orleans, even after the storm, from Riverside Lumber

<http://www.riversidelumber.com/frameset.htm>

They were wiped out by Katrina, but are back. It may not be economical to ship, but they may tell you where they got it.

David Olsen (#624) responds:

A - Are you sure you need to replace your paneling? I recently had to repair stains on an inside wall in the salon of my 44+5. Knowing this was tough to do on veneer, I hired a local Ft. Walton Beach outfit (Dave Shephard, Inc.) who did a remarkable job.

B - Regarding engine overheating - I too had a recent problem with my starboard Perkins diesel running several degrees hotter than the port engine. I had a diver remove the barnacles from the props, undercarriage, and exhaust ports. Problem solved.

Pete Barr (#3) responds:

B - Jim: I, too, run 10 degrees hotter on port side. I have 135 Lehmans with stabilizer pump and new coolers, etc. My boat yard guy says it's hotter because the port engine heats the water while running. He said not to worry.

I am just putting an Algae-X system on to clear up bad fuel: one conditioner on each engine and generator, plus circulating pump and filters to pass through 25 gals per hour. ◆◆

Steve & Diane Koch (#74)**DF49RPH AURORA****Boynton Beach, FL**

June 22, 2006 was a day I will fondly remember for quite a while. AURORA had been cruising through the Bahamas for over seven weeks, and had caught a fair share of fish. We had caught 200 pounds of dolphin, some hogfish, a wahoo, and some grouper, bottom fishing on the reef. We had spent the night before at Hawk's Nest Marina, after a horrible morning in Fernandez Bay. A strong squall had come through about 0800, the wind had turned to the west, and had brought 35 knot winds with 3'- 4' seas into the anchorage. We rolled violently until 1100, and then it settled enough for us to leave the anchorage. With no protected anchorages from the west along the coast of Cat Island, we decided, along with Dennis and Nellie Lainey (#565) aboard *Dennel*, and Ted and Cindy Minick (#563) aboard *Sweet C*, to take a break, and go into the marina for a day or two. We all relaxed in a secure place, and enjoyed the pool that day. *Sweet C* departed June 21, headed for the Exumas, and our plan was to leave the next day to meet up with Bob and Alice Hooker (#222) aboard BALI MOTU, and Pete and Lil Satterlee (#592) aboard MERMAID LIL, in Rock Sound, Eleuthera.

Dennel and AURORA were underway at 0730 for a 75 mile run, and the weather looked great. Calm seas and fair skies welcomed us as we departed the marina, and within a few miles we had put the lines out. We'd had pretty good luck fishing along this run, and a few years back, along with Herk and Lin Schuneman (#566) aboard *Messing About*, caught several black fin tuna off the point of SE Eleuthera.

We were fishing with three lines out, and some new lures, along with a new-to-us Penn International 50 reel that we had recently purchased from Jack and Kitty Hoff (#19). Jack had told me he had caught quite a few billfish on that reel, and we

were hoping for that to happen.

Well, at 0930 the big reel had a hit and took off!! Diane slowed AURORA to dead slow, ran to the cockpit and pulled in the other lines, then moved the other rods out of the way. I could not stop the fish from taking line, and it headed east; we were going west! After taking over 300 yards of the 50 pound test, I was able to slow it down and started making some progress, turning the fish toward us. I only had 50 yards or so of line left on the reel, and had no idea what would happen if the fish took all of it off. We stayed in a stalemate for a while, with me just holding on and trying to gain on gathering in some line. After 30 minutes, or so, I was able to start pumping the rod, and got some of the line back in. It seemed I had finally turned the fish towards us. That was stand-up fishing all right, and I felt it!

After another 30 minutes or so, we saw the fish under the surface, and then we finally were able to bring it in close enough for Diane to get some pictures. We could see that it was a blue marlin over eight feet long, and estimated it to be close to 300 pounds. I was able to reach the leader from the swim platform, but removing the hook from this giant was not something I wanted to try, so we cut the leader, and with a flip of his tail he swam back to the deep. *Dennel* had been circling around us, and was able to view the action up close.

I was exhausted, and my arm was twitching from the exertion, so I sat down, had a beer, and relaxed a bit. A few minutes later, like any good fishermen would do, we put the lines back in, and were back on course. After lunch, Di spotted birds working and diving off our starboard side. We immediately headed their way, saw fish breaking the surface, and the adrenaline started flowing! On our first pass we hooked a black fin tuna and put him in the cooler. Thoughts of fresh sushi danced in my head ... A few more passes, and neither *Dennel* nor AURORA were able to hook anything else, so once again we turned back on course and proceeded.

Our weather started turning, as heavy clouds were forming and the wind was picking up, when all three rods were hit briefly, but no hookups. About ten minutes later, our Shimano reel with 30 pound test took off and kept on going! Once again Di ran to the cockpit, pulled in the other lines and moved the rods out of the way. I put on the belt again, and settled in for a good fight. This reel was much smaller, and with lighter line, but I could tell the fish was not as large, and I was able to control the line reeling off. A few minutes later it jumped out of the water, and we saw it was another billfish! The same sort of fight as the marlin, but more exciting on the lighter tackle. After 30 minutes we were able to bring the fish alongside, and saw that it was a sailfish. I was able to bring it to the swim platform, hold its bill, and remove the hook. It appeared to be near 100 pounds, and it swam on the surface for a bit, then sounded, and was gone.

By this time we were in radio contact with the other boats in Rock Sound. We still had over four hours to go, while the weather continued to deteriorate. We had no room left in our freezer from other catches we'd made, so our buddy boats both said they would gladly take any fish we caught.

So we put out the lines again as we approached the south coast of Eleuthera, and shortly hooked a large dolphin. Di ran down and started bringing in the other lines, as another fish struck the rod that she had. The fish I had on started to work its way around toward the bow, and I followed it, passing the rod around the deck supports, and around the bow, then back down the other

side. Di was still working the other fish, and we tried not to get the lines crossed as we danced around one another. I was able to get my fish to the swim platform, but then it spooked and dove under the boat. Before I could react, the line got cut on the platform and the fish was gone. I threw down the rod, and helped Diane get the other fish to the back of the boat - we were able to pull it aboard through the transom door. This one weighed in at 25 pounds, the perfect grilling size.

By this time we were pretty shot, it was really getting late, and the seas were building. But what the heck, how about just one more try?! No more than five minutes later, another big bull dolphin hit the only lure I had out, and put up a great fight on our smallest rod. About fifteen minutes later, we gaffed this one and got it in the cooler. It weighed in at 30 pounds, and that was it! *Dennel* had been with us the whole time, and had done a fine job herding all the fish our way.

We put our gear away, headed through some rain showers, arrived at Rock Sound and dropped the anchor at 1930. Bob and Pete came over and picked up the dolphins for cleaning and storage. I cleaned our tuna, and Di and I enjoyed sushi and sashimi that night for dinner. The next night we enjoyed grilled dolphin aboard BALI MOTU.

Now that's what I am talking about...

Learn more about fishing at the '007 DeFever Rendezvous at Hammock Beach Resort, Jan 26-Jan30. Look forward to seeing you there! ◆◆

Larry & Dorothy Dubia (#753) **DF48 BIG BRIVET** **Seattle, WA**

DeFever Cruisers Rendezvous at Brownsville

The flared bows and rugged hull rub rails lined up end-on-end at Brownsville Marina recently, as a fleet of a dozen DeFever's of all sizes and shapes rendezvoused for a weekend of food, fun, and education.

They ranged in size from 34 to 60 feet. They were built of fiberglass and wood. Some had pilothouses, some had flying bridges, and some had both. But they all shared that mighty flared bow, the rugged rub rail, and the in-hull port holes that say 'this is a boat Art DeFever designed for serious coastal cruising.'

And as the owners and their guests toured each others' boats, they noticed other trademark DeFever features: windows in the galley, roomy engine rooms, and, in many cases, a "sea chest," one large opening in the hull that allows water intake from one single source to all of the raw water requirements of the engine room, and makes for easy servicing.

Not that all boats are perfect. While the conversations and tours were prideful, skipper-to-skipper insights were sought on a variety of topics, especially that next trip north. Such is the stuff of a rendezvous.

While Arthur DeFever's progeny are more common on the east coast, more than 25 of his boats are at home in the Northwest, and affiliated with the DeFever Cruisers (<http://www.defevercruisers.com/experience.html>), an organization of 400-plus DeFever-designed boat owners and owners of "SOBs" (some other boat) moored all over the country. Some DeFever's, such as our BIG BRIVET, came to Washington via the Panama

Canal on her own bottom. Others came here on a freighter from Taiwan or mainland China. Most of the boats at this rendezvous were no strangers to the waters of northern BC or Alaska, and some, including MEANDER, owned by Bill and Judy Fletcher (#61), have roamed the waters of the Gulf coast and Intracoastal Waterway from Houston to NYC.



DeFeverites Doing What We Do Best!

Typical of many boaters, it was lights out early for the DeFeverites, after 'inhaling' dozens of hors d'oeuvres and a bit of wine Friday evening. We gathered at the "overlook" park in Brownsville, which also boasts a horseshoe pit and covered picnic area. Over the weekend we were to become highly impressed with Brownsville and its breakwater guest-dock, good places to walk, friendly and affordable deli, and a yacht club that visiting groups can rent. We took advantage of the yacht club and the deli Saturday night.

But that's about more fun and fun. We also wedged some education into our gathering, too, thanks to our hosts, Dale and Linda Bixler (#556), who chauffeured us to the Naval Undersea Museum in Keyport. After enjoying a pair of films on underwater volcanoes, we toured the exhibits that ranged from life on a sub, to the history of undersea exploration. The museum is free, and well worth a visit.

Having tested the park for Friday's welcome party, it was off to the Brownsville Yacht Club for a reasonably priced steak dinner, catered by the downstairs deli. Still full, we returned to BYC for a potluck breakfast on Sunday, before reluctantly departing for our homeports, where we would eagerly await for the fall rendezvous. ◆◆

Roger & Kathy Tatum (#834) **DF44 MAYA** **Caswell Beach, NC**

Our First Voyage

Kathy and I were basically lake boaters before making the decision to move up to the trawler world. We owned a 30' Sea Ray for many years, and kept it behind our home on Lake Norman. One year we took it on a Waterway trip from Hilton Head, SC, to St. Augustine, FL. Along the way we saw lots of trawlers, and became fascinated with them. After much research, and several years looking for the boat of our dreams, we finally

found MAYA. She was originally from the San Francisco area, but the previous owners moved to the west coast of Florida and brokered the boat through Marlow Marine, in Palmetto. Luc Bernard (#126) represented us in the negotiations, and he and Diana's (*Bernard*) experience with DeFever trawlers proved very beneficial. We closed the deal in mid-December, and were fortunate to have Steve and Diane Koch (#74) agree to help us take possession and teach us about our boat.

The morning we arrived in Florida, she was sitting in the mud at low tide, so we had to wait for the rising tide to get her out of the marina. Great! We're aground in our first minute of ownership! The tide rose, and we moved MAYA to Regatta Pointe in Palmetto. Steve and Diane spent several days helping us go through the boat, discovering hundreds of "widgets," and teaching us how to handle and maintain the boat. Steve's greatest challenge was explaining to me what all that "mechanical stuff" was in the engine room, why we needed it, what it does to make the boat work, and how to maintain it. Steve was very helpful with respect to some much needed repairs and upgrades, such as: engine synchronizers, a new battery charger, and lots of general mechanical repairs and additions. The boat had been sitting for a couple of years and we figured the fuel tanks were pretty messy, so we changed the oil, all the fluids and filters, and did general maintenance. Unfortunately, weather conditions only permitted one day of boat handling training on the Manatee River, so we had limited boat handling time. We practiced docking several times, but not enough to get rid of my docking anxiety.

While at Regatta Pointe, we were fortunate to meet Steve and Karen O'Brien (#616, DF41, CHRISTMAS), and Ted and Cindy Minick (#563, GB 46, *Sweet C*), plus several other DeFever enthusiasts. It became apparent that there was a substantial network of DeFever enthusiasts out there who enjoy sharing ideas about their boats and boating experiences. Kathy and I, being novices to the trawler world, become sponges whenever we get around experienced trawler owners. Since I have yet to retire, we needed to move the boat to Southport, NC, in several legs, so we planned logical places to leave the boat, so I could get back to work for a few weeks, then come back and start the next leg.

We left MAYA in Palmetto, and headed back to NC to work for a few weeks, but not before making plans with the O'Briens to depart Palmetto on the 31st of January, to buddy boat with them as we headed south.

Leg 1- Palmetto, Useppa Island, and on to Stuart, Florida

Kathy and I arrived back in Palmetto on the 27th of January, and spent the next couple of days provisioning the boat and doing last minute projects. We were both so excited about the adventure ahead of us, that we got very little sleep the night before our long-awaited departure. You can imagine our anxiety on January 30 when we cranked those engines, untied from the security of the dock, and attempted to depart the marina without crashing into folks. From the bridge, it felt like I was trying to move the *Queen Mary* out of a 60 foot slip. Fortunately it was a warm beautiful day, the winds were calm, and we were lucky to be following the O'Briens, aboard CHRISTMAS, south to the DeFever Rendezvous at Useppa Island. They were actually on their way to the Bahamas, but it was a wonderful opportunity for us to enjoy boating with a nice couple with lots of experience.

We enjoyed two wonderful evenings at anchor, shared some great food and wine, and our anxiety levels began to subside

as we became more familiar with the boat and how she handled. The Waterway around Longboat Key is beautiful, and Sarasota has grown to become a beautiful city as seen from the Waterway. We anchored one night in Lemon Bay, and highly recommend it for anchoring. Everything was a first for us: first time anchoring overnight, first time using the generator, first time recharging batteries without dock power, first time using our navigation system, and the first time we experienced how the boat handled in varying sea conditions. Since most of our navigation electronics were somewhat outdated, we loaded all the NOAA charts onto my Mac, added GPS NavX software and a small GPS, and created our own system for a little less than \$200. I had made a black box to put the laptop in, so we could see the screen in bright light conditions up on the flybridge, and it functioned pretty well.

The O'Briens waved goodbye as we turned off the Intracoastal Waterway at Useppa, and made our way into the marina area to join the Rendezvous. There was a brisk breeze blowing across the starboard beam, and naturally we had to hold in a narrow passageway while the marina staff docked a couple of boats ahead of us. Oh great! Now we get to jockey around for half an hour, and attempt to hold our position in all that wind, with the entire DeFever world watching! When it was finally our turn, the dockmaster instructed us to bring her around to the back of their dock, pull in bow first and tie up to starboard. However, once we began pulling in, he changed his mind and suggested we pivot 180 degrees, in what looked to me like a very small pond, and dock port side to. He obviously had no idea how many changes of underwear this would require, but somehow we did it, and thanks to the welcoming committee, we docked reasonably well.

