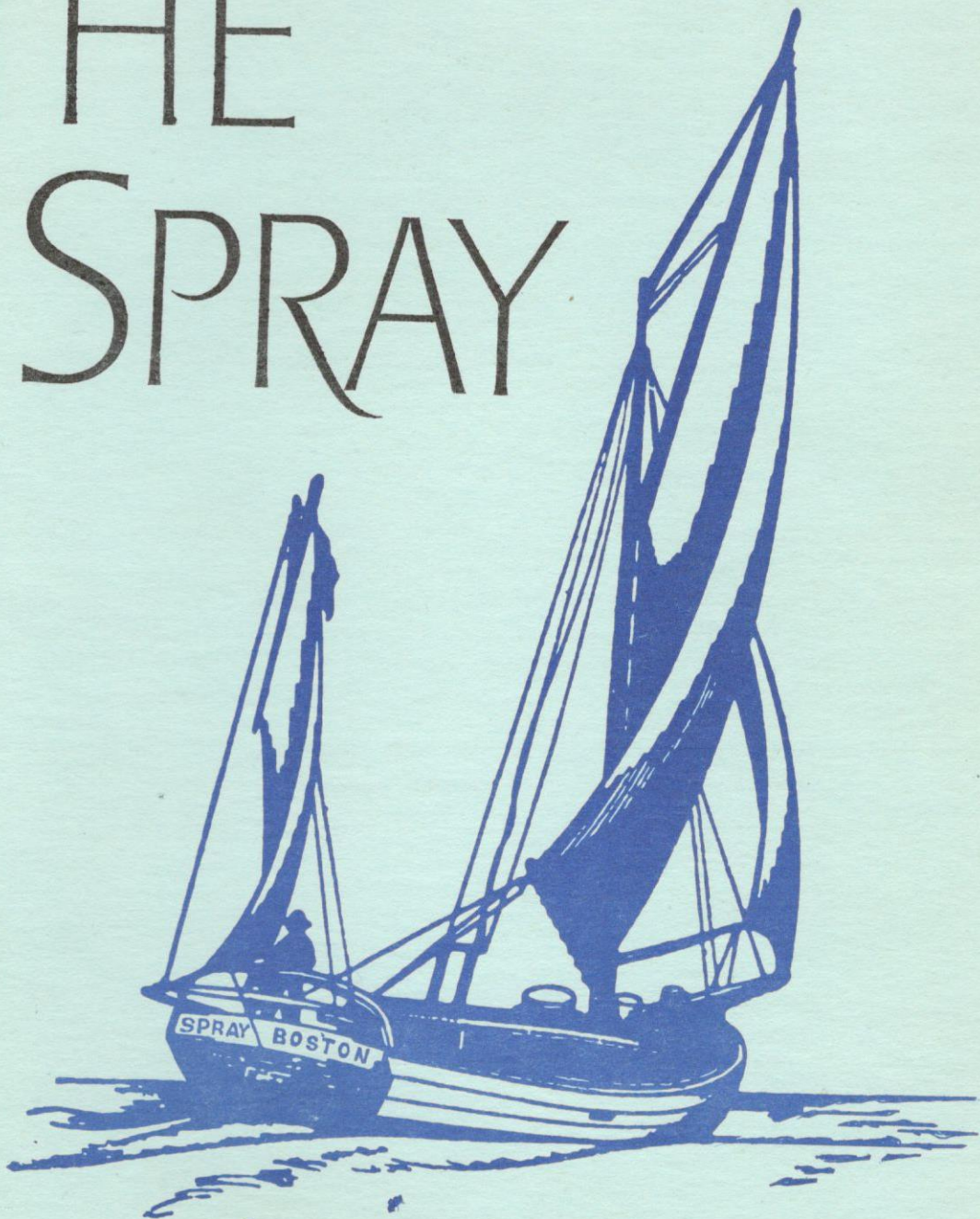


THE SPRAY



VOLUME XXIII NO. 1
JAN. — JUNE 1979

THE SPRAY, Volume XXIII - No. 1 January-June, 1979

Published by

THE SLOCUM SOCIETY

Secretary: Neal T. Walker

Historian: S/Ldr. D.H. Clark

Treasurer: Jean-Charles Taupin

U.K. Treasurer: Michael C. Hardcastle

R.S.A. & So. Atlantic Representative: Konrad T. Eriksen

Australian Representative: Guenter H. Woyde

New Zealand Representative: Robin H. McMillan

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THE SLOCUM SOCIETY SAILING CLUB

Commodore: Don Holm

Membership in the Slocum Society Sailing Club is open to all members of The Slocum Society who own a boat. The Sailing Club has neither rules nor dues but members fly the house flag of the last sailing line for which Captain Joshua Slocum worked.

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Secretary's Comments

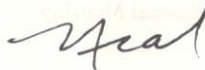
In paraphrasing David Lewis' comment on page 59, this issue of *The Spray* has been a long time in the making. Although dated Jan-June, 1979, it is being published in early December, 1979. Considering the slap-dash nature of our organization, I hope this delay isn't as serious as I make it out to be. Read on and I hope also that you will feel the wait was worth it (if it is tell your friends; if it is not tell me).

My hope for four quarterly issues is not to be. Funds received during the year will only support two issues and the second must, of necessity be much smaller than this one. So much for our "economic facts of life".

Between the time that the piece on David White was typeset on page 34 and the present as I whack out this last insert to *The Spray* I have heard from David with further details on his planned "hop, skip and a jump" singlehanded race around the world (depart Newport-hop on down to Cape Town-skip on over to Sydney-jump up to Rio-and back to Newport). First of all, The Slocum Society will be one of the sponsors of the race (unfortunately for David, not one of the moneyed variety) and we will be able to contribute back-up services in two of the three planned stops in the singlehanded race, Cape Town and Sydney (O.K., Konrad and Guenter?) There are to be four starts and four finishes which should heighten the excitement. Each leg will take approximately 40 days of sailing time and the planned satellite transponder system used successfully on La Transat en Double (see page 54) will allow periodic updating of vessel location (plus the safety of emergency location of the vessel) for the watching press. The race is for monohull sailing yachts between I.O.R. two ton (about 40 ft. LOA) and I.O.R. Maxi class (about 80 ft. LOA). Departure from Newport R.I. is now planned for September, 1982 and the first finishers can be expected, 27000 nautical miles later, back in Newport in mid-April, 1983.

When I asked David "why" during our long distance phone conversation he first gave me a number of carefully worded replies - which seemed more at home in one of the "legitimate yachting magazines" which we all regularly receive. When pressed further, though, he finally admitted that he just wanted to sail around the world and wanted the company. Well, with that reasoning, the race could easily fit in with our society's slap-dash approach to boating and we were hooked. Now all we need is a well heeled sponsor to foot the bill of the "S/H RTW Race" and we are off. Any takers may contact David White at: Goat Island Marina, Newport, R.I. 02840, USA by mail or by phone at (401) 846-1376.

Fair winds,



Neal T. Walker
Secretary

P.S. This society is still looking for, and badly needs, an editor for this rag. This taker need not be well heeled.

SHORT SNORTS

Ray Basham has an ideal life, soon to become even more so. For the past 10 years he spent the summers cruising the Atlantic seaboard of the US, Bermuda, the Bahamas, the Virgin Islands, etc. When he retires from teaching in 1981 he is planning on expanding his horizons.

"When I last wrote you, I was the happy owner of *TRUMPETER*, an ancient sloop of the *SPRAY* genre, rumored to have been built by Wilbur Morse in the late 1800's" wrote **Charles M. Block** in June, 1979. He went on: "She was painted a beautiful 'wine dark sea' blue and was generally known by all and referred to by me as 'Ole Blue'. However, my wife of many years cared not for the sea or those who sailed it, and finally I received an ultimatum: 'choose, me or Old Blue'. I'd had her a few decades longer than Old Blue, so I sadly sold my mistress to a young married man who had passionately lusted for my dream-girl. Sho'nuf, within a year he had divorced his young wife and was last seen sailing East by South from Galveston."

Art Campbell, Jr. tells us that The Experimental Yacht Society has gone out of business and that they are donating their books to the Amateur Yacht Society in England. He also said that he would like to see members passing through the Ft. Lauderdale/Miami, Florida USA area. His phone number is (305) 776-5675.

From Nova Scotia comes a brief note from **Robert Cloutier**, saying, that he single-handed his vessel *MOUETTE II*, a Ted Brewer designed Douglas 31, from Halifax, Nova Scotia to Bermuda. He left Halifax on June 8, 1979 and arrived in St. George, Bermuda on June 16th. On the return leg his wife, Denise, crewed for the 8 day passage from St. George to Halifax.

Dolph Dumont and **Patricia Falls** spent 21 days sailing in and about the Cuban Keys, noting that there are interesting changes today from 20 years ago (before the Cuban revolution).

Jean Duparque commented in a recent letter: "I wish I could contribute something of a literary nature for *The Spray* but I am one of the untold numbers of frustrated arm chair voyagers. In that vein, as a long time reader of *The Spray*; and the *Commodores Bulletins* of the Seven Seas Cruising Association; and other additional marine fantasy media, I surely do wish those who are doing, sailing, cruising, voyaging, seasteading, etc., would offer in their writing some solid advice to those of us who sorely want a little ship for voyaging but are not skilled shipwrights, cabinet makers, welders, fibreglassers, etc.

As a group we are limited in our capital resources and most of us don't have the skills required to buy a hull and finish the ship, but could easily find an old ignored or discarded jewel of the sea and because the patterns of everything necessary exist within it we could rebuild and refinish and restore to necessary seaworthiness. The bottom question is, given all these limited parameters, how does one find these rebuildables? Surely these voyagers must occasionally come across such semi-derelicts.

Edgar du Prey has been seen by our Northeast US correspondent, **Carl Vilas**, in Manhattan, New York yachting circles charming other sailors with his thick French accent. If he has been at sea, Carl knows nothing about it, which is his fault.

Steve Doherty has sold his round-the-world steel, hard chine, Hanna, Carol ketch, *WHITE SEAL* and is currently keeping a fast run-about in the East River, New York yacht basin where he can take short evening runs out to the Statue of Liberty. He is within walking distance of his home, boat and office of the *Seven Seas Press* of which he is proprietor.



"Shirley Too"

Fred and Shirley Dygert report from *SHIRLEY TOO* that "during our travels we have run across a couple of other boats flying our 'red and white', but we also found members by just happening to mention The Slocum Society. It is a nice feeling of comradeship when that takes place."

"I took my boat, *DORA*, a Coronado 35, to Florida during the summer of '78" writes **George Gilmore**. "She's moored at Indian Harbour Beach and positioned for the Bahamas in May, 1980.

Tom Gochberg took his 42 ft. Alden yawl, *MISTRAL*, across the Atlantic as part of the cruising

division in this year's Atlantic Race. His was the smallest crew in the race, three plus a Hasler vane, and his time from Nantucket Shoal Lightship to Fasnet was 19 days, 3 hours. He went on to say "We were basically on the wind until we passed into the Gulf Stream after five days of fog in the Labrador current. Thereafter we were almost on a straight downwind passage. To my delight we were doing 6+ knots with just the main, straight downwind. The vane handled the boat without the anxiety of jybing. The question now is, how to get the boat home. I am entered in the 1980 OSTAR and have the boat in Plymouth. I must say having done the cold North Atlantic, the trade wind passage from the Azores to Bermuda somehow seems more pleasant. I want to pass on to our fellow members that the Royal Cork in Crosshaven is delightful and that the Scillys are definitely worth a stop if one is planning to go up channel. Additionally, we have laid up in Mashfords in Plymouth which is a very professional yard.

Planning a mid-October/early November departure are **David Hanks** and his “girl-friend (soon to read wife) **Rosemary**”. For the present they are working hard at getting



their 58 year old staysail schooner *ANNIE LYON* ready to leave their home port of St. Petersburg, Florida. One recent addition to the inventory onboard their vessel was a new Slocum Society flag to replace the “three red diamonds and tatters” that has flown for so many years.

Martin R. Hasse still holds forth at his Bluenose Boatyard in Chester, Nova Scotia where he continues to turn out wooden jewels of small, seagoing vessels. He also met our Northeast correspondent **Carl Vilas** quite by accident while strolling along the “Queen’s Highway”, a narrow foot-path running the length of Man-of-War Cay in the Bahamas.

