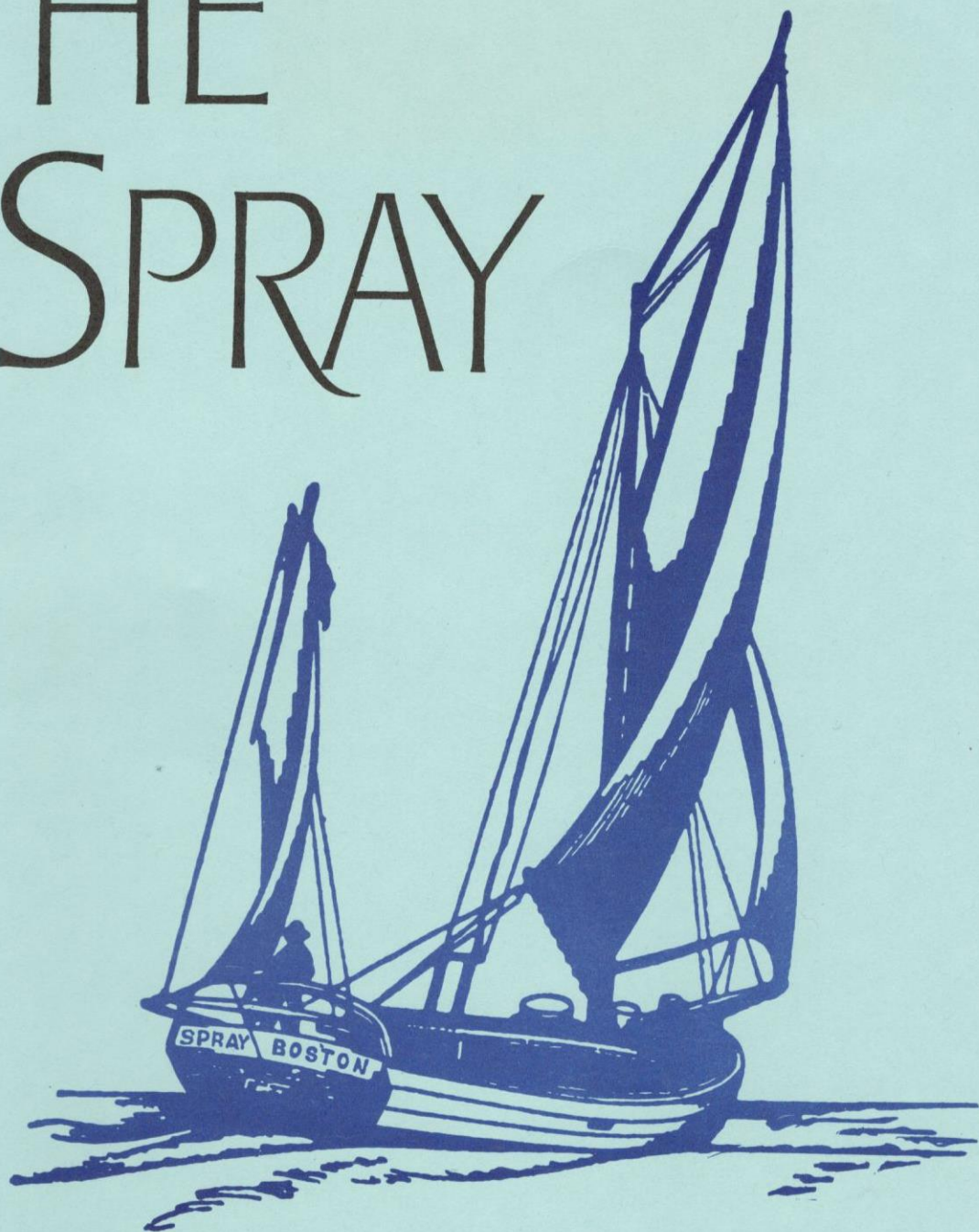


# THE SPRAY

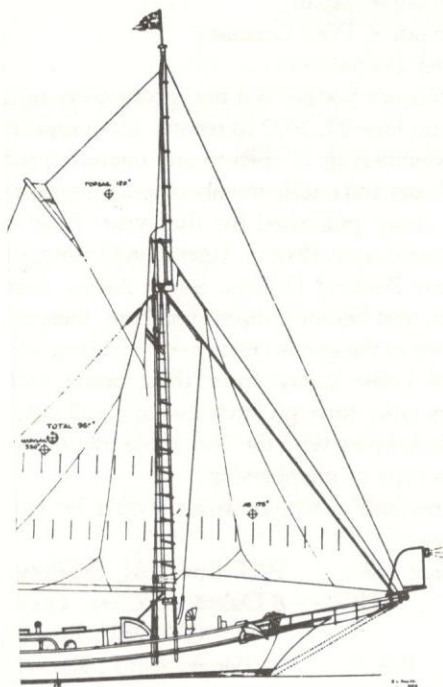


VOLUME XXV NO. 2 JULY-DECEMBER, 1981

Introduce  
Your  
Friends  
to  
THE  
SLOCUM  
SOCIETY

THE SLOCUM SOCIETY  
: **SPRAY**

No. 2 July-December 1981



tear out the brochure  
at the end of this issue  
and pass it along to  
an interested friend.

Published by

**CUM SOCIETY**

, Bellflower, CA 90706, USA

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## THE SLOCUM SOCIETY

### AIMS AND ACTIVITIES

*"In an age when mass society has rendered obsolete the qualities of individual courage and independent thought the oceans of the world still remain vast and uncluttered, beautiful but unforgiving, awaiting those who will not submit. Their voyages are not an escape but a fulfillment."*

The Slocum Society is a non-profit organization encouraging long-distance voyages on small yachts, and keeping records of such passages. It is named after Captain Joshua Slocum, who made the first single-handed circumnavigation from 1895-1898.

The Society publishes a periodic journal, THE SPRAY, named after Captain Slocum's boat which records small boat transoceanic crossings and circumnavigations. THE SPRAY also contains extracts from logs of members who have made noteworthy passages; and articles of other general membership interest.

The Society encourages long-distance offshore passages by making awards: the Slocum Award for notable singlehanded ocean passages, and the Voss Award for notable ocean passages with a crew. It helps organize transoceanic races in cooperation with interested yacht clubs.

The Society is a repository of information on long-distance small boat passages. Enquiries on this subject are research from its extensive library and archives. Members may also call on the Society for advice in planning cruises. Replies will be solicited from experienced cruising members.

Membership is open to all, and offshore experience is not a requirement. A number of well-known long-distance sailors are members of the Society (including most single-handed circumnavigators who are honorary life members). But many sail in more protected waters or, perhaps, only from their armchairs. The Society has a world-wide coverage in membership.

The Slocum Society Sailing Club was formed in 1957. Its membership is open to any member who owns a boat. The Club has no rules and no dues but those who fly its flag know they have a common bond. Its flag seen around the world is the house flag of the last sailing line for which Captain Joshua Slocum worked. Society members wishing to join the Sailing Club should notify the Secretary of the name and particulars of their boat. The flag may be obtained from the secretary for U.S. \$8.00. A hand embroidered crest which sailing club members may wish to sew on their favorite sailing jacket or blazer is also available from the secretary for U.S. \$7.00.

### DUES

Dues are on an annual basis and entitle members to all membership services for that year, and to all issues of THE SPRAY published for that year.

Dues for regular members are US \$15.00 or the approximate equivalent in: Australian Dollars (A\$); British Pounds ( £ ); Canadian Dollars (C\$); Japanese Yen ( ¥ ); New Zealand Dollars (NZ\$); South African Rand (R); or Deutch Marks (DM).

For Cruising members and Senior Citizen members, there is a reduced annual rate of US \$10.00 or the equivalent in the above currencies. *Cruising Membership* means members who are on extended cruises away from their home waters. *Senior Citizen Membership* means members who, through advanced age, sail only in the more protected waters of their arm chairs. In keeping with the honorable traditions of the sea, each member determines his or her own type of membership.

Dues in US\$ together with the attached application should be mailed to:

THE SLOCUM SOCIETY  
Neal T. Walker, Secretary  
P.O. Box 1164  
Bellflower, CA 90706, U.S.A.

Dues in an oversea currency should be sent to the appropriate overseas representative listed on the overleaf.

## APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

### THE SLOCUM SOCIETY

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Postal code or Zip \_\_\_\_\_ Country \_\_\_\_\_

Amateur radio call sign \_\_\_\_\_

BOAT (if you wish to join the sailing club)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Dimensions LOA \_\_\_\_\_ LWL \_\_\_\_\_

Type and Rig \_\_\_\_\_

TRANSOCEAN PASSAGES: If you think the Society's records are not complete, please fill in the reverse.

I learned of the Slocum Society through \_\_\_\_\_

Enclosed is a check for:

( ) Dues for one year \_\_\_\_\_

( ) Sailing Club Flag \_\_\_\_\_

( ) Sailing Club Crest \_\_\_\_\_

( ) \_\_\_\_\_

( ) \_\_\_\_\_

Total Enclosed \_\_\_\_\_

R \_\_\_\_\_ on \_\_\_\_\_ Dep \_\_\_\_\_

ML \_\_\_\_\_ SC \_\_\_\_\_ MC# \_\_\_\_\_

Single-handed transoceanic passages or circumnavigation as skipper or crew:

Name of boat \_\_\_\_\_

Name of Skipper or crew \_\_\_\_\_

FROM/DATE

TO/DATE

**Addresses of Overseas Representatives:**

For A\$ The Slocum Society, c/o Guenter H. Woyde, Australian Representative, 20 Essington Crescent, Sylvania 2224, Australia.

For £ The Slocum Society, c/o Michael C. Hardcastle, U.K. Treasurer, 8 Oakwood Close, Grendon, Atherstone, Warwickshire CV9 2BU, England, U.K.

For C\$ The Slocum Society, c/o Thomas Sones, 420 Dunvegan Dr., Waterloo, Ont., N2K 2C7, Canada.

For ¥ The Slocum Society, c/o Takehiko Suzuki, Japanese Representative, 6-8-6 Sakurayama, Zushi City, Kanagawa Ken, Japan

For NZ\$ The Slocum Society, c/o Robin H. McMillan, New Zealand Representative, 30 Matipo St., Eastbourne, Wellington, N.Z.

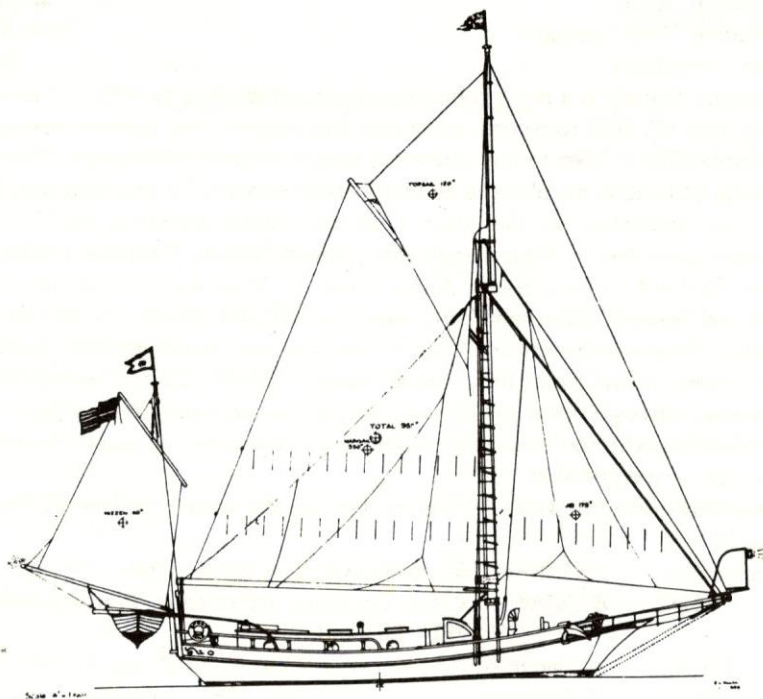
For R The Slocum Society, c/o Konrad T. Eriksen, R.S.A. and South Atlantic Representative, 28 Benghazi Rd., Kenwyn 7764 Cape Town, South Africa.

For DM The Slocum Society, c/o Peter Kollmorgen, Tinsdaler Heideweg 6, D 2000, Hamburg 56, West Germany.

Prospective members with currency exchange problems should first write to the secretary. Appropriate books may be donated in lieu of dues upon approval of the secretary.

# THE SPRAY

Volume XXV - No. 2 July-December 1981



Published by

**THE SLOCUM SOCIETY**

P.O. Box 1164, Bellflower, CA 90706, USA

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# THE SLOCUM SOCIETY

Secretary	Neal T. Walker
Historian	D.H. Clarke
Treasurer	Jean-Charles Taupin
Treasurer, U.K.	Michael C. Hardcastle
Treasurer, Canada	Thomas G. Sones
Representative, R.S.A. & South Atlantic	Konrad T. Eriksen
Representative, Australia	Guenther H. Woyde
Representative, New Zealand	Robin H. McMillan
Representative, Japan	Takehiko Suzuki
Representative, West Germany	Peter Kollmorgen
Computer Consultant	Ron Slocum

The Slocum Society is a non-profit corporation established in 1955 and incorporated in Hawaii on June 27, 1972 to record, encourage and support long distance passages in small boats. Membership is open to any interested person without prerequisite. Dues are on an annual basis and entitle members to all membership services for that year and to all issues of *The Spray* published for that year. Dues for regular members are U\$15.00 or the approximate equivalent in Australian Dollars, British Pounds, Canadian Dollars, Japanese Yen, New Zealand Dollars, South Africa Rand, or West German Marks. For cruising members and Senior Citizen members, there is a reduced annual rate of U\$10.00 or the equivalent in the above currencies. "*Cruising membership*" means members who are on an extended cruise away from their home waters. *Senior Citizen membership* means members who, through advanced age, sail only in the more protected waters of their arm chairs. In keeping with the honorable traditions of the sea, each member determines his or her own type of membership.

Inquires and correspondence should be sent to the society at one of the following addresses:

Home office:	P.O. Box 1164, Bellflower, CA 90706, USA.
UK:	8 Oakwood Close, Grendon, Atherstone, Warwickshire CV9 2BU, England.
R.S.A.:	28 Benghazi Rd., Kenwyn 7764, Cape Town, R.S.A.
Australia:	20 Essington Crescent, Sylvania 2224, Australia.
New Zealand:	30 Matipo St., Eastbourne, Wellington, NZ.
Japan:	6-8-6 Sakurayama, Zushi City, Kanagawa Ken, Japan.
West Germany:	Tinsdaler Heideweg 6, D 2000 Hamburg 56, West Germany.
Canada:	420 Dunvegan Drive, Waterloo, Ontario N2K 2C7, Canada.

## 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. The flag is available from the Secretary for U\$8.00 or the equivalent in the above currencies, postpaid. Also, an embroidered crest which Sailing Club members may wish to sew on their favorite sailing jacket or blazer is available from the Secretary for U\$7.00 or the equivalent in the above currencies, postpaid.

Inquiries and correspondence regarding the Sailing Club should be sent to the Commodore at: Cape George Colony, Rt. 3, Box 98, Port Townsend, WA 98368, U.S.A.

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Danish, Norwegian, Swedish .....	Karl Damgaard
French .....	Jean-Charles Taupin
PROOFREADER .....	Leticia Windyletter

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Peter A. Dickason	New Zealand
Konrad T. Eriksen	Cape Town, South Africa
Charles Glass	London, England
G. Ernest Hamilton	New Brunswick, Canada
Larry Hicks VO1HL	Amateur Radio, Canada
Tom Hodgson	Florida, USA
Don Holm	Northwestern USA
Peter Kollmorgen	West Germany
John Leach	Australia
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Ludo Van Leewen	Roving
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Steve Wann	Arabian Gulf
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Guenther H. Woyde	Australia
Peter Wright	Washington, D.C., USA

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# Secretary's Comments

If you compare pages *ii* and *iii* of this issue with the pages which encompassed the same information in earlier editions of *The Spray*, you will immediately see that more people are now involved with the life of the society than ever before. Look inside this volume, though, and the real value of the wider participation is obvious. Of course **Nobby Clarke**, our able historian, has been contributing interesting facts and comment to the society for years. Our correspondents from around the world continue to funnel information into the home office, some of which appears as a unit under Correspondents Reports and others are contained in appropriate sections elsewhere. In the fall of 1981 at **Ginny Dumont's** gathering for society members in Seattle, Washington, **Don Holm** our Sailing Club Commodore, mentioned to me that he would be interested in writing a newsletter for Sailing Club members. In March, 1982, Vol. 1, No. 1, of his newsletter was published and the encouraging response from the membership inspired him to duplicate his splendid work with Vol. 1, No. 2, two months later. (Sailing Club members who did not receive these two issues should contact the secretary. Perhaps we do not have your vessel's name which is the key bit of information necessary for **Ron Slocum's** computer to sort out Sailing Club members from our general membership). Fresh from the response to his first article on the society (*Cruising World*, Sept. 1981), **Karl Damgaard** has now submitted similar articles to appropriate sailing magazines in Denmark, New Zealand, and Australia, and will soon submit them elsewhere. At the same time, **Denny Desoutter**, editor of the UK sailing magazine *Practical Boatowner*, wrote an editorial on the society which appeared in late Fall of 1981. Shortly thereafter, **Mike Hardcastle** was swamped by applications for membership.

