

Baba Salt

Fall 1995

A Periodic Newsletter for Baba Owners

Baba Salt Visits the East Coast



In this issue of *Baba Salt* you'll find a mix of articles with an Eastern (or at least mid-Atlantic) flavor to them. Going through past issues of *Baba Salt*, it seemed as though distribution of Ta-Shing boats stopped at the Pacific Coast; there was no mention of Babas on the east coast.

Our lead article describes how Ken and Cathy McIntire bought a Baba 30, *Haji Baba*, sight unseen, and brought her from the warm waters of North Carolina to the cooler Wisconsin climes. Ken, by the way, is not to blame for the title which refers to a certain National Public Radio program featuring a (mythical?) town in Minnesota. The moral: there is a penalty for submitting untitled manuscripts.

Thanks to Bob Haussler for the Summer 1995 edition of *Baba Salt*. He's left me a large pair of sea boots to fill! Thanks, too, for his article on replacing a Baba 30 fuel tank. With some luck, we should have a similar article from the new owner of *Snow Goose* (ex-*Tashi-Baba*), a Baba 35. Mike Olsen had to cut up the tank in order to remove it without cutting up his galley. For people with black iron tanks, these articles will be quite useful.

Robert Perry was in Annapolis recently to speak at a Ta-Shing and Annapolis Sailyard sponsored rally. Thanks to Günter Nehr Korn and Gordon Meigs for their notes and for collecting handouts at the session.



Günter and Barbara Nehr Korn bring their Tashiba 36, *Tsunami*, across the Chesapeake Bay, south of Annapolis.

Throughout this issue you'll find some short pieces gleaned from letters, e-mail, and the rumor mill. There's even an ad for those fine Baba 30 T-shirts!

Somewhere in all of this, there's an article by an aspiring newsletter editor, describing a two week cruise through the lower Chesapeake Bay, including a visit to Norfolk and Portsmouth, Virginia, in a Baba 35.

By now, all of the sail boats at the Annapolis Sail Boat Show have scattered to their new homes or the next boat show venue. Before they

left we had a chance to see the new Tashiba 40 and the Taswell 43. These are boats to dream about!

Karl Lin and B. K. Kuo of Ta-Shing were present to answer questions. The Tashiba 40 is a continuation of the Baba design with refined construction techniques. Baba owners will recognize the 40's lines right away. There are the usual quality details we've come to appreciate in the Baba and a few changes which I will discuss below.

The Taswell 43 is altogether different from the Tashiba / Baba family but she shows the Ta-Shing quality workmanship and design standards that make our boats distinctive. "She appears bigger than her size" is an often used trite phrase in advertising hyperbole. With the Taswell, however, we actually had to check with the broker that we had understood the boat's length correctly because there seemed to be too much space below for a 43 foot boat.



I was encouraged by the activity I saw at the show. Although some familiar names were missing (Cape Dory as well as Pearson and the Bristol line save for a Bristol 3000), there were many familiar names including Pacific Seacraft, Morris Yachts, and Island Packet. There were also notable smaller boats including Sam L. Morse's version of Lyle Hess' Bristol Channel Cutter. Boating is coming back after weathering a hard blow.

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There are, however, signs of changes. For example, most boats no longer use solid teak but rely on veneers. In some places teak is no longer used at all. For example, the hand rail on the cabin house of the Tashiba 40 is now a stainless steel fitting. The staved interiors are now replaced with large, flat panels of veneer. This not just a change in style or a response to customer demand.

B. K. Kuo, production manager for Ta-Shing, explained the change from full pieces to veneer quite simply. "There is not enough good teak any more." Teak forests have been harvested faster than they can be replaced and the outlook is not good.

Cherish your boat and give her all the care you can; you won't find her like again. The same applies to the waters you sail on and the planet that holds us all.



Finally, a note about articles: **Baba Salt** depends on you for material for the newsletter. While we've been fortunate to receive several excellent articles, the supply is running out. Write us a letter, send us notes, but write!

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A Prairie Boat Companion

by Ken McIntire

This is a tale of destiny and dreams set against a background of snow and improbability. Why would anyone want to purchase a lovely sailing vessel intended for offshore cruising and have it trucked half way across the continent to the lands of snow and ice where the sailing season is shorter than the snowmobiling season?

My earliest recollection of anything related to the state of Wisconsin (other than the fact that my fourth grade teacher, Mrs. Crumb, was from Wisconsin and knew a lot about dairy cows and cheese) was watching a football game on television between the Packers and Vikings, a very, very long time ago in the comfort of my sunny, coddled southern California teenage existence. The image on the screen showed snow falling heavily on the football stadium of a distant and mysterious land; I can remember feeling pity for the players because it was obviously a very unpleasant place.

I clearly recall the television camera slowly panning across the stadium crowd. The natives of this unfamiliar place were a race totally alien to me. In a bizarre scene the fans were huddled in the stands wearing what I later came to recognize as snowmobile suits, heavy winter hats, and full-face snowmobiling masks. Some of them had what appeared to be large wedges of cheese on their heads. Yet, despite these handicaps they appeared to be laughing, cheering, and generally having a jovial time drinking beer and other "anti-freeze-treated" beverages. I deduced, cleverly, the necessity of anti-freeze in the drinks since the temperature in the stadium was well below the freezing point of plain water. They seemed to be an amazing race of hearty and fun-loving, if not too bright, people. I could not understand how anyone could or would live in such an uncomfortable place.

Fast forward about half a lifetime. I'm driving across frozen rural highways in west-central Wisconsin in mid-winter, coming from my home of over 20 years in Eau Claire, (yes) Wisconsin. I'm going to Wabasha, Minnesota, a small town on the Mississippi River, about an hour away. For those who have seen the movie *Grumpy Old*

Men, yes, Dorothy, there is a Wabasha (and a Slippery's Bar). As a point of reference before anyone gets a map, Eau Claire is about 1.5 hours east of Minneapolis, Minnesota and Wabasha is about 1.5 hours southeast of Minneapolis. Minneapolis is west of the Hudson and east of the Colorado Rivers.

I'm driving on a cold, clear morning through the great white north to meet the planned arrival of our (my wife, Cathy, whom you will soon meet, had to work this morning) recently purchased, but as yet unseen, Baba 30. "*Haji Baba*" is being trucked from its previous home on the Chesapeake Bay to a new home on the northern tundra.

So if you are sitting in North Carolina

The Bechtels Are Back

Paula and Harry Bechtel have returned from their summer cruise to Alaska aboard *Gingerlady*, a Baba 30. A tired but happy Paula Bechtel said they had a great time despite a very rainy summer and troublesome water pump seal. Watch the next **Baba Salt** for more details on this trip.

or southern California trying to imagine this scene, don't bother. It's beyond your experiences, and it must forever remain in the little compartment in your mind next to "Salvador Dali paintings". Unseen Baba, cold and snow, grumpy old men, Mississippi River, ice fishing - they just don't connect in any rational way.