From August 25, 1976 to August 20, 1977 *MIGRANT* circumnavigated the North Pacific Ocean. The crew for the passages were **Dick and Anita Johnson**, son Rick and daughter Kari. The route was from Bellingham, Washington to Hawaii and then to the Marshalls; Kosrae (Kusaie); Carolines; Guam; Marianas; Bonins; Japan and her Inland Sea, NW coast of Honshu, Oki Gunto Archipelago and Hokkaido. From there they returned non-stop to Neah Bay, Washington in 41 days. During the entire voyage they covered 14,600 nautical miles.

Articles about the Slocum Society in some of the popular yachting magazines have been responsible for bringing the society in contact with many members, long missing from our membership list. One such person was **Michael J. Johnson**, who chanced upon such an account while en route from Tonga to the US on a 57' Alden schooner. His voyage started in December, 1978, and in Key West, Florida and included a Panama Canal transit before the South Pacific cruise.

"What am I doing in Tacoma, Washington instead of Hilo, Hawaii?" writes **Kiko Johnson**. A good question, answered your secretary, but Kiko went right on, saying "I came to Puget Sound country to learn boatbuilding via Newport Beach, California aboard the Doheney's 76' ketch *KAMALII* in October of 1976. The passage took 18 days from He'eia Kea, O'ahu. Then I went to Port Townsend, Washington, where I worked for Cecil Lange and Son building 36' cutters and then for Seven Seas Boat Works building Ingrids. In the fall of 1977 I moved to Tacoma to sit out the waiting list at L. H. Bates Vocational Technical Institute of Tacoma's Boatbuilding Class, taught by Joe Trumbly, reputed to be the best in the nation. In the meantime, I worked at building fiberglass pipe and tanks, attended the midnight shift at welding school and was the boat maintenance man for the Puyallup Indians Tribal Police. At the start of June, 1979 I finally got into school and it's been great."

Bill Kellam wrote us that he was looking forward to working with **Jerry Cartwright** again at the start of the second Bermuda 1 - 2 (see "The Races"). Recalling the great time had by all at the start of the first Bermuda 1 - 2, Bill mentioned that **Bob Lush**, from Toronto, is entered in *POCO*, the same vessel he sailed in 1977 in the first race. He will also continue on in the Bermuda - Azores leg of the race and then go on to England where he will store his yacht until the start of the 1980 OSTAR (see "The Races", Ed.). Bill also mentioned that **Robert Lancy Burn**, from South Carolina is still sailing his beautiful Great Dane *BLUE GIPSY* in which he placed second on handicap in the 1972 OSTAR.

"I'm still landlocked" wrote **Katie Law**, "but my 14 year old daughter, Liza has a berth going down Island from Tortola in the British Virgin Islands in July, 1979. The whole family went sailing via a B.V.I. charter last February, Great!" **Ruth and John Lawler** of *SUNRISE* will be rebuilding their cruising kitty working in Sarasota, Florida, until after the 1979 hurricane season. While in Florida they visited the RVG Self Steering Vane plant in Pinellas Park and came away most impressed with the president, **Bruce DuClos**. They are very happy with the RVG which they put on *SUNRISE*, a Swedish built Vega. They urged members wanting to contact a company that builds a quality product, sincerely keeps costs down, and is responsive to cruising sailors to write to Mr. Duclos at R.V.G.: P.O. Box 1218, Pinellas Park, FL 33565. U.S.A.

A recent letter from **Bob Lush** gives us more details on the Bermuda 1 - 2 (see above). "After doing dreadfully in the Bermuda 1 - 2 (something like 18th), **Paul Candlish** of Toronto joined me for the race from Bermuda and then on to Plymouth. My boat is a highly modified 24 ft. Shark which has been lengthened 12" to make the 25 ft. minimum of the OSTAR. We were becalmed for 7 nerve wracking days going to Horta - we even lost 50 miles one day - but still somehow managed to finish first. The hospitality in Horta, both at the Club Naval and at Peters, was absolutely incredible. On the leg from Horta to Plymouth something truly incredible happened. We ran right over the top of the CHAS HEIDSEICK (spelling ? ? ?). She is the largest multihull ever built, 93.5 ft., and turned turtle and was abandoned a few days after the start of the Transat en Double Race (see "The Races", Ed.) We bounced heavily over the three arms connecting the main hull and the port hull. Although we could easily have been sunk, the only serious damage was to our spade rudder which was broken and badly bent. We had to hand steer the remaining 370 miles with only about 10 inches of rudder which taught us a lot about balancing sails. The rudder shaft, 1 1/8" solid stainless steel rod, was bent aft about 30 degrees and sideways about 10 degrees. I think it's a tremendous compliment to Hydrovane the manufacturers of the vane, that it was able to survive this without falling to bits. I've sailed across the Atlantic four times and my previous main concern was being run down by shipping or whales, but maybe abandoned, upsidedown trimarans pose a bigger threat." And how did Bob and Paul finish on the Horta - Plymouth leg of the race, their stubby rudder notwithstanding? Why first, of course!

Gordon C. MacKenzie wrote in early summer, saying "Should any member be frequenting the Maine Coast this summer or in summers to come, they will find a welcome, a gam, help (if I can give it), a shower, and information on the island of Vinalhaven at Bridgehouse in Carvers Harbor. It's too bad that there is no booze on the island but it is a good spot to provision and take on fuel and water. My yacht *PIPER*, an Alberg 35, will be in the harbor and is willing to cruise in company just about anytime. As soon as I can put a flag on my chimney you will be able to see the SS flag when you sail in - dead in front of you as you come up the channel. Comes the fall of '81 I'll be following the Canada geese to warmer climes. I expect to retire in May of that year and spend all the time I wish cruising. Bermuda and England are definitely on the agenda and Greece and Turkey are a definite possibility. Further excursions afield will have to wait for a good testing of my fortitude at sea, where land is not two days away."

Dr. Leonard Morgan reports that he has finally had a chance at real ocean sailing on a cruise from Bermuda to Newport R.I. in a Gale Force. It seems they encountered two storms with winds at 57 knots and sailed through the exact spot where a water spout was crossing. To top it all off, they arrived in Newport at the climax of the 1977 America's Cup preparation. **Phil and Nancy Ovale** report from West River, Maryland, that they are currently building a 38 foot aft-cabin Al Mason ketch. The hull and deck are completed and they are looking for launching in the spring of 1980. She is strip planked of Honduras mahogany and fastened with silicon bronze screws. With a displacement of over 11 tons,

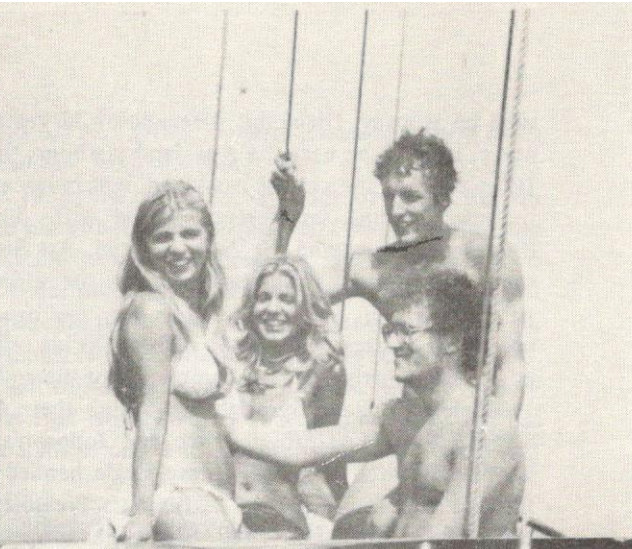
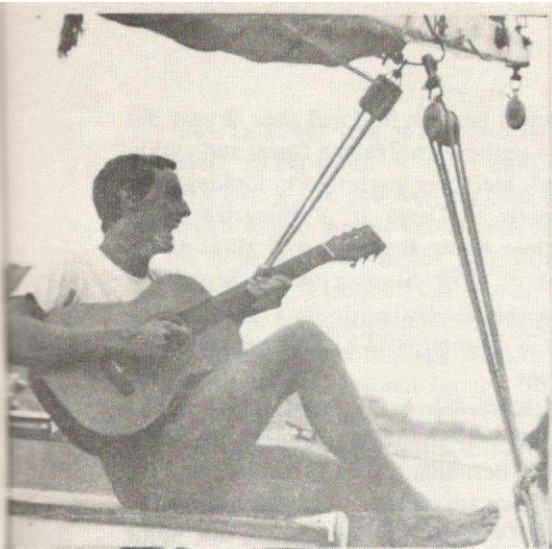
her 900+ sq. ft. of working sails should pull her along at a respectable rate. They will be happy to see members in the area and if you say please they'll even show you their vessel. **Hal and Margaret Roth** stopped overnight with **Carl Vilas** during the fall of 1978 while they were en route, by auto, from their former base in Maine to *WHISPER* in Annapolis. Presumably, by the time this is published they will have made it to Florida and are either heading north again or perhaps eastward across the Atlantic.

Hans Rozendall has left his *KATRINA* on the east coast of the USA while he jets home to his native Holland for a short visit with his sister. **Don Sabath** tells us that he sold *POOH DELA MER* six years ago and now owns *ALBATROSS*, a 28 ft. Controversy built in Finland in 1961. With age, his great dream of circumnavigation dwindles, but coastal trips remain a yearly joy for him. **Dr. Charles Schnee** has been spending a good part of the past several winters in Florida. Moving from Setauket, New York in 1977, he now lives in North Carolina when he isn't visiting in Florida. In the spring of 1979 they saw a good bit of **Shirl and Tex Downes** who, with a new partner, have been working feverishly to put their research vessel *TENQUESTA* into sea worthy condition for a "marine archeological search". Their steel vessel and Charles' 32' Prairie cutter are moored in the Anchorage Marina in Melbourne, Florida.

Jonathan S. K. Shattuck has found swallowing the anchor hard to take. After sailing his Tahiti ketch, *TALOA*, from California to Connecticut via the Panama Canal, he sold her and purchased a Baltic Trader in Norway. Then via Great Britain (to buy sails), and Alicante (to change crews) he settled for four years at St. Maarten where he operated his Baltic schooner *EVYLEN* as a charter head-boat for a local hotel. He then sold his vessel and married **Carl Vilas'** daughter, bought land in Maine and became a woodsman. Now he is about to take off from Florida on a friends trawler for Honduras.

Larry, Reba and Mike Shepard sent us the photo montage on the facing page, encapsulating the lure of what makes people make long distance passages in small boats. After retiring from the real estate business in 1974, the Shepards moved onboard their 47' diesel aux. ketch *BORNE FREE*. They have been underway ever since. Recently Larry has taught real estate and navigation at various overseas campus' of US institutions. Reba, just to keep life from becoming too dull, decided to bring her formal education level up to her informal one and in early 1979 was only 12 units short of a BS in Management through the University of Maryland (which has most of the overseas US military education). Recently, Larry has been teaching English as a foreign language to non-English speaking NATO forces. Future plans? With educational jobs and requirements out of the way, they are thinking of a fall of cruising, a winter crossing of the Atlantic and possibly teaching in Rota, Spain in 1980. Who says it has to be all in a savings account before you can go?

Now here is a deal you can't afford to refuse. **David T. Smale** writes from New Zealand that he will be leaving Auckland in early 1980 for a voyage which will eventually take him around the world - Australia across the Indian Ocean and up the Red Sea to the Suez Canal then the Med and home via the USA. The thing is that during much of the



time he is away, Diana, his wifemate of 27 years will be with him and their 3 year old home, built to be near the Auckland Harbour, the native New Zealand forest and within 10 minutes of the city of Auckland, will be vacant. Members interested in looking after the place during the absence should write directly to David at: 9 Peregrine Place, Birkenhead, Auckland 10, New Zealand. **Art Steiner** wrote that **Bob and Mimi Morse** were completing a circumnavigation in the spring of 1979. Starting out in September 1977 with two on board, they now are three. Mimi gave birth to a son in Australia. The voyage, which is to end in Florida was in a Lauren 32 *SYZYGY* which will be up for sale shortly after the completion of the voyage.

