

FC News

Editor: Ron Walton

Spring 2001

Welcome to the 16th issue of the **FC News**. I am going to keep my editorial short this time, as there are plenty of letters from the fleet. I guess my getting a new computer and an e-mail address was a good decision; most of the letters arrived electronically. And I am responding in kind. To all subscribers who have given me their e-mail addresses, this issue is being delivered by e-mail. For the rest of you, the newsletter is being delivered by ordinary mail, as usual.

This newsletter, and hopefully future issues, will also be posted on the Sam L. Morse Co. web site, from where it can be downloaded or read if you have access to the internet, but no e-mail address. At your local library, for instance. So, I hope that many of you who do not have e-mail will find a way to receive the **FC News** electronically. This will reduce the time and cost of producing the newsletter significantly.

I know some of you will continue to require ordinary mail delivery for this newsletter. I will continue to try to do that by voluntary contributions alone, as I have been doing for the past several years.

To have, or not to have a 4th Annual Lyle Hess Rendezvous? That is the question. Last years organizer, Cliff Unruh, has taken a new job plus he has a new boat, so he is too busy. And Roger Olson has reportedly gone cruising to Mexico. So far the Rendezvous has been held in Southern and Northern California, because that's where the organizers were. Perhaps someone on the east coast or in the Pacific northwest would like to organize the Rendezvous there. There are plenty of Lyle Hess boats around the US, so I am sure it would be a success wherever.

The letters from the fleet are from the owners of *Anne Marie*, *Mariko*, *Second Look*, *Xtasea*, *Topito*, *Angelsea*, *Aspara*, *Ferial*, *Coconutz*, and *Walt Whitman*. Thank you all very much. It was especially gratifying to get responses from several of you to my article on anchor systems for Falmouth cutters. No doubt this *problem* has many *solutions*. Perhaps as many as there are Falmouth cutters.

Not all of the letters came electronically, so if you are not yet online, as I wasn't until last Christmas, don't let that keep you from writing. As I have said many times, the newsletter will not exist unless you write. So please keep those letters coming, by e-mail or by snail-mail. But if you can, find a way to receive this newsletter electronically.

Thank you.

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Anne Marie, FC #7*

Your much enjoyed newsletter arrived; forwarded from my old address in Port Hadlock. My new address is:

George Ceolla
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gceolla@yahoo.com

I moved to Wisconsin last spring from Port Hadlock. Family responsibilities required that I be here for my elderly mom.

The *Anne Marie* made the move from Port Townsend Bay to her temporary destination - inside storage in Iowa- without incident. She is a load to pull over the mountains, but that big old gas guzzler Ford E350 with the 460 engine never grunted.

I put the boat in storage last summer in order to get established here without distraction. Sheboygan has a fabulous harbor and marina, all built about 5 years ago at a cost of over 10 million. I am located about a block from Lake Michigan, and when the trees have no leaves, it is in sight from the house. Right now the lake is frigid, but the adjustment from the Sea of Cortez has been not too bad considering the climate change. During storms, the red lighthouse at the harbor entrance becomes encrusted in ice for about the first 30 feet from the spray. There is a bike path that goes right along the lakeshore to the marina, which will be my regular route after the *Anne Marie* arrives here in the spring. I really missed her last year after living aboard for the last 2 1/2 years. Last summer I watched a den of fox raise their offspring along this beautiful route to the marina via bikepath. The boat will float a little deeper in the fresh water, but she will still have broad horizons to disappear over come summer.

A few comments about the computer in the last newsletter. I agree with you about not needing a computer aboard, IF you are not cruising. But I must tell you that the laptop was a real asset in Mexico. Being able to communicate with friends and family in the States via e-mail was a real plus. While in Mexico, I received photographs via e-mail of my newborn first grandson, among other things. That was a good day among the many too numerous to recount. I longed for a shortwave transceiver like the guys in the bigger boats had. They did their e-mails right from the boat.

