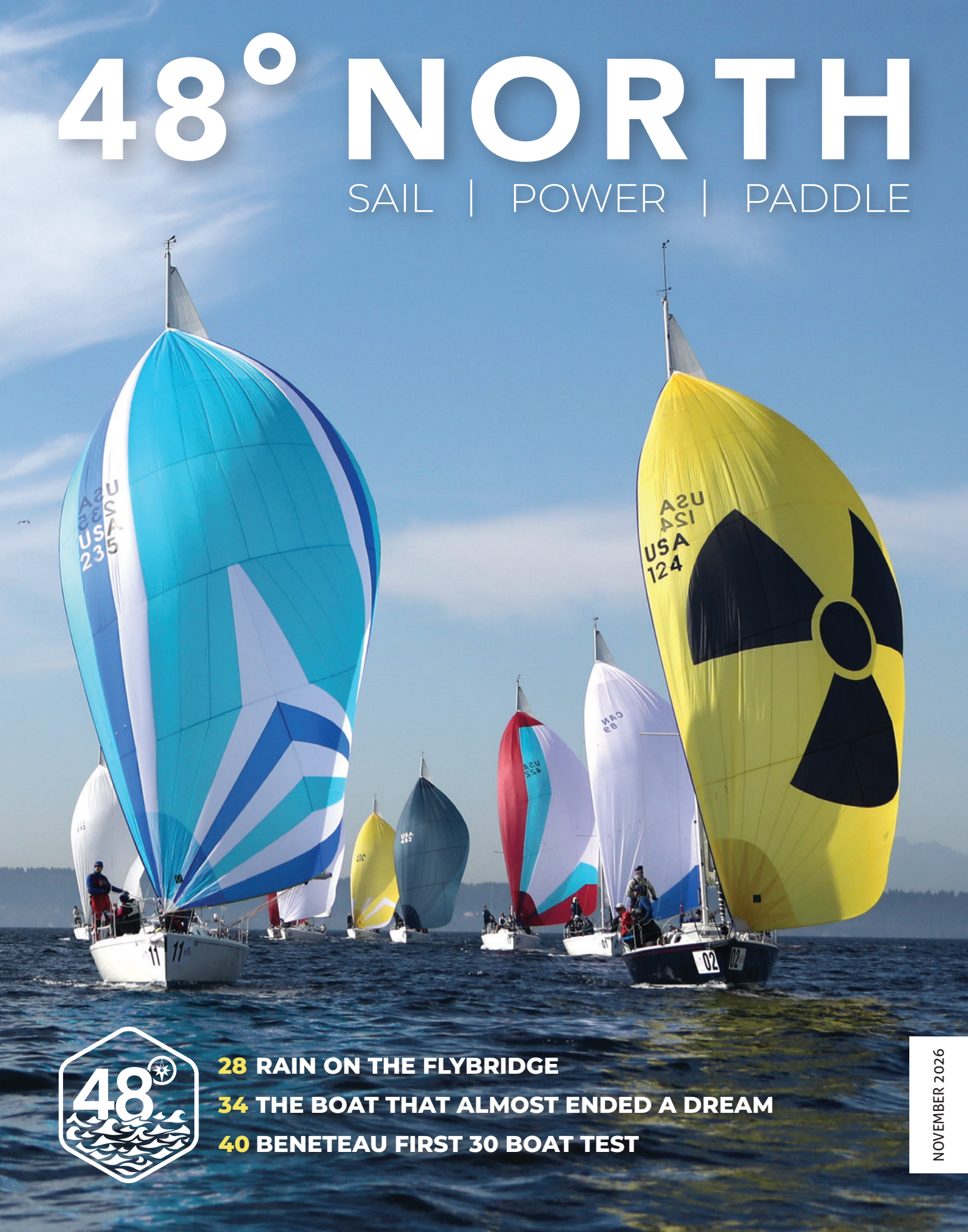
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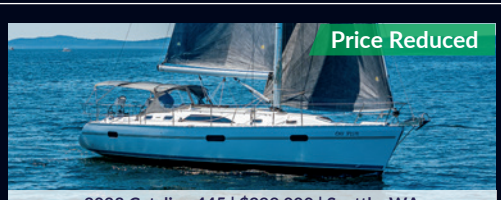








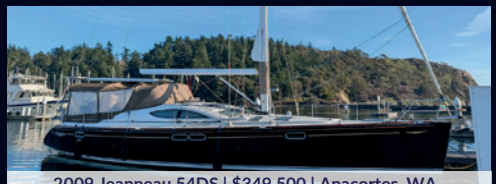
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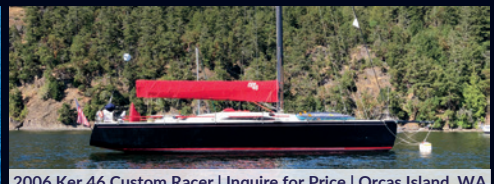
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ON THE COVER: Local sailors on Sara Billey and Paul Viola's *Peer Gynt* (left) vie for position downwind with visiting Texan sailors on Matthew Arno's *Blue Flash* (right) during October's J/105 North American Championship on Puget Sound. Photo by Jan Anderson.

Background photo by Karen Johnson.

6 Editor

HALCYON DAYS

October 2026, the sailing community is going to miss you. November, we love you too, and you've got some things we're really looking forward to. But dang. Ok, ok, weather is *the* exemplar of mundane subject matter, but sailors this month had a bunch of days so great that they were the wind-powered-fun equivalent of "powder days" for skiers. Exciting sailing events in the coming weeks notwithstanding, with winter looming, it's time to dig into this sailing-skiing simile.

What makes a great sailing day is, of course, in the eye of the beholder. Eight knots and flat water can be blissful because it's just so dead easy. For others who I admire, their "powder days" might require 25 knots, and 35 would be better. That's rad. I'd go sailing with them for sure. But that's not the perfect day for me. More is... more. But it's not necessarily better.

As a skier, one of the things about great powder is it makes you feel like a hero. You can ski challenging terrain more capably and enjoyably. The risks change, but generally the stuff you're trying so hard not to do on hardpack (catch an edge, hit an unseen bump, fall) is both less of a worry and also almost kind of fun when it happens in 12-plus inches of fresh. It just makes you feel up for anything, and it's fun as hell.

So it is with sailing, at least by my definition of a "pow day" on Puget Sound. This October brought a whole lot of sunshine and 12-16 knots. Those are sailing's hero conditions—the kind when everyone feels like they can sail, and has a blast doing so. The days lifelong sailors describe as epic aren't for everyone. Pow days are both the stuff of legend and broadly appealing beyond the niches of the super-committed. These pinnacle sailing days sometimes get called "champagne sailing" or "chamber of commerce conditions"—if you didn't like sailing in that, you're probably not going to like it. Log one of those any month and consider yourself lucky. October 2026 was like a champagne sailing tasting flight.

One of the unsung aspects of a truly great day of powder skiing is just how stunningly beautiful it is. If it has snowed heavily overnight and the wind didn't come up, the world around you is silent and sublime and spectacular. Boughs draped and drooping on their neighbors by the millions, yet to shed their fluffy dollops of untouched white. Everywhere you look, crystalline brightness has shrouded the landscape, punctuated by the deepest greens of shadowed fir peaking through.

Once more, I'll bring you to the waters of the Salish Sea this month with a similar sentiment. Most of the days that blow dogs off chains are as dreary as they are exhilarating. My sailing pow days are stereotypically smashing. Only the color palette has changed; now it's the electric white of the autumn sun glinting off of the waves that range from steel gray to foamy cerulean. On these best days, you'll see Rainier and Baker, Cascades and Olympics. There's something about the lower angle of the sun that warms the light, making one's surroundings somehow friendlier than the stark contrast of the summer's apex. And ashore in every direction, the oranges, yellows, and reds of the season. These days are golden, indeed.

Did I catch every sailing pow day in October? Not even close, just as I'll miss the vast majority of the best big dumps in the mountains any given winter. Yet, once you've gotten at least one "best day of the season", more is just gravy. And speaking of gravy... Happy Thanksgiving, everyone. As ever, there's a whole lot to be grateful for, especially if you enjoy waterborne adventures in the Pacific Northwest.

I'll see you on the water,



Joe Cline
Managing Editor,
48° North

48° North

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News from Northwest Maritime

48° North has been published by the nonprofit Northwest Maritime since 2018. We are continually amazed and inspired by the important work of our colleagues and organization, and dedicate this page to sharing more about these activities with you.

WA360 2027: BELLINGHAM OR BUST!

For the 2027 WA360, Northwest Maritime's (NWM) 360-ish-mile engineless adventure race will start and finish in Bellingham, continuing its celebration of the Pacific Northwest while bringing the race to a new host town. The saltwater ramble has all the tenets of its successful preceding editions, but is bringing something extra fresh to the table next year.

WA360 was created in 2021 when the U.S.-Canada border closure made Northwest Maritime's Race to Alaska impossible. What began as a response to an unusual moment quickly became its own thing: a race that connected communities throughout our home waters while still characteristically challenging racers to push their limits with no engines, minimal rules, and maximum grit.

The NWM race team, led by Race Boss Jesse Wiegel, has partnered with the Port of Bellingham to make the "City of Subdued Excitement" the home base next summer. And for fun, they're also running the course in the opposite direction than in years past. The race begins June 13, 2027.

Once departed, the fleet will leave Bellingham Bay and head south, with the first checkpoint tucked just inside Deception Pass. From there, teams point their bows toward the state Capitol and take on the same 360-ish miles of Washington water as before. Wind, current, strategy, timing—the whole race gets picked up, shaken vigorously, and put back down facing the other way.

As always, the race has two official divisions: **The Muscle Group** is for human-powered (non-sailing) teams, while **The Wind Division** pits those hoping for breeze against each other. The winner of each category will be presented with THE WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP BELT, with their names engraved thereupon for all time.

This year's new start/finish location is also the start of a new rhythm for WA360. From here on out, each edition will make its home in a different Washington waterfront community—helping to build stronger ties across the state's waters and really fire up the debate about what marina actually has the best hamburgers or cleanest bathrooms. For 2027, that homeport is Bellingham.



Photo by Shanon Dell.

It's good to keep a few things in mind as this era of maritime rotation sets in for WA360. First off, for the locals and fans from afar, Port Townsend is still part of it—Port Townsend remains a waypoint, and NWM continues to run the race. There are exciting mission crossovers in Whatcom County already. From Bellingham-area racers across the NWM adventure race slate, to an ever-strengthening Blue Schools network in the area, to NWM's oyster restoration partnerships bringing more than 400,000 newly-raised native Olympia Oysters to Chuckanut Bay—the organization is thrilled to see WA360's commitment to Bellingham deepen those connections, and is eager to foster similar collaborations in other waterfront communities in future years.

So, WA360 is on and has added some dabs of exciting hot sauce to the already tasty race recipe. If reading this has already caused you to look thoughtfully at your (or someone else's) boat, **applications open Monday, November 16, 2026 at noon.**

» **www.wa360.org**



Photo by Jim Meyers.

9 LETTERS

Eric Rouzee's "Visiting Old Friends" in the October Issue, and a Related Caper

Hi Joe,

I was just reading "Visiting Old Friends" in this month's *48° North*. I laughed out loud when reading about their coffee emergency—a similar failure happened to me a few years ago, with the Shaw Island General Store once again the hero!

One of our less experienced coffee-making crew thought he'd make the first pot of French Press. He didn't realize the press had two parts and when rinsing overboard, lost the interior parts, press, filter, gone. It was day one of a ten-day sail, we had no way now to make the required brew.

The General Store was a dinghy ride away, so we sent crew member #2 to go see if they had a new French Press. The wind was building, and a gale was expected. It was April, after all. Some time later, crew #2 still hadn't returned, and we realized that he had forgotten the dinghy gas can on the transom. Through the binoculars we could see he was rowing back to the boat in all that wind! He finally arrived. Soaking wet, smiling, wind blown, and out of gas, both literally and figuratively. But he had a new French Press in hand! Another trip saved by the Shaw Island General Store.

If anyone is diving the Blind Bay anchorage there is a very nice French Press plunger and parts down there somewhere.

Erica Easterly

Praise for "Seeking Cedar" in the October 2026 Edition

Joe,

I've read it twice with great delight. Leroy Lewis's account of "Seeking Cedar" was not only informative but inspirational! His description of their time "with" the cedar and the surroundings was so well said that I felt like I was there! Or... wanted to be there. I hope he shares more.


SEEKING CEDAR

WONDER AND RENEWAL ON A JOURNEY TO WATSON COVE'S ANCIENT TREE

Cliff Hunter
Portland, OR

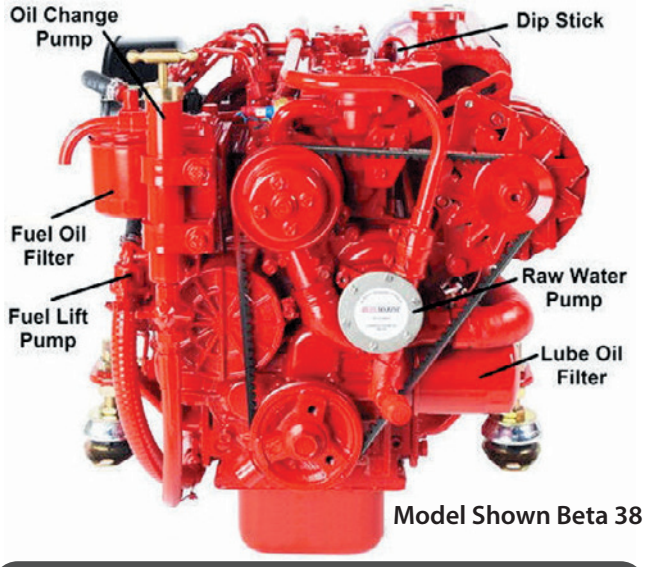
Social Media Response to the Cascadia Sailing Interview from the October 2026 Issue

Gary Morgan: It was fantastic to live vicariously through this great crew watching your adventure unfold.

Tammy Felker: So proud of our PNW Team!

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INAUGURAL PACIFIC COAST INTERCOLLEGIATE OFFSHORE REGATTA COMES TO SEATTLE NOVEMBER 13-15, ASSEMBLING TOP STUDENT SAILORS FROM AROUND THE COUNTRY TO RACE ON LOCAL J/105s

STORM TRYSAIL CLUB INTERCOLLEGIATE OFFSHORE REGATTA | LARCHMONT, NEW YORK | ©2026 STEPHEN R CLOUTIER

Initially established in the early 1970s in New York by The Corinthians, the Intercollegiate Offshore Regatta (IOR) began as an invitational event designed to bring collegiate sailors together with keelboat owners for spirited head-to-head racing each fall out of Larchmont Yacht Club. What started as a single regatta has grown into a nationally recognized series, now hosted in Larchmont, Chicago and, this month for the first time, Seattle.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST
INTERCOLLEGIATE OFFSHORE REGATTA
2026

The Seattle event is scheduled for November 13-15 and is co-hosted by Corinthian Yacht Club of Seattle and the Storm Trysail Club. Students will race one-design aboard 14 locally-owned J/105s. Many of the nation's top collegiate sailing programs are coming to town, including Brown University, Cal Maritime, College of Charleston, Harvard University, University of Michigan, and the US Coast Guard Academy, among others, and they'll share the water with student athletes from University of Washington and Western Washington University.

The school with the best combined performance across the Intercollegiate Offshore Regattas will be awarded the Callisto Cup. Bestowed by Jim and Kate Murray in 2025, the trophy recognizes the college or university that achieves the strongest overall results in the Storm Trysail Club's Intercollegiate Offshore Regatta Series (IORS) during a single academic year.

The Pacific Coast IOR will be called the Hamachi Cup, a trophy donated by Shawn and Elizabeth Dougherty. *Hamachi* is a well-sailed J/125 familiar to those involved in Seattle-area racing (also as overall winners of the 2019 TransPac Race). Along with his boat partner, Jason Andrews, Shawn is one of the local movers and shakers helping to support this event; and the pair have sailed often with Jim Murray about his Pac 52, *Callisto*.

