

THE SPRAY



SUMMER

1984

THE SPRAY

Official Journal of The Slocum Society

EDITORIAL STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF	Sandy McLeod
EDITORIAL BOARD	Don Holm, Richard Gordon McCloskey, Neal Walker, Nobby Clarke, Ron Zaneveld, Harry A. Hofmann, N.A., David Gray, M.D.
TRANSLATORS	<i>Spanish</i> , Francisco Aguilar; <i>Polish</i> , Jeri Thorpe; <i>Danish</i> , <i>Norwegian</i> , <i>Swedish</i> , Karl Damgaard; <i>French</i> , Jean-Charles Taupin; <i>Japanese</i> , Sandy McLeod; <i>Dutch</i> , Ron Zaneveld

CORRESPONDENTS

Capt. Morgan P. Ames, USNR	Long Is. Sound, USA
Jean-Michel Barrault	Paris, France
Capt. John L. Bender, USCGR	Eastern, USA; USCG Liaison
Peter A. Dickason	New Zealand
Konrad T. Eriksen	Cape Town, South Africa
Charles Glass	London, England
G. Ernest Hamilton	New Brunswick, Canada
Larry Hicks VO1HL	Amateur Radio, Canada
Tom Hodgson	Florida, USA
Don Holm	Northwestern USA
Peter Kollmorgen	West Germany
John Leach	Australia
Robin H. McMillan	New Zealand
Desmond Nicholson	British West Indies
Nancy Oro	San Diego, California, USA
Douglas T. Peck	Gulf Coast, USA
Lofti and Luana Rebai	Tunisia
Curt Shoemaker	Roving
John Shugar	Roving
Takehiko Suzuki	Japan
Bob Torriero	New York, USA
Maurice Uguen, F6CIU	Amateur Radio, France
Ludo Van Leewen	Roving
Charles Vilas	Northeastern, USA
Steve Wann	Arabian Gulf
John B. Watlington	Bermuda
Peter Wright	Washington, D.C., USA

THE SLOCUM SOCIETY

P.O. Box 76
Port Townsend, WA 98368 U.S.A.
(206) 385-2171

The Spray Summer 1984 Copyright 1984 The Slocum Society

CONTENTS

Signal From Your Secretary.....	2
Snug Harbor Yarns.....	3
1984 Slocum Awards.....	4
Short Snorts.....	5
Correspondents Reports.....	8
The Voyages	
Singlehanded Voyages.....	21
Horst Timmreck	
Crewed Voyages.....	22
Loretta and Dwight Lindholm	
Evelyn and Erich Sroka	
Peter Tanvald	
Carmen Tangvald	
David Lewis	
Geoff Meakin	
Dale and Sally Scott	
Ralph and Cheryl Baker	
Larry and Reba Shephard	
Robert Parnoff	
How Not To Roll In A Force 10 Gale.....	36
Random Comments.....	40
Nobby Clarke Records.....	44
New From Slocum Society Authors.....	46
Poetry by Frank A. Williams, Jr.	
Port Captains.....	47
Taking A Departure	
George Orwell, Where Art Thou?.....	50

Signal From Your Secretary

This issue of *The Spray* is a new landfall in the affairs of your Society. For better or worse, we have changed printers, changed the format, generally tightened and tuned all lines and sails, and embarked on a *quarterly* publishing schedule. How we did this will be explained elsewhere, but had we continued as before, this one issue (already a year late) would have depleted our entire general fund for 1984. Drastic action had to be taken. Now, with a new printer here at Home Port, and a revised format and streamlined production, we think we will be able not only to stay afloat, but to publish three times a year—on time.

The second major change is that our Treasurer and former Secretary, Neal Walker, has relinquished his duties to me, after a decade or so of unselfish and dedicated service to the Society. He should have some kind of a Distinguished Service medal. Instead all we can say is a puny "well done!" And, of course, "fair winds" in his future plans. He will not be leaving the Society, but will be available as our Senior Advisor.

As of May 1, all of the Society's business functions were moved to Port Townsend, including the printing, production, and mailing of *The Spray*, although Sandy will continue as before as editor-in-chief from his home in Huntington Beach. There are no other changes.

2 The 1984 Slocum Awards have been decided and a announcement of these will be found elsewhere in this issue. The recipients have been notified, and the releases gone out to the boating press around the world. The trophies and plaques have been ordered along with the engraving. The next few weeks or months should see them presented formally to the recipients, wherever they may be.

As you have already noticed, this transitional issue of *Spray* is about half the number of pages as originally prepared, and is on lighter paper. This was necessary to fit it into our new production format, and to reduce mailing costs. A good deal of excellent material had to be pulled out of Sandy's original layout and placed back in overset, hopefully to use in future issues; and some material which was already out of date was deleted. Some heartbreaking editing had to be done on the material that was left, due to the aforementioned exigencies. I hope you will understand and concur. I personally take responsibility for all these changes, and any blame that results from them.

More than a dozen Sailing Club members and mates met at Friday Harbor, San Juan Island, Washington May 5 for a Rendezvous, in conjunction with the 32nd birthday party of the Seven Seas Cruising Association. Many of us are members of SSCA and vice versa. We had been invited to attend their functions as guests, and Founder McCloskey and I manned a table at their Info-Rama.

Next year will be the 30th anniversary of the founding of The Slocum Society. Let's plan on a world-wide observance of this occasion. now is the time to start thinking about it and to come up with some ideas, Let me hear from you.

—Don Holm

Snug Harbor Yarns*

from The Founder

How and why was the Society founded? The “how” was easy. He merely started it. No legalities, no incorporation, no board of directors, no committees, no officers.

The “why” is almost as easy. McCloskey was always torn between being a sailor, a farmer, or a diplomat. Those who know him wonder how anyone so ornery and so outspoken could have finished his career as a distinguished senior diplomat!

“Honorary” seems to have different meanings in the US and the rest of the world. Here, “Honorary” means that the holder of the title is not expected to do anything, and doesn’t. Outside the US, the Honorary Secretary or Honorary Treasurer works like a trojan and receives not a penny for it. The “Hon.” distinguishes the volunteer from the paid hand. A sailing title never carries the “Hon.” It is Commodore Atkins, not “Hon. Comm.”

At about the time The Slocum Society was incorporated the Hon. titles were dropped. McCloskey regrets this.

He started off as a sailor, and acquired a third mates’s ticket, but he fell in love with a farmer’s daughter and married her (who else but McCloskey actually married the farmer’s daughter?). The couple made a comfortable living reviving neglected farms on the Chesapeake, so he was still able to till and sail.

Came the Second War, and he added military publishing to his activities. He was one of the three who founded the Armed Forces Editions (remember those, you greybeards?).

But always he had maritime history in the back of his mind, focusing more and more on boats as he built his library of books and archives on single and two-handers. It struck him one day that there was plenty of research and writing on ship voyages, ship histories (the famous Hakluyt Society is devoted entirely to ships) ship this and that, but no one was paying attention to boat voyages. Damn few people can afford a ship, but the average chap can afford some kind of a boat. Ergo! Do something for the “boater”! And McCloskey did. Slocum was the natural name for the Society, and *The Spray* was the logical name for its journal.

So, The Slocum Society sprang from one man’s reading about small boat ocean voyages—beginning with his first acquisitions as a school boy—and his delight in talking-on-paper about them to others whom he found shared his enthusiasm and curiosity about lone sailors.

If this column is allowed to continue, we shall contribute some more historical tit bits in the next issue.

Hon. Richard Gordon McCloskey

*Editor’s note: The “Right Honorable” Founder of this here organization of honorable afficionados, has been asked to heave to and honor us youngsters with his sparkling comments on the early years of the Society. Now retired and living in Bothell, Washington, he remains an active contributor to all manner of local and international publications, usually under such nom de plumes as “The Old Gaffer.” His unique third-person style may take a little getting used to, like heavily spiced rum, but it’s worth it.

1984 Slocum Awards

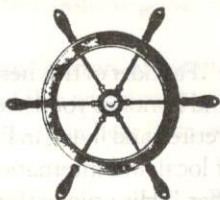
THE SLOCUM MEDAL—To **Mark Schrader**, Stanwood, Washington, U.S.A. for his remarkable singlehanded circumnavigation in 1983, on the 40-foot cutter **RESOURCEFUL**, in 199 days 17 hours, averaging 136.14 miles per day, via the five great capes.

THE VOSS MEDAL— To **Willy de Roos**, Belgium for his outstanding passages in **WILLIWAW**, an 18-ton steel ketch, including a circumnavigation, a thrilling voyage across the Northwest Passage, mostly alone, a circumnavigation of the North and South American continents, and his most recent passages to the Antarctic.

THE JOHN B. CHARCOT MEDAL— To **Bjorn Garland**, a Danish national, who in a converted 50-year old commercial fishing vessel, completed a number of outstanding voyages in the North and South Atlantic, and in the Pacific via the Straits of Magellan.

THE HAKLUYT AWARD— To **Richard Gordon McCloskey**, Bothell, Washington, for his lifetime of contributions to the literature of smallboat voyages, author of the recent book, "Salty Dog Talk," and an extensive and accurate bibliography of sea lore books. A retired Foreign Service officer, dedicated sailorman, and maritime historian, he also was Founder of The Slocum Society, 30 years ago.

THE SPRAY TROPHY— A first-time award, which is being made to **Robert C. Carr**, for his **SIRIUS**, one of the oldest and best copies of the original **SPRAY**. An exact copy of Slocum's vessel, it was built from the keel up with hand tools and wood sawn and hewn from trees growing on his Vermont farm, during the period 1950 to 1957. Since then he has lived and sailed aboard **SIRIUS** on the oceans of the world in the best tradition of the Society's patron saint.



Short Snorts

Ed Giles has been transferred by the Navy to a supply ship in Norfolk, Virginia. Good luck to Ed in his new home port. Slocum Society members should note that Ed is no longer our Port Captain in Key West, Florida.

Frances Janssen of *TIGGER*, a Catalina 27 sloop, writes from Huntington Harbour, California: "A request -- please in the first sentence or two of your letters and stories indicate the kind of boat you have. Include length, type (sloop, ketch, etc.), material of construction and brand name, if a production boat. This helps prospective ocean passage-makers like me determine what sort of boats are really out there. Some of you are already doing this. Thank you and please keep sailing and writing."

[Your Editor heartily concurs with France's request. If you will give me the information I will print it. Incidentally, Frances, where is *TIGGER* slipped. My *KUAN-IN* is also in the same harbor.]

Misha Sperka writes from Innsbruck, Austria: "The yacht *HIKAROA* is presently in Spain. We now have about 92,000 miles under her keel with Misha as



Dick Jutice (left), Ernest Chamberlain (right), Taipei, Taiwan

owner and Captain. As of Palma de Mallorca I have completed two circumnavigations with HIKAROA and now am about 45 percent finished with the third. In Acapulco in July of 1982 my wife **Brigitte** completed her first circumnavigation and our 3 year old **Marlene** now has about 22,000 miles behind her. We should be in the Med the next couple of years before moving on again. HIKAROA is 14.93 meters long, with a 3.5 meter beam and 1.9 meter draft. It is all wood with a wooden mast and was built in 1958 by **Cantieri Sangermani**, of Lavagna, Italy. Finally a correction for your records: **Yannick Lenenaon** of the yacht JONATHAN is a lady sailor, not a he."

[Your Editor thanks Misha for the information and apologizes for his gaffe, especially to Yannick.]

Mike Parsons writes: "As you may know I sailed my 44' cutter ARANJUEZ up from Hong Kong and have been keeping the boat here for the past four years where I live and work. Japan is a great place for sailing in that the winds are good and there are many places to put in for a night on the hook. Also, all of the fishing villages will allow one to tie up inside their breakwaters. This makes for a nice quiet anchorage and more importantly means a visit to the local public bath. Nothing is better than sitting in a deep, hot tub of water (41° or so) and relaxing away the effects of a hard day of sailing. [Your Editor feels that the ofuro is basic hedonism at its finest!] Please feel free to pass my name and number on to any Slocum Society members who come this way. I would be happy to help them in any way I can whether related to yachting or otherwise. Thanks for getting the word over to Japan for me. I always fly the Society flag but have yet to see another one here in Japanese waters. I am looking forward to that some day."

6

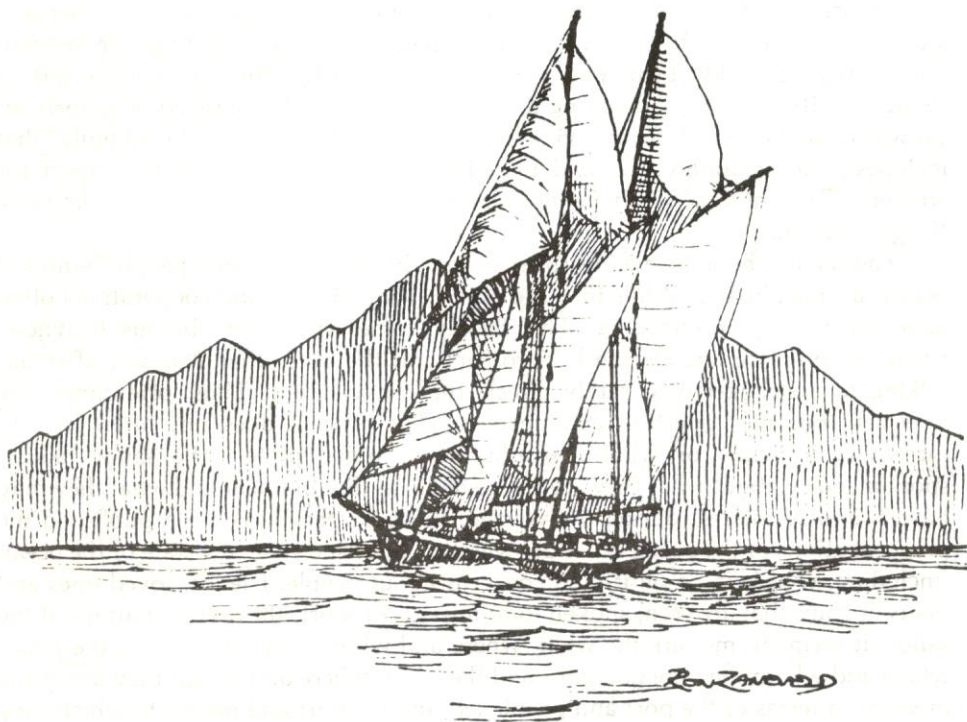
[Ah so, desu ka? Shuppan ni yukimasho! Michael Parsons can be contacted at Executive Language Schools, Kowa Bldg., 16, 9-20, 1-chome, Akasaka, Minato-ku, Tokyo 107, Japan. The telephone number is 585-6404. Hopefully Mike will send us some more on sailing in Japan.]

Tony Edler wrote that he planned to meet **Jim and Joan Stewart** in Miami for sail on their Westsail 32, **TORTUGA**. They are to sail to Nassau if conditions permit. Jim, Joan, and Tony sailed an Aloha 34 from the Newport, Rhode Island, Sailboat Show to Annapolis last August. They came via New York City. It was 20 hours from Sandy Hook to Cape May. Tony also was present at the start of the first America's Cup race "along with 1800 boats. Shortly thereafter the race was cancelled so we had to head off to Block Island for lobster dinner."

Speaking of **Jim and Joan Stewart**: "We have been sailing the East Coast of the US for the past 7 months. We are now in Lantana, Florida, at the SSCA get together. There are several Slocum Society members here and I have encouraged them to fly their flags. We are impressed by the large turnout of cruising sailors now in the anchorage. The festivities begin on December 2 and there are 30 yachts anchored now and 40-50 more expected today. WOW! We will be leaving here to join friends in the Bahamas. This will be sort of a vacation which we missed while making **TORTUGA** reedy for extended passages to come. We are already preparing for a visit to Mexico in the Spring.

Carolyn Hutchinson writes, "Our trip across (my third) was 18½ days, average 150 miles a day, Canaries to Antiqua, beautiful weather. It's the only way to go!"

