



PENTAX under way again.

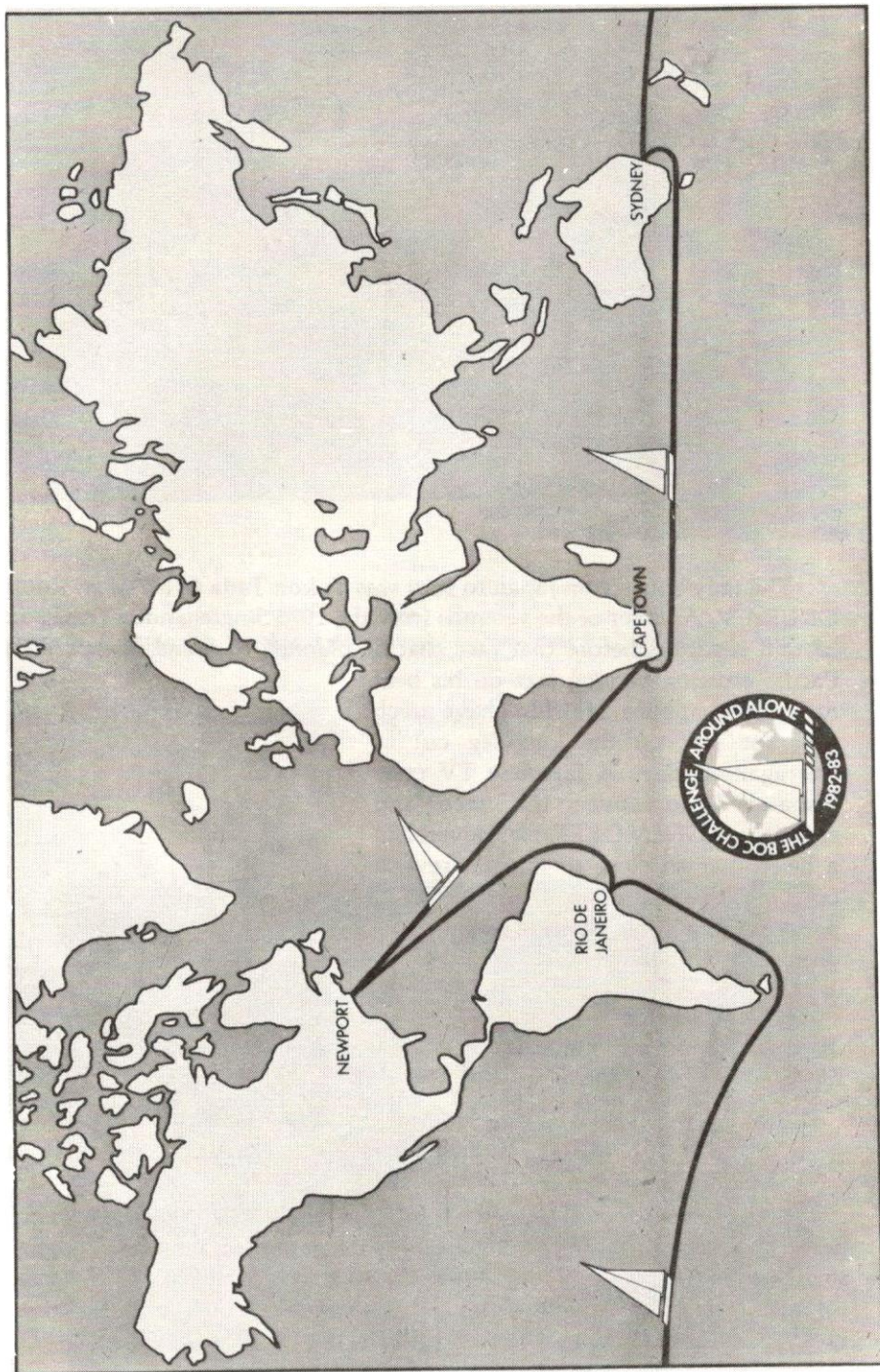
The only entry from Japan to start was **Yukoh Tada** in his 44 ft. sloop *KODEN OKURA V*. Another of the veterans from the 1975 Singlehanded Transpacific Race, he told reporters before that race that he planned to spend his spare time in the Pacific crossing playing jazz on his beat up tenor saxophone. He didn't have much time for jazz on the long leg out of Narragansett Bay. A Japanese TV crew dispatched to cover the race and especially *KODEN OKERA V*, hovered in a helicopter so close to him on several occasions that it severely altered the wind patterns about his vessel, much to his disgust, no doubt.

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Helicopter hovering in the lee of *KODEN OKERA V* causing frustrating wind currents.



As the sixteen vessels headed out into the lonely Atlantic, the *SUNDREAM*, the powerboat chartered by the **BOC Group**, sponsors of the race, sought out each singlehander and wished him farewell. After greeting the last one, the vessel turned for Newport and an eerie hush fell over the spectators on board. All knew that in a race which takes seven to nine months to complete, it is unlikely that the "fastest"



SYDNEY

CAPE TOWN

RIO DE
JANEIRO

NEWPORT



vessel will win. Luck will have a great deal to do with who will finish and who will not. In the "Roaring 40's" in which the fleet will sail for part of the Cape Town to Sydney leg and much of the Sydney to Rio leg, a routine storm could knock some contenders out of the running at its center while speeding others along at its fringes. Hand in hand with luck, though, will be the seamanship of the lone skippers who finish. This says nothing of those unable to finish; it says a lot of those who do. Of the sixteen vessels rapidly disappearing into the offshore haze, how many would retire from the race in mid-Atlantic; how many would raise Capetown; and of those arriving, how many would risk the inevitable moments of sheer terror on succeeding legs?

Late November, 1982, Update

David White on board *ONE* (aka *GLADIATOR ONE*) took an early lead before he was forced to withdraw due to large cracks which developed in the forward bulkhead between the main cabin and the sail locker. He headed for Fort Lauderdale, Florida. **Tom Lindholm** had problems, too. Two days after the start of the race mechanical difficulties forced him to withdraw.

With David's withdrawal, the early lead was relinquished to **Bertie Reed** onboard *ALTECH VOORTREKKER*. **Francis Stokes** on *MOONSHINE* was the early Class II leader.

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ALTECH VOORTREKKER (100) alongside pier, outboard of *GIpsy Moth V* (142).

With a hurricane brewing to the southeast of the fleet, the intrafleet chit-chat on the radio took on a serious tone during these early days. In addition, others in the fleet were reporting mechanical problems. **Yukoh Tada** on *KODEN OKERA V* had problems with his topping lift and **Richard McBride** on *CITY OF DUNEDIN* was having self steering problems. **Claus Hehner** and *MEX II* decided that the structural defects in the rigging were so severe as to prevent his starting, even at a later date. He withdrew.

But **Greg Cole**, a New Zealander who arrived in Newport on September 3rd on board his radically designed 44 ft, catboat *DATSUN SKYLINE* (with a carbon fiber hull, 10 ft. draft, moveable fin keel, and swiveling mast) prepared his vessel for the race and executed a late start on September 9th.

By September 13th, **Philippe Jeantot** and *CREDIT AGRICOLE* had undisputed first place, a position he did not relinquish for the remainder of the first leg. **Paul Rodgers** on *SPIRIT OF PENTAX* was 300 miles behind Philippe and on a more southerly course.

By September 20th, Philippe had extended his lead to 1000 miles, however, word from Fort Lauderdale was that his chief mentor, **David White**, had effected repairs and was planning on re-entering the race.

Francis Stokes on *MOONSHINE* was still leading Class II in spite of one of his spreaders splitting. He was able to hoist himself to the spreader and effect repairs while underway.

41 Early October found **Philippe Jeantot** a startling 1200 miles ahead of his nearest competitors, **Bertie Reed** on *ALTECH VORTREKKER* and **Paul Rodgers** on *SPIRIT OF PENTAX*. Paul, handicapped by self steering problems, had also lost his only big staysail overboard, an unfortunate turn of events for a staysail schooner. Not only that, but contrary to the name of his vessel, Paul is one of the unsponsored competitors and low on funds.

Generating problems had struck **Richard McBride** on *CITY OF DUNEDIN*, **Richard Broadhead** on *PERSEVERANCE*, and **Bertie Reed** on *ALTECH VORTREKKER*. They were forced to curtail their radio chit-chat to the required calls to BOC with position reports. Also, late starter **Greg Cole** on *DATSUN SKYLINE* reported cracks at the base of his unorthodox aerofoil mast.

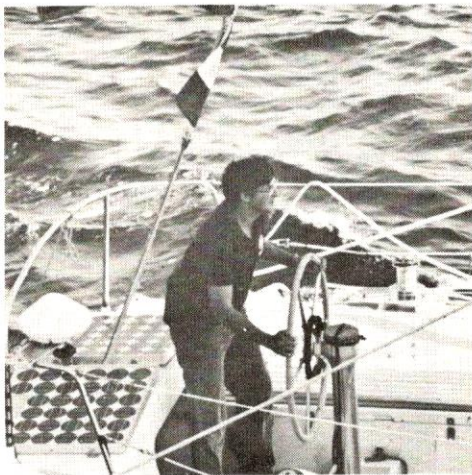
As **Philippe Jeantot** coasted to an early victory in the first leg on October 14th, a race developed for 2nd place between **Richard Broadhead** on *PERSEVERANCE* and **Bertie Reed** on *ALTECH VORTREKKER*. Richard's track south, some 600 miles to the east of Bertie's, put him 200 miles closer to the Cape Town finish although he was still 400 miles north of Bertie.

But Philippe did not win the first leg without sacrifice. Twenty days before his arrival in Cape Town one of his fresh water tanks ruptured and he elected to ration himself to only 2 pints of water per day for the final three weeks of the race. He reached Cape Town with 35 pints on board. "I was worried about dehydration" he said upon arrival. "At times I was tempted to drink my remaining water but I had to be strict with myself in case I hit adverse weather conditions that might have delayed my reaching Cape Town." He was able to supplement his water supply, though, by distilling sea water with a pressure cooker. In addition to his fresh water problem, he damaged two mainsails, six spinnakers, and three of his four self steering devices on the first leg of the race.

On October 21, a week after Philippe Jeantot sailed into Cape Town, **Bertie Reed** on *ALTECH VORTREKKER* arrived. **Richard Broadhead** on *PERSEVERANCE* arrived on October 24th and 10 hours later **Desmond Hampton** on *GIPSY MOTH V* arrived. During the last few days of the race, Richard's *PERSEVERANCE* had developed a 50 gal. per day leak, the finding and repair of which became his major job during his stay in Cape Town.

Desmond Hampton reported only a defective stay which he was able to replace underway. As unpreturbed when he finished as before the start, he sat down to enjoy a hearty British breakfast with Richard Broadhead a few hours after his midnight arrival.

Tony Lush on *LADY PEPPERELL* was the next to arrive, crossing the finish line on Monday afternoon, October 25. Recounting his relatively uneventful passage, he said he spent nearly every night sleeping on deck in his beanbag chair. The day before reaching Cape Town he was finally forced to don foul weather gear. One change he plans to make in Cape Town, though, is to replace the fiberglass masts on his unstayed cat ketch with carbon fiber masts for the remainder of the race. He also reported that he had read 30 of the books from his extensive library during the voyage.



Jacques de Roux, skipper of *SKOIERN III* (10), winner of Class II in the first leg.

On October 26th the first Class II yacht crossed the finish line. *SKOIERN III*, skippered by **Jacques de Roux** arrived after a 48 hour sleepless watch, caused by the failure of his self steering system two days earlier. *SPIRIT OF PENTAX* with starving **Paul Rodgers** on board arrived late on October 26th. Having run out of food three days earlier, the frustrated Briton watched **Jacques de Roux** sail past him to finish hours earlier, *SKOIERN III* being able to point higher than Paul's staysail schooner.

Yukoh Tada on *KODEN OKURA V* arrived on October 28th with a tattered jib and spinnaker, the result of an encounter with high southeasterly winds as he entered port. Unlike **Paul Rodgers**, Yukoh had enough food (wild rice, dried vegetables, dried seaweed, and soya beans) to last a year at sea.

