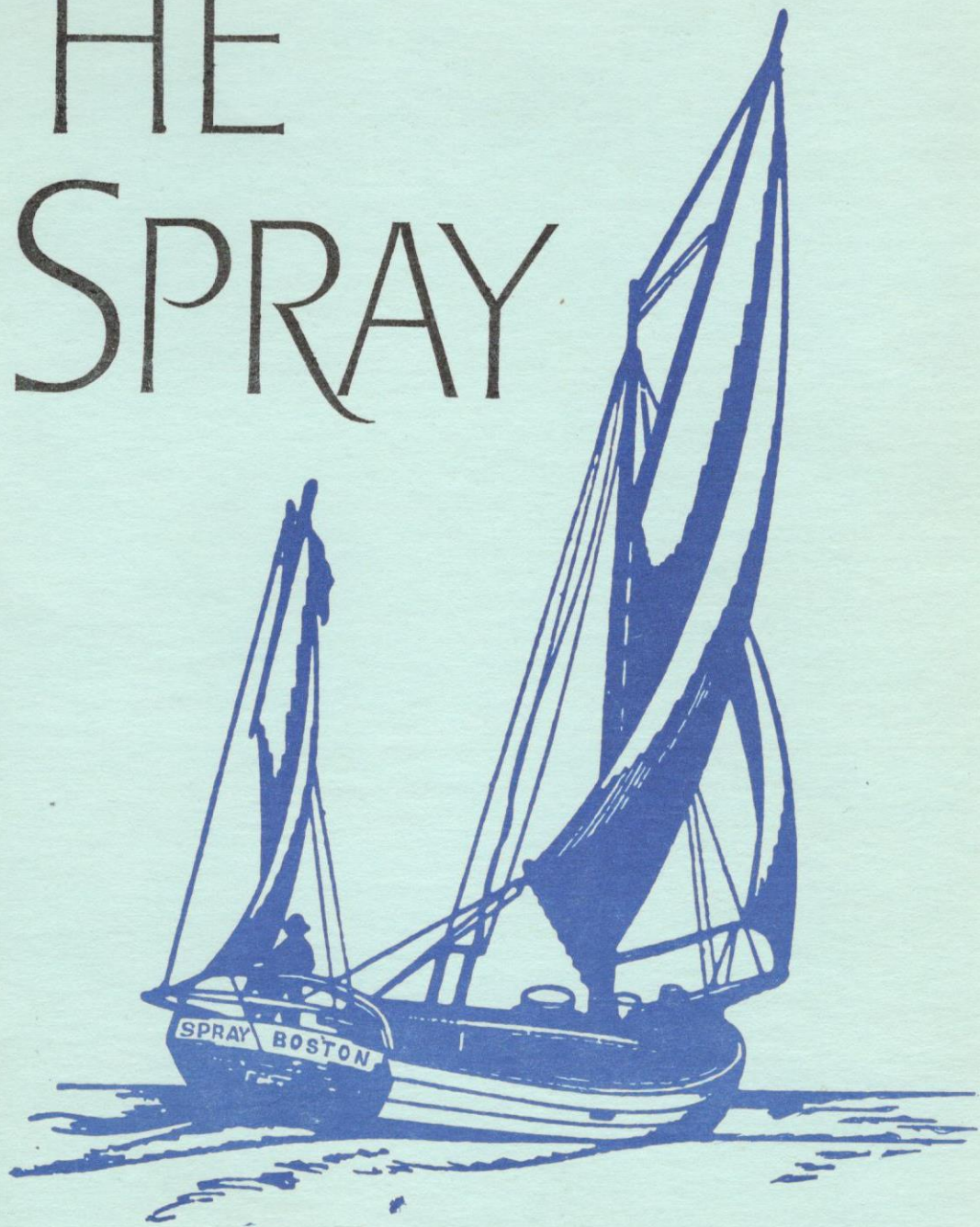


# THE SPRAY



Part B

VOLUME XXIII NO. 1  
JAN. — JUNE 1979

## Solomon Parker

In the last issue of *The Spray*, we noted that Slocum Society member **Solomon Parker** had placed sixteenth in the PM-STAR (Poor Man's Single Handed Trans Atlantic Race) and that en route he had encountered all sorts of problems from non-functioning steering vane to inadequate food and water, compounded by bad weather. Shortly before going to press with that edition, his log was received but was far too long for inclusion at that late date. Well, here it is, or at least here is half of it, the second half being reserved for Volume XXIII, No.2

It all started when reading a yachting magazine after arriving at Puerto Banus, Marbello, Spain where I was resting up after arriving at this harbour from a single-handed cruise from Holyhead, in my yacht *URCHIN OF LYMINGTON* a 31 ft. sloop.

In an advertisement there was an invitation to compete in a race from Penzance to Antigua, British West Indies starting October 8th, 1977, calling at Tenerife November 12th. The race was for yachts of 6.5 meters or 21ft. 6 ins. overall, no conditions for entry only evidence of experience. The race was to be organized by **Bob Salmon**. I had always had a desire to enter in the Transatlantic Single-Handed race held every four years but due to the race deteriorating from its early beginnings to bring out outstanding accomplishments of both men or women, also testing the boat and equipment to the ultimate the race, whilst still appealing to a section, had developed into a race for ridiculous sized boats and the person who could command the sponsor with the biggest pocket and the most expensive boat would stand a much better chance of being amongst the leaders. This did not appeal to me so when I saw this advertised race I was immediately interested as I intended to leave my yacht in the Marina for a few months. I flew back to the United Kingdom and immediately sent for particulars of the race.

The yacht I intended was to be custom built. I approached various builders but was informed that they could not complete in the time. I would have to modify and beef up! a class boat and I decided on a modified Anderson 22.

This was put in hand in January 1977 and was promised delivery before August – intending to have sailing trials and sailing her from Whitstable to Penzance to straighten up any snags. I had a sailing trial in September and found that the self steering gear (Hasler) manufactured by Gibbs, was useless, the designer was with me at the time and he assured me that it would be modified and put right before the race. After another trial it was very little better but I was assured everything was to be right on the day.

**Bob Salmon** who was sailing an identical boat left Plymouth for Penzance and met bad weather, he found the mast was badly designed also water was entering the boat from a badly designed locker in the cockpit.

My yacht, who had been named *SPIRIT OF TALARDY* was delivered by road to Penzance and I arrived six days before the start of the race. I was to be informed by Bob of the defects which he had discovered. He definitely stated that he would not start the race as he was also a competitor, until these defects had been put right.



**Nick Wright**, the boat salesman of the firm who built the boats was very concerned as he owned the one *ANDERSON AFFAIR* which he had sponsored and got in touch with Gibb who designed the self steering gear also one of his boat builders to correct the leak and a rigger to correct the faulty mast and rigging. That work was put in hand and was only finished four hours before the start of the race. I had then to load stores etc., and finally given 10 minutes to leave the harbour as the entrance boom was to be put in place.

8th October 1977

1500 hours.

The race was started in very light winds and we were off. Twenty-six started, four of us British and a sprinkling of French, Poles, Belgians and Spanish.

1800 hours.

Wind south east 2 – able to lay Lands End until 0800 hours.

9th October

1200 hours

Log reading 48 miles wind now increased 5-6 west gusting 7 heavy sea on starboard beam very confused. I think that bad weather is in store for us. Reefed jib and four more rolls in main, a lot of water is coming in the cabin from the sliding hatch. This has been badly fitted, when a sea breaks just forward of beam it runs the slope of the cabin and along the rails of the hatch and pours into the cabin, most of it on my bunk, in fact the cabin floor is awash and pumping is necessary everything is soaked, a lot of the provisions are wet or ruined as I did not have the time to stow them properly due to work men on board before the start, correcting faults.

10th October

0100 hours

Wind easing to force 5 north west – water speed about 5-6 knots.

0300 hours

Wind easing to force 4 – weather forecast 3 north west – had reasonable sleep in two hour stretches in oil skins.

0900 hours

Made a big breakfast, first decent meal since starting and put the pressure cooker to work to make a good stew. I will probably need it.

1200 hours

Log 140 miles – add twenty for current – wind force 3 west by south – weather sunny – under full main and reefed jib – big sea on starboard bow – barometer dropping.

2400 hours

Reefed down to reefed jib and no main – wind 8 gusting 9. My cabin is again awash due to the faulty hatch. I will have to do something about this as soon as I get the chance. It is making life impossible.

11th October

0100 hours

Wind force 7-8 south west bang on nose – beating to windward under storm job – water everywhere inside and outside the yacht. On the pump most of the time – have been on tiller for over twelve hours as the self steering gear will not operate in these conditions, even the forward hatch is now leaking, on investigation found the locking nuts were loose, put this right and tried to plug the slides on main hatch with rag – partly successful.

1600 hours

Hove to on port tack storm jib – wind increased to 8 gusting 9 weather forecast south west gales – severe gale storm 10 in this area. I am hove to as it is impossible to beat to windward I decided that as the yacht was most of the time like a half tide rock to lay off and run downwind, in fact it entered my mind to pack up and run home. I had had no proper sleep for seventy-two hours. *SPIRIT* was doing about 3 knots and the following seas were a horrible sight. I was now at my lowest ebb. No food for twelve hours soaking wet but the self steering gear was working reasonably enabling me to take a R.D.F. bearing on Ushant and Round Isle placing me 170 miles south south west of Lands End.

12th October

0100 hours

Wind eased and veering to west – came about and able to steer 190 degrees magnetic wanted 180 degrees magnetic still much better than losing ground.

0600 hours

Let out main but kept storm jib as I wanted a rest if possible wind force 3 west by south – weather sunny.

0900 hours

Three fishing boats have arrived to have a look, one tunny boat with all booms came very close and waved – it was a pleasant interlude.

1200 hours

Log 265 miles – not allowing for current.

1400 hours

Full sail, genoa No.1 full main – wind south 2-3 big swell.

1800 hours

Wind fell away and swell took over – took all canvas off and laid ahull. I repaired self steering gear as some of the cords had chaffed.

2000 hours

Tried to sleep as I was dead tired.

2400 hours

Set sail again – wind south west force 2-3.



13th October

0100 hours

Wind south west 2-3 – as I wanted to sleep changed to storm jib and full main.

0530 hours

Woken by a big bang, looked out and *SPIRIT* was going like a bomb. Wind south east 5-6 increasing – rolled down main to numbers going well about 5-6 knots, course 220 degrees magnetic – weather forecast 5 rising 7 to gale 8 so I had had a sleep and got away with it!

0800 hours

Two bananas for breakfast and coffee – no milk.

1200 hours

Log 326 – 100 miles current.

1400 hours

Wind variable south east to south – all sail must have changed pail and altered course about fifty times – wind seems now to have settled in the south. We are now heading 160 degrees magnetic – try and get some grub and sleep. Self steering gear seems to be working reasonably well.

14th October

0315 hours

Woke up – on port tack – jib aback. Wind changed south east force 4 sea moderate. Set compass for Finistere and went back to bunk still wet.

0800 hours

Woke up to a nice breeze – let out full main – going well on port tack. Visibility down to 3-4 miles – this is usual near the north Spanish coast.

