

OBITUARIES & APPRECIATIONS

Lieutenant Colonel Jeremy Knox, Club Secretary 1988–1998

Jeremy was born in 1933 into a military family – his father had distinguished himself both at Dunkirk and on D-Day – and attended Wellington and the Royal Military Academy Sandhurst. At the age of 21 he was commissioned into his father's regiment, the Royal Ulster Rifles, who were stationed in Colchester prior to being posted to Wuppertal in Germany. There he commanded an infantry platoon before being transferred to the Regimental Depot at Ballymena, northwest of Belfast, as an instructor.



*Jeremy Knox during his
Army career*

Returning to the Regiment in May 1957 he commanded a support weapon platoon in Cyprus, where he saw active service, and in 1959 was promoted to Captain and posted to Belfast for two years, followed by a year in Singapore as an ADC. By this time he was recognised as a thoroughly professional officer, capable both in command of other men and as a staff officer.

The next few years saw postings to Germany, Hong Kong, Sarawak and Aden, and then back to Colchester where he bought a flat overlooking Tollesbury Marina, thinking of future sailing. In 1967 he crewed aboard a 39ft sloop, *Mahjong of Kowloon*, from Aden to Suez, which became his qualifying passage on joining the OCC two years later. By then the Royal Ulster Rifles had become the 2nd Royal Irish Rangers and Jeremy, promoted to Major, went with it to Somerset where he was a popular Company Commander.

Following further time in a staff job, in 1975 he was appointed Second-in-Command of his Regiment, then in Cyprus. The following year he was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel and, after two years in a staff job, took command of the 6th Battalion, Ulster Defence Regiment based in County Tyrone, during which he was Mentioned in Despatches. After a final posting at HQ British Forces Hong Kong he took early retirement in May 1981, light-heartedly saying that it was increasingly getting in the way of his sailing. Throughout his service career he was noted and admired for his dry humour and great charm.

Jeremy started sailing seriously during his time in the Army, as recalled by his friend and fellow officer Derek Bird:

It was shortly after Jeremy passed his Yachtmaster exam in 1962 that he approached me and another officer in the 1st Battalion, Royal Ulster Rifles with the idea of chartering a yacht from the Army Sailing Club in Kiel. These yachts consisted mainly of those

***Jeremy (right) aboard
Hajo in the 1960s***

confiscated from the Germans at the end of World War Two, and thus we found ourselves setting off from Kiel aboard *Hajo*, a 30 Square Metre, to explore the waters and villages around Denmark.

The success of this holiday and others led Jeremy to buy his first yacht in 1967. He chose an Elizabethan 31, which he named *Sloper of Armoy* after his family's one-time home in Ireland. *Sloper* wore the ensign of the Royal Northern Ireland Yacht Club.

Jeremy and *Sloper* travelled many thousands of miles together and she would go with him to postings in Germany,



Jeremy (right) aboard Hajo

Gibraltar and Northern Ireland. On one occasion I remember sheltering in Heligoland for three days while a gale blew outside, and on another being woken in my port-side bunk with tins of food raining down on me from the shelves above the starboard bunk, now directly above my head as *Sloper* was knocked down. "Everything alright down there?" came the cheerful call from Jeremy at the tiller as I struggled with the resulting chaos.

***Sloper of Armoy,
Jeremy's
Elizabethan 31***



**Jeremy and
Caroline in
the 1990s**

Jeremy's navigation was astonishing and I always admired his pinpoint accuracy as we arrived at ports of call. All plotted on charts, of course – no satnavs in those days!



An article published in *Yachting Monthly* magazine's *One Man and his Boat* series in 1990, spotlighting Jeremy and *Sloper*, mentions cruises to Scandinavia, the Baltic, Iberia, and the western Mediterranean, followed in the 1980s by a two-year cruise to Uruguay and back, mostly singlehanded. *Sloper* completed the 5000 mile passage from the Canaries to Uruguay in a very respectable 49 days. On the return passage, Jeremy chose to head back north from Brazil directly to the Azores, where your editor met him in 1985. The article's author comments, 'One gets the impression that Jeremy's penchant for ground tackle is based on experience rather than nerves; he carries no fewer than six anchors...'. He goes on to list an armoury that would not disgrace a 50-footer – serious stuff indeed!

Following two winters in the Mediterranean and time cruising Andalucía, by which time Jeremy had been joined by Caroline, soon to become Mrs Knox, they returned to the UK so that Jeremy could take up another challenge when he accepted the role of OCC Secretary. The Club was at a very low point – well into the red, its finances a shambles, with dissent at the very top, and the previous Commodore had resigned. A split, or worse, seemed imminent. New Commodore Mary Barton was in desperate need of a competent and reliable right-hand man, and in Jeremy she found the very best. One of his first recommendations was that the Club appoint an Honorary Treasurer (previously the two roles had been combined), after which he and Caroline threw themselves into the task of sorting out the chaos.

Jeremy invariably showed great wisdom, not merely in carrying out his secretarial duties but in his constant and staunch advice to the Committee, who came to value his practical input as well as his logical agendas and accurate minutes. More apparent to the membership was his transformation of the *Secretary's Newsletter* (now simply the *Newsletter*) from a single photocopied sheet mailed out at irregular intervals into an informative quarterly bulletin which included news from members worldwide, rally reports, and a two-year rolling diary of forthcoming Club events – much as we know it today, and doubly valuable before the days of e-mail or website.



*Jeremy and Caroline with their friend Jacina Bird
at the 2014 D-Day Regimental commemoration in Normandy*

After ten years and working with two Commodores, Jeremy decided it was time to move on. In addition to working tirelessly to put the Club back on its feet, he had established a thoroughly organised and systematic office for possibly the first time in the Club's history. On departing as Secretary he was invited to become a Trustee, was made an Honorary Life Member, and received the 1997 OCC Award.

