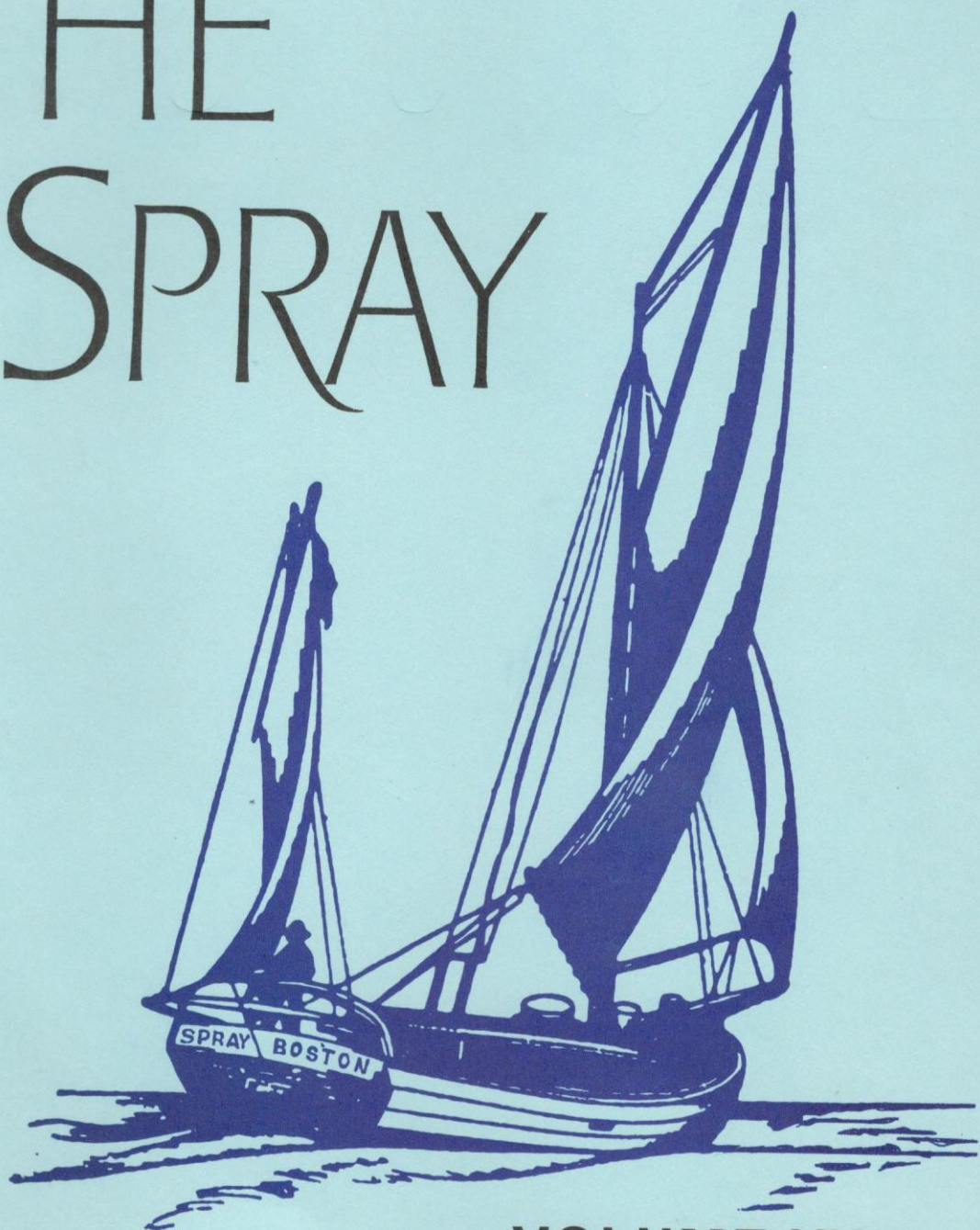


THE SPRAY



Part B

**VOLUME XXII
1978**

The ICW And Bermuda In *MYTH*

Our correspondent, **Ernest Hamilton** of Saint John, New Brunswick, Canada sent us both a very detailed description of his vessel, *MYTH*, and one of his recent single-handed cruises to the Bahamas, as follows:

MYTH is my 23' sloop which was designed by C & C Yachts but built by Atlantic Shipbuilding Co. of Mahone Bay, Nova Scotia. She is a production boat of which relatively few were built. She was built for me in 1972 and since then I have extensively altered her for coastal cruising. I completely re-rigged her with heavier than usual gear. I added a pair of running back stays; cruising sails (battenless mainsail, roller furling working genoa, storm sails and drifter). I beefed her up structurally by removing and reinstalling a substantial portion of the cockpit: reglassing all of the bulkheads, installing tie rods from the bilges to the chain plates, etc. She is equipped with the following gear: Walker taffrail log; 3 compasses; 4 anchors and warps of various sizes; a Tiller Master auto pilot; Ratheon VHF, RDF and depth finder; a high powered radio for time signals, sextant, avon dinghy, and EPIRB.

My cruise to the Bahamas aboard *MYTH* was a great success. I left St. John in June '76 and sailed to Newport R.I. to see the Tall Ships and the finish of the OSTAR. Then I sailed out to Cape Cod, Nantucket, and Martha's Vineyard. After spending lots of time gunkholing, I headed down Long Island Sound, through New York City, and then up the Delaware and down the Chesapeake. I spent two months in the fall of '76 cruising that wonderful bay and then entered the Intra-Coastal Waterway. Seeing the ICW was something of an end in itself and I had no plans to sail "outside" to Florida. *MYTH's* 3' 6" draft and 32' vertical clearance made her very well suited to seeing this wonderful part of the world. I arrived in late November, berthed *MYTH* in Miami and flew home for Christmas, returning to the boat in early January. From Miami I cruised the Florida Keys and visited friends in Southern Florida. Because of the poor winter weather of '77 I didn't get to the Bahamas until April. After three tries to cross the gulf stream I finally made it and very much enjoyed Grand Bahama Island, Nassau, Spanish Wells, Royal Cay, Cat Cay, Chub Cay, Bimini, and Gun Cay. I returned to Florida and then back to eastern Canada in the same way in which I had come. During the whole cruise I did only 6 overnight runs, otherwise enjoying one of the great pleasures of coastal cruising — a quiet anchorage at night.

In the six years I have had *MYTH* I have cruised about 12,000 miles, in including this waterway cruise and several others to New England and Nova Scotia. In addition, I have cruised locally aboard my parents' vessel since birth.

I am presently completing my M.A. degree in Sociology at the University of New Brunswick. I am 23 years old. Future plans include cruises to the Virgin Islands, the Leeward and Windward Islands and eventually Europe.

World Cruise of *MARIA*

Polish geologist **Ludomir Maczka** (48) was working in South Africa when he decided he had had enough. He returned to Poland, built an 11 meter ketch *MARIA* and, in 1973 started on a world cruise with two companions. They sailed to Panama and then Peru where the companions left the vessel to return to Poland. Then Maczka signed on **Kasimir Jasica** (28), also from Poland, and together they sailed to the Galapagos Islands, through Polynesia and on to Sydney, Australia, arriving in June of 1976. From Sydney they went to New Zealand where **Lief Bofeldt** joined them. Bofeldt had just completed the construction of a ketch in Wollongong, N.Z. and joined the *MARIA*'s crew to gain experience in deep sea sailing. In early 1977 they arrived in Hobart, Tasmania where Bofeldt, now presumably well educated in the ways of the sea, left the boat. Plans for the future include a voyage around Australia to Perth and then from there to Ceylon.

One of the interesting aspects of this voyage is that, according to Maczka, it has cost them only \$150 per month to live, and live quite well. Of course, Maczka admitted, the masters of Polish ships often were very generous with the "peoples food" stored on board their vessels to the benefit of the crew of the *MARIA*.

Shakedown Cruise of *NORTH CAPE*

The society received a series of very interesting letters from member **Francis J. Mann**, Cdr. USCG (Ret.) and they are as follows:

In January, 1978, he wrote:

My wife (**Tina Tracy Mann**) and I own a 31' Gilmer designed cutter, *NORTH CAPE* which carries a hailing port of Mellenbeck, Virginia. *NORTH CAPE* will be the fifth cruising boat we have owned since WW II. Right after the war we had a 31' 33" Geiger ketch designed and built for us. Living afloat at the time, she proved a trifle small so our next boat was a 38' 6" Sparkman & Stephens ketch which was built by Kretzer in City Island. We only kept her two years as we had more money tied up in her than we could reasonably afford at that time. Our next boat was the well known Atkin cutter *TALLY HO!* We had her for 7 years and sold her when I went back into the service to stay in 1956. In 1958 we bought a new Danish built Folkboat which we kept until December 1977. As I was then retired, we had the free time for more extended cruising and found that the Folkboat lacked the creature comforts we needed for such a plan. After pretty well culling the market, both used and new, we felt that the Southern Cross, designed by Gilmer, was the best, all around boat available for our purposes.

By today's standards I think she is the best built new boat available short of a custom job. The hull is tremendously strong and is molded in one piece.

The hull thickness is 7/8" (1/2" Airex foam with 3/16" inner and outer glass laminations). Gilmer's design is tops and is a development of a design which he did about 12 years ago – a ketch which came out under the name of *AIRES*. Her specs give us exactly what we want – the minimum boat with maximum accomodations and reasonable draft. Our dock has a minimum of 6' of water in its two berths so the 4' 7" draft should give us a little leeway. As a tribute to the excellent job which Ryder turns out, they do the molding of hulls for many other builders who are top of the line. Their latest customer is Kinney for whom they will be molding the Gale Force.

Our boat should be completed in February (78) but we won't be going up to Bristol to commission her and bring her home until some time in April. We plan a leisurely commissioning and local shake down cruise to get the bugs out before we start our cruise home. We plan a leisurely run with many stops on the Sound to visit our old haunts and to stop-over with friends. We probably won't leave the Narrangansett area until about the second week in May.

In civilian life I was a master boatbuilder in wood, having learned my trade and worked in many of the best yards on the east coast, particularly City Island. For a while I managed the Snead Island Boat Works in Bradenton, Florida for **Jim Crawford** who was the CCA Blue Water Medal Winner in 1976. We have been with him on *ANGANTYR* on several occasions here on the Bay, in Maine, and in Florida. We missed a chance to join the boat in the Bahamas last year because of other commitments. She's a tremendous boat. Incidentally, she is now in a yard in Scotland having some deck alterations done but Jim will be cruising home with her this spring. He keeps talking about selling her and going to a trawler type power boat but we will believe that when it comes to pass.

Then we next heard from Cdr. Mann in June, 1978:

We didn't get away from the Narrangansett Bay area until May 22nd. We had a buster of a run to Block Island and as we approached the island we were hit with winds gusting to 40 kts! The boat acquitted herself well and I am most pleased with her performance. Our next stop was Three Mile Harbor – the run there was strictly a power exercise. We lost two days there to the weather and as a result decided to abort our planned stop in Essex, Conn. We proceeded west in the Sound and our closest stop to New York was Port Jefferson where again we lost a day to the weather. Our next stop was Atlantic Highlands Yacht Basin. We shoved off down the coast on the morning of June 1st. with excellent NW weather forecast. Our fair wind lasted only down as far as Manasquan and from there on we powered, arriving in Cape May at dawn on the 2nd. to the accompaniment of dense fog. We weren't able to get away from Cape May until the 5th and a better forecast notwithstanding we had a bouncy run up the Delaware with winds

gusting to 30 kts. from the west. *NORTH CAPE* carried all plain sail very nicely and only put her rail under a couple of times. We made the fastest run ever for us for the 52 miles – exactly 7 hours; but of course we had a fair tide. Not bad for a 25' WL boat! Our run down the Chesapeake was peppered with bad weather. We stopped in the Sassafras River, South River, Rhode River, Patuxent River and the Great Wicomico River. We tied up at our dock on the afternoon of June 11 and were glad to be home after a two month absence. We are most satisfied with the boat and believe she is the best boat of her size available in today's market for anyone interested in serious cruising.