Our man at the Taipei Rainbow Guest House, colorful **Dick Justice** (KH2AE/MM3) says, "Had a highly successful 13-day voyage from Keelung, Taiwan, nonstop 1,545 miles to Guam, Mariana Islands, in the new 32' double-ender LAZY LASS in 1982. Am now back building a new Taiwan 32' double-ender LAZY DAYS for a bachelor retirement home afloat cruising Pacific ports o'paradise! Home port will be Guam. Thought you might enjoy the picture of Senior Singlehander **Dick Justice** (left) and proudly displaying the Slocum house flag to a Taipei yachting group.



Correspondent's Reports

An Interview with Rosie Swale

By Bob Torriero

[Editor's note: The following is from a newspaper article entitled "She Saga: Ex-nude yachtswoman bares tale of ocean sail": **Rosie Swale** once buffeted waves in the buff. Yesterday, she told of sailing a calmer course -- fully clothed -- and still managed to attract attention. Swale completed a 70-day transatlantic crossing alone in a 17-foot sailboat. A few years ago Swale was known in Great Britain as the "nude yachtswoman" when photographers snapped her sailing naked with her husband **Colin** during an around the world voyage. She said yesterday that the British press made much ado about one carefree moment. The Welsh woman dressed for her solo stunt in shorts and T-shirts. But that didn't make the trip less exciting, she insisted. She brought a Teddy bear and two bottles of whisky (the bon voyage gift of thoughtful British reporters) along for the ride. Her meals consisted of grapefruit, brown rice and oatmeal. Swale, 35, admits she is "the black sheep of the family" that includes children **Jimmy**, 12, and **Eve**, 14. She said sailing is an easy sport for women. "They're used to changing diapers, and changing sails is much the same thing," she said.]

You have, I hope, some idea of the difficulty of interviewing people "who sail oceans in small boats." While they are usually very friendly and cooperative I often have the feeling of intruding. This feeling comes from the obvious busyness, tiredness, pressure and demands by others and the sense that you are, after all, talking to a stranger who rarely directs the conversation. Thus, oftentimes, the interview becomes question and answer. That process does not often lead to increasing intimacy or what I would much, much prefer: the sailor talking spontaneously about what they are interested in at that moment and what they may have found of interest during the voyage. In books that have been published the preoccupations of the ocean sailor are weather, boat and gear, the state of the ocean (including what is in or on it) and concerns about people: friends, loved ones and boats or ships that are seen, spoken to or missed. In short, the preoccupations of the sailor, it seems to me, are the what, where and whom they come from; the what, where and whom they are going to; and the what, where and whom they are at the moment in terms of the port and people left and the port and people to which they are going.

Upon arrival the great need is to see loved ones, to talk to them and to be near, to feel others, but not necessarily to communicate with them, let alone probe oneself and expose the findings. It seems to me that a great experience, a peak experience such as an ocean passage, needs much time and *privacy*; internal processing if you will, before it is integrated, assimilated and digested. Only after that process can the meaningfulness of the experience be shared with others. Thus, when interviewing the voyagers soon after arrival I feel the sense of intrusion, the sense that the voyager *can* only answer questions and we or I in turn can only ask about things when what we really want is that full, integrated, digested experience told to us with spontaneity, candor and intensity. We or I want to experience and the person; together, entwined and presented as a *whole*: the person with the experience. The time and place of the interview is often illtimed and inadequate and I usually feel I have only accomplished, in the main, an intrusion and have mainly come away with a few disjointed, relatively lifeless facts.

I have left untouched the person and their great, peak experience, the person who has dared and captured for him or herself, a great, peak experience. I long to know the development that led to the person being capable of daring and I long to know the process of experiencing the dared activity -- the passage -- and I long to know the person who results from the experience, how the end person is coupled --or uncoupled -- from the person he or she was before and during the passage.

As you may know, and I *think* I know, Ms. Rosie Swale has had several singular experiences. If my data is correct (I did not check this directly with her when we met) during her late teens she hitch-hiked alone through Europe and then --and this I find extremely singular -- through the Middle East and into South Asia. She met her husband, a young chemical engineer, in England and with him traveled the Mediterranean by sailboat. During a passage she gave birth to their first child just before or immediately after a mad dash to an Italian port instigated by labor pains and the impending delivery. I don't know when their second child was born but there was a second child. I believe the ages were 2 and 1 or 3 and 2 at the time children and parents left England in their 35' Oceanic class catamaran. The passage was transatlantic, through the Panama Canal, down the west coast of South America, around Cape Horn, and then up the South and North Atlantic back to England. It was during that voyage that husband Colin took the picture of Mrs. Swale with bosom revealed, attending to one of the children. They (Mrs. Swale?) wrote a book, the picture (and others) was included and the public-at-large now views Mrs. Swale in terms of her bared bosom rather than in terms of her singular life, her wifehood, her motherhood and her questing, adventuring total life.

Mrs. Swale told me she bought her current boat *FIESTA GIRL* very cheaply "from a farmer" who had let the boat deteriorate. The boat is of plywood, hard chined, with a fin (full?) keel with rudder on a skeg. Mrs. Swale and a knowledgeable friend and boat builder entirely rebuilt the cabin and deck which was rotted. Mrs. Swale also rigged and remasted the boat, putting in twin headstays for running. The boat also has twin backstays. The boat's dimensions are 22' OA x 17' WL x 7' beam x 3' (or 4') draft.

Mrs. Swale had an autopilot but found it relatively useless. Her inboard, used

mainly for battery charging, failed about half way across. The boat was about 4" below waterline at the start and she commented "lucky no storms that first week." Mrs. Swale used techniques learned from **John Lecher's** book on selfsteering ("He's a wonderful, marvelous man. His book was so helpful. I would love to meet him, talk to him, thank him.") and used lines, blocks and shock cord for sheet to tiller steering with very good results. "The boat sailed for hundreds of miles by herself just using these few bits of lines -- wonderful."

Mrs. Swale encountered two storms -- "I wouldn't like to have met any bigger ones or other ones in a boat this small" but "she was marvelous, waves just went right over us we were so small." Apparently Mrs. Swale's most difficult problem were the calms, adding up to about three weeks of time. "That was bad because you use up supplies but you don't get anywhere." As a consequence the passage took 72 days and Mrs. Swale ran completely out of food two days before arrival. There was, however, enough water.

The most difficult part (other passage makers have also found this) was tacking through New York Harbor. The motor was inoperative, the winds contrary, and shipping and tides added to the complexity and difficulty of making the actual dockage. It took two days from first sighting the Ambrose Light to the actual docking on Staten Island.

10 Rosie Swale is an attractive lady, friendly, open, spontaneous, full of energy and purpose. She had friends who were helping her arrange for her return home. It was during those arrangements that Mrs. Swale took the time to talk to me until neither she nor I could deny that she must give priority to arranging for her flight home. The return home was not easy to arrange as it included the air transportation of much equipment, including an Avon dinghy. To be transported as well was "a beautiful White sextant -- those plastic things are not reliable -- the man who loaned that beautiful sextant to me is a retired full admiral -- wasn't that wonderful? That sextant is of good weight, accurate, beautifully made." Overheard as I was leaving was Mrs. Swale's concern for her books and her papers which she was insisting she must somehow carry with her on the plane.

Konrad Eriksen

Marvin Creamer on *GLOBE STAR*, a Goderich 35 from Pitman, New Jersey: "Cape Town is the first stop in a circumnavigation that is being attempted without the use of navigation instruments -- no compass, sextant, timepiece, or radio. Although the instruments are carried, they are sealed and will be broken out only in the event of a life-threatening emergency. We are carrying an Argos system transmitter and are punching in weather data for the USA National Weather Service. In our leg to Cape Town we achieved our goal of sailing close to the Cape Verdes and Brazil and then on to Cape Town without sighting land between Cape May and Cape Town. We plan to sail on to Australia and leaving there in time to round the Horn at the end of 1983. From the Horn we will return to Cape Town and then sail back to New Jersey by late May of 1984. We use stars, planets, the moon,

*the sun, the wind, waves, and long distance swells to set and hold our courses. Latitude is obtained by judging the zenith distance of specific stars at the time of their meridian transit. An imaginary line drawn through a specific star and the polar point is used as an aid in determining meridian transit. The crew from the USA to Cape Town was **George Baldwin and Jeffrey Herdelin**. Herdelin will continue."*

Kate Steward on **WILBUR ELLIS**, a Van der Stadt "Binks Flyer", cold molded, 9.61 meters, owned by **C. Toerien**, registered in Cape Town. The voyage is the first attempt to achieve a nonstop double South Atlantic crossing: *"Kate Steward, 24 years old, born in 1959 in Swaziland, Mbabane. I started sailing in 1975. I enrolled in a day skippers course and failed. I sailed on the Cape Town to Rio race in 1976 on the yacht ENSHOWE as crew and sailed on the return trip via Tristan da Cunha. I completed a year at school and went to UCT the following year to study music. I spent more time sailing and gave my studies up after nearly two years.*

*I found sponsorship for the Cape to Uruguay race for 1979. I entered an all-girl crew for the race and was the youngest skipper at 19 years old. We retired from the race. We had navigation trouble and one of the girls became very sick with symptoms of appendicitis. For these reasons I felt that it was more important to get to port than to risk any medical complications as I also had a faulty radio on board FOSCHINI GIRL. I sailed home as skipper with an all male crew. In 1982 I delivered Van der Stadt design yachts, **AMBRE** and **FANTASIA**, from Rio to Cape Town.*

Kate Steward



*The owner of **FANTASIA** was enthusiastic and keen that I could use his boat for a single-handed trip and I looked for sponsorship in February, 1983. I was fortunate to get the Wilbur Ellis company to sponsor me. Thus **FANTASIA** became **WILBUR ELLIS**.*

I left Cape Town on the 10th of March, intending to complete a double non-stop single-handed crossing of the South Atlantic. I carried philatelic post on board and my first postal drop was St. Helena. This first leg was largely uneventful and I had marvelous sailing weather with 15 to 20 knots of wind from the south east.

This first landfall was particularly exciting for me as I did not have radio contact with my family and was keen to let them know that I was well and happy. I was sad to leave and frustrated at not being able to go ashore or to have any company on

board. It took a few days before I felt at home on the boat again and the wind was not as consistent and good as in the first leg.

I reached my first crisis near Trinidade Island when I hit some awful weather and became confused. I found that I had been sailing in the wrong direction for two days and can still not understand how this could have happened without me finding out sooner. I must have been in a bad state of mind but this depression soon lifted and I was looking forward to getting to Rio.

This leg was the frustrating one, with little wind. The weather was hot and I felt very listless a lot of the time. Arriving off Rio was not very exciting. It was to me just a turning point. Everything from there on was on the home run. Therefore I wanted to get on my way as soon as possible. Again I could not stop, but lay off Ilha Rasa for some hours to receive supplies and some very welcome post from home. I had the most wonderful surprise. Every child from the primary school that I attended had written me a letter and I read and reread every one of them on my return trip. This really bucked me up when I felt low.

The second night after leaving Rio I lost my working jib over the side, something that I have not forgiven myself for. It was a stupid mistake and cost me many miles. I was now going to leave Tristan da Cunha out of my postal route. It was a blow to me but I had to think of the boat and of myself. I did not want to have to worry unnecessarily and I was already feeling that this trip was quite enough as it was without having to burden myself with extra worries. It was important to balance the boat as carefully as possible for the self steering gear and with the bad weather that I experienced on my way home it was even harder without the working jib.

12

At one time I got a bit more confident and pushed down south to get to the island and was three miles off of it but could not see it at all. The weather was so vile that I could hardly see the bow of the boat. The wind was gusting over 70 knots and I was afraid that I might run into Tristan so I headed east and concentrated on getting home.

WILBUR ELLIS handled the weather fantastically. I have so much faith in that little boat. She may not be the most beautiful boat to look at but it is tremendous for a trip such as the one I did.

The weather was generally bad down south. I had expected it to be so but being alone in such weather is not always so pleasant. I did not eat or sleep well and as a result I lost a lot of weight. I could not even swing the motor any more.

The last four days at sea I spent hand steering through typical winter weather. I had just the stormjib up and was surfing most of the time. I had no sleep whatsoever and managed to average over 140 miles per day. I was occasionally knocked right down with the mast in the water in these conditions. I thought this was rather cheeky as I had only the stormjib up.

Although I was very tired when I arrived in Cape Town on May 21st it was the most exhilarating sailing that I had ever experienced. It was almost like sailing a dinghy. All in all it was a very good trip and a very happy one for me. I was never bored and read one book every day, listened to music, and wrote lots and lots in my daily diary. I kept myself physically and mentally busy most of the time and am looking forward to doing some more single-handed sailing one of these days,

although not quite yet.

Michal Szafran, skipper, and **Piotr Gocłowski**, owner, on *NASZ DOM*, a 34 foot double chine steel sloop (a Hobo 27), from Gdynia, Poland: The vessel left Poland in 1978, crossed the Atlantic and transited the Panama Canal, and sailed to San Francisco. They then crossed the Pacific to Australia and on to Cape Town. "No accidents and damages during the voyage. To date we have visited 144 harbors and anchorages and we enjoyed it very much. We hope to finish our circumnavigation in July at Horta, Azores."

Daniel R. Bean on *TS'UM'AKS*, a fiberglass Ingrid 38 from Soldotna, Alaska: "More days at sea than on land. We were very thankful to see South Africa and her people first hand rather than through the narrow eyes of the media."

Kim and Eric Schoeman on *WAHINI*, a 56 foot catamaran registered in Durban: "Good maiden voyage. The yacht surpassed all expectations. A most enjoyable time spent in Cape St. Francis Marina and Knysna (and of course, R.C.Y.C.). We renewed all our old acquaintances."

Howard Richardson on *OTTAWA*, a Brown 37 Searunner trimaran from Ottawa, Canada: "A circumnavigation after being pensioned. I pick up companions as temporary crew at each stage of my voyage. It began in 1980 from the Virgin Islands."

Anthony Becker on *VENTOSO*, a 45 foot steel cutter from Durban: "Left Durban February 29, 1983. Pleasant sailing conditions. Good, very exciting."

Leif Erikson on *MARATHON A. Q.*, a 50 foot fiberglass one design ketch from Norrtalje, Sweden: "Pleasure."

Ian Watson on *JASAMINE*, a 54 foot fiberglass sloop with a crew of five: "We commenced this voyage from Brisbane on the first of June, 1983. Sailing north along the east coast of Australia we passed inside the Great Barrier Reef and visited numerous islands. From Thursday Island we turned west to Darwin and then onto Christmas Island and the Cocos/Keeling group. Departing Cocos on October 10, 1983, we sailed to Mauritius where we spent six weeks before continuing to Reunion Island and onto Durban. While in Durban we visited Kruger Park and then carried on sailing to Cape Town. From here we intend to cross to the Carribean, pass through the Panama Canal, and return to Brisband via the Pacific islands, and arrive back in Australia in October of 1985."

Heikui Ervi of *DYNAMITE*, a Swan 371 from Helsinki with a crew of two reached Cape Town in late January of 1984. They are bound on a round the world trip from Finland. Their next port of call is somewhere in Australia!

Peter and Mary See of *MAHE*, a 65 foot ketch of Swedish iron built by Krupp of Germany around 1920 and sailed by five crew, left London in July of 1983 and made its way to Salvador, Brazil. The vessel left Salvador in December and sailed directly to Cape Town. They met many calms, despite following the Admiralty ocean passages for the routes. The Sees noted, "Met your member, **Bob Wagner**, on the sloop *HAI* in Gibraltar after his Atlantic crossing from Nova Scotia. He is following the Slocum Trail in good heart."

H.O. Kux of *CONDOR*, a 29' 6" clipper type ketch of teak strip planking from Hamburg, Germany, called in Cape Town on its passage from Durban to St. Helena with a crew of two.

Michael Kuich of *STARGAZER*, a Columbia 50 sloop out of St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands, reached Cape Town in January of 1984 with a crew of five. Michael stated, "An easy trip around the Cape of Good Hope from Durban. Have immensely enjoyed South Africa -- the most beautiful country I have ever seen. Have been out since 4 March 1982 from St. Thomas getting ready for the last leg home. Highlights of the trip include the Panama Canal, Pitcairn, Easter Island, New Zealand, and South Africa. Thoroughly enjoyed Indonesia, especially Bali and found Australia exciting. I'm ready to start cruising immediately again."

