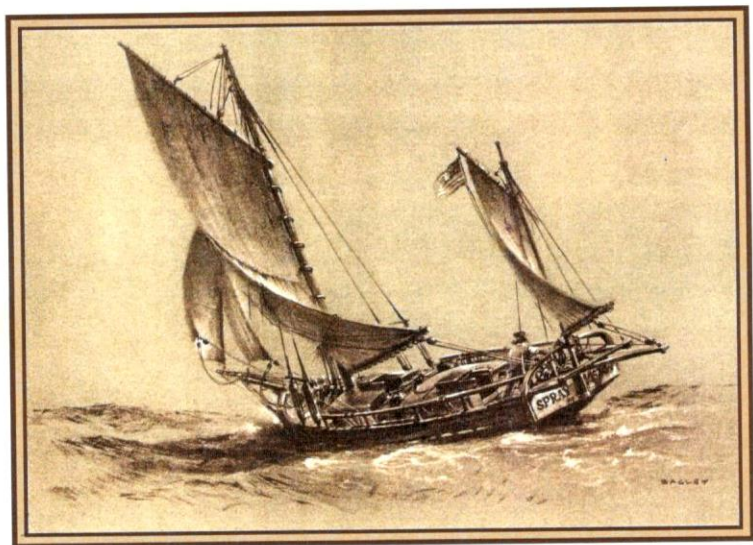
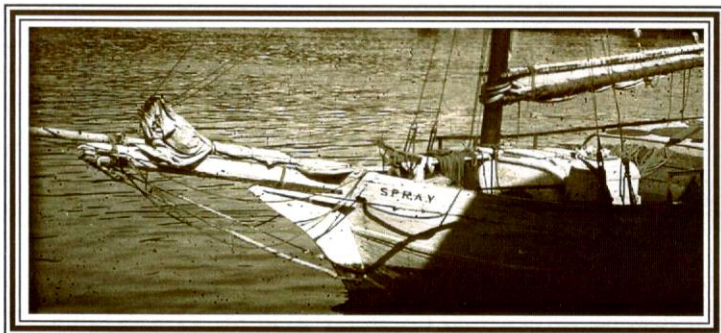


# The Spray



2003

# The *SPRAY*



**2002 - 2003**

**The *Spray* is the annual journal of  
the Joshua Slocum Society International,  
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Myra Lopes, Art Spengler, Dennis Warner and Ed Rothschild



## From The Commodore

Since our last Spray Journal was issued almost 18 months ago, your Society has held fast to our life lines and kept a straight course on our own rhumb line.

The analogy of running your Society is like being at the helm of the "Spray." For the past 48 years we have weathered some big storms; we've even gone aground a few times. The storms have set in motion a cross current and constant lapping of waves on the hull has created more leeway than headway.

Fortunately our boat has a deep keel and barn door rudder that allows us to sail the course and occasionally leave the helm, but only for short periods of time. Our overwhelming success is due to our crew and good charts on where we've gone and

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where we're heading. With each passing day our ship gives a little more headway and reaches new peaks. I would expect smoother water as we look farther to the horizon.

So much for our poetic reference! A recent phone message from Bob Bierley of Fall River, Mass. confirmed that the Whaling Museum of New Bedford had merged with the Kendall Institute of New Bedford and plans were set to move the Slocum library to the new site.

On hearing this we immediately called Stewart Frank, the director of Kendall, who confirmed the books had already been moved. I felt it was our duty to object to this as our agreement of 1991 clearly stated this action was in violation of our '91 agreement. It is our intention to keep all members apprised of this situation, as many of you were members of the Society in '91 when Phil Shea put this deal together.

On my call to Mr. Frank on May 14 & 15, he assured me, if we wished the library of Slocum books moved and placed elsewhere he would assist in having that done. I gave him our assurance that we would indeed want them moved to a location of our choosing.

Our historian, Myra Lopes agreed to give us full support and will give suggestions where the collection should be housed, and where the books would serve a better purpose. More on this as events unfold; feel free to let us know your thoughts.

Further on in this Journal you'll read about Frank Guernsey of Redondo Beach, Calif., a long time Slocum member. As we write this Journal, Mary Guernsey is on her way to South Africa in the attempt to seek help and any information about her husband that could lead to clues to Frank and "Mary Frank" his 22'5" boat.

If it is determined that Frank was lost at sea, the Society will be represented at the memorial service which we expect will be held in Redondo Beach. Cy Zoerner, a close friend, tells us



the Redondo Beach Yacht Club expects to host a special evening honoring Frank to express and impart their deepest sympathy for Mary and his family.

*Ted Jones*

## **Fleeing Horizons Lure Frank Guernsey**

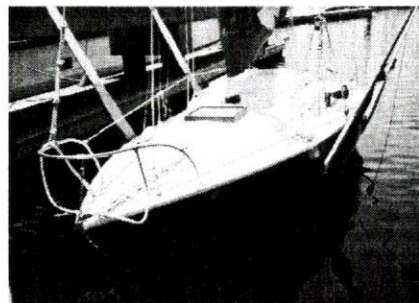
*By Cy Zoerner*

The question "Why do people do what they do?" is endlessly fascinating. For centuries philosophers, theologians, poets, artists, humanists, and more recently behavioral scientists have pondered the question.

Most fascinating of all is the mystery of singlehanded. Why do people sail off to suffer isolation and loneliness in an alien and hostile environment? Why do they turn their backs on human kind and human comforts? Why do they wish to endure every terrifying assault the sea can offer? Why do they put themselves in harms way in order to extricate themselves? Why do they feel this need to test themselves? What drives them to these extremes? All these questions and more have been asked of California singlehander Frank Guernsey.

Most of the reasons ascribed to Guernsey's voyaging are unoriginal, having been used to characterize singlehanders everywhere. Most are derogatory. The knee-jerk reaction of most landlubbers is he's crazy. Yet what crazy man could spend years planning voyages of thousands of miles, anticipating every contingency? Can a lunatic study the sea, its winds and currents, and use this knowledge to reach destinations thousands of miles over the horizon? What madman could prepare a modest 22.5-foot sloop to brave the Southern Oceans or provision her tiny hold with six months of food? What mental case could adjust his shoreside business to run smoothly during his months at sea?

Like singlehanders since Slocum's time, Captain Guernsey is accused of a death wish. If a death wish possessed the Redondo Beach sailor, he would have been dead long ago. He would not have returned from his initial voyage down Baja California in 1978. Nor in subsequent years would he have



survived singlehanded voyages to Hawaii, Tahiti, Japan, or Uruguay via Cape Horn. Any one of his 289 days at sea would have provided ample opportunity for him to fulfill a death wish.

Glory, fame, and notoriety are often offered as expla-

nations for Guernsey's voyages. "He's just showing off." Dockside pundits glibly assign such reasons to singlehanders from any port. Applied to Guernsey, such motivations seem absurd since he shuns the media and departs on his exploits all but secretly, known only to family and a few friends. He returns without fanfare. Fearing that his attempts will be considered stunts, Guernsey remains reluctant even to discuss his accomplishments.