And finally at the end of July we received a brief note:

We're off this coming Friday for a couple or three weeks cruise on the Bay.

Shane Acton Sets England To Australia Record

Shane Acton sailed into Brisbane, Australia, harbor today, October 6, 1976, ending a 4½ year, 15,000 mile voyage from England in his 18-foot sailing boat, the *SUPER SHRIMP*.

The wooden vessel was believed to be the smallest craft ever to accomplish the hazardous voyage. The boat had no engine and only light rigging for its sails.

Acton, 30, an ex-Royal Marine from Cambridge, was accompanied on the last leg of the 15,000 mile voyage by a 29-year-old Swiss woman, **Iris Derungs**, whom he said hitched a ride to Australia from Panama.

Acton told newsmen when he left England in April, 1972, he intended the sail to be solo.

Miss Derungs said, "I fell in love with Shane's *SUPER SHRIMP* when I saw it passing through the Panama Canal in 1974. I asked him for a passage to Australia."

"Iris and I have no plans to marry," Acton said. "But we admit it was impossible to remain just companions on a voyage from Panama to Australia in such a small boat."

The pair, looking fit, and tanned, said they had subsisted on a diet of eggs, potatoes, onions, rice and spaghetti.

Acton said the only hazard they encountered on the voyage from Panama was from whales and their powerful waterspouts which could have capsized the small craft if directed at the keel of the boat.

The couple said they had no immediate plans for the future and would "take life as it came".

The Ultimate "Do It Yourself" - The Bushnell's

Slocum Society member **Winston Bushnell** sailed into Cape Town with a crew of three, his wife Carolynne and his daughters Kimberly (15) and Leslie (13), in late 1976 and departed on February 4, 1978 with one additional crew member. No, this isn't a tale of a shanghi'd derelict whisked out of town with the cooperation of the weary constable. Following his "do it yourself" philosophy (Winston built his 31' double-ended ferro cement ketch himself), they produced their own crew member during their 18 month layover in Cape Town. Named Christopher, the newest arrival on board, was content to be carried in Carolynne's arms while Winston looked anxiously at the sky and the two girls made final preparations for departure. After leaving, the vessel was to call at St. Helena before striking out for the mouth of the Mississippi which they will follow to their home in Ontario, Canada.

The Grimmincks

John Leach sent us this bit of information which he picked up at a local ferrocement club meeting. **Fred and Lesley Grimminck** made a circumnavigation during the period 1972-4 in their self-built steel sloop *AKURAKU*. They sailed from Fremantle in Western Australia and made stops in Christmas Island; Madagascar; Durbon; Cape Town; Brazil; Trinidad; Panama; Galapagos; Marquesas; Tahiti; Fiji; Bundaberg, Queensland, Australia. There they sold the vessel and are now building a 38' steel boat for further cruising. Notable on the voyage was that Lesley had two children during the circumnavigation.

R.H.I.P.

"Ease your helm, Captain". "Aye Aye, Captain". A singlehander talking to himself? Not if you were on board Sailing Vessel *PATRICIA* enroute from Guantanamo Bay, Cuba to Newport R.I. in late 1978. In a Navy Times article sent to us by Slocum Society member **Captain John L. Bender** (USCG) we see where **Captain Manley B. Wade**, formerly Gitmo's legal officer was to be transferred to the Naval Legal Services offices in Newport, R. I. Not wanting to abandon his 45' ferrocement ketch he talked his friend, **Captain Roy W. Malone**, who also had his transfer papers in hand (to Norfolk, VA), into joining him in a trip to Newport, along with the families of both men. Presumably, with such high powered seamen on board, the voyage went off without a hitch, although one wonders who set up the watch, quarter and station bill since Capt. Malone is senior to Patricia's owner, Captain Wade. Perhaps Captain Malone became task force commander while Captain Wade assumed command of his own vessel.



From Denmark

to Japan

Slocum Society member **Kensaku Nomoto** sent us the following note:

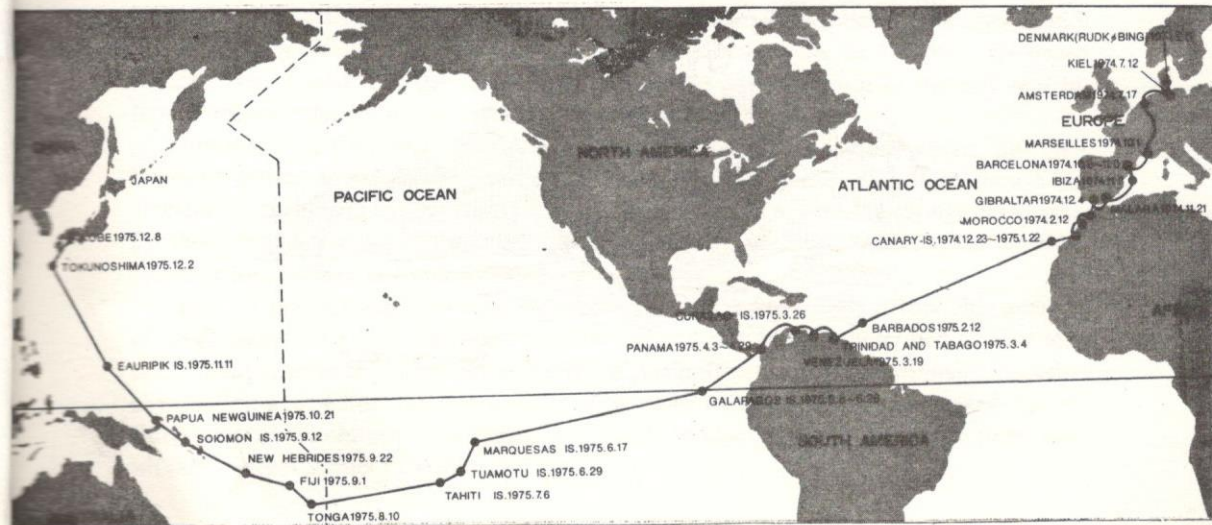
Two young architects, **Kenji Matsumura** and **Hiroshi Sato**, made a 20,000 mile passage on board a Commander 31 sloop, *TEKE III*, from Europe to Japan by way of Panama, the Galapagos Islands, Polynesian and Micronesian Islands. Apart from their romantic dream for a long distance passage in a small boat, one of their aims was to meet people in the old civilized towns of Europe as well as on tiny atolls in the South Pacific, all from an architects point of view.



K.MATSUMURA



H.SATO



Utopia Revisited

From our “what ever happened to” file there comes a March 1, 1976 clipping from the Daily Pilot (Newport Beach, CA) that tells of the plans of a group sponsored by the “International Center for Strategic Studies” of Los Angeles. Offering an answer to every man’s dream of shucking the day-to-day grind and hopping off to a tropical island, were **Jack Glaze**, a Las Vegas craps dealer, his wife Linda, shipbuilder **Bob Miles** and his wife Maralyn, another boat builder **Vic Sweringen** and **George Perkins**, president of the center and designer of futuristic cities. They were to leave Dana Point on March 2nd for Rostan, a small island off the Caribbean coast of Honduras in the group’s fleet of three, homemade trimarans and a 60 foot power boat. About 35 people were to leave on March 2nd and all together about 80 were to participate in the six month program.

In an interview with the Daily Pilot reporter, Maralyn Miles said that the purpose of the project was offering instruction in such subjects as survival training, marine biology, fishing, diving, archeology, photography, hunting, arts, crafts, boating, farming, cooking and jewelry making; “These are subjects that a person can make a living from. The students will learn by doing rather than by reading a book.” she said.

Somewhat less idealistic was the reason Jack Glaze gave for picking up stakes and joining the venture. “I didn’t want to be a 40 year old craps dealer”, he said.



Three Survival Accounts

Ambrogio Fogar and Mauro Mancini

Although the SAAF aircraft which spotted **Romney Green** in his battered vessel (see above) did not find the lost *SPIRIT OF SURPRISE*, the chance sighting did manage to preserve one life. It wasn't until April 3, 1978 that the first mate of the Greek freighter *MASTER STEFANOS*, spotted a liferaft and the original rescue operation ended. The two Italians, **Ambrogio Fogar**, the controversial deep sea racing sailor, and **Mauro Mancini**, a journalist, departed the Argentinian pleasure resort of Mar del Plata in Fogar's 11 meter yacht on January 6, 1978. They were only half way to Ushuaia 200 miles north of the Falkland Islands where Mancini planned to leave the vessel, when the first whale struck, causing a leak near the stern. Every two and a half hours the men had to pump about 70 to 100 liters of water overboard, the worst problem being that the men could not find the leak. Worse, though, was that they were now behind schedule and the pack ice was already beginning to freeze over the polar sea, making the planned Antarctic voyage impossible. Regretfully, Fogar decided to return to Mar del Plata. On January 19th both men were below while the vessel proceeded with its self steering gear when there was a "heavy, dull thud that seemed to sink into the hull rather than rock it - as if the woodwork was giving way". The vessel sank so fast that there was only time to grab essentials. Fogar cut the raft loose and it disappeared momentarily beneath the waves, then bobbed up as it inflated automatically. All that they were able to get from their rapidly sinking vessel was a kilogram of bacon and another kilogram of sugar; a blanket, sweaters, socks and woollen caps, a bucket; and a sextant and transmitter (probably an Emergency POSITION Indicating Radio Beam which broadcasts a tone on two emergency frequencies monitored by many aircraft, Ed.) which would send out Mayday calls for 48 hours. On board the raft they found that the emergency food rations had fallen out of the raft as it inflated, however the 2 liters of water packed with the raft remained.

From the start of their ordeal they carefully rationed the food and water. But their hopes of getting additional nourishment from the sea were quickly dashed. Although the emergency equipment kit had fishhooks and line, the hooks were big enough for sharks. Further, they felt that without bait, they could catch nothing, preferring to eat their bacon rations instead of feeding it to the fish.

Life on the raft was anything but comfortable. Used to the claustrophobic quarters of small vessels, the men were even further cramped in what was described as a "4 man raft", being unable to stretch out properly. Waves buffeted the raft continually, occasionally finding a way into the interior of the canopied raft and leaving the soaked men to shiver through the bitterly cold nights. Eventually it rained and they were able to replenish their meager supply of water.

Days turned into weeks, weeks into months and the stranded mariners grew weak from starvation and dehydration. With their bacon and sugar almost at an end they tried to stretch it even further, sucking the sugar from a moistened finger and dwelling on the sensation of sweetness for as long as it lasted. Water, equally precious, was also rationed. They would take a five second suck on a tube as their daily ration, roughly equivalent to three spoons of water per day.

After two months, Fogar spotted the outline of a freighter on the horizon. Indesperation he fired a flare and watched as the ship sailed off into darkness. In the intense disappointment that followed, the men first talked of death. They admitted the possibility that both men would not survive and that brought into the open the ghastly possibility that had been praying on the minds of both men, would the survivor in desperation eat his dead companion. They decided that it would be impossible, however, they agreed that if one were to die the other would use his body as bait for sea birds and hopefully the birds killed in this way would keep the other alive until rescue came.

