



The Nor'Sea27 Owners NewsLine

The Newsletter of Inspired Nor'Sea 27 boat owners.

Issue # 15

Oct, Nov, Dec 1998

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The end of a busy year for us all

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An end to 98, looking forward to 99 for the NewsLine

Hello Everybody!

Greg and I are back home after one week in the boatyard for some long delayed maintenance work and one week spent exploring the Bay for some much needed R&R. As we returned home it began to rain. A reminder to us that we are already seeing the change of season. Some of us will be winterizing our boats soon. This will be our last quarter of the newsletter for this year.

Have happy holidays see you next year.

Jill and Greg

BEEN THERE, DONE THAT!

Owners Report

Trailing Saga - Part IV

John & Carol Gignilliat, CHINOOK #175

We only had two more hours of driving until our next stop. It was all flat, easy driving, so we could relax. At least until we read the sign that warned, "LOW CLEARANCE AHEAD." Any vehicle higher than thirteen feet eight inches could not travel on the freeway and had to take an alternate route.

When we had tried to squeeze into our winter storage area, we had measured the archway at thirteen feet three inches. The bow pulpit had just grazed the plaster. By the time I figured we had five inches to spare, we were past the exit. I just hoped my memory was right and our tires weren't over inflated. Both Carol and I had visions of

sticking our bowsprit into an overpass and ripping Chinook right off the trailer, leaving her hard aground on I-94. Our first bridge was higher than fourteen feet, but at 45 miles per hour, it looked as if we were going to smash into it. Seeing all the broken and patched cement on the bottom of the bridge where other trucks had hit didn't add to our confidence. I sure hoped the Washington Department of highways had done their measuring accurately.

Sixty miles and five bridges later, we finally made it through the area and pulled into a rest stop outside of Spokane. We had taken the back seats out of Bananas and Oranges and put a twin size mattress in their place. To save money and to avoid having to negotiate parking off the interstate, we planned to sleep in the rest areas as much as possible. After we parked the truck, a retired couple pulling a large camping trailer invited us over for a cup of coffee. They both enjoyed fishing had had pulled large boats around the country. When I mentioned our problem of overheating, the man said to his wife, "Remember our experience of overheating coming through the mountains of California?" By the way she rolled her eyes, I think she remembered.

He proceeded to relate how he had used a coffee can to help cool his engine. The engine was running hot in the mountains, so he opened the hood, inserted the can, and tied the hood back down. The can kept the hood ajar so more cool air could flow around the engine. It worked well until the string broke, and the hood flew up. Thinking quickly, he hung his head out of the window to continue steering while his wife hung out the other window to find a spot to pull over. As we thanked them for the coffee and headed back to our Suburban, I made a mental note not to use the coffee can method to cool our engine.

We snuggled into our Suburban to get a good night's sleep. Tomorrow would be our biggest challenge yet. We were poised on the Montana-Idaho border on the panhandle of Idaho, a depressed mining area that had the worst roads of the entire trip. There was a twenty-five mile stretch towards the top of the pass where the freeway wasn't completed. It was only two lanes with construction.

We pulled out in the morning and headed for Idaho. It didn't take long for the road to get rough as we hit the construction zone. Soon the highway was down to two lanes with cement meridians on the left and black pipes marking the right side edge. Our steering was a little sloppy, so it took all my concentration to thread the needle. We were starting to climb. I prayed the engine wouldn't overheat, since there was nowhere to pull off and cool down. I couldn't take my eyes off the road long enough to look at the temperature gauge. I was tense but things would have to get better. At least that's what I thought until I saw the sign ahead. With a nervous laugh, I read aloud, "ROAD NARROWS - DANGEROUS CURVES."

"How can it get any narrower!" Carol exclaimed.

It was the most nerve-wracking stretch of driving I have ever done: mountain roads, two lanes, construction, and a seven percent grade. I constantly kept glancing in our two big side mirrors to help track the boat and trailer on the road. At least it kept my mind of the worry of an overheating engine.

