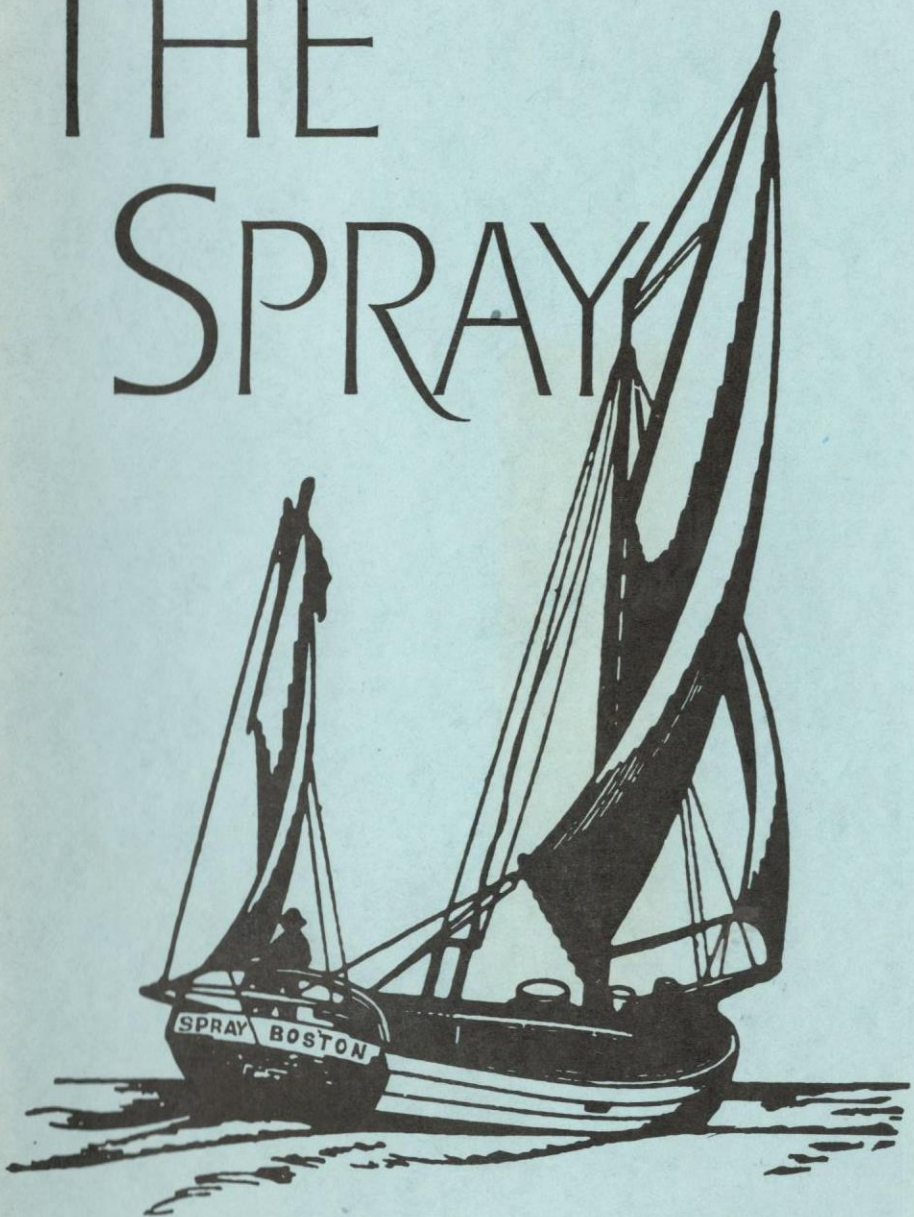


THE SPRAY



AUTUMN

1984

THE SLOCUM SOCIETY
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THE SPRAY

Official Journal of The Slocum Society

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SIGNAL FROM YOUR SECRETARY

All hands, hear this! Like it or not, this is the new "skinny" *Spray*. I expect some pros and cons, but what it simmers down to is: Do you want a *Spray* issued regularly, quarterly, and on time; or do you want one, fat and late (often a couple of years late), and only once a year if we're lucky? Then there is the cost. Our budget just won't support a 100-page book more than once a year, leaving only the option of a substantial increase in dues.

On the subject of dues, it is my policy *not* to make any increases in 1985. However, the realities of holding off a sea of red ink are such that the slack is going to have to be taken up here and there. While I think the basic dues schedule of \$15 per calendar year should be held as long as possible (some organizations I belong to now cost \$50 a year and don't offer as much as we do), I question some aspects, such as the reduced Senior Citizen and Cruising categories. When you stop and think about it, most Senior Citizens can afford the dues better than, say, a young person just struggling to get a start in life; and for cost effectiveness, the Cruising category is the least—most of our unnecessary expense is in forwarding mail and guaranteeing postage on pieces that are sent to addresses that are no longer in use.

Just before Labor Day, Myrtle and I journeyed to Victoria, British Columbia, at the invitation of **Bryan Klassen**, Registrar of the Maritime Museum of British Columbia, where we placed on temporary display in the TILIKUM wing, the trophy that The Slocum Society awarded this year to **Willy de Roos** of Belgium, for his remarkable voyages in WILLIWAW. The *Voss Medal* will be a centerpiece of the display there for at least a month, after which the trophy will be shipped to Willy by air. We had hoped to have one of our members in Europe make a personal presentation, but for a number of reasons this could not be arranged in time.

The Victoria Maritime Museum, in an old building in the restored Bastion Square district on the Inner Harbour, is a wonderful place to visit, not only to see the actual TILIKUM that Voss used in his fantastic voyages, but for the other displays of Northwest Coast maritime history. The museum now also has Life Member **John Guzzwell's** TREKKA on display, which was purchased from the last owner in Honolulu by the Thermopolae Club and presented to the museum. It was delivered by the owner, who was met by John Guzzwell himself at Race Rocks, and the two of them brought her into the Inner Harbour for the last time—the place from which Guzzwell had departed on his circumnavigation so many years ago.

As a sidebar to this, John's twin son, **John Jr.**, has just completed and launched at their Orcas Island boat building establishment, an exact copy of

TREKKA. Perhaps one day, another TREKKA will be on its way around, this time with John's son at the helm. This would be another record for Nobby, no?

We went to Victoria by way of Port Angeles, leaving our car there and walking aboard the ferry COHO for the trip across. This time of year there was an eight-hour wait due to the tourist traffic. It was bad enough not having to fool with a car, and next time I hope we can make the same trip in WILD ROSE. The Inner Harbour is a delightful place to tie up (Tahiti-fashion) for a few days, with the stately old Empress Hotel behind the seawall, the Parliament buildings on another side, and the bustle of this quaint and colorful Victorian city on all sides.

We also inspected the bronze plaques that are imbedded in the seawall overlooking the harbor. There is one commemorating John Guzzwell and TREKKA, one for Willy de Roos and WILLIWAW, one for Voss and TILIKUM, of course, and one for Joshua Slocum and PATO, which The Slocum Society sponsored in cooperation with **Captain Sven Johansson**.

Some members are now already making plans for the 30th anniversary of The Slocum Society with rallies during 1985. Member **Bill Kellam** of Wilmington, Delaware is the newly appointed chairman of one to be held next year in the Annapolis area, where the first one was held by **Founder McCloskey**, who will be an honored guest. I would like to hear from others who are planning similar rallies.

September has been a busy month at Home Port. Just after Labor Day, the annual Wooden Boat Festival was held here (I am a board member of the Foundation), and as usual it was a colorful gathering of sailing vessels of all kinds from dinghys to 90-foot brigantines. Not a few Slocum flags were seen coming and going. Incidentally, I spotted our elusive Life Member **Robert Carr** and his SIRIUS, an exact copy of SPRAY, tied up to the end of the pier at the Inner Harbour in Victoria, but by the time I could get down there, he was gone again!