Their pact did not have to be put to a test. Eventually Mancini the older of the two became too weak to move and began acting strange. Sometimes he was even comatose yet he somehow managed to cling to life. On April 3rd, their 74th day in the life raft, the Greek freighter *MASTER STEFANOS* picked them up, Fogar alone having the strength to climb the ladder to the deck. A seaman cut away the canopy of the raft and then was able to tie a rope around Mancini so he could be lifted on board the ship. The two men had survived 73 days of hell on the high seas and had drifted 660 nautical miles northwards with the current. When they were picked up they were 200 miles off Montevideo.

But Fogar and Mancini were in no state to rejoice at their rescue. Before the shipwreck Mancini had weighed a hefty 94 kg and Fogar 74 kg. During the survival ordeal starvation had reduced Fogars weight by 27 kg and Mancini had lost 35 kg. Fogar had fainted as he staggered on board the ship and Mancini had been only half conscious. The next day Mancini managed to drink some rice soup, milk, and a few spoons of sugar, but his mind was wandering. He wouldn't believe they had been rescued. His temperature shot up to a critical 40° C. By the evening of the second day on board, Mancini had died. The "Italian Hemingway" had not lived to write his last magazine assignment. (from "Adrift on the Wild Atlantic for 73 Terrible Days by Val King, appearing in Scope, May 26, 1978 and sent by Konrad Eriksen).

Harry, Fiona and Pat Lunney

Some people have all the luck, others don't seem to have any. Take the case of **Harry Lunney** which starts in 1964 when Harry and his French-born wife Therese and their three daughters emigrated to Australia. There, he set up a boat repair business in Queensland and, in their spare time, built their own 30' yacht. By 1970 it was complete and after tying up all of their loose ends, they set sail - with no fixed destination in mind.

Sometimes they stopped for 6 months so Harry could work and earn another cruising fund and so the children could catch up on their education. By 1975 they were in Sarawak, Borneo and the first disaster struck. Therese became ill and, when cancer was diagnosed she decided to return to Scotland. After paying her fare home, the rest of the family had no money left to get home themselves.

The eldest daughter, Andrea, who had met and fallen in love with a young man in Borneo, decided to stay on there. Harry and his remaining daughters, Fiona (17) and Pat (13) decided to sail on, but by now their lack of funds had begun to show on their boat. Leaking badly, they eventually reached Singapore where they had to remain for six months until the monsoon season ended. The next stop was Ceylon but, because of a big political conference there they had to move on. In the Bay of Bengal they were caught in the tail end of a cyclone and the yacht started breaking up. Taking to their dinghy, they watched as their yacht and all of their belongings sank.

Fortunately, they weren't far from Madras, but when they stepped ashore they were arrested as illegal immigrants. The British Consul eventually straightened things out and sent them on back to England where, at last word, Harry was planning a book about their amazing trip.

Charles and Susan Dennis

Not all voyaging consists of sipping cocktails in the cockpit while the boat plows sedately into the sunset, as cruising people are quick to point out. Aside from a lot of work and drudgery there is the everpresent risk of sudden disaster, and, although it often makes for a saleable manuscript if and when it is all over, it is pretty miserable in its duration, however long or short that may be. Witness the tale of **Charles** and **Susan Dennis** who, with their 19 month old daughter Patricia were heading towards the Red Sea and the Suez Canal in their 10 meter catamaran *SNOOPY* when disaster over took them. While beating into a rough sea there was a loud crack and water started running along the galley sole. The starboard centerboard had broken from its slot and pushed out a section of the hull which soon filled with water.

They launched their rubber dinghy and loaded it with food, water, clothing and navigation equipment. With the rough seas they had to bail constantly, but luckily they were in one of the most heavily traveled parts of the world's ocean, the approaches to the Red Sea, and after two days they sighted the tanker *ESSO BILBASO* and were rescued after firing a flare. Later, a helicopter picked them up and took them to Cape Town where they were able to obtain new passports and start life again.

In an interview with a reporter from "*the Argus*" on Nov. 8, 1977, Mrs. Dennis ruefully concluded "and that is the end of our round-the-world wanderings". As the yacht was insured, Mr. Dennis said that they would probably invest in a sailing dinghy when they get back home to Britain. (sent to us by Konrad Eriksen, from *The Argus*, Nov. 8, 1977)

THE RACES

A number of single-handed and short handed races have been announced. **The Bermuda One-Two** will be run for the second time, a single-handed leg starting at Newport, Rhode Island on June 9th, 1979 and ending at St. Georges, Bermuda. Hopefully, entrants will have arrived well in advance of the June 23rd departure date for the second leg(s) of the series. Those vessels (double-handed) wishing to race back to Newport leave that day bound home. Others with crews of 2 to 4 persons can race in the **Bermuda to Azores Shorthanded Race (BASH)** which also leaves on June 23 and then if they still haven't had enough of the racing life they can leave for England on July 21 in the **Azores to Plymouth Feeder Race (A-P Feeder)**. The purpose of the "feeder race" is to get the North American competitors in the 1980 OSTAR over in 1979. This will allow them to qualify under the new time regulations and also furnish a race for anyone cruising over at this time. Vessels will be racing in three classes in these races: (I) 39-44' LOA; (II) 33-38' LOA; and (III) 25-32' LOA and, other than that, will not be handicapped. To qualify for the single-handed leg the mariner must make a single-handed, non-stop passage. The race is sponsored by the Society of Lone Offshore Sailors (SOLOS) and this year will be managed by **Jerry Cartwright**. For more information, write SOLOS, P. O. Box 371, Newport, R.I. 02840 U.S.A.

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It is a very difficult thing to organize a race for cruising boats. First of all, many cruising boats aren't built that-a-way and often their owners are hesitant to push them as they often do in "the circuit". Then, there is the fear that a hot-shot racer will come in and spoil all the fun as well as run away with all of the silverware. Well, the Beverly Yacht Club in Marion, Mass., the Blue Water Sailing Club of Massachusetts Bay and the Royal Hamilton Dinghy Club in Hamilton, Bermuda are trying to change that image with their second **Marion to Bermuda Cruising Boat Race**. Scheduled to start from Marion on June 22, 1979, boats with at least the minimum LOA of 32' will receive favorable consideration if: (a) the entry is filed early, (b) the vessel is a proven cruising yacht or better yet one of a "mini-class" — boats with the same hull design, and (c) the crew has had offshore experience, better yet if the crew is composed of experienced family members. A vessel will receive unfavorable consideration if: (a) it is designed for racing, (b) it has had unexplained withdrawals from previous races, (c) it has a high aspect ratio, and (d) it has a high ratio of crew to usable berths. It seems as though these criteria require a good deal more judgement than most yacht races, the latter relying more on objective and measurable features and the former relying on subjective evaluation of the vessel, her master and crew, and their experience. Now, that puts the responsibility right where it should be, with a person (or persons) who could see through impressive but shady evidence to retain the cruising character of the race.

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There are several races called "Trans-Pacs" that hardly qualify for the name. They all end somewhere in the Hawaiian Islands, less than half way across the ocean named in the race title. In truth, the editor only knows of two truly "Trans-Pac" races, the **1968 S/H Trans-Pac** from San Francisco to Tokyo, Japan and the **1975 S/H Trans-Pac** from San Francisco to Okinawa (both of which were sponsored by the Nippon Ocean Racing Club and the Slocum Society.)

With that note, however, let us look at three pseudo-Trans-Pac races. Two start on the same date, June 30, 1979, and from the same place, Point Fermin (off San Pedro, California). One, the **Multihull Trans-Pac** is limited to multihull vessels with 35' LOA or larger and they must comply with the safety requirements of the Ocean Racing Catamaran Association. The other is the well known "**Trans-Pac**", the downwind horse race to Diamond Head which seems to spawn ever faster one-way boats. The third is the "**Single-Handed Trans Pac**" race put on by the Single Handed Sailing Society which goes from San Francisco to Hanalei Bay, Kauai, Hawaii. It is run in the even numbered years so as not to conflict with the "other" Transpac and the next one (the second) is scheduled to start on June 15, 1980. Boats are limited to 20-75 foot LOA and skippers are required to complete a 300 mile single-handed, offshore passage prior to the start of the race. For further information, contact the Single Handed Sailing Society, 1 Fifth Avenue, Oakland, CA 94606.

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The Parmelia Race will be sailed from Plymouth, England to Fremantle (near Perth) Australia via Cape Town, South Africa. Smaller boats are to start in mid August 1979 and the larger boats are to start in early September with both groups to arrive in Fremantle on November 25th, the 150th anniversary of the state of Western Australia. One of the entrants in this race is reported to be *GYPSEY MOTH V*, the late **Sir Francis Chichester's** boat now owned by his widow, **Lady Sheila Chichester**, and his son **Giles Chichester**. Inquiries should be addressed to: **Mr. Anthony Churchill**, Parmelia Race Mangement, 34 Buckingham Palace Rd., London SW1W ORE, England; or to Royal Perth Yacht Club, P. O. Box 5, Nedlands 6009, Western Australia, Australia.

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The 1980 International Sail Training Races offer an interesting series. A feeder race is scheduled to start on June 4, 1980 from Boston, Mass. and end off of The Skaw, Denmark, the northernmost point of Denmark. Its start is scheduled in conjunction with the 350th anniversary of Boston. Next, participating vessels will sail to the Sail Training Association program in Kiel, Germany, starting about July 12th. On July 18th they will race from Kiel to Karlskrona, Sweden, arriving in time to celebrate the 300th anniversary of the founding of the Karlskrona Naval Base. Then they will cruise in company from Karlskrona to Frederickshavn, Denmark and on August 1 race from The Skaw to Amsterdam. In Amsterdam they will participate in the reopening ceremonies of the Netherlands National Maritime Museum. Interested mariners should contact the American Sail Training Association, Eisenhower House, Fort Adams State Park, R.I. 02840, U.S.A.

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Bob Salmon first suggested a "Poor Man's Trans-Atlantic" race when the burgeoning costs of the OSTAR (Observer Single-Handed Trans Atlantic Race) spawned such entrants as the 173 foot, 250 ton *CLUB MEDITERRANEE*. He felt that yachts limited to 6.5 m (21 ft. 3 in.) and with strict limitations on sails and expensive electronic equipment could be safely sailed across the Atlantic. By April 30th 1977 the list of entrants in his PM-STAR was closed at 58, a sure sign that others agreed with his philosophy.

The race was originally planned as a two stage race; Plymouth to Tenerife in a non-competitive race allowing stops if needed; and Tenerife to Antigua in the West Indies in a competitive, non-handicapped race. The only change was that the starting point had to be changed from Plymouth to Penzance because of repairs to the Plymouth docks.

Of the 58 entrants, only 27 started at the gun and three more, one of whom was the race organizer **Bob Salmon**, started the next day. Due to the bad weather conditions at Penzance on the first day of the race many of the French entries did not start and five of the boats turned back and retired from the race once the full onslaught of the Bay of Biscay became apparent. Twenty-three of the boats made it to Tenerife but two; *BOMETEL*, a Belgian entrant sailed by **Patrick van God**, and *NAEL*, a stainless steel French entrant sailed by **Maurice Fouquet**, were lost at sea and presumed run down.

