



 **TAYANA 37**

Tayana Owners Group (TOG)
Newsletter #30 Spring 1986
Norm Demain
3644 Holmes View Drive
Langley, WA 99260
(206) 221-9934

(Digitized by Harvey J. Karten, October 9, 2000)

Dear Tayana Lovers,

Thanks for being so patient with the gap in newsletters. Best I can say is I promise to put out four issues a year with an irregularity influenced by trips to Mexico. This year, as a bonus to paid up members, a comprehensive TOG newsletter index will be mailed out. This index, now under preparation by our Philippine correspondent Don Rock, provides a Table of Contents and subject index to all newsletters thru 1985 Don is doing a great job assisted by his computer. Time permitting, a TOG membership roster will accompany the index.

REVELATIONS OF A TOG WIFE

Since we don't often hear from the female side of our membership, it's a pleasure to print Debby Greene's letter as she and husband Tom move into Tayanaville.

"My husband, Tom, has corresponded with you a number of times and has been receiving the TOG newsletter for a couple of years now, all in the hopes that someday, in the not so far future, we would own a Tayana 37. We have never owned a sailboat, although we have owned power boats, and Tom has had sailboat fever for the past few years. Anyway, I saw his first interest in sailboats as a hobby of reading magazines and possibly one or two day sails in the Bahamas with friends, when we went to visit them. BOY, WAS I EVER WRONG!!! I began to resent the sailboat idea since I did not have the time or inclination to read everything Tom did and, therefore, was not as involved. Although, let me be clear he never left me out I just chose not to be as interested as he. He is a thinker and a planner, I just like going along for the ride, when it's time to go and do I love going, however, I do not like planning, especially planning a project like buying or building a boat that would take a number of years, first to get the finances up and to arrange everything as close to perfect as one could. Well, for about a year now I have had different ideas about "our future sailboat" and have actually begun some planning of my own. It was as though someone hit me over the head one day and said "Look, the boat is something

that can take you away to those far off places that you have always dreamed of seeing and it can take you just off shore for a weekend to be alone with the man you love", so just as resentful as I was about the boat, it seems that in a moment I turned around 180 degrees and became just as excited as Tom.

Well as I am writing this letter our boat is being built and hopefully will be here soon. I don't want to jinx it by divulging a hull number or name until it is here and Tom and I are standing on it and we know it's ours. I also know that Tom will want to write to you with all the details and excitement of how we finally were able to put it all together. But, I wanted Tom to read this letter and know that finally being a part of this boat and wanting it as much as he does and looking forward to learning about it from bow to stern and engine to galley, is one of the most exciting things in my life, next to him of course. And I love him dearly for being a planner and a thinker and being patient with me until I too began to plan and think about "our boat".

By the time this is printed I hope to have some sailing experience on our boat and will be able to write another letter about some actual experiences.

To every other wife who was a better sport than I was to begin with or who already knew how to sail or maybe was even the instigator in getting a Tayana, I will certainly appreciate any and all comments and helpful hints to get us off to a good start and I really hope to hear from you. To all those that feel as I did before I became involved., all I have to say is look at the bright side, if you love your husband like I love mine and love being together, this is just another excuse to get off by yourselves, no telephones, no children, pets or yard **work.**"

DEALER NEWS AND VIEWS

- 1. Mike English, a Tayana dealer from Annapolis, Md., reports that Ta-Yang's commissioning expertise has greatly improved over the past two years. For his clients, Mike does not hesitate to suggest installation of items such as refrigeration (Grunert), heaters (Dickerson), etc. Mike says it also costs less in Taiwan.**
- 2. Linda Nolte of Sextant Yacht, also of Annapolis, expands on the regulations governing boat importers.**

After reading the response to Mr. English's letter in the Fall 1985 TOG Newsletter, I felt compelled to write . Both Mr. Potter and Mr. English failed to mention the most important aspect of the bonding and registration of importers.

U.S. Customs, Dept. of the Treasury regulates and stipulates the bonding requirements for all U.S. Importers bringing commercial shipments of any type into this country. The Importer must register with the Federal Government, and be able to place a bond of up to \$50,000., the amount varying upon the ports of entry.

The second phase of regulation deals with the commodity to be imported. i.e. the U.S. Coast Guard regulates water-borne craft; the D.O.T. is responsible for automobiles & land vehicles; the Dept. of Agriculture deals with vegetation and produce. The agencies go on and on.

