

SANTANA 22 ARTICLES

Santana 22 Nationals

Santa Cruz Yacht Club

July 26 & 27, 2008

Ahoy Tuna Lovers,

You rock! I had a blast at the Nationals, and I hope you did as well. On behalf of SCYC and Fleet 9, thanks a million for participating. The wind and waves tested the expertise of the teams in a range of conditions, and the Maybe team excelled on both days. Congratulations again to Ernie, Ray, and Phil! The final race results are posted on the SCYC website www.scyc.org.



It was an honor and pleasure to have Tom Schock attend the festivities on Saturday evening and speak to us on all things Tuna. Thank you, Tom, for making the trip up north. You missed a great opportunity to ride the waves on the downwind runs on Sunday. I heard some hootin and hollerin on the long rides.

We're grateful to all of our sponsors for generously supporting the event, and we hope you send business their way when the opportunity arises. We also appreciate the many prizes that John Hern brought from UK-Halsey Sailmakers. Photos of the awards and racing are available from All Action Photo at <http://www.geocities.com/allactionphoto/> (click on Find Your Photos).

2008 Results:

1st	Ernie Rideout	9 points
2nd	Larry & Bob Comstock	20 points
3rd	Jan Grygier	20 points

As a reminder, it was voted at the Annual Meeting on Saturday that the 2009 Nationals will be hosted by Fleet One at a location to be determined in San Francisco Bay. I'm sure the fleet and host yacht club will make it another great sailing event. Hope to see you there.

Fair winds to all,

Bridget Binko
Fleet Captain, Santa Cruz
Gypsy #243

Off On A Tangent

Follow Gerry & Rosemary as they Cruise the Great Lakes In Their Santana 22

April 1, 2008

It turned cold again last night, laying down a three-inch blanket of spring snow upon the deck of our almost new Santana 22. It is April 1, 2008 and with our planned departure date a scant three weeks away we anxiously await the coming of warmer weather.



Tangent, or "Little T" as my wife Rosemary likes to call her, is a product of our decision to downsize from our much-loved Ranger 33', also named Tangent, on which we sailed for thirty years. For the first five and a half years of "Big T" life my wife and I, along with our youngest son Eric, lived aboard and cruised extensively in the South Pacific, New Zealand, and Australia. On our return trip we stopped for awhile in American Samoa where I taught school and Rosemary worked as a

Registered Nurse. Returning to Los Angeles we once again joined the world of work long enough to replenish our cruising kitty. That done, we had Tangent shipped to Duluth, Minnesota to begin yet another voyage. This time we sailed all through the Great Lakes and out the St. Lawrence River as far as Sorel, Canada. There we headed south via canals into Lake Champlain and on down the Hudson River to New York City, ending up in Annapolis, Maryland. After sailing for a season in the Chesapeake we rented a truck and trailer and pulled a tired Tangent back to Salt Lake City, Utah where this odyssey had begun. Tangent then became a weekender, something she never wanted to be. After all, being "off on a tangent" means not doing the same thing

everyone else is doing. Nevertheless she plied the waters of the Great Salt Lake and Bear Lake in fine style for several years.



About ten years ago I retired from the classroom and took up the teaching of sailing. I became a certified sailing instructor, bought a fleet of Lido 14's along with a Boston Whaler and went into business. I landed contracts with both Utah State University and the University of Utah to teach their sailing programs which, along with private lessons, filled

my summers to the max. "Big T" stood by as tender and when the weather kicked up was happy to have a group of young sailing students aboard for a heavy weather romp around the lake. I also became a dealer for W. D. Schock here in Utah selling a few boats to beginning sailors. One of the boats I sold was a New Santana 22'. Her owner needed a few lessons on how to handle this sturdy yet spry little craft so I was happy to oblige. Wow! What a fine little boat it turned out to be. Now, I know the Santana 22' is touted as a one-design racing boat ah la San Francisco Bay etc. Nevertheless I thought, with a nip here and a tuck there, one of these boats could also be a great mini-cruiser. I have felt for a long time that one does not need a big heavy boat in which to go cruising. Well, nothing would do but that I buy one for myself and try it out.

Due to weather the sailing season in Northern Utah pretty much comes to a close around Halloween and does not start up again until mid-April at the earliest. That leaves plenty of time in which to outfit my new Santana 22 for a life as a mini cruising boat. What we did and how we did it will follow shortly as "Little T" and I prepare for another trip through the Great Lakes with an interesting twist at the end.

