

# British Columbia Nautical Residents Association

## LIFE AFLOAT

*The Official Publication of the  
BC Nautical Residents Association*

Number 3, Volume 2  
SUMMER/FALL  
2020

### READER FEEDBACK

*This periodical is designed by and for live-aboard boaters and those who support the passion to live on their vessels afloat. We welcome all comments from readers — the 'Comments' space is intended as a place to share what is happening in your community, as well as corrections and updates to information printed herein.*

*At BCNR, we foster an environment of respect and courtesy; please be respectful to all readers, and to those you may name in your comments. The Editors reserve the right to edit or exclude material deemed inappropriate.*



Paul's life as a boy circumnavigator taught him many skills ... see **Our Lives on the Oceans** story, page 4

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**Life Afloat is a quarterly publication of the BC Nautical Residents Association.**

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**WHO WE ARE...**

The BC Nautical Residents Association was founded in 2010 by a group of liveaboard boaters to encourage responsible living aboard and to find solutions to issues faced by people who live on the water. We are a not-for-profit, volunteer-led organization focused on mediated and cooperative solutions and education for both the liveaboard and non-liveaboard alike.

An individual may not, on their own, be able to effect change in their community, but a united group of people can. The BCNRA's voice is strengthened through building our membership.

**The BCNRA's mission statement is to:**

- Preserve and support the tradition of living aboard one's vessel
- Promote environmental awareness among liveaboards
- Establish effective communications between liveaboards and non-liveaboards
- Resolve issues of concern to liveaboards
- Serve as a voice for liveaboards regarding activities that affect BC waterways

**The BCNRA provides:**

- A forum for exchanging information and tips and tools
- Directors who will work with you to find solutions to issues in your area
- A website that is constantly updated with news and views
- A quarterly newsletter, with contributions by members all along the BC coast
- An Annual General Meeting, where you meet other members, elect the Board of Directors, and get an update of what the BCNRA has been involved with over the past year

Membership is open to all BC liveaboards: fresh or salt-water, tidal or non-tidal, sail, power, or float home.

**Code of Ethics:**

The Directorship of the BC Nautical Residents Association believes in the rights of all and in the events of conflict, that peaceful resolution is possible. Subsequently, our directors are required to abide by our code of ethics, which can be found at:

<http://bcnr.org/about-us/directors-code-of-conduct-and-ethics/>

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**LIFE AFLOAT ISSUES AND DEADLINES**

ISSUE	MONTHS	DEADLINE
WINTER	Jan/Feb/March	December 1st
SPRING	Apr/May/June	March 1st
SUMMER	July/Aug/Sept	June 1st
FALL	Oct/Nov/Dec	September 1st

## FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

*Donna Sassaman, Alia, and Marilyn Guille, Wind Walker*

The first order of business is to thank Amanda Glickman for her dedication to Life Afloat. She was the BCNRA director who resurrected the idea of a regular newsletter after a long hiatus. Amanda recently retired from the Layout Editor position to focus on dog training and husband Barry (not necessarily in that order!).

The second order of business is to welcome back Marilyn Guille to the position of Layout Editor. You may remember Marilyn from her time on the BCNRA Board of Directors and her stint as newsletter editor. Thank you, Marilyn, for volunteering and welcome back!

This combined summer/fall issue of Life Afloat is about why we choose to live-aboard...and when it's time to move to a land base for health, family, or other reasons. We hope you'll be entertained and informed by the articles contained in the following pages.

As was mentioned in our recent email requesting articles, changes are afoot for the BCNRA. Long time director, Rick Schnurr, and board chair, Judy Brooks, have moved to a cottage on Piers Island and their lovely wooden converted trawler, Julie May, is up for sale. They're now minutes away from their Piers Island grandchildren and active in the island's community garden.

Further up the coast, recently retired layout editor Amanda Glickman and her husband, Barry, moved from their water-access-only, off-the-grid property on Cortes Island to a house in Campbell River. Their boat, Papa Rumba, a strong and well-equipped steel sailboat, is also up for sale.

The other board members remain full- or part-time liveaboards, but after years of serving as directors, are considering their next steps.

These changes prompt these urgent questions:

"What's next for the BC Nautical Residents Association?"

"Who will step up to fill vacancies on the Board next spring?"

"What direction will the Association take in the years to come?"

"Should the Association continue to exist? What are its purposes?"

Only our members can answer! So we ask you: How can you contribute your skills and talents to the BCNRA? This could be the theme of the next Life Afloat.

Thanks to our contributors to the summer/fall issue. We look forward to receiving articles, photos, news items, etc. for the winter issue, deadline December 1st. Check out the submission guidelines on this page, or at <https://bcnr.org/newsletters/submit-a-story/>.

Stay healthy, stay safe.

Donna, Copy Editor  
Marilyn, Layout Editor

### Submission Guidelines:

Please email your articles and photos as separate attachments to the editors at [feedback@bcnr.org](mailto:feedback@bcnr.org). Following these guidelines for text and photos will make the editorial team's job easier. Thanks!

### Text Guidelines:

1. Please do not format your story. Simple text in Word is easiest to edit. That means: single-spaced; no indentations at the beginning of paragraphs; no hard returns, except at the end of a paragraph; and no fancy word art.

2. Please include a short 'bio': your name (and partner's name, if applicable); boat name and type (e.g., Ballerina, Canoe Cove 41, Tap Dancer, Beneteau 33; Home Sweet Home, float home); your home port; and how long you've lived aboard (full or part time). We'd also appreciate an author photo!

### Photo Guidelines:

Photographs enhance stories and provide detail in technical articles. We like photos!

1. Featured image (the 'cover' photo for the article) should be in a 4:3 ratio – ideally 1200x900 pixels – and minimum 800x600.

2. Author images should be square, ideally 600x600, and minimum 400x400 pixels.

3. Images within the article should be square or landscape format, not portrait, and a minimum 800 pixel width.

4. Jpeg (or .jpg) is the preferred format for all photo submissions.

5. Please send images as separate attachments (i.e., not embedded in your article). In your article, include instructions about where to place the images. For example: "After thoroughly researching our options, we chose a float home. Liz and I envisioned a garden afloat!" Insert image: Float home with garden deck.jpg

6. Please include a brief, descriptive caption for each image (who, what, where, when). For example: "After thoroughly researching our options, we chose a float home. Liz and I envisioned a garden afloat!" Insert image: Float home with garden deck.jpg. Caption: 'Liz and Rob's garden comprises six large containers for herbs, salad greens, squashes, root crops, and flowers.'

Thank you and fair winds!



## OUR LIVES ON THE OCEANS

by Bridget Bruneski, Maple Bay Floathome, ex-*Susurumba*

As we end one chapter of our lives, this is the ideal time to reflect on our relationship with living on the ocean for 44 years. There must be magic in this sustained life-choice, though some people may regard it as simply inertia or lack of imagination!

It all began with Don's desire to buy a sailboat – and I knew that when I married him. Fortunately I had awareness from the outset, unlike many partners who are blindsided by a mid-life crisis that develops into a seemingly irrational and disruptive passion. Don's sailing experience was limited to monohulls, first as crew in racing and then on friends' cruising boats. I had no knowledge of boats, having just arrived from Rhodesia/Zimbabwe, a land-locked country. Don was looking for a ± 26' weekender sailboat but, less than a year after we married, a 36' trimaran with live-aboard privileges was listed for sale. Why not change direction? Don had never sailed on a multihull before but the opportunity was perfect. We became third owners of a boat we renamed *Susurumba*, with permission from friends who owned a holding by that name in Rhodesia. There was a baptism by fire when Don, my brother and I headed for the Queen Charlotte Islands (now Haida Gwaii) within a few weeks. As you can imagine, we learned many valuable life lessons in a hurry. Many wonderful adventures, no disasters, and rapid learning turned us into capable sailors.