Then about the anchoring. Everyone has his own ideas about this, but again, the kind of sailing you do will dictate what you use. If you are cruising, the weight of a good long and strong chain that will not chafe on coral or rocks is of great comfort on stormy nights. I would not leave home without it. I used 200 feet of 5/16" chain with another 200 feet of 5/8" nylon rode on the end of that. (Was glad to have that extra nylon rode when I found myself in a 65-foot deep anchorage once in the Sea of Cortez.) When less than the 200 feet of chain were needed (usually), I used a 20 foot nylon snubber, that worked well in absorbing shock from wave action. I fully understand why Mary White carries the gear she feels she needs, but that would certainly be overkill for day sailing. I had my chain and nylon rodes marked in 25 foot lengths, essential for knowing what scope you are using. I used different colors of paint to mark the chain. I wish I knew a better way because it did not take long to wear the marks off and it is tough to repaint chain marks when the rode is in use.

That's about it for now.

George Ceolla

L&L Pardey sew webbing strips on their chain to mark it.
Ron Walton

Mariko, FC #9

Just a short note to let you know that Mariko FC #9 was sold last year to John Luvall, PO Box 70321, Pasadena CA. 91117-7321. We sold her for full price and actually had a second cash back up offer going at the same time.

We will certainly miss the Falmouth, and if I was again going to sea, rather than inland passage to AK, I would take the same boat again. For our cruise north the Fisher 34 pilot house

will be perfect.

I may still contribute to the news letter by and by , so I don't plan on going away.
Mike Meier

Second Look, FC #11

We have had a very dry winter in Montana, so don't know if there will be sufficient water to sail on Canyon Ferry Lake, Flathead Lake or some of the other bodies of water. If not, I am seriously considering selling my boat after all these years. We bought *Second Look* factory finished by Sam Morse in 1981, and have added much to the boat. All woodwork is teak, save for the bowsprit, boomkin, and boomgallows, which I need to spruce up this spring. Also had the hull fared at Svendsen's in Alameda, and then coated with two coats of epoxy barrier coat followed by Awlgrip bottom paint. This has been recoated several times. BMW 7.5 HP diesel on board, as well as a long shaft Evinrude on a drop down mount for emergency. The boat has only been in salt water about seven times for a month at a time, being sailed on Lake Tahoe, CA/Nv the rest of the time. Always kept boat on trailer during off seasons; I have a TSR8 EZE-Loader trailer with E rated tires for trailering. Pull the boat with a 1985 Ford diesel (6.5 liter) super cab with 410 rear end. Have ABI bronze windlass with 5/16 BBB chain mounted on a special bronze plate mounted just forward of the samson posts. The 1/2 inch bronze plate fits over the samson posts, with a half inch bronze bolt drilled through the samson posts to act as a retainer for the plate. The forward part of the plate is retained by thru deck bolts which work great. Fancy cutouts on the plate allow for chain to starboard and 5/8 nylon rode and chain to port. Use a Bruce anchor for lunch hook, but also have a 22# Danforth for heavy weather which I used in the Sea of Cortez only. Lots of other goodies such as Adler Barbour frig, two burner Lythum Mariner stove with reflector oven below, DS, KL, VHF, Shore Power Outlet, Siemens panel on Boomkin, dual deep cycle bats, deck box, double high life lines, inverter, elec. bilge pump in addition to standard manual, compass, etc. If you know of any serious buyers looking for a well maintained Falmouth, have them hail me on the internet (riebetwo@aol.com) or call 1 (406) 388-2636, or write me at 8694 Theisen Rd., Belgrade, Mt 59714. My sails are original Skip Elliot sails provided by Sam, but also have a light air drifter on a shoot scoup. Redcrest Avon dinghy. Engine was rebuilt in 1994 by BMW Marine in Alameda. The engine didn't fail, but the bronze resiphon valve corroded and failed allowing sea water to resiphon into the engine. That's when I put on the outboard for emergencies, which got us back across the Straits of Jaun DeFuca to Port Townsend after a great trip up to Cambell River. Guess that's enough for now.

John & Nancy Riebe

Xtasea, FC #12

Not much happened here since I bought *Xtasea* six years ago. We both are older and smarter. I have learned a lot. *Xtasea* is a good teacher. Since then I have installed a windlass on top of the bowsprit, a monitor windvane, a separate track for trysail, a new main, trysail and storm jib, a new 9.9 four stroke Honda, stripped bottom to the gelcoat, stripped all old varnish and gave seven new coats on teak and thirteen on bowsprit. I finally got a trailer for her. Now she sits happily in our back yard. More work is to be done. We start sailing in mid-April and end in mid-November. We sail out from Belmont Harbor in Chicago and absolutely love it. Anybody in the neighborhood; stop by, we will go for a sail...

