

Putting the 'custom' in
CUSTOMER

Your average production boatbuilder might have sent Preston King and his list of requirements packing — but if history has proven anything, it's that Cabo Yachts is not your average boatbuilder.



On the whole, the new Cabo 48 is one very impressive boat

It started out innocently enough as a sea trial of Preston King's new Cabo 48, *Reel Time*. It ended up as three stories after Preston's son Dave landed a 329.5lb broadbill swordfish, winning the Master Angler's Billfish Tournament. Not a bad way to test a new boat, huh?

Preston King may not be the preferred customer of your average production boatbuilder. Preston had owned a 38 Bertram and a 44 Pacifica — and he knew exactly what he wanted in his new sportsfishing machine when he started talking with his Broker John Buettner at Stan Miller Yachts.

What he wanted was a significantly customised production boat — something that many production boatbuilders would have told him and his broker to seek elsewhere. They might also suggest that he gut and re-configure a production model in a custom yard after they delivered it.

Cabo Yachts is not your average production boatbuilder in so many ways, and making the customer happy seems to carry a whole lot of weight with the company's management. Cabo Yachts took Preston's many proposed modifications in stride, and incorporated them into Cabo 48, hull number three. And in doing so, Preston King and Cabo Yachts may have co-created the perfect California-style Cabo — a boat configured to meet the specialised fishing needs of California tournament and offshore anglers.

KING'S WISHLIST

One of the things Preston wanted in his new boat was speed, and Cabo had already figured that out by designing the boat to carry a pair of MAN D2840LE403 1050hp (772kW) engines. Cabo literature suggests a top speed of 40mph with the right load, and we saw every bit of that kind of speed during our four days onboard, seemingly regardless of how we were loaded.

A 50ft boat moving at 30kt-plus is impressive. We did this several times, in differing sea conditions, and it was impressive no matter which way we were going or what the sea state was. The boat was comfortable, quiet and did far less pounding than I would expect for that kind of speed and that size of boat in those sea states.

There was a problem with the MANs on *Reel Time* when we were onboard — a problem that MAN and Cabo have been grappling with since day one, but nonetheless a problem both parties are certain they will overcome. That problem is that at low rpm, the MANs smoke — and not just a little.

Power them up, let the second half of the cylinders fire off, listen to the turbos spool up and presto — very clean exhaust emission, just like you'd expect MANs to deliver. We expect that problem will be long gone by the time you are reading this.

The engineroom that houses these glistening German workhorses is typical Cabo. It is easy to access (walk-in from the centre of the cockpit tackle station), well engineered, everything in its place, exceptional wiring and plumbing runs, clean, white, gel-coated surfaces everywhere, emergency pump-out plumbing provisions valved to engines.

Everything as it should be, but with that typical Cabo emphasis on perfection and the little things that make a big difference. For instance, as you step down into the engineroom, to your left is a rack for two sets of ear-protectors. Everyone needs 'em in an engineroom, and Cabo gives you a convenient place to store them.

The engineroom also housed Preston's upgrade to the optional Westerbeke 12.6 KW genset with its sound-deadening housing. The standard oil change pump had been relocated at the front of the port engine. Various bait tank pumps were also found neatly plumbed to a manifold, as well as sea cocks for easy access and redundant management of circulating water to the boat's bow and stern-mounted bait tanks.

There was also a large wetbox custom fitted at the factory to support the array of transducers for the boat's complex electronics suite, and an array of batteries for the vessel's custom 4kW inverter system.

SPARK OF INSPIRATION

All the electrical needs of the boat are wired up to one of Cabo's extraordinarily well-thought-out electrical panels, which was located in a cabinet on the starboard side of the saloon, just inside the entry door from the cockpit. While we again marvelled at the flawless wiring runs and easy-to-understand labelling of Cabo's parallel AC and DC electrical system management panels, we found a fault here.

After watching Preston King and his teammates have to kneel, squat, bend and/or lie down on the floor to read and change various switch settings and monitor various gauges — several times each day — it occurred to me that mounting an electrical switch panel at knee level in any boat, with the complex electrical systems of this one particularly, was not a good idea.