The Rendezvous was a wonderful opportunity for us to meet new people, tour other boats, attend seminars, and make new friends. This we did in abundance. It was also good to reunite with our friends Luc and Diana Bernard and Steve and Diane Koch, and to meet the hard working committee that did such a great job putting the Rendezvous together. We met lots of wonderful people, and got lots of great ideas for boat projects. Just what I needed. The session on anchoring was really informative; however, I've had trouble getting my wife to anchor ever since, for fear of anchor drag.

When we left Useppa, we followed the Utters (#221), on FLORISEAS, down through Pine Island Sound, which was even more beautiful than we had imagined. At Ft. Myers we turned east, as the Utters continued on down the west coast toward Naples. Oops...don't look now, but we're on our own, and about to go through a bunch of locks...another first! Our anxiety level heightened as we called several marinas looking for a slip, to no avail, before finding space at Jack's Marine on the Caloosahatchee River. Turned out great, an easy facedock to tie up to, and plenty of room in a peaceful and interesting location. It was basically a small farm that just happened to have a dock. The couple that owned it had numerous dogs, cows, goats, chickens, sheep, and even a donkey. We enjoyed our evening there -- especially watching them handle their evening feeding chores. Have to say, it was a little strange hearing a donkey bray while enjoying our evening cocktails.

The river was dead calm the following morning, and there was a light fog hanging on the water. As we pulled out, we were excited to see Jim O'Malley (#238), aboard WILD

GOOSE, easing up the Waterway. We had met Jim and Ann at the Rendezvous, and were hoping to meet up with them along the way. Jim lost a transmission coming across the Okeechobee on the way to the Rendezvous, so he was heading home at a leisurely pace on one engine. Once again we were blessed to have the benefit of experience in front of us, so we happily followed WILD GOOSE through the locks and on to Roland Martin Marina. Arriving late in the day, the dock was full, so we were horrified as the dockmaster attempted, and actually succeeded, in helping us wedge our 44' boat into a 40' space. Talk about the "pucker factor." That evening we had a wonderful dinner at the Clewiston Inn with Jim, his dad, friend Ian, plus Mike Stoik and Judy (#693) from SEAQUEL. The next day we formed a small armada and crossed Lake Okeechobee together, in very heavy 4-6' seas with steep troughs. There were several much larger motor yachts out there having to operate at trawler speeds. Without stabilizers, some were having sea sickness issues. Thanks to Art DeFever's great design, our boats handled the conditions very well, and we got across, and through the locks, fairly comfortably. Also, thank you, Jim O'Malley, for all your help and encouragement.

Our little armada stopped in Indiantown Marina for the night, because the railroad bridge closed for several hours in the afternoon, making it impossible to reach Stuart before nightfall. Initially we rafted up with SEAQUEL, but the dockmaster changed his mind, and had us do another spin in a small pond to move to another slip. What's with these guys?? We enjoyed another evening with the O'Malleys and Mike Stoik and Judy. Mike and I walked around Indiantown's very extensive boat yard, and I was struck by the number of storm-damaged boats on the hard, that looked as if they were awaiting internment.

The next day we departed early AM for the Palm City/Stuart area, where Chuck and Karen Spriggs (#13) had offered to let us use their dock while they and the Kochs were on the west coast with their boats. Since I needed to return to work, we needed to leave the boat in the Stuart area for a month. As we departed the marina, it was a particularly cool morning up on the bridge, so Kathy and I both were wearing our jackets. SEAQUEL was heading on to Stuart, then south, while WILD GOOSE was heading north. We found the Spriggs' house, and via cell phone Steve Koch talked us into their beautiful cove. On February 11th we tied up to the Spriggs' dock, rented a car, and headed back to NC.

Leg 2. March 4th -11th. Palm City, FL, to St. Simons Island, GA.

Kathy and I returned a few weeks later, after the Spriggs and Kochs got back from their West coast trip. In addition to enjoying their very pleasant dock, we also enjoyed the Spriggs' wonderful dog Carson ...a champion Australian herder, who eagerly met us at the dock each morning with his frisbee, waiting for me to hold up my end of the game. We really appreciated the Spriggs' and Koch's hospitality, and enjoyed a few days stay with them, while Steve continued to help us upgrade equipment. He added an oil changing system, and a Racor fuel polishing filter and pump, which now allows us to move polished fuel from tank to tank. Our little ship was beginning to come together.

The terms under which we purchased our boat necessitated that we have her out of the State of Florida within 90 days of closing, so our next leg needed to get us to Georgia. This meant we had to be on a schedule, regardless of weather windows.

We departed Palm City early afternoon March 7th, with a brisk breeze blowing, the threat of increasing wind velocity, no umbilical cords in sight, and only our trusty Mac for navigation. By the time we got through the Stuart bridge and onto the Waterway, the north wind was blowing hard on our nose. We were also fighting current and heavy chop. Apparently the local Chamber of Commerce wasn't on top of the weather that day, as temperatures became unseasonably cold. We soon found that we were one of only a few boats on the Waterway for miles around, in one of the Meccas of the boating world. Needless to say, we were delighted to pull into Harbortown Marina in Ft. Pierce late in the day. The bourbon never tasted better, the food at the marina restaurant was superb, plus they had a great laundry and TV lounge where we could watch 'The American Idol' while our laundry was drying.

From there, the trip north through Ft Pierce and Vero Beach was absolutely beautiful. Fantastic warm day...the Chamber got it right for a change! Huge expensive homes, on fantastic lots, laden with colorful Florida vegetation, overlooking scenic waterways. We were struck, however, by the absence of people outside enjoying those yards and backyard pools; nor did we see anyone fishing off their docks. Later on, however, we noticed there were far more folks enjoying their outdoor amenities as we went by more modest neighborhoods further north. Due to our schedule, we missed the opportunity to stay at the Fruit Stand docks, but it looked like an interesting place to spend an evening. Our next stop was planned for a marina up the Haulover Canal; however, once again timing became an issue, and we had to settle for another marina in Cocoa Beach. We tied up just in time to meet our new boating friends, Jim and Ann O'Malley from WILD GOOSE, for dinner. They live on nearby Merritt Island, so they took us to a lovely restaurant just off the barge canal, for a very pleasant dinner, followed by cocktails aboard.

We departed earlier than planned the next day, largely due to a 52 foot sports fisherman crew in the next slip who decided that 2:30 AM was the perfect time to provision their boat, warm engines, and loudly relive their evening at the gentlemen's club, before departing on their fishing trip. No problem...we like starting early. We found the Waterway around Merritt Island to be beautiful. It has some wide expanses of shallow water, with considerable distance between markers, so you have to stay alert and tight in the channel. You can see the NASA facility for most of the day at trawler speed. We made super time due to favorable currents and strong following winds, and arrived mid-afternoon in Daytona Beach, where we fueled and docked at the Halifax Marina. It's a super facility for transients, lots of stuff within walking distance, great showers and laundry facilities, plus good security. There are several nice restaurants within walking distance, so we had a leisurely evening while enjoying some of the festivities brought about by Biker Week.

We departed early the next morning to get through the Memorial Bridge before it closed for rush hour traffic. Just barely squeaked through, then made our way north. Our plan was to spend the evening in St. Augustine, and visit the Columbia Restaurant, which is one of our favorites in all of Florida. It's a spin-off of the original Columbia in the old Spanish neighborhood in Tampa. The next day the winds and currents were again favorable, and we arrived in St Augustine too early to call it a day, so we decided to keep pushing north. About two hours north of

St. Augustine, I noticed pressure building in my Racors, which had just been changed. I flipped the valve over to the stand-bys, and proceeded north to Jacksonville Beach Marina. After a brief phone conversation with Steve Koch, I began the process of changing all my filters so we could leave the next day with a full complement. It was apparent, however, that we had some dirty fuel tanks, and I would need to watch the pressure gauges carefully. We also inexplicably found some fuel in our bilge, which apparently was coming from the starboard engine...but I couldn't locate the source. The port engine was using a little coolant, but not the starboard. Great! What's this all about?? After a couple of hours of maintenance in the engine room, we walked to the marina restaurant, had a great seafood dinner, and enjoyed some pretty good live music.

We departed Jacksonville Beach Marina at 0700 the following morning, and made our way through the Jacksonville area, and by Fernandina Beach. We got yelled at by a gun boat crew guarding the submarine base for briefly getting off the Waterway at St. Marys, then proceeded north to catch St. Andrews Sound in 2-4 foot seas. The water was pretty skinny going by Jekyll, but we only touched bottom once, briefly. We arrived at Golden Isles Marina, on St. Simons, late in the afternoon, and docked with a strong current flowing through the marina. Not fun...but anything to keep the pucker factor up! We had stayed at Golden Isle several years ago while traveling south on our 30' SeaRay, and had fond memories of the area.

Once again, work obligations, plus long overdue knee surgery, required that we put MAYA in the marina for several weeks. I did another filter change, and we made the boat ready to leave her for another month. Unfortunately, we found there were no rental car agencies in Brunswick, GA, that could accommodate a one-way rental to NC, so we decided that our best opportunity was the Savannah airport. But, how do we get there? While checking in at Golden Isle, Kathy met a nice couple from Skidaway Island, who had brought their 26 foot Century to St. Simons for the weekend. They overheard Kathy inquiring about transportation to Savannah, and suggested we ride up with them the following day. Wow! What a stroke of good luck! Bob and Ginny Roche proved to be a very special couple who love boating and epitomize southern hospitality. We headed out the next day on their small fast boat, and scoped out potential shallow water spots prevalent in Georgia at low tides. Hell's Gate was scary, even in a small boat. We docked their boat on Skidaway Island, and they gave us a lift to the airport. Boaters are wonderful people!

Leg 3. April 7th - 11th. St. Simons, GA, to Charleston, SC

I had my knee surgery; so after a month of recuperation, we were back at the rental car agency in NC to get a car that could be dropped at the St. Simon airport. When we arrived at Golden Isle the weather was ominous, so we had to hang out at the marina for a couple of days. Not a problem...we survived by eating our way through several of St. Simons' nicer restaurants!

When we departed Golden Isle on April 9th, it was cold and windy, but it looked like the front would pass through later that day. The weather was moving from north to south, so the wind was on our nose again as we headed out. I put the Lehmans on 1850 rpm, only to notice that we were making good only about 5 ½ knots against the wind and current. About noon we finally broke through the front, and it turned into a beautiful sunny

day in the Georgia marshes. We stopped late in the afternoon at Kilkenny Creek, and enjoyed a walk around that quaint little fishing village. It has centuries-old, moss-laden, live oaks lining the road, and several old Low Country-style houses that we found interesting. The main house was actually struck by cannon shells during the Civil War, when a passing boat used it for target practice. We didn't see it, but the owner claimed the cannon hole was still evident inside the house.

The engine room seemed to be doing fine. My filters were holding up, and no further evidence of fuel under the starboard engine. Strange!

We departed Kilkenny Creek early AM, as the sun began to rise over the marshes. Our hope was to make Beaufort, SC, by the end of the day. There was a golf tournament at Hilton Head, so the water was filled with boats taking spectators to and from the event. Not the best of days to plow through a windy Port Royale Sound, but we made it fine, and pulled into Beaufort late in the afternoon.

Beaufort is where I learned another valuable lesson about docking, and dockmasters. The current was very strong, and the dockmaster insisted on putting us into a slip that necessitated pulling through a narrow fairway between two boats with a strong cross current abeam. The marina was packed, and they were attempting to accommodate as many boats as possible. Though skeptical, I listened to the dockmaster, and attempted to squeeze through. At the last moment I realized this was not going to work, since the current was about to force me into the vessel at the end of the dock. I aborted the attempt, and was able to back out quickly, and kick the bow away from the nearby boat, but the maneuver forced my swim platform into a concrete piling before I could stop the boat's momentum. The damage wasn't that great, because I was going very slowly, but it was frustrating, because it was unnecessary. Lesson learned. Never let a dock hand talk you into a maneuver you are uncomfortable with, because at the end of the day, it's your nickel, not his. At that point, the dockmaster found ample room for us on the face dock. I kept the engines running when we tied up, while checking the engine room, and sensed that my starboard engine seemed to have a slight popping sound that was not normal. It was very slight, but enough to make me commit to watch it carefully the next day.

Before heading out the next morning, I checked the engines again, and everything sounded normal, so we headed out. Going north from Beaufort, lower South Carolina has what I believe to be some of the most beautiful portions of the Waterway. You travel miles upon miles in beautiful unspoiled marshes, creeks, and rivers, with very little signs of civilization other than boaters. I hope the developers never find that area. Unlike GA, we had no real depth issues in SC waterways. Just stay in the channels.

Our next stop was planned to be Ross Marine, which is on the Stono River just south of Charleston. One of my friends had their boat worked on there, and found them to be very professional, so we decided it would be a good place to have MAYA bottom-painted while, once again, I headed back to work. In addition to the bottom cleaning and painting, we wanted them to troubleshoot some of the menacing issues noted above, plus replace a damaged winglet on the starboard stabilizer, which was revealed in our pre-purchasing survey. On the way to Charleston, I did frequent checks of the engine, and began to

notice that slight popping sound in the starboard engine again. About seven miles from Ross Marine, the port engine overheat light came on. Great...I'm worried about the starboard engine, and the port engine rebels!! I quickly shut down the port engine, and ran to the engine room where I was greeted by a lot of steam coming from the port engine coolant reservoir. I was certain I had checked coolant levels the night before, but upon reflection, I think I only checked the starboard before being interrupted, and forgetting to check the port. Obviously the fluid got low and steamed out...but why, and where was it going?? After a panic call to a couple of friends, we made it safely to Ross on one engine, tied up to the dock, let everything cool down, and refilled with coolant/water mix. Later on I ran the port engine awhile, and it ran great, but to be safe, I asked Ross Marine to add pressure-checking the fresh water system to their list, as well as the popping sound in the starboard. Kathy and I once again headed back to NC.