If you will look closely at the top of page *iii*, however, you will notice that your secretary is no longer editor of *The Spray* but has been "kicked upstairs" to the newly created position of "publisher". **Sandy McLeod** took the bait extended in the last issue of *The Spray* and now is our editor. This issue is entirely his, and I think that you will agree with me that it is very well done, indeed.

So, welcome aboard all of you who have pitched in to make this society unique in the boating world. You can all be proud of your combined contribution. Those of you still waiting on shore are urged to join the crew. There is still a lot that can be done from "port captain" in many remote ports, to correspondents in areas of the world known to attract cruising people. Come Aboard; you'll find the rewards beyond your wildest imagination.

Fair Winds,



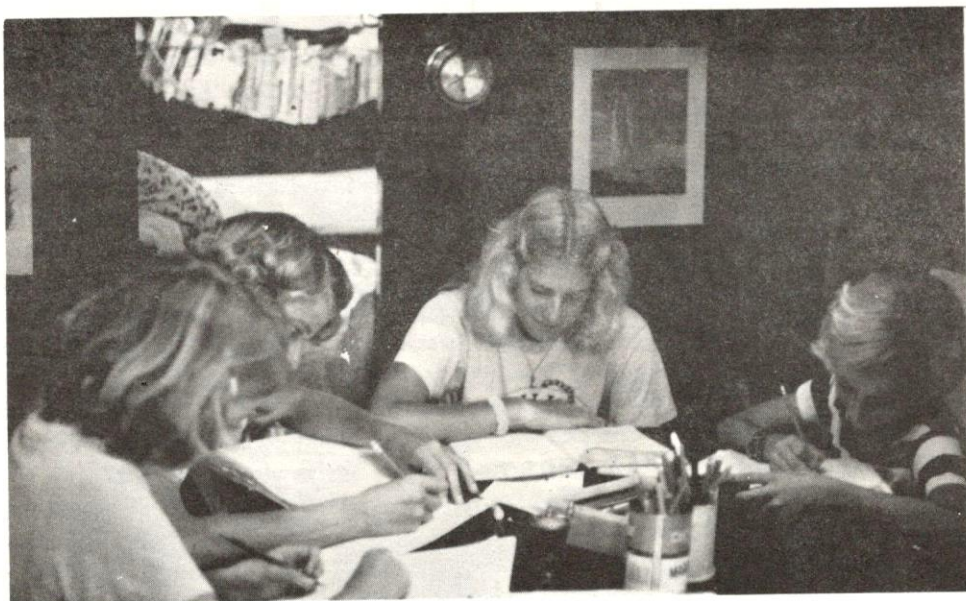
Neal Walker

# Shant Songs



# Short Snorts

One of our younger Slocum Society members, **Joshua Moore**, sent us a note from Puerto Rico in October describing his school. Joshua wrote, *"One thing different about our school is we have four kids in one room with one big table. We are all in different grades. I am in the fifth grade, Cara in the eleventh, John is in the tenth, and Heidi is in the seventh grade. Another different thing about our school is that instead of putting papers on a teacher's desk we put them on our VHF radio. We keep our books over the bunks. We have a set of encyclopedias to do research with. My subjects are math, science, social studies, vocabulary and music. We have learned a lot about fish here. We have books to tell us what fish are poisonous and what fish are good to eat."* Joshua enclosed a picture of the four scholars hard at work. I must say that my classroom sure doesn't have a striking ship's clock on the wall. Unfortunately.



Joshua Moore's one room school. Left to right: Heidi, John, Cara and Joshua

**Quincy Brown** dropped us a line the other day to inform us that his new Pearson 365 sloop *ANTIGONE* is available for charter out of Santa Cruz, California. For information on the charter call Pacific Yachting at (408) 476-2370. Their address is 333 Lake Avenue, Santa Cruz, CA 95062.

**Tom Gochberg** of *MISTRAL* notes that in 1981 he did the **Bermuda 1-2**. It took him four days and eight hours down, four days and twelve hours back. This was good for third in class and fifth overall down and second in class and third overall home. Tom is registered for the **1984 OSTAR**. He did it in 1980 and states that his wife deems him a true masochist. They hope to sail the Bras d'ors and Newfoundland this summer.

*The Spray* received a note from **Carolyn Hutchinson** which said in part, "In June (of 1981) I was part of the crew on a Wellington 47 belonging to **Peter and Carol Black**, taking her to the Azores (18 days) and then to Cadiz, Spain (7 days). She is a beautiful boat and we had a comfortable trip, though we had three gales and some nice weather, too. The Blacks plan to cruise in the Med next summer with her. When I was on the Belize River (*The Spray*, XXIV, No. 2) having TANE's bottom painted, we took a dinghy excursion, and at another yard on the river was a brand new SPRAY, apparently just launched. It looked like a private yard and she was sitting there proudly. I almost saw Joshua walking her decks!"

**Kenneth Rogers** wants to get in touch with Slocum Society members who have Sea Quest sloops. His 28' *ASHLEY* was built in 1974. Ken's address is P.O. Box 80, Yankeetown, Florida 32698.

2

**Dick Weller**, a retired United States Air Force colonel, sent *The Spray* the following reaction to the possibility of piracy on the high seas and solutions to it: "Under some circumstances the following could be the means of routing an enemy pirate intent on plundering your boat and committing bodily harm. Appear as innocent and unsuspecting as you can while the pirate boat approaches. When it gets near enough, and no nearer, you suddenly reach down and toss a plastic milk bottle into their boat with the cap off, holler 'catch', and then follow with a shot from your flare gun. Be prepared to retreat and if necessary follow up with a second bottle. The bottle is filled with gasoline or something equally flammable. Obviously this would be dangerous under some circumstances and so the occasion must be suitable and surprise is most important. To an unsuspecting pirate it would fill him with utter panic and I would guess he would take to the ocean whereupon you can decide whether to linger and shoot or abandon him to the sharks." The idea occurred to Weller when he and his wife were approached by a fishing boat as they were cruising the west coast of Florida in a Westerly Pageant. The occupants of the high speed craft finally asked for directions to the nearest marina but the seed was planted. Fortunately, as far as *The Spray* can determine the necessity for implementing Dick Weller's strategy has not occurred. Or has it?

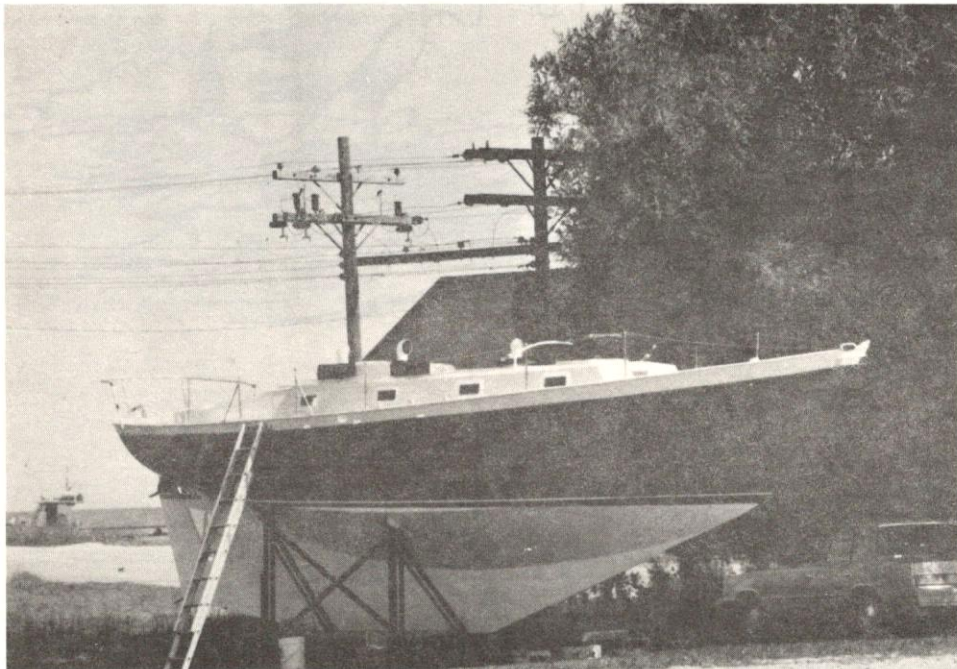
**Paulo Costa da Rosa** recently wrote the Secretary and enclosed a ten dollar (US) bill, commenting, *"It happens that to send a US\$10 money order I have to pay a bank a US\$15 tax. So I decided to make the thing more direct."* Ah, the wonders of international finance. Paulo's home in Porto Alegre, Brasil, is not far from the port of Paranagua where **Joshua Slocum** once touched.

Slocum Society members are a varied lot with a variety of sailing experiences. **Bob Lamar** of Stanford, California, writes that he and his wife **Lee**, *"are not blue water sailors but our Balboa 26 is trailable and we do get around. We've taken it to the San Juans, British Columbia, and to Mexico. Upon my retirement in 1979, we towed it across the country and sailed from Norfolk, Va. to Key West on the Intracoastal Waterway. We had hoped to take it to England and tour Britain and the Continent via the canals, but recently found that shipping costs have become exhorbitant. So we're taking it to Mexico again, this time for a leisurely three months' cruise (on land and water). Retirement is the only way to go!"* The Editor will drink to that, based on the experiences of those who have retired at various ages to sail.

3 **Dave Getchell**, Editor of the *"National Fisherman,"* writes us about his 1980 Labrador experience (*The Spray*, XXV-1, page 34): *"That place is a real magnet and I'm planning to return again next summer [1982], perhaps with the same partner as before or, as likely, alone. If the latter, I will take the time to explore a broken section of coast north of Battle Harbor, in the southern part of the province. I'm in the process of modifying a canoe as a one-man expedition boat -- it will be primarily a rowing boat with a sail for off-wind travel, a small outboard for quick runs around the big capes and, of course, paddle capability when I'm traveling with two in the boat. Since I'm going down in size, not up, this sort of cruising may not be of interest to Spray readers; but I'll keep you posted on my plans."* Size is relative and directions, up or down, irrelevant. The cruise is the thing, as Slocum Society members **Webb Chiles** and **Gerry Speiss** have proven. We will look forward to more from Dave on his next venture to Labrador.

**John Guzzwell** informs us that he is back in Hawaii. He said, *"The weather of the Northwest started to catch up with us at the beginning of October [1981] so Dorothy and I decided to take TREASURE to a warmer climate for a few months."* **Miles Smeeton**, 74 years young, sailed with the Guzzwells as crew. John said Miles enjoyed being at sea again and his presence was appreciated by the Guzzwells. John went on to say, *"the spirit within burns bright and there is not too much of the sea that he has forgotten."* The Guzzwell's plans are flexible but they intended to head for a quick look at French Polynesia before returning to Orcas, Washington. John's low-keyed last comment was *"It has been good to find that the ship still knows her way around. Some of the gear needs replacing but all in all things don't seem too bad."*

From Fort McMurray, Alberta, Canada, comes word (and a photo) from **John and Anna Knister** about their 35' Blue Water cutter *FARAWAY*. John writes, "*She is almost finished but requires an engine and rigging and some interior work. We hope to have her sailing in the summer of 83 and off cruising the spring of 84. We haven't set any firm plans as to where we will cruise first, likely the Great Lakes, until we know the vessel and her qualities well. We would like to circumnavigate New Foundland as we have many friends there.*" If any of our members have information on this area, the Knisters would appreciate hearing from them. They can be reached at 112 Ermine Crescent, Fort MacMurray, Alberta T9H 4M6, Canada.

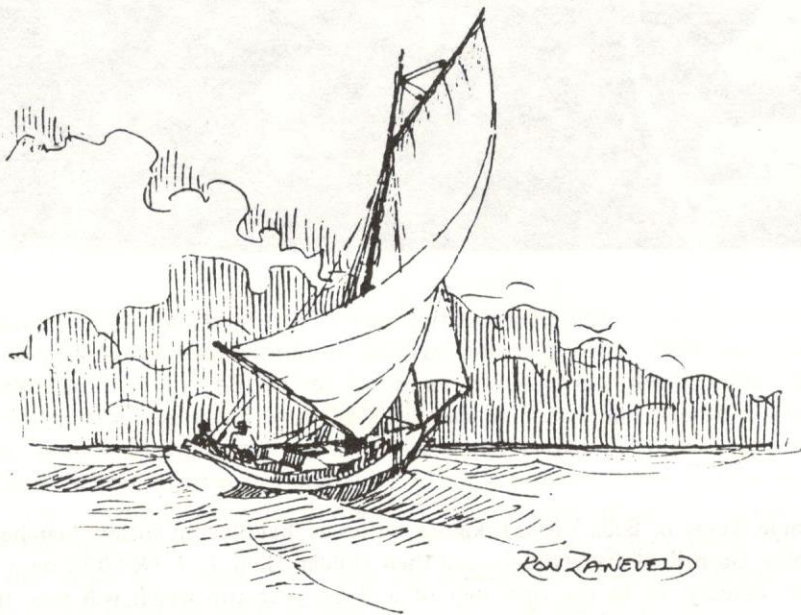


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**George Weyer** of Bella Vista, Arkansas, writes us that Slocum Society members **Dave and Kibbie Gosnell** of Fayetteville loaded their Golden Hind 31 *KARABEE* on a flatbed truck on January 18 as the first step of a three year trip which will take them to Savannah, Georgia, England, Spain, the West Indies, Panama, the Galapagos, and, ultimately, Christchurch, New Zealand.

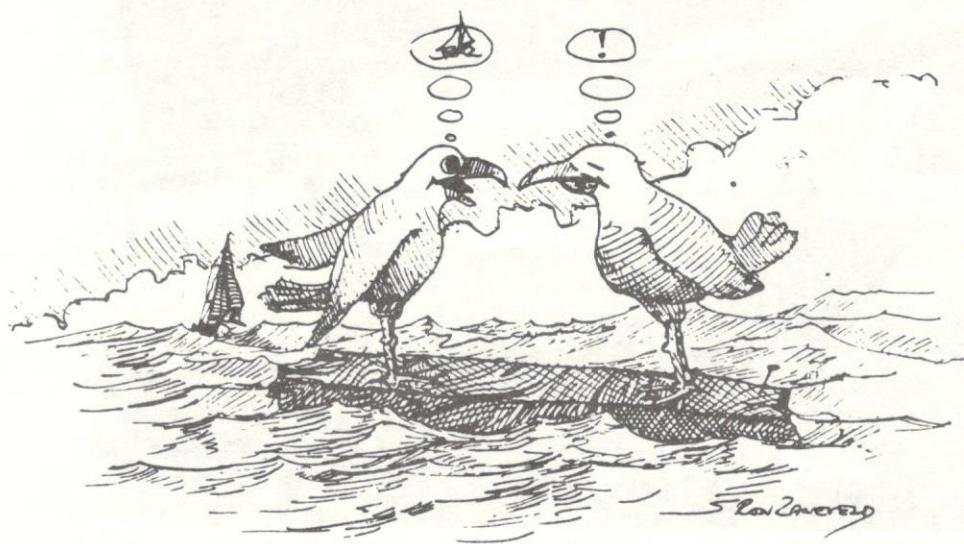
Peer Tangvald writes *The Spray* that he was in Europe in February of 1982. He is touring with his five year old son **Thomas** on a 500cc motorbike. He says, "After five years in Asia, Europe sure is nice. But not for yachts anymore with too many regulations, taxes and harbor dues. I will return to Falmouth to my schooner next month, dismantle my bike and set the course south towards the sun again. Where to? A difficult question with the world getting smaller and smaller. But probably either South America or North America." In another section of *The Spray* we have reproduced Peer's thoughts on piracy and weapons at sea. It should be required reading for all who venture offshore.

