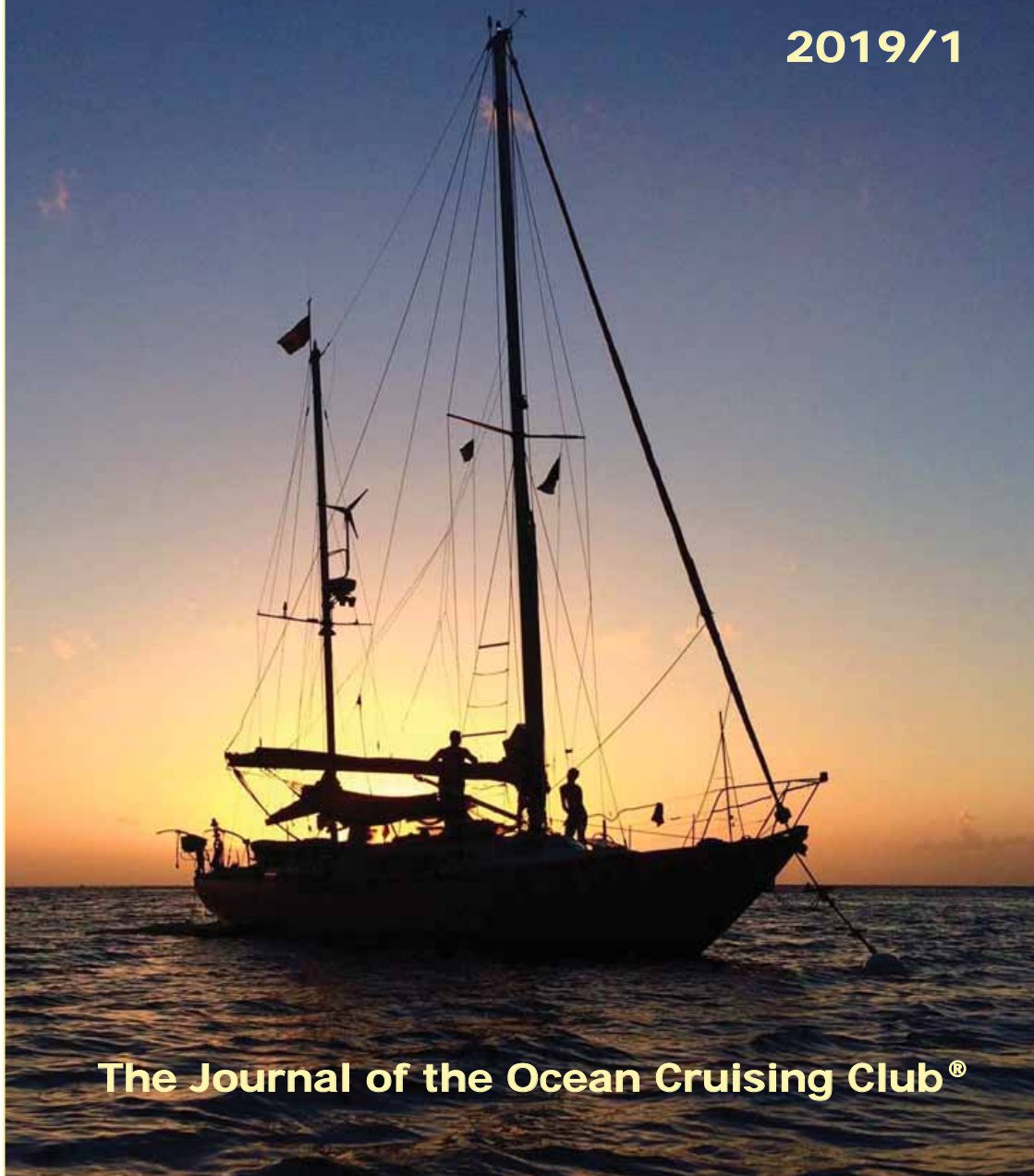


# *Flying Fish*

2019/1



**The Journal of the Ocean Cruising Club®**



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### HEALTH WARNING

The information in this publication is not to be used for navigation. It is largely anecdotal, while the views expressed are those of the individual contributors and are not necessarily shared nor endorsed by the OCC or its members. The material in this journal may be inaccurate or out-of-date – you rely upon it at your own risk.



**Cover Photo: *Seamogs* on a mooring in St Lucia – see ‘Vigo to Virginia: *Seamogs* and the Prudent Mariners’, page 27. Photo Emily Rawlings**





This *Flying Fish*, my 58th as editor, marks something of a watershed. My predecessor David Wallis, after whom the Trophy is named (see page 6), founded our Journal in 1964, with a flying fish on the cover but no formal name. The first issue contained 46 pages and was printed in London, even though David worked at the Chaucer Press, a major book publisher near Cambridge.

By the early 1970s – and now displaying the familiar *flying fish* logo on the cover – it was being printed in South Wales near where the Secretary kept his boat. It then moved first to a company in Norfolk and then to one in Hertfordshire, but in the late 1980s Derrick Bettiss, a colleague of David's, started up a small independent printing company and David naturally put some work his friend's way. Thus the past 62 issues, spanning more than 30 years, have been printed by Bungay Printers in Suffolk.

Sadly David died in 1990. He was a brave and stoic man, unwilling to admit how ill he was, with the result that there was no-one on standby to take over. I offered to do one issue (1990/2) on a trial basis, and found that I enjoyed editing members' articles and then laying-out the galleys (strips of printed text) and bromides (final size photos converted into monochrome) on pre-printed layout sheets. Perhaps partly in self-defence, as well as to assist this total novice, Derrick and his team were helpfulness itself and a very special relationship developed.

This continued after Derrick retired and Tony Grimwood joined John Pettit to run the business. By the late 1990s I was seeking their advice about creating the *Fish* on computer, soon followed by the challenge of colour photos. Even now it would be rare for an issue to go to press without several phone calls. Although I'm sure our new printers will be

fine, I shall really miss working with Tony and John – thank you both for your help and support over so many years! Anne, Editor

*Tony does the techie side...*

*... while John runs the machines*



Back to the future, and the DEADLINE for submissions for *Flying Fish 2019/2* is Tuesday 1st October, though I'd appreciate receiving your articles and photos several weeks earlier if possible.



## THE 2018 AWARDS

In accordance with OCC tradition, the 2018 Awards were presented at the Annual Dinner, held this year at the Sport Wales National Outdoor Centre at Plas Menai in North Wales on Saturday 6th April. A capacity crowd of 90 members were present though sadly only three Award winners, plus one relative, were able to attend in person. As in previous years, Topsail Insurance provided generous support towards the cost of the event.

Past Commodore Bill McLaren was an outstanding Master of Ceremonies. His notes were invaluable when compiling the following summary, as was the information collected from Awardees by Vice Commodore and OCC PR Officer Daria Blackwell.

Photos taken at the Dinner are by Alex Blackwell, Regional RC Ireland, and by your editor (who much prefers to be behind a camera than in front of one).

Finally, thanks are due to Fiona Jones and Eoin Robson, co-chairs of the Awards Sub-committee, and to both Fiona and Chris, Regional RCs GB, for organising such an enjoyable weekend, details of which will be found in the accompanying *Newsletter*. Further details of the history and criteria for each award will be found at <https://oceancruisingclub.org/Awards>.



*Master of Ceremonies Bill McLaren*

## THE QUALIFIER'S MUG

Presented by Admiral (then Commodore) Mary Barton and first awarded in 1993, the Qualifier's Mug recognises the most ambitious or arduous qualifying voyage published by a member in print or online, or submitted to the OCC for future publication.

*Celebrating Christmas aboard Seamogs in Lanzarote.  
Left to right: James, Tyler, Emily, Guy and Lydie*



The Qualifier's Mug for 2018 went to New Zealander **James McGaughan**, skipper of *Seamogs*, for the passage described on page 27 of this issue.

*Vigo to Virginia: Seamogs and the Prudent Mariners* is an enjoyable account of a passage from northwest Spain to St Lucia via the Canaries by a young and inexperienced crew – none of the five had made an ocean passage before – in a family-owned Nicholson 48. They suffer the usual gear failures and malfunctions along the way, and though James is modest and good-humoured throughout, he and his crew are clearly both competent and resourceful. They also appear to be a happy crew, who work well as a team and thoroughly enjoy the whole experience – other than getting mugged in St Lucia, though even that is treated as a learning

experience. Their interaction with local children while moored off The Pitons is vividly described and will resonate with many OCC members.

On learning that he'd won the Qualifier's Mug, James wrote:

"Good evening. Unfortunately for me I am unable to join you all this evening as by the time this is read out I will most likely be bobbing along happily somewhere in the Sargasso Sea." (He later explained that he'd be sailing *Seamogs* from the Caribbean back to the US East Coast for hurricane season.)

"A big thanks goes, of course, to the crew members who joined me aboard *Seamogs* on the Vigo to Virginia trip. They contributed more than their fair share of mischief but they were also patient, strong, hardworking and fantastic shipmates. I look forward to sailing with them again. We thoroughly enjoyed the trip, I thoroughly enjoyed writing about it and I hope you all thoroughly enjoy reading it.

Reading through the exploits of others who are receiving awards tonight I feel I am in distinguished company. I am humbled to be accepting an award at the same event as such sailors – your adventures continue to inspire me."



*Emily and 'Captain' James  
running the barbecue*

## THE DAVID WALLIS TROPHY

Presented by the family of David Wallis, Founding Editor of *Flying Fish*, and first awarded in 1991, this silver salver recognises the ‘most outstanding, valuable or enjoyable contribution’ to that year’s issues. The winner is decided by vote among the *Flying Fish* Editorial Sub-committee.

This year’s trophy goes to **Ellen Massey Leonard** for her article *A Penchant for the Primitive: Reflections on Spending my Twenties at Sea*, which appeared in *Flying Fish* 2018/2. Notably well-written and beautifully illustrated, it struck a chord with all on the *Flying Fish* Editorial Sub-committee. Ellen and her husband Seth are now based in Hawaii, and the Awards Sub-committee are queuing up to go and present her plaque in person! Ellen wrote:

*Ellen in La Paz, Mexico in May last year*



“I wish I could be with you to receive this award. It’s a great honour to be singled out, especially considering the many fascinating stories related in every issue of *Flying Fish*. I’ve been very lucky to be able to sail long distances from a young age, and it’s been a joy to be able to share those experiences through my writing and photography, first with friends and family and then with the wider sailing community through magazines and online. To be recognised for my storytelling by the OCC, a club of such exceptional ocean sailors, means a lot, as does simply being a member of the OCC. It’s always a great feeling to drop anchor in a new port and see a friendly flying fish burgee fluttering on a nearby boat!”

In addition to back numbers of *Flying Fish* being readily available on the Club’s website, Ellen and Seth maintain an impressive blog at <https://gonefloatabout.com/>.



## THE PORT OFFICER SERVICE AWARD

Introduced at the suggestion of then Rear Commodore Mark Holbrook and first presented in 2008, this award is made to one or more OCC Port Officers or Port Officer Representatives who have provided outstanding service to both local and visiting members, as well as to the wider sailing community.



The Port Officer network has rightly been described as one of the jewels in the OCC's crown and three awards were made for 2018. These went to **Mary Schempp-Berg**, Port Officer for Whangarei, New Zealand; **Dianne Tetreault**, Port Officer Representative for Beaufort, North Carolina; and **Agustín Martín**, Port Officer Representative for Las Palmas, Gran Canaria.



**Mary Schempp-Berg, Port Officer for Whangarei, New Zealand**

Mary has been PO in Whangarei since 2009, and her nominators praised the friendly, welcoming service she has provided to visiting cruisers over the past ten years. She and her husband David, a professional delivery skipper, live aboard their 45ft *Kismet*, and have helped many members with their practical, sensible advice and comprehensive knowledge of local services. Mary also organises an annual OCC Party, usually in April, to complement the arrival party in Opuia in November and is, in their words, 'our idea of exactly what a Port Officer should be'. Mary wrote that:

"I am honoured to receive the Port Officer Service Award here in New Zealand. We are such a small country and it is great to see so

many OCC overseas boats come in. I work in the marine industry, in a chandlery in Whangarei, so I have a chance to meet people either while working or in a social environment here at Riverside Drive Marina."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Second awardee was **Dianne Tetreault**, POR for Beaufort, North Carolina. Her nominations stressed her enthusiasm for both Beaufort and the OCC, the warmth of her welcome to new arrivals, her expertise at securing scarce berths for visiting OCC members, her offers of transport and other assistance, and the way she organises impromptu get-togethers to introduce visitors to local members. Very well-known locally, she is involved with the maritime museum and the Christmas decorated boat parade and, most importantly, is known to the staff of all the marinas she recommends. She was summed up by different nominators as offering 'All the things you need of a



***Dianne Tetreault, POR for Beaufort, North Carolina***

PO – and a lot more besides!', and as one who has indeed 'provided outstanding service to both local and visiting members, as well as to the wider sailing community'.

When she learned of her win Dianne wrote:

"First I want to thank the OCC members who back in early 2017 found me in Beaufort, North Carolina and then gave me the amazing opportunity to be a small part of this awesome organisation. What a thrill it has been! It has been a true honour and privilege to serve as a Port Officer Representative and to connect with your members who chose – for whatever reason – to stop in my little corner of the world.

I love being able to reconnect with my past sailing life and at the same time provide a service to cruisers – whether as simple as a ride to the store, finding the right marina or anchorage, or introducing them to Southern Hospitality. I have to say that this is the best job I have ever had! To all my new friends who have passed through Beaufort, I thank you for this award. I look forward to seeing the flying fish on the horizon and handing out my jars of local Beaufort peanuts to all who pass through in the future."



The winner of the third Port Officer Services Award is **Agustín Martin**, POR for Las Palmas, Gran Canaria. Agustín previously won the Award for 2016, and plainly his standards have not slipped since then as despite living on the opposite side of

the island he goes out of his way to contact every OCC boat passing through, and many non-members join after their first contact with him.

In addition to recommending all kinds of services, from medical to rug cleaning to local restaurants – and frequently



***Agustín Martin, POR for Las Palmas, Gran Canaria, receives his Port Officer Service Award plaque from Commodore Simon Currin***



offering transport where necessary – he invites members to his home and throws an annual party for visiting cruisers. He assisted one boat by standing in for a crewmember who was injured, and was summed up by his nominator as ‘a superb ambassador for his island, his country and the OCC’. We were very pleased that he could join us at the Annual Dinner to receive his award in person.



## THE OCC EVENTS AND RALLIES AWARD

This award, open to all members, recognises any Member, Port Officer or Port Officer Representative who has organised and run an exceptional rally or other event.

The OCC Events and Rallies Award for 2018 went to **José Henrique Azevedo**, for his pivotal role as owner of Peter Café Sport in initiating and facilitating last June’s Azores Pursuit Rally to Horta on the island of Faial. José put his heart and soul into the event and throughout the entire week was never seen without a smile on his face – the perfect host! Our Port Officer Representative for Horta since 2007, he was elected to Honorary Membership at the 2019 AGM.

The Rally was held as part of the centenary celebrations of the famous Café, opened by José’s grandfather in 1918 and run for many years by his father ‘Peter’, a great friend of our Founder Humphrey Barton. It attracted some 44 OCC yachts and upwards of 180 members and their guests, making it one of the largest gatherings of members in the history of our Club. Detailed and



*José Henrique Azevedo receives his plaque for the OCC Events and Rallies Award from Commodore Simon Currin*

enthusiastic reports of the event – which featured walks, cycle rides, tours, whale watching, visits to the neighbouring island of Pico, barbecues and dinners – featured in last September’s *Newsletter*. Visit the Peter Café Sport website at <https://petercafesport.com/>.

We were delighted that José and his wife Maria were able to be with us for the weekend so that he could receive his award in person.



*José behind his ‘desk’ in Peter Café Sport, Horta*

## THE WATER MUSIC TROPHY

Presented by Past Commodore John Foot and named after his succession of yachts all called *Water Music*, this set of meteorological instruments set into a wooden cube was first awarded in 1986. It recognises a significant contribution to the Club in terms of providing cruising, navigation or pilotage information, and is open to members only.



*Helen Norris receives Mike's Water Music Trophy plaque from Commodore Simon Currin*

2018/2 and on page of this issue. Further practical information and many more photos are to be found in their blogs – <https://islanddriftermediterranean2017.blogspot.com/>, [www.islanddriftergreece2018.blogspot.com](http://www.islanddriftergreece2018.blogspot.com) – followed this year by [www.islanddriftergreece2019.blogspot.com](http://www.islanddriftergreece2019.blogspot.com) as they head for the Cyclades Islands. A brief dip into any of their blogs will show how the neat layout makes it easy to check out a particular harbour, while their hand-drawn chartlets are very helpful to those unfamiliar with the area.

Mike had already returned to Greece to prepare *Island Drifter* for her next cruise, but we were delighted that Helen was still in the UK and able to accept the award on his behalf.

*Mike Norris enjoying a moussaka at a bakaliko in Leros*

The 2018 Water Music Trophy was awarded to **Mike Norris** of *Island Drifter* for the reports that he and Helen have produced about their explorations of the Greek coastline and islands. It would have gone to both Mike and Helen, but she was not a member at the time of the award. That technicality has now been resolved, however, and she has since joined.

In early 2017 Mike and Helen set off east across the Mediterranean via the Balearics, Sicily, Malta, Crete and the Greek islands. They wrote up their passage, including brief descriptions of the places visited en route and some useful pilotage information, in *Flying Fish* 2017/2 under the title *Our Greek Odyssey*. Since then they have cruised many of the islands fringing the Aegean Sea as well as Greece's northern coast, as described in *Flying Fish*



## THE VASEY VASE

Donated by past Commodore Tony Vasey and his wife Jill, and first awarded in 1997, this handsome trophy recognises an unusual or exploratory voyage made by an OCC member or members.

Roving Rear Commodores **Andy and Sue Warman** left the UK in 2009 to embark on a slow circumnavigation, initially in an Ohlson 38 before upsizing to a Hallberg Rassy 42,



*Sue and Andy in Yap in March 2018.  
The flower head-dresses – known as  
nunus – were a gift from a local woman*

both yachts called *Spruce*. In 2017 they sailed from Malaysia via Borneo and West Papua to Micronesia, as described on page 93 of this issue under the title *Sailing The Ring Of Fire, Part 1. Part 2*, covering the Japanese coast and north to the Aleutian Islands and Alaska, is promised for *Flying Fish* 2019/2.

Further details of this unusual route will be found on their blog at [www.sailblogs.com/member/littlegreenboat](http://www.sailblogs.com/member/littlegreenboat) as well as in their Roving RC reports for the *Newsletter* and in the Cruising Information part of the OCC Forum. Full time liveaboards, they had already begun their 2019 cruise by the time of the Annual Dinner, but sent a message to be read out:

“Thank you for this award of the Vasey Vase. We were most pleasantly surprised to be contacted by Anne and advised of the unexpected honour.

Unfortunately, it is not possible for us to be here with you. We have already recommenced cruising and will be somewhere in British Columbia by now. Towards the end of the summer we shall point our bow southwards towards Mexico and Central America.

We wish you all an enjoyable event, and our congratulations go to the evening’s other award winners.”