On their return to the UK in the 1980s he and Caroline had settled near Colchester in Essex. Caroline became partner in an art gallery where Jeremy did much of the practical work, and *Sloper* was kept on the River Blackwater and sailed locally. She was finally sold in 2001, after 34 years of ownership. After a year as Secretary to the West Mersea Yacht Club, Jeremy retired completely to live quietly and privately with Caroline in their lovely house by the Essex marshes. They would go for long walks with their black Labradors and twice a year could be found helping with exhibitions at the art gallery. He is survived by his wife Caroline and brother Brian.

With input from James McNeish, Derek Bird, Lizzie Dumas
and *The First 50 Years* by Past Commodore Tony Vasey



Harry Jonas

Harry Jonas died peacefully at home on 20th December 2018 aged 95 years. He began sailing while at St John's College, Cambridge, where he was studying estate management after the war. He started sailing in dinghies, firstly in Fireflies and then in a 505 which he built with his brother Christopher. The family were regulars at the Royal Harwich Yacht Club at Wolverstone on the Orwell Estuary, and in 1959 Harry

and Christopher bought a 40ft Victorian gaff cutter called *Leila*, built in 1892. She was the first of many boats, and heralded the start of many sailing adventures. There were lots of family sailing trips to Holland, Belgium and France over the 1960s and early 1970s, first in *Leila*, and then in *Jack O'Lantern*, a Jack Jones-designed 28ft sloop. These were followed by *Heyli*, a Nicholson 36, and *Andorran*, a North Sea 24 with an overall length of 31ft. Between the mid 1960s and mid 1970s he took part in a large number of ocean races including six Fastnets – four in *Heyli* and *Andorran*, one in *Mowgli*, a 36ft Illingworth and Primrose Maica which he shared for a while with Mike Jones, and one crewing aboard another boat.

In 1966 Harry crossed the Atlantic with OCC Founder Humphrey Barton as navigator aboard his 34ft *Rose Rambler* and joined the Club the following year. He went on to make the passage several more times, including with Jeannie, his first wife, in

1969–70 in *Andorran*, other members of the crew being Peter Veenbaas, Jonathon Webb and Peter Jonas who sailed the first leg to Lisbon.

Jeannie died in 1974 and Harry later married Alex. He took early retirement in 1979 and they went to live in Majorca, having sailed their 31ft Peter Brett-designed sloop *Kerry Piper* out to the Balearics the previous summer. The 1215 miles from Dartmouth to Almeria, Spain allowed Alex to join him in OCC membership. They spent the next few years exploring the Mediterranean, using Majorca as their base and getting as far as the Greek Islands.

In 1982 Harry and Alex set sail for the West Indies in *Kerry Piper*,

***Jack 'o Lantern, Harry's 28ft
Jack Jones-designed sloop***



***Harry Jonas in Plymouth following
the 1967 Fastnet Race***



Catch of the Day!
Harry in August 1982

returning to Majorca 16 months later having sailed 11,282 miles. It was during this trip that they decided to sell *Kerry Piper* along with their Majorcan flat and marina berth and buy a bigger yacht, as they 'enjoyed being afloat and not tied to a land base'. They chose *Shiant*, a Rival 41C and



another Peter Brett design, and moved aboard in 1984 having sold their flat and put their furniture in store. On 3rd November they set sail from the Canaries and arrived in Carlisle Bay, Barbados on 24th. They spent the next 23 months exploring the Caribbean, and had sailed 12,130 miles by the time they returned to the UK in 1986.

During the passage back across the Atlantic Harry blacked out for 20 minutes on the cockpit sole and, as Alex didn't fancy singlehanding, this put an end to their ocean cruising under sail. They sold *Shiant* to OCC members Tony and Jill Vasey, and gave all their well-used Caribbean charts to your current editor. Following their return to the UK Harry and Alex settled in Cornwall where they became volunteers at the Royal Cornwall Museum for a number of years. After a severe heart attack in 1989 Harry was advised not to sail again, so instead he and Alex took long cruises aboard various ships, including one along the west coast of Africa which included a visit to St Helena, and another around the southern coast of South America and Cape Horn. They continued to do this until Alex became unwell prior to her death in 2010 following a short illness.

Peter Jonas and Mark Wilson



Nicholas Lowes

Nicholas Lowes died on 14th December 2018 in Brittany, having been in poor health for several years. He was born in 1940 and after leaving Harrow School went into the family engineering business. His early interest was in old cars and he was given a Lagonda for his 21st birthday. Sadly he was diagnosed with a mild form of epilepsy in his mid twenties and had to give up driving. He, together with two friends, bought a 26ft Stella (similar to a Folkboat but with a bit more beam and headroom). He had never sailed before, so the early sails always involved some minor crisis, usually hitting a mud bank on a falling tide.

I met Nick in 1965 and unbeknown to me he already had dreams of sailing to the Caribbean. Despite little experience he had read many books about ocean cruising, and by the time we set off for the Caribbean in September 1968 *Carmel of Birdham* was well equipped to make the passage. From La Coruña we went via Lisbon, Porto Santo and Madeira to Barbados, a crossing of 2600 miles in 29 days which allowed both

*Nick aboard Carmel
of Birdham in 1968*

*Carmel of Birdham
sailing off Bequia*



of us to join the OCC. It was a great adventure for two lads in their twenties. We sailed up the islands, *Carmel of Birdham* was sold in the US Virgin Islands, and we both returned to London to work.