As suggested by member **Captain John Bender**, and made possible by our computer expert, **Ron Slocum**, I have put together a 1984 directory of Sailing Club members, listed alphabetically by vessel name. This is available for \$3 postpaid (\$4 airmail overseas) to members. There are just under 900 members of *The Sailing Club*, and the roster is a *Who's Who* of bluewater vessels. The *Newsletter*, which is published monthly, also has exceeded expectations and now has a mailing list of more than 500. Any member can subscribe to it, although it is written primarily for Sailing Club members. Any member, of course, can also join *The Sailing Club*, as explained elsewhere.

Until our next gam,

Don Holm

Snug Harbor Yarns from The Old Tar*

I forget exactly how I met McCloskey, the Founder of the Slocum Society, except that it was somewhere along the Annapolis (Maryland) waterfront (probably a pub). They had a lovely home on the tip of Horn Point, which in effect was at the southern "exit" of the Severn River and Spa Creek into Chesapeake Bay, across the water from the Naval Academy. There was a long breakwater outside their sea wall, a large boathouse, a commodious greenhouse, and of course, a library. (That property now houses a condominium.)

I joined the Slocum Society early on. McCloskey had an annual rally of the Society there, with perhaps fifteen or twenty members present; usually about half of them English, French, Swedish or Norwegian; I remember one Spaniard and a Finn. To be honest, those rallies were not entirely scholarly conclaves.

He also organized an annual rally in New York. While it would be invidious to mention individual members from the early days one should be mentioned: John Pflieger, a Belgian (by coincidence, McCloskey became an intimate friend of an artist cousin of Pflieger's while he was serving in Bahia, Brazil). Pflieger was one of the earliest and staunchest supporters of the Society. He took over as Hon. Sec. when other duties forced McCloskey to relinquish that post. Anyway, Pflieger took charge of the rallies held in New York.

From the first rally in Annapolis it was determined that there would not be any formal sit-down dinner, with head table, etc. Plenty of drinks handled by a bar tender, a variety of roasts, vegetables, salad, and some kind of a dessert. No juke box. There were scattered tables for six, and at the second whack at the chow most people shifted tables and companions (there were some very attractive women members).

As I recall it, and I am speaking now of better than thirty years ago, these rallies cost \$6 per member—but remember, this paid for the dining room, bountiful food, copious drinks, and service. (As I understand from McCloskey, he and his wife, helped by Member Virginia Dumont, held a most successful rally a couple of years ago in their home in Bothell for some 25 Pacific Coast members; everything included, for ten bucks each).

In passing, I might mention that McCloskey founded the American "Table" of the convivial Brotherhood of the Coast along the Eastern Seaboard, and is still its Honorary Captain. This jovial international group of maritime enthusiasts was founded in Chile many years ago, and the New York Table is still flourishing. But enough of that.

While I mentioned I cannot remember how I met McCloskey, I do remember his greeting which I later learned is a stock answer to a neophyte from an "Old Salt": "Laddie, I've wrung more salt water out of my pants than you've ever sailed on." (The salt water that is, not the pants).

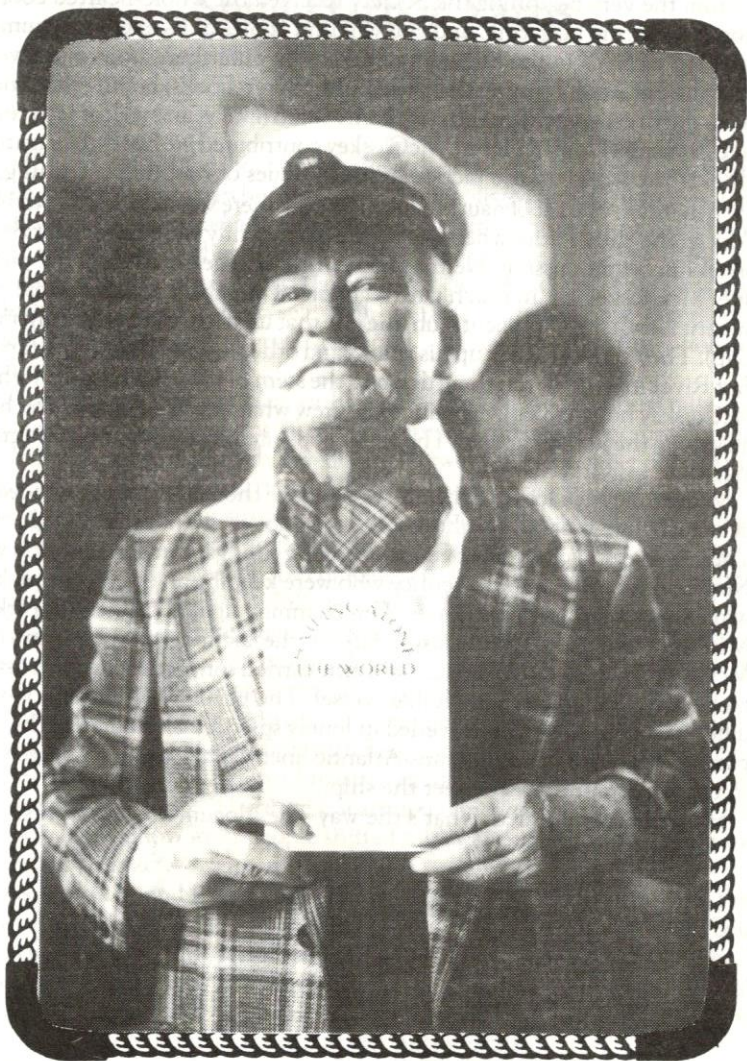
From the very beginning the Society received the whole-hearted cooperation of yachting magazine, and you will find copies of its exchange number for THE SPRAY in the Society Library. Book publishers around the world kept the Society Library well supplied with review books, hoping that one of them might receive the coveted Slocum Award (lately, and welcomingly, revived this year by **Donald Holm**). McCloskey contributed profusely to magazines all over the world on the tactics and techniques of transocean cruising.

To mention one act of nautical brotherhood: there was a dock strike in New York in the early Fifties when McCloskey and family were headed for Spain on an important mission. Neither bodies nor luggage could cross the picket line. McCloskey got in touch with a couple of members of a somewhat prominent New York City yacht club (the one that used to treasure the America's Cup). They agreed to pick up his trunks and other luggage a short way up the East River in a yacht, run them down to the stern of the Italian ship on which McCloskey hoped to sail, explain to the crew what they were doing, and have them haul the luggage aboard. The crew cooperated and thought it was a grand joke.

Meanwhile McCloskey (who else would have thought of this!) provided his delectable five-year old daughter, who loved horses, with carrots bought from a nearby street vendor. She needed no urging to engage in conversation with New York's Finest mounted police who were keeping an eye on the pickets, while she fed carrots to the horses. This charming sight distracted the pickets, who were also gulled by dockside talk by the eight-year son. Meanwhile, McCloskey, wife, and a one-year-old arm-carried son sorta drifted across the picket line and boarded the Italian vessel. The beguiling children followed quietly. The McCloskeys travelled in lonely splendor to Halifax as the only passengers aboard the crack trans-Atlantic liner. All the other passengers had to take the train there to meet the ship.

Mission accomplished. That's the way The Slocum Society works.

Note: We asked Founder McCloskey to write this column, and this is what happened!



McCloskey

Short Snorts

Phil Hollywood and **Sandra Hill** are in the Sea of Cortez. Consequently, they are no longer Port Captains for Victoria. They note they intend spending a year or so in the Sea (lucky folks) and had a very interesting first long trip in their vessel.

Rudy Cook notes he had a great three weeks on the Great Barrier Reef in 1983 but that it is a demanding place for boats. "One problem and you've really got a problem."

Fred Carlson of FAR AWAY met with another **Fred (Schurch)** who is making progress on his SEA GYPSY in Ft. Lauderdale. Fred Carlson reports that used boats are cheap in that area.

Garry Cline has recently purchased a 1962 double ender sloop, cedar on oak, built by Norton Boat Works in Maine, 34 feet overall, 26 feet on deck. Garry says it is a very pretty boat and that he looks forward to fixing her up and sailing the Chesapeake.

Edgar and **Sue Wright** report that the People's Republic of China has resumed amateur radio operations.

Jerry and **Donna Tebeau** have settled down in Washington, D.C. after their trip back from England. They report their Westerly 39 is a great sea boat and they had no problems on their 32 day trip. Their new boat's name is SEALORD VI.

