



The Nor'Sea27 Owners NewsLine

The Newsletter of Inspired Nor'Sea 27 boat owners.

Issue # 22

Jul., Aug., Sep. 2000

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ANOTHER CIRCUMNAVIGATION

Ed: We just got word that another Nor'Sea has just completed a circumnavigation. The boat is in Florida and up for sale. We will pass on more information as soon as we can get it.

LYLE HESS

Annual Rendezvous

The Third Annual

Lyle Hess Tribute Rendezvous,
San Francisco Bay! July 21-23, 2000

Mark Your Calendar and Plan to Attend!

(Note the change of venue... We will be in Richmond)

The 2000 Lyle Hess Tribute Rendezvous will be on San Francisco Bay at Marina Bay in Richmond, the weekend of July 21, 22, and 23. Marina Bay is located at the foot of Marina Way South (1340 Marina Way South) in Richmond. So make plans to attend (with or without your boat).

There are at least three boats (Bristol Channel Cutters) planing to sail up from southern California and I have heard that the Nor'Sea 27 fleet of San Francisco Bay will be represented. In addition, it is our hope that more trailerable Lyle Hess designs (Balboa 20, Balboa 26, Montgomery 17, Ensenada 20, Montgomery 25, etc.) will be joining us.

There is no registration fee, but skippers should plan to pay for their berth (\$0.50 a foot). Since there is plenty of space, advance deposits will not be necessary but it is important that you let us know if you will be attending, and if you will be bringing your boat. Be sure to include your boat's name, model, length, etc. I will supply the marina with a list of boats and names so they will know who to expect. Slips are on a first come, first served basis so make plans to come to San Francisco Bay. We want you there, even if you have to leave your boat at home (there are hotels

nearby).

Lastly, please be sure to pass this message along to others. See you on San Francisco Bay!

Cliff Unruh

SEE: <http://www.mobynet.com/~cunruh/rendezvous.htm>
on the internet for the full story with maps and info about past tributes!

BEEN THERE, DONE THAT!

Owners Report
Nor'Sea Fest 2000
By Gary Campbell

Nor'Sea Folks,

Thanks to everyone for making the Nor'Sea Fest 2000 a success!

We had six boats open for the Crawl (see Boat & People Names below). All of us got new ideas for our Nor'Seas.

At the Pre-dinner meeting several candidate locations were proposed for Sail-outs. I have listed them below with a Point of Contact for each cruise. If there are other sailouts planned, copy them to the distribution list for this email. The more the merrier. Greg Delezynski is looking for an editor to take over the National Nor'Sea 27 NewsLine so that he and Jill can go cruising. Anyone interested?

We had over 25 people for dinner Saturday night. After dinner, the party seemed to break up into several small parties where we could continue trading stories. The party resumed Sunday morning. After breakfast it seemed to take about ten people to handle lines for the two boats that sailed out.

It was a good party. We should do it again next year!

[Take a look at some of the photos](#)

GaryC
WINGS

Boat Crawl:

Beowulf #357, Read & Zoe Harrison
Kalolina #16, Jeff & Lynn Bond
Magic Flute #97, Martin Lane-Smith
Mirage, Nick & Sandi Meyer
Neverland, Naf & Lior Furman
WINGS #95, Gary Campbell

Fest Folks:

Greg & Jill Delezynski, Guenevere #80
 Bob Loiacono, Nexterly Winds #28
 Bill, Diane & Tieg Oney, Wister II #91
 Ron Stonewall, Gybe-Ho! #306
 Mort Meiers, Blue Moon
 George, Georgie & Stephen Marcotte, Sea of Tranquility
 John Zimbaro, Poco Anitra #132
 Bob Eeg
 Sharon Nevius
 Craig & Pam McAllister
 Glenn & Rose Steiner
 Kirk & Tamy McAnsh

Proposed Sail-outs:

Aquatic Park, Fourth of July - Greg Delezynski,
 g-j-delezynski@worldnet.att.net
 Half Moon Bay, Labor Day - George Marcotte, gmarcotte@hotmail.com
 Treasure Island, Angel Island, TBD . . . ?

BEEN THERE, DONE THAT!

Owners Report
 Freya's Frolicking Adventures
 Westward Ho, Part II
 Bora bora to niue

Kai orana (greetings in Cook Island Maori)

Up to now, all our inter island trips have been 1 to 4 night passages. The next trip, would be slightly longer, but the forecast looked good and the first 2 days were idealic, ahh another dream passage. The next evening the nightmare began. A convergence zone was directly ahead of us. This means, squalls, and lightening storms. I enjoyed lightening, until I bought a boat.