Thirdly, the Importer is regulated by the STATE in which he re-sells his merchandise. As Mr. Potter mentioned, Maryland requires a boat dealer to be bonded and registered to do business with in the State. Each State has their own criteria for regulating boat dealers.

I would offer the following advice to any prospective boat buyer:

1. Check and see if the dealer is registered in his state of operation. A quick call to Natural Resources or the Wildlife Administration of that state should tell.
2. If the dealer requests you to supply your own letter or credit, beware. It could be an indication of financial instability on the dealer's part.
3. Any dealer who wants to import the boat in your name, may also be suspect.
Your dealer should be on record and in good standing with U.S. Customs.

The intention of this letter is to clarify the regulations, which we as Importers and dealers must comply to. In regards to Mr. Potter's comments on HINs, my findings concur with his."

3. Paul Skilowitz, Bluewater Yachts, *New Rochelle, N.Y., tells of his plans for a Tayana rendezvous. "Sorry for not getting back to you sooner but I have been very busy with the New York Boat Show which has just ended. Our plans for the Tayana Rendezvous will depend on how many yachts plan to attend. I hope to see a large turnout and given enough time we can accommodate a large number of Tayanas. I had hoped you would mention it in the newsletter so that we might get a few additional yachts to join us. I will keep a record of those who have an interest in coming and I will forward to them the details when I have firmed up the location. I had thought that in addition to a game for all the owners we would have a beach barbeque and open bar. Participating owners would receive a plaque for their yacht-and each vessel will be given two tickets for the barbeque. I have thought that a nominal fee of perhaps \$20 per yacht be included to help defray some of the expense of providing the food. plaques and beach bar. Additional crew members would be able to purchase tickets to The barbeque for \$10 each. It would appear from the interest we have at this time that at least 15 Tayanas now plan to attend. The rendezvous will be open to any Tayana owner regardless of where the vessel was purchased or which size Tayana they own. It is my hope that the rendezvous might become an annual affair, that it be something we can all look forward to and that it serve as a means to perpetuate friendship and camaraderie amongst the owners."

GUMBO YA-YA... BIRTH OF A TAYANA

To Kurt Bischoff many thanks for taking the time to prepare a great letter, including drawings and photos, describing the evolution of GUMBO YA-YA (a Creole word meaning "everybody talking at once" which, according to Kurt, sums up a typical sailing trip with the Bischoffs). For additional info, and possibly a complete set of reduced drawings, write Kurt at 3040 Ryer Road East, Walnut Grove, CA 95690.

*192 North Ave., New Rochelle. N.Y. 10805 (914) 576-1101

"GUMBO YA-YA, our new home (Hull #467), arrived on July 22 and we (my wife Nancy and boys Korum and Jherek) are now happily living aboard at Hidden Harbor Marina near Rio Vista, California.

We decided on a Tayana over a year ago after looking at many boats and drawings. Not only were we impressed with the styling and workmanship, but we also found the boat to sail remarkably well considering it's traditional design and displacement. The real clincher, though, was finding out that Ta-Yang was willing to build a custom interior to our specifications.

You see. we felt that the only way that our particular family would be able to live aboard without either going insane or having forced man-overboard drills would be to have separate sleeping quarters for both children. Having to fold down a table to make up a berth or slide a curtain to allow a child to do homework or sleep was unacceptable to us.

So, we wanted an interior design that allowed each child to have a separate enclosed quarter berth. To accomplish this, we designed an interior with two quarterberths-- each having room to stand and dress, a hanging locker, under-the-bunk drawers, a long shelf alongside the berth, a cubby-hole locker, and a fold-down desk. This design necessitated moving the galley from its usual position (to port of the companionway) to amidships, opposite the settee. We had to give up a nav station, but figured the dining table would make a good chart table. Just forward of the galley we placed our "entertainment center" -a fold -down desk, cabinets housing a video cassette recorder and video camera, computer with disk drive and monitor, audio cassette deck with amplifier, and chart storage. Forward of the entertainment area is a platform for a diesel heater, shelves and drawers, with the head and shower to port. Finally, Nancy and I have a double berth in the forepeak with a hanging locker and drawers under the berth.

We took the rough sketches to Seattle and showed them to Bob Perry (who made numerous suggestions), Paul Baker - an ex-Tayana owner and dealer -(who offered more suggestions) and finally to my brother Karl (who lives aboard the Tayana 37 EGLANTINE). Armed with a list of revisions, suggestions, and opinions, we came home and drew up the final set of blueprints (see drawings). Along with the interior changes, we decided to move the fuel tank from the bow to "saddle tanks" under the quarter berths. Then, with the help of Paul and Karl and the TOG Buyers' Guide, we decided on options!

