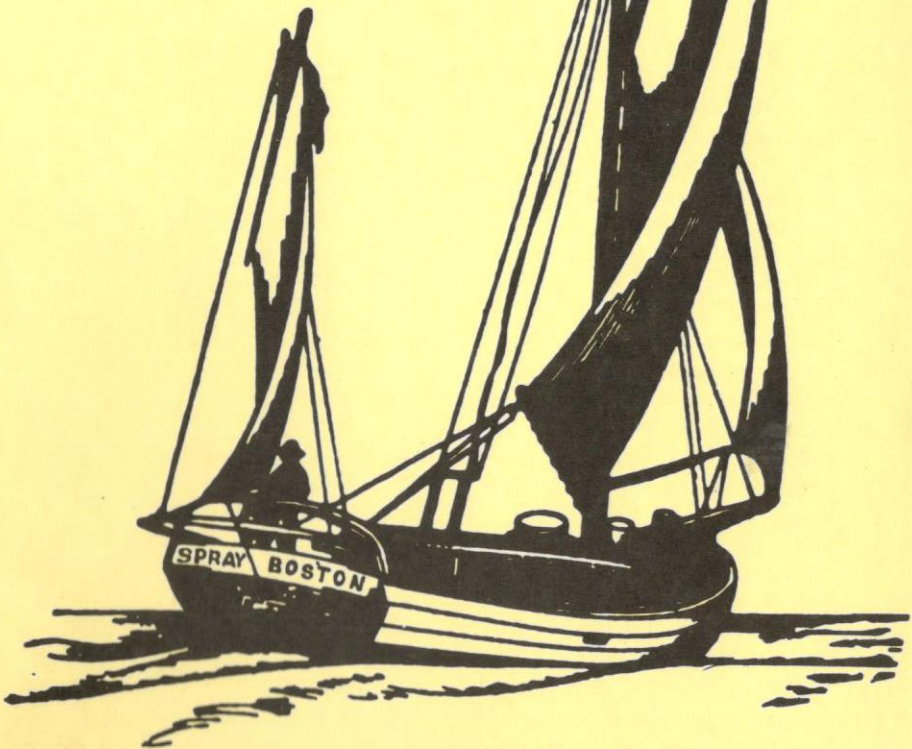


THE SPRAY



WINTER

1984-85

THE SLOCUM SOCIETY
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SIGNAL FROM HOME PORT

Ahoy Mates!

A lot of wake has rolled up behind me since I came aboard The Society as Commodore of the Sailing Club, six or seven years ago; and a little more than two years since taking over as Honorable Secretary; and about a year since the main boom fell on me and dumped the whole ball of wax on my quarterdeck.

But enough of this salty dog talk. Looking back, I see the whole operation moved to Port Townsend, The Spray Newsletter coming out regularly each month, a full deck load of Slocum Awards made for the first time, a semi-permanent location for the Slocum Memorial Library, reactivation of our Port Captain service, a revamping of our extensive research files (still going on), considerable good publicity in the boating press of the world, and a number of successful and enjoyable rallies for members, among other nice things. Here at Home Base, we have responded to an increasing number of requests for hard-to-find information on smallcraft voyaging and sea lore from writers, magazines, and other research organizations, which is one reason for our existence. 1

I believe the Society has been more active, in fact, than ever before in its 30 year existence. This, in turn, has been cause for some reexamination and considerable soul searching. For one thing, it has turned out to be a full-time job that occupies all my waking hours and involves about half the physical space of our home. It has grossly altered my life style, to the exclusion of almost all else. I love the job and it has brought many simple rewards such as satisfaction of achievement in an activity I enjoy and the knowledge of being of some service to other aficionados.

But it has brought to my doorstep some unwanted frustrations, to say nothing of virtually wiping out my freelance writing career.

I have come to realize, as we begin our 30th year, that there is no such thing as a part-time, hobby-shop type of "Honorable Secretary." The Society is, in fact, a little business -- non-profit to be sure, -- but a pulsing, demanded, enterprise all the same. It's not like a PTA or a Kiwanis club, where on short notice you can assemble a bunch of willing hands for coffee and cakes while running the copy machine or stuffing envelopes. Our members are scattered over 25 countries and every state and province on the North American continent. Obtaining volunteers is not only impractical, it is an exercise in futility. Anyone who undertakes this job, is stuck with the whole smear. It can't be done -- at least properly -- part time. It's, as the old saying goes, like trying to be a little bit pregnant.

Another interesting revelation is that our membership rolls are made up of more than 40 percent deadwood -- people who have not paid any dues for as long as five or six years! I was appalled to discover this in January while preparing the mailing for the 1985 dues renewal notices. This means that the paying members have been subsidizing almost half of the cost of operation for the other half!

I do not know how this situation developed, but I have some theories about it. A major accomplishment in 1985 will be to remove all this deadwood from our mailing list. Beginning as of now, anyone who has not renewed his membership in 1985 will be dropped. This will reduce our cost of operation by a substantial amount, and at the same time ease the strain on the Home Port staff considerably.

On a more positive note, we have taken aboard more than 200 new members in the past year. This has been mostly as a result of the favorable notice we have received in the boating press during 1984, by word of mouth, and by the appearance of more Slocum flags on yardarms of boats around the world.

The Sailing Club Newsletter has been a dynamic force in bringing together our far-flung members and providing a forum and an outlet for their experiences. The mailing list for this increased by 500 percent last year! This goes to most of the boating press and maritime organizations, too, which becomes in effect a monthly news release of our activities.

Our official journal, The Spray, has been a personal disappointment, but are working hard to upgrade it and return it once again to its former prestige. In this issue, you will find fine articles on the famous Spray copy, IGDRASIL, by C. E. Zoerner, Jr. Ph.D, of Manhattan Beach, CA and on a "new" TREKKA by **Tommy Thomas** which I hope will help set a trend for future contributions to our journal.

This year presents a new landfall -- it is the 30th anniversary of the founding of The Slocum Society in 1955 by our own irrepressible **Richard Gordon McCloskey**, when he was stationed in Washington, D.C.

The original "clubhouse" was his waterfront home on Spa Creek, I believe, and members used to gather there for a sail or a gam or to read the books in his library, perhaps to enjoy a goblet of his Founder's Punch.

A highlight of this year will be a big anniversary rally, organized by **Bill Kellam** of Baltimore, to be held in October, practically on the original site -- anyway close to it. Latest word is that the Naval Academy has invited us to hold the meeting there. The long weekend will be filled with brunches and lunches and dinners and cocktail parties and sightseeing and sailing on the bay -- and plain old gambling. I hope all of you can attend. McCloskey will be there; I will be there; and a number of famous name sailors will also be there or on the program.

I have word that a similar bash is being organized in Southern California, and one or two overseas. We surely encourage these, as 1985 is a major landfall in the history of our Society.

The 30th should be one of our best years yet!

Fair winds,

Don



Your Hon. Secy hard at it aboard WILD ROSE

SNUG HARBOR YARNS FROM THE OLD TAR*

The Old Gaffer* was in the reminiscent mood the other night. "Yes," he said, as he took a quaff of his hot buttered rum (Demerara 151 proof), "the clock was striking 7 bells just before you came in, and it took me back to when I was a cadet on the Dollar Line, and on watch, at night. When the bridge watch rung the bell you could hear the foc's'le watch responding by striking his bell and hailing, '7 bells. Lights are bright and all's well:" Isn't that a lovely and reassuring phrase: light's are bright and all's well . . . ?

"In my day (he was harking back some 50 years) the rules of the road said that a power-driven vessel underway shall give way to a sailing vessel. To spot a sailing vessel, or anything else, a ship in those days would have on the bridge an officer, a cadet, the helmsman, and a seaman; there was a lookout on the foc's'le head, and frequently one on the poop. Five of six pairs of eyes watching and ears listening. The run of the mill freighter would be a 5,000 tonner with a top speed of 11 knots.

C. Surprisingly, the first two-crew to circumnavigate along was a husband/wife team: **Roger and Edith Strout** in their home-built copy of Slocum's SPRAY, 37'0 (11.28m) gaff ketch IGDRASIL. For this voyage they were presented with the Cruising Club of America's Blue Water Medal (undated); Edith was the first woman to receive this award. They sailed from/to Jacksonville, Florida. E-W(p) in 1934-7.

D. M.A.S. (or Momento Anders Semper), a 33'6" (10.21m) Bermuda schooner, was sailed round E-W(PS) by Italians **F. A. Gerachi** and **R. Dominici** in 1932-5. But the original crewman from Messina to Puerto Columbia was **Paolo David** who was taken ill and could not continue the voyage. (same 2-crew all the way except for the first leg across the Atlantic.)

A. SVAAP, the American 32'6" (9.90m) Bermudan ketch, was skippered by **William Albert Robinson** from/to New York. E-W(PS) in 1928-31, but he had another crew aboard to Bermuda, a paid hand to Tahiti, and from there his second paid hand **Etera** accompanied him for the rest of the circumnavigation. (Same 2-crew from Tahiti to New York.)

E. Although Americans **Ray R. Kauffman** and **Gerry Mefferd** intended a 2-crew circumnavigation when they had the 45'0 (13.71m) gaff ketch HURRICANE built, from/to Pascagoula in the Deep South, E-W(P), 1935-8, a happy succession of crewmen helped the rumbustious voyage to a successful conclusion.

B. The 38'0 (11.58m) Siwash dugout war canoe which Canadian **John Voss** converted and named TILIKUM, was sailed from Victoria, B.C., westabout to Margate, England in 1901-04, with various crewmen, and on one occasion singlehanded. However, she did not complete a circumnavigation.