While the racing will be the focal point in the likely-to-be-windy shoulder season conditions for the teams of six student sailors, several aspects of the Seattle IOR make it notable and sure to be memorable for participants. To start, Seattle's own Olympic medalist and world champion sailor, Jonathan McKee, will be running the racing as the PRO. Building on that, the students will have the opportunity to meet a couple more of the world's preeminent competitive sailors—America's Cup champion skipper, Jimmy Spithill, and Ocean Race winning skipper and CEO of US Sailing, Charlie Enright—each of whom are being brought in for an evening with the students.

IOR Regattas are 100% Event Fee Free thanks to the kind donations of boat owners, the Storm Trysail Foundation, and the event's sponsors.

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The College of Charleston crew hoists the spinnaker at a recent IOR.

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FALL CONSTRUCTION BEGINS IN SAN JUAN ISLANDS' MARINE PARKS

With the summer cruising season in our wake, construction projects are now taking place at Stuart Island and Sucia Island marine state parks, which will be completed in February 2027. Here's the latest from Washington State Parks.

Reid Harbor and Fossil Bay will be open during construction, though visitors may experience localized area closures. Mooring buoys will be available, though boaters will see a construction barge with a large crane and hear construction noise. Reid Harbor will not have a pumpout station, dock, or easy shore access while the work is being done.

Quieter stays are available at Prevost Harbor on the other side of Stuart Island and at the five other bays off Sucia Island.

Construction at Reid Harbor includes:

- Replacing the aging dock with a dock that offers more accessibility through a flatter incline. Additionally, the grated decking and materials of the new dock will filter light, which protects delicate shallow-water aquatic life.
- Removing a string of linear buoys at the end of their lifespan.
- Repairing the pumpout station by replacing creosote piles with galvanized steel, which will improve water quality in the bay.

Construction at Fossil Bay includes:

- Building a sturdy new pumpout station anchored by galvanized steel piles embedded in the submerged bedrock, out of boaters' way as they enter and moor in the bay.

The two projects received funding from several sources. The pumpout projects at Reid Harbor and Fossil Bay are supported by grant funding from the State Parks Boating Program, through its Clean Vessel Act grant program. A grant from the National



Fish and Wildlife Foundation also helped fund the Fossil Bay pumpout project. A grant from the Recreation Conservation Office funds part of the work at Reid Harbor. The remainder of the work is funded by the agency's Capital and Operating budgets.

State Parks appreciates visitors' patience with temporary closures and congestion for their safety and that of our staff and crews. Washington State Parks is responsible for the upkeep of more than 120 parks across the state, including recreational amenities such as mooring buoys and docks. This work helps the agency fulfill its mission of not only maintaining but improving state parks for generations to come. State Parks looks forward to welcoming visitors to a new, improved experience on Stuart and Sucia islands early next year. » **www.parks.wa.gov**

BNSF CLOSING SALMON BAY RAILROAD BRIDGE FOR MAINTENANCE

Burlington Northern Santa Fe Railway Company (BNSF) announced that they will be performing heavy rail maintenance/construction on the Salmon Bay Railroad Bridge, mile 0.1, across the Lake Washington Ship Canal in Seattle, Washington.

The construction work requires the draw of the subject bridge to be closed from November 2-25, 2026. This draw closure corresponds with the USACE's large Hiram M. Chittenden Lock closure. The Coast Guard intends to approve a temporary deviation to the operating schedule that governs the Salmon Bay Railroad Bridge from 4:00 a.m. on November 2 to 4:00 p.m. on November 25. The draw will be able to open on November 14-15 if a 24-hour notice is given to the bridge operator.

The bridge provides 43 feet of vertical clearance in the closed-to-navigation position at mean higher high water. Vessels that do not require a bridge opening may continue to transit beneath the bridge during this closure period. The subject bridge will not be able to open for emergencies, and there is no immediate alternate route for vessels to pass.

For more information on this draw bridge closure contact Travis Woodley at » **travis.woodley@bnsf.com** or (682) 978-3311.



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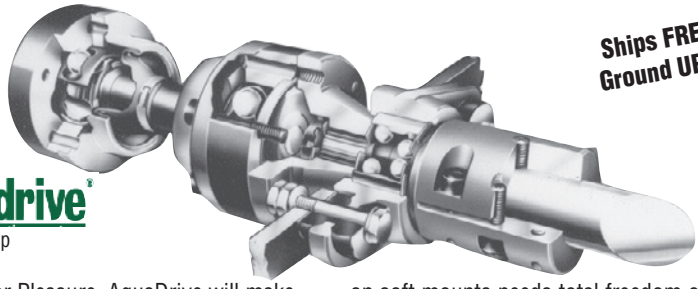
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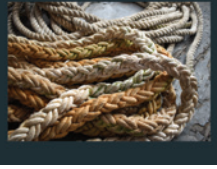
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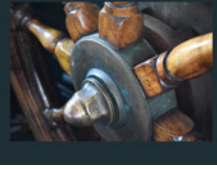
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VAN ISLE 360 REPORTS STRONG EARLY RESPONSE TO 2027 BLACK WOLF EDITION

The Van Isle 360 is excited to announce that the response to the 2027 Black Wolf Edition of the Pacific Northwest's premier offshore and adventure race has been strong. The race organizing team has just finished a tour of three yacht clubs—West Vancouver Yacht Club, Corinthian Yacht Club of Seattle in partnership with Seattle Yacht Club, and the Royal Victoria Yacht Club. The team met with racers and sailors eager to join the race.

The Van Isle 360 is, truly, an adventure. For Marc Owen-Flood, a two-time Van Isle 360 skipper and past Commodore of the Royal Victoria Yacht Club, it's about "teamwork, learning, personal growth and adventure. I can't imagine a better way to explore our beautiful Island."

The event is a Category 2 offshore race that circumnavigates Vancouver Island in nine legs over 14 days. It starts and finishes in Nanaimo, BC, and is scheduled to take place on June 4–19, 2027. The late registration fees will be in effect beginning at midnight on October 31.

Space in the race is limited by the moorage available in some of the smaller ports of call that the race visits. LOA drives the cap on the number of accepted entries. "Fitting boats in at the renowned Telegraph Cove is like a game of Tetris" according to race organizer Chris Maier. The 2027 fleet is currently composed of some of the most exciting and competitive boats the region has to offer, including TP52s, J/120s, Express 37s, Centurion 40s, and an exciting array of Riptides with a strong mix of veteran and new teams. Registered boats are from British Columbia, Washington, Oregon, and California, with some boats representing yacht clubs from Chicago and Bermuda.

Race application and entry list: » **www.vanisle360.com**

low tides » *In The Biz*

MARINE SERVICENTER WINS JEANNEAU DEALER OF THE YEAR FOR 2026

Marine Servicenter has once again been named Jeanneau North American Sailboat Dealer of the Year, marking the sixth time in the past decade the West Coast yacht dealership has received this prestigious recognition.

Presented during the 2026 Annapolis Sailboat Show, the award recognizes more than sales performance. Jeanneau honors dealerships that demonstrate a commitment to owners long after the purchase, actively support the Jeanneau community through owner rendezvous and events, and work together as a team to deliver an exceptional customer experience.

For Marine Servicenter, the recognition reflects a philosophy that has guided the company since its founding in 1977: the relationship doesn't end when the boat is sold. It's just beginning.

That commitment extends beyond individual boat owners. Marine Servicenter hosts Jeanneau owner rendezvous in the Pacific Northwest and Southern California, bringing owners together to share their passion for sailing, learn from one another, and build lasting friendships on the water.

These gatherings reflect what makes boating special: the destinations, the experiences, and the community that is formed along the way.

Marine Servicenter's award reflects the combined efforts of its sales, service, and parts teams across five West Coast locations: Seattle, Bellingham, San Francisco, Los Angeles, and San Diego.

The company's Certified Professional Yacht Brokers are boaters themselves, bringing firsthand experience in sailing, cruising, and life on the water to their work with customers. Behind each sale is a broader team dedicated to helping owners navigate the details of boat ownership and make the most of their time aboard.

By maintaining dedicated service management and parts support while partnering with established maritime partners for specialized work, Marine Servicenter keeps its focus on the people who buy and own the boats it sells.

Marine Servicenter represents Jeanneau Sailboats, Lagoon Catamarans, Catalina Yachts, True North Yachts, XO Crossover Powerboats, and La Mare Houseboats. Under the leadership of Dan and Lisa Krier, the company continues to build on its founders' legacy of personal service, industry knowledge, and long-term customer relationships.

Being named Jeanneau North American Sailboat Dealer of the Year for the sixth time in ten years is a meaningful milestone—not simply for the recognition itself, but for what it represents: a team working together to help customers enjoy their boats and the lives they create around them.

» **www.marinesc.com**

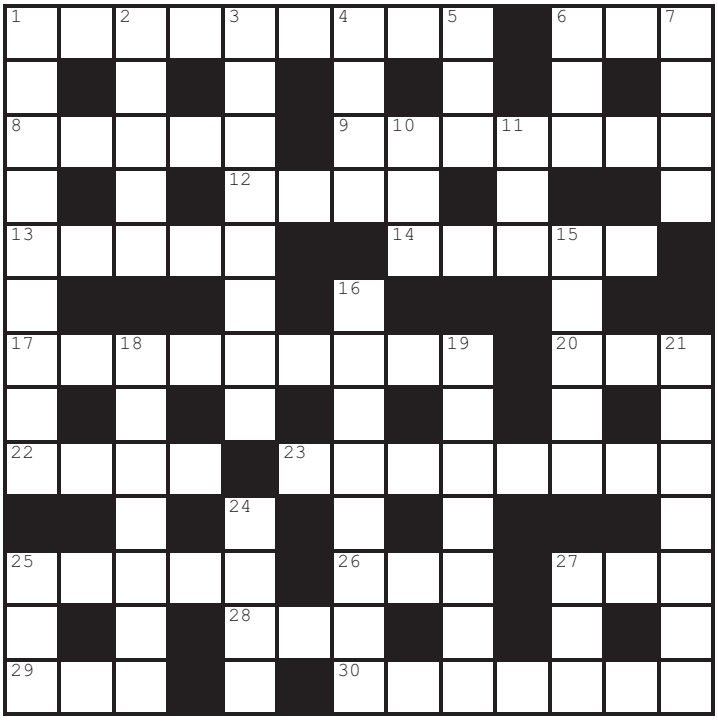




360 MILES OF ENGINELESS,UNSUPPORTED BOAT RACING
CIRCLING PUGET SOUND | 2027 START HOST ➔ BELLINGHAM
Start: June 13, 2027 | Applications: Nov 16, 2026 | Details: WA360.ORG

This event is a project of Northwest Maritime

16 CROSSWORD *AND* TRIVIA



ACROSS

1 Instrument measuring atmospheric pressure
6 Small barrel for beer
8 Pirate flag, Jolly ____
9 Installing a horizontal surface on a ship often with boards
12 Rapper who became a star with Law & Order, 2 words
13 Valuable resource
14 Deep, seemingly bottomless chasm
17 These prominent objects can be used as navigational aids
20 Increase engine speed
22 Ride ocean waves
23 Movie where Tom Hanks was stranded on a desert island
25 Gray build-up in the sky
26 Distinct period in history
27 Droop or sink under weight
28 Dog's warning sound
29 Affirmative reply
30 Made a permanent or semi-permanent way to join two ropes together

DOWN

1 Crustaceans clinging to ship hulls
2 Violent nautical phenomena (storms)
3 Relating to the sea
4 Rise and fall of the ocean level
5 VCR button, abbr.
6 Ornamental pond fish
7 Plum variety
10 Arrival time estimate, abbr.
11 Florida island
15 Type of propeller
16 Waves crashing near shore
18 Constricted channel between landmasses
19 Depart on a sea voyage, 2 words
21 Went on a maritime journey
24 Boundary
25 Small low island of sand or coral
27 Brief moment, informally

» See solution on page 51

DID YOU KNOW?

by Bryan Henry

National Geographic Society Explorer in Residence Sylvia Earle—ocean explorer, marine scientist, and conservationist who was the first female chief scientist of NOAA—was named Time magazine's first "Hero for the Planet" in 1998.

Roman battleships called triremes were powered by oars as well as sails.

During ancient sea battles, sailors launched pots of burning oil at enemy ships.

The Galapagos Islands were the first designated World Heritage Site, in 1978.

Borneo is the world's only island divided between three countries: Brunei, Indonesia and Malaysia.

In 1986, the landing strip on the island of Rapa Nui (then called Easter Island) was expanded to allow emergency landings for space shuttles.

The Bahamas contain more blue holes than any other country and also boast the world's deepest submarine sinkhole, Dean's Blue Hole

The world's largest chain of barrier islands lies off the coast of Brazil, stretching more than 350 miles.

The Battle of the Coral Sea, fought in World War II, was the first air-sea battle in history.

The world's largest fish, the whale shark, gives birth to hundreds of live young.

Sperm whales often repeat patterns of clicks, called codas.

Sperm whales are found only in water more than 3,000 feet deep.

The Sperm whale has the largest head of any creature on land or in the oceans.

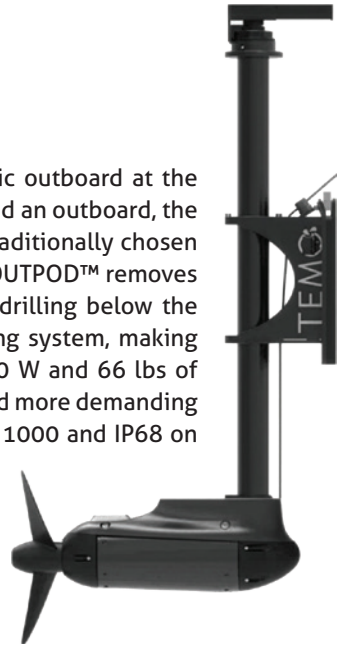
Sperm whales have the biggest teeth of any cetacean; they can be 8 inches long.

Beluga whales have been trained to catch balls in their mouths and jump through hoops.

Blue whales can be as long as a Boeing 737.

low tides » *Products News*

» TEMO OUTPOD



The French electric motor manufacturer TEMO recently launched their new OUTPOD™ electric outboard at the United States Sailboat Show in Annapolis on October 15–18, 2026. A cross between a pod drive and an outboard, the OUTPOD™ is designed specifically for sailboats that have a transom motor mount. Sailors have traditionally chosen between an outboard on the transom and an inboard pod that requires cutting into the hull. The OUTPOD™ removes that trade-off, as it mounts a true underwater pod drive on a bolt-on transom fitting, with no drilling below the waterline, and can be removed in a single motion thanks to its external slide-mounted fastening system, making storage and maintenance easier. Two models cover the range: The OUTPOD·1000 delivers 1,300 W and 66 lbs of static thrust and the OUTPOD·3000 delivers 3,100 W and 148 lbs of static thrust for larger boats and more demanding conditions. The motor weighs just 26 lbs on both models and is sealed to IP67 standards on the 1000 and IP68 on the 3000.

Price: Starting at $2,600 » www.temofrance.com



» CRAZY CREEK BOAT CHAIR

Crazy Creek Products announced the launch of their new Boat Chair, a Type IV throwable personal flotation device engineered to double as a stable, comfortable seat. This 2-in-1 product combines a U.S. Coast Guard-approved throwable PFD design for boats 16 feet and longer with Crazy Creek's nearly 40 years of legless chair engineering, turning a piece of required safety equipment into a functional part of the boat. As a chair, the Boat Chair measures 16.25 by 17.5 inches with a 14.25-inch seat depth. Folded down as a throwable device, it measures 16.25 by 16.75 by 2.5 inches and weighs 2.5 pounds. An extra-thick bottom cushion adds buoyancy and comfort on hard surfaces, while reflective trim improves visibility in low light. The compact folding design fits most boat storage compartments, and the durable, quick-dry fabric is built to hold up to sun and spray, season after season. True to Crazy Creek, it's a legless chair design, and this chair can be used seated on a boat, dock, shoreline, or in the water.