Freya was moving right along and the lightening clouds seemed to be behind us. It was so pitch black that I could not see the bow of the boat, then FLASH, everything was clearly illuminated. I jumped, luckily not into the water, and watched as more lightening moved by. The flashes stayed in the clouds, and therefore were not particularly dangerous. Evenso, we stored our spare VHF radio and GPS in an aluminium lined, water proof case, and then put it in a protected metal bin.

My watch ended, and I mercifully went to lie down. The motor was running due to little wind, and as it purred and settled me to sleep another flash lit up the entire cabin. Then the thunder came with a loud BOOM. Another flash, more thunder, and I just lied there with nothing to do. I finally fell asleep as the lightening drifted away and the booming ceased. I later learned that Doug had kept the motor running to drown out the noise of the thunder-nice try.

The sun came up and the lightening storm left. Now we had 25 knots of headwinds. This means bashing into the wind and waves, and feeling like you are breaking a speed record but really going nowhere. By 4 pm we hove to, made a decent meal and got some rest. We bashed again all the next day, and by the following morning we made landfall.

The one thing that made the trip enjoyable, was that misery loves company. We were able to listen to Jamala on the SSB and we spoke to S/V Mavoureen by VHF. The 3 boats were all quite happy to pull onto Avarua Harbour, of Raotonga, Cook Islands.

We kept hearing that the South Pacific gets better when you leave French Polynesia. We kept thinking, how? After Raotonga, we know. The people are friendlier, everything is cheeper, and for those of us who's main language is english, we can better communicate with the local people.

The Cook Islanders are beautiful, friendly people. They are Maori, relatives of the New Zealand Maoris and speak their own Maori dielect. Their traditional dance is more powerful ,especially the mens, than the tahitian dance. Tangaroa is their ancestors main god. The god of fishing, fertility, harvest, etc. Today most of the islanders are Christians. We attended the Cook Island Christian Church on Sunday. The singing was delightful. Wheather it was the choir or the whole congregation, their vioces were spectacular, and all in accapello. We were even invited for tea after the service.

Rarotonga was really a treat for us. We enjoyed eating out, our daily icecream cone, and going to the local cinama. We even saw Star Wars Episode 1! We went out for the locally brewed, Cook Island beer, and dancing.

Town life was great but we also enjoyed the islands wilderness. A large group of us cruisers set out on the cross island trek. It was a great hike across the island. Half way on our trek we stopped at the Ta Rua Manga, the needle, a tall rock pillar sticking strait out of the islands center. With the aid of rope and chain we climbed part way up the rock and could look down on both shores of the island. The climb down through the valley led us along a river and under ferns the size of trees. At the bottom was Wigamore waterfall, a quaint grocery store and cold beer.

The Saturday morning Avatiu Market was filled with lovely fresh friut and vegetables, and herbs. There were craft stands, curried chicken and rice, cotten candy, and even snow cones. Doug made friends with a local oyster shell carver and they shared ideas and designs for future jewelry pieces. After 2 weeks, 5 movies, and at least one icecream a day, we were ready to depart for Niue.

After our last passage I was not looking forward to this one. The first 2 days were ok, and by the third day we had an increase in wind. Then came the weather forecast, 20-25 knots of wind for the next 2 days and then increasing to 30. All down the area we were sailing in.

Day 4, We broke out the trisail and have rigged it incase we need it latter. Meanwhile the jib came down and the storm jib went up. We have enough sail to keep us going and to keep the boat steady. The seas are 3 meters and the wind is whistling through the rigging. We are nestled down below, and every 15 minutes we poke a head up to check our progress and to look for other boats. We could both use a shower, and cooking is an acrobatic feat., but we are safe. We are sailing towards our destination, on a fine yacht, and with a monitor streering our course. I have great confidence in both of them for they have proven themselves again and

again.

The next 2 days brought winds of 35 knots and the evenings brought winds up to 40, and 4 meter seas. At night I could just make out the glow of the breaking waves and foam. Then the illuminescence washing over the deck. Squalls came through with driving rain, and left with poor visability in their wake. We rarely saw the sun or the stars, and the moon was only a faint glow behind the dark clouds. We knew we would find relief in the lee of Niue Island, but we also knew it was too deep to anchor and there were no mooring bouys available.