There are so many route possibilities around the world that a simple code became essential in order to avoid repetitive statements. Thus, direction is indicated E-W (westabout) or W-E (eastabout),

"Today, a 20,000 ton, or better, container ship will boil along in restricted waters at 23 knots, covering one mile every two-and-a-half minutes. There'll be one officer on the bridge, the iron mike will be at the wheel, and there will be one seaman loafing around somewhere.

"Don't talk about radar. ANDREA DORIA and STOCKHOLM could see each other plainly on the radar and still they collided. Wood or plastic boats, besides looking like nothing more than barrels bobbing around, are notorious for the poor echo they give to radar.

"No," the Old Gaffer went on, "remain convinced that a ship these days is completely blind to a boat. Forget about the right of way. You keep out of her way. On a collision course, you turn tail and run. It's no time to be Philadelphia lawyering. In addition to not giving a damn, the ship's watch probably won't even know they've run you down.

"I am not," and here he wet his whistle again, "going to give you a lesson in watch keeping from a yacht. If you don't know how, you probably won't need to know after your next cruise. You'll be a guest of Davy Jones," and down went another swig of the hot 151 proof.

There was no comment I could make, so I gallantly downed my 0-proof ginger ale with a swagger.

* A strange resemblance to Founder McCloskey is noted. - Ed.

POPULAR MISCONCEPTIONS OF THE B.W.G. KIND (NO.2)

BY
D. H. CLARK

First, It's check how good you were in answering the questions I posed in my previous article. IGDRASIL, and C. D. A, E, B earns you 100%; anything less ought to be punished by mast-heading! Here, in order, is what you should have known.

via the Panama Canal (P), the Suez Canal (S), or both (PS) or (SP); via the Magellan Strait (M) or Cape Horn (H). When, in 1969, Frenchman **Bernard Moitessier** became the first singlehander to round all five of the southernmost capes - Good Hope, Leeuwin (S.W. Australia), South East Cape (Tasmania), South West Cape (Stewart Island, N.Z.) and the Horn - it became necessary to include this detail in the code: rounding all five capes is indicated (H4), Cape Horn and three other capes (H3), Cape Horn and two other capes (H2); rounding only Cape Horn and Good Hope (H). When departure and arrival ports are quoted the picture is complete: e.g. from/to New York, W-E(H2), should give an immediate mental picture of the general route taken.

Since SLOCUM went round the world in 1895-8, more than 100 singlehanders have followed

The MASTER sailed E-W(M), but who were the first singlehanders to follow each alternative route in the opposite direction? Let's keep it to the easy routes (sic) to begin with: W-E(P), W-E(S), W-E(SP) w-E(M), W-E(H), (H2), (H3), (H4). Any ideas? But I don't expect anyone to be able to answer all eight questions.

Popular misconceptions about as a result of not realizing how many alternative circumnavigation routes there are. In the early days, it was sufficient for a singlehander to sail round the world, but now every pro and con has to be considered carefully. For example, taking a passenger aboard for just a few miles automatically eliminates any 'singlehanded' claim; **Alan Eddy** (and many others) did not sail singlehanded entirely around the world in APOGEE, despite claims to the contrary. The only exception to this rule is when regulations insist on either a pilot or additional crewman for a specific area of water: transit of the Panama Canal is probably the best example. In such cases where the singlehander has no alternative but comply he or she does not forfeit the solo status, but in any other circumstance - even when saving life at sea - the credit, 'S/H' cannot be allowed. Although this may seem a tough ruling, precedent (originally established in 1952) decreed that in

the 1982 Route du Rum transatlantic race, when **Olivier Moussy** (SHARP VIDEO) rescued **Ian Johnstone** (RENNIE), he was disqualified for finishing the race with two crew aboard.

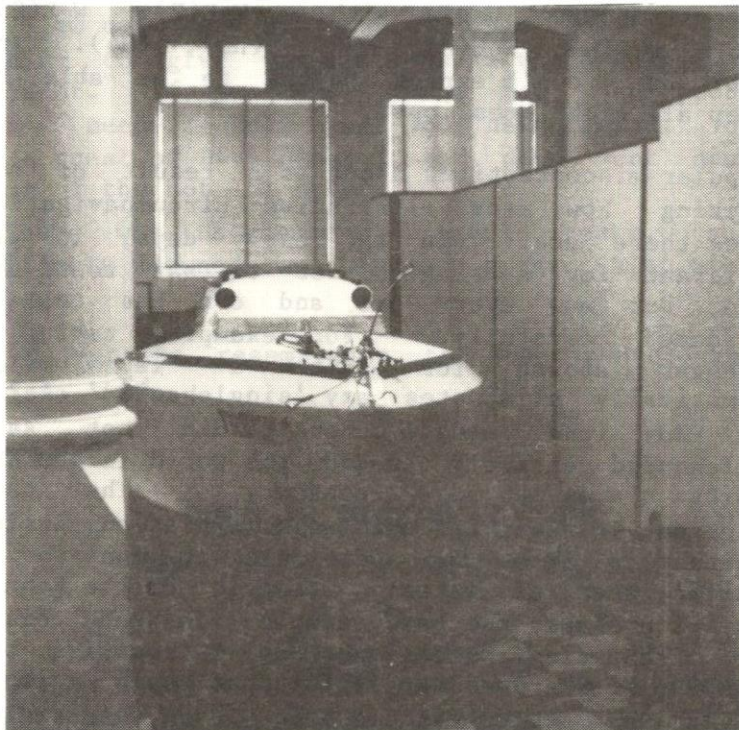
This ruling is equally as tough for circumnavigators, but because there are over 100 genuine singlehanded voyages listed we must be firm.

TREKKA TO SAIL IN SHAW ISLAND CLASSIC

TREKKA SAILS AGAIN

By
THORNTON THOMAS

John Guzzwell 22 year old son of author **John Guzzwell** - plans to launch, rig and commission his TREKKA class 20 and one-half foot sloop at Westound Marina, Orcas Island and compete in this year's Shaw Island Classic. It has taken him about a year to build his light blue hulled copy of his father's yawl.



The original TREKKA I, now part of the exhibit in the Maritime Museum in Victoria, B.C. (Don Holm photo)

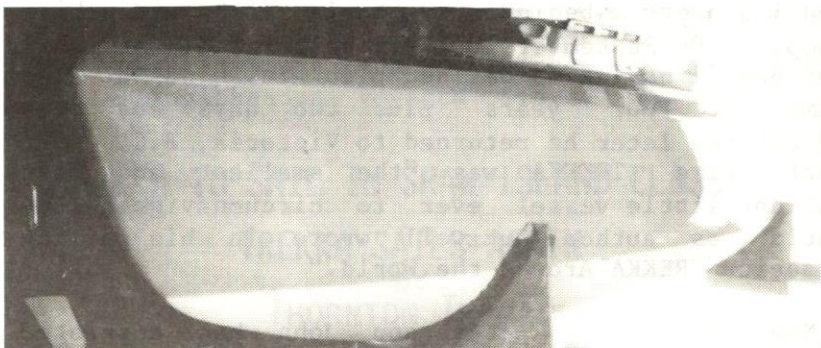
In August 1954 at Victoria, B.C. the first TREKKA was launched. The senior Guzzwell had commissioned **Laurent Giles** to draw up the plans. He had built his TREKKA in 9 months time in a small storeroom behind a Victoria fish and chips shop. On September 10, 1955 he leisurely set sail for Hawaii having no defined plan in mind at the time. Four years plus two days and many adventures later he returned to Victoria, B.C. At that time TREKKA was "the smallest and most gallant little vessel ever to circumnavigate the world" as author Guzzwell wrote in his sailing classic "TREKKA Around the World."

Now 30 years later son John has completed building his TREKKA Class hull No. 12 in a spacious Eastsound airport warehouse - far removed from the cramped quarters, fish & chips aroma, and uncertainty about the craft's small size and sailing ability that his father experienced. Today the TREKKA is not an unknown and unproved design. TREKKA I circumnavigated the world twice! New owners proved that what the senior Guzzwell could do singlehanded -- they could do double-handed. TREKKA I is again back at her Victoria, B.C. homeport on permanent display at the Maritime Museum.



John Guzzwell II, in his father's wake. (T. Thomas photos)

TREKKA II, an exact copy from the original plans, built by John Guzzwell, Jr., in his father's shop on Orcas Island.



After the Shaw Island Classic, young John is ready to move on to other non-sailing adventures. He is a bicyclist and peddles his way around Orcas Island. Bike touring plans loom large when discussing future activities. Like his father before him, he built his TREKKA all by himself. John will call on his twin brother James to help rig, tune, and then race the lively little sloop in the Shaw Island Classic. Their father won't be on hand. He is now sailing in the Fiji Islands.

Thirty years apart father and son have each singlehandedly built their TREKKAs. For his own experience, senior Guzzwell told John that TREKKA would be a difficult boat to build and advised against starting construction. But when asked in his book about building a small sailboat Author Guzzwell writes:

The most important requirement of all would be that this little vessel be constructed with my own hands, for I would want to know every nail and bolt in her and have handled every one of her timbers, perhaps then I would also know the confidence that TREKKA gave me during her trek around the world.

Both father and son share this experience of building their first boat -- their first love -- their first TREKKAS.

Photocopy of page from *Yachting Monthly*, "With Bill Beavis," an item: "...splice the mainbrace, why AD28? Richard McCloskey, that ever inquisitive American, asks why the Royal Naval flag signal which is hoisted to announce a tot all round should consist of the letters A-D and numerals 28? We don't know either, and none of our books holds the answer. Someone must know. The custom dates back to the reward given to sailors who had performed a dangerous and difficult job -- such as splicing the main brace while in action and without taking the strain off it. Latterly it has become more ceremonial, such as the occasions when visiting royalty may order the mainbrace to be spliced in their honour."

Well!