What relief it was when we finally made it to the top. I'd found that the engine cooled faster if we kept driving down the mountain rather than stopping at the top. We had Buddie Bearings on the trailer, and I had been pumping them with grease. Our friends at the last rest area had warned us about over-greasing the bearings with surge brakes. If there is too much grease, the heat from the brakes can start the grease on fire. He had described his experience of driving down the mountains with flames shooting out from his trailer wheels....never a dull moment!

I could hardly wait until we got out of the mountains and onto flat ground. We still had Homestead Pass and the Continental Divide to negotiate. At least in Montana the interstate was completed and would have two lanes with pullovers.

We spent another night a rest stop and were up and dawn and ready to roll. The sky looked threatening in the west behind us. Since we left Cle Elum, we seemed to be staying just ahead of the weather...but this looked serious. As we got going, it seemed like the only clear sky was dead ahead. Out the back window and to either side were big, black, boiling storm clouds that looked like they meant business. We definitely did not want to get caught in another snowstorm. We had no desire to go through another experience like last winter. As we kept driving, we seemed to pull away from the storm. We later learned that we had been just one step ahead of a terrible spring storm that paralyzed the Rockies. I was thankful we had not laid over that first day out of Cle Elum.

By the evening we were through the worst of the mountains. We took it slow and, with plenty of pullovers, we stopped anytime the engine got hot. When we made it to the top of Homestead Pass, we cooled down in the rest area before beginning our descent. There was a large warning sign for truck drivers describing the dangers of failing

brakes and runaway trucks. It listed the number of recent fatalities. It also showed the location of various truck turnouts, something that looked like a launching ramp you were suppose to drive up if your brakes failed. Very cautiously we began our descent. I was still nervous about our surge brakes.

During the winter , I had seen another NorSea 27 for sale in the back of a sailing magazine. It was at a greatly reduced price. Out of curiosity, I called the number. The owner related a sad story. He had bought his boat unfinished and had spent the next three years completing it. One day, while rounding a curve, the boat had rolled off the trailer, cracking the hull and shattering the fiberglass. It was a near total loss. It was with that thought in my mind that I began negotiating the twisting and tortuous road down from Homestead pass.

We made it down the mountain and into the foothills with no incident. We pulled into a rest area for a well deserved break. We always walked around the rig to check everything out whenever we stopped.

As I was getting out the door, I heard Carol shout, "Hey, come take a look at this!"

I hurried back to the hitch where she was standing. The rear of the Suburban and the bow of Chinook were covered with a sticky yellow substance. With horror, I realized it was the brake fluid from the surge brakes on the trailer. The piece for the hitch that had been welded in Anancortes had broken loose and sliced our brake line in two. I whispered a prayer of thanks that we had made it through the mountains.

We looked at the map to find the next town, Montana, over seven hundred miles east to west, is one of the most barren, sparsely populated states in the U.S. Luck was with us though, as the town of Haden was only twenty miles up the road. We would have to drive very cautiously as the brakes on Bananas and Oranges would be the only thing stopping us as we made our way to a service station down the road.

I was glad we had credit cards, because we were at their mercy for repairs. The mechanic was just getting ready to leave for lunch, but when he heard of our plight, he dove into the job. Two hours later he had replaced the cut line, installed a new fitting, through-drilled a bolt to prevent the problem from recurring, and bled the brake fluid. I stared in disbelief when he handed me the bill. It came to a grand total of \$42.50!

I am sure the town of Haden doesn't get too many ocean cruising sailboats passing through. One woman couldn't control her curiosity. Your boat says Anacortes, Washington, your trailer is licensed in Montana, and your truck plates are from Wisconsin. Just exactly where are you from?"

"Wisconsin," I said with the confidence that we might actually make it there.