1200 hours

Log 395 miles changed to storm jib. I nearly always change down the headsails first as on a boat this size it does not pay to wait for a blow before changing – it can be a bit hectic up forward when things happen – to enable the self steering gear to operate effectively, I have to reduce canvas more than would be required under manual steering. It appears that the gear works effectively between force 2 and 4, under 2 it fails to respond, over 4 it is not man enough to keep the yacht on course and allows her to gripe up into the wind also the trim of the sails is critical.

1400 hours

Changed to genoa No.1 full main – wind south east 3-4 weather hazy – temperature 60 – sea moderate.

1800 hours

Wind increased 4-5 took two rolls in main and working jib. Looks like being a reasonable night. Made some hot stew and coffee and went down on my still wet bunk. After a reasonable night woke at 0530 hours.

15th October

0530 hours

Made coffee and toasted some stale bread – listened to weather forecast – Finistere which was my area – gales force 8-9 imminent. I changed down to storm jib and reefed main to numbers in case.

0630 hours

Wind increased and backed south east – a big confused sea developed and we were making heavy weather. Water again coming through the sliding hatch.

0900 hours

Wind fell away but sea very confused so had to take the tiller.

1200 hours

Log 526 wind settled south force 3 very confused sea cannot lay course want 214 degrees magnetic – can only lay 250 degrees magnetic.

1400 hours

Felt ill – laid down and fell asleep exhausted.

2200 hours

Took all canvas off and laid ahull, wind slight. I had a nights sleep and woke about 0600.

16th October

0600 hours

It was reasonably quiet so went back to my bunk. My next entry was in my log at 1300 hours.

1300 hours

I had set a large genoa and full main. I was doing about 1 knot in a light breeze course 200 degrees magnetic when I saw lying beside me about 30 ft. away on port beam a whale! he must have been at least 60 ft. long and he was just keeping up with my speed. He kept me company for about half an hour when he cleared off. I was fascinated at first but I was glad when he decided to leave, I would not like to have had an argument with that monster! I have heard they have attacked small boats at times.

17th October

Becalmed most of day - asleep or dozing most of the time.

18th October

0600 hours

Wind light west – full main and working jib decided to make for Corunna as I was feeling lousy. Distance 60 miles course 2 15 degrees magnetic.

2400 hours

Wind west 3-4 – have got Finistere on R.D.F. strong.



19th October

0600 hours

Wind 3 west — sea slight — should see light of Finistere tonight.

1200 hours

Wind force 3 west — sea moderate — feeling much better had some soup but everything is still wet but it is warmer. I shall be glad to get to Corunna.

20th October

0100 hours

Saw light of Corunna, should be in by morning.

0800 hours

Wind beginning to fade about 1-2 west.

1200 hours

About six miles from harbour.

1400 hours

Two miles.

1500 hours

One mile.

1650 hours

Arrived and tied up to pontoon. Met by Corunna Yacht Club members and invited to dry out my bedding etc. on their heating boiler. That night I slept until woken by a severe gale which did damage to the mooring pontoon and some of my rigging. I was surprised to hear that seven boats entered in the race had arrived about the same day I had.

I must say this:

The last two days were not very clear in my mind, as a matter of fact I did not enter anything in my log for that period perhaps I was too busy resting and getting over my illness. I might add I was not seasick, I have never had that complaint in my life, it was a feeling of complete exhaustion, every effort of will was made to conquer this feeling and I must have been successful to arrive at Corunna. The following day my immediate reaction was to pack up but after drying out and a few whiskeys in the club I decided to do something about the leaking hatch and I got ready to take on stores for Tenerife and as I had to wait until Monday 24th October to get my stores and repairs I arranged to leave for Tenerife that day.

Solomon Parker's log will be continued in *The Spray*, Volume XXIII, No. 2.

# Crewed Passages

## Ugo and Isabella Conti

He has a doctoral degree in oceanography and electronic engineering and she has a law degree and a Ph.D. in psychology. Together they could have set up a deep sea center for psychological testing of lawyers representing the electronics industry. Instead, **Ugo and Isabella Conti** chucked their individual careers, he as a geophysicist at the University of California and she as a teacher of psychology at St. Mary's College; bought a 50 ft. ketch, *PHOBOS*; and, together with their 4½ year old son, Maurice; sailed around the world. They recently returned to the Berkeley, California marina from which they had departed 3 years ago, satisfied that they did the right thing. Isabella took her son to a birthday party not long after the return and the host received a globe as one of the presents. She reflected, "this boy's been given a globe while Maurice has already been around it." They feel that the experience for Maurice was especially valuable, in spite of his tender years. "He is able to make friends easily." Once in the Tuamotos, Maurice returned from shore exultant because he had made a friend and was going to collect shells with him the next day. "What language was he speaking?" she asked him. He answered, "I don't know; I didn't understand him."

At sea Maurice was tutored by Isabella, first in her native Italian because "there are fewer rules of pronunciation and spelling," and then in English. While *PHOBOS* was anchored in New Caledonia, he had two months of schooling ashore, in French. According to Isabella, only about five hours a month of one to one teaching was needed to maintain typical classroom educational levels.

Now that they are back, *PHOBOS* is up for sale or trade, but the Conti family hasn't forgotten their adventure. Sandwiched in between their old jobs, to which they returned, they lecture about their experience, conducting a one-day seminar called "Sailing Around the World: Myth and Reality". *PHOBOS*, tugging at her moorings, seems to be saying to them "I want to go," to which they respond, "We've given her all we had to give. It's now time for somebody else to take over". (see *THE SPRAY* Vol. XXII p.11)

## Charles and Patty Hathaway

Some people think that Tahiti is about 3600 nautical miles from Los Angeles. Others think that it is about 660 kilometers. Both of these are "as the sea gull flies", that is if you could find one that flew in a straight line. **Patty Hathaway**, however, likes to think in terms of a different unit of measurement for the distance. For her, it is 78 meals. By simple arithmetic one can see that one meal is roughly equivalent to something under 50 nautical miles and something over 80 kilometers.



Aboard *TIARE*, the 64 ft. ketch owned by **Patty and Charles Hathaway**, that's what it took to get to Tahiti. Multiply this by the other family members who went along; son Steve and his wife Cynthia, daughters Sally and Robin; grandson Cory; and various friends who joined them en route for portions of the cruise, and you have a mountain of food being prepared each day of the voyage. The responsibility for that fell on Patty's able shoulders. In an article written by **Bob Oates** and appearing in the March 2, 1979 *Los Angeles Times*, Skipper Charles and Patty discussed the trip, citing two accomplishments. First, they never missed a meal, pretty good considering the weather and other problems which seem to have a way of discouraging meals at times. Secondly, and they felt more importantly, they returned a closer and happier family than the day they left from Marina Del Rey in Southern California. As long distance sailors will testify, it generally works the other way around. You leave fast friends and after thirty days in the confines of a cramped boat, never want to see the others in the crew again. Small things soon take on threatening proportions. A crew member becomes quiet and broods over an imagined slight. A flare up occurs, words are exchanged which, with hindsight, will seem ill-advised. A major breach has occurred.

How were these problems avoided on *TIARE*? "We are an open family" says Patty. "We can discuss anything so that we don't hesitate to speak out when things were beginning to irritate one or more of us. It seems to me that the most important thing in relating to people who are cooped up the way we were is to be open and honest. "The fact that they were all 'family' helped make things easier than if they had been three, unrelated couples. "It doesn't matter how good friends people are," she continued, "they hesitate to make personal suggestions to anyone but family. And you have to speak up to have a happy boat. It's surprising how things grate on you – even little things – when you're living elbow to elbow. If six people are brushing their teeth in the same little basin and one person doesn't clean it out, you have a problem. Most people would be too embarrassed to mention it. Their irritation would just keep building up. We settled it in just 30 seconds one morning and that was that."

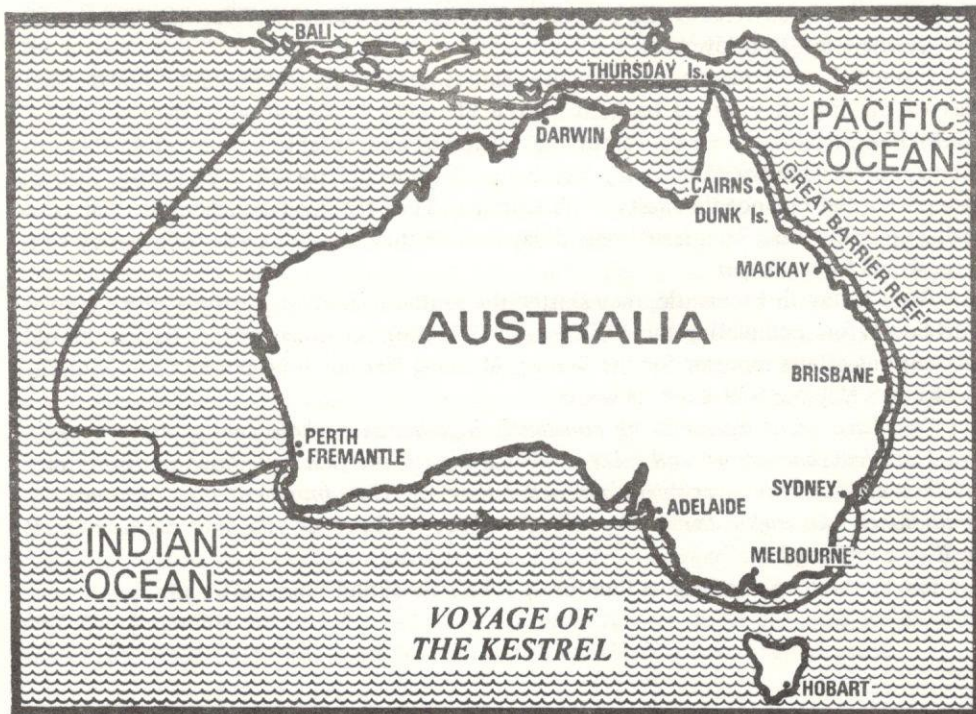
Aside from food, there probably is another reason for the good relations between the captain and crew. Charles ran a taut ship and it even extended to 17 months old Cory. "No" meant "no" and not "maybe". In Cory's case they had to say it a lot before he caught on. After returning, skipper Charles, called 'Papa' by Cory although he is his grandfather, was over at his son's house one day and they asked Cory if he remembered him. "Yes" Cory said, "that's Papa No".

L. A. Times correspondent Bob Oates asked Charles if he had any recommendations for would-be long distance sailors and here they are:

- Don't burn your bridges at home. Lease your house, don't sell it and don't quit your job – take a leave of absence and leave yourself something to come back to.
- Before sailing, live on the boat a few months and get used to it.
- Set a date and go. Quit saying you're going to take off 'someday'.
- Enjoy life as you live it while the spirit of adventure is still in you.