After our 6th day at sea we arrived at Niue. The wind was still gusting but the swell seemed nonexistant. Friends hailed us on the radio and S/V Balmacara let us raft up to them. We were settled, at least for a few hours.

Our friends came by and insisted that we stay. We were not looking forward to anchoring in 100 feet of water, but Jamala needed to anchor too. We helped eachother out and after 6 hours of scouting out a spot and getting our anchors down, we were once again settled. Luckily we both got on to mooring balls 2 days later.

We were both glad that we decided to stay, for Niue is a gem in the south pacific. Although protected and politically affiliated with New Zealand, Niue is it's own country. Less than 2000 people live on the island, and they are related to the Somans and Tongans, but have their own language and culture.

Faka lofa Atu, is greetings in Niuean. The island is one of the largest raised coral islands in the South Pacific. Due to no rivers, Niue, has increadable clear and beautiful waters. Thus it is great for snorkeling. Just out in the anchorage were sea snakes, turtles, and whales. Sometimes, at night, you can hear the whales singing.

A group of us rented a car and drove around the island to visit a few of the spectacular sites. Our first stop was at Limu Pools. Butterflys fluttered up and down the path that lead to the pools. Name a color and it was either represented in the coral or in the fish. You didn't even need to get into the water to see the beauty.

Our next stop was Matupa Chasam. A narrow chasam with high walls that lead out into the sea. The narrow sea chasam was once used as a bathing place for the royals.

Next on the agenda was Talava Arches. A short hike over a coraly trail lead us to a limestone cave. We ducked in and were amazrd by the caverns channels and long stalagtites dripping from the ceiling. There were also stalagmites which rose up from the cave's floor. From the opening we could see the arches, and the waves crashing beneath them. A small chasam in the reef was just right for snorkling so Doug slipped in and got even deeper into the senery.

We continued to drive around the island, but stopped for a walk out to Togo Chasam. We started off into the forest and after a kilometer or so we came to a landscape that belonged on another planet. Short pillars of old coral stood as far as the eye could see and leading out to the crashing surf. We wound our way around these coral giants untill we found the chasam, and a steep fixed ladder leading down to the sandy floor. The fisher was filled with fallen boulders and a few palm trees. There was also a small cave which lead out to the ocean and a beautiful coral bridge linking large masses of coral. As the tide rose, the waves chased us out of the cave and back up the ladder. We finished our tour with a beer out on the patio of a lovely resort, and watched the sun set.

Our stay in Niue was brief but eventful. We set out once more, this time for only a 2 day trip, but just as rough . Once

again we were under storm sails. We knew we had at least a month of cruising in protected waters once we reached our destination. We pressed on, and arrived safely, in The Kingdom Of Tonga.

more later, Jennifer and Doug

JUST GOT THIS!!!

Hello

That's right, the Tongan conception just burst forth on 6-16-00 at 4:38am, Whangarei New Zealand. only seven pounds--- Jenn says newborns now seem huge

the water broke on Monday night one week before the due date! oh so excited with the birth so imminent but wait the contractions didn't want to start so we tried jumper cables and assorted stimulations-Doug had the most fun at this, but no progress so on Friday we cancelled our home birth and our midwife induced Jennifer at the hospital. 10 hours later Majken (say Mykin) was born in an otherwise normal birth without pain killers although Doug was seen sucking at a bottle labeled Jose at regular intervals. she is named after Jenn's Swedish grandmother.

we were back at our apartment 6 hours later curled up with our little kiwi. Now how do you change a diaper? Luckily our midwife makes daily house calls to show us the important things. She has been our primary provider since the 2nd trimester when we arrived in NZ.

we did see a doctor once, he stuck his head in the door looking for someone else but didn't charge us! we feel so fortunate to have found Maja, our midwife who had the confidence and strength and knowledge (over 2000 babies delivered) to keep the doctors away with their yearning for cesarian when the waters break and normal contractions do not begin. Majken and Jenn were never in danger and the birth was as normal as it could be with the waters breaking before the body was ready to give birth.

of course she's the cutest baby in the world. she is calm and alert but still cant talk. she already hates socks which must indicate a genetic yearning for the beaches of the tropics.

yes we are keeping our Nor'sea 27 called Freya and leaving for Fiji may 2001. Cant stop now!