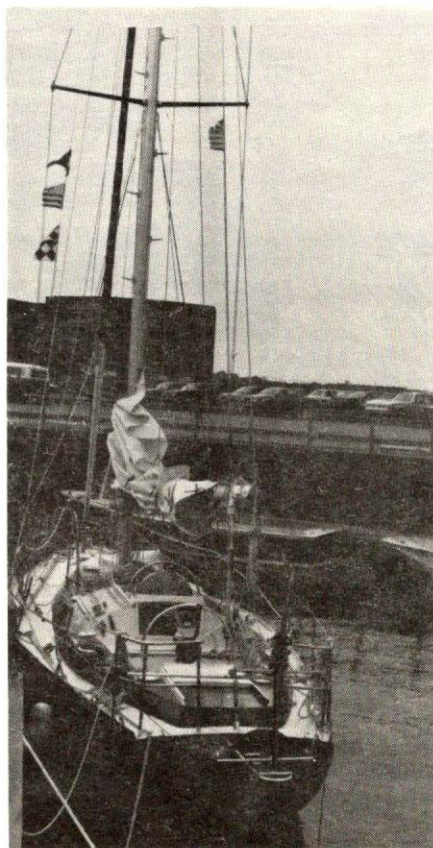


Above: *FANTASY* (101), **Dan Byrne**, skipper sails past *SUNDREAM* before the start of the race. Below *RATSO II* alongside pier in Newport, RI.

The second smallest vessel in the race, 39'6" *MOONSHINE* and **Francis Stokes** entered Cape Town on October 29th.

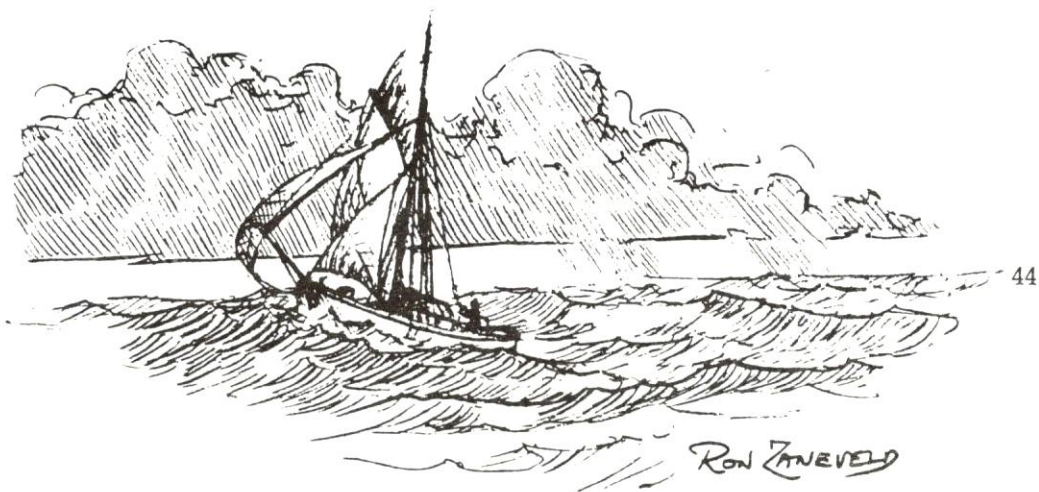
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With a broken forestay, damaged capshroud, and ripped foresail, **Neville Gosson** and *LEDA PIER ONE* limped into Cape Town at about noon on October 30th. A day and a half later **Richard Konkolski** and *NIKE II*, the first vessel to cross the Newport start line, crossed the Cape Town finish line. Seven hours later, retired newspaper editor, **Dan Byrne**, arrived on *FANTASY* to be greeted by his wife, Pat. Of the 16 competitors entered Dan was the 12th to finish. Still at sea as of press time (early November, 1982) were **Guy Bernadine** on the smallest vessel in the race, 38 ft. *RATSO II*; **Richard McBride** on *CITY OF DUNEDIN*; and late starters **David White** on *ONE* and **Greg Cole** on *DATSUN SKYLINE*.



At an awards ceremony on November 5th, the French entrants, **Philippe Jeantot** and **Jacque de Roux** received the major awards for the race's first leg. Philippe was overall winner of the first leg and received the "City of Cape Town Line Honor Award"; the "Defense Sailing Association Award" for winner on elapsed time; and the "BOC Challenge Award" as winner of Class I. Jacques won the "BOC Challenge Award" as winner of Class II. A special award, "The Altech Communication Award" went to **Francis Stokes** for his communication assistance and encouragement to fellow participants during the first leg.

The second leg, Cape Town to Sydney, Australia started on November 13th. Ahead lies the infamous "roaring 40's". Brrrrrrrr.



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1981/1982 Whitbread Round The World Race

In an unprecedented turn of events, **Cornelius van Rietschoten** and *FLYER* won both line and handicap honors in the 1981/1982 Whitbread Round the World Race. The 76 foot sloop, designed by German Frers, took just over 120 days to sail the course, some 14 days less than *GREAT BRITAIN II*'s 1977/1978 record. *FLYER* also became the first yacht to be first to finish on each of the four legs of the race.

The Slop Chest

Notes From Peer Tangvald

"I was much impressed by the well-written and intelligent article by Jean-Charles Taupin, "Do You Wear Licensed Shoes?" (Volume XXIV, No. 2, page 47) regarding our fast dwindling freedom and I agree with every word he says. Why are the authorities so worried about our safety when we want to play; they worry very little about it when they decide to send us into a war!"

"Regarding pirates, I was at first very impressed when the Tunisian Police succeeded in finding the three men who had attacked us during our sleep in the harbour of Gabes (they had beaten us and robbed us and had attempted to rape my crew), but I am very disappointed about the follow-up."

"First of all, they refused an extension of our visa, thus not only forcing us out to sea long before the winter storms were over but preventing us from attending the court trial which was to be held a few weeks later."

"I was very upset about them preventing us from witnessing the trial but the judge at least promised to send us the results of the court's decision. He also promised to send us the missing money and the gold jewelry, should they find them."

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"Since then, not one word and no answer to the several letters I have sent to the judge in Gabes, the Court in Sfax, the Police in Gabes, and the Harbor Master's Office in Gabes. Only one man has answered me: the local priest who assisted us through our ordeal. He wrote one letter and merely advised us to forget the whole story!"

"I will never forget the frightening words from one of the criminals during the preliminary hearing when he asked the judge, "Why do you want to punish us? You are a Moslem and we are Moslems while they are just Christians." We can only wonder where the money and gold jewelry are. We especially wonder to what use they have been put... The net result of all of this is that I feel the world is shrinking smaller and smaller for me the more I open my eyes."

"My boat is now in England where I feel safe but the climate has nearly killed me off with one brochitis attack after another. I finally fled to the Mediterranean with my 500cc motorbike. In a couple of months I will get back to the boat and hurriedly set a course South. Perhaps the Azores or the Americas?"

John Shugar Asks Some Questions

John Shugar indicates that he and his wife, Beth, are in the final stages of preparing their Starratt 45, *WINDSWEPT*, for extended cruising. They completed their vessel from a bare hull and by the time readers see this note they will be well into their passage from Port Clinton, Ohio, to the Atlantic via the Erie Canal, with a

stop at Mystic Seaport, and then to Bermuda either directly or by way of the Chesapeake. They plan to Christmas in Florida and do Antigua Week '83. Their plans are open ended after that. John noted that in reading "The Spray" there is no way of knowing whether contributions are from Roving Correspondents or members. I guess the difference is that Roving Correspondents are identified as such on the suitable page. We need contributions from all of our members but, John, since you asked and are indeed "roving" you are now official.

John also presents us with a question which I am certain our members can answer. He writes, "Somewhere in the not very distant past I happened to see an article suggesting the use of one of the 'fuzz-buster' type police radar detectors as a possible warning device for solo sailors. The units are self-contained, reasonably priced, small in size, and work off a 12-volt system. They are not directional but would alert one to the presence of a vessel with radar. The question that wasn't answered was whether the frequencies of various ships' radar was within the frequency bands of the detecting unit. In preparing for our upcoming voyage I have not had the time to track down the answer. Does anyone else know if the idea is feasible?" I'm sure someone does. Let us know.

Ken Slack & "Pagan"

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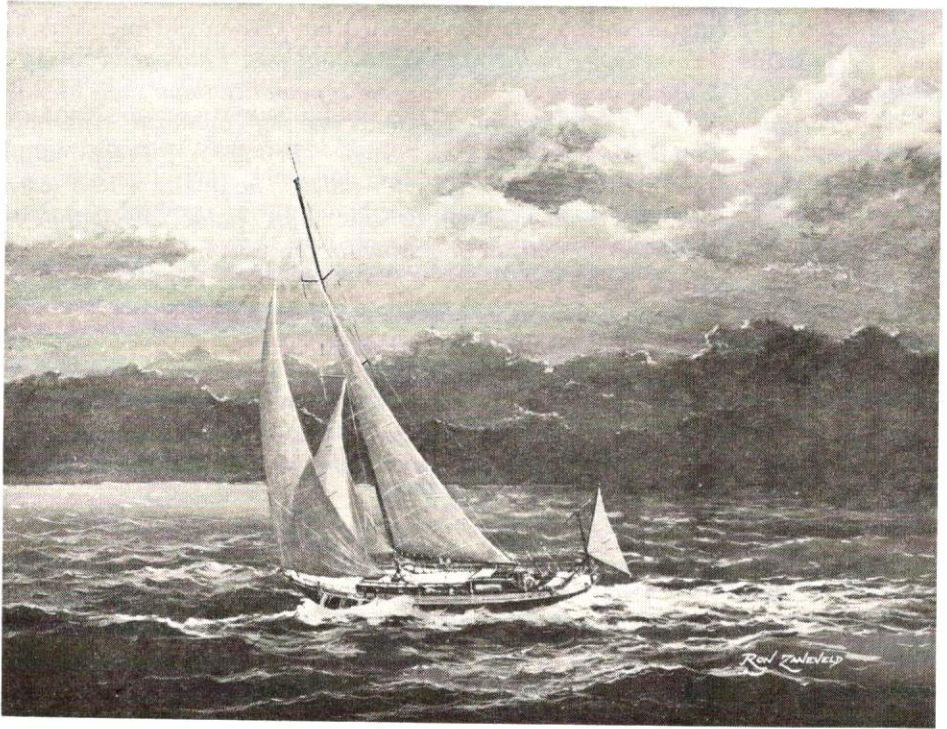
Ken Slack writes us, "I was prompted to comment on the photo you printed of my previous yacht PAPAN (Volume XXV, No. 2, page 44). This photo shows the PAPAN in Sydney Harbour just after finishing the Trans-Tasman yacht race of 1948. This photo first appeared in The Sydney Morning Herald on February 10, 1948, and was taken the day before. Bill Weld, owner and skipper, is seated on the cabin trunk, and the other two men are the crew, P. Edmonds and A. Porter. This was the Fifth Trans-Tasman Race and our Sydney yachting magazine Seacraft in its April, 1948, issue commented that this would go down in 'the annals of yachting as the Race of the Big Blow.' A 90 mile-an-hour hurricane flattened the boats a week out of Auckland and there was also a giant cross-wave which caused severe damage to four boats in the fleet of eight craft. PAPAN's gaff was broken, her dinghy smashed to pieces, and she hove to for a day. PAPAN, the smallest yacht in the fleet, was fourth in the race. In my PAPAN file, I have a few interesting articles on PAPAN and Bill Weld: Seacraft, April, 1948, and The Rudder, May, 1949. I bought PAPAN in Sydney in 1960 and sold her in 1974. I believe she is at present in Lake Burley Griffin in Canberra -- a long way from the sea!"

The story of Ken's near-disastrous trip to Lord Howe Island is in *The Rudder*, April, 1964. Ken's excellent analysis of the design of Captain Slocum's SPRAY is again available. *In the Wake of the SPRAY* has been published by Sheridan House again (1981) and will retail for \$17.50. However, by special arrangement with the publisher it is available through the Slocum Society for only \$14.25, postpaid by book post/surface anywhere in the world.