Now that our boat was in Charleston and only a short four hour drive from home, we went down on weekends to check on progress, work on the boat, and enjoy those fabulous Charleston restaurants. One weekend we were fortunate to have Jim and Ann O'Malley come up for a visit. We stayed aboard, enjoyed some great meals, and Jim and I spent several hours in the holy place troubleshooting. Ross had already completed the hull painting, but had not started on the engine room. After running the engines for an hour or so, the popping sound became noticeable again, and Jim noticed the #1 injector on the starboard engine was leaking fuel. Could this be the source of the popping sound, and occasional fuel leak? I reported this to Ross, they removed the injector pump, did some testing, and learned that the fuel line from the #1 injector was basically blocked. Apparently it had always been that way, but the boat had performed well for 18 years, so no one knew there was a problem. American Diesel sent us new parts which, when installed, fixed it. They also pressure-tested the port engine and found no problem, other than a potentially faulty pressure cap. Great! Anxiety level reduced, captain and first mate both happy. Back to enjoying our boat, and looking forward to starting the final leg home.

Leg 4. May 27- 29th. Charleston, SC, to Southport, NC

We chose Memorial Day weekend to make the trip from Charleston to Southport, and departed in wonderful weather conditions May 27th. The weather was supposed to be great except for an occasional thunderstorm, which is to be expected in the Carolinas at that time of the year. We said our goodbyes to the Ross Marine folks and headed out early in the AM, with the hope of having a leisurely and enjoyable run to Georgetown. For those of you who have never visited this quaint little coastal town, it's loaded with history and has, for the most part, been able to retain it's historical charm. Naturally we arrived at a very crowded harbor in the early stages of a huge thunderstorm system that was about to blow through. We had reservations at one of the town marinas, but the dockmaster (what's with these guys?) claimed we didn't really have a reservation, because whomever took our call the previous day had not cleared it with him. He said they had no more room. (He lied...because we heard him on the VHF selling the space to another boat that arrived an hour earlier!) Once again fate did us a favor, as we found another marina about a mile up the Sampit River. We tied up just ahead of a severe thunderstorm, and met the owners,

whom we found to be delightful folks. We even enjoyed spending time with them on their back porch. They recently sold the marina to a developer, who has ambitious plans to enlarge the facility and incorporate more amenities.

A review of the engine room revealed all systems operating normal. The new AlgaeX fuel treatment was breaking the gunk up in the tank finer than my previous treatment formula, my filters were doing their job, and the engines burned up whatever made it through the filtering system.

The following day we headed out, and soon entered the beautiful Waccamaw River portion of the Waterway. I grew up on a tobacco farm on the banks of this river, so this portion of the trip was homecoming for me. Kathy particularly enjoyed spotting osprey nests high up in the cypress trees, and watching those graceful birds tend to their families. The west side of the Waccamaw is largely undeveloped, and dense with old growth forest, vegetation, and wildlife. There are several nice anchorages in creeks just off the Waterway, but we were determined to get MAYA to her permanent berth in Southport. Once you depart the Waccamaw, you enter the Myrtle Beach ditch. Not fun, particularly on Memorial Day weekend. It's narrow, has rocks on both sides, has floating docks everywhere, and is generally loaded with inexperienced boaters and Seadoos, darting all over the Waterway, pulling skiers or small children in rafts. On three occasions we had children dumped into the water just off our bow, and I had an irate first mate chewing out reckless boat operators for stupidity. We stopped at Doc Holliday's Marina in Myrtle Beach so we could enjoy one of the nearby restaurants, walked over to the Marina Raw Bar, had a pleasant dinner, and enjoyed a beach music evening.

The following day we made it home to Southport, and to MAYA's permanent slip at St. James Marina. After almost six months, and more than 1,000 miles of Waterway, we overcame a lot of new owner anxieties, and proved to ourselves that our dream of owning a trawler was well-founded. We learned a lot, not only about our fantastic boat, but about ourselves and our ability to cope. We made some mistakes, but the design and construction of our boat proved to be up to the task. She taught us a lot. We are especially grateful to all our new friends who have very generously shared their knowledge and experience, and have been so helpful helping us learn about our boat.

We've been spending the summer working on her brightwork, and happily dealing with numerous projects on the 'honey-do' list. MAYA continues to introduce us to interesting folks as they walk through the marina and stop to admire our boat. Our hope is to get her ready to head back south to a yet-to-be determined location for the winter. We look forward to seeing you at the Winter Rendezvous. Safe and fun boating to all. ◆◆

Hank & Nancy Haeseker (#22)

DF52 LAST LAUGH North Palm Beach, FL

The Cost of Generator Power

We landed in Port Lucaya, our first stop during our 2006 summer cruise of the Bahamas. I was not really surprised that the marina charged \$0.35 per kilowatt-hour (kWh) for dock power, given that all their electricity is generated from oil.

Electricity in south Florida costs about \$0.13 per kWh, thanks to the lower cost of nuclear power and natural gas. There just aren't any power plants in the islands that use nuclear fuel or natural gas.

Our next marina stop was in Nassau. I was surprised to learn that dock power would cost \$0.55 per kWh. That seemed high, and started me thinking about how much it actually costs to run a marine diesel generator. Some days later, on a rainy day on the hook, I wound up my engineer's brain again and did some calculations, just for recreation (*Hank, get a hobby – Ed.*).

In my analysis, I made some basic assumptions. I would include the original cost of the generator and installation, the cost of oil and filters, and the cost of fuel. But I would exclude the cost of money, as in boat loans, and all repairs the generator might need during its lifetime. I would assume the generator would last 10,000 hours and that it would be about worthless when that old. I then applied the current cost of fuel to the calculation, using \$3.00 per gallon of diesel in the USA and \$4.40 in the Bahamas.

One more factor is very important: the fuel consumption rate of the generator. My cruising buddies provided the information for their generators, so that I could assemble data for nine different generators ranging from six kW to 30 kW. For example, my 20 kW Kohler reportedly uses 1.8 gallons per hour (GPH) at full load, 1.5 GPH at 75% load, 1.2 GPH at 50% load and 0.8 GPH at 25% load. I also researched the fuel burn rates claimed by Kohler, Onan, and Northern Lights for their new generators.

If you are not sure how to determine the percentage load on your generator, here is how to do it. Multiply the rated kW capacity by 4.15 to estimate the full-load capacity in Amps per leg. Example, 15 kW x 4.15 = 62 amps per 120-volt leg. Read the load on your ammeters for both legs, average them. Example, 30 amps and 40 amps load. $30 + 40 / 2 = 35$ amps average. Now compute percentage of full load as $35/62 = 0.56$ or 56% load.

Now back to the analysis. What I really want to know is how many kilowatt-hours (kWh) of electricity a generator can produce for each gallon of fuel burned. That can be calculated as: kWh per gallon = Full Load kW x Load % / GPH at that load. Having calculated that for 15 generators, I discovered the following:

1. Efficiency is typically highest at three-quarter load to full load.
2. Efficiency declines as load drops below three-quarter load, reaching an average of 65% of maximum at one-quarter load.
3. On the newer generators, the kWh per gallon fuel burn rate at full load ranges from a low of 8.5 on an 8kW Northern Lights, to a high of 13.4 kWh on the Onan 21.5 kW and on the 20 kW Kohler. According to the data, the larger generators cited, on average, produce 57% more electricity for each gallon of fuel consumed. That much variation truly surprised me.
4. The efficiency of the new ten kW and larger generators was fairly consistent, and averaged about 11 kWh per gallon at one-half to full load.

Now we can get down to the cost calculations:

My eight kW generator would cost about \$10,000 to purchase and install today. Lifetime lube oil and filter changes will cost about \$1,000, if I do the work myself. I operate the generator

at an average load of about 80 percent, which is quite high and requires careful load management. On this basis, the total electrical power produced during the assumed life of the generator would be: $8 \text{ kW} \times 80\% \text{ load} \times 10,000 \text{ hours} = 64,000 \text{ kWh}$.

At the 80% load, my generator will burn about 0.75 gallons per hour, so my total fuel consumption would be: $10,000 \text{ hours} \times 0.75 \text{ gallons per hour} = 7,500 \text{ gallons}$. At a cost of \$3.00 per gallon, the lifetime fuel bill would be \$22,500. Therefore, my fuel cost per kWh is $\$22,500 / 64,000 \text{ kWh} = \0.35 per kWh . That is just for the fuel at USA prices! If I spread the capital cost of \$10,000, and the lube oil and filter cost of \$1000, over the 64,000 kWh the generator will produce during its 10,000-hour life, I get \$0.17 per kWh. $[(\$10,000 + \$1000) / 64,000 \text{ kWh} = \$0.17]$ So my total cost per kWh is $\$0.17 + \$0.35 = \$0.52 \text{ per kWh}$, again, at USA price for fuel of about \$3.00 per gallon. If I change the cost of fuel to the current Bahamas price of \$4.40 per gallon, the cost of fuel alone jumps to \$0.51 per kWh and the total cost jumps to \$0.68 per kWh.

When I apply the same assumptions and equations to the Northern Lights 20 kW, which is allegedly the most efficient of the nine generators, I get the following results:

Capital cost of installed generator = \$22,000; life = 10,000 hours.

*Lube oil and filters over the lifetime will cost \$1,000.

*Lifetime electricity produced = $20 \text{ kW} \times 75\% \text{ load} \times 10,000 \text{ hours} = 150,000 \text{ kWh}$

*Fuel burned = $10,000 \text{ hours} \times 1.57 \text{ GPH} = 15,700 \text{ gallons}$

*Cost of fuel = $15,700 \text{ gallons} \times \$3.00 \text{ per gallon (USA)} = \$47,000$

*Cost of fuel per kWh = $\$47,000 / 150,000 \text{ kWh} = \0.31 per kWh

*Cost of generator and lube oil and filters = $\$22,000 + \$1000 = \$23,000$

*Total Capital and Operating Cost = $\$23,000 + \$47,000 = \$70,000$

*Total Cost per kWh = $\$70,000 / 150,000 \text{ kWh} = \0.47 per kWh

*Total cost per hour = $\$70,000/10,000 \text{ hours} = \7.00 per hour

Note that the unit costs for the 20 kW Northern Lights are very similar to those calculated for the eight kW KiloPac. Think \$0.31 to \$0.35 for fuel alone per kWh, and about \$0.47 to \$0.051 total cost per kWh. Add about \$0.016 to these costs if you are buying fuel at Bahamas price of \$4.40 per gallon, and your cost is in the vicinity of \$0.67 per kWh for capital and operating costs.

Now I conclude that \$0.35 per kWh in Lucaya was a gift and \$0.55 in Nassau was a fair price. Plus, the shore power is quieter, and I don't have to change the oil.

Take-away points:

1. The cost of just the fuel you burn for of each kWh you produce with your generator is *roughly* one-tenth of the cost of a gallon of fuel.
2. Your generator gets more efficient as you load it closer to its full rated capacity.
3. That suggests using the smallest generator that will carry the required loads.
4. Don't add unneeded electrical loads to the generator just to make it more efficient. You will still have to use more fuel to produce more electricity. ◆◆

Jerry & Christine Hurd (#318)

DF49RPH COMPROMISE

Cruising the Pacific Northwest

THE PURRFECT MATE

(For animal lovers only)

In 1991 when we decided to “live the dream,” it was easy to get rid of most of the stuff that we had managed to collect over the years. The one exception was the cats. At that time we had two, a six year old torby and white Maine Coon, Quiche, and a three year old tortoiseshell, Sammy. So we all climbed into the car and headed for California, and our new life.

Since both cats had traveled to the boat with us almost every weekend that boating was practical while we were in Utah, it was our hope that they would adjust to our new life. After 3 1/2 weeks in a motel room waiting for COMPROMISE to arrive from Seattle, the adjustment was easy for all of us.

They were great boat cats, and we could not image life without them, but Jerry and I both agreed that when something happened to them, we would not have another cat as long as we were on the boat. It just seemed that life would be easier to not have to worry about a pet. Quiche left us in 1999, and we lost Sammy the fall of 2004. This was amazing for Sammy, as she was diabetic for the last 8 1/2 years of her life. This required a lot of attention, and made our resolve to not have another cat until we got off the boat seem more practical.

The summer of 2005 was the first year of cruising without a cat. The boat stayed clean: did not have to clean up cat fur every couple of days, no paw prints, no pet dishes in the way, no box to clean, did not have to de-fur the clothes before putting them on. HOW BORING. It did free us up to travel to other parts of the country, and to visit friends that we had not seen in a long time. By late summer, both of us were rethinking our vows not to have another cat. Then the first of October, while visiting the Rescue Center in Sidney, BC, on my daily walk, there she was. Those big round yellow eyes just said “I’m yours.” It took me three days to convince Jerry that this was going to happen. It was all Jerry’s fault; I didn’t even know the Rescue Center was there until he told me about it. Never Say Never.

Cassie was 4 1/2 months old, rescued from the Queen Charlotte Islands, not socialized at all, but a beautiful kitten. After the first week, we both looked at each other and wondered if we were really ready for this. It has been many years since we had a kitten. Quiche and Sammy were both about six months old when we adopted them, and they had both been abused, so most of the kitten in them was missing. Not so with this one. It is like having the grand kids over and wondering where they get all that energy. Only thing is, with the kitten, she does not go home with mom and dad at night and give you a rest.

We have managed to make it through the period of being awakened at 4:00 am with toys and a very lively pounce in the middle of the stomach, as someone thinks this is the best time to play. If you keep them awake enough during the day, they start to sleep more during the night. Besides, if she can wake us up, we can wake her up, fair is fair. She has only shredded two boxes of Kleenex. I think we are getting off good here.

I was convinced that since she was so young, that we could train her to use the toilet, thus getting rid of the litter box and the need to carry bags of litter with us each summer while cruising. I know of people that have done this, and it sounded like a

good idea. Ordered the “Toilet Training Kit” from the internet and started the training. Figured it should only take about two months at the longest. I forgot the most important detail, letting Cassie know that this was going to happen. We did really well up to the point where you cut a hole in the trainer, and then it was like hitting a brick wall. No matter how hard I tried, her will was stronger than mine. There were several nights when we had a Mexican stand-off for over two hours. I was convinced that she could not hold it that long, and would have to go sooner than later. Wish I had her stamina. No matter how long I kept her on the trainer, she would wait until I gave up and then run to a safe spot and let go. OK, Uncle. It is not natural for a cat to use the toilet, so give up and let her have her way. We discovered years ago that the best place for the litter box was in our shower. Much better than the guest head or stateroom, and having to move it when company arrived. In the shower you move it once a day for a few minutes, then put it back. The cat has lots of privacy, no mess to clean up and we are lucky enough to have a port in the shower, so lots of fresh air. Also found that the silicone litter worked best for us. No dust, much less odor and one bag lasts up to 3-4 weeks. There is also the benefit of the cats not tracking it around the boat. For Sale Cheap - One Toilet Training Kit.