1. Keel-stepped mast
2. Closed-cell foam hull core
3. Nicro Fico main and staysail travelers
4. Perkins diesel in lieu of Yanmar
5. Bronze based pedestal with pedestal guard and s/s rim for wheel
6. Extra battery
7. Ice box door
8. Prism over head sink
9. Tanbark sails
10. Storm trysail and storm jib (we sail on San Francisco Bay and the Northern California coast)
11. Teak decks
12. Teak cockpit coaming and cockpit well

We ordered the boat from Windships, Inc. in Oakland, CA, who, for the most part, were very helpful. (Windships, interestingly enough, are not members of TOG, whom they feel are basically a bunch of "nit-pickers").

The only real complaint we have is with the manner in which our boat was delivered. We arrived at Windships at 0800 on the morning of the delivery and boarded a trawler which then motored the approximate ten miles to the port of South San Francisco. After finally spotting the container ship with GUMBO YA-YA standing off waiting for tugs, we motored around and took pictures. When the ship was secured at the cock, the fun began!

First, the cranes removed enough containers to get at our boat. Meanwhile, some people from Windships were allowed onto the container ship and onto our boat, where they checked throughhulls and engine fluids. Then our boat was raised in slings and lowered directly into the water. Another Windships man and I immediately jumped from the trawler to our Tayana and helped fend off from the container ship. In a strong tidal current and cross wind, and with no reverse (the transmission cables were not adjusted properly) we attempted to motor out of the slings. This resulted in the slings becoming crossed and our boat pivoting precariously. All the while, the cables attached to the crane were dropping large black globs of grease onto our nice teak decks! After we finally managed to pull out of the slings, we then had to position ourselves, using the emergency tiller, parallel to the ship so that the oozing crane could lower our mast (in it's wood crate) onto the cradles that were waiting aboard GUMBO YA-YA. Amazingly, this was accomplished on the first attempt! We then motored across the bay to Alameda. where we immediately were hauled out for commissioning. Somehow, I think that there must be an easier (and less risky) way!

I spent the next two weeks getting the boat ready for the family to move aboard. While brother Karl and Steve Duncan (from the Perry-designed Flying Dutchman 35 STARSHINE) rigged the mast (with tri-color, VHF antenna, halyards and stays), I (with the help of Mike Hannickel from SLIPPERY WITCH) gave the bottom three coats of West Systems epoxy and two coats of anti-fouling paint. We also installed the bow sprit, pulpits, stanchions, life-lines, boom gallows and wheel. Four days after delivery our boat was launched and the mast stepped.

The next week was spent installing:

1. Professional Mariner Dura 35/50 amp battery charger
2. Gas Systems propane stove with Marinetics solenoid
3. Adler Barbour cold machine (see note)
4. Ritchie Globemaster compass
5. Running rigging and sails

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Note: The Adler Barbour installation was a major hassle! First, the instructions say to mount the freezer unit to the ice box wall with the supplied plastic stand-offs and s/s sheet metal screws. I tried this only to find that the weight of the freezer unit caused itself to sag and loosened the screws. So I ended up buying 4 7" long 1/4" s/s bolts and bolting the unit through the ice box wall to the s/s sheathing around the stove area. Then, in order to comply with Adler Barbour's electrical requirements, I had to install a separate 10 amp breaker box (all the breakers on the main circuit panel were supplied by 14 gauge wire. 10 gauge was specified).

After an uneventful sail through San Francisco Bay, San Pablo Bay, Suisun Bay and up the Sacramento River, we arrived at our home port, Hidden Harbor Marina. This is a nice little sailboat only marina in the heart of the Sacramento River Delta region. Our only neighbors are one other live-aboard couple, a flock of ducks, Charlie, Lucy and Lisa (3 geese), a few beavers and muskrats, a blue heron, an owl and a turtle. After 13 years of suburbia we love it!