*Sue and Andy in North West Fjord, Alaska in July 2018 – four months and 6000 miles after balmy, tropical Yap*





## THE AUSTRALIAN TROPHY

First awarded in 1990, the Australian Trophy was donated by Sid Jaffe, twice Rear Commodore Australia. Carved from a solid piece of teak by Wally Brandis, it is awarded for a voyage made by an Australian member or members which starts or finishes in Australia. The winner is decided by vote of the Australian membership.

The 2018 Australian Trophy was presented at the South Eastern Australian quarterly gathering, held at the Sydney Flying Squadron on 18th December 2018. The very worthy recipient was **John Vallentine**, in recognition of his lifetime of adventure sailing, mainly aboard his Formosa 46 *Tainui*, in all parts of the globe including the Antarctic, Arctic and the Russian river system (see *Following the Volga Vikings* in *Flying Fish* 2013/2). This passage, from the Barents Sea to the Black Sea via the Rivers Volga and Don, gave rise to a book co-authored with Maxine Maters which is both a cruising guide and travel tale. Entitled *Sailing through Russia – From the Arctic to the Black Sea*, it was very favourably reviewed in *Flying Fish* 2016/2.

John first went to sea as a cabin boy in a Norwegian coal ship after second year medicine, and has never been far away from the water since. His love of the ocean and sailing has seen many forms from ocean racing to cruising remote areas. He continues a strong connection with the seas by providing services to ships engaged in the refugee situation in Europe.

More details of both the event and the presentation will be found in the March 2019 *Newsletter*.

*John Maddox, RRC SE Australia Paul Furniss, and recipient John Vallentine with the Australian Trophy*



## THE VERTUE AWARD

The Vertue Award is presented to a member in North America for an outstanding voyage or for service to the Club. Named after *Vertue XXXV*, in which OCC Founder Humphrey Barton crossed the North Atlantic in 1950, it was created in 2014 to commemorate the Club's 60th anniversary. Awardees are selected by North American Regional Rear Commodores.

The 2018 Vertue Award was presented to **Tony Gooch** in September 2018 during a dinner at the Royal Victoria Yacht Club during the British Columbia Rally, as reported in the December *Newsletter*.

Tony is an internationally known and respected yachtsman, who with his wife Coryn has served the OCC in a variety of capacities for nearly 20 years, beginning in 2000 when they volunteered to become Port Officers for Victoria, BC, later becoming Regional Rear Commodores for West Coast North America. He was elected to the Committee in 2013 and to the Board as Vice Commodore two years later, finishing his three-year term in April 2018.

During the 51 years that Tony and Coryn have been married they have been boatless for a total of only 18 months. Their first boat was *Mistral*, an Arpege 29, in which they covered some 60,000 miles, while their current vessel is a 32ft powerboat, *Nordic Saga*. By far the best known, however, is the 42ft aluminium sloop *Taonui* which they owned from 1996 until six or seven years ago. Having covered many miles in her together, in 2002/3 Tony made the first solo non-stop circumnavigation from the West Coast of North America – written up for *Flying Fish* 2003/2, when *Taonui* also featured on the cover, and for which he received the Barton Cup. Tony and Coryn reckon to have covered some 220,000 miles at sea over the years.



*Coryn and Tony Gooch, with Tony's Vertue Award*

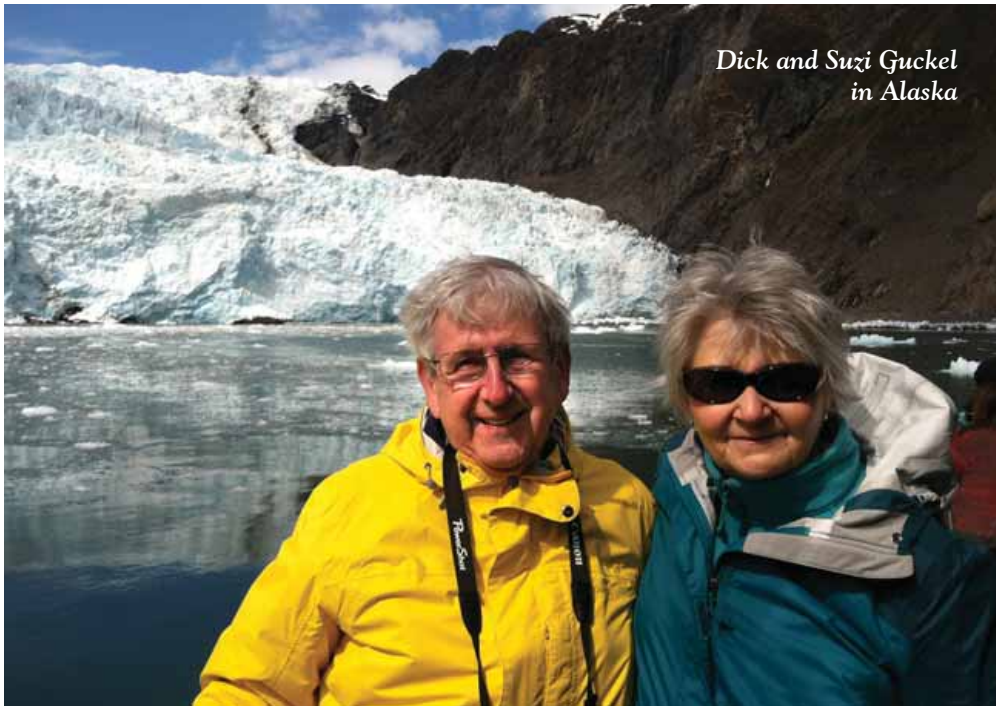


## THE OCC AWARD

The Club's oldest award, dating back to 1960, the OCC Award recognises valuable service to the OCC or to the ocean cruising community as a whole. It was decided in 2018 that two awards should normally be made each year – one to a member, for service to the OCC; the other, open to both members and non-members, for service to the ocean cruising community as a whole.

The 2018 OCC Award (member) went to **Dick Guckel** in recognition of his 25 years' service to the OCC, primarily for founding the e-Bulletin way back in 1994 – only two years after the World Wide Web was introduced in the UK and before it became widespread in the US. Having created the e-Bulletin – and in passing compiled the first list of OCC members' e-mail addresses – he continued to produce it every month without fail until his retirement in December last year. The only time it was delayed was when our previous website went down and took days to resurrect. Throughout this time he achieved an enviable 'opening rate' in comparison with comparable mailings. Where most association newsletters get an opening rate of around 20%, the e-Bulletin has consistently achieved 60% or more, the envy of industry professionals. Dick joined the Committee in 2010 as soon as virtual attendance was introduced, going on to serve for seven years on the Committee and as a Rear Commodore. In addition to receiving the OCC Award he was elected to Honorary Membership at the 2019 AGM.

Dick began sailing in Boston Harbor in 1983, but two years later was transferred to Dublin by his employer, IBM. While there he commissioned a Vancouver 32, *Charles Ogalin*, from a company in the UK, and being relatively inexperienced hired a professional skipper with whom to sail her back to the US. He says that he learned a lot from his skipper during the 26-day passage, which stood him in good stead when



*Dick and Suzi Guckel  
in Alaska*



cruising the Massachusetts and Maine coasts and taking part in events such as the Marion, Massachusetts to Bermuda race. A few years later he and his wife Suzi took *Charles Ogalin* south down the Intracoastal Waterway, visiting the Bahamas several times as well as Cuba. In 2001 they headed back north to Maine, finally selling *Charles Ogalin* after 20 years of ownership and replacing her with a 36ft trawler yacht which they named *Cerca Trova* (seek and find). They sailed her in Maine for 11 years, but in 2018 'swallowed the anchor' and are now enjoying a maintenance-free life.

On learning that he was to receive the OCC Award Dick wrote to tell us that:

"I am sorry that I am unable to attend the 2019 Annual General Meeting. It would have been wonderful to revisit my OCC friends and to see Wales.

I am very appreciative that the OCC has decided to present me with the OCC Award for 2018. I have very much enjoyed being e-Bulletin editor as well as being part of the Board and Committee. Although Suzi and I have sold our boat, we will continue to be OCC members."

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The 2018 OCC Award (open) went to non-member **Des Cason**, a 'retired' ocean cruiser based in Kloof, some 20 miles inland from Durban, who has sailed the east coast of South Africa, the Mozambique Channel and the coasts of Madagascar and Tanzania extensively. Now he offers invaluable weather and routing advice to all who wish to use his services while crossing the Indian Ocean or rounding the Cape of Good Hope – famously difficult waters where many yachts have got into trouble over the years. And this is a free service – he does it because he cares.

Des's plaque was presented to him in South Africa, but he sent a message to be read out at the Dinner:

"Being honoured by this prestigious and respected organisation with an award ranks as the biggest surprise in a life which has not been devoid of surprises.

The most common question I have to contend with is why I spend a minimum of five hours each morning – usually over a nine month period – with weather forecasts and route planning without compensation for people I don't know and quite often I never get to meet. My normal response is that it keeps me out of mischief (at my age that is only a vague memory!) and dispels boredom. Both are just conversation stoppers, as in fact I do this as 'pay back' to the cruising community for the friendship, assistance and generosity



my wife Nell and I experienced over a 13 year period and 40,000 miles while cruising *Gambit*, our 31ft Muira monohull.

I am of the opinion that the sailing/cruising community, regardless of nationality, are the only sane people left on earth and as I can't change the world the least I can do is make a positive contribution to these very special people who I am privileged to share a very brief relationship with whilst they transit our notoriously dangerous coastline. If I can prevent one sailor from getting in harm's way then I have served my purpose, hence I will under no circumstances attempt to monetize this service as I know this would reduce the participation by at least 95% which is contrary to the objective. As we all know, sailors – and especially cruisers – love FREE STUFF!

Thank you for the honour bestowed on me, and I would like to assure you and the cruising community that as long as I am able I will continue in this endeavour. Luckily I can't be fired, as slaves are sold! As I am pretty advanced in years, I am desperately looking for a successor who has done his or her time in this area, as it would be pretty stupid and presumptuous to assume I am blessed (or cursed) with immortality."



## THE OCC JESTER AWARD

Donated by the Jester Trust as a way to perpetuate the spirit and ideals epitomised by Blondie Hasler and Mike Richey aboard the junk-rigged Folkboat *Jester*, this award recognises a noteworthy singlehanded voyage or series of voyages made in a vessel of 30ft or less overall, or a contribution to the art of singlehanded ocean sailing. It was first presented in 2006 and is open to both members and non-members.



The 2018 OCC Jester Award went to 38 year old **Szymon Kuczyński**, the Polish skipper of *Atlantic Puffin*, for his 270-day non-stop singlehanded circumnavigation via the three Great Capes with no outside

**Szymon Kuczyński**  
with stores for  
the voyage

*Below in  
Atlantic Puffin*

assistance. Szymon left from the Mayflower Marina in Plymouth, UK late on Saturday 19th August 2017 and returned there on Thursday 17th May 2018. It is jaw-

dropping to learn that *Atlantic Puffin*, a Maxus 22, is just 6.36m (just under 21ft) overall, and has no engine – no wonder it was a new world record.

In 2013 Szymon sailed his 5m, home-built *Lilla My* across the Atlantic and back, and between 2014 and 2016 completed a circumnavigation aboard *Atlantic Puffin* but making several stops en route. The boat, built at Poland's Northman shipyard, was modified for the challenges of ocean sailing with additional strengthening of the hull and rigging, and minimal interior fittings. She is claimed to retain buoyancy even if damaged and completely flooded.

When Szymon was told of the award he replied:

"I am incredibly honoured that such a respected association as the Ocean Cruising Club has noticed and admired my cruise. Unfortunately, despite



my sincere wishes, my professional obligations will not allow me to come to Plas Menai on 6th April. It is very sad that I will not be able to collect the prize personally but it is unfortunately due to arrangements I had made long before I was informed about the trophy. Most likely the soonest I will be visiting UK is for the Rolex Fastnet start."

He adds that he is "well-known for my weakness for tasty sweets, reading books and peace of mind".

Visit his website at <http://www.zewoceanu.pl/> (only a small part of it in English, sadly) and photo gallery at [photos.app.goo.gl/iMO5DfXcCkFWzPTt2](https://photos.app.goo.gl/iMO5DfXcCkFWzPTt2).

## THE OCC SEAMANSHIP AWARD

Donated by Past Commodore John Franklin and first presented in 2013, this award recognises feats of exceptional seamanship and/or bravery at sea. It is open to both members and non-members.

Recipient of the OCC Seamanship Award for 2018 was **Dustin Reynolds**, recognised for his outstanding courage and tenacity as a double amputee in setting out to circumnavigate alone, so far making it more than halfway around the globe in his 35ft Alberg sloop *Tiama*.

In 2008 Dustin became a double amputee, losing an arm and a leg in a motorcycle accident. He did not allow this to become a catastrophe, however, but instead used it as a defining moment to create change in his life ... by learning to sail. In June 2014 he left from Hawaii aboard *Tiama* – built in 1968 and acquired for just US \$12,000 – and headed for Thailand, where he spent two years. By November 2018 he had crossed the Indian Ocean to South Africa and, after a side-trip to Antarctica aboard another yacht, left to cross the South Atlantic, making landfall in St Helena on 18th April 2019.

Dustin's spirit, determination and seamanship prove that any obstacle can be overcome with attitude and perseverance. Anyone who uses his teeth to tail his main halyard due to the fact he has only one arm and his boat doesn't have self-tailing winches shows an incredibly high level of commitment! Handling a small, unsophisticated boat in the Indian Ocean takes skill and bravery, but to choose to do so as a double amputee demonstrates Dustin's determination to follow his dream in the face of adversity. His aim was to seek a different way of life and the life he has chosen is inspirational.

Dustin's plaque was presented to him in March, at an event in Cape Town attended by some 70 ocean cruisers, but he sent a few words to be read out at the Annual Dinner:

"I am truly honoured to be receiving this award from the OCC,





because it is a club of sailors that have crossed oceans. I am also humbled to receive an award previously presented to Lisa Blair and Gavin Reid. Being part of a fraternity of explorers and adventurers has been a lifelong dream that I feel has come true with becoming part of the world cruising community.

Thank you again. Aloha.”

*Masthead  
selfie...*

Visit Dustin’s website at  
<http://www.thesinglehandedsailor.com/>.



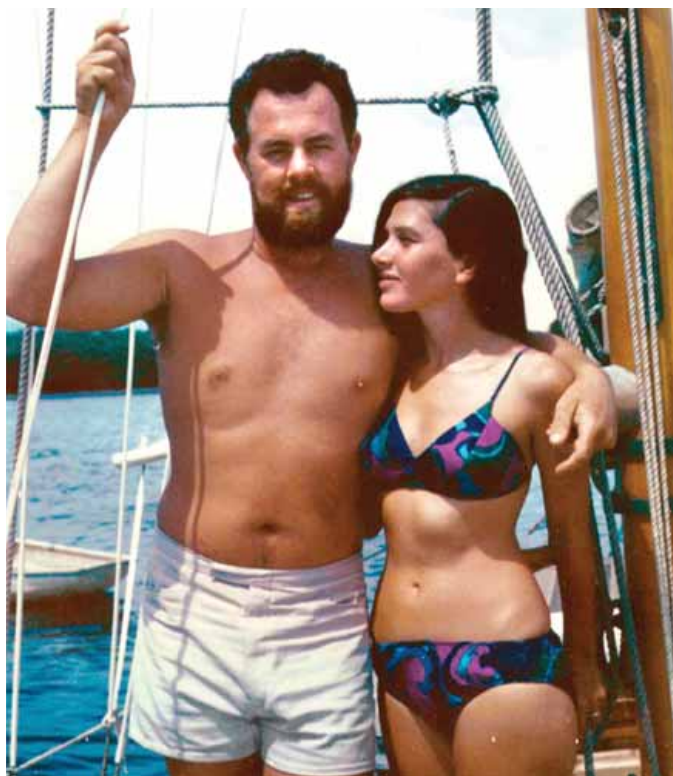
## THE OCC LIFETIME CRUISING AWARD

First presented in 2018 and open to both members and non-members, the OCC Lifetime Cruising Award recognises a lifetime of noteworthy ocean voyaging.

The 2018 OCC Lifetime Cruising Award went to **Lin Pardey** (a member since 1977) and her husband **Larry** (non-member), for their 50+ years of ocean cruising, two engineless circumnavigations and many inspirational books and DVDs.

Among the world’s best-known and most experienced cruising sailors, having

covered more than 200,000 miles at sea, the Pardeys have inspired countless thousands of sailors to go cruising as a lifestyle. By the time they met in 1965, Larry was already an experienced bluewater sailor, but it was a new world for Lin. They were aged 26 and 21 respectively. Almost immediately they set to work building their first boat, an engineless 24ft 7in cutter to a design by Lyle Hess, which they named *Seraffyn*. She was launched in October 1968 and they headed out with two guiding principles – they would ‘go



*Larry and Lin on  
board Seraffyn in 1970.  
Photo Waldon Jones*

small, go simple, go now' and keep going 'as long as it's fun'. Over the following 11 years they sailed *Seraffyn* some 45,000 miles on a slow eastabout circumnavigation which included a detour to the Baltic, three years

in the Mediterranean, and across the Indian and Pacific Oceans back to her home port of Newport Beach, California.

*Taleisin* was commissioned from the same designer in 1977 and built by Larry and Lin halfway up a mountainside in California. Launched in October 1983, she is 29ft 6in on deck, with teak planking and bronze floors and hanging knees. Immensely strong, Lin described her some years ago as a 'seagoing tractor' – though a remarkably fast one.

Following a number of Pacific passages while putting shoreside roots down in New Zealand, they set off to circumnavigate westabout via South Africa, northern Europe, the US East Coast, and then south to round Cape Horn and through the Beagle Channel – some 80,000 miles in all, again without an engine or sophisticated electronics. Between times, and to help pay the cruising bills, they delivered yachts all over the world, covering another 60,000 or so ocean miles.

*Seraffyn*



*Taleisin of Victoria in 2005. Photo Darren Emmens*





Between – or perhaps during – long ocean passages they found time to write a dozen books and create five videos and another five DVDs, which have provided inspiration and instruction to a whole generation of cruising sailors. All their advice is based on solid, first-hand knowledge, generally melding practicality with economy, unlike all too much cruising advice which assumes a bottomless purse.

Apologising that she was unable to travel to the Annual Dinner from her home in New Zealand, Lin sent an acceptance video in which she described her and Larry's first meeting with OCC Founder Hum Barton and his wife Mary aboard *Rose Rambler* in Malta in 1976, and how they had become friends almost instantly. At that time she and Larry were part-way

through their first circumnavigation and Hum naturally encouraged them to join. With no joint membership back then, and being on a tight budget, only Lin took up the offer, but they never regretted it and felt as though they had friends wherever they went, as well as being helped out by various POs and making friends whom Lin is still close to.

She finished by telling us that although Larry was now in residential care, no longer able to communicate or to remember their sailing days, if he had known of this joint award he would have been glowing with pride. For herself she was a little concerned, however – the name of the award could imply that her cruising life is over, which it is not. She is back out sailing, and looks forward to meeting more OCC members and sailing into new anchorages with the OCC burgee flying.