Jeremy P. D. Hall, of *BRIGADOON*, a 13.6 meter Van de Stadt Pimpernel class ketch of Corten steel with round bilges, with a crew varying between two and four. Jeremy said, "We sailed from Nelson, New Zealand on June 1, 1983. We were extensively damaged at Mooloolaba, Queensland, on June 22 when a marina collapsed during an out of season cyclonic storm. Repairs took seven weeks to complete. We sailed from Darwin on September 24 for Durban via Christmas Island, Cocos Island, Rogrigues, and Mauritius. We arrive in Durban on December 1. We intend cruising in the Mediterranean during the Northern summer of 1984 and the UK and Scandinavia during the Northern summer of 1985. We will return to New Zealand in late 1986 via the Panama Canal. The 3½ year voyage is raising funds for the International Red Cross in New Zealand through a system of regular six week bulletins describing the voyage and places visited. Individuals, groups, firms, schools, and the like pay \$NZ200 for three years of bulletins."

Niels Nicolson of *LAMLASH*, a 32 foot fiberglass and timber sloop from Brisbane with a crew of two called in Cape Town on its way to St. Helena. Niels stated, "I have read Slocum's book and found it very enjoyable. Some of his ideas, like tacks on the deck, are timeless and very practical. We are enjoying our stay in Cape Town."

G.C. Richmond of *VELAPI*, a Vagabond 47 from Durban with a crew of seven commented, "A traditional East Coast passage, i.e., winds NE, NW, SW, SE, S, 0-40!!!" Richmond, whose permanent forwarding address is the Hotel Frangipani, Bequia, specifically thanked Konrad for the hospitality.

Neil B. Lockwood of *HILDA RUTH*, a Vancouver 27 from Poole, England, has touched at the Canaries, Antigua, Panama, the Marqueses, Tahiti, Tonga, Fiji, Port Moresby, Darwin, Christmas Island, Cocos-Keeling, Mauritius, Durban, East London, Port Elizabeth, and points between before reaching Cape Town. Neil had one crew with him except in the Pacific where he singlehanded. He wrote, "I expected to take 35-40 days from Panama to the Marquesas. It took me 72 days. The whole of the East Pacific this year was a doldrum area. I was becalmed for over a month, 5 days within sight of Hiva Oa of the Marquesas. On April 15 I was on the northern edge of Hurricane William -- quite an experience. Six hurricanes went through the eastern Pacific, the first in 85 years. It was a miserable crossing."

Bo Ceder of *TRIO*, a 35 foot sloop with a port of registry of Goteborg, Sweden, "We are husband and wife with a 5 year old son. Set out from Sweden in June of 1981 and sailed to the West Indies via England, Spain, Madeira, and the Canaries. Went through Panama March, 1982. Then on to the Galapagos, the Marquesas, the Tuamotous, and the Society Islands. On our way to New Zealand, where we stayed seven months, we passed Raratonga, Samoa, and Tonga. We went from new

Zealand to Australia with a short stop on Norfolk Island inside the Great Barrier Reef. Then up to the Torres Strait and from there to Christmas Island, Cocos-Keeling, Rodrigues, Mauritius, Reunion, and Durban where we spend two months. The trip has been very pleasant and we have enjoyed it thoroughly."

T.H. Richardson of *BOANERGES*, a 45 foot catamaran from Falmouth with a crew of 5: "Left Falmouth, UK, October '81 for Australia via Panama. Transit Canal January 1, 1982. Arrived Australia May '82. Spent a year on the Australian NSW coast. Then left for Soloman Islands May '83 for 2 months, returning to Darwin, Australia, August '83. Departed Darwin September, arrived in S.A. at East London December 2."

Edward J. Bryant of *GHOST RIDER*, a 24 foot Van de Staadt fin keel cutter with bowsprit and a 4 HP Evinrude for auxiliary power. Ed's port of registry is New York City. He writes, "I left New York at the beginning of December '82 with intentions of going straight to Ascension Island. Eight days later in a 50 knot wind I was knocked over and did a 360° with the loss of my mast. I jury rigged a small mast from my spinnaker pole and sailed 280 miles to Bermuda arriving ½ mile off of St. Davis Head light before getting a tow through the cut to St. George Harbor. I worked on the American base for 7 months to pay for repairs and pushed off again during the summer of '83 for Ascension. I had problems with drinking water and after 20 days decided to divert to Cape Verde for water. After a pleasant two week stay I sailed to Ascencion, probably one of the worst (longest) times to cover 1800 miles in 47 days. I couldn't get *GHOST RIDER* to point better than 75° off the wind. I found a heavy ship's rope around rudder but this didn't appear to be the cause of my poor performance. Finding the same problem after leaving Ascension, I just resigned myself to plodding along and arrived here in Cape Town 38 days in total. I must get money to continue and also to resolve the pointing problem and other work on *GR* while here."

15

Bernard Labbe of *MICHKA VI*, an aluminum 11.30 meter sloop registered in Caen, left France in mid-1981 and sailed to Funchal, Dakar, Salvador, Rio, Montevideo, Buenos Aires, and Puerto Madtyr. He was in Punta Arenas in December, 1981. Then on to Puerto Montt, Valparaiso, Atuona, Papeete, Bora Bora, Pago Pago, Wallis, Suva, Auckland, Noumea, Cairns and Darwin in July of 1983. Bernard touched Christmas, Cocos, Mauritius, Reunion, Durban, East London, and Port Elisabeth before reaching Cape Town on December 29, 1983. He is a singlehander.

Gunter Kramer of *MARY ROSE*, a 43 foot Bruce Roberts replica of *SPRAY*, ketch rigged and registered in Hamburg. Gunther notes, "We are looking foward to a happy voyage aorund the world following the trades."

Hokan Nilsson of *OLLABOLLA*, a Swede 38 sloop from Stockholm, is engaged in a circumnavigation which started in June of 1982. The crew of two estimates they will tie the knot in Stockholm June 15, 1984.

Paul O'Hara of *LADY PATRICIA*, a 10.05 meter ferrocement sloop from Newcastle, Australia, reached Cape Town January 9, 1984, from Port Elizabeth. Paul said, "Great trip, people and places."

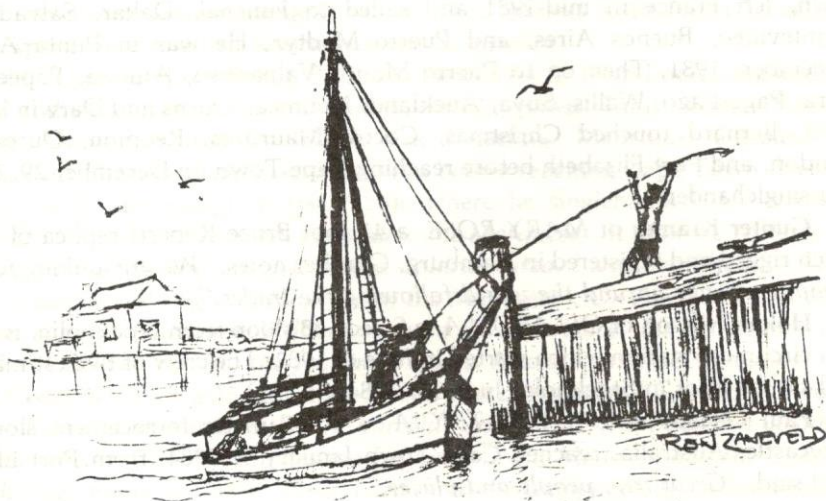
J.G.O. Watson of *NOELE-MARIE DE NORMANDIE*, a center cockpit

Endurance 37, is on a shakedown cruise. His port of registry is Simonstown, South Africa.

Peter Bennett of *MURESSE*, a 36 foot 12 ton Gauntlet double-ended cutter with spruce spars, carvel planked (pitch pine on oak frames) and a teak deck, has a crew of three. The vessel was built in Lymington, England, in 1936 and is registered in Southampton. Peter's remarks: "*Spain, Madiera, Canaries, West Indies, Panama, Central America, west coast of Mexico, California to San Francisco to Mexico again to Marquesas, Tuamotous, Tahiti, etc. Cooks, Tonga, Fiji, New Zealand (daughter born), Queensland, Great Barrier Reef, Thursday Island, Darwin, Christmas and Cocos and Bali, Mauritius, Reunion, South Africa, St. Helena, Ascension, Azores, and home. Five years total and poorer and richer.*"

Andrew Urbanczyk of *NORD IV*, an Ericson 30+ cutter adopted for solo sailing and registered in San Francisco, reached Cape Town in mid-December, 1983. Andrew, a Slocum Society member, states, "*Solo circumnavigation with three stops in one year. San Francisco to Darwin in 69 days. According to my records the first non-stop America-Australia. According to my records the fastest singlehanded Torres Strait passage (23 hours). Darwin to Cape Town in 77 days.*"

Yannick LeNe'naon of *JONATHAN*, a Nicholson 32 sloop, has completed her circumnavigation. She writes from Fort de France, "*I passed through Cape Town in January and since you were interested in recording my trip, I inform you that JONATHAN and I finished our solo circumnavigation on 21st of March in Fort de France. From Cape Town to here was a beautiful easy passage. 41 days (13 + 19 + 19) -- The ocean is great. And the life on it -- Might many people be able to enjoy it and learn from it! Hello to the Slocum Society. Yannick.*"



John Shugar

It's not that I'm shirking my duties as a Roving Correspondent, it's just that we aren't roving!

Our plans (well, at least my dreams) were to have begun our cruising two summers ago ('82). When that fell through, I was confident we would leave by the summer of '83. But, alas, the boat was just pulled and stored for another winter in Ohio.

In my most paranoid times I fear my story sounds not too unlike those I've heard that always dream about going but never do. So to those who plan and dream, but yet haven't cast off, I apologize for any unkind thoughts. Keep remembering the adage "You never fail 'til you stop trying."

However, all is not lost. There is great sailing on the Great Lakes, our own Lake Erie included. And the Slocum Society's encouragement of long distance sailing isn't lost on the area sailors.

This past summer I was fortunate to sail in 2 single-handed events -- the 5th annual Port Huron to Mackinaw Single-handed Race sponsored by the Great Lakes Single-handed Society (GLSS) and the 1st annual Solo Islands Race sponsored by the Edgewater Yacht Club.

The latter race is a 100 n.m. event and could serve as a qualifying run for the GLSS event -- a 250 n.m. run requiring a 100 n.m. qualifying single-handed passage.

For those sailing the oceans, these distances aren't so great. But to weekend and coastal sailors alike, both events offer challenge, experience and contact with a good bunch of fellow sailors -- as well as a miniature view of the problems and exhilarations of our ocean going brethren.

If interested, check your area. I was amazed at the number of such events being run on the various lakes.

A note on Yurika Foods (Slop Chest p. 68, vol. XXVI, no. 2). They are of good quality and store easily. Their chocolate milk mix beats any fresh I've tasted and their white milk is better than most powdered. A hint if you plan to buy much of their product is to secure one of their dealerships (for a cost of about \$50 12/83). This will give you a substantial price break on purchases and could pay for itself if you're buying volume.

Does everyone perk up when they see a boat of the same name as theirs? We surely do! Another *WINDSWEET*, sailed by **John Roche** (a fellow Great Lakes sailor by coincidence) is out on the oceans. We had first seen John mentioned in *Cruising World's Passage Notes* and now in **Konrad Eriksen's** report from Cape Town. Continued good luck to you John!

Having just refinished our deck's nonskid, I attest to Interlux's new Polymeric Nonskid as doing a superior job. The microscopic spheres are mixed with paint and can be brushed, rolled or sprayed -- so the company says. We rolled ours and are pleased with the results. Advantages: less abrasive than sand; easier to keep clean; relatively inexpensive and a good nonskid surface.

Anyone else out there a flashlight nut? Somehow, I seem to be attracted to the little devils -- have 5 or 6 around -- most not worth writing about. But the Mag-Lites

are a different story! Made of aluminum, with O-ring seals, a waterproof switch, offering an adjustable flood to spot beam, they are worth the money. Take a good look at one sometime.

We also have an address change, if you would be so kind to provide it to the proper person: 503 E. 2nd St., Port Clinton, OH 43452.

Notes from Jean-Michel Barrault

I just have returned to Paris after a 3,000 mile passage and I have some news from here and elsewhere:

Bernard Moitessier: After the loss of *JOSHUA* (the wreck was given as a gift to two young guys), **Bernard Moitessier** has a new steel cutter of 33 feet named *ILEANA* with a Chinese character on the hull. The character means "be together." Bernard says, "*The Chinese language is the only universal language.*" He intends to cross from San Francisco to Hawaii and stay there to write his next book.

Philippe Jeantot: The winner of the BOC Race was awarded the "Chevalier de la Legion d'Honneur," a distinction that was offered to French singlehanders **Le Toumelin, Tabarly, and Colas.**

Transat en Double: This race for crews of two from Brittany to Bermuda and back (non-stop) started from Lorient on the 22nd of May with 53 competitors. Three masts were broken, hulls were damaged, leaks occurred, one trimaran was overturned, and one man was lost overboard. A large part of the fleet retired or put in for repairs in the Azores or Bermuda. One very real problem were the whales: at least three yachts collided with whales with damage to both parties in one case and others avoided collisions by only a few feet. The speed was a record: 10.76 knots for the 6,000 miles of the passage for the 60 foot catamaran *CHARENTE MARITIME* with **Pierre Follenfant** and **Jean-Francois Fontaine**, former dinghy champions, as crew. The 83 foot trimaran *WILLIAM SAURIN* surfed at 31 knots. The first monohull to finish, the 72 foot *KRITER VIII*, was only 16th in fleet.

BRIGANTIN and ourselves: Our own sloop, *BRIGANTIN*, a 40 foot aluminum centerboarder, is now in Noumea, New Caledonia. We are very satisfied with this fast, nice and easy to handle boat. The crew is always my wife **Dany** and myself. Our last crossing was not the easiest. We met three cyclones: the first while anchored in Tahiti, the second one in Raiatea (no damage in either), and the third one at sea while halfway between Eora Bora and Tonga. We had to lay ahull for 56 hours about 100 miles from the cyclone's eye. The forecast from Hawaii spoke of winds of 90 knots in a radius of 180 miles from the eye. With no sails and the centerboard up we had no problems, drifting at about two knots. After this interesting experience we stopped in Tonga and Fiji and left the boat in Noumea to fly back to France for some work.

Dany and I have nearly completed a book about long range cruising with practical advice for bluewater sailors based on our experiences. It will be a big book about 500 pages or so, and will be published in France at the end of this year. We

hope to find a publisher in the English language also. We have had the opportunity in 30 years of cruising to sail in most of the waters of Europe, from Norway to Greece and Turkey, to cross the Atlantic and the Pacific twice, in yachts of 40 to 50 feet, mostly with a crew of two. As a journalist and as a writer I have met a lot of experienced sailors and read many books and magazines. We hope our work will be of help to any dreamer or sailor.

Doug Peck

The Snead Island Boat Works at Bradenton, Florida, home port for my Southern Cross 31 *GOONEY BIRD*, has seen all kinds of activity by singlehanders getting ready for the 1984 OSTAR. In February **David White** brought his 53' Gurney-designed *GLADIATOR* in from Cape Town where he had to drop out of the BOC. He has been rebuilding the interior bulkheads and mast step and expects to leave for Plymouth in April. While working on his boat, he has been sleeping on *GOONEY BIRD* with my new crew member -- a female tabby cat that I picked up in Galveston on the last Galveston to Tampa Bay Singlehanded race. I named her **Hooker** because she really likes to sleep with me -- even Dave.

Then **Warren Luhrs** brought his new *THURSDAY'S CHILD* in for commissioning and shakedown. What a machine! As you know this is his new 61' boat designed by **Paul Lindenberg** and **Lars Bergstrom**. Latest state of the art: 7/8 bendy rig, full batten main, 1800 gallons of water that can be pumped from the low side to the high side when tacking, articulated and hinged rudder that remains upright when heeled, etc. etc. And 17 solar panels on the deck to keep the batteries up. The only power is a 12 HP outboard off the transom. He took it out on a shakedown and started with the SORC (unofficial, of course) in the St. Pete-Lauderdale Race. 200 NM south at Rebeccas Shoals he was 8-10 miles ahead of the big 81' maxis *WINDWARD PASSAGE*, *KIALOA*, and *CONDOR* which are reputed to be the fastest sailboats in the world. I think he has something there.