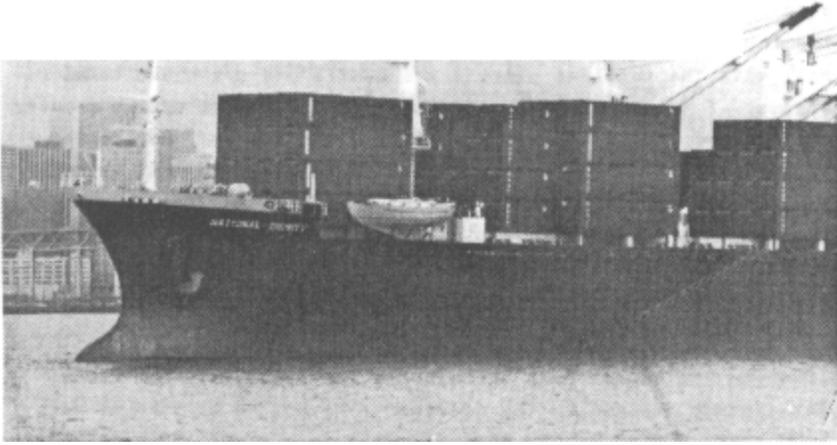
My current projects include installation of:

1. a Simpson Lawrence 555 Windlass (the bowsprit is not very accommodating - do any members have suggestions?)
2. a Dickinson Antarctic diesel heater with day tank
3. Datamarine International Offshore Depth Sounder with repeater and Datamarine SK100 Knot/Log
and MONDO VARNISHING!

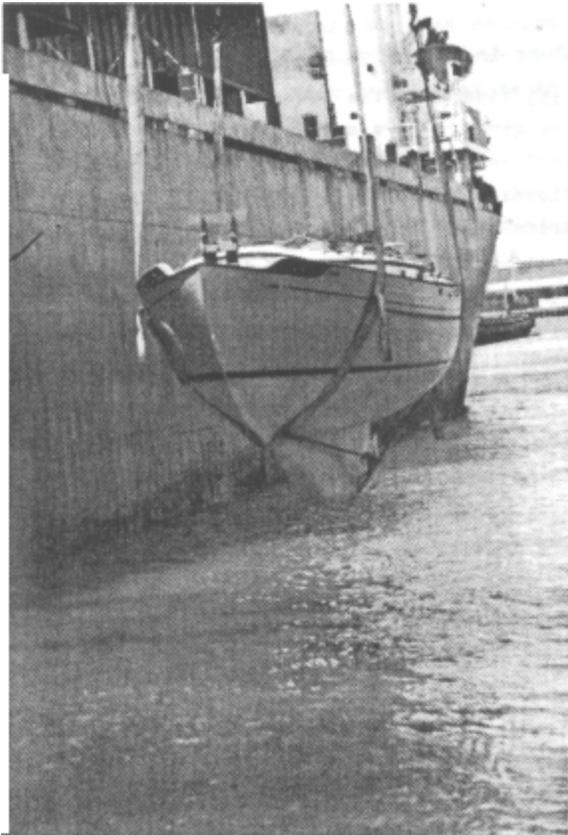
Our future plans include moving to the Northwest in the next year or so and, eventually, a South Pacific trip to New Zealand.

Thanks for publishing such a great newsletter - not only did it help us to decide on a Tayana, but it has been VERY helpful in the commissioning process.

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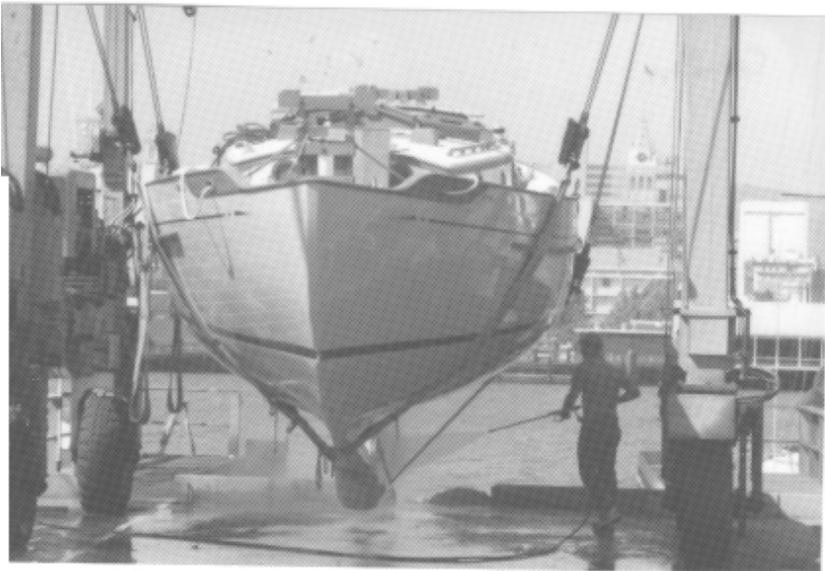
GUMBO YA-YA ARRIVING UNDER THE SAN FRANCISCO OAKLAND BAY BRIDGE ON BOARD THE FREIGHTER



GUMBO YA-YA BEING LOWERED INTO THE WATER ALONGSIDE THE FREIGHTER



led
to be across the layout



TRIP REPORTS

1. Tom Beard and wife Carolyn report on their one-year voyage, September 1984 to September 1985. Now MOONSHADOW is for sale.