Price: $119.95 » www.crazycreek.com

» BLUE SEA SYSTEMS MINISWITCH



Blue Sea Systems has launched a new Blue Sea MiniSwitch—a compact, marine-grade, terminal-mounted disconnect switch engineered to safely isolate power, prevent battery drain, and simplify installation for all types of boaters. Designed with safety at its core, the MiniSwitch features a fully enclosed housing that covers live electrical components, helping reduce the risk of accidental short circuits and sparks. The rugged construction utilizes UV-stabilized, corrosion-resistant materials engineered to withstand harsh marine and outdoor environments, including prolonged sun exposure, vibration, and saltwater conditions. Despite its compact footprint, the MiniSwitch is built to handle heavy electrical demands, carrying continuous high amperage without overheating or dropping voltage. It keeps high-draw electronics running smoothly while protecting the battery setup from thermal damage under peak loads.

Price: $N/A » www.bluesea.com



USE *CAUTION* WHEN SEEKING ENGINE ANSWERS WITH AI



by **Meredith Anderson**

I have been a professional mechanic for over 20 years, and the last few have certainly challenged me as new technology and updates have come into the field. From companies that set proprietary boundaries around their engines and parts, to unique puzzles that send us all to Google seeking answers to all manner of questions—directing us to pictures, websites with more information, and YouTube videos. Instead of connecting you with actual experts (or people presenting themselves as such), the way we search in 2026 just gives us *answers*.

Wait, computers are expert diesel mechanics, giving engine advice as if it had been turning wrenches for years? Not exactly. Of course, these apparently simple answers are synthesizing some existing information, but the technology is also choosing which information seems most correct... To whom, though? The computer? The humans who created the technology?

In 2026, boat owners in search of information are often receiving a snap diagnosis that presents itself as *the* answer, and with no apology or recourse when it is wrong. I've been encountering more boat owners who seem to be taking AI's advice regarding marine diesel engines, and that scares me.

Recently, I was called to a trawler with twin Cummins 6BT engines for a "low power" diagnostic on the port engine. One of the owners called and told me AI had advised him the problem was with the turbo or the charge air cooler, and he just wanted me to change the part. After a few minutes of trying to convince him to let me check a few other things, he finally agreed and I opened up the primary Racor fuel/water separator to find it was absolutely stuffed with algae. I couldn't help but laugh as I asked if he still wanted to pay for me to change out the turbo. Needless to say, he happily accepted the easier and far less expensive fix.

While a failing turbo or damaged/leaking charge air cooler can certainly cause loss of power, it's on the more extreme end of the likely culprits, and there are several simpler, more common, and much cheaper things to check first.

A second client called me after attempting to start his engine wondering why there was water coming out of his engine. AI had informed him that the engine was "self bleeding" and could simply be cranked over until it had started. Technically this is true, however not only are you going to burn up your starter if AI doesn't remind you to close your seacock, but you risk hydrolocking the engine. He had water coming out of his starter from cranking it so much. Experience has shown me that cracking an injector would be a safer and more expeditious alternative.

From what I've found, the majority of answers related to marine diesels you will get via AI are incomplete, vague, or false. If you don't know better, taking its advice at face value can be harmful to your engine and your wallet. Depending on your chosen AI interface, it may provide you with its source material or could be simply pulling from a variety of places online.

Accordingly, whether you're working with a mechanic or approaching a

project as a DIYer, it's more important than ever to try to develop your own understanding of your boat, its systems, and the foundational basics that make those systems work. Wherever you're seeking information, follow the trail as best you can to identify the source material, decide if you trust it, and then take time to dig into some of the nuances that might be lost or glossed over in a simplified, synthesized computational response.

A few weeks ago, I decided to put AI to the test, assessing its marine diesel diagnostic "skills" through my lens of real-life experience. At first, it couldn't ID the engine or the components that a particular model had. It kept mixing up different models of Yanmars, claiming I needed to check things that did not exist on the engine I was trying to work on. When AI provided me with a picture, it used an image of the wrong engine labeled incorrectly.

I finally gave it an easy and rather generic task helping me diagnose an engine that would not crank or start, and it got that right. But even that response was vague and the answers provided did not apply to every engine. I tried following up like a beginning DIY-minded boat owner by asking it to elaborate, and the responses then got more confused and started showing me automotive references and advice.

While AI can be an effective resource for the expert, beginners should be wary of the associated hassles and hazards. When you don't know enough to see if AI is taking you down the wrong path, you may soon find yourself retracing steps and getting more confused, or acting on poor advice. While it may seem less convenient at first, high quality reference materials to learn from like one of Nigel Calder's marine diesel books, a service manual, or a textbook on diesel engines are still my best recommendations for those hoping to learn their systems. Then, consider AI as a supplemental resource.

As has been true long before AI, a properly trained diesel mechanic is likely to diagnose and repair your engine correctly the first time, and in an efficient manner. But as you know, I love to support boaters hoping to tackle a project by themselves. Those on a DIY endeavor often need assistance from an outside source, and my suggestions here are also evergreen. Yes, accessing knowledge through quality written and video content can help you grasp principles, but translating that to reality is an age-old challenge.

Many of you may ask a more knowledgeable friend or dock neighbor, a great next step. If, along the way, you find you're looking for more trusted knowledge, most mechanics are happy to consult with you over the phone for a comparatively small fee—walking you through the steps of what to check or helping you get back on course. This guidance is more helpful if you have your own base of knowledge, reinforcing the incentive to inform yourself about what parts are, where they are located, and the basic functions of each system (fuel, cooling, etc.). A whole engine can be daunting, so try teaching yourself one system at a time.

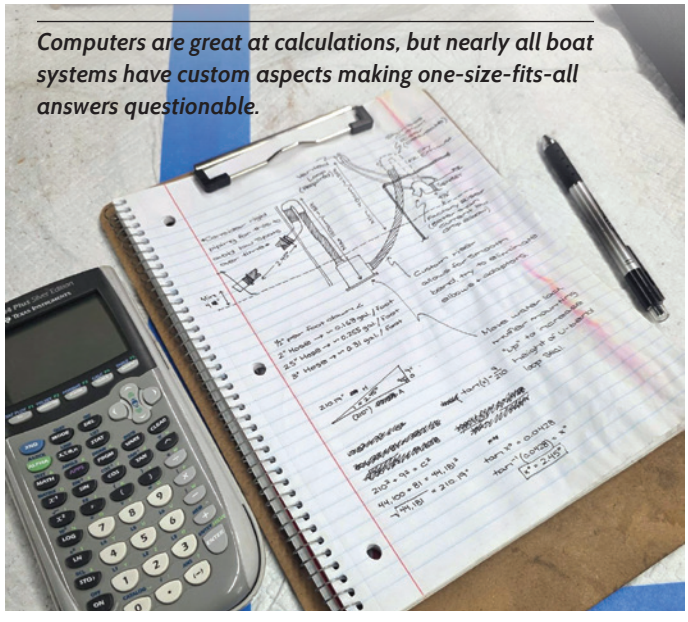
There have always been good and bad sources of information out there, and boaters continue to be tasked with navigating it. Though the time of personal education and tedium of information verification might sound like big compromises, it is ultimately a lot cheaper and more sensible than damaging your engine or replacing parts unnecessarily following incorrect advice, wherever it came from.

In other words, this mechanic's advice is to approach marine diesel information you get via AI with caution. It will be good to verify it, ensure it's coming from a trustworthy source, and ground as much as you can in the real world with hands-on experience. Ultimately, maintaining your boat attentively, developing knowledge and self-reliance, and soliciting good advice are the best assurances of a great time on the water. Good luck and happy sailing!

Meredith Anderson *is the owner of Madame Diesel, LLC, where she operates a mobile mechanic service and teaches hands-on marine diesel classes. Check out Meredith's YouTube channel:* ***@Madamediesel671***



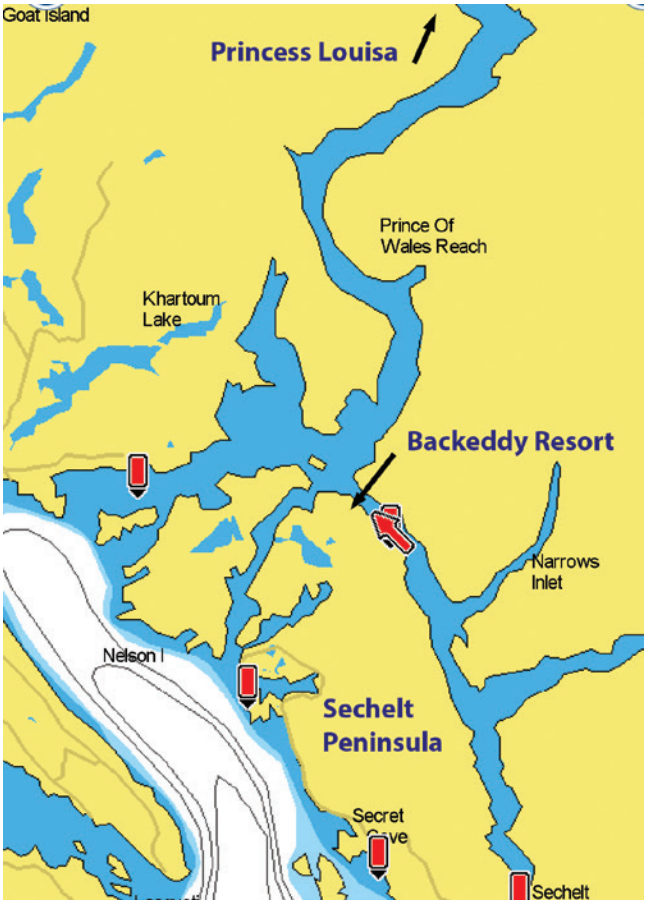
As Meredith has discussed in recent columns, diesel diagnostics are complex no matter the source of the intelligence.



Computers are great at calculations, but nearly all boat systems have custom aspects making one-size-fits-all answers questionable.

DOWNPOUR *DELIGHTS* AT THE BACKEDDY





by **Dennis Bottemiller**

Following our recent eye-opening trial on Malaspina Strait bashing into waves running 6- to 8-feet tip to trough aboard our C-Dory 22, *Sea Lab*, we made the turn north up Jervis Inlet and the seas began to subside. To our great relief, the water soon became calm and Tekla called Backeddy Marina to ask for moorage for the night. Even though it was only 10:00 a.m., we knew our travel day was over and we needed some recovery time. The voice on the phone asked what size our vessel was and with Tekla's answer of 22 feet her reply was, "Oh sure we can fit you in!" We both sighed aloud at the prospect of real reprieve.

Before long, we rounded the point and turned toward the dock. Finding our spot, we tied up and began to clean up the boat after our pounding. The deck aft of the pilothouse was awash in a couple inches of water and all the black gunk from under the starboard fuel tank that I didn't remove last fall. Pumping and sponging with fresh water falling from the sky, we soon had the boat tidy again and a new pot of coffee was done perking. We settled down to enjoy it with a good hot breakfast.

Debriefing the morning run and consulting the weather, we found the forecast calling for solid rain for the next four days; so we decided to go to the marina office and see if we could extend our stay to two nights and wait out at least some of the storm. With this accomplished, we began our look around the place and found that the marina also had cabins, camping, and "Glamping" sites with geodesic dome cabins lining the bank above the moorage.

There was a lot more going on here than we first realized, so we

donned our rain gear and set off to see what the day would bring. We hiked up the marina access road to the main highway and followed it to the village of Egmont and the small marina and government dock there. We were on the high dock overlooking the bay when a small older woman approached and said, "Hi, are you guys old hippies?" We gave her a puzzled laugh and she continued, "I passed you driving up the road" and, glancing at Tekla, "Your hair is so fabulous!" She went on to point out the 25-foot sailboat she had inherited from her partner and sold to a friend who wanted to sail it to New Zealand. He had climbed the tallest peak on every continent and now was looking for a new adventure. She said, "he's 70 and better get started soon." Then her phone rang and she had to attend to business, while we stood still taking in the view and appreciating the kind of memorable interactions one only seems to have when traveling.

We wandered away to the nearby Bathgate store, which had everything you could need. We found a nice looking avocado and an enticing jar of mustard, and also decided to splurge on a pint of Ben and Jerry's strawberry jam ice cream. We ate the whole thing standing on the deck by the front door looking across the marina and the inlet beyond, immersed in the beauty of the place; even the rain was taking a break.

We pushed farther up the road to a sign with a map of the village and went to take a look at the Egmont Heritage Museum. The parking lot was full of cars and campers as was the road adjacent near the trailhead that leads to Skookumchuck Rapids. As we soon learned, this place is a very popular destination for weekenders from the Vancouver area. It's the end of the road on the Sechelt Peninsula and feels remote and wild. It was near closing time at the museum, so we looked in the windows and put it on the plans for tomorrow before making our way back to Backeddy to see about dinner.

The resort's pub was hopping and there was a covered deck filled with campers, boaters, and locals. Fortunately, there was a table open in the back by the pool table, which we happily claimed and returned to the bar to order drinks. We enjoyed steelhead tacos and rockfish and chips as local musician Joe Stanton began to play. The difficulties of the early morning's rough passage faded into memory. Our table tucked away from the action ended up being the perfect spot to view the whole scene, and we stayed until we couldn't keep our eyes open any longer and retired to *Sea Lab*.

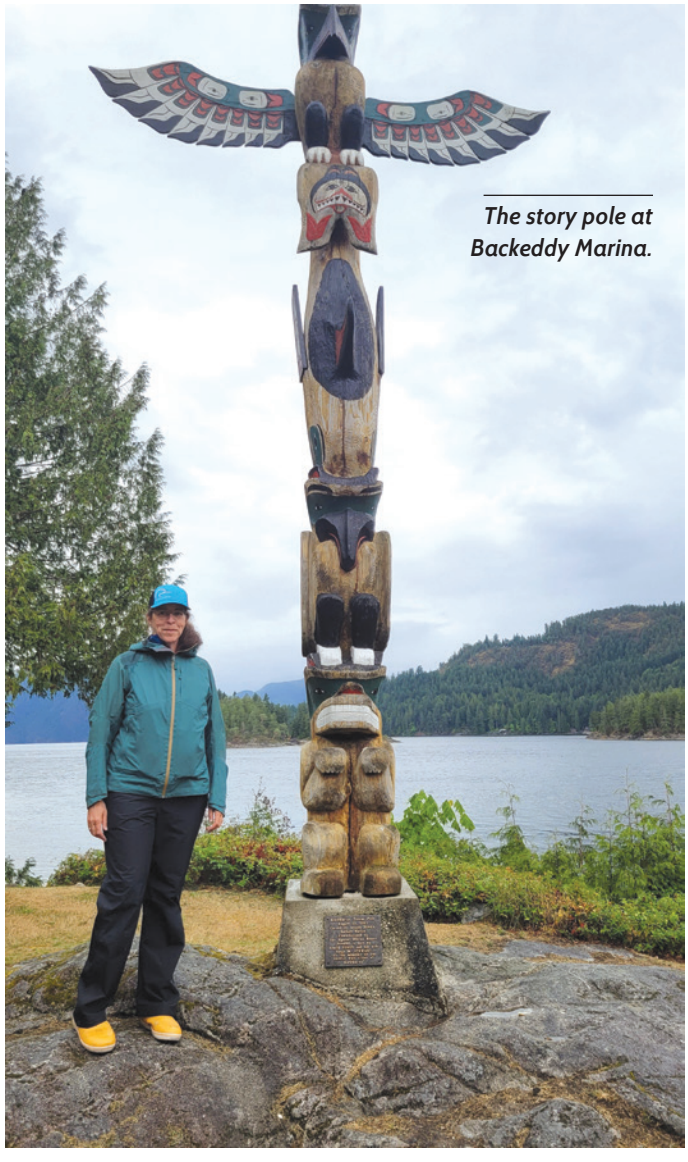
Being right on the channel leading up Sechelt Inlet means there is a lot of current in the marina, which made for a slightly bouncy night on the dock, but we were tired enough that it didn't matter.

In the morning, the heavy rain continued while we started the day with coffee and breakfast in our boat's cozy little cabin, feeling great. We're surprisingly comfortable in this relatively small space, though we've always had and loved small cruising boats—the largest being our 27-foot Cal, *Moondance*.