On November 12th the second leg of the race started and 20 brave mariners set out from Tenerife for Antigua in the West Indies, some 3,000 miles away via the North Easterly tradewinds. The first to arrive was *PETIT DAUPHIN*, a French boat sailed by **Daniel Gilard** who made the crossing in 22 days, 18 hrs. and 10 minutes. The second to finish was less than an hour behind (22-19-35) however because of a prohibited crew change in Tenerife, *CANAMIN*, a Spanish boat sailed on that leg by **Guillermo Lopez Alonso** was disqualified. Second place went to *SPANILEK* a Polish boat built specially for the race and sailed by **Kazimerz Joworski** (23-05-45). Designed primarily for speed downwind this beamy (2.5 m or 8. 2") vessel's Kelvar foam sandwich hull displaced only 700 kg. (1543 lb.) of which 320 kg. (705 lb.) was lead ballast cast as a bulb on her aluminum keel. She also had twin rudders angled out from the centerline which kept one rudder fully immersed.

The next six places were all taken by French boats:

3rd	<i>HARO</i>	sailed by	Halvard Mabire	in 23-19-05
4th	<i>MUSCADET</i>	sailed by	Jean Lue Van Den Heede	in 23-22-48
5th	<i>TENACITE</i>	sailed by	Antoine DiMeglio	in 24-15-07
6th	<i>GET</i>	sailed by	Philippe Museaux	in 25-19-00
7th	<i>MISTENFLUTE</i>	sailed by	Remy Marsault	in 25-23-28
8th	<i>LILLIPUTH</i>	sailed by	Claude Marsault	in 26-12-00

The 9th place went to *NAM*, the other racing machine built specially for the race, and in this case specially for the skipper, **Albert Chaltin**, a Belgian. Noticeable was her very narrow beam (1.86 m or 6' 1") with her mast set fairly far forward, almost like a cat-boat, which kept the center of effort fairly far forward for additional directional stability

in the downwind conditions of the trades. Access belowdecks was gained only through a bubble-topped hatch in her flush deck just forward of the tiny cockpit. Below the hatch the helmsman could sit in a bucket seat, steering from the inside with a whipstaff hanging down to knee level from the overhead. Without moving from the seat, he could also navigate by pulling the chart table towards himself on slides or cook by reaching to starboard where the stove sat. To port and occupying much of the remaining space belowdecks was the bunk, exactly the right length for Chaltin.

Tenth, eleventh and twelfth places also went to Frenchmen (who, it should be obvious by now innundated the race with entrants, 13 out of the 20 finishers plus those who withdrew):

10th	<i>LIBRECCIO</i>	sailed by Gerard Fontaine	in 27-01-30
11th	<i>GROUPE DROUOT</i>	sailed by Frank Genin	in 28-00-49
12th	<i>EDELWISSE</i>	sailed by Bruno Peyron	in 28-21-00

David Stookey in *GRIFFIN* was the only U.S.A. entrant, placing 13th in 29-11-00, and 14th place went to, you guessed it, another Frenchman, **Luc Frejacques** in *AUTOVAN III* in 29-19-10.

Bob Salmon, organizer of the race would have placed 15th in his *ANDERSON AFFAIR* had he not run aground at the entrance of English Harbour, Antigua. He had arrived there at midnight and decided to await daylight to negotiate the dangerous, hidden reefs at the entrance to the harbour. Unfortunately his rudder broke away and he was swept onto the reef and his vessel pounded for 18 hours before floating off and incredibly crossing the finish line – by skulling – the first British boat to finish. As a true yachtsman, Bob disqualified himself because he had received assistance in getting his vessel off the reef. Major damage was only the loss of the fin keel, the rudder and steering vane. His time for the race was, however, 32-00-47.

The next to arrive was one of the several Frenchmen in the race:

15th	<i>SEA ROSE</i>	sailed by Michael DeVilliers	in 34-21-12
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The second entry from Great Britain finished 16th and was sailed by the oldest entrant in the race. An early press clipping gave his age as 70 at the start of the race and accounts of the completed race gave his age as 69, which, if both are to be believed, says a lot for why we go to sea. Unfortunately, it wasn't as pleasant a trip for **Solomon Parker** in his *SPIRIT OF TALARDY*, taking 35-06-05, as he had hoped. Within the last few days we have received from him a copy of his log of the voyage telling of his problems with his vessel, the self steering system, an inadequate water and food supply, and the awesome weather he encountered in his little boat. Although it is too lengthy for inclusion at this late date in this edition of *THE SPRAY*, it will be featured in the next issue, Vol. XXIII. No. 1 Spring 1979. Needless to say, he arrived in Antigua in bad shape, suffering from both dehydration and anemia from which he had to first recover before he could type up his log and send it on to us.

The lone German entrant finished 17th as follows:

17th	<i>WAARWOLF</i>	sailed by Wolfgang Quix	in 36-07-30
and the final boat across the finish line was another French vessel:			
18th	<i>GOUDES</i>	sailed by Christian Adam	in 37-01-00

And so it would seem that Bob Salmon's idea that 6.5 meter boats could safely be sailed single-handed across the Atlantic in a race was well founded. The major exception, of course, is the tragic loss of the two lost on the first leg, Patrick Van God and Maurice Fouquet. The actual events of the tragedy will probably never be known but speculation was that they were run down in the heavily traveled western approach to the English Channel. Rule 5 of the International Rules of the Road states that

Every vessel shall **at all times maintain a proper look-out by sight and hearing** as well as by all available means appropriate in the prevailing circumstances and conditions so as to make a full appraisal of the situation and the risk of collision.

It has been argued that Rule 5, therefore, prohibits single-handed races and voyages which are longer than the endurance of the helmsman to remain alert to the danger of collision. If these two mariners were run down while they slept their unfortunate deaths would bear out the wisdom of the change in Rule 5 from its original version in the 1972 International Rules of the Road, the Rule of Good Seamanship (Rule 29).

Nothing in these Rules shall exonerate any vessel or the owner, master or crew thereof, from the consequences of any neglect to carry lights or signals, **or of any neglect to keep a proper look-out**, or of the neglect of any precaution which may be required by the ordinary practice of seamen, or by the special circumstances of the case. (emphasis added; note that the Rule of Good Seamanship wasn't thrown out in the current Rules of the Road; it was made a good deal more general and given the prominent position of Rule 2).

"A proper look-out" now requires both sight and hearing, the traditional means, as well as all other means available, (e.g. radar). Under the former Rules of the Road, single-handed sailing as practiced from Joshua Slocum and others of his time to the present was allowed to slip through, presumably on the reasoning that if you were single-handing, a proper lookout at some time each day was no lookout since a single-handed couldn't be expected to be awake 24 hours a day. The present Rules of the Road seem to turn the tables by specifying "sight and hearing" at all times saying, in effect that if you choose to single-hand, stay awake and alert.

But single-handed races continue, see the following article, as do single-handed voyages and crewed voyages where all crew members sleep through the night, content in the knowledge that their steering vane is keeping them approximately on course in an area of the ocean not frequented by commercial vessels. Is this irresponsible seamanship or the last frontier of man's freedom available in our highly regulated societies?

* * * * *

Regarding the 1980 Royal Western/Observer Singehanded Transatlantic Race (RWOSTAR), an article in the Sunday Observer of April 16, 1978 sent to us by **Charlie Glass** indicated that entries have now reached the limit of 100 vessels and a waiting list has been opened. "Skippers will be moved up to the official starting list in chronological order if original entrants withdraw. A further ten competitors may be added at the discretion of the race committee and this will be decided upon by September, 1979. Also, due to the great number of inquiries from prospective entrants, another OSTAR is being planned for 1981." Your editor shudders at this double-barreled approach to racing insanity.

* * * * *

When the English clapped a 56' limit on the maximum size of vessels in the 1980 OSTAR, the French decided to prove that large vessels could be as safe as smaller ones. They decided to run an unlimited race, alternating at two year intervals with the OSTAR. The first race from St. Malo, France to Pointe-à-Pitre, Guadeloupe started on November 5, 1978 with 38 starters ranging in size from the minimum sized (in fact she had been extended by two feet to meet the minimum size requirements) 37' trimaran, *OLYMPUS PHOTO*, sailed by Canadian **Michael Birch** to the 69' monohull, sloop *KRITER V* sailed by Frenchman **Michael Malinovsky** and the 75' trimaran *KRITER IV* sailed by **Oliver de Kersauson**. The latter two had become the largest vessels in the race when 128' *LILI AGGIE* (ex-*VENDREDI 13*) dropped out.

Ironically, first place went to 4000 lb. (displacement) *OLYMPUS PHOTO* which finished the race in 23 days and 7 hours, just one minute and 38 seconds ahead of the 38000 lb. *KRITER V*. American **Phil Weld** was third in his 60' trimaran *ROGUE WAVE* and *KRITER IV* was fourth. Of the 38 which started, 25 finished, 12 dropped out and one, *MANUREVA* sailed by well-known single-handed sailor **Alain Colas**, was lost at sea. (see *Furled Sails*)

In answer to critics of single-handed races, each vessel carried radar detectors which sound an alarm when radar waves are detected. Your editor is reminded of a conversation with a friend who recently returned from Hawaii in his Kendal 32. Eager to try out his VHF radio on passing merchant ships, he tried unsuccessfully to contact the first five he saw. Finally the sixth answered and in the ensuing conversation the radioman on the ship was asked "what does my sailboat look like on your radar". The chilling answer was "wait, I'll turn on the radar".

KNOTS PER HOUR

By John Bender

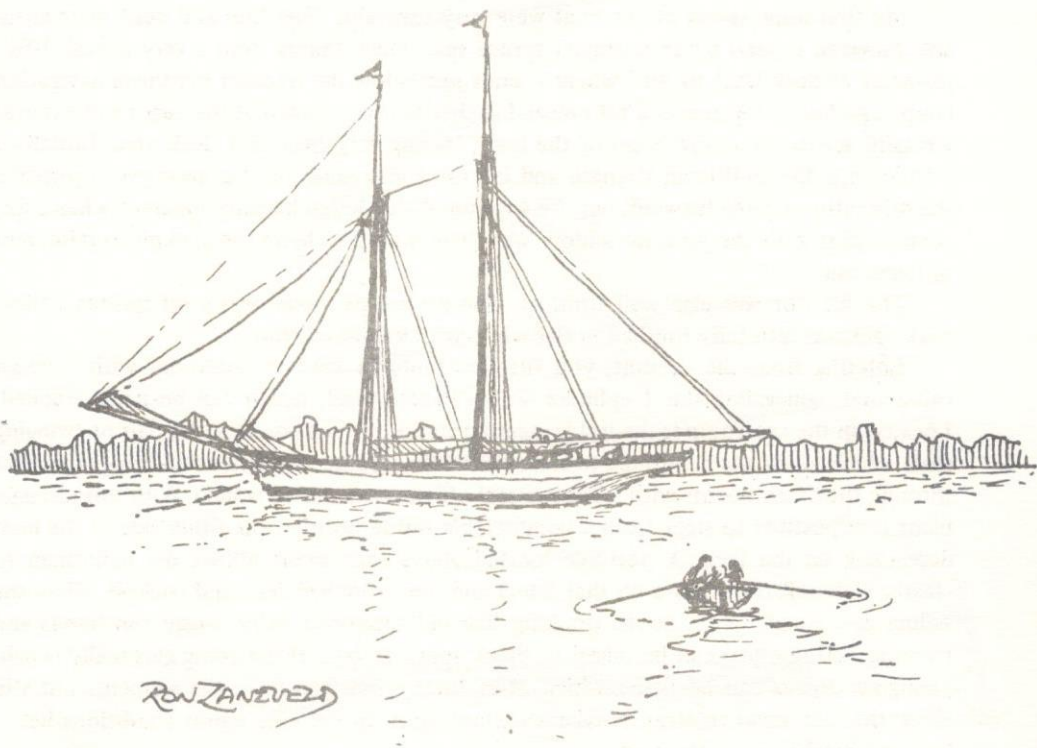
From the time when I first ventured afloat on a tidal creek in a rowboat with a leg-of-mutton sail, I have made something of a nuisance of myself by introducing all within range to the mysteries of a nautical vocabulary. In no other aspect has the language been so abused as in the matter of *knots* vs. *knots per hour*. I have described the origin of the word *knots* in the chip-log with a log-line marked off with pieces of fish line, each with its appropriate number of knots. I have depicted the mate standing at the taffrail with the sand-glass in his hand, timing the log-line as it ran out. This has been followed by the explanation that *knots per hour* is a measure, not of speed, but of acceleration, and that ten knots per hour would result, at the end of a passage of sixty days, in a speed of 14,400 nautical miles per hour. But these efforts to improve the vocabulary of the landsmen (sorry, landspeople) around me must now be abandoned, since I have discovered that *knots per hour* has been used by those who rank among the foremost seapeople of our time. (In the back of my mind I wonder if possibly some dry-land proofreader or shore-bound editor may not have had a go at the manuscripts.) Who, you ask, are these pre-eminent seamen? I'll name you three: **Joseph Conrad**, **Harry Pidgeon**, and **Jack London**.