But not because Tom and Carolyn are unhappy with their boat, or with cruising. They plan to buy a new Tayana, using their own ideas and Tom's boat design skills to create a Tayana just for their live aboard/cruising life style.

The following is a brief account of events on our voyage in Moonshadow, from Port Angeles, WA to Baja California, Hawaii, S.E. Alaska and back to Port Angeles, September 1984 through September 1985:

The offshore voyage began at Neah Bay, Washington in mid September 1984 at a time when an unusual high pressure system rested over the entire west coast. This pressure ridge forced prevailing winds to follow the path of the coastline from the NU and range in velocity between 35 and 65 knots for the six days offshore trip. The skies were beautifully clear. It was an awesome shakedown for the first at sea experience for the boat, and for us the first in ten years. The vessel suffered two knockdowns in a five minute period being slammed over on beam ends by freak waves. Their approach sounded like freight trains which was easily heard over the intense noise of howling winds and crashing seas. The boat was running barepole at 5 knots. No damage occurred, just a cacophony of fear (or mild terror), bewilderment and anguish. A great surge of water gushed into the galley through a dorade -- and later, one good pooping completely filled the cockpit. (All these events were for us first time experiences and of course happened in the middle of the night). These knockdowns happened near where the Coast Guard was assisting boats and the C.G. reported the winds at 98 knots!

Following three or four days of steady winds the swell sizes were indescribable! They had the boat frequently surfing. At one time the Loran groundspeed topped out at 16.48 knots and would hover in the 12 to 14 knot range for long runs. The best helmstender during these high speed down swell spurts was the Monitor wind vane. One casualty of the boat's velocity was a bent vane's water paddle safety tube (15-20 degrees in trail). Fortunately this created no noticeable effect on the vane's ability or performance. The best 24 hour passage was 185 miles. This happened under staysail alone and that sail was up because no one of the crew would volunteer to go forward and strike it in the 40 to 65 knot winds.

First port-of-call was Bodega Bay where wounds were licked and boat bedding dried. California was a pleasant surprise for liberty ports; seas and weather was mild. It was only the push of cold weather forcing the journey southward. The San Diego departure for Mexico didn't happen until the end of January.

Baja Mexico was cold on arrival. Cockpit clothing was Puget Sound sailing gear--watch cap included! --in February in Cabo San Lucas. Whales were in abundance. One came along side presumably as a 50 ton welcoming committee, perhaps. He (?) was longer than the boat -- exciting. It was not a moment to remember to get the camera! At times others would swim through the anchorages, even under the anchored boat in 30 feet of water!

The cold weather continued so we stayed in Cabo waiting for better conditions *north in* the Sea of Cortez. Didn't happen. Too cold to swim. So we flew off to Mexico City for a week. In the middle of February we got underway for the Mexico mainland. But, motoring from the moorage in Cabo a water pump seal blew filling the crankcase of the Volvo diesel engine with saltwater. Some of the overflowing oil/saltwater emulsion was sucked into the #3 cylinder through the crankcase vent, bending a pushrod and breaking a valve lifter. So we tried sailing to La Paz -- against a 30 knot headwind by day and variable light winds at night. All day we beat to windward then lost half the ground gained to the night time zephyrs. One night we drifted with a pod of "singing" whales. The inside of the hull was a wondrous sound box filled with the strange whale music. After three and a half days we ducked into an anchorage for needed rest.

This led to an interesting episode: Now we found ourselves beating into a lee cove to anchor UNDER SAIL. We were joined in a tacking duel with an old Gulfweed ketch doing the same. *On* one of our crossings, I swore I saw Larry Pardee sailing the other boat. (The pressure of the task at hand would make me visualize *anyone as* the Pardees watching my trial under sail.) The anchor was dangling ready to be slipped and the jib halyards were set ready to run. We worked to the spot along side one anchored boat and behind another and shot up. The anchor and jibs went as planned. The boat fell back to the 25 knots of wind digging in the anchor as the ketch made its pass just ahead of the how. The Larry look alike passed a favorable comment on our seamanship. We were happy lust be anchored. once the boat was shipshape, a look about the harbor revealed that it was the Pardee's boat ahead of our bow and it was the Pardees sailing on the Gulfweed!