Trying to figure out how much cat food to have with us for the summer was tricky. Tried to gauge how much she was eating a week, then getting it on board. We have her on a Vet diet, so it was not going to be just a trip to the local store for food. I have never done this before with a cat, but since it had been ages since we had a kitten, got on the internet and did a lot of reading about the best method of feeding a kitten and growing cat. Don’t know why I was so worried. She is a sea food cat. If it comes from the sea, she wants it. The first thing we brought in was oysters. This is the first cat we have had that wanted them. She took one smell and was ready for dinner. She will fight you for prawns and crab, and wanted to eat the fish filets before they were cooked. During all my reading, I did discover that 25% of their diet can be other than prepared cat food. If she had her way it would be 90%; don’t bother with the fancy Vet stuff.

Exercise does not seem to be a problem. She takes off running, and flies down the stairs and back up. When she gets really wound up, a dinghy ride calms her down. I think she is part dog the way she hangs over the edge and watches the water go by. Her one big frustration is not having free run of the outside of

the boat. We are in the Pacific Northwest, and there are a lot of bald eagles. She is just the perfect size for a meal, so have to keep a close watch on her. Only time she can be on deck is with a body guard.

Every day is a new experience. She continues to come up with new ways to keep us laughing. She likes to play tag and hide and seek. For cocktail hour, open a bottle of wine, pour a couple of glasses, give the cat the cork and sit back for an hour of cheap entertainment. Cheap, depending on the price of the wine. I'll bet you never knew that a cork was alive, and needed to be attacked and killed and then thrown in the air, and tossed about for good measure. Someone suggested that we get her a cat tree to play on. Heck, she has a very expensive cat tree with all the stairs, and places to jump to and climb on. We are not buying her another one. Our saloon looks like we have a two year old. There are always toys out. If you put them away, this is just a good excuse to go through the whole assortment and pick a new one for the day. Careful walking barefoot in the dark. Every flat spot with a view has a Cassie blanket on it. So much for a clean, tidy boat.

We think her vocabulary is up to about 30 words, but then again, she is a cat. She may understand, but that does not mean she will obey. What's that saying about God creating cats to keep us humble?

Cassie really is a boat cat. I do think one of the things that helped is a bit of advice that we picked up from our favorite boating magazine, *PassageMaker*. Someone mentioned that the best way to introduce a pet to the boat was to have the engine running the first time you put them on board. This we did. The engines were running for the first 30 minutes of her introduction to the boat. Now I don't know if we just have a very special cat (of course we do), but the boat does not bother her when we are under way. Her very first boat ride was not all that smooth, and after about 20 minutes of bouncing, she got sick. I'm sure it was the first time this had happened to her, and she decided she did not want to do that again. Soon learned where to lay so she didn't get bounced around so much, and now she gets up and looks out the windows to watch the water go by, eats, plays, and carries on just as if we were at the dock.

This has been the first summer that we have not had bugs in the boat. She loves to hunt and keeps them under control. Even the no-see-ums. Just don't get between the hunter and her prey; she has only one thing on her mind until it is caught and eaten.

We are starting to see signs that our kitten will be a cat soon. She is starting to lie in our laps more often, and does not have to be moving all the time. I can't imagine how we thought we could not have a cat on board. I recently spoke to a friend that had gotten a puppy last fall, and her comment was "If I had known how much fun animals were, I don't think I would have had kids." I think it really makes a difference at this stage in our life, we have all the time in the world, don't have to work, and can really enjoy making Cassie a part of our family. Too bad we didn't have all this time when the kids were little. I guess I know now why so many retired folks have pets.

If you have been toying with the idea of getting a pet to keep you company, I say do it now. We find a cat a little easier on the boat because of the litter box and size of the animal. However, be it a dog or cat, they bring so much joy to your life. Jerry and I have been married 38 years, and only 2 1/2 years were spent without a cat. In the last seven months we have four friends

that have gotten a new crew member, and not one of them is regretting the decision. Our conversations are now filled with cute pet stories, along with boat talk, instead of Medicare, physical aches, and political matters. ◆◆

Davits, Inverter, etc.

Bill Osborne (#821) asks:

We are trying to put the finishing touches on getting the DF44 ready for the loop, and have a few questions - A) We are still trying to decide about dinghy and davit systems; what is the load bearing capability of the hardtop on a DF44, i.e., how heavy a dinghy can we put there? B) I am favoring davits off of the stern of the boat instead of a crane on top, but to install these we need to know the structure of the stern and last foot of the rear cabin; does anyone have structural drawings of the rear one foot of the DF44, or have you had occasion to see it disassembled? C) In your opinion would the resale value of the boat be different with stern mounted davits versus crane over hardtop? D) We still need an inverter. I have a wiring diagram, but I need to know where people usually mount the inverter. Also, do they continue using the main engine batteries as house batteries after an inverter is installed, or do they install a separate house bank? E) Has anyone installed an HF radio on their DF44? Can you share your grounding and antenna scheme, and how well you think it works? F) "What are others measuring for 'air draft' of a late model DF44 to the top of the arch?"

Ron Owens (#401) responds:

The question about upper deck load came up during the past Rendezvous, while Arthur DeFever was present. He confirmed that several of us had thought - that somewhere around 500 pounds or so is a reasonable expectation. More is possible, but you should think about reinforcing the upper deck by some means.

The decision of deck crane or davits is a highly personal one, so what we like is not necessarily going to be at the end of the rainbow that shines on your dinghy. First of all, let me say that the reason we have avoided transom mounted davits is that they are ALWAYS in the way - ALWAYS!!!! Unless you will spend your cruising life next to a dock, the swim platform is how you will get in and out of the dinghy to go places. All the nice cruising people you will meet who want to come over and visit, will also use the platform and tie up their dink, too. It is already not the handiest place to stand, and having to duck around the davits is much more inconvenience than we would wish to accommodate. The DF 44 has great visibility from the bridge when backing into a slip, and I would be very reluctant to give up the ease of backing by hanging an appendage on the stern that I would have to maneuver around a piling, possibly while "blinded" by the dink hanging there. Obviously, I feel quite strongly about the dink being right at home on the upper deck. I am not quite sure why you would even consider not having it there.

As to your question about whether it would impact the resale value - I can only comment that after numerous years of cruising and six rendezvous events, I only recall seeing ONE DeFever boat with transom-mounted davits. That is CHATEAU, the Sharp/DF46 footer owned by John and Karen

Siscoe. They are quite happy with theirs, but bear in mind that the 46 is a very unique boat, and it DOES NOT HAVE AN UPPER DECK. Other than that, I have NEVER seen davits on a DeFever cruising boat. I happen to believe that this is for good reasons. When stowed on the upper deck, it is completely out of the way, and secure. When you are docked, you are not charged for the extra feet of appendage hanging on the transom (a clear trend in marina pricing, I fear). All that said, I have no fear that the transom will support a davit system. It will be necessary to do some significant remodeling on the inside of the master cabin. The transom is pretty thick, but it will still be necessary to remove some paneling and install backing plates to support the expected load, plus safety margins. Then, the interior bulkhead will need to be re-done in some cosmetically acceptable way, while still allowing access to the bolts and plates, for later inspections and tightening, if needed. My theory is that diesel engines tend to loosen EVERYTHING over time!

INVERTER - We chose to go ahead and mount our PRO SINE 3000 in the engine room. Others have elected to locate it under the dinette seat, to keep it away from the engine room heat. This is technically a good thing, but will require significantly longer runs of VERY HEAVY cable to make up for the additional length of the 12VDC supply circuit. We have no trouble with ours being in the E.R., nor does anyone else I know who have theirs mounted there (this is most all of the DFs I have seen, incidentally).

Batteries - We have six, size 8D, batteries in total. We have a dedicated bank of four batteries that we use as a "house" bank. Technically they are arranged as two banks of two batteries each, with an "OFF, 1, 2, BOTH" selector switch. We always have them all connected as one big bank, but the switch is there so that if (or when) one battery goes "bad," you can at least isolate the other pair to keep from killing all four batteries. We then have two other starting batteries, also 8D - dedicated to engine and generator starting. We charge the start batteries with a Balmar Duo Charge unit to keep them from being overcharged. Each of the start batteries has a selector switch, as well, so everything can be paralleled into a single giant bank, on the chance that something goes wrong, and you need everything you can find to try to start an engine or generator.

HF Radio. We have an ICOM SSB onboard, and rely upon it heavily when cruising out of the US (think Bahamas and beyond). Ours is grounded with copper strap run down to the engine room, and connected to each engine. I would normally have done it with a dedicated grounding plate, and avoided the engine method, which puts the radio at risk for interference from various sources onboard (like the inverter, for instance). I have left the system alone only because it works remarkably well - as other members can attest. We have no trouble hearing or being heard, when the propagation gods are in a good mood, at least. The only real interference we get is with the autopilot - we turn the autopilot "OFF" when talking on the SSB. It just routinely makes a hard turn to starboard the instant you transmit, even if the autopilot is in "standby" mode (not engaged to steer the boat, but the unit is "on"). This is, of course, the penalty of having grounded the SSB in common with all the other DC circuits - and the powerful signal from the SSB gives an induction current to the system by way of the "ground," which is also the neg, (or -) portion of the DC systems. That aside, I

know boats with dedicated ground plates that have the same issue with the autopilot. Transmitting also causes the electric tachs to jump.

Air Draft --- with the big antennas down, the highest point on our boat is the anchor light, which is mounted on the radar arch. We believe that we comfortably clear a 21 foot overhead distance.

After all the above, please bear in mind that it is our opinion, based upon our experience. We estimate that encompassing our cruising life to include sail and power, we have been guilty of goofing off for somewhere over 20,000 nautical miles, and have formed strong preferences for what works for us. BUT --- Friends with different systems are very pleased with their boats. So, make your best educated guess, and go and enjoy yourself. If you find out later that you are not pleased with something, add it to next year's "to do" list, and keep on cruising!

Dave Coviello (#185) responds:

Davit. My boat came with stern-mounted davits. I removed them, and installed a Marquip electric one for a couple of reasons. The manual davit was too difficult to operate. It took two people, and a lot of strength, for a 10' RIB with a 15HP engine (I think about 300 lbs.). Also, the dinghy had to be man-handled over the swim platform up and down, and no-one could board at the stern if the dinghy was not launched. Conversely, the electric davit is easily handled by one person, the operation is fast, and I believe adds a little value to the boat.

Originally, I installed the dinghy chocks so it was athwartship, with the engine nearly over the port side. Now, my dinghy is mounted facing aft on the boat deck (don't know the real name for the roof over the aft deck). This places the weight of the engine over the most supported section of the deck. My boat deck does not go all the way to the stern. The entire dinghy and engine are mounted completely within the profile of the boat. Being fore and aft, near the centerline of the boat, there is little change in trim when the dinghy is launched. Also, the engine is not hanging over the port side, where it can snag a high dock pole.

If you go with my arrangement, look for a davit with an arm that can be extended. This way you can have another toy on the starboard side of the boat deck. Mine does not, and we have to muscle the kayak over to the davit for launching. Inverter. I installed my inverter in the aft-most locker on the port side of the forward cabin. On BOAT OF US, there is a nice cubby, outboard of the electrical stuff, which makes for easy access to connections, and keeps it out of the heat of the engine room.

I have four (two sets of two) golf cart batteries for the house, and four (two sets of two) golf cart batteries for engine start. While golf cart batteries are not the best for engine start, they are surely easier to replace than a 4D, and they have always started my engines. I use battery combiners to connect the start batteries to the house batteries on each side of the boat.

David Olsen (#624) responds:

According to 'The Man' (Art DeFever) when asked at the latest Rendezvous - the load bearing capacity is 700#. Regarding a davit, I have a Brower systems unit- good product, reasonably priced. The only mistake I made was to specify 12VDC power - with that much current, it's better to run the generator and use AC. I had a separate grounding scheme installed for my electronics, that terminates in a Wonderbar mounted to the hull. This is a standard aircraft instrumentation approach that keeps dirty power (pumps, etc.) from spiking the 12 vDC line. Of

course, the Wonderbar connection is tied to the ship-supplied ground. Don't shirk on the size of the grounding wires. As to which mounting location is best - I have my ten foot Achilles hard bottom inflatable and a 15 hp 4-stroke outboard on top (makes it hard to steal). Weight ~250#. Height above waterline is 17' 3" to the top of my radar, which is about 8" above the arch.

Mike Mooney (#735) responds:

I put a HF radio on our DF48. We use ours all the time for email when we are in the Bahamas, or otherwise without cell phone and WiFi access. It's also useful for staying in touch with other boats which are some distance away, as well as for emergency communications.

I assume you do not have a Ham license, but get a radio that will operate on all marine and Ham frequencies, for emergency purposes. You will probably have to go with a vertical antenna. These are not as good as the long line types you see on sailboats, but get the job done. You also need a good antenna tuner.

You should mount a ground shoe on your hull. Put a nut or two as a spacer between the hull and the shoe, to ensure effective use of the full surface area of the shoe. It was recommended to me to run separate ground tapes from the radio and the antenna tuner to the shoe. The radio ground has one-way filter in it, to prevent any electrical interference from crossing over between the two. Ideally these grounds should not run parallel in the same wire chase, and certainly not contact each other. Additionally, you have to fish a counter poise wire around in your bilge. This is also connected to the ground shoe. HF radios are highly susceptible to interference from other systems on your boat and surroundings. You may have to turn certain things off, and use multiple filters to get the best performance.

Talk to a good electronics/Ham radio shop to make sure you get everything matched up. If you don't know one, Mikes Electronics in Ft Lauderdale is very helpful, and carries everything you need.

Bill Painter (#723) responds:

In connection with the recent repairs to my 1985 DF44 ESCAPADE, I asked the builder, Wilson Lin, whether the hardtop could support the RIB I was considering. He stated the hard top could support 600 pounds. I decided to go with an AB Navigo 10 RIB, with a Honda four-stroke engine, and a dealer-installed custom helm and steering system. The total package, including battery and gas tank, weighs in at about 450 pounds. The hard top has no problem supporting it, and the davit handles the load just fine. I bought the dinghy package from Suncoast Inflatables in Ft. Lauderdale.

As for the inverter, mine is installed on the port side, on top of the forward part of the water tank. There is just enough clearance to get in there. As for the house bank, I have four 6-volt Trojan batteries in the battery box on each side, which are paralleled through a battery selector switch to give me 12 volt 840 amp hours in my house bank. The boxes on each side, outboard of the engines, can also fit a standard 12 volt starting battery (in addition to the four Trojans), which is dedicated as a starting battery for the respective engine. I also have a separate battery for each generator, in a separate battery box aft between the two generators. The house bank on each side, and the starting battery for that side, are connected for charging through a combiner relay. The system works very well. ◆◆

Bob & Alice Hooker (#222)

GA64 BALI MOTU

Stuart, FL

3/6/06 We are now anchored in Beginners Row, Red Shanks, George Town, Exumas, Bahamas. We caught a couple of dolphin and wahoo along the east coast of the Exumas, in Exuma Sound, on the voyage from Big Major Cay (Staniel Cay), Exumas, to George Town. George Town is loaded with boats for the Regatta this week, but Red Shanks is almost empty.