5





# Correspondent's Reports

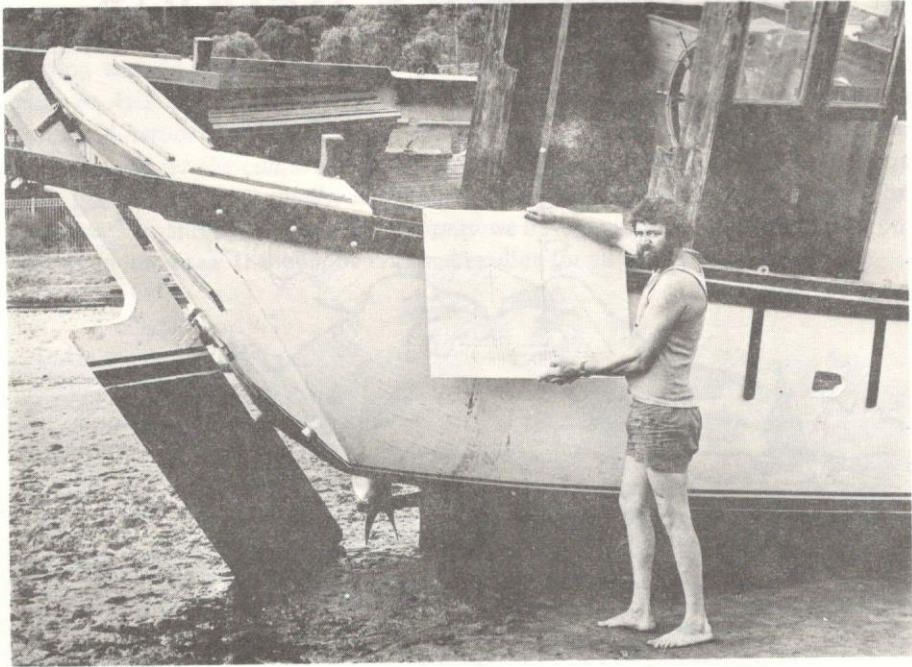


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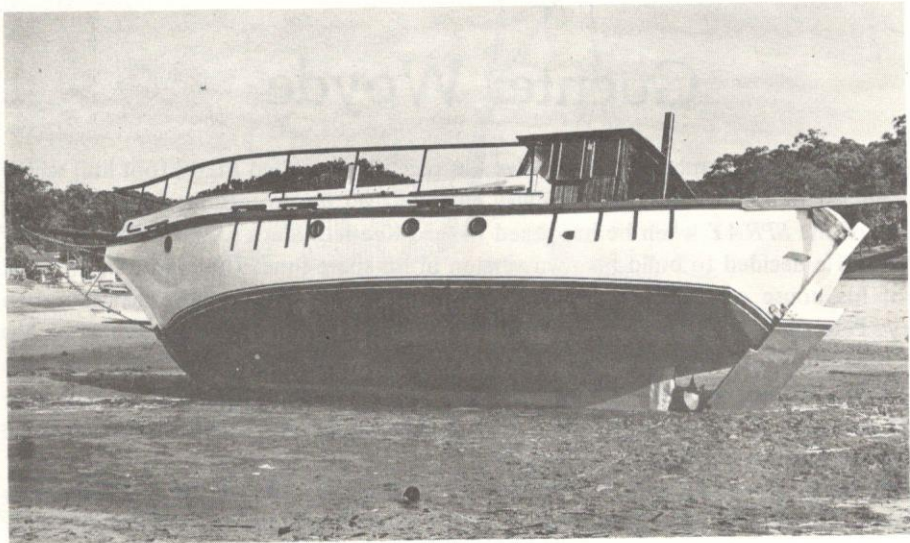
## Guenter Woyde

Slocum Society member **Peter da Silva** has recently launched his 42 foot hull which he has named *DULCINEA*. Peter, a railway engine driver by profession, fell in love with the lines of the *SPRAY* when he happened to read **Kenneth Slack**'s book *In the Wake of the Spray*. He decided to build his own version in his spare time. This he did in the backyard of his house on the banks of the George's River, which runs through suburban Sydney. Peter is now at the stage of fitting out. This is made easier for him as he has access to beautiful old cedar timber from retired railway carriages. Needless to say, the ballast is made up of old railway lines. The only guide Peter used is a sailplan which he himself designed. If all goes well, he will in the next twelve months make his dream come true and sail off into the Pacific.

**Ann Gash**, Honorary Life Member of the Slocum Society, reached Australia in December. Ann and Secretary **Neal Walker** met when she was in Southern California prior to her sailing west and had an extremely interesting get-together.



7



# Charlie Glass

**Michael Parker**, a 43 year old singlehander who left Sidney in May of 1979 for Avonmouth, Avon, had a narrow escape when his yacht ran aground and sank only a few hundred miles from his destination. Parker, who had planned a reunion with his parents, was asleep when his 33 foot *RAYPUT*, ran aground on the rocks near Galley Head, West Cork, Eire. The skipper, who spent five years building his vessel, managed to scramble up a cliff to safety although he broke a rib in the process.

*THE LOTUS EATER*, a trimaran returning to Britain from Australia in late August of 1981, was holed and sunk by a whale 600 miles west off the Irish Coast during a gale. **Peter Stone** and **Letitia Hughes**, along with their bull-terrier **Bosun**, abandoned their vessel after putting out an SOS call. The call was picked up by a commercial aircraft who relayed the information to rescue services, who were able to pinpoint the life raft from an RAF Nimrod. Local shipping in the area was advised and the Dutch cargo vessel *MELTON EXPLORER* picked up the three survivors en route to Philadelphia. Johnson stated, "We were sailing along nicely when we were suddenly lifted out of the water and thrown sideways. The hull was smashed." Mrs. Hughes commented, "It was a nightmare."

The British government has called for the formation of "action squads" around the world to seize unsafe ships and to smash organized crime on the high seas. In November of 1981 **Mr. Sproat**, Shipping Minister, called for concerted action by all governments to enforce international agreements ranging from pollution to piracy. He said, "*The wave of maritime fraud, in all the various forms conceived by the perverted ingenuity of its perpetrators, is in the view of my Government one of the most serious threats now facing the international shipping and trading community.*" It will be interesting to see the results of Mr. Sproat's challenge. If any.

8

# Konrad Eriksen

*TARACHINE*, a 28 foot sloop singlehanded from Japan by **Masato Sako**, arrived in Cape Town in March of 1981. The skipper, from Kagoshima, left Japan in May of 1978 and sailed across the North Pacific to Victoria, British Columbia. He then sailed down the west coast of North and South America, doubled Cape Horn, and sailed up to Buenos Aires. His last port of call before arriving in Cape Town was Puerto Madryn, Argentina. *TARACHINE* was built in Osaka in 1974.

**M.J. Moriarity**, sailing a 32 foot Tahiti ketch *TIR TAIRN GIRE*, put in at Cape Town in March. The vessel, registered out of Seattle, has a Tahiti ketch hull but is rigged as a Marconi cutter. Built in 1975; it's construction is balso core sandwich. Moriarity is singlehanding via Tahiti, New Zealand, Australia, Christmas, Cocos, and Mauritius to Cape Town.

Slocum Society member **Patrick Childress** in *JUGGERNAUT* reached Table Bay Harbour in September. Singlehanding a Catalina 27 en route to a circumnavigation, Patrick left Miami and has touched in the Bahamas, St. Thomas, Panama, the Galapagos, French Polynesia, Bora Bora, Pago Pago, the New Hebrides, the northeast coast of Australia, and Durban.

LAUREL JAMES, a 25 foot 7 inch sloop skippered by **Laurel and James Nelson**, reached Cape Town in August. Jim related, "*Laurel and I left Tampa Bay, Florida, August 15, 1978, for an adventure around the world. We have cruised the Keys, Bahamas, Caribbean, Panama, Galapagos, Marquesas, Society, Samoas, Fiji, Australia, Indian Ocean, Mauritius, South Africa, and next the Atlantic. It has been such a long time now, that we are beginning to stare off in the distance after being asked some nostalgic question -- if you know what I mean. I'd like to tell you more. We like your organization.*" We would like to hear more. *The Spray* understands that Jim has had back problems and will be undergoing an operation before carrying on with the trip. We wish him a swift recovery and hope that he and Laurel are soon on their way again.

**Olaf Michel**, skipper of *WALROSS III*, a Swan 55 with Berlin as a port of registry, reported a smooth journey from Portsmouth, England. This was one of three yachts in the **Whitbread Round the World Race** that **Konrad** spoke with. The other two were *OUTWARD BOUND*, a 51 foot sloop from Auckland, New Zealand, skippered by **Digby Taylor** and *ALASKA EAGLE*, a 65 foot Sparkman and Stephens design now owned by **Neil Bergt**. *ALASKA EAGLE* (ex-*FLYER*) won the last Whitbread race. Leg two will take the racers from Cape Town to Auckland.

9 *GRETTIR*, a 7 meter gaff-rigged cutter edge-strip planked, successfully reached St. Helena after leaving Hout Bay on April 8. **Dominick Fudakowski** wrote that their best day's run was 150 miles at the outset of their trip. Their new Sestral compass light broke early on and they were forced to use a torch for the rest of the cruise. After their excellent run they had four days of calm mixed with light variable winds. "*After well out at sea heavy cross seas built up, then a four day gale. Cross seas ranging from three directions -- SW, NW, and East. Self-steering unable to cope. Seas big. A week later another gale lasting six days. Cross seas. After three days unable to slow up although using storm jib and trisail. Ran under bare poles one and a half days then lay ahull two nights. Boat quite undamaged by waves, etc. Cross seas and squalls for a week longer, then fair weather, but we were too far west. Took five days to beat last 180 miles. Entire trip 30 days. Boat wet but coped very well. Brasil next.*"

## Maurice Uguen

Our correspondent **Maurice Uguen** informed *The Spray* that the *VAGABOND 'EUX* expedition to the Northwest Passage took place during the summer of 1981. The skipper of the vessel was **Janusz Kurbiel** and the crew list included **Uguen** and **Joelle Cochois**. We hope to have more on this voyage from Maurice in a future issue.



# The Voyages

## Single Handed Voyages

### Harald F.W. Kolzer

In January of 1981 **Harald Kolzer**, an Honorary Life Member of the Slocum Society, reached Cape Town and talked with **Konrad Eriksen**. Harald noted that he was attempting a "normal east to west singlehanded circumnavigation if I manage to tie the knot on my next leg in the North Atlantic. If... 'cause I was rolled over 360° and dismasted on the Agulhas Bank. I take special interest in the Slocum Society because lately you meet 'sailors' who try to eliminate singlehanded sailing. My opinion: a person who has not spent one month alone at sea has never really seen it."

Since that time the knot has been tied and Harald has informed the Slocum Society, "I have finished the singlehanded circumnavigation. I tied the knot on April 27, 1981, at 18° 07'N, 34° 44'W after having been at that position on the outward bound passage across the Atlantic on November 11, 1976, four years five months and twelve days before. The whole trip lasted from June 1, 1976, until June 28, 1981.

"I think I mentioned the capsize and breaking of my mast south of the Good Hope. I managed to repair it and left for the Azores in the middle of March, reaching Horta after 72 days with a two day stop in Ascension Island. At the beginning of June I sailed for the English Channel. The first night out I capsized a second time. The waves of an ULCC tanker running against the seas of a force seven wind caught the boat unlucky and made us turn turtle breaking the mast again and damaging the boat severely. Clocks and radio were drowned leaving me without longitude, the sextant had made quite a jump making latitude a bit uncertain. From the remaining spars I set up a jury-rigging and sailed for the Portuguese coast 900 miles to the east, which I reached after 24 days. The extended damage, the impossibility to make the Channel this season, the lack of funds, and the fact that I found a buyer within two days decided me to sell the boat in Portugal. So the end of the trip was a bit sad; but still I enjoyed it all the five years. I would not want to miss a day and I would do it again though I am not sure if I would do it one more time."

*ROSI II*, a 22 foot Sturgeon sloop, was built in Holland in 1966. Harald bought it from its original owner in 1975. It has a beam of 2.3 meters (7 feet 6 inches) and its draft is .75 meters (2 feet 6 inches). The working sail area is 19 sq. meters with a maximum spread of 24 sq. meters. All eight sails are dacron. The spars are Canadian spruce, the standing rigging stainless, and running rigging nylon. All gear is either stainless, bronze, or synthetic. Originally Harald had a 5 horsepower outboard as his power plant but he lost it in Martinique in March of 1977. His self-steering gear is home made with stainless fittings and it attached to the rudder. Harald commented that he never had to steer. Navigational gear included a Cassens and plath brass sextant, two quartz clocks, a Grundig shortwave radio receiver, a Calbuoy 2182 khz transceiver, and two compasses. The boat had no electricity to speak of. Monocells were used for the radio. All six were changed on a

monthly basis. The transceiver had eight monocells which were changed once in five years. The clocks had two monocells each which were changed after three years. Both the stove and lights used kerosene. Water for Harald was carried in *ROSI II*'s 60 liter built-in tank and in four containers which totalled another 80 liters. Kolzer and *ROSI II* sailed 35,282 miles in an elapsed time of one year, three months, fourteen days, and one hour. The average daily run was 75 miles and the average speed was 3 knots. The voyage of the *ROSI II* was detailed by Harald Kolzer below:

### The Voyage of the *ROSI II* from Bremen to Portimao

1976 - 1981

1976	Wangerooge	– Lowestoft	08/06 - 10/06	320 m in 2 d 22 h	
	Lowestoft	– Poole	15/06 - 18/06	210 m in 3 d 3 h	
	Poole	– Plymouth	22/06 - 24/06	120 m in 2 d 10 h	
	Plymouth	– Lage	29/06 - 08/07	550 m in 9 d 2 h	
	Lage	– Vigo	14/07 - 16/07	130 m in 2 d 4 h	
	Vigo	– Tanger	20/07 - 26/07	520 m in 6 d 6 h	
	Tanger	– El Araich	04/08 - 05/08	52 m in 1 d 14 h	
	El Araich	– Casablanca	07/08 - 09/08	130 m in 1 d 23 h	
	Casablanca	– Las Palmas	16/08 - 21/08	544 m in 5 d 5 h	
	Las Palmas	– Barbados	02/11 - 30/11	2900 m in 28 d 6 h	
	Barbados	– St. Lucia	15/12 - 16/12	85 m in 18 h	
	1977	St. Lucia	– Martinique	28/02	30 m in 9 h
		Martinique	– Christobal	08/03 - 20/03	1205 m in 10 d 8 h
Christobal		– Balboa	29/03	46 m in 9 h	
1978	Balboa	– Puntarenas	09/06 - 21/07	1209 m in 42 d 0 h	
	Puntarenas	– Hiva Oa	24/10 - 04/01	4940 m in 73 d 1 h	
	Hiva Oa	– Ahe	19/01 - 24/01	520 m in 5 d 3 h	
	Ahe	– Arutua	27/02 - 29/02	86 m in 1 d 23 h	
	Arutua	– Papeete	03/04 - 05/04	221 m in 3 d 5 h	
	Papeete	– Moorea	17/04	15 m in 7 h	
	Moorea	– Rarotonga	04/05 - 11/05	630 m in 7 d 23 h	
	Rarotonga	– Tongatapu	17/05 - 29/05	910 m in 11 d 2 h	
	Tongatapu	– Ha'apai	20/08 - 22/08	110 m in 2 d 12 h	
	Ha'apai	– Tongatapu	31/08 - 01/09	110 m in 1 d 7 h	
1979	Tongatapu	– Auckland	02/12 - 19/12	1327 m in 17 d 3 h	
	Auckland	– Brisbane	07/06 - 08/07	1818 m in 31 d 1 h	
1980	Brisbane	– Port Moresby	10/07 - 23/07	1269 m in 12 d 23 h	
	Port Moresby	– Darwin	14/08 - 29/08	1079 m in 15 d 7 h	
1981	Darwin	– Mauritius	10/09 - 25/10	4415 m in 45 d 8 h	
	Mauritius	– Durban	07/11 - 25/11	1644 m in 17 d 22 h	
	Durban	– Cape Town	15/01 - 27/01	897 m in 11 d 21 h	
	Cape Town	– Ascension	10/03 - 02/04	2467 m in 22 d 15 h	
	Ascension	– Horta	05/04 - 23/05	3703 m in 49 d 3 h	
	Horta	– Portimao	05/06 - 28/06	1100 m in 25 d 8 h	

Bremen – Portimao 01/06/76 - 28/06/81 35,282 m in 1 y 3 m 14 d 1 h

Av. daysrun: 75 m, Av. speed: 3 kn

# Eyves Gelinás

Eyves Gelinás, a 42 year old actor, director, film maker and yachtsman from Montreal, Canada, is attempting a solo circumnavigation which is made even the more interesting by the fact that Gelinás will not touch port at all. His proposed 27,000 nautical mile voyage is in the ten year old, nine meter fiberclass cutter *JEAN-DU-SUD* is being sponsored by a commercial radio station in Montreal which is broadcasting daily messages from Gelinás. The voyage began in San Malo, France, on September 1, 1981, and is scheduled for completion in May of 1982 in Montreal. It will be by way of Australia and Cape Horn. The French-Canadian skipper rounded the Cape of Good Hope in mid-November.