By now Nick had the call of the sea firmly in his blood. He persuaded one of his previous co-owners that a bigger boat was required, and a 38ft Nicholson ketch called *Grockle* was purchased, in which in 1974 he set off for the Pacific with two crew. He spent three seasons in the Pacific during which he rescued an American girl, Neva Sullaway, from possible jail in Tahiti for lack of a visa. She joined the crew of *Grockle* and

Nick taught her celestial navigation. Neva writes vividly and affectionately of her time sailing with Nick and his crew.* I have one letter from Nick dated July 1977 in which he describes sailing among the islands and has thoughts of sailing to Los Angeles in order to sell *Grockle*. It must have been shortly after this that her engine failed as he was entering one of the Cook Islands and the boat was swept onto the reef and lost.

Nick spent the next 12 years living and working in Sydney where he was joined by Sheelagh, an old friend. He made contact with local OCC members, who enjoyed his and Sheelagh's company at barbecues and other events. They bought a 28ft Compass

* It is planned that both Neva's account of sailing with Nick, and Sheelagh's account of voyaging with him in the Pacific, will be published in *Flying Fish* 2019/2.

*Nick and Sheelagh at a barbecue at
Pittwater, Sydney in 1995*

sloop called *Short Time*, with an 8hp engine which rarely functioned, and in May 1995 embarked on an epic voyage to San Diego, on one occasion spending 65 days at sea – a long time in a small boat! They received the 1996 Australian Trophy for the passage.

Nick and Sheelagh married in a shipboard ceremony in San Diego organised by Neva, with Nick's brother David (on a business trip to America) acting as best man. Three months later they continued on their voyage, but unable to reach Panama due to engine failure decided to return to Australia, revisiting old haunts in Polynesia en route. On this return voyage, by a cruel twist of fate, engine failure in the Cook Islands once again caused the boat to be lost.

They returned to the UK, then eventually bought a *longère* (a typical rural building) in a remote part of Brittany. By this time Nick had swallowed the anchor and his health was beginning to fail. For the last three years, with spells in and out of hospital, he was devotedly looked after by Sheelagh. Just before Nick died he received an e-mail from the OCC saying that, having joined in 1969, he had achieved 50 years of membership and been made a Life Member. It was a honour which Sheelagh says brought him great pleasure.

Nick is survived by his wife Sheelagh, brother David, sisters Felicity-Anne and Philippa, and many nephews and nieces. He had a close circle of friends with whom he kept in touch, in spite of spending long periods abroad. He was a generous man with a twinkle in his eye and I will fondly remember all the good times we spent together as young men and reflect on a friendship of 53 years which has now sadly ended.

Martin Walford, with contributions from
Sheelagh Lowes, Neva Sullaway & John Maddox



Ann Fraser

Ann Fraser, an OCC member for 37 years, died on 25th February 2019 at the age of 91 after a ten year battle with Alzheimer's disease.

An accomplished sailor, Ann was introduced to sailing in Swordfish dinghies by her father, and met her husband Bruce at the London Corinthian Sailing Club during the early 1950s. They married in 1955 and had two children, Caroline and Alastair. They continued to sail in International 14s at LCSC and Salcombe, Devon, and in the Solent on her father's 26ft SCOD, *Tuonela*. As well as racing they enjoyed family cruising around



Ann (top left) sailing with her family aboard Tuonela in 1960s



the English Channel, the Channel Islands and Brittany, but the boat was sold in 1974 after a family

adventure returning from Guernsey to the Hamble in the infamous Force 10 gale during which Ted Heath's *Morning Cloud* was lost.

Ann took this setback as a challenge, and in 1980 purchased a Contessa 32, *Gollywobbler**. After sailing with family and friends on the South Coast, her desire to explore the world developed and she prepared the boat for long-distance racing and cruising. In 1982 – the year in which she joined the OCC – she sailed her first Two-Handed Round Britain and Ireland Race, which whetted her appetite for long-distance racing and led to her sailing the outward leg of the Azores and Back Race the following year. In 1985 she retired from a career in social work to enable time for longer voyages.

Ann was one of the few female skippers (and grandmothers) in the 1986 Two-Handed Transatlantic Race, sailing with Nancy Copplestone on a rough and challenging 34 day passage from Plymouth to Newport, RI. She stayed on the US East Coast for the

* Ann was often asked the origin of the name Gollywobbler, and would explain that it was 'a very large, square, staysail set between the foremast and mainmast of a schooner'. It was Bruce's suggestion, after they'd been reading Anthony Bailey's *The Thousand Dollar Yacht* in which the author mentions a racing schooner flying

a '900 square foot balloon staysail, called fondly the gollywobbler, which occupied the entire area between the masts and overlapped a considerable part of the mainsail as well'.



Ann's first Gollywobbler, a Contessa 32

remainder of the summer to enjoy family cruising, then in 1987 sailed back across the Atlantic to meet Caroline and her family in the Azores, before completing her second Two-Handed Round Britain and Ireland Race with Mary Falk aboard *Quixote*. In 1988 she competed in the OCC Pursuit Race to the Azores, and undertook her first singlehanded trip back to England.

During 1989 Ann and her crew of Willie Ker and Noel Marshall – both OCC members – sailed *Gollywobbler* to West Africa, visiting the Bijagos Islands in Guinea Bissau via Senegal and the Gambia – see *A Voyage to the Bijagös, Flying Fish* 1990/2, available online at <https://oceancruisingclub.org/Flying-Fish-Archive>. She was awarded the Club's Rambler Medal for the voyage, which was challenging not only because this was to 'a part of the world with a distinctly mixed reputation visited by few yachts', but due to major engine problems and communication difficulties. Hoping the engine issues were resolved, Ann sailed to the Cape Verde islands with new crew who developed dysentery. She then decided (with little family consultation) to continue to Antigua singlehanded, a fraught 17-day passage, much of it spent dealing with electrical problems. In the Caribbean she was joined by Bruce, as well as Caroline and her family, laying-up *Gollywobbler* in Virgin Gorda for the 1990 hurricane season.