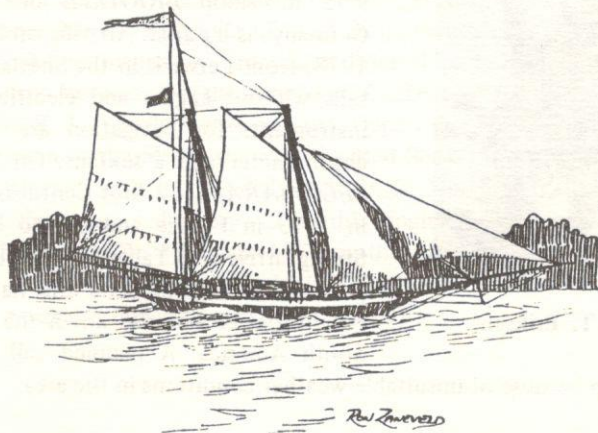
Cele and Steve Syrotiak are basing their Atkin/Colin Archer type double ender *SWEET SURRENDER* at Bruce and Johnson's Marina, Branford, Connecticut, USA. Launched March 26, 1977, Steve single handed to Bermuda and in the Bermuda 1 - 2 finished 11th out of fleet of 22 finishers. Presently they are cruising coastwise but plan to take off for Ireland in 1980. Steve, a ham operator (WB1GXO) at his shore-side home plans to go "maritime mobile" in the near future.

The first mailings of the Slocum Society to **Burwell Taylor** in early 1979 all came back "return to sender". One must have finally snuck past the watchful gaze of the postal department (who limit the amount of time for forwarding). Soon came the good news that he had purchased a Westsail 32, now named *VINGILOT* (ex-*TYAAM*) in Redondo Beach, California. He sailed her to Sausalito, his new home port, arriving under the Golden Gate at 0530 on July 4th, 1979. **W. J. Tobis** writes from his home in Warsaw, Poland: "I am now laboriously building myself my next boat, a 27 foot sloop of my own design. It is built from the beginning but now I have the GRP hull ready and almost all of the materials and a lot of the fittings collected. I hope that in 2 years I will launch her and start my Mediterranean cruising, however the living prices are running so quick that . . . well, let's hope for better."

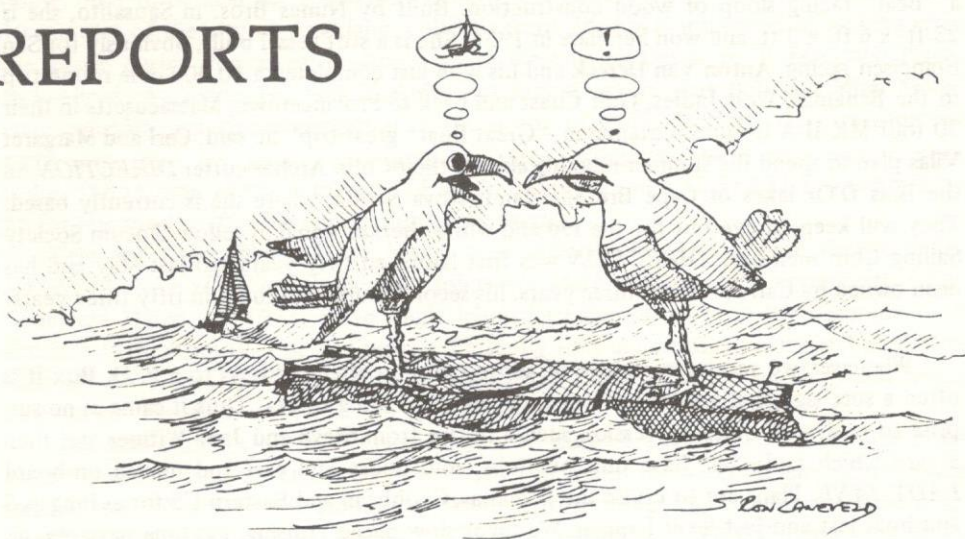
Russ Tonkiss, who designed the familiar cover of all issues of *The Spray* since Autumn 1966, except the looseleaf ones of 1976 and '77, has offered to redo the cover artwork. Hopefully, this edition will carry the new cover. His late spring letter went on to say: "*I sail this Great South Bay (New York) in a Tartan 27, with a wife who loves it all and doesn't care if we lay the mast in the water. I sail under the Babylon Yacht Club burgee and that of the "Cruising Club", depending on attitude or occasion. But when it blows over 25 knots I hoist the flag of the Slocum Society. It's a sort of salute to the people who've really sailed a boat with a lot of blue water underneath. We came down the length of this Long Bay one evening beating into 30 or 35 knots worth of wind, drenched and cold and I had that Slocum flag up there whipping away. I'm braced at the damn tiller and feeling really good with Marta alongside, and through the thick of it she yells "You know, it really takes guts for you to fly that flag!" My fantasies collapsed, and I was back to nothing more than a cold and wet day sailer, 35 knots of wind or no. Sic transit gloria.*"

Art Treadwell tells us that he sold his *LITTLE DUCK* to **Dave Evenses** and now owns a "Bear" racing sloop of wood construction. Built by Nunes Bros. in Sausalito, she is 23 ft. x 6 ft. x 3 ft. and won her class in 1956. She is a stiff vessel built, obviously for San Francisco racing. **Anton Van Dereck** and his wife just completed a 10,000 mile round trip to the Bahamas, West Indies, Gulf Coast and back to Provincetown, Massachusetts in their 30 foot MK II-A Iroquois Catamaran. "Great Boat; great trip" he said. **Carl and Margaret Vilas** plan to spend the summer relaxing aboard their Colin Archer cutter *DIRECTION* on the Bras D'Or lakes of Cape Breton Island, Nova Scotia, where she is currently based. They will keep an eye out for the red and white checker signal of fellow Slocum Society Sailing Club members. *DIRECTION* was first launched fifty years ago last May and has been owned by Carl for thirty three years, his second cruising sailboat in fifty three years.

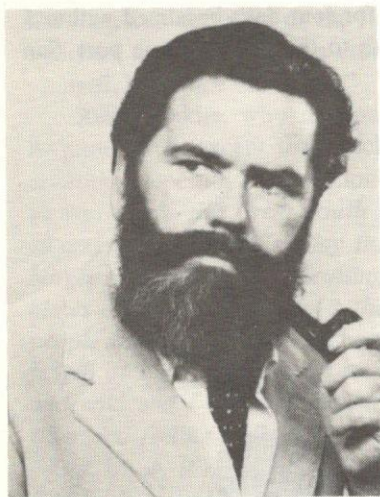
Whenever we receive a change of address from a street address to a P. O. Box it is often a sure sign that another of our members is heading to sea. Thus it came as no surprise to receive in quick succession such a notice from **Steve and Jane Witmer** and then a card which said: "We have quit our jobs, sold house and cars and moved on board *LADY JANE*. Plans are to cruise the Bahamas, Caribbean and Eastern US for as long as \$ and boat last and just let it happen. We favor slow paced cruising, daytime passages, no schedules. *LADY JANE* is an Irwin 37; OK near land but no ocean crosser. She is equipped to avoid docks for 6 months. **Stephen Wolf** and **Margo McGrath** completed their first circumnavigation aboard their 24 foot Piver "Nugget" trio *NO NAME* last November (1978). The final leg of the trip was a wonderful 40 day voyage from Cocos Island to the Hawaiian Islands. Things went just as planned except for four days becalmed within 5 miles of Oahu. In August of 1979 they hope to return to the vessel's home port, San Francisco.



CORRESPONDENT'S REPORTS



Konrad T. Eriksen - South Africa and South Atlantic



Konrad T. Eriksen

Konrad T. Eriksen, our correspondent and representative in South Africa and the South Atlantic reports that the last summer season in Cape Town produced the usual number of visiting yachts, many of which Konrad visited. Singlehander **Horst Timmreck**, owner of the 9.75 m. sloop *BRIGITTE* out of Gromitz, Germany, is a purist. Arriving on 20 November, 1978, from Lerwick in the Shetland Islands, he sails without engine and electricity. His only instruments for navigation are a compass, a chronometer and a sextant. On 30 November *SEONMARA*, a 32 foot Centurion Sloop built in 1973 in France and owned by **George L. Strang** arrived in Table Bay Harbour. Her last port of call was Madeira and had crossed the Atlantic after a cruise down the east coast of South America. A planned call at Tristan da

Cunha was passed up because of unsuitable weather conditions in the area.

Almost home on a circumnavigation, *PRECIOSA*, a 54 ft. ketch built in Oslo during the period 1971-4 by owner/skipper **Dag Juell Pettersen** arrived on 2 December from Victoria in the Seychelles. His voyage so far was: with 4 crew members he left Oslo 2 June 1975, West Coast of Europe until 31 July, West Indies 24 August until 10 October, Rio de Janeiro 12 December, Port Stanley 20 January 1976, Cape Horn 4 February, Chile until 3 August, Easter Island 30 August, various islands in French Polynesia late 1976 to early 1977, Rarotonga 20 May, 1977, Niue 5 June, Tonga 20 June, Fiji 10 July, New Zealand late 1977 to early 1978, East Coast of Australia 11 Feb. to 15 May 1978, Papua New Guinea 30 May, Darwin Australia 20 June, Indonesia 10 July to 8 August, Christmas Island 15 August, Chagos 10 September, Seychelles 10 October and various ports in South Africa since 6 November. The remaining portion of the voyage was to take them to St. Helena; Recife, Brazil; the Azores; England and then back to Oslo.

TALOU, a 49 ft. ferrocement ketch out of Toronto, Canada and owned by **J. H. Taylor** arrived on 6 December 1978 from Mossel Bay en route around the world. After leaving Toronto they called at various US East Coast cities, Bermuda, the Virgin Islands and various Caribbean islands, through the Panama Canal, Galapagos (for 24 hours only) Marquesas, Tahiti, Rarotonga, Niue, Vava'u Group, Tonga, Fiji, Ile des Pins, New Caledonia, Middleton Reef, Sydney, up the Barrier Reef to Port Moresby PNG, through the Torres Strait, Thursday Island, Sumba, Bali, Christmas Island, Cocos Island, Rodrigues, Mauritius, Reunion, Durban and on to Cape Town.

A good trip was reported by **Robin Brooks** when he entered Table Bay aboard his 33 foot fin and skeg type sloop *BROLEA OF MIAMA* on 6 December 1978. Ten days later they departed bound towards St. Helena. *WATERLOO*, an Ericson 30 out of Galveston, Texas, USA owned by **Captain and Mrs. Dean A. Chase, Jr.**, arrived 14 December. En route for the past 8 years, this promises to be one of the most leisurely circumnavigations in recent times. His voyage has taken him from Galveston through the Caribbean to Venezuela, transiting the Panama Canal, the Galapagos, Marquesas, Tahiti, Suvarov, Samoa, Tonga, Fiji, New Hebrides, Santa Cruz, Solomon Islands, Papua New Guinea, Thursday Island, Darwin, Indonesia, Christmas Island, Cocos, Mauritius (300 miles before which they lost their rudder), Reunion, Durban and Cape Town.

On December 20, 1978 *CHINOOK*, a 25 ft. Flamenca sailing the colors of the Royal Cape Yacht Club and owned by **Brendan O'Brien** departed Cape Town bound for St. Helena and points beyond. On the same day, *CURRANT BUN*, a 46 ft. Bowman yawl singlehanded by **R. L. Vaughan** entered port. Departing his homeport of London 5 years earlier, he has been in the Mediterranean, the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean ever since. **Stan Blunt** is pleased with his Swedish built 26 ft. Marieholme International Folkboat *RUPIPAKI*. Arriving on 3 January 1979, this singlehander from San Francisco, USA departed on 18 January. On 4 January 1979 another singlehander entered port. **Raymond George Lynch** sailing alone on board *ALUETTE*, his 35 ft. steel, center cockpit ketch out of Fremantle, Australia, departed also on 18 January.

One of the pitfalls, if not fantasies, of ocean voyagers is to meet up with a potential mate, marry and settle down in a far off port. Such was the case with one member of the *TYELE* crew. **William and Barbara Breheny** and their four children started as a crew of six, but one son married and remained ashore when they left Australia. Departing San Diego on 2 February, 1979 in their 48 ft. trimaran ketch, they first visited Hawaii and then on to the Marquesas, French Polynesia, the Cook Islands, Niue, Tonga, Fiji, New Hebrides, Sydney, up the Great Barrier Reef to the Torres Straits, Christmas Island, Cocos, Rodriguez, Mauritius, Durban and on to Cape Town.