Mike Parsons has indicated he is more than willing to meet any Slocum Society members who come his way, either by boat or plane. His address is Executive Language Schools, Kasumigaseki Bldg, Box 121, 2-5, 3-chome, Kasumigaseki, Chiyoda-ku, Tokyo (100). Telephone 581-5631-4.

Tom Hayes notes from St. John that he is off for England and that **Tom Hodgins** has left from St. Thomas with a female crew on LUCILLE TWO for a proposed circumnavigation.

Ken De Pree has sold STEVEN M, a Pearson 30, and is awaiting delivery of a Westerly 36 from England. Ken and Barbara resigned their jobs (respectively, district superintendent and teacher), sold their house, and are ready to head south from New York. As Ken said, "The die is cast."

Correspondents Reports

Konrad Eriksen notes that the 47 meter barkentine POGORIA from Gdansk called at Cape Town in March. The vessel was built in 1980 and is owned by the Polish Sailing Association. It is an experimental class afloat voyage bound around Europe, through the Suez Canal to India, Sri Lanka, the Maldives, and the Seychelles and then to South Africa. The next port of call will be St. Helena and then back home. The planned duration of the voyage is nine months. The Master is the well-known single-handed circumnavigator and racer **Krzysztof "Chris" Baranowski**.

Also from Konrad:

Dale Schipporeit on BIENE STAR, an 81-foot Rhodes steel ketch registered out of Indianapolis, Indiana, called on the way from Durban to St. Helena.

Gordon Gold on S.Y. HONKY TONK, a Hydra 46 steel sloop built in India, spent two years sailing the Indian Ocean and is now returning to the Caribbean.

B. Mitchell on PALOMA, a Bruce Roberts 72, called after sailing from the Comores.

Daniel Curtin on BONNY LASS, a 45-foot ketch built in Taiwan, left San Francisco in March of 1982 and crossed the Pacific and Indian Oceans with many stops en route.

Helio Setti, Jr., on VAGABUNDO, a 35 foot flushdeck sloop registered in Porto Alegre, Brasil, is in the process of a westward circumnavigation. He sailed singlehanded from Darwin to Mauritius nonstop.

Max Ritter on MOANA, a 46 foot ketch registered from Basel, Switzerland, left on a westabout circumnavigation from Yugoslavia in 1982.

Jean Nelson and **Kenneth Holmes** on ODD TIMES, a 37 foot wooden gaff rigged cutter from Sitka, Alaska, have sailed almost 43,000 miles since leaving the U.S. Virgin Islands in May of 1977.

John David Rhodes Margaron of Wales is in the process of a westabout singlehanded circumnavigation in a 42 foot Wharram catamaran.

George and **Jo Weyer** of WHISPER note that they are trying to do a little more sailing and also stay out of the sun as George has been told to do so by the doctors. (Editor's Note: My wife has much the same problem. It is not impossible but difficult (especially for my wife's husband, and old surfer).

Slocum Society member **D.K. Warner** completed his circumnavigation when he crossed his outward bound track when entering English Harbour, Antigua, on January 27. The Society sends its congratulations to D.K.

Al and **Karin Butler** rebuilt their 26 foot mini-schooner VICTORY and planned a circumnavigation of New England via the Hudson, Champlain, Richelieu, St. Lawrence, and out to the Maritime Provinces. They are harbored in Greenwich, Rhode Island.

Michael and **Wanda Toomey** sold their 25 foot BOOMERANG and now own a Tartan 34 PEREGRINE. Before the sailing season they were in-

involved in cleaning the new boat up, sewing curtains, and making high canvas and mesh sides on one of the settees for the baby.

Arne Kløver of CARMEN, a 38.5 foot wooden gaff rig Colin Archer design built in Norway in 1930, has sailed about 26,500 nautical miles in 2.5 years and has about 8,000 more to go before he gets home to Trondheim. Arne stated, "CARMEN is built for fishing and carrying full of fish in the North Sea wintertime. That's why she's so strong built. Inside of the frames she have 4-inch and 3-inch stringers so she is about 20 inch smaller inside than outside. She is rough and look more like workboat than a yacht."

Florent Dekeire of ARTHUR, a 42 foot cutter from Brisbane called during his singlehand voyage from Darwin.

Thomas Gough on HIMERAYGI, a 39.5 foot Alden design cutter built in 1938 in St. Helena of pitch pine on oak and sheathed in copper, left the UK in 1980. He singlehanded the vessel to New Zealand where he took on a crewmember. He is now bound for Scotland.

Darryl and **Phyllis Hartshorne** on SANDPIPER, a 37 foot steel ketch registered in Melbourne, reported excellent sailing across the Indian Ocean. Never more than 20 knots of wind nor less than 10. Twin headsails and a reefed main with self-steering meant two to three days between sail handling. "We have been lucky but long may it continue."

Gordon and **Nina Stuermer** with son **Ernie** on STARBOUND, a 50 foot squaresail ketch from Baltimore, called during their second circumnavigation. They are the authors of *Starbound* and *Deep Water Cruising*. (**Sandy McLeod** reviewed the latter work in *The Spray*, Volume XXV, No. 2 July-December, 1981)

Michael John Heeg on ISHMAEL, a 37 foot Jim Brown cutter rig trimaran from Victoria, B.C., reports an "excellent trip altogether!"

Charlie Glass has sent us a voluminous file from London, including much on the OSTAR. English coverage of the race has been exceptional. He also indicates that pollution in the Humber Estuary has become a political issue with Grimsby inshore fishermen pitted against a chemical factory which discharges large amounts of waste into the river. Greenpeace UK has turned its attention to the matter and argues the ecological effect is much broader than either the company or the local authorities realize or are willing to admit. Sailors are having to confront this reality increasingly and in areas of the world heretofore not involved. Cuba detained two of the four boats in the Jamaica race recently for 36 hours. The 19 crew parted with much vigor during their detention and, according to writer **Bob Fisher**, this probably helped in their early release. A not so pleasant item from the Caribbean concerns robbery, piracy, and rape. The English couple most directly involved decided to make their experience public for three reasons: they want to warn others of the risks involved in chartering in the Caribbean; they want to expose the indifference and lack of sympathy of the authorities in Antigua; and they want other women who have been raped to understand that it is an experience which can be overcome with great care and understanding from helpful and loving friends.

Peter Dickason in New Zealand has finally spotted a Slocum Society flag. While visiting family in Whangarei, Peter met **Harry Harrison** in Orams Boat Yard. Harry gave Peter an account of his travels since he left the UK in September of 1982 and we will excerpt parts of his entertaining log from time to time. It is great! Harry intended to cruise the coastal waters of New Zealand early in the year and Peter "kept an eye out for him during my own late summer cruise from Auckland to the Bay of Islands but, ah well. It's a big piece of ocean." Peter would like Harry to know that "he is still remembered in this corner of the world and that I would be delighted to hear from him." We all would.

Jacques and Madelein Moreau

In 1982 while in Auckland, New Zealand, I landed in the hospital paralyzed on the left side. It was not a very strong attack because I came back nearly good. I left the hospital after a short while. I could not pay the bill. The doctor there wanted me another fortnight but at \$170 a day I had to refuse. Six months later we started to cruise slowly again and at last we departed for Fiji.

On the way, though knocked down by a sea during a southwesterly gale, we had a good trip but when we reached Suva the engine did not want to start (seawater in the cylinders apparently scooped through the exhaust pipe). We were cruising slowly to the pass with the wind dying and we were left helpless in a strong current and close to the reef. I dropped a 75 pound CQR anchor with 100 meters of 10mm chain. We dragged the lot sternwise. The anchor hooked nothing at all except the edge of the reef. Two hours later some large breakers deposited our 13 ton steel boat sternwise on the reefs with a large crash. We stayed there 22 hours. We got a bent rudder, broken steering cables, and an 18 inch diameter dent on the starboard side.

A professional salvage tug based in Suva took us out in 10 minutes after putting slings around the hull and waiting for high tide. I must say it was a first class job and so was the price. We agreed beforehand on US\$2,000 and afterward they presented us with a bill of \$4,000. I did not agree. We spent some three months in Fiji explaining that we could not pay such an amount. I gave them \$2,000 and reluctantly they let us go. Then we proceeded to the Loyalty Islands and New Caledonia where we repaired our damages.