"Gypsy Moth III"

By Ron Zaneveld

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Sir Francis Chichester is one of the best known single-handers. He started sailing in his late fifties after a long struggle with lung cancer. He first crossed an ocean alone during the first single-handed transatlantic race in 1960. He had a difficult time during the first two weeks of the race, learning to sail his brand new forty foot yacht. Eventually he mastered the boat handling peculiarities of his yacht, his sense of humor returned, and he wrote that he had found the true values of life. The painting shows Chichester and his yacht *GYPSEY MOTH III* during that happy period of the race in mid-Atlantic. The strange little sail on the stern is part of the self-steering device which Chichester called "*Miranda*". Chichester went on to win the race, and so started a decade filled with single-handed sailing feats, which included a solo voyage around the world.

D.K. Warner

D.K. Warner writes that "Port Douglas, Australia, is a small fishing village about 40 miles north of Cairns on the North Queensland coast. The town is just beginning to experience a tourism 'boomlet' which will, doubtless, change the nature of the place within a very few years."

"Good, safe, all-weather harbors are rare along the Queensland coast. There are numerous, delightful, settled weather anchorages (behind reefs and cays, up rivers and streams, etc.) but protected harbors, good for the 'cyclone' season, are few. There is Brisbane and Mooloolaba in the far south of the state, Townsville further north, Cairns (an expanded and dredged inlet which is very crowded), and Port Douglas, an inlet not associated with an emptying river (very important when the rains come and the rivers become raging torrents)."

"Port Douglas is small (400 or 500 souls) but there is a small shipyard and a good hardware store and chandlery, a welder who also works in aluminum, and a pretty fair electronics man. The twenty-odd trawlers stationed here provide most of the business for the tradesmen, but they are happy to accommodate the yachtsman as well."

"There are, perhaps, a dozen resident yachts and, at the moment, three cruising yachts -- two Aussie boats and ourselves."

"Queensland is a state full of dreary towns and villages. Port Douglas is the exception. It's a clean, pretty sort of place. The facilities are minimal but adequate and the people are super. We've found an ideal lay-over port -- the best we've seen in Australia."

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Question

What does the wind say to the sail?

"I have sent the purple sails of Tyre.

"I have dashed Armadas to destruction.

"I assume many names."

The man of Science interrupted:

"The sea, the wind, the sky are impersonal!

"Only a silly poet would..."

The wind blew him away.

Poseidon stretched a bit, Orion winked.

The wind said, *"I must leave.*

"My master bids me hurry on.

"To ruffle the prayer flags of Sikkim."

The wind disappeared over the curve of the world.

Elizabeth Jacob

Robert & Elizabeth Brunyee

A young honeymooning couple almost saw their cruise (and possibly their marriage) end on the rocks when they were caught in Force Six weather on their way from Falmouth to France. **Robert** and **Elizabeth Brunyee**, married three weeks, drifted in large seas and heavy weather for two days when their 25 foot *CARN DHU* lost engine power and was nearly swamped. They bailed, sang hymns, and finally were able to fire flares during a brief break in the weather which were seen by a freighter. The Brunyees were eventually towed into Exmouth, Devon, by a lifeboat. Robert said, *"There were plenty of times we thought we would never make it. But this experience brought us together as man and wife like nothing else possibly could."*

Stew Wilson

49 **Stew Wilson** writes from Al-Jubail, Saudi Arabia, that he would not recommend any Society members coming into the Arabian Gulf for any reason. He feels there is too much traffic and the political situation is too dangerous. The Saudi Arabians are very strict on books, recording tapes, women's dress, and drinking and seem to becoming more so. The necessary paperwork is also very lengthy and complex. On the Red Sea side of the peninsula, Jeddah is becoming larger and enjoying more traffic from larger container vessels and modern coasters. Stew says, *"Sail with caution."* Any members who pass by Woods Hole or Falmouth on Cape Code and need assistance (within reason) can contact his home at 61 Ransom Road, Falmouth, Massachusetts. The telephone is (617) 548-1260. Stew's wife works but she and his black Labrador will be happy to do what they can.

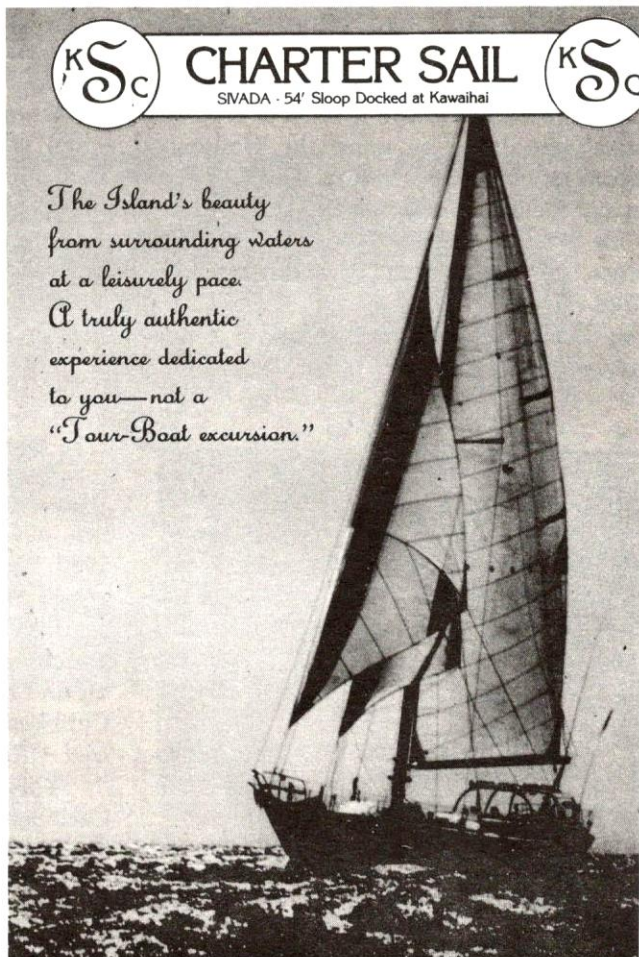
First Sail Of The Year By John Bender

First sail of the year -- and it certainly was great to get out in the river again. Even the sight of the bridge into which the Air Florida plane crashed two months ago did little to detract from the joy of the day. Eight miles down river from Washington encountered a good-sized, ketch-rigged motorsailer high and nearly dry on a rocky beach. The surprising thing about it was that she apparently had run nearly head-on into the beach, not 200 yards from a prominent lighted beacon. After dark I passed a small cruising sloop, abandoned in very shallow water. She seemed, as best I could make out, to be suspended in the air. Turns out that the skipper, an old hand in these waters, had run into some submerged pilings which he simply *"didn't know were there."* Of course, there is a day beacon with a warning sign, and the pilings are clearly marked in the NOS chart. And he couldn't claim that they are a recent addition, since in fact they are the remains of a railroad bridge which spanned the

Potomac during the Civil War. Several years ago a power boat hit the same pilings, and the owner tried to make it to a marina on the opposite side of the river. Unfortunately, the boat sank in 25 feet of water, and the owner drowned.

Curt Shoemaker

Curt Shoemaker is chartering *SIVADA*, his 54 foot sloop docked at Kawaihai. Interested parties can contact him in Kamauela, Hawaii 96743. His telephone number is (808) 885-4242.



The advertisement features a black and white photograph of a sloop with its sails up, sailing on a choppy sea. The boat is positioned in the lower right quadrant of the image. Above the photo, there is a banner with the text 'KSC CHARTER SAIL KSC' and 'SIVADA - 54' Sloop Docked at Kawaihai'. To the left of the photo, there is a block of text in a cursive font.

KSC CHARTER SAIL KSC
SIVADA - 54' Sloop Docked at Kawaihai

*The Island's beauty
from surrounding waters
at a leisurely pace.
A truly authentic
experience dedicated
to you—not a
“Tour-Boat excursion.”*

"Dove" Going Home With New Owners

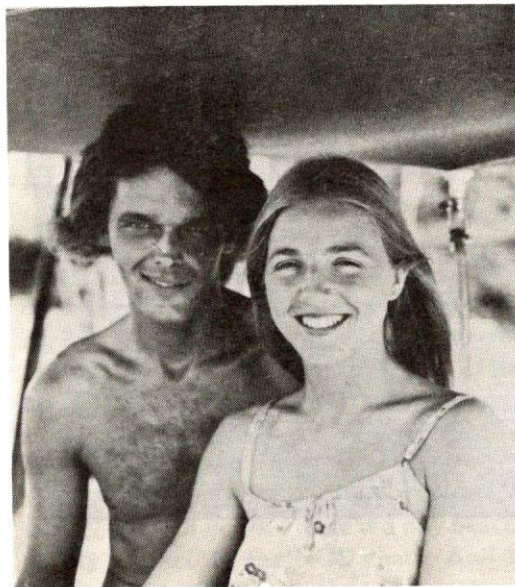
By Sharleen Childress

Whatever happened to *DOVE*? The original 24-foot fiberglass Lapworth design (a forerunner of the Cal 24 and 25), which **Robin Lee Graham** immortalized as the youngest single-handed circumnavigator (1965-70), is in St. Thomas. Now 22 years old, she has just received a coat of paint and other loving touches from her new owners.

The new owners of *DOVE* are a bronzed, 26-year-old Californian from Venice, **Tim Sheppard**, and **Sylvie Desrochers**, a 25-year-old French-speaking Canadian from Quebec. The fourth owners of *DOVE* since Graham are a strikingly attractive couple who bring to mind the Hollywood actors who appeared in the film adaptation of "*Dove*". In fact, Tim and Sylvie's own story of their meeting 3 years ago and the events which led to their purchase of *DOVE* is worthy of a screenplay.

In 1979, Tim and a New Zealander friend set out to explore Latin America. By chance, they ran into Sylvie and her new-found Canadian girl-friend. The couples paired off -- the Canadian and New Zealander are currently together in Australia while Tim and Sylvie can be found working happily on *DOVE* at the yacht Haven Marina in St. Thomas.

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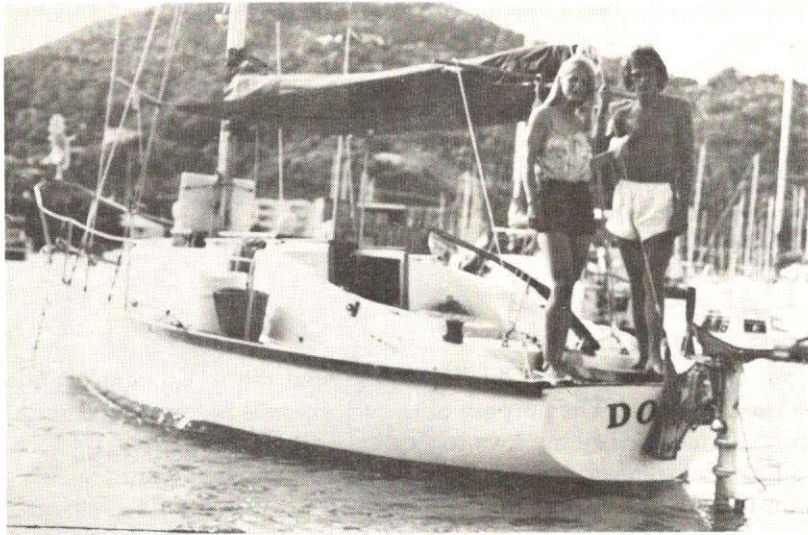


Both admit to having the "*travel bug*". According to Tim, it was a winter visit to Montreal in 1980 (in temperatures far below zero) that convinced him to go sailing in warmer climates. Enquiries to cruising magazines paid off and he was invited to crew with Caribbean author **Don Street** on *LOLAIRE*.

This brought Tim to the Caribbean where, to interest Sylvie in sailing, he sent her a copy of the book "*Dove*". Just two weeks later, in April '81 (while crewing for Street in St. Thomas) he stumbled across the boat itself, in a boatyard, listed for sale at a "*reasonable price*". He bought her.

Tim's varied working experience in everything from painting, carpentry and real estate is helping him to re-equip *DOVE*. The chipper little yacht was mercilessly stripped then neglected by a previous owner. To date Tim has installed life line stanchions, compasses, a VHF, genoa tracks, water tanks and pumps. In addition, there's now a brace to support the mast step, new running rigging, a reduced stove area, more space with the head removed, and complete re-wiring throughout. A new set of white sails now powers *DOVE*. Although the cockpit was decked over by Graham because of continuous swamping, there is still work to be done to improve drainage from this area. And still there is the seemingly incurable leak at the hull deck joint.