Returning in January 1991 she found the boat alive with cockroaches. Undaunted, she set off with crew Adam Locke and Jill Baty to the (then) relatively unvisited Western Caribbean, including the Dominican Republic (described as a 'war zone' by her boat insurers), Jamaica, and then south to the Bay Islands in Honduras, Guatemala, Belize and Mexico and on to Cuba. Their adventures were described in *The Alternative Caribbean* in *Flying Fish* 1992/1. Ann and Adam followed a rarely-cruised route along the north coast of Cuba (during 'The Special Period' post the Soviet Union era) before heading back across the Atlantic. Ann found Cuba fascinating and was determined to return.

Her experience on *Gollywobbler* taught her many things about sailing and cruising, including that a Contessa 32 is a relatively small boat. In 1994 she decided to upgrade and bought a Rustler 36 which she named *Gollywobbler II*. This permitted cruising further afield with more space and speed. Bruce was very involved in the purchase and delivery of the new boat but sadly died in early 1995. Later that year Ann completed the Azores and Back Race in *Gollywobbler II*, despite being T-boned by another competitor while on starboard tack at the start.

Ann sailed extensively with other OCC members, including with Anne Hammick on the Portuguese and Atlantic Spanish coasts (following adventures with Anne in a campervan while updating the RCC Pilotage Foundation's *Atlantic Spain and Portugal* in the autumn of 1994). In 1998 she and *Gollywobbler II* returned to Cuba with Chris Powell and Tim Alexander for an extended cruise along the southern coast, and Chris has many fascinating stories of deserted bays, wonderful diving and welcoming people. In 1993 Ann sailed to Chile, Easter Island and the Marquesas with Willy Ker aboard his Contessa 32 *Assent* – see *65° South to 68° North: Part 1*, in *Flying Fish* 1994/1 – and in 1996 from Tahiti to Japan and then Vladivostok with Noel Marshall aboard *Sadko*, including a side-trip on the Trans-Siberian Express to Lake Baikal – see *A Glimpse of the Russian Far East*, in *Flying Fish* 1997/2.

Having cruised with others in the Pacific and wanting to see more, Ann decided to ship *Gollywobbler II* from Fort Lauderdale to Anacortes, Washington State, to join the Cruising Club of America's Millennium Cruise to Alaska with Chris Powell,

Ann Fraser

Caroline Pulver and Anthea Cornell (who says she much enjoyed exploring the Alaskan coast, and also Cuba, in Ann's unique company).

After this she made her way down the US West Coast, including visiting Alastair and family in Southern California before completing *Latitude 38's* 'Baja Ha-Ha' from San Diego to Cabo San Lucas. After cruising the Sea of Cortez *Gollywobbler II* was trucked back to Fort Lauderdale and eventually taken onboard ship to Palma, Majorca. Ann's final years of cruising were spent in the Mediterranean, Brittany and Southern England. *Gollywobbler II* was sold



in 2015 to Phillippe Peche, a competitor in last year's Golden Globe Race.

Ann's interests extended beyond sailing and, as a child, she was a talented dancer and maintained a lifelong interest in ballet. After her school years during World War Two she worked as assistant to Terence Rattigan, moving into the film industry as part of a crew for the Marshall Program in Italy, and then at Shepperton Studios with the vibrant British film industry. Later she worked as a journalist and a social worker. Ann was a good linguist and an accomplished skier, enjoying many skiing trips with fellow sailors and family. With typical determination she took up Adaptive Skiing in her 80s.

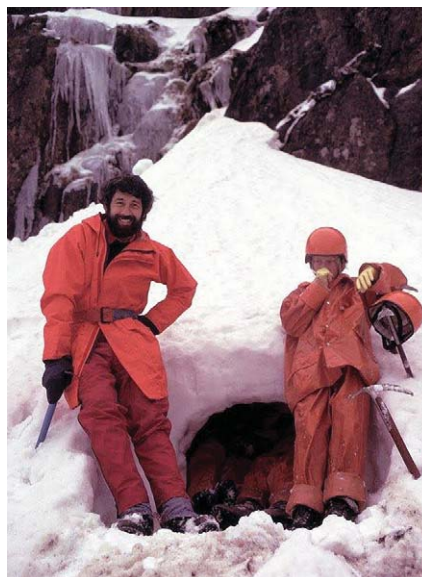
In the words of her long-term friend Anne Hammick, "Ann was truly unique, with fascinating stories to tell and an amazing sense of humour". Those of you who knew Ann in her sailing years will doubtless have memories of her colourful language, irascibility and passion for all things challenging and sailing. Even in her final years she never lost her love of boats and water, and was very happy on family trips on the River Thames checking pilot books and charts. Her family continue the love of boats and cruising with Caroline on the River Thames and Alastair (OCC) currently exploring the Eastern and Southern Caribbean. We hope that her four grandchildren and two great-grandchildren will be similar adventurers.

Caroline Fraser

Michael (Mike) de Petrovsky

Mike de Petrovsky passed away peacefully in Jersey on 14th December 2018 aged 81. He was an avid and accomplished teacher, mountaineer and sailor who covered more than 40,000 miles, much of it either single or two-handed. He was also an inveterate writer of thought-provoking letters, often based around his staunch socialist principles.

Mike grew up on Anglesey and started climbing as a teenager in Snowdonia. His first job was at Ogwen Cottage Outdoor Centre under Ron James. Being one of the 'old school' he had cut his teeth as a traditional mountaineer, riding to the Alps on his motorbike, and he was one of the first to become qualified as an Advanced Mountaineering Instructor. By his early 20s he had already taken part in an expedition to Greenland, a clear indication of the part that adventurous undertakings were to play throughout his life. In 1971 he became Head of the Kent Mountain Centre in Llanberis,



Mike in the late 1970s when he was head of the Kent Mountain Centre at Llanberis, North Wales



North Wales, and ran the Centre singlehanded for a number of years providing courses for students and teachers from Kent. He was also a longstanding member of the Llanberis Mountain Rescue team covering the Snowdon area.