STRAY SIGNALS FROM MEMBERS

Secretary, the Slocum Society, Dear Sir:

My wife and I have been an admirer of **Joshua Slocum** ever since her father told us about **SPRAY** and we read Slocum's book. Ten years ago we finally moved up to a good sized boat, a Pearson 33 Vanguard, and named her **SPRAY**. Our children have grown up on **SPRAY** and we love her very much. Last year, friends of ours that sail on **SPRAY** with us a lot were cleaning out their parent's house on Long Island, New York, after the death of their mother. Going through hundreds of old books, they came upon a copy of "Sailing Alone Around The World." Since they knew why we named our boat, they stopped opened the book and it was autographed by Joshua Slocum in 1900. The photocopy of the inside page is enclosed. Since the note is glued in the book, it might have been a letter and not an autograph. We thought your Society would be interested and might even know of **Richard Gilder**. It seems like fate to us that we would get this copy of Slocum's book. We are interested in becoming members of your society. We do not bluewater sail now but hope to do so when our kids are out of college. Sincerely,
David and Sandy Netting, 401 Bell Ave.,
Springfield, PA 19064.

This is apparently a new "find." The book is a first edition of The Century Co., and is handwritten in Josh's unique scribble. It is addressed to Richard Watson Gilder, who you might recall, was the Century magazine editor who was responsible for rewriting and coaching Slocum through the original magazine series and subsequent publication as a book. It reads: "To Richard Watson Gilder, Poet and Builder, with the admiration and respect of Joshua Slocum, Mariner -- Dear Mr. Gilder, I was a great chimney, Likewise a fine song of the sea, when you rebuild her. If ever rebuilt be your ship, on the sea. Remember still **John Burroughs**. We would all have it so. Aye, too, remember, Jack, If there be a wrack when the wind, it comes on to blow. For you're a poet as is a poet And knows how to do it. The poetry I mean -- some poets I'd keel haul and belay their yarns, not worth a damn. Just gave that would ??? a marine. and they're allus ?????they seem. But you're the poet, and I own it as writ many a good sonnet. And now sings a sweet song, -- for **John Burroughs** -- and me. For whatever's of the sea, belongs in part to me. Not all to good John of Birds, But partly to me! Oct 1900."

This is typical Slocum syntax, almost stream of conscious writing, a la **James Joyce**. Slocum was, of course, a self-taught very crude writer, and Gilder was the guy who turned his exuberant prose into classic literature. In this letter, Josh is apparently a little envious of the attention John Burroughs, the naturalist, was getting in the press at the time. A handwriting expert would have fun with this scrawl.

NIPPON OCEAN RACING CLUB. Letter from **Neal Walker**, who had been in touch with **Kaoru Ogini**, commodore and driving force of the club, urging Slocum Society support of the Membourne-Osaka Double-handed Yacht Race, 1987: "The Slocum Society has worked with Kaori and NORC on the

three Transpacs (SFO to Japan) and I worked with him on the last two. He is a delightful person. Fair winds, Neal."

As for sponsorship, there is no real change, but by adopting essentially the OSTAR provisions, the name of the yacht itself may carry the sponsor's brand or name. The city of Osaka, as main sponsor, has been most generous and will be subsidizing about \$4,000 for each yacht completing the course. The formal notice of the race was expected to go out in mid-November, and I assured Kaoru that The Slocum Society would be delighted to participate as an "endorser" of the race, if not a full-fledged "sponsor." We'll be reporting more on this as the months go by. The concept of a "cruising class" for this long-distance event is innovative and makes sense for Slocum types.

I (Don) had a call from Kaoru in Japan on the telephone yesterday, and we chatted about the 1987 event at length. The race will be a "vertical" crossing instead of an east-west run. The concept differs from the singlehanded ocean races. "We have felt that in the interest of good seamanship and safety, traversing seas of both the northern and southern hemisphere, with many island and reefs, that the double-handed approach was more sensible and would at the same time attract wider attention. We wanted to encourage the participation of the two-person gunkholing tradition of offshore yachts, as much as possible, in addition to flat-out speed demons. The strict drawing of the line between the cruising and racing divisions could present some problems, but we felt it can be coped with and would be well worth the while."

Keoru also said they were abandoning the IOR basic qualifier and gone back to LOA to establish limites for both division and class. They will attempt to avoid extreme forms, and expect that the variety of wind and sea conditions on the course will guarantee the emergence of a wholesome, all-around boat, "as any boat intending to win would have to perform well in very heavy as well as extremely light conditions and would have to have good windward capability as well as downwind speed."

THE MELBOURNE-OSAKA DOUBLE-HANDED YACHT RACE 1987

By
KAORU OGIMI

The concept of this race differs from the past Single-Handed Trans-Pacific in the following points:

1. Double-handed vs single:

As you know, we have had some discussions on this point in the past. We felt that in the interest of good seamanship and safety and in consideration of the course of this race, which would traverse seas both north and south of the equator with many inlands and reefs, that the double-handed approach was more sensible and would, at the same time, attract wider attention.

2. Establishing of two divisions: cruising and racing:

We wanted to encourage the participation of the "two-person" gunkholing traditional offshore cruising yachts, as much as possible, in addition to the flat-out speed demons. The strict drawing of the line between the "cruising" and "racing" divisions could present some problems, but we felt it can be coped with and would be well worth the while.

3. Abandoning the IOR as a basic qualifier:

The logical evolution of the gold-place international racing fleet has made the top-flight IOR racing boats into "super dinghies" that, basically, sacrifice seaworthiness and, to some extent, even safety in the interest of ultimate speed.

Hence, we had gone back to LOA to establish limits for both division and class.

We do want to try to avoid some extreme forms that we consider to be basically unsafe that such an open approach would encourage and are working on how to express a minimum of restrictive provisions. Retractable keels, stability checks, banning of ballast tanks, etc., are under consideration.

However, the variety of wind and sea conditions expected on the course itself should guarantee the emergence of a wholesome, all-around boat, as any boat intending to win would have to perform well in very heavy as well as extremely light conditions and would have to have good windward capability as well as downwind speed.

We continue to disfavor inclusion of multi-hulls.

4. Electronic navigational aids and auto pilot:

We have bowed to the times here. However, we have drawn the line to prevent the integration of the navigational unit and the steering unit, which is now one of the main features of the top OSTAR boats.

5. Sponsorship:

No real change here. But, by adopting, essentially, the OSTAR provisions on this point, we have allowed the name of the yacht itself to be the sponsor's name or brand and the use of logos, one on each side of the hull and each sail, within certain size limitations, is to be allowed.

The City of Osaka, as main sponsor, has been most generous and understanding. As you can see, they are willing to commit to a subsidy of some \$4,000 for each yacht completing the course. They have also committed to continue to sponsor the race every three or four years on a continuing basis and thus to help develop it into a major long-distance short-handed fixture.

RECORDS ACHIEVED BY EILCO KASEMIER (HOLLAND)
 AFTER COMPLETING TWO CIRCUMNAVIGATIONS:
 1986-8 AND 1983-4

1st Circum. (Singlehanded): BYLGIA 39'11" X
 11'9" X 6'6" (12.18X3.57X1.98) Staysail ketch.
 From Plymouth to St. Peter Port, Guernsey, E-W(H):
 43,518 miles in 2 years 58 days (5.6.76 - 2.8.78).
Records 1/1 1st Dutch S/H round Cape Horn
 (January 31, 1977)

1/2 Fastest S/H Doubling of Cape Horn
 (15 days 2 hrs)

Position Listing This was No. 63 S/H circum.,
 2nd Dutch S/H circum.; 26th S/H Cape Horner; 8th
 S/H to round Cape Horn E-W; second S/H circum. in
 an allow monohull.

2nd Circum. (Part S/H; Part Crewed): BYLGIA II
 39'0 X 13'0 X 4'7" (11.90X3.98X1.40) Motor yacht
 with small steadying sail (8m2). One Perkins 4.236
 diesel. Fuel carried: 780 IMP Gals./3550 litres
 (made 9 stops for refueling) from/to Eddystone
 Light (off Plymouth), E-W(P): 25,809 miles in 198
 days 23 hrs. 30 mins. (27.9.83 - 13.4.84). Time
 under way: 151 days 22 hrs. 12 mins. + 169.87
 m.p.d.

Records 2/1 Smallest motor yacht to circum
 2/2 1st Medium sized M.Y. to circum
 2/3 Fastest (time) circum. by a small
 M.Y. (incl. stopovers-see above)
 2/4 Fastest (time) circum. by a small
 M.Y. (under way - see above)
 2/5 Fastest average speed by a small
 M.Y. during a circum. (see above)
 2/6 Fastest E-W Atlantic passage by a
 small S/H M.Y. (Las Palmas to
 Bonaire, Curacao: 3,140.3 miles
 in 18 days 10 hrs. 6 mins =
 170.48 m.p.d.
 2/7 Fastest Atlantic crossing (either
 direction) by a small S/H M.Y.
 (see 2/6)

2/8 Believed fastest Pacific crossing
 by a small S/H M.Y. (Panama to
 Menado, Indonesia: 9,613.4 miles
 in 57 days 8 hrs. 24 mins. =
 167.63 m.p.d.
 2/9 Greatest distance by a S/H in any
 size M.Y. (13,500 miles)

Position Listing for crewed small yacht circums
 is incomplete. Probably about the same as the S/H
 listing, which would have been approx. No. 107.