*Susurumba on the beach  
in Darwin, Australia.*

As I had lived in Canada for just one year, moving aboard was a continuation of learning a new culture, along with becoming familiar with living on the water. Life aboard in a modern metropolitan marina was easy

as we had excellent amenities – it was little different from living in an apartment, though with limited space. While living aboard in Vancouver, we had a tiny fridge and we certainly needed our trusty Dickinson stove which burned both kerosene and stove oil and was used for both heating and cooking. At the beginning, we rented a room for Don to use as an office but that became mostly a storage area. Much of the summer and most weekends were spent exploring the Gulf Islands, which meant simply unplugging from the dock and setting off for another adventure.

The siren call of the open ocean became stronger for Don. An invitation by friends to help them sail their 46' catamaran to Hawaii gave us both the opportunity to see whether that would be a viable option for us. They had a nearly-five-year old, a two year-old – and no self-steering - so we were needed. The two men had both studied celestial navigation at night school so, when the captain experienced debilitating sea-sickness, Don was very valuable. I thought the trip would give us a clear answer to our own conundrum but not so: Don loved the voyage and returned eager to prepare our boat for ocean sailing – I was ... less enthusiastic.

In our experience and as we observe others, we feel that people fill whatever space they have. The trick is to start with little and keep reducing as we acquire the inevitable 'stuff'. This was a constant challenge, because the need to limit weight on a multihull was always competing with the thought, "We might need that tool or piece of metal tomorrow." That was certainly true when we were hundreds or thousands of nautical miles from a hardware store.

After living aboard at False Creek Marina for 5½ years and sailing weekends and summers, I took a year-long leave of absence and we again set off north to magical Haida Gwaii before turning south to San Francisco. As with many sailing stories, one year turned into ten years of sailing around the world, and the California destination evolved into a circumnavigation.

Oh! And along the way we adopted a baby!

*Paul grew up on the boat  
from babyhood to boyhood.*



... Continued on page 5 ...



## OUR LIVES ON THE OCEANS, *continued from page 4*

Our experiences of living aboard a sailboat is rather like the story of the pandemic so far. There is the 'before' time and the 'during' time. They are linked but their realities are quite different. Our 'before' time was as a couple with a fairly conventional Canadian way of life, living aboard a sailboat in the centre of a city and usually working at regular jobs. The 'during' time was a period of essential self-discovery in the development of our relationship, our relationship with the ocean, our growth as a family, our attitudes to self-sufficiency and the environment, and the importance of our ocean travels.

Our choice of a trimaran turned out to be perfect for us as we could liveaboard and not pay rent on top of moorage. *Susurumba* was affordable for us at the time and an ideal size for us to handle, even with an infant. Her stability and low angle of heel limited stress on our bodies and our spirits, even during and following difficult passages. We kept lifestyle and equipment minimal and simple so that we could be as self-sufficient as possible. Don made major changes to the boat so that she became what he deemed capable of crossing oceans. He made much of the equipment himself, with the understanding that he could then repair virtually everything on or in the boat. He upgraded life-rails, custom-made deck fittings, and later designed a trolling generator which could be transformed into a wind-generator. We only ever had an outboard engine for the boat, so the power of those two sources became crucial. He also took a sail-making course and 'graduated' with a storm tri-sail. The celestial navigation course and one on ham radio operation followed.

By the time we reached Baja California and spent some months in the Sea of Cortez, we needed some form of refrigeration, so Don built a very efficient ice-box. We were often able to buy block or chip ice from fish boats – and Don even used the generator and our blender to make himself smoothies! The icebox continued to be valuable in all climates, and even here after we returned.

Don built the framework for a dodger so at various stages along the way, I made vinyl and later canvas accessories: A mainsail cover, the dodger, a bimini, as well as upholstery throughout the boat.

People often exclaim that it must be so difficult to bring up a child on a boat. While it's true that there are some challenges (mainly feeding/caring for a baby while maintaining night watches on the boat), the advantages were numerous. As our son came onboard as

4-day-old infant, he was lulled to sleep or contentment by the gentle movements of the boat. By the time we hit strong winds and rough waters, he was a 'water-baby' and moved in synchrony with the boat. We joked that the endless array of diapers drying in the rigging added extra sail-power. As we had pure seafood from the ocean and uncontaminated vegetables traded from islanders, he had a very healthy start. The greatest advantage was that he grew up with two parents within sight/hearing/touch at almost all times.

We highly recommend the adventure of bringing up a child or children on the water. As they grow up, they develop strong self-reliance, swimming, diving, and food-gathering skills, as well as learning to live in nature, not technology. Our son grew up with a deep awareness that his world was not limited to a town or a country or even a continent. He also became familiar with a wide range of people from many different cultures and languages, ages and backgrounds. All that formed the best education that we could give him.

Interpersonal problems? A boat is a small space which seems to shrink when there are inevitable differences of opinion. Whether you share a boat with a partner, a crew, or friends, you have to work at discussing and negotiating solutions to problems. This is probably true of any human connections, but at sea, this becomes crystallized as the lives of all aboard depend on mutual trust and reliability.



*Paul's life as a boy circumnavigator taught him many skills, both survival and interpersonal.*

After a decade of sailing around the world, many factors pointed to a return to British Columbia: the death of a parent, the desire for school and companions for a 9-year-old, dwindling funds, etc. The culture shock of sudden immersion in a consumer society and unfamiliar technological changes was disturbing/troubling/

*... continued on page 6...*

## OUR LIVES ON THE OCEANS, *continued from page 5.*

alarming. One fact was clear to us: We did not want to return to city living or bring up our son in an urban environment. After searching for a safe place for the boat, and living upcountry with family for two years, we were delighted to discover the possibility of living on a float home, an option that we had not known before. We were delighted with our appointment to see the first one for sale, apparently being the only people who walked in and said, "Oh! There's so much space!" So many aspects of life are relative, aren't they?

While we knew nothing about float home living, we were very familiar with water-dwelling. As we had returned with little money, lagging computer skills, and 10 year gaps on our resumes, a small float home became a possible option. We were able to find space for it in Maple Bay – and settled into 'life on the dock' once more. **Susurumba** was on a mooring nearby so that we could see the boat and conveniently take her out on short and long trips. School, work, new friends, community all became part of the fabric of our new patterns of living.

Over the years, we have moved to different locations within Maple Bay Marina and survived the turmoil of municipal and community politics. At various times, we have been under threat of eviction, become the subject of heated debates in council, been vilified in local newspapers – largely over the issue of sewage but also a 'not in my backyard' attitude to some extent. We saw many float home dwellers sell or move to the Lower Mainland or Victoria. Several purchased property in Crofton and moved their homes onto land. We have resolutely endured and worked hard to resolve the problems with municipal, provincial, and federal officials and the marina. The biggest stumbling block was removed when a tertiary sewage treatment plant was built at the marina to serve many upland houses and the float homes. Suddenly we 'became' respected and valuable members of the community.

We are happy that we stayed the course. During the 29 years on our float home, we have formed great friendships with neighbours, met wild and wonderful characters, and enjoyed the dynamic life that is a marina. The scene is ever-changing with boats, kayaks, paddle-boarders, and float planes. Seals, occasional sea-lions, herons, eagles are part of our daily lives – and so, unfortunately, are the river-otters! We love the movement of the water and the light on the ripples, the peace and quiet of the cold, wet months and the vibrancy of spring, summer and sometimes fall.