It really began about the middle of November, after our previous boat had been lovingly covered, hugged, and put to sleep for the winter. It is the time of year when I'm getting over the depression of the end of the previous sailing season, but not yet heartened by thoughts of the beginning of the next one. One evening, as casually as one might expect with a discussion of the day's events, Cathy said something to the effect of "...Honey, why don't we get a

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Baba Salt**A Prairie Boat**

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new boat?"

We have done most of our sailing on a local body of water called Lake Pepin, which is really just a long wide spot in the Mississippi River. Our ambitions, however, are greater and we had talked seriously about "doing the Great Lakes" when the last of the kids is off to college in about four years. As we are both planning on having time available during summer months for cruising for the foreseeable future, this seemed reasonable. We hadn't given a whole lot of thought or discussion to either the details of the plan or what boat we might use to carry out the plan. Our existing boat was inadequate if for no other reason than the fact that I developed severe back and neck aches after a weekend living aboard. With several children to educate, my thinking about a new boat had been, admittedly, conservative. My guess is that it would take another married man to understand the power, the bliss, the ecstasy of those few words "...Honey, why don't we..." Clearly, I am blessed with a wife that likes sailing as much as I do.

My willing, if doubtful, acquiescence to her seemingly casual inquiry, started in her the wheels and gears of a heretofore dormant but now awakened, relentless, unstoppable boat-buying machine which would rest only with the completion of its sole reason for existence: buying a new boat. My journey to Wabasha was merely the final strand in the complex web begun with "...Honey..."

At the time the decision was made to begin looking for a new boat, we both knew that we wanted a Baba even though we hadn't discussed it and hadn't even begun looking. That unspoken decision had been made about six years earlier, when we first stepped aboard *China Girl*, a lovely Baba 30 relocated from Seattle to Lake Pepin by a friend. Eric Molinari (he recently sold her and is currently sailing a pristine Baba 35, "*Elan Sea*").

Our decision to look for a Baba wasn't consciously made (we like to kid ourselves and think we are in control) until after we had done a lot of

comparison shopping. Somehow "comparison shopping," in the true K-Mart sense, seems appropriate to describe some of what we did at the time. As we sometimes together, sometimes alone, continued our search, we had come to the still unspoken but mutual conclusion that we wouldn't be happy with anything but a Baba. Well... maybe a Cabo Rico in another life, but this time around our karma is a Baba.

Once our emotions convinced our intellects of the proper course of action and the intellect grudgingly admitted it to consciousness, the boat-buying machine and I began talking realistically and started looking seriously. After a few fits and false starts, working with brokers, some lackluster negotiations with not very encouraging results, we were beginning to get a little worried about the possibility that we might not find the "right for us" boat this year. One morning about 2 AM the boat-buying machine was having difficulty sleeping so she our bed, went to the guest room, and started reading the ads in the back of sailing magazines, looking for a sign, any sign, that there was still hope and reason to be optimistic. What was initially a half-hearted attempt to get back to sleep turned into a relentless, driven quest - a quest for a sign that life is meaningful. And meaning, after all, is The Right Boat. And behold, the sign appeared as in a vision - in tiny print, very tiny print - and the sign was located on the Chesapeake. Cathy had found what appeared to be an available Baba we had missed and which was not yet in the multiple listings. Could fate be playing with us or was this truly our destiny?

The next morning at 7 AM (our time), after a night of half sleep, Cathy called John Nelson, the listing broker, to get the particulars. She then came in and woke me to tell me about the quest of the previous night and her vision. I had read about visions and even seen people purportedly having visions on television. But I never realized how wonderful it could be to be married to someone whose early morning, sleep deprived vision would prove to be prophetic.

As part of an estate settlement, the 1982 *Hajji Baba*, former love of Sam Ornstein, was reluctantly being sold

by the family. Pictures were sent (love at first sight; we love spruce and teak) and an equipment list and recent survey soon followed. A contingent offer was made and accepted and, two weeks after the pictures were received, the deal was closed thanks to the fax machine at Kinko's, overnight mail services, some very efficient people, and destiny. Before Christmas, 1994 we took possession, albeit long distance possession, of the new partner in our relationship.

During that hectic two week period assets were liquidated, a bank loan approved, re-documentation initiated, a new survey completed, and trucking arrangements negotiated. There were no major delays, problems, or annoyances in the process. We both experienced a little anxiety because we hadn't gone through this process before (and we weren't quite sure what we were going to do with two boats) but we never had a major concern that things wouldn't work out. After all, this love was in our stars and there was no way to deny it.

Thus, in early January, 1995 I found myself driving through the loneliness of rural Wisconsin, up and over the frozen Mississippi River into Minnesota, down from the bridge overlooking Slippery's Bar and the fishing shanties, and into the marina at Wabasha where *Hajji Baba* was waiting. So ends this story and begins another story.



During this adventure we learned several things that we wish had known before we started and made several mistakes we won't make again.

First, since we knew what we wanted and were generally familiar with Babas, and since it was difficult for us to get away at that time of year, we had the surveyor make a thorough video of the boat, in and out of the water. It was an extra expense, but one we feel was worthwhile.

Originally the video was not going to replace a personal visit and sea trial. After considering everything, we decided, on the basis of the video, that a visit would be redundant. We found, when *Hajji Baba* arrived, that

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A Prairie Boat Companion

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we had a pretty accurate picture of our new boat and that there were no major surprises. Clearly we were going to rely heavily on the surveyor so it was important for us to do some homework before selecting one. Even though a surveyor is working for you, he or she may have an established working relationship with dealers in the area, which may not always work in your best interests.

Second, since our boat was in one part of the country and we were in another part, we needed someone to prepare the boat for shipment. The person preparing the boat is responsible for supervising the boatyard activities and doing the detail packing of equipment related to the purchase. This person may or may not be a boatyard employee and the services can be very expensive. In our case I calculated that Cathy and I could have gone to North Carolina, stayed in a nice motel, supervised unstepping the mast, the boat transfer in the yard, packed the boat, etc., and still had a nice two week vacation for what it cost us to have these simple jobs done for us. We were led to believe the process was complicated and for trained professionals only - "don't try this at home, kids." Nonsense. In Wisconsin and many northern areas we put our boats in and out of the water every year, working with the marina operators to do it. It isn't any different on the Chesapeake.