Warren has sold his 54' Hunter *TUESDAY'S CHILD* to **Jack Boye** from New York. Jack has the boat here at Snead Island and is getting it ready for the 84 OSTAR. He is #23 on the waiting list but he will probably make it.

After the Third Annual Gulf Solo/Double Race from Tampa Bay to the Dry Tortugas in May I'm going to singlehand *GOONEY BIRD* to Maine, about 1800 miles. Not exactly singlehanded -- I'll take **Hooker** with me.





Singlehanded Voyages

Greetings from Horst Timmreck on the Yacht Brigitte

A few weeks ago I received your Society letter. *BRIGITTE* is presently sailing toward Capetown with approximately 350 miles left. The weather is good and I have no reason to complain.

Konrad Eriksen asked me years ago to fill out the papers for the Slocum Society. An honorary life member is a little too much since I have no ambition to become a famous man. I am sailing just for my own happiness. My trip around the great Capes is somewhat confused since I am too lazy to make any reports and displays. I am convinced you could do it.

On September 23, 1979, I sailed from Capetown eastward. It was very windy and I had many problems, but one learns to adjust. On November 25, 1979, I was at 44° 40' South, 137° 20' East. I met a Japanese tuna fisher, JRUJ/KO1527, and we exchanged gifts and were happy to talk to each other and he took my mail along. On December 11, 1979, we were in light weather about 8 miles from South Stewart Island, New Zealand. I signalled on two lobster fishing boats. On December 29 I was 60 miles south of Tasmania. I reached the Horn on January 25, 1980. I almost suffered total loss when I went over a group of rocks but I was lucky to steer the boat again to the open sea. Between the Horn and Staaten Island I spent 3 days maintaining the boat. After that I sailed by light weather to the Falklands. On January 31, 1980, I signalled the work boat from Port Stanley for the last time. After that I sailed toward Capetown and reached it on March 8, 1980. *BRIGITTE* and the skipper sailed 70,000 miles together and were both happy. *BRIGITTE* is without a motor or radio or a map. My only light consists of a kerosene lamp. I also have a flashlight and a compass. Maybe I am able to make copies in Kapstadt from my maps, just so you can have an idea of my navigation.

21

A professional cargo skipper I'm not but for friends I take cargo on for very little money just to keep from starving. *BRIGITTE* has crossed the Atlantic many times with 750 kilograms of cargo in summer as well as in winter. All the portholes are made of steel and are watertight. There is not one drop of seawater in the boat. The cockpit has a roof. The rear is insulated with 40 millimeters of foam weatherproofing. There is also no condensation of water. The cooking is done with gas. Should you have any questions or wishes please write:

Hans Arriens, Schmuckshoehe 6A, 2 Hamburg 63, Germany -- or **Horst Timmreck**, Yacht *BRIGITTE*, St. Helena Island, South Atlantic Ocean.

(The editor wishes to thank **Shiela Reynolds** for the translation of Horst's letter.)

299 Crewed Voyages 12

Loretta and Dwight Lindholm

We are in Tahiti now getting ready for Christmas away from home. Almost six months of our odyssey is completed. We spent one month at sea getting here to French Polynesia; 2½ months visiting six inhabited islands of the Marquesas; 7 weeks in the Tuamotu group. Now here for our last 5 months in the more well known Society Islands. Our return home is still scheduled for summer 1983.

We started with the most primitive group of islands and have worked our way West. The Marquesas Islands were described recently as one of the 4 undiscovered corners of the earth. There is only infrequent passage on one of the 4 small tramp freighters which takes about 2 weeks moving from island to island. Plane flight weekly; must book months in advance. There are for all practical purposes no tourist accommodations. It is a place you really only visit by private yacht. The Marquesas Islands are all mountainous, hunting and fishing are good, lots of fruit, bananas and coconuts. The islands vary from very pristine, barefoot, horseback, outrigger canoes and living off the land to a little more advanced, a few cars, jeeps, thongs and small stores. We visited Hiva Oa, Fatu Hiva, Tahuata, Ua Pu, Nuka Hiva and Ua Huka.

22

MARQUESAS HIGHLIGHTS INCLUDE: *Hiva Oa, Atuona Bay* -- dinner and party Bastille Day with native chief and town people; dinner parties and hikes for supplies with yachties from Maine, Canada and Australia; *Hanu Manu Bay* --wilderness anchorage, pond and waterfall for bathing and laundry; gift of wild goat from visiting native hunters; dinner party with yachties from Holland; fishing at dusk; *Fatu Hiva* -- natives friendly beyond belief; gifts of meat, fish, fruit, tapa, carvings and clothes; fun feasting, swimming and tamara parties on board; *Tahuata* -- wilderness anchorage; windsurfing and no bites; *Ua Pu* -- church and volleyball games with natives; geiko lizards on board; *Nuka Hiva - Taiohae Bay* -- wood carvers **Casimer, Simeon, Daniel and Damien** - each a romance, carvings both purchased and given as gifts; French doctors, banker and **Maurice**; a week ashore for **Dwight and Loretta** at **Frank and Rose Corser's** Keikahanui Inn; dinner parties with 2 yachts from San Francisco, **Mr. Dynamite** and his wife **Tina**; *Anaho Bay* --kids took yacht for surfing; *Atiheu* -- a gourmet restaurant; Daniel's Bay -- Jerry juggling 5 gallon containers for water with "**Red Hawk**".

TUAMOTU ISLANDS are all flat atolls. Tuamotu means dangerous archipelego, each atoll has a lagoon in center, most have one or two passes into lagoon which are tricky as tides and currents are deceptive. Many ships are wrecked on the coral reefs. We visited 4 islands here -- Takaroa, Manihi, Ahe, and Rangiroa.

TUAMOTU HIGHLIGHTS INCLUDE: *Takaroa* -- nearly hit reef on hairpin turn into lagoon; we discovered the black pearls, so beautiful; joined in the festivities of the first visit in 30 years by Governor of French Polynesia; we made the

Papeete newspaper; invited to board *COMMANDANT BORY*, a 300 foot navy vessel, by its French Captain **Blanchon**; the whole village gave **Kathy** a birthday party; dancing, dancing and more dancing; a tearful departure. *Manihi* -- anchored in front of swiny Med Club type hotel; discovered more pearls; *Ahe* -- famous **Mama Fana** put on feast for us; musicians played nightly on the dock for us; gifts of turtle stew and many fish; dinner with 2 German yachts *ANTIGONE VI* and *MALOLELEY*.

Rangiroa -- Kia Ora Village, another swiny resort anchorage; many gifts of fish; trips with hotel staff and guests on *MANA ITI* charter outings; boys windsurf race thru pass around motu; dinner parties with *SHENANIGANS*, *SUZANNE* and *MANA ITI*; a long night fighting a mighty storm.

SOCIETY ISLANDS are mountainous, surrounded by coral reefs or atolls, best known and most visited in French Polynesia with modern facilities and supermarkets. We arrived November 20th and will be here till April.

SOCIETY HIGHLIGHTS: *Tahiti - Papeete Bay* -- yachts lined on the quay side by side; Pomare Boulevard; walking the plank; **Russ**, **Mary** and **Terry Johnson** visit from Los Angeles; Taharra Hotel; supermarkets; turkey on Thanksgiving; renewing acquaintances with those yachties we've met along the way to Papeete: *CHEERS*, *ANNIE*, *NAMASTE*, *THE GIRAFFE*, *NOTRE AMOUR*, French Captain **Blanchon**, Gendarmerie Commandant **Picard**; dinner, drinks and parties with other yachties along Pomare Blvd., *WAYWARD WIND*, *GRAY WHALE*, *CHOCOLATE*, *SHAITAN*, *SOLANO*, *MOEMOEA*; our new 49cc motor bike; hotel ashore for Dwight and I for 8 days while children and dogs sail to Huahine for surf; **Kathleen Layport's** arrival.

23

Looking ahead for us -- Christmas, Moorea, Bora Bora, Huahine, Raiatea, Tahaa, Maiao and Tipai.

And so it goes, so many people and so many places. Dwight, our 5 children, 2 dogs and I are partaking of high adventure. Life on board has none of the luxuries or conveniences back home. It is strictly frontier living. And of source, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week with your 5 "teen" and "twenties" children in 500 square feet of living space has to be just the ultimate happening.

The magic of cruising lies not so much in exotic ports of call but in people we meet who make each landfall memorable.



We are now leaving Bora Bora, starting to move back toward home. After a few days in Tahaa Island we will spend a couple of weeks in Papeete, Tahiti. There we will refit, reprovision and say goodbye to so many friends.

About April 10, moving Northeast, we will revisit an island or two in the Tuamotus, then spend a week in Taiohae, Nuka Hiva in the Marquesas Islands.

About May 1 *GOLDEN VIKING* will put to sea for California. This will be a passage of about 30 days, give or take a week. So in the first week or two of June we should be back in Marina Del Rey.

Since our Christmas letter we have spent 3½ months here in Society Islands. *Tahiti* and *Moorea* for a month and a half over the holidays, was of course a principal experience; hurricane Lisa, shelling, surfing, visits by family and friends to Tahiti, church services, much social life with the locals and other yachties and many Tahitian feasts.

Mid January, off to the Leeward Islands: *Huahine*, giant surf, wood carver, ancient marae ruins; *Raiatea*, shelling, scenery, good times with the locals and yachties; *Maupiti*, although only 27 miles from Bora Bora, seldom visited by yachts due to its difficult pass, great shelling, watermelon farms, dinner with officers on French Naval vessel, Doug bit by Moray eel; *Bora Bora*. The Yacht Club and a week ashore for Dwight and Loretta while the children took the yacht to *Huahine*; hurricanes *Nisha*, *Prima* and finally *Reva*.

We weathered hurricane *Reva* in front of The Bora Bora Yacht Club March 8, 9 10 and 11th. Wind at one point gusted to 120 miles per hour. The Papeete paper said *Reva* was the most destructive tropical cyclone to hit French Polynesia in 80 years. This season has seen more hurricanes in this area than any other for 25 years.

Our ground tackle held well, but we did sustain some rigging damage. Now that it is over it was one heck of an experience. Hope it doesn't happen again!

24

The bright side has been that the weather has been otherwise the best in 4 or 5 years. More sunshine, and less rain. The storms have a tendency to clean out the area. No long periods up to 30 days of rain which Papeete is known to experience.

As far as the family is concerned we are all doing fine. The 7 of us left last June and without any absences all 7 of us will return this coming June. Living with your 5 young adult children in such close quarters is an experience which is difficult to describe. Not always easy but overwhelmingly worthwhile and rewarding. We will certainly return a different family from that which we were when we left.

GOLDEN VIKING which was 5 years in the planning and 3 years in preparing proved to be well suited to our needs. We have sustained no major mechanical or equipment failures. What we did have was easily handled with a large stock of spare parts and alternative back up systems. With no refrigeration or diesel generator and few gadgets, our time was spent enjoying the trip rather than working on the boat equipment.

We navigated the way it has been done the last 125 years, with the compass, watch and sextant. No electronic equipment, such as loran, omega, radar or satellite navigation, etc. and our keel has never touched bottom. I might also add that our anchor has never dragged, but on the other hand we never enter a harbor at night.

It is now almost 2 years since Doug and I started working on the boat full time in the summer of 1981 and I closed my law office. Then a half year in Mexico and return to Los Angeles for refitting and reprovisioning. Almost a year now that the 7 of us have been cruising on this yacht together.

Where are we at and how do we feel? Each one of us has mixed emotions. On the one hand we have adapted to this life, the life of a vagabond to the extent that we could continue on. The trip has been a great success in this regard. On the other hand we are each one of us very anxious to get home and renew life again as we were when we left. That of course is the overriding feeling. So, I guess its time to go home. We have peaked out at just the right time. We have ridden the crest of the wave. It is time to let the white water wash us ashore. See you soon.

We are home in Los Angeles now after our thirteen month cruising adventure in the South Pacific. **Dwight** and I, **Douglas 24**, **Dee Dee 22**, **Jeanne 18**, **Philip 16**, **Kathy 15** (our 5 Golden Vikings) and ship's mascots, Rottweiler "**Asta**" and Pekinese "**Tammy**". We all stayed together on our voyage for the entire time and the joy of a mission accomplished is shared by all. *GOLDEN VIKING*, our 51 foot Ketch, came through with flying colors -- little worse for wear, needing powder and paint.

Our last newsletter of March 1983 left us on our passages from *Bora Bora* to *Tahiti*. We were in need of shopping, reprovisioning and general preparation for the last leg of our voyage and return home.

It was like old home week in *Papeete Bay* and *Maeva Beach, Tahiti*. We renewed acquaintances with yachtie friends we had met along the way. *CHEERS*, *MARINKA*, *FISH HOOK*, *NAMASTE*, *SOLANO*, *VAURA*, *LITTLE EARL AND BIG EARL*, *DINK'S SONG*, *ALOTOLA*, *MY LOVE*, *LA EMBRA*, *WAYWARD WIND*, *TUIA*, *BARUNITA*, *WINDJOB*, *SPIRIT 4*, and others along with our local friends, the **Patrick Bonnette** family, the **Alain Picard** family, **Dominique Planchon**, **Victor Chene**, **Liz** at *Oceania*, **Josette**, **Mana Iti** and **Tina McCauley**.

While awaiting hurricane *Veena* we received news of my Dad's passing. There was an airplane strike, a hurricane on the way and we had not made ham radio contact for quite a few days, only to find that the funeral had already taken place. A sad day for all of us.

Hurricane *Venna* hit *Tahiti* on April 11th. We had already experienced a frightening mauramu storm in *Rangiroa*, *Lisa* hurricane at *Maeva Beach*, hurricane *Reve* in *Bora Bora* and awaited two other hurricanes that had changed direction before hitting us.

We were tied stern to the quay with our anchor off the bow in *Papeete Bay* when the arrival was upon us. The chilling thing about a hurricane is the approach. We were like a group of civilians awaiting an enemy invasion. A definite crescendo takes place that lasts for days. All yachts tie everything down and the watch begins. All radios on as **Stephan** on *Namaste* translates the hourly French weather report to us all on channel 16. Tension builds as wind increases its speed, and the direction shifts back and forth but is coming right at you and the width of the storm is too much to make much of a difference. There is a melodrama played on the radio as other yachts beg for help as they are pushed or dragged onto the reef or beach by the powerful 120 mile an hour winds. We saw boats sink around us. The aftermath of *Venna* was more than *Papeete* could bear -- 6,500 homes destroyed and about again that many lost their roof; about 45 yachts were beached, sank or destroyed. We held

tight and were among the relieved survivors after it was over. Our children and other yachties pitched in the next few days helping those in distress. It was like a war zone after the big battle, still, silent, eerie.

We were behind schedule but heading for our *Nuka Hiva* stop over, with yet another hurricane threatening. As we entered *Taiohae Bay*, bad news -- our transmission failed. Good news -- "*Trapped in Paradise*". We made it so far without mechanical failure and we were able to renew so many friendships in this special *Marquesa Island*. Our banker **Bernard** and his wife **Marcellina**; mechanical genius **Maurice Grand** and wife **Myrna**, woodcarvers **Casimir**, **Monique**, **Damien**, **Simeon**, **Mokio** and **Manu**, **Rudy Klima** - "Mr. Dynamite", **Raymond Fiedler** (his top aide), **Maurice McKettrick** and son **Jimmy** in their magazin, **Alice** in her magazin, all helped us in so many ways. We shared our experiences with incoming 83-84 cruising yachts on their way South: *ANORE*, *ANTARES*, *ZUBENEL GENUBI*, *SEVERANCE*, *DAZZLER*, *MR. SAMSON*, *ROWENA*, *ISIS*, *ARCHERINGA*, *GENTLE GIANT*, and *TORTUGA*. We enjoyed many fun times together as we awaited the parts **Glen Thorpe** was orchestrating from Los Angeles on ham radio with the help of **Patrick Bonnette**, **Daniel Jamon**, *UTA*, and Air Polynesia friends in Papeete. Even **Cdt. Planchon** came in with his warship *BORY*.