"The only Californian that I know that does not surf" is Sylvie's description of Tim who spent his "formative years" (from thirteen to sixteen) working on ranches while also mastering basic seamanship on board his step-father's powerboat on Lake Mead, Nevada. Sailing experience back then consisted of day-sails out of Marina del Rey in Southern California. Only recently Tim has discovered how yacht racing can add to one's mastering of basic sailing skills.



For Sylvie, too, *DOVE* is her first boat, also her first experience at sailing. A student of computer programming, Sylvie's helping to finance her love of travel with formidable typing skills in English and French.

As they cruise the Virgin Islands, Tim and Sylvie are only now discovering how well-known is the name of their "new" boat. Their log already includes many encounters with curious bareboaters and seasoned sailors alike. They've even been mistaken for Robin Graham and Pattie by bareboat charterers! Once they completely unsettled a woman on a yacht who was reading the book "*Dove*" as Tim and Sylvie sailed up and dropped anchor nearby.

Tim and Sylvie have discovered other things about the boat, too. A covey of barnacles on the ceiling of *DOVE* seem to lend credence to stories that *DOVE* sank --ironically while still in the boatyard.

Tim is willing and able to clarify the many rumours concerning Robin Lee Graham. Foremost, Graham did not die in a motorcycle accident in Montana. A notice of the death of one "*Robin Graham*" was published in a Montana paper, but it was a girl of the same name. In fact, earlier this year, Tim even attended a rare 3-hour slide presentation given by Graham who was on tour of Southern California Universities. Now 33 years old and living in Montana where he's a building contractor and antique furniture restorer, Graham still sails occasionally with his family.

A part of the "*Dove*" story often overlooked is that the 24-footer didn't actually complete the circumnavigation since she was sold (for \$4,725) in the Virgin Islands by Graham who then bought a larger 32-footer he named *RETURN OF THE DOVE*. (The movie version of "*Dove*" was shot on Ranger 23's -- one of which was recently sold to a young couple in Cape Town, South Africa).

So, it seems only fitting that Tim and Sylvie's first trip in the spring of 1983 will be from St. Thomas back to the original starting point of *DOVE's* epic voyage --Long Beach, California.

Circumnavigation of the ROSI II By Harald Kolzer

From 1976 to 1981 the *ROSI II* sailed around the world, singlehanded by her master **Harald Kolzer**. The purpose of the voyage was not to prove anything or set up records, but to satisfy my love for yachts, sailing and traveling; in that order. I had no financial support, leave alone a sponsor, and didn't want any, because I did not want to owe this voyage to anyone.

During my university time I suddenly decided I would celebrate my exams by sailing around the world, singlehanded of course, it did not even occur to me that I might take somebody along. So I had to pick up a new subject: blue water sailing. After 2 years of theory I took a fortnights vacation between exams and a 420-dingy and taught me to sail. Then I took a job in Bremen bought the *ROSI II* and learned to sail her alone.

June 1st, 1976, was the day we put out to sea, which meant I sailed to Wangerooge to wait for easterly wind. Three days got us across the North Sea, another easterly blew us halfway through the Channel. The run down to Spain

meant fighting fog and calms and my first gale. Once we had Cape Finisterre things started to brighten up: sunshine and wind from astern.

So I felt my way down south hopping from port to port till I jumped off the coast after Casablanca going for the Canaries in one hop to get used to the Atlantic and the Trades.

In Las Palmas I joined the cruising track and its special problems. Most of the "yachties" are OK, but there is always the rum-one who spoils it for the rest. (I found out later, you can get away from the track even if you stay on it.)

November: Atlantic-crossing, 2900 nm in 28 days - steady Trade. In Barbados I had to have a tooth ripped out which had spoiled the last week of the Atlantic. This was my only disease in five years. Two month St. Lucia enjoying the Caribbean, in Martinique I had to part for good with my Outboard (comfortable to have for the Port but not really important for a 22-footer, and I started to fight weight. 10 days Martinique - Christobal, 1200 nm best sailing, had a days run of 177 nm!! Checked it three times with the sextant, but of course it is speed over ground - not through the water. I did not carry a log: I think Captain **Slocum's** system was right for his days, but now with cheap quartz clocks and radio it is hard to lose the longitude (though it happened to me, but additionally I know how to do a lunar observation).



Panama-Canal in 9 hours with borrowed outboard. Suddenly a job comes in handy: skippered a 41 foot ketch from Panama to Florida. Makes me miss the right season for the Doldrums. It was already June. Incredible calms. 20 days I fight and moan then I slowly start to see the overwhelming beauty of the Doldrums. After 42 days we limp into Puntarenas, Costa Rica, with a broken masttop fitting but I would not want to miss a day of it.

A three-month-stay in Puntarenas for repairs and to wait for the end of the Mexican hurricane-season (Pacific coast) because I decided to use the coastal current off the Central American coast to get west in order to gain room for the second attempt to get to the Equator and the S-E Trades. On 100° west long. I dive down course south and get everything back again: calms, headwinds, countercurrent.

April '78 I reached Tahiti, the change could not have been bigger but I liked it. After three weeks of the "fast" life of Papeete Harbour I moved to Moorea to get some rest, then moved on to the Cook Ilds. Rarotonga, beautiful place but hard to get a visa, authorities protect the people from their own hospitality: it is so total that every beachcomber drifts onto those shores. After five days of exhausting care of the natives I move on. There is a job waiting for me in Tonga: high school teacher. I am broke and need the money and it gives me a singular chance to really get to know the Polyneesians. After half a year of work in Tongatapu, interrupted by a two weeks holiday trip to the Ha'apai group I got the coconut disease: lack of sophisticated people, have to see a town again. So it is Auckland, New Zealand, for me.

Two days out of Nuku' alofa I get a reminder not to ignore the seasons: gale force wind (maybe storm) behaving exactly like the pilots tell you about cyclones. But apart from the shock gale is all I get (and a lesson).

New Zealand is mainly city life and work for me. The boat needs a lot of care and the money bag too. June 79 we cross the Tasman Sea, rough and cold, for Brisbane, Australia.

4500 nm of open water before the bows and the Trade blowing like hell, thats sailing. For thirty days I could average 120 nm/day, sometimes only carrying a storm jib. Water, wind and the sun having a party everyday. Still it took 45 days because of calms behind Darwin and Rodriguez.

55 10 days of rest in Port Louis, then I had to part with Trades and Tropics. 17 days to Durban, waiting to do the Good Hope in January. Stormy trip to Cape Town: of 12 days we had 6 days of storm. One day from the S-E, a day of calms then storm from the S-W: heaving to, running, heaving to. On the Agulhas Bank 14 hours after passing Cape Agulhas, and 10 nm away from the safety of the Atlantic deep water, I get broached and turned turtle by a wave. Very smooth turn, takes less than five seconds, hardly any water in the boat, but the mast did not take it. I got all gear on board in the waning daylight and secured it tying knots for two hours in the pitch black night with the boat rocking without the balance of the mast broadsides to a 55-knot storm (measured ashore, weather forecast). And when I looked at my work the next morning I did not find a single wrong knot. The storm had gone down to a calm so the seas went wild, could not even think of rigging something up when I clearly sighted Table Mountain to the N-E. It did not take me long to rig up my radio an 2182, call Cape Town Radio for help. After quite a search the SAR Albatros found me and a South African rescue boat towed me into Table Bay Harbour.

As I had not lost any gear I just had to get the mast in one piece again, rig it up and go. Middle of March I was ready for the 6000 nm stretch to the Azores. To the Equator S-E Trades all the way, still the Atlantic has a strange feel: cold and rough, very familiar to the European, felt like home. Two days stop in Ascension; you get only three days by the officials but there is not even enough for three days: barren volcano hotter than hell and sharks, can't even scrub the bottom, lousy anchorage and dingy landing too. So on we go. Doldrums not too bad: 250 nm wide on about 30° west. long., take me 6 days to get through, beat against the N-E Trade is bearable, horse lats. put me to work again, 70 days out of Cape Town we reach Horta, Faial, Azorea.

When on 2° N. lat. the southerly wind gets an easterly component good enough for the decisive tack, I am on 94° west, 800 nm S-W of Puntarenas, 2000 nm sailed in 40 days. Still 2800 nm to go to the Marquesas. The Trade gets me there in 32 days. After 73 days I drop the hook in Hiva Oa, picking the biggest Goosebarncles from my hull.

Only two weeks from the Marquesas: the destination of my trip is too near - the Tuamotus. Five days crossing to Ahe. I am still proud of that landfall: as calculated it was the night of the full moon, a true orgy of star sights during evening twilight gives me an exact position, 2000 hours I sight Manihi in the moonlight, round it slowly north of it (the whole north is open water for escape) to be at the Ahe passage exactly with stilwater. (American Pilot for the S P. One hour more exact to what Moitessier states in one of his books). The pass is a shock but with me it is enter or bust, I did not come here just to sail by. I even have to tack through it but it turns out to be easier than it looked, still I have never lived so fast in my life before. And I knew right away I was there, it was everything I expected of the South Pacific.

Only it was too crowded: up to five boats anchored in the lagoon during the month of my stay. So I took the Tuamotu charts and found what I was looking for: Arutua, horrible pass: long, narrow, no stillwater and partly only 4 feet of water. When I asked Bernard Moitessier, who lived there then, for advice he said that nobody could go there except my crazy boat. So I had found my little paradise even with purgatory put in front, and thats what it turned out to be: one month of feasting and the very generous hospitality of the Paumotus (that what they call themselves).



In Horta I suddenly feel tired and exhausted. I am a singlehanded circumnavigator now, the tension is gone. I realize how much I wanted to do the whole trip: not just sailing, but to sail around the world. Now I just want to get home, finish the trip and get some rest. During the last year I had spent half the time at sea, now I felt I had reached my limit. I think as long as you have a goal it is amazing what you can bear, but if I could spend ten months at sea I don't know. Anyway I had reached my goal and was tired.

Beginning of June I set out for the English Channel but the first night out of Horta we got rolled over again. A ULCC Tanker pushing against the gale before which we were running must have messed up the seas with her bow wave somehow, (no collision). This time it was an ugly roll damaging the boat severely and leaving us barely afloat. While I bailed with a bucket I watched the ship disappear, no time to try to raise him via radio, the boat was ripped open, every wave could send us down. I had to bail for my life (amazing how good you can get at bailing). When I finally got all the water out I took stock and found it did not look too good. Boat open everywhere, provisions gone or spoiled, all navigation gear flooded and finished, Sextant afloat after it had made a huge jump out of its fastening.

57 Next morning we were still afloat so I took the plywood floor of the dinghy and fixed those gaping holes where the windows and the companionway had been. Felt safer already. Next day I rigged something up good enough to carry stormjib and trysail and went for the Spanish-Portuguese westcoast 900 nm to the east: without longitude and alone channel no good, going west for the Azores with that nav. gear and all the Atlantic ahead very risky. A big high clean coast going from north to south and the sextant for lats. should get me ashore, which in fact they did after 24 days of rough, wet and sometimes still beautiful sailing and a perfect landfall on DR - longitudes (if you know your boat you always know where you are).

The end of the trip leaves something to be desired but it was not fame I did the trip for but the trip itself. And that was OK. Everything!! So now I can tell a story or two. In fact this is the shortest narrative of our voyage I can manage.

Captain Slocum's Voyage On TV?

The society has learned that a company called *Sinaiko Productions* is developing a proposal for a television adaption of **Joshua Slocum's** voyage around the world in *THE SPRAY*. They are interested in receiving pertinent photos of Slocum and the areas he visited, anecdotes, and documents which could strengthen their project proposal in seeking sponsorship.

If members have materials which may be appropriate, they should write to:
Jonathan Sinaiko, *Sinaiko Productions*, P.O. Box 325, Canal St., Stn., New York, NY 10013 USA.

Polyethelene Bag Passage

First we reported a converted boiler crossing the seas (see **Fons Oerlemens** in *The Spray*, Vol. XXV, No. 1, pg. 9) and then we reported **Bill Neal's** crossing of the English Channel in a converted bathtub (see *The Spray*, Vol. XXV, No. 2, pg. 16). Now **Charlie Glass** has found us something even smaller, a polyethelene bag.