Visit the Pardey's website at <http://www.landlpardey.com> and Lin's podcast at <http://landlpardey.com/POD.html>.



*Lin and Larry aboard Taleisin in 2012. Photo Nic Compton*

## THE OCC BARTON CUP

The Club's premier award, named after OCC Founder Humphrey Barton and donated by his adult children, twins Peter Barton and Pat Pocock, the Barton Cup was first presented in 1981. It recognises an exceptional or challenging voyage or series of voyages made by an OCC member or members.

Australian member and veteran voyager **Bill Hatfield** received the 2018 Barton Cup for his recently-completed westabout circumnavigation south of the three Great Capes in his Northshore 38 *L'Eau Commotion*, which included a particularly difficult and protracted passage around Cape Horn.

Setting off on 23rd July 2017 from Scarborough Marina in Queensland, Australia, Bill set a course west across the Southern Indian Ocean, past the Cape of Good Hope, and north to within 10 miles of El Hierro in the Canary Islands. He then returned south to round Cape Horn, where *L'Eau Commotion* sustained



*Bill on 27th January 2018,  
with Cape Horn in the  
background*



damage, first to her rig and then to her steering. The storm-damaged rig seriously slowed progress to windward, and yet he persevered for weeks in the frigid waters of Drake's Passage before steering failure forced him to return to Port Stanley for repairs. This was not the first time that Bill had made the Falklands his retreat – he had been forced to do the same in the voyage for which he won the Australian Award in 2016.

*L'Eau Commotion and Bill's  
previous boat, Katherine Ann,  
in Port Stanley, April 2018*

*Bill Hatfield  
is presented  
with the  
Barton Cup  
for 2018 by  
Commodore  
Simon Currin*

*L'Eau  
Commotion  
under emergency  
steering while  
heading back to  
the Falklands*



With *L'Eau Commotion* repaired, Bill left Stanley to complete a less eventful, late season, rounding of Cape Horn and a passage across the Pacific to end his circumnavigation back in Scarborough Marina on 12th September 2018 nearly 14 months after departure.

Bill's ambition and determination would be remarkable at any age, but is extraordinary for a man in his late 70s. Every twist and turn of his epic voyage is told in his beautifully written blog at <https://www.sailblogs.com/member/leaucommotion/407102/>.

We were honoured that Bill had flown in from Australia to attend the Annual Dinner and receive his award.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★



## SENDING SUBMISSIONS TO FLYING FISH

**CONTENT:** anything which is likely to be of interest to other members – cruise and liveaboard accounts (including humour), technical articles, recipes, letters, book reviews and obituaries. Please check with me before submitting the latter two, and also tell me if you're sending the same piece elsewhere, inside or outside the OCC. Finally, please double check that all place, personal and boat names are spelt correctly.

**LENGTH:** no more than 3500 words and preferably fewer than 3000, except in *very* special cases – and normally only one article per member per issue.

**FORMAT:** MS Word (any version) or PDF, with or without embedded photos (though see below), sent by e-mail to [flying.fish@oceancruisingclub.org](mailto:flying.fish@oceancruisingclub.org).

**ILLUSTRATIONS:** up to 20 captioned photos, professional-standard drawings or cartoons. **PLEASE** don't send more than this – while you have a single piece to illustrate, I receive up to 20 articles for each issue, so may have 400+ images to juggle! Any digital format is fine, but please contact me before sending prints.

Photos should measure at least 16cm wide at 300 dpi or 67cm wide at 72 dpi (the default setting for most cameras). If this means nothing to you, please send your photos **EXACTLY** as they were downloaded from the camera – merely opening and saving under another name degrades the quality. If sending photos by e-mail, **manually** attach no more than three per e-mail (do **NOT** use the 'attach to e-mail' facility available in many image programs, which compresses the file data), rounding off with a separate message telling me what you've sent. Alternatively use WeTransfer [[www.wetransfer.com](http://www.wetransfer.com)] a great little free (!) internet program. Finally, please include a list of captions, including credits, in the order the photos relate to the text. Something along the lines of: '01 (DCM 3285) Preparing the boat for sea; 02 (DCM 3321) Leaving Horta, John at the helm; 03 (DSP 00045) The whale! Photo Sue Black'; is ideal.

**CHARTLETS & POSITIONS:** a rough chartlet if relevant, for professional re-drawing. If your article includes cruising information useful to others, include latitudes and longitudes where appropriate, preferably as a separate list.

**COVER PHOTOS:** eye-catching, upright photos of high resolution and quality, with fairly plain areas top and bottom – sky and sea? – to take the standard wording.

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**DEADLINES:** 1st FEBRUARY for June publication and 1st OCTOBER for December publication, though an issue may be closed earlier if it becomes full.

For more information, either e-mail me or refer to the **GUIDELINES FOR CONTRIBUTORS** to be found on the website. Thank you.

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## **VIGO TO VIRGINIA: *Seamogs* and the Prudent Mariners**

### **James McCaughan**

*(When we purchased Seamogs, our very first sailing boat, in the UK in early 2017, my father and I began fulfilling a shared lifelong dream to sail around the world.*

*Together we run a high-country sheep and cattle farm in the South Island of New Zealand. We 'job share' the farm and the boat, with one of us running the farm and one of us sailing, swapping roughly every six months. This is an account of my first six-month stint aboard Seamogs, during which we sailed her from Spain to the USA via the Caribbean and enjoyed many challenges and adventures along the way.*

*This is the passage for which the 2018 Qualifier's Mug was awarded – see page 4. Seamogs also features on the cover of this issue.)*

So there we were, against all odds, getting ready for our first ocean crossing. Our boat, a red Nicholson 48 called *Seamogs*, had been left in Vigo on the Atlantic coast of Spain and it was up to me and my motley collection of friends to get her to the States in one piece. The crew assembled in dribs and drabs over the first two weeks of October 2017. The initial core crew consisted of myself, New Zealanders Guy Wilson, Tyler Beange and Josje Leyten, and the Australian medical representative of the outfit, ship's nurse Emily Rawlings. As a group we were light on experience and heavy on enthusiasm – Tyler and Emily had zero sailing experience, Guy had mucked about in sailing dinghies as a nipper, and I had never crossed an ocean before. We were fortunate



*The good ship  
Seamogs*



*The initial  
crew in Lisbon.  
L to r: Josje  
Leyten, Emily  
Rawlings,  
Tyler Beange  
and Guy Wilson*

*Setting  
up for an  
overnight  
spinnaker  
run, on a  
beautiful  
evening  
during the  
passage to  
Porto Santo*



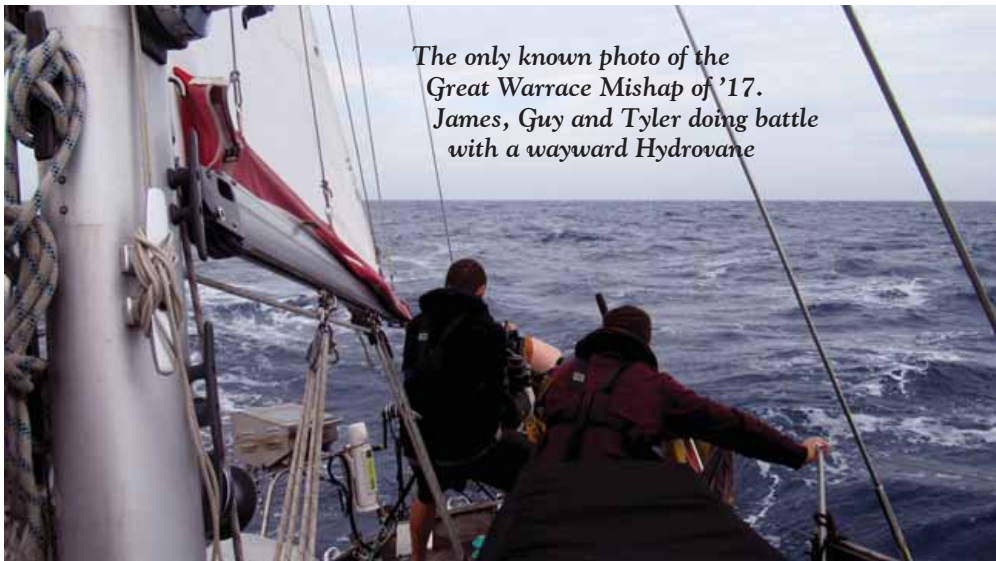
to have Josje with us at the beginning who, while only 24, was a relatively old salt in terms of miles under the keel.

By mid October the whole gang had assembled and we busied ourselves for a few weeks plunking around the Spanish rías getting to know the boat, training the crew, breaking things and failing to win the Spanish lottery. By early November most of us could tell the difference between tacks and gybes, sheets and halyards, normal operating procedures and genuine emergencies. This seemed probably the most we could hope for without yet having gone to sea, so with a favourable forecast and the motto of ‘if anything is going to happen, it’s going to happen out there’ we set off for Lisbon.

We had a ripper passage south, with crew and vessel performing very well in moderate conditions. It took us two days and two nights, arriving in Cascais mid-morning of day three. We enjoyed our time in Portugal, exploring by rental car and sampling the liberal nightlife in Lisbon. In Portugal we also said goodbye to Josje, who had ongoing sailing adventures calling her away, though we had not seen the last of her.

Anxious to get going and presented with a marginally favourable forecast, after a week in Portugal we set off for Porto Santo. On the third day of the passage I awoke from an afternoon nap rather suddenly. Not sure of what had woken me, I went on deck and, coming up the companionway facing aft, I could see Warrace our windvane self-steering gear looking a bit off. On further inspection I found that it had mostly fallen off the transom, become kinked in areas which once were straight, and was hanging on by the proverbial thread. As we went to furl the genoa and ready ourselves to deal with this predicament, the furling line came loose from the roller and the genoa set itself, with us now minus the means to furl it.

They say bad luck always comes in threes, and so the great Warrace mishap of ’17 came to fruition when we tried to start the engine, an exercise in futility given the previously undiscovered blocked fuel filters. Of course, the wind had been picking up steadily while this unfolded and had gone from a balmy 20 knot breeze to rainy and 30 knots. With no assistance from the engine room, odds were questioned and Murphy’s good name brought into disrepute, but by the time a few hours had passed some form of



*The only known photo of the  
Great Warrace Mishap of '17.  
James, Guy and Tyler doing battle  
with a wayward Hydrovane*

composure had been regained. All of this chewed out a good portion of the afternoon, leaving us approaching Porto Santo at twilight, so we opted to heave-to about 10 miles offshore to avoid making a night approach to an unknown harbour.

Overnight the conditions deteriorated further and dawn came with 35–40 knots of southerly wind turning the harbour on Porto Santo into a lee shore. Sometime early in the morning Guy and I decided we were not quite in the right spot and completed a tack in the dark without warning those below. Coming into a close reach in 35 knots resulted in a rather large amount of water being shipped over the decks which had, up until then, remained perfectly dry while hove-to. Poor Tyler in the forward V berth copped quite a bit of water down his open hatch – we learned of our mistake when he stumbled up the companionway wrapped in a towel, cursing us, our seamanship, and all of our ancestors for several generations. At least he was now out of bed and could get started on making coffee.

With our genoa lashed on deck and dubious engine reliability, we decided to hold off making our approach and spent a rather roly day hove-to off the north coast of



*Tyler  
looking  
like we  
all felt, a  
bit worn  
out and  
ready  
for safe  
harbour,  
Porto  
Santo*





*Happy skipper James McCaughan relaxing in port. Note Tyler's bedding drying out after he copped a wave down the forehatch*

the island. A break in the weather in the late afternoon left us just enough daylight to sneak into harbour with no further dramas.

We stayed in Porto Santo for about five days licking our wounds (forgive my rough estimates of timings, my log of the trip remains aboard *Seamogs*) and making what repairs we could while the weather settled. We departed Porto Santo in late November with three other yachts and a good forecast, all heading for Lanzarote in the Canary Islands. After an uneventful two-day passage we pulled into the marina in Arrecife on Lanzarote, where we began a short repairs and maintenance programme to get everything shipshape before heading across the Atlantic. The jobs list was not particularly long, made for boring reading, and definitely didn't contain five weeks' worth of jobs. As I have learned, however, a job expands to precisely match the time available, and our timekeepers were Spanish salesmen deftly armed with bureaucratic intricacies, mysterious customs officials operating with no telephones from non-disclosed locations (possibly in Madrid), and public holidays which liberally inserted themselves into our schedule with happy abandon.

Five weeks later our 'quick' jobs list was complete – such is the yachtsmen's lament – although we did have the good fortune of reuniting with Josje, who had been with us earlier and was now looking after a boat down the island in Playa Blanca after sailing to Lanzarote from Morocco. We enjoyed catching up with her and having a social time. Our stay in Arrecife, although frustrating, was made much more enjoyable by the large, friendly community of long-distance sailors from many nations all living in the marina at the same time as us. We enjoyed many nights of good company and made many friends while we were there.

With *Seamogs* back in ocean-going trim, not the least of which was the fact that we had reattached Warrace to the transom, we waved goodbye to our new friends in Arrecife and set off for the next leg. A short overnight test run from Arrecife to Las Palmas, Gran Canaria was a success, so it was time for fuel, water, provisions and go. During our stay in Arrecife we had collected a stranded French sailor from Brittany, Lydie Carre, who had arrived to crew on a yacht across the Atlantic only to find said yacht was sadly broken down. Lydie had spent time in Vietnam working as a Catholic missionary, which we could



*Dry decks running downwind  
in the Atlantic trades*

only consider a plus as we surely now had God on our side. With this new addition, we departed from Las Palmas towards St Lucia on 7th January 2018 with five crew members and divine providence.

The crossing turned out to be the smoothest going of the whole trip. The wind came from somewhere behind us and blew pretty steadily, the crew slotted into a routine of naps, snacks and book swaps, and Warrace the windvane performed excellently for 9 days out of 21. Things were going so well that we really had not much to do, and so when Warrace had finally had enough and once again toppled off the transom without even handing in his notice, the crew happily added hand-steering our little ship into the schedule of on-watch responsibilities. Tragically, at some stage of the trip during a sail change I lost my beloved Patagonia cap overboard. It had sat atop my swede for over 4000 miles by dogsled in Canada, and sailed over 2500 miles with me as well, so realising it had tumbled overboard was a real blow. The crew celebrated the loss as they claimed it was a disgusting greasy thing and well overdue for replacement.

*Happy sailors in mid Atlantic. L to r: Tyler, Emily, Lydie and Guy*





***Peak excitement and satisfaction – landfall***

There was a pattern to the 21-day crossing. The first seven days or so saw us settling into the rhythm of the sailing and liberally consuming snacks, the middle seven days mainly enjoying an easy routine and strictly rationing the snacks, and for the final week there was slowly mounting excitement, sometimes turning into restlessness and a deep regret that we hadn't packed more chocolate. We reached Rodney Bay, St Lucia at around about 0800 on 28th January 2018. I knew there was a welcoming committee from NZ and Australia hanging out somewhere, and as a crew we made a decision to tie up at the marina, check in, tidy up, have something to eat and generally get ourselves together before we made our presence known to those on shore. Well, it just wasn't to be – those dock rats were well aware of our presence, having been closely monitoring our Garmin inReach tracking, and they sniffed out *Seamogs* on the marina before I had even made it out of the customs office. By the time I got back to the boat the crew of five had doubled in size, there were many happy greetings, congratulations, and beers being cracked by all hands. We hadn't even managed to get breakfast in.

We celebrated what was, for all of us, our first ocean crossing well into the evening. The following few days were spent exploring Rodney Bay and St Lucia, concluding the week with the much talked about Gros Islet Friday Night Fish Fry. The fish fry was a big street party with loud reggae music and as much barbecue jerk chicken, lobster and rum punch as you could stomach. Shortly after pulling up onto the beach, Guy and Tyler realised they hadn't brought nearly enough cash to do justice to what was on offer, so they disappeared up the street to visit the cash machine. Thirty or so minutes later we caught sight of them looking a little worse for wear stumbling back towards us through the crowd. They were always getting into strife and mischief of completely their own making, so at first we weren't too alarmed by Tyler's torn shirt and the fact

that Guy was covered in blood. But it turned out that what had unfolded was a little wild, even by their standards.

Having extracted their money from the cash machine, they were jumped by two assailants on a darkened street. After fighting them off and holding their ground for a while, one of the assailants pulled a knife, stabbed Guy, grabbed his wallet, and ran off with his mate who had been roughing Tyler up. Guy was covered in blood with a decent stab wound to the leg, but he proudly announced that he'd managed to pull all his cash out of his wallet and hold it in his fist while being attacked, so all the thief had gotten was a cancellable bank card and a driver's license – financial loss was at a minimum.

At this  
jumped  
friend

stage our varied and not-very-sober medical team  
into action – Emily, a nurse by trade, her best  
Annie, a qualified veterinary nurse, and  
myself, a staunch supporter of the  
nursing profession and toaster to  
good health in general.  
We bundled Guy  
into the



**Daggy  
Boy, our  
indefatigable dink,  
was pushed far beyond the  
manufacturer's recommendations  
with our guests in St Lucia**

dink and whipped back out to *Seamogs*, which was  
about 200m off the beach. Using our very comprehensive  
aid kit, we put Guy's intestinal fortitude to the test by bathing the wound in  
various concoctions of iodine, peroxide and God-knows-what other disinfectants  
that Annie and Emily had in their arsenal, before each of us gloving up and having a

anchored  
onboard first





*Tyler  
enjoying  
some easy  
sailing in  
St Lucia*

crack at throwing in a stitch or two. By all accounts it wasn't the tidiest job, but with Emily administering strict wound care daily, and the Captain prescribing a course of the ship's antibiotics, Guy made a full recovery. The worst part for Guy was that Emily strictly forbade him going in the water for at least ten days, so he was forced to pace the deck, growling like a bear, while we all enjoyed the refreshing waters and beautiful snorkelling of the Caribbean. Such is the price you pay for the lesson learned, that the most dangerous part of a sailing adventure can be experienced wandering down a dark alley in the Caribbean!

After this rather unsettling development in our education we headed south to Soufrière and The Pitons with the idea of slotting in some R&R and enjoying our surroundings. Almost immediately after arriving and taking a mooring, we were set upon by a group of three schoolchildren who paddled up sitting on a chunk of polystyrene to ask, "Captain, captain, have you got any biscuits?". On discovering that we did indeed have quite a diverse and plentiful biscuit selection that we were happy to share, we found we could not get rid of them and they turned out to be the most delightful ruffians you could possibly imagine.

*Beautiful St Lucia and The Pitons*





Kenya was the oldest and the undisputed leader of the gang, and headed up the entrepreneurial aspect of their operation which was, chiefly, paddling around the anchorage asking boats if they could take their rubbish and dispose of it for a small fee – often cash, although biscuits did seem to be accepted as legal tender. *Seamogs* quickly became the boys' base, a rallying point from which they could launch their marketing campaigns on other cruisers as they entered the anchorage. As Captain I became the banker of the enterprise, being trusted to hold any profits throughout the afternoon as business continued. When darkness fell and boats stopped arriving the boys would reconvene to the cockpit of *Seamogs*, where Kenya would divvy up the loot evenly between all stakeholders. This became daily routine, and when school let out on the island at 1400 there would immediately appear a flotilla of craft paddled by children headed to *Seamogs* to commence the day's work. As well as being businessmen they spent a lot of time helping with boat chores, making gifts for the female members of crew (with whom they were enamoured and who exploited their infatuation shamelessly), fishing, and telling us of their lives.