Notes

1. "Doubling" Cape Horn is to sail from 50 degrees
 S (Atlantic) to 50 degrees S (Pacific). The
 record for commercial sail is 5 days 1 hr; crewed
 small yacht, 14 days.
2. The division between "small" and "large" is
 50'10" (15.50m) L.O.A. Medium size is between
 21'4" (6.50m) and 50'10" (15.50m) L.O.A.
3. The previous smallest M.Y. to circum. was
 52'0 (15.85) CHAMPION (Larry Briggs, U.S.A.,
 crew varied), from/to Los Angeles, E-W (SP),
 1977-80.
4. Direction of circum. shown E-W (westabout),
 via Cape Horn (H), Panama Canal (P), Suez Canal
 (S) or both (SP).
5. The previous fastest Atlantic passage by a S/H
 M.Y. was in 1937: **Marin-Marie** (Fr.), 42'8"
 (13.00) ARIELLE, New York to Ile Chausey, France,
 averaging 165.5 m.p.d.
6. S/H Transpacific voyages in M.Y. are not known
 in detail - hence "believed" 2/8).
7. All the above records are believed correct,
 but cannot be guaranteed accurate.

IGDRASIL: TREE OF LIFE

By
C. E. ZOERNER, JR.

Where is IGDRASIL? Whatever happened to the only copy of the SPRAY to circumnavigate? Once the best-known reproduction of Joshua Slocum's yacht, she sailed around the world between 1934 and 1937. Adding to her fame in 1938, she cruised to Alaska, voyaging 14,000 miles in ten months. By 1939 she was celebrated in the National Geographic and by the world's yachting press.

Yet today she is virtually forgotten. Was she destroyed by a wild ocean, or did she simply drift into obscurity?

Built in 1933 by Roger S. Strout and his wife, Edith Bauer Strout, IGDRASIL was not an exact duplicate of the SPRAY, which in Slocum's words was "thirty-six feet nine inches long, overall, fourteen feet two inches wide, and four feet two inches deep in her hold..."

IGDRASIL, constructed 40 years after Slocum's yacht, measures three inches longer overall, four inches wider, and ten inches deeper. Both were made of oak. But IGDRASIL was fitted with a gasoline engine, a four-cylinder Miller. Strout ballasted her with street paving blocks embedded in Georgia pitch. Edith's job was "to putty some ten thousand nail holes."

They named her IGDRASIL, Edith explained in a 1939 National Geographic article, "for the Tree of Life in Norse mythology, the roots running down into hell while the branches reach to heaven... The end of the world comes when the tree Igdrasil falls."

To go adventuring, Strout resigned in the Great Depression a secure position as assistant professor at the Georgia School of Technology. He said with his wife, who became the first woman to crew on a round-the-world yacht voyage and the first woman ever to win the Blue Water medal.

Strout learned to sail on the glove-circling cruise from Jacksonville, Florida, via the Panama Canal and the Cape of Good Hope, to New York. In a 1937 Yachting article he wrote, "I never [had] owned or sailed anything larger than a canoe."

During IGDRASIL's construction in Savannah, Strout had fumed at local yachtsmen who asked him if she would sail "...forward or sidewise." Yet he selected a SPRAY design for what he believed to be its characteristics of self-steering, safety, comfort, and cargo capacity.

One month during the voyage, he and Edith slept 25 nights as IGDRASIL--rigged with main and mizzen--steered herself. Her safety was equally impressive. Approaching Durban, South Africa, in a 50 knot wind, IGDRASIL dipped into a trough to deep that Strout lost sight of a 282 foot lighthouse three-quarters of a mile away. Later her captain would boast that not a single sea had come aboard.

Roominess added to the comfort of a dry deck. Strout described IGDRASIL as a "freighter." She carried five tons of supplies for the circumnavigation. Of that capacity 700 pounds was flour that Edith used for baking.

The former mathematics professor believed IGDRASIL to be the safest and most comfortable vessel of her length ever built. He reported, "...I have voyaged in safety, eaten well, and slept in peace."

But peace was not Strout's for long. At sea he and IGDRASIL had survived some of the wildest stretches of the world oceans, but worries of the land plagued him. In 1939 beloved IGDRASIL would slip through his fingers, and eventually he would die by his own hand.

Today IGDRASIL is in a slip in King Harbor, Redondo Beach, California. She tarried there through a series of owners. Two men named **Grant** and **Smith** bought her from Strout and planned to sail to the South Seas. But this dream ended in the 40's in Southern California. In 1957 and 1958

she was extensively refitted, acquiring a Gray Marine engine. By 1966 **Edwin L. King** of Newport Beach owned her, followed by **Paul Lewis** from the same area. The last time she changed hands the price was "about \$20,000."

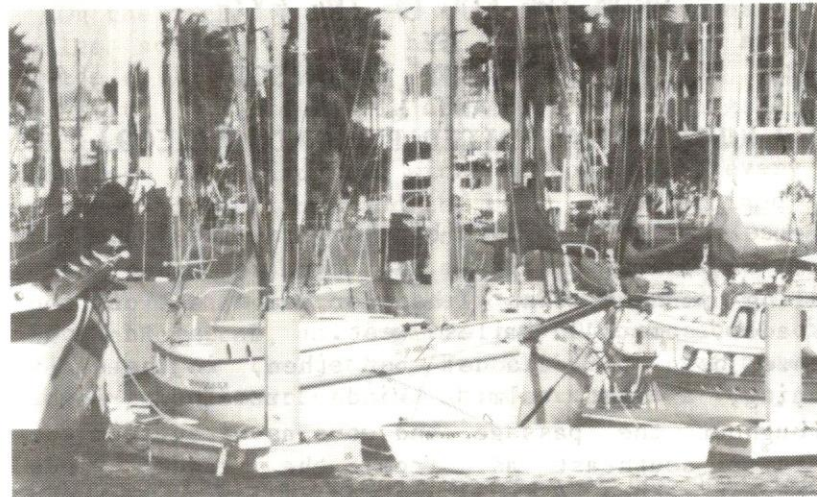
Today dockside neighbors do not recognize her as an historic yacht. They know nothing of her circumnavigation or her two other world records: first yacht to circumnavigate with a husband and wife crew and first two-crew yacht to circumnavigate with the same crew all the way. They simply mention that she "hasn't been out of the slip in about ten years."

Indeed, **Lewis** and his long-standing friend **Richard Muller** have been restoring her about that length of time, working for the day--family responsibilities fulfilled--they can sail away on a resplendent IGDRASIL.

The men have overhauled the 42 horsepower engine, refurbished the stout rigging, and replaced all the underwater fastenings. They kept as souvenirs some of the original square boat nails so carefully puttied by Edith 52 years ago. The 1-1/2 inch oak hull does not leak, and there is no need for reballasting: the original street paving blocks are still secure in the Georgia pitch. The decks are being sanded.

The cabin is spacious with well over six feet of headroom and well lighted by six large port holes. Still evident in the starboard galley area are the holes made by the hooks on which Edith hung their coffee mugs. The restorers have already secured a woodburning stove much like the original used by the Strouts.

IGDRASIL is white-hulled with tan masts and trim, the cabin top being blue. It is easy to stand aboard her and imagine Roger Strout stationed at the wheel in his comfortable deck chair--still part of ship's inventory--the big brim of his Aussie hat pinned up jauntily to starboard. Beside him is his fellow-adventurer, Edith, confident in her dark blue and white sailor dress with red neckerchief, the wind ruffling her fashionably short dark hair.



Legendary IGDRASIL, one of the earliest copies of P. SPRAY, at her slip in Redondo Beach, CA.

The continuing work has given Richard Muller a special feeling for IGDRASIL. "Roger Strout may not have been a sailor when he built IGDRASIL, but he knew his wood. He selected all of it by himself. In fact, **Victor Slocum** was aboard once, and he said IGDRASIL was better built than his father's SPRAY. And I believe it."

So 52 years after her construction, IGDRASIL, the tree of life, has not yet fallen.

FROM THE LOG OF THE FYXE
BY
M. C. "HARRY" HARRISON
PART II
(JUDICIOUSLY EDITED BY SANDY McLEOD)

I celebrated my 50th birthday in Mindelo on the 22nd of January, 1983, and the following day, feeling younger than I had for years, set off for Barbados, some 2000 miles west. I had a good breeze down the channel but then, in the early evening, a flat calm. Winds remained light throughout the passage and were as often from the east or southeast as from the trade winds northwest Force 4. I dropped as low as 12 north but to no avail. The first Force 4 did not arrive until I was 150 miles from Barbados. I arrived on Saturday, February 12, 20 days out and 2013 on the log.

22 I was immediately advised by a well meaning Dutchman to sail out again and to come back Monday. The Customs and Immigrations charge high overtime rates on weekends. I went around to the deep water harbour and paid up. I then returned to Carlisle Bay and went ashore looking for a cold beer. I got swamped by the surf going in and again coming back. There is no decent landing place in Carlisle Bay. The best is at the Barbados Yacht Club, but that is a long way from town. The fuel pier means a six foot scramble up jagged girders in a four foot swell. Three dinghies were punctured whilst I was there. The Boatyard Restaurant pier is derelict and worse. Landing on the beach is a best wet feet, at worst wet everything.

Once I completed the formalities I was made welcome at the Yacht Club. They do a good Sunday Lunch Barbecue. Full of colonial relics, including members.

The town of Bridgetown is modern with large department stores and supermarkets as well as an open air vegetable market. The people are very polite but a little stand-offish. The telephone system is very good. I was connected to Titchmarsh, UK, in one minute and 57 seconds!

On the first of March I sailed for Grenada, 135 miles southwest. I had company on this trip, a Swede called Ollie Olaf Ake Backlund, who wanted a lift. A following sea and a dead run gave sea sickness, so he stayed in the cockpit all night looking for shipping with me popping up every 15 minutes to check him and the rest. We arrived at Prickly Bay at 5 o'clock in the evening, where Ollie, after a shower and a meal, made such a good recovery that we beat the local champions at darts in the Red Crab, an English style pub about 500 meters from the jetty. Prickly Bay is the home of Spice Island Charters and about six miles from St.

Georges, the capital. In spite of the politics I found the people and officials friendly. Shopping was fair and the rum potent.