Third, we learned about trucking companies. There are a lot of them and they vary in quality, efficiency, and price. We did a lot of calling before deciding on Boat Transport located in South Carolina. We found them to be pleasant, efficient, and competitively priced. At one extreme there are big, pricey companies with secretaries and official cost estimators with computer programs to do estimates that can be mailed to you. At the other end of the spectrum are mom and pop operations where some kid answers the phone. Estimates varied by about 30% and some companies wouldn't commit to their estimates. Some companies specialize in power boats and when you ask about their equipment, they tell you about some Rube Goldberg

contraption they can rig to haul your sail boat - thanks, I'll get back to you. As with most things, you have to shop around to find the company that best suits your purposes.

Hajji Baba's (now *Kahlua*) journey is complete for now and so is ours. We learned a few things in the process, things we would do differently, but all in all, we are very happy with *Kahlua* and I hope she is happy with us. We have spent this season learning about her, polishing her, oiling her, "Sikkens-ing" her, making plans for her future, and sailing her a lot. So far we've rebuilt the injectors and reupholstered the interior seat cushions; otherwise she mostly just needed a lot of TLC. See seems content, if a little frustrated, with her current situation but, with luck, she will be back in bigger waters, where she can be brighter and happier, in a few years. In the meantime I can't help but think she finds solace in knowing she is loved as much as she is.



OK, who forgot to wear their Baba T-shirts?



Readers' Questions

Ken McIntyre wants to hear suggestions when to set which headsails, and how to trim them, for his Baba 30. Also, he's looking for a source for a

Baba Rendezvous Held on Puget Sound

by Janet and Barry Acker

Many thanks to Paula Bechtel for organizing and hosting a wonderful Puget Sound rendezvous over the Memorial Day weekend. Not only did Paula plan a terrific gathering of Baba owners at Spencer Spit State Park, in the San Juans, for food and conversation, she also ordered up the best weather anyone could hope for.

In addition to Paula and Harry Bechtel and their three cats aboard *Gingerlady*, Bob and Marsha Pancoast and their two dogs aboard *Wing to Wing* and Phil and Adrianne Harris and their dog aboard *Whisper*, a Baba 40PH, came out from Anacortes for the fun. Receiving the award for the boat from furthest away,

replacement doorknob for his companionway door.

Setting and trimming are on-going questions; anyone care to write on their experiences? Come to think of it, how about comments on trimming the main, too? As to the doorknob, if it's like the one on the Baba 35, a visit with the Perko line of parts in a catalog or chandlery should do the job.

Baba Salt**Baba Rendezvous Held on Puget Sound***(Continued from page 4)*

Liz and Chris Carlin on *Pixie* made the journey from Seattle as part of a week of cruising. Janet and Barry Acker aboard *Bodega* were able to sail out of their back door [must be a mighty tall door frame! - ed] from Eastsound on Orcas Island.

Festivities began on Saturday evening with the usual dinghying from boat to boat for introductions and inspections. Cocktails on the beach offered a chance to share stories, information, and pride in the best looking boats in the harbor. The lack of wind on Sunday offered everyone a chance to get all those little projects finished. A fabulous potluck on the beach concluded a weekend of new friends and wonderful memories.

Again, thank you, Paula, for all of your hard work; can we make this an annual event? Also, thank you's to Bob Haussler for providing us with Baba T-shirts and to "the guys" for fixing, over cocktails, that vexing water pump!

[Speaking of rallies, anyone interested in a mid-Chesapeake Bay Memorial Day '96 Baba rally is encouraged to contact Rick Emerson (use his address on p.2 or at rick@ssg.com for Internet users.)]

East coast, west coast or in between, mark your calendars for Memorial Day '96!

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Is this what's meant by getting back to sailing?

Refinish Your Baba 30 Fuel Tank

by Bob Haussler

Tucked away under the cabin sole floor boards, the fuel tank doesn't get much attention. In fact, it will probably be ignored until something goes wrong. Even if you're good about performing preventative maintenance, your time and energy probably stops short of a detailed

thing on the undersides, even though what you can see from above may look fine as it does in fig. 1. On the inside, if the tank is normally kept full and the owner is careful about filtering fuel before adding it to the tank, severe problems are not as likely to develop. (See "Fuel Tank Facts" - ed.)



This tank doesn't look too bad, does it?

inspection of your fuel tank. There's good news about tank maintenance: it's possible to refinish that tank without too much effort and expense. It's possible to maintain your existing tank in a condition worthy of your confidence and certain to give years of trouble-free service. The key is to do it before it's too late; new tanks are expensive.

A typical black iron tank, painted and installed at the factory, undergoes all kinds of insults in the bilge. Its exterior is assaulted by saltwater, fresh water, and bilge cleaning chemicals. The paint breaks down and, before you know it, rust begins to do its

Several years ago we were in the market for a used pocket cruiser. On board the nine year old Baba 30 cutter we eventually purchased, my first look at the fuel tank located in the bilge compartment raised questions and concerns. The flashlight beam along the sides of the black iron tank revealed puffs of rust blossoming midway down to near the bottom of the tank. The fiberglass walls of the bilge space were very close to the sides of the tank, so it was impossible to thoroughly assess the tank's condition without pulling it out. As built, the tank compartment was isolated from the rest of the bilge to contain any spills of diesel and probably to isolate it from the normal slosh of bilge water. Nevertheless, somehow water had entered the compartment, probably working its way down from above, and over the years began to deteriorate the tank's gray enamel paint, initiating the rusting process.

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Refinish Your Baba 30 Fuel Tank

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The flashlight beam also revealed that the tank was sitting in a small puddle of liquid. A hand pump sampled the liquid, which was mostly water with a little diesel fuel in it. The presence of diesel fuel in the sample raised the



Maybe this tank does need some help

concern that the tank might have a small leak. Fortunately the compartment remained dry after it was pumped out and left alone for several days. Fuel leakage through the tank walls or welded seams was apparently not a problem. I made sure the tank was topped off with fuel for this test.

Some might recommend conducting a pressure test to detect fuel tank leaks. Pressure testing requires sealing all openings and pressurizing the tank with a pump to achieve 2-5 pounds per square inch pressure. If the pressure maintains at the original level overnight, the tank is secure. I didn't have what's needed to conduct this test, but it is a valuable test and would have given more definitive

information when making our decision about buying the boat. After assessing the tank's exterior, I turned to the tank's interior. Two gallons of diesel was pumped from the bottom of the tank to check for problems such as microbial sludge or water accumulation. I was looking for the telltale greenish black or brown slime caused by bacteria and fungi that can infest diesel fuel, clog filters and affect engine performance. Fortunately, the sample was clean. Water in the tank, either from condensation or contaminated fuel, can provide a medium where organisms can thrive. I made a mental note about the need to refinish the tank exterior, but the tank was left in place for a future appointment with the tank doctor. Every time I thought of pulling the tank out and refinishing it, I delayed because the time the task might take would interfere with our sailing. It turned out that the job, once started, took less than two weekends.