For boaters who are planning to come to the Bahamas in the next month, we can report that Chub Cay is still under construction and thus not open, but Emerald Bay Marina in George Town is open. We will be checking out the Four Season Resort and Marina this week. If anyone has questions, please send them to us, as well as all the news fit to print about what is happening in your lives. We love hearing from you.

3/20 Leaving Georgetown, we executed two 360 degree turns in no more than four minutes, as prescribed for auto-calibration of our external gyro on the satellite system, and it became functional. For five years we operated the system without the need to perform this calibration, and from Stuart, FL, to George Town, our system was working, and then one day it quit. We are delighted to have the system up and running again where we can receive our email on the boat, as well as have a phone to call marinas and others, when needed.

We are now at Rum Cay, Sumner Point Marina, along with some sport fishing boats. There is great fishing along both sides of Rum during the seasonal north and south migration. We hooked a mackerel, a dolphin, and a blue marlin off Cape Santa Maria. The marlin won, taking our lure with him.

4/7 We don't have a lot of exciting 'out-to-sea' stories, as we have been at the Turtle Cove Landing dock. We have snorkeled inside the reef, toured the beach hotels, and explored the north shore line of Provo with the tender. There are many reefs inside the outer reef that make it treacherous to travel without a high sun, for picking up the brown and black coral spots. On our mopeds, we have traveled to the IGA store (as good as Publix) and shops along the beach front road. We have established ourselves with the "belonger's" crowd, who have been here more than 20 years. With them and other new friends, we have dined at restaurants where the cheapest wine is \$15 a glass, and bottles start at \$65. Last night we were invited to a new villa, restaurant, and hotel on the western end of the island, where the villas start at \$7 million, and the 40-room hotel starts at \$1,200 a night, with a magnificent Bali restaurant with negative-edge reflection pools. All the trees and teak wood were shipped from Indonesia for the half-a-football-field-sized dining and bar area. The Turks and Caicos Minister's marriage reception will be at this facility this weekend.

We are fortunate to be able to talk to many friends on Skype through our computer. The cost is less than two cents a minute for a phone call, or free for those who have downloaded the free program on their computer. It takes less than 15 minutes to download Skype, and to start talking free to other Skype users. We also have conference calls with users in places such as Fort Pierce and Bonaire. Also through Skype, we have sent product data, and photos, to purchase products. It has been enjoyable to correspond directly while being in Provo. We will see if we have such WiFi capabilities down the road in the Dominican

Republic. Our plans are to spend a few days in the Provo area after friends arrive on Tuesday, and with weather permitting, we will move on to Grand Turk Island, then to the Dominican Republic.

Received 4/28 Buenos Dias From Luperon, Republica Dominicana.

We arrived at 2:00 PM in Luperon on Thursday, April 20. Departing Provo on the 19th, we cruised northeasterly around the Caicos Cays, then southerly down the Columbus Passage, between Grand Turk and South Caicos, to Sand Cay, where we anchored and witnessed the longest 'Green Flash' ever. The sun sank from a cloudless sky, and the flash extended for over a second. Departing Sand Cay at 3:30 AM, we headed southeasterly for the eighty mile run to Luperon. Our ETA was noon, but unfortunately we hooked a 45 pound dolphin ten miles outside of Luperon. The fish took 20 minutes to land, over half an hour to process, and another hour to re-supply the clean up water. We can't make water in Luperon, so we slowed our approach, and filled the tanks prior to entering the harbor. The previous day we caught a small tuna and a nice size cero mackerel in the Columbus Passage.

We spent three weeks in Provo, where we met new friends and enjoyed the company of friends who flew in from Michigan. The beaches are beautiful, the people are friendly, the restaurants are plentiful with good and expensive food, but the waters have limited snorkeling and hunting inside the park area. Summing it up - it is a laid back, relaxing, somewhat expensive resort complex with many fine and expensive homes. Most local boating involves taking a 25-footer to a remote beach on a nearby island for a picnic lunch. It is a good cruisers stop if you want to treat yourself to the amenities of fine living.

After we arrived in Luperon and were guided into the harbor by *Seacomer's* tender (very helpful). We commenced the process of entering the country legally. It would have been easier to cross the US border from Mexico. The first arrival is the Port Commandant, dressed in WWII-style military garb, with a side arm. This overweight official is brought to your boat by a hustler that helps translate for the non-English speaking Commandant. While the Commandant is taking your departing despacho papers from the Turks and Caicos, and checking your boat documents, the hustler is trying to sell you fuel and assorted goods. After getting the OK from the Commandant, you go to the government dock, and find your way to Immigration's mobile trailer. You are ushered into a tiny office with a typical white-shirted Latino Customs officer sitting behind his desk, grunting out instructions and going through every page in your passport. Unfortunately, the grunts are in Spanish, and his translator standing next to him knows less English than I know Spanish. After playing charades for 15 minutes, filling out forms, and contributing to the national economy (\$25 for the boat entrance fee), we are taken outside the mobile trailer to a waiting man in plain clothes. He tears two tourist slips from a booklet, and collects \$10 for each of them from you, then he leads you back into the Immigration Office, the officer stamps them, and you deposit the slips into a ballot box-type container. Now you are good for 15 days in the Dominican Republic, and you can renew your time for up to three months for 300 pesos (\$10) each, after the 15 days. While we were passing out the door of the trailer, the Sanitation and Agriculture Inspector halts us, and requests to board our boat between 9:00 and 10:00

the next morning. It's now 6:00 PM, so we decide to head the tender to the Luperon Yacht Club and a libation, to try to collect our English minds about what just happened.

The Yacht Club is located 50 steps up the hill overlooking the harbor, has a new appearance, and will soon have a beautiful pool. We meet the US "ambassadors" to the club, Janet and Chuck. They have a sailboat anchored off the club's dock, and after coming to Luperon two years ago, they seem to have free run of the facilities - including providing us with a free welcoming drink. They do not touch the cash register, leaving the money part to the owner and hired staff, who are Haitians. It is obvious that when a new boat enters the harbor, the "coconut telegraph" commences, and 95 sailboats and five motor vessels, plus the authorities, plus the bars, plus the boat vendors, know you should receive a proper welcome. They bring information and small gifts, and are very pleasant, including Handy Andy and Papo. We will be riding to Puerto Plata on Monday with Papo to pick up our Nordhavn friends whose mother died - their boat is being cared for by Andy.

While consuming our free drinks with Janet, she advised us about a \$20 trip she runs twice a week to a location 15 miles east of Luperon, where Columbus anchored 17 ships on his second trip to the new world, and where most of the ships sank in storms. Here, they built a sizeable village with the 1,700 men, horses, and slaves that came ashore. By Columbus' own admission, this was a terrible place to anchor, but the other captains and crew were ready to mutiny, and that's how it happened. The trip also includes a visit to the Taino Indian Caves and Mirmar Restaurant and Resort. Fifteen years ago, some Dutch came to the Dominican Republic and built the Mirmar hotel on the hillside overlooking El Castillo (Columbus's Bay), with a restaurant, and a swimming pool that has a gorgeous view. While excavating the hotel's foundation, they found Tainos Indian ruins, and since then discovered caves that these Indians inhabited when Columbus arrived. We climbed through parts of the caves, and saw skeletons that the University of Indiana is working to carbon date. We had an unbelievable five-course lunch at Mirmar resort, and then toured their impressive Tainos artifacts museum. It was a very busy day traveling, and meeting 20 other boaters.

Last night it poured for hours. The Dominican Republic mountains look lush and green, after more than a month of sailing through the flat desert-appearing Bahamas and Turks and Caicos. Besides the terrain, you have reverse sticker-shock - food, drinks, and clothing are at 1950s prices. Most of the boaters consider the people to be very friendly, and they have a short list of the establishments that provide questionable service in downtown Luperon. So far we have learned that there is a 'net' on Sundays and Wednesdays only. Karaoke night is at Puerto Blanco Marina on Fridays, dancing is at Luperon Yacht Club on Saturdays, the flea market at Puerto Blanco is on Sunday, but Happy Hour at the Yacht Club is every evening, and that is where we are going now.

Received 5/3 In the movie "The Sound of Music," the picture opens with Julie Andrews singing on the mountain top. "The hills are alive with the sound of music" is an appropriate way to describe the scenery in the Dominican Republic. With mountains - including a 10,000 foot peak, hundreds of waterfalls, and lush greenery, this 300 by 150 mile Isla Hispaniola is gorgeous. The Dominican Republic, on the eastern end, has 220 miles of the

300 mile-wide island that contains the countries of Haiti and the Dominican Republic.

The past week has gone fast since arriving in Luperon. Luperon has an international culture with boats from around the world anchored in the bay, but it is a small country village. Imbert is the closet town with bus transportation, 20 miles away, except for one daily bus to Santo Domingo. The large city of Puerto Plata, with an international airport, is an hour and a half away. To get to Puerto Plata you can take a guagua (minivan) from Luperon's town square to Imbert, and then bus to Puerto Plata. Another method is to use a taxi, but that's costly unless you are traveling in a group. The roads around Luperon are "country" paved roads, where cows are herded for milking twice a day, and donkeys, horses, and motorcycles, as well as cars, use them. We were able to secure a location at the gas dock at the Luperon Yacht Club, which gives us an ability to leave the boat for longer periods without having to recharge the batteries - as long as the power on the dock is on for more than half the time.

The Yacht Club receives electricity from the country's power grid. The grid has a continuous rolling blackout, and it is a crash-out when your power is going down, but every day it will go down for periods from one to eight hours. There aren't too many paying customers to complain, since most of the electric users pirate their electricity. Max, the owner of *Gina's* (the best restaurant in town - comparable to any upscale gourmet restaurant anywhere), explained how he and others do it. You hire this guy who puts his ladder against the 110v wires running from pole to pole. In fifteen minutes he has connected the wires to the 110v cable, and runs them across the street to your business. The same fellow comes back the next day in a uniform, carrying a badge, and begins to fine you for tapping the wires and stealing electricity. So the electricity is "free" from the government, but there is a monthly fee to the man with the ladder in government garb and badge. How does he tap a wire that has 110 volts on it? Well, he seems to be able to know when the power will be out. Most of the stores and businesses operate with inverters and battery backups.

A good tour near Luperon is the waterfall trip, where you work your way up the first seven waterfalls of 28, and then slide or jump down them. You walk 20 minutes, crossing the river a number of times, after you pick up life jackets and helmets at the base camp. With the guides, you ascend the seven waterfalls by swimming in the swift current, and then you're lifted to the next level by guides pulling you up the cliff. Only the first falls had a ladder. In one pool, the current is so swift a rope is extended to pull your way through the cavern of deep water to the next fall's level. Exhausted at the seventh level, you start down by sliding over the rocks of the falls, and dropping into the next water pool. Some are easier to jump down than slide, but sliding is more exiting, especially to the tail bone. When you are back at base camp, you feel that you cheated death again. After a great Dominican lunch at a local restaurant, the tour continued to the Brugal Rum family farm, complete with botanical gardens, horses, and Brahma bulls. A chicken fight with protective balls on their spurs, and a stone carving display completed the afternoon. Every village, hamlet, and city has a chicken fighting arena, and Friday afternoon at 2:00, everything stops for the fights.

With our friends aboard *Snow White* who flew back into Puerto Plata from his mother's funeral, we rented a van and

driver for a day's trip into the mountains. We traveled deep into the hills until we reached the town of Jarabacoa, and then we walked over suspension bridges to a magnificent waterfall. We could have opted for river rafting and horseback riding if we were more suitably dressed. Coming back, we stopped in Santiago, the country's second-largest town (population: 1 million), and bought items in a Publix-like grocery store called 'National.' This is the first time we have seen any frozen products being sold. Frozen products do not last long in cities with power outages. When we walked the streets of Luperon in the morning, we saw pigs being butchered on the sidewalk at meat markets, as well as chickens and other animals. All meats and produce are fresh daily. In Santiago, an hour and half drive away, the infrastructure is good, with modern facilities, including hospitals and Hyatt Hotels. On our return trip through the mountains, we saw houses built on the road with back sides overhanging a 200 foot cliff. While passing through Puerto Plata for the second time, we defined driving in the Dominican Republic as "organized chaos" (oxymoron). Four cars are trying to get to the same spot at the same time, and somehow they all fit in. Everyone cheats on the rules a little, and there is no road rage, but you do need a good working horn. As we neared Luperon, we saw our favorite cowboy riding his donkey, with a milk can on each side. We passed many dairy farms and a few cheese factories. They claim the milk goes into cheese, which we have sampled and found rich and delicious. The drinking milk is imported. We buy Parmalat, which is available at all the stores. Entering back into Luperon, we felt like it was home.

At Sunday's flea market, we met the author of the cruisers guide book "The Thornless Path to Windward - Passages South." Bruce Van Sant, and his Dominican wife Rosa, have recently built a home on the hillside overlooking the harbor. He is in his 70s, in good shape and healthy, and just completed the 9th version of the "Gentleman's Guide," which has consumed most of the past year. He visits more than 80 locations listed in the book, and his trawler is anchored in the harbor 200 yards away. He says it's time to prepare it, and take it to the US for sale. He sends his regards to mutual friends, and especially to Bob and Mary (*Cockerham, #260*) on JAZMYN

We hope to take trips to Samana and the capital, Santo Domingo, in the next weeks. The living is easy, the prices are right, and people are most gracious. The Yacht Club will be filling one of its two new pools this week, and the drink holders are already mounted on a center island. Happy Hour every night starts at 5:00. It is a difficult job to climb the 50 steps from our boat to the Yacht Club pool bar, but we'll manage. Do feel sorry for us!

Received 5/15 Since arriving in Luperon, we have met many interesting people and colorful characters. Each has their story and the following is a synopsis of some of them.

We will start with the first person we contacted entering the harbor, *Seacomber*, who was suggested by Bruce Van Sant. Mike and Susan brought their boat to Luperon a few years ago, where they discovered that their steel boat had three rusted areas, where it was leaking. They took the boat to the end of one of Luperon bays, dug a canal, and winched it up onto shore. Then they built a dam (or weir) behind the stern to keep the sea water out. It hasn't been successful enough for them to work on the boat, but they keep improving the dam. In the meantime, they are babysitting a vessel for boat owners who have left

their boat for a while. Sue sells area tours to supplement their income, and Mike is trying to be a mechanic, which is one of the harbor jokes.