We spent about a month there and soon departed to *Anaho* for a few days of wind surfing, this and that with *TORTUGA* and *SEVERANCE*. Jeanne traded her Walkman for a most unusual pearl from **Dora** and **Roger**, the colorful couple in this remote bay. Then a last stop at *Atiheu Bay* -- gourmet meal at **Matu** and **Yvonne Katupa's** restaurant.

26 We finally left for our difficult uphill passage, against the wind, to Los Angeles. We tacked, zig and zag with winds on the nose, heavy seas at times, and broken ribs for me as a freak wave whiplashed the yacht and me around the galley into this table and that. I spent the last 30 days sandbagged in the bunk. **Dr. John Reynolds**, Transpac Fleet Surgeon, **Dr. Glen Thorpe**, ham radio meant the very best care in the world 1000 miles out at sea.

Homecoming was sweet... July 14th in San Diego for a reunion with many of my immediate family, then July 21st in Marina Del Rey as many family and friends came to greet us on our arrival home. It will always be such a special memory for us.

Our reentry is coming along quite well. Doug is in real estate sales with the Charles Dunn Company; Dionne has a challenging job in real estate with the Eiger Corporation in Beverly Hills; Jeanne is in her first year of Business School at Menlo College in Northern California; Philip is at Webb School in Claremont; and Kathy has successfully rejoined her Tenth Grade class at Westlake.

GOLDEN VIKING has been bouncing from dock to dock, California, Del Rey and Santa Monica Yacht Clubs, the county dock, to mention a few. The waiting lists here go on and on. *GOLDEN VIKING* moved to a new permanent home on Balboa Peninsula in Newport Beach, December 1st as we moved back into our home on Rossmore Avenue.

Dwight reopened his law office August 1, 1983. He seems to be thriving on his problems. I spent my first few months in child management, sorting boxes in storage among other things, working out of my family factory on Lincoln Boulevard next to Marina Del Rey and *GOLDEN VIKING*. We enjoyed a reunion with **Iz Benitson**,

faithful ham radio contact.

We are looking forward to getting our slides organized, pasting up our scrapbooks and getting together with friends. If you are passing by please give us a call. We would love to see you.

Evelyn and Erich Sroka

It has taken us quite some time to come on the air again but now as you all can see we have the *SRI DEWI* nearly completed and she will be ready for launching around the middle of February. Evelyn and I have had a very hard time keeping our tempers as people over in this part of the globe are not very fast in their actions. The total construction time was 20 months. The vessel is double strip planked and epoxy saturated, the spans are laminated ten times, the ballast is 13 tons, and the deck and interior are teak.

The *SRI DEWI* is made completely from local materials. Not one piece was imported. We made it all with our own hands and with the best of materials. Anyway, the big thing is done. A dream of 30 years has become a reality and 20 years of savings have gone into it. I do not regret it. I have been my own boss all the way, as I have always wanted it.

I have two interested parties each building aboat of the same type, a Roberts 70, and with this I come to the point. We are setting up our business in Bali, the tourist island of Indonesia. It will be called the Bali Yacht Construction and Charter Company. Slipway and repair facilities with a diver and salvage service will be included. Whoever shall sail our direction is welcome and we will make other facilities available in the future for Slocum Society members.



Sri Dewi showing her east side, installing deck super structure.

In the future I will come up with several requests regarding membership for some of our clients and partners and I hope to start a contribution system for the Society. Until today I have been busy doing my work and getting our boat ready. My day starts at 0500 and ends at 2300-2400. This includes Saturdays and Sundays. I am a slave to my own ambitions but it is hard on the family and especially my wife. Being an old salt I am sometimes sorry for the others but I cannot help being the way I am.

Evelyn and I have an idea to make other facilities available in the future. This is what we have in mind: a rest place and kind of motel and yacht berthing facility. We would take care of immigration and customs matters for our members first and then for others. We could arrange for medical facilities and other help when necessary. Three months from now you will be able to radio ahead for bunkering, ship chandlery, and supply requirements.

In the meantime we shall use *SRI DEWI* for daily charter trips around the islands near Bali and I hope we will soon have a few more boats available. This is in connection with the larger hotels who will arrange the trips. We have ten seats reserved for each major hotel.

I have to recover some of the money I spent in order to plan for an around the world trip in 1989. We were going to start in 1985 but I took a five year contract as Manager of the Bali Yacht Construction and Charter Company. They offered us good terms and conditions. According to the papers I am already an old guy so I could not refuse the offer. So I accepted. In a few weeks or months I will have more news for you.

28

Peter Tangvald

In July of 1982 my new Chinese wife **Ann**, my now seven year old son **Thomas** and I sailed down to the Canaries and the sun in 10 days flat. In September we went over to French Guyana and in December to Martinique. There I found two customers who wanted me to design them a near sistership of my 50 foot ketch *ARTEMIS*. The gaff rigged ketch design was reduced to 40 feet with an extreme shallow draft and a daggerboard. Incidentally, I will sell the stock plans of the new design for US\$500. It took me four months to finish the drawings before I could continue my voyage toward the States which I had finally grown homesick for after so many years of vagabonding. Unfortunately, when we reached the Doiminican Republic we found we had to postpone our trip to the United States for a year because of paper problems caused by Ann's Malaysian passport. Instead, we sailed to Portugal which has proven to be an extremely pleasant country with nice people, sea conditions, a perfect climate, and low prices.

We have a new crew member on board now: **Carmen**, an adorable little baby, 10 days old now, with almond shaped eyes. She seems very content on board but, unlike Thomas whom you may remember was born in the middle of nowhere in the

Indian Ocean, she was born very respectably in the hospital. She was admitted only just so. She appeared less than an hour after reaching the hospital. So this time we have a birth certificate and I will avoid the endless troubles I have had because Thomas was born without anyone qualified to make that most important paper!

I find it very frustrating to read cruising books and see so many inaccuracies. I consider the absolute prerequisite of any book claiming to tell true adventures scrupulous truth and accuracy. To make matters worse, all too often writers do not hesitate to state their own opinion in matters they are not qualified to judge.

For example, in **Lin** and **Larry Pardey's** new book *The Self-Sufficient Sailor* they describe the pirate attack I suffered in the Sulu Sea where my wife was killed. They described the attack from what they had read in various newspapers without checking with me as to what really happened and even reached the ridiculous conclusion that it is better not to be armed as it was my wife's own fault that she was killed. Her warning shot may have startled "innocent fishermen" into retaliating for her fire! They disregard the fact that in Asia no "innocent fisherman" carries any firearms of any kind for the simple reason that doing so in that part of the world is severely punished by several years in jail or as in Malaysia with death by hanging. Only pirates can afford to take such a chance. Also, what "innocent fishermen" would, even after a murder done by accident, board the ship and plunder it?

That the Pardeys sailed ten years unarmed and unharmed does not prove that danger does not exist. It does not prove it any more than the man having sailed across the ocean blindfolded without hitting any reefs proves there are no reefs in the ocean. Having been attacked not just once but twice I know that danger does exist. In the first attack the police were not even surprised that my wife had been killed. They were surprised that I had not been as normally pirates will kill everyone on board and then after plundering will sink the vessel and thus eliminate all traces and all witnesses. In the second case in the Mediterranean no one was killed but the brutality of our aggressors will not soon be forgotten by myself, by Ann, or even by my then five year old son. It is thus rather infuriating for me to read naive and dangerous advice by authors who have had more luck than they deserve and who are actually helping the criminals in advising fellow yachtsmen to let themselves be sitting ducks. If yachtsmen would realize that danger from pirates does exist they could arm themselves accordingly. They should learn how to use their weapons efficiently. If such a policy became standard with all ships, pirates would soon lose interest in their now all too easy "trade."

Do not let this sound as if I am condemning the Pardeys and their book altogether. This only concerns a few paragraphs of their book which in all other respects is excellent. If I criticize the Pardeys as journalists I am the first to recognize them as first class sailors as well as remarkable craftsmen.

In fact, I feel rather nasty in criticizing them at all inasmuch as they did me the great honor of dedicating their book to me and using me as an example of a self-sufficient sailor. But I would not deserve that appellation if, now that I know the danger, I would be satisfied to count on luck to protect me from pirates. Rather I should plan ahead and be able to protect myself and my family with weapons. This would aid in making me really self-sufficient.

A Letter From Our Youngest Contributor

My name is **Carmen Sau Chew Tangvald**. I am five weeks old. That is, if we count in the selfish way of adults who refuse to take into account what they do not see. In reality I am 9 months older than that and started life in Martinique 10 months ago but I was born here in Portugal last month. In the meantime we had crossed the Atlantic. We are my Norwegian/American father, my Chinese/Malaysian mother, and my French/American half-brother **Thomas**. But unlike my brother who was born onboard the yacht in the middle of nowhere in the Indian Ocean, I was very respectably born in the local hospital, although for a while my parents thought that I was going to be born in the dinghy during the long row from the outer anchorage to the town. According to reports my father established a speed record for 10' pram dinghys but I don't see what all the worry was about. They still had to wait nearly a whole hour in the hospital before I appeared!

30 However, to hear them talk now it sounds like the main reason to have me in the hospital was not so much for my safety nor even for that of my mother, but rather just to get a proper birth certificate! The lack of that all-important piece of paper for my brother caused endless worries to my father who at one time was almost accused of having stolen the baby. He was in fact threatened to have it taken away from him until he could prove that he was the father! It took 6 years of hassle before an official was found who had enough courage to put his signature on the necessary documents to "legalize" my brother despite the lack of proof of his birth. No wonder my father did not want to suffer all the bureaucratic trouble once more and was so keen to get me in a proper hospital.

So while my brother, for 6 years, had no passport and no papers whatsoever, I got with no hassle not just one but two nationalities and two passports: a Portuguese one by my physical birth in Portugal and an American one through my father. At 18 I can choose myself which one I mean to keep.

It all goes to prove that however much we hate regulations and paperwork, it does pay to know about them and about the law so that we can use them to our advantage.

Should any of you spot our ship in some anchorage, do come onboard for tea and to make some compliments about what a beautiful doll I am (not that I care, but it so pleases my parents...)

Signed by a cross:
X



Geoff Meakin

My wife and two boys, age 11 and 15, plan to cruise south sometime next year. We still have a lot to do to our Grampian 37 sloop *ESCAPE* but should be ready to set sail by the Fall of 1984. We hope to be away for approximately two to three years and may go further than we care to mention at this stage. In fact, a boat the same as ours on Lake Ontario is sailing for Australia next week.

Our boat is at Georgian Bay, Lake Huron, and we are sailing through Lakes Huron, Erie, and Ontario to Oswego in New York state, then down the canal system and Hudson River to New York City and then probably to Bermuda for our first real foreign visit.

Our boat needed both 110V and 12V systems checked and overhauled and I took out the fridge and installed a Nova Cool freezer system which works very well except for the power it consumes. To overcome this I bought one of the Honda portable generators which uses just ½ gallon in 24 hours and probably needs to be on 2 hours a day in any case.

A lot of other repair works and modifications have been done. There are still things to do but things come to a halt here in the cold North for a few months because of the freezeup. It will be Spring of '84 before things can really get going again. If anybody has good secondhand charts of the Bermuda, Bahamas, Virgin Islands areas I would be happy to purchase them.

Being ex-British Royal Navy I would be happy to hear from any others that are Society members or reside in the Bahamas, etc. My old navy ships were the *H.M.S. RHYL*, *UNDAUNTED*, *LEANDER*, *VICTORY*, *VERNON*, etc. and of course shore bases mainly in the Portsmouth, England, areas.

[Because of his cruising plans, Geoff has resigned as our Port Captain in the Lake Ontario area.]

31

Dale and Sally Scott

CASINO (a Westsail 32) is back home again after a 23 month "shakedown" cruise -- Baja, Hawaii, the North West and then down the coast from Neah Bay to San Diego in one jump.

27 days from Cabo to Hilo, 22½ days from Oahu to Neah Bay and then 16 days from Neah Bay to San Diego -- El niño played with us from time to time but we had no major weather problems except for "Iwa" in Hawaii and no wind to San Diego.

Pleased as we are with the first part of our travels, Sally and I are now (10 days after arriving in San Diego) getting the boat ready for the next "leg" -- departing San Diego January '84 down to Baja -- spend a year gunkholing around Baja -- January '85 down to the Marquesas, Tuamotus, Societies, and then to New Zealand. We should return to San Diego in the Fall of 1987. Any and all plans are subject to change with or without notice *of course!*

Ralph and Cheryl Baker

Well, the Slocum Society flag was flying from our mizzen on the *FLYING LADY* in June while we were in search of a lost island in the Pacific. We left Honolulu the first of June, with **Joe Gervais** onboard, in search of an uncharted island in the Howland Island area. The island is not very large and no sighting had been recorded since the 1860s by a New Bedford whaler.

Mr. Gervais had done extensive research in his travels in search of **Amelia Earhart**. His theory was that she may have crashed on the island.

We can now say for sure the island is there.

We set out to the southwest headed for Howland Island 0° 48' N 176° 38' W. Howland is an uninhabited, windswept island with no trees. It is ½ mile wide by 1½ miles long.

We sailed for Howland because we needed to use it as a reference point. We had to sail outbound from there on a heading last reported by Ms. Earhart. We felt it wouldn't be very far because of a message she was able to transmit after she crash landed.

Mr. Gervais has gathered so much new information that he has written a new book that will be out in early spring. It should be a best seller, especially when it is learned we located the island. The island will be named Gervais, pronounced Jarvay. The weather in the Howland area at the time was absolutely terrible and we stayed around for 3 days searching and trying to go ashore. We finally left and headed for Tarawa, where we left leave Mr. Gervais.

32

We stayed at Tarawa for 6 weeks before starting back to Hawaii. After starting back, we changed our minds and headed for Fiji. We could not turn back now, not after the adventure we had just experienced.

We will write again soon. The next letter will tell about our shipwreck and the rebuilding of the *FLYING LADY*. We are sailing for Papua New Guinea from Suva in the morning. We will spend Christmas in Madang, then on to Hong Kong.

We love sailing out here and hope we can stay quite awhile.

We will be in the last chapter of the new book *Lost Star: The Last Days of Amelia Earhart* by **Randle Brink**. It is published by Simon and Schuster.

Larry and Reba Shepard

It has been a year since our last newsletter, which we mailed from St. Thomas in the U.S. Virgin Islands, about 30 miles from where we are now. At that time, *BORNE FREE* and her diligent crew of two had just finished with another charter season.

Shortly after that letter, we again sailed to the British Virgin Islands where Larry taught a Seamanship and Small Boat Handling course for the BVI Government's Community Development Department. We moored our boat at the Moorings in Roadtown, Tortola after we had her hauled out for an annual inspection and face

lift, during which we stayed ashore in a hotel. When *BORNE FREE* was safely back in the water, and when the course was finished, Larry flew back to California to attend to some business. Reba stayed on *BORNE FREE* and did something we both dislike -- paperwork.

Mike is safely in college at Claremont McKenna College. We are still chartering to help him through school. What a fun way to earn! We did a few weeks of charters in the summer of 1982, and a lot of writing. Larry decided to go ahead with a planned "Cruising Guide" of the US and British Virgins because there isn't one here except one that covers lots of other areas too. We did the photography, and some of the writing. We also did a lot of commuting between the US and British Virgins, spending most of our time in the area we loved most -- the BVI's.

We thought it would be a slow summer, but somehow it slipped away ever too quickly. During our stay at the Moorings in Roadtown, we met a young man who skippered the day charter yacht at Peter Island Hotel, located south of Tortola, across the Sir Francis Drake Channel. His yacht was a sister ship of *BORNE FREE*, and he was leaving in a few months -- leaving his position open.

We decided to look into it, and making a long story short, we liked it, and we were offered the concession.

Previously, we had been taking guests out for 6 to 7 nights at a time, like a floating hotel. That is called "term" chartering. Larry and Reba were the only crew, and with 4 guests, we had no room for additional crew, even though another hand would have been most welcomed. If anything needed to be done while on charter, we got to do it, including 3 meals a day, snacks, drinks, cleanup, snorkel guide, dinghy chauffer, sailor, etc., etc.

On a day charter, we take guests out from 9 a.m., feed them snacks and drinks, guide them through our favorite snorkeling grounds, serve lunch, sail home, and return guests around 5 p.m. We decided we would prefer that to term chartering, and accepted.

