

# THE *Typhoon*

*a newsletter for owners of CAPE DORY*

*TYPHOON sailboats, and other Cape Dory sailboats, as well as for those who want to own one, and those who once owned one, and now realize that selling the neat little boats they had was the biggest mistake of their lives.*

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**THE BIG NEWS** here is that since I wrote you, my trusty little Mac laptop finally gave out. A hinge broke — I tried gentleness and Scotch tape — and finally it tore a wire and crashed. The date of the crash, 11 March, will always be known in Winters as “Black Tuesday”. I bought an iMac, a huge machine that looks as if it came from another planet — it’s green, and comes with a mysterious female Voice, which proves that if there are little green men, there must be little green women, too (and no doubt they are *insatiable*. I turned the Voice off, as it was too distracting.). Finally, our wretched spring (it rained here in California, in June — I tell people this, and they never believe it) has kept me off the water all this time. Meanwhile, I hauled *Fair American* out in June, for maintenance almost overdue. The main halyard needed replacement; you wouldn’t want that to fail, would you,— on your boat, or mine?!

Other delays have kept me from issuing this *Typhoon* as originally planned, in June. I did go sailing, I went to Turkey to view the total eclipse of the sun, and finally I am now on the Internet. You can reach me at [nrpeattie@earthlink.com](mailto:nrpeattie@earthlink.com). I still prefer letters, since I use them to compile future issues, but if you reach me on the Net I can print out your message and file it in my accordion file. I have always have had a practice, especially since last March, of saving anything really

valuable on a Mac floppy or on paper. Back issues of this newsletter are available on Mac floppies, even though those are said to be obsolete. Because not everyone has a computer, I will continue to issue the *Typhoon* in paper format.

Among the items lost in the crash of my laptop, was the record of *the Typhoon* no. 15. I still have paper copies, but I didn't get around to putting it on a Mac floppy before the crash. Someday I may carefully re-create it, but it seemed more important to get a new issue out than to produce a new record of a back issue. The paper copy can be photocopied for those who want a complete file.

Finally, each issue brings its melancholy replies signifying "moved, left no address", "forwarding order expired". I can do nothing about these; if you are moving, please include *the Typhoon* in your packet of change-of-address cards.

The Directory is still active, but the list of subscribers by state is now quite obsolete. If anyone is interested I can send it to them, but to reconstruct it since the crash seems like a lot of work for little demand. If I don't hear from any of you, I will simply junk it. The mailing list, updated and kept workable by my nephew, is still intact.

Reviewing my mailing list, annotated, says that the money that I have received since the beginning of calendar year 1999, amounts to \$260.00. Checking the checkbook says I spent on publication \$291.92. Contributions are always welcome! Hope you are happy with this newsletter! If you want to take it over, I'll send you all my files, plus a floppy of the mailing list!

**THE CALIFORNIA CAPE DORY OWNERS ASSOCIATION** met at the Coyote Point Yacht Club on the first of May. A parade of (not tall ships; no, just modest Cape Dorys) sailed into the part of the marina nearest to the club. There were some sixteen ships, a couple (at least) aboard each one; almost all of them old-timers from previous meets. The business meeting focused on a deficiency of funds, which were quickly made up; and then everyone settled down to a fine yacht club dinner. The style of this club may be best understood from the fact that messages from the Harbormaster, and others, were carried into the second-floor club dining room, by a loudspeaker directly over the bar. We know where to find them, those sailors; there, at the bar! and not just wandering around, admiring what must be one of the largest collection of yacht club flags, ranged under the inner eaves of the club dining hall.

The next "rondi" (to borrow a word from the Lake Michigan group, P.O. Box 694, Gurnee, IL 60031) was at Richmond Bay Marina, Dock D, at Richmond, California. The date: 21-22 August 1999. Patrick Mulcahy was our host, and the restaurant was Il Salute. The turnout this time was smaller, and so we did not

have a room all to ourselves, but the food was excellent. Probably most folks were on an August vacation.

Meanwhile, we are receiving a newsletter, *Masthead*, from the Cape Dory Owners Association, presently berthed at 497 Black Swan Lane, Berwyn, PA 19312. I see no reason why you should not join them, if you care to; however, according to their v. 3, no. 3, most of their participants come from the Middle Atlantic states, some from farther inland, and some from New England. I don't see any mention of Pacific Coast skippers: perhaps that's an oversight. Meanwhile, we all keep in touch through <http://www.@toolworks.com/capedory>.