The 30-gallon wedge-shaped, flat-bottomed tank, measuring about 36" long, 18" high at it's highest point, and with a maximum width of 16", appeared quite heavy and was secured into the bilge across the top by three floor joists. It had various hoses and ground wires connected to it, complicating its removal. Finally, after several years, in the course of replacing some fuel system parts on our Volvo Penta diesel, I decided it was time to tackle that tank. We had just returned from a 1,300 mile trip and the tank was now on the "MUST DO" list.

The floor joists were easily removed. The hoses and wires were detached and my 15 year old son and I lifted the tank out fairly easily. Once removed, it was painfully obvious that the tank should have been

pulled and refinished years ago. The gray-colored factory enamel finish was rusted through over most of the lower half of the tank. Pitting of the black iron surface had begun. My first reaction was to attach a wire wheel brush to my hand drill to remove the rust and old paint. After a few minutes with the drill and brush it was clear that sandblasting was necessary.

I called around to find a metal coating shop able to sandblast and then powder coat the tank with epoxy. Epoxy powder coating offers exceptional qualities which include: high impact resistance virtually eliminating chipping and scratching; outstanding moisture, chemical and corrosion resistance. Also, there is good control of film thickness, from less than one mil to over six mils of coating.



The tank after sandblasting

Powders can be applied to all electrically conductive metal surfaces such as iron, steel, and aluminum. Metals that don't rust may corrode in the marine environment, and can still benefit from the coating. The only limitation is that the object must be able to withstand temperatures up to 400 degrees F. without damage. In our case there was no concern over the temperature

used, save for a large rubber gasket seal, at the inspection plate, which was removed before we started the coating process.

Prior to delivering the tank to the shop, the tank interior was thoroughly cleaned with rags to remove the

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Baba Salt**Refinish Your Baba 30 Fuel Tank***(Continued from page 6)*

residual diesel fuel and a small amount of sediment, mostly bits of rust. The sediment hadn't shown up when the sample was taken. Reducing the potential for water condensation inside the tank is not the only reason why it's a good idea to keep your tank full. It also minimizes oxidation of the inside tank walls, eating away at your tank and welded seams.

Electrostatic powder coating is a high tech metal coating process which uses dry powdered paint. The powders are applied using a special gun with a high voltage applied to it which charges the particles causing them to cling in a uniform manner to the part being coated. The coated part is then placed in an oven at 300 to 400 degrees F to fuse the powder to the metal surface. It is heated for periods of ten minutes to an hour, depending upon the size of the object. On cooling, the part is ready to be used.

The shop estimated the job at less than \$100. Garnet sand, which is hard and sharp, was used to blast the tank; it's effective in removing rust, even in the pitted areas. The next step was to blast it with minute glass beads, polishing the tank to a silver color, and removing any remaining

rust, as well as "flash rust" which developed overnight, between the time it had been sandblasted and readied for the powder coat.

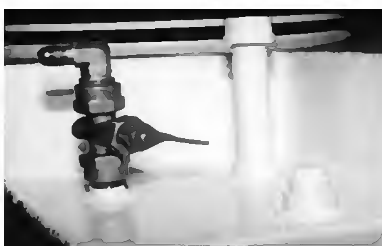
The powder coating, approximately 6



It's hard to imagine this is the same tank seen on page 6!

mils thick, used on the tank consists of 100% epoxy, with the appearance of gloss white enamel. The epoxy powder was applied directly to the metal. No primer is used in the process, because the electrically charged powder requires bare metal to adhere to the coated surface. Light paint colors enhance your ability to check for further rusting, so you can avoid another major refinishing job.

While the job involved some hard work, it was easier than we had thought and cost less than replacing the tank altogether. The result is a tank which is as durable as the rest of the boat. With a durable tank, you'll spend your time

**Fuel Tank Facts**

by Bob Haussler

TANK MATERIALS

Boatbuilders have used a variety of materials for building diesel fuel tanks. In the case of boats built of steel or aluminum, their tanks are often built into the hull, taking full advantage of space deep in the hull for fuel capacity that otherwise might be wasted. Many fiberglass boats have tanks built from any one of several metals, the most common ones being aluminum, Monel metal (an alloy mainly of nickel, copper and iron), stainless steel, steel, and black iron. Black iron was favored for many years because of its ability to resist acids, but these tanks are often known for their rough, rusty exterior appearance. Your black iron fuel tank, however, doesn't have to be an embarrassing eyesore, or a weak link in your auxiliary power system.

REFINISH OR REPLACE?

Not all yacht builders provide for the need to remove tanks without tearing the boat apart. Most tanks that can be removed from a bilge compartment without entailing a carpentry nightmare, can also fit through and be lifted out the companionway hatch. Before starting, remember the old adage "measure twice, cut once." Check your measurements and consider making a dummy tank from cardboard to check clearances. These tanks are often odd shapes to take advantage of irregular bilge spaces. You can achieve good results by refinishing your existing tank, but the primary objective is to assure reliability of this crucial part of your boat's fuel system. Aside from the tank's current condition, other factors to consider in your decision to refinish or replace a tank are its age and history, how well your existing tank meets your needs, and what you can afford.

FUEL MANAGEMENT

The fuel we put in our tanks can easily become contaminated. In fact, it is impossible to completely eliminate contamination, so we must deal with the fact that the diesel fuel in our tank

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Two Weeks With *One With The Wind*

by Rick Emerson

My wife, Chris, and I just completed a two week cruise aboard our Baba 35, *One With The Wind*. In that trip we covered just over 450 [nautical] miles while cruising the lower Chesapeake Bay in conditions which varied from near calm to breezes gusting to 25 knots. Conditions varied from a slight swell from the Atlantic to a short 4 foot chop with occasional 6 footers tossed in for interest. The weather varied from warm and humid to cool and dry. In short we sampled almost everything the Bay has to offer. Through it all *One With The Wind* acquitted herself quite well.

A little background on *One With The Wind*: we bought hull #119, built in early 1985, in the spring of 1993 and spent much of the first summer refinishing the woodwork and installing electronics. In early September we took our first extended trip which was a "feeling new wings" trip. Gripping the wheel as we crashed along with a yankee and full main in 25 knots was certainly enough to suggest I needed to learn more about how to set the right sails!

The following year saw the installation of refrigeration (Grunert AR-50). A job that should have taken only a couple of weeks in early May became the "job from hell" as it dragged on into early July. This experience was accompanied by a number of other "learning experiences" including hauling to replace the prop shaft and afterwards hastily re-assembling the improperly installed stuffing box after it disassembled itself in the middle of Eastern Bay. Chalk up two mechanics who will never have to worry about working on *One With The Wind* again... After the problems were put right, we headed for the lower Chesapeake for a week and a half; nice country but no wind to speak of.