At the pub the night before, we planned our day to include a hike out to Roland Point to see the Skookumchuck Rapids at flood tide. We'd heard there was a bakery on the route and planned to stop there for refreshments. Once again attired in full rain gear, we headed out, back through the village and across to the trailhead where the parking area was again



Ice cream from the Bathgate store–restorative nutrition after a rough strait crossing.



The story pole at Backeddy Marina.



The wondrous Skookumchuck Bakery in the woods.

nearly full. A little way down the wide graveled trail and set just above it was Skookumchuck Bakery & Cafe, illogically situated in the woods and crowded with hikers in dripping raingear. We sidled up to the outdoor coffee rail and joined the fray with hot drinks and delicious cinnamon rolls and peach muffin treats. This is living!

Sated and surging with caffeine, we regained the trail seeking the thrill of the rapids.The forested hike was fantastic with the intensified green of wet foliage and moss with placid views of Brown Lake along the way. We reached Roland Point a little before max flood and the rapid was already roaring, surf kayaks were in queue along the rocky ledge in the eddy of that flow waiting for one to bow out of the wave so the next one could hop on. A wet suited surfer joined the lineup and soon powered out into the standing wave only to be knocked off his board and swept downstream at an alarming rate. We watched as he was blown past the eddy line where the kayakers made their exit and soon he was out of sight, appearing to be more than a mile downstream as he struggled to get back to shore. Worried, we asked another surfer, "Is he going to be alright?" He just laughed and said "Ha, he's just going on a tour!" Sure enough, about an hour later he showed up ready to try again.

The rain eased up to what we call a "dry rain"—you know, you can see it's still raining but you don't seem to get any wetter. We began our return hike, concluding that this standing wave surfing was fun to watch but probably neither of us is going to try it. We made it back to the village in time to visit the Heritage Museum and it was delightfully full of artifacts



Surfing the endless wave of Skookumchuck Rapids.



With more rain forecast, it was time for a peaceful transit to Princess Louisa to enjoy seeing the waterfalls in all their glory.

reflecting life in a lumber and fishing town, and the people who made a go of it in the remote wilderness of the coastal north.

Returning to the marina after our long trek, we were famished. After showering the grit of the trail off and refreshing our clothing to a higher state of dryness, we went back to find our table at the pub empty again and joined the evening revelry to fill up on burgers and beer. Nothing beats a good burger after a day of exploring, and the food at Backeddy is as excellent as the atmosphere is friendly. This is where all the locals hang out on their weekend nights; and many of the patrons were the marina and resort's own employees earlier in the day, now clearly enjoying life in the place they lived. Before we made our way back to *Sea Lab*, we stopped to listen to an instructor orienting her class of 10 or so people getting ready for a nighttime kayak tour of the inlet. This place really is an outdoor adventure mecca!

On my way back from the shower earlier that evening, I stopped and talked with one of the tour boat captains who goes to Princess Louisa every day in most weather, and he told me the falls are really best during the rain. We had been considering staying at Backeddy longer to wait out more of the rainstorm, but when I relayed his comment to Tekla, we opted to untie and continue north in the morning. It was just rain after all, there was no wind. If you recall from my previous column, heading to Chatterbox Falls in wet weather turned out to be the right decision, making our experience there more wonderful.

The tour boat captain's good advice meant that we kept the good times rolling after an already terrific stay at Backeddy, and it felt like the perfect positive happenstance to cap our visit. After all, we had stumbled across Backeddy and the village of Egmont when we were a bit bedraggled, and it turned out to be one of our favorite places on the whole trip. We would love to go back again. If you find yourself up this way, it's definitely worth a visit.



Sea Lab's *happy little nook at Backeddy Marina.*



The Sea Lab *crew, Dennis and Tekla.*

Dennis, Tekla, *and* ***Tim Tim*** *the salty old sailor dog can mostly be found floating around on Case Inlet waiting for orcas to swim by.*



BRITISH COLUMBIA CENTRAL COAST

BELLA BELLA TO DIXON ENTRANCE

by **Michael Boyd**

Photos by Karen Johnson.

Editor's Note: With this column about some of the most dreamily remote hikes in the region (truly, on the planet!), Michael and Karen are putting a bow on their Hikes for Boaters column. For three wonderful years, they've shared their experiences, enthusiasm, and expertise about cruising their Eagle 40 trawler,* Mischief*, to boat-accessed ambles from south Puget Sound to Dixon Entrance. Some grand and arduous, others humble and civilized—all are worth exploring and splendid opportunities for a cruiser to stretch their legs ashore. The* 48° North *crew extends heartfelt thanks to Michael and Karen for their commitment to this publication, not only as columnists, but also as intermittent feature contributors and even with Karen occasionally filling in skillfully as the magazine's graphic designer on a few occasions. Here's hoping we catch up with them on the water or the trail soon!



Imagine a wild, remote, and sparsely populated land of deep inlets, narrow channels and a multitude of islands. This is the Central Coast of British Columbia, the region between Cape Caution—approximately opposite the Queen Charlotte Strait from the northern tip of Vancouver Island—and the Alaska border at Dixon Entrance. Part of the Great Bear Rainforest, and in keeping with its awesomely pristine ruggedness, there is generally limited access beyond the shoreline here except for logging roads. But there are notable exceptions that include some outstanding hikes we have taken many times.

About halfway up this coast is the First Nations community of Bella Bella and the nearby resort of Shearwater with its pleasure boat marina and boatyard. Our previous article on the Central Coast covered the southern half of the coast, between Cape Caution and Shearwater. This article covers the even more remote northern half of the coast, between Bella Bella and Dixon Entrance. In addition to the wonderful cruising where we once went 13 days in a row without even seeing another boat, there are fantastic hiking opportunities here for the intrepid explorer.

McMICKING INLET

Campania Island is one of the outer islands along this coast. Located west of Princess Royal Island, it is definitely off the main route of the Inside Passage. Its east side is uninviting, but the west side is indented with a number of complex bays and inlets.



Looking for the access trail near a stream.



The access trail near the stream emerges to a different landscape.

McMicking Inlet is a narrow opening extending northward from its entrance on the west side of Campania Island. Before even entering McMicking you will see the first hiking opportunity—a long white sand beach, the only one in this area. There are sometimes campers here, as it's a popular stop for touring kayakers. Continuing through the narrows, a small bay to the east has anchoring room for one boat. Farther up the inlet is anchoring space for many boats in several nooks, though there are rarely more than three or four here at one time.

The first hiking challenge is passing through the dense band of trees and sometimes cliffs at the water's edge. The best way is to go to the small, one-boat bay near the narrows and find the boater's trail on the west side of the stream entering the bay near its head. The trail snakes a short way through the undergrowth and forest to the interior and a completely unexpected environment.

Here the forest gives way to an expansive, almost alpine-like open environment with mounds of exposed, crystalline granite supporting "a close sponge of mosses about a foot deep, with lichens growing on top of the mosses, and a thin growth of grasses and sedges and ... flowering plants" to borrow the words of John Muir*. Here are also scattered dwarf and twisted trees giving the landscape the appearance of a vast natural bonsai garden. Small, shallow tarns with wetland edges may become flat sandy spots by the end of a dry summer. There are no real trails, you can pretty much walk anywhere, but we try to stick to the rock whenever possible since the vegetation is so fragile and walking on the deep, spongy moss is very tiring as you sink in at every step. Some rocky mounds are higher than others, providing opportunities for broad views of the island, boats anchored in the inlet below, the islands and ocean beyond, and perhaps even whales. More ambitious hikers can head for the summit of Mount Pender (2,427 feet).

Finding a way back to your starting point is critical and, in this open landscape without trails, it can be tricky; so we usually mark our trail near the boater's path back to the dinghy with surveyors tape placed on suitable branches.

McMicking Inlet and Campania Island offer some of the most beautiful, challenging, and rewarding hiking we have enjoyed on our travels. We love coming here.

ETHELDA BAY

Ethelda Bay is nestled inside the Estevan Group archipelago, just west of Campania Island, and is reached via Langley Passage whose narrow east entrance, called Gillespie Channel, we thought fairly nerve-racking at low slack. If Ethelda Bay itself should happen to have other boats, easy anchorage can be found nearby.

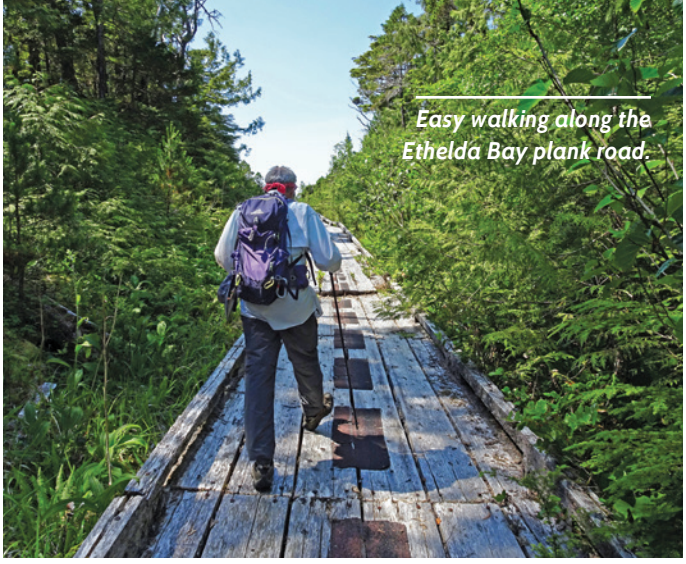
The site was originally developed by the Canadian government as a Cold War era radio station, and its importance was clearly signaled by the lateral buoys along Langley Passage—buoys are a rarity on the Central Coast. It passed into private hands in 1996 and the buoys were finally removed in 2021. The buildings and other structures were still standing but appeared abandoned when we were last here. The main path away from the buildings



Walking on rock whenever possible to spare the delicate vegetation.



Using surveyor's tape to mark our path back to the dinghy.



Easy walking along the Ethelda Bay plank road.



Reaching the end of the Ethelda Bay trail at a Hecate Strait beach.

is an old road that leads upwards to a fairly open plateau and more government-built plank road. To the north, the road has largely collapsed and ends in dense forest, but to the south it is still mostly passable.

Heading southwest, the plank road eventually ends overlooking a lovely open valley. At this point, a trail takes over and heads south across open grassy slopes and between two lakes, followed by open forest down to a compact beach on the south side of the island that opens onto Hecate Strait. This seldom-used path is somewhat indistinct when passing through the grass and becomes even more so in the forest where it seems to have multiple options. We tried to pick the most obvious one. Overall, we didn't have much difficulty following it to the beach or back. The beach is probably not more than a mile from the start.



Looking across Ethelda Bay to the north is Trutch Island, where the original radio antennas were located. Though the structures have been removed, a path along the access road to the top of the higher Musgrave Peak (950 feet) is certainly there in some form or another. It's about 1.5 to 2.0 miles to the top. Though we haven't done it, we expect it would be a very rewarding hike with expansive views of the Central Coast from the summit and recommend it if you are in the neighborhood.

WEINBERG INLET

Another inlet on the west side of Campania Island, Weinberg is like a series of connected bays, each with its own anchoring opportunities. The anchorage at the head of the inlet has two streams entering and lovely views of the surrounding Campania granite domes that are just calling to be climbed.

Unlike McMicking Inlet, we know of no access trails in Weinberg. That means bushwhacking through the dense undergrowth near the water's edge while climbing the short distance to the open, alpine terrain. The streams provide one avenue and each leads to a small lake a short distance from the start. While bushwhacking up a northwest stream valley can be a particularly arduous undertaking, streams make for easy route-finding when you want to return to your dinghy. In some places where the shoreline isn't too steep, you can bushwhack straight up from your dinghy. In this case, finding your way back to the starting point is critical and should be marked. We've taken a combination of both bushwacking methods and don't have a recommendation—they are equally unpleasant, a crucible en route to the rewards beyond.

The open terrain above Weinberg Inlet is much like that above McMicking and includes some beautiful granite domes that look



Anchored boats in Weinberg Inlet with the Estevan Group in the distance.



This rock is not likely to move anytime soon.



Anchorage and landing beach in Nettle Basin.

down on your anchored boat, much of the rest of Weinberg Inlet, and even the Estevan Group in the distance. The interior of this part of Campania is filled with lakes of all sizes (swimming, anyone?) which are particularly attractive since most of them are within this open landscape. And of course, Mount Pender looms over all. The hiking here is certainly challenging but, surprisingly, different enough from McMicking that we enjoy them both.

LOWE INLET

While the previous hikes in this article have been distinctly off the beaten path, Lowe Inlet sits off Grenville Channel, the principal "Inside Passage" route for pleasure and commercial traffic, and is a popular stop for cruisers when in the area. The inner portion of the inlet is called Nettle Basin which, in addition to an extensive drying flat, is home to lovely Verney Falls, the outlet of the Kumowdah River coming from Lowe Lake. Anchoring here can be challenging—the shallow strip near the flat is narrow and the rest of the basin is around 100 feet deep. The spot in front of the falls is a prime location for one boat but has only fair holding.

Starting at an ancient fish weir near Verney Falls on its north side, the hike immediately begins with some athletic scrambling over rocks. At this point, you are well away from the roaring water. From there, the trail works its way upstream until you reach Lowe Lake. The views of the rapids and falls are the hike's main attraction and some hikers stop here, but the trail continues, working its way along the west shore of the lake. Turn around when you wish.

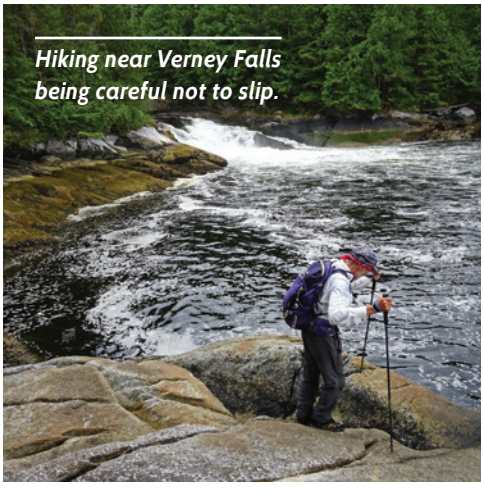
The drying flat at the head of the basin also looks to be an attractive hiking location but is said to be home to bears. We haven't tried the hike, nor have we seen any bears.

The Central Coast has many more good hikes that could be mentioned, but didn't make the cut—they just aren't as great as these. We sincerely hope all hiking boaters out there will use our stories as inspiration to explore the land as well as the sea here in the Pacific Northwest, without a doubt the greatest cruising (and hiking) ground in the world.

We've come to the end of our third year writing this column and I regret to announce that this is the last installment of *Hikes for Boaters*. Sharing our thoughts and experiences with you, our readers, has been a real privilege. We sincerely hope you have enjoyed reading and imagining hiking as a boating activity, as much as we have enjoyed sharing our passions for exploring by boat and by foot.

** From John Muir's description of Alaskan tundra in* The Cruise of the Corwin.

Michael *and* ***Karen*** *have been cruising the Salish Sea and beyond for more than 20 years, hiking every chance they get. For more resources for hikers visit their web site at* **https://mvmischief.com/library/**



Hiking near Verney Falls being careful not to slip.



Verney Falls, where Lowe Lake drains into Nettle Basin.