Mike joined the Ocean Cruising Club in 1984, following a 1400 mile passage in 1981 from the Azores to Port Dinorwic in North Wales aboard the 37ft *Fair Exchange*. He sailed his 29ft Dufour Arpège *Tipani* in the 1983 Azores Pursuit Race, took part in the 1984 OSTAR coming second in Class V, and then raced again in OSTAR 1988. In the meantime he participated in the 1986 TwoStar with his friend Lloyd Hircock, as well as the 1987

Mike and Timpani, his 29ft Dufour Arpège

Azores and Back Race. In 1989 he completed the Observer Round Britain and Ireland Race with Chris Jones. He also took part in the 1978, 1979 and 1980 Three Peaks Races – in which crews sail up the west coast of the UK and run to the summits of Snowdon, Scafell Pike and Ben Nevis – after which the 1994 Azores Pursuit Race aboard *Bandit*, an Ericson 39, must have seemed quite relaxing. Mike was one of the original coaches instrumental in getting the RYA coaching schemes off the ground.

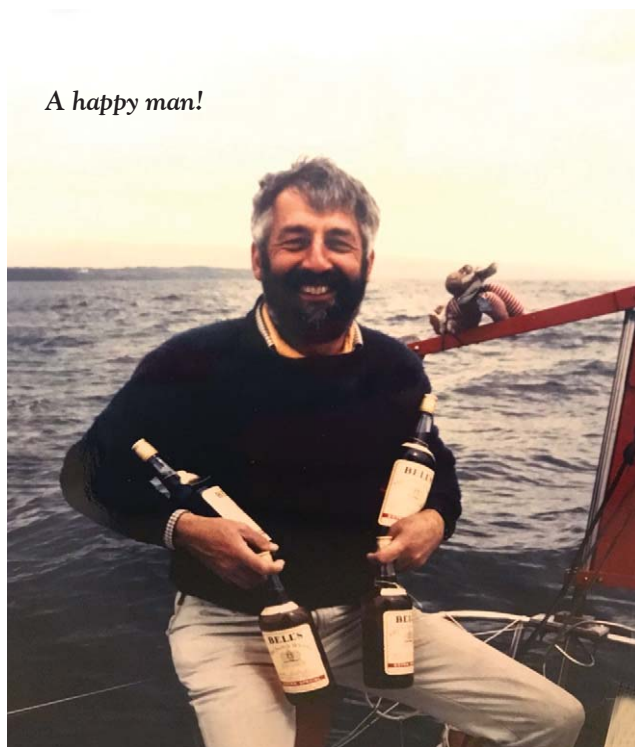
Mike used his sailing to help raise the profile of Amnesty International, renaming his boat after the charity when participating in the 1989 Round Britain and Ireland Race, for which he and Chris Jones received the Henri Lloyd Trophy for outstanding endeavour. He served the OCC as Port Officer for Jersey from 2013–2018, where he owned *Alba*, another Arpège.

He is survived by his wife Margaret, sister Tanya, son and daughter Ivan and Anya, step-daughter Alison and grandchildren Ben, Tom, Charlie, Lucinda and Rosie. Mike was a brave, modest man of sound principles who respected authority but was never cowed

***Timpani, renamed Amnesty International
for the 1989 Round Britain and Ireland Race***



A happy man!



by it. Even at the age of 80 he was reputed still to be riding his BMW F800R around the roads of Jersey, sometimes at totally illegal speeds. He was an inspiration to many and will be sadly missed by all who knew him.

Alison Morgan,
with input from
Chris Jones

Michael O'Flaherty

Michael O'Flaherty was born in Ireland on 2nd March 1932. He went to school at Downside Abbey in England, then attended Trinity College, Dublin and the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn. Later he ran the family car assembly business in Ireland and owned an aerial lift company in the United States.



Michael O'Flaherty

yacht in which he and Brian cruised the New England coast during the summer and in the Caribbean in the winter. He loved New England and eventually bought a home in Camden, Maine. In addition to the Ocean Cruising Club he was a member of the Cruising Club of America, the Royal Cruising Club and the Irish Cruising Club, and also of the Royal Irish, Royal Channel Islands, Royal Thames and New York Yacht Clubs.

A typical example of Michael's love of boats, and of his generosity, occurred when a rather nice Contessa 32 dragged down on *Cuilaun* in a British anchorage and was seriously damaged. Instead of berating the owner, Michael paid for the repairs on behalf of the impoverished student who owned her.

Michael crossed the bar on 12th August 2018. His love of sailing and classic boats, his friendships, and his great stories will live on in the hearts of those who knew him. He is much loved and sadly missed by his lifelong partner, Brian Smullen.

This obituary was adapted from the 2019 issue of *Voyages*, the annual magazine of the Cruising Club of America.



Roy Megargel

Roy C Megargel of Essex, Maryland died on 22nd September 2018 at the age of 88, surrounded by his family. Born in New York on 5th September 1930, Roy graduated from South Kent School and Dartmouth College and served as a lieutenant in the United States Marines, commanding a tank during the Korean War. After the war Roy attended Harvard Law School, practising law in Boston, Massachusetts and New York City, before becoming Vice President of General Telephone and Electronics. He retired in 1988 as President of General Tire Corporation's International Division.