Some docksiders have credited Guernsey's exploits to an irresistible drive toward gaining immortality, setting records, or making money. For a man so unassuming in the present, it seems incongruous that he would wish for prominence in the future. In fact he claims no records, even though considering his endeavors in small boats, he could rightly do so.

In terms of making money, it took me almost a year to overcome Frank's reluctance to write a book about rounding Cape Horn in a 24-foot boat. Non-writers often think that the publication of a book automatically means fortune. The possibility of making a profit, however, meant little to him. In the end, he proved susceptible to the argument that he owed it to other



sailors to describe his experience rounding the primordial cape. As expected, the year's work in preparing *Racing the Ice to Cape Horn* provided only a modest return.

Local wags have also claimed that Captain Guernsey's adventures are driven by escape, escape from his wife, escape from work, and escape from society. Every singlehander since the beginning of time has probably been accused of the same faults. The fact is, however, that he has been married to the same woman for 25 years, the same woman who immediately flies to greet him wherever he ends his voyages. If seeking to escape her, he's making a poor job of it.

He's making an equally poor job of escaping work. Preparing for major voyages is hard, tedious, time-consuming work, especially while holding a full-time "day job." In addition, accepting no sponsorships, he must work all the harder to produce revenues to outfit his nautical expeditions while meeting shoreside obligations.

There is some truth in the notion that he seeks relief from society. But what citizen of a megalopolis like Los Angeles has never wished to escape the smog, congestion, traffic jams, crime, car alarms, and barking dogs of daily big-city life? One new-age local observer believes that Guernsey was born in the wrong body about 1,000 years too late. Instead of a mild-mannered insurance man, he should have been born a Viking, or perhaps Columbus. He should have lived in the days of great sea exploits and exploration.

If none of these explanations characterizes Guernsey's voyages, what does? He is drawn to voyaging, not driven. Frank Guernsey is an adventurer. Adventure expresses the nature of this man's character. To the core of his heart and soul he is an adventurer, recognized by membership in the prestigious Los Angeles Adventurers Club. Adventure draws him to the most remote oceans on the planet. He *attempts*, he *risks*, and he *ventures* on the sea because he loves its mystique. His

voyages would daunt most other sailors, even brave ones. Though he cringes to be accused of bravery, his courage speaks for itself because with a full measure of human fear, sometimes unbelievably prolonged, he continues to function.

When the smug routines of the land pall on him, the sea calls, luring him with the sure promise of adventure. To him, as to Jan de Hartog, "The call of the sea ceases only when it is obeyed." He has answered this call five times, most recently with an attempt to sail nonstop and alone from Redondo Beach, California, to Cape Town, South Africa, via Cape Horn aboard a 22.5-foot Pearson sloop.

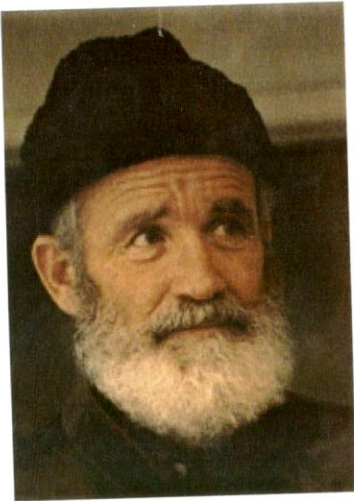
Also there is a second lure. In the best of American traditions—Thoreau and Slocum come to mind—Frank Guernsey seeks the independent life. Life on land demands interdependency and many times dependency. Both conditions Guernsey holds anathema. His independence compels him to reject both sponsorships and product endorsements. On the fair sea, the sea that judges him by his competence and nothing else, he finds the independence he seeks—utter self-reliance.

Unlike the motives often believed to drive him and other singlehanders, Frank Guernsey does what he does because adventure and independence draw him into isolated horizons.

## Slocum Member Missing During Long Voyage

Signal #89 reported, through the article by Cy Zoerner, that Frank Guernsey, a longtime Society member departed from Redondo Beach, Calif., - Oct, 8<sup>th</sup>, 2002 aboard his 22.5 foot sloop, a Pearson Electra, "Mary Frank," named for his wife, Mary Guernsey.

His 10,000-mile journey was long in the planning stages. His friend, Cy and other Slocum friends kept in touch with Frank prior to his departure. Frank was very consistent in his story.



He had a singular agenda, to sail nonstop without dinghy, life raft, long distance radio, (ham or short wave) iridium phone or satellite. His reason as stated, "I don't want to endanger any other people's lives by trying to save me."

His plan was to sail nonstop passing west of Easter Island, around Cape Horn, through the frozen Drake Passage into the South Atlantic, north of Elephant Island into the strong Humboldt Currents that would carry him to

the Cape of Good Hope. Other than a hand held GPS unit, a sextant and compass, that was the extent of his navigation equipment.

As the family and friends of Frank's are holding tight, praying for some word on his whereabouts, Mary Guernsey has committed to flying to South Africa to gain some knowledge of where he could be today. There are over a million square miles of ocean between Redondo Beach and Cape Town, South Africa, Coast Guard rescue coordinator, Lt. Mark Pototschnik, of Alameda, California, reported to the family.

The Society has received several phone messages from the Los Angeles Times, the Associated Press in Los Angeles and friends of Frank & Mary, all wanting to gather information on Frank the person and the sailor.

We are told, this week of 6/2/03, that Vivian Callahan, a friend of the family for 32 some odd years, has organized a "search fund" that will support Mary's efforts to find her husband.

For those Slocum members wishing to support Mary's efforts, the Los Angeles Adventurers' Club, a not-for-profit organization, of which Frank is a member, has agreed to collect contributions for this cause.

Their address is:  
Adventurer Foundation,  
P.O. Box 862541, Los Angeles, CA 90086-2541.

Please mark on any donation  
for the "Frank Guernsey fund."

The Joshua Slocum Society International  
will be sending a donation of \$100.00  
to the foundation.



## **Brec Morgan Completes Solo Circumnavigation in 27' Sloop**

*By Mike. Martel*

Brechin ("Brec") Lee Morgan, of Milford, Connecticut, is the world's newest solo circumnavigator, completing a 4.5 – year voyage that took him

completely around the world aboard Otter, his 27' Pacific Seacraft Orion. He officially completed his solo voyage on Saturday, May 17, when he sailed in and docked Otter at the same pier – Ballard's - in Old Harbor, Block Island, Rhode Island, which he had left on November 12, 1998 on the start of his sometimes-harrowing voyage that circled the globe.



Brec was accompanied on his trip by a lucky talisman – a small, square medicine-bottle filled with exotic little seashells from the West Indies that Captain Joshua Slocum had given to Brec's grandmother, Sarah (Brechin) Morgan, when as a child she visited Slocum's Spray during one of the captain's visits to Bristol, R.I. around 1906.