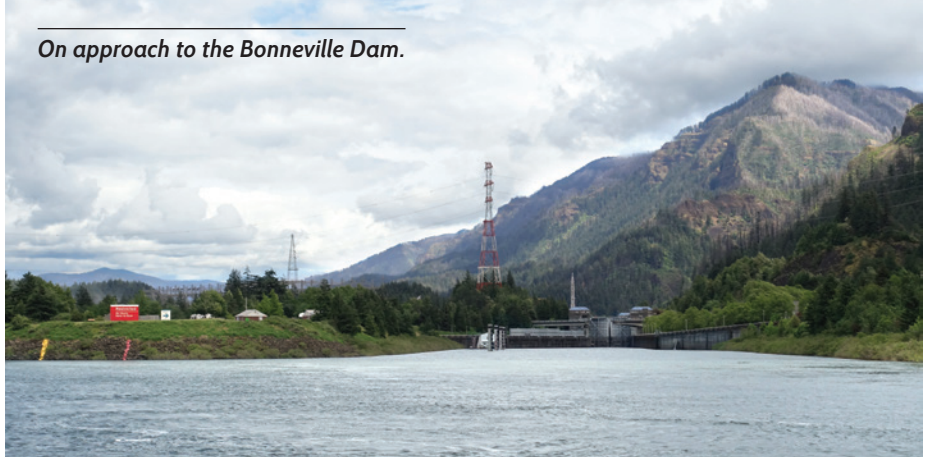
RAIN ON THE *FLYBRIDGE*

A JOURNEY WITH MY DAD FROM PORTLAND TO HOOD RIVER ABOARD LADY ANNE

by **Cameron Mcintyre**

I have been fortunate enough to have spent my life on, in, and around boats. My earliest memories are of sailing with family and friends. I vividly remember playing pirate as a child aboard our family's boat, *Ariel*. Today, when I am not sailing or boating, I dream of sailing or boating. Literally.

Over my lifetime, I have sailed and boated tens of thousands of miles, many of which have been with my dad. In early May, I was able to cast off once again on another father-and-son adventure, this time up the Columbia River in Oregon. My dad, Hugh, is 90 years old and can still operate a 50-foot motor yacht with confidence and precision, though he does require help getting the fenders up and down. Thankfully, I have been doing this since I was young, so together we make a good team. On this voyage, we were joined by longtime friend Scott Nordeng, who has been a dear shipmate for decades.



On approach to the Bonneville Dam.

My dad and I voyaged up the Columbia some years back, but this was a first for Scott. Our float plan took us from Hayden Island, Oregon, to Hood River and back, approximately 60 river miles each way. Dad's boat, *Lady Anne*, is a 48-foot Navigator, a popular make and design in the Pacific Northwest. Known for seaworthiness, comfort, and speed, *Lady Anne* has voyaged to Alaska and deep into the inner waters of Puget Sound. Our little cruise upriver is almost a footnote in her logbook.

The Columbia River is one of America's majestic waterways. Millions of years old, the Columbia has been a vital source of civilization for more than 10,000 years. Its grandeur and vitality have been a source of wonder and life. In 1792, Captain Robert Gray sailed into the river and named it for his ship, *Columbia Rediviva*. In 1805, the river famously led Lewis and Clark to the Pacific Ocean. Long before Western influence, the Columbia was sacred to Indigenous cultures. The



The steep walls of the Bonneville Lock.

river's great food source, salmon, is a First Food—a sacred gift to be honored, respected, and celebrated.

The 19th century brought Western commerce to the Columbia River. Fur trappers were followed by missionaries, Oregon Trail settlers, barges, steamboats, railroads, and soldiers. The waterway west became a civilization corridor, a transit route for food, people, and goods. Commerce grew along its shores, building communities and extending the reach of the nation. Today, the Columbia River is a hydroelectric superpower and a defining source of energy in the Pacific Northwest. On our present-day voyage, we'd see firsthand the natural wonder, the history, and the modern technology that together make the Columbia River what it is today.

Rivers bend. They twist and turn. They have shallows, they surge, and they flow. Rivers are more than waterways; their endless motion and nurturance conjure spiritual qualities that have captured human inspiration for eons. Literature, poems, and song have embraced the river's eminence and transcendence as a living being. *Free fall flow, river flow. On and on it goes...**

We cast off at a leisurely 9 a.m. and made way for the Glenn L. Jackson Memorial Bridge, which spans the river connecting greater Vancouver, Washington, and Portland, Oregon. The weather was cloudy and a bit chilly, with a threat of rain. On the flybridge, it was crisp but comfortable. Once under the bridge, we passed Government Island State Recreation Area, public land accessible only by boat, with moorage, hiking trails, and campsites.

Navigating a river takes a different skillset than navigating the open ocean. Traveling upriver, we were powering against the current, and it became necessary to keep a vigilant eye on the aids to navigation. Red and green buoys mark the channel where the water is deep. Outside the channel, the water can get shallow very quickly. The helmsman

needed to continually reference the charts and plan ahead for the next maneuver.

The Oregon side of the Columbia River is traced by the Vietnam Veterans Memorial Highway, a major transit hub and tourist byway with historic and natural sites along the way. Traveling by boat gave us the chance to pass these landmarks from a different view. Our first encounter was Rooster Rock, a basalt monolith that rises 120 feet from the river's edge. From the boat, Rooster Rock is striking. Towering over the water, the black pinnacle is framed by evergreen trees that accent its upward thrust and natural prominence.



Majestic Multnomah Falls is a sight to behold while passing by on the river.

Called "iwash" in Chinook, meaning penis, Rooster Rock was a campsite for Lewis and Clark on November 2, 1805. William Clark was not particularly descriptive in his journal, writing simply: "We encamped under a high projecting rock on the Lard Side."

Rooster Rock is far more impressive than a high projecting rock. Local businessman Victor Trevitt proposed the name Rooster Rock in 1854 so as not to offend the public. The surrounding area is now an Oregon state park, and perhaps ironically, the eastern end of the park is a clothing-optional beach; in fact, the first officially designated clothing-optional beach in the United States.

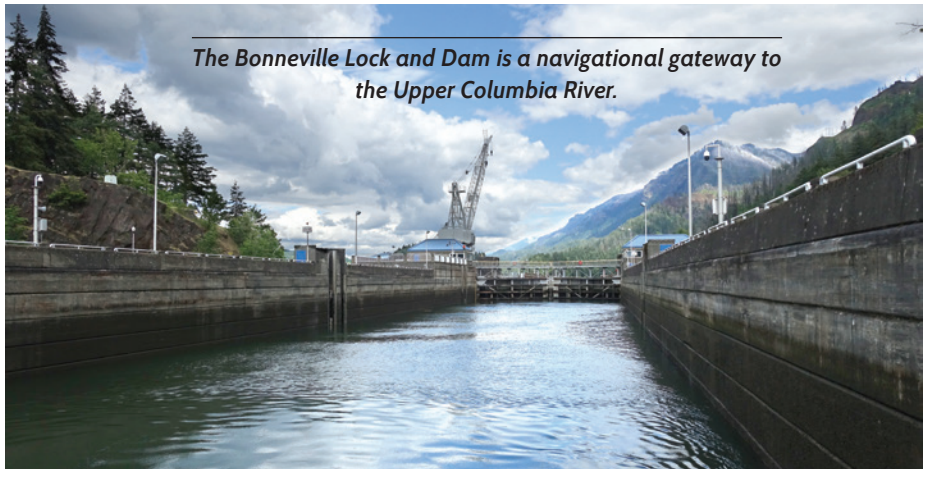
Two miles upriver from Rooster Rock is Bridal Veil Falls. There are several dramatic waterfalls along the Oregon edge of the river. Bridal Veil Falls drops 120 feet in two stages from underground springs on Larch Mountain. These springs are an ever-flowing watersource for the falls. In the early 1880s, timber was a successful industry along the Columbia, and the town of Bridal Veil was home to the Bridal Veil Falls Timber Company. Overuse of natural resources dried the water source, and the falls stopped. In 1937, the Kraft Company purchased the operations and, during World War II, manufactured wooden ammunition boxes. Today, the town of Bridal Veil is abandoned, with only a few old structures intact.

Another two miles upriver is Oregon's most famous waterfall, Multnomah Falls. Spectacularly visible from the decks of *Lady Anne*, Multnomah does not disappoint. As we passed, the clouds cleared just for a moment, the sun struck the falling water, and a brilliant shower of diamonds cascaded down the cliff face. Multnomah Falls is so famous it is Oregon's most visited natural attraction. Steeped in history, Meriwether Lewis wrote on October 30, 1805:

> *...passed Several places where the rocks projected into the river & have the appearance of having separated from the mountains and fallen into the river, small niches are formed in the banks below those projecting rocks which is common in this part of the river, Saw 4 Cascades caused by Small Streams falling from the mountains on the Lard.*

Like his companion, Lewis sells Multnomah short. Its prominence on the river is unmistakable. Formed more than 15,000 years ago, Multnomah also carries Native American history. One story tells of a young woman who sacrificed herself to the Great Spirit to save her village from a plague by jumping from the cliff. In her death, the water flowed, and her people were saved.

The falls began as a tourist attraction in 1915, with a trail built by the Progressive Business Men's Club of Portland. In 1925, Multnomah Falls Lodge was completed, and the grand cascade has been a destination ever since. River cruisers, however, will likely forego the shoreside experience as we did and admire from the water, since the closest transient moorage is a long way from the falls.



The Bonneville Lock and Dam is a navigational gateway to the Upper Columbia River.



The Bridge of the Gods spans the river at Cascade Locks.

As we continued eastward upriver, I operated the helm from the flybridge, keeping an eye out for channel markers and shallow water. Our next landmark was Bonneville Dam, eight miles from Multnomah Falls. Built beginning in 1933 during the Great Depression, the dam is a product of the New Deal and was the first lock-and-dam project on the Columbia River. A key source of hydroelectric power, as well as the site of a major fish hatchery, Bonneville is a navigational gateway to the upper Columbia River.

At Bonneville, we had to enter a lock, and Scott radioed the dam operator in advance of our arrival to identify our vessel and request entrance. We had to slow down and wait, as there was downriver traffic in the lock. This was our first encounter with barge traffic since leaving Portland. The Columbia navigation system includes the Snake River and runs 360 miles to Lewiston, Idaho. Barges carry approximately 5 million tons of cargo on the rivers annually.

With the barge traffic past us, we got the green light from the dam operator and carefully entered the lock gate. The lock gates are two enormous steel doors, each measuring 95 feet tall and 50 feet wide, at either end of what is essentially a giant box that fills with water. At almost 50 feet, *Lady Anne* is a fair-sized motor yacht, but in a lock designed to move 250-foot barges and their towboat, she is tiny. Once we secured the lines to the wall of the lock, Scott radioed the operator, and the filling process began. Forty-million gallons of water filled the lock in about 20 minutes. The filling and emptying process is gravity-fed and controlled by valves. We watched as *Lady Anne* rose to the top of the lock. Then we got another green light, with the go-ahead to continue upriver.

From Bonneville, we had roughly 22 miles to Hood River, but immediately upriver from the dam is the town of Cascade Locks. Long before Bonneville Dam, the rapids in this part of the river were a major navigational obstacle and, before Western settlement, a major source of salmon for Native peoples. In 1878, the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers began building the Cascade Canal and Locks to bypass the rapids, and the town grew around that work.

Of this area, our historical river guide William Clark wrote:

> *This Great Shute or falls is about ½ a mile, with the water of this great river Compressed within the Space of 150 paces in which there is great numbers of both large and Small rocks, water passing with great velocity forming & boiling in a most horriable manner, with a fall of about 20 feet.*

Today, the most striking feature in Cascade Locks is a bridge, and not just any bridge, but the Bridge of the Gods. Connecting Oregon and Washington, the 1,858-foot cantilever bridge rises 140 feet above the water and was built in 1926. As a modern bridge, the name is oversold. Its historical lineage, however, is centuries old, with roots in geology and mythology. Back in the 15th century, a tremendous landslide on the Washington side of the river temporarily dammed the Columbia. Klickitat oral tradition tells of a natural crossing, *Tanmahawis*, created by divine spirit—a place where one could cross the river "without getting your feet wet."

From Cascade Locks to Hood River, the river is known for very high and consistent winds. The area is a mecca for sailors, windsurfers, kiteboarders, and

On our present-day voyage, we'd see firsthand the natural wonder, the history, and the modern technology that together make the Columbia River what it is today.



Hood River is known for its strong winds and stunning views.

wing foilers, and the local conditions did not let us down... unfortunately. As we began our approach to Hood River, clouds developed to the west and a new cold wind blew strong. The entrance to Hood River Marina is shoal-choked, requiring a precise approach directly in line with the Hood River bridge. Making the navigation even more challenging, the local watersports enthusiasts were out in full force, buzzing from one side of the river to the other.

As we advanced toward the bridge and located the harbor entrance buoys, a hard rain began to fall. The wind intensified to more than 20 knots, and the rain was now coming down sideways. On the flybridge, the rain stung my face as I tried to pinpoint the channel markers. Not being familiar with the harbor, all hands on deck were looking for the guest dock. I had to circle around the small bay before we could confirm our mooring assignment. The rain was still pelting, and it might have been hail; I couldn't tell. One small miscalculation on the helm and *Lady Anne* could have been in trouble very quickly.

I turned the helm over to my dad and ran down to the side deck to help Scott with the dock lines and fenders. Dad made a broad turn to port to line up the starboard side with the dock and, thankfully, the wind was blowing us towards it instead of away. Still, if we carried too much speed, we'd risk a hard collision. With a steady hand on the throttles, he maneuvered us close enough so Scott could leap onto the dock. The deck was wet, the dock was wet, and it was hard to see through the sheeting rain. A simple misstep and Scott could end up between the boat and the dock.

Masterfully, Dad slid *Lady Anne* into position. Scott made his jump, and I threw the dock lines. A quick reverse on the throttles, and *Lady Anne* was sitting pretty with another story for the logbook.

After securing the lines, setting the fenders, and plugging into shore power, we all took a breath. While we were prepared for anything, we were not expecting all of that. We got out of our wet clothes and dried off in the cozy warmth of the salon. A quick glance at my watch and it is five o'clock—happy hour!

By about six, the clouds began to break and the sun peeked through the port salon windows. Cocktails in hand, we enjoyed a beautiful sunset over the Cascade Mountains.

**Yes the River Knows, Waiting for the Sun, Doors Music Company, LLC, 1968.*

***Cameron McIntyre** works as a narrative cartographer, tracing the contours of place through immersive, expeditionary prose and photography that merges the authenticity of a field journal with the resonance of a lyrical travelogue.*



Lady Anne *settled at the dock in Hood River after the trip up river.*



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On the cover of the inaugural issue in 1981, *48° North's* founders placed the now-familiar tagline: "Just like the wind... it's FREE!" All these years later, no-cost access to all of *48° North's* content remains a core principle. While our commitment to free access is unwavering, making this magazine is far from free; in fact, it's increasingly costly. On a month-to-month basis, *48° North* is made possible mainly thanks to our family of advertisers. (Our *heartfelt gratitude* goes out to these businesses. Please support them too!) But every once in a while, we ask readers like you to lend a hand!

If you enjoy *48° North*, if you love to see a new issue delivered to your home marina or local chandlery, if you feel like you're part of the *48° North* community—or you value what we do to support the community that you care about—please give! Every contribution counts. We cherish your belief in the work we do at least as much as the donation itself!

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Since 2018, *48° North* has operated as a division of the 501c3 non-profit Northwest Maritime. Ultimately, that means your contributions not only help *48° North*, but also power the hugely impactful work of Northwest Maritime in service of our mission: *to engage and educate people of all generations in traditional and contemporary maritime life, in a spirit of adventure and discovery*. From events like Race to Alaska and the Port Townsend Wooden Boat Festival, to experiential education opportunities for people of all ages—your gift to *48° North* helps sustain the important work of the entire organization.

So, as we turn the page on the first 45 years of *48° North* and set our heading for the next 45, we ask for your help. Whether or not you're able to contribute, thank you for being a part of *48° North*!