Next, we cut down through Wyoming and headed across South Dakota. There weren't any more mountains, but we still had plenty of up and down. I have never shifted an automatic transmission through the gears so much. We were ever alert for any sign of the engine overheating. I kept expecting the terrain to flatten out but even western Dakota had the Black Hills.

We were eating up the miles, gas station to gas station. In the mountains we were getting five miles per gallon, but now that we were on the open road we were up to six. We had a 40 gallon tank plus two six gallon Gerry jugs. This would get us more than two hundred miles before we had to look for another station. Every time I opened my wallet I tried to remind myself how much money we were saving on shipping.

We made it across south Dakota to the edge of Minnesota with no incident and decided to splurge on a night in a motel. We found one just off the freeway with enough space to park our rig. We were up early the next morning, rested, refreshed, and ready to go. We hoped this would be our last day on the road. It was our last day, but it was not to be easy.

Minnesota was in the grips of an unseasonal spring heat wave. As the temperature soared, our engine began overheating at the slightest incline. We tried stopping to let her cool down, but as soon as we started up again, the temperature would skyrocket. Finally, I tried turning the heater on full blast to help dissipate the heat. This did the trick. The only problem was that the inside of the Suburban turned into an oven. Rolling down the windows helped some, but then we had to contend with the road noise. Our huge mudder tires raised an awful racket. Also, since we were traveling twenty miles slower than the flow of traffic, there was a constant roar of trucks and cars passing us. The trucks were especially difficult. They would create a suction as they flew by. I had to fight with the steering wheel and my panic, to keep from losing control. It was exhausting driving, and I counted the miles and minutes to every rest area.

We finally crossed the Mississippi into Wisconsin. Home at last! Unfortunately it was Friday afternoon, and the rush hour week end traffic was fast and thick. After seeing one car every couple of hours in Montana and South Dakota,

the traffic was nerve wracking. But all things come to an end, and we finally saw the exit sign for our home town of Delafield.

It took one shot to back into our driveway. Carol and I looked at each other, shook hands, and both exclaimed, "WE MADE IT!"

EDITOR'S LOCKER

We just spent a week hauled out, Mr. Hess you are one GREAT designer! More on this in the next issue.

Jill & I got an E-Mail from Lon Zimmerman about a new magazine. It's called "Good Old Boat". With that type of name we decided to take a closer look at it. At this time it is VERY new and not even on the news stands! On there WEB site they tell how they started it "Let's create a magazine to unite the owners of cruising sailboats like ours: older boats, wonderful boats, well-loved, and frequently sailed boats. And so Good Old Boat magazine was born for sailors who own, maintain, sail, and love terrific boats which are 10, 20, 30, or more years old."

WE LIKE IT!

It's full of good information, almost no advertising, and the artwork is outstanding. If you get a chance I would recommend you take a look. You can contact them at:

Good Old Boat Magazine

7340 Niagara Lane North

Maple Grove, MN 55311-2655

phone: 612-420-8923 fax: 612-420-8921

email: karen@goodoldboat.com or jerry@goodoldboat.com

Or see them on the net at:

<http://www.goodoldboat.com/index.html>

Greg

BEEN THERE, DONE THAT!

Owners Report

Aialik Bay Alaska Cruise

By Lon Zimmerman

Aboard Ettle Dree

This is an account of the cruise aboard Ettle Dree to Aialik bay in the Kenai Fjords on June 12-15 .

Albert and Anne-Marie are parents of one my biology students. They had never been sailing before and were eager to try it out.

This summer Alaska has been a rainy and it was raining as we met Friday morning . They stowed gear in the aft cabin and then we went over the safety checklist. Our original plan was to sail to Thumb Cove and anchor there the first night. Since it was raining and no wind we decided to continue motoring toward the fjords and hope for better weather. We motored past Caines Head, Callisto Head and Bear Glacier in a steady drizzle. Anne-Marie was suffering a touch of sea sickness and retired to the main cabin through out most of the day.