On the 8th I sailed alone for Carricou, part of Grenada, but a lot poorer. Desmond's Rum Shop is worth a visit. The only other yacht was FENRIS from Narvick and I had a good time with Kikki. Kikki is a 6'4" Norwegian and about the same across the shoulders. FENRIS is a converted Colin Archer-type fishing boat. This was the first of many meetings and many evenings. There are three co-owners and they take turns being Captain. They converted the boat over a four year period and the system worked without discord all the time I knew them.

From Carricou it was eight miles across to Union Island, then by the Tobago Cays to Mustique, holiday haunt of the rich and famous. I met up again with Nancy, whom I had met in Arricefe and again in Mindelo. She had sailed a 26 foot wooden double ender from Greece with one crew. We were chased off a property which turned out to be owned by Mick Jagger, apparently people pinch his socks from the washing line. I now lock up my own socks when in Mustique. Nancy was taken ill with what proved to be hepatitis. We managed to find a doctor on one of the charter yachts and then the French yacht JULINITA sailed her to her yacht IAMANJA to Bequia. I followed on the 12th as did FENRIS. Mustique is not a beautiful island and its only virtue is its inaccessibility to the public.

Bequia is a beautiful island and renowned for its fishermen and sailors. I spent a week there and enjoyed it immensely. The model boats made here are works of art and I would have loved one but too dear and nowhere to stow. There are several hotels and bars along the beach. I was moored off the Slipway & Harpoon Bar run by **Bill Little**. The Sunny Caribee, Whaleboner, and Frangipani are all good. Bequia is the last home of small boat whalers.

[Harry then sailed to Easter Island]

24 Easter Island, or to be correct Isla de Pascua, 2000 miles off the coast of Chile in the South Pacific, was discovered by the Dutchman **Jacob Roggeveen** on Easter Sunday in 1722. Now, some one hundred and sixty years later, I was edging in to the bay of Hanga Roa in the dark. I had first sighted the island at noon but had been to windward and against a 12 foot sea, about 15 miles off, and it had taken all day to cover the last part of the 1971 miles from the Galapagos Islands. My landfalls are normally a little closer than that, but the last three days had seen a south east gale, and my last sight had been 48 hours earlier. The radio beacon only works when a plane is expected, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

Slowly, on compass and echo sounder, I motored into 17 metres and dropped anchor with 50 meters of chain. Dawn showed me fairly in the centre of the bay and only 30 yards north of the leading line.

It also showed a green island with the volcanic peaks of Mount Terevaka and Rana Kau easily visible. In the bight of the bay stood, much as it did when Roggeveen arrived, the Aku of Hanga Roa. This group of seven statues or Moais was restored by Professor **Mulloy** in 1976-78.

At 10 o'clock a fishing boat left the small jetty and after making a sweep to the south to avoid underwater rocks came alongside. The Immigration Officers were brisk and friendly and

the formalities minimal. Later I anchored a little closer in 10 metres with the help of one of the fishermen. I inflated my Avon Redstart and rowed ashore, carefully following the path of the fishing boat. The surf line was about four feet high and only broken at one twenty foot point. My arrival at the little jetty was greeted with smiles and willing hands to haul me ashore on the tiny red volcanic sand beach.

A visit to the Bank, the Post Office, and a beer covered most of the village of Hanga Roa, the home of most of the 2500 population. Three supermarkets, two restaurants, and several small shops selling curios, together with a bakery, the Church, Post Office, and Bank are the main enterprises.

25 The bay of Hanga Roa is exposed to the north and west and the wind was already going round after the gale. The "Admiralty Pilot" mentions a cove, Caleta Hanga Piko, one mile south, which has a wharf suitable for small craft, with two metres alongside. FYXE draws 1.37 meters so I walked over and had a look at it. It seemed all right, with the entrance channel running east-west, and the wharf on the same line some two hundred metres in. I spoke to the fishermen who smiled and said, "No problems, Hanga Piko." I arranged to meet one at the yacht the following afternoon, when he returned from fishing to guide me in.

The following afternoon there was no sign of the fisherman. The weather remained fine with a small breeze from the north east, and I decided to motor down to the cove entrance. Arriving there, I could see the channel clearly. The tide was making so I slowly motored down the channel, which was about 30 feet wide, with the echo sounder going. A small crowd gathered on the wharf. The sea was calm. Suddenly the men on the wharf began shouting. I checked my position: in the middle of the channel, I could see all the rocks, no danger there, everything under control. Why were they shouting? Why?

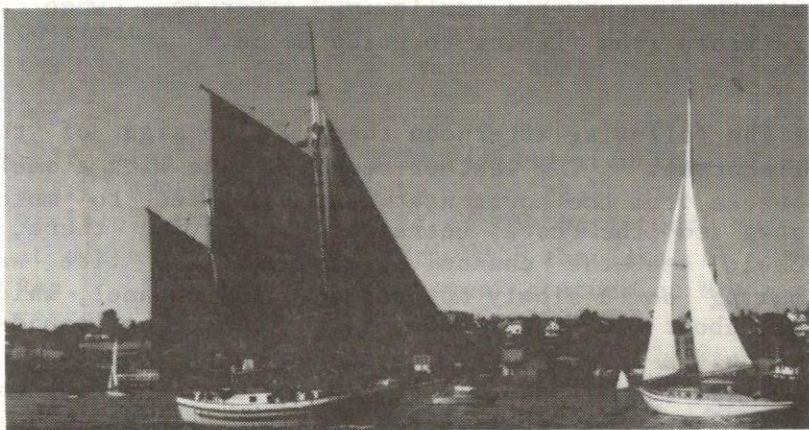
Suddenly, a tremendous earsplitting roar. Lan Chile's 747 passed about 100 feet overhead to land at the airport on the top of the bluff. I recovered from the shock and waved my thanks for the warning. They were still shouting and pointing. Surely not another 747! I looked around. Then I saw it. A hundred yards away, coming like an express train, a wave, a roller, coming across the calm sea. The southern edge was already breaking on the outlying rocks. I could see with terrible clarity what was going to happen. I gunned the engine and turned across the channel. I was too late, much much too late. The roller crashed into the rocks to starboard, broke, toppled, and with its crest falling, hit us. It smashed me to the floor of the cockpit and picked FYXE up as easily as a matchbox and flung her sideways.

[Next, the further adventures of Harry Harrison on Easter Island.]

26

SPRAY ALBUM

THE SPRAY STILL SAILS

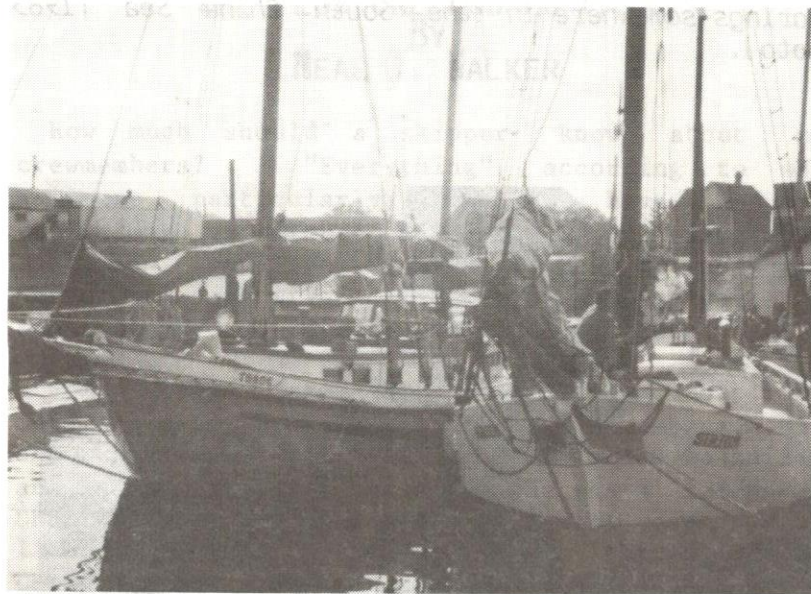


THANE, a very fine *SPRAY* copy, owned and sailed by Len Pearson.



SS member **Jim Nellor's** copy of *Spray* built in England, featured in "Practical Boat Owner"

27



Berthed together in Victoria, B.C. one day in 1984, are *THANE*, and *SIRIUS*, built and skippered by **Bob Carr**, winner of our 1984 *Spray* Award.

THOMAS HALL AND CHOTTO I

IN THE SOUTH CHINA SEA



28 CHOTTO I, with home port Houston, TX, lies at her moorings somewhere in the South China Sea (1983 photo).



SS Member Thomas L. Hall

LIFE MEMBERS.

Our newest Life Members, as of this date are:

Tom Gochberg, New York City
Leo P. Ariagno, Manomet, Massachusetts
Charles M. Block, Houston, Texas
Art Barber, Edgewater, Maryland
John W. Gandy, Houston, Texas
Don & Sunny Costa, Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania
Arun B. Sapre MD & Tonya, Hunt Valley, MD
David L. Hanks, Honolulu, Hawaii
John L. Sweeney, Jamestown, Rhode Island

ONE PLUS ONE EQUALS PAIN

BY
NEAL T. WALKER

How much should a skipper know about new crewmembers? "Everything" according to many skippers, particularly those who have had an unpleasant experience with one. But crewmembers will say they are entitled to privacy and therefore justified in limiting disclosure of their background to marine related subjects.

Some years ago I delivered a boat from California to Hawaii with two crewmembers, Bill and Charlie. Bill was relatively new to sailing and had never made a crossing. He was a friend of Charlie who I had known for several years and who I knew to be well experienced in things marine. Charlie had made several crossings and was looking forward to this one. I neither asked nor did either of them volunteer any suspicion of the medical problem each harbored. Bill, I soon found out had hemorrhoids and Charlie had a blood clot in his leg. Now hemorrhoids are the subject

matter of off color jokes and although they were occasionally uncomfortable to Bill he never thought it worth mentioning to me. The blood clot was serious business and if it moved to the heart or brain we could have had a stiff on our hands not to mention a grieving widow upon arrival.