Sarah's father, John Brechin, was a lofter and foreman at the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company in Bristol. As an acquaintance of the Herreshoff family, Slocum occasionally visited the Herreshoff docks where he received supplies and occasional repairs to Spray, overseen by Mr. Brechin, who also hosted Slocum at his house. The bottle of shells reportedly came from among the West Indies souvenir bottles that Slocum filled and marketed after his solo trip.

Brec was met at Ballard's pier in Old Harbor by his wife Sandy, his father, John Brechin Morgan, his mother, Alice Morris, and a crowd of other family members, friends, local islanders, press, and well-wishers. He was also greeted at Ballard's pier by Martha A. Ball, First Warden of the Town of New Shoreham (Block Island). The welcoming events were organized by his brother John R. Morgan, who arranged for Brec to be whisked away to the National Hotel in a white convertible for welcoming ceremonies.

There, Brec was welcomed by myself, on behalf of the JSSI, and I presented Brec with the Society's official burgee and

nomination for the Golden Circle Award. I was also pleased to be asked to hand Brec his long-anticipated welcome-home pint of Guinness, which Brec had reportedly declared before departing he would drink on the porch of the National Hotel to ceremonially mark his return.

"Our entire family was deeply moved that the Slocum Society was able to have an authorized representative validate Brec's journey by honoring him with the Society's recognition, Golden Circle award nomination, and official burgee right after he stepped ashore," Brec Morgan's brother, John, said.

Morgan added, "We kept the whole matter under wraps beforehand, and Brec was simply stunned! His wife, Sandy, gasped out loud and broke into tears of joy."

Brec's voyage took him south from Block Island to the Caribbean; rough, cold weather plagued the beginning of his trip; it was the most harrowing part, he explained. Once he reached the Panama Canal, he realized that he had the resolve and ability to continue his trip. He sailed across the Pacific, at one point sailing for 25 days without sight of land. He continued onward, past the northern part of Australia, up through the Suez Canal, through the Mediterranean, past Gibraltar, down to the Canaries and then across the Atlantic to the Caribbean, before heading north to finally complete his voyage at Block Island.

Brec "closed the loop" on his solo circumnavigation by making landfall in the Caribbean, first at Nevis, then with a March 13th arrival in St. Maarten in the West Indies. To commemorate this historic accomplishment, on the St. Maarten's Yacht Club hosted a gala reception and ceremony for him. Brec spent a week in April island-hopping to Tortola with his wife, Sandy, and enjoyed visits in Tortola with his two children, Laura and Scott. He arrived in Bermuda in late April. After a four-day visit

with his mother and cousin Barbara, he left Thursday, May 8th to finish his homeward journey, Block Island on May 17<sup>th</sup>.

Brec is a professional artist, and recorded his trip with sketches and watercolors. In addition, he has kept a detailed log from which he will write a book about his voyage in the near future. He will also be developing a series of watercolors that will portray his voyage in his art.

More information about Brec and his voyage – including contact information for Brec - may be found at [www.Otternews.com](http://www.Otternews.com).

## Port Captains – Our “Eyes and Ears” – We Need to Hear From You!

*By Ted Jones*

I'm sure that many of our long-time members can recall the SPRAY journals and newsletters of a few years ago. They were full of correspondence and reports not only from cruising sailors who wrote in, but also laced with colorful, spicy reports from our Port Captains around the globe. Shared correspondence gave the Joshua Slocum Society life in years past and tied everyone together. News would come in by letter from cruising sailors, the unusual envelopes plastered with exotic, foreign stamps; Port Captains would write to the Society, recounting dockside visits with visiting members, and relaying messages of all kinds and fascinating stories and humorous anecdotes. It's all there, in those back issues, and it's what made the Joshua Slocum Society truly unique.

That need for correspondence hasn't changed, but we find that we hear less and less of our Port Captains these days, so here's a plea; please write in, and let us know what's happening in your port jurisdiction! You are the eyes and ears of the JSSI, for all of us – actual and armchair cruiser alike. Your

fellow members need to hear from you. Why so? Because boating and sailing are more popular than ever, and more people are undertaking longer solo passages with today's enhanced cruising technology, faster hull designs, and better navigation and safety equipment. On top of that, the political situation in the world is constantly changing, some places becoming more friendly – while other places become less so. Our theme for this SPRAY journal – and indeed for the JSSI this year – is “Activating our Membership”. Our Port Captains can help energize and revitalize the JSSI and its role by sending in your thoughts, news, and correspondence. Don't wait! Let's hear from you. ~ ~ Ted

### **Crossing the Bar - *Walter Broderick***

Feb. 8<sup>th</sup>, 2002 , Life member of the JSSI.

The Society remembers Walter's contributions and involvement with the JSSI over the years.

Notified by Ellen Broderick,  
4322 Warwick Blvd., Kansas City, MO 64111,  
formerly of Washington, DC.

## **A Life Refreshed and Renewed: The ‘Round the World Voyage of Brec Morgan**

*By Mike Martel*

I taped an interview with solo circumnavigator Brec Morgan in a bustling, noisy breakfast place on Block Island a few weeks ago. It was a cool, bright, blustery morning with the spray flying over the jetties; just the morning for hot coffee and a solid



ballast of eggs and bacon. Brec was showered, shaved, and well rested; he had sailed into Old Harbor only 20 hours before. Now, he was excited; he had much to talk about, and wanted very much to tell his story.

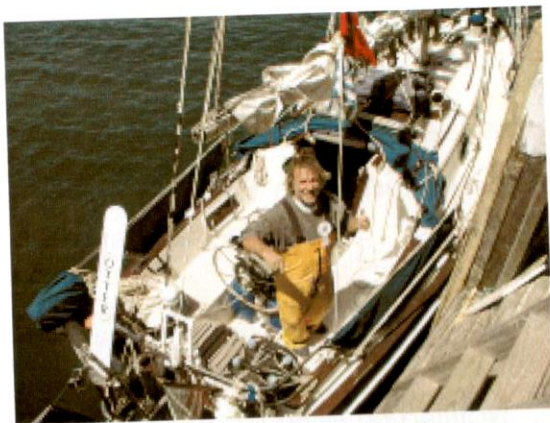
Humble, friendly, well-spoken, and very approachable, he recounted the tale of his voyage; and as he spoke, my mind drifted away from the clang and clatter of the busy restaurant to open seas a

world away. I learned many things listening to him, but was struck, most of all, by this single realization; that while every solo circumnavigator's achievement is very much a personal voyage and an individual experience, they

also share very much in common, surprisingly so; and much of what Slocum tells us in various places in *Sailing Alone Around The World* has been retold many times since in the individual stories, written and oral, by these remarkable achievers.

As one who has read SAATW multiple times, Slocum tells us, in the end, that his friends and relations thought him younger upon his return – ten years, Slocum himself said, due no doubt to being better physically fit. Did Brec feel the same way? I asked him; let his own words speak:

“The world was a place that had closed over me, in many ways, before I left” he said. “The sense that the world was my oyster, full of endless opportunities, had left me in my forties. I



felt that I had created a world around myself that had barriers, walls, in such a way that I did not know how to get out – to get outside of the web that I had made. You follow the same pattern over and over again so many times that you dig a rut so deep that you can't see out of it any longer. So, I've gained back that sense that I had lost, that the world is a place of endless opportunity, and if that's a youthful attribute, a sense of wonder at the world and what you will be able to do, then I guess I can say that I am in some ways younger than when I left.”