In 1983 we departed for Australia and are cruising slowly up the coast of Queensland. We enjoy the country and found the Australians very helpful and very kind. We like to be here. We shall leave here and proceed for South Africa.

Urbanczyk and NORD IV make it!

It took **Andrew Urbanczyk** and NORD IV only 270 days of sailing to cover 28,000 miles (353 days including his three stops) and complete their circumnavigation. The skipper and his ocean going cat **Cardinal Virtue** are both alive and better than well, enjoying the peaceful atmosphere of Andrew's home on a Pacific cliff in Montara, near San Francisco.

Andrew is working on stories about his journey for publishers in several countries and is finishing a book, *Around the World without Storms; Planning an Ocean Voyage*, which he is quite qualified to write. His Ericson 30 NORD IV, which was supplied by the manufacturer for the solo circumnavigation, will be returned to the company and current plans are to exhibit it at several boat shows.

The last of the four legs of the circumnavigation led from Panama to San Francisco, almost 5,500 miles against wind and current. Andrew called it "the test of truth."

Panama was not a pleasant place after such hospitable harbours as Darwin and Cape Town. Planning to spend only three days there, it took 10 days to find and rescue the navigational equipment which had been sent via air mail by Radar Devices for Andrew a month earlier. It was necessary to pay a \$500 deposit to haul the boat for cleaning. A bottle of Andre champagne for the departure, which costs \$2.99 in California, was \$9.99.

Although most references state that a passage from Balboa to the Galapagos takes "from 10 days to eternity", NORD IV passed the 900 miles of rough waters in 9 days. By passing the Galapagos, Andrew crossed the equator twice (down and up) and celebrated four equatorial crossings during his circumnavigation. Then NORD IV started to fight against the NE trade winds.

"During 50 days I was living on an infernal swing in the much tilted 30' boat. It was almost impossible to sleep, to work, or to type; consequently for the first time I was late in my author's schedule. Hanging on to the streetcar-like grips, I was looking through the hatch waiting for the day when I will be able to turn to the East, to San Francisco."

Although the Ericson 30 is outstanding in sailing against the wind, the rough ocean and mostly NNE trade winds were a hard test for the boat and crew.

On May 27, at 20°N Andrew completed his circumnavigation. It took less than one year. Now he had only one task: a safe return to San Francisco. This was not too easy: permanently opposed winds; a low, full of blows sky; no sun for weeks; the infernal sound of the boat's hull knocking down steep, choppy waves.

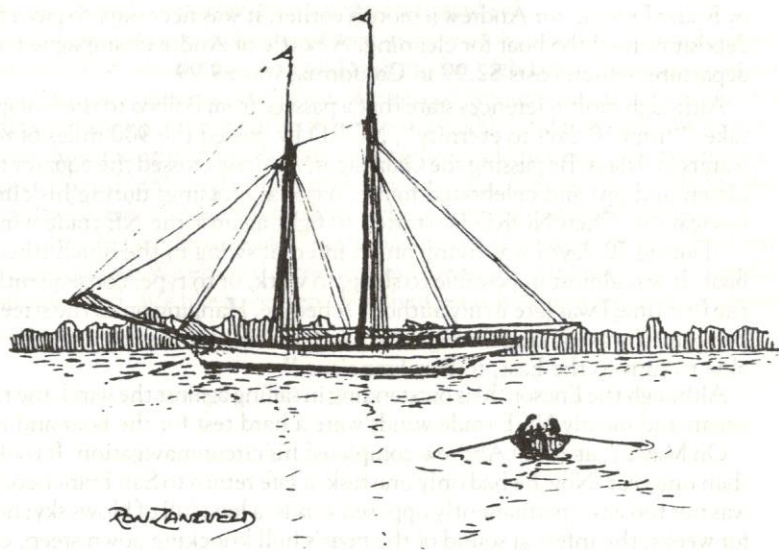
Contrary to expectations, and Andrew's dreams **NORD IV** and her crew was compelled to sail as high as latitude 40°N and 135°W in order to get to San Francisco (38°N and 123°W). Andrew's last leg took 59 days. When interviewed about his last windward leg, he said, "Wrecks and derelicts drift with the wind; sails, where their destination is." Asked his impression about the whole voyage, Andrew, who was described by sailing magazines as a philosopher of sailing, said, "It gave me an irrational but strong feeling that by sailing around the world I own it in some way."

NORD IV and her crew, including a typewriter, guitar, recorder, microscope, and a small figure of Buddha sailed 33,000 miles in 320 days, including a 5,000 mile shakedown passage. This means that **NORD IV** sailed faster than **Robin Knox-Johnston's SUHAILI** and on handicap as fast as **Francis Chichester's GYPSY MOTH IV**. Andrew is also the first to sail America-Australia non-stop (68 days) and set a new record passing through the dangerous Torres Strait in 23.5 hours, sailing under a "genaker" designed especially for the trip by North Sails. In three expeditions he has sailed 50,000 miles.

"The nicest things? The beauty of the Indian Ocean, **Krystyna's** dedicated care, help from sponsors, Australia, Cardinal Virtue's behavior."

"The worst things? The Indian Ocean's furies, equatorial calms, a pot of boiling borscht thrown on the bookshelf, Panama."

When asked if he would attempt another circumnavigation, Andrew, who sports a new moustache, answered, "Only alone. But probably never again the same route. It would be a dead run. I am ready to start tomorrow if Ericson will donate a boat for sailing solo around the Horn. I am hot to do it and one reason is to compare both routes."



The SECRET LOVE Affair

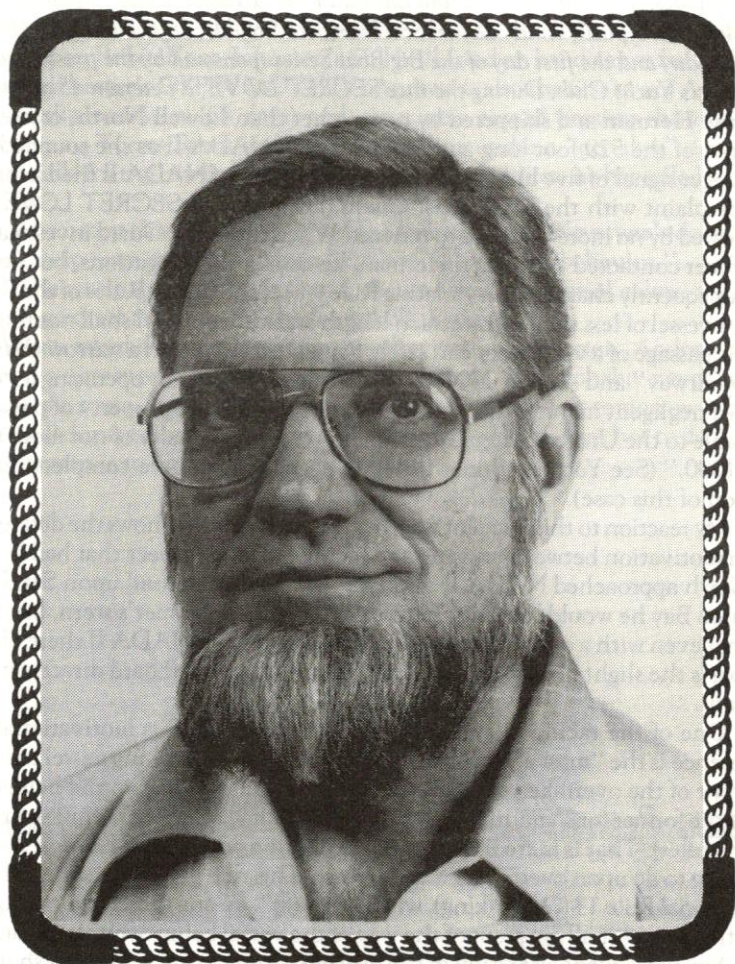
by
Neal Walker

It was a typical, windy day on San Francisco Bay last September 11th. It was a Sunday and the first day of the Big Boat Series sponsored by the prestigious St. Francis Yacht Club. During the race **SECRET LOVE**, a Peterson 45 owned by **Brad Herman** and skippered by none other than **Lowell North**, crossed in front of the 529 foot long automobile carrier **NADA II** as she sounded the danger signal of five blasts on her horn. The pilot of **NADA II** filed a formal complaint with the U.S. Coast Guard, alleging that **SECRET LOVE** had cleared by no more than five to ten feet. When the Coast Guard investigating officer contacted the owner, Herman, he denied the allegations, but he was subsequently charged with violating Rule 9(b) of the Inland Rules of the Road: "A vessel of less than 20 meters in length and sailing vessel shall not impede the passage of a vessel that can safely navigate only within a narrow channel or fairway" and section 2302(a) which states, "A person operating a vessel in a negligent manner that endangers the life, limb, or property of person is liable to the United States Government for a civil penalty of not more than \$1000." (See *Yachting*, June, 1984, on page 64 for a more complete discussion of this case).