## John and Anna Little

You meet such interesting people when you cruise. That, at least seems to be the conclusion of **John and Anna Little**, who with their son Jeremy, age 2, circumnavigated Australia. With a side trip to Bali they were away most of 1978, returning to Sydney in early 1979. Their vessel, *KESTREL*, a 12 meter steel ketch of 10 tons displacement, served them well. Heading north from Sydney, they cruised the enchanting Great Barrier Reef. There, for months on end, the SE trades blow, broken only by occasional calms. *KESTREL* sailed wing and wing from Mooloolooba to Thursday Island in a series of lazy, day sails, anchoring each evening behind a secure reef or island. At Middle Percy Island, near Mackay, they met **Andrew Martin** who, in 1963 cruised that way in the ex-racing yacht *SOUTHERN MAID*. He liked the place so well when he first came upon it that he bought a sheep farm and now offers visiting yachties, such as the Littles, the comforts of his home. On the beach are showers and washtubs using his own precious water along with politely printed instructions and an invitation to visitors to come on up to the home-  
stead.





At Dunk Island they met ex-Olympic wrestler **Bruce Arthur**. Grey-bearded and wearing only a sarong, he lives in the middle of a well tended garden weaving exquisite tapestries to designs by Australian artists. Near Cairns on the bank of the Bloomfield river are the remnants of the communes that once flourished in that area. Sixteen kilometers north lies Cedar Bay, the best known alternative society in Australia. Having survived the 1976 Queensland police raids, which totally destroyed the huts, Cedar Bay's founder, **Rainforest John**, welcomes visitors with hair to his waist and in the most basic costume known to man. Eating only what they grow, several children have been born in the commune without medical assistance. The only child of school age is illiterate and likely to remain so, the parents seeming indifferent about educating him. "But what if he wants to later try life on the outside?" asked Anna. "Ah" answered Rainforest John sagely, "It'll never be necessary. Soon now the world will realise that tribalism is the only way to live. They'll reject their power stations and factories and pollution and they'll revert back to the tribe."

Once past Thursday Island in the Torres Straits, *KESTREL* headed across the Gulf of Carpentaria to Bali, a crossroads for visiting yachts. In Benoa Harbor they met a group of people who have formed a business of looking after mariners, Bali Yacht Service. They do everything from run errands and procuring supplies to looking after yachts while owners are elsewhere in Bali or overseas.

From Bali, they planned on taking the square-rigger route to Fremantle. For the first part of the trip they would be hard on the SE trade winds but when they got to 32° South Latitude they hoped to enter the westerlies and be able to run before them to Fremantle. In October, 1978 they left Benoa Harbor and for 22 days banged into it, losing a shroud but not the mast on the 15th day. Then the wind died, soon thereafter to spring up in the west. That lasted only 5 days before they ran into a gale followed by contrary winds from the east.

After a stay in Fremantle, they skirted the southern shore of Australia with a stop in Adelaide before completing the 11,000 km (5900 nm) circumnavigation. Back at his old job, current affairs reporter for the Sydney Morning Herald, John reminisced about the voyage in a May 5, 1979 article he wrote:

*"We have spent a year living constantly together as a whole family. Anna, Jeremy and I are lean and brown and relaxed. We notice for the first time how unhealthy city dwellers appear. How overweight and pallid they are. How impatient they become over small things like traffic lights. How the air stinks. And people ask, in all seriousness, if we'll go cruising again."*

Maybe there's something to Rainforest John's tribal philosophy, after all.

## Jim and Kitty Haynes

Slocum Society members, **Jim and Kitty Haynes** wrote from Tenerife in the Canary Islands with a long description of their conversion from a U.S. Air Force couple (prior to 1 January 1979) to cruising boat owners and their subsequent voyaging.

*"Our boat, HALE KAI, is a Golden Hind 31, cutter rigged. As you know these small ocean cruising sailboats are built by Terry Erskine Yachts in Plymouth, England. We spent a month and a half at the works there while they were installing the options we requested in the boat. He employs only Devon and Cornish craftsmen, and nearly all of his 26 employees have been in the boat-building trade all their lives. He is one of the few very high quality boat builders remaining in England, building strictly to Lloyds and the designer specifications. He starts a boat only when he has an order and down payment from a customer, and it takes about 14 to 18 months to complete the boat. As you can tell, we are quite proud of HALE KAI.*

*We sailed throughout the British Isles and the France Channel coasts during the winter and spring of 1979. In spite of the severe coldness of that winter, the weather wasn't that bad, wind forces reaching only Gale Force 8; however, one could count on one of these gales almost weekly. The Golden Hind is a very rugged boat, so all one has to do is either run with it, heave to, or lie ahull. We got a lot of experience in those conditions during the spring.*

*We left Falmouth, England on 26 July with weather reports of moderat SW winds Force 4 veering in 3 to 4 days later to Force 4 from the NW. We cleared Ushant by 60 miles, but made the mistake of going South into the Bay of Biscay on a close reach with WSW winds instead of going NW out into the Atlantic. In my defense, all I can say is that I expected the wind to shift to the NW in a couple of days and I would make my westing then. Unfortunately, on 31 July, a gale Force 8 blew up from the SW and that night it veered to West Force 9. Since we were somewhat too close to a lee shore (125 miles) and not knowing how long it would last, we elected to heave to that day. The next day it increased to storm Force 10 from the West, and I, after being knocked down by a beam-to breaking sea, had to lower all sail and lie ahull. We lay ahull for 22 hours until the storm decreased to a Force 6 from NW, at which time we upped sail and reached out into the Atlantic to get a little room. As it was, we ended up 30 miles off Cape Ortegal by the time the storm eased, and were very thankful that it eased when it did. A day and a half later saw us passing Cape Finisterre, Spain under spinnaker making 7 knots with a following Force 5. Such a beautiful day, sun was bright, no haze on the Spanish coastline and it was standing out in full relief. Some 20 miles further down the coast we entered the Ria de Arosa, one of the most beautiful sounds in the Northern Spanish coast.*



Most boats coming down this coast make for Bayona, on the Ria de Vigo, thus they bypass Ria de Arosa. I advise all to instead visit this sound and cruise the resorts and fishing villages along its shores. The Ria fully protects from ocean swells from all directions, and one can select anchorages to protect from just about any wind direction. We first made for the city of Vilagarcia, and moored at the Club de Mar there. We were very graciously received and made welcome, and given full run of club facilities. The Spanish port officials were not interested in clearing us into Spain, and just told us that it was "no necesario". Vilagarcia is a very nice and quite small city. On Tuesdays and Saturday mornings, several streets are blocked off and the grand market takes over. For those having cruised the Middle Eastern countries, it is similar in ways to the Flea Market, except there is a lot more local produce, etc. at these markets. And for about \$150, one can catch the train to the pilgrimage city of Santiago, just up in the mountains from Vilagarcia. From there we sailed and cruised around to several other small coastal towns. The British Admiralty Pilot, #N.P.67, West Coasts of Spain and Portugal, is a must. It will do a lot for keeping you off the bottom and gives good directions if all you have is a coastal or approach chart to the Ria. We found that the best place to buy diesel was at Ensenada de San Eugenia, where all the fishing boats go to buy. We arrived there at the same time they were having their annual fiesta, so we got to have a ball in a real Spanish "jump-up".

From there we leisurely sailed down to Ria de Vigo, where Bayona lies on the SW corner of the sound. At Bayona, it is best we found to anchor just outside the moorings of the Yacht Club. Good bottom and good holdings. One could use the YC moorings or even berth at their pontoons, but we found that for our boat (9.7 meters LOA) it would be 500 pesetas (\$8.00) per day. Rather expensive, but that is how they nicely keep outsiders off their members moorings or berths. The yacht club was one of the most friendly we have encountered. They will receive and hold mail for visiting yachts (c/o Monte Real Club Internacional de Yates, Recinto del Parador, Bayona la Real, Pontevedra, Spain), and has a good bar/restaurant. Also, on top of the hill above the YC is a government hotel in the castle complex. The switchboard operator will place either collect or cash overseas calls while you wait in comfort either in the bar or lounge.

We left Bayona at 2200 hours, heading for Leixoes, on the Spanish/Portuguese border. The Port of Leixoes is not hard to spot – it is just a mile South of the flares at the big refinery on the cape. Leixoes is a man-made harbor just outside the city of Oporto, built to receive the trading and fishing ships which couldn't get up the River Duro to Oporto. Yachts should go up into the most Northern part of the Leixoes harbor, to the small craft basin, right in front of the yacht club – Club Vela de Atlantico. Use any of the moorings which are vacant, or if none are vacant, raft up to another boat. The Portuguese are strict about clearing in, so first order is to take passports and ship's papers through the yacht club, out the front door and across the street to the old fort, wherein is located the port captain. He will issue a "boat visa", which is good throughout your cruising in Portugal. You surrender it only when leaving the last port. From his office he will direct you on a 5 minute walk to the Immigration Police to have the passports stamped and personal visas issued. I would then suggest returning to the YC and having a

very cold beer at their excellent bar. The lunch and evening meal, though simple, is one of the best we have experienced in Europe. Sr. Jorge, the manager, can advise on where to go for repairs, etc. Don't miss a visit to Oporto, where port wine comes from. We had a delightful afternoon visiting the various wine cellars and getting free samples of their wares. Mooring fees were 100 escudos per day (about \$2.10), but showers (plenty of hot water) cost 150 per boat per day. A good deal if you had 10 crew members, but rather expensive with only two of us.

From Leixoes, we cruised down towards Lisbon, stopping at fishing villages for over-nighters along the way, such as Peniche. In every case, the fishermen were very hospitable and most often directed us onto one of the moorings they knew would be vacant for a few days. We finally arrived at Lisbon and berthed at the Doca de Bom Sucesso, located just past the Belem Tower. Berthing is stern to the quay. Water is available for a slight charge, but no electricity. I cost about \$1.90 per day for our boat. Shopping for provisions we found to be slightly cheaper (and much closer) in the Alges area, about a kilometer west of the dock. We used the streetcars at about 10¢ a ride. One can buy just about anything in Lisbon, one just has to look for it.

From Lisbon we slowly cruised down the coast, the most enjoyable stop ½ day out of Lisbon at Sesimbra. A most beautiful, and busy fishing village, with small boats stopping by us and giving us 7 or 8 sardines about 10 inches long to grill for dinner. What a nice place. We stayed 3 days. The most memorable portion of the sail was after a very dense fog all through the night, about 1 mile from Cape St. Vicente at dawn the fog lifted just enough to show the majestic cape and its lighthouse. We turned the corner and sailed into one of the beautiful sunrises we have seen. We stopped at Vilamoura, a new holiday complex complete with a very professionally run marina for 600 boats, hotels, restaurants, casino, shops, etc. They even have their security guards, a delegation of the maritime police to clear in and out boats, and a delegation from immigration police to do the same for personnel. We were able to get some repairs (fiberglass patching of water tanks) done, and they have a 50 ton travellift as well as a railway slipway. It cost us about \$3.00 per day, however, they have monthly and annual rates at much cheaper prices. A super marina, better than any we saw in England. We used Vilamoura as a base for sailing and cruising the Algarve area, and to Cadiz, Spain. We were sorry to finally leave, but we had to get to the Canaries to get ready for our Atlantic crossing.