The engine damage was determined and it was decided that repairs might delay our voyage if we tried to get it done in Mexico. So we went back to Cabo, topped up our stores and started for Hawaii the beginning of March. that a slow start it was!

After the first 14 hours the boat was still within three miles of Los Arches then the wind started blowing a bit. Shortly after, the first reef was tied in followed almost immediately with the second. within an hour the main came down and stayed lashed to its boom for the next three weeks. Then the staysail came in. A passing tanker affirmed the 40 plus knots of wind. We bore oft south-south west down to 20 degrees north latitude for better weather. And for the next 23 days and 3600 miles the winds were seldom below 25 or over 45 and the seas were usually between 16 and 24 feet.

Topsides were usually wet from blown wavetops and occasional waves breaking over the quarter or beam. only one afternoon of the 23 day passage could we spend topsides in the cockpit. The lee rail teak bulwarks were grass covered reaching Hawaii. (Bottom paint for teak!!) The lee deck was normally under with the waterline often at the cabin windows. Clouds kept the sun hidden, only fuzzily available about once in three days for shots. And it was still cold! we used the kerosene lamp for heat and slept in our sleeping bags all the way to Hawaii! The second night out a loaded logging truck broadsided the boat - rather, it felt like one - the force of the Creak wave hitting on the beam so abruptly broke the rudder cables. (Things always break at night and during my off watch! The boat steered itself well enough for the night so it was the next morning before the emergency steering was rigged with the Monitor vane attached to it. This worked very well. We continued under emergency steering for about 5 days until a slack in the weather allowed me to get into the lazarette to splice in new cables.

The staysail gooseneck fitting failed soon after departure so we switched to jibs off both head stays. The Boat then ran mostly under a jib or combinations of jibs, and once even for two days slugged along with a tiny 50 square toot storm jib. Day passages ranged from a "lets rest and let the boat do what it will" mile a day to an average working day with easy nights for 130 miles to our best bust a gut 24 hours doing 150 miles a day (three of these).

There was electricity - plenty of it. We bought a Redwing generator on our trip down the California coast. It was a real winner! Batteries were always full at anchor, from the wind propeller and underway, with the water prop. It had to be one of our best buys for usable equipment. The safe motorless trip would have been near impossible without it and our trip execution hampered. Salt water did get into the bearings and they were shot on our arrival. We did find it difficult to keep the generator's water propeller in the water when the boat speed was over 6 knots with a steep following sea - which was a lot of the time! The prop and shaft would fly out of the waves and flail about like a marlin. Speaking of marlin; we caught one on our trailing meat hook. Quite exciting!

Weather approaching the islands was bad! Loran wasn't reliable, the sun wasn't out and visibility was less than 5 miles generally. Somewhere to leeward in the clouds and rain were the wave dashed cliffs of all the islands (we ran up the chain from south of Hilo on the windward side.) Using an eight hour old Loran time delay, a bearing from a local Hawaii Music station and a cloud fuzzed almost noon sight I got a questionable running fix that was later confirmed within seven miles of our actual position (140 miles east of Honolulu) by an overflying Coast Guard C-130. A hand calculator with a marine navigation I program kept in a ziplock bag proved to be an outstanding aid to navigating for the entire trip.

Three months in Hawaii were a splendid exchange for the sea crossings. We saw a night eruption of the volcano on Hawaii from close up (a one thousand foot column of flaming lava) and did lots of hiking once my broken toe healed. (I kicked a stanchion when reaching the security of the harbor.) Getting safely into the Ala Wai Harbor was an other test. Having once sailed out years before, I felt it should not be too difficult to sail up to the fuel dock. But, when we arrived off the harbor entrance winds were kicking up to 35 knots and surf was breaking across the channel. So the last quarter of the engineless 3006 mile passage was humbly at the end of a tow line from a Coast Guard 41 footer.