Cheers, papa Doug

BEEN THERE, DONE THAT!

Owners Report

Report from new owners:

Carey and Jan Baird.

After years of research, planning, calculating, and dreaming, Carey and Jan Baird have finally joined the ranks of proud Nor'Sea 27 owners.

It's been ten years since Carey announced, "I think I've found our boat." He had just run across an article about this 27ft trailerable, seagoing, heavy-built boat. He was intrigued. I was skeptical. Twenty-seven feet long? Eight feet

wide? Sounds pretty small. We had been chartering 31 and 32ft Island Packets. Beautiful boats. Lots of room. Could we find happiness on that small a boat?

We agreed finally that what we truly needed was a boat we could keep in the lake near our home in Birmingham, Alabama, for easy year-round access, but could trailer the four or five hours to the gulf to set out on longer cruises. We knew we wanted standing headroom, an enclosed head, and trailerable. That narrowed the search to a very short list. We weren't ready financially for the big step anyway, so for years, Carey studied and dreamed, mostly of the Nor'Sea. We finally got to see one in Mobile in 1997, but it was badly neglected and way overpriced. Then a trip to Chicago to Strictly Sail. Lots of nice boats, but that year, no Nor'Sea. The Seaward 25 was interesting, as was the Compac 25. We went to Tampa to visit the Compac factory, to Atlanta to go out on a Seaward. Very nice boats, but it quickly became clear that we were not comparing apples to apples. And, of course, one of us had already lost his heart to the Nor'Sea. Finally, last year we knew it was time to begin searching in earnest for our own Nor'Sea. Back to Mobile to try for the Nor'Sea we had visited earlier, now on jack stands at Turner Marina. By then it had been through a hurricane and was badly in need of attention. We calculated all the work that needed to be done and made an offer. No deal. We were making plans to go to Daytona where we had located a 1986 Nor'Sea. It sold before we were able to make the trip.

There was one more possibility. We had earlier learned about "Tulla" (1992- hull 417) for sale in Huron, Ohio. In February we flew up to see her and bonded instantly, but she was sitting on her trailer for the winter, blocked in by a dozen other boats. No chance of getting in the water until spring. After what must have been a hundred phone hours, Carey and Rich Corbet, Tulla's owner, struck a deal and, still never having seen her in the water, or sailed on any Nor'Sea, we started making arrangements to go get our boat.

We put an equalizing hitch on a three-quarter ton Ford pickup, bought seven new trailer tires (since our first voyage would be 750 miles over land) and were loaded up and ready to go Wednesday evening (April 19, 2000) when Rich called to tell us there was a problem. Tulla was still trapped behind the other boats at Harbor North Marina. Maybe we should put off our trip. We decided to go ahead, though, trusting that we could beg and plead with the Harbor North people to dig our boat out once we got there. The guys at Harbor North were great though. I'm not sure how they managed, but by the time we arrived the next afternoon, Tulla, (soon to be "Room with a view") was out where we could get her. No begging or pleading proved necessary. Early Friday they were there in the drizzling rain, lowering the mast and packing everything up ready to travel. Carey put the new tires on the trailer and by six pm on Friday we were loading the old tires into the truck and packing up to go when Carey slipped on the wet truck bed and fell onto a metal tool box, cracking a couple of ribs. I felt like he should at least see a doctor, but having had previous experience with cracked ribs, Carey decided not to bother. "Yeah, you've cracked a couple of ribs all right," the doctor had said, and that was pretty much it as far as treatment. "If it hurts, don't do it," had been his prescription. We decided to go with that advice and head back to Alabama. As long as he didn't sneeze, he did reasonably well. Still, it was a reminder that this trip had a lot of potential for disaster. And all this for a sailboat we had never sailed. We'd done some pretty crazy things in our lives, but this just might turn out to be the craziest.

The equalizing hitch did its job and we experienced none of the rocking or unstableness we had feared. In Dayton, Ohio, we located a hotel that overlooked a really big parking lot and stopped to spend the night. Just after dark on Saturday, we were pulling into our own driveway. It had been a great trip.

To our dismay, (funny this had never bothered us before) we realized that our house does not have a window that overlooks the driveway. For weeks, we had to keep running outside to make sure that there really was a Nor'Sea sitting there. We began emptying out all the storage areas and for days it was Christmas every day. It was like moving into a house that no one had moved out of. A third anchor in the forward locker. Then a new storm jib, a bag full of life vests, a tangle of lines and blocks that turned out to be a lifesling hoisting tackle, and more stainless steel nuts, bolts and hardware than many ships stores carry. Soon the back porch and two bedrooms were full of

“boat stuff.” I had worried about storage space on this boat. Clearly, that wasn’t going to be a problem.