My reaction to this incident was that this pretty clearly shows the differences in motivation between cruising and racing sailors. I suspect that had **Lowell North** approached **NADA II** during a Sunday pleasure sail upon San Francisco Bay he would have not hesitated to take the steamer's stern, knowing that even with a crossing at a safe distance in front of **NADA II** there always exists the slight possibility of a dismasting or man overboard directly in her path.

One of the racing rules which further emphasizes this motivational difference is the "mast abeam" rule which allows an overtaking vessel to cut in front of the overtaken vessel once the latter's mast is abeam the helmsman of the former (or something like that—don't come to me for precision on racing rules). That is incredible to me yet to racing people it is the most natural thing to do upon overtaking an adversary. This rule persists in spite of International Rule 13 (Overtaking), which says, (a) "... any vessel overtaking any other vessel shall keep out of the way of the vessel being overtaken" and (d) "Any subsequent alteration of the bearing between the two vessels shall not make the overtaking vessel a crossing vessel within the meaning of these Rules or relieve her of the duty of keeping clear of the overtaken vessel until she is finally past and clear." (emphasis by NTW).

The present status of the SECRET LOVE affair is that after a formal hearing the \$6,000 fine originally assessed was reduced somewhat. However, the U.S. Coast Guard still believed Herman and North to have been negligent. Their remaining appeal can be to the district commandant of the Coast Guard (the USCG acts as investigator, judge, jury, appellate court, and recipient of any fines in these cases, hardly the American Way) and it is not known if they will pursue this course.



Neil Walker

POPULAR MISCONCEPTIONS OF THE B.W.G. KIND*

by
D.H. Clarke

Although the Slocum Society is presumed by outsiders to be a font of knowledge on the subject of the B.W.G. I submit that its members have not been the sort of crew The Master would have approved. Did he not say, "To succeed. . . in anything at all, one should go understandingly about his work"? One aspect of this Society has always been to research, and thereby achieve accuracy. So how many members have gone understandingly about this work?

Forgive me if I sound like a bucko mate, but isn't it true that you—yes you, your swab!—have never bothered to find out a damned thing about the history of the Blue Water Game.? Yet if each member of the crew had taken it upon him (or her) self to investigate just one new morsel of fact the *Spray* would be that much more seaworthy than she is at present.

You think I am criticizing unnecessarily?

Well, how much do you know about the history of the B.W.G.?

Obviously you know that Joshua Slocum was the first singlehander to circumnavigate (quick: between which years!), but can you tell me the name of the first yacht to circumnavigate with the same *two-crew* all the way?

I'll make it easy for you. It was one these five: SVAAP, TILIKUM, IGDRASIL, M.A.S., HURRICANE. You ought to be able to answer this simple problem with certainty, but can you put the other four vessels in their correct order nearest to answering the question?

Popular misconceptions abound in the B.W.G. For example, it is still said, and regularly quoted, that **Robin Knox-Johnston** was the first singlehander to sail nonstop around the world. Wrong! Frenchman **Bernard Moitessier**, who tied the knot of his nonstop circumnavigation some six weeks before SUHAILI in 1969, was the true 'first', and it is interesting to note that **Nigel Tetley** and his trimaran VICTRESS also tied the knot of his nonstop singlehanded circumnavigation on the same day that Knox-Johnston arrived back at Falmouth, where he crossed his outward track.

Therefore, the first singlehanded nonstop circumnavigator was **Bernard Moitessier** (Fr.), 39'6" (12.00m) Bermudan ketch JOSHUA, from France to Tahiti, W-E (H8)* 1968-9. The first to do so *home port to home port* was **Robin Knox-Johnston** (G.B.), 32'5" (9.98m) Bermudan ketch SUHAILI, from/to Falmouth, W-E (H2)*, 1968-9. The first to do so in a multihull was **Nigel Tetley** (S.A.), 40'0" (12.19m) trimaran VICTRESS, from England (sank north of the Azores after tying the knot), W-E (H2)*, 1968-9.

So read, learn, and inwardly digest, you swab, and in due course you may become a useful crewman aboard this ship.

Which reminds me: do you know what the B.W.G. is all about? You may as well start with a precise definition since this is the solid foundation for all the labours to come. I have defined the sport thus: The process of taking any type of boat or vessel, regardless of size, on a voyage beyond the continental shelf of the country where the voyage commences, by a person or persons not engaged in any form of maritime working—excluding the yacht trade or any part thereof—shall be considered as participation in the Blue Water Game.

'Maritime working' includes merchant, naval and cruising passenger ships, fishing boats, etc. or any other professional seagoing; professional or sponsored yachtsmen are not excluded for obvious reasons—the true Corinthian being now as rare as engineless sailing cruisers.

So now you have a couple of problems to answer before the next edition (bet among yourselves, crew, you don't expect this Mate to give you time off watch merely for knowing the ropes) and I've passed on a few facts which, as a good crew person, you should have assimilated before you signed aboard the *Spray*.

I'm not a hard taskmaster, but I cannot abide cow tails. So, crew, you've been warned. Get whipping, and by the next watch I expect a less slovenly turnout and the rig all a-tauto. Maybe some quiet studying in your bunk would be a good idea.

Stand down, the watch.

*I'll explain this method for establishing circumnavigation routes in due course. ©World copyright 1984 by D.H. Clarke

Can You Identify These People?

Not much graphic record survives the original Singlehanded TransAtlantic Race. But one maritime enthusiast, **John Wolbarst**, was there at the finish. In 1983 he sent **Don Holm** some copies of snapshots made at what was apparently a reception on the U.S. end of the August, 1960, event. In an accompanying letter he commented, "I have identified those people I know. You can be of considerable assistance to me if you can identify the bearded man and his blond companion and the young man the **Blondie Hasler**." Can any of our members help us out?



Can You Identify These People?.....



The Single-Handed Seafarer's Prayer by Willard Henry Pratt

Morning sunlight brightly glints
as the new sun just peeps,
Across the surface of the sea
that heaves and, foaming, leaps.
See how my little bark
curtsies at the crest of every wave,
"Your Imperial Maritime Majesty," she nods
and speaks, "I am . . . your humble slave."

And what say I? Why, Majesty, I love even
your crystal air, so pristine pure
Yet spicy with the salty breath
of you,
And your far horizons that reach
and open all around,
Like indigo ribbons lacing ground
to sapphire sky and to
your even deeper blue.

You're so gentle now,
like a sleeping babe, but
Sometimes angry as a fishwife, with gut-
wrenching screams of fury and
wind-shot spume of salty sleet,
So cutting cruel as to dim any
monster landsmen ever meet.

At other times you're stately,
all robed in royal blue,
Again in emerald green or
wearing turquoise hue.
But whether beautifully adorned or
wrapped in ragged shrouds of dirty grey,
Always, Majesty, your strong will
your living slaves obey.

But now the distant booming
of the cruel surf is heard,
While from masthead high comes
the crying of a lonely, circling bird
Who scouts our wake and course
with soaring loop and wheel.
Both waiting . . . waiting there to
pounce upon their next unlucky meal.