For the first few days off the California coast we encountered the usual sloppy seas which rapidly divide the crew into those who do and don't get seasick. Bill was in the former camp. Charlie wasn't. During the second day offshore Bill said that he was unable to stand his watch and we (Charlie and I) decided to let him rest for a while so that maybe he could shake the seasickness. On the third day he wasn't any better and so decided to question him a bit. Everthing was OK he said, it was just that the seasickness had been particularly severe. By this time Charlie and I were getting rather tired of watch and watch (no steering vane on the vessel) so I asked if there was some other problem which he hadn't told me. Well, he finally admitted, yes, there was.

What had happened was that the abdominal contractions from the vomiting had taken their toll on the other end. He literally couldn't move from his bunk for any motion was accompanied by unbearable pain.

About this time we ran into a dandy storm which ripped up the mainsail before we could furl it. That left us as essentially a downwind vessel with only our several jibs in inventory. That precluded the more prudent return to California so on we went towards our original destination.

As Bill shook off the seasickness his hemorrhoid problem lessened somewhat. Finally, after many days he said he thought he could take a watch. An hour before his was to start, he slowly eased himself out of his bunk and like molasses in January made his painful way aft. Once seated on the makeshift "doughnut" he was fine. In fact he said he would far prefer an eight hour watch to two four hour watches. Watching him creep aft convinced us of the wisdom of his preference.

How about Charlie's blood clot? Not only did it fail to move during the voyages, far as I know, it never has wondered about to this day. To say we were lucky is rather an understatement.

With the benefit of hindsight, some health related questioning would have been in order, but I doubt if any of us could have foreseen the unfortunate combination of hemorrhoids and seasickness. Maybe Bill's doctor could have warned him of that. On the other hand, had I known of Charlie's blood clot, he probably wouldn't have left with us. That risk would have been unacceptable.

So, how much should a skipper know about new crewmembers? Like the "to carry guns or not controversy" there certainly isn't a clearcut answer. But then, if going to sea were easy, I am sure that most of us would find something else to do.

CONTENTS OF SURVIVAL NAVIGATION KIT OF SAILING VESSEL KOAE BY NEAL T. WALKER

1. Notebook - in waterproof bag.
2. Charts
 - a. Pilot charts of voyage area
 - b. Survival charts from "Sea Survival, A Manual".
 - c. Wind, rain survival charts
3. Plotting Equipment
 - a. Pencils in holder
 - b. Two 45-45-90 triangles or small plotter
 - c. Universal plotting sheet, plastic covered
 - d. One handed dividers
 - e. Table 4, HO 249 II
4. Timepiece in waterproof pouch
5. Coffee can sextant

6. Tables
 - a. HO 211 & workforms
 - b. Length of Day calculation sheet
 - c. Nomogram
7. Compass
8. Flashlight/lightstick
 - a. Spare batteries
9. Miscellaneous
 - a. Spare eyeglasses, dark glasses
 - b. Knife
 - c. Fishing equipment
 - d. Signal mirror
 - e. Sponges
 - f. Books - Survival manual
 - First aid manual
 - Navigation instructions
 - g. Whistle
 - h. Solar still

SINGLE-HANDED CRUISE OF THE WIJNANDA

32 A grimy WIJNANDA, her generator and Autohelm out of commission, returned to Vancouver, B.C. after an absence of one year and a half and a 3,000 mile singlehanded cruise to and from Glacier Bay, Alaska.

Of those 18 months, only 160 days were spent moving actually through the water. Seems an awful long time for such a short distance, but then I happily dilly-dallied a lot, wintering in Juneau for seven months and visiting several weeks in Sitka and Ketchikan.

Although it has been a very rainy cruise, laced with contrary winds, those cook grey northern waters held for me at least their very own fascination, and one kept thinking often about Vancouver and his men who came here for three summers some 200 years ago without charts, nor engines for their ships, but with the daunting orders to map this incredible puzzle of hundreds of islands, bays, coves and inletx. Thanks to such men and many others, the cruise of the WIJNANDA has been a cherished experience and adventure.



Captain Ludo van Leeuwin Aboard WIJNANDA during his 1984 Alaska cruise. Note S.S.S.C. crest.



Liz and Peter Fordred, in Florida, after sailing to the U.S.A. from South Safrida via the West Indies. Both are paraplegics. (Photo Courtesy of SSCA.)

THE SOCIAL EVENT OF 1984
SLOCUM SOCIETY GAM AT FLOUNDER BAY



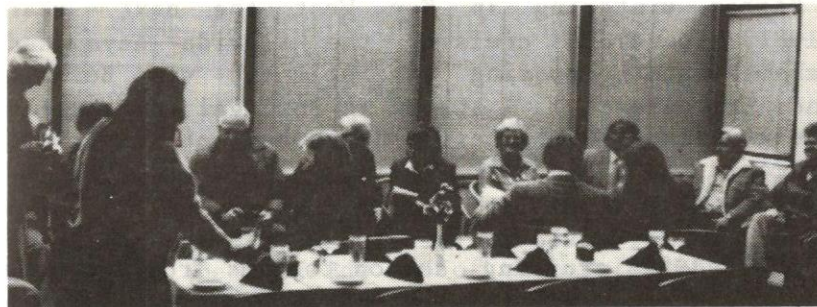
Bjorn Garland, Founder McCloskey, and Mark Schrader, and Commodore Don Holm at the November Brunch.



Mark and Michele Schrader enjoy looking at the photos in Garland's scrapbook.



Bjorn Garland, Founder McCloskey, and Mark Schrader pose with their trophies.



Others present were: Myrtle Holm, Don and Mary Harrison, Tommy Thomas, Ruth McCloskey, Ruth Dorsey, Frank Oaks, Gene Schrader, Richard Schrader, Louise and Tom Kincaid, Lee and Derrick Griffin, Ali and Bob Street, Jill and Johanne Garland, Pat and Carl Elliott, and Bill Green, SS member who is manager of the Slocum's Restaurant.

SHORT SNORTS

New Society member **Hans Peter Friebe** of Hamburg, Germany, sent us a copy of his introduction to the Slocum Society. It is entitled "Die Slocum Society--weltweite Vereinigung der Einhand--und Blauwassersegler." We are indeed an organization with a worldwide image.

David Edwards writes, "I have now completed five years of cruising, the first year taking me from Los Angeles to Key West with a capsizing and dismasting of my 31 foot Mariner 31 ketch AZULAO in the mouth of the Sea of Cortez (between Cabo San Lucas, Mexico, and Mazatlan) in a gale one month underway, a four month re-outfitting in Puerto Vallarta, a four month spell in Puntarenas, Costa Rica, waiting out the hurricane season and a transit of the Panama Canal and adjacent San Blas Islands."

"After wintering in Key West the next year (1981) found us cruising the Florida Keys and Bahamas before crossing the Atlantic via Bermuda and the Azores. I stayed in Portugal and entered the Straits of Gibraltar in November of 1981 and wintered in Estepona, Spain, with a side trip to Morocco thrown in.

"The 1982 cruising season took us from Estepona along the entire south coast of Spain to Alicante from where we island hopped the Balearics before crossing to Corsica and Sardinia and thence to the Italian mainland near Rome. I spent the winter of 1982-1983 in the lovely isle of Ischia off of Naples and enjoyed it so much that I have returned here for a long stay after cruising to Greece and Turkey and back in '83 and '84."

"In 1984 we returned from Turkey along the most scenic and relatively unfrequented southwest coast and then re-entered Greek waters to go along Rhodes to Crete and along the entire north coast of Crete (with awe inspiring visits to Knossos and the Gorge), then up to the Peloponneseus where we visited Olympia which presented quite a contrast of serenity to the Olympic games then in session in Los Angeles. We then sailed to Sicily with a side trip to Malta and enjoyed the ruined Greek colonies of 'Magna Grecia' along the eastern and southern coasts. From there we returned by way of the Egadi Islands and Ustica to Ischia, my favorite spot in all of the three years of Mediterranean cruising. I hope to stay here a long while and use it as a base of operations for cruising and travel in the area. The address in Ischia should be valid for quite a while."

Ann Cash, author of "A Star to Steer Her By", has written us to update Society members on her sailing experiences. After she singlehanded to San Francisco via Tahiti and Hawaii and back to Australia in her 26 foot, 17 year old wooden yacht (no two way radio, no sponsor) she made two solo voyages to New Zealand. Ann says she felt like Joshua Slocum in 1976 when she sailed from Ghana with a kitchen clock after all of her gear was stolen. Settling into a new house has kept her in Australian waters recently but she envisages a journey to Perth, perhaps in 1985.

SOME THOUGHTS ON BOAT SHOWS

By
SANDY MCLEOD

Boat shows are one of the cornucopias of our sailing world, an interface where consumer and producer (or representatives thereof) can come together for mutually beneficial purposes. In the past I have been on one end of that relationship, the potential buyer ogling wares which might or might not be affordable, desirable, or an enhancement for some other reason to my boat or myself. Now the topsider is on the other foot and I have a somewhat different perspective on shows.

Last summer I agreed to show our new 36' cutter in two shows, one in-the-water and the other not. The inducements were considerable, some new goodies thrown in by the dealer and an ego massage of sufficient proportion so as to assuage any doubts I might have had about opening my new craft to strangers.

The consequences of this decision were interesting. Based on my limited experience I have come to some rather tentative conclusions about boat show participants. One must realize, of course, that boat shows are a commercial device designed to present goods and sell them. They may be as small as clevis pins or as large as 60 footers, as inexpensive as liquid refreshments or as expensive as whatever you wish to buy. The experience may be exciting, romantic, dull, or frustrating but hopefully it will be lucrative. After all, it is a commercial endeavor.