Humbly, and with gratitude,

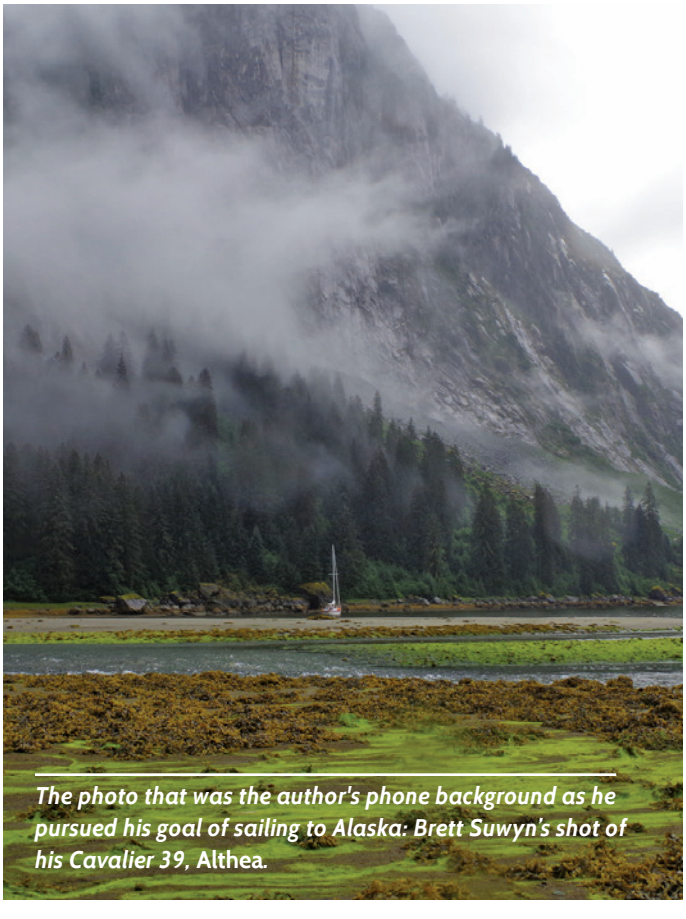
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HOW A $4,000 FIXER-UPPER *ALMOST* ENDED MY DREAM



A YEAR-LONG REFIT, A TRIP TO THE DUMP, AND STILL MAKING IT TO ALASKA



The photo that was the author's phone background as he pursued his goal of sailing to Alaska: Brett Suwyn's shot of his Cavalier 39, Althea.

by **Andrew Tomayko**

In the spring of 2017, after returning from my year-and-a-half long sailing trip to South America, I set my sights on higher latitudes. I had sold everything to my name for what was supposed to be a decade-spanning sailing and filmmaking expedition around the world as part of a three-person crew, known as Sea Change. After not quite two years, an adventure cruising up the Amazon River, and a series of unfortunate events, I was back in Portland with little to my name; just a camera and an unfinished dream.

I moved back in with my mom for a few months while I figured out how to get back on my feet. One night while I was curled up on the air mattress, I browsed photos of sailboats in Alaska. I had a longtime dream to sail there and, as I scrolled through photos of vessels anchored in unreal locations, one shot stood out: a sailboat anchored in front of a giant looming granite wall, covered in fog. I wanted that. I set that photo as the background on my phone and made the decision right then to dedicate everything to achieving that goal. I craved that feeling of true rugged wilderness. A sense of remoteness that only the Alaskan frontier could provide. I wanted fjords and glaciers and wildlife.

First, I needed a boat. My rationale seemed simple: I would buy a cheap boat with good bones that needed a little work that I could do by myself. I envisioned a boat small enough to trailer, so that I could do the work in my yard.

My dream felt closer than ever when I was lucky enough to land a job shooting featurette documentaries and save up a

bit of money. I had also found a new living situation in a small camper on my friend's land on the Long Beach Peninsula in Washington—a perfect place to work on the new boat.

Amidst this momentum, I made mistakes; the foremost of which was falling in love with the first boat I looked at. I didn't know much about what to look for when buying a boat. I had few criteria: heavy displacement, proven design, and a forgiving platform from which I could continue to learn. A 25-foot Cape Dory—tied up at the end of a questionable dock in a remote part of the Columbia River—fit the bill. She was a handsome boat with a good reputation for safe passagemaking. More importantly, she was in my price range, about $4,000. All I knew was that standing at her helm felt good and I wanted her.

I spent a few months sailing her up and down the Columbia River while I searched for a trailer. Sailboat trailers are incredibly expensive; most used ones I found online cost triple what I paid for the boat. One day, I was walking near my Mom's place and saw a small boat storage yard with a rusty old sailboat trailer behind the fence. I walked into the office and asked about it, and it turned out that the previous owner had abandoned it and they wanted it gone. I offered $20 to take it off their hands, and they accepted. I wasn't at all sure if the trailer would even hold the weight of the boat without breaking in half, but for $20 it seemed worth trying.

I took apart and greased all of the hubs, pumped up all the tires, slapped that thing behind my truck, and miraculously she held up over the three-hour drive out to Long Beach. After doing a few more calculations, fabricating new pads for the stands and



Cape Dory 25, Mounika.



The author bringing the boat west to Ilwaco to begin the refit.



Getting the trailer road and boat ready was a project in itself.



Hauling the boat and getting it home on the trailer was a moment of accomplishment.

the keel support, it was time to go get the boat. With my partner at the time, we made a three-day cruise from Portland out to Ilwaco on the little boat. On a cold but calm day, we made the final jump from Astoria to Ilwaco, right past the Columbia River Bar, which I would hopefully be crossing someday soon. It felt so exciting to be making progress toward my dream.

We dropped the mast and motored over to Ilwaco's incredible old boat lift—basically a huge wooden track with one side over the water, the other side over the parking lot. We positioned the boat over the straps and watched as they slowly lifted the boat out of the water, slid it on the track towards shore, and lowered it onto the trailer. As a new boat owner, it was an amazing process to behold. The lift operator was super accommodating and when the boat didn't fit perfectly, he used his sawzall to shorten two of the support stands on either side. He was under no obligation to help, and I still think about how cool it was of him to do so.

We did it! The boat was on the trailer, and the trailer was holding. It even survived the 20-minute drive back to the property. This was such a huge accomplishment for me. I was able to get this all done for a relatively low cost, and now I was ready to refit the boat. But I had no idea what I had just gotten myself into.

Any sense of triumph vanished as I started digging in the next day. The boat was in worse shape than I thought—her deck leaked, her portlights leaked, she needed new sails, a new head, new paint, new electronics, new everything. Not only did all the interior need to be rebuilt and systems replaced, but it turned out the bones weren't even that great. The hull was covered in blisters and the rudder was separating from the rudder stock. With so many points of intrusion, there was nothing stopping the water from saturating the deck core, which was completely rotten. This boat was in need of a ground-up rebuild. I felt so overwhelmed.

In these moments, while considering all that needed to be done, I just sat in the boat paralyzed by my own thoughts, staring off into the woods. I would fall down rabbit holes of analysis, deeper and deeper, until a whole day would pass and I hadn't accomplished a thing. But every time I pulled out my phone and saw that boat on my background, I would regain my composure and push on. I had to figure this out; I had to make it work.

I spent nights watching DIY YouTube videos like Boatworks Today and Sail Life to try to pick up any tips I could on fiberglass work. They all made it look so easy. I also made a friend in Portland, Wade, who was years into his own Cape Dory 25 refit. He was nice enough to offer lots of great advice.

Over the next weeks and months, I set up my workspace and built a large covered structure over the boat and a small shed where I could work out of the rain. I completely stripped the boat. Every wire, every hose, every deck fitting, and every piece of wood came off and either went into storage or got tossed. I started stripping the bottom paint, and eventually the gel coat. I dug out and filled all the old deck core. I had to dig a hole in the driveway to drop the rudder, which I was able to get welded locally. But the more I dug into the boat, the more issues I found. More work needed to be done, and more money needed to be spent. I was so incredibly in over my head.

One day that summer, when I was having a moment of analysis

paralysis, I was sitting in the cockpit in my head-to-toe hazmat suit, staring at the photo on my phone, when I closed my eyes and visualized myself at the helm of my boat, wind on my back, looking up at the snow-covered peaks of the fjord I was sailing through. Picturing the whale spouts around me, and dodging icebergs. That feeling is the thing that sustained me. I told myself, "I'm going to sail to Alaska no matter what it takes. I have to. I'm in too deep to give up now."

Through the summer, I continued to chip away at the project. Every morning after coffee, I put on my hazmat suit, full-face respirator and headphones so I could listen to audiobooks while I sanded. I did this every day for weeks and months. To *Moby Dick* and the *Count of Monte Cristo*, I sanded the entire boat from top to bottom. Glassed over the hull-to-deck joint, which was a big leaking point. I added structure and rigidity to the companionway hatch in case I ever needed to walk on it. I commissioned North Sails to make a new jib and triple-reef mainsail (which I sadly never got to use). My friend, Mike, and I drove all the way up from Los Angeles with his bandsaw in the back of his car so that we could remake all the wooden deck parts out of local Douglas fir. I was on a mission to get this thing done. But looking back, I had barely scratched the surface.

As winter rolled around, it became increasingly difficult to do epoxy work with the rain and humidity. I started focusing on things I could do inside. I made new interior cushions and worked on other small projects in my 8-by-8 shed. But after months of cold and wet, unable to make real progress under the tarp in my yard, I needed to do something drastic if I was going to have any chance to get this done.

It was now spring of 2020 and COVID had just hit in the States. I had booked a big film job down in California and was able to get down there to shoot it just before travel became restricted. That one job gave me a lot more financial flexibility, and I decided to put my earnings towards renting an indoor workspace back at the Port of Ilwaco. This way I could keep the space warm, dry, and clean and really get some things done.

The second day I had the boat in the workshop, I was continuing the dreaded sanding and fairing of the hull while listening to an audiobook. This time it was John Kretschmer's *Sailing a Serious Ocean*, which is about storm sailing tactics and other sea stories. I was listening to a chapter where he presents some considerations before buying a boat. He ends the chapter with this thought:

"*More cruising dreams are delayed and ultimately shattered by the false potential of saving money on the front end. Boats, even seemingly well put-together boats, are devious, and they can break your heart. Boats that need major retrofit can be downright evil. As you can tell, I am not a fan of large retrofit projects; I have never known one that was finished on time and on budget. If your desire is to get to sea, your time is too valuable to waste. Leave the boat building to the pros and find a boat that is ready to go.*"

John's sentiment hit me like a bag of bricks. I had spent over a year and many times the price of the boat trying to get it ready for Alaska. At this rate, it would take me many more years and unknowable costs before I was finished. I never wanted to refit a boat; I wanted to sail.

At that moment, I shut everything down, took off my respirator and suit, hooked the trailer up to the truck, and drove the boat to the dump.

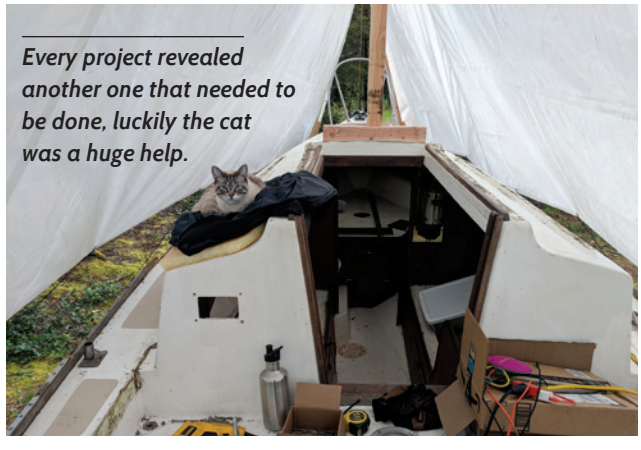
I didn't want to waste any more time on this project. Not even



The author's workspace with the refit in process.



Winter rains and colder temperatures limited work involving epoxy.



Every project revealed another one that needed to be done, luckily the cat was a huge help.



On only the second day in the indoor shop, the Cape Dory refit was over.



The author found a way to purchase the Westsail 32, Konami.



With pandemic restrictions, the voyage to Alaska was an offshore passage.

trying to sell her. She was a wreck anyway, completely stripped and every through-hull removed. I wanted it off my plate... now. I cried, with both sadness and relief, watching them grab the boat with the jaws of the excavator. Crunch, it ate through the boat like a chew toy. They held the boat as I drove the trailer out from under her. She slammed to the ground with an agonizing thud and was violently thrown into the pile of trash to be compacted.

It was over. Three years of effort down the drain. A friend tried to make me feel better by justifying it as boat school. He wasn't wrong; now I knew what to look for in my next boat.

Luckily, the port didn't make me pay for the two days I spent in the workspace, and I was even able to sell the trailer for $500. The money I had left would go towards a new boat that was ready to go.

About a month later, after weeding through dozens of boats, I fell into one that wasn't even on the market yet through a friend of a friend. Tied up at a small marina on Sauvie Island was a Westsail 32 called *Konami*. She was a huge upgrade from the Cape Dory. She had actual standing head room and felt like a real ship. And she had just returned from a four-year circumnavigation of the Pacific with her previous owners—a proven vessel that was ready to go. The only issue was that I couldn't afford her, but the sellers were willing to work with me on an owner-financed loan with low interest.

I took stewardship of *Konami* in May 2020, and I was ready to sail to Alaska by July. It was time to go. There was nothing left in my way but the North Pacific. The only problem was that because of the pandemic, Canada and the Inside Passage were functionally closed to recreational boating.

I wasn't going to let that stop me. I would sail non-stop from Astoria to Ketchikan via the outside of Vancouver Island if I had to. Between the prevailing northwesterlies and continental shelf making for dicey seas, it was far from an ideal option.

My buddy Chris, an experienced sailor from Long Island, was willing to brave the trip with me. Six days, 900 miles, and a passage's worth of stories later, we made it. If you had told me months earlier that I would sail my own boat to Alaska that summer, I would have thought you were bananas. I got to Alaska, just not in the way I had expected.

A few months later, sometime in late September, I was anchored in the incredible fjord of Ford's Terror. An area that is only accessible for a few minutes during high slack tide—it is the quintessential Alaskan backdrop. I was on shore, walking the edge of the large river that empties into the bay when I turned around and saw *Konami* at anchor, dwarfed by the looming granite cliff face behind her. At that moment, I realized I was standing in the exact spot from the photo I'd set as my phone background three years earlier. I'd done it.

Andrew Tomayko *is a sailor, filmmaker, and ABYC marine technician residing in Poulsbo, Washington. He sailed* Konami *to Alaska and south to Central America. A version of this story first appeared on his substack,* **andrewtomayko.substack.com**. *You can watch some of Andrew's incredible film work at his YouTube Channel:* ***@andrewtomayko****, where there's soon to be a video companion to this story.*

If you had told me just months earlier that I would sail my own boat to Alaska that summer, I would have thought you were bananas.



Konami *anchored in Ford's Terror, the location that had inspired the author to chase this dream several years earlier.*



BENETEAU *FIRST* 30

by **Joe Cline**

Few design debuts can boast the amount of buzz that Beneteau's new First 30 has garnered since its release in early 2025. I've been anxious to sail it since I saw the boat in person in Annapolis, Maryland last fall, and I'm happy to say I recently got out on one on a perfect October day in 10-15 knots of wind and golden autumn sunshine. It was a great sail on a boat that definitely wooed me (we woohoo-ed a bit as well, giving the asymmetrical kite a run). But I'm getting ahead of myself...

I think it's fair to say that part of the hype around the First 30 was brought on by all the claims of what the boat could (and honestly can) be. The initial design brief was for a high performance cruiser with a price-point goal of €100,000. Add to that value proposition performance attributes and anecdotes of its planing capabilities in barely any breeze. Plus, you can cruise it with your family! That's a lot of cake to have and eat it too.

For once, let me share my conclusion up front. That noise had me excited, and the boat is genuinely awesome to sail. But some of that marketing noise is... well, still noise. Beneteau has brought something amazing to market with the First 30. Even if it's not quite the superpowered sailing unicorn the prophets foretold, its enormous success is well-earned, its brilliant design nails a broadly-appealing equilibrium between ease and speed, and the boat is capable of things most other production "do it all" boats could only dream of. In short, it's a boat that suited me and my sailing style exceptionally well, and I loved it.

More than its individual appeal, the design philosophy resonates. What naval architect Samuel Manuard (of IMOCA and Class 40 fame) and the Beneteau First team were aiming for with this design appears to be a chance for more people to experience fast, exhilarating performance sailing without the technicality of a dedicated race boat or the trappings of a top team or extraordinary skills. They call it a "planing cruiser."

You can gather some context by exploring how its measurables fit the market. The First 30 has few very direct competitors, but its 6,700-pound displacement is a couple thousand pounds heavier than thoroughbred race boats in this size range, while being proportionately lighter for its size than the slightly bigger J/99 (2 feet longer and 1,700 pounds heavier); and quite a bit lighter than the preceding Beneteau First 30 released in the mid-aughts which displaced 8,267 pounds. Weight is a factor, but so is where it's placed. The new First 30's ballast-to-displacement ratio moves it much farther toward performance than its predecessor, with more of its overall weight in the 2,358-pound cast iron keel.