Cornelia Anne Dellenbaugh, owner of a 35 ft. ferrocement cutter – modified Colin Archer type – launched *BRILLIG* in Bancok in September '74 and set sail from there in February of the next year. On 25 February 1979 they were in Cape Town and wrote up this account for our correspondent, **Konrad T. Eriksen**. *"After departing Bancok in February 1975 we spent two months on a leisurely shakedown cruise to Singapore where we arrived in April. Three months later, after a mixup getting an Indonesian Sailing Permit, we sailed against the monsoon to Jakarta and along the coast to Bali, arriving in September. Two months later we headed for Darwin and Christmas, 1975 found us getting ready to take BRILLIG out of the water for a major overhaul and addition of all the goodies unavailable in Thailand (good paint, winches, autopilot, good caulking, etc.) After spending five months working on the boat and five months seeing Australia, we set off again through Indonesia (Leti, Flores, Sumba, Rinja, Sumbawa, Lombok, Bali, and Karimun Jawa), to Singapore and Malaysia (Tinggi, Tioman, Tenggol, and Trengganu) before going back to Thailand in early 1977 where I worked and visited with friends. After a quick trip back to the USA we decided to head in that way via Cape of Good Hope. May, 1978, found us leaving Singapore, after an extensive refit, for the Sunda Strait where we climbed the new Krakatoa volcano, growing where the old one blew up in 1893. Two days into the Indian Ocean our mast broke at the bottom of the mast head fitting (the refit in Singapore was not quite extensive enough!) but we got to watch Krakatoa rumble and belch smoke during the weeks we repaired the mast at an oil supply base in the Sunda Strait. The next time we tried the Indian Ocean she gave us a fast, though fairly rough ride. Six days of 25 knot winds just for'ard of the beam to Cocos, then dead behind us at 20 to 35 knots to Chagos and the Seychelles. We averaged 135 miles per day on the first week – the best we'd ever done. We stayed 3 weeks in Cocos, loving the diving, only two days in Diego Garcia, and 8 weeks in the Seychelles. We raced in the local club races in the Seychelles, cruised into the neighboring islands and generally enjoyed our stay despite the restrictions of the new government. The trip from the Seychelles via Aldabra Is., where we had a great welcome, and Ile de Mayotte, where the diving is the best ever, to Durban was very good considering that we left the Seychelles on 21 November, 1978 on the eve of the cyclone season. We had the SE monsoon to Aldabra Is. and Ile de Mayotte, then light breezes except for two hard blows, one SE on the edge of a tropical storm (40 - 45+ knots for two days) and one ordinary SW blow before we came screaming into Durban on a NE gale. We loved Christmas, 1978, in Durban and left there 8 February making an easy trip around to Cape Town in four stages, stopping at East London, Port Elizabeth, Krom Bay for 8 hours to hide from a*

quick SW gale, Mossel Bay and into Cape Town. From here we are making a fast trip to the West Indies for two months of cruising before putting the boat up for sale in Florida and learning to live on land again."

A. C. **Murdoch** left Milford Haven, Wales, UK in June of 1968 onboard his 41 ft. gaff ketch *LINTIE* with a crewmember, who got off in Gibraltar. From there, singlehanded, he went to Malta, spending a year, and then to the West Indies by way of Morocco and the Canary Islands. Then via Panama he called at the Marquesas, French Polynesia and on to New Zealand. In New Caledonia he sold the vessel and lived ashore for 18 months before going to Sydney to buy *LINOTTE*, a 28 ft. sloop. After the shakedown he returned to New Caledonia and then on to Papua New Guinea, through the Torres Strait to the Seychelles and on to Durban, arriving in November, 1978. On 2 March 1979 he arrived in Cape Town. Captain Murdoch mentioned that all voyages since Gibraltar have been singlehanded and that from the time taken it is obvious that he proceeds in a leisurely fashion, stopping for long periods in congenial places. **Ursel and Friedel Klee** arrived in Cape Town on 5 March 1979 aboard their 9.25 m Optima sloop *VAGANT* out of Bremen, Germany. In the "remarks" section of the yacht arrival form they completed they said that they now realize that they have made their trip much too quickly, leaving Europe in summer of 1976 and taking the usual tradewind route: Atlantic, Caribbean, Panama Canal, Marquesas (3,998 nm in 46 days!), Tuamotos, Society Islands, Samoa, Fiji, New Zealand, New Hebrides, Santa Cruz, Solomon Islands, the Great Barrier Reef and Torres Strait, Keeling Cocos, Rodriguez, Mauritius, La Réunion, Durban, and then Cape Town.

Slocum Society member and singlehander **Val Howels** called in Cape Town on 16 March, 1979 aboard his vessel *UNIBRASS BRYTHON*, a 38 ft. cutter, en route around the world on a voyage which started in his home port of Milford Haven, Wales, UK in March of 1976. Longstanding S/S members will recall that Val was in the first and second Single Handed TransAtlantic Race in *EIRA* and *AKKA* respectively. A purist, Val sails without electronics and without an engine as did **Joshua Slocum**.

Another South African, **Dirk Schelling**, departed Cape Town on 19 March 1979 on board his 42 ft. ketch *DE MAAS* with a crew of 5. His intended voyage calls for stops at St. Helena; Fortaleza, Brazil. French Guyana; Surinam; Trinidad; the Caribbean; Bermuda, back to Europe; the Mediterranean before returning to South Africa. *FIDDLE-STICKS*, a 37 ft. ketch out of Durban, South Africa, and owned by **E. A. Mayden** stopped on 1 April, 1979 for 18 days in Cape Town before proceeding on into the South Atlantic and St. Helena.

On 7 April another South African, **Mike Swale**, departed Cape Town on board his recently purchased *ROCKABILL/BILITIS* a 31 ft. sloop built in 1966 at Burnham-on-Crouch in England. Bound for the West Indies, the vessel will have completed a circumnavigation when she crosses the Greenwich Meridian. *JADIS*, a 13 meter ketch owned by **Jean Galea** and sailing out of Port Louis, Mauritius, arrived in Table Bay on 11 April, 1979 from Salvador, Brazil. Heading eastward, their next port of call was to be Mossel Bay, South Africa. **Mark and Emily Mull** sailed their 40 ft. ferroement sloop *ALMADEN*

into Table Bay on 12 April, 1979. Having spent the period from 1973 to '75 building her in Fremantle, Australia, they first sailed to Christmas Island and worked there until June, 1978. Then on 25 September they departed Christmas Island bound for Cocos, Rodriguez, Mauritius, Reunion, and then a 4 month stay in Durban. After about a month stay in Cape Town they planned on stopping briefly in Saldanha Bay, South Africa before heading out across the South Atlantic to St. Helena, Ascension and then Fortaleza, Brazil. Thereafter they hope to coast hop up the Brazilian coast to Tobago and then spend a long time in the Caribbean before a possible trip up the Intra-Coastal waterway to visit with families.

Otto Happel and **Walter Schulze-Freyberg** sailed their 12.25 m. sloop, *HETAIRUS*, into Table Bay on 15 April 1979. Built in 1972 in Hong Kong, the port of Registry is Wamel, Germany. A circumnavigation by way of the roaring 40's and Cape Horn is planned by **Charles Ferchaud** in his 12 meter ketch *MOMO* out of Nantes, France. He arrived at Cape Town on 7 May, 1979 after a most impressive voyage from France. In the middle of June, 1978 they had departed from France for a cruise of Northern Europe, Norway and as far north as Spitzbergen (80° 30' N), returning in October by way of Jan Mayen and Iceland before visiting England. Then they returned briefly to France, sailing in November for the Azores, Madeira, the Canary Islands and across the Atlantic to Salvador, Brazil. After a visit in Rio de Janeiro they crossed the Atlantic again to Cape Town. The next stop is planned as Auckland, New Zealand.

Paul Woodward's crew list for his 41 ft. yawl *FELICITY* must read like the letter head of a Washington DC law firm. In two and half years of cruising he has picked up crewmembers as he went along and by the time he arrived in Cape Town on 12 May 1979 he had had about 35 different people crewing for him at one time or another. Leaving his home port of Washington DC in December 1976 he stopped in Miami, Nassau, Jamaica, Panama, Galapagos, Marquesas, Tuamotos, Tahiti, Rarotonga, Palmerston Atoll, Samoa, Fiji, New Hebrides, through the Torres Strait, Darwin, Bali, Christmas Island, Cocos, Diego Garcia, Seychelles, Amirante Island, Alphonse Island, Aldabra Island, and Ile de Mayotte before calling at Cape Town.

On 24 May *BOOTLICKER* returned to her home port of Cape Town after a most impressive 10,804 mile passage which had only started on the previous 13 January. Competing in the 4th South Atlantic Race from Cape Town to Punta del Este, Uruguay, leaving Ilha Trinidad to port, they arrived on 11 February. After several short trips in the Montevideo/Buenos Aires area, they departed Buenos Aires on 12 March for Punta Arenas via the Strait of Magellan, arriving on 23 March. From there via the Magdalena and Cockburn Channels they sailed to 72° West before rounding the Brecknock peninsula thence via Ballenero Canal, O'Brien, Brazo Moroeste and Beagle to Ushuaia, Tierra Del Fuego. From there via Puerto Williams and Puerto Toro, Bahia Greton, and Seno Franklin, leaving Cape Horn to port (on Friday the 13th of April) as well as Isla de los Estados to port, arriving at Port Stanley in the East Falkland Islands on 16 April. Then after a 30 day voyage (23 April to 24 May) they returned to Cape Town. It must have been an arduous trip for owner and skipper **J. H. Whitehead** and his crew of 4.

Captain John Bender, USCGR - U.S. Coast Guard Liaison

The mark of a good correspondent, of course, is that he/she is able to observe, record, and report without influencing the event. There are times, though, when it is indeed fortunate that the correspondent was available to provide such influence, but let **Captain John Bender**, USCGR, our Coast Guard liaison, tell you from portions of his official report to the Coast Guard:

*At approximately 1515 on 3 January 1979, I visited my sailboat at Washington Marina, 1300 Maine Ave., SW Washington DC. It was a bright clear day with the wind NW at about 16 mph, air temperature 22° F, wind chill factor -4° F, water temperature 39° F, with scattered patches of thin ice. As I was walking along the pier I heard a call for help, and saw a man clinging to one of the pier pilings, with part of his body out of the water. He had fallen off his boat, a 26 ft. Pacemaker, and had been unable, due to the weight of his wet clothes, some incapacitation from the cold and the absence of any ladder, to get out. From a small sailboat moored next to the piling, I was able to tie a line around him under the arms. Once I had secured him and moved the sailboat closer, he and I swung his body onboard the sailboat. I then got additional help from the Marina store to assist him onto the pier. He was taken into the store and given a hot shower, some soup and dry clothes. He had a superficial tear in the palm of his hand and he stated that he thought that he had broken a rib when he fell. The Pacemaker, I am told, is his first boat. His name is **Edward Fricke** and he is an airline pilot by profession. He blamed his fall in part on the fact that he was wearing leather shoes (it seems likely that he also stepped on some ice). I suggested that he should wear a life jacket when going back and forth between pier and boat, particularly in the wintertime when the Marina piers are often deserted.*

A few months later John heard from **Mrs. Fricke** who said, in part “. . . Ed is a very strong, capable man . . . he faces every type of danger in his profession. But that was the first time he has ever been in a situation where he was completely and helplessly out of control . . . he doesn't know how long he was in the water, but he knows he'd not have made it much longer. He had several ribs broken and cuts and of course was ill for some time, unable to move at all.” Concludes John, “The lesson to be learned from all this, hypothermia kills”.

Not long after this the Coast Guard officially commended John for his quick thinking and life saving action, to which we heartily add our own.

In addition to pulling people to safety and providing us with a broad range of newspaper articles and observations, appearing elsewhere in *The Spray*, John has kept fairly close tabs on perhaps one of the most ill named vessels afloat today, the *PRIDE OF BALTIMORE*, an “authentic Baltimore Clipper”. Constructed for the city of Baltimore and launched in February, 1977, she was intended to be a living, sailing exhibit of history. Her extreme length from bowsprit to boom is 132' and her length on deck is

89' 9" with a maximum beam of 23'. She draws 9' 9" and has a displacement of 121.2 tons. In early April, 1979 she had taken part in an azalia festival in Wilmington, North Carolina and on Thursday April 9th departed bound towards Norfolk, VA, scheduled to arrive on Sunday. She didn't show up. By Wednesday the USCG was alerted, sending a C-130 aircraft out on a computer directed search for the vessel, covering the stretch of water 100 miles seaward from storm tossed Cape Hatteras and 150 miles up and down the coast, to no avail. Three days later the missing vessel appeared and reported, by its VHF, that she had been swept out to sea by storms and was not in danger. They spoke too soon. Upon entering Delaware Bay far to the north of her original destination she ran aground on a reef about 10 miles NE of Cape May, N.J., and began taking water. Once again the USCG was called in. A pump delivered onboard soon had the matter under control. By April 16th she was in dry dock for repairs to her hull, propeller and rudder and the crew was back to the Big Macs and milk shakes they had been without for a week (the last few days of which they had lived on dehydrated mashed potatoes and powdered milk).