We left Vilamoura late on 21 September with a good Force 4 from the west on our beam. By midnight it had changed to gale Force 8 from the North, and went to Force 9 the next morning. I used only a staysail, and with the wind and seas dead on my stern, we fairly flew for the first three days. We have an Aries wind van self-steerer, and we did not have to touch it the whole time. This was the first time that I have tried to use the Aries in a gale; I usually disconnect it and fold up the vane and manually handle the tiller. But this time, I let it have its head, and I am sorry I didn't do this before. It worked perfectly. With only a headsail up, there was no danger of jibing, so we let it have its head. By the end of the gale, we were spot on our course. Super wind vane! Early in the morning of the 27 September, we pulled into Santa Cruz, Tenerife. One look at the thick oil on the surface, we turned around and left that harbor. We went 5 miles south to a small private marina at Radazul. Radazul is not really set up to take yachts, but if there is any room on



*the quay, you can tie up there. It is too small to anchor, the marina being built to handle small motor boats and daysailers. We rested there for a couple of days, then went down to Los Christianos and anchored in the protected harbor there while provisioning. Los Christianos is on the SW corner of Tenerife, and is now considered to be the best one-stop provisioning place in the islands. Since the tourists have mostly departed by the end of September, the yachtsmen mostly have the city to themselves. Right now there are about 12 boats readying for the crossing to the West Indies, with more boats on their way down from Europe. I am told that there will be around 40-50 boats in this harbor alone by mid-October.*

*The following are general comments which may help others:*

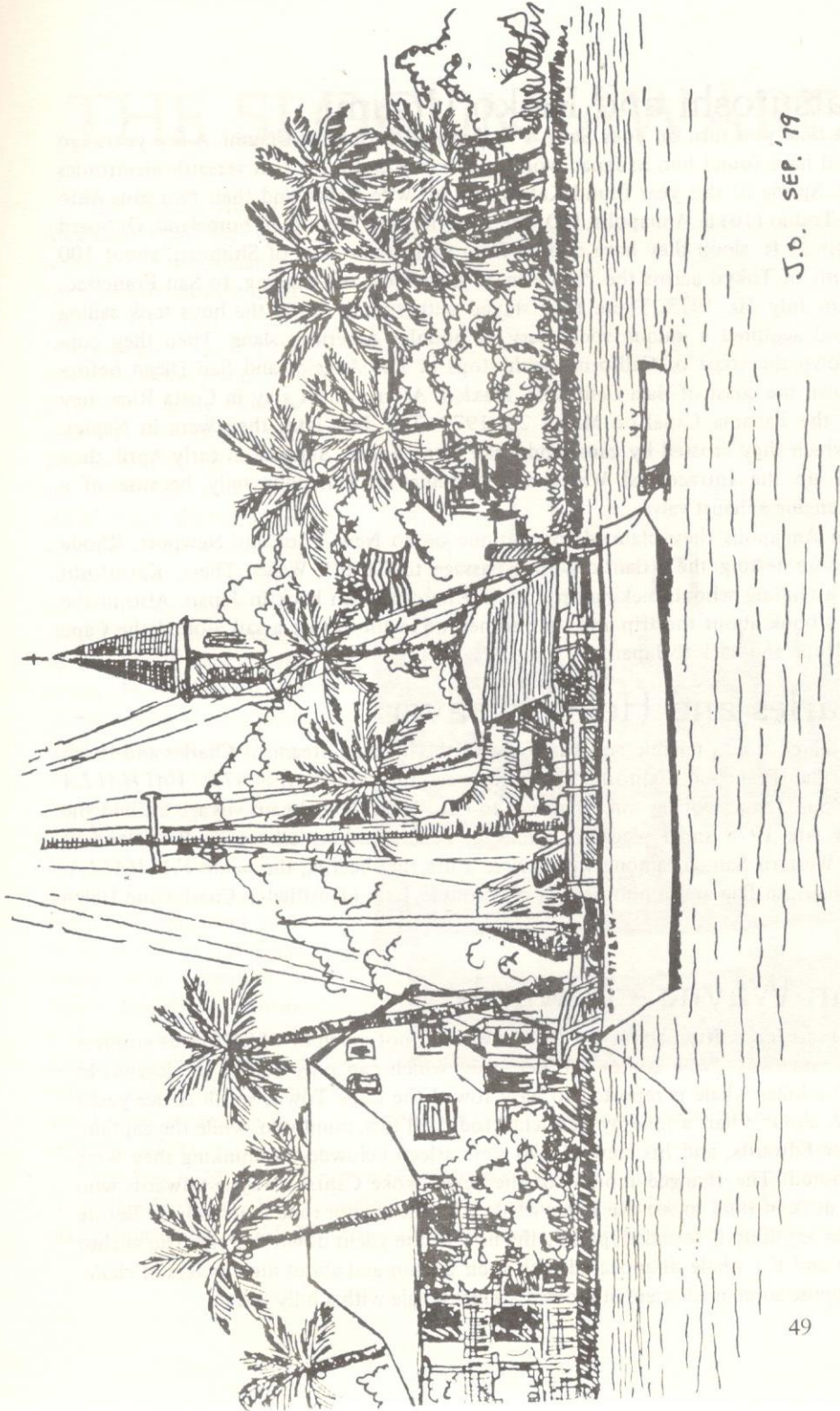
*Moth balls, placed in garments bags or plastic bags with clothes stop mildew even though the clothes get damp. English eggs, fresh and unwashed and unrefrigerated kept for 4 months without any protective covering or anything else done to them. On the contrary Spanish eggs, fresh and unwashed and unrefrigerated don't keep for more than a month. Must be something in the diet. British pilots, are the absolute best. They have drawings of most lighthouses which made identification easy, plus they have information for small craft as well as for big ships. English rope (Marlowe or Marina) is not near half the quality or strength size for size of American Samson or Yale rope and is almost twice the price of the US equivalents. Spanish lights and radio beacons work and are as described in the light and radio aids lists, whereas in Portugal, many of the lights and most of the beacons were not working or intermittently out. Wine is cheaper in Spain (and almost as good as the French) than anywhere else in the world. British or Canadian flour make the best homemade bread, and keep best. Rice and barley mixed 50/50 makes a good ocean mix.*

## Diane and "J.O." Olshefsky

Diane and "J. O." Olshefsky went through celestial navigation at Orange Coast College like they had a definite goal in mind. They did, and a letter from them, written while swinging at anchor off historic Kailua-Kona on the Big Island of Hawaii, also had one of JO's sketches.

*"We have made some friends here in Kailua-Kona who have sailed a Lapworth 36 named HELE (formerly ANDOLA) from Long Beach through the South Pacific to here. We saw their slides last night and today we started the paperwork to get our passports - we're going! We're having a friend on the mainland send us the right charts since all of ours stopped at the equator! The cost of living here in Hawaii is terribly high - that's one of the reasons for our decision to go South. The facilities here in the islands are pretty dismal. The anchorages are so rough (and full of coral) and they really discourage transients - \$3.00 a day for nothing. Kealakekua is nice. There are no facilities other than a pay phone. Honaunau is nice too except they are calling it a refuge and don't want you to anchor there. In a couple of days we're going on to Maui."*





J.O. SEP. '79

ELSIE at anchor off Kailua-Kona, Hawaii by "J. O." Olshefsky

## Katsutoshi and Reiko Utsumi

Next time you turn on your Sony TV, think of **Katsutoshi Utsumi**. A few years ago you would have found him in Japan working as a distributor for that versatile electronics company. Spring of this year found Katsutoshi, his wife **Reiko** and their two sons **Akio** (12) and **Toshio** (10) in Annapolis, MD, half a world away from their homeland. Onboard *PAL*, their 31 ft. sloop they have cruised from their home port of Shimuzu, about 100 miles south of Tokyo across the Pacific in 58 days most of it sailing, to San Francisco, arriving on July 10, 1978. There they stayed with friends while the boys took sailing lessons and acquired a unique vocabulary of popular American slang. Then they continued down the coast of California with stops at Los Angeles and San Diego before sailing down the coast of Baja California, Mexico. After a short stay in Costa Rica they transited the Panama Canal on March 20, 1979. Ten days later they were in Naples, Florida which they crossed by canal and Lake Okeechobee. Starting in early April, they wandered up the Intracoastal Waterway, stopping in Annapolis only because of a damaged engine exhaust valve.

From Annapolis they planned to continue on to New York and Newport, Rhode Island before testing the Atlantic with a passage to Cardiff, Wales. There, Katsutoshi plans on attending school, picking up a subject he can teach back in Japan. Also in the offing is a book about the trip and then sometime in the future a sail around the Cape of Good Hope and back to Japan.

## Charles and Helen Weaver

It is feared that a terrible end has come to the lifetime dream of **Charles and Helen Weaver** of San Francisco, California. Two years ago they sailed off in 47 ft. *VALHALLA* from the San Francisco Bay on what was to have been their dream voyage around the world. In late 1978 small pieces of wreckage began washing ashore on the Island of Savaii in Western Samoa, among which were a life ring bearing the name *VALHALLA*, SF, an American flag and a photograph of a couple, later identified as Charles and Helen Weaver.

## John Wayne - Edwards

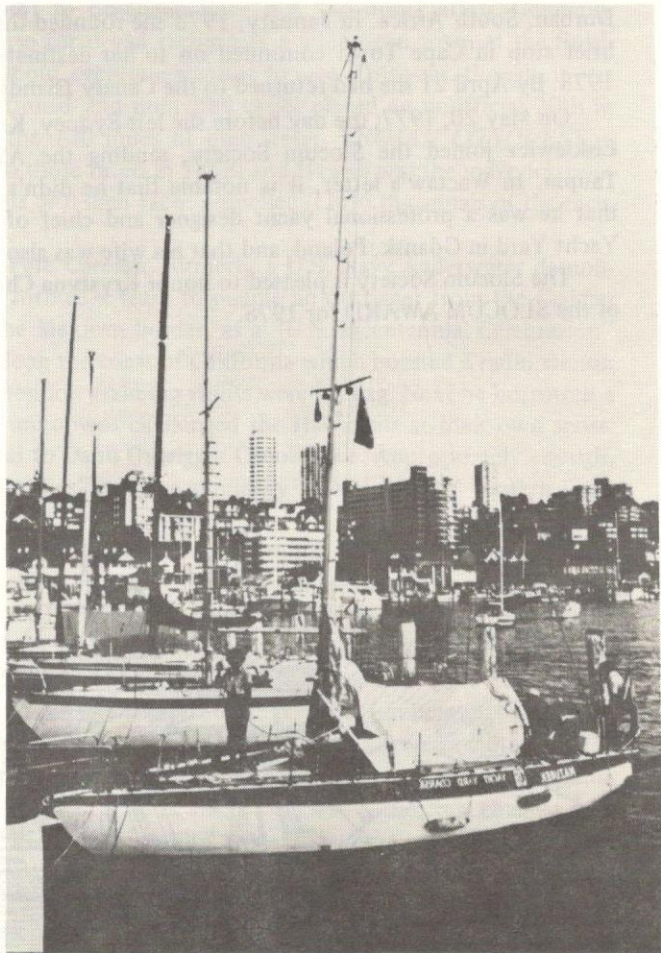
Much has been written about the "Killer Whale", not much of which makes you rest easy when underway. Now comes another story which can only add to the legend. In June, 1979 a killer whale is reported to have towed the Cape Town, South Africa yacht *MINSTREL* about a half a mile by its anchor rode. All this, mind you, while the captain, **John Wayne-Edwards**, and his crew of two were asleep belowdecks, thinking they were safely anchored. The changed motion of the vessel woke Captain Wayne-Edwards who arrived on deck in time to see the killer whale with the anchor rode in its mouth. Before he could do anything it sounded, pulling the bow of the yacht down sharply. The anchor rode broke and the whale disappeared with their anchor and about nine meters of chain. Do you suppose some mad scientist crossed a killer whale with a billy goat?