*Businessmen on a business trip: Kenya (left) and his colleagues*



As we got to know them, and they got to know us, the boys went from being shy and polite in the extreme to being totally at home onboard. In the beginning they would not dare enter the cockpit before first clearing it with the Captain, but after a few days it was not uncommon to find them galley-side putting some serious pain on an already under-pressure biscuit stash without so much as a by-your-leave. They would follow instructions rapidly, however, and were enthusiastic and industrious. It would have been folly to leave them in charge of galley operations unsupervised, but with a little executive production from senior crew members they would turn out filling dinners for all hands while the rest of us sat around relaxing. The time we spent in the company of these fine young men was a truly enjoyable and humbling experience.



### *Triumphant sailors in Norfolk, Virginia*

After St Lucia we headed north, visiting Martinique, then Dominica, Guadeloupe, Les Saintes, Antigua, Barbuda, St Barts, St Martin, the BVIs and the USVIs, enjoying fine weather and good company throughout.

We passed many areas

that had been seriously affected by hurricanes *Irma* and *Maria* – the severity of hurricane damage across many of these islands cannot be overstated.

While in Antigua we were lucky enough to spend time with a young Irish sailor, Ross Harte, and his rum drinking cat *Fish* on board Ross's boat *Drumbeat*. We had first met Ross during the ill-fated night out at Gros Islet and ran across him again in Falmouth Harbour. A raft-up ensued and, over several days and a beer or two, plans were made to take both *Seamogs* and *Drumbeat* on a cruise up the east coast of Antigua and onwards to Barbuda, and we had a solid crack at carrying out these plans. As testament to the fact that even the most carefully laid plans being executed in the most focused and driven manner can fall apart, things went awry when Ross discovered a small fire in the engine room of *Drumbeat* and had to turn back to Falmouth Harbour to track it down and eliminate the fire risk. Apparently Ross's crew, a local chef, was so hungover that even the relatively serious threat of fire on board a wooden vessel could not rouse him from his bunk. *Seamogs* continued, minus a friend.

Having given the Lesser Antilles a good crack, we bumbled through a frustrating immigration process in order to avoid fines in the States and departed from St Thomas on 14th April 2018 with myself, Guy and Tyler aboard, bound for Norfolk, Virginia. What followed was the usual passagemaking story – some breakdowns, a force 9 gale, rationed snack supplies, a swordfish that appeared to give hallucinogenic dreams when consumed, a deep consideration of our decision to leave the Caribbean behind as the weather grew colder, and another successful landfall after eleven days at sea.

Although obviously we were on a sailboat and not a mountain, and we had more in common with Johnny Wray\* than with Sir Ed, after cleating the dock lines in Virginia we undeniably felt that we had, in the timeless vernacular, 'knocked the bastard off'.

\* Author of *South Sea Vagabonds*, a New Zealand classic of adventure at sea first published 75 years ago and still in print.



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## IS THERE LIFE ON THE OTHER SIDE?

### Misty Fitch

*(Misty and Peter, encouraged by the classic book Sell Up & Sail, did just that in 1993 with the purchase of Tamoure, an Oyster 435. They were full time liveaboards for 25 years, mostly along the standard tropical route, arriving in Southeast Asia in 2010. The following years were spent exploring the region by sea and air before selling Tamoure in January 2018. They have settled in a Tamoure-sized Park Home in the west of Scotland.)*

Don't worry, this isn't an account of a near death experience, just some musings and advice on how to cope with the inevitable – selling your beloved boat and moving to the 'other side'. For some it will be a relief, but for many long term/distance sailors it won't be easy. A wise broker said to me long before we put *Tamoure* on the market: "It comes to us all eventually...", and so it came to us in January 2018 (much helped by placing *Tamoure*, quite by chance, in the capable hands of another OCC member).

Walking away for the last time will not be easy. My solution was an unexpected – but very therapeutic – emotional meltdown in the arms of a dear friend the night before. This was probably a relief for Peter as well, since I'd heard him say to someone a few weeks earlier, "I don't know what she'll be like on the last morning...". Thanks to the meltdown 'she' had no tears left to shed and was able to walk away dry-eyed, to the astonishment of many.

Since the majority of long time/long distance cruisers are 'of a certain age', an important aspect in moving to the other side is to do it before it's too late. No matter the immediate upheaval in your life – and your heart – that comes with selling the boat, you should aim to do so while you have health, motivation and a certain degree of fitness with which to create and enjoy your new life. I suspect several members reading this could tell a tale or two of encountering an old couple, running out of money, health and days. Eventually one dies, leaving the



***That's not sea, that's pumice!***  
***Tamoure anchored off Savu Savu, Fiji***

other with a boat that can neither be handled nor sold easily. This is the worst case scenario – and the departed one would probably agree.

However, life ashore will be miserable if only one of you wants it. We were fortunate in that we both recognised when our time was up. I remember surfing down wilder than expected seas between two islands on our annual sojourn from Langkawi, Malaysia to Phuket, Thailand when Peter said, "The joy has gone...". Yup – it had, for both of us. Mind you, it was a further 18 months before the S word was mentioned, and another 14 before the boat was actually For Sale, so no one can accuse us of making the decision hastily! But it was the right one when the time came.

We are now well-settled in the west of Scotland, feeling very pleased at how things worked out. Several friends have recently admitted to being worried that we would never get to this point, and that they're very relieved that we have. Peter regularly says how 'lucky' we are, but it took a lot of hard work to create that luck. While he hasn't looked back, and feels a massive weight has been lifted from his shoulders, I haven't found it quite so easy to delete 25 years from my 'hard drive'. I have no regrets about moving ashore – the day had to come – but am regularly awash with memories and feelings of nostalgia for times past. When England was knocked out of the World Cup in the summer of 2018 I read a comment online which could have been written just for me: "Don't cry because it's over, smile because it happened!".

Anxiety levels have dropped considerably. Many years ago a fellow yachtie coined the term 'constant potential danger', which sums up the cruising life perfectly. There's always something to worry about – too much wind, sudden squalls, dragging anchor, docking manoeuvres, what's that funny noise? And what someone called 'sleeping with one eye open...'. Some things we do not miss! Most anxieties come from weather, but we encountered one in Fiji from a very unexpected source: an underwater volcano. Anchored off Savu Savu many years ago, we woke in horror one morning to find ourselves surrounded by a carpet of pumice about 4 inches deep, stretching all the way to the shore. Impossible to run either the engine or escape captivity by dinghy, we were trapped all day. Passage-making brings even greater hazards, one of which was summed up eloquently by the Skipper: "If you get antifouling on the genoa while underway in 40 knots, you know you're in a bit of trouble". Yes – some things we do not miss!

Re-entry has not been without its challenges, however. The world has moved on since 1993, and more than once I've thought we should be sent on a rehabilitation course, like they do for orang-utans before returning them to the wild. We frequently encounter technological challenges. Gadgets are a lot more sophisticated since last we owned a house, offering far more choice in their operation than we're used to – or know what to do with. I spend an awful lot of time poring over instruction leaflets. Don't get me wrong, we love our gadgets, not least the large front-opening 'fridge/freezer where you can see all the contents at once and the appliance just sits there and works. Hygiene apart, it requires no further attention. Best of all, you can go away for any length of time and it will still be working perfectly on your return. Who wouldn't like that?

Shopping generally is heaven, though choice can be overwhelming. Imagine getting everything on your list in one shop! We hadn't done that since July 2010, just before leaving Australia. It's lovely to buy alcohol free from staff disapproval, and if you're looking for pork it's right there in front of you – no need to be taken under whispered escort to the back shop in search of 'special meats'. Mind you, gin at £6 a bottle (in duty-free Langkawi) is a thing of the past! Customer service in Malaysia is poor to non-existent, "no have..." and "finish..." being the favoured response to a customer enquiry. It's a delight to find helpful assistants who don't just say "Aisle 9" but escort you there in person. Little things landsmen may take for granted are a joy to us orang-utans.

Unfortunately I still suffer from "last shop in the universe" syndrome, which afflicts every sailor preparing to go offshore for any length of time – grab it now, pile it high, because it might be a while before you see it again. We have a wonderful array of kitchen cupboards which at first we thought we'd never fill, but passagemaking habits are hard to shake off. We are now commendably well-stocked, with a spare for every

spare – and ten toilet rolls under the bathroom sink! A trip to B&Q almost makes us weep – all the things we’ve missed and compromised over in Malaysia are right there on the shelves. Familiar-looking solvents, glues, fillers – and now we don’t need them. Solvent in Malaysia is sold in unmarked dark glass bottles. It does the job, but who knows what it contains or what it’s doing to your skin.

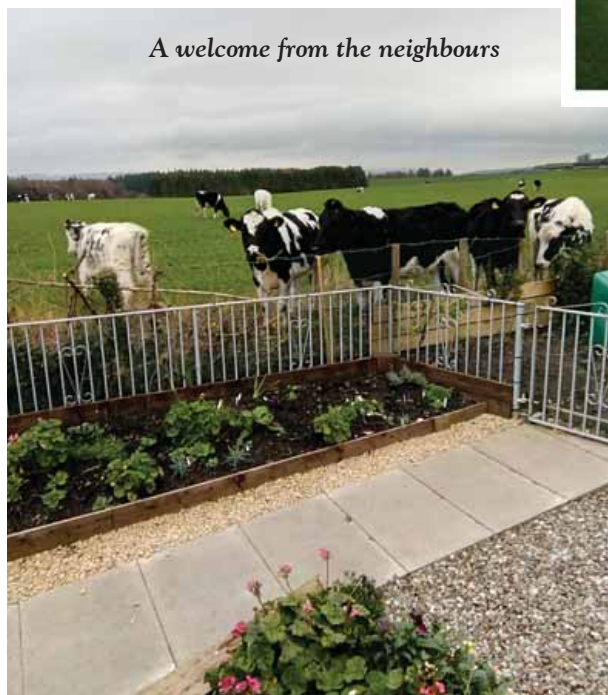
Packing up the ship was hard, with memories in every locker. Peter wisely left me to it and, to his credit, now that we’re home hasn’t said a word about the unsuitability of some of my choices. We were never big on souvenirs due to lack of space, so what we kept was pretty special, and sadly some of them just don’t work. That colourful Indian throw, pretty Guatemalan blanket, delicate Burmese parasol favoured by monks in orange robes – lovely objects in their own way, but out of place in our new surroundings.

Having shipped stuff we don’t want, we’re missing things we took for granted – all those odds and ends, bits and pieces, in a cluttered drawer or box, kept just in case. When Peter called for a small piece of wire whilst erecting a bird feeder shortly after we arrived, he was surprised at my reply: “No have...”. It takes years to accumulate junk! Mind you, it’s nice to be freed from hoarding empty jars, old toothbrushes, smelly towels, the things you keep on a boat, not for ‘just in case’ but because they have their uses.

Unlimited water and electricity is heaven, though I still don’t clean my teeth with the tap running. An early purchase was a smart weather system displaying temperature, wind, barometer etc, plus a phone containing such a comprehensive selection of weather apps you’d think we



*A welcome from the neighbours*



#### ***Our new berth in January ...***

were going to sea! You do get a lot of weather in the west of Scotland, but if you’re not on a boat it seldom scares you. The wind can roar as much as it likes and the rain lash down, but The Mansion, as it’s been affectionately christened, is as solid and watertight as you could wish for. Being brand new it requires minimal maintenance, and although we still have a Jobs List it contains delightful entries like install hook, adjust hinges, hang mirror ... nothing too strenuous there!



*... and our new berth in July*

The purchase of a car brought the nastiest surprise of all – insurance. If you haven't lived in UK for the last three years, and therefore can't produce a recent no claims bonus – it matters not that you might be a UK tax payer and in receipt of UK pension(s)

– you are seen as a serious insurance risk and will be stung for an alarming sum of money. In my case over £1000, a very nasty shock that we didn't see coming, though substantially reduced after only one year, thank heavens. Cost apart, a car at the door is a luxury, free at last from that well-known yachtie burden – walking long distances carrying heavy loads.

A major downside of the full time cruising life is being branded 'not normally resident in UK', a label we couldn't dispute even though we don't have residency anywhere else and are both tax payers and UK pension recipients. Now that we have 'resumed our residency', it's very nice to be eligible to vote, use the NHS and carry an old folks' bus pass.



*Passage  
planning ...*



Scots accents can be heard the world over, but I've missed those quaint little words and phrases peculiar to my native land, usually very expressive and requiring translation for those of other nationalities. We were about to get into the car and go shopping one day when a neighbour approached, a friendly but lonely widower whom Peter rather mischievously calls the watchman (he doesn't miss much!). His dapper appearance belies a very strong Glasgow accent: "Are youse goan oot fur yer messages?" Yes – it's good to be home!

And so to that old chestnut – 'what do you do all day?' One of us has a garden, and claims to have nearly as many gardening implements as he had tools on the boat. Landscaping was minimal so he could start from scratch. This gave him a busy and rewarding summer and brought many well-deserved compliments from the neighbours. The other one has a ship.

While Peter's been busy in the garden I've found an equally satisfying hobby. Last summer I trained to be a guide on *Maid of the Loch*, the last paddle steamer built in the UK, right here on the Clyde, in 1953. In 1981 she was abandoned and left to rot, but in 1996 was brought back from dereliction by a charity, set up by a handful of dedicated volunteers.\*

She's been a static attraction on Loch Lomond since 2000, being restored as funds permit. A small team of guides are on duty at weekends to give tours, answer questions and extract money through donations and the sale of *Maid* merchandise. I seem quite good at this, especially extracting money, which I blame on years of being pestered by those annoying touts of Southeast Asia! A recent injection of £1 million from the Scottish Government will allow some major renovations to take place, a big step towards fulfilment of the dream that she will one day sail up the Loch again.

Kind friends worried how we'd cope with UK weather, but they needn't have. It's a joy to be released from the energy-sapping heat and humidity of Asia, and nothing beats snuggling down under a cosy duvet instead of lying in a pool of sweat, hoping you won't have to get up in the night and deal with a tropical downpour. We came back to the coldest, snowiest winter, followed by the hottest, sunniest summer and then the windiest, wettest autumn. Having coped with all that I think we'll manage whatever 2019 has in store!

\* Visit her fascinating website at <https://www.maidoftheloch.org>.



*Two maids hoping for a make-over.*  
Photo Lesley Roberts Media Production



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## **THE WARMEST OF WELCOMES: Cruising the East Coast of the USA Jonathan Lloyd, Roving Rear Commodore**

*(Jonathan and Anne left the UK in June 2014 aboard their Malo 42 Sofia, and were appointed Roving Rear Commodores two years later. Flying Fish carried their account of Cruising Tasmania in 2017/18, and Jonathan's very useful notes on The Challenge of Passage Planning in the Southwest Indian Ocean a year later.*

*The last section of this article also appeared in the March 2019 Newsletter.)*

Having completed our circumnavigation in March 2018 when we crossed our outward track on arrival in Martinique, our plan for the remainder of 2018 was to cruise up the East Coast of the USA as far as Maine, participate in the various rallies which the OCC organises along that coast during the months of summer, and then head back down south to warmer climes in the autumn and winter. We were particularly keen to embark on this venture as we had lived and worked on the East Coast of the USA on two occasions before my retirement. The first was from 1992 until 1994 in Washington DC, and the second was from 2004 until 2007 in New York. While we had managed some sailing on Chesapeake Bay and Long Island Sound, it had been limited to weekends and holidays and we wished to explore the whole coast at our leisure and in much more detail. Our appetite was further whetted by OCC members who, having participated in previous OCC rallies in the area, assured us that we would receive the warmest of welcomes wherever we went. We were not disappointed!

Our original intention had been to leave Sint Maarten in March and make our way leisurely to the Spanish Virgin Islands and Puerto Rico, and thence to Florida, Georgia and the Carolinas, before joining the first OCC rally of the year on the Chesapeake in mid June. However, a major problem with the mainsail in-mast furling system, which necessitated the removal of the mast, delayed us by over a month. FKG Marine Rigging were inundated with work following Hurricane *Irma* the previous September and could not fit us in until after Carnival in early May, when all work ceases for a week while the island celebrates. This delay necessitated a change of plan – if we were to arrive in time to participate in the Chesapeake Historic Cruise we would need to head directly to Beaufort, North Carolina from the Spanish Virgin Islands or Puerto Rico, continuing round Cape Hatteras to the Chesapeake.

While in Sint Maarten we had linked up with OCC member Eve Wilhite aboard *Auntie*, whom we had first met in the Marquesas in 2015 and last encountered at Thursday Island in the Torres Straits in July 2017. The plan was to sail in company to the Chesapeake, as Eve is a singlehander sailing a 53ft yawl. We had been advised that a simple and straightforward way to clear into the USA was to do so in Culebra in the Spanish Virgin Islands, which is part of Puerto Rico and a US territory. Provided one sails directly to mainland USA no further clearance is necessary. All went according to plan, and both *Sofia* and *Auntie* had a pleasant sail to Ensenada Honda in Culebra and a quick dinghy trip ashore to clear in at the airport, where a very helpful immigration official made the process as painless as we had been told.





*Anne and Jonathan  
aboard Sofia. Photo  
Dianne Tertreault*



After a day exploring the island with Eve, the next stage of the plan was to head to San Juan in Puerto Rico and explore the attractive old city before continuing on to Beaufort, NC. At this point the

forecast arrival of Tropical Storm *Alberto* on the US East Coast intervened and resulted in a change of plan as, if we were to reach Beaufort before its potential arrival, we would need to leave Culebra almost immediately and endure significantly strong winds for the first few days. While we were happy to set off in these conditions, Eve as a singlehander was more reluctant, so regrettably we parted company.

After an uneventful passage we reached Beaufort 12 hours prior to the arrival of TS *Alberto*. On berthing at the marina in Morehead City, which is just next door to Beaufort, we were delighted to find old OCC friends Ed and Sue Kelly on the dock to greet us. They have a house just up the road in New Bern, NC. They had

recently completed the Great Loop of the USA in their catamaran *Angel Louise* (see the June 2018 Newsletter) and were also planning to attend the various rallies. After securing *Sofia* to withstand a battering from TS *Alberto* we spent a pleasant two days exploring the local area with Ed and Sue before heading up the coast to Norfolk, Virginia.

In Norfolk, OCC Port Officers Gary Naigle and Greta Gustafson had very kindly agreed to hold mail for us. They have a delightful shoreside apartment with its own private dock complex, where OCC yachts are made welcome. However, it was out of action undergoing a major refurbishment just then, so we'd been advised by Ed and



*Sofia berthed in  
South Basin, Portsmouth*



*OCC yachts on RRCs Bill and Lydia Strickland's dock on the Corrotoman River*

Sue to use the free town dock in Portsmouth, on the opposite bank of the Elizabeth River. No sooner had we docked than Gary was there to hand over our mail. He then gave us a tour of Norfolk before inviting us to drinks in their apartment. The following day he drove us to the West Marine chandlery in Virginia Beach, and found an optician where I could get my damaged spectacles repaired. It was a first experience of how helpful and hospitable our Port Officers on the East Coast can be, but by no means the last! It was no surprise to learn that they had been awarded the OCC Port Officer Service Award for 2017.