Oh, magnificent Mother of all
living things,
And Handmaid of the Creator
Who flings
Stars and other mariners' marks
across the broad celestial sweep,
Help my little boat and me
find our way safely
Upon the heaving bosom
of thy trackless deep.



Was Heraclitus a Boat Owner by Sandy McLeod

Recently **George Carey** wrote a touching essay in a yachting magazine about the sale of his beloved Concordia yawl which he and his wife had owned for 20 years. He mentioned that "The mind at age 50 is, at best, a questionable device" and went on to say, "It must be so, or why would a man with all his mental faculties presumably intact terminate a 20-year love affair he has had . . . ?" Having just passed those two milestones myself (that is, reaching the age of 50 and having sold a beautiful boat which I had owned for 12 years), I began to ruminate on the validity of Carey's observations.

My first boat was a 12 foot wooden catamaran bought in conjunction with my oldest friend. He introduced me to the joys of sailing but not in this boat. It would not go to weather but made up for that shortcoming by being slow on a reach and absolutely dangerous while running. My oldest friend eventually fled to Galveston, Texas, where he is enmeshed in academic pursuits (still as my oldest friend) and I went back to surfing.

A beautiful blonde then entered my life. The fact that she also had a Lido 14 was another plus. We sailed it in fair weather and foul, skied alot, enjoyed ourselves, and finally got married. We still are doing those same things.

Once married and each of us involved in a career we decided to buy a boat we could sleep on. The Islander Bahama SCOTCH MIST was the answer. We couldn't stand up in it but for a 24 footer in the mid 1960s it was a great boat. It is still around, as is the Lido 14 with its three digit sail number.

Obviously the next boat had to be one we could stand up in. The Columbia 28 was not a notable sailer but it was comfortable, indeed spacious, for its era. The late **Bob Poole** of Columbia yachts always referred to her as "The Hotel." SANDMAN finally became the first boat of a young veterinarian just out of school who was ecstatic with her and at last report still is.

By this time true love had entered our lives. We were infected with the "bigger boat" syndrome and fortunately found just what we wanted. For 12 years we sailed our Cheoy Lee-built Luders 36 KUAN-IN and loved her. She is seakindly, a fine sailer despite her rather heavy displacement, and has classic lines. She also was heavy on the maintenance side with varnished spars, teak decks, and eventually too little room below. Even so, when we sold her it was difficult for all of us. Even our two Siamese cats were sad. Fortunately, the new owner seems to feel the same way about her that we did originally.

The Greek philosopher **Heraclitus** argued that you can't step into the same stream twice, that only change is constant. So with boats, I guess. Some people say the two best days of a boat owner's life are when he or she buys and sells their vessel. But others look at it differently. KUAN-IN was great for us but all of our boats have contributed something to our sailing life, as have all the vessels I have crewed on. George Carey may be right but perhaps Heraclitus was too. At any rate, I'll hoist a cup of Pusser's to both and again contemplate the plans of a cutter which is abuilding. I sure wish JADE STAR was here and we were again sailing.

Expedition Notes

by
David Lewis

We were unable to afford the cost of building the brigantine pictured in our brochure for the 1981-1982 expedition (see *The Spray*, XXV, No. 2, July-December, 1981, pp. 45-46). Instead, with a loan from Dick Smith, we bought and converted a 65 foot liner, hard chine, 1/4" steel, but a fishing boat with a difference. This is a Marco Polo, 1/5 bigger in all dimensions, with 10 tons of ballast in her keel. She was to have been sailed to the fishing grounds but this never came off. We rigged her as a three masted schooner as Herreschoff intended. We had 12 berths this last trip and 12 people: 4 Kiwi and 1 Aussie scientists, a cameraman, a reporter (grave error this), and sundry crew. We now have taken two bunks out to make life less unbearably crowded.

The trip was a great success. Three months research on seals and penguins, ice movements, weather, and icebergs. Cape Denison, Commonwealth Bay lived up to its statistics as the windiest place on earth (360 gale days a year with an average wind of 38 knots). We had 70 gale days and once swamped a tender with four in the water. The two without float suits were in a bad way when pulled out five minutes later. The water was 1.7°C.

Navigation across the South Magnetic Pole was a pain. I made a sun compass diagram for longitude with sun bearings at 30° intervals. It worked fine when the sun was visible. The iceberg studies involved our mad young mountaineer-scientists climbing the bergs and doing measurements at touching distance in the open sea. So that was the last time.

The expeditioners for 1982-1984 were:

Mimi George, age 31, an anthropologist from the University of Virginia. She has sailed the eastern seaboard and the Caribbean. She is not a token woman but MATE AND SECOND IN COMMAND. She is doing a study of the group, our quirks and foibles, for her dissertation. Also doing the filming for Aussie TV and pics for *National Geographic*. Earlier work in Papua, New Guinea. Like me has a tribal tattoo. Unlike me is very lovely.

Jamie Miller, Australian zoologist/geologist and crosscountry skier. Age about 25. In charge of scientific work.

Jannik Schou. Dane. Naturalist and former outdoor center worker in Scotland. Age about 28. Very large and strong.

Nitish Iyengar. Age 18. Has sailed through Straits of Magellan. An undergraduate in marine biology, he will look after the radio and diesels. Indian and New Zealand nationality.

We have combed the world for this partly because we cannot afford a weak link. We have received great commercial support. To sum up, this coming trip looks at last like an international one—something I have always wanted.

To paraphrase the old saying about kissing a man without a moustache being like eating meat without salt, so is sailing a sea without icebergs—DULL.

Rope Ends

William Higgins writes that piracy is still on the move in certain areas. From his experiences he notes they are in the Straits of Malacca within fifty miles of Singapore, and particularly the Phillips Channel south and west of Singapore. 'The pirates come on moonless nights in native type boats powered by outboards, approaching from astern, heaving a grapnel over the counter, and coming on aboard. So far the reports have only mentioned ships being attacked, but the small boats don't get reported like larger vessels.' Higgins included a memo on piracy and shipboard security from his employer, the Military Sealift Command.

Dodge Morgan writes, "I've been aware of the Slocum Society since 1963 when I, sailing the old, gaff-headed **Murray Peterson** schooner COASTER, began to meet members of the army of small boat sailors who cross bays and oceans, some with smelly tracks of publicity and some known only to their friends and peers. I was 31 then and not at all interested in becoming a member of anything with an official name. I sailed COASTER from Maine, thru the Bahamas, the Leewards and Windwards, to the Panama Canal, to Hawaii (49 days), to Tahiti, back to Hawaii and then back to Alaska (22 days) where I had earned the money for the venture. The approximately 26,000 NM of sailing (about half alone) took a year and a half. I sold COASTER in Juneau but I did not rid myself of the yen to go to sea."

"For the past 15 years I have sailed another Peterson jewel, EAGLE (on the cover of *Woodenboat*, May-June 1982), often with my wife and two young children but also often alone. EAGLE is 31' LOA, 23'9" LWL, and, like COASTER, a thrill to sail and to 'row up to.' She and I have made a point not to leave Maine water unless forced to by such events as the '76 Tall Ships gatherings in Newport and Boston."

Dodge is now deep in the planning stages for a 56' aluminum cutter. Welcome aboard the Slocum Society.

Slocum Society member **Marvin Creamer** has completed his one and a half year circumnavigation without instruments. The retired community college geography professor is believed to be the first recorded skipper to circumnavigate without navigational aids. [Editor's Note: I had the pleasure of meeting Marvin and his wife **Blanche** at **Neal Walker's** home several years ago. They are a most engaging couple and excellent company.]

Alexander Banach has just finished programs in Basic for the Casio 702-P hand computer for Sight Reduction and Great Circle Sailing. The programs should be easily adaptable to any other computer using Basic.

The Sight Reduction program uses Bulletin 185, published by the Royal Observatory, which contains polynomial tables and formulas for sight reduction. It is much handier to use with calculators than the Nautical Almanac and is good for a period of five years. Any number of sights may be input into

the program (unlike the NC-77 and others) and your position is disgorged without the need of a chart. It is also useful for running sights and advances or retards position to set time.

The Great Circle Sailing program gives your initial course and distance from both ends, location of the Vertex, Equator crossing (if you cross it), positions along the great circle route at any set distance, together with the course and its reciprocal, distance to destination, and distance traveled. It is great for planning and you don't need special charts.