The drizzle finally subsided as we came abreast of Porcupine Cove. A nice breeze could also be noticed . I showed Albert how to raise the sails and he took the helm under sail. Albert tacked us back and forth until we neared Aialik Cape. We motored around the cape and into Three Hole Bay. We dropped anchor in the southeast arm of Three Hole Bay , this is called Paradise Cove.

Anne-Marie was resurrected and helped make salad and soup for our supper. I had purchased some wonderful french bread from the Miller's Daughter, a bakery in Seward.

Albert and I rowed the dinghy around Paradise Cove and then we were all ready to call it a night.

Saturday morning I fried an omlette and served it with french bread and coffee. Albert was soon to be introduced to weighing the anchor. Ertle Dree is secured to the bottom with a CQR and 100 feet of chain. Albert was impressed with the effort to drag it up.

Humpback whales had been spouting quite often, but were very far off.

We sailed toward Holgate Arm and then motored up the arm to watch the glacier calving. The glacier rewarded us with ominous cracking and grinding and an occasional thunderous splash of ice.

We decided to anchor in Bear Cove Saturday night.

Sunday morning broke with beautiful blue skies . Breakfast and then weigh the anchor. Albert is getting very good at this. We began sailing away from Bear Cove when a humpback was sighted. This whale put on a truly impressive display. We simply stopped and photographed the beast for the better part of an hour. It breached and splashed it's flippers and waved it's tail. I have never seen a whale frolic like this one did.

The breeze was right down Aialik Bay so Albert and Anne-Marie got a chance to sail Ertle Dree on a run. We made wonderful time out past the cape. Then the wind shifted. I motored for a while the wind increased substantially . We probably were experiencing a strong breeze to a near gale. Winds seemed in excess of 20 knots , white foam crests, large waves and spray thrown over the dodger. The wind was on the nose so we motored toward Rugged Island.

After a long slow trek past Rugged Island we finally arrived at Thumb Cove .

I have made this same trip many times with many different people, yet I never seem to tire of the incredible beauty of Resurrection Bay and the marine wildlife. Albert and Anne-Marie said they shared that sentiment.

Lon Zimmerman
Eagle River, Alaska

Tech Tips

Ed. Note: I don't understand how I lost it on a 27 ft boat, but I did. If the person submitting the following will contact me I would like to give you the credit for an important tip!

Check the area where your prop shaft enters the flange on the transmission. It should have at least one set screw through the flange and bottoms into a dimple drilled into the shaft. One owner found his shaft had NOT been dimpled and found out about it by having his shaft back out of the flange.

This could make for a BAD day!

FOUNDERS FEATURE

By Dean Wixom

HEAVY WEATHER SAILING A NORSEA

The number one fear of every beginning voyager is storms at sea. Never mind that hundreds of boats are lost ashore for every one lost at sea; never mind that a sailor's reatest hazard is the daily dinghy trip. (The two times I have been

that close to dying have been in the dinghy - another story and time.) .

Would you believe that after 40,000 plus sea miles and nineteen years of sailing "Chinook" storm survival at sea is not even an issue? I may be seasick and wishing I were elsewhere but I won't be wet and I won't be scared. Properly (and easily) handled a Norsesea will comfortably weather anything the sea can throw at you in sensible latitudes and seasons.

Note I have said sea not land. Water is soft ; land is hard. If weather gets up and I do not have plenty of time to make a known and very safe harbor, I head out, not in.

That is not macho sailor talk! I have learned how easy it is to make a Nor'sea behave comfortably in heavy weather. Forget 99 % of the disaster stories you have read or heard. You can avoid all the mistakes that caused disasters (and deny revenue to magazines) by following Wixom's rules for comfort and safety in heavy weather. Its as easy as 1 - 2! (There are only two.) 1. Heave to when you first think about it. 2. Heave to on a parachute sea anchor when you first think about it.

All you need to know is contained in Lin and Larry Pardey's new book on storm sailing tactics. I prefer Lin and Larry's book to others because 1. They have actually been there. 2. They write of small boats with small crews. 3. They are not selling magazines.