*Bridget and Don are at home on the floathome dock, Maple Bay Marina.*

The great change in our lives came a few weeks ago when we sold **Susurumba** but kept our trusty dinghy so that we can venture out onto the local waters. The boat had taken us safely to many countries and cultures that we would never have experienced otherwise, as there are still many places that one can only visit by boat! As she is a relatively small and definitely a low-tech boat, we were accepted easily in third-world countries and by their islanders. Of course, the baby ~ toddler ~ child helped! **Susurumba** proved to be a strong reliable boat, capable of riding out gales and turbulent weather; we enjoyed her exhilarating speed at times, though we sailed her conservatively when offshore. She was our only home for many years and then our vacation/weekend home. We shall miss **Susurumba** greatly and hope that she will be respected and cared for by the new owners. ≈

*Bridget and Don Bruneski have lived on the ocean for several decades: sixteen years on their sailboat, **Susurumba**,*



*and twenty-nine years on their floathome in Bird's Eye Cove, Maple Bay. They have enjoyed their involvement with BCNRA for the past seven years.*

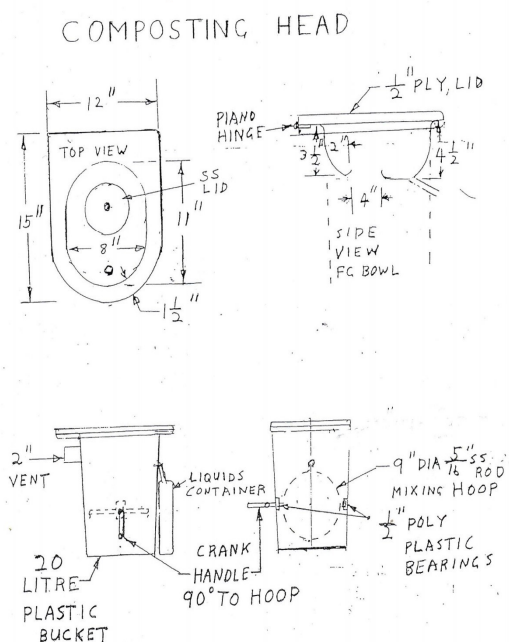
## HOME-BUILT COMPOSTING HEAD

By Brent Swain, *Easy Street*

The biggest breakthrough in composting heads was made when they began to separate the liquids from the solids. Those that didn't were then grossly outdated immediately. There have been some grossly overpriced composting heads coming on the market, made with only a few dollars worth of parts.

Making your own is simple and cheap. While the 20-litre bucket is a bit on the small side, they are everywhere. For the fibreglass bowl, you can use an 8-inch diameter stainless steel mixing bowl for the start of a mold. You then cut it in half and fibreglass in a 3" wide strip to make it an oval 11" long. Then you cut this oval 4½" deep in the front and 3½" deep in the back. This can be glassed to a flat piece of fibreglass to make a seat with a lip around the outside to sit over the bucket.

(Note: Urethane foam can be shaped to make a mould. It should be coated in resin and waxed before use.)



I have found the stainless hoop to be the best mixing arrangement (shit disturber) compared to other shapes. With the crank handle welded 90 degrees to the hoop, it lays horizontal when not in use, preventing droppings from hardening on it.

You will need a 2" vent in front to let air in and a 2" vent in the back, hooked up to a 2" vent pipe with a 2" computer fan to suck air out. Two-inch plastic pipe couplers fit a 2" computer fan with the corners cut off perfectly.

Then drill a hole in the side of the coupler to lead the wires through. Glue one side to the pipe, and push the fan and the other pipe in, to make changing the fan easy.

Hold downs are not needed for coastal cruising, but for offshore they are definitely needed. If a gale were forecast offshore, I'd dump the contents.

I found the complex trap door arrangement on commercially made composters totally unnecessary. With the trap door, and no lip around the big hole, the probability of liquids entering the solids container is greatly increased. Simply using a stainless pot lid from the thrift store to cover the big hole, and lifting it off and setting it aside before giving birth to a 'conservative', greatly simplifies the entire composter head.

The plywood lid can simply be bolted to the piano hinge. You can use any hardwood veneer plywood that looks good under varnish, or use the lid from your old head.

I have found that the best composting material is the decaying forest litter you find under old moss-covered logs. It has plenty of composting bacteria, which have been baked out of commercially made materials. The litter usually needs to be dried a bit. I hang it in a cloth bag.

While I believe that the new holding tanks laws are simply a political scapegoat for politicians to convince the public that they are doing something about pollution while doing nothing about the huge amount of untreated sewage that cities like Nanaimo and Vancouver dump daily, I built my composter head to eliminate the array of hoses, pumps, through-hulls, check valves, etc., that the traditional marine head has. It drastically simplifies the head, and eliminates a lot of potential problems. It also weighs a fraction of a traditional head, and is far more sanitary. Every time I dump the head, I then have access to cleaning the area under it as thoroughly as I please.

Brent Swain is a retired steel boat designer with more than three dozen boats, mostly 36-footers, to his credit. He wrote a book on the method he developed to 'fold' boats. For further information about Brent Swain boats, check out <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/origamiboats>. Brent has lived aboard since 1971 and made nine singlehanded Pacific crossings. He has cruised mostly full time since his mid-20s.





## BOME, SWEET BOME

By Sandra Lewis, *Shiloh*



*MV Shiloh*

So just how do two landlubbers end up living on a boat? Originally from Southern Ontario, I spent minimal time on boats. And my husband Trevor grew up in Kamloops, not necessarily one of BC's boating hot spots.

Somehow though, Trevor developed a love for the water. And after moving to Vancouver in early adulthood, he started spending time on sailboats and even sailed his own catamaran, a 17-foot Unicorn. When I met him, he was active in English Bay's Friday night racing and dreamed of owning a sailboat.

Long story short, he convinced me to try sailing. And while I wouldn't say I took to it like a fish to water, I enjoyed being on the water, exploring islands and bays, and just hanging at the marina.



*Our 1967 Columbia 34 sailboat in Gibsons. We traveled both in BC and the San Juan Islands before switching to a power boat.*

After a few years sailing a 34-foot Columbia, we switched to a power boat in 2015, a 1979 Tollycraft 26 named *Paradigm Shift* or *Shifty*, as she is affectionately known. The boat gave us more liveable space for less LOA - a bonus for the budget - and we could travel a bit further during our weekend and summer adventures.

*Shifty* also introduced us to two Tollycraft clubs: The Canadian Tollycruisers and the Tollycraft Boating Club. The members were so welcoming and we enjoyed spending time with new friends when we met up with them at official and unofficial events.

During this time, we started taking longer summer trips on *Shifty*. Among the highlights was a four-week adventure where we accomplished our goal of boating to Olympia, WA. We thoroughly enjoyed our time on the boat and were sad to return to land and our condo (which at almost 900 square feet was starting to feel too big). We both realized it would be great to live on a boat.



*Shifty in Olympia! We loved every minute of our trip through the South Sound.*

But what did living on a boat mean? *Shifty* was a bit too small for us, but how much space did we need? Where would we put our stuff? What if it didn't work out? We'd never get back into the Vancouver housing market! Trevor's bucket list included living on a sailboat so that's where we started. We kept an eye out on Craigslist for boats for sale that came with liveaboard moorage.

*Continued on page 9*

## 'BOME', SWEET 'BOME'

*Continued from Page 8*

But we weren't working too hard on the project. We were comfortable at home. Trevor had a five-minute commute to his job as a power lineman and I worked from my comfy home office. It was a five-minute walk to downtown Port Coquitlam and our friends were nearby.

Then in early 2018, I didn't feel right. I chalked it up to a cold and then bronchitis and due to some work commitments, ignored a whole host of bad symptoms. Eventually, the head-in-the-sand method caught up to me and I ended up in the hospital. And what I had thought was a cold and bronchitis was the beginning of congestive heart failure caused by atrial fibrillation due to hyperthyroidism. Luckily (yes, there *is* a luckily), the resulting blood clot had not gone to my lungs or done any serious damage. Everything was reversible and I would be fine.

Two months after that scary day in the ER and resulting hospital stay, Trevor and I stood in our kitchen and asked each other what we wanted from life. The reality of just how short life can be was fresh in our memories. We agreed... we wanted to live on a boat, and it was time to get it done.

As many of you know, finding liveaboard moorage can be challenging, and we wanted to stay in Metro Vancouver, as close as possible to Trevor's work. Talk about limiting our choices. Then in September 2018, after only four months, Trevor secured our new home at Shelter Island Marina in Richmond.

Over the course of the next six weeks, we sold our condo, bought our liveaboard boat, sold and gave away most of our stuff, and got ready for our new adventure.

Our liveaboard boat is a 1978 Tollycraft 37 Sedan named **Shiloh**. Yes, again with the Tollycraft. And no, not a sailboat as originally planned. Since I work from home, I wanted a boat where I could see out big windows while I'm working. Plus, I was worried about the darkness during winter. Then Trevor realized a sailboat in our price range and preferred length might leave him with a permanent dent in his forehead due to his height. And we both wanted to remain in the Tollycraft clubs.