Evald & Laima Narubin
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Afterthought: Lyle Hess is a very lazy man according to Picasso, since he once said that perfection is a laziness...

Topito, FC # 16

I bought FC # 16 from Bud and Ginny Morrison in San Diego in 1999. I lived in San Diego for a bit, and then at Long Beach Marina. I decided to move to Miami because of work, so I trailered *Ginny Wake* (the boat's name at the time) to Miami. I used a trucking company that was very inefficient, but cheaper than others. The boat made it there one week later than it should have. I didn't have time constraints, but if I had any I guess I would have been pretty mad. I hauled out *Ginny Wake* at a boat yard to do all the wood. I used Cetol and am very happy with the result; lets see how long it lasts. They say I got to apply a yearly coat and it might last five or more years. I also did the bottom paint, removed the head, cleaned the hull, and renamed the boat to *Topito*. So, *Topito* went in the water. I lived in Miami a year, but the work I intended to do didn't happen there, so I decided to set sail to my home island Puerto Rico last Christmas. A friend of mine, Armando, who had not been on a sailboat except for maybe once, offered to help me sail *Topito* south. I wrote a story about the trip. It might be too long for the newsletter, but here it goes....

The list of things to buy and fix in *Topito* was huge. Frances, Armando's sister, was an angel, she loaned us her car almost everyday for a whole week for us to run from marine store to hardware store to Kmart to supermarket, looking for what we needed for the trip. It took us a week and about three thousand bucks to get *Topito* in top shape and full of supplies and safety equipment. These days were really tiring, and every day we learned more about what it really meant to go long distance sailing. On the 24th of December, Christmas Eve, we had a reality check. We called our families and explained everything. Some were nervous, others trusted us. Some people were begging us to take a plane and forget about the ocean journey. That night Armando and I were talking, and I noticed Armando had a little bit of a wrong idea about many things, first being time frames. There is no such thing at sea, it's easy to know the minimum a sail could take, but to know the actual date of arrival is almost impossible. He explained to me that he had a job waiting for him in PR that started on the 9th of January. I told him that I could not assure him that we would make it on that date, that if his job was very important to him he should take a plane. Then he started asking more questions about the route we were to take and other things that were also uncertain, things that very well depend upon the will of Nature. I told Armando the reality of things, something like this: "Look, I have never done a trip like this, this will be my first experience. I have been reading about it for about four or five years, books about sailing techniques, equipping a boat, heavy weather sailing, and more. I have done plenty of short sails, and practiced navigation. There is not much more I can do, this is the trip that will give me an opportunity to further sharpen my sailing abilities. So you know where I am coming from, if you decide not to come with me I won't be mad or anything, it's a very personal thing!" He did not bail out, he's the type of person that will always finish what he starts.

We thought we would set sail on Christmas day, but we still had a few details to take care of. We finally left Miami on December 26. We headed out the Miami River under all the drawbridges, then went past the port of Miami, where all the big cruise boats are. When we were heading out the jetty into the ocean, we noticed the waves breaking heavily against the breakwater. Then *Topito* began its up and down, side to side movements as we headed out into the open sea. We were about to cross the Gulf Stream, a huge stream that runs northbound from the Gulf of Mexico through the deep passage between Florida and the Bahama Banks and continues north close to the east coast of the North American continent. It runs at approximately one and a half knot. That day the winds were opposing the stream (from the north east), which is bad news because it makes the waves higher and the going rougher. Armando was gradually getting seasick, and I felt something too. By nightfall he was completely seasick and puking everything he had, and then the stomach acids. I puked everything too, but I wasn't dizzy