In three-dimensional life, the boat looks sleek and modern, without appearing experimental. For a boat with 6-foot standing headroom in the main salon, it retains a low-slung profile, with narrow coachroof window aesthetics reinforcing its zippy appearance. The package is well-proportioned and, while interior volume was certainly a priority, the boat also looks properly fast.

But seriously, how does it sail? I'd say beautifully, with a few unique characteristics befitting its goals. The sailplan is built around a double spreader rig supporting a powerful mainsail and a fractional high-aspect jib. The mast has a single adjustable backstay. Downwind, the spinnaker sets off a bowsprit just over three feet in length, supported by a bobstay that makes it Code Zero ready.

Upwind with breeze in the low-to-mid teens and wind waves of two to three feet, I quickly found the First 30 to feel like it was at the high end of the range for our sail set-up while also being completely in control. The boat seemed to be happiest sailing upwind at a fairly significant heel angle. The broad hull shape with chines aft and the twin rudder design support that idea offering stability, control, and speed when heeled.

The First 30s tiller-driven twin rudders are kind of a superpower, enabling a remarkably responsive driving experience even when rocked up. The helm has terrific feel and virtually unlimited control regardless of heel. This could be true for any twin rudder boat, but I've sailed a number of them, and I thought the First 30 executed the best combination of feel and control of any twin rudder set-up I've used. The rudders made it easy to drive the waves, which felt required because the hull's relatively flat and planing-oriented shape under the waterline risks a bit of slapping in chop if not driven attentively. A rounder, deeper bottom would handle a sea state more smoothly at the expense of planing facility. As I say in every one of these articles, all boat design is compromise. The driving experience was just plain fun, and we hadn't even gotten to the boat's specialties yet.

These upwind observations helped solidify my understanding of the First 30's sailing priorities. It is a boat that can be happily sailed by a crew, but it's

more optimized for shorthanded sailing. Upwind sailing shorthanded is always going to be a challenge, and the First 30's responses are to sail well with more heel and to manage power more through adjustments to sail area than in the nuances of trim and tune. Additionally, as we'll get to, the boat absolutely shined off the wind, and its upwind performance to me was admirable considering what I perceived to be some compromises on upwind prowess for the quality of the experience reaching and running.

Another signifier of its balanced focuses—shorthanded, off the breeze—is that the rigging clearly suggests First 30 sailors will only use the primary winches near the helm station for flying sails. The jib is rigged to the cabintop self-tailing winches and has a cleverly simple lead system with a floating up-down adjustment, allowing the lead to naturally move outboard as it is let up (both things you'd want in windier conditions), and conversely inboard and down for better shape in lighter air. The cabintop winches do a lot of heavy lifting, managing not only the jib sheets which do not have a cleat, but also the array of five clutches per side for halyards, reef lines, and other controls. I attempted some cross-sheeting adjustments, but some of the rigging there seemed to suggest a sailor would most likely be flying a Code Zero or spinnaker trimmed to the primaries more often than than the jib.

The deck layout is another point of praise. The increasingly popular set-up of an open cockpit aft of the traveler and bench seating ahead of it is my preference, and elegantly implemented here. The deck is generally free of clutter. The primary winches are roughly abeam of the traveler bar, thus easily trimmed by a helmsperson or a crew. There's a pair of robust and well-placed port and starboard foot-pushes on the cockpit sole near the helm, something you definitely want if sailing at high angles of heel.



After getting to know the boat upwind, we beared away in the northerly and headed over on a beam reach toward Point Jefferson. Sure enough, reaching at 8 knots with a much more moderate heel angle was an "ah-ha" moment. *This* was what this boat was built for, or at least part of it. Control and feel in the helm, the trim of both sails, the ride, and the speed. We were more comfortable, and more importantly it felt like the boat was more comfortable with what was being asked of it. Such an easy 8 knots on a 30-footer is noteworthy in itself. That's efficient speed for a comparatively small package with just main and jib in moderate conditions.

Ducking into the lee near Indianola to prep the kite in a little less breeze, we soon hoisted the masthead asymmetrical and the boat continued to excel. Broad reaching, we were so curious to see what it would be like. Would it plane in 10 knots like I'd heard? Our experience was no, not quite; it needed a little more than that. With wind in the 10-14 knot range, we reached hot and soaked lower and caught some great waves. We hit 10 knots and cheered. In the puffs, we were probably doing what J/70 sailors call "lazy planing", but I'd hesitate to say we were fully on the step. Still, it felt great, and again the rudders were brilliant. We felt absolutely free to push the boat hot and drive it down in a puff or on a wave with zero signs of compromised control. In all, the downwind experience was fabulous, and there's without a doubt more in the tank with another few knots of breeze.

The First 30 is all about the sailing experience, but remember that it is marketed as a planing *cruiser*. Indeed, all this analysis of the sailing experience needs to be balanced by the fact that the boat has a real cruising interior. In 30 feet, it's not expansive, but there's room for a couple both in the V-berth and in the aft cabin. There's a real marine head, a galley, and the salon is as cozy as it is functional.



Tankage and stowage will likely keep the itineraries condensed for most owners, but the possibility is there. I've always wanted a boat on which I could sail Van Isle 360 with a self-contained crew staying aboard for the two-week adventure. The First 30 would be ideal in that application.

Now, I should say, for all this incredible design consideration and execution on a boat that I'm a huge fan of, I was aware of some less-than-perfect cost-saving efforts. These things—small and sticky mainsail slugs, removable line bags that didn't stay attached very well—would be easy to adapt, but remind the user this is a boat for which affordability influenced some of the decisions.

In the end, the fact that everyone seems to be talking about the First 30 has its pros and its cons. Overall, it delivers, and it exceeded some of my expectations while showing a few others to be inflated by marine media ballyhoo. And it should be noted that while I still consider the boat to be an excellent value for a new boat of these capabilities, the initial budget goal proved impossible; asking prices are now roughly twice the original intent.

My advice to anyone interested in the First 30 is to quiet the noise and just think about all this boat can do, all it accomplishes, and how well it does those things. And then go sail it. After all the build-up, I was ready to love the First 30. And I did.

***Joe Cline** has been the Managing Editor of* 48° North *since 2014.*

Special thanks to Sam Airhart and Signature Yachts for taking us sailing.

MOORE 24 NATIONALS

SUCCESS AND SPECTACLE FOR THE 50th ANNIVERSARY



by **Alex Simanis**

Photo by Sharon Green.

When the 50th anniversary Moore 24 Nationals were announced, Moore stalwart, international pro sailor, and Santa Cruz native, Morgan Larson said, "Let's get 50 boats!" Until this year, the biggest assembly of the 156 hulls that were built was at the 30th anniversary in Santa Cruz, where there were 41 boats.

Work began to wrangle every boat and rattle every cage. This event was going to be "*the*" event of 2026. The Moore class board members made calls, boat owners guilted their compatriots, and Moore 24s started emerging from sheds and backyards that had not been seen in years. Boats traveled from as far as Charleston, South Carolina, to attend. As the event grew closer, it became increasingly possible that having 50 boats was achievable, and maybe more.

By the time Royal Vic's Swiftsure race took place Memorial Day Weekend, I was sailing aboard the Santa Cruz 52, *Rosebud*, with my good friend Mackenzie Cook. Mackenzie was one of the organizers for Moore Nationals and would be sailing hull #84. Somewhere on the Strait of Juan de Fuca, he mentioned that we were on track to have 75 boats, at least seven from the Pacific Northwest, and many more with PNW ties. I could not believe it. This was shaping up to be more than a championship regatta. It would be a spectacle, a reunion, and the fodder for incredible, lifelong memories.

If you have ever been to Santa Cruz Harbor, you will remember that it is very small and has only one crane. The Moore 24 volunteers and Santa Cruz Yacht Club set out to figure out how to deal with 75 boats and, equally complicated, 75 trailers. This was no small feat. Somehow, they were able to work with the harbor to move all of the boats out of the Santa Cruz dry storage yard and into every nook and cranny that could absorb a boat on a trailer. Every single Moore that arrived from out of town had a place in dry storage to rig their boats and store their trailers. Awesome community support!



The author helming Moore 24 #131, Safety Third, *to a top-ten finish. Photo by Sharon Green.*

Along with all of the boats and trailers, the shoreside events included dinners, drinks, parties for over 350 people—the organization and coordination of it all was as impressive as any sailing event I've attended. One of the clear highlights was having a "Moore 24 History and Lore" session led by the man himself, Ron Moore.

But of course, the real magic happened on the water. Held from September 24-27, 2026, the Nationals started off with the exhibition on Thursday evening. The exhibition race called for a 75-boat triangle-type race with a "rabbit start" where hull #0, *Summertime*—the Moore 24 prototype—was the rabbit. Helmed by Moore legend David Hodges, *Summertime* sailed across the line on port, opening the gate for all boats to cross the line in numerical order. For the most part, this went off without a hitch except for one boat tapping the rabbit.

Sailing aboard our boat, hull #131 *Safety Third*, we were a late starter. This allowed us to get right early, and round the top mark off of Steamer Lane in third place just behind *Summertime* and overlapped with hull #127 *Bruzer*. As we sailed the next leg of the exhibition race. It was so hard to concentrate, as all you could see behind us was colorful Moore 24s with bright spinnakers—reaching fast with poles on the headstays down to Mile Buoy.

The next leg was a harbor finish, where we stayed right there in third place just behind *Bruzer* and *Summertime*, who ended up winning the exhibition race as the rabbit!

Day one of the regatta promised to be a classic windy and wavy Santa Cruz day. Having won the 2025 Nationals on our boat down in Long Beach last year, I could not help but feel a bit nervous about trying to defend our title as we



Big wind, big waves, big fun. Santa Cruz did what Santa Cruz does!

Photo by Sharon Green.



Taking home the win in the fleet of 75, #125 Pegasus.

Photo by Sharon Green.

sailed out of the harbor in a light easterly. We waited an hour or so for the forecast 20-25 knot northwesterly to fill and, once it did, it was there to stay.

The race committee ran two practice starts on day one for the fleet and committee to make sure the Vakaros Race Sense system was all tuned up. On start three in 20-plus knots of breeze, race one was officially off.

This was a notable race for me, as we rounded the first top mark in fifth or sixth place, and we set off down the first run. The waves were big, and it was easy to pump the main and catch the next wave. About half way down the first run, I pumped the main hard, and everything went dead light as the boat took off down a big wave. As she started to nose into the wave in front of us, I lost a bit of balance, grabbed the mainsheet to sit back upright, and since there was no load, I started to do the slow-motion round up. With no lifelines on the boat, there is little to grab onto. Sitting to leeward down the run, I slowly rounded the boat up and fell into the water. I was able to hang on to the tiller and mainsheet with the boat laying on its side. I threw my sunglasses into the cockpit, swam around the back of the boat, and quickly climbed into the open transom. The spinnaker was still up, we pulled the pole back, and continued down the run, only losing a few spots. I spent the remainder of the day's additional two windy races, soaked. I think the adrenalin kept me relatively warm.

After we cleared the first bottom mark, all I could hear on the radio was calls about people who had fallen overboard. I was not the only one. In fact, over the event there were at least 20 people on the "Swim Team." The lack of lifelines is a unique characteristic of the class, but not without compromises!

Day two came with similar conditions. We sailed the first beat of the first race in the top end of the #1 genoa, switching to the #2 on the next beat, and then it was fully depowered #3 for the rest of the day.

The Moore 24 class always does a distance race for nationals and Saturday was the day. The committee fired off a course race, followed by a roughly 15 mile race up to a soft weather mark, then an epic run down to the Cement Ship mark off Capitola. Every wave was one to surf, and boats were regularly hitting 12-14 knots of boat speed. We rounded the bottom mark feeling good in the top 10, and began the beat back for the harbor finish. While in a great tacking dual up the kelp beds with hull #64, we noticed that we were the two boats farther right than the fleet. The finish was not off of the harbor as described in the course description sheet, but it was in fact back where we had started, nearly two miles west of the harbor. Many boats, including us, ended up severely overstanding the finish—it ended up being a very windy and wet reach into the finish, with our tails lightly between our legs. There were multiple protests for the finishing procedure on this race and the committee ended up giving the whole fleet redress, and an average of scores for the distance race. This was the only slight bobble by the RC.

Day three was just like the previous two days. The breeze filled in, and it was on for another two full races. The final run of the last race was worth the price of admission. With big wind and waves, you could make big gains on the run. We were able to pick three boats off on the final run. We linked five or six waves together and nailed a big breeze jibe to avoid, and nip, a starboard tacker right at the finish.

We finished the event with two reasonable results on day three. This resulted in a tenth place finish overall, which I feel massively proud of, especially with the exceptional depth of talent present. On a normal year in the Moore 24 Nationals, getting a good result is extremely difficult, as a large portion of this fleet has raced the boats for 20+ years. There are even a few original owners in the fleet, still racing very competitively. One to note is the team on hull #51, *Wet Spot*—they've been racing together since Mike O'Callaghan bought the boat new in the 70s.

I have been extremely fortunate to race in this fleet for about 20 years. Getting to show up to a Moore event is like coming to a family reunion. We all picked up right where we left off and there was lots of cheering for each other, high fives, and a great tradition of putting the winners—this year, hull #125 *Pegasus* skippered by Mark Christensen—in the water.

I am truly hopeful that this event boosts the fleet up even more, and it gets this fabulous class even more notoriety as the ULDB that can sail in anything. But wherever things goes from here with the Moore 24, all participants will surely look back on the 50th anniversary Nationals as an all-timer in every possible facet—racing and community, on the water and ashore—befitting of the remarkable history of this boat and its sailors.

I want to extend a massive thanks to all that made this event happen. Also, a shout out to the intrepid crew aboard our boat, *Safety Third*. The crew includes my wife, Elishia Van Luven, my business and boat partner Joe Grieser, and our other boat partner, Kurt Lahr. We all had an absolute ball, and look forward to the next epic event!

Full results: **moore24nationals.scyc.org**

THE *CASCADIA* SAILING TEAM EXPERIENCE



by **Joy Dalgren, Chris Wolfe,** *and* **Jen Morgan Glass**

There is a photo of our training boat, IC37 *Westerly*, from a December day last year that has taken on a little more meaning since we came home from New York Yacht Club's inaugural Women's International Championship held in Newport, Rhode Island on September 12-19. In the photo, we are sailing downwind toward a rainbow stretched across the water in front of us, almost like the downwind finish line we would eventually race toward in Newport. There are no boats ahead. Looking at it now, it is hard not to see a little of the race we would go on to win.

At the time, it was just a beautiful photo. Now, it feels pretty fitting.

For almost two years, Newport was somewhere out there in front of us. And between that December training day and finally getting there, an enormous amount of work went into closing the distance. Somewhere in all of that, we became a team. We started from scratch and there was a group of people willing to say, "Sure, let's do it." In retrospect, there was a certain amount of audacity in that.

And maybe that was exactly what it took.

THE TEAM WE BUILT

Cascadia Sailing started when founders Chris Wolfe and Joy Dahlgren each reached out to talented sailors they knew on either side of the border. A few others were involved early on, but ultimately realized the time commitment was more than they could take on. Eventually, we had eleven women from Washington and British Columbia who were fully on board.

We assumed we would need to choose ten sailors for the championship because of the crew weight limit. Then our tactician Jen Morgan Glass suggested that if we all worked a little on our weight, we could sail with all eleven, be close to the maximum crew weight, and have an extra set of hands to help with the demands of the boat.

Looking back, sailing with all eleven feels like an important part of our story. We came away from the championship feeling that our crew work was some of the best on the racecourse, and we believe that was a big part of what allowed us to put together the race we won.

Getting to the start line ready to compete was a huge accomplishment. Considering the geography, jobs, families, travel, health challenges, schedules, and almost two years of commitment involved, the fact that the crew stayed together may have been one of the least complicated parts of the campaign. That does not mean it was always easy.