Janet and Chuck (whom we met the first night) are the ambassadors for the Luperon Yacht Club. They arrived about two years ago on their boat, and are retained by the Yacht Club owner for managing the restaurant and overseeing construction projects. They were King and Queen of their high school's Senior Prom. They lost track of each other for years, and after Chuck got divorced, he searched for Janet, and found her single. They reunited a few years ago, and went sailing. When the YC Saturday night entertainer cancelled, I suggested a "Fifties night" to Janet, as we have those CDs aboard. She asked me to check with Javier, and now we have had a Fifties night, as well as Sixties and Seventies.

Javier, the youngest son of the Yacht Club owner, has been given his first life's responsibility at age 21 - managing the docks and fuel concession. I have assisted him in his dock electrical and fueling problems. He's a good kid when he can get up in the morning.

Now in his mid-thirties, Eric Cooper was born in Muskegon, Michigan, but spent much of his youth growing up in both Fort Lauderdale and Venezuela, where his father has investments in a number of diamond mining operations. His dad does not want him to spend time in Venezuela, since his body guard was shot in the head and died last year. Eric came into Luperon on his Hatteras sportfish last year, connected with Chuck and Janet, sold his sportfish, and now bounces around tending absentee-owner's boats, taking boats with owners or single-handed to Puerto Rico or the Virgin Islands (where he is now). As soon as he returns, he has promised to take our friend's boat, *Snow White*, with them to Venezuela directly from the Dominican Republic, a four-day straight trip across the Caribbean. He does this to be helpful, without compensation, except expenses to return. He wants to see his father, so this is an excuse for him to go to Venezuela. In June, with his father's help, Eric ("Coop") will be working with a Dominican Republic mining company to do test drillings on the eastern end of the Dominican Republic (Samana) for cement. He is a geology major who speaks fluent Spanish, and is not on a budget.

Norma, on her 42 foot ketch, *Hellenback*, lost her husband at the Yacht Club, when he dropped dead at Happy Hour almost a year ago. She is really a sweet lady, and has decided to stay in the Dominican Republic tied to the Yacht Club dock. She helps with tour trips, and is a positive influence in the boating community.

Joe and Windy came a year ago, and will be staying through the next hurricane season on their sailboat *Off Call*. From the northern shore of Lake Ontario, near Trent, they sailed their 36-foot sloop here, and found "home." Windy leads a yoga class at the YC twice a week. Joe just finished crewing another sailboat to the Virgin Islands for a fee. The hardest part of heading to Trinidad or Venezuela is the run from Luperon to the Virgin Islands.

Leaving Luperon, it is an overnight (125 mile) run, into the wind and seas, to Samana, on the eastern end of the Dominican Republic, and then a 150 mile trip across the dangerous Mona Pass to Boqueron, Puerto Rico. From there it's straight into the tradewinds and seas for another 150 miles, along the southern coast of Puerto Rico, to the Spanish Virgins, and then to the

American and British Virgins. Since it takes 275 nautical miles, or more than 300 statute miles, to the west end of Puerto Rico, Luperon is the deciding point for us and many others about whether or not to go farther south. Actually, the next 425 miles to the Virgins is all east into the seas. After the Virgins, it is south bound, and the trip is easier. Our insurance will not cover us during hurricane season unless we get to Trinidad or Venezuela. It doesn't pay to go to Puerto Rico or the Virgins for a few weeks, and return north, so boats heading south at this time of the year are committed to go all the way for a year. Most couples can bring their boat to Luperon without running overnight, but from here to the Puerto Rico, it really helps to have a third hand aboard. An average wait time for a weather window to head east, is ten days from Luperon. There are a number of people who stay in Luperon who are willing to help take your boat east, for compensation. Without insurance concerns, Luperon is the best hurricane hole along the route south, as it is surrounded by mountains.

The Undertaker and Wife came here about two weeks ago in their 40-foot Carver, an unstablized power boat. They started out from Leamington, Ontario, on Lake Erie, and they have no paper charts - only a VHF radio. They're heading to Trinidad - unbelievable. A couple on a 55-foot Fleming, both with captain's licenses, said they couldn't sleep knowing these people were leaving so unprepared for Puerto Rico. He offered his services to go with them without any compensation (when they normally receive \$250 per day, plus expenses). They left four days ago, and no one knows where they are, since they have no way to communicate with us.

Some Luperon boat residents' husbands (who shall go nameless), have purchased 100cc motorbikes, and they go riding on many afternoons. They claim that they go to local car washes that open after 4:00 in the afternoon.

Yesterday we were invited to Bruce Van Sant and Rosa's new house, along with the Fleming's wife Dottie (who has 8,000 hours flying business jets). They have a beautiful new house on a mountain overlooking the Luperon bay and the ocean, with all modern appliances. On the lower level, they have an apartment that rents for \$150 a week to any boater that wants their company, to stay in more comfortable quarters ashore. It was a very enjoyable afternoon.

The cruising life is about sharing experiences in different countries, and assisting people that you will probably never see again. These are the people that you share happy hours with.

5/23 We have headed north through the Turks and Caicos to the Bahamas. Leaving Luperon, after nearly a month in the Dominican Republic, we feel that we have a good understanding of the country, people, and politics. We went to the capitol, Santo Domingo, and saw the oldest church in North America, Columbus' \$50 million dollar monument, Columbus' son's house, and the old town area. The church is a city block in size, modern, and impressive as any cathedral today. The only renovation was the mahogany floor, which was changed to tile in the 90s, and the stained glass windows were replaced, except for one which survived the hurricanes. Pope John Paul visited the church three times during his tenure.

During our month in the Dominican Republic, both Alice and I had old-fashioned colds, a Pepto-Bismol bottle-worth of stomach discomforts, and a broken tooth that had to have a crown. We saw the beauty of the mountains, and the inefficiency

of a third world nation. The infrastructure, taken for granted in the States, is understood to be unreliable in the Dominican Republic. Potable water supply in Luperon is in five gallon jugs, electricity is a rolling blackout, and sewage is handled by outhouse or septic in new developments. Surprisingly, there are as many government agencies to protect the environment and construction as in the United States, however the bribe price is far less. There are two prices for everything: Dominican Republic, and Gringo.

Their two-year national congressional elections were held last week. They don't mess around with elections. Since arriving in the Dominican Republic, we were constantly watching parades, hearing sound trucks blast propaganda, and seeing demonstrators go ballistic. The day after the election, there was physical abuse to the winning candidates, and they had to hire protection. To the victors go the spoils, and this includes jobs for supporters, and other momentary considerations. So, the elections impact a lot of family incomes, and they don't lose easily. The good news is that we had almost 24 hours of power at the Yacht Club for a week prior to the election, which means that they can supply it across the country if desired. The story goes that the government that left office two years ago didn't pay Venezuela for the oil, and now the Dominican Republic has limited credit to purchase generator fuel, so they ration the power. Businesses and good homes have either generators or inverter/battery backup.

The newly built Yacht Club, with the best harbor location on a bluff, has great potential. Whether it can achieve this goal is difficult to believe. Owned and operated by a Spaniard with a Dominican wife, it doesn't seem that they need the money, so it is a project to play with. Two pools were completed weeks ago, but the owner didn't fill them, in lieu of building tennis courts. The back-up generator hasn't worked since it was installed, as it is more important to build a pitch-and-putt golf course. Instead of building much needed docks, he is building a washer and dryer building. He has a ninety percent completion factor: that is, everything gets 90% done, and never finished. A Gringo could make this place the envy of Yacht Clubs in the Caribbean, but don't think about it - the system and infrastructure is rigged against Gringos.

Cruisers heading south often stop at Luperon and stay for a couple years, because of the cheap prices. There are people with a 35-foot sailboat who start their engines with a crank, and others who found their engine to be a mechanical problem and threw it overboard. There are people from Europe, Canada, and a few from the US, who stay in Luperon. They are lovely people, but don't have much in common with the transients that move through the port after a couple of weeks. If you are married, or single, and stay awhile, it seems that Gringos may end up marrying very young Dominican women. They are beautiful, and have a wonderful attitude toward men. Any more discussion on the subject would be too much information.

After serious deliberations, I have come to the obvious conclusion that the best of the Dominican Republic is its Brugal rum and Presidente cerveza.

We slipped back into the Bahamas at Mayaguana Cay with one day to spare. The Bahamians permit two entrances into their waters within 90 days for \$300. Anchored in beautiful Abraham Bay behind its reef, we went through customs, and now we can officially stay in the Bahamas for nine more months. We think

we will be out of here when the hurricanes come visiting. Next, we will check out the Acklins and Crooked Islands. ◆◆

Wally Steinhoff & Pam Brown (#298)

DF Classic 44.4 SANDIAL

Marquette, MI

October 4, 2006 We've been cruising the Chesapeake for a few months now, and are currently in a tiny community called Kinsale, VA. For our Michigan friends, it's kind of like trying to imagine Au Train with a nice marina, but take away the two stores and the bank. It's very, very, very quiet. When we first arrived on a Friday, I started looking for a way to get to the Richmond, VA, airport, as I had a flight out to Denver, NC, on Monday. I could not find a taxi, a shuttle, or a car to rent. I was literally stuck here. I was within ten minutes of giving up all hope when Mariah came running down the dock and yelling "Grandpa, get your bags and go to Grandma." I grabbed my bags and ran (well, almost) to where Pam was. She had found another boater that had a rental car, and she agreed to take me to the airport.

We left immediately, and fortunately I was able to check my bags at the curb. I went right through security, as there was not another passenger in line, right to the gate and on the plane. It was a miracle I made that flight.

We took on some bad fuel in North Carolina, and are busy installing a fuel polishing system on the boat. I have about 900 gallons of bad fuel on board, and to try to run the boat by filtering the fuel we would have to change our Racor filters, probably, every other day. There are also a few other things we are working on. It never ends.

The Chesapeake is very nice. There is loads of history here, and many small quaint little communities. It's a lot like cruising the northern Great Lakes, except the water is filthy, and there are almost no beaches. A lot of marshes, and tall grass.

One day in September, we left an anchorage and headed back out to the Chesapeake, but the weather started to get bad, and the Bay was beginning to pick up, so we pulled into Jackson Creek to wait out the weather. The next morning Pam went into the engine room to check the oil, etc., and when she was draining the sediment out of the primary Racor fuel filter, the nipple broke off, and fuel was pouring out. She hollered for me, and I went to her, and shut off the fuel to stop the leak.

We then discovered that the whole assembly had broken off, and we had no spare. Now we are in the middle of nowhere, and since this is the primary filter, we cannot run either engine ~~or the generators. There are no hardware stores, West Marine~~ stores, or anything that would have this part. We tried in vain to hold it together with some super marine adhesive we carry aboard, but as anticipated, it wouldn't hold.

We, then, had to turn to our own inventory of parts to find something we could put in the bottom of that Racor filter that would allow us to turn the fuel back on, so we could get somewhere where we could find the proper part. We started fumbling through our plumbing parts, and trying this and that, but couldn't find the right one. Then Pam spotted a cork from a Gentleman Jack Daniel's bourbon whiskey bottle. We tried it and filled the Racor with water and IT WORKED!! We plugged up the hole, and it got us to Kinsale, where we are now. Don't tell me alcohol won't solve your problems. ◆◆

Jim & Cheri Cooper (#413)

DF49RPH JIM-N-I

Palmer, AK

For First Mates Everywhere (and some Captains, too!):

I write this for the First Mates onboard boats, to let you know how important it is for you to know all you can about your boat: how to use the radio, how to raise the dinghy alone, how to read your GPS, use the anchor windlass, and have a very good understanding of your boat and how it works. Do you know how to drive your boat alone? You should be doing it now so you will know how to do it if you need to - I did. To all you Captains out there – you need to teach your First Mates, since it could save your life!

My story: We picked up our sister-in-law, Linda, in Juneau, anticipating a two-week cruise around Admiralty Island to see some glaciers, Sitka, whales, and the beautiful scenery which southeast Alaska is known for. Getting underway in the early morning on flat water, we headed south to anchor in Tracy Arm Cove, a seven hour run in our 49' DeFever Pilothouse. We planned to see the glaciers the next morning. Linda and Jim set out our two crab pots, and we enjoyed a wonderful halibut dinner together. Early the next morning in the light rain, Jim took the dinghy out and pulled the pots, bringing back four nice crabs. While he was cleaning them on the swim step, I noticed that he was moving slower than normal. Jim hooked the lifting harness to the dinghy, and as Linda and I raised it to the upper deck and secured it, he went below. I found him on the bed experiencing chest pains and numbness in his left arm. His father had a first heart attack at age 55, and his brother John, Linda's husband, died of a massive heart attack at the age of 44. Jim is 58.

We had seen a cruise ship entering Tracy Arm earlier, so I got on the radio on channel 16 to call them for a doctor. I didn't know the name of the ship, but just called to the 'cruise ship that just entered Tracy Arm.' No response after three attempts. A large yacht had just left our cove, and I called them asking if they knew the name of the cruise ship. They responded and asked to switch to channel 10 so I could explain the situation. They remembered the name, and I went back to 16 and called the cruise ship. The ship responded and asked me to stand by on 10. I checked Jim, and he was in a great deal of pain and the numbness had spread to his other arm. The cruise ship called and said they were going to send a tender with a doctor, and wanted to know where to find us. Of course we were tucked back into the corner of the cove to get out of the wind, which made us harder to find. The crew on the ship was French and they were a little hard to understand, so I hoped giving them the GPS location and the name of the cove would help. The tender kept talking with me on the radio, asking if I could see them, but we couldn't. I thought they were in the wrong cove. Linda and I stared at the point, willing them to appear. Finally they did, and I all but yelled at the radio to say that we saw them.

The ship's tender came alongside as I'm trying to teach Linda how to put fenders out and lines through the hawse cleats. (What's a hawse cleat?! Note: teach any visitors the basics while at the dock, before you get underway.) The doctor and nurse went below, with instructions for me to get passports, insurance papers, Jim's medications, and to list his name, birth date, etc., on a piece of paper. I grabbed our toothbrushes,

medicines (mine included, after prompting by Linda), and the cell phone. I forgot the phone charging cord, and also forgot that we had Jim's medical records onboard. After quick instructions to Linda on how to use the radio, furnace, and generator, and to watch the amps being used, Jim was helped by stretcher onto the tender, accompanied by me. Linda, who knows nothing about boats, was left onboard Jim-N-I. I figured we would get to Juneau, and I would catch a tour boat back the next day, and she and I would bring the boat back to Juneau.