Upon retirement Roy took Joseph Campbell's dictate to heart and followed his bliss – selling his home in Akron, Ohio and moving aboard his beloved Cal 39 *Artemis* with his wife Diane. They crossed the Atlantic to the Canaries, then sailed north up the African coast to England and mainland Europe. They spent time aboard *Artemis* moored on the Seine in Paris, and traversed the Mediterranean Sea to Asia Minor, sailing her back to the US via the Caribbean Islands.

Roy and Diane ultimately hit the US coast at Baltimore, Maryland where they bought a dock for *Artemis* and a home for themselves. Roy continued to sail *Artemis* up and down the Inland Waterway, the Chesapeake Bay, out into the Atlantic, and up and down the Eastern Seaboard, until he was in his mid 80s. He singlehanded until his health prevented it and then enlisted the assistance of family, friends, neighbours and even strangers so that he could put out to sea whenever the weather permitted (and, even when it did not).

Roy held membership at times in the Old Greenwich Boat Club, the Riverside Yacht Club, the New York Yacht Club, the Cedar Point Yacht Club, the Offshore Cruising Club and, of course, the Ocean Cruising Club, which he joined in 1991 following a passage from St John, USVI to Beaufort, North Carolina aboard *Artemis*. He attended

Roy aboard Artemis, his Cal 39



Roy Megargel

OCC gatherings and cruises whenever he could and was a kind and wonderful addition to any occasion.

Roy's first boat was *Skate*, which he built from a hulk in the 1950s with his lifetime friend Bucky. *Seabear*, *Stormsvala*, *Rouge* and *Artemis* followed. Roy's favourite place on earth was Hadley Harbor, Naushon Island, Massachusetts where he loved to anchor overnight when on passage through Buzzards Bay. Those who knew and loved him know he will always be exactly there!

Roy is survived by his wife Diane, daughter Katie, son Ralph, step-daughter Leslie, step-son Craig, and grandchildren Greg, Sarah, Daniel, Ben and Vivi.

Bon voyage Roy, may you always have fair winds and a following sea.

Ralph Magargel



Nicholas George Eyles

Nick's wife Jill has asked me to pen a few words about Nick as we shared three boat partnerships spanning more than 40 years, and this I am privileged to do.

Nick Eyles, who died in January at the relatively early age of 71, achieved much in his full and interesting life. With an infectious energy, a good sense of humour and an adventurous spirit, Nick left an indelible mark with those who knew him. Born in 1947 in High Wycombe, almost as far as you can get from the sea in England, Nick was introduced to sailing as a teenager at Charterhouse School, racing dinghies on Frensham Ponds. After attending the College of Estate Management, part of London University, in the later 1960s and qualifying as a chartered surveyor, Nick spent five years overseas, first in Durban, South Africa, where he sailed a *Fireball* and then later sailing dinghies in Sydney Harbour.

Returning to London in the early 1970s Nick was first introduced to cross Channel racing by his old school friend and Royal Ocean Racing Club member Jonathan Rolls. Nick liked the occasional JOG* race but felt that having got to France it should be

* The Junior Offshore Group, established in Cowes, Isle of Wight in 1950 to enable smaller yachts to race offshore and across the English Channel.

enjoyed and explored, which led him in the direction of acquiring his own boat for a mix of racing and cruising. About that time he and I, a fellow surveyor and yachtie, acquired *Blue Contessa*, a second-hand Contessa 26 which we berthed in Lymington. For the next ten years we did mainly Solent racing and the odd Channel race.

In 1977 Nick married Jill. They were blessed with four daughters, and Nick managed to keep the family interest in sailing by discovering Alderney as a perfect family base for the summer holidays, with him doing the Channel crossings.

Continuing the co-ownership, we graduated to *Slip Anchor*, a Sadler 34 commissioned in 1986. Following extended cruises to South Brittany and many Round the Island races, the *Yachting Monthly* Triangle Race in 1988 led to the challenge of doing the

**Nick Eyles raises a glass aboard
Slip Anchor 2, the Discovery 55
he shared with Clive Fisher**



ARC in 1997, so *Slip Anchor* headed for the Canaries that summer. A crossing from Las Palmas to St Lucia in just over 21 days resulted in *Slip Anchor* being the overall winner on handicap, no one being more surprised than Nick. Faced with the dilemma of the boat being in the Caribbean but living in England, and not wanting to sail her back, the alternative was to continue the adventure. So after three seasons exploring the Caribbean from the Grenadines to the BVI, *Slip Anchor* transited the Panama Canal to head for the coconut run to Australia.

Needing to get back to work after a ten week cruise which included swimming at the equator, exploring the Galapagos, the Marquesas and the Tuomotos, we laid the boat up on Raitea in French Polynesia. Returning twelve months later we continued the journey, cruising the Cook Islands, Tonga and Fiji and making eventual landfall at Brisbane. We sailed down the Queensland coast to a warm welcome at the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron where the boat was sold to a retired Brit from Poole.

Slip Anchor II, a Discovery 55, was built and launched in 2003.

That summer our two families had a

marvellous cruise down to the Med, basing ourselves in Majorca where for the next three seasons the families had various holidays in and around the Balearics, Corsica and Sardinia. Returning to the UK in 2006, *Slip Anchor II* did various extended summer family cruises – twice round Britain and Ireland, followed by Scandinavia and, in more

recent years, closer to home back once more to South Brittany. Just at the time Nick was first diagnosed with cancer it was decided to close our chapter of sailing together and she was sold in 2017.

Nick was a very busy person, pursuing a career in commercial property in and around London while living with Jill in Compton near Guildford. A Past Commodore of the Old Carthusian Yacht Club*, he loved nothing more than messing about in boats with his family and friends, but still had time to enjoy his winter sports of skiing and shooting.

As a shipmate he was a wonderful companion, never allowing a stimulating argument to go unchallenged. Despite this we never had a harsh word. His seamanship and navigation skills were of the finest.