So much of the sailing literature found in magazines is third hand, overly generalized, written by racers or just plain B.S. by a writer who was commissioned to write an article and did it by re-hashing old literature.

Think of this: most stories are written about people who FAILED in keeping their boats and bodies secure!!!

Remember all the press hoopla about the New Zealand -Tonga disasters? Not one boat who followed "The Pardey Way" came to harm. Not one. Those boats lost and rescued were all literally 180% out of phase with Lin and Larry's advice. After being a disciple-apostle of the Pardey way for twenty years my only fear of storms at sea is not being far enough out to sea.

The Pardey way has kept Lin and Larry (and me) safe, dry, and relatively comfortable through countless gales and hurricane force winds up to 100 knots. Indeed most of those times were spent with a day foredeck! I have used their advice innumerable times because it is so simple.

1. Reduce sail when you even think about it. Do not exhaust yourself fighting an over powered boat. If you are in a gale and going faster than 4 knots, your auto pilot won't steer well or if your'e heeled more than 30 degrees you are overpowered. Reef!!

2. Heave to when you even think about it. If the boat's motion is tiring, you are taking heavy spray aboard, or the cook can't stand at the galley,heave to !

3. Heave to on a parachute sea anchor when you even think about it , before it is difficult to go on deck. You can ride to a 'chute in a full gale more comfortably than if driving hard to weather against 25 knots. I am serious!

I am stunned at how few sailors know how to heave to. Numerous articles make it seem complicated , only because every boat heaves to differently. Next time I will talk about how to do it in a Norsesea.

As a bonus feature.....

NORSEA STORM SAILS

A look over Chinook's log reveals that 90% of her miles were spent in light airs, 8% were with reefed main and 2 % was under triple reefed main and staysail. A comparative few days were spent hove to in nineteen years.

What kind of storm sails should you carry? I am going to stick my neck out and say you could prudently sail the world carrying only a triple reefed main and storm jib for storm sails. Note that I am not saying "don't carry a storm trysail." I am saying I covered over 40,000 miles and never used it. Here's why.

The Norsesea has a powerful hull for a 27 footer, but it is a 27 footer. With a triple reefed main, (mandatory for voyaging), the Norsesea with a 7 oz range main will be knocked down before the main is in any danger of blowout or stretching. My 7 1/2 oz main still has good shape above the triple reef after uncounted miles triple reefed.

There are some disadvantages using a triple reef instead of a trysail. You still have a boom swinging about. I had the third reef put in at a bit of a diagonal so the boom was lifted to a safe level. On the other hand the triple reefed main is much more powerful to weather because it is hanked to the mast and boom and does not sag off to leeward. Some say the foot of the reefed main will scoop up water in high seas. In reality I have not found this to be a problem. When seas are that big I am hove to!

Storm jibs need not be excessively heavy. 7 1/2 oz-8oz will probably be your sailmaker's recommendation. Good reinforcement is more important than weight of cloth. Remember our 27 footer puts much less strain on a storm sail than a larger boat. No storm sail of any weight will live if allowed to flog even briefly.

If you choose to carry a storm trysail there is only one way to do it; permanently attached to a separate storm trysail track. Think of this: you are a boat with a small crew. On a racer, setting the trysail is done by a gang of gorillas while the offwatch sleeps. On our boat it is likely a one person job. It is blowing 50 knots and you want to change to a trysail. (you go below and drag out the trysail from <of course> some inaccessible locker. The accessible lockers are full off beer and munchies. Let's be real.) You drag it topside and secure it somewhere so it does not blow away. You lower and stow the main. You unbag the trysail without losing the bag. As it flogs wildly you put the slugs in the track with one hand while hoisting the halyard with the other. With your third hand, the one for yourself, you hang on to the boat. You affix the trysail sheet end block to wherever, this time one handed, and reeve the sheet through it, again one handed. You hoist the flogging trysail. However with no main up the boat isn't headed into the wind and the sail track slugs bind.