Crossing the Pacific from the Galapagos to the Marquesas, Brec sailed in the trade winds for 25 days, spending no more than 3 hours on the helm the entire time. He had time, in his isolation, to reflect, to sort out his life; he spent hours lying on his back looking up at the clouds. “We all have thought patterns processes that become interrupted by the social contact that is necessary every day of our lives. It's similar to static when you're trying to listen to, let's say a distant radio station. But when that static and interruption is removed, you can focus. I had literally an hour or two during which time a thought would play itself out; I went through a lot of revision, reliving a lot of events in my life, sorting things out. We all have things in our lives that are unresolved, that are sometimes never addressed until such an opportunity as this arises, to be alone with your thoughts. I had a high-pressure job for years and years where the stress and tension level was overwhelming; it took me a long time to untie all those knots and bits and pieces and learn how to relax.” Slocum also noted how his “memory worked with startling power” during the first leg of his voyage, en route to the Azores, when he was beset with doubts and suffering from loneliness.

Like Slocum, Brec also reached a certain point in the voyage when, after the initial fears, pain, discomfort, and doubts, he realized that he would be able to continue on, that he would be

able to complete the voyage, or at least attempt it. It is a defining moment, he suggests, that every solo circumnavigator reaches. For Brec, it was the Panama Canal, and his entrance into the Pacific. But he cautions: "People talk about conquering the sea, battling against nature and winning, that sort of thing; but rather, I feel that *I have been allowed to pass*. I have a great respect for the sea and for the forces out there and understand that it was not always through my efforts or skill alone that I am here today."

Lastly – and perhaps eeriest – was the sense Brec had at one point that Slocum was with him, somehow present and accompanying him on the voyage. Brec was off the Great Barrier Reef, and anchored near Bird Island, where Slocum nearly ran aground on June 9, 1897 when, upon waking, Slocum discovered that he was heading for the island, pushed by a strong current. Brec recalls, "I anchored overnight in a tiny little spot right around the corner from Bird Island, sailing right around the tip, at sunrise. That entire trip, going up the channel - I felt that somehow Slocum was with me. Here was this little piece of water that he and I had sailed over, and I felt a kinship – as though Slocum were with me, felt it strongly for a stretch there."

There is, of course, much more to say than space here permits; but the wonder, mystery, and deep personal refreshment in Brec Morgan's remarkable tale continues to rivet my imagination, and to echo the solo passagemaking experiences of others of whom I have read, time and again. As Commodore Ted Jones writes in his column, this year's theme is about revitalizing, reinvigorating, and re-activating the JSSI membership. What better example than Brec Morgan's to inspire us? People like him are, after all, what the Joshua Slocum Society International is all about.

## Annual JSSI Meeting held at Aqua Restaurant in Clinton, Connecticut

The JSSI 2003 annual meeting was held in Clinton, CT this year at the waterfront cafe "Aqua." We had special seating at one big round table overlooking the Clinton harbor. Although not heavily attended we had quality members clearly representing a good cross section of our society. "The loyalty lives on!"

In brief here's the agenda:

Cocktails & Socializing – 1330-1430

Luncheon – 1430

Meeting – 1600-1700

- Membership Update – *Vice Commodore Donn Slocum*
- Society's Status –
  - Activities – *Ted Jones*
  - Jr. Race & Remote Sailing for Disabled Children*
  - Port Captain Program - *Ted Jones*
  - Publications – *Ted & June Jones*
  - Web Site – *Ted Jones*
  - Financial Condition – *June Jones*
- 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Discussion (to be held 2005)
  - where
  - when
  - request for chair people to handle:
    - invitations, search for location,
    - search for speakers

Ted stressed the need for more help for this major event in our history. To make this event come off we need people, members to step forward and help us. Two people can't organize this anniversary celebration. Let hear from you, your ideas are welcomed.



#### Election of Officers –

- Commodore – Ted Jones
- Vice Commodore – Donn Slocum
- Sec'y/Treasurer – June Jones
- Historian – Myra Lopes
- Genealogist – Melville C. Brown
- Ambassadors – Thornton Thomas
  - Walter Renn
  - Sally & Mike Hadley
  - Dick Griffin

Anyone interested in any particular part of the meeting please e-mail us and we'll try to answer your questions in a timely manner [jone402@attglobal.net](mailto:jone402@attglobal.net). In conclusion, I will say that running the Society is a lot of work for all of us involved. What makes it durable are the kind words about us by our members written to Vice Commodore Donn Slocum and delivered to all at the annual meeting in Clinton -

*Thanks Donn!*

### **Sailing a Junk Rig: Tony Darrall-Rew & GREYA**

My gaff ketch GREYA was built and fitted out in England between 1992 and 1996. She is a double-ended Venus design by Paul Johnson and measures LOD 32,' beam 11'4 and draft 6,' displacing 10 tons. I set off from England in July 1996, calling at Vigo (Spain) and Gran Canaria before departing in November 1996 on my single-handed passage to Antigua.

My crossing took 35 days, including 11 days of calms, westerlies and driving squalls. I found the gaff ketch rig heavy and difficult to handle alone. It was no fun doing a pas de deux on the end of a plunging bowsprit, trying to wrestle a wildly flapping jib down in a squall.



During the crossing I read Annie Hill's masterpiece "Voyaging on a Small In- come," in which she describes the junk rig of her boat with great enthusiasm. I thought, "if I am finding this gaff ketch rig difficult now (I was then so), what will it be like when I'm 60?" Clearly I was going to have to change my rig. Everything Annie says about the junk rig seemed eminently sensible so I thought, why not junk? I

had never sailed a junk rig before but I was in the British merchant Navy in the Far East in the 60's and the junks one saw then had great character and "soul." I felt it important to visit Paul Johnson in St. Barts (where he lives) to seek his advice. To my surprise – he only designs gaff ketches – he approved of the idea.

I decided to undertake the conversion in Antigua. There are skilled (but expensive) craftsmen there, catering for the "super yacht" trade but if one can wait for the off season, May – November, (dodging the hurricanes and the heat), one can get jobs done at "summer rates" as they have little work.

As I had no idea how to do the conversion, a friend gave me the excellent book, "The Chinese Sailing Rig – Designing and Building Your Own," by Derek van Loon. It is marvelous for the inexperienced, it gives clear, concise instruction and dimensions. You simply follow Mr. van Loon's instructions from beginning to end and you have a junk rig.