Peter Island Hotel and Yacht Harbour is a 32 room resort hotel with a very selective clientele. It is the sole development on the Island in a delightful garden setting. We set about putting our affairs in order and cancelling our availability as a term charter yacht. We moved *BORNE FREE* to Peter Island on November 1, 1982, and found we like the work but especially like the people and the neighborhood.

When we accepted the challenge at Peter Island, we had one charter already booked for 2 weeks late December and early January, 1983. The guests are friends, and we wanted to keep the commitment. Peter Island's management agreed, providing we provided a substitute boat, which we did. Everything about the charter was wonderful except the weather.

Early December, Mike flew here to join us for Christmas, knowing we had the charter to do. The guests liked to SCUBA dive, and Mike is now a certified instructor, so he had his job cut out for him. It was a fun charter, even though we had to hole up several times because of the weather, blew out 3 sails, had our engine quit (which we cannot explain) at a crucial time. At least it wasn't a dull 2 weeks.

When our guests returned home, we returned to Peter Island, where Larry helped Mike prepare for his U.S. Coast Guard Captains' license examination.

We saw Mike off at the airport, and held good thoughts until he called us to say he had passed the test, and now held a Coast Guard Captain's license with 100 Ton Ocean Operator's and Sail Auxiliary. That's no small accomplishment for one who is just 22 years old. With that and his SCUBA certifications and instructor's ticket, he's ready for about anything connected with the water.

Mike returned to college and we returned to day chartering. Among our obligations to the hotel are entertaining guests on day charters, sunset cocktail cruises, and -- attending at least two manager's cocktail parties every week.

Somewhere in between the other activities, Reba completed writing her first cookbook for publication -- "*The Charter Cookbook*" which will be out in the not too distant future, but Larry postponed plans on his cruising guide when another publication came out.

Every Tuesday, the hotel sends a 46-foot Bertram to St. Thomas, and, when space is available, we travel to St. Thomas for the day, where we do some shopping, and some work at the St. Thomas Daily News (local newspaper). We still turn out a monthly supplement to the local Gannett Publication. It runs from 8 - 12 pages and covers the "Marine Scene" in and around the US and British Virgins. It is a good discipline, and fun -- as we cover aquatic events like windsurfing games, boat races, fishing tournaments and the like.

On occasion, we still have articles published in other boating publications as well -- recently in *Yachtsman*.

Future plans are based on Mike's schooling, and on our finances. This is a great way to help Mike through school, as we work from 9 - 5 about 3 - 4 days a week, and that work is taking guests out on *BORNE FREE* to sail and snorkel -- if you can call it work.

We do have one vacation trip planned, to California and Minnesota -- to visit children. Michael will take a summer course in Quito, Equador, visit the Galapagos Islands, then fly to the BVI's to take over *BORNE FREE* while we travel. What is home to us now? Probably wherever *BORNE FREE* happens to be, but we do enjoy visiting friends and family.

Recently, friends visited us. **Dick Farrer**, who has now sailed with us three different times around the world, conspired with son Mike, invited friends **Marshall** and **Louise Perry** and **Beverly Kuhlberg**, flew to the BVI's, chartered a yacht, and sailed into Peter Island to surprise us. They did!

We will be in California from mid July to the first week of August, about 3 weeks. If you would like to get together, drop us a line at the address below and let us know. We'll be on a fairly tight schedule, but there is always time for friends. We hope to hear from you.

[Neal Walker met long time Slocum Society members Larry and Reba Shephard in the British Virgin Islands last August.]

Robert Parnoff

We are another couple about to realize our years of yearning and planning to leave this complicated, busy life-style and voyage throughout this beautiful world meeting people and enjoying life. The house was sold May 16th (1983) and we moved aboard that day. We had the good fortune in April, 1981, to find and buy an excellent blue water fiberglass sloop which we have renamed *JOY*. She is an Alberg 37, a well proven and comfortable boat and she will take us on our first leg down the ditch in the fall from Connecticut to Florida and then to the Bahamas where we plan to start enjoying life more.

Two of our children, **Bob** and **Jean**, have been on their own this past year and it looks like we will have few worries there. Our daughter, **Janet**, a young lady of 19, and our son **Tom**, 17, comprise ship's company along with co-owner, first and only mate **Mimi**, and myself. Tom's duties will also consist of studying his senior high school curriculum by correspondence course.

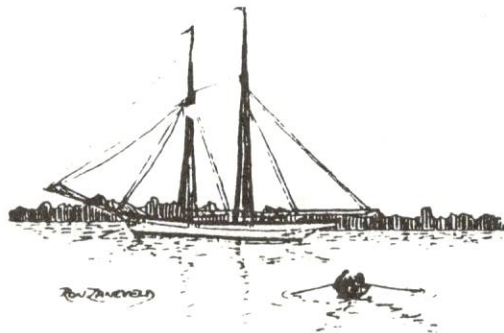
We intend to continue sailing for as long as we consider it a great living experience. Our two crew members will be encouraged to start land life in a few years time for that much needed part of their education.

My wife and I will subsist on interest earnings from the sale of the house and we plan to supplement our incomes by working when and where necessary. The boat is paid for and well provisioned. We have developed some extra skills and plan to expand them as we go along. In five years I will start drawing on my retirement income earned from my job of 23 years in the aerospace industry. I will be 55 years old then. The only way we could accomplish this new life was for us to use all of our savings to buy the boat and for me to give up my comfortable and secure job.

For 13 years we have been seriously planning our retirement and all those years we have sailed as a family unit on many holiday on three and four week vacations, and on weekends on our 24' Venture *JELLY BEAN*. We believe we have the necessary information and realistic attitude to make this venture successful and fully expect to be free for quite a long while, God willing of course.

So this summer the plan is loosely to finish provisioning the vessel, to cruise this general area, and to visit friends while we still have a car. We will sail to the Bahamas this winter. Then of future wheres and whens we will decide later.

[Editor's note: The Parnoff's have a ham radio aboard. Their call letters are KA1COH. Bob and Mimi can be reached at their son's address: c/o Robert C.A. Parnoff, 90 Fairview Ave., Apt. 1B, Naugatuck, CT 06770.]



How Not To Roll In A Force 10 Gale

By William J. Doherty

There is a significant, yet relatively little known tradition in smallboat voyaging; fine seamen like **Patrick Ellam**, **Kenichi Horie**, and **John Guzzwell**, among others, have made smart blue water passages in "yachts" ranging in size from one to three thousand pounds displacement. It was a knowledge of these voyages plus the same fascination with seamanship and the sea shared by many C.C.A. members which led me to prepare my eighteen footer, *MYTHOS*, for the North Atlantic.

A GOLDENEYE

MYTHOS, a fiberglass boat built to the Goldeneye class, was designed originally in 1928 by **Nat Herreshoff**. She is a healthy seaboat model with a full keel, short ends, good beam for form stability, combined with moderate draft and 1300 pounds of outside lead ballast. In stock form, the Goldeneye has a small cuddy cabin, narrow companionway, high bridge deck, and self bailing cockpit. Basically a day boat, for my purposes the cockpit was too big and the cockpit seat lockers allowed too much water into the interior of the boat. I secured the lockers shut, and sealed them with waterproof caulking, then built a fitted, water-tight, and removable cockpit locker (a vastly complicated box) which with its top arching from coaming to coaming and its sliding hatch, looked to many people like a mini aft cabin. This gave me storage for all the wet gear topside and left me with a small cockpit just aft of the companionway, near the center of the boat.

36

FLOTATION CELLS

Even before the Fastnet data, I was skeptical of the idea of bobbing around the North Atlantic in a rubber raft, so I installed thirty five cubic feet of closed cell foam as flotation for the boat. According to my calculations this would keep the boat afloat, albeit awash, while my survival suit kept me alive and the EPIRB summoned help. I should make clear that I had no worry whatsoever of *MYTHOS* foundering. My concerns were rather directed toward the possibility of collision either with a ship or floating debris (abandoned trimarans, etc.). Two advantages of floatation are the possibility of effecting a repair and pump-out, and the continuing availability of all my supplies. Another benefit is psychological: the peace of mind that comes with knowing your boat will not sink.

BEEFED UP RIG

Just as a larger yacht would do before venturing into the Southern Ocean, I had to consider the possibility that my boat would be overwhelmed and capsized in a great storm. With this in mind, we replaced the entire rig with a new heavy duty version: an increased section keel stepped mast, stainless steel masthead fitting, heavy duty spreaders and bases, twin backstays, inner forestay, and stainless steel strap type chain plates. The rig was designed so that should the boat become inverted, it would come back with the rig intact.

THE WEAK LINK

All the plans and preparations for this trip were made with the idea in mind that I was the weak link. I believe that generally speaking, in a well found yacht at sea, the crew is the weak link. It is my opinion that a lack of respect for this idea has led to many difficulties at sea. After thirty-nine days in very close proximity to the North Atlantic I'm certain I was right. The unrelenting hostility of the North Atlantic impressed deeply on me my complete dependence on the yacht, as a life support system, little difference from an astronaut in his space capsule.

LYING A-HULL

Following my "be nice to your crew" philosophy, I've got some reservations about two commonly used storm tactics: running off depends on the gamble that the storm will end before the crew is exhausted, and on a short handed cruising yacht, I don't care for the odds. I do have a high regard for a good boat's natural ability on the sea, but lying ahull presents a few problems. First, the (normal) motion in a gale is fatiguing, and in turn a dangerous potential for bashed heads, sprains, fractures exists. Second, what happens if the sea state gets to the point that the boat begins to be knocked down? A good boat can probably take a lot of this type of punishment, but how often can the crew be dropped on their heads and come up smiling? Now with a tired, banged up crew and nasty sea state, is this the time to go topside to rig a drogue? It might make a great story, but I'd be delighted to let someone else write it.

A STERN DROGUE

Based on readings in Roth, Griffith, Barton, Lewis, Horie, and my own storm experience on *MYTHOS*, I believe the "ultimate" storm tactic (assuming sea room) is a drogue from the stern. I define a drogue as a device (possibly as simple as a length of chain) deployed from the stern so as to maintain a "stern to" attitude. Towing warps is not generally useful as they don't provide adequate resistance. **Robin Knox Johnston** did use a system of warps successfully in *SUHAILI*, but the great lengths he used in a bight following *SUHAILI* would really constitute a drogue. Conversely, sea anchors provide too much resistance and can put the yacht in jeopardy by resisting the power of the seas. The question of what is adequate or too much or too little must at this point be left to the individual skippers and their knowledge of and intuitions about their own boats. My experience tells me it is not difficult to get inside the effective range. I believe some thought on the subject *before going to sea* will give good results.

The drogue system I used on *MYTHOS*, with her 6'4" beam, 24 foot mast and a loaded displacement of some 3700 pounds, was a stock 15 pound mushroom anchor approxiatmely 10" in diameter, shackled to a *swivel*, 12 feet of 5/16 inch chain, and 200 feet of 3/8 inch nylon.

FORCE 10

On July 24, 1980, I was seventy-three miles West of the Fastnet when an intense (Force 10) low provided a "good" opportunity to test both the basic stability of the boat and the effectiveness of the drogue as a heavy weather tactic.

0530 Hove to on starboard tack to Southeast wind, Force 6.

0915 Running Northwest under barepole.

1200 Secured self steerer and put on drogue -- drifting.

350°T, Force 7+.

A WIND SHIFT

The wind continued to increase steadily 55 gusting over 70 until approximately 1900, when the wind rapidly shifted 30° to the East. With this shift the seas became much steeper, confused and breaking. Dropping into the troughs was like a roller coaster ride. At the bottom of the troughs the drogue line was rising from the stern at a 15° angle. At 2000 the sea state was wild. *MYTHOS* was handling herself well so there was no reason to be fearful; however my mental state certainly was apprehensive. I decided it would be a good idea to put some loose items in secure lockers, and to contribute my 150 pounds to the stability of the boat by sitting on the cabin sole. We were clouted by large breaking waves from various directions. But *MYTHOS* came through it all like a trooper, although she did suffer her only gear failure of the trip -- the starboard radar reflector fell down.

THE EYE

By 0800 July 25, we had drifted 45 nautical miles Northwest and although the sea was high the wind had moderated enough to get under way. The wind was still from East of South so I sailed Southwest on port tack to get back on course while maintaining my offing from Ireland's formidable West coast. At this point I believed the storm was over. What was happening, however, was that the low was passing over my position on a Northerly course, and I was in its center, or eye. During the afternoon the winds, still light, shifted to the Northwest and began to fill in.

1900 Dramatic clearing -- from complete overcast to fair weather clouds in minutes. Simultaneous with sun beginning to lower in the West. *Inspiring* (any view of the sun North of the fiftieth parallel gives a feeling of profound well being.)

BARE POLES, FATIGUE

38 Soon it is dark and, running Southeast under bare poles, we've got another Force 8 gale on our hands. Tired before the storm, I was now feeling much put upon by Mother Nature. Fatigue, disappointment, frustration and plain old fear were combining to put me in a nasty and unseaworthy mood. In these conditions the self steerer could not control the boat and the drogue was called for. I knew it, but I was just too tired and disgusted. Here the many hours I spent considering the seaworthiness of *MYTHOS*' design paid off handsomely. A variety of circumstances had got me into a situation where my capacity to handle the boat properly was reduced. *MYTHOS*, though, because of her design and preparation, was well able to take up the slack. Having set my alarm for one hour intervals to keep a lookout, at one alarm I awoke in a rage, saying aloud, "*Why doesn't someone else take one of these watches!*" I was instantly aware why, of course, but clearly I was near the edge.

THE INEVITABLE

It was at this point that *MYTHOS* was overwhelmed by an exceptionally large steep breaking wave. There is no question that the boat was completely immersed in sea water. This first wave must have broached us, for the next thing I knew, another huge wave was sweeping us broadside. This wave also innunated *MYTHOS* in a solid sea. We went over about to the rail (not a knockdown). It was a very tense few seconds, like the irresistible force and the immovable object. But *MYTHOS*' combination of form stability and lead ballast created a righting moment that the wave simply could not overcome. We must have gone at least fifty feet sideways

before the second wave passed. *MYTHOS* popped up, the self steerer took over and off we went again, down wind. This seemed to signal a moderating trend and by the morning of July 26, the wind was light, but the sea still high and confused. I was now experiencing other symptoms of utter exhaustion, so I secured everything, deployed the drogue, and slept.

SAFE ARRIVAL

By noon, I was underway again, and at 2000 hours GMT, July 27, 1980, I made my fog shrouded arrival at Ireland's Fastnet Rock, thirty-nine days and four hours after leaving Gloucester, Massachusetts.

[This article originally appeared in *Cruising Club News*. It is reprinted here with the permission of the Cruising Club of America.]

In a letter to the Slocum Society, member **Bill Doherty** adds:

Some data not included in my article --

Left Gloucester, MA, June 18, 1980, 1600 GMT.

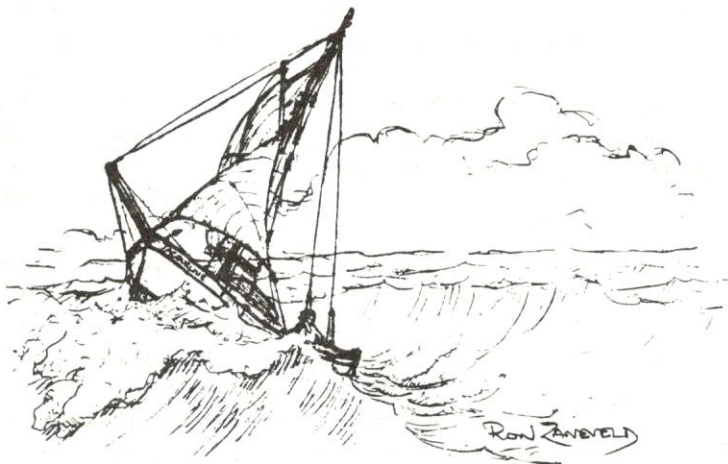
Sailed a great circle route to Crookhaven, Ireland.

No gear failure other than having one of two fixed radar reflectors come adrift in a F-10 storm.

After arriving in Crookhaven, my wife **Patti** joined me a week later and together we cruised the Irish south coast, stopping at Baltimore, Glandore, Kinsale, and Crosshaven.