All this time the boat has been lying beam-to the seas because there is no main up. At 50 knots of wind you are in 20 foot seas hitting you beam on.

After you have finished this drill (or it has finished you; I've had it take two hours) you will pay ten times the going rate for a permanent trysail hooked on a dedicated track.

As for me I'll leave the triple reefed main up and heave to. There is very little pressure on the sail and no flogging.

One last word. The Norsesea runs downwind in heavy weather better than any vessel I have ever experienced, thanks to the canoe stern and more importantly, the cutaway forefoot. I once picked up a hellacious Norther and made a downwind run from the Abacos to St. Thomas in 6+ days, a record of some sort, I'm sure. I was on my way to meet my wife to be

and in a bit of a hurry! The autopilot steered all the way and the Norsesea showed no hint of a tendency to broach running with 40 knots and 20 foot seas.

Still I do not advise running before the wind as a storm tactic. Too many stories are heard of boats running just fine and then broached and knocked down by an errant wave. Be safe, heave to, and enjoy a hot toddy and a good book.

FAIR WINDS !!!

Next Issue..... Heaving-to on a Nor'Sea... Ed.

OWNERS INQUIRE**Q:**

Bill Koene (Hull #292) has asked if anyone is planning to visit the Bahamas after 1 January 99. If so, please contact him at (908)689-7514. He would like to buddy-boat with another Nor'Sea.

Q:

Kerry Teeple... I have owned "Emerald", Nor'Sea 27, Hull # 8 for 20 years. But, could still use some help.

The immediate problem is the engine... a Farymann 9 HP original which is now 22 years old, tired, and no longer faithful. What I am interested in is repowering the boat. The two engines which seem best suited are the Universal M3-20B three banger and the Westerbeke 20B two banger. If anyone out there has repowered their boat, I would love to get in touch with them.

Regards, Kerry J. Teeple,
1475 Fortuna Ave.,
San Diego, CA 92109.
e-mail = kerryt@hotmail.com

**POINTS BEYOND
NEWS FROM NO NEWS****By Gale and Nancy Saint
Aboard "No News"**

Wednesday, August 26, 1998

Currently, we are tied up to the south wall of lock 24 on the Erie Canal at Baldwinville, NY, which is quite near Syracuse. We have enjoyed a dinner on the boat, which included corn bread that I made in my new propane oven. The boat originally had a Compressed Natural Gas (CNG) stove, but CNG is exceedingly hard to find, so the trend is to switch to propane. Since propane is heavier than air, we had to mount the tanks on the back rail of the boat and also install a special sniffer to detect any propane that might have leaked into the boat.

At our stop at Dunkirk, NY, we met other Nor'Sea owners, Joe & Betsy Butera, who helped us structure and install the stove and propane system. Gale had decided to install the sensor later, and on the first try, was not successful. He thought it was a bad unit, but after talking with another sailor who had installed the same sensor, he learned that the instructions were not very clear and he was able to give Gale some good tips.

Lake Erie had some delightful stops for us. The first area was the Bass Islands group near Sandusky. We had raced out of Put In Bay about 10 years ago with Dave & Judy Boyer, from Champaign, and they were able to spend the weekend with us once more. There are moorings in the harbor that you tie on to and they provide a water taxi to get you over to all the pubs and shops. The museum and the Perry monument were an inspiration for Gale's research on

his grandfather's connection to Admiral Perry and the War of 1812.

The people that we meet along the way make the journey so very enjoyable. At Huron, Ohio, they were able to make room for our 27' NO NEWS in their crowded harbor and then let us use their car to get the to the laundry and grocery store. Erie, PA was a great stop also, with a facinating museum covering more about the battle on Lake Erie and was supposed to include a tour of the replica of the Niagra, Perry's ship. Unfortunately for us, the ship was in Chicago at the time. We remember passing several tall ships in Lake Huron as we were heading south and they were heading around the straits of Macinaw to Chicago.