This year we were able to enjoy *One With The Wind* without any major projects. After a Labor Day trip south to Solomons Island (at the mouth of the Patuxent River and not to be confused with an island in the South Pacific with a similar name), we loaded the icebox and clothes



One With The Wind under way during an earlier trip to Langford Creek on the Chesapeake's Eastern Shore.

lockers and set out for... Solomons Island on Saturday, September 9. From Kent Narrows (on the Eastern Shore across from Annapolis) it's a 45 to 50 mile trip depending on the wind and tides. We made the trip in about 8 hours; the tides were not our friend.

During the night a cold front came through and gave us 15 to 20 knot winds, gusting to 25 on occasion, out of the north. With the yankee, staysail, and reefed main we motor-

sailed east, out of "PAX River", at better than 7 knots Sunday morning. At the 1PR buoy the refrigeration completed its cycle and we secured the engine as we turned south for the run to the Great Wicomico River. We brought the staysail down and then went to work on carrying the wind on one quarter or the other for the 40 mile trip. While the high-cut yankee and staysail are great going to weather, the yankee alone going down wind just isn't quite enough to run directly downwind. We're looking at the idea of a 135% genoa but more about that later. Also, the lack of a boom vang to hold the boom down hurt us.

During the trip down we followed another boat's progress as they paced us from the mouth of the Patuxent to the northern shore of the Potomac where they hardened up and headed into the river. We opted to gybe away from the mouth which has a reputation for raising a nasty chop as the river meets the Chesapeake. As Chris put it, "the Potomac has a foul mouth". We were reminded of this as we hit a 3 foot cross chop south of the river. By the time we reached the mouth of the Wicomico the wind was down to 10 knots and we lit the engine to motor into a creek south of Reedville.

The river's proper name is Great Wicomico (pronounced WE-comm-ICK-oh and NOT WE-ko-ME-ko!) River to distinguish it from the four or five other Wicomico Rivers on the Chesapeake but it's usually just called "the Wicomico". It's one of many short, broad rivers that mark the Northern Neck region of Virginia. What sets it aside from the other rivers is Reedville, VA. Reedville is the home of plants that process menhaden for commercial purposes. Entering the river without taking in the almost continuous stream of large menhaden fishing ships is a little like crossing an

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Baba Salt**Two Weeks With One With The Wind***(Continued from page 8)*

Interstate without looking for semi's. You only make that mistake once. Once in the river, the expression "just follow your nose" takes on a new meaning. The plants cook the fish and the smell is pungent to say the least. In response to how the locals stand the smell, someone once pointed out that the smell of the plants is the smell of money; without them, the town would be one more sleepy Northern Neck town.

While anchoring in Mill Creek, we were visited by a Rick, Giselle, and Crew (their dog) from a CS 35, *Phoenix*. They were the boat we'd seen heading into the Potomac and they'd opted to head into the river to avoid the chop. This was the first of several visits from and to boats encountered on the way. It turned out that this trip would be a "discover people" trip where our previous two trips had been "discover the boat" and "discover new places" trips.

Speaking of people, we had agreed to meet friends at Grog Island north of the mouth of the Rappahannock River. Just before we left, I received a call from Dennis. *Windrose*, a Tartan 3500, had serious transmission problems and they were stuck in the East River off Mobjack Bay. By Monday morning, as we left the Wicomico, we thought Dennis and Suzie were probably ready to see familiar faces after sitting on the hook for four days, waiting for the new transmission to arrive. We raised Dennis on the VHF just as he started to install the transmission and told him "help is on the way." By that evening *Windrose* had a new transmission and a new prop (a story in itself) and we were decompressing over cold ones.

Dennis and Suzie were decompressing from "boat surgery" and we were decompressing from our three day 140 nm sprint south and a less than wonderful encounter with the US Navy. As we sailed south we saw two YP's (yard patrol) boats heading south, presumably for Norfolk. One ship kept to a straight ahead, steady as she goes course while the other boat began to do slow 360 degree turns to port. We tried to

raise the boat on VHF 16 with no success. The calls began "NAVY YANKEE PAPA THIS IS ONE WITH THE WIND ON YOUR PORT BOW" then "NOW DEAD AHEAD OF YOU" and then "NOW ON YOUR STARBOARD BOW" only to repeat as they began another turn. Because of the boat's turns, we were unable to select a safe course away from her. Trying VHF 13, I finally contacted YP695. With some exasperation I said something to the effect of "if I knew your intentions, I'd try to stay out of your way." They asked our intended course and speed and said they'd shape a course to safely cross clear of us. They did but crossing at 10 knots plus and less than 50 yards away in a large boat doesn't rate high in my book of safe crossings.

By good chance, Dennis' transmission had failed next to Zimmerman Marine on the East River. A couple miles up the East River, this marine facility is hidden in a small cove across from Williams Wharf and just below Put In Creek. The entrance is marked only by a few boats on moorings and a sign partly obscured by reeds. The boats on the moorings are a clue, though, as to the sort of work Zimmerman does. They're immaculate wooden sail boats ranging from a blue water cruiser built and owned by one of the carpenters to a pilothouse coastal cruiser to a ship with yards and square sails. Inside you may find *Chanty*, a boat featured in *Wooden Boat* magazine. At the time we were there she was being sanded down for a few new coats of varnish but the morning dew brought a gloss back to the boat's brightwork. Dennis and I took our time scrutinizing the details of this boat. Anyway, I highly recommend Zimmerman Marine if you're in the area.

Tuesday morning, *One With The Wind* and *Windrose* headed south for Yorktown, VA. A simple trip of about 20 miles, we were busy first with checking that Dennis' transmission was holding up (it was) and then sniffing about for a breeze to sail on. As it filled in from the east northeast, Dennis announced that "today is a Tartan kind of day." I could, of course, only reply "every day is a Baba kind of day!"

We anchored on the southern shore of York River and dinghied ashore to visit the town and memorial. While there isn't a great deal to see in the park beyond the earthworks, visitor's center, and the victory monument, the town itself still has several houses dating back to the period and one is still open to visitors. As we left, we found that Virginia has a museum nearby and that they offer several "living exhibits" to try and explain the period and its events. We marked that on our agenda for later in the week as we concluded the day at the Yorktown Pub. While hardly an epicurean landmark, it serves good food and is well known among folks in the area. When I lived aboard in the area in 1990, I went there several times and it was nice to see an old haunt.

Back aboard, we crossed the river to Sarah Creek on the north shore near Gloucester Point. The location took on a new dimension after hearing about Cornwallis' aborted attempt to escape there from Yorktown. York River Yacht Haven had been my home and it was odd to anchor off; almost back to a home but not quite. In a slip sat a Colin Archer double-ender built in the '40's. It had been home, in 1990, for cruising friends and I didn't expect to see *Wings Of Dawn* in the marina some five years later.