# THE SLOCUM AWARD

The Slocum Award is presented "for the most notable, single-handed transoceanic passage made during the past year". Interestingly, in 1956 when the award was first proposed, many society members insisted that **Joshua Slocum** not receive the award in that year. Aside from the technical problem of his memorable voyage not having been made in the prior year, they insisted that nothing further could add to his honor. In that year it was presented to singlehander **Vito Dumas** who, in 1931-32 had sailed from France to Argentina in *LEHG*; in 1942-43 had sailed around the world via the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Horn with only three stops in *LEGH II*; in 1946 had sailed from Argentina to North America to Europe and back to Argentina in *LEGH II*; and in 1956 had sailed from Argentina to the United States via Bermuda in *SIRIO*.

On March 20, 1978, **Krystyna Chojnowska-Liskiewicz** crossed her outbound track at N 16° 08.5'; W 35° 50', becoming the first woman to complete a singlehanded circumnavigation of the world. The trip had taken almost two years (8 days shy). On March 28,



Krystyna in Sydney – photo by Guenter Woyde



1976 her unheralded departure from Las Palmas in the Canary Islands went unnoticed by the world yachting press. Heading westward across the Atlantic, she transited the Panama Canal, crossed through the islands of the South Pacific, calling at the Marquesas, Tahiti, and Fiji before spending the year end in Sydney, Australia. By mid 1977 she had passed north of Australia and headed out across the Indian Ocean, spending the end of 1977 in Durban, South Africa. In January, 1978 she rounded the Cape of Good Hope and after a brief stop in Cape Town continued on to her destination with history on March 20th, 1978. By April 21 she had returned to the Canary Islands.

On May 20, 1977, the day before she left Sydney, Krystyna and her husband **Wactaw Liskiewicz** joined the Slocum Society, sending the A\$10 dues to our secretary, **Jean Taupin**. In Wactaw's letter, it is notable that he didn't mention his wife's venture, just that he was a professional yacht designer and chief of the Design Office of J. Conrad Yacht Yard in Gdansk, Poland, and that his wife was also a naval architect.

The Slocum Society is pleased to honor **Krystyna Chojnowska-Liskiewicz** as recipient of the SLOCUM AWARD for 1978.



# THE RACES

## Newport to Ensenada

Normally California's **Newport to Ensenada Race** is a "ho hum" affair. Generally good weather, a fairly short course for ocean racing and a wide open town at the finish make it a popular race for just about everyone wanting to race. This year, though, it was different. An unofficial, unsanctioned and uninvited vessel placed an unofficial 20th in 20 hours and 25 minutes over the 130 miles of blue water. *TROJAN CONQUEST*, a 40 foot outrigger canoe similar to those raced in Tahiti and Hawaii was the maverick boat and 18 bronzed paddlers, in shifts of 6 men each, propelled it into the annals of the race, like it or not.

It all started in 1976 when **Pete Carolan**, formerly a U.S. Navy underwater demolition man and now a van artist formed a team to paddle an outrigger from the Golden Gate Bridge to Coronado near the Mexican border, as a "U.S. Bicentennial Celebration" event. Stopping at every town along the coast of California which boasted a radio station or newspaper, he realized that attention grabbing stunts were his bag. Next he borrowed a boat and with a rag tag crew of unknowns challenged the Hawaiians at their own sport, winning the annual **1978 Molokai to Oahu Outrigger Canoe Race**. Appropriately enough, his group was called "Blazing Paddles" and the similarity to Mel Brooks' western farce was intentional.

His crew for the Ensenada race was composed of, among others, a free-lance photographer, a carpenter, a college student, a judo trimmed businessman, an ex-marine, and a reformed cab driver/ex-bouncer. All have one physical trait in common, the terrific stamina that is required for the one hour stints on board *TROJAN CONQUEST* relieved by a two hour rest on board the escort vessel. Crew changes resemble a pit stop at Daytona Raceway with the two teams, the relieving and the relieved, jumping into the water and then onboard the escort vessel and canoe. It takes 15 seconds before the canoe is once again underway, the paddles blazing away at 60 strokes per minute driving the canoe at upwards of 6 knots. After dark when a shark fin cut the water, the crew changes continued each hour but with a rubber raft and taking longer. Also, the crew members were dead tired so the stint in the canoe was shortened to only 30 minutes. But the stroke was increased to 68 per minute, faster than the 64 per minute rate which had won the much shorter Molokai to Oahu race. At 10:25 they flashed across the finish line and the crew slumped across the paddles.

At the Bahia Hotel, the victorious and the not so victorious sailboat skippers and crew hoisted champagne glasses and made speeches as the race trophies were presented. At Hussongs Cantina, no-host beer and amber tequila were shared by bronzed bodies at the bar and it was bedlam. A braless, nubile, young thing accepted the offer of a ride back to Newport onboard the escort boat; and **Pete Carolan** has deftly executed another outrageous stunt.



## La Transat en Double

There are two notable aspects to the first **La Transat en Double** which started on May 26, 1979. First of all is the peculiar race course. While many ocean races end up in popular, resort areas, such as the OSTAR and **Transpac** to Honolulu, this one started and ended in the Brittany port of Lorient, France. In between, the competitors passed around Bermuda and one can only speculate on their thoughts as they passed within sight of the revelry ashore. Secondly, the race committee went to great lengths to assure that the precise location of all vessels is known by the committee. This latter, accomplished by automatic transmitting equipment on each vessel, could also pinpoint the vessels' location in the event of an accident. Entered in the race were many of the "big names" in the long distance race world. **Eric Tabarly**, who has won most of the world's major ocean racing honors, and his crewmember **Marc Pajot**, the Flying Dutchman silver medalist in the 1972 Olympics, led the fleet in a 54 ft. hydrofoil trimaran **PAUL RICARD**. Others flying the French flag were *V.S.D.* sailed by **Eugene Riguidel** and **Gilles Gahinet**; **HYDROFOLIE** sailed by **Alain Labbe** and **Lowic Caradec**; and **KRITER VI** sailed by **Olivier de Kersausan** and **Gerard Dijkstra**. Canadian **Mike Birch**, who won the **Route du Rhum** and **Jean-Marie Vidal** who entered but had to withdraw from the second "real" singlehanded **Transpac** (San Francisco to Okinawa in 1975) sailed **TELE 7 JOURS** (ex **QUEST**). **Chay Blyth**, first person to sail around the world non-stop "the wrong way" (**Robin Knox-Johnson** did it first and did it the "right way", eastabout) and his crewmember **David McGachen** sailed Chay's 52 ft. trimaran **GREAT BRITAIN IV**. Left behind at the start was the world's largest trimaran **CHARLES HEIDSEICK**, sailed by **Pierre English** who should never have left port. The ungainly vessel overturned and was abandoned in mid-Atlantic. Later, the derelict was involved in a collision with **Bob Lush's OLYMPUS SAILING CANADA**, then competing in the **Bermuda 1-2** (See Short Snorts).

## Spice Race

A new race, aimed at attracting the competitors finishing the **Parmelia Race** (Plymouth, England to Perth, Australia - see *Spray* Vol XXII, pg. 49) was announced by the Nedlloyd Shipping Company of Rotterdam. Retracing the route of the old spice trade, between the East Indies and Europe, the 12,000 mile **Spice Race** will start on March 12, 1980 in Jakarta, Indonesia and finish in Rotterdam sometime between mid-May and mid-June. The race will be limited to monohulls which have an IOR rating and which are between 29 and 70 feet in length. There will be two divisions, one for those wishing to stop at Cape Town and the other for those wishing a non-stop race.

Entries have so far been received from five maritime nations: Holland (**CASCARUDA**, **BEACHCOMBER**, **SPIRIT OF RAMFISH** and **NUTMEG**); Italy (**ITALIAN DREAM**); Great Britain (**GYPSY MOTH V**, **MOON DANCER** and **BUBBLEGUM**); France (**GAULOISES 3**); and Belgium (**INCISIF**).

## Bermuda 1-2

**Jerry Cartwright's Bermuda 1-2** race, run from Newport, Rhode Island to Bermuda in June of this year, was a rousing success. Four Slocum Society members were in the race and this is how they finished. **Doug Peck**, who **Bill Kellam** has nominated for our non-existent "Member who Messes Around the Most" Award, placed fourth in his *GOONEY BIRD*. Just 25 minutes later, **Judith Lawson**, a journalist and the only woman entered in the event, crossed the finish line to claim fifth place in *AENGUS' SONG*. *KATALPHA*, owned and sailed by **Dave White**, a veteran of the second "true" **Single-handed Trans-pac** (SFO to Okinawa in 1975) and the first "shortie" **Single-handed Trans-pac** (SFO to Kauai, Hawaii in 1977) placed 12th, and **Bob Lush** who is editor of the *Sailing Canada* yachting magazine in his spare time, placed 18th in *OLYMPUS SAILING CANADA*.

Overall winner, on corrected time was 10 year old *OCEAN SPIRIT*, sailed by **Mike Voeguely** in 5 days, 00 hours, 46 minutes, and 39 seconds. Second on corrected time was the first to cross, vessel *MOON SHINE*, sailed by **Francis Stokes** in 5:02:57:45.

**Bill Kellam** wrote to say that race organizer, **Jerry Cartwright** wasn't able to get a boat ready in time for this race but hopes to be ready for the 1980 OSTAR with a yacht of his own design. Bill also said that he hopes to be able to enter the **1981 Bermuda 1-2** but will need a sponsor for the undertaking. Members interested in participating in that adventure should write to him at P. O. Box 43, Galena, MD 21635, U.S.A.

## Single Handed "Transpac"

We recently received word from **Mike Herz**, Commodore of the *Singlehanded Sailing Society* that its second **Single Handed Transpac** from San Francisco to Kauai, Hawaii will start on June 15, 1980. It is for both multihull and monohull sailing vessels with PHRF or IOR racing ratings. Also planned is a Kauai to San Francisco doublehanded return race. Mike told me that he thinks up to 50 vessels may be at the starting line next June. Interested members should contact Mike at: Singlehanded Sailing Society; c/o Oceanic Society; Building E; Fort Mason; San Francisco, CA 94123, USA. His phone number is (415) 441-1120.

## Newport to Bermuda Multihull Race

The **Newport to Bermuda Multihull Race** started on June 9th along with the **Bermuda 1-2**. The first across the finish line, **Phil Weld** in his 60 ft. trimaran *ROGUE WAVE*, was less than a day ahead of the Bermuda 1-2 winner. On corrected time, **Francis Carter** of Bermuda won the race in his 35 ft. trimaran with a familiar name *SPRAY IV*. One wonders what Captain Slocum would think of this modern namesake.