Panels mounted on either side of the passageway forward of the saloon might eat up some cabin space, require longer wiring runs and move the switches away from the saloon door and further from the bridge — but they would also allow for standing access to the panel.

Despite our reservations about location, that switch panel was beautifully integrated into Cabo's signature teak

cabinetry with its satin finish and integrated grillwork. That cabinetry and fine woodwork with its carefully matched grain flowed throughout the saloon and forward into the staterooms and heads seamlessly.

INTERIOR DESIGN

The main saloon is configured with the U-shaped galley forward to port, with Magna Sahara-colored Corian countertops. There are four Sub-Zero drawer-type refrigerators below the dividing counter, a radiant electric stovetop, forward bulkhead-mounted microwave oven, moulded deep sink and tons of storage space in signature Cabo teak-faced cabinetry with pull-out shelves. There are also nicely-configured deep-drawers and practical places to accommodate all your galley necessities.

Aft of the galley is a large L-shaped lounge with a gorgeous birdseye maple and teak-trimmed coffee table at its centre, and to starboard of the galley in the forward corner of the saloon is a narrow dinette table and banquette. On the forward bulkhead over this area, Preston has installed a massive flatscreen video panel that makes watching the vessel's satellite TV (or videos and DVDs), a pleasure from anywhere in the saloon.

Upholstery touches from the valances and the seating to the throw pillows are beautifully complimentary of the teak cabinetry and maintain the light, airy feeling of the space. Blinds and lighting are recessed but very functional.

A passageway down three steps to the forward living area passes a partially open bunkroom to starboard and the substantial master stateroom to port, amidships. Preston opted to install a large custom freezer under the lower bunk in the starboard stateroom to provide for more long-term storage — especially for those extended fishing trips Southern California fishermen often make. The freezer compressor was worked into the space under the stairs, close to the air-conditioning compressors and another refrigeration compressor that Preston asked Cabo to move out of the engineroom and into the dry storage space under the galley floor.

SHOWER RESHUFFLE

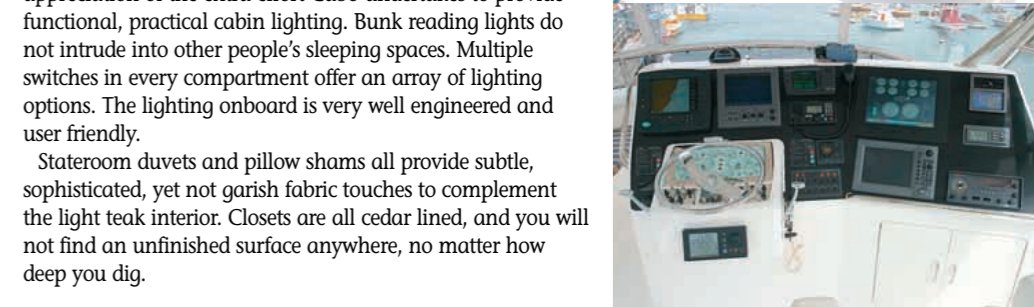
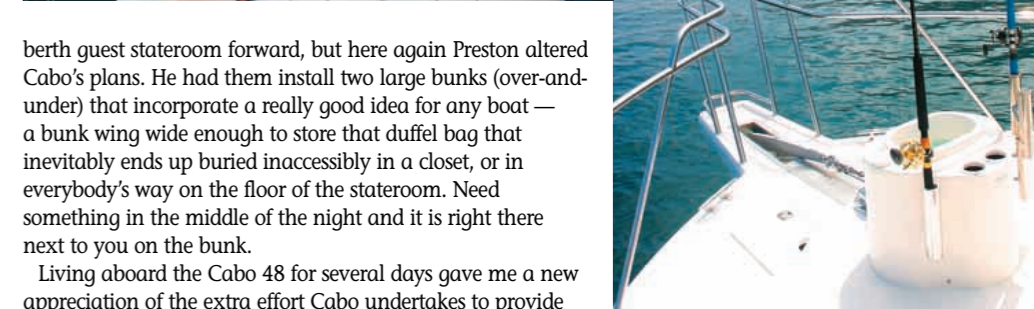
In another unique customisation of the living spaces, Preston opted to have the shower removed from the starboard head compartment, and replaced it with a tall bank of storage cabinets and drawers, facing aft, as part of the forward wall of the starboard stateroom. With typical Cabo aplomb, these were executed in the same grill-face, satin finish, match-grain teak, and look to be part of the original design. Like virtually all Cabo's drawers, they open fully.