After Norfolk, next on our agenda was a short trip up the James River to visit Yorktown and explore the historic battlefield and the excellent new Museum of the American Revolution. From there we headed up the Chesapeake to the Corrotoman River, to join Regional Rear Commodores Lydia and Bill Strickland at their lovely home overlooking the river. As two other OCC yachts – *Blue Velvet of Sark* and *A*

*Capella* – were already on their private dock, they very kindly arranged for their neighbour to host us on his dock and then laid on a very enjoyable drinks party for all those present, including the crew of *Hullabaloo* which was anchored off.



*A replica 17th century merchant ship on the dock at St Mary's*

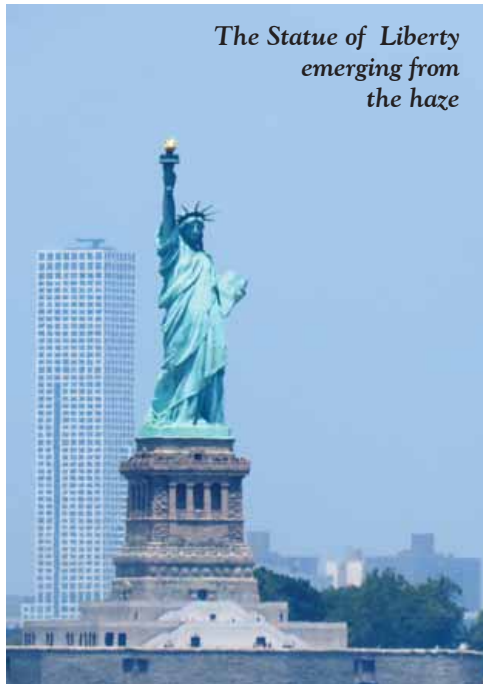


### *The dinghy drift at Leonardstown*

From the Corrotoman River it was a short hop to Reedsville, Virginia, where the OCC fleet was gathering for the start of the Chesapeake Historic Potomac Cruise. Reedsville is a fishing port of long-standing, and the home port of the ferry to historic Tangier Island in the southern Chesapeake. Members spent an interesting day visiting the island and enjoying an excellent seafood lunch. After Reedsville the fleet had a bouncy sail up to historic St Mary's at the mouth of the Potomac River, the original capital of Maryland and now home to St Mary's College. After an enjoyable potluck supper in the grounds of the College, next day it was time to head further up the Potomac to Leonardtown, where the fleet anchored off in Breton Bay. While there the fleet enjoyed the camaraderie of a dinghy drift and a splendid farewell dinner on the final day. Our sincere thanks go to Lydia and Bill, who put so much effort into organising such a memorable few days. (See the September 2018 *Newsletter* for a full account of the Cruise.)

After the Chesapeake Cruise ended on 14th June we had two weeks to reach Newport, Rhode Island for the start of the OCC Southern New England Cruise. Our passage took us up the Chesapeake via Solomons Island and Annapolis to the Chesapeake &

Delaware Canal, and then down the Delaware River/Bay to Cape May, New Jersey. From there it was a short hop up the coast to New York harbour and through the East River to Port Washington on Long Island. There is no doubt that New York is one of the most scenic and historic harbours in the world, and it was a tremendous experience to sail through it in our own yacht. We could even see our old apartment (the centre building on the right) close to the UN Building overlooking the East River.



*The Statue of Liberty  
emerging from  
the haze*





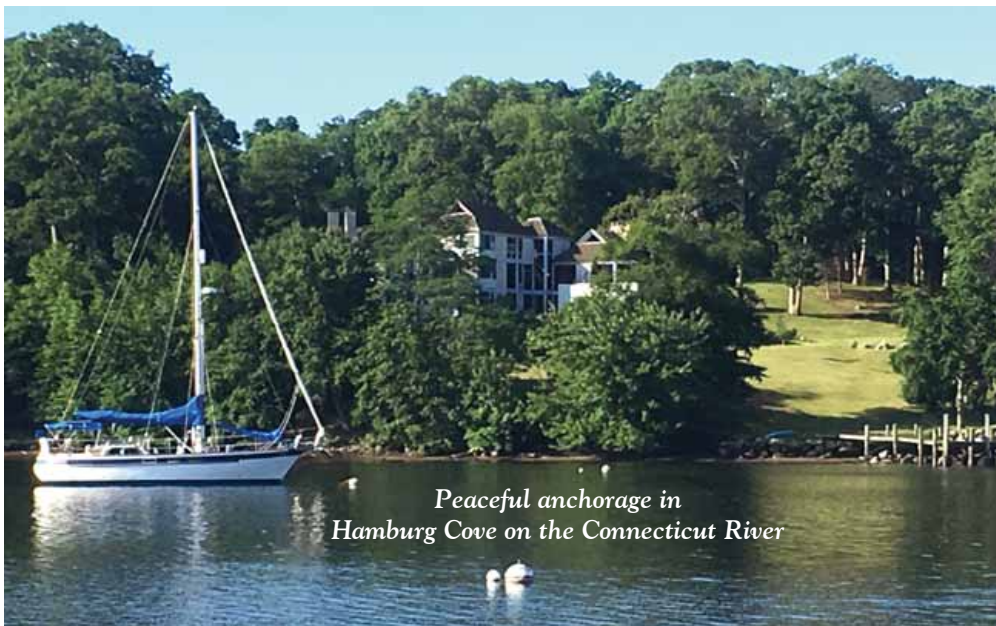


*Oyster Bay  
sunset,  
Long Island*

After Port Washington we had a quick refuelling stop in the very attractive Oyster Bay before crossing Long Island Sound to the historic town of Essex on the Connecticut River, where we

linked up with Ed and Sue Kelly again. *Angel Louise* was out of the water undergoing repairs to one of her propeller shafts, so they had hired a car and we were able to join them in exploring the area. Next we headed further up the Connecticut River to Hamburg Cove, the home port of Dirk and Gretchen Aurin and their lovely William Garden ketch *Peregrine*. We had met them in the Galapagos in 2015 and their circumnavigation had more or less paralleled our own.

Following this pleasant interlude we headed back downriver to Essex and on to Newport the following day, where several OCC yachts were already gathered for the start of the Southern New England Cruise, meticulously planned and organised by Mike and Jane Eslinger. We anchored off the famous Ida Lewis Yacht Club in company with several other OCC yachts. The club was very welcoming and hospitable, and offered us free temporary membership. After a welcome dinner in Newport the fleet sailed up the harbour to Bristol in time to enjoy the oldest 4th July celebrations in the country. There was also time to visit the fascinating Herreshoff Museum and the America's



*Peaceful anchorage in  
Hamburg Cove on the Connecticut River*



***4th July fireworks at  
Bristol, Rhode Island***

Cup Hall of Fame, which is located on the site of the old Herreshoff yard.

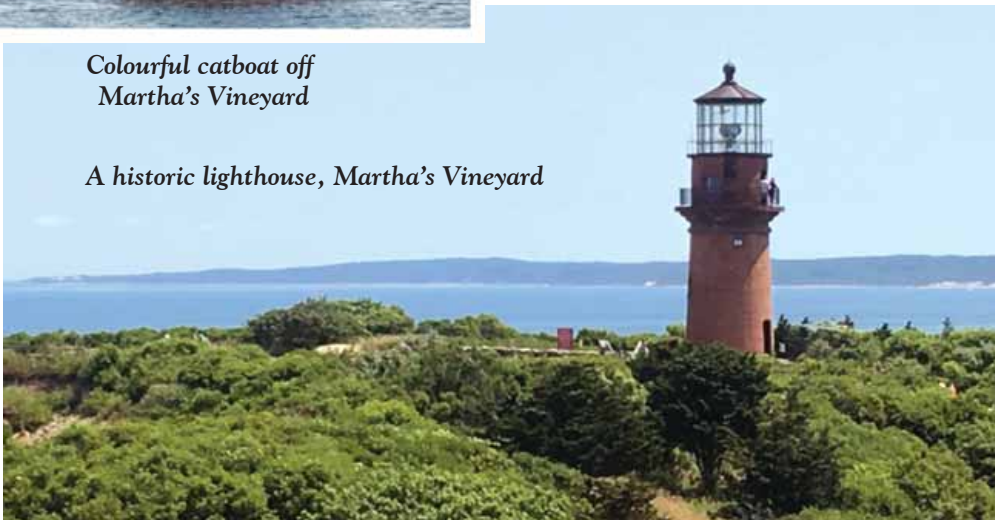
At that point we had to leave the rally and return to Newport to sort out a significant problem with our steering, while the fleet moved on to Dutch Harbour and then Block Island. We rejoined the Cruise in New Bedford, Massachusetts, which was the country's principal whaling port in the 19th century and is now home to a fascinating whaling museum. We enjoyed a guided tour of the historic centre of the town before departing for Martha's Vineyard



where the cruise was due to end. The fleet anchored off Edgartown and there was plenty of time to tour this most attractive island, attend a farewell party in the Edgartown Yacht Club, and enjoy a dinghy drift, before the fleet parted and went their separate ways. Again, our sincere thanks go to Mike and Jane for organising such an interesting and enjoyable rally.

***Colourful catboat off  
Martha's Vineyard***

***A historic lighthouse, Martha's Vineyard***



Following the rally our intention had been to accompany Ed and Sue Kelly up to Maine to join the OCC Rally in Camden, Maine in mid August. Our route would take us through the Cape Cod Canal to Gloucester, Massachusetts, and from there to the wonderful cruising grounds of Maine. Unfortunately at that point fate intervened. No sooner had the Southern New England Cruise ended than I had a nasty fall in the cockpit and badly damaged my shoulder. A visit to Vineyard Haven Hospital for x-rays revealed that I had fractured it in four places and would need surgery to repair the damage, and our insurance company decided to repatriate me to the UK for this. Consequently we needed to find somewhere on the mainland coast to leave *Sofia* at very short notice while we returned to the UK.

At this point Regional Rear Commodores Dick and Moira Bentzel sprang into action, tasking POs in the region to identify suitable yards. We opted for the Barden Yard in Marion, MA which was recommended by PO Larry Hall, and were fortunate to have calm conditions to motor there from Edgartown with Ed and Sue Kelly on *Angel Louise* acting as escorts for most of the way. We were very disappointed not to be joining them for the Maine Rally, but fortunate to have such good and caring friends.

On arrival in Marion, Larry Hall was there in his launch to greet us and help us to our mooring. During our brief stay Larry could not have been more kind and helpful. He not only helped Anne remove all the sails in sweltering July heat, but also assisted with the

***Pensive skipper awaiting repatriation***



lift out, arranged for a local b&b, lent us a car, took us to dinner at the Beverley Yacht Club (where he is a Past Commodore), and arranged for us to have the use of the club's facilities while we were there. Such help and hospitality was much more than we could possibly have expected and we will never forget it.

While I was recuperating back in the UK, following surgery on my shoulder on 1st August, we read with considerable envy the reports from Ed and Sue Kelly and other OCC members of the wonderful time that they were having in Maine enjoying lobster feasts and the camaraderie in Camden. In spite of the plethora of lobster pots, rocks and fog, Penobscot Bay is one of the world's

*Sofia on POs Gary and  
Greta's dock in Norfolk*

great cruising grounds and well worth the effort of heading that far north. We were sad not to be able to enjoy its many attractions on this occasion.

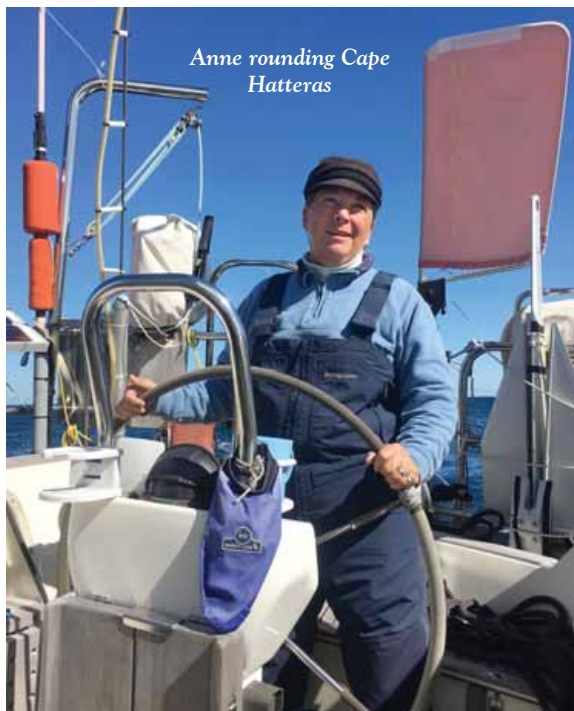
Anne returned to Marion at the end of September to move *Sofia* south to Beaufort, NC, with the help of US friends, before the onset of significant autumn gales and winter weather in New England. Despite the damage caused a few weeks earlier by Hurricane *Florence* to marinas in the area, POR Dianne Tetreault had managed to find *Sofia* a place in Homer Smith Docks and Marina from November to January, where I would be able to rejoin Anne for my recuperation to continue.

On Anne's return to Marion, Larry Hall once again came up trumps, providing the same level of support and hospitality as he had done previously. After her crew had been collected from Boston Airport, Anne decided that in view of the weather and the need to get to Annapolis on time for their return flight to Florida, it would be best to head directly to Cape May outside Long Island, rather than down Long Island Sound and through New York Harbour.

This plan worked well, and after a brief stop in Cape May *Sofia* headed up the Delaware River to the Chesapeake & Delaware Canal, with further stops at Reedy Island and Chesapeake City, before heading south down the Chesapeake. Sufficient time had been made up for a brief exploration of the Eastern Shore, calling in at St Michaels and Oxford prior to arriving in Annapolis. Here too PO Westbrook Murphy could not have been more helpful, and insisted that *Sofia* stay on his private dock in Almshouse Creek on South River while Anne arranged her crew change and sorted out various issues on the yacht. Westbrook and his charming wife Cindy were truly hospitable hosts – they provided transport for daily shopping trips, spent hours in Home Depot solving a plumbing problem, drove Anne's departing crew to Reagan Airport in Washington, DC, collected her incoming crew from the local train station some 20 miles away, and provided laundry and shower facilities in their home for all. Westbrook also drove Anne to several battery suppliers and called in an old friend with expertise in electrical issues to advise on her options. In addition, both he and Cindy had Anne to dinner on multiple occasions during her ten-day stay. Such was their hospitality that Anne said it was very hard to leave!







Even so, as soon as Eve Wilhite arrived to crew *Sofia* for the next stage they set off down the Chesapeake in blustery and increasingly cold conditions. Following brief stop-overs in Deal Bay and Reedsville, they arrived in Norfolk to a warm welcome from POs Gary and Greta on their private dock complex, which had now been refurbished. Anne decided to remain in Norfolk for a week to assist Eve with repainting the deck of *Auntie*, in nearby Hampton Roads, before the weather deteriorated further. Once again Gary was very helpful in providing transport and, with provisioning complete and *Auntie*'s deck repainted, it was soon time to head south round Cape Hatteras, with a short stop-over in the anchorage behind Cape

Lookout before proceeding to the marina in Beaufort. As we had come to expect by now, POR Dianne Tetreault was helpfulness itself, providing transport and generous hospitality – a typically warm Southern welcome.

***Dianne Tetreault, POR for Beaufort, North Carolina***

With *Sofia* now safely tucked up in Beaufort for the winter our East Coast cruise had come to an end. In spite of my injury it had certainly lived up to our expectations – the rallies were great fun and very well organised, and the support we received from Port Officers along the way exceptional. In summary, there are many reasons for undertaking a cruise up the US East Coast, including:

- wonderful cruising grounds in the Chesapeake, Long Island Sound, New England and Maine;
- a series of very well-organised and enjoyable OCC rallies, which are sensibly spaced apart;
- an outstanding network of supportive Port Officers;
- great cities such as Charlestown, Washington DC, New York and Boston within easy reach.







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## **NEW ZEALAND TO SOUTH AFRICA: My OCC Youth Sponsorship passage Cian Mullee**

Growing up on the Atlantic coast of Ireland, I was incredibly fortunate to learn to sail amongst the 365 glacially-carved drumlin islands strewn across Clew Bay. It proved to be an excellent training ground to develop as a sailor and progress through the Irish Sailing Association syllabus, qualifying and gaining experience as an instructor. In more recent years my focus has expanded to racing yachts, lured by the range of travelling adventures and career opportunities they offer.

In April 2018, the OCC Youth Sponsorship Programme made such an adventure a reality. I left Ireland for Auckland, New Zealand with high hopes for what would be an epic voyage of over 11,000 miles, from the calm of the Pacific Ocean to the turbulent Indian Ocean, encountering a spectacular range of land and seascapes in between.

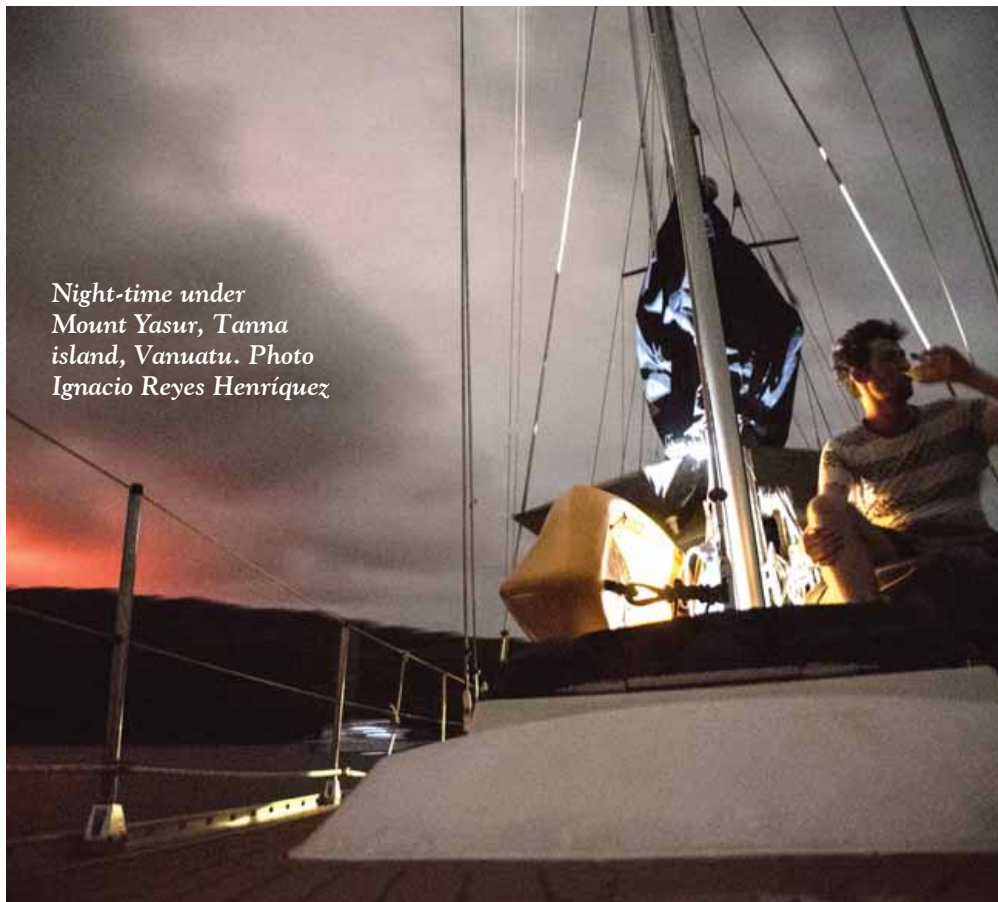
On joining *Star Charger IV*, a 43ft Oyster ketch, in Whangarei just north of Auckland, I was introduced to my new team-mates – skipper Alasdair Maclean, his wife Gill, and my fellow crew Maura and Ignacio, a Chilean couple taking a break from their work in Antarctica. I enjoyed the time getting to know everyone as we set to work preparing our new home for departure. Alasdair presented us with a list of tasks to complete and gave us free rein to get on with it, although he was always available to help when needed and was very patient with any difficulties and problems we encountered along the way.