## Marion to Bermuda Cruising Race

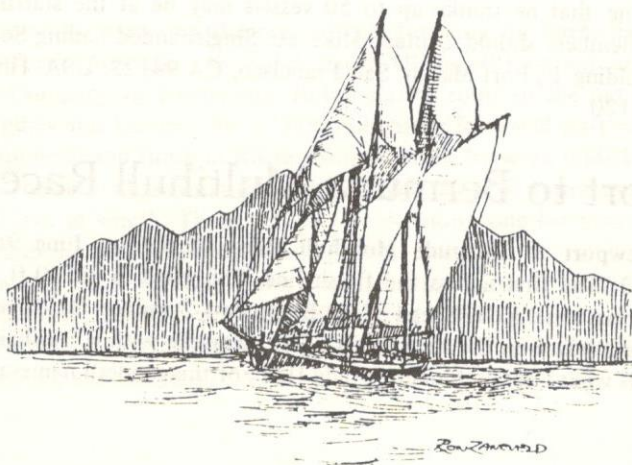
When a Westsail 32 enters a race, "something", as our San Diego Correspondent **Nancy Oro** is fond of saying, "is gone askew". The second annual **Marion to Bermuda Cruising Yacht Race** was designed to discourage the over winched and under weight hot-shots so common in racing circles these days. For example, each vessel was allowed only three sails other than the standard working sails and storm canvas. Spinnakers and bloopers were banned as were boats stripped out belowdecks. **Harvy White**, race committee member commented to a *Cruising World* writer (C.W. Aug., 1979) "My guess would be that roughly half of those going are simply people who enjoy offshore cruising and are taking the opportunity to sail in company to Bermuda".

The race began on June 22nd and the winner on corrected time as well as first across was the 48 foot ketch, *GABRIELLA* (with corrected time of 3 days, 15 hours, 12 seconds) owned by **Henry Clayman** of Marblehead, Massachusetts. She also won the Navigator's Trophy and the Class B trophy.

And for those of you keeping score, the winner of the Westsail 32 Miniclass was *DEJA VU*, owned by **Captain M. Garfinkle**.

## ODTAR

If the **Observer Singlehanded Trans Atlantic Race** can be shortened to OSTAR, then why not call the **Observer Doublehanded Trans Atlantic Race** the ODTAR? Well, whatever, perhaps this race, announced to start on June 6, 1981 for boats 25 feet to 85 feet LOA, is the Observer's answer to critics of the OSTAR who claim, among other things, that the OSTAR monsters represent a significant hazard to other boats while the single-handed skipper sleeps or is otherwise occupied.



# THE SLOP CHEST

## Women in Command

In the July 8, 1977 issue of *Yachts and Yachting*, Slocum Society member **Judith Lawson** wrote an interesting article about **Louise Kevin Burke**, the first woman to command a U.S. Naval vessel. That vessel was the U.S. Naval Academy's 82 ft. schooner *MISTRAL* which had been donated to the school in the fall of 1976 by well known American yachtsman **Robert Scarborough**. As quoted in Judith's article, Louise Burke commented that *MISTRAL* and she had arrived at the academy on the same day and the powers that be didn't know what to do with either of them. So they put them together in what eventually became a very successful pilot program to provide the U.S. Navy's first genuine sail training endeavour since sails powered the fleet.

On April 12, 1979 Lt. (jg) **Beverly G. Kelly** became the first woman to command a commissioned vessel for the United States, the 95 foot U.S. Coast Guard Cutter *NEWAGEN* stationed at Maalaea Bay, Maui, Hawaii. (Apparently *MISTRAL* wasn't a commissioned vessel)

So how did this Florida born math graduate from the University of Miami become the first woman to command a US commissioned vessel? It wasn't easy. Upon graduation from the university she went to work for a bank but hated the job. One day she heard that the US Coast Guard was taking women and she walked across the street and signed up. She joined the Coast Guard in February, 1976 and went to Officers Candidate School in Yorktown, Virginia, earning her commission four months later. She started her career as marine safety officer in Norfolk, Virginia, a far cry from the sea duty she had expected. So she wrote a letter to the Commandant via the regular chain of command and three months later received a reply, "no women go to sea". Five months later the USCG reversed itself and announced they would put women on their ships and by June, 1977 Beverly, with her orders to the 375 ft. cutter *MORGANTHAU* became one of the first 12 women assigned to a Coast Guard vessel. She was aboard that vessel for 18 months, part of which she spent as navigator and then head of the weapons department. On January 6, 1979 she received orders to the *NEWAGEN* as commanding officer. The rest is history.

## Joshua Slocum Adventurer

**Laurence Bagley**, acknowledged marine painter has produced a Limited Edition print of his "*Joshua Slocum, Adventurer*" painting. (See accompanying photograph) Only 500 copies of the print have been made and all are signed by the artist. It depicts Captain Slocum's *SPRAY* under full sail. The image size is 18½" x 29" and is available as a print alone (for £75.00 plus VAT) or in a hand cut overlay mount at (at £79.00 plus VAT). Further information may be obtained from Solomon & Whitehead Ltd.; Gervis Place; Bournemouth; Dorset BH1 2AR; England, U.K.

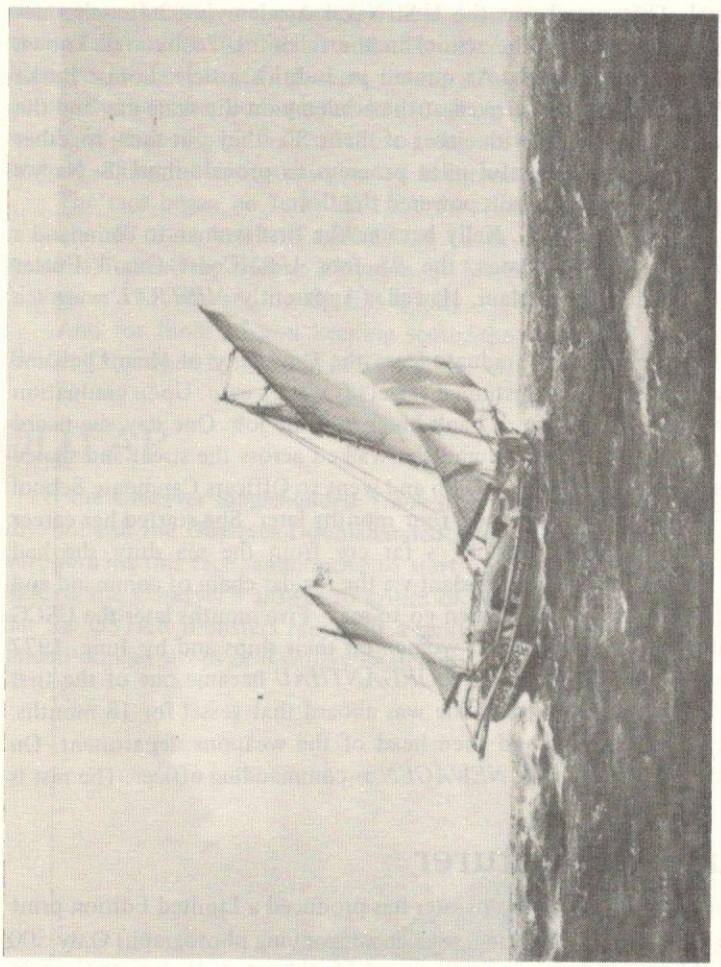


# Joshua Slocum - Adventurer



**Joshua Slocum - Adventurer**  
 The first man to circumnavigate the globe in a single voyage, Slocum's adventures are chronicled in his book "Sailing Alone Around the World".

The illustrations are the work of the artist who designed the cover of the book.



THE SLOCUM CHRIST  
 Women in Command  
 ...

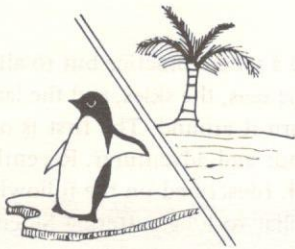
# Curing the Ills of Society

There are two medical doctors who choose not to build a secure practice but to alter the course of mankind. Both look upon the pollution in the seas, the skies, and the land as a life threatening process with not many years left to turn it around. The first is our own **Dr. David Lewis**, well known singlehanded sailor, author and adventurer. Recently, David has organized the **Oceanic Research Foundation, Ltd.** (described on the following page ). Starting his newsletter No. 5 with an apology familiar to long suffering Slocum Society members, "It is sincerely regretted that almost a year has passed without a newsletter", he goes on to tell of the fund raising efforts and design team for the new research vessel *DOUGLAS MAWSON*. She will continue the work of the first vessel, *SOLO* a 57 ft. yawl which made voyages to Antarctica and the Torres Straits during 1978. Interested members may write to: David Lewis, President, Oceanic Research Foundation, Ltd., Danger Island, New South Wales 2253, Australia. Membership dues are A\$10 or US\$12 per year.

The other medical doctor who chooses to treat the pollution ills of the world is **Dr. Alain Bombard** who, in 1952 set the maritime world on its ear by challenging the **DO NOT DRINK SALT WATER** statement seen in the survival handbooks. He sailed across the Atlantic in his Zodiac dinghy, *L'HERETIQUE*, in 65 days drinking and eating only what the sea provided, salt water, fish juices, plankton, rain water and fish. When he reached Barbados he had lost 16 pounds and about half of his red blood corpuscles, but he had won the fight to save the shipwrecked mariner from the perils of dehydration and starvation upon the hostile sea. Now, turning the tables, he is fighting to save the sea from hostile man.

As director of **Observatoire de la Mer**, Dr. Bombard oversees a complex of aquariums, a museum and laboratories on the Mediterranean island of Embiez, whose filthy beaches are already a casualty of the destructive elements polluting the seas. In a *Baltimore-Sun* article by **Patricia Pullan**, sent to us by **John Bender**, Bombard is quoted as saying "The sea used to act as a sort of garbage disposal unit. Everything useless and unwanted that went into it was destroyed in a fairly short space of time. But it's not like that any more. Plastics, oil, and other chemical wastes that cannot be broken down by sea-water will float on the surface and prevent the sun's rays from reaching the seabed and the plankton found there. The plankton therefore dies instead of becoming food for small fish, which in turn feed larger fish, which should help feed people. Also, eighty percent of the air's oxygen content is produced by plankton. Kill them off and no oxygen will be produced." When asked how to reverse the trend, he said "It's going to be a long job. The first thing to do is to get public opinion on our side. Only then will governments take energetic steps to slow down, and eventually stop the decline before it's too late."





## oceanic research foundation ltd.

### OBJECTIVES

More people and depleted world resources must bring new and increased human activity to the less accessible and sparsely inhabited places near Australasia, especially Oceania and the Antarctic.

In response to this challenge, the Oceanic Research Foundation was proposed in 1975 by Dr. David Lewis and a group of fellow scientists and explorers to undertake independent marine based research in the Southern, Eastern and Northern waters of Australia to supplement current governmental, national park and academic activities. The Foundation has been approved as a research institute for tax free donation under section 73 A (6) of the Australian Income Tax Act.

It is a small adventurous group, independent of government and large firms, and determined to use its flexibility and the special experience and resourcefulness of its members to define and solve the problems which must arise from exploitation of the great remaining undeveloped areas.