The *London Sunday Express* of September 27, 1981, reported that the Captain of an Italian tanker spotted a woman swimming strongly 5 miles off the port of Otranto, Italy. He halted his ship and had her brought aboard. **Anna Eklund**, a shapely, 35 year old blonde Swedish woman was clad only in a skimpy bikini and had a sealed polyethelene bag tied around her waist. She said she was swimming from Italy to Greece, 70 miles distant because she didn't have money for the ferry. She said she was confident she would make it in that back home in Sweden she often swam miles in the open sea and that the Ionian Sea was much warmer and had weaker tidal currents. The captain decided not to put her to the test and returned her to Otranto after the crew passed the hat to pay for a ride to Greece in a somewhat more conventional vessel.

Record-Breaking Transoceanic Yachts Crossword Puzzle Conceived, Researched, And Compiled By D.H. Clarke

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Our indefatigable historian, "Nobby" Clarke, has created a mind-stretching crossword puzzle for Slocum Society members which will aid many of us in whiling away the hours, searching through various reference works, and in general making us aware of what the limits of our immediate recall knowledge is. To entice our membership even more, Nobby has offered a prize to the member who either completes the whole puzzle or submits the correct solution with the least number of blanks. In fact, it is prize in the plural. A Polish translation of Nobby's *East Coast Passage* has just been made and he offers an autographed copy of it. He will also add two original Cox Marine brochures advertising Piver trimarans, both very rare and dated 1964 and 1966, which will also be autographed. Nobby introduced Piver tris to Britain and Europe in 1961 and later into South Africa. Needless to say these items will increase in value as the years go on. If the winner has or can obtain a second-hand copy of *East Coast Passage*, Nobby will autograph that also to go with

the Polish version. The Slocum Society will contribute a one year membership to the winner. If any of our members wish to sweeten the pot, I'm sure no one will mind. Send the original or a copy of the solution to us at the Slocum Society and keep a copy of your solution for yourself. Deadline for contest entries will be March 30, 1983, and the decision of the judges, Nobby Clarke, Neal Walker, and Sandy McLeod, will be final.

NOTE: The dividing line between "small" and "large" craft is 15.5 metres; midget size is under 6.5 metres.

CLUES ACROSS -- These clues are all answered by the names of the vessels involved (ignore number, e.g. FOX IV)

- 59
2. Longest time for a solo circumnavigation (3,8)
 6. 1st Pole to circumnavigate in a small yacht -- well, in three of the same name (5)
 7. 1st solo woman U.K.-U.S.A. nonstop by northern route (4)
 8. Came last in 1st transatlantic race (5)
 9. Largest privately owned 3-mast barque yacht to circumnavigate (5)
 10. Not a yacht, yet it circumnavigated entirely on it's own bottom (4,4)
 14. 1st Swiss solo Cape Horner (3)
 15. 1st French solo woman circumnavigator (3)
 16. 1st Israeli solo circumnavigator via Cape Horn: 2 words (3) and 45 across (5)
 17. --- (4) --- (6)ER is in Russian hands (2nd word see 46 across)
 19. The 5th solo French circumnavigator obviously thought about wind: 2 words (3) and 20 across (4)
 21. 1st ocean racer with Bermudan rig (4)
 22. Fastest time true circumnavigation by a small yacht (4)
 25. Beaten easily by **Dorade** from Newport to Plymouth (4)
 26. 1st both-ways Atlantic crossings by a solo woman (6,5)
 31. The only transoceanic Morman's raft (4)
 33. The only singlehander to be wrecked on St. Paul's Rocks (2)
 34. 1st Italian small yacht to circumnavigate (3)
 35. 1st transoceanic paraplegics (husband and wife): one word (5) plus 25 down (4)
 41. 1st woman to sail round the world, mostly alone (5)
 42. 1st Norwegian small yacht to circumnavigate (2,2)
 45. See 16 across
 46. See 17 across
 50. 1st trimaran transatlantic eastwards
 51. 1st solo woman to circumnavigate: one word (3) plus 23 down (4)
 52. 1st solo woman U.K.-U.S.A. nonstop by Azores route (4)
 53. In 1901 he tried to organize a third singlehanded transatlantic race, but finally raced against the clock, taking 38 days (5,8)

RECORD-BREAKING TRANSOCEANIC YACHTS

CROSSWORD

COMPILED BY D.H. CLARKE

1	2				3					4		5
6				7				8				
9			10	11			12	13	14			
	15			16				17				
18					19				20			
21					22	23		24	25			
26				27			28		29	30		
31					32			33	34			
35	36	37						38			39	
40			41						42			43
44		45					46	47	48			49
50							51	52				
53												

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CLUES ACROSS -- General knowledge concerning the sea and yachts

- 18. Book by Marin-Marie: "Wind Aloft, Wind ----" (4)
- 24. When in doubt, ---- (3)
- 32. All Suez Canal users generally cross this: two words (3) and 2 across (3)
- 44. Conor O'Brien sailed to New Zealand to climb one (3)

CLUES DOWN -- These clues are all answered by the names of the vessels involved
(ignore number, e.g. FOX IV)

3. 1st Cape Horner yacht (5,8)
5. Lost the 1st E-W transatlantic race by less than two hours (9)
6. 1st solo woman across two oceans (4)
10. 1st solo American transoceanic rower (8)
12. Smallest craft to attempt a circumnavigation: two words (3) and 13 down (2)
13. "From Hamburg to America" by a penniless German (3)
23. See 51 across
24. Second to circumnavigate twice singlehanded (4)
25. See 35 across
28. 1st American small yacht to complete two circumnavigations (5)
29. 1st steel yacht to complete a circumnavigation (4)
30. See 49 down
36. Anagram: the smallest transatlantic trimaran (4)
37. Last transatlantic small yacht before W.W.I (3)
40. See 47 down
43. The longest voyage made by a two-hulled trimaran (1500 miles) (2)
47. Record "doubling" Cape Horn by a small yacht: 50°S Atlantic to 50°S Pacific in 14 days: two words (3) and 40 down (4)
48. Smallest singlehanded person to cross any ocean (3)
49. Finished 68th in the 6th O.S.T.A.R.: two words (2) and 30 down (3)

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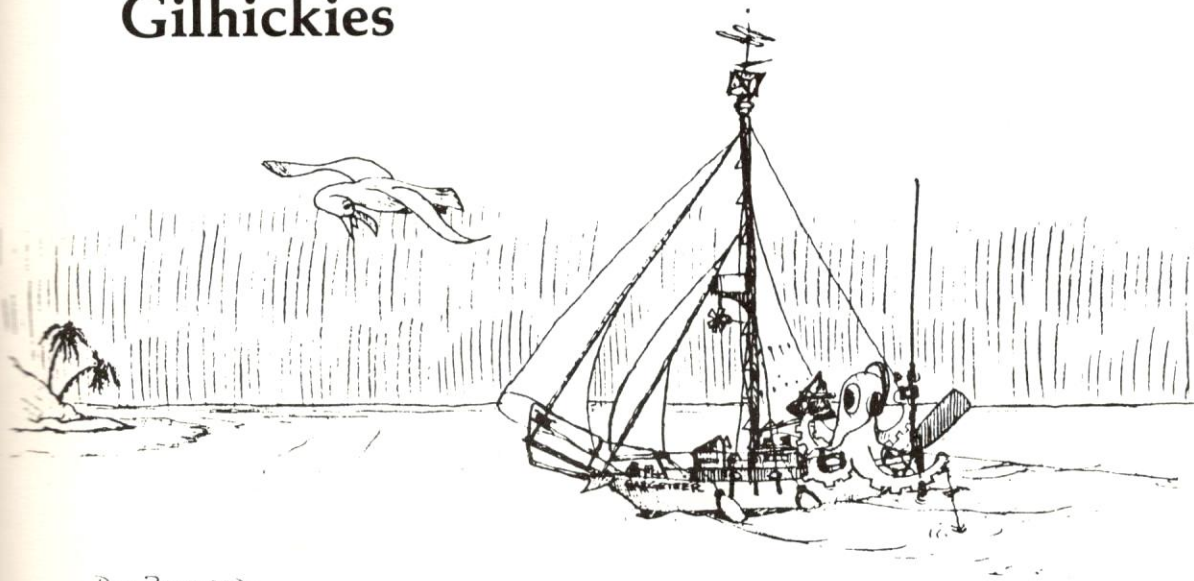
CLUES DOWN -- General knowledge concerning the sea and yachts

1. Abbr. Danger Zone (2)
4. Abbr. East Sou'east (3)
9. A trimaran's float is sometimes called this (3)
11. Do you pay for berthing and laying-up per month or per ---- (5)
27. A shipwright's hammer (4)
38. Abbr. Meteorological (3)
39. Cruising yachtsmen occasionally visit this new land of "The King and I" (4)
46. You don't want this in a wooden mast (3)

Ferrocement and Fibersteel

We recently received a reprint of an excellent article on the building of ferrocement boats from **Martin Irons**. The article is from the *Journal of Ferrocement*, Volume 10, No. 3 (July, 1980) and is entitled "Some Improved Methods for Building Ferrocement Boats." Martin also sent us a brochure on Fibersteel. Slocum Society members who are interested can contact Martin Irons at 1512 Lakewood Drive, West Sacramento, California 95691.

Gadgets And Gilhickies



RON ZANEVEID

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Greenwich Corporation has announced their "Power Log," an alternative to engine-powered electrical systems. The device is towed about 20 feet behind your boat while under sail. **Eric Kaufmann** of the corporation has informed us that the water-powered permanent-magnet alternator, the first of its kind, can provide enough power to operate auto-pilots, lighting, electronic and navigation equipment, refrigerators, and other electrical gear without any noise or vibration. Kaufmann states that the key to the "Power Log" is a state-of-the-art magnetic circuit using cobalt-samarium magnets in a rotating field. All electric contacts have been eliminated. Greenwich builds the "Power Log" in its own shop and claims that with proper care it should last indefinitely. The price quoted to "The Spray" was US\$1450. Eric Kaufmann can be contacted at Greenwich Corporation, 9507 Burwell Road, Nokesville, VA 22123 U.S.A. The telephone number is (703) 754-9877.

From The Bookshelf

Chris Thompson: *The Care & Repair of Small Marine Diesels*. International Marine Publishing Co., Camden, Maine, USA and Adlard Coles Ltd., Great Britain, 1982. \$15.00.

"Before you put to sea, my advice to you is to get hold of the engine manufacturers instruction book (shop manual) and read it so that you know what is in it..."

Chris Thompson's admonition in this book's preface should be well taken by anyone voyaging offshore with a diesel auxiliary engine. Reading this slim (123 pg.) book will not make you a skilled marine diesel mechanic nor will possession of a shop manual, pristine and unused, allow you insight into the mysteries of your engine. Taken in concert and devoured in advance of difficulties, it will better prepare you for when something is amiss.

The authors approach is direct, covering first the several system common to all diesel engines, crankcase & block; pistons & piston rings; cylinder liners; cylinder head; etc. His discussion of each of these systems is broad brush telling you where problems are likely to arise, leaving the specifics of such problems to you and your shop manual. For example, he tells you that *"small end connecting rod bearings usually do not require special attention between major overhauls... (but) the big end or connecting rod bearings... may well be a limiting factor in the overhaul life of the engine"*. Regarding when to overhaul a cylinder head, he wisely tells you *"the number of hours run has no bearing on when to overhaul the cylinder head... Ease of starting and performance should be the determining factors."*

The last chapter and the five appendices deal with: tools; fuels and lubricants; some do's and don'ts; some useful conversions; fault diagnosing; and laying up for the winter. In *"tools"* the author is realistic in what a boat owner should and could have on board and what tools should be left for the shop to acquire. The *"do's and don'ts"* are for the most part common sense thoughts which you probably regularly practice to avoid disaster. *"Fault diagnosis"* or *"troubleshooting"* consists of a one page chart listing seventeen problems and various areas to investigate for correction. Many shop manuals have a similar chart with reference to the particular section of the manual and detailing areas which users of that particular engine are likely to have difficulty. In the absence of such a section in your manual, this section would be useful.

For the yachtsman whose motto is *"ignore it until it blows up"* this book will serve as a handy wedge to keep a banging door closed. For the yachtsman, though, who cares sufficiently about keeping his engine operating, this book, plus his shop manual should make good reading, hopefully in advance of the big bang.