Then, for the next several weeks, with the help of our daughter Shaley and her husband Bob, we cleaned and sanded and polished just about everything on, in, around, and under. We were able to sand much of the exterior teak (the interior was in great shape) with a small orbital sander. I had just begun to get really panicky about all those rounded edges and tight corners when we discovered the Porter-Cable Profile Sander at Home Depot. It has a dozen or so variously shaped attachments, which worked beautifully for almost every inch of the teak. It’s worth its weight in gold (but actually cost less than \$100). We followed the advice of the people at West Marine and used their store brand, Two Part Heavy Duty Teak Cleaner Kit, for cleaning and brightening, and then Wood Prow for finishing. It all worked as promised, with a minimum of fuss, and the teak is beautiful.

Launching date was set. It was a family affair. Our daughter, Corie, flew down from Chicago to take part and even got in on some of the last stages of the teak refinishing and brass polishing. We had never seen anyone raise a mast before, so that was a definite concern, but we had a list of instructions from Richard Lindblom, the original owner, which we had studied diligently. And we had followed Greg Delezyski’s suggestion to use a trailer roller on the bow for easier sliding of the mast. We knew the depth of the water, the length of the trailer. Instructions in hand, we were as ready as we would ever be.

There are probably close to a hundred sailboats on Logan Martin Lake in central Alabama, but no one had ever seen anything quite like the Nor’Sea, so we attracted a lot of attention when we arrived at Clear Creek Marina, where we planned to launch. It was Thursday of Memorial Day weekend. The big crowds, thankfully, had not yet arrived, but there are always some fishermen around. “Nice boat,” they would say, “Ya gonna launch that here?” They were obviously skeptical. We weren’t entirely sure either. “Well, that’s the plan,” was Carey’s cautious reply. A few just pulled out chairs and sat down to watch the show.

The mast raising went remarkably well. We read out the instructions carefully, one step at a time. “Attach turnbuckle end of trailing cable to lower double D shackle on uppers.” How’s that again? “Attach the D shackle to aft bail on boom forward of fiddle block.” Amazingly, Carey seemed to understand every word. The plan was to be in the water with all the rigging in place in time to go for an evening sail. We would have made it had it not been for one of those late afternoon Alabama thunderstorms. A little rain wouldn’t have deterred this determined group, but the lightning was intimidating. It was a couple of hours before the storm passed and we were able to get back to work. It was almost dark when step #35 was finally completed and we were ready to launch (step 36 was to be completed in the water). It was a difficult decision, but a quick family conference established that we should delay the launching until morning.



By seven am, we were all back at the marina. Our one moment of near panic came when Carey backed the truck to the exact point where he had calculated that the boat would float clear. It didn't. After a quick inspection, he realized his one potentially fatal miscalculation. He had carefully calculated the depth of the water at the dock parallel to the ramp, the distance from the truck wheels to the end of the trailer, and the distance from the edge of the water to the necessary depth, but the concrete boat ramp did not extend quite over to the dock. His measurements were off by however thick the boat ramp was. What now? We all stood paralyzed for what seemed like a very long time. Finally we realized that the stern was actually bobbing around just a bit. Tired of fooling with ameteuers, "Room with a View" was clearly impatient to get into her element. One big push and she was in the water, floating free.



Only a couple of slightly cracked ribs, just a little blood here and there, and we still had all the crew we started out with. This was a successful launch.



And, by the way, once we discovered that you had better reef the main really quickly when the wind gets up (somehow we had missed the wonderful article on that topic in an early issue of NewsLine), our Nor'Sea 27 sails like a dream.

PS:

For anyone who is interested, hull #501, as far as we know, is still sitting on jack stands at Turner Marina in Mobile. It looks a little rough, but as far as we can tell, is not structurally damaged. It needs a good home and a good bit of work. There is no trailer and almost no equipment.