In *The Mirror of the Sea*, Conrad berates landsmen, and journalists in particular, for their misuse of words nautical. He defines and expands on *landfalls* and *departures*, and discusses anchors and anchoring, quoting a coasting pilot who characterized the most land-lubberly landsman as "one of them poor, miserable 'cast-anchor' devils." As Conrad put it, "to take a liberty with technical language is a crime against the clearness, precision, and beauty of perfected speech." How then is it possible that less than 50 pages further on in the book, we encounter a barque, "wallowing as if she meant to turn over with us . . . her decks full of water, her gear flying in bights (running) at some ten knots an hour"?

For his part Harry Pidgeon had not even started *Around the World Single-Handed in ISLANDER* when "all day long the yawl did her nine knots an hour on the course." This happy-go-lucky adventurer wrote with a certain dry humor, but his *knots per hour* do not seem to be one of his jokes. Perhaps that same editor who had bedeviled Conrad had transferred from Doubleday, Page to D. Appleton. If so, he had put in some of the intermediate years at MacMillan's, the publisher of Jack London's *The Cruise of the SNARK*, for we find the *SNARK* "steering herself some five knots an hour in a rattling good sea . . ." only to be followed by "a fifteen-thousand-ton steamer, driving twenty knots an hour through the brine, racing from land to land, fair weather and foul, clear sky or cloudy . . ."

In despair one can turn to **Captain Joshua Slocum**, who knew what a knot was in *Sailing Alone Around the World*. But beware. Do not go with him all the way around the world, for when *SPRAY* finally reached Newport on June 27, 1898, she "cast anchor, after the cruise of more than forty-six thousand miles round the world, during an absence of three years and two months . . ."

I must admit that these deep-water sailors can abuse the language of the sea if they choose. Like the shellback who has crossed the equator, they may spit to windward if they wish, though why anyone would want to spit to windward, I'll never know.



SAILING THE NORTH ATLANTIC 29

By Chuck Malseed

I was fortunate recently in having the opportunity to sail the North Atlantic 29, an enlarged version of *JESTER*, the 26 foot folkboat which **Col. Blonde Hassler** sailed in the original Ostar race and which has since made nine Atlantic crossings.

The boat that I sailed is the cold molded wood prototype which subsequently produced the mold for the production fiberglass models.

Construction and rigging details were covered in the August 1978 *Cruising World*, so I will only offer observations based on two days of cruising with the boat from Newport Beach, Ca. to various Catalina Island coves.

My first impressions of the boat were very favorable. The hull and deck were virtually flawless, topped by an unstayed spruce spar which tapers from a very robust 10½" diameter at deck level to 4½" where it ends just below the tri-color masthead navigation lamp. The house top seems a bit unusual at first as it is rounded at the edges and extends virtually across the entire beam of the boat, leaving very little side deck area. Initially I wondered if the additional strength and interior room gained by the arrangement justified the difficulty in going forward, but the wisdom of the design became apparent when I discovered that with the junk rig seldom was there a need to leave the cockpit to raise, reef or lower sail.

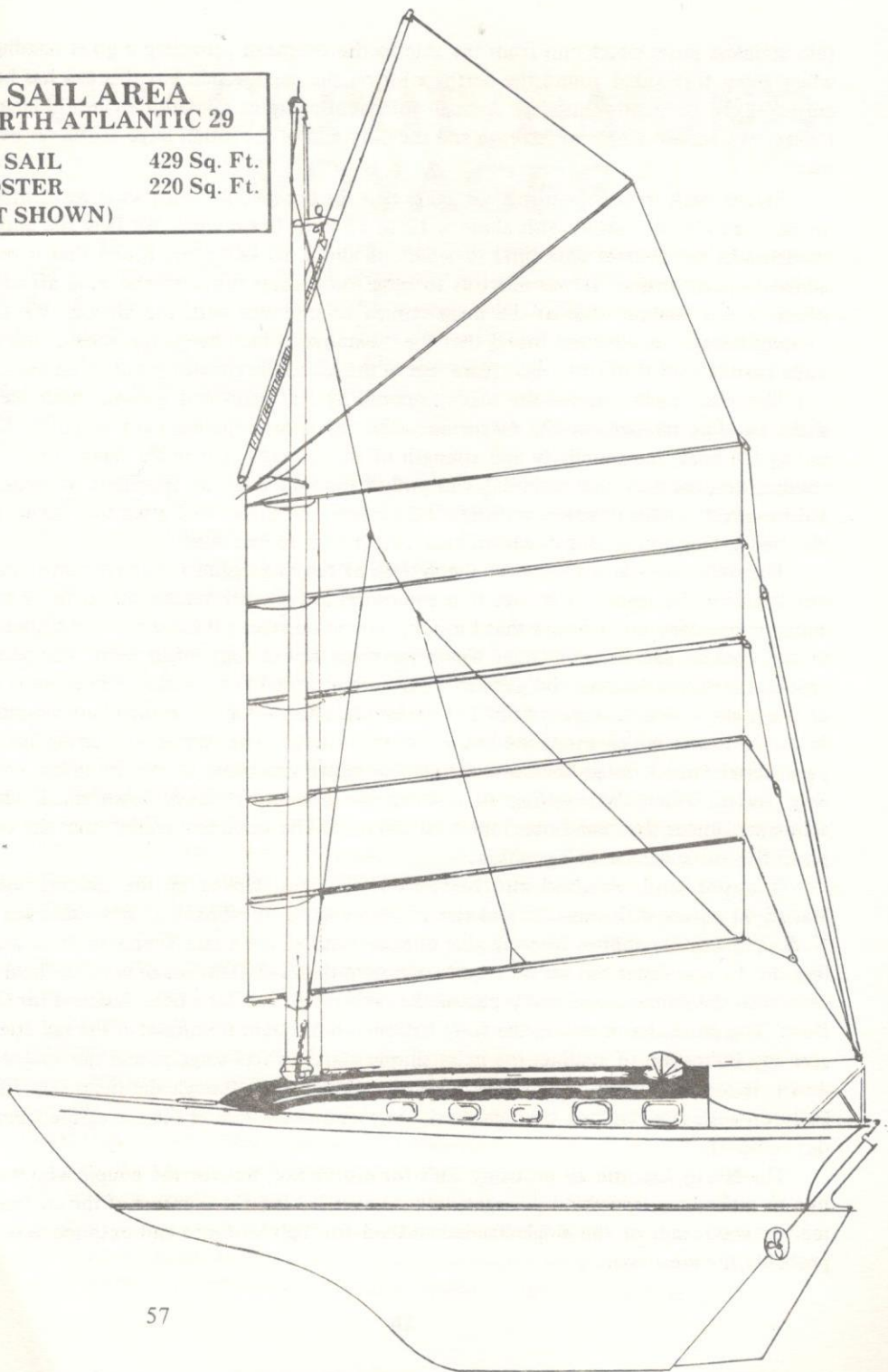
The interior was also well finished. The prototype model was a bit spartan belowdecks but was tastefully finished in flat white with varnished trim.

Entering from the cockpit, you first encounter a kind of anteroom with a raised cabin sole, concealing the 2 cylinder Volvo Penta diesel, which can be hand cranked. Located in the anteroom is the inside steering station, which consists of a pair of swinging seats which allow the helmsman to steer out of the weather (an extension brings the tiller through the hatch boards with a boot to seal off the entrance of water). With this arrangement it is possible to steer from a comfortable inside position on either side of the boat depending on the tack. A porthole located above each swing allows the helmsman to clearly view sail trim (more on that later) and the entire foredeck and cockpit. When the sailing gets rough, pram hoods (looking like old fashioned baby buggy sun hoods and rotating 360 degrees) can be raised to block spray or rain. If the going gets really rough, plexiglass domes can be fitted which offer total protection from the elements but still allow the helmsman to steer or take a sextant sight. In extreme storm conditions heavy hurricane hatches cover the ports.

Belowdecks the room is exceptional, primarily as a result of the wide housetop and ample beam. A small galley with excellent stowage to port is matched by a very usable chart table on starboard. The prototype didn't have an ice box but production models do. A settee and pilot berth arrangement is separated by a center table, well supported by

SAIL AREA
NORTH ATLANTIC 29

LUG SAIL	429 Sq. Ft.
GHOSTER	220 Sq. Ft.
(NOT SHOWN)	



two stainless posts which run from the sole to the overhead providing a good handhold when going forward. I found the berths a bit on the narrow side but this too has been corrected on production models. A small forecabin contains a microphor head, hanging locker, wet locker, ample bin storage and the bury end of the rather large cantilever beam mast

Sailing back to the mainland we found that the boat would reach what we estimated to be in excess of 6 knots with about a 12 to 15 knot beam wind. We flew the ghoster (which sets on its own wire luff) in winds of about 10 knots and found that it really added to performance. It was difficult to keep the ghoster full with the wind aft of the beam as the leading edge of the main tended to interfere with the airflow. We tried running wing and wing and found that the "window" which keeps the ghoster full was quite narrow. But with over 400 square feet in the main, the ghoster is not often used.

The mast easily carried the loads imposed by the main and ghoster, with only a slight bending moment at the masthead when the ghoster pulled hard in puffs. After sailing the boat, the simplicity and strength of an unstayed spar really came home – no turnbuckles, shrouds and chainplates to pull at the hull sides, no spreaders to break, or sail to jam. It's easy to see how *JESTER'S* rig has held up so well after such heavy use. We tried gybing and reefing downwind and found both to be a snap.

The only possible objection to the system of running rigging (after you have figured out what all the lines do) is that it is somewhat heavy work raising the main. A small winch is provided but I found that I usually wound up raising it hand over hand standing in the cockpit entrance. A larger winch (possibly self-tailing) might help. The second problem involved sheeting the ghoster. Cleats are provided but a winch or even some sort of jam cleat would be a great help. The excess main halyard and mainsheet are wound up below on drums which keeps the house top uncluttered. The lazy jacks, reefing line and yard parrel (which snugs the yard against the mast) also come aft on the house within easy reach. Other than setting or dousing the ghoster (it takes down much like a spinnaker, under the main boom) the boat can indeed be sailed and reefed from the cockpit or the inside helmsman's position.