It quickly became clear to me that preparation is paramount when it comes to bluewater sailing. I loved the process of dismantling the boat's equipment and reassembling it – the experience gave me a detailed understanding of how the yacht functioned and allowed me to gain confidence in both the vessel and myself. Being given responsibility to complete these tasks at 22 years of age was a huge step in my development as a dinghy instructor progressing into the world of long-distance sailing. I found it easy to settle into my new life on board, helped by being around great people and the strong bond that quickly blossomed between us.

My first ocean passage began when we left the beautiful, rugged coastline of the Bay of Islands for the open deep blue. Despite light winds for the majority of the 1500 miles

*Approaching Port  
Resolution, Tanna island,  
Vanuatu. Photo Ignacio  
Reyes Henríquez*





*Night-time under  
Mount Yasur, Tanna  
island, Vanuatu. Photo  
Ignacio Reyes Henríquez*

to Vanuatu I could not have wished for a better maiden voyage. The calm conditions allowed us to witness the sun sinking into the ocean and stunning views of the unblemished night skies with the Milky Way on full display. Sighting Vanuatu, and watching the tiny silhouette of Tanna island grow gradually as our sails pulled us closer, filled me with anticipation. Port Resolution exceeded all my expectations – a natural harbour surrounded by palm trees and snow-white beaches, where Captain James Cook found safe haven nearly 250 year ago, is nothing short of majestic. We passed locals fishing in their wooden dug-out canoes, before ceremoniously dropping anchor and celebrating a successful passage. That night we ate dinner sitting in the cockpit, under the red glow cast on the night sky by volcanic Mount Yasur. Our crossing to, and stay in, Vanuatu remains one of my favourite memories from the entire trip and set the bar high for the rest of the voyage.

This short account of my trip cannot possibly capture all the memorable moments, but some personal highlights include encountering a welcoming party of false killer whales acting as guides as we wove our way through the Great Barrier Reef on route to Thursday Island. While kayaking around Flying Fish Cove on Christmas Island, a pod of spinner dolphins surrounded me in a phenomenal performance, capped with corkscrew leaps into the air and dramatic crashes back to the sapphire water. In the tropical paradise that is the atoll of Cocos Keeling I had a hair-raising snorkel with multiple

*Sailing across the Coral Sea northeast of Australia.  
Photo Ignacio Reyes Henríquez*



white tip reef sharks, their apparent disinterest not quite comfort enough to maintain a steady heart rate.

I thoroughly enjoyed the long spells at sea, but nonetheless found the transition from life on land to living on a boat challenging. Cooking on a rolling boat was something I initially struggled with as I found myself chasing the ingredients around the galley which was usually unbearably hot. My first night cooking on passage I was too nauseous to eat. Over time it became easier however, and before long I was unfazed and feeling relatively at home.

Of all the miles of ocean traversed, the final few hundred packed some of the biggest punches. South of Madagascar, in the notorious waters off South Africa, we encountered a powerful thunderstorm which brought with it winds of over 50 knots (force 10). It was an exhilarating experience, being so far from land and at the mercy of the raw power of the ocean. I remember sitting in the cockpit bracing for wave after wave in complete darkness only for lightning to flash, for an instant illuminating the horizon and revealing the full spectacle of the angry waters surrounding us. It was a humbling experience, especially when the bilge pump decided to quit, forcing us to take turns pumping manually. I couldn't help but think it was like being inside a washing machine, which made me laugh despite the butterflies in the pit of my



stomach. It was an intense encounter, but it made the arrival in South Africa all the sweeter and heightened my personal sense of achievement.

Sailing in the tropics was a new adventure for me, having grown up sailing in the cold waters of the North Atlantic. I really enjoyed swapping foulweather gear for shorts and a woolly hat for sunglasses, even though the heat was unyielding at night making sleep hard-won. As a pale Irishman, sun cream became my most prized possession and I fought a constant battle to avoid turning into a very red Irishman. I also developed a profound hatred for mosquitoes. Despite these minor grievances, it was a welcome change and an act as small as stopping the boat mid-passage to indulge in a swim, often thousands of miles from land, would dispel any notion of complaint!

My journey of 2018 was an unforgettable experience. Ocean sailing taught me a lot about myself – about resilience, creativity, practical thinking and so much more. Participating in such a voyage really stretched my comfort zone and forced me to grow. For someone of my age to get an opportunity like this is truly amazing and has a lasting impact. As I write this piece, I'm building on my experience with the OCC and am midway through a Yachtmaster course.

I'm extremely grateful to the OCC and its fantastic Youth Sponsorship Programme.

Finally I'd like to say a big thank you to Alasdair and Gill for inviting me to join them aboard *Star Charger IV* in New Zealand, which led to everything I've just described. You both made me feel extremely welcome from the very start – it was a pleasure sailing with you and I eagerly await our next adventure together.



*Off the Cape of Good Hope*



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## FROM THE GALLEY OF ... Tim Bridgen, aboard Marionette

**Pressure cooker Spanish chicken and beans** (serves 2–4)

### Ingredients

- chicken (available frozen, fresh, or clucking in every corner of the world!) 4 pieces, with bone in and skin on if possible
- chorizo (available pretty much everywhere, in one form or another of dried sausage – and has the bonus of keeping well)
- dried beans (any will do, but the whiter the better – you want them to take on colour and flavour)
- onions
- garlic
- paprika (sweet, hot or smoked – your choice)
- tomato paste
- tinned tomatoes
- a chicken stock cube

Optional, depending what you've got fresh or in the locker

- tomato (fresh, sun-dried dry, or sun-dried in oil)
- chilli (fresh or dried – dried chipotle are great with the smoked paprika)
- red pepper (fresh, preserved or roasted and preserved)

Put a mug full of dried white beans in a bowl and cover with two mugs of boiling water. Add a pinch of salt (this is the only salt you'll need because of the chorizo and the stock cube) and let stand for at least half an hour.

Gently fry a sliced onion in oil in the pressure cooker base. When translucent, add a thinly sliced clove of garlic, the chicken pieces, sliced chorizo to taste (the more the tastier), a teaspoon of paprika, a sliced red pepper and a quarter of a fresh chilli if you have them, and a pinch of black pepper. Continue to fry for about five minutes until the chicken takes on a little colour and the fat begins to run from the sausage.

Tip in the beans and the water they've stood in, a tin of tomatoes including the juice, two roughly-chopped tomatoes or the equivalent preserved, the stock cube, the preserved chilli and red pepper if you didn't have fresh, and a squirt of tomato concentrate. Stir together and make sure nothing has stuck to the base. Loosen with a little water if needed to make it a wet mix, but not much – it should be the consistency of a fairly thick stew at this stage, with liquid only just covering the ingredients.

Stir gently to ensure it doesn't catch until it boils, then put on the lid and continue to heat gently until it reaches its higher pressure setting. Cook at high pressure for 20 minutes.



## SINGLEHANDING HOME

### James Tomlinson

*(James has always sailed alone and since retirement in 2013 has been able to sail further. He bought Talisker 1, a Westerly Typhoon, in early 2014, and in 2016, with his ship now prepared for longer passages, set off on a shakedown cruise to Scotland, Orkney, Fair Isle, Norway, Denmark, Germany and Holland, returning for further exploration of Norway the following year.*

*In 2018 he and Talisker 1 sailed 4000 miles in exactly two months. The following article (taken from his diary) describes the final ocean leg of that Atlantic cruise. This was also James's qualifying passage for the OCC.*

*Talisker 1 is a modified Westerly Typhoon, just over 37ft overall with a tall, fractional rig. Fast and stable, she is set up to be easily handled alone. Video of James's cruises can be found on YouTube at Samingo Sailing, and his blog is at [www.samingosailing.com](http://www.samingosailing.com).)*



#### Sunday 8th July – Day 1:

*Talisker 1 and I are heading north away from very beautiful Santa Maria in the Azores. Hopefully the easterly winds that are promised for a day or so will get us well to the north. We are romping along at 7 knots, with 15 knots of breeze over the deck. It's overcast and warm. Later tonight we should clear the eastern end of São Miguel and be clear of land and traffic.*

*Looking over our starboard quarter the island peaks are cloud-covered, much as they were when we were inbound from Madeira a few days ago. I am expecting variable winds for the next ten days or so. With the jet stream parked so high this year, I'm not anticipating heavy weather. I think this voyage to Falmouth could take up to fourteen days.*





*Farewell Santa Maria. I never did see the island's peak*

### **Monday 9th July – Day 2:**

In variable easterly winds we have covered 140 miles in 24 hours noon to noon. It's been overcast with a little rain, but still warm. The expected wind shift is due tomorrow. The wind will back to the north and then we will tack east, sailing as high as we can until the predicted westerly and southwesterly winds arrive sometime around Saturday. Some of those southwesterly winds look quite strong.

Breaking the voyage down into sections will help. Today we will continue to sail north. Yesterday evening, close-hauled on starboard, we were reefed and flying the staysail. I'm getting my head down as much as possible.

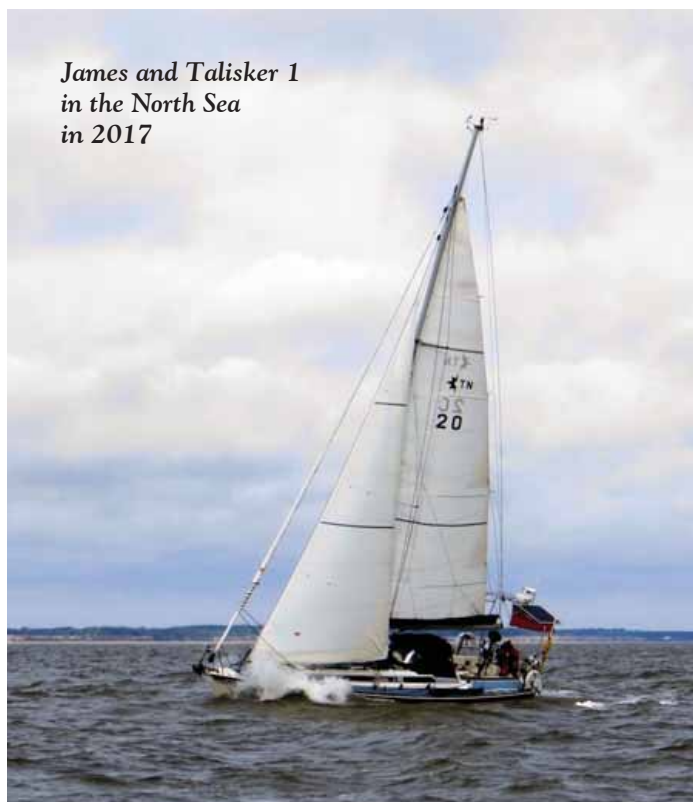
### **Tuesday 10th July – Day 3:**

0600: Sailing north over a flat sea in very light northeast winds. I am waiting for the wind to build slowly and then back north and eventually northwest. When to tack? My GRIB charts show the wind will die. A cup of tea. Enjoy the dawn!

Tea drunk and now no wind. Reluctantly we are motoring east in the hope of finding wind this evening.

1000: That didn't last long! Engine off! We are now close-hauled on port in north-northeasterlies heading for ... Lisbon! Four different GRIB charts show varying information. Eventually these winds should back enough for us to lay a course northeast – continuing north as we were would have left us in no wind at all.

A ship, a ship and the first traffic since the Azores. The CS *Crete 1* is bound for Halifax. We are now on a course



*James and Talisker 1  
in the North Sea  
in 2017*



*The first tack. I like paper charts*

of 85°M but airs are very light. Now heading for Finisterre! Better! A few minutes later and we are heading for Gibraltar! Not so good!

2020: A small vessel that had been approaching steadily from our port quarter, MMSI 204211000, eventually passed half a mile ahead of us. Watching the ship get nearer had me feeling vulnerable and scared. There was no response on VHF and my binoculars confirmed that there was no one on the bridge. I later identified the vessel heading off to the east as the FV *Mar Portugues*. Mid ocean, who cares?



*She's past! No response had me feeling scared*

#### Wednesday 11th July – Day 4:

1200: We have been 73 hours at sea. The 24 hour runs so far have been 143 miles, 133 miles and 124 miles – a small lift from ocean currents has helped. The wind is just east of north and we are close-hauled on port. Overnight we had a reefed main and staysail, but this morning the wind backed slightly so I furled the staysail and set the genoa. Later the wind will veer again to just east of north, until Saturday at least. Hopefully by then we will be approximately 43°N 13°W – west-northwest of Finisterre. With the sun out the deck is hot. I could have burnt the soles of my feet. There was early morning dew for the first time and it's very slightly colder, but I'm still living in pyjamas to keep cool.

CS *Pacific Reefer* was bearing down on us from the N at 17 knots. "Have you seen us?" I asked. From the sleepy reply, obviously not! The ship turned to starboard and we wished each other a good watch.

My tomatoes are all pretty ripe so I'll have to eat the whole supply soon, and the green bananas have ripened as fast as the yellow ones. The delicious Santa Maria small melons are all gone, but I have enough food on board to last several weeks.

1500: We've been making a comfortable 6 knots, close-hauled with 14 knots of breeze over the deck, for most of the day. The sun has been shining and I've spent the last two hours with my sextant.



*Taking sights ... which way is up? The sights seem okay but the maths is disastrous!*

**Thursday 12th July – Day 5:**

0748: E-mail from *Talisker 1*, Subject: Weather Brains

“Uncomfortable night bashing into northerlies close-hauled. Lumpy seas. But she does not get stopped. I'm at 42°21'N 18°23'W. Planning to continue like this until Saturday morning, by which time we should be 43°30'N 13°25'W. Then tack and head north-northwest until the wind backs and we resume course for the English Channel. Winds due to increase a bit. Have I missed anything?”

E-mail from Simon Abley\*:

“No, about all you can do is to play the angles and get set for the new breeze.”

E-mail from John & Kara\*\* US SV *Sentijn*:

“You're doing all the right things; just got to keep plugging away until Saturday's switch. It's a marathon – not a sprint – as there's a fair wind on the way and nothing scary on the forecast ... so don't forget to look after yourself too! A few hours hove-to for a comfortable meal, a cup of tea that doesn't slosh out, and a longer stretch in the bunk always does wonders for me when it all just seems like too much work!

We're in Bantry Bay doing some shopping and watching the weather for Biscay crossing. Mostly light winds forecast, so we've got out the full-size spinnaker and are trying to figure out which end is up ... doh! Stay safe, Love, JKD”.

1200: We've run 536 miles through the water and 566 miles over the ground in just under 100 hours. Thankfully the wind has backed and, close-hauled, our heading is east-northeast until Saturday. Then the wind should back northwest, which will allow us to lay a course for the Western Approaches.

\* Friend Simon has numerous transatlantics, Fastnets and Sydney Hobart races to his name.

\*\* John and Kara Pennington circumnavigated in a very small boat. *Sentijn* is their new bigger boat, and as of Christmas 2018 they, and baby Dean, had arrived in the Caribbean from the Canaries. Read their splendid book, *Orca*, for the full story.

Last night, close-hauled and in variable wind strengths, we ended up at midnight with a couple of reefs in the main and flying the staysail. The sea was sloppy and uncomfortable as *Talisker 1* smashed her way to windward. I have to catch up on some sleep.

1700: Clouds have to be watched, but resting down below I'm pretty quick to get up on deck to reef. A squall bringing 45 knot gusts is disappearing behind us. Our grey, forbidding visitor is fleeing south, her skirts right down on the waves. Behind her, blue skies, a breath of breeze and a wind shift. North-northwest would you believe.

The wind veers north again. We could set the genoa and shake out the reef, but there is more cloud heading this way. With the wind freshened we are making 6 knots through the water with staysail and reefed main. The ocean is punishing on a boat. Days and

days of non stop wear and tear.

It is tempting to fly full sail, but being underpowered and nursing is key. I find myself looking for weakness on my daily deck and rig checks.

1800: A second reef back in the main and then no wind and rain? We have now covered 600 miles.



*One of many, many squalls since Madeira*

#### **Friday 13th July – Day 6:**

Yesterday evening we were surrounded by squalls. One could not be avoided and the rain required full oilies. I popped a third reef in the main, and when the squall passed and with darkness approaching I left the deep third reef in, and we forereached slowly but comfortably into a messy sea.

#### ***The third reef in the main is deliberately deep***





### *Daily deck and rig checks ...*

This is okay! Forward momentum. Control. No stress. Into my pilot berth 2230, out at midnight, a check around, set the alarm on radar and AIS and then set a wake-up alarm for 0600. We still made 29 miles in the six hours. What did John say in his e-mail of yesterday? I've just slept six hours but broken – now that's better!

Two ships yesterday evening, both bearing down on us from the north. I've widened the guard on AIS to its maximum. Squalls appear red and menacing and set off a cacophony of alarm sounds on radar. In the next 24 hours we will tack on to starboard. I was thinking of taking out the third reef after the first cup of tea, but I'll have some breakfast first, then another cup of tea and think again.



### *... and a photo opportunity*

The CPA (Closest Point of Approach) was showing half a mile – was it going to be a repeat of our encounter with the *Mar Portugues*? But I got an immediate response on VHF ... “Don't worry, we see you ... we are deciding which side to pass you”. And

1400: I've just had one of those golden encounters at sea. Late this morning I was watching a vessel approaching from astern. To begin with all you see is an MMSI number on AIS. Eventually the name of the ship will appear. In the clear ocean air you see ships in the distance very quickly.

### *FV Lutador ('fighter' in Portuguese)*



then, "Can I help you with anything? Do you need a weather update? Where are you heading?" Before her name, *Lutador*, came up, her white superstructure had me thinking yacht! They were returning to Vigo having fished the Grand Banks. I asked if the fishing had been good.

I ask a huge favour – could *Lutador* take photographs of *Talisker 1*? "Photography! Of course, of course. You're a solo sailor ... I understand. Stay on your heading and leave everything to me." We talked some more. Alfredo had sailed many dinghies including a Laser and races a Dufour 44, *Bull Energy*, in Portugal. Slowly *Lutador* came abreast on our starboard side. I'd told Alfredo I would take pictures too. "Yes please, but we've been photographed by everything including satellites! Can I call your family to give them your position?" I told Alfredo we had satellite communication. We meticulously exchanged e-mail addresses. (Alfredo did e-mail my wife, but despite responding to e-mails hasn't sent any photos yet!)