Clive Fisher

* Alumni of Charterhouse School are known as 'Old Carthusians'.



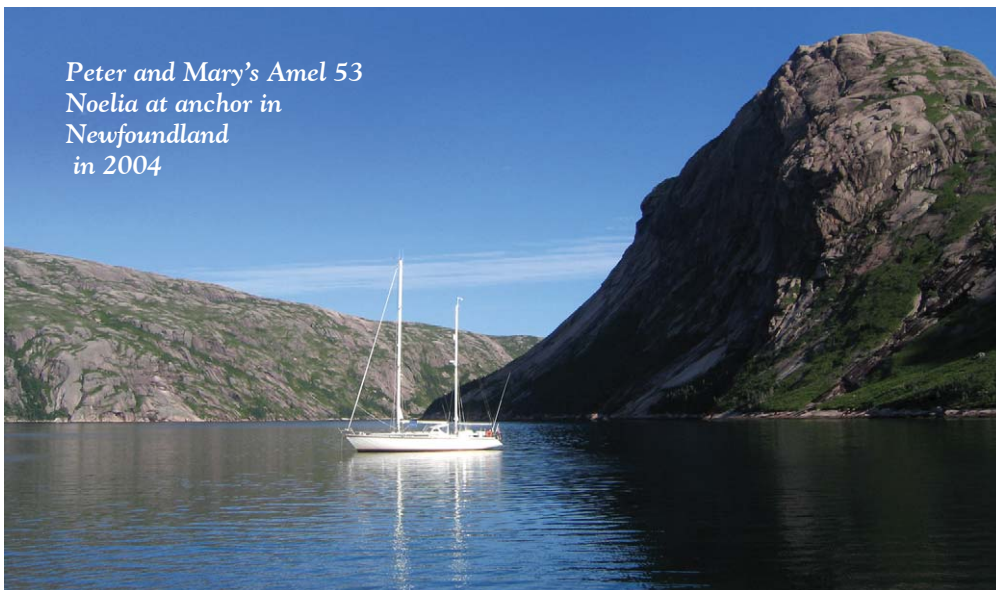
Peter Lee

Peter B Lee of Buena Vista, Colorado passed away peacefully on Friday 22nd June 2018 in Salida, Colorado after a very brief illness, surrounded by family and friends. He was born in Minneapolis to Ephrine and Madge Lee on 26th September 1933 and grew up in the Twin Cities area. After attending the University of Minnesota Peter became tired of Minnesota winters – so tired, in fact, that he joined the US Marine Corps during the Korean conflict. Later in his military career he served in Vietnam as an officer and pilot, flying both helicopters and the A4. Following his discharge he became a commercial airline pilot, flying as a Captain for Frontier and Continental

Peter and Mary Lee at Grand Bank, Newfoundland in 2005



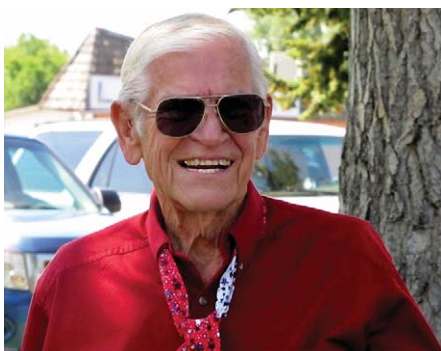
*Peter and Mary's Amel 53
Noelia at anchor in
Newfoundland
in 2004*



Airlines. Peter flew many types of aircraft from DC3s to 747s, later taking his passion for aviation to the Federal Aviation Administration (FAA) as an Operations Aviation Inspector in Denver, Colorado.

While growing up in Minnesota, Peter had learned to lake sail at the family's summer cabin. Although his passion was aviation, he often sailed in the Virgin Islands with his older sister and her husband aboard their 32ft Westsail *Alcyone*. This gave him a taste of, and then a passion for, salt water sailing. In 1990 Peter met Mary Hallman, also an Aviation Inspector and retired airline captain, who owned a 35ft Pearson moored in Penobscot Bay, Maine. Together, during summer vacations, they sailed the Maine and New Brunswick coasts before deciding to venture forth to more distant horizons.

After their marriage in 1999 they purchased *Noelia*, a 53ft Amel, retired from the FAA, and spent several years living aboard. Both became members of the OCC in 2001 after their qualifying passage from the USA to Virgin Gorda, BVI. They continued cruising the waters of the Caribbean, the Maine Coast, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland until they realized that the round-the-world voyage was never going to happen. *Noelia* needed to find new captains and it was with great reluctance that she was sold. They did continue sailing the coast of Maine, however, with the power vessel *Annie B*, a 32ft Nordic Tug.



Peter's health began to deteriorate, however, and with the onset of dementia their life on the water came to an end. They had built a home in Colorado, and moved to Buena Vista in 2012. They both enjoyed camping (truck and travel trailer), the many musical activities available, fishing and off-road exploring.

Peter is survived by his wife Mary, sons Mitch and Mike, daughter Gigi, step-son James and six grandchildren.

Mary Hallman-Lee

Richard St Clair Salsman

Richard St Clair (Rick) Salsman was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia on 23rd December 1950. During his youth he learned to sail at Halifax's Waegwoltic club, but set sailing aside for a time while he attended Acadia University, travelled through Europe and launched a retail clothing business with his friend Richard Dube. Beginning with one store, The Jeanery Limited grew to a province-wide chain. Eventually Rick became sole owner of the company, which thrived under its new City Streets banner until the sale of the business in 2011.

Outside work, Rick's interests were many and varied. He was a licensed pilot with an Instrument Flight Rules rating, a skilled and graceful skier, an enthusiastic runner, an avid reader, an excellent cook, a talented photographer and a lover of music. But all other hobbies paled in comparison to Rick's passion for sailing. In this he was inspired by his grandfather, Sidney St Clair Jones, who late in the 19th century had sailed to China on a steel barque and later owned a series of tern schooners* that he operated as cargo ships.