There are two versions of the Tollycraft 37 Sedan: One with the galley down and one with the galley up. The galley up version includes two staterooms - a v-berth and second space with bunk beds. Alongside the galley, there is also a table and built in seating. In the galley down version, there is only one stateroom with the galley adjacent, but the salon is a wide open space with no built-in furniture. It really feels like a small living room. Add this to the large cockpit and there is ample living space for two. So, the search was on for a Tolly 37, galley down.



***Shiloh** at home at Shelter Island Marina just after we moved in (before her canvas enclosure additions).*

Tolly built 150 of the 37s, and they are among the most popular Tollycrafts. When we found one for sale in North Vancouver, we made an appointment right away. An older gentleman was selling it because of his wife's health.

It was obvious **Shiloh** had once been a much-loved member of the family but due to other concerns, had been ignored for a few years. Beyond the dated decor and obvious need for maintenance, it just felt like home. We visited a few more times, had her checked over, and even with the costs needed to get her ship shape, we knew **Shiloh** was the one.

Our condo sale closed on November 2, 2018. Since then we have replaced the engines (and that is seriously a story for another time), enclosed the cockpit and flybridge to increase our living space, and started the process of eradicating the mint green decor. It may appeal to some, but mint green walls, carpet, and curtains are just too much for me. ... *Cont'd, page 10*



## BOME, SWEET BOME, *continued from Page 9*

We've also fixed, updated, and added to make *Shiloh* our home.

The built-in 'desk' the previous owners created was much too small and shallow for my long legs, but it fits an electric fireplace. And we added solar panels to cut down on our hydro bill and give us more freedom for future cruises.



*The updated head includes a Mexican sink. The electric fireplace adds much needed coziness.*

New electronics, including a working depth sounder and comfy furniture were added, and we completed a much-needed head renovation.

Now you may be wondering what happened to *Shifty*, the little Tolly who started everything. Well, she's in the marina right next to her big sister. We started to sell her earlier this year, but we just couldn't do it. I use her for a home office, Trevor uses his smoker on her back deck and she is the ideal guest house for family and friends. Friends tease us that we have the biggest runabout! But she is perfect for an afternoon or weekend cruise on the river.

As with any boat, we have a long list of projects to tackle. But every day when I watch the herons along the shore or hear the eagles above, I know we made the right decision. We may still be working but we both feel like we live on vacation and we're definitely 'bome' sweet 'bome'. ≈



*Shiloh and Shifty at home in Shelter Island Marina, Richmond.*

*Sandra and Trevor Lewis have lived aboard **Shiloh**, since November 2018. Sandra works in digital communications and is currently the Vice Commodore of the Tollycraft Boating Club and communications lead for Canadian Tollycruisers. Trevor is a powerline technician in the Fraser Valley. They enjoy cruising the Salish Sea, traveling, and spending time with family and friends, both on water and on land.*



***We'd love to hear your live-aboard story, too! Check out our Submission Guidelines on Page 3 (they're not scary at all!), and get in touch.***



## ANCHORING LESSON

By Bill Sassaman, *S/V Alia*

*This 'adventure' took place many years ago when we lived aboard our 34' steel ketch, **Emrys**.*



We had just completed a ten-day trip to Desolation Sound with a beautiful sail down the Salish Sea, sometimes surfing waves at 9 knots. Our plan was to go into Nanaimo for dinner and a movie. As we sailed past Bate Point and into Nanaimo Harbour, we could see all the boats anchored in Mark Bay and wondered

if we would find a spot. We worked our way in closer and dropped our hook in 30' of water. It was close but there seemed to be enough room between us and the other boats. If we hurried, we would have just enough time to grab a snack and make the movie. We jumped into the dinghy and took off.

It was just getting dark as we motored back to the anchorage after our night on the town. We could not see the boat as we came to the spot where we thought we had left it. My first thought was that someone had stolen our boat. My second: that I was mistaken about where we had left it. My third: that some authority had moved the boat because of a complaint. The one thought I could not come to grips with was the possibility that we had dragged anchor.

As we came near our anchor site, someone asked if we were looking for a sailboat because if we were, it had drifted past them an hour ago. *Not* good news. We started motoring downwind, glad for the darkness to hide our faces from the other boaters enjoying the evening air on their decks.

About 200 metres later, we found the boat bobbing along. As we boarded, someone on one of the boats nearby asked if we knew we'd dragged. They mentioned that they had been watching the boat drifting through all the other boats without incident, and planned to go aboard and let out more rope if we didn't show up before they were ready for bed.

The next morning before anyone else in the anchorage was up, we snuck off with the hope that no one would be able to recognise us at a later date.

Both Donna and I had felt uneasy with our anchoring but hadn't wanted to say anything to the other because we didn't want to miss the movie. *I* thought Donna would say something because she's cautious about such things, and *she* thought that I as 'captain' would say something if I felt uncomfortable. We hadn't put the boat first.

***"... someone asked us if we were looking for a sailboat, because if we were, it had drifted past them an hour ago...."***

We now always ask the other if they're happy with the anchoring situation. If either of us feels uneasy, we re-anchor (even if the other likes the anchoring job and feels grumpy about re-anchoring). The thought that the boat might drag, and we hadn't re-anchored to be on the safe side, is just not an option. ≈

*Bill Sassaman has lived on boats for the past 33 years with his wife, Donna, first aboard the 34' steel ketch, **Emrys**, and then aboard the 52' steel sloop, **Freedom Dancer**, and for the past 18 years, aboard their Spencer 44 sloop, **Alia**. Bill is a founding member of the BC Nautical Residents Association and has served on the Board of Directors since 2010.*



## ISLANDER

By Adam Bishop, *Petrel*

She cried out to me, "Rescue me, and I'll rescue you!"

We were on a sailing trip south when we stopped in Union to restock and collect an alternator for *Rose*. It seemed like an ancillary revolution – first it was the exhaust, a total rebuild (a whole other story), and then after creating a new water pipe muffler from galvanized bits, we headed out and the fresh water pump quit, and then the salt water pump, and then the alternator, and then the heater pipe broke...lots of sailing.

But that's what sailing boats are built to do.



Stock photo: a CSY 27 under sail.

Passing by an old CSY, I heard the cry. She was *Islander*, a CSY 37 in a sorry state. I took a few pictures and we carried on into Clifton. The alternator was due that afternoon and it being off-season, we attracted some bored locals looking for the possibility of some dollars. We had decided to climb the rocky peak that overlooks the town to take some photos, get some exercise, and kill some time, and one of the younger guys decided to tag along with us.

I asked some questions regarding ole *Islander* and after a day on top of the world and tracking around in town, found a telephone number and went about meeting up with the owner. He was a rastaman, had lost interest in

*Islander* after her engine gave out. She sat neglected on a mooring for 14 years, escaping occasionally to bounce about in the harbour, causing damage to other yachts. He would be glad to be rid of her.

She was a good hull, the deep keel variety with concrete in the lower two feet, and then lead placed above the concrete and all glassed over, designed to walk across reefs, they say. She had done some walking in her years but mostly cosmetic damage. We hemmed 'n' hawed 'n' sailed on south, returning to Barbados. *Islander* stayed in my thoughts. How, how would I do this? It's ridiculous. But *Islander* kept on resurfacing in my mind.

An opportunity popped up, a whole sailing rig from a wrecked boat, rescued by the cruising club, was sitting in the grass, the owner Bert had passed away and his widow had sold the house and wanted the mast gone. Now I had a rig and sails in Barbados and this hull, bigger than I'd really wanted, was just sitting there in Union. Her mast was up but the rigging was rotten, really rotten. I had rigging, sails, bits and bobs from Bert's old boat, *Gypsy*, plus some other boating stuff accumulated over the years, so I took a trip back to see what was possible.

A dive confirmed the integrity of *Islander*'s hull and a deal was made.

*Islander* had been John Caldwell's boat from Palm Island in years past. She'd plied the Grenadine waters with many a happy soul aboard and she just had that feel good vibe, a solid feel, something special. I bought her and towed her over to Carriacou with the intention of getting her hauled and mast pulled.