all the time, only when I had to go in the cabin. I would have to come running out of the cabin, puke everything I had, then go back down and try to finish what I was doing. Sometimes it would take two or three runs. The waves were high, we were completely dressed in our foul weather gear, but still kind of soaked. We took turns at the helm all night: one rests, the other one steers. The GPS told us the way. The crossing from Miami to the first Bahama Island took twenty-four hours. After that, and once we were in the Great Bahama Bank (10 feet deep water for miles and miles), it was smooth sailing with beautiful weather, flat seas, nice wind, and turquoise water. This lasted for two days. Then, just before sundown on that second day, the barometer started falling, and the winds started veering. It was a cold front. We were out of the bank already, heading north east to make it to the Atlantic Ocean north of the Bahamas. We were running with the front all night until the waves got too high, the wind too strong and *Topito* seemed somewhat out of control. We were down to two reefs in our main sail. We decided to heave to. It was around 4 am and we were exhausted. We came around into the wind, put the third reef in the main and tried to eliminate windage on the front of the boat. This was the first chance I ever got to practice heaving to, so I was kind of happy about it. It all worked fine and we got some rest. We continued sailing at around 11 am, when the wind decreased in intensity. The cold front helped us a lot because the winds veered to SW, pushing us down the Bahamas towards the Dominican Republic. The winds kept on veering for the next 4 or 5 days until we made it to the Dominican Republic. This was awesome, because beating to an easterly (which is the normal Trade Winds direction) would have been hard plus it would have taken us triple the time.

Our first port since Miami was Luperón, Dominican Republic. It is a really nice spot. Luperón is a quiet port inside a very protected bay and next to a very small town. It is pretty much ready for cruisers, and there seemed to be a lot of cruisers from all over the world here. We walked around, exchanged some money and then we took a bus to Puerto Plata (about an hour away). The Dominican Republic is so green and uncluttered (No McDonalds here), with really nice people. The public transportation here works like clockwork, you do not have to wait for buses. Puerto Plata is a nice city, somewhat touristy, but very painteresque. Here we ate some food, we talked to our parents on the phone and walked around. Our parents were very relieved that we had already made it so far on our trip. We returned to Luperón before the last bus left. At night we hung out at the bars, drinking some "Presidente" beer. We spent the last few dollars we had there. We had to clear out with the "Comandancia" because we wanted to leave that same night. They are not used to people leaving at night and told us that we could not. I tried to explain to them about the high winds that whip around the capes during the day and the night-les and calmed waters that would help us at night. They didn't really understand but we didn't talk about it anymore and they cleared us out. We left at around 11 pm. The wind was dead, not even night-les off the land. We motored a lot on calm waters. It took us a day and a half to make it to Samaná in the northeast of the Dominican Republic. According to our guide, "The Gentleman's Guide to Passages South" by Bruce Van Sant, Samaná is the best port to wait for good weather to cross the feared Mona Channel. We don't know what would have happened if we didn't buy this guide, we referenced this book a million times during our journey. We were already talking about Van Sant as if we knew him, maybe the ocean was making us crazy. We got to Samaná with the rain; like a monsoon, it's a drizzle that never stops. As usual the officials rowed out to where we were anchored and were very friendly. They asked for a tip, so we made them some sandwiches. They seemed happy with this. That day, we set out to discover the town, but we hated it. Maybe because it was raining all the time and we were soaked, or because it was just a normal town and we are much more into rural areas. We bought some food, sent e-mails and called our parents. We returned to the boat to have a quiet night, the second one since leaving Miami. Next morning it was still raining, but we set out to see some of the countryside. We went to some really pretty waterfalls, very high and green with moss. That day was "Three Kings Day" (The Three Wise Men), a holiday that is celebrated in most of the Latin world. Everybody seemed festive, buying presents for the children. Seems like this year's favorite present was plastic pistols that shoot small plastic beads. We only saw two kids with scooters; we guessed that their parents were rich. To get to the waterfall and back, we rented horses. We