# James Wycoff

James Wycoff wrote in December from Australia and began the letter in true Aussie fashion: 'Ello Mate (pronounced Mite). He went on to say, "*Australia at last! I've been waiting a long time to visit this country, and although we've only been here a few weeks it's all we hoped it would be and more. We've got a 6 month mooring in a beautiful harbor called Mooloolaba for A\$215 and we both have jobs. Liz landed a job with the local sailmaker and I'm selling oil paintings for an art dealer which will allow me to travel around the country and make a little money at the same time. It looks like 4 to 5 hundred per week depending on commission.*

*The sail over here from Fiji was a lot better than I thought it would be this late in the season. We had good moderate South East tradewinds on our hind quarter (so we could fly twin headsails) until we got off the tip of New Caledonia then a little storm hit us and blew us about 60 miles south. The next day we were blown back North 60 miles so in 2 days we made about 50 miles headway. The North wind wasn't so bad just uncomfortable, but that South wind must have come straight from the Antarctic. Even had to haul out the Arctic gear on night watch as the temp. dropped to 65 degrees in 20 knot winds. Then after a few days, another small storm and dodging a reef that is half way between New Caledonia and Aus. a welcome Nor-easter began to blow some of that warm equatorial air down to us as we closed in on the first island south of Australia's Great Barrier Reef. The seas were still pretty rough and a small boat like ours has a hard time getting a good position fix by celestial navigation because it's hard to see the true horizon as the boat is bobbing up and down between the seas, so guess what. The Lord gave us freighters. Yeh, I was up on deck trying to find the horizon through the sextant when a ship came into sight instead. Within 10 minutes it was close enough to us we could read its name, NFL, and at last it answered our radio call and gave us an exact location. Great, now we could put up the reefed mainsail to complement the 60 sq. ft. storm jib we were flying and pick up the light houses on both Fraser Island and the Barrier Reef that night. By 9 PM we had picked up both lights and were closing in, but we're missing one essential buoy light marking a submerged reef. That's when BASS TRADER, another freighter, came into view. What a great guy. In a few minutes he had picked up our radar reflector and gave us our position, tide times, currents, and verified were clear to head for Bundaberg. Making good time thru the night we caught the morning high tide for the 13 miles run up the river to the Bundaberg dock. 19 days out of*

*Fiji without one fish story? In fact 19 days without fishing even though we could see them around the boat. One nice calm day I even speared a small tuna as he swam by (but he got away as I tried to pull him in). Tired of fish? A little but not that much. With the Australian Customs confiscating all canned meat brought into the country we were trying to eat as much of our ships stores before we got there. Better fish yarns next time. (I hope).*

13 Then after a week of resting up, working on the boat, and enjoying Australia's sunshine coast, we took the tour through the Bundaberg Rum Distillery and slipped lines for Mooloolaba. Our course would take us across a 60 mile bay to the protected waters of Great Sandy Strait and then on to Mooloolaba hoping to get work there, thus avoiding the big city of Brisbane. As we motored down the river we could really understand why they call this state of Aus. "Tropical Queensland". White-faced and Pied Cormorants, Crested Terns, Egrets, and huge Pelicans all along the mangrove and gum tron that line both banks of the shark infested river. Further in land Parakeets and Macalls abound but we haven't seen them yet. As we neared the mouth of the river it was evident that the sugar cane harvest was in full swing as workers made wolf calls toward Liz and the long streaks of smoke from the burning cane fields stretched on down the sky. All this and flies too. Yeh, the little beggers started joining us little by little by lot. By noon we were clear of land and sailing along with 7 knot winds and no seas and about a hundred flies. Trying our best to liven things up the easiest possible way, we developed a great sport from all this as the wind died even more and became too variable to allow the self steering gear to go unattended by one person, as the other saw how many flies they could nail in a 30 minute period. Liz with a Sopwith newspaper and myself with a Lightning dish towel, poor flies didn't have a chance. What with little wind we decided to pull over to the shore by 4 PM and anchor up for an early night. 3 AM and I was hanging onto the bunk because of a rolling swell setting in from the South. 4:30 AM dawn, anchor up, sails set, and wind from the wrong way but light. By noon the sails were down and we motored on into Urangan with the biggest excitement of the day being, finding the right channel markers and pulling in an empty fish line. Ho Hum...

Next morning Liz has the Zodiac pumped up by 6 AM as I check the mooring lines and study the charts and tide tables. We plan a 2 PM departure so to shore we go with a squadron of 10 pelicans landing near by. After breakfast we find an unmarked passage from talking to the locals and are underway by 9 AM for Woody Island where we anchored and waited there for the 2 PM tide. "Dugong", "Where?", "Over there", "Where?", "It's Gone Now", "Oh". Yep! I had sighted a Dugong right off our bow. Funny looking animals. They are the basis of many a mermaid story. I've seen photos of them before but never could figure how a sailor could mistake something like that for a mermaid. But after seeing what you really see in the murky waters they like, I can see how easy it could happen. I have yet to see the face of one, just the tail which actually does look like a smooth skinned mermaids tail as it flips up into the air and slides down into the water.

On around the old wooden light house on Woody Island where the Aborigines used to make life a bit nervous for the light keeper as he walked the 2 miles between the two lighthouses everyday. Easing up into shallow water with Liz doing the soundings with a lead line, we drop anchor in front of a small beach with 4 wild goats on the wooded slope behind it. Not a bad place to wait for the tide. Still nothing on the fish line and after an



hour of spin casting still no fish, but Liz has whipped up a pizza in the galley just in case. So off to shore. Returning with a couple of shells for Liz's collection and small crabs for fresh bait we make ready to leave. One quick dip in the water to cool my jets and check the hull and away we go. After about an hour we are back in the main channel and motoring along Fraser Island. The largest sand island in the world. (Wow, Huh) It was named after Capt. Fraser who was killed along with his crew by the local aborigines who also made a slave of his wife for 2 years before she was rescued. All in all a beautiful day of cruising the forrested shores of the Great Sandy Strait. Anchoring that night right at dusk behind a spit of sand we settled down to pizza and talk of the huge shark we had just seen. Liz says it dorsal fin stood 9 inches out of the water. It came within about 10 feet of the boat before diving down under us about a half mile from our anchorage. "So no swimming for me" (Liz).

A good nights sleep and under way by 7 AM to make the "crossover" on a rising tide. The "crossover" is the shallowest part of the strait, and is where a few boats have run aground recently because of the shifting sand bars. With hot coffee and chocolate going we round a corner and out of the mangroves come the fish department boys. Nice guys (like all the Aussies we've met). They didn't want to check for license or anything, they just wanted to know if we would like to be shown thru the crossover and to show us the latest known position of the sand. Correcting our charts we declined their offer and off we went. Coming up to the crossover (which is not nearly as hard to cross as everybody makes out) we spot an old friend of ours tucked into a little spot called "Dream Anchorage". They had left Bundaberg a couple of days before we did and were just messing around waiting for us. He's a master shipwright from Florida and she is a French Canadian. (He's 50 and she is (Uh huh) 28.) A really nice couple of people we first met in Fiji. They came along side us in mid-channel and we decided to raft up about 10 miles down the way at Inskip Point. Hoisting our biggest sails in light airs we spent the next couple of hours photographing each other (so we should have some good shots one of these days). What a bunch of hams.

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Well, with the anchor down, the tide low, and lots of sunshine left; the only thing to do is head for shore. "Look at the size of those pelicans", "Yeh, I wonder how close you can get to them". The answer is they will come to you but they don't allow you to close in on them. Fred found a \$100 propeller from some yacht's wind generator washed up on the beach, and then we started finding clams. More clams, shallower, close to the seaweed. And finally in the seaweed, in about 6 inches of water, at low tide they were thick as hair on a hog's back. Just like picking up Easter Eggs, didn't have to dig at all. After filling the bucket with clams, back to the boats, but since they were just laying in the grass they were pretty grimy and had to be scrubbed individually which was a real bummer. So we decided to give them the o' cat test to see if they were O.K. The theory is a cat won't eat things that are bad for it and if it does it gets sick in a hurry. Well, Clyde (the cat) didn't want anything to do with them, But those cotton pickin' clams just looked too good to throw back so Fred and I ate a couple. Delicious! Then Clyde sees us eating them and he goes for them. (I think Clyde plans to live a long time.) So it was Liz's clam chowder and Fred's hard apple cider that night.

Under way the next morning by 9 AM, pass a big sea turtle coming in to lay eggs, headed out to open sea and a sixty mile jump down to Mooloolaba. Nice Nor-East wind and sails balanced out taking life easy. That is until a thunder storm blows up out of the

*S.W. We tried to sail behind it but it was coming down on us faster than we could get out of its way, and I didn't want to get much closer than 3 miles to shore so we could weather it out at sea if it was going to last very long. Well, we got the big sails down just in time. It hit us with at least 40 knot winds for over an hour before she started piping down. Well, it was getting a bit dark and thunderheads all around so we just left the sails down and motored on into Mooloolaba and tied up to the public jetty about 2 AM (another night approach).*

*The next day after squaring things away with the harbor master and there were 11 people onboard INDEPENDENCE. Sea stories and jokes about the passages were in swing when one of the fellows mentions he had lost the prop off of his wind generator. Small World! It was the very one Fred had found on the beach. One happy sailor!!*

*Well, thats about the way its been going here. Nothing too exciting. It must be all of this civilization. Makes things too predictable. But it sure makes it handy for setting out the Cyclone and Monsoon seasons that's going on up North now. I ain't complainin' at all.*

## Ginger Elliot

15 Most cruising sailors go to great lengths in planning their voyages. For some, the planning can take the place of the voyage itself. Not so for **Ginger Elliot**. The 40 year old, unemployed Englishman set sail for France in his 20 foot *AMETHYST* to sell ice cream on the beach. But the winds changed and Elliot changed his mind and turned west. Some two months later he sailed into the College Point Yacht Club in Queens, a bit tired but otherwise feeling well. He said, *"I had always had it in the back of my mind and the time just came to do it."*

Part of his motivation was due to the depressed state of the English economy. Elliot, who lives in Dorset, said, *"There just is no work there. There is nothing. The money supply has dried up. I was going to France and the wind came up and I decided it was just the right time to set sail for America."* A veteran traveler, he continued, *"I am used to being on my own. I got Voice of America plus the BBC on my radio, so I didn't get lonely or desperate."*

*AMETHYST* is a 20 foot fiberglass sloop with a tapered mast and a six-horsepower outboard. Elliot bought the boat from a previous owner for about \$7,000. His short list of equipment included radio gear, charts, a \$50 plastic sextant, and a compass. He weathered several storms (*"Of course I knew there would be some bad weather. I survived."*) but spent most of his time reading, listening to the radio, checking the charts, and sleeping. He *"ate three tins of food and drank 20 cups of tea every day"* until he ran out of food off Cape Cod. He then hailed a passing vessel and *"traded one bottle of whisky for about \$100 worth of food."*

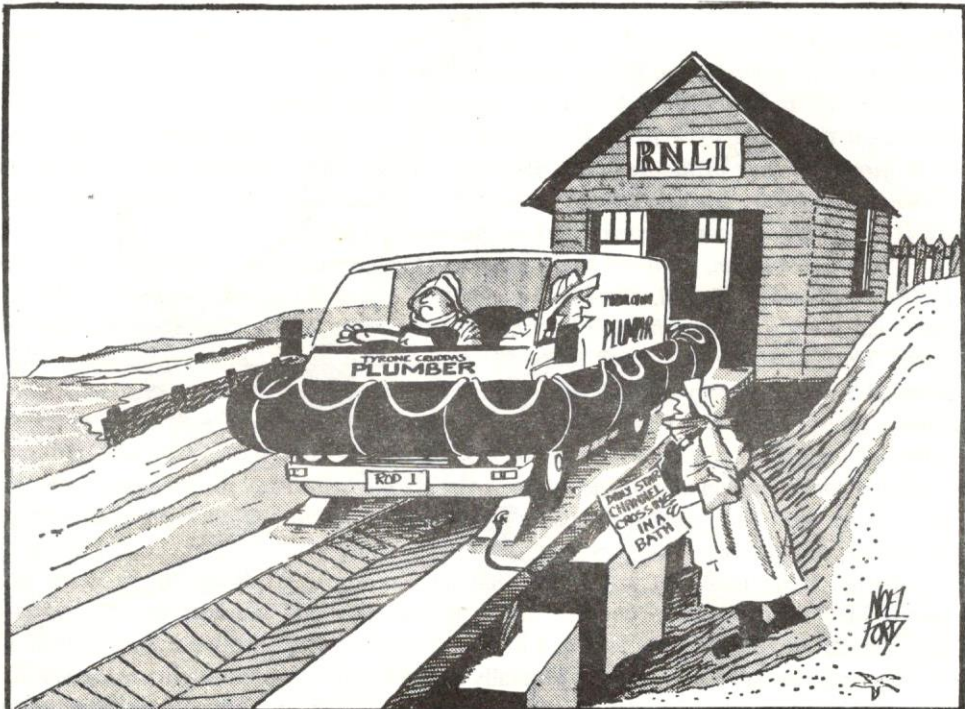
Elliot hopes to do a little sightseeing in the United States but his immediate future includes some other plans: *"I have only got about \$20 so I'll have to pick up some work. I can do almost anything -- electrical work, carpentry and plumbing, plus I can drive and work on boats."*

# Bill Neal

In the last edition of *The Spray* (XXV-1, p. 9), **Charlie Glass** reported that **Fons Oerlemans** and **Margaretha Arens** has motored from Falmouth, England, to the Barbados in a converted factory boiler. The last line of the report read, *"We're still waiting for the bathtub to arrive."* The wait is now over. **Bill Neal**, with aid from **Chris White**, crossed the English Channel in 14 hours in the good ship *DAILY STAR*. What's so interesting or exceptional about that, you say? Not much except that the *DAILY STAR*, for some reason named after the newspaper sponsoring the exploit, is a rowing bathtub. Bill, who was greeted on the beach near Bolougne by his girl friend and (from the photographs) a roaring mob of at least 20, said, *"We were mentally and physically exhausted and thought we would have to give up. But by then we no longer regarded it as a joke. It was a serious challenge and there was no way we were going to pull out."* For his exploit Neal was awarded the coveted Daily Star Gold Award. The overwhelmed 20 year old merchant seaman from Plymouth exulted, *"This is absolutely marvellous. I will treasure the Gold Award. It will always remind me of the bath which was named the Daily Star and registered at Lloyds."* He went on to say, *"Every muscle is aching and my back is raw where it rubbed against the bath. I thought my reception in France was superb, but receiving the Star award overshadows that."*

While some might decry Neal's voyage as merely another self-seeking promotion for both individual and newspaper, there is one thing to consider in this day and age of escalating costs for boats and gear. The tub cost all of £5. At least the price was right.

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DAILY STAR,  
Wednesday, August 19, 1981

"You can stand down lads, they made it!"

## Bill Dunlop

Our correspondent **John Watlington** reports that **Bill Dunlop** has set out from St. George's in hopes of resolving the "mystery" of the Bermuda Triangle. The 40 year old Maine man will attempt to sail every mile of the Triangle from Bermuda to Miami and then to San Juan, Puerto Rico in his engineless 35 foot sloop *ENCHANTRESS*. Dunlop stated that if he falls prey to the reported fates of other vessels in the Triangle, "*At least I'll know where they all went.*" He went on to say, "*I've read all the books there are on the Bermuda Triangle and the only way to know for sure if it's true is to go to sea for yourself. Most of the stuff you read about the Triangle is exaggerated, but there are some fairly well documented facts -- such as magnetic disturbances.*" Magnetic disturbances should not create navigational problems for Dunlop as his only navigational equipment is a \$16 plastic sextant which served him well on two previous Atlantic passages. Dunlop anticipates his greatest obstacle will be loneliness: "*It's not bad for the first five or six weeks, but after that you start getting kind of weird, just from being alone so much. It might be a little better this time because I have a radio.*" He also has a companion. Although he left his wife **Pam** on the dock he did bring along **Seaweed**, a cat with an undocumented number of lives left.