Preston reasoned that one shower was enough for five guys fishing together, and that is located in the master suite head, forward of the master cabin. There are still two separate head compartments with their individual sinks and toilets, and there is also a hot-and-cold shower fixture in the starboard corner of the cockpit (adjacent to the cockpit door).

In deference to the men who predominantly fish these boats, Preston also opted to have the toilets raised onto steps. As a tall guy who has been known to be aim-challenged by boisterous sea conditions, this modification was appreciated — as was the catty-corner placement of the loo in the starboard head compartment, which made it useable in almost any sea state.

The master cabin features a walk-around queen berth with its headboard aft, storage beneath, teak cabinetry, judicious use of fine fabric upholstery and trip, and its own entertainment system (including flatscreen TV and subtle lighting). The ensuite head is forward, and features a beautifully-moulded shower and vanity with Corian countertops, adequate storage for toiletries and supplies, and a very functional shower compartment.

The stock Cabo 48 is designed with an additional queen



VIRTUALLY PERFECT

We started our Cabo 48 virtual tour in the engineroom, and walked through the cockpit to describe the interior, without recognising that the cockpit is the primary work platform of any sportsfishing machine — and Cabo's design team got nearly everything right in this important area.

The forward cockpit bulkhead supports the rigging area with tackle storage, drawers, prep sink, refrigerated day box and room for the optional bait freezer, neatly moulded to incorporate the engineroom access door with no break in continuity.

Two substantial fishboxes are normally moulded into the 48's cockpit sole with macerators plumbed to their discharge drains, full-length piano hinges, gas struts and rubber sealing gaskets. Like most doors and hatches on a Cabo, these won't rattle, slam or leak, and they are substantial enough for a lifetime of pounding and being trod upon. Preston had Cabo

continued on page 54

Anti-clockwise from above: The helm setup on Reel Time is one of the best we've seen — note the black dash panel to prevent glare and the image-stabilised binoculars at the ready; The custom bow livewell and bowsprit are designed specifically for casting livebaits at tailing swords and stripers; Wide sidedecks make access to the bow a breeze; Check out the huge livewell moulded into the transom.



Life by the sword

Above: As Tom Hatterer reaches for the leader, he knows the fight with the mighty broadbill has only just begun.

In one of the most remarkable sea trials in recent memory, the new Cabo 48 became the platform for a gruelling battle with one of the ocean's great gladiators.

Okay, we've got a chance to do this if we can just all remain calm," Dave King shouted as he bounded into the cockpit and reached for his 80lb outfit.

Not exactly the kind of thing you want to break your reverie when you're at sea on a new boat — but the gear he selected was a significant clue that his entreaty to remain calm was not a serious emergency declaration, but rather a good thing. His grab for the 80lb rig meant there must be a swordfish lurking about.

Dave's demeanor edged away from calm in the next few frantic minutes, and the rest of us weren't much more composed — because *Reel Time* was being very closely inspected by a beefy broadbill swordfish. The scrutiny was so up-close and personal that it was almost as if the swordie was thinking: "Hey, cool — that must be the new 48 Cabo."

It is always a thrill to encounter one of the ocean's rare and unique creatures — and *Xiphias gladius*, the broadbill swordfish, is the penultimate quarry for any saltwater gamefisherman.

There was no mistaking what this curious 'two-finner' was as it lazily carved two wakes through the calm, green waters off San Clemente Island with its tall, narrow, blunt-edged dorsal fin and the tip of its more sharply cut tail-fin. The huge eye, impressively

long rapier and the odd, purplish colouration of the rotund fish further defined its lineage. The distance between the dorsal and the tail fin told us this was an 80lb outfit.

Dave's father, Preston King, had just taken delivery of 48 Cabo hull number three — his third serious offshore sportsfishing boat. Over nearly 30 years of sportsfishing Californian waters, in three formidable sportsfishing machines, Preston had not participated in the landing of even a single swordfish.