During this period the press was having its usual field day, finding fault, telling itself and its readers that everything was probably OK yet surmising that the vessel was only a "fair weather" vessel, so delicate she should never have undertaken a passage around Cape Hatteras that early in the year. Naval architect **Thomas Gillmer**, who designed her; selected the timber in Belize; and personally supervised her construction wrote a lengthy rebuttal to the various charges and innuendoes which was published on April 28th. Defending construction and condition as "eminently seaworthy", he went on to point out: "She was navigated properly and was aware of her position continually. She was lost only to those of us ashore and only for want of an adequate radio transmitter. Her trouble was sailing farther than the Coast Guard's computer thought."

A month later the radio problem was solved. First NASA loaned to the city of Baltimore a special radio beacon which will enable a satellite to locate the ship's position anywhere on earth. The beacon, a compact, battery powered unit, automatically transmits a one second signal every minute so that satellites can be used to triangulate the position. Also, a local petroleum company donated \$5000 for a new radio telephone capable of communicating around the world.

Then on 20 September 1979 en route home from a goodwill tour that included Canada the *PRIDE OF BALTIMORE* ran aground again, this time in the Patomac River near Washington National Airport. It was freed later on by the rising tide and sustained no damage to the hull. Stay tuned for further thrilling developments.

Charlie Glass - London, U.K.

As usual, much of the bits of information scattered throughout this edition of *The Spray* was sent in by our London correspondent, **Charlie Glass**. Our file on Naomi James fairly bulges with the exhaustive reporting done by her sponsors, the London Daily Express, as well as others who nominally recognized her monumental effort. So does our Gerry Speiss file. In addition to sending in the big stories, Charlie seems to love to send along the "one paragraph stories" of a mini-drama at sea, a successful voyage, or the completion of a sailors dream. Because of space limitations, many of these won't appear in *The Spray*, at least not by themselves. As has happened, though, such an article on the first woman to command a US Naval Vessel was sent by Charlie years ago teamed up with a more recent one produced our article on "Women in Command".

Tom Hodgson - Florida, USA

Our new Florida USA correspondent is **Tom Hodgson** of Miami. With a vessel name like *GROUPER - 214*, I figured there must be a story there somewhere. Everyone knows that the Grouper is a fish but the "214" had me stumped. So I asked Tom and here is his reply: "I named her after the submarine I was on during the war. I made 11 patrols on her and she was so lucky I vowed I'd name my boats after her. I recently sold my first boat due to the fact that she was pretty old and upkeep was killing me. I now have a 26 ft. Cape Dory Typhoon also named *GROUPER - 214* and think the world of her."

Nancy Oro - San Diego, USA

Nancy Oro, our new San Diego correspondent, snuck in the back door. I have known **Nancy and Max Oro** for years, back to when we all lived in Hawaii and Max was generally on the winning end of the small boat racing scene we were both involved with. They moved to San Diego about the same time we moved to the Los Angeles area. Naturally we kept in touch. In January, 1979 Nancy clipped and sent to me an article written by **Webb Chiles**, the first of his series on his single handed round-the-world attempt in an open, 18 ft. Drascome yawl. (See Single Handed Voyages) Since it was to be a series, I asked Nancy to look for future articles. Back came a storm of clippings from the San Diego press, almost as many as we regularly receive from **Charlie Glass** in London, so I figured we should legitimize the arrangement. "How would you like to be our San Diego correspondent?" I asked, hopefully. Well, it seems that they had just redecorated their guest bathroom and having watched my progress on my own vessel, she suggested that it would be nice to have a pair of teak towel racks, just so. I was hooked. Flattered that anyone would want the product of my carpentry efforts on the one hand, and anxious to maintain the flow of Webb Chiles and other articles from San Diego, I accepted the deal. Once installed, though, like black mail, the tribute was to continue. It seems that a shelf would go nicely right there . . .

Bob Wallace - Roving

It helps to know how to navigate if you are going offshore. That was how **Bob Wallace**, one of our Roving Correspondents, got the job. In late 1978 he and his wife, Annette were planning an early 1979 departure on *CYRANO*, their Downeast 38, and he needed some brushing up in celestial navigation. He talked to my boss, **Walt Gleckler**, who heads the Marine Activities program at Orange Coast College, about getting a tutor to bring him up to speed, and Walt got us together. After a few sessions and a trial run over to Santa Catalina Island to check out procedures, it was obvious Bob was ready for the ultimate final examination. They were off in early spring, but not before promising to send back periodic reports on the South Seas cruising scene. By early April they had passed Cabo San Lucas and were headed on to Puerto Vallarta before the big push across to the Marquesas. A card dated April 6th said "Just got to Cabo San Lucas in 1 day over a week. We stopped at Turtle Bay for 2 days; really needed it. You were right about going down Baja for a shake down before the big crossing. Glad we listened to you." In mid April a card was received post marked Puerto Vallarta "Getting ready for the big crossing to Hiva Oa in the Marquesas. Route looks like 230° T, rhumb line from here. We hope to depart here on April 15th and expect 26 days at sea. We will be listening on the Pacific Maritime Net - 15 meters (21,407 kHz) and will try to contact you in the Marquesas on ham for a full report."

Then silence, the silence that those of us still ashore have come to know. In late May a card postmarked Taiohae, Nuku Hiva and dated May 13th arrived saying: "Here at last! 25 days to cross, becalmed 3 days. We had the hell scared out of us a few times but we made it safe and sound. We depart Nuku Hiva May 18th for Hiva Oa and local cruising; leaving Marquesas on May 30 for Tuamotos and leave Tuamotos 26 June for Tahiti, arriving Tahiti about June 28th."

On June 12th I received a second hand report that Bob had been stung by a man-o-war and that he had flown to Tahiti from the Tuamotos to get it taken care of. Also, that they had an electrical fire on board *CYRANO* which had caused problems with her engine. Then a card mailed June 15th arrived and it wasn't very encouraging. Something serious was wrong with Bob's arm and it looked as though he would have to return to California for medical attention. Did I know anyone who could deliver the vessel back to California?

Then a July 15th letter arrived: the South Pacific has finally won another convert, this one in spite of the problems en route. "*Here we are anchored in beautiful O Punohue Bay, Moorea along side Eric and Susan Hiscock in WANDERER IV and Earl Schenck owner of ELEUTHERA. We had tea yesterday with Eric and Susan aboard WANDERER IV; they are wonderful people. We're getting ready to leave in the morning for Bora Bora and the start of Bastille Days. It's called 'Fete' and it's just like Mardi Gras in New Orleans. After that we get the boat ready for the return trip home via Hawaii. If my arm doesn't get better by then I'll have a professional skipper deliver her to Long*

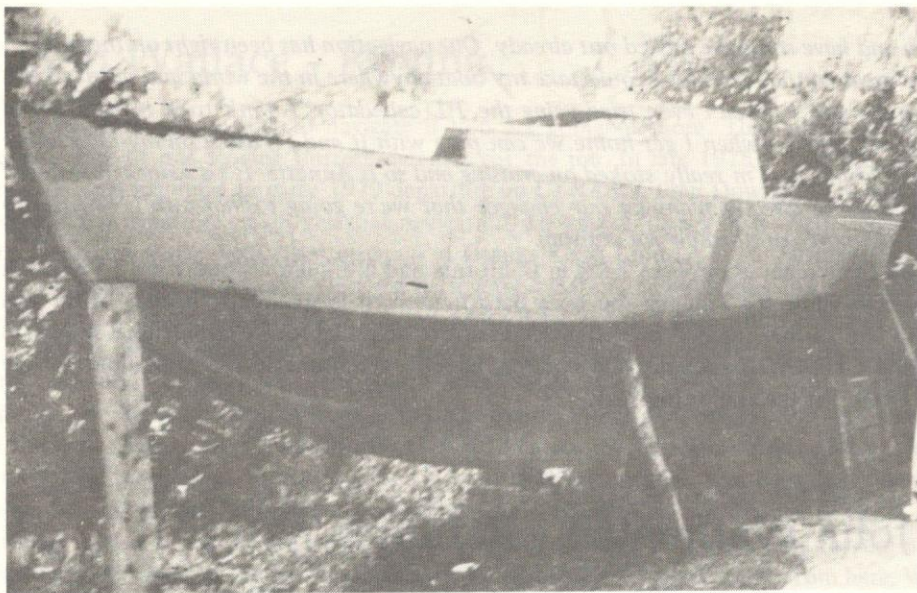
Beach and have someone picked out already. Our navigation has been right on the money. I have great confidence that I could take my boat anywhere in the world and put it in any bay you want. I haven't even tried using the T.I. calculator; I don't trust it for celestial navigation. Maybe when I get home we can play with it and I'll use it on my next cruise in the Caribbean. I'm really stoked on cruising and so is Annette. It's a wonderful way of life and we're already planning our changes that we're going to make on CYRANO to make her more comfortable for cruising.

By September they were back in California and although his arm hadn't been well enough to allow his bringing the boat back himself, it is apparently healing of its own accord and further medical attention seems not to be called for. A professional skipper is bringing *CYRANO* back and sure enough, all Bob and Annette can talk about is "the next cruise" at the end of the year.

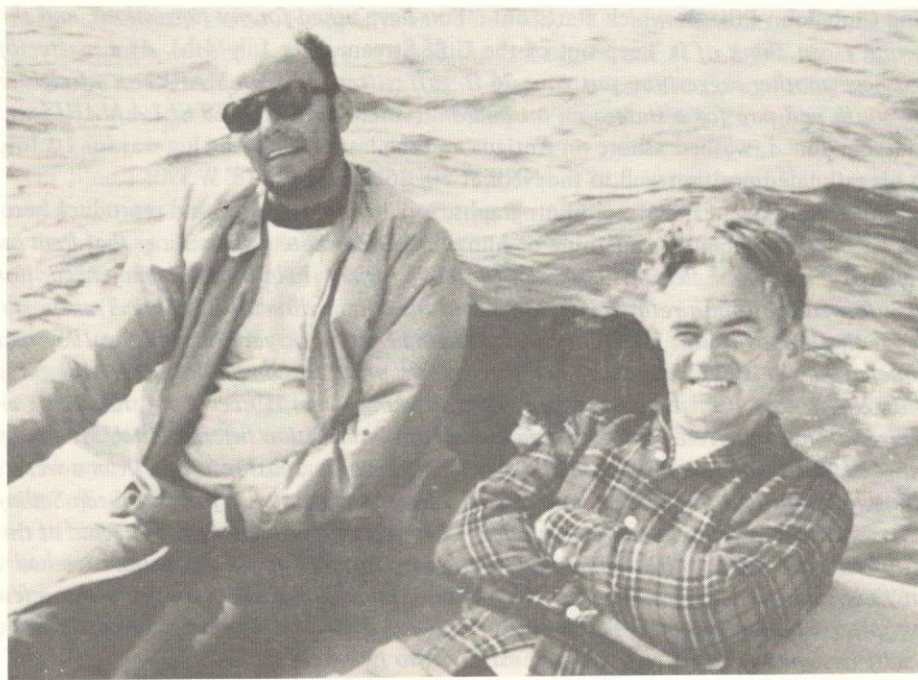
John Watlington - Bermuda

One of our long time correspondents is **John Watlington** who has been observing the "long distance passages" scene for us in Bermuda since at least 1967 when they started to list correspondents in *The Spray*. In fact, in our files we have a 1965 letter from John to then Hon. Secretary of the Slocum Society and Commodore of the Slocum Society Sailing Club **John Pflieger** which starts out "*You have asked for my suggestions, and the best one I can think of is 'keep out of the Gulf Stream after July 4th'. As a matter of fact, I have another suggestion: put your 26 ft. gaff cutter STELLA MARIS on a freighter going south and pay for a stateroom on board*". (On 20 July 1966 *STELLA MARIS* was found abandoned, washed ashore on Antigua and the last entry in the log was for 10 July with his estimated position well to the NNE at 20° 26' N and 61° 18' W.)