I can't say enough good things about the doctor and nurses aboard the *M/S Seven Seas Mariner*, with Captain Philippe Fichet Delavault. They gave morphine and beta blockers to Jim, and let me go to the bridge to call Linda on the VHF. Unfortunately, I found out later that Linda could hear me, but our radio signal wasn't strong enough for me to hear her response. When we got to Juneau, Jim was given the 'clot buster' under the six-hour time limit for it to be effective, and they med-evac'd us to Seattle on a Lear Jet. (That bill cost more than our first house back in 1972!) Jim had a stent placed in his right coronary artery the next day, and after a couple of days in the hospital, we went to my sister's for two weeks to recuperate.

While I was in Juneau waiting for the air ambulance, I called the US Coast Guard Command Center and told them about our boat with Linda aboard. Mike Folkerts with the CG Auxiliary called me back, and assured me they would get the boat and Linda the next day. Later I called him back with instructions like: don't run the engines faster than 1700 RPMs, the freezer is not on the freezer switch but is on the galley outlet switch, the depth sounder on the overhead works while the one on the helm is persnickety, the toilet in the master takes longer to run... you know, all the little quirks particular to our boat. On Sunday, Mike and his wife Noreen took another couple, Brad and Linda Wells, who own a 40' Ocean Alexander, down to the Jim-N-I, and the Wells brought Jim-N-I and Linda back to Auke Bay in Juneau, tied her up, and plugged her in. The harbormaster in Auke Bay was very understanding about the situation, and watched over our boat after Linda joined us in Seattle.

Everything turned out in the best way it could for us. We were very lucky that the cruise ship was nearby and sent their medical team. We can't say enough about the Coast Guard Auxiliary. They did tell Linda that they wouldn't have been able to move the boat if she hadn't been aboard. We are retired Coast Guard, and have other friends in Juneau that probably could have helped out if needed.

The moral of the story: First Mates should start doing engine room checks today, start driving and learning all you can about the helm and other systems onboard. Put together a grab-it-quick-bag with passports, medication lists for both of you, extra toothbrushes, extra reading glasses, underwear and socks, and don't forget the cell phone and the cord that charges it, your address book, and any other important papers including your husband's (or your) wallet! If you keep them somewhere else, make copies of your important papers. When you have to leave in a hurry, you can add all your medications to the bag. Just as important, make a manual for an inexperienced person, to explain how to put out more anchor chain, how to add salt to the Lectra-San, how to locate the dipstick for the fuel tanks, how to do a pre-start check on the engines, how to start the engines, how to operate the helm station, how to talk on the radio, and in general how to run all the systems with all

their little peculiar quirks. We also bought an AED (automatic external defibrillator) to keep on the boat. It could help us or another nearby boat someday. An AED costs about \$1,500 from internet sources, but that's certainly less than a Lear Jet ride! I can't stress this enough...start practicing today! Please! If you boat in colder waters, try on those "gumby" survival suits in case there's another situation you might get into someday. We'll be doing that before we leave the dock this time! ◆◆

Bob & DeeDee Lenney (#590)

DF44 MOTHER GOOSE

Grass Valley, CA

and Meow from 2nd Mate and Ship's Scribe, BEAMER – The adventures of MOTHER GOOSE and crew in Canada and the San Juans

August 31, 2006 Richmond, BC: The big cruising day has finally arrived... the Smiths and the Lenneys have finally settled in, with much ado about nothing, I might add. There is barely enough room for my two kitty condos, litter box, mega cans of tuna/chicken, comfy beds protected from all the noise and commotion, and cozy sleeping spots that only a privileged kitty like me (Beamer) could enjoy for rest and relaxation from all this stress!! At 10:00 am they're now ready to head for Nanaimo on the Island of Vancouver! They found a great spot with shopping, plus an added excursion for Julie and DeeDee hiking the trails and hills of Newcastle Island, while Bob and Terry rested with me!

Sept. 1 Spent a glorious day in Nanaimo resting, shopping, meeting new friends, and just enjoying myself - especially my "tuna time," which is becoming more frequent as they try to keep me really, really happy!! I just don't dig those Nanaimo Bars that everyone seems to be enjoying!! Sorry guys, no bridge for me tonight, but go ahead and enjoy!!

Sept. 2 After my early morning "tuna juice," MOTHER GOOSE headed out to Lady Smith Harbor, with the aid of the guest crew of Terry, Julie, DeeDee, and Captain Bob, arriving past noon and enjoying lunch on board. In the afternoon, the Smiths hiked while Bob, DeeDee, and I relaxed, awaiting their return for Happy Hour and tuna juice! They all dined out, which didn't prove too exciting, but fun was still had by all! Oh, the rocking motion of the boat really puts one in the sleeping mode!!

Sept. 3 After my early morning tuna juice, MOTHER GOOSE headed out for another adventure, discovering the excitements of Chemainus, tasting the culinary delights, and shopping in the lovely town. Sure glad I'm so easy to please - just a little tuna juice and I'm a happy kitty camper!! We've heard rumors that say this is a most charming and delightful town, with killer gelato!! (That's what Julie and DeeDee say, anyway!)

Sept. 4 Sorry to see such a happy group leave such a lovely place, but as long as I get my early morning tuna juice, who cares!! We're leaving Chemainus and heading for Ganges, for another day of challenging adventure... docking!! They're getting pretty good at this by now! The group is all excited again - Captain Bob found more Nanaimo Bars! I guess you don't have to be in Nanaimo to buy this delectable treat (tuna juice is just fine for me!!). Julie and DeeDee seem to have a real knack for finding the best shopping... lucky them! Captain Bob

and Terry do just fine resting!!

It is now 8:15 pm, and time for them to chow down on the Nanaimo Bars, as they all challenge each other at bridge and "J's and 5's"! Boy, are Julie and DeeDee ever having a terrific time at the gaming table!!!! Well, Terry and Captain Bob are now demanding lights out... not doing quite as well I guess. Guess I'll have my evening tuna juice, and we'll all turn in dreaming of more Tuesday adventures as we head for Poet's Cove!

Sept. 5 Leaving Ganges, North Pender Island, heading for Otter Cove... hopefully the otters will be plentiful - finally maybe I'll have a playmate or two!! Oh well, there are no playmates for kitty, but there are delicious hamburgers for the crew, and the enjoyment of watching incoming/outgoing ferries. Evening games continued with the girls, Julie and DeeDee, still garnering points toward their cruise games and superb shopping victories, especially in Ganges... no shopping in Otter Cove to the pleasure of Captain Bob and Terry!!

Sept. 6 Leaving Otter Cove heading to Poets Cove... a beautiful resort to please the most discriminating vacationer, with or without a boat! A new game tonight, Eurker, and the boys are finally winning!

Sept. 7 Enjoying the absolute gorgeous scenery heading from Otter Cove to Roche Harbor, San Juan Island - another outstanding and popular stop for boaters and vacationers. The flag ceremony at sunset is a patriotic event which is performed nightly, enjoyed by all. Being docked in front of the lovely country church was a delight, as it provided chimes and music for the whole area!

Sept. 8 Traveled from Roche Harbor to Deer Harbor, where the crew found some interesting eats along their walk. The streets were lined with berry bushes and apple trees - the crew took advantage of every morsel! Even Julie and DeeDee found several horses to fuss over, to get their equine fix for the week! In the evening they joined happy hour with a group from Seal Beach... since Terry's Long Beach Yacht Club burgee was flying from our bow (*What? Where was the DFC burgee?? - Ed.*), we were a natural invite!!

Sept. 9 Left Deer Harbor with a four hour stop at Friday Harbor before reaching Rosario's Resort, Orcas Island. Again superb shopping (especially the knitting shop) and eats at Friday Harbor, but I'm still the happy camper cat Beamer on board, enjoying the flowing tuna juice!! Evening games continue with Mormon Bridge, Eurker, Canadian Canasta, Contract Bridge, and "J's & 5's" being the games of choice... girls still in the lead!

Sept. 10 Leaving Rosario heading for LaConner, another purrrfectly quaint shopping paradise, I'm told, and Julie and DeeDee confirm this! You'd think Terry, Bob, and I might enjoy a little fishing, right? Guess tuna juice is as fishy as it's going to get, but I'm having a purrrrfect time anyway - especially in the evenings when everyone is asleep, and I can sit on the helm and watch the marina's bright lights and jumping fish and seals!

Sept. 11 Traveled from LaConner to Bell Harbor, Seattle, where Terry and Julie will be heading home by plane tomorrow. Took a brief stroll through Pikes Market, and an even longer stroll through Cost Plus! Guess they had a good time at Anthony's for dinner, and the last night for game competition. Captain Bob and Terry won on a couple of evenings, but we know where the

victories were counted!!

Sept. 12 Sad day at Bell Harbor as best crew 'buds' are departing, leaving Captain Bob, 1st Mate DeeDee, and 2nd Mate Beamer (me) on our lonesome own... but not for long! No games tonight; just adjusting!!!

Sept. 13-14 Heading for Kingston to reboot MOTHER GOOSE and crew, and catch up on the wash, to get ready for the DeFever Rendezvous on Friday in Edmonds. This little marina has turned out to be an excellent rebooting stopover - decided to spend another day here... just how much rebooting does a MOTHER GOOSE take? I'm sure I'm a lot easier!!! Seem to be hearing a lot about missing family back home - I'm not homesick much, though.

Sept. 15-16 Headed for Edmonds, just across the water, for the DeFever Rendezvous, with great anticipation for fun and frolic... this is what they say anyway! Docking was quite an event, as a big wind came up, and we were squeezed amongst several much larger DeFever's; they say this just made the adventure more exciting and increased their docking skills!?!? No problem for me, though, as I'm always sleeping during these maneuvers, and I miss all the excitement, it seems! Yeah!! We met some great new friends at this celebration, with fantastic eats and wine tasting. The best farmers market ever, I'm told!!

Sept. 17 After a wonderful potluck brunch, we moved out a lot easier than when we entered - they tell me practice makes purrrrrfect!! They are now headed for the port of Langley, which is a gorgeous cruise, as usual, with light rain. Cuddled up in my condo, the light rain doesn't bother a big boy like me!! Upon arriving, Captain Bob couldn't find an acceptable docking space, until a Captain Will on a bigggggg boat offered us space to raft to his big boat. Well, the old nautical term, "any port in a storm" worked just fine - we took him up on his offer and settled in for the night, without hooking up power, I might add! No problem for MOTHER GOOSE, as she has 24 hours of power in her battery bank. Tonight was a game night for us, well them, and they competed in "J's & 5's" and Eurker - must have been a tie as I heard no screaming! Again, the tuna juice was purrrrrfect!

Sept. 18 I hear today is going to be a great day... we're headed for LaConner to pick up friends, Hank and Donna Kath. No kitty, though, just the Kath's!! Time for this cruising Beamer cat to head for his condo... it's naptime again, and again and again!!! This day unfolded just as expected: Excellent!! Hank and Donna arrived, and unpacked to settle in for adventure cruising, kitty bonding, and sea frolic!!

Sept. 19 Leaving bright and early, Captain Bob and crew headed for Friday Harbor to clear customs, shop, and spend the night. Gorgeous scenery, calm waters, and rain... they tell me this, since I'm usually sleeping enroute! As usual, Friday Harbor was very busy, with all sizes of boats clearing customs. Even a Safari Ship and a big cruise ship docked right next to us, helping to make the evening rather exciting, they say.

Sept. 20 We enjoyed a relaxed cruise to Roche Harbor, and everything was lovely! At Roche Harbor, the lovely church on the hill rang her bells with beautiful music for all to enjoy. Again, the flag lowering ceremony at dusk was something all should witness... I even watched from the helm windows!! The evening card games have begun with the boys, Bob and Hank, definitely outshining the girls, Donna and DeeDee. Sorry girls!!

Sept. 21 Another leisurely cruise to Sidney, BC, on Vancouver Island - clearing Canadian customs here. Seems like every time Captain Bob talks to a Customs agent, they are really impressed that I'm on board! Purrrrr-Yeah ---- Purrrrr!!! Nothing touches the heart of a female Customs agent more than a cute little furry cruising kitty like me on board (you see, I too have to clear customs with my health certificate), and loving every minute of it!! With me on board, MOTHER GOOSE is always a shoo-in!!! Sidney was a fun place for the crew, I'm told - it seems like they never run out of fun! With a smooth, stabilized yacht like MOTHER GOOSE, they all have a great time under way too! My fun starts after dark, when Captain Bob puts my leash on and takes me for my evening walks on the upper decks. And if I'm real good, I get to go into the engine room and stroll around, impressed with one mysterious piece of machinery after another.

Sept. 22 Departing bright and early for Victoria, BC, with a goal to be the first boat ready to dock in front of the Empress Hotel and the boardwalk. Another blessing... we were the first boat to claim the purrrrrfect spot, just where Captain Bob wanted! Coming into the Victoria marina is a little terrifying I hear - not for me, though, as I sleep through just about everything terrifying!! Captain Bob and crew must watch for incoming/outgoing sea planes, cruise ships coming and going, Port Angeles ferries coming and going, many water taxis jerking around, other cruisers, and the speedy whale-watching boats leaving. God has blessed us with a safe cruise again, and we arrived and docked without incident. Another wonderful day, they say, culminating at The Irish Times, with pizza and Celtic music... of course, tuna juice on board for me! Joining the gang was Donna's cousin and husband Ray, which added to the festive evening! They played games again at night, while watching all the action on the boardwalk just off the aft-deck. Boy, did I ever enjoy my upper deck walks tonight, with all the bright lights of the Parliament building lighting my way!! Purrrrrfect!!

Sept. 23 We spent the whole day in Victoria, with Captain Bob, DeeDee, Hank, and Donna shopping until they literally dropped! Well, DeeDee and Donna anyway!! Another great evening on the aft-deck, watching the boardwalk action while enjoying dinner and games! They say it was a great day for all.

Sept. 24 Two boats had to move off the dock, so Captain Bob and crew could move MOTHER GOOSE - a tricky move, but we departed successfully, after some fine maneuvering and line handling by the crew! Heading for the delightful resort of Rosario's on Orcas Island... purrrrrfect weather and cruising conditions providing another beautiful day for all. Me too!! The gang received a special invitation to enjoy a short evening program, with music provided by the largest pipe organ ever installed in a private residence, followed by a delightful dinner at the Rosario's Restaurant. I enjoyed a delightful dinner too, of tuna juice!!