Between May and November 1997 we built two Douglas fir masts (10" diameter at the partners – they are free standing) and battens, fabricated steel partners, plates and steps, and

fiberglassed in supporting beams and half bulkheads. Sails were made cheaply as they are only flat cloth, no belly, and were lashed to the battens. From November I sailed off Antigua every day, learning the rig. There were a few minor problems (the running sequence of the sheets, plus chafe) that were soon solved. In December I took off on a single-handed shakedown cruise to Guadaloupe, Dominica, Martinique, St. Lucia, St Vincent and Bequia, returning to Antigua in April. GREYA then participated in the 1998 Antigua Classic Yacht Regatta, the first junk rigged boat to enter the world's most prestigious classic regatta. The new rig has proved to be safe and easier to handle and people comment on how attractive it looks.

Following the Antigua Regatta, I single-handed to Bermuda to spend the summer of 1998. Summer 1999 was spent cruising from Newport, RI via New York City and the Chesapeake Bay to Beaufort, NC then back to Antigua. 2000 was spent single-handed the Leeward and Windward Islands and in 2001 I sailed, again alone, from St. Martin, via Bermuda, to Crosshaven, Ireland where I am currently wintering in GREYA. Future plans are unclear but will definitely involve sailing south.

## Circumnavigation of the *Nomad*

*By Ed Arnold*



I recently completed a circumnavigation, sailing single handed around the Southern Ocean. I had hoped to go south of all the Capes, but ice and a radar failure necessitated a couple of stops. The voyage took about eleven months and I returned to Sitka early September 2002. I had previously rounded Cape Horn in 1999 going west about. I am really not sure what

makes one want to go to that area, but the big seas can be beautiful and passing the Horn is a very satisfying experience. Also, I wanted to be close enough to see the Horn this time.

During gales, I often deployed a Jordan Series Drogue, mostly to slow me down. Only a couple of times did I use it for safety. I found the drogue to be my prime safety device and would urge all to carry one who venture onto the big seas.

I was able to keep in touch regularly with e-mail via Snail Mail, which was a good morale booster. Half way through the trip, my son gave me an Iridium satellite phone so I could call family and for possible emergencies.

Sailing south is a grand experience. The northern birds thin out, but the air warms and the sea turns blue. Then the southern petrels became common, and the huge wandering albatrosses appear. It is a real thrill to see the Horn itself. I can tell you, though, that just beyond the Horn, the seas are wickedly steep and high. I set a course to pass east of the Falkland Islands, and considered myself, if not home free, at least well along.

THEN, in the middle of the night, at 51-32S x 40-38W I hit an iceberg. My spotlight revealed an ice cliff to port about 20' away, rising about 125'. It extended fore and aft as far as the light would shine. The radar revealed 7 large bergs around me, some of which were behind me. I spent the next 5 days among icebergs. I diverted to Cape Town where I was given a warm welcome at the Royal Cape Town Yacht Club. The hull had not been touched, a new bow pulpit was fabricated, the roller furler was repaired, and a better propeller was installed.

My trip across the Indian Ocean was relatively uneventful until I got south of Australia. Winter was approaching and I began to have winds more than 30 knots day after day, which really wore me down. My radar failed, and I went into Adelaide for a



few days to install a replacement. With winter near, I decided to pass through Bass Strait and north of New Zealand. The final run up the Pacific was through the Society Islands, east of Hawaii and then through the western edge of the high. I began to worry about my landfall, which turned out to be easy, and it was great to be met by family and friends. I am sure that the champagne was the cause of my unsteadiness on the dock.

## "Nomad"

35' Aluminum cutter designed by Ted Brewer  
Miles sailed: 27,524 nautical miles  
Days at sea: 315  
Speed: 87 nautical miles per day  
Highest winds: 55 knots (estimate)  
Highest seas: 35' (estimate)



## NOW HEAR THIS!

By June Jones

**Ron & Joyce Macmillan**, our New Zealand JSSI Port Captains *continue to send us their sailing news and the Society is eternally grateful!*

"We are stuck here while our gearbox is being repaired. I say stuck only because the vessel is immobile, but it has been a very pleasant visit otherwise. The marina here has a large percentage of overseas yachts and is very friendly. I can recommend it. Our voyage around the north of New Zealand's North Island and southward to here should've been four days, but really - eight days! "Sprays" don't like windward sailing in nasty seas!

We became members of the Slocum Society about 1990 sometime after we bought the *Ara-A-Kiwa*. Our introduction was via an old "Spray" journal given to us. We in turn pass on our newsletters to possible new members in the hope... The main drawback is still the exchange rate. Our N.Z. dollar is about 50 cents U.S. which deters most. We have already spoken with interested folk - "Spray" owners going to build - buy etc. in this town. There are three "Sprays" in the marina!

In Auckland one local "Spray" was sold to an American couple. I presented them "Spray" newsletters and was surprised that they knew nothing of Slocum - I gave them an old copy of "Sailing Alone..." in the hope... again...

While talking to folks about JSSI. I find many that confuse the Australian Club as the "real" one. This would only apply to Australia, of course but perhaps they get members that we are missing out on. We don't have a computer on board (yet...) so I have not seen the web site. Have heard comments about it - keep it up!

We plan to spend the winter here, cruising (weather permitting) the famous Marlborough Sounds and as the summer approaches venture south to Fjordland. Perhaps an article to JSSI from us would help out. I guess the more you have to pick from the better the newsletter will be.

While here, Joyce has "looked up" her Great-Great Grandparents arrival here in 1842 with six kids. The records show the barque, name, tonnage, dimensions etc. which brought them to the new colony named after Admiral Horatio Nelson - real pioneer stuff. Nelson is a real nice town - worth a visit if you're down this way.

Best wishes to all and (of course) fair winds,

Ron

**P.S.** My comment on an American who did not know of J. Slocum - don't be upset. I have found New Zealanders who never heard of Johnny Wray "South Seas Vagabonds" - if you haven't read it, it's worth a go. Perhaps heroes are all but unknown in their own country?"



**JSSI member Ron Williams**

from England writes of fond memories for our Spray Journal.

"Much as I would like to regale you with tales of deep sea adventures, I fear I would disappoint. I am very much of a dry land sailor. I suffer from incurable sea sickness, to my eternal frustration. Living on the north coast of the Wirral Peninsula "twixt the Mersey and the

Dee," sea and ships have fascinated me since early childhood. Almost as soon as I could walk I was around the local fishing fleets, mostly "Morecambe Nobbies" - 26 to 40 feet - gaff sloops - shallow draught and used mainly for inshore work - flat fish and shrimps. I found their lines quite beautiful - spoon bow, long counter and a fairly broad beam - old fashioned now, but they still thrill me when I see the odd one. The Hoylake fisherman took me out a few times but I was too ill to continue.

My sailing, therefore, has been confined to dinghy sailing and canoeing here in West Kirby, where I am now living on the Dee estuary. We have a useful Marine lake about 1500 yards by 400, well used by dinghies, sail boards and canoes. Our highlight is the Wilson's Trophy for 12 ft. Firefly dinghies held each May and organized by West Kirby Sailing Club. It attracts entries internationally and was won by an American team last year.