We had our mast taken down at the Buffalo Yacht Club and then carefully tied it on deck in preparation for the Erie Canal with its many lift bridges and 35 locks. Many of the small towns along the western portion of the canal have improved their dock area and provide free electricity and water for yachts like us, traversing the canal.

The canal will eventually take us to Troy, NY and then we will sail down the Hudson River to NYC. With the current reports about hurricane Bonnie, we are not in a big hurry to get to the salt water. We hope to keep you informed about our whereabouts.

Gale & Nancy Saint

WELCOME NEW OWNERS

Jay and Linda Hall Recently purchased hull no. 357 from Pat and Sharon Blaylock. The boat has been recommissioned as "Beowulf". and is an aft cockpit.

Jay and Linda Hall
2301 Armada Way
San Mateo, CA 94404
Home tel: 650-574-3958
e-mail: JHall53303@aol.com

Dr. Mark R. Wolmer Recently purchased hull number 1 of the Nor'Sea 26 Pilothouse.
We didn't even know there was one!

Ken Marcuse - Kenneth634@aol.com
Fatima Marcuse - FatimaRM@aol.com
Nor'Sea Hull # 298, KINSHIP
Hailing Port: Vinalhaven, Maine

* Item removed at request of owner.
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Could you please answer the following questions and return them to us as soon as you can?

CAUTION!

If we do not get any type of reply (US Post or E-mail) we will assume this copy of the NewsLine went into the deep blue sea, and the address it was sent to will be removed from our active mailing list.

Do you still wish to receive the NewsLine?..... Y N

Do you get more than one copy?..... Y N

If so, at what address? _____

Would you be willing to get the NewsLine by the Internet? Y N

If yes, Would you prefer to get the copy by E-mail..... Y N

or, would you prefer to be notified by E-mail that

a new issue is ready for viewing and given the site to go to?..... Y N

If by the Internet, what EXACT E-Mail address would you like the notification that a new version is on a web site and ready to view? Or, if by E-mail, it should be mailed to (please print):

What areas of the newsletter are you most interested in? Please use the scale of 1 to 10, 10 as the highest.

Area of NewsLine Importance Area of NewsLine Importance

Been There, Done That _____	Diesel Digest _____
Editor _____	Equipment For Sale _____
Factory Comments _____	Founders Feature _____
Galley Gourmet _____	New Products/Solutions _____
Owners Inquire _____	Owners Reply _____
Upgrades _____	Tech Tips _____

If we publish the NewsLine on a web site, may we include your E-Mail address so others interested in the Nor'Sea can contact you?..... Y N

If someone is interested in information on a Nor'Sea and contacts us by phone, can we give out your phone number so they may contact you..... Y N

What are your plans for your Nor'Sea (Circle all that apply)

Weekend play, Local cruising, Coastal cruising, Coastal for more that 2 months at a time, Offshore cruising, Plan to depart Within 5 years, 5 to 10 Years, after 10 years

Is there anything you would like to tell us? What could we do to improve this NewsLine? Please write us a note! And, as always, send in those stories!

Please print this page from the NewsLine, seal it in an envelope, slap a stamp on it and send it sailing back to us.

By the way, as you are sending this to us, please, think back to the last time you made a denotation to help fund the NewsLine. If you can't remember when that was, PLEASE consider including a few dollars to help us keep this

going out to all the owners of a GREAT boat.

We will publish the results of the survey in the next issue of the NewsLine.
Any comments you would like to add?

Thanks for the help! Ed.

EQUIPMENT FOR SALE

Clyde Sanda has a trailer for a Nor'Sea for sale. You can contact him at (530)543-1336

Seen in the recent issue of soundings, 5 Nor'Seas for sale. 2 each 1993 for \$72,500 & \$59,900, 2 each 1990 for \$59,900, 1 each 1980 at \$46,000.

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