Neal T. Walker

Jan and Bill Moeller. *Living Aboard: The Cruising Sailboat as a Home.* Camden, Maine: International Marine Publishing Company, 1977.

The problems encountered while living aboard a cruising sailboat for long periods of time are many and varied. They often are not equalled by the pleasures and, disillusioned and resentful, the would-be live-aboard moves ashore, never to return. In *Living Aboard* Jan and Bill Moeller present a bookfull of ideas gathered from their experiences on *WHIFFLE*, a 32 foot steel-hulled Crusader designed by Sparkman and Stephens. Basic to the volume is the Moeller's credo of what it takes for the successful live-aboard experience: comfort. As the authors state, "If you aren't reasonably comfortable, the 'novelty' of living aboard soon wears thin."

In 299 pages of text the Moellers present their ideas of the successful live-aboard experience as it relates to every element of the cruising sailboat experience. Very little is not discussed, although some chapters may be more informational to particular readers than others. The prose is clear and augmented by excellent photos and drawings.

The authors make no pretense of not being opinionated. Their selection of possible live-aboard boats is an example. Their other ideas fall into the same category. They write with sufficient humor and authority, however, as to not be too abrasive. However, the Moellers do name names as positive examples of items that work. This might raise the hackles of some in the marine industry as the authors have found a number of substitutes for marine gear which work equally well and cost less, in some cases substantially less.

The book, as the preface tells us, is written for those who want to live aboard a cruising sailboat or who are now doing so. There may be more of value for the new live-aboard than the more experienced hand but there are enough ideas for everyone, regardless of the length of one's experience, to keep one occupied and interested through the entire volume.

A drawback to the volume is the use of dollar costs as examples when they are no longer applicable or not applicable to a variety of areas. I look back nostalgically at the time when an "average-size" boat in an "average" marine could dock for an "average" cost of \$50 to \$60 a month. But this is a quibble more than anything else and despite cost differences today (five years after the volume was published) comparative costs can still be ascertained from the many examples given.

The Moellers have presented a nicely written treatise on living aboard with a plethora of ideas and experiences to be considered by anyone who contemplates doing the same. By taking into consideration their ideas and experiences the cruising sailboat can indeed become a home rather than an unhappy experience.

Sandy McLeod

Philip C. Bolger. *30-Odd Boats.* International Marine, 1982. 285 pages, illustrated. \$22.50.

A reviewer, before opening this book, might be tempted to ask if the title possibly should have been "*30 Odd-Boats*," remembering that an earlier Bolger book is called "*The Folding Schooner*." This excellent book is marred by the annoying

labored flippancies and half-baked high-school "wit" that Bolger affects. **Ray Bolger** can be fun; Philip Bolger is dull.

Despite the juvenile affectations, this is a good book, sound in plans, sound in details, very clearly illustrated, and covers a wide variety of craft, from an 11½-foot sailing pirogue through a 26½-foot steam launch to a 115-foot full-rigged ship. In between are sweet and simple daysailors, cruising sharpies, powerboats and fine traditional sailing boats. They are all wood, a remarkable thing in this day of plastic tin pots.

Bolger is candid about judging his designs. He likes some, scoffs at some, is indifferent to others. How much of this is a hypocritical stratagem to gain the reader's confidence would be difficult to determine. He has fixed ideas about what is right and what is wrong, though he is not always right nor wrong. For example, considering quality in construction, he says, "*Cheap new construction is usually a delusion in the long run. High-class, expensive construction that becomes cheap in its old age always makes more sense.*" Maybe so, but a cheap thirty thousand dollar boat built in 1950 becomes a classic in 1980 and sells for sixty thousand.

Anyway, this is a fine book for browsing; it will tickle your imagination; some of his ideas will make you chuckle condescendingly; but you certainly will not go to sleep over it.

An index would have added to its undoubted value.

Richard Gordon McCloskey

Ted Jones. *The Dogwatch.* New York: W.W. Norton, 1981.

Ted Jones's *The Dogwatch* is a collection of twelve articles, some previously published in magazines and others appearing here for the first time, covering a variety of boating experiences and locales. Most of the stories have to do with racing although cruising tales are included, as is one powerboating story of sorts.

The Bermuda Race gets the bulk of the attention in the book's longest chapter. Jones has a love/hate relationship with the race, or rather with the race sponsors. He feels the use of Loran should be allowed for the entire race and not just at the beginning and end. Without the use of Loran in the Gulf Stream too much is left to luck. However, as Jones writes, "*I registered my frustration and protested by not going -- a gesture which no one noticed, I am sure.*"

Jones does not sugarcoat the offshore sailing experience. His description of various confrontations between shipmates (perhaps not the proper word under the circumstances) is honest and straightforward. The physically demanding aspects of offshore racing are noted, as are the mental ones. The stories are at times humorous, if going aground under the Triborough Bridge can be classified as humor, and Jones has a nice light touch when it counts.

It seems to me, however, he is best when describing events such as *WINDWARD PASSAGE*'s record run from Miami to Montego Bay in 1971 or the various Southern Ocean Racing Conference races. There aren't any great messages here but there is good, solid writing about yachts and yachting folks and that is what Ted Jones does best.

Sandy McLeod

G.J. Marcus. *The Conquest of the North Atlantic*. New York: Oxford University Press, 1981.

Who were the first seamen to traverse the North Atlantic, when and what did they sail, and where did they go? Academicians have argued but rarely have had hands-on experience and hands-on experts have for the most part not had access to scholars who could utilize their expertise to buttress theoretical constructs. G.J. Marcus has attempted in his brief volume to combine the strengths of both approaches in a study of the first explorers of the North Atlantic.

Marcus, whose previous works include *The Maiden Voyage*, *Quiberon Bay*, *Heart of Oak*, and *A Naval History of England* in two volumes, approaches the problems of seamanship and navigation during the medieval era from the point of view of the coasting skipper rather than that of the academician. In doing so he takes on some well-known scholars who have addressed themselves to the problem, including Samuel Eliot Morison. Marcus argues that the fundamental weakness of the academic approach is that the scholar is for the most part totally lacking in practical experience and understanding of the environment. As Marcus writes, "as to what is and what is not possible at sea, the mariner must necessarily be the ultimate authority."

Using the mariner as the ultimate authority, Marcus discusses the Irish pioneers and their curachs, the Norse expansion to Iceland and Greenland, and the ocean ventures of the English and the Hanse. In tightly written and witty prose he lays out the technological and economic foundations of each era as well as the historical framework in which they developed. A judicious use of quotes from original sources as well as maps and photographs adds to the text. His footnotes, at the end of the text, are sources of interesting information apart from their scholarly intent, and he includes a glossary which will be valuable for the general reader, an excellent bibliography for those wishing to pursue topics of special interest, and an index.

In the dust-jacket blurb Gertrude L. Schuelke, Professor Emerita at Stanford University writes, "I found it exhilarating to have certain vague notions and long-held misconceptions blown away by the fresh winds of direct knowledge." I can only concur with her opinion. Anyone with an interest in maritime history during this period and in this area should read *The Conquest of the North Atlantic*.

Sandy McLeod

J.C. Beaglehole. *The Life of Captain James Cook*. Stanford: Stanford University Press, 1974.

There are few authors who attempt to write the definitive work on a particular topic; there are fewer still who succeed. J.C. Beaglehole's biography of perhaps the greatest explorer-seaman of all time is one of those rare definitive works which stands out in a field of books which include the spectrum ranging from merely romantic adventures and travelogues to solid works of scholarship and well-written expositions on the man and his achievements.

Beaglehole traces Cook's life from its Yorkshire beginnings in 1728 to his death on the beach at Kealakekua Bay on the island of Hawaii in 1779. The man who emerges is a very private person: stubborn, passionate, judicious, and patient. The Navy he joined in 1755 was "manned by violence and maintained by cruelty." The

weak died quickly, often the strong did too. Cook not only survived but mastered his craft to a degree attained by very few in his day, or any other. He was a consummate navigator and explorer who had the temperament to lead expeditions composed of disparate groups of men to previously unexplored or lightly traveled places. He is best known for his Pacific voyages but he learned his craft also in Newfoundland, the Antarctic, and the North-West coast of North America. He did not conduct his voyages by consensus but commanded the respect of his professional cohorts. Beaglehole felt that he had a "plain heroic magnitude of mind."

If, as Beaglehole writes, Geography and Navigation are his memorials, there are others too. Most men were impressed by his character and in areas where he did not exercise ultimate authority he seems to have been tolerant, sober and a "civilised man of the world." His officers and men were strongly supportive of him and **Te Horeta**, a famous New Zealand chief who had been a small and very excited boy when Cook called on Mercury Bay in 1769 recalled that there was one supreme man on the vessel who did not talk much but looked well into everything and was good to small boys. The much bloodied warrior chief would repeat the Maori saying *e kore te tino tangata e ngaro i roto i te tokomaha*, "a veritable man is not hid among many," when discussing Cook.

67 Beaglehole spent twenty years preparing a scholarly edition of Cook's *Journals* in four massive volumes. He did the same meticulous and scholarly job on the *Journal* of Joseph Banks who had accompanied Cook on the *ENDEAVOUR*. Among his other publications are *The Exploration of the Pacific*, *The Discovery of New Zealand*, and *Victoria University: An Essay Towards a History*. It was only after his retirement as Chair of British Commonwealth History at Victoria University of Wellington in 1967 that he addressed himself to his life of Cook. The last page was written in March of 1971 and Beaglehole died while revising the typescript in October of the same year.

The volume, over 700 pages of text, is scrupulously footnoted and very detailed. Along with 51 illustrations (four in color) and five maps the reader is presented with everything one would want to know about Cook, his family, the men around him, the Royal Navy, and the circumstances of exploration of the time. The descriptions of seamanship and the areas explored are impeccable and the native figures as well as the Europeans emerge from the cardboard cutout condition to which they are often consigned by lesser writers to become real human beings. There is also an extensive bibliography and index in this well-produced Stanford University Press edition.

Beaglehole's son, **Thomas**, writes in the Preface, "This biography, the summation of a lifetime's study of Pacific exploration, is the writing towards which my father's whole work as an historian was directed. His devotion to the eighteenth century, his antipodean wit, his recreating imagination, his fascination with the Pacific -- over so much of which he was to travel in Cook's tracks from Nootka Sound in the north to Dusky Bay in the south -- come together in a book which, in some ways perhaps, only a New Zealander could have written." We are all the richer for it. It is one of those few occasions when an important subject is done justice by his biographer.

Sandy McLeod

Tim Severin. *The Brendan Voyage.* New York: McGraw-Hill, 1978.

On the surface of it sailing a 36 foot leather boat built by medieval technology across the North Atlantic from Ireland to North America smacks more of an attempt to add to the lore of survivor seamanship than anything else. Even the cover blurbs on the paperbound edition fail to diminish that feeling: "A frail ship, a rugged crew, a voyage into history" and "An intrepid crew in a leather boat retraces the unknown discovery of America." However, Tim Severin's voyage was based on anything but that. He was determined at all costs not to let the Brendan Voyage become a mere survival test but instead to test the hypothesis that Irish monks, in a particular Saint Brendan, may have crossed the Atlantic to North America in a curragh before other Europeans made their successful (and unsuccessful) attempts.

The key to the project was the text *Navigatio Sancti Brendani Abbatis, The Voyage of St. Brendan the Abbot*. Both Severin and his wife, a medieval literature scholar, were familiar with the text and saw it in the context of three "polarized lenses" which swung on the same axis: literature, history, and sailing. Living in the west of Ireland in the same area where Saint Brendan had been born, lived much of his life, and was buried, it was entirely logical that historian and sailor Severin research and build a replica of Saint Brendan's vessel and attempt to sail it to the New World.