BEEN THERE, DONE THAT!
Owners Report
FIRST MOVE by

Floyd & Eiko Stewart Blue Chablis II

Blue Chablis II is our new boat, it is a 1992 Norsesea 27. It is the boat that we have been dreaming of and the boat that will take us wherever we may want to go. We woke up one Saturday morning and Eiko said to me, "Why don't we start looking for our Norsesea now, that way we can be sailing it and learning until we are ready to take off in five years." I said, "You know Eiko, whenever we find our boat, today or tomorrow it is out there right now. It is sitting somewhere in a slip or voyaging out at sea, it just doesn't know yet that it belongs to us." We went on to breakfast at our little favorite place. Sitting in the warm southern California morning sun Eiko was scanning boat ads in "The Log". "How bout that one? Norsesea 27 1992, yada yada". I wonder where it is located and I wander over to the phone book. Looking up the area code it tells me that it is somewhere in Colorado.

Barbara and Steve live on Top of the World, at 10000 ft it is a place of beauty and challenge. "People are not supposed to live up here", says Steve. It takes extraordinary people to survive up in this kind of place and Steve and Barbara go beyond that. Sitting in the yard of a place that they have built with their own hands is Blue Chablis II, named after two of their

sled dogs. This boat has taken them down off the mountain every season and has opened up the Sea of Cortez and the wild islands off of the tip of Baja California for the last 7 years. They will continue on in a new Blue Chablis, a Valiant 40, to travel Central America, the Canal and beyond. Eiko and I feel very fortunate that Blue Chablis II will be ours to take us to our dreams and beyond. A boat is not an inanimate object, it is a living breathing thing that protects

us and carries us in safety and in comfort. It is our womb in the sea. Like ourselves it learns the world from its parents and like ourselves we are who we are largely because of our parents.

The big day arrived and early one Friday morning before the sun we were sneaking out of LA before the masses make their autonomic march toward the time clocks. Riding in the cab of my brother-in-law's Dodge Ram 2500 Cummings Turbo Diesel truck, listening to the throaty roar of the engine, slipping past the gears into drive, I am one of the big boys now. The

general consensus at Eiko's workplace was the impossibility of making Grand Junction Colorado the first day. Pulling into Grand Junction at 7pm we located a room, had dinner and then looked at the weather forecast. DooM and GlooM, 6 to 11 inches of snow due to fall on the Denver area within the next 24hrs. Not unusual I guess for mid Oct but Eiko had

promised my testicles to her boss if she wasn't back at work on Tues morning.

Un-thwarted, we continue on up to Leadville and arrive at Steve and Barb's about 10am, the sky an unblemished blue, the sun shining golden on Rocky peaks. Nevertheless haste is needed and we pack up and hook up. After the paper work and after Barbara releases Blue Chablis into our care, we are set to go just as the first freezing flakes of frozen hell begin to descend from the sky. An old familiar sense of anxiety returns to me, thinking of the road ahead and my ability to cruise 8000 lbs of boat over 1000 miles of pavement sea, from the Top of the World to the gentle swell of the Pacific, and adding 2 mountain passes full of snow between me and the sweet downgrade racing the Colorado to the sea.

I shift into granny gear, it moves! I turn onto the hiway, it is wet but unfrozen and I believe as I move on up the grade that this truck actually has the power to pull this beast over the Climax pass. In fact, as I reach the summit and over it looks like we will be able to beat the coming storm and actually get down and over Vale pass before the worst of it hits. It is

snowing a little heavier now and we pass over a splotch of white, no problem. Heading down now I keep her slow heedless of the many that are flashing by me like it is a sweet summer's day. Off to the right a small yellow sign informs me that ahead is a 7% downgrade.

Dead Man's Curve Like the shock of waking up from a nightmare I round the turn and all I can see in front of me is pure unblemished white heading down lost in in the fog of the now heavier falling snow. I ease on the brakes and I slow a bit, but then the front tires begin to plow. "This is not going to work", I say to Eiko. I know that I only have seconds now before I

pick up more speed. Speed is bad. I can jackknife, spilling the boat off the edge of the road or into an oncoming vehicle. The pit in my stomach becomes a black hole pulling my insides into a singularity, the Pucker Factor begins to climb. This in not my idea of the first 20mins of ownership of Blue Chablis, how can I face Steve and Barbara and tell them that I killed their baby? I tell Eiko, "Hang on, I am going to try to land us in the ditch, we may roll." My last test of the brakes sent our inertia into the other lane, I steer slightly back and feel the weight of the load shift back. At that point I apply the brakes again and get the truck and boat sliding at a 45 degree angle towards the side of the road. I feel like I am now piloting an aircraft, I steer to keep everything straight. I could not have picked a better spot, there is a wide shoulder leading to a very shallow ditch and a gently sloping mountainside clear of boulders, trees and assorted

other problems. A three point landing! We stop! Blue Chablis is still there! The falling snow gets heavier.