Seen 'em, sure — lots of times. Serious Californian anglers encounter these relics of ancient seas from time to time, but finding them and hooking them have always been two dramatically different matters.

Hooking a swordfish and landing one are also two entirely different matters — as Dave was about to find out.

rites of passage

The first trick was to get a bait in the vicinity of the apparently unconcerned sword, and Dave had pinned a healthy mackerel onto a J-hook and was letting it pay out over the transom when he gave us our first clue that his initial calm was completely gone. In his haste, he had birdnested the reel, and a string of invectives and a flurry of fingers worked out

the tangle as the big swordfish swam lazily around in our vicinity.

Once Dave was ready, the swordfish was apparently not (as is most often the case) — so Dave opted for plan B, which was to stun the bait against the transom (to make it more "attractive"), and to pin a balloon near the top of the leader. The latter was done so the position of the bait was clear to the angler (and his father at the helm), regardless of how far from the boat it was. The balloon would also tell us all when the bait had been taken.

Plan B worked just like the article Dave had read said it would. The swordfish circled the bait slowly and then with increasing intensity. The dum-dum, dum-dum soundtrack from the movie *Jaws* would have been appropriate at this point. And then the fish turned so tightly that only a rubber-spined acrobat could have duplicated its dexterity — and deliberately ate the bait as we all watched, slack-jawed.

SECOND BASE

The balloon released from the leader — Dave free-spoiled 80lb monofilament line into the glassy-green water and slowly ran through a long count before advancing the drag lever to strike.

"He took it," Dave shouted. "We're bit! My God, I can't believe it."

Then, after a few more pregnant seconds he ecstatically pronounced the obvious: "We're hooked to a swordfish!"

He was pronouncing the obvious because we had all witnessed the slow-motion take of the magnificent fish — and by the bend in his rod, it was very clear that the battle had been engaged.

The teamwork part of big gamefishing quickly came into play as Tom Hatterer and Bill Jahn moved from the oh-wow mode to the far more useful assist-the-angler mode.

Tom began readying the only flying gaffs onboard — two flyers from those long-gone years when striped marlin were generally taken in these waters. Gaffs that unfortunately looked to be sorely inadequate for the likes of this fish.

Gloves were readied, ropes secured — and most importantly, the angler was ministered to with advice, good counsel, support and psychological conditioning.

The first portion of the battle actually flew by in a blur. Thanks to persistent drag pressure on Dave's end, calm support from his cockpit team and a quick learning curve on the Glendinning controls at Preston's end up on the flybridge, just 45 minutes after the swordie was hooked, the amazingly-purple shape was coming home.

CHAMPIONSHIP ROUNDS

Tom got his hands on the leader once and failed to gain control, but the radiant lavender billfish was apparently not frightened, and soon began to succumb to the pressure of practiced hands on the leader. Unfortunately, right as Billy was in position to set the first flying gaff, the fish began to pull away hard — and rather than miss an opportunity, Billy set the first gaff as deep as he could, into the broadbill's central back.

The fish exploded, but things got even more exciting as Billy took enough of the load for Tommy to dump the leader and respond to Billy's tremulous requests as the fish pummeled him with its violent shaking. Tom set another puny flying gaff into the grating body of the swordfish, and it went totally ballistic.

I've seen a lot of fish fought and gaffed in my time, but nothing compares with the pandemonium that broke loose in the next few minutes. Preston came off the bridge and set a stick gaff into the enraged fish. One flying gaff ripped out, sending two guys flying across the cockpit onto their backsides. More stick gaffs were set into any flank available — Billy was lost in a blur of water, shaking purple fish, ropes and leader.

Despite my desperate attempts, getting a photo of the action was all but impossible — but that was certainly of far less importance at the time than staying clear of the chaotic melee!

EYE OF THE STORM

It didn't seem like it took very long for the muscular swordfish to rid itself of its tormentors — but as the last gaff ripped free and the pandemonium settled down, several remarkable things happened.

First, Dave realised he was still connected, and despite the hyperactivity of the last few moments, the fish seemed to be placidly moving away under the now-light drag. A quick do-si-do, and Dave was back against the padded covering board, coming tight to his adversary.