Preparation

The first thing you will notice different about this Santana 22' is the addition of a full dodger. Most of these boats are used for class racing where a clean deck and coach roof reduce windage, allowing the boats to sail faster. While speed is also important to cruisers, keeping dry during long passages is also important. After stops at several prominent canvas shops, we wound up working with a shop in Brickyard Cove, in Point Richmond, CA. The friendly folks there take Sunbrella and stainless steel tubing and transform them into works of art. I was especially pleased to see how tight the canvas fit and to watch the rain bead up and slide onto the deck. A free side tie with access to San Francisco Bay was another plus. I learned to sail on the Bay so it was fun to revisit some of my old haunts. Although rained almost three fourths of the time, they had me in and out in less than a week, and I am very happy with my new dodger. You may also notice that we opted for a bow pulpit, stern rails and lifelines. These too are seldom seen on Santana 22's that are used for racing. But, I personally feel more secure at sea on a boat so equipped. Besides, without lifelines were are you going to hang your clothes to dry?

At this writing, we are sitting out stormy weather in Harbor Springs, Michigan, a whopping 25 miles from our splash in point of Charlevoix, Mich. Tomorrow, hopefully, we will be navigating the Straits of Mackinac on our way to the beautiful, rugged cruising grounds of Georgian Bay, Canada.



May 16, 2008

A galley on a 22 foot boat? If you are racing or just day sailing, perhaps sandwiches would be just fine. But when you are sailing for hundreds of miles something more is needed. Perhaps you are familiar with the traditional sea-swing single burner primus stoves used by small boat owners. They take up a lot of room and heat food too slowly for me. I elected to create a deep well type stove with a gas bottle

burner. It is much faster; and, as you can see, it takes up a fraction of the space. I use this stove to heat up prepared food such as stews and soups as well as for heating water. Outboard of the stove is my mini sink and hand operated pump. A six gallon plastic tank which is located under the forepeak berth supplies the water for this sink. In addition to these amenities we also have a gas fired barbeque on the stern rail. All in all, it makes a pretty nice combination for serving up hot nourishing meals.

I had hoped be to in the North Channel of Georgian Bay by now but a couple of complications have arisen that have changed our itinerary. The water level in the lakes is quite low this year making it rather dangerous sailing in the area I had planned. The waters here about can read fifty feet or more one minute and be only a few inches the next due to solid granite ledges hidden just beneath the surface. It is common to keep a foredeck watch with experience in these waters to safely navigate the passages. I have a green crew so I am not going to attempt it. We are instead traveling down the east coast of Michigan enjoying sailing from harbor to harbor visiting several quaint lakeside towns. We are currently in Harrisville, MI awaiting better

weather. It is said that you can get in a good sail about every third day in the lakes and I am beginning to believe it.

-Jerry Willbur, Yacht Tangent

Off on a Tangent Part 2

June 29, 2008

Several miles of fun, cold, rain, wind, and totally great sailing have passed under the keel since I last reported our position. We had a fast passage down the east coast of Lake Huron to Port Huron. While passing under the bridge that crosses into Canada, we experienced quite a fast current that gave us a speed over the ground of 11 knots! From there, we sailed down the St. Mary's river, passing Detroit (which is beautiful from the water) on our way to Lake Erie. Lake Erie is the shallowest of the Great Lakes and can offer a pleasant reach or run to the East. But don't miss South Bass island where Admiral Perry uttered: "We have not yet begun to fight." A lot of history has occurred here in the Great Lakes.

Our first attempt to head east was met with stiff winds on the nose, and with the matching heavy seas, we scurried back to Sandusky to wait for better weather. The next day, we had beautiful winds to head east. At the end of Lake Erie, you have a choice to make: either head north through the Welland Canal into Lake Ontario, or head to Buffalo, New York and into the Erie Canal. Having sailed Lake Ontario on our last visit, we decided to try the Erie Canal (Yes, THE Erie Canal of history and song fame). Maybe I shouldn't tell you, but while the first few locks were fun, it was a long, long trip for a sailor having to listen to the drone of an outboard in record 90-degree-plus heat and matching humidity (that of "Spring") for the next 35 locks.

When one buys a new boat, he or she should always set aside a few dollars for extras. I am definitely not an exception to that rule.