Hmmm.... Now what? Listening to the idling diesel which sounds oblivious to our predicament, is this only the beginning of our problems? I struggle to put everything into perspective. We are safe, the boat is safe, Bernie's truck (thank god) is safe, we are stuck on the road in an oncoming storm at the Top of the World. The next big truck down this road may find this a perfect spot to slide into us. Options... not too many. We can't spend the night here, it is very very cold and we barely have enough energy at this altitude to tie our shoelaces without breathing hard. We are about 12 miles from Steve and Barbara's and that is where we need to get back to. I get out and flag the first car coming up the mountain. They stop and we

get in. I get to practice my spanish and I am able to convey our desire to head over to Leadville, where they must have been headed anyway. Hopping out of the car at Steve and Barbara's I can only imagine their first thoughts at seeing us, back so soon and without Blue Chablis.

Not to worry, it is just another normal day up at these altitudes. Steve is immediately on the phone informing the Hiway patrol of our location and situation. He arranges a friend to come tomorrow morning with a tow truck to pull us out. We jump in his truck to survey the lay of the land at our crash site. Could not be better. The rest of the evening I take advantage of their knowledge of all the wonderful secret places that they have found while cruising the Sea of Cortez. Eiko and I sleep like babies.

The next morning the sky is blue, the road is melting and it has been scraped and sanded throughout the night. Mickey and the tow truck meet us and soon we are sitting on pavement and saying our good-byes. I believe now that Blue Chablis just didn't want to go without a final farewell to our new friends Steve and Barbara.

Vale Pass which had turned into a nightmare last night was wet but clear and by the time we make it down the other side I am feeling more confident in the trailer and the truck. Old skills and lessons from my father, who I have traveled with many thousands of miles towing various and sometimes exotic vehicles criss-crossing the United States, begin to flow back into my reflexes. We spend the first night in Beaver Utah, a respectable distance.



Heh, our only problem now is getting to LA too early! Just past Las Vegas we stop for fuel and get a free buffet at the "Golden Somethinoranother". Might as well, we got plenty of time. Fed and watered we drop \$40 in slots and video poker, I have never gambled before. Eiko wins back \$16 from the Roulette Wheel and I feel like I have been cured of that nonsense. We move on, the plan is to spend some hours close to San Bernadino and head on in sometime in the wee hours of the morning to avoid the preverbal freeway tango. In Victorville we find a nice place to stop and camp out in the Aft cabin, our first night aboard. This is great!





In the Midnight Hour we fuel up and head em on out. 10 West is down to one lane for about a mile, thank god we are not here in the daylight. Seems like a blink of an eye we are headed through city streets and arrive outside the boat yard at 2 am. Eiko hails a taxi and heads on home to wake up in 3 hours to go to work. My testicles are safe. At 7:30 the yard opens and I back Blue Chablis into the yard. This adventure is over, we have done it, the next adventure has started.

EDITOR'S LOCKER
Greg & Jill Delezynski
S/V Guenevere

Hello all,

We are moving into a time when we need to work a lot more on getting Guenevere ready to go. We have been doing the NewsLine for a bit over two years now and are thinking that it's about time to pass it on to another owner who can infuse some new ideas into it. We would like to solicit some one to take over the duties of putting it together. We will be happy to help during a turnover so nothing is lost in the transition.

It's fun to do, and does not take excess time to do, but it does require attention. The only down side is that we read the information as it comes in to us, so we are not able to revel in the issue when it arrives on the web site or by mail.

If you are interested in taking it on, please contact us by e-mail!

Thanks.... Greg & Jill

OWNERS ASK

Solar Panels and Mainsheet musings...
BOB (garbonz@ix.netcom.com)

Hello all,

I just acquired three used 80 watt mono crystalline panels for a good price. I figure that with care in sunny climate and with some insulation work, that I should be able to run my refer with only minimal recharging help from my alternator.

Now the problem. Where to put them??? I need creative input on where to install them so as to get the most light to them without have them interfere with everything. One I plan to install on the Radar mast at the port aft corner. The other two???