People at in-the-water shows tend to be more knowledgeable about boats and more solicious of them. They almost always wear deck shoes and often ask permission to come aboard. Indeed, some have to be asked to come aboard and often seem somewhat reluctant to do so. Their questions are often perceptive and they tend to go right to the heart of whatever matter they are discussing. JADE STAR was new out of the box and lacked much of the equipment it was to have later but invariably people seemed aware and knowledgeable of what was going to be put where and why. The weather was nice and all in all it was a pleasant time.

The second show was in and around an arena

complex in Long Beach, California, and was a much different affair. For one thing, there are many more people and exhibits involved. Participants on the whole were still knowledgeable but there were some notable exceptions. An inordinate number of men and women in hard-sole shoes attempted to come aboard, so many that we finally had to station someone in the cockpit to keep a watch out for Florsheim wingtips. The children had to be kept under control and, in a couple of cases, relieved of property they had filched from below when backs were turned. One little fellow filled his pockets with silverware and was in the process of testing our stoneware on the teak and holly sole (from a height of several feet) when apprehended by another visitor on the boat. His parents thought he was cute beyond words. Others aboard disagreed.

On the other hand, several individuals stood out for the best of reasons. An owner of an earlier version of JADE STAR spent several hours talking with me about his experiences in Mexican waters. His ideas and tips were invaluable to me and he seemed to learn something from the newer version of his craft as he came back several times over at least two days. Others were more than kind in their assessment of gear aboard and the general plan of the vessel. Most were able to transcend the somewhat carnival atmosphere which pervaded the show at times and several, including a stunning lady, enticed me over to an adjoining Pusser's rum exhibit and poured libations in my all too ready glass as we discussed sailing boats and the like.

The moral of the story is that, despite some of the drawbacks, boat shows are still among the greatest shows on earth. Where else can you view and talk about things of common interest with by and large knowledgeable people? Where else can you hear people ooh and ah about your own boat (validating your own tremendous foresight in mortgaging your foreseeable future for a hole in the water surrounded by fiberglass or some other material into which you pour money)? And where else can you bend elbows with interesting men (and women) as you drink rum and talk sailing? Just look out for that little rascal with his pockets full of silverware!

BY A SEAWALL IN VICTORIA

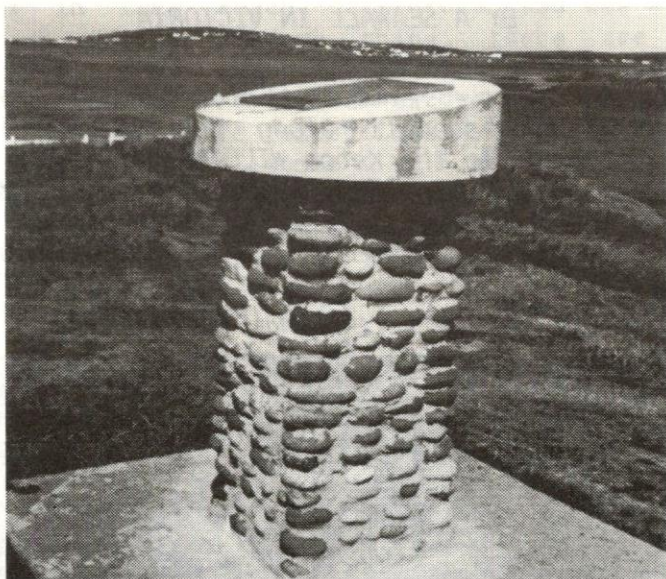
Honoring famous vessels that have entered Victoria's Inner Harbour, are bronze plaques inserted in the seawall along the promenade -- Willy de Roos in the Ketch WILLIWAW in 1978; John Guzzwell in TREKKA in 1955-1959; Berl and Miles Smeeton, in TZU HANG, 1951, 1955, and 1966; Eric and Susan Hiscock in WANDERER IV in 1978; and of course, Joshua Slocum, in the schooner PATO in 1877. (Photos by Don Holm).

KETCH WILLIWAW
1978
WILLY DE ROOS
VIA THE NORTHWEST PASSAGE 1977
PRESENTED BY BLAYNEY SCOTT

JOHN GUZZWELL
SINGLE HANDED OCEAN NAVIGATOR
YACHT "TREKKA" 23' 6" LOA
LEFT VICTORIA JULY 10, 1955
RETURNED SEPTEMBER 12, 1959
PRESENTED BY THE THERMOPYLAR CLUB VICTORIA

YACHT TZU HANG
BERYL AND MILES SMEETON.
1951 FROM ENGLAND BY PANAMA.
1955 FROM ENGLAND BY JAPAN.
1966 FROM ENGLAND BY CAPE HORN.
PRESENTED BY THE THERMOPYLAR CLUB VICTORIA.

YACHT WANDERER IV
1978
ERIC AND SUSAN HISCOCK
WANDERERS
PRESENTED BY DON DUNN



The Joshua Slocum Memorial on Brier Island, Nova Scotia, sent in by Alexander J. Banach of Middlesex, NJ. Photo by Rex Sanders who was born on the island.

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NOTICE!

The 1985 dues notices were mailed in January. If you have not renewed yet, please do so at once. We need your support. There will be no "second notice." This is it. Return the postcard with your check in an envelope, to our Port Townsend address as soon as possible. If you have already renewed before receiving this postcard, so indicate on the card and return it to your Secretary. This card has your member number along with your current address, and will become a permanent instant reference file (correct any misspellings or wrong address changes).

THE BOOK LOCKER

Sven Donaldson. "A Sailor's Guide to Sails."
New York: Dodd Mead. 178 pages, illustrated.
\$8.95 paper, \$14.95 cloth.

One of the many adventures of growing old is that anyone with a curious mind always has a basic frame of reference, developed "way back when," against which today's things, or theories, or products can be compared. Take, for example, this book on sails by Donaldson. This reviewer has books on sailmaking that hark back 200 years. He also has some as modern as 1940, published by "Rudder", and **Ratsey** and **Laphorn**; others written by **Terrence North**, **Charles G. Davis**, **Alan Gray**, **Percy Blandford**--all gurus of sailmaking in their day.

All those books say there are three kinds of sail cloth: Egyptian cotton (the best), American cotton, and flax. These are not mentioned by Donaldson! In his bibliography he does say that **Howard-Williams** "Sails", is "age not withstanding, a valuable source." This was published in 1967. He writes of **Wallace's** "Sail Power" that "although ten years old, most of the book remains current.

And so it goes. There is nothing deader than a dead dodo (even though it is only ten minutes dead) to a keeper-upper with the latest fashion. Do people enjoy sailing more today than they did 40 years ago with the latest synthetic sails than with cotton or flax? We doubt it (even though they do enjoy lighter and mildew-proof sails that cost a mint).

But, let us cast away regrets for the good old days and say that Donaldson has written a clear test on how sails work, basic sail design, sailcloths, sail trimming, maintenance, repair and alterations, and how to deal with your sailmaker. The illustrations are good, and the glossary is very useful. Recommended for sailor uninterested in cotton or flax sails.

Perry's book is called "Winning in One-Designs" but we could not say why because the information applies to any kind of small boat that is raced, and no one-designs seem to be listed in the index.

41

If you have no other books on boat racing, you will find this a most useful text, practical and written with no more than the usual jargon about "teaching situations," "inhibiting a learning curve," etc. Why do mechanics feel they have to butcher the English language when they discuss their trade? Do they believe that gobbledegook is a partner of knowledge?

Richard Gordon McCloskey

John Burke. "Pete Culler's Boats; The Complete Design Catalog." Camden, Maine: International Marine, 1984. 320 pages, 450 illustrations, 8 1/2" X 11", \$47.50.

42 For anyone interested in a classic designer of boats and the designs themselves, this book is for you. John Burke has presented us with over one hundred of **Pete Culler's** designs, all that he committed to paper, along with some illuminating commentary about an intriguing man. Pete Culler arrived in Hyannis in SPRAY in 1947 (or 1948) and for the next three decades turned out a plethora of designs based on his belief that working craft of the past should fulfill contemporary boating needs and do so with style.

Boatbuilder John Burke, in conjunction with Culler's widow, has gathered the designs in a single volume, along with a Foreword by **George B. Kelley** and a marvelous essay by Culler titled "Keep Them Simple" which appeared in **National Fisherman** in the mid-1970s. The book is divided into six parts: "Round-Bilged Open Craft for Sail and Oar," "Vee- and Flat-Bottomed Open Boats for Sail and Oar," "Power, Inboard and Outboard," "Cutters, Sloops, Yawls," "Ketches," and "Schooners." Five pages are devoted to Joshua Slocum's SPRAY. There are also four appendices on Culler details, a comprehensive bibliography, a list of boats built at Culler's shop, and information on how to order plans for any of the vessels in the volume (save one).

Although the price might seem a bit steep the volume, for those who care, is well worth it. John Burke has obviously performed a labor of love in detailing the designs of the man who lived across the street and International Marine should be complimented on their production. Culler wrote, "I found out long ago that a well-built and designed craft that you will keep a long time is the most economical, even though her first cost may seem high. This changing of boats, always looking for greener grass, is in the end most expensive. Keep the gear and gadgets to a minimum. You can always add 'em later, but usually, after doing without, you find you don't need them." It is a philosophy worth considering today.

Sandy McLeod

THE SAILING CLUB NOTICES

43

Of around 900 members who are enrolled in the Slocum Society Sailing Club, about 500 are already getting the monthly **Newsletter** on a subscription basis. This response has been overwhelming (and a lot of extra work, but it's worth it).

For space reasons, we are not carrying the list of Port Captains in **The Spray**, at least this time, but the list is available in the **Roster** of the Sailing Club vessels and skippers. This is available from Home Port for \$3 postpaid. Although published only last fall, it is somewhat out of date already. Most of the new members who have enrolled in the past six months are not included; and some of our regular members inadvertently got left out (although I don't see how this could have happened!).