The other remarkable thing was that despite the chaos, with gaffs literally flying back into the cockpit as they ripped free, no one was hurt.

The next three hours were an exercise in will, perseverance and strength. Here were these men in this very capable boat, competing in an important tournament, pitted against a very basic creature — born of adversity, weighing twice as much as the angler, working diligently toward its very survival, in its home waters.

Frustration seemed to grow, slowly, at both ends of the line. The angler became frustrated as his hard-earned monofilament poured back off the spool under 34lb of drag, with the fish just a score of yards away — leading to his father to change the direction of pull by manoeuvring the boat.

Who knows if swordfish get frustrated — but the concerted effort to rid itself of the head-leading pull must have impacted on the simple being, because it gradually, almost imperceptibly, gave in.

BORN TO FIGHT

Considering the amount of physical damage done when the swordfish came to gaff, it was absolutely incredible how hard it fought over the next three-and-a-half hours. The swordfish fought like the gladiator it had rightfully been described as in so many stories.

Roughly four hours after it had initially consumed the stunned mackerel, the swordfish began to show signs it was near an end. That was good — because after four hours of 30-plus pounds of drag, Dave was thoroughly spent.

With his coaches consoling and exhorting him,

and with a will that came from a lifetime of wondering what it would really be like to go toe-to-toe with a big broadbill, Dave continued to grind in line. And then there was a double line knot, and then there was leader — and then Tom added pressure by grabbing the leader.

Despite the pressure, the now-darkened fish executed one more extraordinary acrobatic move on the port quarter of the big Cabo. It bent its boneless spine over, kicked its powerful tail from horizontal to vertical and upended, turning in the blink of an eye from swimming parallel to the surface to straight down toward the bottom.

None of us had ever seen any fish do that in the end-game, and there was simply no holding this agile and incredibly persistent beast.

But it was tuckered out now, and on this next round Dave had a lot less trouble and spent a lot less time getting it back up to within reach of Tom Hatterer's gloved hand. This time it seemed to give up as those silly little gaffs were reset, several bill wraps were secured, and it rolled over and began to lay still.



OVER THE LINE

The transom gate on the starboard corner of the cockpit was lifted and the door swung open, and it took four men to slide the now black and golden-hued beast into the cockpit. The long, flat sword was laid up the steps into the saloon, and the transom door could barely be closed against the huge tail.

We all marvelled at this unique animal with the powerful motor, sleek, almost tuna-like body, dangerous head-mounted weaponry and that large, deep, all-seeing eye that finds the swordfish food even in the dark of over 500 fathoms of water. The hook had been set from the inside out, near the corner of the jaw, and hung loosely in about two inches of jaw-flap flesh.

Billy immediately suggested that the fish be taken to Catalina so Rosie — the island's institution in that role — would weigh it on The Tuna Club scales. Preston and Dave concurred — not only for the historical relevance of the catch, but because it was the closest location to where they had landed the fish.



Above: A sight which dreams are made of — a tailing swordfish within casting range. Left: After a gruelling four-hour fight, Dave Preston and the Reel Time crew boat their fish of a lifetime.

SPOILS OF WAR

The radio crackled with congratulatory calls as we streaked toward Santa Catalina Island at over 30kt, cleaning up the mess of the battle, sharing individual pieces of the story, and basking in the afterglow.

Avalon was bustling with activity as Preston manoeuvred his now-proven new vessel under the gantry on the pier, and the crowd gathered. Rosie took charge, wheeled out the classic Tuna Club scale, and made preparations for weighing the fish as hundreds of questions were thrown at Dave and his team, and interlopers had their pictures taken with the mighty swordfish.

Planked and measured, the fish was officially weighed in at 329.5lb — though it looked bigger to everyone (including Rosie). Indeed, it had fought like a monster twice that size.

Once it had been weighed and certified, the big fish was hauled into a chill-box to be readied for steaking, and Preston headed *Reel Time* out of Avalon Harbor and back toward Huntington Harbor on the California coast, where our tournament adventure and extraordinary Cabo 48 sea trial had begun three days earlier.