A small cut on my thumb had become dangerously infected and was throbbing big red and full of pus. One night while still on Union making arrangements to purchase the boat, I was up late. I had awakened to take some painkillers to calm the agony when I noticed a man trying to get into the room I was in. Well, in my frame of mind, I pulled out my big hunting knife, flashed the blade and told him if he came any further, it would be up in his rass! He sensed the reality, freaked out, and jumped off the balcony onto a roof below. He ran across that roof and woke every stray dog in the village, who then chased him way down the road. My thumb had saved me!

Carriacou Marine had no crane and my thumb was killing me so I left *Islander* there, anchored, and returned home in agony. Some serious surgery later with a huge swollen thumb (a Cuban cigar could fit into the hole), I

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## ISLANDER

*Continued from page 12*

was on the mend. Phew, it was close, infected to the bone with lots of scraping and cutting away of rotten meat by the doc.

During this time an opportunity presented itself, a friend's powerboat had to do a customs run and was in need of a captain. We loaded her up with as much gear as possible and headed to Carriacou. I had the plan to tow **Islander** back to Barbados but once out in open waters, we realized that it was going to be too rough and too long of a trip and we may lose her, so we diverted to St Vincent where I left her on a mooring.

A trip to Canada and back found me with **Islander** still in St Vincent. I'd had time to think things through a bit by now and had bought scrap stainless steel and made up new chainplates, outboard bracket, and a big tiller to fit over the 2-inch solid bronze rudder head. As it turned out, soon after, another boat had to do customs run, so again all the gear was packed aboard and then dumped into ole **Islander**.

November found me in St. Vincent, **Islander** being towed to Ottley Hall behind a small local boat with a 40-hp outboard. Scary... filthy bottom, rotten rig, rolling down the coast, me thinking if anything goes wrong this is no boat to be going to sea in.

Ottley Hall was great, the staff were super helpful and although miles from anywhere, luck presided over us again. A friend's uncle had hauled his boat there a week previously and was making daily runs to the yard. Another old friend had an empty apartment close by to where he lived so I had a ride to and from the yard, a huge help. **Islander** had everything slip into place. Phil at Barefoot was very helpful with some rigging wires for the mast-head as Bert's were too short – they became lowers.

The project flowed, every day was a milestone and after a month's steady slaving in the boiling sun, **Islander** had up her mast again, an outboard on her stern, fresh paint on her hull, and it was time to come back home.

Christmas and New Years spent with friends and family, my wife Melanie, daughter Amber, and I packed up mid-January with everything we thought we could need and headed down to greet **Islander**. She was a work zone inside still, but Melanie did a fantastic job of making her homey. The engine bay became our storage shed/ garage and one of the heads took up the rest.

We launched a day later, it was surging and the guys said, "As soon as you hit the water, go!" 'Go' we did, the

outboard putting away we were rocketed out into the great wide open. We hoisted sails and beat our way east, back to Blue Lagoon, a sea trial to test the rig after all the work and see if the outboard would cavitate.

It did not. Yahoo!

Melanie painted as we went, and two months of island hopping, boat refitting, mountain climbing, fishing, painting, and fibre-glassing whizzed by. The March winds howled; we holed up in the lee of the islands when we had to and hopped when we could. The rig took a heck of a testing.

We left St. Lucia 7:00 one morning and found ourselves off Martinique in squally wet weather, wondering if we should stay over in St. Anne's, but a patch of blue opened up to the east so we headed out into it, into a perfect 15 knots under starry skies. Amber took her turn at the tiller, keeping the Southern Cross to starboard and the Big Dipper to port. Twenty-four hours later we were home, one tack, perfect.

Now **Islander** is doing what she does best, taking friends out for good times on the calm West Coast—just like the days of old. She has taught us all a lot and little Amber at 11 had quite the term at boat school.

There is something special about being close as a family and depending on one another for our survival; the sea has no back door. There is always risk in these kinds of ventures, but without risk there can be no reward.

"Nothing ventured, nothing gained," my late mum used to say.

True, even today! ≈

*Adam lives aboard the Ark in Gorge Harbour, Cortez Island. A long time sailor with a love of writing, he can be seen sailing his cutter, **Petrel**, on those leisurely afternoons when there is but a breath of air.*





## FROM AIRLINE PILOT TO LIVEABOARD SAILOR

By Hugh MacCallum, S/V *Intention*

I was born on 12 September 1940 at Toronto General Hospital. Fresh water sailing was in my family's blood! In the 1930s, Dad entered the Port Huron to Mackinac races but usually was disqualified because of the beer bottles he kept cold by hanging in a net overboard. It shouldn't have been a problem as the beer would have slowed the sailboat!

Our family lived in Oakville, Ottawa, Whitby, and Toronto until the move in June 1945 to a new pulp mill at Marathon, Ontario, on Lake Superior's north-east shore.

In the summer of 1946, just before my 6<sup>th</sup> birthday, Dad initiated me into sailing in Georgian Bay, Ontario (12' and 14' cedar lapstrake Marconi-rigged dinghies). We moved back to Toronto in March of 1951 and Dad enrolled me for two summers in the Royal Canadian Yacht Club's Juniors Division.

Mornings were spent learning all about sailing and afternoons were spent with five or six other boys in a 14' Marconi-rigged sloop, mostly drifting on the flat calm of Toronto Harbour, t-shirts off for tanning (in my case, many major sunburns to produce a poor tan).

Thoughts of aviation entered my mind after seeing for the first time the contrails of a jet flying east to west over North Toronto in mid-1951. I had never seen an aircraft flying before then!

However, introduced by public school friends to a world of alligators, turtles, frogs, and snakes as pets, I was hooked! I wanted a career in Herpetology, studying reptiles and amphibians. After one summer on resupply ships to the Distant Early Warning Line (DEWL) in Canada's western Arctic, I enrolled in the University of New Brunswick in sciences. It was a bad move – mathematics were required, *not* my forte.

I was a middle distant runner. Another student suggested that I could go further faster if I got airborne. That was a good move. I earned my Private Pilot License between October 1962 and March 1963 at Fredericton Aviation Ltd.



*AirBC's last float plane accident, 13 April 1981, at the head of Knight Inlet.*

In 1981, I began looking for a sailboat, having decided that a heavy pilothouse boat was better than a 'regular' sailboat! On 31 March 1983 I bought a then two-year-old North Sea 34 pilothouse motor-sailer, *Intention*.

Only 29 North Sea 34 pilothouse boats were built by Beaver Glass Hulls, Richmond, BC, from 1976 to 1984. My plan, while living and working in Port Hardy, was to live in Hardy Bay and sail in the 50+ knot winter winds on Queen Charlotte Sound's very rough water.



*Intention is a 34' North Sea pilothouse motorsailer.*

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## FROM AIRLINE PILOT TO LIVEABOARD SAILOR

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In the early 1980s, BC was hit by a logging recession, which resulted in my move to Vancouver airport in October 1983. My wife, Mich, and I moored **Intention** at Seafarers Marina, a very small marina in downtown Ladner, BC.



**Intention** on a port beam reach, with Hardy T-Bear as crew (his mother-in-law had given Hugh and Mich a teddy bear dressed as a sailor).



Transom view of **Intention**, at home in the Cedar Grove Marina, below.

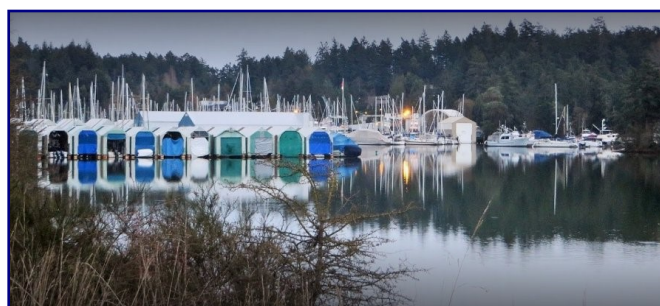
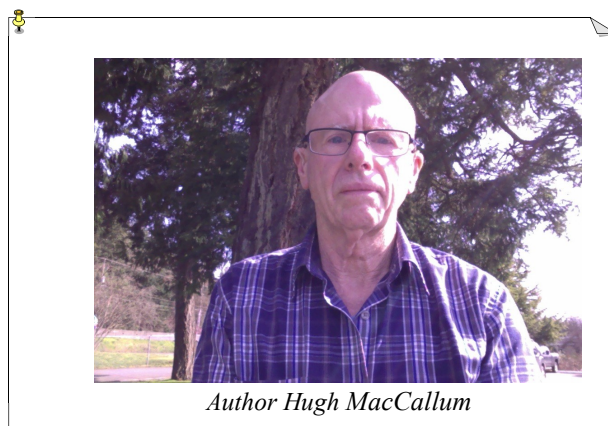


Photo: © G. Brojges, 2017.