My first 2 extras were purchased from the factory- a roller furling gear and a ramp wheel. Both of these make great additions to your basic package. Diehard racers may take exception to roller furling, but for the person who is just day sailing or is single-handed cruising (as I am), it's a great addition. Along with lazy jacks and jiffy reefing, I am almost in complete control of my sail plan without leaving the cockpit.

As I am single handed right now, I added a Garmin 545s GPS, which is a fantastic piece of equipment once you get to know how to use it. I also added a VFH radio that automatically receives position information when it is connected to the GPS. The laptop computer that I am using to write this article is also connected to my GPS, and it overlays my exact position and track on the nautical charts that are installed in my computer. Don't ask me how it works, it just does. The regular shore power system, an onboard generator, and batteries complete the electrical system.

Oh, I almost forgot my "hammocks." I made up some canvas hammocks to utilize the space created by the molded-in cockpit combings. My rolled up charts store nicely on one side and the

autopilot and tiller extension on the other.

After varnishing the cabin sole, I laid down some closed-cell foam, and topped that off with a strip of carpeting. I have never been a fan of carpet in a boat, but since I find I am spending time on my knees to cook or find gear under the bunks, the carpet is a nice concession to old knees.

You may have noticed that the anchor is hanging off the starboard stern rail, and not the bow. When single-handing it, it's sure easier to handle the outboard and pay out or pull in the anchor line. Once the anchor is set, simply walk the rode forward and secure it to a bow cleat.

Oh well, on to the Hudson River!

Off on a Tangent Part 3

August 7, 2008

*When I float my little toy boat a sailor at sea am I.
Far from home I sail the foam. I'm on my way to New England country.
When my boat hits a wave then I have to be brave.
I reach out and I save my boat. It stays afloat.
And sometimes it even saves me.*

Sorry about that. I was asked recently if I didn't get very lonely sailing all alone on such a big ocean. This person went on to say that if she were to do so, she would soon be talking to herself. I have never had that experience, but I do sing as I sail along. I even make up the words to say what is on my mind as the world drifts slowly by. That is about the same thing I suppose.

Well, after saying goodbye to the seemingly endless locks of the Erie Cannel we (my toy boat and I) sailed down the Hudson River toward New York City. The prevailing winds in this region are from the southwest, but on this occasion the wind blew more from the northwest, making for a delightful ride down this historic river – a river that played such an important part in the development of this nation and even today continues to flow in service to commerce and transportation. Albany, the capital of the state of New York, with its tall buildings gleaming in the early morning sun, was first city I passed, with others too many to mention.

Rounding a bend in the river, a sidle known around the world as West Point stretched from the river's bank to the bluffs high above. I spent two days thus employed having spent most of one raising the mast again and tending to other duties afloat after transiting the canal. On the morning of the third day, the battery which stands at the southern end of Manhattan Island came into view. Beyond that, the East River (which is not really a river at all but an estuary that connects New York Harbor with Long Island sound) could be seen churning and boiling as if readying itself for a fight. The most important thing to do when transiting the East River is to get

the timing right in order to ensure a swift, safe passage. The waters flood and ebb in opposite directions to each other where the East River and Long Island Sound meet. It is important to catch the tidal current heading in the right direction.

As usual, over-planning put me there early so I was obliged to wait awhile to catch the best ride. I motored slowly around the waterfront looking at the tall buildings in this city that never sleeps. I fully expected to be approached by the Coast Guard or the Harbor Police, as it was around four-thirty in the morning. Ever since nine/eleven this whole area has supposedly been under close security. No one seemed to care, so I just enjoyed watching the first rays of daylight fill the sky behind the skyscrapers.

Once the tidal current had changed to the East we were off again. We soon splashed on past the U. N. building and Roosevelt Island as we headed for Hells Gate and its swirling current. As I approached, a tug with a barge in tow was making his way through the narrows, so I slowed to give him plenty of room. Once he had passed, I entered and had very little trouble negotiating the passage. I had, however, failed to plot a course to follow once I had entered Long Island sound. As it was now Saturday morning, there were seemingly thousands of sports fishing boats heading out into the sound for a day of drowning worms or what ever they do. I fell in line and followed them out. Some of these vessels were quite large and surely needed more water than I to navigate safely through the shallow waters of the sound near inshore.