We were thrilled and fascinated on this cruise to meet many outstanding seamen, including **Don Street**, **Rob and Naomi James**, and **Eric Taberly**.

I was inspired to make my voyage by the fine voyages of **John Guzzwell**, **Kenichi Horie**, and **Patrick Ellam**, among others, and hope that my voyage can, with theirs, contribute something to the growing tradition of ocean crossing in small boats.



Random Comments

By Bob Torriero

40 Since June of 1982 I have been fulfilling my own secret dream. As you may know, my boat (completely paid for as of May 21, 1983) is *AVANTI!*, a 22' Westerly Cirrus sloop, designed by **John Butler**. As you may also know I have been a social worker and then psychotherapist/psychoanalyst in private practice. Last June (1982) I began to close shop. I took the summer and went solo up Long Island Sound and then the Cape Cod Canal. I got as far North as Gloucester. My lady **Claire** (we were married June 4, 1983) [*Congratulations!*] joined me for a couple of weeks. Then I had to continue working but took time off (8 days) during late September/October and went with a friend (**Paul Sherwood**, a wood boat builder from Wake, Virginia) went down the Jersey coast, up Delaware and then the C & D Canal. Paul got off at Chesapeake City (on the C & D Canal) and I continued to Deltaville, Virginia. Then I had to leave *AVANTI!* once again. She was extremely well taken care of at Ruark's Marina while I returned to N.Y.C. to finish closing my practice and consulting work. Finally on November 15, 1982, *AVANTI!* and I left Deltaville on our successful cruise down the ICW to Lake Park, Florida, where my brother winters. It was even better than the dream!! We had everything! It was cold, cold (one time 45° in the cabin). I wore long johns, pairs of pants, foul weather jacket gear, sea boots over wool stockings, 2 sweaters under my foul weather jacket, a wool cap, the hood of my foul weather jacket and gloves for the first week! Then we began to peel down as we went south. We had about five great days of sailing, the rest was motoring. I learned how to use ranges which had never been seen or used before. I learned to pay strict attention to charts although I became increasingly blasé about planning the next days' run. (I started out planning as if we were headed into the North Sea every day.) I met many people -- you tend to meet the same people over and over again. *AVANTI!* was something of a celebrity as, believe me folks, the U.S. yachting magazines don't feature big boats for nothing --people are buying them. I met a 24' O'Day and one 12' open sloop (*VIA GRANDE*) sans motor but with a father/skipper and three children aged 11, 10 and 6. When last seen they were drifting in a long (miles long) canal sans wind and sans motor. Many offered them a tow but they always refused. Don't know what happened to them or whether they made it to their destination -- Florida. But aside from these two *AVANTI!* was the smallest and, as the O'Day ended in South Carolina -- stayed the smallest to Florida. I enjoyed Beaufort, North and South Carolina (you pronounce them differently to tell which is which) and Charleston, South Carolina, and **Joe** and his Sea Wind ketch, *MOREA*. He is middle age, as I, and also single handed. He took me on the town one Saturday PM. He -- even more than I --engages in a great deal of "ocular intercourse" with the ladies (his daughter's age). Joe, like other men of his age, suffers from being not "a dirty old man" but rather a "virile dirty old man." Savannah, Georgia, was interesting. I went aground two or three times but got off without assistance.

AVANTI! is a truly wonderful boat. With new sails by Sails U.S.A. she is now fast enough to hold her own. Sails U.S.A. was chosen after some rather detailed comparison shopping including North, Hood, Ulmer, etc. In the middle was Hild, Thurston, etc. and lowest was Sails U.S.A. PERIOD. And by low I mean 1/3 of the "top" brands and 1/2 of the "middle" sailmakers. In terms of sailcloth building and finishing techniques they are all, to me, relatively similar. The only aspect I could not check out was longevity -- and that only time will tell. All in all, when I finally decided and ordered, I was reasonably convinced we were not being "penny wise and pound foolish." So far the sails (main, genny and spinnaker/reacher) have proved excellent and greatly improved *AVANTI!*'s sailing performance. As for *AVANTI!* herself I can truthfully say I have yet to see a boat of her size that can blend as successfully as she sailing performance, seaworthiness, roominess and quality of hull, fittings and rigging. She is small but alone I have all the clothes, food and gear I need or want and I'm not crowded nor is *AVANTI!*. I also have standing room to boot!!

About gear -- I have a vane to tiller type wind vane made by Ratcliff Marine. She steers *AVANTI!* very well on a reach/beat but less well as we get to running which is barely acceptable and certainly not attention free. Many people recommend an auto pilot but so far I prefer using sheet to tiller and shock cord. Going down the ICW I noticed that people who had electric auto pilots were constantly monitoring them despite being in a very sheltered, straight canal and motoring.

Our VHF was bought from Skipper Marine Electronics of Chicago, Illinois. It is a 24 channel crystal set to selected channels by Skipper Marine. The channels were very carefully chosen (3 weather, 21 other) and I'm reasonably sure they will cover all of our needs here in U.S.A. waters as well as those of Canada, should we venture there. I chose crystal for repairability and chose 24 rather than 12 or 72 channels because 24 seemed practical. I chose Intech because of overall quality for money spent. I bought top of the line, expensive antenna cable as well as antenna. Thus far the VHF has been excellent and trouble free.

We have a Seafarer II depth sounder bought (as were a clock and barometer) from Yachtmail -- a London based discount store/mail order house. The transducer is mounted internally in a PVC tube which is sealed by a cap on top and epoxy putty on the bottom. Mineral oil is used in the tube. Thus far we are accurate and trouble free. The clock and barometer are made by Sestral. The clock is extremely accurate, quartz and powered by a "C" battery. Both are gold colored and lovely to look at. *AVANTI!* has Seafarer's hand held direction finder. It works well but I have not mastered the intricacies of the dots and dashes sent by the shore beacons. Also, as I learned when I crewed on a N.Y. - Bermuda cruise on a 25 footer, you don't know --at sea -- whether the signal originates ahead or behind you. You only know you are in line with the signal/null. I plan to buy again through an English mailorder house. The price is at least 1/2, especially with current strong dollars and despite any custom duty you might have to pay. I am going to purchase a Lokata 5B hand held direction finder, even though I have had absolutely no problem with the Sestral. *AVANTI!* also has bearing compass -- brand forgotten -- but very accurate. We use

the Stowe Log/Speed with trailing spinner. It is very accurate and its own 9v battery lasts a long time. We have extra spinners/cable. The Stowe is not as convenient as paddle wheel types or Sumlog's thru hull spinner but it is easily cleaned if fouled and it is accurate and seems to be quality built.

I bought a new Chrysler 9.9 electric start outboard with a 5 amp alternator (AVANTI! uses a full sized deep cycle battery made by Dekka -- also excellent thus far). We took out the small 10hp Kermath (c.1925) and came with the boat. We couldn't, after two mechanics and about \$800, get her to run consistently, reliably or even safely. The Kermath was gasoline and the carburetor would never work quite right. The Chrysler pushes us at 5½ knots with 1 gal per hour fuel consumption. The cam (crank) shaft wore out 100 miles from my destination. An excellent Chrysler outboard mechanic (County Line Marine, Jupiter, Florida) fixed it and then I learned my engine was new but 1979 and not leftover 1981 as I had been told. The mechanic put in a new bearing system which Chrysler changed to about 1981. Aside from that I found Chrysler to be excellent. By the way, we went the last 100 miles with sails and an old, reliable 5½ Seagull I bought in 1968 for \$75. I love the Seagull as; 1) it is the only engine I've ever been able to fix; 2) it has never failed me when I needed it; 3) while it only pushes us at 4½ knots it does so no matter what and; 4) it is economical. I very much dislike hanging over the stern pulpit and filling the Seagull every 45 minutes. I much prefer the automatic fed Chrysler. Yet -- if I could rig a 5 gallon tank to feed into the Seagull *and if Don Holm* or another member will tell me where Advanced Engineering is so I can buy or look at their generator I think I'd stay with the Seagull. One thing I noticed is that we did not sail as much as we could have going down the ICW. I think that is because; 1) we didn't have a roller furling genny; 2) we don't have jib downhaul and halyards run to cockpit; and 3) the Chrysler was so easy and comfortable to run. In Florida I bought (for \$35.00) the roller furling drum and head pivot unit off of a Westsail 32. (I think that should be oversized enough to not jam on AVANTI!). Thus, if we can roller furl the genoa, we'll sail more and a Seagull and a generator will be all AVANTI! needs. Lastly, regarding motors, my only regret at not having an inboard is that I will never be able to attain Commodore status in the Seven Seas Cruising Association.

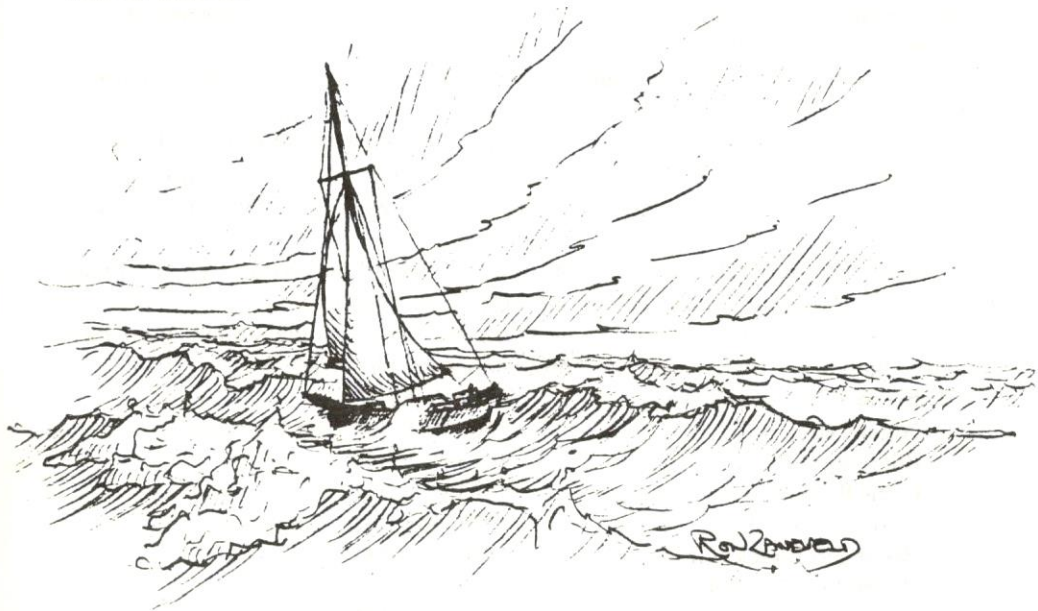
At present it looks like I may be able to continue cruising. At present AVANTI! is still in Florida at the Cracker Boy Marina, a do it yourself yard in Riviera Beach, Florida. The yard is much used by cruising people. I am here in New York. If plans work out and AVANTI! and I can continue to go cruising, I would like to become a "Roving Correspondent" for the Slocum Society and *The Spray*.

I am hoping I can go up to Newport again. I left the autograph sheet with **Peter Dunning** as "**Bertie**" **Reed** was away but Peter thought he would be back and that Peter would have him sign. Also perhaps by that time *CITY OF DUNEDIN* and **Richard McBride** will also arrive and sign. So -- either I or Peter Dunning will forward the autograph sheet to you for printing in *The Spray*. [I have the first autograph sheet but not the second -- Sandy]. One other thing (maybe more). While in Newport I also talked to **David White**, the originator and a BOC competitor. He said that his boat was structurally wrong and that problems kept mounting. David is an altogether likeable man and deserves much credit for his efforts and much

compassion that his boat failed him (*not* the other way around). He withdrew in Florida on way to Cape Town.

The other thing is that Commodore **R. Peter Hegeman** of the Goat Island Yacht Club would like for his club to become a member of the Slocum Society. (I plan to become a member.) That club played a part in the BOC Challenge and I think it will play increasing part in future challenges. Singlehanded races are already scheduled for 1986 and 1990.

Among the boats (most of them 30 to 45 feet overall) *AVANTI!* met on her way down the ICW are the following: *XANADU*, a wood yawl from Anapolis, Maryland; *SACHABAN*, a sloop from Michigan skippered by **Rick Thompson**; *LOER*, a sloop from Canada; *CONDOR*, a Columbia 29 sloop from South Carolina skippered by **Sue**; *BADGER*, a sloop from Connecticut; *WORLD WIND*, a Seabird yawl of wood and fiberglass from Texas; *MILKY WAY*, a ketch from the Virgin Islands; *BLACK PEARL*, a sloop from Canada; *LADY B GOOD*, a cutter from Greenwich, New Jersey; *BUCKEYE*, a steel ketch from England; *CARLOTTA*, a ketch from Boston, Massachusetts; *VEGABOND*, a sloop from Tampa, Florida; *MADRIGAL*, a schooner from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; *SEA MIST*, a large ketch from Wilmington, Delaware; *NOTRE AMORE*, a sloop from Centerville, Maryland; *ISLAND TRADER*, a ketch from South Hero, Vermont; *BUZZARDS AND BELLS*, a ketch from Holland, Michigan; *MERE MERE*, a sloop from Delaware; *FREEWAY*, a ketch from Las Vegas, Nevada; *SEGAUS*, a sloop from Maryland skippered by **Tom**; *SCALAWAG*, a sloop from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; *MAR MARO IV*, a ketch from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; and then there was a large-trawler type motor boat named *AMAZING GRACE*, complete with a Mercedes Benz automobile on the after deck *and* davits large enough to off and on load it!!



Some Notes From Nobby Clarke

I feel I ought to correct a few mistakes from the last *Spray*. So here we go.

Page 3. **Fred Schurch** should know by now that the record "continuously at sea" voyage (i.e., taking on fresh supplies, water, etc. is allowable providing nobody steps aboard the yacht and the skipper does not leave his yacht) is held by Australian **Jon Sanders** with one short and one true circumnavigation, both from/to West Australia, W-E (H4) -- thus adding up to a unique W-E (2xH4); total time 420 days, 1981-2. For a "continuously at sea" record, distance covered is of secondary importance. If a nonstop voyage is attempted (i.e., no external help of any sort, apart from physically passing messages or collecting mail) the duration to beat is 344 days.

Herb and Mary Louise Stewart are, indeed, the oldest American married couple to circumnavigate. The oldest married couple so far are **Jeff and Francis Clarkson** (GB), 30'0 Bermuda sloop *PILE CAP*, from/to Appledore, Devon, E-W (P), 1971-6. Their combined ages came to 126 years 42 days when they concluded their troublefree circumnavigation. (Note: This particular record relates only to circumnavigations by married couples alone, without any children or crew aboard, throughout the voyage).

Perhaps I ought to add, for **Fred Schurch's** benefit, that the current record for the maximum number of S/H circumnavigations in the same yacht is held by **Tom Blackwell** (GB) who went round from/to England in his 56'6" Bermudan ketch *ISLANDER* approximately 2 $\frac{2}{3}$ times: E-W (P) 1968-71; E-W (P), 1973-6; E-W (P), and as far as Durban (where he died of cancer), 1978-80.

44

Page 12. **Mark Schraeder** (note spelling) was No. 93 circumnavigator. He is the first American S/H to complete a circumnavigation via the five southernmost capes (see notes for page 44).

Page 14. You should give **Jon Sanders** his full credits. In all, he broke 12 records, equalled only by **David Scott Cowper**.

Page 15. This raft voyage by **William Willis** was the first S/H transocean raft. In 1963-4 he became the first S/H to cross the Pacific on a raft, from Callao to Tully, N. Queensland, via a stopover in Apia, Samoa, taking 130 and 75 rafting days for the voyage.

Page 39. The BOC/AA was not the "first S/H round the world." The first was, of course, The Sunday Times Golden Globe race of 1968-69.