One idea is to mount them between the rear cockpit stantion (where the boom gallows resides) and the stern pulpit and have them hinge from vertical for storage to horizontal outboard for use. But this will interfere with the stock

mainsheet.

Has anyone out there tried different mainsheet configurations??? and how did you like them. How about a stainless boom gallows and mainsheet traveler over the dodger???

Any input would be appreciated.

take care,
garbonzo NS#396

Figure Head info

If you know anyone who has made a figure head for their boat, I would be interested in pictures, installation, and or contacts.

Sergei & Nancy Joslin & our 3 boys (Zach, Tyler & Quinn) Please call or leave a message at 503-699-7732

EQUIPMENT FOR SALE or WANTED

Port Seal

Bob Eeg, at the Nor'Sea factory has passed on to us that he has just gotten a supply of port-light seal. He has offered it to anyone who might need it. He will sell it by amount needed for a port. The price is \$2.00 per port and a shipping & handling charge of \$3.50.

His address is:

Nor'Sea
Box 14
Dana Point, Ca. 92629

For Sale: Nor'Sea 37 Hull and Deck ONLY.

Comes with cradle. No work has been done on it, so it is brand new. Asking \$32,000. For photos, go to www.norseayachts.com. Located in Kent, Washington. Call 253-859-2957 or email mklafter1@aol.com.

For Sale: 1979 Nor' Sea Hull #152

I have spent the last year and a half refitting "Anticipation". She is an aft Cockpit Nor' Sea with a tall rig and 3500lbs. keel. The refit has included a total repaint including spars. A bottom job including strip and epoxy then anti fowling paint. Equipment included is refrigeration, air conditioning and heating, new Auto Helm 2000 autopilot hooked to a Garmin

GPS and "The Capt'n" Navigation program, Bimini, all new sail covers. Roller furling headsail, 5 sails, all safety equipment, new Life lines and bow and stern pulpits rebuilt and reinforced. The engine and transmission have been gone through with seals and mounts replaced as necessary. New Cutlass bearing and thru hulls. All new running rigging including main sheet blocks. Many more upgrades are included. I have spared no expense in refitting this vessel. A 1987 galvanized easy load trailer is included.

"Anticipation" is located in Clear Lake south of Houston, TX. The asking price is \$61,500. For additional information call 713 416-8359

We are looking for a nice Nor'Sea 27

Date: Tue, 18 Apr 2000 05:09:28 -0000
From: James and Judy Willerton james.willerton@med.ge.com

My wife and I are looking to buy a nice Nor'Sea 27. Ideally, it would be here in the Southwest somewhere, but we will certainly travel to pick up the right boat.

If you are interested in selling your boat, or know of a nice one for sale, please contact us.

Good Sailing and Fair Winds,

James and Judy Willerton

My name is Terry Hill. I own a 22' Falmouth Cutter and recently moved to Atlanta from New York City area. I had my boat moved by a trucking outfit, but after looking at Nor'Sea photos and speaking to owners, I am interested in buying a trailer to take my boat, Angelsea to the coast to get some salt! I'd like to do some coastal cruising in S.C., G.A., F.L, and A.L.

Contact me at: maryann.hill@worldnet.att.net

Nor'Sea Trailer Wanted

If your thinking of selling that trailer and breaking those landluber bonds, I am looking for a triple axle trailer for my soon to be Nor'Sea 27 and will be willing to pick it up anywhere on the west coast or as far as Texas.

We are the new proud owners of ³Le Bouchon² Hull # HLK 00119 1078. We will hopefully be seeing some of you soon.

Sergei & Nancy Joslin & our 3 boys (Zach, Tyler & Quinn) Please call or leave a message at 503-699-7732

Nor'Sea Wanted

Ken and Linda Neslund
We are retired teachers interested in sailing. The Nor'Sea 27 may fit our needs. Please help us in finding one new or used. Thanks.
Ken and Linda Neslund kenneslund@hotmail.com

Nor'Sea Wanted

looking to buy norsea

I am trying to locate an aft cockpit norsea if you can help me please e-mail (JKDcentral.com) or call at 850-234-7993
thanks alex

I have one complete Yanmar 2QM15, (taken apart). ALL parts, including control panel, wire harness, spare parts, and manuals. Asking \$1000.00 Or Best Offer for all, FOB Redwood City. Call Greg for info – (650)261-1391 or e-mail: g-j-delezynski@worldnet.att.net

Greg & Jill
S/V Guenevere #80

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