could have walked but Armando wanted to ride a horse. The trail was very steep at times, and these horses were not in top shape. It was scary but somehow I trusted that my horse was not going to fall. At least it had stopped raining. After the waterfall we went to a small city named Sanchez. We took a ride on a scooter type motorbike, three of us on a very small bike. The trip was longer than we thought. Midway, our driver wanted to stop to give one of his sons Three Kings Day presents. This was a very nice stop. It was a small countryside house, with plenty of plantain trees in the backyard, plus all kinds of other trees, including coconut palm trees. Here we saw an old man, his daughter (very pretty), and her son (the son of our driver). The old man, Don Luis, offered us coconuts, which he opened for us so that we could drink the water, then he cracked the coconut in two so that we could eat the coconut meat. Delicious stuff. The kid was going crazy with the plastic pistol that his dad gave him. We continued on and were soon at Sanchez. The small city was a crowded one, but mostly because of the holiday, everybody was out in the street. We were looking for a place to eat some fresh fish. Everybody pointed us towards some spot, and we made it there. It was the one and only tourist restaurant in town, there was not a single Dominican in there. We ran away from it, and went to the fishing village, where we found a lady that fries fish and plantain for a good price, in her own house. We ordered two plates and went on to the beach to talk to the fishermen. Everybody was fixing their nets, seems like it was "fix your fishing nets day". They were very friendly people. We returned right on time to eat our fish. Very good stuff. We paid the woman and rushed to the center of town not to miss the last bus back to Luperón. It was already dark by the time we got there and we had to sail that night. We headed to the "Comandancia" to clear out of port. They were not too happy, they said we should have come during the day, and that we couldn't sail at night. I had to do the usual convincing until they finally cleared us out. While I did this, Armando was running back and forth on the motorcycle taxis with the diesel cans, to try to fill our diesel tanks as much as we could. We left late. I had the first turn at the helm, and not so lucky for me, because it rained pretty hard. I was soaked and cold while Armando happily slept. There was no wind so we motored a lot. By morning we were close to the easternmost tip of the Dominican Republic, then we headed straight east-northeast to avoid the daily storms that occur in the Mona Channel. We had wind during the day, but it died at night, when we started heading southeast towards the west coast of Puerto Rico. We motored the whole next day until we made Boquerón, on the west coast, on the 8th of January. There we ate, slept and bought more diesel in the morning, then we headed south and rounded the cape of "Cabo Rojo", sailed east to "La Parguera", our destination, and final point of our journey. I felt pretty good to be back on Puerto Rico, my birthplace. My little brother came to pick us up the next day and took us to San Juan, where I finally saw my family. They were really happy to see that I made it in one piece.

And that's it. For me it was a great trip, good training of course. Armando discovered that he is not cut out to be a sailor. He was seasick most of the way, not a nice feeling. But he really appreciated the experience and learned quite a lot about handling a sailboat. He was great help even though he was feeling queasy; it's the type of warrior he is. With all the new equipment we had to buy for *Topito*, I think we are ready to take on more trips.

Jorge E. Pasarell
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PS: Now you can add my e-mail address to the list in the newsletter. I also have a new phone #.

Angelsea, FC #19

I have made progress on installing the diesel engine. It is now on its mounts. I have the water intake and exhaust set up too. The only thing still left to do is the cutlass, shaft, and prop. Should have *Angelsea* back in the water in another week or so.

I also replaced all my seacocks and hoses with new bronze Groco's. I like the handle for easy on and off. We also bought a trailer from the new owner of *Ferial*. Pulled it from Alabama to Atlanta. Look forward to doing some trailer sailing.

Terry Hill

Aspara, FC #22

It was with a good deal of interest that I read about other Falmouth Cutter owners regarding placement of their anchors and use or nonuse of chain rode. I thought I'd weigh in (pun intended) with my solution to the problem of too much weight in the bow of our lovely vessels. I determined that 1/4" chain was adequate for the Falmouth Cutter, and purchased 180' as more than enough for my intended cruising grounds on the West Coast of Florida and the Bahamas. I then constructed a pipe out of schedule 40 PVC to lead the chain back to the bulkhead just fwd of the saloon. Using a Hinged Rope deck pipe (West Marine), the 1/4" chain just slides thru and into the PVC pipe. I drilled a 1/4" hole in the lid to accept a stainless steel J hook made from threaded SS rod to hang the end of the chain on. I used 30 & 45 degree PVC elbows to lead the chain down and back to the large bulkhead, thus the weight of chain is over the fwd part of the ballast. The chain will only slide part way down the hawse pipe, so my crew or I pull it back to the bulkhead while the other feeds it into the pipe at our leisure after weighing anchor. On the other side of the Samson Post (stbd) is the 1/2" nylon rode and 10' of 3/8" chain that is fastened to a 17.5 lb bruce which is my every day anchor. The 25 lb CQR resides aft on the boomkin on a custom bracket, and can easily be hooked up to the chain if the situation calls for it.