We piled into *Windrose's* dinghy to take their dog ashore and to just plain rubber-neck the marina from the water. We spotted a dark blue canoe stern peeking out from a slip and went over to take a closer look. As we got closer, Chris called "are you a Baba?" The man looked puzzled and said, "yes, ma'am; where I come from, we're all 'bubbas'!" *Peace and Quiet* turned out to be a Tayana 37 from Seabrook, Texas.

Tuesday morning *Windrose* set out for the Eastern shore and Onancock, VA (a nice town with a great restaurant, Armando's, and a great bakery across the street) while we headed south to Norfolk. I committed two classic errors on that leg: I failed to accurately measure the distance and I ignored the tides. A "simple" trip was further complicated by yet another "close encounter of the worst kind" with the Navy, this time a low flying helicopter towing an anti-mine sled headed straight for my port beam!

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Baba Salt

Two Weeks With *One With The Wind*

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Chris couldn't understand why I called for a hard turn to starboard RIGHT NOW in the middle of the open Chesapeake until she saw the spray from the rotor wash and the spray from the sled being towed behind the helicopter. The helicopter never altered course despite closing on our port side making him the burdened "vessel" and, of course, there were no VHF calls on 16 or 13.

By the time we reached Norfolk's Waterside Marina it was dinner time and we'd logged 49 miles although I suspect the actual mileage was no more than 40 miles. The current in the Elizabeth River was close to 2 knots when we compared knotmeter and GPS readings and we were, alas, stemming the tide, not running with it. The approach to Norfolk proper was further complicated by dodging the FFG-55 (USS *Elrod*??) as she came into the Navy yard, a freighter leaving the coal docks, and another ship leaving a general freight dock. Hampton Roads is a busy, busy place!

Wednesday we visited Nauticus, a maritime museum, only a few minutes from Waterside. This is a new museum with much to see and, after spending much of the day there, we'd only touched the surface. The marina is next to a mall and its many shops and restaurants are worth a visit. Hint: if you go to Reggie's, check to see if the steel band is playing. If not, wait 'til they start before sitting down to dinner, it's worth the wait! We planned to leave Norfolk on Friday, but a forecast of 20 knot winds out of the north convinced us to wait until Saturday. On Saturday the winds were forecast to be from the east giving, we hoped, a quick beam reach back north to Sarah Creek on the York River. We spent Friday in Portsmouth, instead.

There's a ferry running between Waterside and Portside on the Portsmouth side of the river. We dropped our 75¢ fares in the box and enjoyed a quick look at the harbor as we rode across. Once there, we headed for the tourist center and said "we have a couple of hours, what can

we do?" The woman at the counter told us about Old Towne and handed us a self-guided walking tour map of the area. This area features homes built between the late 1700's and mid 1800's and it was a bit like a treasure hunt to match the buildings with the descriptions in the guide. Ordinarily the idea of tromping through a few blocks of city following a map might seem less than interesting but we're glad we did it. Completing the tour we came back to find an Umoja festival starting next to Portside and we felt we were walking through an African bazaar with colorful booths and food stands (although I suspect Portsmouth conch fritters are scarce in Tunisia!).

In Waterside Marina we met several people heading south including several sailboats and one Canadian couple in a 26' motorboat. Talking with the people in a 42 Beneteau, *Windancer*, about their plans of moving from Cleveland, OH to Key West and with the people on *Sam's*, the motorboat all helped to put the business of "heading south" in better focus.

Saturday the wind swung into the east as promised but hurricane Marilyn made herself known by adding a swell to the chop coming into Hampton Roads. What should have been about a 3' chop was more like 5' with an occasional 6 footer to keep us humble. The mouth of the Chesapeake is only a few miles away from the entrance to the harbor so the ocean swell moves in easily and the east wind added to it. As soon as possible, we bore off onto starboard tack with the yankee, staysail, and reefed main, heading back to where we'd been on Wednesday morning. It was the first time I've ever felt *One With The Wind* fall off a wave as the steep chop roared past us. This time, between not having to beat and having a fair tide behind us, we logged only 36 miles. A skiing friend we bumped into at Waterside was not so lucky, he lost the canvas top on his Carver 26 and had to turn back. The following day he had a 9 1/2 hour motor back to Rock Hall, MD in the 3 foot chop - and power boaters think sailors are nuts!

It began to rain shortly after we were again anchored off York River Yacht Haven but I dinghied ashore after

spotting my friends Dick and Cheryl on *Wings Of Dawn*. We had a good "so how have you been?!" and caught up on five years' news. The marina has a good reputation among the cruising community and I'd heard that the marina had changed owners. Dick now works at the marina and he confirmed that the marina hasn't really changed owners so much as the next generation of the Bacot family has taken over. There are changes in the works and they include the addition of a restaurant, The Riverside, to the main office building. The plans look good and I'm looking forward to going back.

In between rain showers we met folks anchored with us and particularly a couple going south in a Cape Dory 33. Nice as the Cape Dory was, we'll take our Baba any day! With our foredeck prism, it's easy to curl up in the forepeak with a book and read by the light shining through the prism while listening to the rain on the deck. It doesn't get much better than that!

We'd hoped to go back to the Virginia Yorktown museum but the weather didn't clear until late on Sunday and the forecast for later in the week said we had to start moving north again. Monday morning we topped off the fuel and water tanks and started for either Deltaville or Urbana, VA. As we left, we helped a couple in a Morgan 38, *Panache*, as they left their transient slip. We found they were from near our home marina and we agreed to keep in touch as we headed north. The wind shifted between northwest and northeast, forcing us to tack frequently in hopes of keeping the favorable shifts in the 20 knot winds. Once we got the sails drawing (again yankee, staysail, and main down one reef) the boat rode well but we were often tacking every 30 to 50 minutes to make northing and it was getting old fast.

I was recently asked whether the Baba 35 is a dry boat. Although we had water sloshing on the windward deck and spray on the dodger, we stayed dry for the most part. While I was setting the hanked-on staysail, a wave struck the boat and, instead of sloshing away, stood straight up where the wind caught it, throwing it right in my face. All I could do was splutter, "at least this stuff is warm." We had maybe four or five of these

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Two Weeks With *One With The Wind*

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waves try to drench the dodger during the day but the cockpit remained dry.

We kept in touch with *Panache* who said they were going into the Piankatank River. We followed them into Jackson Creek and anchored nearby with the log showing 53 miles for the day! While it was a busy day, we were glad to have done the trip in the *Baba*. One of our frequent comments in heavy going is "can you imagine doing this in our old boat?" We loved our Seafarer 26 but a 5,600 pound 26 footer isn't the best boat to go "crashing and bashing" in.