Research will investigate some aspects of natural resources and ecological systems in remote areas and waters such as those of Antarctica, Melanesia and Polynesia, as well as the coastal waters of Australia, including river systems and the Great Barrier Reef. Some critical environmental studies will be undertaken. Damage which has already occurred from human settlement and the exploitation of marine and mineral resources will be assessed to assist in the development of guidelines for future development in these areas.

The Foundation's research will be expedition oriented. Small low-cost expeditions will go to remote places and learn by direct experiment the real problems of living, work and travel, plus the environmental effects of these activities. *The aim will be to learn by adventure and experience.* Some of the problems identified will be solved by the Foundation. Areas outside the scope of the Foundation will be referred to appropriate organizations. Full advantage will thus be taken of the unique opportunity which still exists in undeveloped places to foresee and forestall thoughtless and unnecessary damage to the environment.

The first expedition has been to Antarctica as a reconnaissance in developing methods to study problems of pioneering in an area where more detailed follow up is planned. Expeditions will continue to be planned in cooperation and coordination with relevant existing research programmes, governmental and other.

# The Vikings are Coming!!!

*THE VIKINGS ARE COMING!* must have struck terror whenever heard around the Atlantic basin a thousand years ago. But the same call in mid summer, 1979 signaled the start of a joyous celebration, the 1000 year anniversary of Norse inspired parliamentary government on the Isle of Man in the Irish Sea. After capsizing off Skye in incessant squalls, *ODIN'S RAVEN* a 50 foot replica of the 80 ft. longship now in the Viking Ship Museum in Oslo, ended a 1500 mile voyage from Trondheim, Norway to Peel Harbour on the Isle of Man, the 16 crew members bringing ashore a fir tree as a gift. But modern advances managed to worm their way into the reenactment of the original Viking voyages. While the crew of 11 from the Isle of Man and 5 from Norway dined on a fairly authentic Viking diet of dried reindeer meat, oatcakes, fresh vegetables, milk and honey, they prepared for the voyage under a modern training program devised by the Royal Marines and the Canadian Air Force. And while the original voyagers used no more sophistication in off shore navigation than following coastlines and rivers and, on overcast days, using a truculent sunstone which becomes opaque when turned towards the cloud-hidden sun; the modern mariners aboard *ODIN'S RAVEN* used a compass and charts. Worse yet, the British Department of Trade required a motor on board and so a 20 hp. Diesel was affixed to the pristine interior of the vessel. Perhaps, however, the greatest contrast between civilizations 1000 years apart was the sight at Manchester Airport of a Norseman, from *ODIN'S RAVEN* complete with horned helmet, presenting his boarding pass to the airlines gate attendant and transiting the electronic metal detection gateway to board the gleaming *BRITISH AIRWAYS' RAVEN*.

## Richard G. McCloskey

Received not long ago from our former secretary:

To Fellow Members of The Society:

Though I am no longer the Honorary Secretary of The Society I wish to assure everyone that I am still a Member and fully support all objectives of The Society.

I wish also to welcome all Members who want to call on us in Bothell to consult our Library and files, either personally or by mail. The address is 9206 Northeast 180th St., Bothell WA 98011. Phone (206) 485-2124.

We have unique information on all aspects of one and two-man transocean cruising from 1857 to 1957, and much material after those years. The only charge is for the cost price, plus shipping, for photo copies of material.

Good Sailing,

Richard Gordon McCloskey



## VTR for Sail

When Sony Corporation introduced the Betamax Video Tape Recorder and other companies around the world scrambled to copy the machine, Slocum Society members **Eleanor and Charlie Brown** started thinking. They had just completed a cruise from Kobenhavn, Denmark to Corpus Christi, Texas and had extensive films of the voyage. Instead of trying to compete in the overloaded travel film market they divided the edited film into five segments: #1 Sailing in Danish waters (45 min.); #2 Keil to Paris (55 min.); #3 Paris to Cartagena (55 min.); #4 Cartagena to the Canary Islands (55 min.); and #5 Canary Islands to Panama City, Florida (55 min.), and produced them in VHS, Beta, and U-Matic Video Tapes. They may be rented at \$25 per tape or purchased at \$100 per tape through: Dr. Douglas Haskin, 1615 Stone Lake Dr., Missouri City, Texas 77459, USA. For rental tapes, the dates to be shown should be specified and they will be mailed one week prior to that date.

## A Sailing Workboat

On January 6, 1974 *KIALOA*, a fifty foot yawl owned by Slocum Society member, **Mark Switzer**, became stranded on a reef off Maui in the Hawaiian Islands and was lost. Seemingly the end of a dream, her loss actually spawned new ideas in the mind of the owner. While *KIALOA* had been a fine yacht, intended for short voyages and much upkeep, Mark envisioned a vessel in which a community could live, sail, and work. His first project was for a 250 foot sailing vessel *THE GREAT GREY HOPE*, which would demonstrate "alternate modes of energy utilization, transportation, life support systems and social organization". The general hull form was inspired by the Gloucester fishing schooners of the late 19th and early 20th century, themselves products of one of the most dangerous fishing grounds in the world. The hull was to be either steel or ferro-concrete with the interior, pilot house and fo'c'sle of wood. Also, she was to have a wooden deck. Powered primarily by sail, an auxiliary, wind powered electric generating system would allow the storage of energy for use when the winds were contrary or non-existent.

As is the way with many dreams, she was never built and soon Mark turned to other projects, one of which was *The Oceanic Society*. But the dream of a wind powered work boat was not dormant. Consigning the big ship idea to a friend in New Zealand, he turned to the development of *MANUTEA*, a steel hulled sailing vessel of 112 ft. length and 25 ft. beam. She will be sailing by year end and will be used to deliver wind generating systems to the Pacific Islands from New Zealand as well as research, filming, charter and specialized freight. Sometime in the future will be an educational program with a sail apprenticeship and natural history programs.

## Plans Being "Best Laid"

The debate rages over the very real danger of nuclear power generation. One aspect, somewhat submerged in the attention grabbing "big blow-up" stories appearing now and then in the world press, is the problem of longterm storage of nuclear wastes. Right now the flow of spent nuclear fuel and other radioactive by-products is not a serious problem, but the increasing flow of these materials, plus their thousand years half life spell considerable problems for the future. For whatever reason, the US has decided against concentration of some of the spent fuel and recapturing the plutonium and some enriched uranium for further energy generation. As a result, the US feels it must recover spent uranium sent overseas to prevent this reprocessing, which also could produce nuclear weapons. But at present the US does not have a suitable storage place for the spent fuel. In early 1979 it was decided by the US government to study the possibility of "temporary" storage of nuclear wastes on one or more of three Pacific atolls, Midway, Palmyra and Wake. In August, 1979 the L.A. Times learned that the US had picked Palmyra as the dump site. Your secretary wrote to President Carter, saying in part:

*I must remind you of the delicate balance of nature on this (Palmyra) and every other island in the Pacific basin. Aside from totally destroying the island for thousands of generations to come, a tsunami of only moderate proportions could spread the contaminations to the seven seas. Some other solution to the waste disposal problem must be found.*

A few days later the island owners, the Fullard-Leo brothers of Honolulu, were quoted in the L.A. Times as saying that the US government had not contacted them regarding their island. So your secretary wrote to Ainsley Fullard-Leo, one of the brothers, to express the concern of the Slocum Society. Ainsley answered saying that they were vehemently opposed to such use of the island and had expressed that opposition in a telegram to President Carter. Reportedly the telegram has never been answered.

In mid September, the L.A. Times reported that an early September meeting between representatives of the U.S. and Japan had not reached agreement on the storage of Japan's spent uranium wastes which the US has agreed to recover from Japan. So your secretary again wrote to President Carter, saying in part:

*There is no question in my mind that long term storage of nuclear wastes on such low lying atolls as Palmyra, Midway or Wake Island, will eventually lead to contamination of the waters of the Pacific Ocean. It is immaterial whether this is brought about by an abrupt catastrophe such as an earthquake or tsunami spilling the containers, broken, into surrounding waters or over time by the highly corrosive salt air disintegration of the storage facility. What counts is our responsibility NOW to protect future generations from such contamination; for once in the waters it would spread like poison through the veins of the world's oceans.*



The answer from Hodding Carter III, Assistant Secretary for Public Affairs and State Department spokesman, said, in part:

*A key element in the U.S. strategy is the availability of sites for temporary storage of spent nuclear fuel. The U.S. government is conducting initial studies of three U.S. owned Pacific islands. Preliminary studies of Midway, Palmyra and Wake Island are being made. However at this time, we do not know whether this project is feasible or if any of these sites will be suitable for interim storage of nuclear spent fuel.*

*This temporary storage facility would be designed to prevent any nuclear material from coming into contact with the ocean or island soil. The spent fuel would be encased in massive concrete containers located on raised platforms on dry land. Detailed studies of potential risks and health and environmental considerations, among other studies, need to be performed before a final decision is made on this issue.*

*We will continue to consult with governments and other interested parties (but apparently the owners aren't considered "interested parties", Ed.) as we proceed with our evaluation and will take views fully into consideration. We are keeping Congress informed of this effort and Congressional approval will be sought as required by U.S. law.*

Your editor is reminded of the "tsunami proof" restaurant built after the disastrous April 1, 1946 tsunami leveled the waterfront area of Hilo, Hawaii. It was built on massive concrete legs, "to be above the force of the tsunami" and was a popular dining spot with its unobstructed view of the picturesque crescent of sand that marks Hilo's shoreline. The next tsunami swept the restaurant into the bay and not a pillar was left standing. A similar design error with a Palmyra storage facility would have far reaching consequences.



# FROM THE BOOKSHELF

**Murchie, Guy:** *Song of the Sky*. The Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., 1954. 438 pages, illustrated, indexed.

Written by an aircraft navigator, this book identifies and describes numerous world-wide atmospheric, celestial, and weather phenomena which are common to both flying and sailing. As a reference book, it provides scientific and practical information of interest to mariners. It should help cruising sailors to more readily understand and enjoy the awesome natural occurrences going on around them. It is also a story of romance with the elements told by Murchie who has closely observed their power and beauty.

Donn C. Slocum

**Vilas, Charles H:** *Saga of Direction*. Seven Seas Press, New York, 1978. 217 pages, illustrations, index. \$12.95

This reviewer is not renowned for his kindly remarks about so-called maritime books spewed forth by semi-literate authors and ignorant publishers, so when he says this Vilas book is a humdinger you can be sure it is (the adjective "humdinger" reveals the age of the reviewer, who was 13 years old and sailing sampans when *DIRECTION* was built in 1926. He is probably not in half the physical shape that *DIRECTION* is today under the tender and expert care of Captain Charles H. Vilas).

*Saga of Direction* is a splendid book, well written, well illustrated, well produced, and, glory be! bound in good cloth; and all this for \$12.95, about 6¢ a page, the going price for many a shoddy, ill-written book.

Vilas has written a loving, well-researched, but candid, biography of *DIRECTION* from her birth in Nyack, New York, to her near death in Greenland, to her rehabilitation and to the continuing, wonderful care given her by Vilas over the years. An honest Colin Archer, she has been an honest servant to her masters.