Once clear I set a course for Bridgeport, CT. Why? Because it would be getting late before I arrived, and Bridgeport has a fairly straightforward entrance with no rocks to dodge. Maybe I just did not pick the best time of year to sail Long Island Sound, but I was expecting something more than the "lumpy lake effect," as I called it, that greeted me as I crossed. Not much wind and a lot of fishing boats churning up the waters. My luck did not improve as I entered Bridgeport harbor.

The marina I chose seemed common enough but their prices were much higher than I would have expected. Their gas was \$5.59 per gallon, ice was \$4.00 a bag, and you do not want to know what they wanted for a side tie. One of the local sailors, however, took me to the grocery store and to a Laundromat, helping me a lot as I was in need of both. It would have been quite a walk to these places from the marina. The next day, I headed on east and ended the day in New London, CT. Here I took a mooring at the Thames Yacht Club where they were very helpful. They even took me on a tour of the bay pointing out many historical spots. Across the bay from the Yacht Club was Groton, CT where they build submarines, of which I was able to see a couple while I was there.

My next stop was the small fishing harbor of Sakonnet in Rhode Island. It was not the sort of place most traveling yachtsmen would stop, but it was the closest harbor. It was only three miles away from the town of Little Compton, Rhode Island, which is the ancestral home of my paternal family. In fact, members of my direct family line lived on their farm there for three hundred years. Now the farm has been made into a museum. What a treat it was to spend the whole day touring the house, barns, and other outbuildings of the farm. It was here on our farm that the Rhode Island Red chicken was developed. Reluctantly, I moved on after only two days, as that was all the time they would let me remain in their crowded little harbor.

Moving on east I made my way to Fairhaven, MA. Again, more history to be enjoyed both there and in New Brunswick, an historic old whaling town across the bay. Unlike Joshua Slocum's arrival here after being the first to sail around the world alone, no one even seemed to notice my single-handed sailing arrival. After the first night staying at another very expensive marina, I

moved out next to the breakwater and anchored. A gentleman came by later in his boat and advised me that, when it blows hard, it will not be safe to be anchored there, and he offered me a free mooring while I was in port. I had occasion to visit Newhaven later that month and found the same mooring available to me again.

Well, if I were to continue east, I was going to have to cross Buzzard Bay and take the Cape Cod channel into the Atlantic or sail around the cape, which did not sound expedient to me. Buzzard Bay can be a fine place to sail at times, and a real buzzard of a bay at others. All went well at first, but once I approached the channel entrance, it turned quite rough. It pushed, pulled, and slammed my boat around pretty good until I got into the channel proper, where it calmed down. Again, this is one of those places where you have to time your passage, and I had done that, but still the current flow and wind fighting each other made the entrance an unpleasant experience, to say the least.

After passing through the channel, and with only a couple of hours of daylight left, I scurried up the coast to Plymouth, MA. Knowing that the entrance would take some close navigation, I was happy to have my GPS on board, as the weather had turned quite foggy. Plymouth is a real treat for anyone interested in history. It has it all. From Plymouth Rock itself to a fine, full-sized replica of the Mayflower. I have a hard time imagining how 220 souls could possibly fit in that tiny boat. A trip through the plantation, as it is called, brings the pilgrim times to life with reenactment of their daily life and interaction with the native population. After a couple of days in Plymouth, I pushed on to Boston to spend the Fourth of July where it all began. I found a slip right down town. Not cheap, but after all- with where I was it being the Fourth- what can one expect? I walked the freedom trail and strolled through the commons before searching out my Great, Great, ever so Great Grandfather's business offices on Milk Street and his toll road on the outskirts of the old city. I took a seat in a pew in the Old North Church and tried to imagine what it must have been like. Later, I spent a couple of days touring the islands of Boston Harbor, of which there are many.

Retracing my wake for a time, I returned to Plymouth, the dreaded Cape Cod channel; and, as I mention previously, Fairhaven, MA. My reason for stopping in Fairhaven again was that my generator had stopped working. With luck, I picked the very best place to have this work done. At my first stop, I was quoted one to two hundred to fix it, but at the next place the fellow said, "Let me take a look at it and I will let you know." I checked back the next day, and it was fixed. The charge was only twenty-five dollar. It has never run better. With the generator repaired, I was no longer dependent on marinas, as I could now anchor out again and still have power for my electrical needs.