Sept. 25 Leaving Rosario mid-morning, to head for Anacortes to check the price of fuel and test the shopping! Great cruising and even more prolific shopping!! After a four hour-stopover at Anacortes, they headed for LaConner again, as Tuesday was to be Hank and Donna's last day with us. They all had a good evening - no last night campfire, though, but a last night of games: Mormon Bridge and "J's & 5's." Well, the boys did it again - DeeDee and Donna were good sports, even though this

game night wasn't the highlight of their competition!! Tonight was a highlight for me, though - Captain Bob actually took me for a dock walk. I actually got to walk (with collar and leash of course) the full length of the dock. DeeDee was very anxious when she saw us! Purrrr-Yeah-Purrr!!!

Sept. 26 Good byes are never the fun part of a cruise, but the time finally came for departing. Hugs and kisses for all, and the Kath's headed out by car to complete their homeward bound trip, visiting friends and relatives along the way. MOTHER GOOSE then headed back to Anacortes, to wait until Thursday for the diesel truck to refuel her with a special price reduction on fuel. Since she holds 900 gallons, the cost of refueling is always a consideration... Captain Bob is getting a terrific buy on fuel, I'm told. Oh boy, says DeeDee... two days to shop the antique shops of Anacortes, where she found some purrrfect buys on antique pewter! Go DeeDee, go!! Guess I'll just continue to hang around for the duration, until we're ready to head out for Pt. Roberts on Thursday. Oh, darn, missing Hank and Donna already! No games tonight I guess - just dock walking and tuna juice!

It has been such a purrrfect pleasure having this outstanding opportunity to keep you all updated on the comings and goings of MOTHER GOOSE and crew! They've all really been good to me with the tuna juice happy hours, the upper deck walks, the engine room strolls with Captain Bob, the extra hugs and kisses from the crew, the adoration from the frequent Custom agents, the smiles and pats from passers-by... but the best is yet to come for me... this mouse is history!!! ◆◆

Racor Unannounced Changes

Rick Jarchow (#448) informs:

Wanted to know if you are aware that Racor has changed its fuel filter element for the 500 series filter. If one uses the new element, it will effectively bypass the Racor filter, and totally rely on the secondary filter on the engine. This is applicable only to the 500 series element.

The fix was reported in *PassageMaker Magazine* (the August issue). In order to eliminate this problem, one needs to obtain a rubber spacer that slides on over the rod that holds the element. This lifts up the element, and makes the filter workable again. This is a one-time fix. Note that this problem is only for Racor filters made before a given date (1995, I believe). Since there are many DeFever's built prior to that date that still have the Racor 500, I wanted to pass this information along. I was quite shocked to find out about this problem, in that the change was made last year, and I was fortunate enough to have used the old elements. I had just changed to the new elements, and had run the engines only 0.2 hours before I learned of the problem. Lady luck continues to shine on me

Hank Haeseker (#22) adds:

If you are using a Racor 500 Series filter housing that was produced prior to January 1996, you need to know that Racor has changed the design of the 2010 (two-micron) filter cartridge. The new element, tan in color, will fit into the housing, but may slide down too far, and expose the return port on the center tube. This will allow unfiltered fuel to bypass the filter element. The old cartridge was brown, so it is easy to recognize the new tan-colored cartridge. You can call Racor technical support at 800-344-3286 to obtain a free spacer that will solve the problem.

Read more about this in the July/August issue of *Passagemaker Magazine*, page 28.

Glen Moore (#314) adds more:

I tried Hank's suggestion of calling Racor to obtain the spacers for the 500 filters, only to become frustrated waiting on hold, listening to the message "All service representatives are busy." I Googled Racor's web site, and found an email address for technical assistance -- racortech@parker.com. A short email requesting three washers resulted in the reply "The washers are in the mail," 12 minutes after the email was sent. ◆◆

Mal & Nan Curran (#787)

DF49RPH BEAR BOAT

Annapolis, MD

We have had a great year with joining the DeFever organization. We were so eager for the winter Rendezvous hosted by Ron and Charma Owens (#401), with the help of many. It was better than we could have ever expected. We arrived at Cabbage Key a week ahead to check it out. Mike and Allison Mooney (#735), on POKEY, were there, and that was the beginning. They dinghied over. We then met Steve and Diane Koch (#74), with their AURORA. When we returned to Cabbage Key anchorage on Thursday, there were already a dozen of the 40 boats between Cabbage and Useppa Islands.

The Rendezvous was great. Great food, great people, and a very well-planned gathering. DeFever owners are enthusiastic about their boats!!!!!! We stayed right there on the hook for nine days.

Then to top it off, we had a marvelous time at the Chez-Dez-Vous organized by Robin and Jim Roberts (#331) of ADVENTURES. It was an exhilarating feeling to see all those beautiful sea-going DeFever's at anchor again. DFCruisers are a super group of people. We have so enjoyed getting to know everyone we have met in our travels of two years.

Last week we went to the July Chesapeake MTOA gathering (Marine Trawler Owner's Association). When we entered Fairlee Creek, there were several DeFever's anchored. Several people said it looked like a DeFever Rendezvous. We did outnumber everyone else. ◆◆

Mike & Jane Ross (#641)

DF44 BLESSINGS

Manteo, NC

CHESAPEAKE BAY CRUISE

June 24, 2006: Left the Manteo, NC, town docks with AJ and Gayle (Ross, #512) aboard. For those of you who don't already know, AJ is Mike's brother from Houston, TX, and Gayle is his wife. AJ and Gayle are the reason we have a DeFever 44 Motor Yacht, as they have the identical boat, and we got to travel with them on two occasions in 2003. Made our way to Elizabeth City, NC, and stayed at the dock beside the home of Marion and Lee Gutman. Met these folks in Manteo, and told them we would be coming to Elizabeth City. They graciously offered to move their boat, so we could stay in the slip at their home. Aren't boaters wonderful!!!! That evening we attended "Taste of Elizabeth City" on Main Street, which was blocked off for the occasion. Proceeds went to the Pasquotank Arts Council, so we

had fun and supported a good cause, all at the same time.

June 25th We started with a gourmet meal, made by AJ and Gayle, of breakfast tacos, with Lee and Marion aboard. Elizabeth City has a new Museum of the Albemarle, which is worth the visit. Many more exhibits will be added in the coming year. That evening, Lee and Marion hosted a social on their deck overlooking the Pasquotank River. We departed Elizabeth City on June 26th and headed for Coinjock, NC. Upon the recommendation of Dave and Penny Stormont (#683), we stayed at Midway Marina, and were joined by Dave and Penny (by boat), and my sister Carol Ann and Marvin (by car). We all had dinner together at the marina restaurant.

June 27th We motored to Tidewater Yacht Club (TYC) in Portsmouth, VA. We invited all Mike's sons and families for dinner. Rain was pouring down that evening, so we had to all eat inside the boat. Crowded, but fun!!!

June 28th Dave and Penny joined us at TYC, and we had dinner aboard their boat. Penny served a tasty lasagna. Mike helped Penny make the garlic bread; add some salad and wine, and another great meal was enjoyed by all.

Met Terry and Monica Darlington while at TYC. They are aboard a canal boat brought over from England. Terry is a writer, a very good one at that. He and Monica had us all in stitches while listening to his stories aboard the narrowboat named *Phyllis May*. Even their dog, Jim, a whippet, was narrow, so he fit quite nicely on their boat. Terry and Monica were having a/c installed, and planning a trip down the ICW to Florida. Their book would be great reading, and sure to amuse, as we soon found out they knew NOTHING about navigation. Terry was commissioned by Amazon.com to write his story of travel down the Intracoastal Waterway system. As Terry stated, "If we run aground, we just get a pole and push off." You can follow the Narrow Boat by going to his site: www.narrowdog.com

June 29th BLESSINGS traveled to Hampton Public Piers (VA), and STORMY anchored out in Mobjack Bay. Rain put a damper on some of the activities we would have enjoyed in Hampton.

June 30th We headed to Deltaville, VA, and stayed at Dozier's. Really liked this little spot, and want to spend some more time here on the return trip. *Godiva (Dog)* met a yellow lab named *Goliath*, and the two labs took turns retrieving tennis balls. While at Dozier's, Buddy and Elaine Hughes, with daughter Holly, guests of Dave and Penny, came aboard to travel with them.

July 1st STORMY and BLESSINGS headed to Urbanna, VA. Ryan Stormont joined his parents and guests at this location, to travel on STORMY. Visited an old-fashioned lunch counter at "Marshall's Drug Store," whose specialty was fresh squeezed limeade, and then on to the most important ice-cream shoppe for a hot fudge sundae.

July 2nd Both boats headed to Tide's Inn in Irvington, VA. Great resort, with lots to do. Gayle kept saying it reminded her of the resort in "Dirty Dancing," and we were looking for Patrick Swayze, but never did see him!! This resort held many memories for Dave and Penny, as far back as childhood, and we enjoyed hearing their stories. On July 2nd we ate a meal prepared by Elaine and Buddy aboard STORMY. We had never eaten Frogmore Stew, and will not soon forget it. Quite tasty, but extremely spicy. And no...it does NOT have frogs in it!!

July 4th Everyone came aboard BLESSINGS for an AJ

breakfast taco feast, which is always a big hit. That evening we watched the best fireworks we had ever seen. Tide's Inn puts off fireworks from 9 to 10 PM. From 10 to midnight, a private individual continues to light up the sky. It was great! ◆◆

Glen Moore and Jill Gudaitis (#314) DF40 Passagemaker LAST DANCE St. Augustine, FL

Wi-Fi and St. Augustine Update

Auglink, a local St. Augustine internet provider, recently installed a Wi-Fi router in downtown St. Augustine with an antenna on top of the First Union Bank Building, the tallest building in town. Boats at the City Marina, the Anchorage Inn Motel Marina, and at the anchorage should be able to pick up the Wi-Fi signal. Installing a router downtown was a joint project between the City of St. Augustine and *Auglink*. An important part of this project to us, as cruising boaters, is that it is free. When you ask your computer to list the sources of Wi-Fi signals in St. Augustine, you should find "Auglink_free_hotspot" in your list. Highlight that item, click "connect," and you will have free internet access. I have found that it operates at 11 Mbps, so it must be a "b" standard, rather than the newer, faster "g" standard. But at the price of "free," who is going to complain? ◆◆



*Kari & Tiina Wikholm's (#729) PEGASUS
Docked in Finland*



*Mark & Chris Strom (#727) found a
Bike "Trailer" for Pooch, Max*

A New Website for the DeFever Cruisers

By Hank Haeseker (#22)

November 4, 2006

We are at a turning point. For the past 10 years, Bob and Barbara Dein have done just about everything for the Cruisers other than run the Rendezvous, and they helped with every one of those. They maintained the member database, sent out the emails, edited and published the Newsletter, maintained the bank account, sent out the dues notices, collected the dues, paid the bills, and more. They are retiring. This is the last Newsletter by Editor Bob. It seems most unlikely that we can get a volunteer couple or an individual to do all the work that they have done for the next ten years or even five. So the key question is, *how can we reduce the workload and distribute it to more people, so that our successful club will continue to enhance our lives.* I think technology is a key element of the answer.

Why we need a new website. The Internet barely existed ten years ago. Now the web is a part of our daily lives. Almost all of our members have Internet access, even while they are cruising. And that access will continue to improve, with expanded Wi-Fi and WiMAX. Most of us depend heavily on the web. That is why I think the Cruisers need to build an organization around a new website. We can use technology to do a lot of the work, and allow the remaining, essential, human effort to be distributed to a team of connected people.

How can the website do that? We have already written specifications for the new website, received proposals, and retained NetSource Technologies to build the new site. The effort is well underway. Here's just some of what it will do:

Members will be able to join online and maintain their own address, phone and other profile information. That will dramatically reduce the work of the Membership Captain. A database will be a key part of the whole system. That is where member records will be maintained. You will be able to access your data and update it as needed.

The database will automatically produce member statistics and display them on the site. A Database Manager (one of our members) could use it creatively to send emails to select groups of people. For example, it could find all the members in good standing who have never attended a Rendezvous, and send a targeted invitation to them.

Members can pay dues online using a credit card and PayPal. PayPal will then deposit funds directly to the club's bank account. PayPal will send out the annual dues notices. And, it can automatically send reminder emails to late payers. That will save the Treasurer from handling all those dues checks and sending out annual bills. Signing up to attend a Rendezvous can also be done online with payment by PayPal. That will make life easier for the Rendezvous volunteers.

You will be able to view the membership roster online, and print a copy whenever you want it. No need for a volunteer, or the expense to print it once a year and mail it with snail mail. It will be up-to-date when you access it on the web. This will be for members only, of course.

The quarterly *DeFever Cruisers Magazine* (currently known as the Newsletter) will be sent out by email. It will also be posted on the website along with historic quarterly Newsletters. Members can download any or all. The Magazine Editor will prepare the magazine pretty much as in the past. Members will still submit stories and news via the web. The Editor will put it all together and post it on the website in the "members only" section. Domestic (USA) members may still receive a printed and mailed Magazine, for an extra fee. However, international members will download it from the web to avoid the high cost and time delay of international mail.

Our *DeFever Cruisers News* Editor (not necessarily the same person as the Magazine Editor) will receive current stories and cruising info from members and post it on the site in a "News section" as well as send it out to everyone using the automated email feature.

Although some areas will be limited to members, the inviting website will tell potential new members who search the web for "DeFever" or "Trawler" or "Cruising Yachts" about our boats, our history, and about the DeFever Cruisers. Pictures and words, and even line drawings, could describe our vessels and link the interested person to a DeFever dealer that supports our club. We can really help our Rendezvous sponsors with our content, and with links to their websites. And they can help our club.

Individual members will be able to post photos of their boats and themselves in a "members only" photo gallery. We can post Rendezvous pics there too. The gallery will be accessible just to members.

You will be able to ask questions in a linked "Yahoo Group" that can then be answered by other knowledgeable members. Or your questions can be asked and answered in the traditional way via the *DeFever Cruisers News*.

What will the website cost? Design and startup of the website will cost about \$7,500, plus a considerable amount of volunteer time to provide photos and write copy. That effort is underway right now. Since we have about 450 members, the initial cost is less than \$17/member. After it is up and running, the annual cost to post and maintain the website will be about \$2/member. Bottom line, we need to raise dues from \$20/ year to \$25. This will be the first increase in ten years! And if you want your *DeFever Cruisers Magazine* printed and mailed to you, your dues will be \$35 per year. It is still an enormous bargain.

When could we see the new website running? At the incomparable '007 DeFever Cruisers Winter Rendezvous in January! James Bond and Miss Money Penny are expecting you. Don't miss it!