I have a 35 lb Pekny (basically a Northhill design) for my panic Storm anchor, that breaks down and is stored under the floor boards just aft of the fwd saloon bulkhead. This puts most of my anchoring weight near the center of the vessel and covers all my needs. I carry a canvas "Seabrake" storm anchor that stores flat, to heave to with in case running with the storm becomes tiring or dangerous and I just want to park awhile. I hope I never have to use either one, but if the situations demands it...I've got it covered.

Chuck Naeyaert
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Ferial, FC #25

I Purchased *Ferial* from Leo Oxberger last April and sailed her to Maine where I plan to cruise summers until she can be shipped to Holland to cruise the canals of Europe for a few years..I will be home in early May and will again contact you if you need \$\$ for printing and postage, please let me know. I am using my girlfriends pocketmail device and will be on line when I return home. Thank you.

Chris Spohr
sherrythompson@pocketmail.com

Coconutz, FC #29

First, please be so kind as to change my e-mail address to: minitug1@hotmail.com.

Second, I've attempted -- albeit unsuccessfully -- to put an Ampair "Dolphin" Wind Turbine on *Coconutz*. You can see the Dolphin at www.ampair.com. They are available from www.jackrabbitmarine.com. I hand-crafted elaborate brackets and had them fashioned from stainless and electro-polished. But the Dolphin needs a Category 5 Hurricane to get cranking. Last night we had a violent storm here with wind gusts to 70mph. The Dolphin was doing it's thing. But in light airs below 25mph it sits motionless looking as stupid as the fool who bought

and mounted it!

Third, *Coconutz* has multiple anchors that include a Delta 14, Fortress FX-16, and two CQR 25#s. The storm rode includes 100' of 5/16" G-4 chain bent to 250' of 5/8" 3-strand. The standard rode is 25' of 5/16" proof-coil bent to 150' of 1/2" 3-strand. The Fortress holds exceptionally well in mud and 25+kts. of wind! It is hell to get out of the mud. *Coconutz* has a small low-profile Simpson-Lawrence hand-crank windlass that's seldom used.

Fourth, we purchased two Koolatron 12-Volt coolers from www.bestbuy.com. One is a narrow upright that sits beneath the companionway stairs for booze; the other is a larger unit for food that replaces the Igloo inside the nav station. The larger one is run with a 110-Volt to 12-Volt converter. The smaller one is plugged into a cigarette lighter receptacle. They work relentlessly providing 40F temp for food and beverage.

I've been living aboard (again) for almost a year. As the river boat sailor quipped in the movie *Apocalypse* after nearly getting his ass shot off in the Mekong: *Never get off the boat!* This is my new motto -- for life!

I'd like to hear from anyone who has sailed from San Diego to Panama, and through the Ditch.

Fair winds and following seas. . .

Capt. Alan
minitug1@hotmail.com
www.minitug.com

P.S. We've been on the mooring list at Catalina ("Cat") Harbor, Santa Catalina Island, since January, 1987. The list is revised in March of each year. I go into next month's fray as number 3 on the 30' mooring list. If not this year, certainly next. Eventually I may live in Cat Harbor aboard "*Coconutz*", and work as a Harbor Patrolman for the Conservency. Dumb plan, eh?

Your plan sounds like a good one to me. Good luck on getting your mooring.
Ron Walton

Walt Whitman, FC #37

Ron, I got the latest newsletter this afternoon. I want you to know how much I enjoy it but have so little to tell you. Actually I feel intimidated by all the other owners taking great journeys on their FCs. I spent the first season learning how to pick up my mooring under sail. This year I'd like to sail to Mystic, CT and meet with Aaron Dewar. We corresponded several times via e-mail and I look forward to the trip. The two of us may constitute a FC/Lyle Hess rendezvous on the East Coast.

John Lipman

During my first year of ownership of Mijita I considered myself lucky to get her "wet". I didn't have the courage or the ability to try singlehanding yet, so I would only go out when I could find crew. Now, of course, I singlehand almost all the time.

Ron Walton