It wasn't until we sailed into Newport Harbor and tacked up the channel with a Mariah 31 cutter, a Santana 20 and the 12 meter sloop *NEWSBOY*, that we sampled the N. A. 29's weather ability. We were able to point with all the boats. Owing to sheer waterline the 12 was faster but we were quite surprised that in 8-10 knots of wind we held our own with the Santana and easily passed the cutter. Not bad for a boat designed for Cape Horn. The sensation of sailing the fully battened junk main is unusual as the sail doesn't give any indication of stalling; the helm simply starts to feel sluggish and the boat slows down. It seemed to sail equally well on either board, even though the main sets differently on each side, tacking through 40-45 degrees on each side of the eye of the wind by our compass.

The North Atlantic 29 probably isn't for everybody, but for the couple who would like to make long tradewind passages without ever leaving the comfort of the cockpit to reef or make sail, or the single-handed headed for high latitudes and extreme seas, it's probably the ideal boat.

CRACKPOT / DARING VOYAGES

A voyage to some may be nothing more than a crackpot scheme while to others it is a daring adventure. Who is to tell, especially before the fact when only a brief press release indicates the parameters of the voyage. **John Riding**, in an unbelievable bit of seamanship traveled from Europe to New Zealand in a 12' "sea egg". He was lost at sea somewhere in the Tasman Sea. **Allan Chadburn's** dream to make it from Nauset Harbor, Mass., U.S.A. to Portugal in his eight foot sailboat ended somewhere in mid-Atlantic; no one knows where. Hindsight, always being 20/20, tells us these voyages should have been stopped. By whom?

The first answer that comes to mind would be the various Coast Guard services in the maritime nations. So we wrote to one of our members, **Captain John L. Bender**, USCG, for his opinion and here is his reply:

Here are a few thoughts on "spending rescue money on crackpots". Please note that these are my own opinions and not necessarily those of the U.S. Coast Guard.

First: the concept of charging for services has been around for a long time. The General Accounting Office and the Office of Management and Budget trot it out frequently and I feel sure that the new administration will see it as a panacea for all sorts of problems. It has been considered for Coast Guard Search and Rescue cases, and I would guess particularly in those cases involving foreign nationals on the high seas. It would be relatively easy to figure costs if costs were limited to fuel for vessels and aircraft, but as far as I know, no one has ever been charged.

Second: the distinction between "jimcrack adventurers" and "serious sailors" might be easy for some people to agree on, but certainly the person rescued wouldn't always accept that view. So, if costs were to be charged they probably would have to be charged to everyone.

The Coast Guard does have two ways of getting the worst of the "jimcrack adventurers" off the water. The District Commander can certify that a particular voyage is manifestly unsafe (unseaworthy craft, no experience, large number of children, etc.) and order that the voyage not be undertaken. This has been done at least a couple of times, and I am sure it has saved the Coast Guard from having to search for survivors.

Further, the Coast Guard now has the authority to terminate a trip when the vessel is clearly unsafe. (If the boat has a bilge full of gasoline, for example, the Coast Guard can remove the people and tow the boat in)

There are some situations in which the Coast Guard can charge for supplies and services. If a boat runs out of fuel a number of times, in the expectation

that the Coast Guard will provide free fuel, then the operator of the boat might well be charged. The Coast Guard can also charge for spare parts and for labor if repairs are made. The Coast Guard normally charges for buoying a wreck, or for repairing damages to an aid-to-navigation. If someone moors to a buoy and drags it off station, the operator would face both penalties for breaking the law and charges for the buoy tender which put it back on station.

The law that Captain Bender referred to was enacted in 1971 but it wasn't until 1977 that anyone was convicted of violating its intent. From the Washington Post of October 23, 1977, sent by Captain Bender comes this account:

Honolulu, Oct. 22 (UPI) The Coast Guard has won its first conviction under a 1971 law intended to keep adventurers from getting into perilous situations that cost the taxpayers a bundle.

Terry Nugent, 34, left Monterey, California, Aug 18 headed for Hawaii in a nine foot converted Boston Whaler. Five days out he capsized, and on the 13th day he capsized again, this time losing his sails. He rigged his sleeping bag as a sail and after 40 days at sea he turned on his emergency radio beeper. The signal was picked up by passing airliners, and he was rescued by a merchant vessel after a three-day aerial search.

The Coast Guard testified that the search cost \$104,000 and that Nugent had been formally warned in 1976 that his vessel was unsafe for ocean travel. U.S. Magistrate Thomas Young said "adventurism as it is exercised in present day society is not without responsibility." On Friday he convicted Nugent of operating a vessel in a "grossly negligent manner so as to endanger life, limb and property," suspended a six month jail sentence and a \$1000 fine, and put him on a years unsupervised probation on condition that he obey all laws.

Wow, with a slap on the wrist like that, all potential bathtub circumnavigators will be quaking in their sea boots.

Of course, the U. S. Coast Guard isn't the only service plagued by ill thought out voyaging. **Charlie Glass** sent us an August 23, 1977 Daily Telegraph clipping which says, in part:

Since English yachtsman **Ron Davies**, 42, left Belfast harbour two years ago to escape the Ulster troubles, he has sailed into troubles of his own and almost lost his life. His attempts at finding a brave new world on his own have resulted in: six Coast Guard alerts, the launching of three lifeboats and the assistance of a Royal Navy helicopter and the aircraft carrier *HERMES*. As he bobbed about in his 17 ft. Bermudan-rigged sloop *CALCUTTA PRINCESS* in St. Ives harbour after being towed to safety, the Cornish boatmen described him as the scourge of the rescue service. "The man is a menace: he had to be rescued twice last week when he tried to sail to the Continent," one of them said, adding, "all of this, mind you, on £13 a week social security!"

One is quick to conclude, then, that voyages deemed "manifestly unsafe" should all be terminated. But what of **Dr. Alain Bombard** who crossed the Atlantic in the mid-50's in an inflatable dinghy, intending to live off the sea for the voyage? (he did, see *The Bombard Story*, Alain Bombard, MD, Andre Deutch, Ltd., London, 1953) What also of **George Sigler** and **Charlie Gore** who sailed to Hawaii in the early 70's in essentially the same dinghy as Alain Bombard? In both instances the mariners met with official resistance (although when it looked like George and Charlie might make it after all, their voyage hurriedly became an "official Navy project") and maybe with the benefit of today's legislative clout might never have taken place. Bombard demonstrated that far more life giving fluids and nourishment are available from the sea for the mariner in distress than had previously been thought. George and Charlie showed that a properly equipped mariner can rescue himself by sailing to a friendly, downwind shore and survive in the interim by using solar stills and carbohydrates ("Charms" candies to be exact).

Well, if after reading this far, you think I have some magic formula that would allow the Bombards, Siglers and Gores to make their voyages but allow termination of the Terry Nugents and Ron Davies, you have another think coming. I don't have a quick solution except that if our watchdog agencies are to err, they should perhaps err on the side of allowing questionable voyages to start. At the same time, we who pay for the inevitable search must willingly pay while those mariners not so stopped must consider the very real possibility of their paying too; not in the coin of the realm but with their lives.

THE BUREAUCRATIC HASSLE

Slocum Society member **D. A. Bamford**, who is also a free-lance writer for boating magazines in Canada, U.S.A. and the U.K. wrote to us in 1977 asking for assistance in an article he was preparing. Tentively called "The Bureaucratic Hassle" he wanted to cover as many as possible of the hurdles placed in the way of the cruising sailor by over-zealous bureaucrats, e.g.:

The recently enacted one month maximum stay in New Zealand

The \$100 minimum harbor fee in the Solomon Islands

As **Jean Taupin** was then temporary secretary of the society he responded but was able to provide a personal experience as well. Trusting that we are not stealing any of Mr. Bamford's glory from his article, which was to have been completed by the end of 1977 but has not been brought to the attention of your editor; we take the liberty of relating Jean's experience as follows:

The status of foreign yachts in United States waters is governed by reciprocal arrangements negotiated between the United States and foreign countries. Thus, the British or French yacht, countries with which the United States has reciprocal arrangements, is entitled to receive a cruising permit, valid, I believe, for six months, which entitles the yacht to cruise in US coastal waters without reporting further. The same arrangement is also valid for Canadian yachts, of course. A few years ago, I being Belgian myself, brought a Belgian registered yacht to the United States and discovered to my dismay that Belgium, having only forty miles of coastline and two yachting harbors, never negotiated a reciprocal treaty with the United States. My status was therefore that of any foreign vessel, i.e., I could proceed from one main port to another by obtaining clearance and reporting on arrival and was not allowed to go cruising around the little islands of Maine which had been my original intention. The problem was eventually solved. Because I am a permanent resident of the United States, I was thus able to import the yacht and have it numbered under New York State law. Incidentally, importing a yacht on its own bottom threw the Custom Authorities in a tizzy, and they expressed many a time the wish that I had shipped the yacht across as this would provide them with a Cargo Manifest which

would fit in their normal procedures. It took me three days of frantic negotiation with the Customs in New York, working my way gradually up the ladder until I met somebody who felt he had the authority to call his secretary and dictate a letter to the effect that the yacht had been legally imported into the United States. On with this letter. I proceeded to the New York State Bureau of Motor Vehicles which also takes care of boat registration and paid my three dollars. I sadly lowered my national flag and hoisted the Stars and Stripes. I am very fond of the United States and I have decided to live here, but I don't like to have things rammed down my throat.

The sequel of this story is that the following year I found myself off Moorehead City with a broken down engine. We sailed into the harbor and anchored in front of the Coast Guard Station with no difficulty. The next morning I asked the Coast Guard to give me a tow up river to a yard where the engine could be repaired and this as usual implied the routine check. What had not occurred to me was that the four brand new fire extinguishers which I had installed when we left Gibraltar were not US Coast Guard approved. In their legalistic approach to life, there is no distinction between having no fire extinguishers and having fire extinguishers which are not Coast Guard approved. We were awarded a summons with a fine of \$300.00. After writing a long letter explaining again the existence of perfectly good fire extinguishers on board which I had of course shown to the Boarding Officer, I received a further form letter advising me that owing to "extenuating circumstances", the fine would be reduced to \$100.00. I was offered an opportunity to have the case reviewed by undertaking a legal proceeding. I found it simpler to pay the \$100.00, and live with a slightly jaundiced view of Coast Guard activities.

A continuing column on this subject might be instructive, as well as humorous in some instances, and if members with similar or appropriate experiences in ports around the world will send them in, we shall be pleased to publish them. If you wish anonymity for yourself or anyone else mentioned in your account, please so indicate. It is not our intention to embarrass anyone but to point out problems which are related to the bureaucratic jungle hovering over so many of the ports frequented by cruising people today.

THE SLOP CHEST

News of Ken Slack

One of the earliest members of the Slocum Society, **Ken Slack**, author of *In the Wake of the SPRAY*, a thorough analysis of Joshua Slocum's famous vessel, wrote to the Society in March of 1976, explaining why he hadn't been as visible of late. Here is his letter:

Just a note to let members know that I am still around albeit domiciled now far from the sea, boats and things nautical. My only contact virtually is via the pages of *The Spray*. The sale two years ago of my 26 ft. gaff cutter *PAGAN* in Sydney more or less severed my direct connections with boats — for a time, that is. I have every intention at some future stage to build my long planned for copy of the *SPRAY*, but that cannot be for some time yet. One's life tends at times to run varied courses and mine has taken a number of turns during the past twenty or so years, in fact since I first joined with Mac in 1954 to kick off our Society. My varied occupations since those studies at University might dub me as a restless wanderer . . . (or an opportunist!) . . . Research Chemist, Preservation Engineer, Paint Manufacturer, Yoga Teacher, High School Teacher, and now with further studies behind me — Osteopath and Clinical Hypnotherapist — now an expanding business and also a real personal interest.