I retraced my steps, west now, on Long Island Sound, but favored the New York side this time. After three days of this, I once again picked up a mooring rather than anchor out, as it was getting dark and I had not found a suitable spot. When the launch came out to pick me up and take me to the office to check in, I was taken aback at the grandeur of the place. I had stumbled into Larchmont Yacht Club, one of the most prestigious clubs in the country. Surprisingly, it was quite reasonably priced so I stayed for a couple of days. This was the kind of yacht club you see in movies. It has a gigantic layout with all sorts of amenities. On the second day, the junior sailing program sponsored a regatta for several clubs, with literally thousands of kids and hundreds of boats participating.

From there, it was back through New York City again. On this occasion, however, we made a left turn as we rounded the battery and out into the Atlantic again. South now down the East Coast we flew, reaching Cape May, NJ at the close of the second day. Cape May also has a

channel that allows some boats- those that can pass under a fifty-foot high bridge- to forgo the rounding of the cape. When my wife and I passed this way thirty-five years ago in Big "T," Cape May was a sleepy little fishing village. Now it has grown considerably. After taking on fuel and water, along with much needed rest little "t" passed quickly through the channel and out into Delaware Bay. Timing the current for the full journey up the bay and the river beyond is a task best suited for faster vessels than mine. If I were to pass this way again, I would take what comes in the way of current in the bay and try to catch the current up river.

Needless to say there was some slow sailing ahead of us and then yet another channel- the Delaware/Chesapeake to transit. This time the current was not on our side. With no where to stop we slogged on to about mid way through the channel and found a marina. There is a strange tale told about this place. It was not supposed to be here at all but when they were widening the channel some engineer got it wrong and started the crew heading off course. After a couple of hundred yards or so they returned to the correct route and just left the cut that later became a park and this marina. The next day with a helpful current we made it to a place called Still Pond anchoring there for the night after a, not so pleasant, beat down the bay. The next day it was up early and a short sail into Annapolis, MD. It was almost like coming home as we had lived here for a year some time ago. As I approached, the old city did not seem to have changed much except for the presence of many more boats. Once ashore it was evident that Annapolis, like many other cities, had sprawled out across the countryside. After almost a week of taking in the sights and the hustle bustle of this tourist destination I hoisted the anchor and after a short sail found a quiet little inlet with no lumpy motor boat wakes in which to drop the hook and rest a while. I even have a few thousand trees to shade Tangent from the afternoon summer sun.

I am sorry Tom (Schock) - I fought the good fight, but it was either to be that barney post or me. One of us had to go. While at Fawcetts, a marine hardware store in Annapolis, I purchased the necessary parts to convert Tangent to end boom sheeting. Oh, happy day! No more scrapes to my shins or getting the tiller extension fowled in the main sheet. I am sure that the barney post works well while racing, but for me at least, out here cruising around, the end boom sheeting works much better.

Oh, and by the way- while sailing up the Severn River the other day, I crossed tacks with one of the new Harbor 25's. Nice looking boat. If I ever get rich and famous, I will have to have one some day.

During this trip, I have really put this little Santana 22 to the test, and she has performed marvelously. What's next for little "t?" What lies around the next point? I do not know. The wind in the rigging tells me she wants to go home. We will see.

Gerald Willbur
Yacht Tangent





Santana 22 Wins Big in San Francisco Bay

October 16, 2004

The YRA Champion of Champions regatta is an annual event that pits class winners against one another in a one day, three race PHRF handicap regatta. For the past few years, it has been run out of the Golden Gate Yacht Club on the San Francisco City Front.

This year's event was won by Michael Andrews and his crew aboard Santana 22 #811. This is one of the new models and is really, really fast. Michael won the 2003 event with finishes of 1 – 2 – 5. This year, they won all three races! In fact, in two of the three races, the little Santana 22 beat the Cal 29 and the Newport 30 boat-for-boat. And in one of the races, they crossed the finish line ahead of the Catalina 30 as well. Not bad for a “little Tuna”!

The wind for the regatta was variable in both strength and direction, which goes to show that the Santana 22 performs well in all conditions. Aside from sailing a great boat, the skipper attributed his win to his team's ability “to react faster and more efficiently than most to the shifts in direction.”

Results			
Santana 22	<i>Bonito</i>	Michael Andrew	3 points
Olson 25	<i>Vivace</i>	Larry/Frank Nelson	8
Merit 25	<i>Loose Lips</i>	Phil Mai	11
Catalina 30	<i>Starkite</i>	Laurie Miller	13
Cal 29	<i>Bluejacket</i>	Bill O'Connor	14
Newport 30	<i>Harry</i>	Richard Aronoff	14