(I like the term "rondi". It is easily spelled, quickly written, and reminds me of the lovely French film of the 1950's, "La Ronde", with its charming waltz, "Tournez, tournez, mes personnages". Phone me up, I'll whistle it for you, and then we can go sailing).

**FROM THE FILES:** John Alan Cohan, attorney, has sent three articles on tax law which could be useful to boaters. He offers them for publication, but I think those sailors who are interested in audits, and deductions for using their boats for business-related purposes, should contact him directly: 2049 Century Park East, Suite 1100, Los Angeles, CA 90067; phone 310-557-9900. His fax is 310-785-0016.

John R. Long, a retired dentist in San Luis Obispo, California, wants to tell us about a service he has just used: "Sail Care of Ford City, Pennsylvania (1-800-433-72745). They list themselves as the leaders of sail reconditioning. My jib, probably the original on *Tooth Ferry*, looked sad with loose seams and a bad rust-like stain where the sail rubbed on the bow pulpit. It also had the texture of an old handkerchief. I felt its size and its age lent it to be a guinea pig for the reconditioning experiment.

I just opened the box yesterday and the sight was impressive. Almost as white as my Sunday shirt, not quite as stiff but with a definite improvement. The leathers on the tack and head had been replaced and all loose seams had been restitched or repaired. Included in the box were a set of tell-tales ready to apply. They clean, re-resin and repair if necessary. The sails I have not yet hanked on and used (March 1999) but their appearance is more than I expected.

For Robert Conway: I replaced the old seacocks last year. Mine were bronze gate-valves badly frozen. I loosened the hose clamps, carefully removed the two hoses to re-use, and using a hacksaw, I cut the thru-hull just below the valve. Applying a visegrip to the nut inside the hull, I turned out the thru-hull using a flat steel bar that just fit inside the hole in the thru-hull. (My thru-hull has two ears in the hole that the bar will engage. After careful measurement I got new

valves and thru-hulls (West Marine catalog) and installed them using a good bedding compound. — For Greg O’Meara: I used a bronze gate valve from the local hardware store: just take the old one in for size. — I have sailed *Tooth Ferry* with a spinnaker here at Avila Bay. I needed another crew member to rig the sail easily and install the whisker pole. The helm was a bit touchy but I attributed that to my limited experience and not the boat. Quite a sight to see that red and white sail billow ahead of us as we fairly flew downwind. It won’t be long before the rains clear and I’m at sea again.”

Robert G. Prochnow, 860 Euclid Avenue, Elmira, NY 14901, finally found a boom. He has, if I recall my conversation over the phone back in May, a Weekender. It came without a boom, and asked me to help him find a spare, while he jury-rigged a boom out of a wooden closet pole. (I wouldn’t have dared!) But it gave him a month’s sailing that otherwise would have been lost. He bought his boom from RigRite (he doesn’t give the address) but he says dealing with them on the phone was not a pleasant experience. Why manufacturers employ grumpy people to answer their telephones and take orders for sales, is beyond me. He continues: “I named the boat *Irides III* and put the name on the transom. Also had the marina paint the deck blue. During the drying period, a cat jumped up on the boat and left blue catspaw marks here and there. Didn’t think too much about it until I got out the sailcover that came with the boat. In large letters on the cover is CATSPAW.”

Dr. Harvey M. Rosenwasser is back with us: “Reuben Meisel brings up the same question I did some time ago. Where does one put a compass that is in view to the helmsperson and yet not blocked by crew sitting in front of the bulkhead compass? I mounted a surface, front-read, compass on a plank of wood which fits in the grooves of the vertical “door” that slides down, closing the cabin, before the hatch closed. The compass plank has sloped sides that stop it about 2/3 of the way down. This allows one to hop over the plank to go below while under way. I suggest trying out the compass by looking at it from about six feet to make sure the letters can be seen by the skipper. After the sail, a gentle tap from below, raises the plank so that it can be removed and stored below. Mounting a compass on the mast wasn’t successful because of the distance. Mounting one on the hatch cover has the same problem as on the mast, and in addition, gets in the way.” — I’m having trouble visualizing this, since Dr. Rosenwasser sails a Weekender, and my Typhoon is a Daysailer. I sling my compass from a hook on the aluminum mast, and pull it out and use as necessary. (Wherever a compass is stored, on deck or below, it should, as we all know, be away from iron. See Joseph Conrad’s story, “The End of the tether”).