Being shore-tied my interest in deep sea has been confined to book reading and since reading Slocum's single handed world voyage have read every book I can get hold of regarding ships - single handers, square rigs, tea clippers, three mast - full rigged ships, four mast barques, Down Easters around the Horn for guano and grain ships, later on, carrying cargo from Australia to this country - I have seen some of them coming into Liverpool and Birkenhead docks in the early thirties.

Joshua Slocum's end must have been sudden and dramatic and must remain a mystery, which is a great pity. He deserved a better ending. He was a wonderful sailor and a remarkable man.

I messed about with boats until my early eighties but now almost ninety- four. I'm confined to watching from the shore - and stamina is taking its toll although I still manage two hours walking daily and am quite fit, my interest in ships is keen as ever and always will be.

Unfortunately I have only seen the "Spray" in photographs but look forward to the magazine and wonderful tales of voyages by real seaman. Long may they continue, and long life to the Joshua Slocum Society. With grateful thanks to the dedicated people who give their time to its production - Ted and June, especially.

The best of wishes to you all across the water."

*Very Sincerely,*  
Ron Williams

**CORRECTION:** I mentioned in my letter that USA won the Wilson Trophy 2002. I was wrong — they came second, with a similar result this year. It was sailed last weekend (May 10/11) in glorious weather.



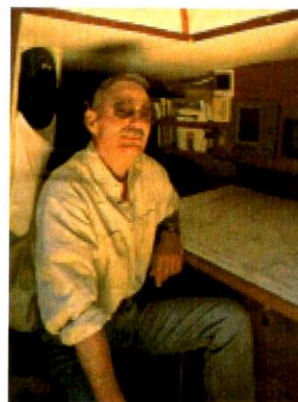
**Doug Peck**, President of *New World Explorers, Inc.* and recipient of the Society's Hakluyt Award in 1998 for his scholarly research tracing Columbus' route to the New World in *Gooney Bird*, informs us of his latest research on the Chontal Maya:

"I'm writing this on the letterhead of the New World Explorers, Inc., a non-profit educational corporation dedicated to historical research of early seafaring exploration, of which I am President. The web-site – [www.newworldexplorersinc.org](http://www.newworldexplorersinc.org) has a number of my research papers on the navigation of the early explorers that can be downloaded and might be of interest to the Society members.

And along that line, for the last six years, I've been doing research on my new in-work book on the seafaring Chontal Maya who paddled their large seaworthy canoes from the Yucatan to the Caribbean Islands and to Florida around AD 300-400 using a sophisticated form of celestial navigation well over a millennium before it was developed in Europe. A paper on Maya's celestial navigation was published in *The Journal of Navigation*, Royal Institute of Navigation, Vol. 54, #1, London (2001). This research on early navigation, which will be in my book on the Chontal Maya, is not available in the web-site, but if any Society members are interested in the subject I will be happy to mail them a copy.

Once again, congratulations on the *Spray Ahoy*, that's more than worth the price of membership and has wider interest than just single-handers."

*Fair Winds and Smooth Seas*,  
Doug Peck



**Multi-circumnavigator (4<sup>th</sup>), Webb Chiles** takes time out to inform the Society of his latest cruising & writing:

"As I think you may know, my wife Carol gave up sailing after a year when she received an offer from her former firm to return as a principal. She flew back from Cape Town, after sailing 12,000 miles in a year that included three crossings of the Atlantic Ocean, zigzagging from

Boston to Portugal to Senegal, Brazil and South Africa. On her return to Boston she quickly bought a condo, a Volvo, and a winter wardrobe, and settled back in.

I have flown back twice to visit her in Boston, and she flew to spend last Christmas with me in Australia. Since her return I have again become a single-hander, making the passage from Cape Town to Fremantle and then Fremantle to Sydney.

Although most of the 20,000 mile *THE HAWKE OF TUONELA* and I have covered since sailing from Boston two years ago have been routine, the passage from Cape Town and Fremantle most definitely was not. I had eight storms gale strength or higher; four of those were Force 10 or higher; and two were Force 12.

The boat held up well, despite taking several knockdowns, one of which dipped the masthead into the water and tore off everything up there, including the tricolor light and wind instruments.

In reaching Sydney in February I completed my long-interrupted fourth circumnavigation. Generally I will return to Sydney soon, cross the

Tasman to New Zealand later this year and go east to Tahiti before turning back through the South Pacific to Australia or New Zealand by the end of the year. Beyond that I have not planned. I don't know that there will be a fifth circumnavigation, although I like South Africa very much and would like to spend time there again.

Sometime next year or the year after, Sheridan House will publish a book about this voyage. I am working on it now with a tentative title of *RETURN TO THE SEA*. Spring has finally reached Boston. I trust that it has reached you too and that you will soon be able to be back on the water."

Webb

**Jim Baldwin** makes an offer to provide JSSI publications with condensed chapters from his upcoming book:

"Thanks for all your efforts in keeping the Society afloat. I'll soon add a link to JSSI from my web site and see what I can put together for article contributions. If you have any specific ideas on what I might help you with, please let me know. For example, I'm working on a book about my 1984-46 solo circumnavigation and possibly could send you some condensed chapter samples for an ongoing series in your newsletter."

*Regards,*

James Baldwin ([www.yachtatom.com](http://www.yachtatom.com))

**Nantascot** is being readied for circumnavigation by Plymouth, Massachusetts members **David Moore & Virginia Wilcox**. We are pleased that Virginia & David took time out to update us on the progress of Nantascot.

"David finds time each day to work on the rebuilding. The rebuilt engine looks 'positively pristine,' – the galley is half done, the RO unit to make drinking water from seawater is in place inside the bicycle locker. David rebuilt the mast, adding radar, the weather instruments and a lifting crane. He's completed the new anchor locker with its special safety reels and added stainless steps on the bowsprit. In the process he cut about 50 lbs. Out of the hatch, gantry, and navigation lights. We kept up with the rust and drilled more than 4000 holes by hand in ¼" steel. At the moment he is working on the stateroom. He'll have a cozy full sized bed athwartships when he is done. The winter work includes a new head with a hot water shower, various pumps, outlets and fans; installing a cabin heater, and the rest of the galley as well as the electrical system for the 2 wind generators and 12 solar panels. Then before we can launch we will do the hull and cut the sails for the two lots of roller furling. Can it be done by midsummer? All we can do is keep following our star."

**Note:** David writes & illustrates for boating magazines – Virginia is a licensed ham operator. They ask for all to keep an eye out for a little yellow boat in your harbor soon.

**David Johnston**, artist of *Slocum's circumnavigation* displayed at '95 Centennial in Fairhaven, Mass., updates us on his new ventures. David and his wife, Sarah, are home schooling Nathan in order to pick up his learning pace. David teaches the Sciences, Math and Reading while Sarah does the Language Arts, Geography, History and Bible. Sarah continues to work at the Post Office, adjusting her hours to late afternoon & evening. David is busy with his Cornerstone Vending Company located in Huntsville, Alabama and hopes to increase his number of vending machines this spring.