## Ludo Van Leeuwen

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**Ludo van Leeuwen**, a retired 66 year old Catholic priest, has sailed his 29 foot Gulf Island sloop *WIJNANDA* north to Ketchikan, Alaska. Father Ludo reports, "*I went north through thousands of green islands and partly over the open ocean and two months later found myself in Ketchikan, Alaska. It did not all go off without trouble. Once I was blown on the rocks by a fierce line squall and to my horror, saw water pouring in my boat through a hole in the keel. For 40 hours without sleep or food, I kept pumping and watching till finally it was repaired. Later I grounded again, but on sandbanks, and once I did it purposely so I could repair a leak at the propeller shaft.*"

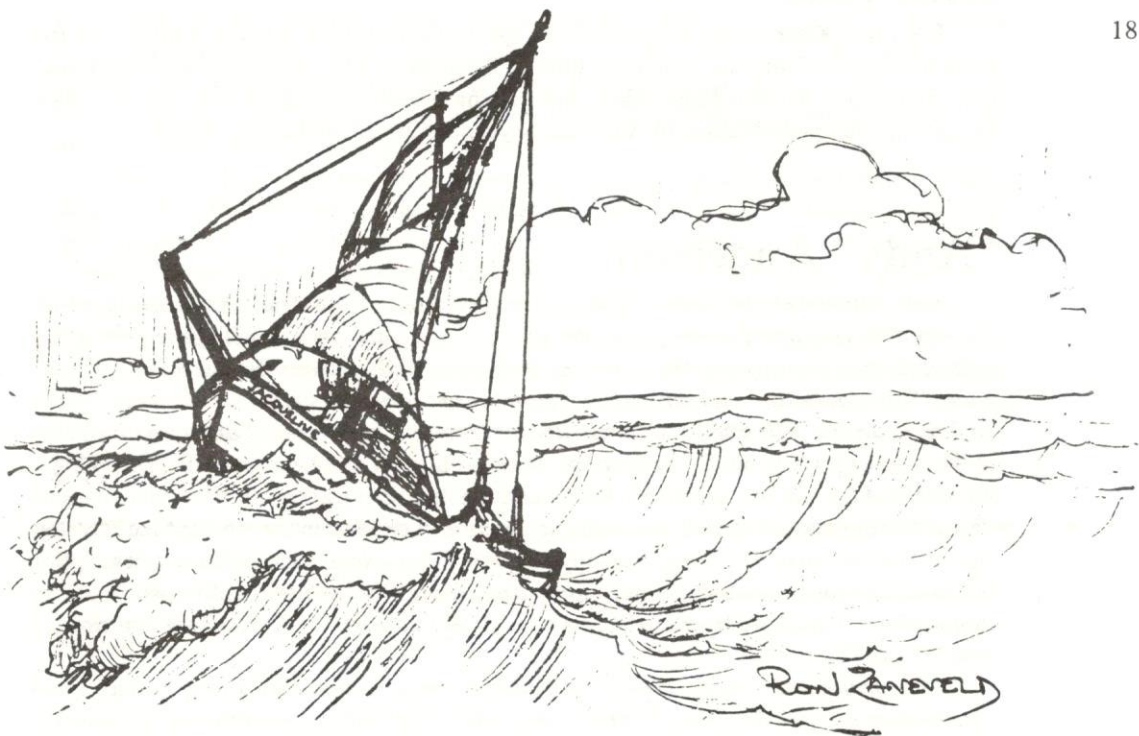
"*From Ketchikan, I turned south again retracing my steps so to speak. On the ocean in Queen Charlotte Sound, there was a terrible fog for 17 miles, but by compass and much calculating, I came through it without hitting any of the reefs or rocks that abound there. That far north not many sailboats were around and of those, none to be sailed alone as I was foolhardy enough to do. But I did have a mate aboard: a small ugly kitten named Linda. Linda is a bobcat. A little scrapper who made every mile of the 1300 sea miles we logged off. Now I am at rest here on little Thetis Island (off British Columbia), probably for the remainder of the winter, to make the boat ready for the open ocean and go offshore next early spring, unless by that time I am fed up with living on a small boat. So far, so good though!*"

Father Ludo modestly points out that he was forced to motor much of the time during his "inside" passage because of the prevailing winds and currents. The wind is often on the nose or directly astern. Since the channels are relatively narrow it is difficult to tack and favorable currents are generally of six hours duration. "*With great good luck now and then you go with the wind and current at which time I usually sailed wing and wing.*" The Strait of Georgia does give one the opportunity to use sea room, particularly

on easterly or westerly courses but still it is mostly powerboats which go to Alaska. Nevertheless, Father Ludo is planning another voyage north. After gaining and enjoying the experience of a 1300 mile summer cruise he now looks forward to going offshore. Next spring "I hope to go back to Alaska but this time by the "outside" and go offshore. That will be more like sailing." *The Spray* anticipates some interesting reports based on Father Ludo's experiences.

## Richard B. Sweat

**Richard Sweat** recently told *The Spray* that his singlehand circumnavigation covered 24,756 sea miles over 231 days and cost a total of \$980. This did not include the cost of his boat *MY HONEY*. He said, "I understand *Chichester* was 225 days or 6 days faster than myself. But then *MY HONEY* is only 30'3" overall and only 236" on water." Richard reports *MY HONEY* is on the market after 55,000 miles of tranquility but only to make way for a larger yacht to circumnavigate again with his family in a little more comfort.



# Crewed Voyages

## Hawley and Helen Blanchard

**Hawley and Helen Blanchard** informed the Slocum Society in September of 1981 that, "*My wife and I (plus assorted crew -- mostly our grown children) have been part-time cruisers since August of 1975. We made the run from Annapolis to Ft. Lauderdale, thence through the Bahamas, the Dominican Republic, the south side of Puerto Rico, the Virgins, and the Windwards to Grenada. From there to Venezuela and the Dutch islands. Next a run to the Canal. Up the West Coast to Hawaii and thence direct to Kodiak Island in Alaska. The last two years we have been bringing SUIVEZ MOI down to Long Beach, California from Seward, Alaska. An Allied 39, SUIVEZ MOI was built in Catskill, New York, in 1969. She is an excellent sailer and a good home at sea. We plan to retransit the Canal in 1982 and slowly proceed up the East Coast -- through the St. Lawrence to the Great Lakes and thence down the Mississippi.*" For part-time cruisers you two have put a lot of miles behind you. Your future plans sound great; I'm sure Slocum Society members will be interested in your future experiences.

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## Ernst Klaar

The **Ernst Klaar** family again reached Cape Town in April of 1981, the third time for them on their 51 foot junk which was built in Bangkok in 1937. Ernst and his wife, **Ilona**, and their three children **Hans**, **Alex**, and **Inge** have been cruising for the past ten years except for brief periods spent in Australia, Seychelles, Brazil, and South Africa.

## "Andy" Anderson

Last September the Slocum Society received a note from **Andy Anderson** in which he said "*We've quieted down for a year or two here, until our last youngster goes off to college in two more years. Then, we may be hard to find -- ashore! Jeanne and I have one more "Trans Atlantic" and return left, before we get too old -- perhaps a winter in Greece before returning. The Pacific seems so distant from this coast -- and I did see a bit of it in WWII -- so probably we'll never cruise those waters, at least not on DESIDERATA.*" *DESIDERATA* is an Alden 47 ketch and on her the Andersons have made several transatlantic passages as well as a sizeable amount of cruising in the Chesapeake Bay area and in the Bahamas. *The Spray* is happy to quote from several sources Andy's description of his 1978 crossing to Europe and subsequent return. His description of the voyage from Annapolis to Puerto de Jose Banus, Spain, originally appeared in *The Saefern Scuttlebutt*, June 15, 1978.

*"Departure is 20 May, Saturday, yielding to the tradition that a long passage never commences on a Friday. Five to seven days later (they took 6) we arrive at St. George's,*

Bermuda, having crossed the Gulf Stream north of Cape Hatteras. While we made this leg in five days several years ago, we might have different luck with the weather this time. During our entire cruise, we will be hearing up-to-date weather reports from North Atlantic via USCG radio, twice daily. This enables us to anticipate and out-manuever any major storms, which move slowly this time of year. After we all enjoy several days of rest in Bermuda we depart for Faial, Azores, nearly 1800 miles away.

Bill Buckley's boat covered this leg in June, in eleven days. SERAFFYN, a much slower 24 ft. cutter made it in 16 days. Our allowing 16 days is conservative. We should be faster. Jeanne and Sarah arrive several days in advance of our scheduled landfall at Faial, so we're highly motivated to make good time. A fair current from the edge of the Gulf Stream gives us half a knot or a 12 mile boost each day.

At Horta (the port of Faial), we loaf for a few days. There, Cafe Sport is the yachtman's informal social center, where according to reports, Peter presides as owner, director of information, source of all truth, various other offices.

Larry and Dave (who recently have renewed their amateur radio licenses) have installed a complete "ham" radio station aboard, so that they may talk with and listen to the world! More important, they may find another cooperative ham operator who will patch our voices into local USA local phones. Thus any friend or relative may be asked at some odd hour if you will receive a collect call from one of us. If you say yes, we shall be talking via amateur radio, at the cost of one small collect call from a nearby ham!

We also have the long range SSB radio to talk to ATT at Miami, N.Y., Britain at Portinhead and the Italian Phone Co., Rome. This also receives USCG weather, and allows us to talk directly to USCG at Portsmouth, Va. For short range, our VHF radio can be used to chat with passing freighters, tankers, etc. A sailboat offshore seems to startle some ships, and they become quite conversational on Channel 13, as we pass within view of each other, hundreds of miles from land.

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John and Larry are both professionals at celestial navigation, and Ned is equally adept at this. By the time we pass Gibraltar, several of the rest of us will do much better than in the past at sighting sun, stars, and deriving our position. Although we do have Loran A-C electronic navigation gear aboard, it is not our philosophy to depend upon anything electrical or electronic, for navigation. There are too many potential problems.

The ladies have been working up menus, foods frozen, dried, and other for this hungry crew for some 40 days. To save space of cans or bottles, our cokes, fresca, quinine water are carried as syrup, requiring only ship's water, plus fizz capsules for the soda bottle. Our evaporator makes 2 or 3 gallons/hour of distilled water, which can be very good for one, taken with a little scotch, when off watch. However, once offshore, we turn off the ship's water pressure, and each person hand pumps his own fresh water for tooth-brushing. Just prior to mutiny, we turn on the water pressure again, for showers, if absolutely necessary!

At Puerto de Jose Banus, near Marbella, Spain, we rest for several days ending the leg from the Azores.

Arriving from Azores, we found Puerto Jose Banus, 32 miles east of Gib, in Spain, a welcome yachtsmans port, artificial seawall as is common in the Med, no commercial traffic. Not cheap, \$30-40/ day in season, better in winter, depends on dollar exchange. Water, electricity (required Transformer as all over Med) good shops for expensive clothes, tourist attraction, etc. One hour plus from Malaga airport TWA direct to N. Y.

Motril, next to the east for us, was very acceptable, friendly at Yacht Club. May not anchor inside harbor, as large vessels need swinging room, but in most weather, can anchor outside breakwater, near entrance, along the beach. Yacht club moors stern or bow to, as all do.

Almeria, a nice small port to hang inside breadwater in foul weather, or to anchor near town dock and yacht club in 20-30' depths. Ancient Moorish castle is reportedly a gem, in full view on the hill.

Torre Vieha, a small fishing town, with swimming beach and swinging room for anchoring on the port hand. Pleasant, busy with their own life.

Alicante, one of the larger ports along the coast. Mooring along the main dock street is stern-to, bow-to with outboard anchor. At times there is swinging room to anchor in harbor, leaving room for ferries. There is one excellent restarrant called Dolphin or Neptune, which everyone knows, singles bar on first floor, restaurant upstairs, on main street not far from mooring area.

Sitges, just west of Barcelona, is one of the new, modern ports which seem to be built to attract hard currencies from German and British yachts. Did not seem to be busy in August '78.

21 Barcelona, a busy commercial port, with two friendly yacht clubs. The first one to stbd. has swimming pool, etc. We believe we got bad water here. The fuel dock at downtown Barcelona is the only place in the Med where we were visibly robbed of \$7.00 after using several quarts of water to wash off a few spoonsfull of spilled diesel.

Pollensa, on northern Majorca, has an open harbor with swinging room for anchorage outside, useful in passage.

Porto Cervo, Sardinia, is similar to Banus in Spain, in that the area surrounding the new modern port has been developed for first class condominiums and chic shops for the ladies, etc. Also has some of the best mechanical shops. Aga Khan and friends have heavily invested in this whole Costa Smerelda. Many docking slips, also can anchor in harbor without difficulty. Leaving the harbor, turn out to stbd. several miles around rocks to Cala de Volpe, with its first-class hotel and interesting topless beaches. Excellent swimming, we anchored within few yards of beach.

Porto Vecchio, Corsica, is only moderately interesting. Easy approach since recent dredging with entrance to atrificial port to the right side as you approach the older section.

Elba is beautiful. Pto Ferraio has plenty of anchorage in various wind directions outside the inner harbor. Stern-to was not crowded in July '79. The town is picturesque, and Napoleon's exile was spent in quarters better than most of us, atop nearby hill. Beach swimming on sea-side of town, a short walk from outer part of seawall area. Many semi-precious stones are found and sold to tourists here.

Porto Azzurro, on other, southern side of Elba, has good anchorage outside, short dinghy trip across to small interesting town. Can be entered by night, with chart and lighthouse.



*Porto Santo Stefano is commercial harbor, on mainland Italy, crowded in summer. Water a problem, no electricity, but around to southeast side of this peninsula is new, modern Cala Galera, only half full July '79, with all conveniences, but not yet enough volume to have proposed restaurants operating.*

*Fiumicino, is the smaller outlet of the Tiber from Rome. Fully commercial, busy, tow-three knot current, boats may lie along seawall in the stream, with others tie-ing up outboard. Small marina is permanently full. Bridges to go upstream open only at 0840.*

*Back in Sardinia, entoute Gib, Porto Santa Teresa di Gallura is small, commercially busy, friendly, except during one storm, when fisherman protested too many yachts. Can anchor just inside lighthouse, clear of rocks to stbd.*

*Porto Mahon on Menorca is most interesting, from the water, also ashore. It is not at once apparent when anchoring off yacht club that you are also anchoring in the outlet of the town sewer. This is one port we would like to see again, however.*

*Palma, Majorca, had a reputation of being overcrowded, no longer true. In July '79, we had no trouble finding a berth unannounced, at the Club de Mar, the newer club in this harbor, on the port hand. A dockmaster's clerk, in booth at end of "waiting pier" assigns slip, electricity, water, etc. Very modern only 50% busy, modern club, bar, dining room, pool, etc. Food must be acceptable, as King and Queen of Spain reserve a table at this club, when on the Island. American friends say rates for winter berth is not exorbitant. Palma is well worth visiting.*

*Ibiza has a Nuevo Porto, once again well organized, with all facilities, although the town is not impressive, just local color. Except as they anticipated August business, not overcrowded.*

*Monaco has a new, modern port one mile west of their classic entrance. Expensive, not crowded August last year. Main harbor was full, and diesel was costly in '78.*

*Porto Fino in Italy is too small and crowded, so we anchored outside the harbor of Aanta Margherita last year.*

*Would recommend "156 Porti d'Italia". a series of loose pages, one for each port, including photo of port on one side, and details, hazards, etc. on chart on other, all in Italian. Also, for Spain, a series of three booklets including charts of each port. My recollection is "Down the Spanish Coast", or perhaps that is a different, single issue book. Mine are on the boat in Spain, at this moment.*

## DESI DERATA WESTWARD

Our sturdy Saefern crew gathered on Oct. 6th at Pto. Banus, Spain, to prepare for the "*Transatlantico*". **John Stufflebeem** had already been in Europe, with his family, while **Larry Savadkin**, **Dave Thwaites**, skipper and older son, **Hill**, flew in from USA. Having already sailed many miles in each others' boats, we knew that our group would work well together over the long haul ahead.

Arriving Malaga Saturday morning, we found Spanish customs unable to permit entry of our frozen foods, so carefully prepared by **Jeanne** and **Chris Savadkin**. Several days and many cab rides later, we pried loose these delectables, still frozen, after various commissioners, inspectors and laboratories had exercised themselves. The total time and expenses were more costly than the value of the food, except that these were especially prepared dishes, unavailable elsewhere, such as curries, stews, or soups.

Departing Spain Oct. 10th, we loaded final provisions at Gibraltar, leaving there for the Canaries Oct. 13th. We've passed the Rock several times, and always the wind has been 15-25 knots inbound. This was no exception. We, of course, were outbound. We must also avoid the center of the 4-knot foul current in the center of the Straits. Weather reports had shown us no real reason to await better conditions, so it was power without sail for several days, as we fought our way out of this weather system.

We pitched and rolled, violently enough so that later in the Canaries, we discovered that our batteries had heaved up against the keeper bars (1" x 2") beneath the sole, breaking them in two! We saw 30-35 knots on the wind indicator, more in gusts, and we frequently rolled 30°, maximum 40°, in confused seas... confusing seas, as well.

It was wet and sloppy most of the 800 mile leg to Gran Canaria. Naturally no space was available dockside, so a Med-moor (stern-to) was finally found, just as **Harvey** and **Helen Hawthorne** appeared on the dock, to round out our crew. We gave up looking for customs inspection, tending to shopping, laundry, other chores. At a cliff on the beach, thirty yards from our stern, a great drilling operation was excavating rock for more dock space. Blasting was being prepared. Larry never did get a clear answer whether his ham radio signal would energize blasting caps before their time, and before ours, too. The truck who spoke no English assured Larry by gestures that the rocks flying thru the air would never reach our boat anyway!

Two Swedish girls and some other flotsam offered to accompany us. The skipper vetoed this, a decision much discussed in the weeks ahead. Several days passed, and Hill had to leave us for the real world, before our departure, a poignant goodbye, recognizing the distances and unknown events that lay before us. He had been our cook, as well as a wonderful shipmate and friend.

We moved out Oct. 24th, full of fuel and water, under sail almost immediately. Our hopes were high that we might maintain our 108 miles/day, which with a fair current would get us to the Bahamas well before Thanksgiving. This was not to be. Skipper had the wheel one afternoon, in a heavy downpour, becalmed, no steerage-way, when a sheer line of wind jibed us, ripping our mainsail luff to leach, along a seam just above the first reef. All hands turned to, over the next four days, led by **Stuff** and **Dave**, who showed us the proper way to sew fifty million stitches -- now stronger than ever.

Larry had been in daily radio contact via his friends in the ham network. We really enjoyed hearing from home, and after one or the other of us had chatted with his family, we inevitably compared impressions, discussing and savoring the whole event. At times, there was little else to make one day different from the rest. Having told all our jokes several times by now, we needed Harvey's droll sense of humor, -- the Will Rogers of our group.

Before dinner, we usually had a modest happy hour in the cockpit, with Helen joining us between trips below to the galley. Sometimes we got carried away, singing, with Dave and John outdoing each other in recalling favorite old songs. One night, about halfway across, we gave the cook "*the night off*", with instructions to go to a movie, or shop downtown. She decided to stay aboard, being 1,000 miles from nowhere. Dave did the honors with that evening meal. Helen kept us constantly supplied with the best of meals, including fresh bread and other goodies.