John recently sent us several photographs, some of which we could reproduce here, and a long letter telling us something of himself: "*Please note in The Spray that I am on the end of a telephone here in Bermuda, (5-4139) for any help members may need. For your information I am a retired Civil Servant. I used to be director of Public Transportation for the Island. I built a 28 foot motor sailer in my back yard, starting in 1952 and completed her in 1962, launching her three years prior to completion. It is still going strong. Right now I am employed part time working in an office in my home for an organization headquartered in California known as World Vision International. My young wife and I play badminton three nights a week to keep fit. I just returned from a week's cruising in the British Virgin Islands on a CSY 37 yacht. That stands for Caribbean Sailing Yachts, and they are the largest "bare boat" charterers down that way. The wind at this time of the year blows all the time, night and day, from 15 to 35 knots, and we had a great time. The islanders told me that they had not had a hurricane in 50 years, but a few weeks after we returned they had two! By the way, some nut is about to wind surf in a specially designed windsurfer from the East Coast to Bermuda.*"



PATIENCE under construction in 1958



Alan Hood and John Watlington on board PATIENCE, 1970

LONG DISTANCE PASSAGES

Single Handed Passages

Women Singlehanders

Captain **Joshua Slocum's** epic voyage around the world produced at least two results in addition to his delightful narrative of the trip: It established that a small, well-found vessel could safely traverse almost any of the oceans of the world in relative safety and acceptable comfort and, equally important, it aroused an intense and abiding interest in singlehanded sailing.

The profound peace and contentment which Captain Slocum discovered as he and little *SPRAY* sailed westward across the rolling Pacific, she with a neclace of foam at her forefoot and he, hat in hand, cutesying to the moon, has provided a beacon for sailors everywhere. The well known singlehanded circumnavigators who have followed in the *SPRAY's* wake come easily to mind: **John Guzzwell, Sir Francis Chichester, Robin Knox Johnson** and **Alain Colas**. Others like **Bill Nance** who have made the voyage are less well known but all have at least two things in common; they circled the globe alone on a sailboat and they are men.

There is really no valid reason that sailing, and especially singlehanded sailing, offshore should be the exclusive province of men. In the old days when it was a real effort to reef and steer a vessel the size of *SPRAY* with her heavy gaff rig and canvas sails, a man's strength was a real asset. Today with modern synthetic sails, Marconi rigs, slab reefing and most importantly geared winches and self steering vanes the philosophy of "no women aboard - it's bad luck" has gone the way of the buggy whip. Leading this new generation of women singlehanded sailors are circumnavigators **Ann Gash, Krystyna Chojnowska-Liskiewicz** and **Naomi James**. Each can rightly claim recognition for their feat. Each did what no other woman had done before.

Ann Gash was a 53 year old grandmother living in Australia when the sailing bug bit her. She purchased a 26' Swedish-built Folkboat *ILIMO* and since she is a vegetarian, provisioned it with nuts, canned fruits and vegetables. She left Sydney Harbor in June, 1975 with only a few months sailing experience and almost no knowledge of navigation, a subject she was to learn the practical way. Her voyage up the Great Barrier Reef and through the Torre Straits to Darwin proved to be an effective shake-down and she decided to continue the voyage. First she had to purchase a bit more equipment, indicating "when I first set out, I was so unsure of being able to complete the journey that I only bought charts for the trip to Darwin."

From northern Australia Ann sailed *ILIMO* across the Indian Ocean to Christmas Island, Mauritius, and Ile de Reunion, receiving a hammering from the weather enroute, and on to Durban, South Africa. Sailing north for Gibraltar she had her supplies stolen and *Ilimo* was damaged by a tug in Accra, Nigeria. Discouraged, she accepted passage for both she and her little sloop aboard the freighter *AFRAM RIVER* bound for England. After *ILIMO* was refloated, Ann, sailed to Europe and the Mediterranean before leaving Britain in Nov. 1976 for the Canary Islands, Tobago, Trinidad and the Panama Canal. From Panama she headed across the Pacific through the Society Islands to Tonga and on Nov. 18, 1977 arrived back in Australia. Although the deck passage of *Ilimo* eliminated her from contention as the first woman around, it does little to detract from Ann's exceptional voyage.

Slocum Society member **Krystyna Chojnowska-Liskiewicz**, a 40 year old Polish naval architect recently completed a solo circumnavigation aboard *MAZUREK*, a 31' sloop built by her shipwright husband. Her voyage began on March 28, 1976 at Las Palmas in the Canary Islands and continued across the South Atlantic and through the Panama Canal in July of 1976. The next leg carried her across the South Pacific to Tahiti and Australia where she laid over from Dec. 10, 1976 to May 21, 1977. While in Sydney she met **Guenther Woyde** our Australian representative who took the photo of **Krystyna** and *MAZUREK* to be seen in "Slocum Award".

Underway once again she sailed from anchorage to anchorage up the Great Barrier Reef and the eastern coast of Australia and by June 28th was in Cairns. Almost a month later as she neared the tip of Cape York Peninsula she became ill and put into Portland Roads from which she was air evacuated back to Cairns for hospitalization. By August 16th she was back aboard *MAZUREK* and by August 21 she had arrived at Thursday Island, off the tip of Cape York. Arriving in Darwin on September 2, she remained there until the 17th preparing for the long haul across the Indian Ocean to Mauritius, at which she arrived on November 15th. After a week in port she completed her Indian Ocean run, arriving in Durban, South Africa on December 12, 1977. After spending New Years with the hospitable South Africans of Durban, she left on January 3, 1978 for Cape Town, arriving there on the 21st, meeting **Konrad Eriksen**, our representative, as reported in *Spray Vol XXII*. On February 5, 1978 she departed Cape Town heading for her outbound track which she crossed on March 20, 1978 at N16°08.5' W 35° 50' becoming the first woman to complete a single handed circumnavigation of the world. A month later she entered Las Palmas, a little over two years after she had departed. (See also Slocum award)

Of the several records set by **Naomi James** in her single handed circumnavigation, perhaps the one of the most impressive is the sheer weight of publicity printed by her erstwhile sponsors *The Daily Express* of London. In the renamed 53 ft. sloop *EXPRESS CRUSADER*, ex-*SPIRIT OF CUTTY SARK*, owned and loaned by **Chay Blyth** and renamed in honor of her sponsor, she set out on September 9th, 1977 to become the first woman to complete a non-stop single-handed circumnavigation. The "non-stop" portion

technically went by the boards when she rendezvoused with agents of the Daily Express in the Canary Islands on September 27th. That technicality aside, the non-stop hopes were dashed for good when she was forced to call at Cape Town, arriving on 19 November as reported by **Konrad Eriksen** in *Spray Vol XXII*, for repairs to Express Crusader's self steering vane and her radio. Not one to sit around and socialize, she was off on November 22nd, but spent a frustrating day becalmed on the 23rd while still in sight of Table Mountain. On December 20th, well into the Roaring 40's, the weather closed in and she spent a restless night in her oilskins, running before the gale. At noon the next day Express Crusader suffered a knockdown, the psychological effects of which seemed to dampen the next several days but which were relieved by the thoughtful gang at the Daily Express who had arranged with the BBC for a Christmas Eve record and dedication to be played for her and Rob, her understanding husband then also listening on his own (crewed) voyage around the world. On January 15th 1978 she approached land for another rendezvous, this one at Maatsuyken Island, south of Tasmania. There she was able to pick up more spare parts for her "break-away" self steering vane before proceeding on across the Great Southern Ocean toward Cape Horn. On the morning of February 24th the lower port shrouds collapsed in a heap on the deck. As they were the leeward shrouds she was in no immediate danger and was able to jury rig them in place. Two days later, just after midnight on the 27th the wind increased from the prevailing force 10 and a deafening wall of water crashed against the hull and capsized her. Miraculously, her jury rigged shrouds held and the mast withstood the blow. Passing Cape Horn less than a month later was anti-climactic but the cumulative effect of the weather, the capsize, and the strain of the voyage caused her to put into the Falkland Islands for a second stop, this one for four days. Once again picking up parts for her steering vane and with the shrouds repaired, she set out on 28 March for the warmer mid-Atlantic and on 28 April 1978 crossed her outward bound track, just South of the Equator, becoming the first woman to circumnavigate the world singlehanded by way of the clipper ship route around the three great capes, Cape of Good Hope, Southwest Cape on Stewart Island, and Cape Horn. By June 8th she had returned home to a hero's homecoming at Dartmouth. In January, 1979 she was named "Dame Commander of the Order of the British Empire" by Queen Elizabeth II and she has recently bought *EXPRESS CRUSADER*, ex- *SPIRIT OF CUTTY SARK* from Chay Blyth. In mid-spring, 1979 in dockside ceremonies, the name of *EXPRESS CRUSADER* was changed, this time to *KRITER LADY* in honor of her new sponsor Kriter, the French sparkling wine people. By mid 1979 her book, called *At One With the Sea* (Hutchinson/Stamley, Paul) in England, Canada, Australia and New Zealand and *Alone Around the World* (Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, Inc., New York) in the US was on the shelves of the maritime booksellers and Naomi was off on the international speaking circuit to tout the book. Incorrectly, the US version proclaims on the cover "The First Woman to Sail Singlehandedly Around the World", however no such claim is made on the cover of the UK version or the pages of the book.

Three other women have been reported on solo trips, enroute around the world. **Noriko Kobayashi** is no stranger to Slocum Society members. As a participant in the second Single Handed Trans Pacific Race from San Francisco to Okinawa in late 1975, she finished sixth out of eight starters in her Canal 30 sloop appropriately named *RIB*. A November 12, 1976 article reported she was considering the solo circumnavigation challenge. The same article also mentioned **Waltraud Meyer** as a possible rival for the "first around" title and indicated that the Austrian's vessel was then moored in a Spanish harbor ready to sail. The third rival is **Brigitte Oudry** who, in January, 1977 started from Sete, France, a port near Marsailles. On June 21st she arrived in Cape Town in her 12 m. sloop *GEA*. Later during the Indian Ocean crossing she was swept off her vessel while unhooked from her safety harness, but as the boat righted herself the pulpit miraculously pulled her back aboard. By December 2nd she was in Sydney and shortly thereafter departed for Tahiti, Cape Horn and back to France. Unfortunately, the Slocum Society's files do not show what has become of this plucky voyager.

The voyages of Ann, Krystyna, and Naomi and others highlight a growing interest by women in the previously male-dominated sport of solo, bluewater sailing. Since women have such highly refined motor skills, exceptional patience and a high resistance to both cold and fatigue they are ideal candidates to stand up to the rigors of offshore sailing. In addition most of the old stereotypes and stigmas which have kept women in the galley and not on the foredeck have thankfully been erased and more women will be sharing in the unique communion with the sea which only the singlehander experiences.

It's hard to guess what Captain Slocum would say if from whatever sea *SPRAY* now sails, he looked astern and saw Ann, Krystyna or Naomi sailing in company but I would guess that he would tip his hat and smile in approval.

Gerry Spiess

Who knows when the idea first saw life? Perhaps it appeared when **Gerry and Sally Spiess** were in Panama in late 1970, about the time they first joined The Slocum Society. They then owned *YANKEE DOODLE*, a 17 foot sloop Gerry had built in Minnesota and sailed down the Mississippi to New Orleans and across to Panama. A November 11, 1970 letter to the society asked for information on the smallest boat to complete a circumnavigation as they were interested in setting a record themselves. (**John Guzwell's TREKKA** and **Hein Zenker's** sister ship *THALALOCA* were both 20' 6", Ed.)

After departing Panama they headed down the western coast of South American, and then leaving *YANKEE DOODLE* in Manta, Ecuador, toured South America for three months in a VW van. Unfortunately during this time Gerry became ill and they eventually sold *YANKEE DOODLE* and returned to Minnesota. A January 16, 1972 letter to the society ended with: "I am designing another craft now which I will build in another year or two as my strength returns. I thoroughly enjoyed my adventure and learned an awful lot about cruising, people and myself. I hope to use that information on my next voyage."

Well, build he did, this time a small trimaran in which he departed Florida bound towards the Bahamas. Before reaching port, however, he decided to turn around and return to Florida, almost wrecking the vessel due to his exhaustion and hallucinations. He sold the boat the next day and returned to Minnesota.