It's now got really windy. Back to triple-reefed main and staysail, slogging to windward east-northeast on port tack. When to tack? Perhaps this evening or even in the morning?

#### **Sunday 15th July – Day 8:**

0700: We are 130 miles northwest of Cape Finisterre. For several days we have been close-hauled and sailing as high as we could. I could feel every blow to *Talisker 1*. Despite being reefed – and for part of the time, triple-reefed – with staysail, *Talisker 1* felt like she was going ten rounds with Mike Tyson. But unlike his opponents, she's still cutting a path towards the English Channel – nothing stops this boat.

At 1615 yesterday we finally tacked and headed northwest for nine hours and 60 miles. At 1800 the wind abated a little and I set the genoa and furled the staysail. Then at 0120 this morning we tacked back onto port and I shook out the first reef in the main. Later today the wind should die and back, and by this evening we should have favourable northwest winds. I hope we don't have to motor – so far, bar a couple of hours, we have only run the engine to charge the domestic batteries. This morning we encountered our first ship since *Lutador*, the *Nasa Neslihan*, bound for Baltimore.

I'm no longer singlehanded. A guest arrived overnight and is still here this morning. I laid on breakfast of water and some cereal flakes, and when I put the small nutritious pan next to him/her, my visitor did not hesitate to tuck in. He/she has fouled the sheets of course! My crewmate is a tagged homing pigeon.

Days of sailing to windward, smashing through the Atlantic, has caused a minor weep from the small hatch just forward of the mast. I meant to remove the hatch and re-bed the frame when I repaired the forehatch, but you never get everything done. Rest is pretty key now. Traffic will build in the Western Approaches and there will be less time to sleep.

Having been feeling so good, last night I felt sick. Just a queasy feeling lying down. Truth is, although I drink lots, I've lost my appetite. I realised I had not eaten, and had a large bowl of cereal with raisins, the last banana and some honey, followed by several of my Mum's crystallised stem ginger cubes. I felt fine after that!

#### **Monday 16th July – Day 9:**

If you draw a line between Ushant and the northwest tip of Spain, and then draw

another line parallel to that but 120 miles to the west, we are about a third of the way up that line.

Yesterday we motored briefly in beautiful sunshine and no wind before the wind returned, but at 0545 a squall had me tumbling out of my pilot berth to double-reef the main, furl the genoa and set the staysail. At 0830 I shook a reef out of the main and we are now flying the genoa again. We should have plenty of wind until this evening so, without pushing *Talisker 1* too hard, I'm trying to make as much progress as possible before the wind dies.

Today it's been anything from 10 to 30 knots over the deck, so multiple sail changes. We should also have plenty of diesel, which is good as the Western Approaches look to be pretty windless for the last 140 miles. We should be close to Falmouth by late on the 18th, but I don't want to go in if it's dark. And anyway, there are the next twelve hours to deal with first.

A catamaran has just passed us port to port. No AIS and no response on VHF. An empty cockpit too! It did look as though she turned to starboard however, so perhaps she's helmed from below. I also had an interesting conversation with *Ocean Ambition*, a cargo ship bound for Rotterdam. "Just wanted to confirm you've seen me! Sailing vessel ... off your starboard bow". "No Sir! I am off your port quarter". "Affirmative ... you're off my port quarter. I'm off your starboard bow..."

#### **Tuesday 17th July – Day 10:**

We are approaching 1300 miles logged since leaving Santa Maria, and are now well onto the continental shelf – but with well over 100m down to the seabed it's still deep for a southern North Sea sailor. The four figure soundings in the ocean caused me and *Talisker 1* severe vertigo!

We are currently charging the batteries, motor-sailing in very light westerlies under full main and staysail to port, with the genoa poled out well forward to starboard. I'm hoping we stay in what wind we have, so that once the batteries are charged the engine can be turned off. We should be close to Falmouth by early afternoon tomorrow, but I don't want to speak too soon. We still have another night at sea to come. Concentration on 'finals' is very important. It's easy to think you've arrived and drop your guard. We arrive WHEN we arrive and this is the time to be extra careful. I'm pretty well rested, but will try and get some more sleep today as traffic could build more overnight and tomorrow.

We've logged 3300 miles since leaving the east coast of the UK on 1st June, and *Talisker 1* and I have nearly completed what I've wanted and prepared to do for so long – a small voyage in the ocean. It's been a completely humbling experience. I now have an inkling of what some very special friends do all the time.

#### **Wednesday 18th July – Day 11:**

0300: The lights of the Scilly Isles have been visible for the past hour. I've had a little sleep. Enough. AIS targets started their alarms about an hour ago – as I expected there's a good deal of traffic. I'm so pleased we're still sailing. I expected the last three or four days to be more of a struggle, but we've hardly motored at all. The engine hours on this leg have almost all been for battery charging, the one disappointment of the voyage. But we did carry loads of fuel.



***Approaching the Cornish coast. Has the Royal Navy come to meet us?***

1900: *Talisker 1* and I reached Falmouth today. We are anchored across in St Mawes after sailing 1400 miles from the Azores. I've showered and the cabin is back in harbour mode, but I've had the munchies ever since I arrived.

We slowly made our way up Channel, and on 31st July returned to our home port of Orford, Suffolk, having sailed 4000 miles in exactly two months.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

I'm grateful to friends James Robinson and David Foreman, both Ocean Yachtmasters and RYA Instructors, for pointing me in the direction of a Westerly Typhoon. She's

***St Mawes, Cornwall, and Talisker 1  
proudly flies the courtesy flags of Portugal,  
Madeira, the Azores, Spain and France***

handled everything thrown at her. I feel the ocean gave us our sail south to Madeira – however windy and rough, it was never taxing downwind. From Madeira to the UK via the Azores we had to work hard for every mile.

Much as I like being at sea, I always prefer to go somewhere. I enjoy the planning and then the actual passage, although the enjoyment is always during and afterwards – I'm far too anxious before departure to call it fun. I don't want to let my ship down though I know I'm the weakest link. I try to prepare for every eventuality, but the sea is unpredictable and the ability to improvise can be essential. I'm grateful for the challenges and the lessons learned, and other boats and their crews' experiences interest me enormously.







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*Charles Darwin (1809 – 1882)*



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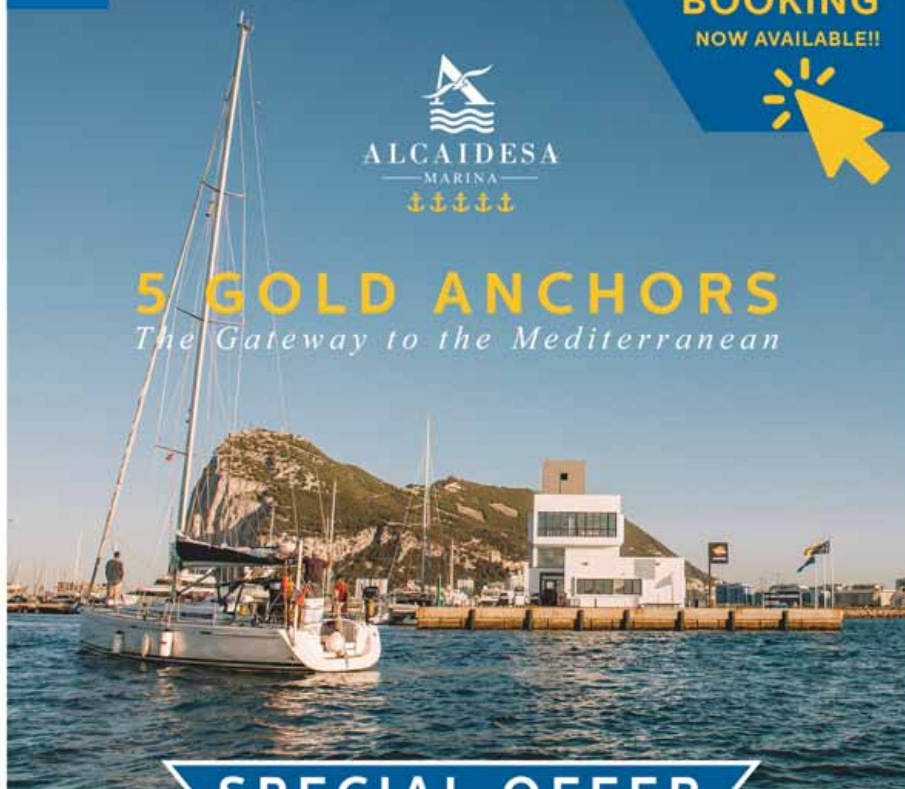


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## CRUISING THE NORTHERN COAST OF GREECE

### Mike and Helen Norris

(Once again we join Mike and Helen as they continue their Greek Odyssey aboard Island Drifter, their 37ft Countess ketch – see also Flying Fish 2017/2 and 2018/2.

Earlier this year they were awarded the Water Music Trophy – see page 10 – for their significant and ongoing contribution to the Club in terms of cruising and navigational information, both in Flying Fish and on their blog at [www.islanddriftergreece2018.blogspot.com](http://www.islanddriftergreece2018.blogspot.com).)

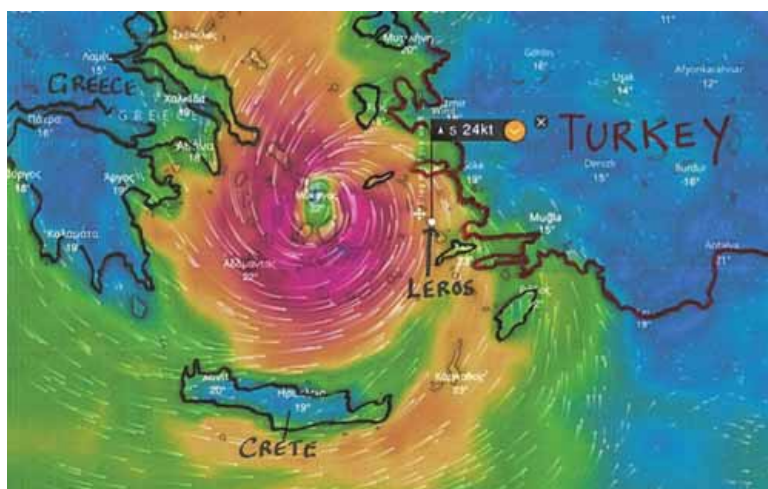
It was only when we sailed in the Sporades Islands that the cruising potential of the north coast of the Greek mainland became apparent. To paraphrase pilot and travel books: 'It is a sea seldom cruised by yachtsmen, yet it offers some of the greatest coastal scenery in Greece, a different history and culture, excellent harbours, ports and anchorages, and some of the finest beaches in the Mediterranean.'

Today Northern Greece is comprised of large parts of what were Thrace and Macedon (Macedonia). Other than for a short period under Alexander the Great in the 3rd century BC, these were never part of Ancient Greece or, indeed, the Republic of Greece after the 1821–30 War of Independence. In fact, for approximately 500 years prior to 1922, they were under Ottoman (Turkish) rule. In consequence, the people of Northern Greece are of a significantly wider ethnic mix than those in the south.

The climate is more Balkan than Mediterranean with greater extremes of temperature throughout the year – it can even snow at sea level. The terrain is very mountainous and therefore generates higher average rainfall, and hence is greener and more densely wooded, while its coastal plains, through which large rivers flow from the mountains, are fertile and well cultivated. From a sailing viewpoint, the winds are lighter since the area is less influenced by the *meltemi*.

In practical terms, cruising the northern coast first involves getting there against the prevailing northerly wind, then cruising either east or west along the coastline, and finally returning south with the wind. Our 1000 mile circuit from Leros took over two

months. The 350 mile passage north was initially delayed by a *medicane* – the Mediterranean equivalent of a hurricane – which, after trashing Malta and parts of Italy,



*The medicane  
as depicted on  
[www.windy.com](http://www.windy.com)*







*The hurricane hole at Matronas Bay*

returned to the Peloponnese before blasting its way up the Aegean. We took shelter in the 'hurricane hole' at Matronas Bay in the north of Leros, where we dug our Rocna anchor well into the glutinous mud and put out 70m of chain. Fortunately the *medicane*, which until 24 hours away was heading directly for us, veered north up the centre of the Aegean. Being on its eastern edge we experienced southerly winds of no more than 35 knots, with no significant fetch in our excellent, almost landlocked, anchorage.

Once the *medicane* began to pass we weighed anchor and headed north in its favourable wake, through the Eastern Sporades to the small fishing and ferry port of Kamariotissa at the west end of Samothraki. On approach this small, isolated island appeared as a dark mass of granite rising abruptly from the sea. It culminates in the lofty peak of Mount Fengari, at 1611m the highest mountain in the Aegean islands. Homer recounts that from there Poseidon, God of the Sea, watched the Trojan Wars unfold.

The island boasts one of the most important archaeological sites in Greece – the Ancient Thracian Sanctuary of the Great Gods. The ruins of the temple city lie on a rocky ridge among wild olive trees and *maquis*. In antiquity the religion revolved around the Thracian fertility figure of the Great Earth Mother. Her consorts, Castor and Pollux, were the patrons of seafarers, hence many sailors were among the numerous

*Ruins of the  
ancient Sanctuary  
of the Great Gods*





*Modern metal depiction of the original marble Winged Victory of Samothrace, now in the Louvre*

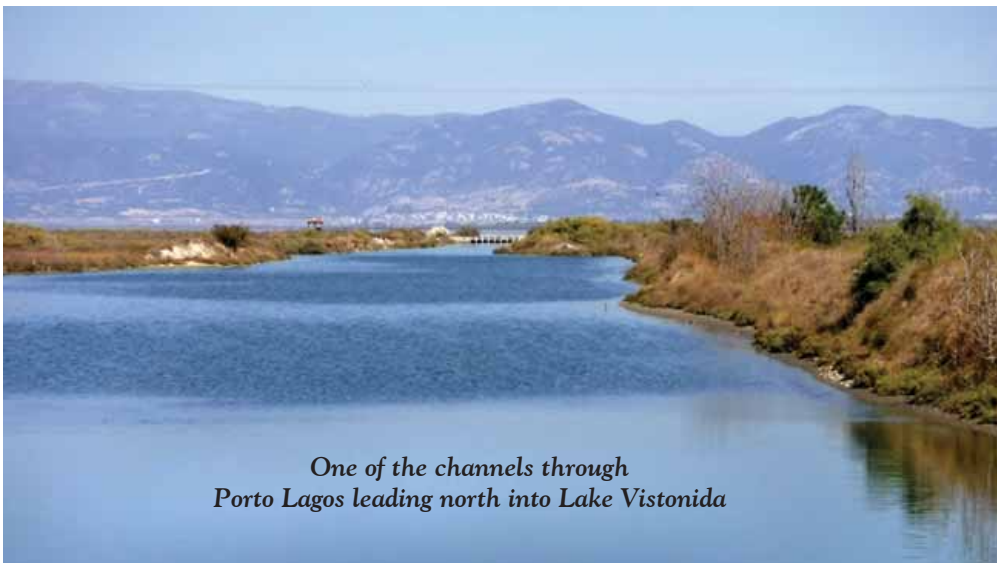
pilgrims attracted to the island and initiated into the rites of the religion. The adjacent museum houses those finds that were not spirited away by early explorers. Of these, the best known, 'The Winged Victory of Samothrace', now stands in the Louvre in Paris.

#### **The Northern Coast of Greece, eastern part**

The eastern half of the northern coastline of Greece, from Alexandroupolis to the Khalkidhiki Peninsula, principally comprises alluvial coastal plains, mountains bordering Bulgaria in the distant north, and two inhabited islands, Samothraki and Thassos.

Alexandroupolis, on the mainland some 30 miles northeast of Samothraki, is the capital of Thrace. It is a modern, attractive, bustling city with a cosmopolitan atmosphere, served by an international airport, motorways, railways and a large commercial harbour and ferry port. Given its location and facilities, it has become the centre for cross-border activity between Greece, Turkey and the Balkans. The city's Ethnological Museum is 500m north of the port, in a small 1894 stone Neo-Classical building which forms an exhibit in itself. The museum proudly features the history of the multicultural Thracian region before its partition in 1922.

Porto Lagos, further west, is located in a well-sheltered natural lagoon, connected to the sea by a channel dredged to 6m with long retaining walls at its entrance. The



*One of the channels through Porto Lagos leading north into Lake Vistonida*

*The impressive 4m statue  
of a man carrying a ram in  
the museum at Limenas*

town is at the centre of the enormous 100 hectare East Macedonian and Thrace National Park which boasts deltas, lakes, lagoons and wetlands. It has a veritable mosaic of plant life, 277 species of birds nesting or over-wintering, fish which have evolved to survive in the brackish waters of the lakes and lagoons, and local mammals including the golden jackal, European otter and wild cat.

Further west, and only ten miles off the mainland, is Thassos, the most northerly – and greenest – island in Greece. It once enjoyed power and prosperity as a consequence of its large natural harbour, mineral wealth and unlimited supplies of marble. Today its prosperity is based on its enchanting natural beauty, sandy beaches, excellent weather and archaeological sites. The modern town of Limenas was built on the site of the ancient capital of Thassos. In the reception area of the town's archaeological museum stands its principal exhibit – an imposing 4m statue of a man carrying a ram. This was discovered in 1896, buried at the acropolis on the hill overlooking the port.

The principal landmarks in the mainland city of Kavala are its 280m aqueduct, rebuilt

by the Turks in the 16th century based on a Roman design, and the Byzantine citadel on the rocky bluff overlooking the harbour. The outdoor market on the quay is enormous – one can buy almost anything there.







*Kavala's open-air Saturday market*

The Bay of Eleftherón lies only seven miles south of Kavala, with the Manitsas Marine Boatyard owned by Stavros, a Greek American, in a well-protected cove in its northeast corner. Interestingly, Stavros favours wooden supports for boats, which he considers cope better with earth tremors!