The passage from Kauai to Alaska was notable again for unusual weather - short periods of gales, no wind and 600 miles of fog lots of beating and some running and only one day of reaching) . Departure from Kauai was into the remains of a (lying hurricane 600 due east. Seas were quite lumpy so the expected beat north was more miserable than anticipated. Repeating one episode on the passage out from Mexico, on the second day, a steering cable broke. Experience (sometimes) fosters readiness. The vessel was on emergency steering with the wind vane piloting within five minutes. *The system* worked so well that it was left rigged until we arrived in Alaska. The long expected westerlies finally arrived three weeks and 2600 miles later when Alaska landfall was in Light four hours away!

We saw a lot of shipping and searched for glass floats (all the cruisers bragged about getting so many they had to leave some). We saw none - but one morning in the fog, Belgian waffles floated past close aboard. A pod of Sperm whales also joined us. Sealife was bountiful especially compared to the Mexico-Hawaii crossing. Birds came aboard that would roost on our hands. Our compact with nature on this leg was fascinating.

This leg took 22 days which was disappointing, however, we later learned most others sailing with us took 26 to 28 days. This made us feel better. South East Alaska was a fantastic adventure - beyond description. The magnitude of rocks, water, ice and forest and the abundance of wildlife was overwhelming.

Our arrival in Alaska was in the little fishing village of Pelican. The stay was so pleasant we returned later for a second visit. The next two months the sailboat was a motorboat touring as much of South East Alaska as time and speed provided. This included a trip into Glacier Bay pushing through ice packed water (with the horrible thumping and scraping sounds of ice blocks on the hull) up to Muir Glacier where the thunder like sound of great ice slabs announced the berth of new icebergs in the icy sea water at the foot of the glacier. No continued to marvel at the abundance of nature. Several times whales surrounded us. (humpbacks-) . We hiked up streams that held millions of spawning salmon - and a few bears and soaked our cold bodies in natural hot springs. Raw nature was overwhelming but as we moved South where the hand of man slashed away awe turned to disillusionment

The warm sunny fall weather of Vancouver Island and San Juan's stymied our expected early September return. We added three more weeks to our trip and then very reluctantly returned Moonshadow to a berth in Port Angeles boat haven one year and two weeks after departure. The boat and we are in better condition then when we started. Plans are going at a fast pace for the next trip which won't have time constraints!

We did have a few mechanical problems that seemed inherent in the building or design of the boat others may want to check for or.

1. Steering. The steering cables for the wheel steering are spliced to the chain in a tight eyesplice rather than swaged to a fitting attaching it to the chain. Wire strands break in the hard bight of the splice. Also, the quadrant has sharp corners where the cables pass around from the arc to the anchor eye bolts. These corners act like guillotines shearing the cables. Additionally, I found the quadrant loose and able to slide down the rudder shaft. Cinching down on the two clamp bolts would not tighten the quadrant to the rudder shaft. I discovered that the bolts were longer than the holes they went into thus bottoming out leaving the clamp loose. This problem was discovered while surfing down 30-40 foot swells off the Oregon coast when I heard squeaks coming from the cables running at angles off the turning sheaves. I still very vividly remember being squeezed into the after lazarette (three times, until I figured out what was wrong) hearing the howling winds and crashing following seas while trying to tighten the two bolts on a rudder quadrant which was constantly in motion; a real test of patience and nerve.

2. The galvanized steel plug in the bottom of the fresh water tank dissolved one week out from Hawaii dumping our rationed fresh water into the bilge. Coffee was salty-soapy flavored.

3. The beautiful stainless exhaust piping system needed replacement in Hawaii. I installed it Vetus water trap system using plastic boxes and steam hoses. it works very well, is inexpensive, takes less room, and quick and easy to repair if necessary.

4. The staysail gooseneck swivel fitting broke from, a crack in the handmade stainless fitting. however the crack could have come from one of several jibes with 50 knots of wind a few months earlier. It was easily repaired by welding.

So with twelve thousand miles of tough passages these were the only flaws to surface, oh, outside of a never-ending leak from chainplates !!!

Just a couple more notes, these on preparation for the trip. we spent about three months getting the boat ready even though we had lived on it for almost two years with previous owners living aboard for three years.

One item discovered early in ownership and finally permanently fixed, was a wooden boxed in area around the hot section of the exhaust pipe This may riot be a problem oil any other boat because of the special custom features of this model, however, I discovered how close this boat came to becoming a fire statistic. Anyway, about the last 8" of the hot flex section of the exhaust was neatly boxed in with about a 1" airspace all round. Some thin asbestos sheets were wrapped around the exhaust pipe but had since crumbled and chafed away. I found all the plywood charred through to the outer ply and most of the teak 1" x 1" framework nothing but ashes and charcoal. Teak, Charcoal!! (How about that for your hibachi?) Additionally, the box was sealed off fairly well so there was little or no air flow. I was able to buy a water injected 'el' which attaches directly to the manifold of the Volvo diesel. Now, there is NO hot section.