The Port Captain roster also is a little out of date, as there have been some deletions and additions, and address changes. We are in the process of preparing an update addendum to the

Roster, and now is the time for members who want to change their address or be included if they were not, to get in touch with me right away.

As some may know, one of our most active and respected Port Captains, **Terry Saunders** of Digby County, Nova Scotia, died recently. A paraplegic, he was only 40.

The Slocum Society has been elected a Founder Member of the ISCA Society, Exeter Maritime Museum, The Quay, Exeter, EX 2 4AN, which is engaged in raising the **MARY ROSE**, among other things.

The BOC Challenge Single-handed Race Around the World, 1986-1987 is passing out entry forms: The BOC Challenge, Goat Island Marina, Goat Island, Newport, Rhode Island 02840 U.S.A.

Pacific Island Monthly, that fascinating periodical from romantic and adventurous regions, reports an epidemic of Hansen's Disease, otherwise known as leprosy, in parts of Micronesia. It has been progressing now for the past five years. Although it "is not out of hand," there are some more than 1000 patients on several islands of the Federated States of Micronesia (FSM), which has a total population of 78,000. It was also reported that the cholera epidemic in FSM state of Truk was "over." No new cases since April 1984.

PIM also has some fine books for you cruisers: the 15th Edition of "Pacific Islands Year Book" is available for US\$32.95 posted or AUS\$32.95 within Australia. PIM's Mail Order Bookshop, GPO box 3408, Sidney, NSW, 2001 Australia. Subscription to PIM, also from same address, rates are US\$27 U.S. mainland; Hawaii \$23; UK STG\$15; elsewhere Aus.\$25. Check with them on rates for your special area. Also has a section on yacht news, well worth it.

Dear Commodore:

Some 11 years ago, I found derelict a hull of the **SPRAY** in a field in Saanich. I traded for a '68 Chev wagon for it and rebuilt it and finished

it off. My design of rig, interior layout, I had only **Ken Slack's** "In the Wake of the Spray," for guidance. The hull had been started some years before but had changed hands several times before work stopped unfinished. I decked, rerigged her. She is 2-inch yellow cedar stip planked set in tar. Frames are 4 by 4 yellow cedar. Keel is fir, stem is yew. Very heavy beamed, solid, about 5 tons inside steel and lead ballast. I've been cruising in the Pacific Coast for seven years now. I was alongside **SIRIUS** yesterday to take some pictures of our boats together and **Bob** lent some of the Newsletters to read. I'll include some photos in this letter. I'm flying down to New Zealand and Australia next week and would call on **Kenneth Slack** while in Australia, but don't have his address. If he is still active and you have an address, could you forward to me General Delivery, Auckland. I'll be there in January.

Len Pearson

GEORGE SHUGAR ON WINDSWEPT

This is a belated report but the joy of finally going cruising makes up for it.

We moved aboard **WINDSWEPT** our 45' Starratt 45 fiberglass sloop June 1, 1984.

There followed the impossible task of loading aboard all the things one thinks they want or need (and really don't). This process lasted until 4:30 A.M. of the morning before our Bon Voyage party. Everything didn't fit and the pile of "leftovers" went quickly among family and friends.

One June 17th, **WINDSWEPT** with my wife, **Beth** and I aboard, left Port Clinton, Ohio, southern shore of Lake Erie, for probably the last time.

The trip across Lake Erie was uneventful. The trip through the Welland Canal was straight forward even for novices. We locked through, just the two of us manning the boat. We passed through at night and were the only boat in these high locks.

After crossing Lake Ontario, we spent a night docked free at a municipal marina at Cape Vincent, N.Y. We were on a pressing schedule to arrive in Quebec for the Tall Ship Parade -- scheduled to begin anywhere from June 35th to 30th depending what PR blurb you read.

The St. Lawrence trip was beautiful, interesting and cold, though thankfully uneventful. Arrival in Quebec began what since has become typical of the kind of attitudes and kindness we have found among peoples.

Naively, we steamed into Quebec with no reservations and plans to "anchor out somewhere", as I explained to a nervous wife. However, the anchorages had been taken over by the government and leased out. We stopped at the Quebec Yacht Club for information and were quickly taken in hand. We were given a berth and helped with custom clearance. Sometimes it pays to be ignorant! Our stay was well worth the trip. Seeing the Tall Ships up close and then under sail in the parade was quite a thrill. And the friendliness of the Quebecers was genuine and a good beginning for our first major stop.

From Quebec we traveled back up the St. Lawrence down the Chambly canal, through Lake Champlain to the Hudson River.

A few nice surprises: Canada provides free hoists to step and unstep masts on their canals; Mechanicville on the Hudson River, (about 5 miles north of the intersect of the Erie Canal and the Hudson River) provides free dockage to transients -- water and electricity included: about 15 miles down river from Mechanicville is an already legendary place, Castleton-on-the Hudson, where for \$26 we were given overnight dockage and the privileged use of their specially designed hoist to step our mast. Their log book reads like a crossroads of the world.

The mast was up and we were a sailboat again! A stop at West Point, New York City, Long Island Sound, and Connecticut River were all jammed into our schedule to make it to the Bermuda Island before hurricane season.

We arrived in Bermuda August 1, 1984 with some new lessons learned about celestial navigation and trying to find the islands in the middle of nowhere. The Bermudians are thought to be the most friendly of any island peoples in the Atlantic or Caribbean. We are believers!

We spent three months in Bermuda and space doesn't permit comments on all the sights, people and beauty of the islands. Anyone along the East coast of the US (or further) who's ever thought of the trip should delay no longer. A hint if you go, stock up on food. It's 2-3 times the cost of USA prices.

And any boat that's in Bermuda that needs hauling or help, look up Robinson's Marina in Somerset. You won't find any better in the islands.

We left Bermuda November 3 only to be surprised by a late blooming hurricane. Fortunately it was traveling NE and we SW, never to close nearer than 600 miles. WINDSWEPT arrived in Cape Canaveral in 8 days -- 3 days too late to watch the Space Shuttle launch. However, from the dock at Cape Canaveral Marina we were able to watch a night launch of a satellite. Next stop, Ft. Lauderdale and an enjoyable anchorage in a municipal anchorage at Intercoastal Waterway marker C-11, at Las Olas Bight. On to Marathon or Boot Key where there is another good anchorage (free). We visited a week with former sailing friends from our marina on Lake Erie.

Finally we headed north on the west coast of Florida to Englewood, about half way up the coast, for Christmas holidays with my mother and step-father. And here now we wait for the next leg of our journey.

Roving Correspondent

John Shugar
WINDSWEPT

SAILING CLUB BURGEE

The official flag of The Slocum Society Sailing Club, the distinctive red and white checked burgee, has been flying from the yard on more member's vessels around the world than at any time in our society's history. In fact, here at Home Base, I fill an order for one on an average of once or twice a week.

Quite a few members have written to ask about the background of it. There is some mystery about it, a rather mild mystery, however.

It was the Company flag of one of Josh Slocum's early commands, the three-master, B. AYMAR. Slocum's second son was also named after this ship -- **Ben Aymar Slocum**.

48 What was the name of the line which owned B. AYMAR? That's where the mild mystery comes in. Slocum does not mention it in his book, nor does **Victor Slocum** reveal it in his book, "Captain Joshua Slocum." Ken Slack does not reveal it in his "In the Wake of the Spray." **Walter Magnus Teller** mentions it in his fine biographies of Slocum. It is AYMAR and Company of New York.

I'll leave it to the Old Gaffer, to come back at me about this, and with a different answer.

For now, I am trying hard to obtain a good supplier of flags to meet the demand for Sailing Club members.

Don Holm
Commodore

THE SLOCUM SOCIETY

OFFICERS AND STAFF:

Secretary-Treasurer	Don Holm
Founder	Richard Gordon McCloskey
Senior Advisor	Neal Walker
Historian	D.H. "Nobby" Clarke
<i>The Spray</i>	Sandy McLeod Editor-In-Chief
Computer Consultant	Ron Slocum
Artist	Ron Zaneveld
Commodore, Sailing Club	Don Holm

The Slocum Society is a non-profit international organization, founded in 1955 and incorporated in 1972, to record, encourage, and support long distance passages in small boats. It was named in honor of Captain Joshua Slocum, the "patron saint" of solo circumnavigators. Nova Scotia-born, with family roots in New England, Captain Slocum commanded some of the finest tall ships that ever sailed the seven seas. Cast up on the beach in his late 40s by the decline of sail and competition from the industrial revolution and iron-steam ships, he fought back. Rebuilding a derelict oyster smack in a Fairhaven pasture, he departed Boston April 24, 1895 at age 51, sailed alone around the world, arriving home on June 27, 1898. His book, "Sailing Alone Around the World," was an instant best-seller, was translated into 32 languages, and is still in print today. An immortal classic of maritime literature, his book—and his voyages—struck a chord in untold thousands of erstwhile smallboat sailors all over the world, and charmed generations of armchair adventurers of all ages. In the fall of 1909, Captain Slocum left on his last voyage to South America, and was never heard from again.

Membership in the Society is open to any person interested in the sea and voyaging in small vessels. There are no pre-requisites, nor is sailing experience necessary. Dues are on a calendar year basis and entitle members to all the Society's services for that year and to all issues of *The Spray*.

The Sailing Club was organized for the benefit of those members who owned boats, or were cruising. It is open to all members upon application. It has neither rules nor dues, but a separate *Newsletter* is available by subscription. Sailing Club members are authorized to fly the official flag, which is a replica of the house flag of the last shipping line which Slocum served. It is available from Headquarters, as is an embroidered crest which may be sewn on a sailing jacket or blazer.

All Society inquiries should be directed as follows:

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