Author Hugh MacCallum

AirBC was unionized. Ground employees worked 12-hour shifts, three on/three off, and banked accumulated overtime and statutory holidays. Mich worked weekdays, which meant I went sailing during the week; often in the Fraser River up to New Westminster.

I moved aboard in January of 1987 due to our marriage ending. All my sailing on the Salish Sea and BC's coast has been singlehanded; either I couldn't find crew or they never showed up! Being a liveaboard, it takes three hours to stow before going out and three hours to relocate all the stuff that was stowed before departure!

I secured moorage in April of 1987 at Cedar Grove Marina, North Saanich, by saying that the boat was for sale. I lucked into two years *free* moorage.

I have lived aboard for 33.5 years and have no intention (pun intended) of moving ashore. In June of 2009, I became the marina's Watchkeeper and took over grounds' maintenance, which covers my annual moorage. It was/is a great fit! I have never had any problems as a liveaboard because I keep the marina as clean and tidy as I would if it belonged to me. ≈

*I'm thinking about writing my story as a live-aboard boater for the BCNR's publication, Life Afloat.*

*I'll email it to them at feedback at bcnra.org*



## FROM LAND TO SEA LIVING

By Denise Bainbridge, *Ocean Tigress*

Eight years ago my husband, Gord, began working on the North Island, and required a second home there for his weeks on shift. As a former commercial fisherman, he knew and loved classic wooden West Coast trollers. Soon after renting a place in Coal Harbour, he saw the *Ocean Tigress*, a Wahl-built 50' ex-troller for sale. Although it had a new stern cabin in place, no interior finishing had been attempted, and it had been languishing untouched for over four years.

Gord and I took the leap and relocated '*Tigger*' to Port Hardy. Gord was able to live aboard the vessel immediately, as the main cabin had already been updated with a new Dickinson stove, and a re-upholstered dinette. The original teak cabinetry throughout the galley and helm had been meticulously cleaned and polished.

With a week on/week off schedule, Gord was able to commute down-Island to our home for days off, or I would drive up, eventually to Coal Harbour, to help with the many projects required for wooden boat maintenance. During the rainy seasons, we worked on finishing the stern cabin and head, and laid new wooden floors in the main cabin.

After I retired and our Comox Valley house sold in 2016, we became full-time liveaboards.

Our beautiful floating home draws compliments from almost every visitor strolling along the Coal Harbour docks in the off-season. During warm weather, we tow an 8' x 50' dock down Holberg Inlet, to our peaceful get-away in Apple Bay.

We can take a skiff to town in fifteen minutes, for work or errands, yet have the joys of watching bears, and occasionally wolves, ambling

along the deserted beach.

We have supplemented the Lugger generator with 400 watts in solar panels, and a wind turbine, so that we can operate an energy-efficient 'Unique' fridge/freezer on the stern deck. We run the generator for a short time morning and evening, which heats the hot water tank, and allows us time to use energy 'hogs' like a coffeemaker or ice machine.

We really feel we have been able to 'live the dream', living aboard such a comfortable boat. She has plenty of room for the two of us to invite company (we have a double and single bunk in the foc'sle, a single bunk in the captain's cabin, plus a queen-size bed in the stern cabin...and two heads!

Even though Gord is a professional mariner, and former fishing captain, *Ocean Tigress* was hugely complicated to figure out. She was originally plumbed with 110, 12V, and 32V electrical systems, which means two sets of bilge pumps fore and aft, plus three interconnected water

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*Tigger at anchor in Apple Bay with the dock alongside.*



## FROM LAND TO SEA LIVING

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tanks, separate toilet systems and hydraulics. There are two Dickinson stoves - the larger cooker to heat the main cabin, and a small stove in the stern stateroom, plumbed



(Above and below) *Tigger's* haul-out in Shearwater for bottom painting and other biennial chores.



separately. In other words, she is a great live-aboard only for someone who really understands and can operate her. I'm a good deck hand, but no captain!

We have found it most economical to berth at a marina in winters, using 30-amp power to keep the stern cabin warm. The little Dickinson we installed is too toasty to use except in sub-zero temperatures. We have to refill our water tanks about every six weeks – not bad considering we have a full shower in the aft cabin.

It's a minor inconvenience heading to a laundromat every week or so. The only other inconvenience for anyone in Coal Harbour is the lack of pump-out facilities. This means a 'cruise' to deep waters every month whether the weather is fair or foul!

*Ocean Tigress* is so big and beamy that we have to travel great distances for her biennial haul-out. Our favourite marine ways is usually fully booked all summer, so we tend to travel north to Shearwater. After two or three days of grueling bottom work, we take a holiday, exploring another part of the Central BC Coast.

Every summer, as Gord and I sand, paint, and apply Sikens to the bright work, we remind ourselves that we are doing a labour of love on a part of West Coast history. Whenever we can't face the thought of starting it all again (you don't really ever finish!), it will be time to sell her and move back on land.

We are actually trying out a short-term work adventure in Ontario this year (yes– even during COVID-19). Thankfully, our apartment, in a marina, overlooks Lake Huron, so we don't feel too landlocked.

We are very appreciative of the many offers from friends in Coal Harbour to look out for *Tigger* until we return to the Island. Next spring there will be lots of projects to catch up on. ≈

Denise Bainbridge and her husband, Gord, live aboard *Ocean Tigress*, a 50' converted wooden fishing boat in Coal Harbour, Northern Vancouver Island.



## THE JENNY LYNN

By Adam Bishop, Petrel

*"God does not deduct from man's allotted lifespan the time spent sailing."* Author unknown

*"... there is nothing - absolutely nothing - half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats."* Kenneth Grahame, *The Wind in the Willows*

To most others it may have seemed just like another act of madness on my behalf, but to me it all made perfect sense. There was a force unseen compelling me, one with which I am becoming more familiar as I pass two score and ten.

I had admired her lines as I drove past over the years, seeing her propped up on logs in a grassy field, her bow facing towards the Coast Mountains of mainland Canada. The 1950s style wrap-around windshield, oval side windows, swept back cabin house, she reminded me of an old Cadillac from a bygone era. Her hull shape was pleasing as well, salty looking, and she was built of that wonderfully inert material, fibreglass. Why was she just sitting there gathering moss and leaves, a thing obviously crafted by someone with an artistic eye?

It had been an unusually hot and dry spring. The island residents were concerned about 'the fire hazard', as we live on a well-forested land, one that would blaze well with plenty of mature trees as fuel. A firefighting course had been scheduled for all able-bodied residents to attend, in case we were called to assist the department in controlling a wildfire. I was recommended to take the course by a friend.

During a tea break I happened to ask the son of the owners of the boat about the *Jenny Lynn*. "She is free to anyone who can take her away," was his response. Free fibreglass, hmmm...

Having lived aboard two old 50' fibreglass seiner moulds that we had converted to float homes, we had a familiarity with GRP (glass reinforced plastic). When it comes to salt water, it's tough to beat!

There is a growing movement nowadays of young people who do not wish to be imprisoned in their own personal Alcatraz, paying a mortgage for most of their youthful years, only to be later robbed by the banks when economies are depressed, all equity

gone in a moment of madness as the world rides the roller coaster of the stock markets. Or to be tied to an immovable property, too much invested to risk leaving, unable to sell due to a fall in prices, yet opportunities in the area have dried up.