In my present world of massage, manipulation, herbal remedies and hypnosis, immersed in the real life problems of many people who seek me out for advice and help on all matters concerning their physical and mental health, I still find time on occasions to dream a while. I hear again the words I penned over ten years ago for Chapter I *In the Wake of the Spray* . . .

“ . . . My inner ear caught a fresh, new sound, and to my mind's eye there came the vision of my secret dream. With a hiss and swirl of white foam at her bow, a small yacht was forging her way across the ocean, sails bellying to the warm trade winds. One man sat naked at the helm, his skin nut-brown in the tropical sun, and beneath a shock of flaxen hair, his features showed strong and determined. A true individualist this — a singlehanded sailor. Raising his face to the sky, he laughed aloud to the sun and the sea, for was it not good to be alive? Here, remote from the cares of civilization, this man rejoiced in the breath of the warm wind, the sway of the ship moving with the sea, the slow dignity of sunrise and sunset. Alone in this virgin world he felt at peace. Time stood still. This was a voyage of the spirit . . . ”

Although I am now far from the sea and no longer have a boat of my own, my secret dream still keeps alive that flame of desire for just such a life. May all those of you who also yearn for adventure remote from the cares of civilization – in that restless matrix of blue infinity of sea and sky – find solace in your secret dreams. Let not the cares of a career ever dim your inner vision for another less organized, more natural life . . .

Unfortunately I can no longer play an active role in the affairs of the Society or contributions to *The Spray* Journal. However, my interest in both is as great as ever and I sincerely thank all those who have done so much to keep our Society alive and functioning in these rapidly changing times.

Those of our members who have read my original articles on the *SPRAY* in earlier issues of the Journal may be interested to know that copies of the vessel are still being planned and built in various parts of the world. I still get many letters from many different countries inquiring about plans to build copies of the *SPRAY*. A recent letter is a typical example:

“Dear Mr. Slack,

I have recently enjoyed your book *In the Wake of the Spray*. On Page 164 and 165 the lines of the *SPRAY* are drawn, and since I was much impressed by this boat, I would appreciate an indication of where to obtain her building plans according to those lines. I am an amateur researching for my ideal cruising boat, and as far as I can say right now, *SPRAY* is well within my ideas.”

Such letters give me a thrill every time I receive them. I do also wish to express my sincere gratitude to our Society for stocking my book on the *SPRAY* (Editors Note: We have recently heard from Rutgers University Press that Ken Slack’s *In the Wake of the SPRAY* is no longer in print. Apparently, the society is one of the few places where this book is still available, its cost: \$12.50, post paid. Also, Tellers *The Voyages of Joshua Slocum* is now out of print but we have a few of these left too at \$12.50, post paid.) and making it available to so many people who may otherwise not be able to readily find it. I get a number of letters from people asking where they can obtain copies of the book and it seems that in some countries it is difficult to locate.

If any members would like to contact me regarding any aspect of the *SPRAY* – design, performance or whatever – I shall always be pleased to help with information in any way I can. In our little mountain valley area, surrounded by acres of virgin bushland with only the song of many birds to break the silence, we find a peace and a solace to strengthen the spirit. To quote the words of the venerable Captain Joshua

Slocum when he left the *SPRAY* at Launceston in Tasmania for a time: ". . . it suited me very well to do so and to rusticate in the forests and among the streams . . . I made journeys among the hills and rested my bones for the coming voyage . . ."

For a time we are content, my wife and I, with such a life remote from the sea. The smell of the salt spray, the feel of a deck beneath one's feet — these seem far away now . . . Yet, we know there will come a day when once again, with a sturdy vessel and a stout heart, we hoist sail and out to sea — in the wake of the *SPRAY* . . .

Once again, I say thank you to those who have made the Society such a viable concern. To all our many members scattered around the world I wish good luck, Godspeed, and fair winds for the future.

Best regards from Down-Under

Kenneth E. Slack
P. O. Box 201
Springwood, 2777
N. S. W., Australia

A Nip in Time

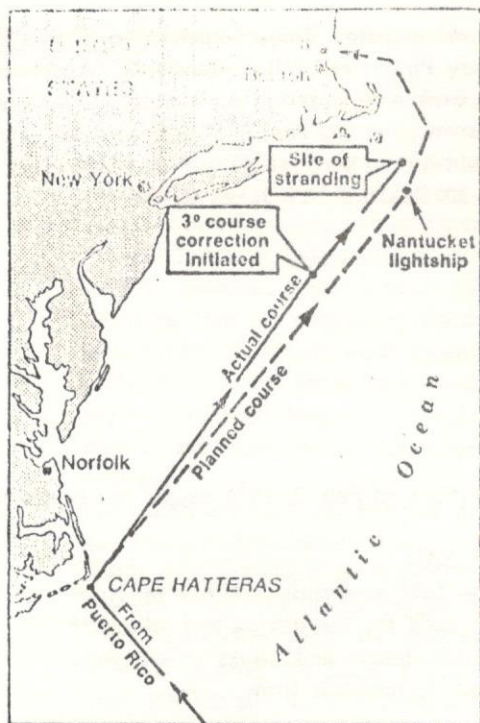
For years we have watched movies in which the first thing a freezing man received was a shot of whiskey. "Warmed him up" was the reasoning that went with it. Hollywood notwithstanding, knowledgeable people in the outdoor survival business talked down the value of alcohol to a frostbite candidate, pointing out that a person who has experienced a very cold environment with insufficient insulation will experience a considerable reduction in the flow of blood from limbs. This mechanism, called vaso-constriction, is the body's effort to save the vital organs — heart, brain, etc. — by sacrificing the limbs so that the body's remaining heat may be better used. By constricting the veins in the limbs the cold blood is kept in the limbs. Now, by introducing a shot of alcohol, the veins dilate and the cold blood is allowed to flow back to the heart, sometimes imparting a fatal "after shock" to the body, much to the surprise of the rescuers who thought they were doing the right thing.

Now a group of British naval doctors have discovered that frostbite sufferers can be cured by being dosed with a string of large whiskies. This "tipsy thaw out" has been successfully administered to Royal Marines training to fight deep inside the Arctic Circle.

How can these two views be reconciled? Apparently, when the danger of after-shock is passed, doses of alcohol work to dilate the veins to start the blood circulating again in the limbs, thereby speeding up the healing process. If the heart, brain and other internal organs are able to withstand the shock of the cold blood pumped around, then this seems a reasonable treatment. But, as one of the doctors mentioned when asked about taking a "wee dram to keep out the cold", he said "it does just the opposite by making the body lose heat rapidly. Remember, our Scotch is dispensed to treat frostbite — not to prevent it". (from the *London Daily Mirror* of Feb. 6, 1978; sent in by **Charlie Glass**)

Liberia to Clean Up its Act

The tiny African nation with by far the largest fleet in the world, which probably



The stranding of the *ARGO MERCHANT*
December 15, 1976

Hopefully the big stick has worked. The Liberian Government's report on the grounding concluded that the *ARGO MERCHANT* had been a "menace", documenting the disastrous history of the rogue tanker, one serious incident in each of its 23 years of sailing, and reflected the government's concern about its image in the light of a succession of major disasters at sea to Liberian registered vessels.

Whether this refreshing attitude will have any long term effect on the safety of these vessels remains to be seen. In the meantime, however, mariners making long distance passages in small boats will continue to wonder if that rust streaked tanker low on the horizon at dusk has a functioning radar and if so, whether or not the crewmembers on watch are so distracted by the problems of the ship that they are not able to maintain an effective lookout.

also receives by far the most criticism about the condition of that fleet, is starting to clean up its act, according to a January 1, 1978 article in the *The Observer* magazine sent to us by Charlie Glass. When the Liberian registered tanker *ARGO MERCHANT* ran aground and split in two off the U.S. east coast on December 15, 1976, spilling 7.6 million gallons of thick industrial oil 50 miles from one of the world's richest commercial fishing areas, a cry went up world wide. Enough was enough. Legislation was introduced into the U.S. Congress banning from U.S. waters any ship with a bad accident record and stipulated minimum standards of design, construction, manning and equipment. In many U.S. ports the U.S. Coast Guard came alive and started inspecting visiting ships on a more frequent basis. Some were told to stand offshore until problems were solved and others were refused entry, period!

Hallucinations at Sea

In the Feb. 1978 issue of *Cruising World* magazine, **Richard Epstein** wrote an article on hallucinations at sea entitled "Imaginary Pirates and Other Phantoms". Apparently that only whetted his appetite and he has written to us asking our members to send him first hand accounts of hallucinatory experiences at sea and, if possible, of the events leading up to the experience. Members should address accounts of such occurrences to: Richard Epstein, c/o North Star, P. O. Box 36, Oakland, New Jersey 07436.

Jumble Sail

A brief note in the London *Sunday Times* of Feb. 2, 1978 caught the eye of our London correspondent, **Charlie Glass**.

JUMBLE SAIL

The first nautical jumble sale will be held at Beaulieu Abbey on April 16th. An eight acre site has been set aside for the buying and selling of all types of sailing tackle from bollards, buoys and books to complete boats. Admission £1; stall rental from £5. Information from . . . etc. . .

Hurled Sails

Paul Hurst

On February 4th 1978, Paul Hurst, deep sea cruising sailor of many years slipped his moorings in Honolulu and passed on.

After the 1977 Western Pacific Typhoon season Paul sailed *STAGHOUND* south from Eastern Japan to Okinawa and thence to Taiwan where he hoped to refit her for an Indian Ocean Crossing.

But cancer was already catching up with Paul – necessitating frequent visits to hospitals – which much to his annoyance interfered with his outfitting. But he never complained and even I, an old friend, had no idea that he had already made his last passage.

STAGHOUND had spent the previous 8 years sailing around Japan, and she undoubtedly holds the world record for circumnavigations of Japan. Paul would sail her clockwise one year and anti-clockwise the next year.

I had been aboard *STAGHOUND* in Santa Barbara some twenty years ago with a mutual friend “Red Smith” of Newport Beach, who, like me is still pottering about the waterfronts of the world – both of us at the moment being temporarily engaged in boat building. Then again I met *STAGHOUND* in Tahiti the next year. Since then Paul sailed *STAGHOUND* through the South Pacific and then to S. E. Asia – an area little known and little written about by Bluewater yachtsmen. He cruised Indonesia, Borneo, Vietnam, Thailand, Malaysia and the Phillipines. In the course of his cruising he visited perhaps a hundred islands.

When the pain worsened Paul was obliged to enter hospital in Hawaii and leave his beloved *STAGHOUND* here in the Tansui River. Soon realising he had made his last leg he passed *STAGHOUND* to a friend in Okinawa – Gary Brookins, who is now totally refitting her for his own voyage. Meanwhile I kept receiving neat packages in the mail from Paul. A well notated “South Indian Ocean Pilot”, later a “China Sea Pilot” followed by charts of many islands that most cruising people (including myself) have never heard of. On some of them Paul swore me to secrecy. I may or may not report to the Society when I cruise there next year and onward in my new 42 ft. Cutter *FREEDOM*. As these gift packages continued to arrive at intervals I realised, finally, that Paul was sending me his last cruising signals – wishing me Bon Voyage.