If members are interested in this program they should contact Dr. Banach as follows: **Alexander J. Banach, Jr., D.D.S.**, P.O. Box 37, Seven Green Brook Road, Middlesex, N.J. 08846. His telephone number is (201) 356-9120. Please use as large a SSAE (stamped self-addressed envelope) as possible.



Captain Ware and Captain Bligh

After retracing the epic longboat voyage of Captain **William Bligh** in the wake of the mutiny on the **BOUNTY**, Captain **Ronald Ware** concedes it was an ordeal he would not like to repeat. (Captain Ware is a seventh-generation direct descendant of William Bligh.)

At home in Sydney, Captain Ware said he and his nine longboat crewmen were lucky to survive the re-enactment.

Captain Ware and his international crew made the 600 km voyage in the **CHILD OF BOUNTY**, a replica of the seven-metre longboat in which Bligh and 18 companions were cast adrift at Tonga by the **BOUNTY** mutineers on April 28, 1789.

The Bligh group took six weeks to reach safety in Timor after what was regarded as one of the most astounding feats of navigation and endurance in the annals of the sea. Bligh lost only one crewman, who was murdered on Tofua Island, in the Tongan group.

Hoping to encounter the same kind of weather that Bligh had, Captain Ware's party also left Tonga on April 28 after being dropped there from the P&O liner **ORIANA**.

He said that, like Bligh, they spent 42 days at sea, but made additional stops at the islands discovered by the famous navigator. They reached Tofua on April 29, Kabara Island (Fiji group) on May 5, Levuka on May 9, Vanuatu on May 18, Vanua Levu and Mota Levu on May 18, Restoration Island on June 4, Thursday Island on June 9 and Kupang (Timor) on June 22.

Six of the crew flew home from Kupang, but three voyaged on with Captain Ware to Bali and Jakarta, where they arrived on July 22.

Captain Ware said the weather during the voyage was as bad as Bligh had encountered. About two days before they entered the Great Barrier Reef, on the way to Restoration Island they struck gales of 40 knots with gusts up to 60 knots.

"It was an extreme test of our seamanship and we were lucky to survive," Captain Ware said. *"Waves were 12-15 metres high and if I had not had a lot of experience rowing and sweeping in Australian surfboats, I don't think we would have made it."*

"Most of the time we were saturated with salt water and what little sleep we had was constantly interrupted, so it was an enormous strain."

Captain Ware said everyone lost about seven kilograms in weight during the voyage. Salt water sores caused by constant exposure to salt water without being able to dry themselves, and blisters on their buttocks also created problems.

Like Bligh, Captain Ware and his nine men made do with only the barest essentials to navigate their way to Timor—a boat compass, a sextant and a pocket watch. But they had a two-way radio and beacons to cope with any emergency.

They carried no charts and their longboat, equipped with only two small sails and oars, was unescorted. But they had a better vitamin-enriched diet than Bligh and his men, including dried vegetables and fruit, whole grain biscuits, dried skim milk and fruit juice, supplemented by raw fish and a daily ration of a litre (two pints) of water per man.



From the Log of the FYXE by M.C. "Harry" Harrison (judiciously edited by Sandy McLeod)

FYXE is Old English for "she fox" or "vixen" and reflects my origins in Melton Mowbray, centre of fox hunting. She is a Vancouver 27, built by Pheon Yachts of Newhaven, where she is registered.

We launched in a Force 9 at Newhaven on Spetember 24, 1982. The weather continued the same for the next month and severely restricted my sailing. When I decided that I could no longer wait there was only 87 miles on the log.

On the 15th of October I sailed. All went smoothly until the Isle of Wight, when, as forecast, the weather worsened. Force 6 was forecast but this was steadily upped to 7, 8, and finally 9. I was forced to run into Portland where I picked up a floating mooring line and the chain round the propellor. I got the anchor down, for the first time ever, in quick time. I was freed the following morning and went round to Weymouth to fit a new prop. I had also lost a radar reflector in the gale without even knowing it. Apart from that the boat came through very well. I was tired, having not sailed for eight years and having had an easy life, but I was getting fitter and better by the mile.

On the 21st it was on to Falmouth. All the instruments packed up on me halfway across Lyme Bay. At 2300 I reached Falmouth and, after repairing the electrics, sailed for Madeira on the 30th. We had an unexpected Force 9 off the Lizard, which had me seriously thinking about taking up golf, followed by 12 hours of flat calm. After a day of storm and calm we rounded Wolf Rock and at dawn were 40 miles into the Atlantic, clear of all dangers and only 1200 miles to go. The next dawn I was joined by a school of dolphins and the sun shone.

I tried taking a sight and was fortunate enough to have a French ship come by within ten minutes. I asked his position. He was only 30 miles out. Since this was my first ever sight I did not feel completely certain of myself and let him continue without correcting him. I hope he found his way home.

[After 18 days of storm and calm, Harry reached Funchal.]



I was pleased to see Funchal. The officials were helpful and courteous, the people very friendly, and the beer good. The harbour is not too clean and there is a nasty swell at all times. The new small boat harbour is almost entirely taken up with local fishing vessels. The local sailing club offers cold showers and cold laundry facilities.

FYXE had come through the various trials with flying colours. The only gear failure was on the main sheet block on which the cam cleat had failed. The other damage was to the saloon table, which I had hit feet first during a near knockdown as I shot from one bunk to the opposite one. I had split both uprights which were each of 1" by 6" solid teak. These I repaired and strengthened.

[Harry then sailed for Lanzarote, which he reached on November 23.]

I tied up along side the town quay, normally with two or three other yachts and a local fishing boat or two. The only problem was getting up the quay wall at low tide. It was some 15 feet. I eventually fell down it, severely bruising my right knee, thigh, and back and also losing all my money, credit cards, and travel cheques. Being unable to work the boat and in some pain I moved into the best hotel in town and put everything down to the room until all was sorted out. Barclaycard and my bank were very quick and the Le Grand Hotel management were extremely cooperative.

[On to the Gran Canarias and Tenerife.]

There were about 80 yachts in Los Cristianos. The main fleet of trans-Atlantic yachts had left in mid-November. Those left were either ones like myself who were late and who had decided to spend Christmas on shore rather than alone at sea or those whose passage to Tenerife had given rise to second thoughts about an Atlantic crossing. Others, of course, were cruising the Canaries.

Los Cristianos is a main tourist centre but seems to cater to the more sedate type. Las Americas, five miles away, caters to the young. As a result, and

because of its large resident population, it is a reasonably cheap place with most things available including an excellent night life.

I enjoyed both Christmas and New Year there. There are two excellent British bars, the Churchill and the John Bull. Roy and Denise at the Churchill are extremely helpful to yachtsmen. After New Year, yachts began leaving. I hung on hoping for spare parts for my cooker. It had caught fire, damaging the galley and navigation area and, but for prompt assistance from a Swiss boat, threatening the yacht itself.

The fault with the Taylor 030 cooker lies in the type of insulation used around the oven. It is of mineral wool. This is held between the oven top and the base plate of the top burners. It is *absorbent*. In order to clean the bottom jets on the burners, the burner must be removed. It is impossible to do this even when the system is depressurised without spilling paraffin. This, by reason of gravity, finds its way into the insulation. There is no way of removing it nor of access to the insulation without complete disassembly of the stove by drilling out the pop rivets. When the oven is used the fuel in the insulation is vapourised and eventually ignites. This draws air in through the bottom of the oven and there is a fire of vapourised fuel which is completely inaccessible.

I believe that the original design had asbestos sheet insulation and I have now, after three fires, dismantled the stove and replaced the mineral wool with asbestos sheet. Needless to say the cooker, after three fires and constant stripings, is showing signs of wear. These fires are NOT the normal "flare up" variety caused by an insufficient heating of the burner. They are the spontaneous combustion of vapourised fuel soaked in the oven insulation.