By Safe Harbor (our practice regatta in early August), the championship was getting close and the pressure was becoming real. We had invested a huge amount of time, money, and energy into the campaign. We all cared deeply about doing well, and eleven people who care deeply do not always see things the same way. There were a lot of personalities. A lot of different ways of communicating and, of course, so many opinions. It could have completely unravelled, and to be honest, some of that tension inevitably surfaced.

Then, when the first gun went off for the Women's International Championship, something changed, we just had to make it work. We had to communicate. We had to trust each other. We had to recover quickly when something went wrong, because things inevitably will.

From that moment, it felt almost like there was a silent pact between us: whatever happened that week, we were going to come through it together. No one said it. We didn't need to.

We were well aware of the talent on the 19 other boats. Olympians. World champions. America's Cup sailors. Women who had competed at the highest levels of the sport. And we were lining up next to them.



Somewhere amidst all the effort of a competitive two-year campaign, the talented Cascadia sailors became a team.



Crossing the fishing line first on a race none of the eleven team members will ever forget.

On the racecourse, we needed to stay calm, race as hard as we could, and not let a mistake or moment of frustration follow us around the course. Inches were what mattered in a fleet this competitive. We compartmentalized, debriefed what we could between races, and talked through the bigger things at the end of each day so we could keep improving.

There were difficult races. There were mistakes. There were moments of frustration. There were also huge breakthroughs, and one race none of us will ever forget, where everything came together and we got the gun. Literally. We were handed the shotgun shell afterwards.

That race was one pretty wonderful piece of evidence of how far this slightly improbable team from the Pacific Northwest had come. But through all of it, the team stayed the team. That may sound like a small thing compared with the racing, but anyone who has been part of a competitive campaign with a big team knows it isn't. Team dynamics can derail an event just as quickly as anything that happens on the racecourse.

Cascadia somehow did the opposite. We continued to grow as a team right until the end.

When it was time to say goodbye in Newport, after everything we had asked of one another, people genuinely did not seem ready for it to be over.

Three Seattle teammates reunited at the PSSC small boat regatta the weekend after the championship, and four of the Victoria teammates were back on *Westerly* together for the Thermopylae Regatta only two weeks after the championship.

For eleven sailors from different sailing backgrounds, many of whom had never met, let alone sailed together, coming out the other side still wanting to be together says a lot about what we built together.

CASCADIA'S 12th!

The eleven of us may have been the ones on the boat, but Cascadia was never just eleven people.

Around us grew a much bigger team of people who believed in what we were trying to do and, again and again, found ways to help us get there. People shared knowledge that had taken them years to build. Coaches gave us their time. Sailors came out simply so we would have another boat to practice against, or stepped in when we were short on crew. Others opened their homes, donated, sponsored us, came to our events, followed along from afar, and kept asking how they could help.

Businesses backed us, with special thanks to Mustang Survival, Arntson Marine, and PYI. Yacht clubs supported us, especially Seattle Yacht Club and Royal Victoria Yacht Club. Friends and family tolerated an awful lot of conversation about an IC37 regatta taking place on the other side of the continent.

What made that support so meaningful was that people were willing to invest in Cascadia Sailing long before we had any proof of what it might become. They believed in the idea, in the team, and in the value of giving a group of women from across the Pacific Northwest the chance to take on something ambitious.

And then they kept showing up.

By the time we arrived in Newport, there were a lot of people invested in seeing us get to the starting line and do well, including a huge contingent of supporters who travelled all the way to Newport to cheer us on.

At that point, it no longer felt like eleven women had made it there. It felt like a whole community had. We simply would not have been able to do what we did without all of you.

WHAT COMES NEXT?

People started asking what comes next for Cascadia Sailing before we had even unpacked. Honestly, we don't know.

And for once, we are reasonably comfortable not having a plan. We are still decompressing from nearly two years when there was always another practice, another deadline, another fundraiser or another problem waiting to be solved. It seems worth spending a little time simply appreciating what has happened.

But after everything that went into creating Cascadia Sailing and this campaign, it is hard to imagine this is simply where it ends.

We built too many connections. We got too many people excited. We learned too much. And we had far too much fun. Only time will tell what the next version looks like. But we think there will be one.

For now, we can look back at our rainbow finish line and all the memories of the last two years and think: Look at what we did.

And maybe that is what we hope others take from the Cascadia story. Sometimes you just need enough audacity to start, and the willingness to figure it out along the way.

We certainly did not know exactly where this would lead when we began. We just knew it was worth finding out. And look where it took us.

J/105 NORTH AMERICAN CHAMPIONSHIP



Photo by Jan Anderson.

TOP CLASS COMPETITION, TOP CLASS CAMARADERIE

After decades of one-design fleet competition, cooperation, and community on Puget Sound, and years of committed volunteer planning, the J/105 North American Championship came to Seattle in mid-October 2026. Hosted by Corinthian Yacht Club of Seattle (CYC), The J/105 NAs drew 23 total teams, with visiting boats traveling from Texas and California combining with 15 teams representing the local fleet.

Over the course of four race days, the teams were tested with tight, tactical sailing in conditions that varied in many ways—there was a little rain and a lot of sun, more and less chop depending on the tide cycle, and racing in both southerly and northerly winds. The vast majority of the racing, however, was done in pretty flat water and moderate breeze typically ranging between 8 and 14 knots.

In the eyes of both the fleet and the club, the proceedings actually began the weekend before at CYC's Puget Sound Sailing Championship Big Boat regatta. With a light air day and a 20-plus-knot day, and all but one of the North Americans fleet on the water, the pre-event gave a window into the competition in wide-ranging conditions. It also let some of the teams iron out a few kinks—both with the boat handling, trim, and tune; but also with some of the fleet dynamics. Numerous sailors described "carnage" with multiple collisions and other challenges.

Not necessarily related to the prior weekend's peccadillos, worldwide Racing Rules authority and local legend, Dick Rose, gave a presentation to the fleet on the eve of the North Americans. One way or another, the racing in the actual championship event was extremely competitive and also very clean, with participants noting the high level of sportsmanship.

On the whole, the traveling teams, especially those from the San Francisco Bay fleet, showed their skill and experience with the boat. Rod Hearn of the Seattle-based *Jaded* team was the first to point out that the visiting teams had a significant advantage in upwind point, and the traveling teams "knew every gear of these boats and how to switch between them." It was often difficult for the Seattle teams to hold lanes. One of Seattle's most accomplished sailors, Dalton Bergan, was sailing with Mike Goldfarb's *War Canoe*, the top finishing local boat, and said "We definitely didn't quite have the height of some of the out of towners." Dalton



Randy Hecht's Niuhi *won their fourth J/105 North American Championship.*

Photo by Jan Anderson.



Starts in the fleet of 23 were tight, with the line fairly short and the pin often slightly favored. Photo by Jan Anderson.







Seattle showed it stuff as a championship venue, with solid racing breeze each day and stunning surroundings. Photo by Jan Anderson.



Clean air was scarce but critical, especially on the starboard tack layline to the windward mark. Photo by Jan Anderson.

described getting rolled after performing a bow-ahead lee-bow; he guessed they weren't among the five fastest boats on the water upwind.

As is often the case, the visiting sailors were effusive about the beauty of the sailing venue, appreciating the mountain views in every direction—though reportedly some of the Texans found the temperatures too chilly for their liking. Everyone was pleased to be able to score multiple races each day of the championship, and many shared *War Canoe* skipper Mike Goldfarb's sentiment when he said, "I thought the race management was super good." But the stunning surroundings and full slate of racing may not have been the most notable environmental factor for some competitors; that title might belong to the current on Saturday. With breeze waiting to develop until the late afternoon and significant current running, general recalls prompted the committee to fly Z and U Flags. A pair of brilliantly sailed Bay Area boats, *Ne*Ne* and *Arbitrage*, each caught an unfortunate Z flag scoring penalty. They finished third and fourth overall respectively, with those penalties in Race 8 being their highest scores for the regatta.

At the end of the weekend, Randy Hecht's *Niuhi* from San Francisco stood atop the podium to take home an impressive fourth J/105 North American Championship. Local sailors noted that *Niuhi* has sailed together as a team for more than five years, and that they were the picture of event-long consistency and savvy. They also finished strong under pressure, closing the regatta with a race win and a second-place finish. The locals on *War Canoe* were in it to the end and finished three points behind the winners, taking second overall. Dalton described a moment on a run during the last race when the winners, "surged ahead just enough to be able to jibe clear of us and we lost our pin, it was good racing." Mike Goldfarb praised, "Hats off to the *Niuhi* team. They're just fast as all get-out."

Numerous local boats whose finishing positions were deeper in the fleet than they might have hoped pointed out that they were still impressed by the local fleet's showing, while also learning a lot from the traveling teams. Locals were inspired to see firsthand some of the tools they can still develop to improve their J/105 sailing. Whatever the finishing position, no one was bummed, it was a conclusively great championship experience.

One performance to highlight was the team from Seattle Sailing Club (SSC) on *Puff*. Skippered by longtime class sailor, Stephen Summers—whose sailing and racing instruction touches most of the local teams—the *Puff* crew of Steve, four sailing club members and another SSC instructor finished 13th overall, an impressive 6th of the 15 local boats. They had new sails and Steve talked about needing four races to figure them out. Once they did, their scoreline in the final seven races placed them squarely in the top 10 boats for that stretch. Steve said to his team at their debrief on Sunday, "Do you know we didn't make any mistakes this whole regatta?" Numerous teams shouted-out Seattle Sailing Club as huge supporters and drivers of the J/105 fleet's momentum and enthusiasm. All seven of SSC's J/105s were sailing in the event, most with local owners and their crews, and a couple as charters for out-of-town teams.

From the front of the fleet to the back, the vibes were good on the water and even better ashore. When accepting the awards, the winners highlighted the incredible volunteerism and community effort that made this event possible, with the fleet showing up in a major way from long before the regatta through its awards ceremony. The camaraderie and sheer fun was evident every day, from shot skis on the dock to a truly packed CYC clubhouse.

By all accounts, the J/105 North American's was a smashing success. Taking the temperature among the local sailors, it's clear that the old trope of a championship regatta signaling the end of an era for a local fleet won't apply to the Seattle J/105s. The enthusiasm and commitment to one another seems higher than ever, and the level of excitement and inspiration about how the local crews might improve, travel more, and raise the collective tide is at least as thrilling as hosting a big championship. Congratulations and well done, everyone!

Full results at **www.2026j105northamericans.com**



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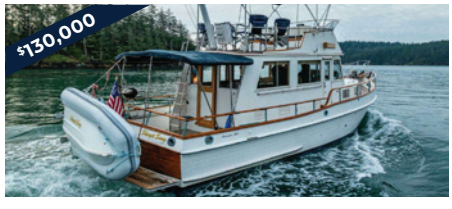
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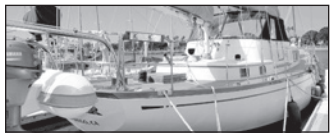
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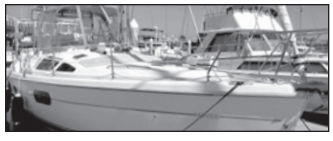
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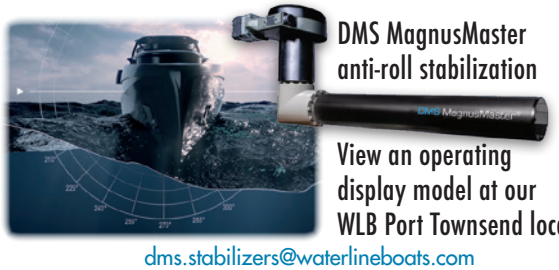

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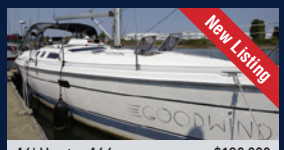
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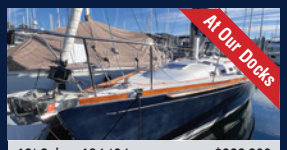
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41' Beneteau 411 '00 ..... $115,000



40' Beneteau Oceanis 40.1 '22 ... $369,000



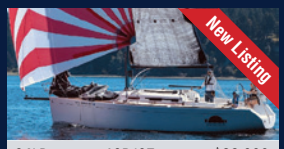
40' Island Packet 40 ..... $159,900



39' Beneteau 393 '07 ..... $122,500



37' Beneteau 37 '12 ..... $129,000



34' Beneteau 10R '07 ..... $89,000



34' Benetau Oceanis 34.1 '23 ... $239,000



34' Island Packet 349 '25 ..... $499,900



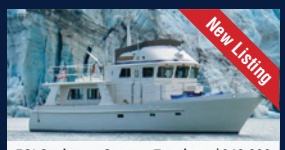
34' Bavaria Cruiser '21 ..... $189,000



30' Beneteau Oceanis 30.1 '23 ..... $174,900



28' Candella C-8 T Top '25 ..... $379,000



52' Seahorse Custom Trawler ... $349,900



Beneteau Swift Trawler '20 ..... $348,000

Aphrodite 101 32' '78 ..... $25,900
Beneteau 343 '07 ..... $74,900
Hunter 37.5 '90 ..... $54,900
Beneteau 38.1 '20 ..... Arriving
C&C 37/40+ '89 ..... $59,950

MORE LISTINGS/WHAT'S HAPPENING

Hunter 356 '02 ..... $69,900
Custom Cheoy Lee '62 ..... $289,000
Transpacific Eagle 53 '02 ..... $249,900
Beneteau 323 '04 ..... $59,000
Valiant 40 '83 ..... $134,950
Seascape 24 ..... Sold
Beneteau 30.1 '24 ..... Sold
Beneteau 323 ..... Sold
Hunter 38 ..... Sale Pending
Catalia 385 ..... Sold
Cabo Rico 38 ..... Sold
Beneteau 41 ..... Sale Pending
Catalina 42 ..... Sold

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IN STOCK - SALE! SAVE $65,716



NEW Jeanneau 380 #78981: $399,890

IN STOCK - SALE! SAVE $37,467



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NEW Jeanneau 415 #79978: $499,853

IN STOCK - SALE! SAVE $65,580



NEW Jeanneau 410 #79196: $489,867

CLEARANCE SALE! SAVE $118,657



NEW Jeanneau 440 #78982: $579,868

CLEARANCE SALE! SAVE $38,000



NEW LaMare Modern 11 #442: $349,866

ARRIVES DECEMBER! SAVE $52,274



West Coast Debut!
NEW Jeanneau 455 #80161: $724,629

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2007 Jeanneau 54DS • $278,500

SAVE $149,496



NEW Jeanneau 490 • $699,835

New Listing!



2014 Outbound 46 • $549,000

Reduced



2022 Bali 4.6 Catamaran • $894,500

New Listing!



2011 Jeanneau 44i • $179,000



1990 Jeanneau Sun Magic 44 • $97,500

Reduced



2021 Jeanneau 410 • $365,000

Reduced



2024 Jeanneau 380 • $349,000

Reduced



1984 Ohlson 38 • $65,000

New Listing!



2002 Nauticat 37 PH • $224,500

New Listing!



2010 Hunter 36 • $99,000



2001 Hunter 340 • $35,000

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53'	Spencer 53 '74	Reduced $75,000
50'	Beneteau 50 '97	....$119,950
47'	Jeanneau 469 '13	....SOLD
45'	Jeanneau SO 45 '06	....Sale Pending
45'	Beneteau 45 '15	....SOLD
44'	Jeanneau 440 '21	....SOLD
40'	Jeanneau 409 '14	....SOLD
37'	Tartan 3700 '00	....SOLD
36'	Sceptre 36 '80	....Sale Pending
35'	Jeanneau SO 35 '03	....SOLD
36'	Catalina 36 '07	....SOLD
35'	Catalina 355 '24	....SOLD
35'	Catalina 350 '04	....SOLD
35'	Jeanneau 349 '14,'16, '17, '22	....4 SOLD
34'	True North 34 OE NEW	...Clearance..$599,968
28'	XO DFNDR 9 NEW	..... Clearance..$379,984



Dan Krier



Dean Iwata



Bryan Rhodes



Todd Heckel



Don Smith



Jon Knowles