Sarah is involved in the Donors program for those needing a bone marrow donation. She had the opportunity to donate bone marrow to a 14-month old baby boy. David reports Sarah's procedures were easy with minimal pain and recovery was quick. They are awaiting outcome of the little boy and pray it has helped.

Anyone interested in getting on the donor registry just call the Johnstons at (256-461-7553) or e-mail ([djohnst@hiwaay.net](mailto:djohnst@hiwaay.net)) or go to the national bone marrow web site [www.marow.org](http://www.marow.org).

**Note:** We commend the Johnstons for their involvement in worthy causes and wish them well in future endeavors.

**Katherine Law** writes in with her thanks for the "Spray Ahoy!" "I read it cover to cover. I love living in San Diego and have joined the Convair Sailing Club. Family obligations keep me in port."

**Thanks go to Ken Wittmer** of Applied Technology Partners for contributing his time installing two new crystals in the remote sailboats. Had this not been done, we would have three boats all on the same frequency, can you imagine the confusion, not to mention the aggravation at the protest committee.

**Thanks to Donn Slocum** for his "thoughtful persuasion" that generated letters of congratulations to Ted & June that was presented at the annual meeting in Clinton, CT. It gave us a big boost and confidence to know you all still stand behind us.

**Tommy Thomas** writes, "Thank you Ted & June, directors, and flag officers for your dedication over the last 8 years. JSSI will soon be 50 years old, a dangerous age. Where do we go from here?"

**Mike Nelson** writes, "Last Sept. 2002 the boatyard where I was working on my boat was struck by an arsonist. The main building burned and part of the wall fell on my boat, a major part of the boat was damaged." In spite of these hardships, Mike sends us his yearly dues, plus a little extra, that's dedication. *Thanks, Mike, from all of us!*

**A letter from new member & son of the late Phil Shea, Phillip D. G. Shea**, pleased us very much. His letter served to thank the Society for their thoughtful "send off" for his father of whom we wrote in the last *Signal*.

Phillip spends part of his time on Brier Island, N.S., fishing and looking after the Shea home-  
stead. He enclosed the pictures of Mt. Hanley,  
Hanley,



Slocum's birthplace, about 138 kilometers from Brier. Phil comments Mt. Hanley is cold and windy but very beautiful, however. He spent time with Mr. & Mrs. Barteaux who have done much to preserve this tiny community of Mt. Hanley, especially the Mt. Hanley School where Slocum attended. Phil also sent the pictures of the monument to Capt Slocum which over looks St. Mary's Bay as well as the new ferry dock in Westport where the spare ferry, "Spray" is docked.

*Thanks Phil for your thoughtful letter and best to you and your mother, Betty.*



## Slocum Family Genealogy

By Melville C. Brown

Here is an update on my numerous projects and undertakings for the Slocum family and Joshua Slocum in particular.

I started my book which is being edited by Judy Slocum (my colleague) and placed on a CD. I have given here my transcripts of family from 1400's, 12 generations to Joshua Slocum (1844), with the remaining family to the present. All lineal ancestry has been documented for the proof of sources. I have many "new" pictures, but want to put in my book as, "first published"...same with the lineal ancestry and many stories.

Virginia's memorial stone from Buenos Aires to Sydney is still looking for a cruising sailing vessel to deliver. The editor of "Soundings" The Nation's Boating Newspaper (magazine), William Sisson will publish an article on this project of mine in the next or following issue...needs a boost.

Judy Slocum and I are in the process of having an article published in the prestigious "New England Ancestors," New England Historic Genealogical Society magazine. The article is about the separation and DNA testing of Anthony & Giles Slocum. Read my article pg. 12 of *Spray Ahoy!* Winter 2002, Signal 89 issue. The DNA testing is for the proof or disproof of a relationship between Anthony & Giles, family members.

I have established all the comings and goings of the shipping commands of Joshua Slocum, photocopies of all Shipping News from San Francisco and Australia (Melbourne, Sydney & Newcastle). Ships include the Constitution, Washington, B. Aymar, Pato and Amethyst. Most interesting information found

proves without a doubt that the first command of Joshua was the Constitution. Ann Spencer did her homework in bringing this to light in her book, "Alone At Sea." Joshua married an American girl, Virginia Albertina Walker, on January 31, 1871 at Sydney, Australia on his first sailing of the Constitution. More was brought to light, but will save for my book.

The book will bring to light the whereabouts of John Slocumb (Joshua's dad) as his move to Massachusetts and death in Boston. I have been to his gravesite. The vital statistics and travels of his wife Catherine, daughter Emma and son Charles (not previously know) are now documented.

The birth of Benjamin Slocum was indeed on board the B. Aymar in Melbourne Harbor, not at his grandfather's house as the birth certificate indicates. William Henry wanted it to be known that Benjamin was born in Sydney and as the family tells me, William fabricated a story to the authorities in Sydney.

Most of my time spent is researching for the info I'm needing, checking the source, and finally a certified certificate or photocopy for proof. I have certified certificates of many births, marriages & deaths of photocopies of actual ledgers in England and important papers pertaining to Joshua Slocum.

Please review Joshua Slocum on the web site:  
[www.slocombe.freesevers.com](http://www.slocombe.freesevers.com).

## Chris Holyday of Australia publishes poem, "Solo Sailor"

My name is Chris Holyday of Perth, Western Australia. In 2002, I entered a poem in an Australian National Poetry Competition and was lucky enough to have it published. The poem was about my boyhood sailing hero, Joshua Slocum, and I thought you would be



interested in seeing it. My interest in Captain Slocum came from growing up on a wide river in Sydney close by Botany Bay and, like Slocum, sailing before I could swim. Also, like Slocum said, if a Sydney lad couldn't afford a boat, he built one, and I did so at sixteen - I also built a replica of the 'Spray', which I still have, though I now live on the West Coast. I still sail, but alas, not on the ocean - I am still a river sailor - in Lasers!

My published poem:

## Solo Sailor

*Dedicated to Joshua Slocum,  
first to solo circumnavigate the world.*

It was October 1896 when you sailed into Sydney Harbour  
Eighteen months into your lone voyage around the world  
From east to west, it was time for a rest, your quest no harder  
It was time to get those sails furled

I have a picture of you taken that day  
If I close my eyes I am on that press boat  
Looking at you across the beautiful wide bay  
What a grand sight to see Captain Slocum's dreams afloat

The waves tell me it was a steady Sydney nor'-easter  
That welcomed you on that sparkling day  
The 'Spray' was flying faster and faster  
You were ever busy at the stern – that was always your way