Page 44. (ho, wrong, **Sandy**). The complete list of singlehanders who have circumnavigated via the five southernmost capes are, in order:

1. **Bernard Moitessier** (FR) 1969 W-E (H8)
2. **Nigel Tetley** (GB) 1969 W-E (H4) 1st trimaran
3. **Bill King** (Eire) 1973 W-E (H4)
4. **Chris Baranowski** (Pol) 1973 W-E (H4)
5. **Naomi James** (GB) 1978 W-E (H4) 1st woman
6. **Horst Timmreck** (GER) 1980 W-E (H4)
7. **Henry Jaskula** (Pol) 1980 W-E (H4)
8. **Yves Pestel** (FR) 1980 W-E (H4)

9. Les Powles (GB)	1981 W-E (H4)
10. Jon Sanders (Aus)	1981 W-E (H4) See No. 13
11. David Cowper (GB)	1981 E-W (H4) 1st and only E-W
12. Pleun van der Lugt (Hol)	1982 W-E (H4)
13. Jon Sanders (Aust)	1982 W-E (H4)
14. Mark Schraeder (USA)	1982 W-E (H4)
15. Neville Gosson (Aust)	1983 W-E (H4)
16. Richard McBride (NZ)	1983 W-E (H4)

The five capes are: Horn plus Good Hope, Leeuwin (SW Australia), South East Cape (Tasmania), South West Cape (Stewart Island, NZ). Thus, (H4) = Horn + 4 capes; (H8) = Horn + 8 capes; (2xH4) = twice around (H4).

Page 47. Here is a classic example of the difference between fastest (time) and fastest (speed): **Phillipe Jeantot** in *CREDIT AGRICOLE* beat **Alain Colas'** 1973-4 time in his giant trimaran *MANUREVA* by just over 10 days, *but* the former's average speed works out at 166.94 m.p.d. against the Frenchman's 177.7 m.p.d. Therefore Jeantot has the fastest (time) Colas the fastest (speed) for a S/H circumnavigation. Jeantot has the fastest time *and* speed for a S/H monohull circumnavigation. Incidentally, his exact mileage was 26,560.

Page 54. **Kenichi Horie's** S/H circumnavigation was *not* nonstop. I have been informed that he stopped at 4 places for various reasons, although I have not been able to establish exactly what happened on these occasions. I need this information before I can confirm a "nonstop."

Page 60. The *HOMeward BOUND* was not an open boat -- mainly because she had some decking. Her "cabin" was open in fine weather, but enclosed by a heavy tarpaulin in bad conditions. She measured 20'0 x 7'0 x 3'6, and was built entirely of Amnerican pitch pine. Registered tonnage: 4¾. Her sails were: boomed gaff main, stay foresail, fore staysail (i.e., jib), gaff topsail, jib topsail (i.e., flying jib), squaresail with two reefs, square topsail (i.e., raffee) and two stun'sails. Despite all this canvas she was *very* slow. Her voyage was the longest for a midget size (i.e., under 6.50m/21'4" LOA) at that date, and almost certainly the longest-ever sailing time from Durban to England. She was the first midget size to round Good Hope.

Page 68. Perhaps **R.W. Ware** does not know that in 1975 **Bill Verity** built a replica of the *BOUNTY* launch, and over a period of 126 days sailed and motored (he used an outboard in lieu of **Bligh's** 18, then 17, crew) from Tofoa to Tonga to Bligh's point of arrival. He was S/H, except for the first leg, when he carried two journalists.

Poetry

By Frederick A. Williams, Jr.

A Boatbuilder's Prayer

As I undertake this project
At long, long last,
Please help me, Lord,
To complete the task.
Just a bit of guidance
And strengthening of the will
Would go a long, long way
To help fill the bill.
As for the rest, I know
I'll find the means,
Even if I have to survive
On coffee and navy beans.
When my spirits falter
And begin to flag,
Bolster them with courage
Whenever they sag.
To bask in the sun
Off some tropical shore,
Neither cares nor worry
Who could ask for more.
Somehow, now, the dream
Doesn't seem so remote,
That I shall be carried there
In my own,
home built, steel boat.

Let Me Dream

Let me dream
For was it not a dream that
men could fly?
Let me dream
That I might know of
something I could try;

Let me dream
Of sailing before the wind
beneath a friendly sky;
Let me dream
Of trodding on distant sands
listening as the palm leaves sigh;
Let me dream
For fate might take a hand and
I could live this dream before I die.

Untitled

When your back is weak
And your mind not much stronger,
You do things slowly
So they take a bit longer.
Just keep a stout heart,
And be a good cheer,
For you can win, my friend,
If you persevere.



[These poems first appeared in *The Steel Yacht*. We appreciate Frederick Williams sending them to us.]

Port Captain

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

Your Name (estimated arrival date)	(e.g.) Joshua Slocum (Oct. 10, 1896)
"Vessel Name"	"SPRAY"
c/o Port Captain Name	c/o Konrad Eriksen
Port Captain Mailing Address	Royal Yacht YC Cape Town, RSA

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

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

COUNTRY District/City	Port Captain Name Mailing Address Telephone #
CANADA British Columbia/Victoria	Philip Hollywood & Sandra Hill 3134 Mars St., Victoria, B.C. V8X 1B8, Canada (604) 382-8629
CANADA Nova Scotia/Westport	Terry Saunders P.O. Box 1255, Digby Co., Nova Scotia BOV 1HO, Canada (902) 839-2466
FINLAND Helsinki	Tom Tigerstedt Pohjoisranta 12-A-5, 00170 Helsinki, Finland 90-632113 or 90-822148; 925-66611 during summer months
FRANCE Rouen	Dr. Loic Garcon Clinique Trianon 123 Avenue des Martyrs de la Resistance 76000 Rouen, France, Rouen
NEW ZEALAND North Island/Tokoroa (inland)	Peter Dickason 1 Kea Place, Tokoroa, New Zealand
PAPUA NEW GUINEA Rabaul	Ken Horsman P.O. Box 435 Rabaul, Papua New Guinea

**REPUBLIC OF SOUTH
AFRICA**

Cape Town/Kenwyn

TUNISIA

La Marsa Corniche

UNITED KINGDOM

Swansea, South Wales

USA

Alaska/Kodiak

USA

California/San Diego

USA

California/San Francisco

USA

California/Santa Barbara

USA

Florida/Ft. Lauderdale

USA

Florida/Miami

USA

Florida/Sarasota

USA

Louisiana/New Orleans

USA

Maine/Vinalhaven

USA

Maryland

USA

Maryland/Baltimore Harbor

Konrad Eriksen

28 Benghazi Rd., Kenwyn 7764, Cape Town,
RSA

Contact through Royal Cape Yacht Club

Luana & Lofti Rebai

8 Rue El Farbi, La Marsa Corniche, Tunisia
272-819

Annie & Bob Tucker

HOBO, Swansea Yacht Haven, Maritime
Quarter, Swansea, South Wales

Lew & Elizabeth Santoro

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

Stan Freeman

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

Charles J. Hendrickson

(H) 555 Larkspur Plaza, No. 6, Larkspur, CA
94939, USA; (B) North Bay Electric Works,
Inc., 42 Bay St., San Rafael, CA 94939,
USA

(H) 415) 924-0598; (B) (415) 453-6132

Answering service at business phone no.

Phil Dyer, Lt. USCG

111 Harbor Way, Santa Barbara, CA 93109

Paul R. Hansen

2543 Sugarloaf Ln., Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33312,
USA

(W) (305) 581-1252

Tom & Judy Hodson

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

John B. MacDonald

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

Tom Langel

401 National Roadway, New Orleans, LA
70124, USA

Gordon MacKenzie

Bridgehouse, Carvers Harbour, Vinalhaven, ME
04683, USA

Philip Kasten

936 Philadelphia Ave., Silver Spring, MD 20910

Gary W. Woodcock

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

USA
Maryland/Chesapeake Bay

Karl Edler, KB3US
14710 Poplar Hill Rd., Accokeek, MD 20607,
USA
(H) (301) 283-2514; amateur radio 14.313 MHz
at 0030 GMT phone patch in Washington
D.C. area

USA
New York/Hudson River

Marshall Winchell
15 Brescia Blvd., Highland, NY 12528, USA
(914) 691-7606

USA
New York/Long Island Sound

Larry & Sue Kopel
9 Fairwind Ct., Northport, NY 11768, USA
(H) (516) 261-2166
Hold mail; local knowledge.

USA
New York/Long Island Sound

Jack McCormick
4 Maylin Ct., Smithtown, NY 11787, USA
(H) (516) 265-7453

USA
Oregon/Portland

Carl & Ellen Nielsen
1972 Rockland Drive NW
Salem, Oregon 97304

USA
Rhode Island/Newport

Carl W. Bolender, Sr.
P.O. Box 366, Newport, RI 02840, USA

USA
Texas/Gulf Coast

David Gray, MD
14300 Aloha, #248, Corpus Christi, TX 78418,
USA
(H) (512) 933-8590; (B) (512) 881-4151
Limited dockage available.

USA
Texas/Houston

John Gandy
410 Fargo, Houston, TX 77006, USA
(H) (713) 529-6255; (W) (713) 877-3893

USA
Virginia/Chesapeake Bay

Frank Mann
RFD #2, Box 536, Lancaster, VA 22503, USA
(804) 462-7727
Has dock with minimum draft of 5½ ft.
(1.7m) at low water.

USA
Virginia/Anapolis

Peter Wright
10904 Belmont Blvd., Lorton, VA 22079, USA
(804) 339-5320

USA
Washington State/Columbia
River

I.H. Pepper
P.O. Box 295, Long Beach, WA 98613, USA
Marine VHF: WYW 5262

USA
Washington State/Port
Townsend

**Don Holm, Commodore Slocum Society Sailing
Club**
Cape George Colony, Rt. 3, Box 98, Townsend,
WA 98368, USA
(206) 385-2171

WEST GERMANY
Hamburg

Peter Kollmorgen
Tinsdaler Heideweg 6, D2000 Hamburg 56
(040) 81 7863

Taking a Departure

George Orwell, where art thou?
Ironically, the world seems less
safe & secure...

Ironically, the world seems less safe and secure for smallcraft voyagers than it was in **Slocum's** day.

The Slocum Society was founded during the early 1950s, when the world was just sorting itself out after the great war, and the freedom of the seas began again to tug at the instincts and inner urgings of venturesome and contemplative people. The great theme then was HOPE and PEACE. It was also about the time that **Orwell** wrote his famous book about Big Brother.

This period brought out the first postwar circumnavigators and solo sailors, a renewed awareness of the sea, and created a healthy new industry for smallcraft designers and boatbuilding firms, which cleared the decks for the great escapes of the 1960s and early 1970s.

In those days, searching for one's dream boat was a common preoccupation. In thousands of backyards around the world, dreamers hammered, sawed, welded, plastered their dreams. Hundreds of other determined people accumulated their stakes in the prosperous years, bought or had boats built, sold off their VWs or Cadillacs, quit their jobs, resigned from The Rat Race, and severed all landbound ties. A very personal college chum, ex-GI like me, went directly from the classroom to a life aboard a 40-foot ketch that continued for 20 years. (Then he quit the sea, sold the boat, drove inland until he reached the plains of Texas, where most people had never seen an oar, and settled down with five acres and independence!)

Many of those people are still living aboard and cruising the world, as revealed by the *Commodores Bulletins* of the Seven Seas Cruising Association.

Many could not make the actual transition, but sailed along vicariously by reading boating magazines and books, and newsletters of cruising organizations. And in memberships in such groups as The Slocum Society. Or at best, satisfied their urgings with weekend or holiday sailing.

The 1980s wrenched some major changes. Political turmoil, threat of nuclear war, world-wide bands of kill-crazy terrorists, emerging nations with new paranoid officialdoms, world-wide drug smuggling, yacht piracy, endless proliferation of self-important bureaucrats, increasing taxation, restrictions, unfriendly confrontations, and a new class of hippies, yuppies, counter-culture freaks, and boat bums who soiled the good name and the welcome carpet in the usual ports o'call. And Big Brother.

The 1980s also brought some positive things; to be sure, many traditionalists deplore these as well!

But there have been vast improvements in hull design and materials, better engines and hardware of all kinds, better sails and rigging, better and easier maintenance. A whole new array of electronic aids to navigation and

communications, to make it safer and more enjoyable to sail on long passages, and a spirited market place wherein the natural forces of supply and demand made it possible for persons of working-class incomes to acquire their cream boats.

By 1984, however, world-wide recession, high interest rates, inflation, shortages, and all the well-known evils, have threatened again the freedom of the seas for smallcraft *aficionados*. It seems a great malaise has settled over the scene.

How it will all turn out, we are not privileged to know. However, as the world population continues to boom, and people begin crowding each other more and more, this freedom will inevitably become less possible to enjoy.

The Slocum Society, as I see it, will become more and more a haven for all the old desirable values, and the preservation of these will become more important to all of us. We are an unique organization, widely-scattered but increasingly robust. The Slocum flag is seen flying more often in many more places around the world, and with great pride.

Only about half our membership owns boats or cruises much. The rest can be lumped under the delightful Spanish word -- *aficionados*. We are non-political, non-sectarian, and international in scope. We have no particular membership qualifications, other than being *aficionados*. The single common dedication is to smallcraft bluewater voyages by amateur sailors. How this dedication is manifested, is up to the individual members.

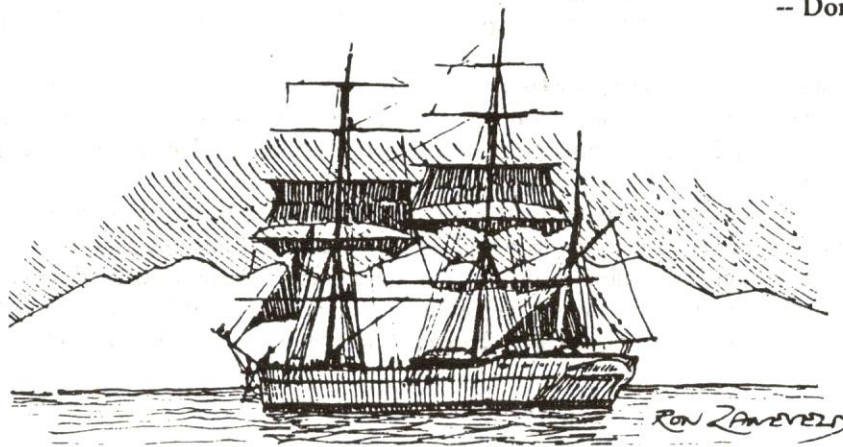
Such a far-scattered group of so many different nationalities and backgrounds can only be held together with communication tools such as *The Spray* and the *Sailing Club Newsletter*.

I have often wondered if we should become more structured and institutionalized, establish regular chapters in localities, hire a professional staff, offer insurance group gimmicks, become a lobbying special interest, set more rigid standards of membership, and all that jazz.

Perhaps we should be content to be just a volunteer-run organization, operating on a tight budget, hopefully in the black, do the best we can and let it go at that. The danger of becoming too institutionalized is that "progress" becomes a series of self-fulfilling goals, and you become locked into just another Rat Race.

Perhaps in our way we can stave off Big Brother much longer.

-- Don Holm



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

52 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:

THE SAILING CLUB: Commodore,
P.O. Box 76, Port Townsend, WA 98368

THE SLOCUM SOCIETY: Executive Secretary
P.O. Box 76, Port Townsend, WA 98368 USA

THE SPRAY: Editor-In-Chief
16086 Bonaire Circle
Huntington Beach, CA 92649

OVERSEAS OFFICES: Konrad T. Eriksen
R.S.A. & South Atlantic
28 Benghazi Rd., Kenwyn 7764
Cape Town RSA

Michael C. Hardcastle
8 Oakwood Close, Grendon, Atherstone
Warwickshire CV9 2BU, ENGLAND

Mal Botterill
5 Barker St., Cheltenham, Victoria 3192
AUSTRALIA

Robin H. McMillan
30 Matipo St., Eastbourne
Wellington, NEW ZEALAND

Takehiko Suzuki
6-8-6 Sakurayama, Zushi City
Kanagawa Ken, JAPAN

Peter Kollmorgen
Tinsdaler Heideweg 6, D 2000 Hamburg 56
WEST GERMANY

Thomas G. Sones
420 Dunvegan Drive, Waterloo
Ontario, N2K 2C7
CANADA

THE SLOCUM SOCIETY
P.O. BOX 76
PORT TOWNSEND, WA 98368 U.S.A.

Address correction requested
Return and forwarding Postage
guaranteed

BULK RATE
U.S. Postage
PAID
Port Townsend, WA 98368
Permit No. 33

PRINTED MATTER