Real estate on the sea is always at a premium, therefore 300 square feet of free real estate certainly peaked my interest, especially when crafted into a hull so visually pleasing and purposeful. Upon further inspection and while rifling through the years of accumulated filth, wasp nests, spiders of many descriptions, and a bilge full of old oils and leaves, I realized her hull was sound, her frame was also sound, and it was mostly the cosmetics like the flaking paint, and the leaves and mosses that covered her everywhere which had previously frightened off most prospective new owners.

She had also been attacked with a saw, her interior a bit disrupted and some cutting on her fish hold but mostly she was intact. The original intention of her owners was for her to be converted from a working gill netter into a cabin cruiser for family outings, but alas, the project was abandoned and she had sat for years gathering insects and vegetable matter, not to mention all the ants' nests.

A Mitsubishi straight six commercial diesel sat in her cabin house. All the flooring was gone, so inside her cabin house it was a precarious maze of beams to step amongst. If this motor will turn over I'll take her, I thought. In fact, even if it's seized, I will still take her as her hull is perfect and she could easily become a good little floating cabin, a tiny home upon the Salish Sea.

Some batteries were borrowed from a truck and connected and a plastic boat tank was modified then attached with fresh fuel. Fresh water was poured into the heat exchanger, the fuel system bled, and then came the moment of truth. Bridging the starter motor with a screwdriver to the starter, to our amazement, engaged and began slowly turning the old engine over and over as I sprayed WD40 into the intake to lube those six dry cylinders. A quick shot of ether was added and suddenly she roared to life, shocking us!

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## THE JENNY LYNN

*continued from page 18*

Amazing things, diesel motors. Unlike their gasoline counterparts they seem to be able to lie idle for years with little trouble. Well now it was time to think about getting this 33' vessel off its blocks and back to sea.

Everything about the the *Jenny Lynn* project seemed to flow. From the start she was blessed. A chance chat on the road with a crane truck operator saw her loaded onto an old house trailer, a cedar log strapped across her deck for stability.

Then there was a mad early morning dash to get her to the beach, before the uniforms finished their coffees and donuts and saw the precarious load with flaming tires, towed by the brakeless truck driven by a lunatic logger, followed by a mad bajan, heart in throat as the *Lynn* sped around the hills and bends, visions of a chain breaking and the whole affair exploding across the road. Surely, there would have been enormous fines and possible imprisonment if we had been caught.

But such is island life. A quick check to see if the boys in blue are out and about. And then it's off and away the locals go, flying below the radar of the officials, cabin house just skimming the high tension lines. Thank goodness we took the radar and smoke-stack off as there were a few cables she only just inched under!

A full moon, a low tide, and when the crane returned to our little island to deliver a load of building materials, we arranged to meet at the beach at low, low tide. In exchange for a single brown bill, the driver hoisted the *Lynn* off the trailer high in the air, hanging from straps, then down and onto the beach one fine and sunny afternoon. A celebratory

shot of rum, one for her and one for us, saw the tide return and lift her gently. Her motor started back up and she happily chugged her way across the bay to her new home in Caveman's Cove. There was a bit of hissing as I pulled the stop cord from a stuck thermostat, but she had made her way regardless.

Some fresh green and burgundy paints and recycled donated lumber had her looking like new in short order, and along with some new hoses and belts and oils, she was ready for duty once again.



There was no blood, lots of sweat, and very few tears and now she is ready to tow our floating 'seastead' wherever we wish to go. Or any other jobs like log salvage, firewood gathering, fishing and hunting trips, even camping as the 10' by 10' aft deck can accommodate a good -sized tent for summer living and the internal cabin can sleep two in the v-berth and one upon

the newly modified engine box, warmed from underneath by that cast iron straight six.

It's true, there's nothing better than messing about in boats. ≈

*Adam lives aboard the Ark in Gorge Harbour, Cortez Island. A long time sailor with a love of writing, he can be seen sailing his cutter, Petrel, on those leisurely afternoons when there is but a breath of air.*





## LETTERS TO AND FROM...

from Donna Sassaman, *re: Decal Program*

March 3, 2020

Hon. Bernadette Jordan  
Minister, Fisheries, Oceans and the Canadian Coast Guard  
House of Commons  
Ottawa, Ontario

### **Re: Derelict and Abandoned Vessels**

Dear Minister Jordan:

Congratulations on your appointment to the Fisheries, Oceans, and Canadian Coast Guard portfolio. As Canadians living on boats and floathomes, members of the BC Nautical Residents Association (BCNRA) count themselves among your constituents.

The BC Nautical Residents Association was founded in 2010 by a group of liveaboard boaters to encourage living aboard responsibly and to find solutions to issues faced by people who live on the water. The BCNR's mission statement is to:

- Preserve and support the tradition of living aboard one's vessel;
- Promote environmental awareness among liveaboards;
- Establish collaborative communications between liveaboards and non-liveaboards;
- Assist in facilitating solutions to issues of concern to liveaboards;
- Advocate for the enactment of new legislation and policies that directly and indirectly affect liveaboards.

During a previous parliamentary session, the then-M.P. for Nanaimo, Jean Crowder, introduced a private member's bill, C-638, regarding a process to clean up derelict vessels along Canada's coastlines. Regrettably, the Conservatives defeated the bill. While the majority of boat owners are responsible maintainers of their vessels, sometimes boats become wrecks or derelicts through accident, neglect, or abandonment. The BCNRA believes that the Canadian Coast Guard has the expertise, and should have the adequate resources, to dispose of wrecks and derelicts in an environmentally sustainable way.

During a recent parliamentary session, the then-M.P. for Nanaimo, Sheila Malcolmson, brought forward a private member's bill, C-352. Her bill was shelved in favour of legislation brought forward by the previous Liberal government. While the government's legislation includes a number of laudable measures, it does not address providing funding to the Coast Guard to manage derelict and abandoned vessels through the Registrar of Wrecks.

Our Association has long supported the introduction of an annual decal program, similar to that of Washington State. In Washington, an annual decal costs \$29.47USD and the proceeds go to marine enhancements, including the removal of derelict and abandoned vessels. In 2012, a Canadian Coast Guard staff person told a BCNRA director that if the Coast Guard had \$2/boat/year, there would be no problem in removing wrecks.

The Association encourages you as Minister to introduce legislation that will adequately and appropriately fund the Canadian Coast Guard to deal with derelict and abandoned vessels. An additional benefit of an annual decal program would be that if a vessel did not display a current decal, it would be an indication that it had been abandoned, and the Coast Guard could then take action in a timely fashion.

Thank you for your consideration of this issue and recommendation, Minister Jordan. We look forward to receiving your assurance that the government will initiate an annual decal program, with resulting adequate funding to the Coast Guard for the removal of derelict and abandoned vessels.

Yours sincerely,

Donna Sassaman  
Secretary,  
[feedback@bcnr.org](mailto:feedback@bcnr.org)

**LETTERS, CONTINUED...** *response re: decal program*Minister of  
Fisheries and OceansMinistre des  
Pêches et des Océans

Ottawa, Canada K1A 0E6

September 28, 2020

Ms. Donna Sassaman  
Secretary  
BC Nautical Residents Association  
< [donna\\_sassaman@bcnr.org](mailto:donna_sassaman@bcnr.org) >

Dear Ms. Sassaman:

Thank you for your correspondence of March 3, 2020, regarding wrecked, derelict, and abandoned vessels and your suggestion of an annual decal program. I regret the delay in responding.

The Government of Canada is making steady progress in addressing this complex issue. As part of the Oceans Protection Plan, the Government launched the National Strategy to Address Abandoned and Wrecked Vessels. A key measure of this Strategy includes the creation of new legislation, the *Wrecked, Abandoned or Hazardous Vessels Act* (WAHVA), which came into force in July 2019. The new Act increases owner responsibility and liability for their vessels, including prohibiting vessel abandonment. WAHVA empowers the Government to take action to address abandoned, dilapidated, hazardous, and wrecked vessels, as well as to hold vessel owners directly responsible and liable for the removal and disposal of their vessels, including any clean-up costs.