The curragh (G.J. Marcus in *The Conquest of the North Atlantic* spells it with one r) was eventually designed by **Colin Mudie** based on traditional lore and the contemporary curraghs still to be found in Ireland. The technology of medieval times was rediscovered in order that the boat be built of leather hides, heavily greased and stretched over wooden frames, held together only by stitched thongs, and powered by flax sails and oars. The *BRENDAN* was blessed and launched in Brandon Creek in May of 1976 with a crew of five and headed north to the Faroes and then west to Iceland. The makeup of the crew changed somewhat during this portion of the voyage and after laying *BRENDAN* over in Iceland for the winter the trek was resumed with a crew of four. It does Severin's story a gross injustice to merely say that *BRENDAN* reached the New World in June of 1977 some 150 miles northwest of St. Johns, Newfoundland, after fifty days at sea from Reykjavik. There is far more to it than that and Severin writes an excellent description of the voyage.

Severin's conclusions are properly cautious. He demonstrated that the voyage *could* be done with medieval material and medieval technology. He does not claim to have proven that it *was* done. As he points out, only an authentic relic from an early Irish visit found on North American soil can do that. But now the early achievements of Irish seafarers have been removed from the category of speculation and doubt and "returned to [their] proper arena of serious historical debate."

For those who still look upon the voyage as an example of survivor seamanship shot full of good fortune, Severin offers several other points. His modern equipment outperformed his traditional gear *until the modern equipment broke*. Clumsy and inefficient as it may have been, the traditional gear managed to survive. Also, the medieval sailor was better clad in his wollen clothing than in synthetic fibers (apart from sophisticated waterproof outer clothing) and the dried meat and fish, oats, fruit, and nuts were more nourishing and palatable and lasted better than the dehydrated foods *BRENDAN* also carried.

Tales such as the *Navigatio* are often dismissed today as naive, overblown, simple-minded, incredible. Severin points out "the real fault lies not with the medieval author for his writing, but in the modern perception of the older experience." He and his fellow crew were able to better understand and appreciate the medieval experience by being placed in a situation similar to the original. While few of us would wish to live the medieval life today, perhaps we miss much because of our different perception of the world around us. Severin writes, "Time and time again we too found ourselves deeply impressed, and sometimes awed, by what we encountered at sea." When we lose that sense of awe, that ability to be impressed by the world around us, we lose something of our humanity.

Sandy McLeod

Willis Carl Jackson. *The Log of the Carla Mia: Being an Account of a Single-handed, Passage across the Atlantic Ocean in a Thirty-foot Auxiliary Ketch in the Summer of Nineteen Seventy-eight.* Bloomington, Indiana: The Raintree Press, 1980.

69 Reading Carl Jackson's *The Log of the Carla Mia* is an especially poignant experience as we are aware of what has happened since the book was written. The self-described "55-year-old librarian with limited previous offshore sailing experience" who made a difficult 61 day singlehanded passage across the Atlantic during the summer of 1978 disappeared off the coast of Spain in May of 1981. His Atlantic passage, the culmination of a life-long dream, is presented in the form of a log with editing for format and clarity. However, the log remains essentially as it was written each day, even to the point of occasional confusion resulting from fatigue.

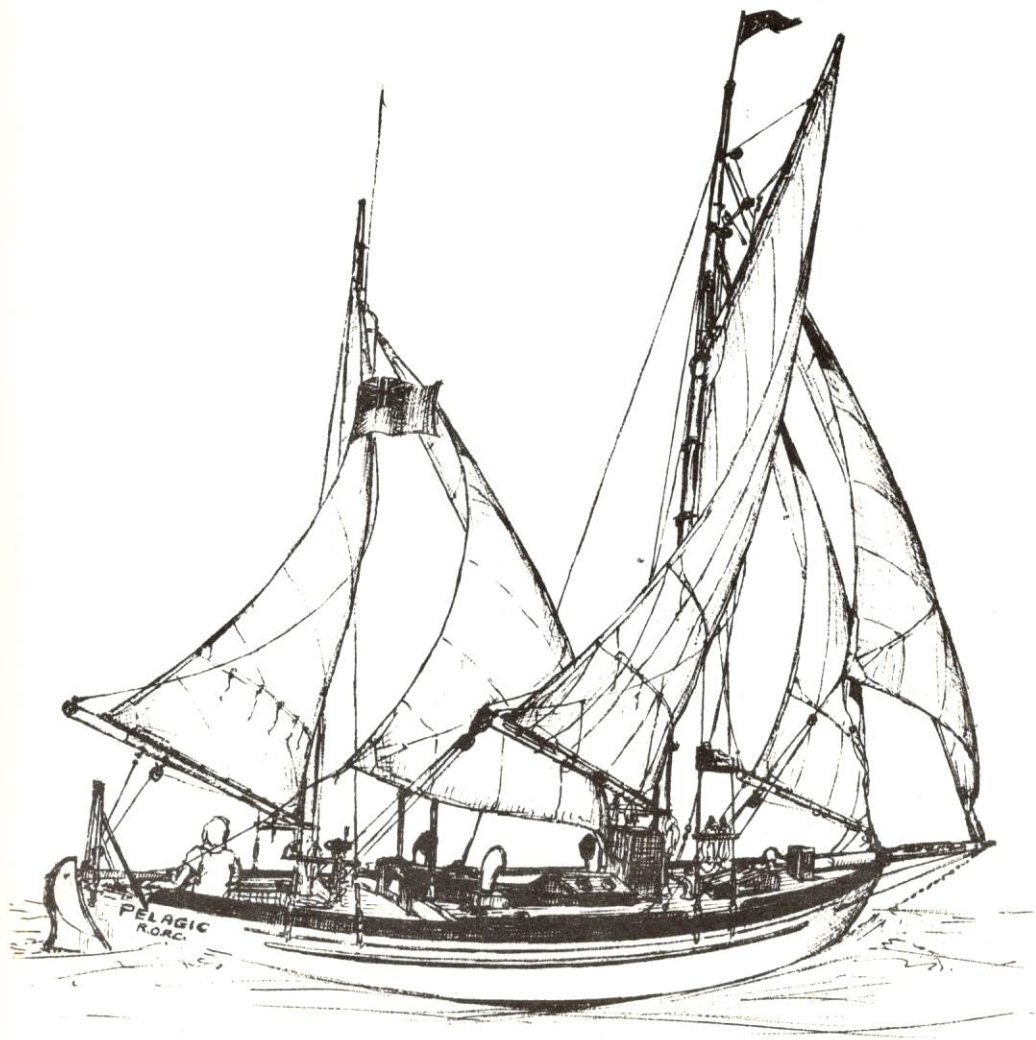
CARLA MIA, named after the Jackson's daughter, was an Allied Seawind ketch which had circumnavigated under Raymond Rawls as MISS FANCY V. Jackson refitted the boat extensively but still had a number of gear failures. His greatest problem was a lack of reliable lights. Neither his running lights nor his binnacle light worked and he was reduced to using flashlights for these purposes. He was struggling with his ninth and last flashlight when he finally arrived in Ireland.

After a slow start Jackson had to put in at Shelburne, Nova Scotia, when he suffered rigging failure. Setting out again, he encountered heavy weather conditions and headwinds which finally forced him to put in at Cork. His passage had taken approximately twice as long as he had anticipated. His warm welcome in Ireland must have made up for any disappointment he might have felt for not being able to make his way up the English Channel.

In 1979 Carl and his wife, Lib, sailed CARLA MIA from Cork to Oban, Scotland. The log ends with Jackson commenting that a December storm had struck the yard where the boat was stored and destroyed her. He was premature in his assessment and, after the boat was repaired, he was attempting to sail her back to the United States when he was lost. His log of the 61 day passage across the Atlantic is his sailing statement to us all.

Sandy McLeod

("The Spray" is deeply indebted to Roland Naylor of YELLOW BIRD for sending The Slocum Society a copy of *The Log of the Carla Mia*).



"PELAGIC."

John Alkimo

Port Captain

This is how the Port Captain program works. When planning a cruise, you can write to the Port Captains in areas you wish to visit asking questions about their locality. When visiting the port, Port Captains will hold mail for your arrival and then forward or return to sender any late arriving mail as you wish. Mail to be held for you should be addressed as follows:

Your Name (estimated arrival date) (e.g.)	Joshua Slocum (Oct. 10, 1896)
"Vessel Name"	"SPRAY"
c/o Port Captain Name	c/o Guenter Woyde
Port Captain Mailing Address	20 Essington Crescent Sylvania 2224, Australia

As residents of the area, Port Captains can direct visiting members to the various services and commercial enterprises available to yachtsmen as well as other attractions of the locality. And finally, Port Captains can help members keep in touch with the Slocum Society home base.

Any members situated in an area where cruising people may call, are urged to contact the secretary if they wish to volunteer their services as Port Captain. Here is the listing:

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COUNTRY District/City	Port Captain Name Mailing Address Telephone #
AUSTRALIA New South Wales/Sydney	Guenter H. Woyde 20 Essington Crescent, Sylvania 2224, Australia 522-8978
CANADA British Columbia/Victoria	Philip Hollywood & Sandra Hill 3134 Mars St., Victoria, B.C. V8X 1B8, Canada (604) 382-8629
CANADA Ontario/Lake Ontario	Geoff Meakin 2729 Windjammer Rd., Mississauga, ONT L5L 1T3, Canada
CANADA Nova Scotia/Westport	Terry Saunders P.O. Box 1255, Digby Co., Nova Scotia BOV 1H0, Canada (902) 839-2466
FINLAND Helsinki	Tom Tigerstedt Pohjoisranta 12-A-5, 00170 Helsinki, Finland 90-632113 or 90-822148; 925-66611 during summer months
NEW ZEALAND North Island/Tokoroa (inland)	Peter Dickason 1 Kea Place, Tokoroa, New Zealand
REPUBLIC OF SOUTH AFRICA Cape Town/Kenwyn	Konrad Eriksen 28 Benghazi Rd., Kenwyn 7764, Cape Town, RSA Contact through Royal Cape Yacht Club

TUNISIA
La Marsa Corniche

USA
Alaska/Kodiak

USA
California/San Diego

USA
California/San Francisco

USA
California/Santa Barbara

USA
Connecticut/Mystic

USA
Florida/Ft. Lauderdale

USA
Florida/Miami

USA
Florida/Key West

USA
Florida/Sarasota

USA
Louisiana/New Orleans

USA
Maine/Vinalhaven

USA
Maryland/Baltimore Harbor

Luana & Lofti Rebai
8 Rue El Farbi, La Marsa Corniche, Tunisia
272-819

Lew & Elizabeth Santoro
P.O. Box 31, Kodiak, AK, 99615, USA
(907) 486-5673

Stan Freeman
4712 Long Branch, San Diego, CA 92107, USA
(H) (714) 222-9323; (B) (714) 277-6700

Charles J. Hendrickson
(H) 555 Larkspur Plaza, No. 6, Larkspur, CA
94939, USA; (B) North Bay Electric Works,
Inc., 42 Bay St., San Rafael, CA 94939,
USA
(H) 415) 924-0598; (B) (415) 453-6132
Answering service at business phone no.