The tournament had not been productive, and Dave's single swordfish was probably enough to take home all the marbles — except for the fact that another swordfish was being fought even as the sun set on the final day of the Master Angler's Billfish Tournament. Dave and the team would have to go to bed that night wondering if their momentous catch would be topped by another swordfish.

In the end, it wasn't to be. The other angler (Richard Stoddard) went 22 hours against a fish estimated at 400-500lb on 50lb gear. That gladiator image came to mind again.

Sea trials are generally uneventful, but our three-day test trip aboard Preston King's new 48 Cabo had been most impressive. The swordie had made it extraordinary, to say the least.



“Everything as it should be, but with that typical Cabo emphasis on perfection”



Clockwise from above: The master stateroom features a walkaround queensize berth with stylish fabrics; Light coloured upholstery compliments the teak joinery; The U-shaped galley is well-appointed and includes under-bench refrigeration; Crew bunks are generous in size and feature a clever bunk wing to store your duffel bag; A GPS in the master stateroom provides piece of mind when on anchor.



continued from page 51

convert one of the fishboxes into an additional under-cockpit storage space.

Padded bolsters surround the cockpit, including the 100-gallon glassfront baitwell Preston asked Cabo to custom build into the mid-transom, replacing the smaller, standard baitwell. Preston also opted for under-gunwale tackle cabinets to be removed, and in their place he added exposed and accessible gaff and tagpole racks, under the covering boards.

A remarkably broad sidedeck leads forward to the bow and Preston opted for Cabo's extraordinary polished stainless-steel "West Coast rail set", which runs far enough aft and high enough to allow for safe passage by a hooked-up angler with only one free hand. The rail also sweeps around the bow pulpit with both a double band on top and a toe-band at foot height to make it a lot more angler-friendly for West Coast-style bow casting. Cabo's welding work is as good or better than the kind of work you formerly were only able to obtain after market.

The foredeck included an optional dingy davit and a welded stainless-steel dingy rack bearing a hard-bottomed inflatable with outboard. Forward of that were the twin bow

bait tanks and bait tubes, rigged with rodholders and fully plumbed to circulate and keep bait healthy and ready to cast toward any surface-feeding gamefish.

Preston had also specified a Liberty Maxwell 24V anchor windlass in deference to the California angler's need to anchor regularly, and he equipped it with 350ft of 5/16in, high-tensile chain and both bow and bridge controls.

ACE IN THE HOLE

By saving the description of the flybridge until this point in the story, I may have saved the best for last. As you climb the stainless-steel ladder out of the forward port corner of the cockpit, up onto the flybridge, it is quickly apparent that this simple structure was very functionally engineered. From the starboard-material treads to the broad stainless-steel handrails, it is both utilitarian and safe — and it is easy to descend facing either forward or aft.

On the bridge, Cabo's functional use of the available space is immediately apparent. Fore-and-aft bench seat runs along the portside; there is a forward-facing bench seat on the front face of the command console, and there is a huge flat space provided on the console face, surrounding the Rybovich-style steering and control pod.

Above: A dinette on the starboard side provides additional seating and the huge flat screen TV is just the ticket for watching the game or playing back the video recordings of the day's events. Note the excellent natural light provided by the side windows.

Aft of the console, Preston opted for a pair of Stidd helm chairs (these are heaven for comfort), and in the console he found room to mount some 20 (that's right, 20!) different electronics displays and panels. It looks a bit like shuttle launch control in Houston, but of course there is a reason behind each piece.

Before mounting this amazing electronics array, Preston asked Cabo to paint the console face black. Note to all manufacturers: the huge flybridge console faces of today's sportsfishing machines are giant light-reflectors. White gelcoat is not a good choice for these vision-killing surfaces.

Reel Time's command electronics console included everything but the kitchen sink. There is a pair of MAN Marine Diesel display monitors (mostly redundant because of Cabo's excellent gauge cluster in the pod). There are Glendinning's electronic control displays. There are two Furuno 10in Navnet displays (for the radar, four transducer frequencies and GPS/plotter with C-Map NT). There are a pair of Northstar plotter displays (including the incredibly bright/readable 10in display on Northstar 957), and a pair of Taiyo ADF radios, a Simrad autopilot display and an ACR searchlight control panel.