Other key measures of the National Strategy include investing in short-term funding programs for abandoned and wrecked vessel removal, education, and research. Through Transport Canada's Abandoned Boats Program and Fisheries and Oceans Canada's Abandoned and Wrecked Vessels Removal Program, the Government has been able to take action and remove abandoned vessels from the marine environment. Additionally, the Canadian Coast Guard has developed a National Inventory of Vessels of Concern, and an accompanying risk assessment methodology to enable vessels in the National Inventory to be prioritized for remediation based on the risks they pose.

Improving vessel owner identification is another important element of the National Strategy and falls within Transport Canada's mandate. Transport Canada is also responsible for pleasure craft and commercial vessel licensing and registration in Canada. Therefore, I have copied my colleague, the Honourable Marc Garneau, Minister of Transport, on this correspondence.

The final measure of the National Strategy is the creation of a long-term owner-financed fund to help cover the costs for the assessment and remediation of these vessels. The Coast Guard is working with Transport Canada, the lead department on this measure, in exploring options to create a vessel owner-financed fund to reduce the financial burden that has been placed on taxpayers for this issue in the past.

I share your concern regarding the continued presence of abandoned and wrecked vessels within Canadian waters. Please be assured that the Coast Guard, in collaboration with its partners, is continuing to work to resolve this challenging and difficult issue. Thank you again for sharing your thoughts and ideas on this matter.

Sincerely,

The Honourable Bernadette Jordan, P.C., M.P.  
Minister of Fisheries, Oceans and the Canadian Coast Guard

# LETTERS, CONTINUED... response from the Residential Tenancy Branch re: Donna Sassaman's letter about boaters as 'tenants' under provincial or federal legislation.



June 30, 2020

Ref: 254822

Donna Sassaman  
[donna\\_sassaman@bcnr.org](mailto:donna_sassaman@bcnr.org)

Dear Ms. Sassaman:

Thank you for your May 28, 2020 email addressed to Honourable Selina Robinson, Minister of Municipal Affairs and Housing regarding Tenancy Protection for Liveaboard Boaters. As the Executive Director, Residential Tenancy Branch (RTB), I am pleased to respond.

I appreciate your desire for the Ministry to provide legal protection to liveaboard boaters and float home residents. However, the MHPTA was amended in in December 2017 and specifically excluded float homes from the definition of 'manufactured home'. This amendment clarified that disputes between floating home owners and marina owners are not within the jurisdiction of the RTB.

However, Disputes between floating home owners and their tenants continue to be covered under the Residential Tenancy Act. Regarding the recent change affecting RV parks and campgrounds; certain recreational vehicles were already covered under the Residential Tenancy Act and we simply included case law to assist arbitrators to determine if a tenancy situation exists. This change doesn't affect the Ministry position on liveaboard boaters and float home residents.

Depending on the situation, boat and marina owners can seek resolution through application to the Supreme Court of British Columbia or the Civil Resolution Tribunal. For more information, you may wish to consult the Supreme Court [website](#), as well as the Civil Resolution Tribunal [website](#).

I appreciate you raising your concerns once again. Thank you for writing.

Yours truly,

Kathy Elder  
 Executive Director  
 Residential Tenancy Branch

Cc: [Premier@gov.bc.ca](mailto:Premier@gov.bc.ca)

Ministry of Municipal Affairs  
 and Housing

Residential Tenancy Branch  
 Office of Housing and Construction  
 Standards

Mailing Address:  
 PO Box 9844 Stn Prov Govt  
 Victoria BC V8W 9T2  
[www.gov.bc.ca/landlordtenant](http://www.gov.bc.ca/landlordtenant)

Public Information Lines:  
 604-660-1020  
 250-387-1602  
 1-800-665-8779



## GALLEY GOODIES contributed by Donna Sassaman

*Thanks to our marina neighbours, who dug clams while on holidays, we had flavourful, buttery little-neck clams recently. Our menu that night was simple: clams without the linguine and corn on the cob, with a crusty baguette to soak up the juices. Here's an easy recipe that is adaptable.*

### Linguine with White Clam Sauce

(Credit: A Family Feast, <https://www.afamilyfeast.com/>)



#### Ingredients

- 1 pound dry linguine pasta
- ¼ cup extra virgin olive oil (Donna's note: or substitute butter for all or half of the olive oil)
- 2 large garlic cloves sliced thin
- Pinch red pepper flakes
- 4 anchovy filets (Donna's note: I didn't have any so didn't use)
- 1 tsp. dry oregano
- 3 pounds cleaned shell-on littleneck clams (about 2 ½ dozen)  
\*see note below recipe about alternatives to fresh
- ¾ cup white wine (Donna's note: I used Chardonnay)
- 3 Tbsp. fresh Italian flat leaf parsley, chopped fine and divided  
(Donna's note: You can use 1 Tbsp. dried parsley)
- 4 Tbsp. freshly grated Parmesan cheese, divided (A Family Feast note: Adding Parmesan is not traditional, feel free to leave it out.)
- A little more extra virgin olive oil to drizzle over the finished dish.

#### Instructions

Place a large pot of water on to boil and once boiling, lightly salt with kosher salt. If you use anchovies, which are salty, try not to over salt the water. Once boiling, add the linguine.

While linguine is cooking, in a 12-14 inch skillet, heat the ¼ cup of olive oil over medium high heat and once hot, add the garlic and pepper flakes. Cook for 1-2 minutes or just before the garlic starts to brown. Add the anchovies and cook one minute. The anchovies will disintegrate into the oil.

Add the oregano (Donna's note: and parsley, if using dried) and the shell-on little neck clams along with the white wine. Cover and cook over medium to medium high until the shells start to open, about five minutes. Try and control the heat so that the mixture bubbles but not at a full boil.

Have two bowls standing by. Soon as you see one shell open, remove lid, lift it out with tongs and over one bowl, remove clam, again with tongs. Any liquid from the shell goes into this bowl as well. Place shell in second bowl. Repeat as each shell opens. At some point, several will open at once so remove cover and just remove as many as you can handle at once. Discard shells.

Once pasta has reached a point where it is almost done but still a little chewy, using tongs, remove pasta from water and place in the pan that you cooked the clams in.

Add pasta and cook for a few minutes until the pasta is tender and has absorbed a little of the liquid. If you need a little more liquid, add a small amount of pasta water.

As the pasta cooks, add half the chopped parsley and half the cheese. Finally finish by pouring in the bowl with the clams and juice. Give it one last stir and pour everything into a serving bowl.

Drizzle some olive oil over the top and sprinkle with the remaining parsley and cheese.

#### Notes

If fresh littleneck clams are not available in your area, you could use fresh, frozen or canned chopped clams along with bottled clam juice. Look for containers of fresh or frozen clams that equal approximately 2 cups of chopped clams and purchase one bottle of clam juice.

During Step 4 above (when you are adding the shell-on clams), add the juice and cook uncovered for two minutes along with the wine, garlic, etc. Just prior to adding the cooked linguine into the sauce, add the chopped fresh or frozen clams and cook for one minute. Using chopped clams this way will ensure they don't get tough and rubbery which will happen if you cook them too long so adding just before the pasta will ensure that they stay tender.

One last note...Canned chopped clams will most likely be pre-cooked in which case you don't want to cook them further. Just make sure they go into the pan after the cooked pasta. ≈



## FOR SALE: M/V *Julie May*.

Rick and Judy have made a move back to land.

*Julie May* is a 42' converted West Coast wooden troller in excellent condition.

For photos, specs, and price, check out <https://rickschnurr.wixsite.com/juliemay>.

## RECOMMENDED PRODUCTS

~ Recommended by Donna ~

**Super Clean** (purple container). It lives up to its claim as a 'tough task cleaner-degreaser'. We've used it to clean the winter scum off our Class B RV, baked-on grease in the boat's galley, and the ceiling in the main salon. It's as strong as **30 Seconds** but doesn't have the heavy bleach smell so can be used indoors.



*A test patch on the Class B.*



*Cleaning the RV took Bill and Donna a couple of hours. Big difference!*

*Do you have a favourite product that you use on your boat or elsewhere? Tell us about it!*

## IN THE NEWS - SUMMER 2020



Houseboats as an affordable option ...

<https://www.insider.com/photos-houseboat-interiors-2020-6>