Phil Dyer, Lt. USCG
111 Harbor Way, Santa Barbara, CA 93109

Byran Burdick & Linda Osten
58½ E. Main St., Mystic, CT 06355, USA

Paul R. Hansen
2543 Sugarloaf Ln., Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33312,
USA
(W) (305) 581-1252

Tom & Judy Hodson
2010 N.W. 187th St., Miami, FL 33056, USA
(305) 621-9329

Ed Giles
P.O. Box 4627, Key West, FL 33040, USA
(305) 296-3561, ext. 388, daytime; (305)
296-9184, evenings

John B. MacDonald
3325 6th St., Sarasota, FL 33577, USA
(H) (813) 955-0485; Marina (813) 955-9488
VHF: Sailing Vessel: LOUJON, WXP 3516

Tom Langel
401 National Roadway, New Orleans, LA
70124, USA

Gordon MacKenzie
Bridgehouse, Carvers Harbour, Vinalhaven, ME
04683, USA

Gary W. Woodcock
2600 Wegworth Ln., Baltimore, MD 21230, USA
(H) (301) 646-0371; (B) (301) 396-2411

- USA**
Maryland/Chesapeake Bay
Karl Edler, KB3US
14710 Poplar Hill Rd., Accokeek, MD 20607,
USA
(H) (301) 283-2514; amateur radio 14.313 MHz
at 0030 GMT phone patch in Washington
D.C. area
- USA**
New York/Hudson River
Marshall Winchell
15 Brescia Blvd., Highland, NY 12528, USA
(914) 691-7606
- USA**
New York/Long Island Sound
Larry & Sue Kopel
9 Fairwind Ct., Northport, NY 11768, USA
(H) (516) 261-2166
Hold mail; local knowledge.
- USA**
New York/Long Island Sound
Jack McCormick
4 Maylin Ct., Smithtown, NY 11787, USA
(H) (516) 265-7453
- USA**
Rhode Island/Newport
Carl W. Bolender
Newport Eagle, 15 Old Beach Rd., Newport, RI
02840, USA
- USA**
Texas/Gulf Coast
David Gray, MD
14300 Aloha, #248, Corpus Christi, TX 78418,
USA
(H) (512) 933-8590; (B) (512) 881-4151
Limited dockage available.
- USA**
Texas/Houston
John Gandy
410 Fargo, Houston, TX 77006, USA
(H) (713) 529-6255; (W) (713) 877-3893
- USA**
Virginia/Chesapeake Bay
Frank Mann
RFD #2, Box 536, Lancaster, VA 22503, USA
(804) 462-7727
Has dock with minimum draft of 5½ ft.
(1.7m) at low water.
- USA**
Virginia/Anapolis
Peter Wright
10904 Belmont Blvd., Lorton, VA 22079, USA
(804) 339-5320
- USA**
Washington State/Columbia
River
I.H. Pepper
P.O. Box 295, Long Beach, WA 98613, USA
Marine VHF: WYW 5262
- USA**
Washington State/Port
Townsend
**Don Holm, Commodore Slocum Society Sailing
Club**
Cape George Colony, Rt. 3, Box 98, Townsend,
WA 98368, USA
(206) 385-2171
- WEST GERMANY**
Hamburg
Peter Kollmorgen
Tinsdaler Heideweg 6, D2000 Hamburg 56
(040) 81 7863

The Mail Barrel



The eager anticipation of mail to be received in a port just over the horizon is one of the quiet pleasures of voyaging offshore. If, perchance, upon arrival you discover that there is none, the pleasure turns to pain. Now, the society isn't in position to get your uncles, aunts, cousins, brothers, sisters, and other friends and relations to put pen to paper in your behalf. However, once they do, we can help in getting the missive to you where you are and when you are there.

In conjunction with our Port Captains located in various cruising ports around the world, the society will handle mail forwarding for cruising members. This is done in either of two ways:

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

Secondly, for those members without such schedules, the society will collect and hold mail for members until we receive a new forwarding address, at which time the entire batch will be put in a manila envelope and sent as instructed.

With either of the two mail forwarding methods, the only cost to members will be the actual forwarding postage paid by the society, if any. Prior to departure, members wishing to avail themselves of this service should deposit with the society an amount estimated to cover the first years mail forwarding expense as well as any tentative schedule and a permanent address (to be used only in the event we lose contact with the member for a protracted period of time). Obviously, we cannot guarantee the performance of the US or any other postal service, however, we will account for all pieces of mail handled and periodically send such an accounting along to the cruising member.

One of the problems cruising people run into is that post offices will only hold mail addressed "*In Care of Postmaster*" for a short period of time before returning it to the sender (or conveniently misplacing it). As a small organization, we are able to handle mail on a more personal basis. When the cruising member calls in ports in which we have a Port Captain, mail will normally be forwarded in care of that person unless the member prefers a different arrangement (i.e., a personal friend, business acquaintance, etc.) In other ports commercial companies such as American Express will hold mail for short periods and mail may be forwarded to the member in care of such companies by the society. For the remainder of the ports, we will have to utilize the "*In Care of Postmaster*" or "*Harbormaster*" address until we find a better address.

Members interested in this service should write to the secretary for further particulars.

Furled Sails

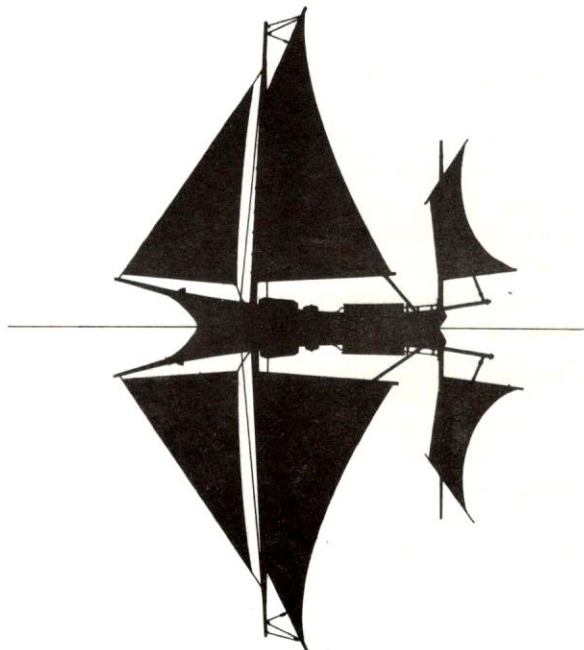
John Walton Eisenbeiss

John Eisenbeiss' dream to sail around the world ended in an automobile accident in July of 1982. Beyond the circle of those of us who knew, respected and loved John, it is unlikely that this tragic incident would have gained greater attention. Grieving is a very personal thing and you tend to cling to your breast the sweet memories of your lost friend. But John's parents **Dr. and Mrs. John Eisenbeiss** didn't so react. In this dark hour they extended their feelings for John to a project in which they knew he was interested, a memorial fund for the improvement of the Slocum Society library. In response to the small notice published in the Phoenix, Arizona, USA paper and through word of mouth, friends and relatives contributed \$1000 to the society for the **JOHN W. EISENBEISS MEMORIAL FUND**, a fund to be used to purchase for our library books which lie within our circle of involvement, "*to encourage, record, and support long distance passages in small boats.*"

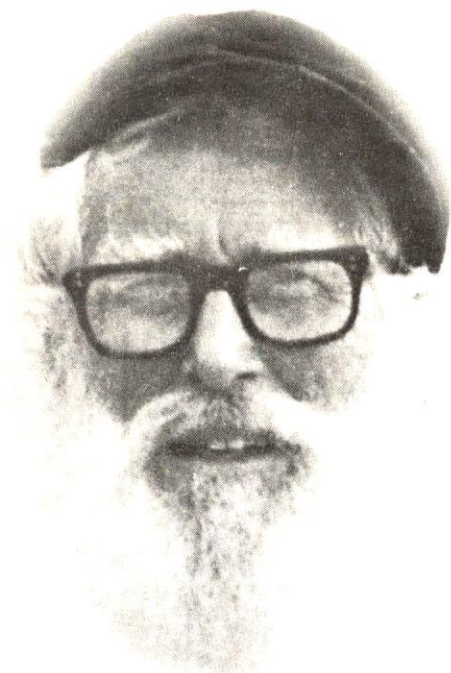
75



The Spray, drawn by John Eisenbeiss



Eldon J. Coon



76

Captain Eldon J. Coon, a well known skipper in Alaska for over 40 years and for the past ten years a familiar sight at the helm of the sailing vessel *TRILOGY* out of Lahaina. died June 5th, 1982, following a short illness. He was 75.

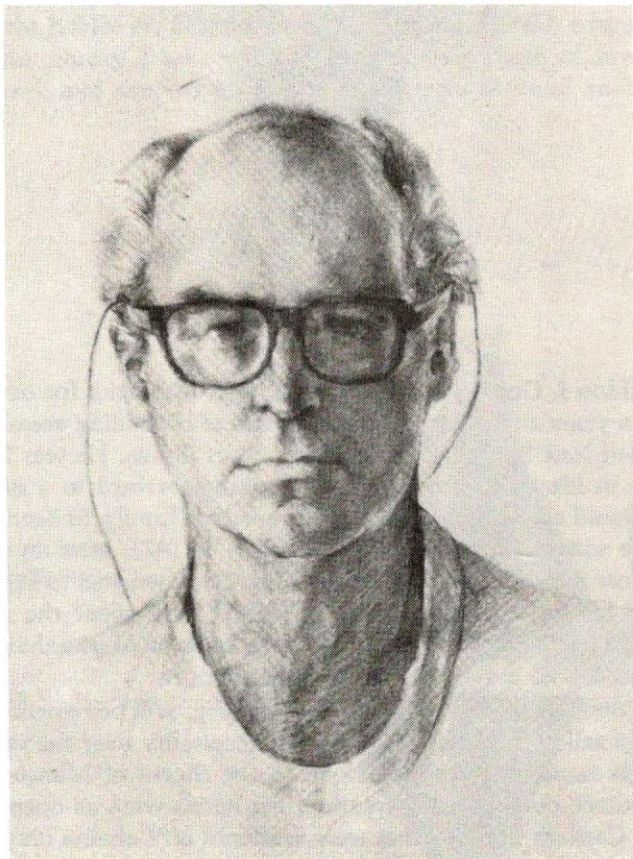
At a time in life when most men are looking forward to a quiet retirement, Captain Coon sold everything in Alaska, moved his family to Seattle and with the help of his two sons built the 50 foot *TRILOGY*. In 1971, after an intense building project of almost two years, during which Mrs. Coon worked to support the whole endeavor, the family shipped aboard *TRILOGY* and spent the next two years exploring the South Pacific. It was on their way back to Alaska that they arrived in Hawaii and decided to make Lahaina their home port.

Captain Coon, a member of the Slocum Society, will be remembered fondly by the hundreds of sailors who have enjoyed his hospitality over the years. Whether it was sharing his famous teriyaki chicken on the shores of Manele Bay or giving someone assistance during heavy weather, his hands were as open as his heart to those in need. Captain Coon's ashes were scattered off Lahaina on the sea he loved so well on June 12.

Don Sabath

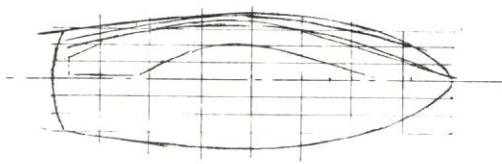
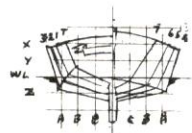
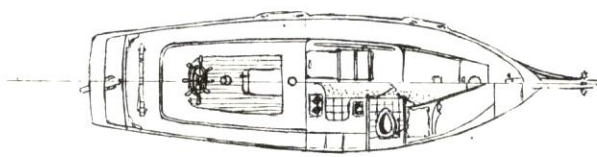
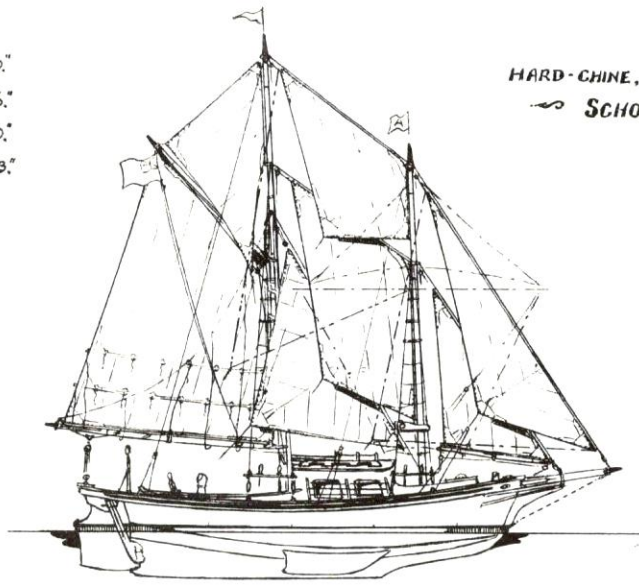
Don Sabath, a Slocum Society member whose art work has graced the pages of *The Spray* as well as many other publications, died of cancer in May of 1982 at the age of 60. Don was a published artist, illustrator, writer, cartoonist, and photographer who received many local, regional and national awards for his marine artwork, portraits and compositions.

In addition, he was a long distance swimmer and coastal cruising sailor who inspired many others in sailing the Long Island Sound, New England waters and Barnegat Bay. Don's family has requested that any memorial contributions be made to the *Don Sabath Art Award*, c/o Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, 1811 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, PA 19103.



L.O.A. 30'-0"
 L.W.L. 27'-6"
 BEAM, 10'-0"
 DRAFT, 3'-9"

HARD-CHINE, SHOAL-DRAFT
 SCHOONER



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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, Treasurer
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.

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

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