The book is excellently organized. The first part gives *DIRECTION*'s sailing history written by various hands. The next tells about the people involved with her; her first owner, her builder, her crew, her designer and his complete lines and offsets. Then there are generous quotes from the scrapbook Vilas has skillfully compiled about her. The last part is a most useful and expert account of what work Vilas has done to her and for her in the thirty-some years he has owned her.

The photographs are excellent; the drawings by Mrs. Vilas are decorative and helpful; some of Rockwell Kent's woodcuts are used from his 1930 book *N by E*, which gives his version of *DIRECTION*'s Greenland passage.

This is a book you will race through the first time, and then pick up again and again and browse contentedly here and there. It is a permanent book; once you have it you will keep it for all time. It is not a book to borrow from the library unless you wish to return there every month or so to savor it. It is a book to buy. Do so right now.

Only one complaint: there are no direct quotes from *DIRECTION* in this biography. Certainly she must murmur to master and mate her opinions of past captains and crew?

Richard Gordon McCloskey



**Griffith, Bob and Nancy:** *Blue Water, A Guide to Self-reliant Sailboat Cruising*. Sail Books, Inc., 267 pp. \$17.95

Sail Books has just published an undoubted classic, a fact-filled book that would be a worthy addition to the library of any enthusiastic sailor.

*Blue Water* was written by superbly competent sailors, Bob and Nancy Griffith, to share knowledge and experience gained largely during twenty years of sailing together on their two 53' cutters, both called *AWAHNEE*, a distance of over 200,000 miles. Not only Bob but Nancy, as well, is a proven sailor, a Coast Guard-accredited Master Mariner with experience as captain on long passages.

Many anecdotes and sixteen pages of beautiful photographs add greatly to the book. The authors mince no words in stating their opinion on many aspects of passage-making. Their advice might well be required reading for all who propose to cruise. In some of the reflective portions the writing is sheer poetry, as in Chapter 14, "Life at Sea" (excerpted in July, 1979, *Sail* magazine). In others it is forthright, sometimes startling or terrifying or amusing — but always informative.

Fearlessly resourceful, they avert trouble with pirates in Somali. Aground in the Red Sea, without an engine, Bob dynamites a 150' passage through coral to get free. To heat the cabin in an Antarctic passage he runs the exhaust pipe throughout most of the interior. The subtitle of the book (*A Guide to Self-reliant Sailboat Cruising*) is indeed appropriate.

There are chapters on hull design, rigging, anchoring, health, provisioning, emergencies, etc., etc. Fourteen voyages making up the 200,000 miles sailed over twenty years make an impressive and interesting list in the appendix. On the first *AWAHNEE* (until 1964) and the second they have sailed twice around the Horn and made three circumnavigations. They made sailing history with their 1970-1 circumnavigation in the southern latitudes, 88 sailing days with an elapsed time of 111 days.

The very fact that the book is impersonal raises many questions. We would like to learn more about sharing quarters with a succession of crew. What advice do the authors have concerning babies and young children on board? The safety netting and comments about schooling are the only references made to this interesting subject. How and where was the second *AWAHNEE* built, of ferro-cement? There must be a story here since the authors claim credit for the first circumnavigation in a ferro-cement boat, 1965-6.

Concerning children, we can say from observation when anchored nearby at Nuku Hiva, the Marquesas, October, 1975, that 5-year-old Teno was clearly taking to the life true to form, following his father around and helping with such chores as scrubbing the bottom or whatever. One day while visiting *AWAHNEE* there, I carelessly paused in the companionway, blocking access, and little Teno politely but devastatingly said to me, "The companionway is for going in or coming out!" Close inspection of the cover photo on the dust jacket discloses that the two very young children are scrubbing the deck at Bob's feet as he works at another job, surely an appropriate illustration of how the Griffith children fit into life aboard.

Sadly, July publication was just too late for Bob, who died suddenly in Hawaii of a heart attack. The book might serve in part as his memorial, if Nancy's achievement and contribution are also recognized.

Mary Louise Stewart

Along with the above book review, Mary Louise also attached a note:

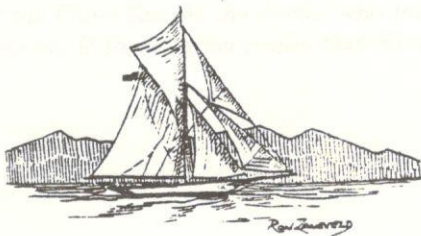
*Let me admit to bias in this book review –*

- 1. Our son, Doug, is an editor at Sail Books and worked on this book, and*
- 2. We got acquainted with the Griffiths in Nuku Hiva, Marquesas in October, 1975, at an anchorage with both AWAHNEE and the big Polynesian proa they had just sailed from California.*

*The book is beautifully dedicated to their 21 year old son, Reid, who died on Nuku Hiva in a climbing accident shortly after we left the Marquesas.*

I just finished reading **Clare Francis'** *Woman Alone: Sailing Solo Across the Atlantic*, 1977. This is an account of her participation in the Observer Singlehanded TransAtlantic Race in 1976. I had looked forward to reading the book, in part because it had been recommended to me. But I was disappointed in it. The book is a highly personal account, with the emphasis throughout on Ms. Francis' feelings and emotions, her diet, appetite and digestion; her clothes, the state of her hair, etc. The book reads much more like a young girl's diary than the log of a singlehanded passage. The author, disclaiming any writing ability, makes little effort to avoid the use of the pronoun "I", which appears an average of 15 times per page. Even the photos are a disappointment. (The BBC documentary movie using film taken by Ms. Francis, had some spectacular, bad weather shots, but these are not in the book.) The jacket blurb describes the book as a "a sailor's story of courage and adventure . ." and "also a woman's story . . her very personal account . ." In actuality, it is far more a very personal account than a sailor's story.

Captain John L. Bender, USCGR





# WORLD SALES

## Jean Gau



**Jean Gau**, artist and single-handed sailor, died in the spring of 1979, leaving a legacy which will be hard to duplicate. He crossed the Atlantic in *ATOM*, his Tahiti ketch, eleven times and circumnavigated the world twice, the first started after he was already 50 years old and the second concluded in his 67th year. He left with many questions unanswered, for he was a very private man, and now is sharing his tales with Slocum, Voss and others cut from the same canvas on *Fidlers Green*.

Neal T. Walker

Jean Gau, a self portrait from "An Interview with Jean Gau aboard Atom" by James Tazelaar, appearing in Chesapeake Bay Magazine, November, 1974

## Lydia Tanguald

In mid May we received a sad letter from Slocum Society member **Peer Tangvald** mailed in Malacca, Malaysia.

*We left Cebu and headed across the Sulu sea towards Brunei. On February 20 1979 Lydia was killed by pirates. It was 10 o'clock in the morning and we were below decks when we became aware that a motorboat was overhauling us quickly with the apparent intention to come alongside. Being apprehensive with this part of the world, Lydia suggested that we fire a warning shot so as to discourage them about coming closer. I disagreed with her saying that it was too late. By the time we got the gun from its stowage place and got it loaded, they would be alongside. It would not be a warning shot but a declaration of war and we would be sure to be losers. She did not argue but went quietly down, leaving me at the tiller. I expected that they would be fishermen trying to trade some fish for cigarettes or whisky but at worst if they were pirates I wanted only to let them take what they wanted without resistance and hopefully they would do us no harm. To my dismay, Lydia came up a little later through the forhatch with the gun in her hand. By then the boat was pulling alongside. Lydia shouted something to them in English and then raised the gun and fired just above them. Almost immediately I heard a shot from inside their wheelhouse and Lydia fell in the water, splashing blood all over the foredeck and tainting the sea red as she slid off, the boat passing by. Turning back towards the boat I sighted straight into the gun of the man who had just killed my wife and expected to be shot also but he hesitated and finally lowered the gun from his shoulder and gave the order to two of his men to jump over to my boat. Only then did I become aware of little Thomas who had come on deck and clung to my leg. No doubt the unexpected sight of that beautiful and innocent boy gave scruples to the bandit. They took my cash and the gun which had fallen on the foredeck but nothing else and seemed in a hurry to get away. After their departure, I turned around to try and find Lydia but saw nothing but the empty sea.*

*I stayed for a month in Brunei while the police investigated the case and then came here to Malacca. Nevertheless, I am glad to be in another part of the world, to try and forget all the happenings of the China Sea. As the doctor who treated me in Brunei said over and over "Life has to go on, if for no other reason than my son will now have only me".*



Minutes of the ANNUAL MEETING of THE SLOCUM SOCIETY held on June 23, 1979  
at 10457 Highdale, Bellflower, California, USA.

The meeting was called to order at 1915 PDT by Neal T. Walker.

Determination of Quorum: As of June 22, 1979 there were 220 paid and honorary life members. In accordance with the by-laws of the society, 10% of the membership present in person or by proxy shall represent a quorum. As of June 22, 1979, 47 members had submitted proxy forms.

Election of officers: The following were unanimously elected to the offices shown:

Secretary and Director	Neal T. Walker
Treasurer and Director	Jean-Charles Taupin
Director	Curt Shoemaker

Reports – Financial: The financial report, attached hereto, was presented and accepted.  
– Membership: Paid and honorary life membership stood at 220 as of June 22, 1979. Approximately 200 overseas members have not been heard from since mailing of dues notices in early June due primarily to the delay of the postal service. In addition, approximately 200 US, Canada and Mexico members have not been heard from as of June 22nd.

Awards: The lists of Slocum Award and Voss Award nominees stated in the agenda were read and discussed. The Secretary is to announce the names of the award winners, if any at a later date.

Other Business: It was announced that the society now has representatives in four countries. These representatives collect dues and other monies in their local currencies and deposit them in local banks. They pay the legitimate expenses of the society in their respective countries and periodically transfer funds to the central account of the society. The representatives and the countries represented are:

United Kingdom	Michael C. Hardcastle
Republic of South Africa	Konrad T. Eriksen
Australia	Guenter H. Woyde
United States of America	Neal T. Walker

In addition to the above, members in Canada and New Zealand have been contacted to become representatives in their respective countries.

Adjournment: The meeting was adjourned at 1945 PDT.

Neal T. Walker  
Secretary

FINANCIAL REPORT OF THE SLOCUM SOCIETY  
BALANCE SHEET AS OF

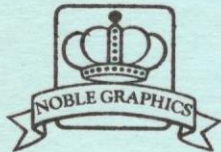
	10/30/78	12/31/78	6/22/79
ASSETS			
Cash			
Cal. First Bank	\$1800	\$ 90	\$ 191
Fidelity Fed.		1523	1015
Midlands (U.K.)	US\$ 449	US\$ 466	US\$ 488
R.S.A.			US\$ 50
Australia			US\$ 25
Total Cash	\$2249	\$2079	\$1769
Capital Assets			
Office M/C & Eq.	\$ 2	\$ 66	\$ 342
TOTAL ASSETS	2251	\$2145	\$2111
LIABILITIES	\$ 0	\$ 0	\$ 0
NET WORTH			
At start of per.		\$2251	\$2145
Net change		(106)	(34)
At end of per.	\$2251	\$2145	\$2111
TOTAL NET WORTH	\$2251	\$2145	\$2111

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