One more item to note is what I found in the bilges just before the trip. Now, mind you, I was cleaning beneath the fuel tank in the forepeak for the first time in the boat's seven year life, flushing it out with strong water pressure. The rinsing produced a flood of shavings, pieces of teak, screws and ail sorts of junk left by the builder, racing to the bilge - about two coffee cans full. I sorted through the debris for treasures and found - a Chinese fortune cookie slip! (This just before we departed on our year's journey.) it said, "Get your mind set-confidence will lead you on."

And a final comment: Usually, in my letters to you, I always seem to knock features and point out inadaquacies. The truth is, however, I discover many details about the boat that amaze, me in their thoroughness and quality. And, of course at these moments of discovery you might find me running up and down the dock looking for someone to share my delight, showing then, the lengths some builders go to make a boat. Though, you see few of these commencing outbursts in my letters, proof of their existence is shown by our safe successful passage and eagerness to return again to sea in our Tayana-37, Moonshadow.

Our best wishes to you both for fine health in the new year and those to follow. We were so pleased to have had the opportunity to meet you - we look forward to our next visit!

Carolyn and Tom (Beard)

TRIP REPORTS (Continued)

2. Nova Scotia . . . Now you see, now you don't by Bob and Chesley Logcher, "CYGNET".

"Last summer CYGNET cruised from Beverly Massachusetts to Halifax Nova Scotia and back. While an interesting cruise, we don't plan a repeat trip to Novie. When people ask my impressions of the place, I respond by saying "I don't know. I didn't see it." Seriously, while the people were marvelous, the villages and waters deserted, the weather just wasn't worth it.

We started our trip on July 4, with Chesley and two of our kids, Suzanne (22) and Daniel (18) aboard. Our first day was a day sail to the Isles of Shoals off Portsmouth, NH to get our sea legs. We left the next morning for Halifax and had an exhilarating 56 hour crossing, averaging 6.2 knots with 16 to 18 knots off the beam. Fog came in 10 hours out and, together with rain and lightning, were with us throughout. We didn't care, yet.

Got into Halifax Sunday evening and went to the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron. It was very quiet in the Western Arm of the harbor, but usually in out of the fog. The next day we went downtown and were welcomed at the Maritime Museum, a dock with a building in the downtown of a rebuilding city. The people at the Museum invited us for showers aboard the Arcadia, an early 1900's hydrographic survey ship, and we became part of the exhibit. Living downtown is fun in a city worth exploring.

We spent the next week and a half poking our way down the coast. As soon as you went out, there was fog. We went up into Mahone Bay, which was great, like the Thousand Islands or Penobscot Bay. There we got out of the fog. Most of the area, however, is not well off. There is little in the way of jobs or opportunities. The people, however, are simple and friendly. We found Chester particularly nice, maybe because it was not as poor as other places. Quite a few Americans own summer homes there. After a crew change in the town of Mahone Bay, we enjoyed the hospitality of the Lunenburg Yacht Club, (one of the few around), had a brush with Hurricane Anne sixty miles off our beam, and constant fog. Thank God for Loran.

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It, together with a Whisler radar, DS, and log, worked well. Never missed a mark!

After rounding Cape Sable Island at the southern tip, the weather started to improve. By the time we got to Yarmouth, where we had another crew change, the sun came out. Next we had a beautiful starlit sail from Briar Island to Northeast Harbor, and sailed our familiar haunts in Maine. Only other excitement was Hurricane Bob giving us 43 knots in Eggemoggin Reach, which, with our genny up, washed our ports.

The boat has been fine. With all the fog, we had a terrible case of mildew. Our fine blistering, near midship several inches below to above the waterline, did not get worse this year. Planning now to put in refrigeration (engine driven) and rebuild the entry into our foreberth with a 13" deep step."

WRAP-UP

Annie and I arrived back from Mexico to our Puget Sound hide-a-way April 10. This snowbird existence is a bit confusing but for the most part, a great way to go. For any of you have called and found us not home, try again!

I hate to nag about dues but there are members who have not yet paid (\$20 after April 1). If your copy of this newsletter has a blue dot on the bottom of this page, it means this will have to be your last copy until dues are paid - sorry.

Write soon and tell all!

Best regards,

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