“How small a boat can successfully make it across the North Atlantic?” he started to wonder. The smaller the vessel, the less you can carry in the way of stores and equipment. At some point there must be a minimum sized boat with sufficient carrying capacity to make a 60 day passage to England. In 1965 the late **Robert Manry** had electrified the world with his 78 day passage from Falmouth, Massachusetts to Falmouth, England in his 13' 6" *TINKERBELLE*. A year later **Bill Verity** sailed a 12 foot *NONOALCA* to Fenit in south west Ireland from Florida in 65 days (*Spray*, Vol. XVIII No. 2, pg. 27). Those were both North Atlantic crossings. Going the other way by the trade wind route, **John Riding** had sailed his 12' *SJO AG* in three jumps (Spain to the Azores to Bermuda to Newport, R.I.) at about the same time as Manry, taking 126 days en route. Then, in 1968 **Hugo Vihlen** sailed a 6 ft. boat from Casablanca Morocco to a spot 25 miles off Ft. Lauderdale, Florida, at which point he abandoned his effort because he was being swept back out to sea.

After considerable thought and design effort, and three months of intensive building, *YANKEE GIRL*, a 10' sloop was ready for testing on the lakes of Minnesota. This testing took two years, or the ice free portions of two years at least, before Gerry trailered her to the US East Coast. On June 1st he quietly started out from Virginia Beach, VA on his odyssey. Had he not granted a last minute request for a press briefing, his departure would have been unnoticed by the world. In fact, the usually vigilant US Coast Guard had no previous knowledge of Gerry's plans. Our USCG Liaison, **Captain John Bender**, USCGR wrote about Gerry to **Rear Admiral T. T. Wetmore**, Commander of the Fifth Coast Guard District, enclosing a copy of *Spray*, Vol. XXII with its article "Crackpot/Daring Voyages" (*Spray*, 1978, pg. 59). Admiral Wetmore's June 25th answer said, in part:

In response to the questions you raised about Mr. Spiess and YANKEE GIRL, we had no advance knowledge of Mr. Spiess' intention to attempt to sail from Virginia Beach to England. Consequently, we were unable to evaluate the vessel or the preparations made by Mr. Spiess in regard to making a determination of a manifestly unsafe voyage. After the fact, we learned that he had spent nearly two years planning and testing his vessel and equipment on the lakes. He was equipped with an EPIRB, outboard, two compasses, VHF/FM radio, and other assorted survival and sustenance gear. As these things go, he appears to be fairly well equipped, and as he is an experienced sailor perhaps this would fairly fit in the The Spray's definition of a "daring" voyage.

Since you wrote, we had a report that the YANKEE GIRL had been sighted on the 11th of June, 60 nm NW of Bermuda, nearly 600 miles from his point of origin. He reported at that time that "all is well". We have had no reports in the week since.

Then a hand written PS to the letter added:

P. S. We have just received an update on the YANKEE GIRL. At 0220 GMT on 25th June the vessel was sighted by a MV at Lat N 41° 27' Long W 50° 06' and radio contact reveals "all is well", bound for Falmouth England, supplies adequate". This position is approximately 900 miles east of Cape Cod and 1200 miles from his origin.

On July 19th the anxious, maritime world, then attuned to the implications of the voyage, heard that Gerry was 900 miles SW of Ireland and expected to reach Falmouth on July 23rd or 24th. On July 24th, 54 days after leaving Virginia Beach, he sailed into the center of a flotilla of wildly honking and tooting pleasure boats near the mouth of Falmouth Harbor, all waiting to escort him the last few miles to the Cornish coast. From that point on, life hasn't been the same for Gerry. Stuffing *YANKEE GIRL* into the cavernous freight compartment of a trans-Atlantic 747 he returned in a few hours above the ocean it had taken nearly two months to cross. Then came a round of speaking engagements, display of the tiny vessel at shopping centers and boat shows, and writing a five part serialized account of the voyage carried in US papers from the East Coast to Hawaii. The venture stimulated the nation's readers, tired of accounts of inflation, taxes, and repressive legislation. Here was somebody who through an uncanny combination of luck and careful planning beat the North Atlantic in a bullet shaped cockle shell.

What's left for Gerry to accomplish? Well, in a low key talk at Orange Coast college in the fall of 1979 he said that he was eyeing Hugo Vihlen's record but the question is, with all of his activities tying up so much of his time, when will he have the time to think that one through?



Gerry Spies

Guy Bernardin

"I am having a new boat, RATSO II, made for me, 38 ft. long, aluminum, and no engine" began an interesting letter received in June 1979 from Slocum Society singlehander **Guy Bernardin**. *"I will enter the next Azab 79 race (see The Races) sailing from Falmouth England to the Azores and back (Azab = Azores and back, get it? Ed.) starting on the second of June. Then I will be sailing round the world, non-stop, and plan to leave about 15 August. Do you still have a Slocum Society burgee? It would be nice to have it flying during my sailing."* Well, the problem was that we had run out of the flags and the shipment of the new flags had not arrived. "Would he mind a somewhat used one?" I wondered, so I sent him my own flag to be flown during his circumnavigation.

A July 11 letter thanked me for the flag and then described the Azab 79. *"The Azab 79 is now over. It was quite uneventful as the wind didn't exceed force 4 - 5 on the way down; mostly in very light air which was quite frustrating. The reception at the 'Club Natal' at Punta Delgada was absolutely fantastic. People were so pleased to be helpful in any way. This was and is quite different from Europe. It was simple and nice. This small club, compared to European clubs, put so much time into helping each competitor with small things.*

This race, in which I finished third among singlehanders was a good trial before my next departure around the 15th of August from Falmouth. I will try to beat the record held by Robin Knox-Johnson, but this is mainly something I want to do myself. At the same time, it is good training for the next OSTAR in 1980."

Webb Chiles

Webb Chiles, who once circumnavigated the world by himself in a 39 ft. Ericson sloop, is at it again. Brief mention of him in *The Spray*, Vol. XXII, left him in the Marquesas, having departed San Diego, California USA on Nov. 12, 1978. Since that time he has moved slowly along on his quest to become the first to circumnavigate the world in an open undecked boat.

The voyage to the Marquesas took 34 wet days. After a while his hands became "a variation of a James Bond novel, Prunefingers". Arriving in the Marquesas, he succumbs to the lure of Melville and searches out Typee. By mid January, 1979, as he is approaching Point Venus a storm closes in and pushes him offshore for several days. Approaching Papeete again, he noticed all manner of debris in the water, the result of the worst storm to have hit Tahiti in years, blowing 54 knots in Papeete harbor.

Webb and Suzanne, his ex-wife who flew out to meet him spent the spring in and around Tahiti. They circumnavigated the island, getting to know people, and doing the things that any person circumnavigating the world in an 18 foot open boat would be likely to do ashore. Then he headed for American Samoa. He left Tahiti on June 28th and after the usual contrary winds reached Pago Pago a couple of weeks later, finding the harbor dirty and the rain untenable. Well, you can't have everything in paradise!

Bryan Coupal

It might have been easier just to put a postage stamp on his forehead and dump him into one of those squat, mail receptacles. However, US Postal Clerk **Bryan Coupal** knows what happens to mail so deposited and decided to get to Bermuda on his own. That is why he sailed his 18½ ft. sloop *MILKY WAY* from Washington D.C. to Bermuda. He set out at the end of May, 1979 and the first leg of the voyage took him down the coast to Norfolk, Virginia. After a short stint ashore he headed further on down the coast before heading out towards Bermuda. 20 days later he pulled into Hamilton with a story to tell. For two days the weather had held but then the wind swung around to the north and it picked up. When it hit 25 knots he pulled down his sails and retreated to the cabin, but the next day he decided he had to do something so he hoisted a reefed main and fairly flew off downwind. A day later the wind returned to normal and his trip to Bermuda resumed.

As he had no self steering gear, he normally would drop his sails and drift at night, using a sea anchor if he was drifting in the wrong direction. As protection against being run down, he hoisted a radar reflector and a strobe light to the masthead. One night a passing steamer stopped and asked if he needed assistance. Bryan had trouble convincing them that he was all right and they stood by for some time before finally steaming off into the night.

One day he picked up a bottle with a message in it. It had been thrown overboard by a honeymooning couple from Philadelphia on board the vessel *VOLENDAM*, wishing the finder "good luck".

As the trip wore on he made inroads into his plentiful supply of drinking water and stock of baked beans and sardines, his staple diet. His only safety equipment was an emergency radio transmitter and a life raft which had to be inflated with a hand pump.

Upon his arrival, he was asked, "what next, a bigger boat; more oceans to cross?" "No," said Bryan with the dead pan face we have all come to know and love on every postal clerk we chance to meet, "I have done what I wanted to do. I think I'll sell the boat and fly back to the States and give up sailing all together." A book of 15 cent stamps, please.

Rollo Gebhard

As we went to press with *The Spray* Vol. XXII, Slocum Society member **Rollo Gebhard** had arrived in Cape Town on his leisurely trip around the world in his 24 ft. *SOLVEIG III*. Dropping the other shoe, Rollo left in the middle of February, 1978 and crossed over to the West Indies where he tied the knot on his second circumnavigation. There, he also crossed tracks with **Kathy Diehr**, a schoolteacher from Washington D.C. and together they sailed up to St. Johns, Newfoundland. From there his plans called for a return to Germany and an end to his cruising over the seas. We'll see!

Stephen Hash

Some voyagers seem to attract trouble. In August, 1973 Lt. **Stephen Hash** decided to sail his trimaran singlehandedly from his duty station in the Philippines to his next one at San Diego, California. En route, he was caught and damaged in a typhoon about 1000 miles out and had to limp back into Okinawa. In December, 1978, Lt. Hash, then stationed in Norfolk, Virginia, decided to sail his new trimaran, *ELUSIVE DREAM*, to his next duty station, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. On the 5th of that month he started out, intending to take the scenic route with planned stops in Bermuda, Puerto Rico, the Dominican Republic, and Haiti.

All seemed to go pretty well for most of the trip. Cape Hatteras provided the usual thrill as he crossed the Gulf Stream, but it wasn't until he got close to Cuba that things got exciting. On Christmas Eve he took a wrong tack and sailed into Cuban territorial waters, definitely a no-no for a US vessel. Of course, the Cuban authorities didn't believe his story and they clapped him in jail while they thoroughly searched his vessel and checked him out. The Swiss government was notified and, as the unofficial link between the Cuban and US governments, notified the US Navy in Washington. By this time a further complication had arisen. Hash had left Norfolk with a broken finger bone on the mend, due partly to a surgically implanted steel pin. En route to Bermuda he had re-injured the finger and a bone infection had set in. It was treated at the Naval Hospital in Bermuda but a second injury to the tender finger started the bone infection all over again. While in Cuban custody, he requested medical aid. The pin was surgically removed and he was given antibiotics to fight the infection. For three and a half days he was detained in a jail cell and then unexpectedly was moved to a motel room for two more days before being released. Once released, he was flown back to the Naval Hospital at Portsmouth for further treatment of the recalcitrant finger. The US doctors treating him told him that the Cuban doctors had done what should have been done.

Maybe Lt. Hash should consider transferring to the Army where duty station transfers generally offer no more excitement than standing in gasoline lines in the intervening states.

Charlie Jupp

Some time ago when **Charlie Jupp** joined the Slocum Society he also sent an interesting letter describing how he came to own *SPRAY*, a Bruce Roberts version of Captain Slocum's famous vessel. Here is his letter:

I am very pleased to hear of "The Slocum Society" and to think that people of today still remember the man that sailed alone. I would be delighted to join and on my next trip to meet some of the members flying the flag. In 1968 I came to England to buy a boat and found a cutter, SUN QUEST, 40 x 12 x 7' 6". After sailing her across the Atlantic and the Pacific I sold her in Brisbane. A few months later I realized I had to have another

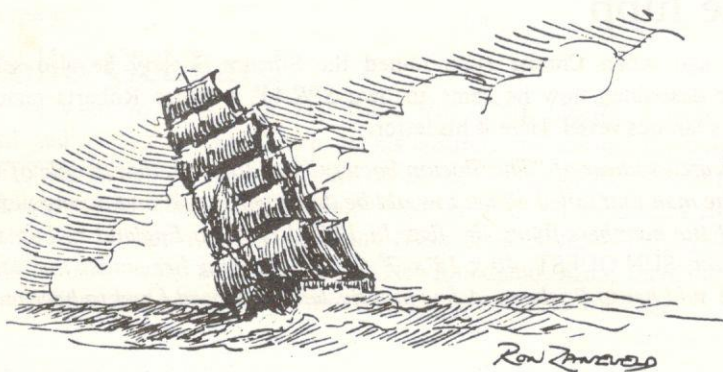
boat so I approached Bruce Roberts to draw up plans for the SPRAY. I started work on a foam sandwich hull and after a lot of discussion with many people on rigs, I decided to have a Bermudian ketch which I have found very satisfactory for this hull.