For planning purposes we assume *One With The Wind* draws 6'. When we tell people that, the most common reaction is "but the Chesapeake is so shallow - isn't that too deep?" With one notable exception, we've found the draft not to be a major problem. That said, Jackson Creek has a reputation for having a tricky entrance channel. We followed the notes in the Chesapeake Bay Magazine Cruising Guide and were presented with a pair of daybeacons followed by a sharply curved channel clearly marked by green daybeacons close together. Taking a shortcut will result in a very abrupt stop but the channel was easy to follow and had no less than 8'. The rumor, once again, didn't match the fact.

The next morning *Panache* left for Urbanna while we stayed to go ashore and fossick about. The nearby Club on Jackson Creek marina kindly let us use their bicycles to ride into town. Although we had heard of Deltaville, mostly as a hailing port on transoms, we still had no idea about the town itself. The town is little more than a few small shops and homes clustered near the town limit sign on VA Rt. 33. That said, the town looked like a pleasant place to live. Most of the marinas and boatbuilders that Deltaville is famous for, we found out later, are all on the north side of Stingray Point. We'd missed them so there's yet another reason to come back.

We dinghied down Jackson Creek to
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Robert Perry Speaks About Heavy Displacement Boats

by Rick Emerson

On August 6, Robert Perry spoke at a rally for Ta-Shing-built boats, hosted by Annapolis Sailyard in Annapolis, MD. He discussed a number of topics, from design considerations to the advantages of heavy displacement boats. What follows is a sampling of that discussion.

As is true in other design businesses, the computer has come to boat design and Perry uses it in his work, too. After a set of lines are created, the CAD (Computer Assisted Design) program generates a table of data describing the boat. In addition to common data (e.g., LOA, LWL, displacement) more exotic values such as coefficients are generated. The value that Perry feels offers the best description of a hull is the prismatic coefficient or C_p . The C_p is the ratio of how much space the hull takes up in the water compared with the DWL (Design WaterLine) multiplied by the greatest sectional area (GCA - The portion of the hull at its widest and deepest from the DWL down, not from the deck. Think of the GCA as a cross-section through that part of the hull in the water at the hull's widest point. Perry does not include the keel's relatively small cross-sectional area in his GCA calculations). Here's the equation:

$$C_p = \frac{\text{displacement}}{\text{DWL} \times \text{GCA}}$$

A hull with fine ends (narrow, sharp bow, and a similar shape in the water at the stern) has a low C_p is easily driven. Think of one hulls from a Hobie cat for an example of a low C_p hull. While this hull slips through the water, it has a lower hull speed than a hull of the same length and a higher C_p . Perry tries to achieve a C_p in the range of .51 to .56. A C_p of .54 gives a hull speed of 1.35 times the square root of the DWL (if the propeller isn't included in the drag value, 1.35) which is a respectable number.

Perry then turned to righting moment as a measure of how safe a hull is in a storm. While some critics prefer a value called "ultimate stability" for saying how reliable a hull may be, Perry prefers "righting moment" (M_r) which he feels gives a more realistic description of how well a hull will try to right from being knocked over by a wave. M_r is computed as follows: righting moment is Heel1 (the amount of effort needed to dip the rail 1 inch) multiplied by 30 degrees and 95% of that product is used as the final value.

$$M_r = \text{heel} 1 \times 30 \times 0.95$$

Working with a 50' LOA boat with a light displacement of 27,136.5 lbs, and a Heel1 of 1397.5 works out to a M_r of 39828.8. With a moderate displacement hull of the same LOA and a Heel1 of 1199.3 the M_r works out to 34180.1

At this point Perry turned to light air sailing. In lower speed regimes ("light air") hulls are slowed by more by induced drag, the friction coming from the hull's motion through the water, than from dealing with the bow and quarter waves. "Common knowledge" says heavy displacement boats with their lower sail area to displacement ratios (e.g., 15.4), compared to lighter boats with higher sail area to displacement ratios (e.g., 17.6), should be at a disadvantage. We all know from personal experience that this isn't the case and here's why. Induced drag is a function of surface area in the water or "wetted surface" (surfwet). For boats of the same LOA, light displacement boats have a higher surfwet (e.g., 2.43) than a heavy displacement boat (e.g., 2.87).

Here are some additional notes based on question from the audience. Perry feels that light boats suffer going to windward because of the limited amount of hull below the waterline, resulting in a inclination to leeway from sidewinds. He used the analogy of "imagine a pingpong ball going to

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Baba Salt

Robert Perry on Heavy Displacement Boats

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windward."

On running backstays, he said they're often overtensioned. His recommendation is to simply snug the stay down and then mark the lines so the tension is repeated when changing stays in a hurry.

Asked about high-cut yankees, he thinks they should be cut lower so the clew can be comfortably reached from the deck. Not only does this make it easier to manage the sail, reach the draw lines, etc., it lowers the center of effort thereby reducing heeling.

Robert Perry is a fascinating person to talk with. If you have a chance to either hear him at a rally or talk with him at a boat show, do so. He can be reached at:

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NOTE: The foregoing article is based on notes taken at the event discussed above. Robert Perry graciously offered to review this article but the press of time precluded getting this article to him in time. Any errors are the fault of the author and should not be attributed to any other source. - ed

Two Weeks With One With The Wind

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the southern fork and met a couple headed south on *Packet Inn*, an Island Packet (of course) 31. We couldn't resist asking "if we stay at Packet Inn, can we pay in sand dollars?" We were soon talking about real dollars and the cost of health insurance while cruising. Jack and Terry are retired and pay for their own insurance (about \$450/mo.). They described some of the process of finding a plan that gave them the

coverage they wanted at something approaching a reasonable (a relative term!) price.

We also met Mike and Bill on *On The Rocks*, a Tanzer 28(?). Mike was bringing this boat north from Naples, FL to Burlington, VT (yes, going north in the fall!) and Bill had flown to Norfolk to help on the trip. We'd seen the boat come into Sarah Creek in the pouring rain so when we saw them again in Jackson Creek, we had to stop by to say "howdy."

Wednesday morning we realized we had to get further north to at least limit the amount of beating we'd have to do to return to Mears Point by Sunday; the forecast was beginning to talk about a strong cold front coming out of the north. We decided to go north as far as we could which meant reaching either the Great Wicomico again or possibly the Potomac. As we headed north we kept in touch with *On The Rocks*. It was a little odd to be discussing going north while most of the radio chatter was from boats headed south where we'd come from.

We had a boost from the tide and quickly passed the Wicomico (and the noxious fumes from the fish processing plants - phew!). After passing Smith Point Light what little breeze there was showed some signs of filling in from the southeast so I got out the poleless spinnaker (something saved for only the most drastic of light air conditions!) and tried setting it. Two sail dunks later I conceded it was time to keep on motoring. About half an hour later the breeze finally filled in and we set the spinnaker again.