The ham radio was showing fatigue, and fortunately, we had warned the folks at home that if it should fail, our silence did not necessarily mean trouble. Fail -- it did. Our last message was to **Howard Morgan**, informing that we were heading back southeastward to avoid a tropical depression -- then our radio transmission died. (Our SSB was already inoperative). We were executing a delicate maneuver called getting the hell out of the storm track, thru violent squalls and thunderstorms. Little time for discussion, but almost at once we realized that the families can know nothing by our radios for at least one more week. Their last word from us was about our taking evasive action. Would it seem to them that we were in trouble?

Our VHF radio still worked, with its range of only 50 miles, so we hailed a set of lights passing over the horizon. A French tanker responded, which may or may not have been the lights we saw. After great discussions, in English and fractured French, their captain agreed to pass the word to Annapolis that all was well. Apparently, not seeing us by night, there was some reluctance on their part, perhaps we were asking them to send a code of some sort.

Next morning, a tanker crossed our bow, several miles ahead, and, on hearing of our communications problems, they agreed to pass the word to home. When we learned that they were from Genoa, we switched to the Italian tongue, which may have helped. At any rate, an hour later, when they were well over the horizon, they called back on Channel 16 to mention that USCG-Portsmouth had been given our position and time, that all was well, and we were hoping to arrive St. Thomas in eight days. We did. The USCG did inform Jeanne, and therefore all families got up-to-date.

All hands were much relieved. We couldn't accept the strain at home which might have developed due to our radio silence -- and we surely didn't want or need an air-sea search and rescue mission. (Both ships had actually sent the message to Saefern.)

The rest of the trip to St. Thomas was slow, and a little dull at times, between ubiquitous squalls. Skipper knows when he is outclassed, so navigation was left to John, Larry and Dave, each of whom had brought his own sextant. One morning, they said we should see our first landfall, Sombrero Rock Light, dead ahead about 10:30 AM. I came off watch, at 10:00, had coffee, then up to the bowsprit for a look around. There, on the horizon, comes Sombrero Light -- after some 2800 miles from the Canaries!

At St. Thomas (Nov. 17th), we stayed only a few hours, communicating with home, of course. Because of our slow passage and lost time diverting from weather, we were well

behind plan. John and Larry departed for home, while Dave and the Hawthornes were able to stay for the rest of the trip, some 800 miles.

From now on, the weather couldn't have been better. Broad reaching in nor'easterly 15-25 knots, making the whole distance to the Bahamas in less than five days. Arriving at Thanksgiving noon, we passed customs at Marsh Harbour, thence to Treasure Cay, where our 6-ft. draft meant that we must await high tide at 10 PM. We sat on the bottom (on purpose) in the channel outside our slip, enjoying a memorable Thanksgiving dinner, prepared by Helen, in great style. We had a lot to be thankful about, in many ways.

The whole trip was now over, until our return to Saefern in the spring. It seemed longer than I had envisioned, perhaps because the major part was unrelieved, more than three weeks with no anchorage, such as Bermuda or the Azores, which we had enjoyed when eastbound. After 4,000 miles, our crew was still the unique combination of talent and experience, as well as being all good friends. Certainly this skipper could not have asked for a better group for such a passage. Would I sail with these guys again? You bet I would, on their boats, or ours!

## David Edwards, MD

David Edwards, M.D., writes us from Portugal:

25 *"By way of background, I have been ocean sailing intermittently since 1962 and have owned my boat, a Mariner 31 ketch named AZULAO, since 1974. Prior to starting on my current extended cruise in October of 1979 I had sailed my boat from Los Angeles to Baja California, San Francisco, and Hawaii. In October of 1979 I left Los Angeles on the good Ketch AZULAO and have been sailing on her since then. I sailed (always with crew) to Mexico and was capsized and dismasted in a Northerly gale in November of 1979 between Cabo San Lucas, Baja California, and Puerto Vallarta, Mexico. After being towed into Puerto Vallarta, I re-outfitted and continued to Central America, spending the summer of 1980 in Costa Rica. From there I traversed the Panama Canal in October 1980 and after a month in the San Blas Islands of Panama came to Key West, Florida, via Yucatan.*

*I wintered in Key West and prepared for a two months cruise of the Bahamas before making the Atlantic Crossing via Bermuda and the Azores to the Algarve coast of Portugal between June 1 and August 13 of 1981. I have been cruising locally in Portuguese and Spanish waters and my boat is currently in Estepona, Spain, after a rough traverse of the Straits of Gibraltar. I plan now to continue cruising in the Mediterranean Sea for the foreseeable future."* David points out that the name of his Aries Self Steering Vane is, oddly enough, Joshua Slocum.



# D.K. Warner and Maurene Morgan

New member D.K. Warner recently dropped us a line:

*"I own FINISTERRE IV, a Sparkman and Stevens designed, Matthiessen and Paulsen constructed sloop. The boat was built in West German in 1956. She is 40 feet LOA, 27½ on the waterline, of mahogany over oak. She, like her namesake, is a centerboarder.*

*"Although I am writing this letter from Riverside, Connecticut, we (the boat, my long-time friend and companion, Maurene Morgan, and myself) are currently mid-way through a circumnavigation. We departed New York City June, 1979, and are presently parked for the cyclone season in Port Douglas, Queensland. I took advantage of the hiatus to fly back home for the holidays to visit my children. Come April or May we will resume our voyage and from Australia plan to sail to Indonesia, thence across the Indian Ocean to either the Red Sea or, alternatively, Cape Town."*

*"Our track, thus far, has been more or less the standard one... from New York City to Bermuda to Antigua, St. Croix, Panama, the Galapagos, Marquesas, Tuamotus, Tahiti, Huahine, Bora Bora, American Samoa, Tonga, Fiji, the Yasawas, the New Hebrides, the Banks Group, and finally across the Coral Sea to Australia where we entered at Cairns."*

D.K. says they expect to finish their circumnavigation by June of 1984.

## To Gibraltar and Beyond by Hein & Siggi Zenker

Alicante, from where I'm writing this, is a large and handsome city and one of our favorite spots. The castle of Santa Barbara which stands on the summit of the hill of Benecantil serves as a neat background to the harbor that promises secure shelter over the winter month. Not only that, the entire area has a reputed warm climate throughout the winter with only minor rainfalls. (Since we are here one can bet that *'the weather is very unusual this year'* an expression we have heard x-number of times in the past.)

The inner harbor contains the Alicante Yacht Club a rather posh club which has no appeal to the average yachtsman, and which is loaded with locals anyway. But just adjacent is a long pier where the cruising boats are able to moore in the normal Med.-fashion, anchored over bow or stern and one end tied to the pier. Since we were late-comers, with no vacant space left we had to anchor anywhere in front of it; which we prefer in any case for reasons of privacy mainly. But let me get back to the beginning of our venture as it will explain how we ever got here in the first place.

Yes, we were going to cross the Atlantic again, for the fifth time. Over the past three years we had sufficient time to prepare the boat meticulously and to have her and us outfitted for at least two years (except life-supporting items such as food, etc., of course.)

Again we were amazed at the number of items that are essential to cope with the multitude of problems that may (and will) arise over an extended voyage. On top of it came one-and-a-half tons of water, fuel and provisions and all this made the upper line of the boat top the new water line.

On May the twenty fifth, we departed. Ashore on Carters Creek, just off the beautiful Rappahannock River within the Chesapeake Bay, stood some of our friends with whom we exchanged a last *'so long'*. A leisurely sail got us into Little Creek before nightfall. The following morning we topped up on fuel and water and out we sailed into the calm Atlantic.

The calm did not last long, three hours at the most, when the wind made up from the south and soon was blowing a healthy 25 knots. This was like water on the mill and we were joyous to have all this most favorable wind. Little did we realize then that twenty five knots of wind was only the beginning. The sea made up accordingly and caused T.D. to plunge heavily. But **Maurice Griffiths** knew exactly what he was doing when he designed her to prove that she is a sea boat par excellence.

When the wind was blowing in the upper thirties (knots) for days on end we reflected how pleasant twenty-five was. When it blew in the upper forties we reasoned that thirty wasn't all that bad. With a close reef in the main and the two working foresails our good ship wound herself through the confused seas, scooping up tons of cold Atlantic water and thrashing about like mad when a sea got in her way. It was not a pleasant sail but what a glorious spectacle to watch the performance of a ship that is driven by the relentless pressure of a gale of wind. Yet we doubted our instruments when she came up with a run of 213 miles in twenty four hours. But there was the huge bulk-carrier the *ATLANTIC ALLIANCE* close to our port to confirm our position. The next day she sailed 165, the following days 182, 201. I was going to make it an even 200 but my crew over-ruled.

As for crew there was my lovely wife **Siggi**, of course. I would not sail without her and she not without me, I pray! For the first time in our cruising we had an extra hand in a young man who answers the call **Ronald**, my nephew. He is twenty one years old and is a student at the University of Toronto, Canada. He is a tall young man six ft. 5 inches, rather slim and as smart as a whip. He had never ever sailed and we had our doubts whether it was a good idea to take him on such a long passage. But Ronald proved himself a champion. He will always be our first choice.

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It is true we were having a tough passage and all that lousy weather we cursed often but with a good ship and a pleasant crew all is bearable, and there was never a passage when I didn't have reason to praise my excellent '*first mate*', Siggi that is. She is always there where she is needed most. When Ronald and I were reluctant to even open a can food because all was so much effort Siggi did it and even baked bread in addition. As I mentioned already, (*I pray.*)

In this context we must also mention our good friends back home who supplied us so generously with goodies such as Virginia ham and delicious cookies. Thank you all, you did a great deed.

When we arrived at the Azores we had sailed the 2300 miles in fourteen days. We were thoroughly elated that the passage was over and the pleasant town of Horta there to relax and enjoy as long we wanted. Horta (the place of cows) has a fair harbor with a score of moorings where a yacht is able to tie up without being charged. Occasionally it gets a bit rolly but nothing is really perfect. There is plenty of water and provisions to be had and fuel is also available, at a very reasonable cost of 1.08 dollar per gallon. As everywhere else, I suppose, the number of yachts that are visiting are rapidly on the increase. There must have been about fifty yachts there mostly French, British, German in that order.

As soon the yacht is secure and the dinghy down one must clear with the authorities and once this is done the next trip is invariably to Cafe Sport where **Peter Avezeros** will give the yatie all the informations about Horta he or she may desire. This is also as good a spot as any to wash the salt out of the system.

Also there are several restaurants which serve good food very inexpensively but I do must admit that the olive oil with which most food is prepared did not agree with me, after the meal I sort of felt like Slocum after he stuffed himself with Fial plums.

As of scenery all is overshadowed by Pico, a volcanic mountain that rises to a lofty height of 7.713 ft. In as a short narrative as this I'm unable to give sufficient emphasis to the exceptional beauty of these islands in only a few words; therefore I must resort to a short passage from a tourist-pamphlet that may sum it up fairly, '*To visit the Azores is to discover, at the same instant, the true vastness of the sea, the majesty of the mountains, the charm of the little valleys, the delight of hidden coves, the mystery of craters transformed into lakes, an exotic, luxuriant vegetation, nature untouched. How many hours to be spent sailing amid inlets and islets, fishing or exploring the sea depths.*' After eighteen days we cleared for the continent.

The moment we left harbor we found conditions contrary as predicted. Instead of '*light winds and slight seas*' the wind blew up to thirty knots, a dead muzzler. After a day of this uncomfortable sailing we changed course and sailed for Sao Miguel, an island of the Azores some 150 miles sw. of Faial.

It was a good decision since we found Porto Delgado much to our liking. Sao Miguel is the main island of the Azores and Delgado the largest city. For some reason this place has never enjoyed the publicity as is bestowed upon Horta.

Delgado has a lot more to offer, in life, lovely parks, museums, historical sites, etc. We hired a taxi to take us up to Sete Cidades, and extensive crater lake but unfortunately the clouds were so low that it fogged out the panorama. So much for sightseeing.

After a week we were back on the ocean on an easterly course for the continent. For six days we had calms and light winds but then it blew up with a vengeance. Right out of the NNE up to 45 knots, the Portugal Trades had finally arrived. It piled up the seas to some impressive height and too many times we were completely overrun.

The selfsteering that my buddy **Sonny Fay** had built for us proved a marvellous piece of equipment, it coped with all the hard weather in the past (as a good steering should). From the dry shelter of the spray hood I observed with keen interest the violent action of the vane and was astounded how a relatively light piece of equipment was able to withstand such tremendous forces of wind and water. We all hoped and prayed that it would overcome and last through the present ordeal because none of us looked forward with particular pleasure of taking the wheel and being exposed to stinging salt and spray.

Well, the selfsteering packed up! The frame had seperated from the weld. The distorted vane was now sitting somewhat ignominiously on its pedestal. We were forced to handsteer.

Once we gained shelter under the lee of Cabo Vincente we sighed relief, elated to be out of the mess. Thus we crossed the Atlantic again.

As previously mentioned this was our fifth crossing. Looking back and evaluating them individually, we do say that we had much harder winds on the northern route when we crossed with little *THLALOCA*. But the strong winds were always associated with a passing low. On this passage we found the strongest wind with a high barometer and less wind with a low bar. It has me convinced that weather remains a very unreliable partner to deal with in the best of times. Depsite numerous aids in predicting it, it is best taken as conjecture. (Here in the Med. for example very few people rely on weather reports. The age-old standby, the barometer, is considered the only reliable instrument to go by.)

Hove-to under main in the lee of the land the wind was down to almost nil. The night was beautiful. We anxiously waited for daylight, to continue east along the south coast of Portugal and find Villamoura a marina of which we had good reports. Since it is a fairly new marina it wasn't marked on our chart. I took a chance and called up Faro Pilot Station on VHF, and asked for the exact location. The answer I received was an eerie one: 'Get off that bloody phone or I'll cut your head off.' What a welcome! (Needless to say that this message could not have come from the pilot station. It was spoken in perfect English and must have originated from some one who thought it to be some joke.) The station itself never did reply.

It was amusing to hear Ronald's comment the next morning, he said that he did not have a peaceful minute all night. In every little fishing boat darting about he suspected a man with a long knife coming for his scalp.

Villamoura is a huge modern marina amidst a complex of high-rise hotels, a perfect tourist trap. It cost us 8 dollars a night but it was worth it because we were able to rid the boat and sails of encrusted salt and generally to have a few relaxing days in total security. Calamity happened the last day when taking on fuel. In the rush of things I stuck the nozzle into the wrong filler pipe, namely the water tank. The fuel attendant said 'no problem, senior.' And he was right, later in Cadiz I flushed out the tank with a massive dose of water, and that did it.

29 Next was Cadiz some 90 miles across the Gulf of Cadiz. It started out with very light winds but started to blow stiff from the sou-east while still thirty miles off. We could easily cope with the wind but the short, steep seas gave *T.D.* a horrendous ducking. She plunged ahead sluggishly, close hauled doing perhaps three knots. Ten miles off the big port, the wind gusted over thirty knots now dead from the east. We got the engine going to help her along but progress was slow and arduous. We made good weather of it by veering off to port and sailed for the entrance of Guadaquiver River some 15 miles north of Cadiz.

Soon we were in the lee of the land and we followed the buoyed channel to Bonanza. This river is actually the approach to the port of Seville some 40 miles inland. At B. we tied up along a fishing vessel for the night. Next morning with every indication of an easy sail to Cadiz we parted and motored to within 10 miles off the port in total calm. Then all hell broke loose again. The Levante (easterly) developed to blow full force gusting to 50 knots. It was enough to drive us up the palm trees, so fed up were we of all the hard wind and the terrible sea conditions. The bay was a mass of boiling water breaking every which way with no pattern whatsoever. *T.D.* rose to the occasion and gave her best, but not enough. She was stopped cold every time she buried her head into the trough. Again we got the engine going to help her along but that only seemed to drive the bow deeper into the seas. A massive amount of water came aboard and overran the entire structure. Unfortunately we had removed the spray hood in Villamoura to facilitate the circulation of air in the cockpit, therefore we were fully exposed to every bit of water that shot over the bows, and this water must have some of the highest salinity content we ever tasted. The hot sun evaporated the water very quickly so that very slowly but surely we were turning into snowmen.

It took us eight hours and sailing perhaps 30 miles to overcome all this adversity.

Again a fishing vessel had to accept *T.D.* alongside and that for the next ten days while the Levante was blowing hard all along the coast and particularly fierce through the



Straits of Gibraltar. But we were content because Cadiz is a splendid city. What makes it even more attractive is the fact that the city is not overrun with mass tourism. Granted, that up to that point we had no idea what mass tourism actually meant until we came to the Balearic Islands a month later.

The city has a great number of places to visit to suit almost any taste. But to get there is sometimes a problem. To walk there in blazing heat is not to be recommended. To take public transportation can at times be just as strenuous. What we really like is to observe the life around us from the cockpit during daylight hours. Life in Spain begins at night and then we like to sit at some sidewalk cafe and observe and listen to the sounds of Spain. Lets face it, Spain is always fascinating. The people are so pleasant and the atmosphere will never tire us.

The distance from Cadiz to Gibraltar is about 70 miles. For once in a long while we had an easy sail. We did encounter some heavy fog in the strait and it was downright unpleasant knowing the tremendous amount of shipping that traverses this bottleneck, but we got to the Rock unscathed.