Dr. Rosenwasser continues: “I almost lost my Typhoon *Tai Feng* this past season. We had very high winds during the summer for a number of days. The rubber

tubing I had over the painter slipped down with the constant bouncing of the boat and the line began to chafe on the bow chock. When I finally got to the boat after a few days, the line was two-thirds worn through. A friend helped me construct another. This time we spliced in another piece of line about four feet from the cleating end. Then we slid on clear vinyl hose long enough that slipping to expose the chock to the line would be impossible. Each of the two lines now comes aboard: one to starboard and one to port. I cleat both ends to the deck cleat. — To Reuben Meisel of Ventnor: My previous boat had a club-footed jib. It had all the disadvantages mentioned in the newsletter plus one more. When coming about in light winds and a strong averse sea, the club-footed jib collapses too soon to help bring the boat around. After many tries, I got into the bad habit of jibing the boat under these conditions. Once someone gave me the idea of running another line from the cabin to a block on the rail and then to the jib; clew so one could “hold” the sail until the boat came through the wind. I never tried that because, thankfully, I became a Typhoon owner.”

Dr Michael Wainfeld writes again (April 1999): “Just launched last Thursday; I’ve got a good little routine now: a little Micron on the bottom, a little Cetol on the top, some wax on the sides, and in the water! My only upgrades for the season being a new waterproof handheld VHF, and a Fortress anchor. The new anchor is larger for the same weight as the steel Danforth I had, and is also non-magnetic. One shroud with a broken strand was replaced. I had *Regalo* in a different yard this winter, a sailboat yard. And this place was fairly infested with Typhoons!

I attempted to sail the boat around to my marina on Sunday, about a ten-mile trip from Amityville to Bayshore” (this is Great South Bay, Long Island). “We got down to the boatyard early, and bent on the sails and stowed all the gear. That’s one of the great advantages of a small boat; jobs like this can be done in twenty minutes. The forecast was for a 15kt Northeast wind but as soon as we got out of the inlet into the Bay we faced an 18-20kt wind, due East, right on the nose. At this point the channel is narrow, so we continued to motor at about 31/2 knots into a three-foot chop. The crew (my next-door neighbor) was wondering what he had got himself into, as we soon were completely wet, but it was otherwise a beautiful sunny day so we continued. The Typhoon cuts right through seas like this, and my 3hp Yamaha was running smoothly; however, the wind continue to build, and when our speed slowed to 21/2 kts (by GPS), and the waves started to break, we decided to turn back. We had a great downwind sail back, flying along with just the jib. The boat handled very well. ... I read about your adventures in the Bay. I think the key to keeping those little outboard motors running is to use them regularly. I run mine for about ten minutes each time I go out, and so far it’s been dependable. I’m now waiting for a favorable wind to sail *Regalo* back to Bayshore. I’d like to try an overnight trip this summer, and maybe

venture out the Fire Island inlet to the ocean.” (By the way, Amityville was one of the places where Typhoons were once manufactured).

**SKIPPERS MAY BE INTERESTED** in how I compile this newsletter. I have a basic list for all sailing purposes, with asterisks at the names of my actual subscribers. In addition I have a list of mailing labels. Both of these are updated as needed. However, for backup, I have all letters and requests in a paper file. One of these readers told me, that the Cape Dory Typhoon owner’s manual is now online. The address: [toolworks.com/capedory](http://toolworks.com/capedory) Check the message board and see what you can find. Not all of my subscribers have computers, but some are; and it would solve the problem of people wanting a manual and unable to find anything but a worn paper copy, which (at over 70 pages) costs a lot to have photocopied.

**EXCELLENT POST-SCRIPTUM:** I just received an envelope from Captain Wendelin J. Giebel, 23 Wedgewood Lane, Miller Place, NY 11764 (another of our Long Islanders). Capt. Giebel’s message I set aside for a while. Finally, I opened it after a dinner of beef and “spirits”, and found inside a rattling, nay skeletal! sea-ghost-story: “The Warning”. It has nothing to do with Typhoons (the enclosed picture displays a ketch, and the text does not name the make or model), and in any case “The Warning” is far too long for the modest newsletter you see before you. Since I have no room to publish it, you should contact the Captain, who, perhaps, has set his story on the treacherous currents of Publishers’ Sea. If he hasn’t been picked up, perhaps you’re his rescuing publisher!

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