In the 4 to 6 knot breeze we were making 3 to 4 knots over the bottom thanks to a fair tide. As Chris steered, I had a chance to sit on the foredeck, lay back into the bagged staysail, and just let the sail do its work. What we didn't know was that we had an audience. We tied up at Point Lookout Marina in Ridge, MD. for dinner at Spinnakers, the marina's excellent restaurant. A couple in a small sailboat next to the dock asked if we'd been flying a spinnaker. When we said yes the guy said they'd watched us sail in. He was clearly impressed by the Baba's lines, even from a distance. Call me immodest but how many

folks hear that said about other boats?

After dinner we anchored off the dock for the night and Thursday morning we were under way for Solomons Island. The southwesterly wind was only about 10 knots but we had a good close hauled trip down the Potomac to Point Lookout itself. Turning north we ran into the lack of drive from trying to run on the yankee. While I'm hardly a "if it ain't a big genny, it ain't nothin'" sailor, there's no doubt, after this trip, that the high cut yankee just isn't the sail to go downwind on. Because there's no easy way to rig a vang for the boom and strapping the boom down with preventers isn't too smart in the Chesapeake (remember dodging the Navy YP doing loops???), running with the full main doesn't really work, either. We'd appreciate hearing from other Baba 35 owners on this issue.

The Chesapeake between the Potomac and Patuxent Rivers has several Navy bombing ranges. The Cedar Point range lies on the direct course between Point No Point (really!) light and the entrance to the Patuxent. Fortunately, the range was "cold" that day and we were able to go through under sail almost to Drum Point where the wind coming down the river headed us. We dropped the sails and motored the last couple of miles into Solomons Island. Coming into the harbor we were treated to seeing *Pride of Baltimore II* tied up to the Solomons Island Yacht Club pier. After taking a good look (and no few pictures) we went off to look for an anchorage. The space near Zahniser's looked pretty tight so we tried Spring Cove but couldn't find a place to drop the hook. We found room at the first anchorage and settled in for the night.

During the night the wind came up from the south. The promised cold front seemed to have slowed down so we left at 7 the next morning in rain, fog, and a south wind instead of the stiff north wind we'd worried about. Rain and fog dropped the visibility to under a mile in places. This is when radar earns its keep and it did on that trip. We negotiated a starboard to starboard meeting with a tug pulling a barge but otherwise just looked at traffic going past us and stayed out of the way. As we turned northeast, the

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Baba Salt**Fuel Tank Facts**

Drummer's fuel tank opened up for cleaning and a sample of what Bob Haussler found inside.

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(s) contains microorganisms and some water. These are the ingredients leading to problems with our fuel systems. While fuel filters and additives can limit growth of microorganisms, we must take other steps to minimize their potential to get out of hand, forming a soup in fuel tanks. Microbial growths present two main risks. The sludge they form clogs filters and injectors resulting in an engine that runs poorly or not at all. Even if the fuel system isn't clogged, the by-products of bacteria metabolism can attack the tank metal. There are also problems with water in fuel as it allows rusting in steel and black iron tanks, creating sediment. Water supports microbial growth which we know is not good. Finally, there is a risk from sediment clogging fuel lines, filters, and injectors.

Many of us heading off on an extended cruise want to carry extra fuel which is often carried in polyethylene jerry jugs, or a flexible coated fabric tank, such as those made with denier nylon with an odor resistant neoprene/nitrile coating. It has been my experience that no

matter how careful we have been in purchasing fuel, the fuel in our jerry jugs seems to develop microbial sludge, requiring filtering before we add it to our main fuel tank. To assure our fuel in the main tank remains as clean as possible, we use a "Baja Fuel Filter" funnel to filter all fuel that goes into our tank. This takes a little longer and may not be practical for those that have a large fuel capacity, but it works for those of us with patience and fuel demand of less than 50 gallons at the fuel dock.

The Baja Fuel Filter, available from marine suppliers, looks like a 16" long, round aluminum muffler and tail pipe assembly. It includes two extremely fine stainless steel screens, and a final third screen that filters out water. This filter doesn't remove microorganisms, but it does remove the unwanted contaminants that can cause immediate problems. Our next defense against engine-killing sludge adding the correct amount of an antimicrobial agent to inhibit microorganisms. We are very conscientious about these fuel handling practices, and though we can't prove they are absolutely necessary, we have never had a clogged fuel filter.



Two Weeks With *One With The Wind*

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wind became a quartering wind and we rolled out the yankee and coasted up Eastern Bay with *Pride of Baltimore II* a forest of masts and yards a mile or so behind us.

We turned southeast towards the Wye River and, still on the yankee alone, made good time in the 10 to 15 knot breeze. Günter and Barbara on their Tashiba 36, *Tsunami*, heard us on the radio (talking to *On The Rocks* enroute to Annapolis) and gave us a "welcome back" hail. Shortly afterwards they sailed down to our anchorage in the Wye. While we waited for them to arrive we received a call from a boat I didn't recognize, *Windtryst*. The boat was, in fact directly astern of us and on board were people I've "met" on the

Internet but never in person! We've tried to get together before but something has always interfered; this time, without planning it, we met. With John and Cindy aboard *One With The Wind*, *Tsunami* arrived, rafted up, and we had a good party going as the cold front finally swept in through the anchorage.

Once again, although the location was attractive, it was the people that made the moment special and that, I think, is what makes all of the messy oil changes, the sanding and painting, the hot sweaty afternoons scrubbing and waxing all worth while. With *One With The Wind* we had a good, safe trip to places where we've met people we might not have met anywhere else. Sunday afternoon, as I closed the companionway on another cruise, all I could say was a whispered "thanks, boat" as I turned the key in the lock.



Baba Salt



Whisper, Phil and Adrienne Harris' Baba 40PH

Miracle of Seattle passing through the rally anchorage

Bob Pancoast in *Oar to Oar*, tender to *Wing to Wing*



Janet and Barry Acker's Baba 30 *Bodega*

Bob Pancoast's Baba 30 *Wing to Wing*

Rick and Chris Emerson's Baba 35 *One With The Wind*

Spencer Spit, site of the '95 Memorial Day rally



Baba 30 Tee-Shirt Order Form

Thanks for your support which helps offset postage costs of the newsletter. After expenses, each shirt sold puts about \$2 into the newsletter kitty. We have been contacted by a few of you about shirts for other Baba, etc. models, which we can order if enough interest exists. Please don't hesitate to send your comments/desires. As you might guess, the business that makes the tee-shirts for us also offers everything from sweat suits to mugs, long sleeve tee-shirts to canvas bags. Once the art work is done, we can have it put on just about anything!

Bob and Nancy Haussler
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- * -

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