Siggi and I had visited Gib (local parlance) in December 1971. On this visit we found that nothing much has really changed. A new marina, where all the yachts have to go to, a few high-rise hotels, to accommodate the tourists is about the whole extent of changes. Still the same is the constant quarrel between Spain and Britain on the political front. Spain wants it and the British won't give it. La Linia is still the furthest point one gets to from either side.

If I would be the arbitrator I give it back to the Arabs and rename it Gebel El Tarik, after all they owned it for more than 600 years.

But our mission to Gib could never be construed as being of historical importance. My interest was solely to climb the Rock and take a movie of the blooming monkies. After I got the pathetic looking lot on film I thought that it wasn't really worth the effort, after all, it requires a stiff climb to get that high up. Of course there is a cable car to make it a lot easier, but I wanted the exercise. The real bonus lies in the spectacular view. Since it was a clear day one is able to see Africa and much of Spain.

In parting I'm using here a cliché that is in use for ages: *'It's nice to arrive but a lot nicer to leave.'* These words however, should not be interpreted as being derogatory, to me it is simply an exclamation that something old has passed and something new has risen to be challenged. In our case the mighty Atlantic was left in our minds only to be remembered, the blue Mediterranean before us to explore.

The Levante blew gale force through the Straits or a whole week. Once it weakened we were off for Ceuta, only 17 miles across the Straits on the African continent. We had a lovely sail. It is the only Spanish enclave left on that continent, only a minute part of the once huge parcel of real estate. The remains consist mainly of a city and a large harbor. It enjoys a special kind of tourism -- the shoppers. From all over the European continent people flock in by the thousands every week and buy everything that can be transported. There are at least four huge ocean-going ferry-ships that ply constantly between Algeciras (mainland Spain) and Ceuta.

Bargain hunting is always high on our itinerary. As our Grundig radio had finally reached the non-performing stage, we had to shop for a replacement and found it in a Sony. The Sony is not as sophisticated but it's playing a nice tune.

The real bargain is Gouda cheese, the kilo for about \$2.70. What is dreadful is the

harbor under certain wind conditions. It is then covered with a heavy layer of tar-like oil. To prevent it from getting into our living quarters we decided to leave.

The timing was right because the wind was blowing from the west (Poviente). (In the Straits the wind only blows from two directions, east or west). The harbor gave no indication of the wind force outside, in fact it was calm. As we approached the breakwater it became evident that it was blowing great gusts, as indicated by numerous white caps. All sails were standing as we still motored towards the wind when all of a sudden we received a gust of wind that laid *T.D.* on its beam-ends. All gear that wasn't tied down was flung over the side. Back 'on all fours' we doused sails and for the next half an hour curved about to retrieve most of the gear. We limped back into harbor to put things right.

With the gear well stowed, we reset the sails and headed out. Very quickly, though, we had to reduce sails as the wind gusted to 40 knots. We sailed north to get as quickly as possible into the lee of the Rock. There at last the sea got back into a normal pattern even though the wind force remained a fact we welcomed as we now took the wind dead aft as we squared away for Malaga.

Malaga is reputed to be one of the loveliest cities of Spain. Very unfortunately not overly receptive to yachts. We came in at night and when we saw the yachts, tied to a pier, in violent motion due to a lot of turbulence we decided for the fishing harbor. But we were kicked out of our bunks very early in the morning by a voice demanding the place for his vessel. After breaking loose we searched the whole harbor for a suitable mooring but to no avail. There were policemen everywhere to motion us off. Thus we set course for Motril.

31 It should be mentioned that all the major harbors along the east and south coast of Spain we had previously visited in little *THLALOCA* back in 1971. Ever since, Spain has built a great many harbors to cash in on the huge number of yachts that are cruising about. In 1971 there were only a few yachts we saw here and there now there are thousands. Back then there was little evidence of high-rise structures, now the entire coast line is a concrete jungle. What depressed us a lot is that absolutely nothing is done in way of sewage treatment. In many places the stench is unbearable and one has reason to ask, 'what is the future going to look like if this sort of *Schweinerei* continues unchecked?'

One thing about the Spanish coast, there is deep water everywhere so one has the advantage of sticking right close to it and enjoying the spectacular scenery, and there is no other country in this world that has such abundance. All this is conducive to very relaxed sailing, where one sits in the cockpit and watches this lovely world drift by.

In Motril we found a marina for *T.D.* while we took a bus for the 40 miles to Granada to see the Alhambra. The bus ride itself was a joy as we witnessed the mountains and valley of the Sierra Nevada. Alhambra the last Moorish stronghold in Spain is a must to see. It is extensive, almost as large as a town and one is well advised to allow at least half a day 'just to scratch the surface. The city of Granada, of what little we saw is much like any other city of Spain, of the world I suppose, a choking mass of vehicles. After a day like this we are always immensely pleased when we are back in our own small world.

From Motril we sailed to Adra, Almaria, Alicante and Calpe a smallish port just south of Cabo De San Antonio. From there we set course for the Balearics. The distance to Antonio Abad on the island of Ibiza is about 60 miles and we made it mostly under power. We made harbor just after midnight. Once certain that the anchor was stuck we

turned in for a nap. Looking the place over in daylight there was no mistake that we had arrived in an area of mass tourism. The one millionth had arrived a month ago. The question is, why do we go there? Very simple, the islands are gorgeous and the weather unbeatable.

We cruised the area for two months, mainly Mallorca the largest island in the group. Starting out from Palma De Mallorca, which is a very attractive city with a large harbor, we eventually visited almost every calla (cove) and harbor on that island. Every place is charming and the water a delight to swim in. It is not always easy to find good anchorage for that, there are too many yachts but pushing a bit here, and squeezing somewhat there, it all works out fine.

There are several places we still wanted to see and those we will visit next year on our way to Greece and Turkey via the Balearics.

A large part of winter we will spend in Alicante. Right now it is the middle of November and the temperature is 25°C during the day and 19°C at night. Perfect weather to give our beloved ship *THLALOCA DOS* a face-lift. Not only does she give us the opportunity to see some of the lovely places in our world, she is a home to us, a real home! Cheers!

## Linn Johnson and Patricia Connor

Slocum Society members **Linn Johnson** and **Patricia Connor**, aboard *MAKAIRA*, sent us the following letter from Hanalei, Kauai, Hawaii: *"We left our home port of San Francisco the end of September, 1980, and spent seven weeks harbor-hopping down the California coast. Since this is our first time cruising, the California coastal cruising was the "shake-down" leg of our trip. Previously, we had spent five years learning to sail on San Francisco Bay and outfitting MAKAIRA, our Rawson 30, for extended cruising."*

*"After our seven weeks of California coastal cruising, we entered Mexico during November, 1980, and spent the next five months there. We cruised the Baja Peninsula along the Pacific and Sea of Cortez shores, then over to Guaymas on the Mainland which was one of our favorite stops in Mexico. While in Mexico, we met fellow Slocum Society Sailing Club members **Ian Harris** and **Paul Ditchoff** on *PICARON*, their 40 foot steel ketch. At last sighting, they were on their way from Cabo San Lucas to the Mexican Mainland with plans to sail to the Caribbean. Good Sailing to *PICARON*!"*

*"From Guaymas we sailed back to Cabo San Lucas and stayed there six and a half weeks before sailing to Hawaii. Our crossing was our first ocean passage and took 25 days -- an easy, uneventful 25 days, too. We've been in Hawaii a little over two months, now, and have enjoyed it very much. We're on our way to the Canadian Gulf Islands, but plan to come back to Hawaii for a longer stay sometime in the future. Here in Hawaii we've met two other Slocum Society Sailing Club members: **David Hatch** and **Ann Gash**. **Dave** and crew just left on *ARIEL* (*KIARIELEI* in his letter in the latest issue of *The Spray*, Volume XXIV, No. 2, page 16, Ed.) bound for the Mainland. We met Ann aboard her Stella Folkboat *STELLA ILIMO* in Hanalei Bay, Kauai. As you must know, she has sailed around the world and is now on the return of her second cruise. At last word she was headed back to Honolulu, then back home to Australia. Ann is really quite a gal! (And we thought we were "hot stuff" because we found Hawaii!)"*

"As for us, we'll be leaving Hanalei Bay in a week or so for the Strait of Juan de Fuca. Unfortunately, we won't be able to make the Seattle Rally on August 15, but there's always next year... We want to spend the next year or two cruising the Pacific Northwest - maybe even as far as Alaska next summer. Our plans are loose, so who knows?" The *Spray* hopes Linn and Patricia keep on the loose and continue sending us their interesting and well-written comments. It is really good to hear so many Slocum Society members are coming into contact with one another.

## Horst Timmreck

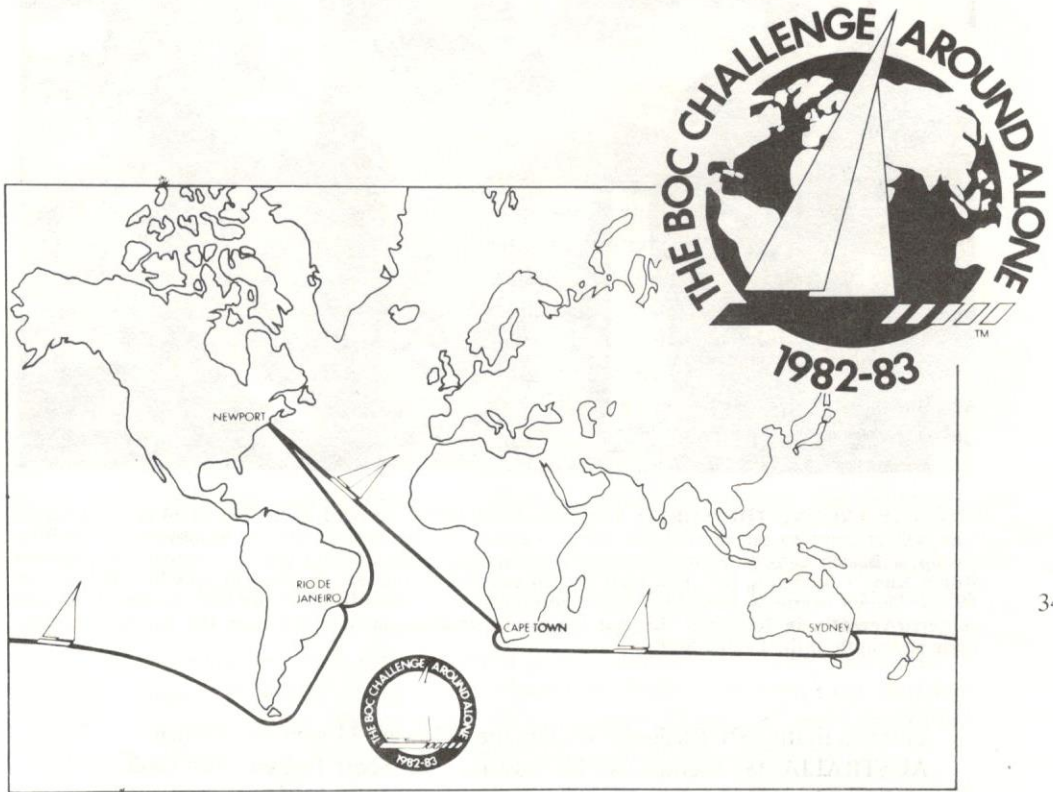
Konrad Eriksen informed us that **Horst Timmreck** is running a cargo service on his yacht *BRIGITTE* between his home port of St. Helena and Cape Town. At the present time he is believed to be on his way to Cape Town and Konrad will discuss his enterprise with him when he arrives.

## Nina and Gordon Stuermer

33 **Frank Mann**, Slocum Society member in Lancaster, Virginia, dropped us a note and a clipping recently about the proposed voyage of *STARBOUND*, the **Stuermer's** 35 ton ketch. *STARBOUND* was the Stuermer's vessel during their circumnavigation which was successfully completed in 1976. Since that time **Gordon**, a marine architect at the Naval Sea Systems Command in Washington, D.C. and **Nina**, a secretary at the Naval Academy, have been replenishing their savings in order to go cruising again. They have now done so and have left their jobs for more important things. Gordon said, "This time we intend to see more of the smaller islands and ports and stop at major ports only for fuel, water and supplies." Their son, **Ernie**, and a friend will make up the rest of the crew. The Stuermers collaborated on two books, *Starbound* and *Deep Water Cruising* (reviewed in this edition of *The Spray*), and Gordon is going solo on a third. He said, "I want to try my hand at a novel. Not sex and violence, but a survival-type book about a man who, seeing a world in trouble, packs up his wife and children and sails off to an island paradise where his family can keep its act intact." Gordon, at 50, has enough government service to qualify for retirement in a few years but as he says, "I prefer to take my retirement in chunks. The ship is in good shape and we're in good shape. That's why we're going now instead of later. The paradises on earth are getting scarce and you have to have a sail boat to reach them." Or, as Nina says, "Happily enough, we never see any men wearing baseball caps, Bermuda shorts, Aloha shirts, and black shoes and socks with cameras slung over their shoulders."

Some insight to *STARBOUND* is provided by Frank Mann: "I was familiar with *STARBOUND* in the early sixties when **Burl Ives** owned her. I was under the impression that she was a copy of Slocum's *SPRAY*, however, if the newspaper story is to be believed on the basis of the quoted length [50 feet on deck plus a long bowsprit and 17 foot beam, Ed.] she is probably just a development of the *SPRAY* design. Until now the last I had heard of her was the occasion when some clown who was taking her south for Ives sailed her up on the beach at Lewes, Delaware, at the mouth of Delaware Bay. She was driven on so hard that a bulldozer had to dig a channel to get her back to deep water." She is certainly back in deep water now.

# The Races



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## BOC Challenge Around Alone

There have been several changes since February of 1982 in what originally was called the "Around Alone" race. The BOC Group, a large international corporation with headquarters in London and its largest subsidiary in the United States, has decided to sponsor what will now be called "The BOC Challenge Around Alone 1982-83". **Richard V. Giordano**, chief executive of The BOC Group, said, "We want to salute the spirit of adventure that drives the world's great achievers. Sailing around the world, singlehanded, is one of those tests that captures the attention and admiration of the whole world."

The Race Committee is composed of **Robin Knox-Johnston**, Chair; **Jim Roos**, Race Director; **Richard Hegeman** of the Goat Island Yacht Club; **Dr. Robin Wallace** of the Rhode Island State Yachting Commission and the Ida Lewis Yacht Club; and **Nigel Rowe** and **Dick Kenny** of The BOC Group.



**ONE WAY AROUND THE WORLD, PLEASE--** David White, far right, is just one of 34 intrepid sailors who will attempt to sail around the world -- alone -- in the BOC Challenge, sponsored by the BOC Group, a British conglomerate. White will get plenty of good advice from race committee chairman Robin Knox - Johnston, left, first man ever to accomplish the feat non-stop (it took him 313 days in 1969). Shown center is Richard V. Giordano, chief executive officer of the BOC Group. The three gathered recently in Newport, R.I., for the formal announcement of the race, the first ever to originate and finish in the United States.

Entrants in the **BOC Challenge** include the following 34 men and women:

**AUSTRALIA:** Ian Kiernan, Neville Gosson, Chris Scott-Taggart, Ann Gash.

**BULGARIA:** Nikolai Djambazov.

**CHZECHOSLOVAKIA:** Richard Konkolski.

**FRANCE:** Guy Bernardin, Jacques de Roux, Jacques le Cor, Philippe Jeantot.

**HOLLAND:** C.B. Kos, Kees Roemers, J.R. Verwoerd.

**JAPAN:** Mako Saito, Yukoh Tada, Kenichi Horie.

**NEW ZEALAND:** Richard McBride.

**SOUTH AFRICA:** Ray Manning, Bertie Reed.

**UNITED KINGDOM:** Richard Broadhead, Desmond Hampton, Chris Houghton, Ben Johnston, John Rapley, Ian Cadell.

**UNITED STATES:** Dan Byrne, Judy Lawson, Jim Veeder, David White, Tony Lush, Francis Stokes, Tom Lindholm, Jim Henry.

**WEST GERMANY:** Claus Hehner.

Some of the rule changes effective as of February 11, 1982, have excited comment from various entrants. The course itself has been altered by the Race Committee. The first leg from Newport, Rhode Island to Capetown, South Africa, by any course remains the same but the destination of the second leg has been changed from Hobart, Tasmania, to Sidney. The third leg will be from Sidney to Rio de Janeiro, rather than Mar del Plata,

Argentina, as had been the original choice. Incidentally, on the third leg Cape Horn must be left to port. The fourth leg will be from Rio de Janeiro to Newport, Rhode Island. The first leg of the race had originally been scheduled to start on September 25 but this has been moved up to August 28, 1982. Entries closed on January 1.