Leaving Brisbane, I sailed north through the Barrier Reef, not stopping too often as the cyclone season was near. I arrived in Darwin and after a few days rest the next stop was Rodriguez. But two thousand miles from Australia with all sail set, I was taken ill and lay in my bunk unable to move for five days. The SPRAY sailed on. One day I was able to reach some pills and this helped the pain. I arrived in Rodriguez to find no hospital so I sailed for Mauritius. There were many yachts there that I'd met before so I welcomed the help I received in stowing my sails. After two weeks in the hospital for an operation on my appendix, I set sail for Durban, a city I'll never forget. The hospitality was more than I dreamed of. From there I shipped crew for Cape Town (Slocum Society member **Stanley Gorge**, Ed.) The people there were very good to me and nothing was too much trouble. I was sorry to leave. By this time I had two girls for crew and I sailed for St. Helena. I received more hospital treatment there. I felt things would get better and so I sailed for Cape Recife which is where I bade farewell to my fair crew and was once more on my own. I headed for Barbados and had a very good passage averaging 170 miles each day but then there is a good current along that coast.

The SPRAY carries all sail in 30 knots of wind and I arrived in Barbados and then cruised through the islands before stopping in Tortola, British Virgin Islands. The first person aboard was a very good friend, **Dan Bowen**, with a few beers. After a few weeks I said farewell and sailed for England, non-stop. I sailed north to pick up the westerly wind but only found NE to E winds and moved slowly through the thick fog for two weeks. It cleared for a while and then gale force winds came for a few days. After that the fair weather held until I sighted Falmouth. The crossing took 40 days.

I've got the bug to go again. Maybe the Pacific, who knows. There are still plenty of places that only yachts can visit and over the years I've made a number of good friends that makes sailing worthwhile.

Stan Gorge mentioned in one of his letters that Charlie is a "non-swimmer" and uses an alarm clock as a chronometer which, together with his sextant and compass, comprise his entire inventory of navigational tools. Sound familiar?



Michael Lintner

The long distance singlehanding days of **Michael Lintner** and his Westsail 32 *MY STAR* are over, according to an article in the May 1979 *San Diego Log*. On April 6th he was about 260 miles off the California coast when he was involved in a night time collision with an unidentified tanker. His approximate position was N 34° 40'; W 125° 32'. The vessels apparently hit head on and *MY STAR* was thrown to one side with her bowsprit damaged, headstay and upper starboard shroud parted, starboard spreader ripped off and, as a result, the mast bent double. He was able to establish VHF contact with the tanker and they asked all the right questions, but once they had determined that no one was hurt, and the boat was not sinking, and Lintner did not know the identity of the ship, they departed the scene, promising to contact the Coast Guard. They apparently never did. Within 36 hours he had jury rigged another mast out of the staysail boom and with the storm jib set upsidedown, he continued on toward San Diego. He eventually established contact with the Coast Guard by means of the Pacific Maritime Mobile Net (21, 407 kHz) but was able to make it to San Diego on his own, arriving on April 11th, 1979. Reportedly, the Coast Guard is continuing to search for the tanker involved in the hit-and-run, however it is felt unlikely that they will be able to identify the ship. Once again, Rule 5 of the International Rules of the Road: *Every vessel shall at all times maintain a proper lookout by sight and hearing . . .* raises its ugly head. The position where the collision occurred is a little south of the great circle route between Surigao Strait in the Philippines, through which some of the Indonesian Oil passes, and the port of Los Angeles. Off the Southern California coast it is difficult not to be near one of the steamer lanes, yet for the singlehander, a 24 hour lookout is impossible. The question of whether or not the tanker was maintaining a proper lookout, although it obviously was not adequate enough as the ensuing collision conclusively proved, is not of importance here. There is little that yachtsmen can do to improve the watchstanding of commercial shipping. Efforts directed at avoiding collisions, by whatever means prove successful, are much more fruitful. Therein lies "Catch 22". Arming the singlehander with the electronic equipment necessary to alert him to the presence of shipping in his vicinity, either through a radar or sonar approach or through some other sophisticated method as yet undiscovered, would probably require the installation of the same power generation equipment and its limitations that the mariner sought to escape in the first place. Perhaps that regrettable time when singlehanded passages will become a luxury we can no longer afford will soon be upon us. Certainly as it relates to the madness of the *OSTAR* as now conducted, that time is here.

Paul Parsons

Thirty year old **Paul Parsons** of Feltham, Middlesex, England wanted to become the first person to make a singlehanded crossing of the North Atlantic in an inflatable dinghy. For four years he planned his journey, his planning sandwiched in between shifts as a baggage handler for Air Canada at London's Heathrow Airport. Part of his planning even included a special training program which involved a rigorous Canadian Commando fitness course.

The inflatable he planned on using was a 5.3 m. (17 ft.) version of the craft used to shoot the rapids in the Grand Canyon in the US. It was modified for the voyage and carries a loose footed lugsail and has a self steering vane.

Then, as is often the case, Paul ran out of funds. With £10,000 of his own money already in the venture, raised by selling his house and car, he still needed an additional £5,000. In one of those amazing coincidences, **Lord Jellicoe**, chairman of the English firm of Tate and Lyle, heard of the project and decided to sponsor the craft, noting "It was my experiences using this kind of craft in the SAS during the war which really made me realise the bravery of what he is trying to do. It's a very small craft for a very long voyage."

On June 16, 1979 Paul set out from Halifax, Nova Scotia. A day later he was plucked from the sea east of Halifax by a fishing boat after a whale fatally crippled the craft. Let's hope we hear no more of this crackpot venture.

Shirley Ravenscroft

"Grandma" **Shirley Ravenscroft** always wanted to sail across the Atlantic. The first leg of her trip, which included bad weather, an injured arm, and structural problems with her 26 ft. sloop, *TEASER*, were reported in the last issue of *The Spray* (*Spray*, Vol. XXII pg. 23). From Lisbon, Portugal where she had gone for repairs and medical attention, she sailed to Tenerife in the Canary Islands. On January 4, 1979 she departed Tenerife, bound for the North American Continent. Over the week-end of Feb 10-11 she arrived at Barbados in the Windward Isles, but her voyage, once again, was not without incident. During the first week out of Tenerife a three day storm kept her up night and day. After that she was ill for a week, recovering. At another time she was burned by scalding water, but she kept on.

Her only radio was a "call boy" a short range radio normally used for distress calls. With this, she was occasionally able to keep in contact with her family through position reports she broadcast on the radio.

The press reports of Shirley's arrival incorrectly claimed that she was the first grandmother to cross the Atlantic by herself. **Ann Gash** sailed *ILIMO* from Britain via the Canary Islands, in late 1976 and early 1977, however, that shouldn't take away from the well deserved congratulations due Shirley upon her landfall.

Masato Sako

The San Francisco Chronicle reported on April 30, 1979 that **Masato Sako**, a 30 year old engineer, had just arrived from Vancouver after having completed a 57 day solo passage from Kagoshima, Japan in his homebuilt 28 ft. *TARACHINE*.

Max Shean

On April 30, 1979, **Max Shean** sailed his 34' sloop *BLUEBELL* into Hayling Bay, near Portsmouth, England, after a 9000 mile, singlehanded voyage from Fremantle, Australia. The trip took him across the Indian Ocean, through the Suez Canal and the Mediterranean to Marseilles. From there he navigated the French canal system, ending up in Le Havre before the short hop across the English Channel brought him to Hayling Bay. His plans call for entering the *Parmelia* race back to Australia (see *The Races*).

Travis Taylor

Travis Taylor only built two boats in his short lifetime. The first was a 16 ft. rowboat, built without plans while he worked as a pancake chef in St. Louis. Upon completion he and his father rowed it down the Mississippi River in the dead of winter from St. Louis to New Orleans. There Travis took a laborer's job in a boat yard and in his spare time he built another boat. Each of his boats resembled the two faces of the "gooney bird". The rowboat was ungainly and rough, much as the gooney bird is on land, clumsy and unsightly as it crash lands and waddles off. His 26 ft. sloop was sleek with long overhangs, as yachts used to be before racing rules mitigated the short, stubby winners of the day, similar to the graceful swooping of the Laysan Albatross (aka gooney bird) as it hunts far at sea, barely inches above the swells.

Travis named her *814* for reasons known only to himself and his friend, **Mary Catherine Flythe**, with whom he cruised in the Caribbean and New England. When the money saved from his boatyard job was gone, he worked in another boatyard in Alexandria, Virginia. In January, 1979, he had put enough aside for another cruise in the Caribbean, this time singlehanded. He left Hampton, Virginia on January 29 bound towards Great Abacco Island in the Bahamas. By February 19th he had not arrived and his anxious parents notified the Coast Guard. On March 7th 280 miles SW of Bermuda, the boat was sighted by a Greek freighter which sent a boarding party aboard. They found Travis' body in the cabin. He had been dead for some time. A later autopsy determined that he had had a heart attack.

The Taylor's had their son's vessel shipped home where there is no gloom. They think of it as a monument to his life. "When it was found it was still sailing and it hadn't had a captain for weeks", said Mrs. Taylor. When the weather warmed, they had a memorial service for Travis; in a quiet place where they could moor *814*, raise the sails and just watch her.

David White

David White was the only US entrant in the second singlehanded trans-Pacific race from San Francisco to Okinawa in late 1975. He placed fifth in his Westsail 32 *CATAPHA* (see *Spray*, Vol. XIX No.1, pg.11). After that he shipped the boat to England and did the 1976 OSTAR. Back in the US, he sailed in August 1976 from Newport R.I. to Ft. Lauderdale, Florida where he did a short stint with the makers of his vessel, Westsail. He then sold *CATAPHA* and bought a new 32 ft. hull and deck from Westsail. The second time around was much more to his liking and in August '77 he sailed her up and down the East Coast of the US. In the summer of 1978 he was one of the participants in the mis-named "First Single Handed Trans Pacific Yacht Race" from San Francisco to Kauai, Hawaii (a headline in the June 20 San Francisco Chronicle read "CRAZIES GATHER FOR RUN TO HAWAII"), placing 3rd to finish and 2nd on PHRF (whatever that means). In that race he sailed a borrowed Crealock 37. After returning the vessel to San Francisco, he flew to Norfolk, Virginia and delivered a Westsail 32 to Spain, running through hurricane Irma en route. In fact, when the eye of the hurricane passed over his vessel, David, with nothing else to do decided to take a bath awaiting the return of the winds from the opposite direction. By Spring, 1979 he was back in St. Petersburg and, but for the dearth of buyers, would have sold *CATAPHA II*. Unable to sell her, he entered the Bermuda 1-2 (see *The Races*) and finished both legs.

Back in Newport, R.I. David is still thinking ahead. In a recent letter to the society he asked: "What do you think of a 'Round the World Race' from Newport? Three stops as in the Whitbread for singlehanders". David is presently trying to get sponsors for the race and any members with ideas along this line should write to him in care of P. O. Box 1824, St. Petersburg, Florida 33731, U.S.A.

Yoshiyuki Yamamoto

Our amateur radio correspondent, **Will Carrier** heard the following on a Radio Japan shortwave broadcast at about 1010 GMT on 18 May 1979: "A Japanese photographer will soon attempt to prove the story that ancient Japanese could have sailed across the Pacific to South America in pre-historic times. Sailing out to Mexico (sic) on a bamboo raft next month, **Mr. Yoshiyuki Yamamoto** of Tokyo plans to cover the 13,000 kilometer distance in about five months. The 29 year old freelance cameraman says his attempt was prompted by the hypothesis carried by an American magazine hinting that ancient Japanese moved across the Pacific to settle in what is now Ecuador more than 5000 years ago."

Move over **Thor Heyerdahl**

See next file for 2nd half of
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