In 1983 Rick decided to purchase his own sailing boat. This came as a great surprise to his wife Bonnie, who had never sailed and had no idea how much her life was about to change. Together they sailed their first boat, a Mirage 24 called *Unruly*, in many local regattas, with Rick's excellent helmsmanship taking him to the podium on several occasions. However, Rick soon realised that racing was taking too much time away from his children and decided to change his focus to cruising.

His second boat, *Hocus Pocus*, a C&C 29, carried his family on many magical vacations on the south shore of Nova Scotia and in the Bras d'Or lakes of Cape Breton. A born sailor, Rick was blessed with the ability to sail through the roughest

* An American term for a three-masted schooner.

Rick and Bonnie aboard Aisling 1



of seas without a hint of seasickness. This was especially helpful on the rough and rocky coast of Nova Scotia, when all three of his 'crew' would often be sidelined with their heads in buckets. A family joke was that, while the rest of the family would be incapacitated by heavy seas, Rick could be below decks plotting a course and eating barbecued peanuts with no ill effects. To this Rick would reply, "Not true. I got seasick once".

Long before GPS was available, Rick's expertise in navigation allowed him to sail through the thickest of fog in areas where Loran C did not function, to arrive at his planned destination. He shared his knowledge of seamanship as a leader of a troop of Sea Scouts, and in 1989 he planned and led a Sea Scout sailing expedition to the Boy Scout Jamboree in Prince Edward Island.

As the years passed, Rick applied his typical single-mindedness and determination to a plan to cruise the world. His last and favourite boat, *Aisling I*, a Slocum 43, took him on the adventure of his life. In 2002, *Aisling* took her shakedown cruise from Nova Scotia to Bermuda. Trips to Maine, St Pierre and Newfoundland followed. In June 2007, with the help of two friends, he and Bonnie sailed *Aisling* across the Atlantic Ocean, completing their OCC qualifying passage from Halifax to the Azores in just under 12 days. From the Azores, they continued to northern Spain, down the coast of Portugal and into the Mediterranean. The cruising lifestyle suited them both, and what was intended to be a two-year plan gradually evolved into a nine-year odyssey. Their blog describing the adventures of *Aisling* was a reflection of Rick's creativity and exuberance for life, and they received two awards from the Cruising Club of America for their writing. By the time *Aisling I* was sold in 2016, Rick had sailed her in 15 countries. His plan was to find a boat that was capable of high-latitude sailing and to explore the waters of the Canadian north, but this was not to be. Rick was diagnosed with pancreatic cancer in 2017, and succumbed to the disease on 10th February 2019.

As much as Rick loved sailing, his greatest happiness came from spending time with his family and his many friends. In any port, Rick could be found walking the docks or visiting boats by dinghy, eager to meet other cruisers, learn from their experiences and share his own knowledge. At home, his new grandson Théo brought him much joy in the final months of his life.

Rick was a member of the Ocean Cruising Club, the Cruising Club of America, the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron and St Matthew's United Church. He was a past member of the Fort Massey, St Matthew's and St David's Refugee Committee, and of the Board of Governors of the Cruising Club of America. He is deeply missed by his wife Bonnie, children Christopher and Katherine, son-in-law Martin, grandson Theodore, brothers Alan and Robert, and sister Lyn.

Bonnie Salsman



Bjorn Johnson

Bjorn Johnson passed away in Newport, RI in May 2018 at the early age of 62. He was a proud member of the Cruising Club of America, New York Yacht Club, Storm Trysail Club and Atlantic Highlands YC, as well as the Ocean Cruising Club. He was past chair of the Bermuda Race Organising Committee and gave generously and tirelessly of his time and knowledge to the sport of sailing.

Bjorn Johnson was a champion racing sailor and a passionate cruiser. His racing accomplishments are too numerous to list, but among the highlights are almost 20 Newport Bermuda Races, winning the overall trophy on *Shere Kahn* in the 2001 Bermuda One-Two and, with Larry Huntington, winning the 2015 Transatlantic Race from Newport to Cowes, UK in *Snow Lion*, his qualifying passage to join the OCC. In 2018 he had planned to compete in the Newport Bermuda Race and follow on with a cruise to Europe.

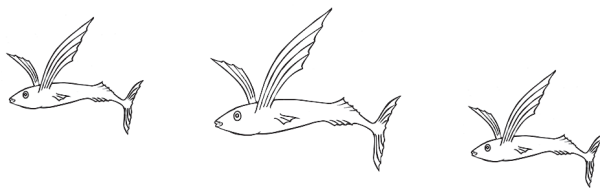


Bjorn Johnson in May 2018

Bjorn could do anything on or around a boat and he would generously help anyone who asked. Marine electronics pros and boat builders would tell him: 'You could do this for a living!'. Professionally, he served as the executive director of the Offshore Racing Association, a not-for-profit organisation that, among other things, owns, promotes and maintains the Offshore Rating Rule. Bjorn was a renaissance man – husband to Kristine and father to Kirsten and Tatiana, he was also an engineer, an athlete, a great cook and an artist ... but a painter, plumber and decorator too. He loved his family, boats, real estate and cars – more or less in that order.

We have lost a champion of our sport, a fine friend and an extraordinary shipmate.

This obituary was adapted from the 2019 issue of *Voyages*, the annual magazine of the Cruising Club of America.



Mortal I know I am, short-lived; and yet, whenever I watch the multitude of swirling stars, then I no longer tread this earth, but rise to feast with God, and enjoy the food of the immortals.

Ptolemy of Alexandria