## Judy Lawson

Late news from **Judy Lawson** about **Alone Around**: *"A wonderful piece of news! Ann Gash got her entry in for Around Alone just before the deadline. I think that's great. There were 34 entries paid and official postmarked by January 1.*

*Strange and torturous things are happening to the race as a result of corporate sponsorship. I mean that the ground rules are apparently being changed without notice to the competitors or perhaps to the first sponsors such as The Slocum Society. Hearing from Jim Roos on December 31 that entries closed with 34... however they were "thinking" of extending the deadline and provisionally accepting telephoned entries and such... set my teeth on edge. The guy building my boat, whose office I was standing in, thought it was a bit unethical. What will they change next? Now I hear we will probably stop at Rio rather than Mar del Plata. Rio's become known as a hell hole. Mar del Plata is where Slocum put in.*

*Where will it stop? How many fortune-hunters and stunters will leap in when word gets out there's a \$100,000 pot on this race? What would old Josh think? I was thinking about him at the New York Boat Show, where Bernie Klay of the Sea Heritage Foundation presented me with a third edition (Sheridan House, 1954, with introduction by Walter Magnes Teller) of Sailing Alone Around the World. The book's got Burl Ives written on the inside cover. Perhaps it was his for awhile? At any rate, that's the edition that's going with me -- salt stains and all. Maybe some of Burl Ives' coffee, too!*

*I detest the whole idea of being "brought", and am trying to put together enough support from friends and persons who simply see the illogical purpose of a solo circumnavigation.*

*Alas, the realities are such that I doubt I can bring it off without some corporate support... but there are benevolent ways of doing that. Unless the whole thing becomes bloodthirsty and "professionalized" as I fear it shows signs of doing.*

*Everyone I talk to about Around Alone seems to have lost their perspective in one way or another, and I don't say that by way of implying that I've maintained mine. But a read through the singlehanded part of the most recent issues of "The Spray" could add a measure of sobering reality. The first question I asked when I walked into Rod Stephens (of Sparkman & Stephens) office last fall was, "Would you sail this boat alone around the world?" His answer was good enough. My boat will be comparatively heavy and simple in that hi-tech fleet.*

*I continue to pass along Society brochures and hope this picks up the odd member or two. The only flag I can fly legitimately is the Slocum Society flag!*

# A Personal Odyssey, Alone Around the World

by Dan Byrne



I have entered the **1982 Single-handed Round the World Race**, which means that I, in company with 20 to 30 other sailors, will embark on a 28,000-nautical mile (32,350-statute mile) sailboat race that will take more than eight months to finish.

The course will take us from the dreariest to the wildest seas for sailing on the globe, from the all but windless doldrums to the horrendous turmoil of the Great Southern Ocean off Cape Horn.

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I have prepared this writing to tell my friends and other interested persons what the race is about and what I am about in doing it.

Single-handed sailors never ask other solo sailors why they single-hand. They only rummage for reasons to satisfy non-sailors, or even sailors who are not single-handers. No one is more appalled by the thought of a long ocean passage alone on a sailboat than the sailor who makes identical ocean passages with a crew of a dozen.

Sailing alone is an extension of the mystique of sailing itself. *The New Yorker's* **E.B. White** wrote of "*Men who ache all over for tidiness and compactness in their lives find relief for their pain in the cabin... of a sailboat.*"

In that cabin the questions are the most elemental: where am I headed, how fast am I going, when will I get there? For the single-handed sailor, the answers need only please him or her. Nothing has to be coordinated, discussed or agreed to.

The space a sailor occupies ends at the boat's rail but his awareness streaks to the horizon and beyond, and back and forth through time. Sailing is instant history.

**Robert MacNeil**, of Public Broadcasting's *MacNeil-Lehrer Report*, calls it "*putting history on, wearing it. Not role play or pretense, because at least in some ways (at sea) you really need to do as your ancestors have done to survive.*"

In a circumnavigation in the high latitudes of the southernmost Pacific, the Roaring Forties, the modern sailor stands watch with Magellan's mate and Drake's helmsman. Four centuries separate them in time, but they are one in place and circumstance.

This recapturing of history that sailboats and the sea suggests has intrigued me most of my life. I first began dreaming of sailing distant seas when, as a boy of 13 or 14, I would comb used magazine shops in search of old copies of boating magazines.



Nevertheless, I didn't get my first sailboat or learn to sail until 1964 when I was 36. And I did so in an improbable place, Phoenix, Arizona. There, I bought a 14-foot sailing dinghy and a trailer, took it to Lake Saguaro, a reservoir northeast of the city, and taught myself to sail. Probably because I learned to sail alone, single-handing has always seemed natural to me.

I have worked as a reporter, writer and editor for newspapers and wire services in Toronto, Canada; Nevada; New Mexico; Arizona; and California, where, in 1966, I joined the editorial staff of the *Los Angeles Times*.

Now with the Pacific close by I bought an 18-foot sailing dinghy, then a 22-foot keel boat, next a 27-footer, then a 34-foot cruiser. In 1978 I found and bought the boat that met my requirements as perfectly as any boat could. The design is called a Valiant 40, a stoutly built, fast offshore cruiser. I named it *FANTASY*.

In 1979, at 51, because of investments in California real estate, I found myself in a position to resign as editor of the *Los Angeles Times Syndicate* and become more involved in sailing.

I entered the 2,200-mile **1980 Single-handed Transpacific Race** from San Francisco to Kauai, Hawaii, finishing in 18 days to place fifth in class.

After my wife and I with a crewmember sailed home from Hawaii, I immediately wrote for the rules and entry information for the **Around Alone** race and then broached the subject with my wife. She was appalled. It seemed too long in both time and distance and too dangerous. I shelved the idea.

A year later, in the summer of 1981, she brought up the race.

"Do you really want to enter," she asked me.

"Yes, I do."

"Then let's start planning for it."

After many discussions we have come to the view that although we will be separated much of the time, we will live the year of the race with an intensity of activity, excitement and expectation that will enrich our lives for the rest of our lives.

My boat *FANTASY*, a Valiant 40 cutter, is one of the most successful sailboat designs in the recent history of American yachting. Conceived by **Robert Perry** as a fast cruising boat, the Valiant 40 has distinguished itself in a number of ocean races, including the **Observer Single-handed Transatlantic Race (OSTAR)** and the **Newport to Bermuda** single and double-handed races.

In its January, 1980 issue, *Sail* magazine announced that the Valiant 40 had been voted by its readers "*the offshore cruising boat of the decade.*"

*FANTASY* is hull No. 1; that is, it is the first Valiant 40 built (in 1975) for the Valiant Yacht Corp. by Uniflite in Bellingham, Wash. Valiant Yachts now is a subsidiary of Uniflite.

The boat is 40 feet overall, 34 feet on the waterline and displaces 22,500 pounds. Made of fiberglass, the boat has a modified fin keel.

Altogether *FANTASY*, sturdy, heavily rigged, has been sailed more than 13,000 nautical miles without a single structural or rigging failure or misadventure of any kind other than the trivial.

Other Valiants have and are sailing around the world without incident, although one boat had a 17-hour encounter with a humpback whale. The whale pushed the boat in circles, rammed it, once so hard the chart table lid flew up, before finally departing. The

Valiant sailed on.

For the race around the world, *FANTASY* will have all-new standing and running rigging (the stainless steel wire ropes that support the mast and the Dacron lines that secure and control the sails).

Every fitting, every through-hull drain, every shackle, bolt and chainplate will be inspected. Any sign of wear or fatigue, any hint of inadequacy will cause the suspect part to be replaced. There are no marine supply stores in mid-ocean. A mast lost because of a failed fastening is a race lost and a voyage ended.

Each of the four legs of the voyage will take from 50 to 60 days. For each leg, I will have food and water on board to last 60 days with an extra 10 per cent stowed to provide a margin of safety. That will mean I will take food for 200 meals and 90 gallons of water. Although I have the tank capacity to carry an additional 60 gallons, I won't need the water and I don't want the weight.

Weight is critical. If I can pare equipment and supplies down a thousand pounds, for example, I would probably add a tenth of a knot to my speed. That would cut four days from the total time of the circumnavigation. A knot is a nautical mile per hour. A nautical mile equals 1.15 statute, or land miles.

39 However, I will start each leg with a full 89-gallon tank of diesel fuel for my 50 horse-power auxiliary engine. The race rules prohibit the use of engines to propel the boat, but they can be used with the transmission in neutral to charge batteries. It will take a half-gallon of fuel a day to keep the batteries up, or about 30 gallons for a 60-day leg. Nevertheless, I would want the extra fuel to power toward a port should the boat be dismasted. There is no restriction whatever on the use of electronic equipment.

*FANTASY* will be equipped with amateur and marine radios capable of maintaining contact with race officials from any point along the route of the circumnavigation. The boat will be also equipped with a satellite navigation device capable of giving me my position several times a day with an accuracy of plus or minus a few hundred yards.

There will be a weather facsimile machine to provide detailed, graphic weather information along the route. A back up radio will protect against a communications failure and I will carry two sextants to provide checks on and alternatives to the satellite navigator.

I have sailed *FANTASY* 6,500 miles, half of that single-handed. Knowledgeable sailors familiar with the Valiant 40 agree with me that the boat is fully capable of a fast, safe circumnavigation.

The **Single-handed 'Round the World Race** will start from Newport, R.I., on August 28, 1982, and circumnavigate the globe west to east over a distance of about 28,000 nautical miles. There will be stops at Cape Town, South Africa; Sydney, Australia, and Rio De Janiero, Brazil.

The entered sailboats will be monohulls of not less than 32 feet nor more than 56 feet in length. There will be two classes: Class I will be for boats over 44 feet and Class 2 for boats 44 feet and under. Trophies will be awarded for first, second and third in each class.

The largest boats (and hence the fastest, everything else being equal) can be expected to finish in around 185 days exclusive of stop-overs; the smallest boats in 250 days. I hope to finish in *FANTASY* under 218 days.



The race is being sailed under the auspices of the Slocum Society, the Rhode Island State Yachting Commission and the Goat Island Yacht Club.

"Intended to encourage good seamanship and good fellowship among sailors of all nationalities," the race is incorporated as a nonprofit foundation eligible to accept tax-deductible contributions.

Boats may be sponsored and the sponsor's name may appear on the boat.

At this writing 21 sailors have entered the race from eight countries: the United States, Great Britain, France, Holland, Czechoslovakia, South Africa, Australia and New Zealand.

Entered boats will be required to meet the Offshore Racing Council's *Special Regulations Governing Equipment and Accomodations Standards for Category 1 Races*. Additional information can be obtained from: **James P. Roos**, Race Director; the **Single-handed 'Round the World Race**; Goat Island Marina; Newport, R.I. 02840; Telephone: (401) 846-1376.

My wife, **Patricia**, will provide support services for *FANTASY* during the race.

She will provision the boat for the start and reprovision it at the stopovers. She will also arrange to have flown from the United States to the stopover ports needed replacement parts and equipment, as well as the tracking down of gear in the ports themselves. the ports themselves.

Pat also will be the infomation contact for the media and our friends as the race progresses.

41 The purpose of this adventure is to fulfill the dream of navigating a sailboat alone around the world.

There is, however, a subordinate purpose -- to produce in print and on film a detailed, personal record of one man's fulfillment of a dream so that other men and women who dream of high mountains, vast seas and unknown shores will be emboldened to dream on, then to plan and, perhaps, to do.

This subroinate purpose involves: The writing of a series of syndicated newspaper columns before and during the race; The writing of articles for boating and general interest magazines; The production of a documentary motion picture, candidly exploring the emotional, physical and mental commitment to the challenge.

My participation in the race and the media projects involved will be undertaken through: *The Sailing Experiences, Inc.*; Post Office Box 1725; Santa Monica, California 90406; Telephone: (213) 393-8053 or 870-2908.



# 1982 South Atlantic Race

The 1982 South Atlantic Race from Cape Town to Punta del Este, Uruguay, was scheduled to start on January 9, 1982. The 4,500 nautical mile international race will be the fifth one between Cape Town and a South American port. The first three races in 1971, 1973 and 1976 were to Rio de Janeiro and in 1979 the Uruguayan port became the finish line for the first time. Communications will be run through the 24.4 meter ketch *LATE HARVEST* of Durban which the Cruising Association of South Africa, sponsor of the race, has chartered. *LATE HARVEST* has a full complement of radio equipment. Shoreside facilities were provided in temporary buildings adjacent to the Royal Cape Yacht Club. These facilities included a restaurant and bar, a sick-bay, information bureau, yacht services offices and stores, and administration offices. The same shore facilities will be used for the 1981-82 Whitbread Round the World Race.

The 1979 race saw 36 yachts getting off to a spinnaker start and driving toward the only mark, Ilha da Trindade. The 20.95 meter ketch *KWA HERI* won line honors, completing the race in 24 days. She had 10 daily runs exceeding 200 miles. A crew member described the welcome in Uruguay as follows: "*It is difficult to describe in words the welcome we received, or our feelings. The whole of Punta del Este was there to welcome us and afterwards when we went ashore we found that they could not do enough for us.*"

# 1981/1982 Whitbread Round the World Race

42

The first leg of the 1981/82 Whitbread Round the World Race is history. Cornelius van Rietschoten's 23.4 meter *FLYER* won line honors and broke the record he set four years ago in the original *FLYER*, now *ALASKA EAGLE* and also in the race. The aluminum German Frers-design suffered few problems on the first leg of this race which originated in Portsmouth. This was not so for many others in the race who ran out of wind or, in some cases had too much and suffered numerous gear failures and, in several cases, dismastings. The New Zealand yacht *OUTWARD BOUND* suffered a skirmish with a whale and was nearly run down by a freighter off the coast of Spain. Rietschoten said he could have been in Cape Town four or five days earlier except "*we had terrible, light winds and endless calms.*" He planned no major changes during the Cape Town layover. The second leg of the race began October 31 when the yachts drove east to Auckland, New Zealand. The third stage ends in Mar del Plata, Argentina. The last leg takes boats and crews back to Portsmouth.

As this section of *The Spray* was being put together the results of the second leg of the Whitbread Round the World Race came in. Again, *FLYER* was first to finish, edging *CERAMCO NEW ZEALAND* in what was essentially a two boat race. *FLYER* broke the old record by some 4½ hours but *CERAMCO* corrected out the winner. *FLYER* was able to make her move when a high pressure system began to build in the southern Tasman Sea and turned a downwind ride into a beat against 40 knot winds and steep seas. The weight and waterline of *FLYER* allowed her to go to weather more effectively than *CERAMCO*, although the New Zealand boat hung with the Frers-designed maxi much

better than many had assumed was possible. The beat to New Zealand was a jarring affair, especially after the relatively benign conditions of the downhill portion of the leg. Benign, like beauty, is often in the eye of the beholder. In this case it meant winds averaging 35-50 knots and no puffs over 60. Even so, both *FLYER* and *CERAMCO* broke their booms during the long run across the Roaring Forties. After the second leg of the race the corrected time results show *KRITER IX* (France) first, followed by *CHARLES HEIDSIECK III* (France), *FLYER* (Netherlands), *DISQUE D'OR* (Switzerland), *BERGE VIKING* (Norway), *XARGO III* (South Africa), *OUTWARD BOUND* (New Zealand), and *ALASKA EAGLE* (USA).

## Short Notes on the Whitbread 81/82

**Leslie Williams**, skipper of the largest boat in the race, *FCF CHALLENGER*, was so short of funds that before the first leg of the race he was looking for seven crew members who would be willing to pay him around £8,000 each for the privilege of sailing with him. He said the only way out of his financial doldrums was to win the race. Then potential buyers for his 80 footer would be pounding on his transom.

*ALASKA EAGLE*, ex-*FLYER*, cost its new owner **Neil Bergt** some £400,000 to buy and refit. The 65 foot *EAGLE* won the last Whitbread under **Cornelius van Rietschoten**, the Dutch merchant-banker, who has a new and bigger *FLYER*. Van Rietschoten has full backup facilities at each port of call and a spare mast ready to be flown out if the need arises. It did.

43 The French yacht *33 EXPORT* was dismasted on the second leg of the race and, after being jury rigged, sailed 180 miles to Kerguelen Island. Their insurance underwriters refused to insure them for the remaining 4,000 miles under temporary rig to Auckland and they must wait until a cargo ship calls at Kerguelen and they can load their boat for the trip back to France. They plan to reoutfit *33 EXPORT* and sail to South America where they will rejoin the race for its final leg.

*FLYER* suffered extensive damage to her mast and boom on the second leg of the race. The boom was broken in two places and had to be sleeved while the mast was dented by a runaway spinnaker pole during a boarch. The bottom 50 feet of the mast had to be replaced in Auckland.

**Eric Tabarly** reported that *EUROMARCHE* had a total of nine spinnakers blown out on the second leg. *EUROMARCHE* went as far south as 52° but found the conditions less severe than in the race four years ago.

An Italian entrant, *SAVE*, reported two 360 degree rolls in storms and big seas on the leg to Auckland. *ILGAGOMA*, another Italian entry, reported that skipper **Roberto Vianello** had frostbitten toes after the yacht had been swamped. In the absence of a doctor aboard the crew sought medical advice from Italy by radio. *DISQUE D'OR* (Switzerland) also reported frostbite problems among her crew.

Finances seemed to plague *SWEDISH ENTRY*. Skipper **Peter Silferhielm** was forced to temporarily leave the boat in Cape Town and return to Sweden in an attempt to raise more money. Sufficient funds were garnered for the racer to continue on to New Zealand but it was reported that the crew was disenchanted enough to have asked that air line tickets for home be made available to them in Auckland. A later report indicated that a sponsor had put up enough money for the boat to continue in the race.

See next file for 2nd half of

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