To Paul who was an accomplished deep water sailor, a yachtsman and a gentleman, I'd like to say Bon Voyage.

Ernest Chamberlain

Thomas O. Smallwood

It has not been a custom of The Society to print obituaries of its distinguished Members, but I think we have an exception with the death of Thomas O. Smallwood. He was one of the very early Members of the Society, and, before the "late unpleasantness" in Viet Nam, he was our Vice-Commodore in Saigon.

Smallwood was an enthusiastic ferreter of facts and old books and magazines. Typically British in his reticence, he never mentioned his family or personal matters, but was most forthcoming when it came to transoceanic cruising.

I was travelling through Oregon and California in October of 1977 and decided to find Smallwood at his address at Felton, California. We found his mobile home, but could get no reply to our bangings on the door. Finally, a neighbor appeared and told us that "last week he had not felt well, had driven to the hospital, and had died shortly after arriving." The County Authorities had taken possession of his belongings and were trying to trace relatives in England; he apparently had none in the United States.

I am sure he is now happily gamming with Slocum and Pidgeon and the rest of the Brotherhood in Fiddlers Green.

Richard Gordon McCloskey

Alain Colas

Alain Colas, one of the world's greatest singlehanded sailors has been lost at sea during the French Singlehanded Trans Atlantic Race, La Route du Rhum. Last heard from on November 16, eleven days after the start of the race, a massive air and sea search for his 10 year old 70 foot trimaran *MANUREVA* (ex-*PENDUICK IV* which was formerly owned by Eric Tabarly) failed to locate the well known sailor.

Colas, formerly a French lecturer at the University of Sydney, had bought *MANUREVA* from Tabarly to sail in the 1972 OSTAR, winning it in record time of 20 days, 13 hours, 15 minutes. In September, 1973 he trimmed from 107 days to 79½ days the record set in 1966-67 by Sir Francis Chichester for the outward bound clipper-ship voyage, the English Channel to Sydney. Returning to Saint Malo, France by way of Cape Horn, he also beat Sir Francis' round the world record by 57 days, taking 168 days for the complete voyage. He competed in the 1976 OSTAR, this time in the 236' *CLUB MEDITERRANEE*, finishing second but being penalized to third place. Winner, that year was Eric Tabarly in *PENDUICK VI*. For a while Colas was skipper of the then-turned-charter-boat *CLUB MEDITERRANEE* but it ran into corrosion problems and reportedly is quietly disintegrating in some south seas port. In early November, 1978, he started on what was to be his last singlehanded race, La Route du Rhum.

Perhaps prophetic, when Colas was asked by a Sydney Morning Herald reporter while half way to beating Sir Francis' round-the-world record, he said "the main problem with the yacht was to hold her back. She is so fast. You can get into trouble by trying for too much speed."

He is survived by his Tahitian wife, Teura and three children.

Neal T. Walker

THE MAIL BARREL



This is a new feature in *The Spray* and, hopefully, will be of some use to our cruising membership. First of all we will list the addresses of people and organizations in the various maritime and cruising ports around the world willing to hold and forward mail on a "no cost" basis. Secondly, this column will deal with many of the different facets of the international mail problem. And thirdly, through this column, the Society will announce its willingness to serve as a mail forwarder on a "reimbursed" basis for members mail.

Not having very many addresses at this time, the first item will await the next issue of this journal. Similarly, item two will await a later edition. We can, however, discuss the third item and see how it can work.

For members with and able to keep up to a fairly rigid schedule, we will collect mail for that member and then in ample time forward it along to arrive at each scheduled port. As members plans change, the forwarding schedule will, of course, be changed.

For members without such schedules, the society will collect and hold mail for members until the member sends a forwarding address, at which time the entire collection will be put in a manila envelope and sent as instructed.

With either of the two mail forwarding services, the only charge to members will be the actual out of pocket cost to the society for forwarding postage, if any. To start a forwarding service, a small deposit, appropriate to the expected expense, would be deposited with the society along with any schedule available and a permanent address to be used in those rare cases where we lose touch with the member for a protracted period. Obviously, we cannot guarantee the performance of the U.S. Postal Service nor that of any other nation, however, we will account for all pieces of mail handled and periodically verify the receipt – or loss – of the mail handled.

In return for this service, it is hoped that voyaging members keep the society current on what they are doing and seeing so that such may be passed along in the pages of *The Spray*.

In January, 1977 **Robert K. Knife** suggested the above mail forwarding service and in Vol. XXI No. 5 **Bob Torriero** indicated that the society would start such a program and here it is. Your editor recently wrote to Mr. Knife, thanking him for his suggestion and, since he was not a member, suggesting that we would be honored to have him aboard. A few days ago the society's letter was returned, marked "UNABLE TO DELIVER, TIME FOR FORWARDING HAS EXPIRED". Suspecting that Mr. Knife has long since left on his voyage, it is ironic that he becomes our latest casualty in the "mail forwarding" problem. Needless to say, no such time limit will apply with our service.

FROM THE BOOKSHELF

As many members know, the society houses what was once one of the best non-public libraries of cruising and related books and pamphlets. Unfortunately, the library has succumbed to hard times in the last few years. Through an unfortunate error, many of the books owned by the society were sold to members in the belief that they were "duplicates". Then, with the transfer of the library from New York to Bellflower, two of the boxes of books were swallowed up by the U. S. Postal Service. Luckily they were insured for \$300 and this money, if and when received, will be used to rebuild the library. Also, it is hoped that members whose consciences bother them will return those books which they purchased from the library. Of course, the society will reimburse members for their cost of the books and postage.

The next issue will carry more detailed information of what books are no longer in the society's library; which ones remain; and a list of new acquisitions by the library.

In this issue of *The Spray* we present several reviews of interesting books, some of which are in our library and others of which are in the library of the reviewer.

To Challenge a Distant Sea

To Challenge A Distant Sea – The life and voyages of **Jean Gau** who sailed alone more than any other man. By **James Tazelaar** and **Jean Bussiere**; Henry Regnery Co., Chicago, Ill. and Beaverbrooks, Pickering, Ontario; c 1977 (270 pgs. photographs and charts; \$10.00)

Jean Gau, the name brings forth the aura of mystery. Avoiding publicity for most of his life, this indomitable Frenchman was better known than he imagined when, late in life with his vessel stranded near the entrance to Chesapeake Bay the press aroused the world and ultimately saw him pulled off. How could a semi-recluse command such a response to his plight? James Tazelaar and Jean Bussiere have pulled together some of the fascinating threads of Jean Gau's life and set them for us to explore.

Fittingly, some of the mystery of Jean Gau's life escaped the analysis and remains today. A gifted artist – so gifted in fact that he spent time in a French jail for making and passing exact copies of 20 and 50 franc bank notes (the charges were later dropped but memories of the experience remained for life) – the collection of his painting which he had done while he was "between" the only two vessels he owned vanished from his stranded vessel and have not been heard of since. Did he destroy them, thinking his vessel was doomed?

And what of the strange goings on at Rose Island in the South Pacific? During his first circumnavigation he stopped there to search for sunken treasure. Finding it but unable to penetrate the thick coral growth protecting it, he gave up. Did he return on his second circumnavigation. He never did say.

And there were times, late in Jean's life when even he couldn't account for some of the time spent at sea. Once in the Mediterranean in 1970 — he was 68 at the time — he set out from Valras, France bound for America. Off Cape Palos his engine failed during a gale and he was unable to make Cartagena. He was blown north east to a point near Monaco, a distance of about 200 miles but it took him over a month to cover the distance.

But there is no mystery about what he has accomplished during his adventuresome lifetime: eleven crossings of the Atlantic, his last in 1973 after he had suffered a stroke; and two solo circumnavigations, his first started after his 50th year and his second concluded during his 67th year (and during which his Tahiti ketch *ATOM* capsized and was dismasted near Cape Horn). Accomplishments, though, are easily reduced to lists such as the Chronology located at the end of the book. But such lists invariably leave out the flavor of the lifetime recorded. The authors, with a big assist from Jean Gau's own, unpublished, manuscripts, have brought us closer to this man of the sea yet leaving many areas about which we can only wonder. After all, that seems to be the way Jean Gau wanted it. (Jean Gau died in early 1979, Ed.)

Neal T. Walker

Yacht Design

Yacht Designs, by **William Garden**. International Marine Publishing Company. Camden, Maine 04943 U.S.A. 216 pages, illustrations \$17.50.

William Garden is a Salome. He hides nothing and reveals wisdom.

This is a truly grand book, and who but Garden would start the section on power boats with a straightforward description of two pulling boats (he does not mention sculling boats). One of them, the "Blister Boat" was designed, built and rowed (with fixed seat) by 68-year old John Newman over a measured nautical mile at a speed of 6.831 knots. Try and match that on a calm day with one of your miracle sailing boats.

Garden admits that "today's small stock yachts afford more comfort and greater all-around ability under sail than the fleets of the past did" but he says that they are merely "triangular me-toos" — all poured out of similar moulds. What he is concerned with are sailing boats which are "impractical . . . when scrutinized by an around-the-buoy sailor." The boats in this book "have more of a connection with tradition . . . have more boat-like qualities . . . qualities that satisfy the interests of those sailors who not only enjoy a boat that will sail well but also lean toward boats of a more interesting, timeless form."

So what have we in this book? 216 pages of gold, with well over 200 drawings and photos; with a text vibrant with Garden's pungent wit and sagacity. "The text," he correctly writes, "centers more on the background of each boat rather than on technical study" and then he continues to produce a jewel of a paragraph:

“Whether they are sail or power, we must remember that our yachts are toy boats — all yachts are the glint on a lovely brief bubble of time, . . . A boat’s importance as an escape from reality, as a change of pace, as a theme for reflection, and as an art form it gives worth or value. In forming a small yacht, we achieve an entity that is almost completely within the imagination, manual dexterity, and technical ability of one man. One man can select and cut the timber, form the model, set up the molds, frame, planks, work up the spars, and finally slide into the sea and set sail. Perhaps this is about as close as one man can come to the nearly complete creation of something with a personality and life.”

Devoted to about 50 craft, half sail, half power, one of the sagest of American boat designers has written a satisfying, inspiring, and genial book about boats as “they used to was” and should be.

Richard Gordon McCloskey

The Brendan Voyage

The Brendan Voyage, by **Tim Severin**. McGraw-Hill Book Company, 1221 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY. 10020

Could St. Brendan, a sixth-century Irish monk have actually crossed the stormy North Atlantic to the new world in a tiny open boat made of oxhides? It was this question posed by the unusual wealth of sailing detail and geographic description found in Brendan’s *Navigatio* which pricked Tim Severin’s curiosity into doing research into Brendan’s life and times and especially into the design and construction of the leather currachs which provided the mainstay of longshore transportation for the Irish of the period.

This last item proved most difficult, for even though the curragh design still survives, the ancient technique of building in leather over wood, without benefit of metal fastenings was all but lost. With the skill of a detective, the thoroughness of a scholar and a good dash of what Severin calls Brendan’s luck, 36’ *BRENDAN* (Tim felt that no other name would fit the vessel) was built and carried her crew safely across the Atlantic to North America.

Combining beautiful four color plates, clear and concise writing and profound historical research, Tim Severin’s is both an exciting tale of seafaring and a telling scientific document establishing the plausability of early Irish exploration of the New World.

Neal T. Walker

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