That list does not include everything on the console by the way, and the electronics package — which was superbly installed by Bill Jahn of Crew West Marine Electronics — also included three pieces mounted in the overhead. There were also various remotes throughout the vessel to keep the crew informed while below, and to keep the skipper entertained while he is at the helm (satellite TV could be monitored on several of the helm displays). Redundancies were every where, and many of the electronics integrated seamlessly.

FACE OF THE FUTURE

The console face also included a large touch-screen computer monitor for the Micad vessel management system. If it worked as advertised (keep track of anchor chain as you lower the anchor then work out an anchor watch based on depth and scope integrating transducer input, monitor all engine functions et cetera ad infinitum) it could be a real gem. Unfortunately, it managed only a few of its lauded functions while we were onboard, and seemed to be a work in progress.

The Cabo 48's flybridge is big, functional (good sight-lines front, back and all around) comfortable, utilitarian, and Preston made his even more functional by opting to let Steve DeGroot work his unique combination of engineering and art into the bridge surround rails and hardtop.

Cabo's stainless steel welding is flawless, but DeGroot marries form and function when he welds the stainless support structure for his custom-configured hardtops. All wiring, antennas, outrigger mounts and electronics are integrated into the design — and when he is done, lines are both clean and obstructed, and aesthetically pleasing. Steve added the handrails to Cabo's flybridge ladder, then flowed them smoothly up and all the way around the bridge — and then up into the moulded hardtop — with near seamless welding.

EZZCY clear curtains finish DeGroot's custom top installation with amazingly unobtrusive protection from the elements, and the aft bridge rail incorporates umpteenth rocket-launcher-type rodholders for the usual California arsenal of casting, trolling and bait rods.

FINISHING TOUCHES

Preston finished *Reel Time's* customisation by having Gary Miltemore come up with an integrated colour and striping theme. The red and blue striping at the boot-stripe and on the base of the flybridge are an improvement on simple, stock, one-colour striping, and give the boat a sleeker look.

From the dock, my first impression was what a spectacular difference a foot of length had made to the profile of the new Cabo 48. It seems so much sleeker and elongated than the Cabo 47. In that elongated space, Cabo has fitted more interior, more accommodations and more of what owners of smaller vessels seem to want to move up into.

On the whole, the new Cabo 48 is one very impressive boat — and like most Cabo's, we found little to fault beyond the placement of the electrical panel and a couple of moulded cabinet doors on the flybridge that seemed to have a slightly different white gel-coat finish than the surrounding bridge mouldings.

With almost four full days on board, it was one of the most complete sea trials we have ever performed. Whether we were catching bait, casting to a striped marlin, battling an obtuse swordfish, sitting at anchor, or running back out to Catalina the day after the tournament to pick up a box of swordfish steaks while watching football on that four-foot wide flatpanel screen, the boat was constantly impressive.

As the hours passed, my mind would often wander to catch one or another aspect of Cabo's superb engineering, or to the amazing performance of the package as a whole. And more than once I marvelled at the partnership between the owner and this production boatbuilder that resulted in Cabo 48, hull number three — Preston King's perfect sportsfisher, *Reel Time*.

Price as tested US\$1,245,000

Options fitted
Electronics, hardtop rails, striping

Priced from US\$1,014,407

GENERAL

Material	Solid fibreglass bottom and foam topsides
Type	Modified deep-vee
LOA	15.4m (50'7")
Beam	4.8m (15'8")
Draft	1.2m (4'0")
Deadrise	11.5° at transom
Weight (dry)	20412kg (45000lb)

CAPACITIES

Berths:	Six
Fuel	3406lt (900 USgal)
Water	378lt (100 USgal)

ENGINE

Model	MAN D2840LE403
Type	Twin V-10 turbo-diesels
Rated hp (ea)	1050
Displacement (ea)	18.3lt
Weight (ea)	1915kg (4213lb) (dry)
Gearbox (make/ratio)	ZF550 1.757:1
Propellers	28x42.5 Federal CX-500 five-blade

SUPPLIED BY

Cabo Yachts Inc
Adelanto (CA)
Tel +1 760 246 8917
www.caboyachts.com

All figures supplied as per manufacturers specifications. Prices in Australian dollars for Australian delivered boats unless otherwise stated.