The spares for the stove did not arrive so on the 10th of January, 1983, I set sail for Mindelo, in Sao Vicente, Cabo Verde. I arrived with 858 miles on the log on the 18th. The only incident was the breaking of the Aries wind vane at 0500 in a sudden squall. The Aries lives up to its reputation completely. I fitted the spare vane but hove to until dawn as it was very black and the barometer had fallen. Dawn broke and the weather was fair so on we went.

The *Africa Pilot* says one can frequently hear the surf on the Cabo Verdes before sighting land. This is absolutely right and absolutely terrifying. I knew exactly where I was and exactly where the land was. It was nearly dusk. I could hear the surf but I could see nothing. I stayed off shore until morning.

At Mindelo I secured alongside another British singlehander, **David Sellings**, in *HYCCUP*, an eight year old Half Tonner. I was cleared without fuss. Mindelo is very poor and everything including some of the water, is imported. The people are extremely helpful and the local grog is stronger than any I later met in the West Indies. And that is saying something! The owner of the reasonable San Nicelous restaurant keeps a collection with photos of all the yachts who visit. It goes back six years at least.

Incidentally, to my personal knowledge at least five people contracted hepatitis after Cabo Verde, including David Sellings. It hit him in mid Atlantic. He arrived in Antigua in a state of collapse after a fast 16½ day voyage and spent the next five weeks in the hospital.

[Next, on to the Caribbean and Easter Island.]

The Book Locker

Halsey C. Herreshoff, Editor. *The Sailor's Handbook*. Boston: Little, Brown and Company, 1983.

This very well produced volume is an attempt to cover virtually everything one would wish to know about cruising and to do it in 224 pages of 5½ by 8 inch format. An impossibility, you say? Quite true. But the effort is an excellent one and there is a good deal to be found in this book, especially by the reader who wishes to acquaint him or herself with basic concepts presented clearly and, in many cases, very graphically.

The chapters range from an introduction to sailing through knowing the structural anatomy of your boat, wind and the sails, cruising layouts, cruising grounds throughout the world, moorings and anchoring, ropes and knots, the question of auxiliary power, navigation, weather awareness, safety at sea, major races around the world, care and repair, and boats and the law. There is also a section on facts and figures, a glossary, an index, and a page of acknowledgements which also give well deserved picture credits.

Contributors to the various chapters include **Colin Mudie**, **John Oakeley**, **Geoff Hales**, **Robin Knox-Johnston**, **Michael Richey**, **Bob Bond**, **Ann Welch**, and the U.S. editor, **Halsey Herreshoff**.

The graphics and photos in *The Sailor's Handbook* are excellent and the writing clear and concise. The paper is of very good quality, smooth surface, which lends itself well to the color reproduction of the drawings and pictures. The cover of the volume is flexible and appears to be water-repellent. While none of the topics covered can be dealt with in much depth, the book nonetheless would be a valuable gift to the newcomer to cruising, an enticement to the potential cruiser or cruising companion, and an enjoyable addition to the library of the experienced hand.

Sandy McLeod

1984 *Pacific Boating Almanac*. Ventura, CA: Western Marine Enterprises, 1984.

Now in its 20th annual edition, the *Pacific Boating Almanac*, edited by **Captain William Berssen**, USCG (Ret), remains one of the fixtures on small boats along the Pacific coast of North America. As in the past, it comes in three regional volumes: Southern California, Arizona and Baja California; Northern California and Nevada; and Oregon, Washington, British Columbia and Alaska. Each is 448 pages and attempts to provide information on where to go, how to get there, where to stop overnight, refuel or repair.

The newest edition of the *Almanac* includes current information on launching ramps, fuel docks, marine facilities, charts and aerial views of harbors and marinas, a U.S. Coast Pilot update, radiotelephone and navigational data, fishing tips, speed tables, times of sunrise, sunset, moonrise, moonset, first aid, rules of the road, safety and distress information, and tide and current tables for 1984.

Over the years the *Almanac* had become increasingly sophisticated in its layout and scope, possibly because it can more easily afford to. Its advertising seems to have increased substantially. Much of the volume is devoted to information extracted from the U.S. Coast Pilot and is readily available in that source. Indeed, much of the information in the *Almanac* is available in various individual sources but only appears collectively in this volume. As an example, in the description of each harbor there is a rundown on available facilities which is quite handy for the first timer in that port or one who has not sailed there recently. There are also articles by experts who specialize in a given geographical area or area of expertise. The articles may vary with the regional volume. All in all, the 1984 *Pacific Boating Almanac* remains a valuable source of information for the local sailor.

Sandy McLeod

Brian M. Fagan. *Cruising Guide to California's Channel Islands.* Ventura, CA: Western Marine Enterprises, 1983.

In 1979 **Brian Fagan** first published *Cruising Guide to the Channel Islands*. This is a revised and updated version of that valuable work. It is an attempt to provide a definitive account of the anchorages and harbors of the Santa Barbara Channel off the coast of southern California. Fagan succeeds in this attempt as much as anyone can who aspires to write a definitive account of any cruising ground.

Fagan, a professor of anthropology at the University of California, Santa Barbara, writes from the perspective of a sailor. He has done much of the research aboard a 40-foot sailboat as well as in occasional dashes in fast motorboats. The manuscript was reviewed by cruising people and commercial fishermen, both of whom evidently gave Fagan the benefit of their knowledge. Besides using the standard written sources, his most important source of information was his own experience in cruising the Santa Barbara Channel over some fifteen years.

The first portion of the volume deals with general problems encountered in cruising the Santa Barbara Channel. The bulk of the book consists of detailed sailing directions for the area between Point Arguello and Point Mugu. There are brief concluding chapters on Santa Barbara, Santa Catalina, San Nicolas, and San Clemente Islands.

The *Cruising Guide* abounds in photographs and charts, each illustrating or detailing a point made in the text. Fagan admits to a bias in that he is based in Santa Barbara and his sailing directions reflect that. His complete coverage of that sometimes tricky harbor is quite welcome, however. He also admits to giving short shrift to the eastern offshore islands. His rationale is that Catalina is too well known and developed to demand detailed description and access to San Nicolas and San Clemente is controlled by the military who inhibit regular visits by pleasure boats.

Anyone contemplating cruising the Channel Islands would do well to obtain this book. It is the distillation of much experience and information in a well-written and illustrated volume. Western Marine Enterprises has produced the book well: the binding is sturdy, the photographs clear, and the charts very well done. However, Fagan, who encourages skippers to bring errors or inaccuracies to his attention, leaves us with a caveat that should be credo for all of us: "In the final analysis, safe cruising comes down to sound judgments on the spot—and I cannot make these for you."

Sandy McLeod

William Atkin. *The Dinghy Boat, Popular Designs for Small Row and Outboard Engined Boats.* Noroton, CT 06820: Atkins and Co., P.O. Box 3005, 36 pp. (reprint).

No introduction is needed when the name of Atkins comes up in nautical circles. William Atkin was one of the most prolific boat designers of the century. Recently his son, John Atkin, sent to our Slocum Memorial Library a reprint copy of *The Dinghy Book*, originally published nearly 60 years ago. It contains complete building plans, including tables of offsets, and building instructions for each of 10 useful dinghies. Price of the book is \$6 plus \$1 for handling and postage, at the address above.

The designs not only bring back memories, but oddly enough have a distinctive modern flavor, if that is possible, indicating perhaps that there is really nothing new in this field. The old masters had it all. For example, one of the designs is "Takapart," a folding punt in three sections which stow inside each other (if that is the right expression!). Stowing and folding dinghies are currently the hot item among cruisers, and design contests have even been conducted by yachting magazines on this subject. None of the winners I have seen, incidentally, were improvements over this fine creation by William Atkin decades ago.

Other delightful designs are: Rinky-Dink (7'); Handy-Andy (8'); Carryme, a utility dink; Sally-Ann; Annabelle, (tender for ARAGON II); Nymph (10'); Scandal (outboard), and Pixie, a V-bottom rowboat.

You might also want, at the same time, *The Book of Boats*, by William and John Atkin, which includes such classics as Frederic Fender's LITTLE DIABLESSE a Mower Cape Cod Cat, and WE'RE HERE by William Atkin. This book sells for \$9.95, plus \$2 shipping.

Don Holm

THE SLOCUM SOCIETY

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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.

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