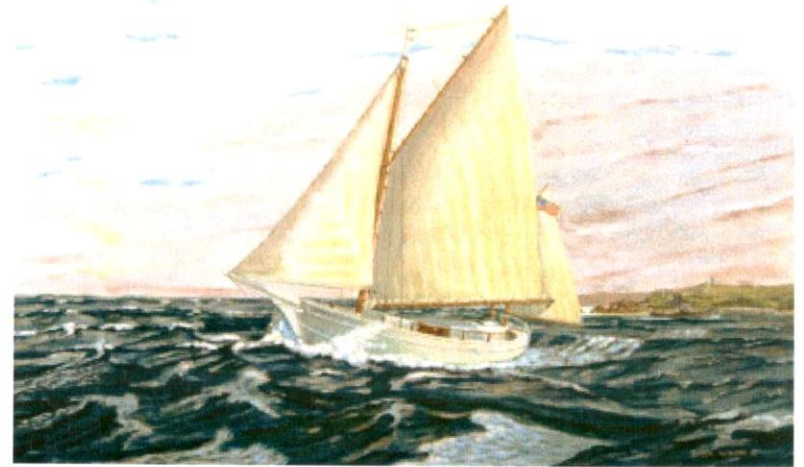
You did it in your own simple style  
You fixed an old boat and just decided to set sail  
Around the world, with characteristic confidence, you knew all the while  
That even though you couldn't swim, in this adventure,  
you would not fail

For life was ever hard and fast for a well-respected  
ship's captain  
And, while serenely modest, your joy of life was always  
infectious

Meticulous and direct, always with a plan  
That enabled you to escape any trouble  
no matter how treacherous

How fitting that you'd end your life in the arms  
of your lifelong love  
Not your wife, she'd passed away,  
and you had sailed on alone  
No, you ended your days in the arms of the lady  
who charmed you from the first  
Your first love, the wonderful sea,  
in whose final embrace you'd be home

That means that you are sailing still on some ocean  
somewhere, at peace  
For the seagoing thoughts of dead sailors  
must be as clear as the real thing  
The 'Spray' pushing a wave, like a bone in its teeth,  
is doing it with ease  
And for as long as we still read your books,  
Captain Slocum, you'll still be sailing.



*painting entitled "Spray leaving Melbourne"  
by Jack Woods A.S.M.A.  
(Australian Society of Marine Artists)*

## For Sale:

### Fred Ebinger's Spray Replica, "Miss Rachel"



After 23 years owning the Spray Replica Fred has made the tough decision to put "Miss Rachel" on the market.

"Miss Rachel" was built in 1955 by Ken "Mac" MacArthur" of

Rowley, MA. The wood for the hull and deck members of this vessel were harvested from local oak and pine. The square timber used for the spars, came from Down East, and were hewn on site. The most basic of hand tools were used by old "Mac."

Fred writes, "I first saw the boat partially planked, I was six years old. Many years followed as other activities took priority over the reconstruction of the boat. Finally she was launched in 1982 and named "Miss Rachael after my first niece."

After a new diesel engine was installed in 1983 and extensive rework on the deck, mast partners and deck house she was re-launched in 1995.

The Society can say, as several of us have seen "Miss Rachael," that she's a lovely, well-found boat and a bargain in today's market.

Asking \$60,000  
Contact Fred Ebinger  
Green Point Boatyard, Ipswich, MA 01938  
Tel: 978-356-7416

## GIFT LOCKER

All Items Listed Price Plus Shipping & Handling

New Slocum Documentary Video  
"Joshua Slocum: New World Columbus"  
By writer/producer Peter Rowe ..... \$25.00

### Books

"Sailing Alone Around the World"  
by Joshua Slocum ..... \$14.95

"The Voyages of Joshua Slocum"  
edited & annotated by Walter Teller ..... \$29.95

"Capt. Joshua Slocum" (paperback)  
by Victor Slocum ..... \$16.50

"Captain Slocum's Life Before &  
After the Spray" by Myra Lopes ..... \$9.95

"Captain Joshua Slocum: A Centennial Tribute"  
(simplified version of Slocum's autobiography of his  
voyage. All nautical terms have been defined. Written  
in larger print for easier reading for all ages.)  
by Myra Lopes ..... \$33.00

"Sailing Around the World"  
By Guy Bernardin ..... \$24.95

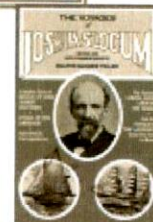
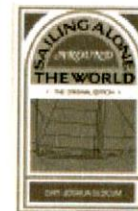
### Model Kit

BlueJacket Ship Crafters/The Laughing Whale  
"Spray" model designed by C. Black ..... \$115.00

### Items for Slocum Society Members

Official Slocum Burgee ..... \$30.00

Wool Baseball Caps (with sm. bullion)  
One size fits all (spec. red, blue or white) ..... \$28.00



### Ordering:

Simply send check or money order plus list of items  
Plus \$5.00 shipping and handling (per total order) to:  
Secretary June Jones,  
15 Codfish Hill Rd. Ext. Bethel, CT 06801



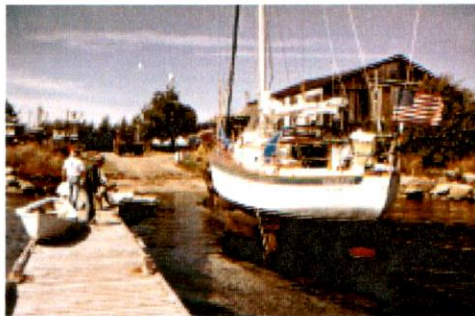
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## Jonesport --

easy access to:

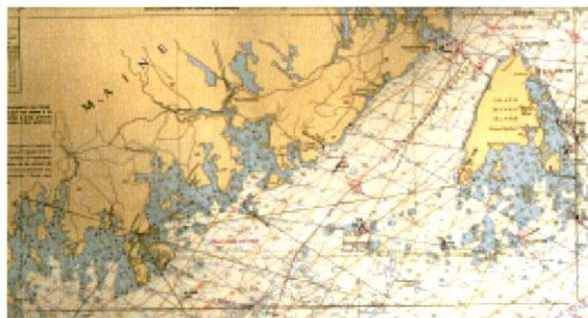
Roque Is. ~ 4.6 nm  
Grand Manan ~ 34.5  
Brier Is. ~ 62 nm  
Campobello ~ 61  
Bar Harbor ~ 34.5  
Alaska ~ 5,146 nm



*Jonesport is one of the few remaining harbors on the east coast that the cruising guides describe as "pristine" downeast country. Roque Island and Great Wass stand out as year-round beauty spots. White sand beaches and state maintained trails surround the perimeter of Jonesport, and are easily reached from the shipyard.*

### **Jonesport Shipyard**

**P.O. Box 214 ~ Jonesport, ME 04649  
(207) 497-2701**



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Repair  
& Restoration  
•  
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Moorings  
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Showers  
•  
Laundry  
•  
Bluenose Cottage

## **The Joshua Slocum Society International List of Members June 2003**

Following there are 14 pages of Members with their home addresses, boat names etc. With 2 page of added members.

Total membership = 251  
published in this 2002-2003 newsletter



*About the cover:*

*Photo of a painting by "Bagley" was offered by Stan Gorge of Cape Town, South Africa. The painting appeared in the British magazine, "Yachting Monthly" in series #3 captioned "Famous Cruising Yachts." All efforts to track the background of the Bagley authority went unanswered. The society welcomes any enlightenment.*

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