#### **The Khalkidhiki Peninsula**

The second half of our cruise of Northern Greece encompassed the Khalkidhiki Peninsula, one of the most prominent geographical features in the Aegean with its three smaller peninsulas of Akti, Sithonia andassandra extending like fingers from the hand of Khalkidhiki. By returning to Thassos and stopping at the newly modernised

*A small part  
of Limenaria's  
magnificent  
marble  
breakwaters!*



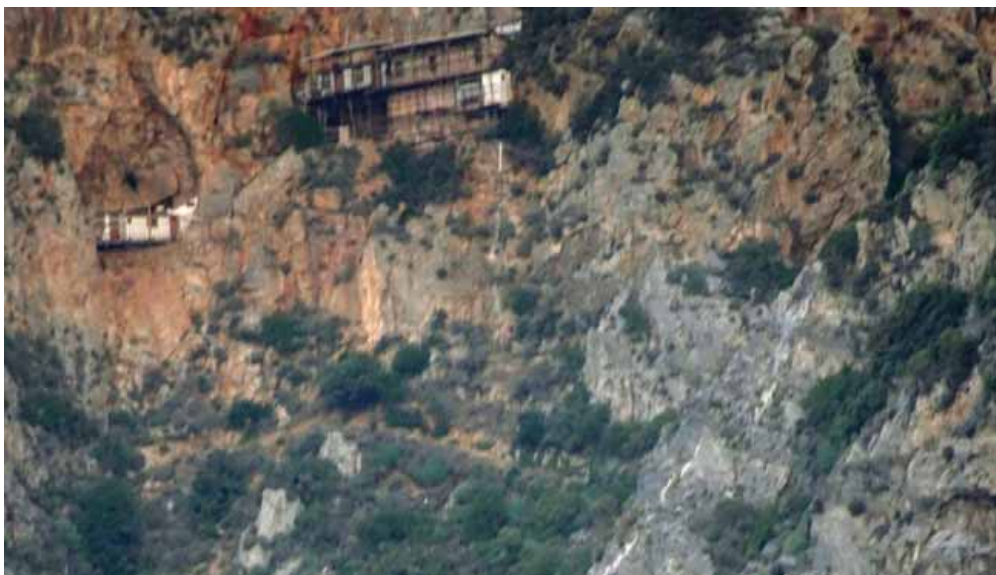


port of Limenaria on the southwest corner of the island, we broke what would otherwise have been a 120 mile overnight passage from Enevtherón Bay round the Akti Peninsula into the Gulf of Singitikos.

### **The Gulf of Singitikos**

The Gulf of Singitikos lies between the mountainous peninsulas of Akti and Sithonia. The Akti Peninsula has existed in a world of its own for ten centuries, because it is central to Greek Orthodox beliefs that 2012m Mount Athos at the foot of the peninsula is a holy mountain. A monastic community lives on and has jurisdiction over the peninsula, with many of the monasteries occupying spectacular sites on rocky bluffs or clinging to precipitous cliffs. Hermits and vagabond monks often live in almost inaccessible locations on cliff sides. While organised road tours are available, women are not permitted on the peninsula and nor can one anchor off it – indeed there is a 500m exclusion zone for all boats, or twice that if women are on board!

#### *A monastic building perched precariously on the cliffside*



Once round the cape, we sailed up the west coast of the Akti Peninsula to the island of Ammouliani, where we pulled into the small, shallow harbour used by local fishermen. Next morning, we were approached by Mohammed, the enterprising Egyptian mate of a Greek owned and skippered purse-seiner, crewed by Egyptians, from whom we purchased a bag of fish (three days' worth of meals) – for only 10€.

From Ammouliani we sailed 25 miles across the Gulf of Singitikos to the Dimitri islands. There we anchored at the head of the relatively long and narrow bay of Kriktos on the northeast coast of Diaporos island, a safe and pleasant location made doubly so by being the only boat, or people, in sight. The island group and adjacent mainland coast are popular with Greeks who want their own space – and can afford it. Not surprisingly, the area is referred to as the 'Greek Riviera'.



*Mike purchasing fish from Mohammed*

The mountainous, heavily-wooded east Sithonia coastline becomes increasingly more rugged and less inhabited the further south one gets, though its excellent little bays and beaches attract independently-minded campers and caravanners. We anchored in Sikias Bay for the night in order to round the peninsula in daylight next morning.

#### **The Gulf of Toronais**

The Gulf of Toronais lies between the finger peninsulas of low-lying Kassandra to the west and mountainous Sithonia to the east. With a gale threatening, we pulled into the shelter of Koufo harbour just around the toe of the Sithonia peninsula, generally considered



*Porto Koufo harbour*

### ***Swordfish!***

to be one of the most magnificent natural harbours in the Mediterranean. The evening before the gale came through, a small fishing boat arrived and unloaded an amazing catch of some thirty or more swordfish, each of around 20 kilos. These were carefully wrapped and individually weighed and numbered, before being taken away to market in a refrigerated lorry.



***Mount Olympus silhouetted  
by a glorious sunset***

the west. Six miles west of Gerakini, the narrow, shallow Portas Canal bisects the Kassandra peninsula. It is half a kilometre long and – crucially – is said to have a vertical clearance of 17m under its two bridges, giving *Island Drifter* a theoretical clearance of 1.5m.

***Approaching the bridges  
over the Portas Canal ...  
with trepidation!***





### **The Gulf of Thermaikos**

The Gulf of Thermaikos, which we entered from the Canal, is enclosed by the Western Sporades 100 miles to the south, the massive mountain ranges – including that of Mount Olympus – to the west, and the relatively low-lying Kassandra peninsula to the east. The dominant features of the gulf are undoubtedly the mountain ranges of the mainland. Although there are other mountains in Greece also called Olympus, this is the one famously associated with the Gods. Here Zeus ruled and the Gods cavorted in what mortals below believed was the ultimate in terms of ‘the good life’!

The gulf terminates in the Bay of Thessaloniki in the north. Thessaloniki, at its head, became a major city due to its excellent natural harbour and its location both at the gateway to mainland Greece and on the Via Ignatio land route between present-day Italy and Turkey. It was the old capital of Macedon and is now the second largest city in Greece, even though Greeks only became the predominant nationality in the city after population exchanges with Turkey in 1922. The city has a prosperous air, stimulated by two major universities and a famous avant-garde music and entertainment scene. The city’s main sights are all within walking distance of the recently renovated waterfront and include the White Tower, an iconic landmark, and the Archaeological Museum dedicated to Macedon history.

We berthed in the municipally-run marina in the pleasant grassy, wooded, high-rise suburb of Kalamaria, about 7 miles southeast of the city centre. Spacious and providing excellent shelter, several yacht charter companies keep their fleets afloat there during the winter. On our way south down the west coast of the gulf we stopped for a day in Savvi Marina at Platamonas, close to Castle Camping, which we had visited by road in 1970 when we camped in the shadow of Mount Olympus. The castle, built to control access to Athens, overlooks the town and the campsite. It is illuminated very effectively at night and proved a useful navigational aid when we arrived!

### **Heading south along Greece’s east coast**

We began our return to Leros with an overnight downwind sail via the Western Sporades with a stop at Skopelos, to the island of Skyros, which we had bypassed on

*Thessaloniki’s renovated waterfront has become a popular place to promenade*





***Rupert Brooke's  
immaculate marble  
tomb in a peaceful  
olive grove in  
southern Skyros***

our previous cruise of the Sporades islands. Administratively and geologically it is part of the Western Sporades, but commercially it has more in common with Evia. Historically, the island was important because its position in the middle of the Aegean made it a major



location on the maritime trade routes to the east. A particular reason for stopping at Skyros was to visit the grave of the poet Rupert Brooke. When he died from blood poisoning in April 1915, he was a 27 year old Sub Lieutenant in the Royal Naval Infantry on the way with his Regiment to the Gallipoli Campaign. His gravestone is inscribed with his famous sonnet *The Soldier*, which begins with the following well-known epitaph:

*If I should die, think only this of me:  
That there's some corner of a foreign field  
That is for ever England.*

From Skyros we continued downwind through the notorious Kairefs Strait between Evia and Andros, getting into the lee of the Northern Cyclades islands of Andros and Tinos before turning east towards Leros. After a sleighride to Tinos, in a katabatic force 8, we enjoyed an overnight broad reach in northwest force 5 to Agmar's portside marina in Lakki, where we effected those decommissioning jobs that are best done afloat.



Finally we motored the ten miles north to Agmar's Partheni boatyard and completed decommissioning on the hard, before flying back to the UK via Athens from the adjacent airstrip at Partheni.



## FROM THE GALLEY OF ... Daria Blackwell aboard *Aleria*

**Spice Rubbed Grilled Fish Fillets with Mango and Red Onion Salsa** (serves 4)  
Salsas add summer colour and kick to otherwise bland-looking foods, like fish.

### Ingredients

#### For the salsa

- 1 small mango, diced
- 1 small ripe avocado, diced
- 1 each red and green pepper, diced
- 1 red onion, diced
- 1 tablespoon fresh chilli pepper, chopped
- 1/4 cup cilantro (coriander leaves), chopped – a key ingredient, though we substitute basil, oregano, or parsley as Alex is allergic to cilantro
- 1 teaspoon garlic, minced
- 5 tablespoons freshly-squeezed lime juice (very important)
- 1/4 cup pineapple juice (optional)
- salt and pepper, to taste

#### For the spice rub

- 1 tsp paprika
- 1 tsp chili powder
- 1 tsp cumin
- 1 tsp coriander
- 1 tsp sea salt
- 1 tsp freshly ground black pepper
- 2lb / 1kg fish fillets – mild flaky fish like striped bass, flounder, cod or tilapia
- 2 tablespoons olive oil

Mix all the salsa ingredients together and set aside.

Brush the fish fillets with olive oil. Mix all the spice rub ingredients together and rub onto the oil-coated fish. Grill the fillets on medium heat for three to four minutes per side. Top with salsa and serve. Yummy!





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## **SAILING PARADISE: Crossing the Caribbean Sea Helena Klocke**

*(Helena received assistance from the OCC Youth Sponsorship Programme to make the passage described below. She hopes to remain with the boat until New Zealand, so this may well be the first of several articles.)*

Hello! My name is Helena and I am a 20 year old German girl. When I graduated from high school in 2017 I felt that a big journey to take me far away from home would be the right thing to do. One year of working later that idea became reality when my mother met James Joll, who was happy to have our company on his way from the Caribbean back to his home country of New Zealand. That journey will take us across the Caribbean Sea to Panama and through the Panama Canal to the Pacific, where we will stop in the Galapagos, the Marquesas and Tahiti before I have to fly back home.

*Kiwa* will take us all the way and be our home for the next few months. Named after a Maori guardian of the ocean, she is a new Lagoon 450S catamaran which James and his partner Marina bought in France in 2018 and sailed in the ARC to the Caribbean.



James had made the passage before, on a Lagoon 421, in 2012. Marina and my mother, Rena, met in Las Palmas. Marina had to go back to New Zealand and a new crew was needed from March onwards, so we were able to join James.

The first part of our journey, the crossing of the Caribbean Sea, started in Saint Martin:

*Kiwa, named after a Maori guardian of the ocean*



### *Cleaning the hulls before leaving Saint Martin*

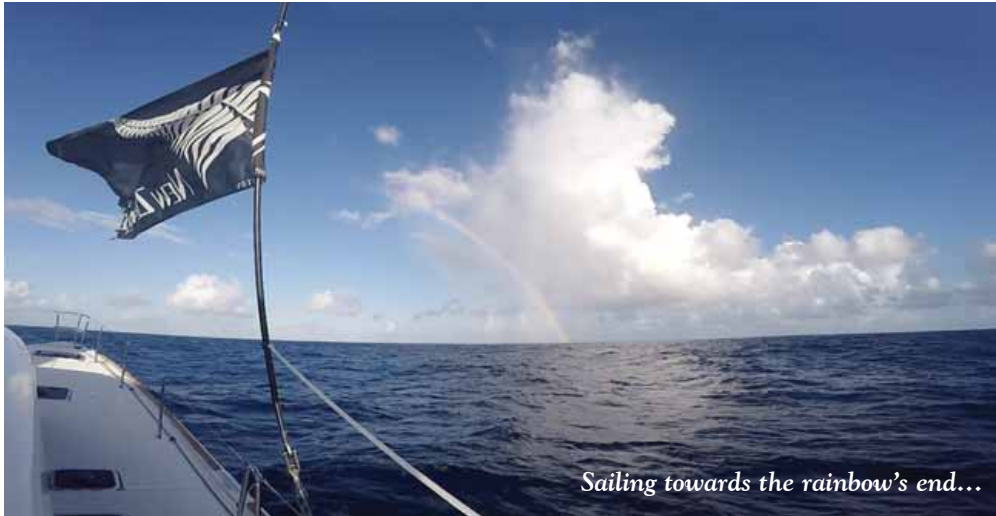
We leave on 11th March 2019. We motor out of the anchorage, look behind us, and say 'goodbye Saint Martin!'. All of us are ready and happy to get going. After 20 minutes it's time to set the sails for a broad reach, for at least 24 hours, James says, just the reefed mainsail and the jib. The wind fills the sails and we're off downwind. James is most relaxed and patient, explaining things to me even though I need to hear most things twice to figure out his Kiwi accent. We set the autopilot and watch the island shrinking behind us – we are off to Panama! What a life. It will take us about one week to get there.

Around noon we gather for lunch to enjoy some food, talk, laugh and roughly plan the night watches ... 'we'll just see how it works out' is James's plan. I look

at my mom and she looks at me – we love this already. And of course it works out. I get up at 0400 and take over from James. Around us darkness still rules, but two hours later I watch the sun rising behind us. It spreads its colours all around the horizon, everywhere I see orange, red, pink and violet. I sit at the helm, watch the waves, and somehow I don't get tired of it. And I won't ever get tired of it. The waves approach us from behind and some of them are so big they could easily destroy us if they decided to break. But instead they rock us gently like a child; take us on their backs for a little ride before they gently put us down again, ready for the next one to do the same thing. It is an absolutely beautiful sail so far.

The next morning James decides to drop the mainsail and head deeper downwind with just the headsail. We do so and are positively surprised that we almost keep the 6.5 knots we were doing before. We put out the fishing line and hope for a nice dinner, but the fish have other plans for the night and, along with weed continuously getting caught in the lure, it is hopeless.

I cannot yet tell you about big adventures, dangerous weather or wildlife encounters. Indeed the only fish we meet are the flying fish that land on the boat. So far it's just us three in the middle of the Caribbean Sea. Our little household runs mainly on common sense. Everything is so uncomplicated. Although we share little space, it is always easy to find a little place to be alone. I love that.



On the fourth day James decides 'we won't just do 5 knots all day', so we get out the spinnaker and set it. I have no idea and am just amazed. A few metres above our heads it gets filled by the wind, still from behind. It seems to me as though it had been waiting very patiently and is now fully content in a very humble way. If the sails were human, then the spinnaker would be the one with the highest spiritual level. The sun enhances its beautiful turquoise colours.

Our journey continues just as beautiful. Later in the afternoon we take the spinnaker down since the wind is beginning to build – some exercise! Again we try to catch fish, but again there is too much seaweed on the water's surface. We do not stop trying, not knowing that it will take us a few more days to succeed. Nevertheless we have a very peaceful time filled with music, books and long conversations sitting up front in the

*Helena and James fight to get the spinnaker down*



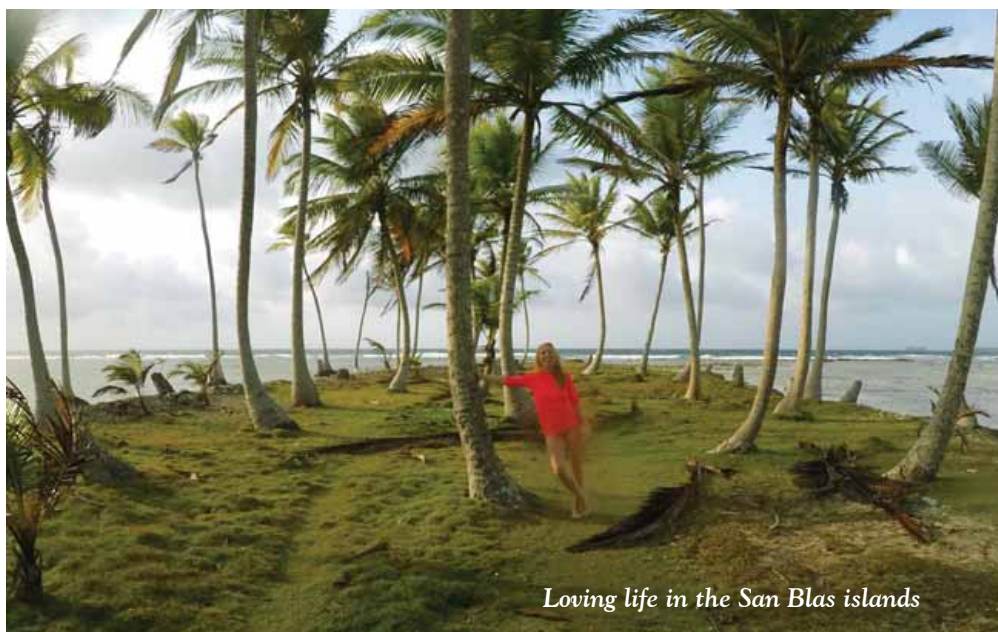


saloon area. James explains some sailing theory to me and gets out the paper chart for me to plot our route so far. There is nothing like learning about something completely new, it is a blessing – just like the whole trip.

By Wednesday 13th we are halfway there. We decide to go to the San Blas islands first, a group of 365 remote little islands along the coast of Panama. The Kuna, an indigenous tribe who migrated to the San Blas only 125 years ago, control the tourism and keep their Robinson Crusoe-type islands nice and tidy. Truly a little paradise – I get very excited. It seems like Neptune senses my excitement and decides to speed our passage up for us. When I wake up the next day at 0400 to take over my watch, James furls the jib a little because the wind has risen to up to 30 knots. The whole day we sail with an average speed of 7.6 knots and a maximum of 17 knots. The sea is accordingly rough. As it calms down in the afternoon we put out the fishing line once more. Half an hour later I sit down to study when all of a sudden I hear a big snap. The hook is gone and the naked line lies on the steps. ‘We could not have eaten a fish that big anyway’, we comfort ourselves, laugh, and try again, not knowing that the same thing will happen again...

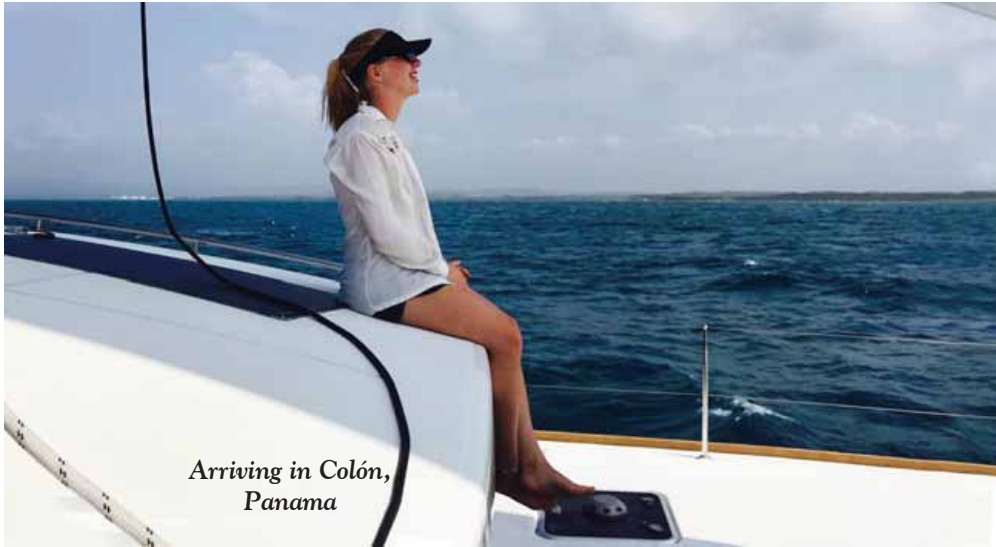
By the next day it is only one more day to the San Blas! It is almost a little sad, since we had such a great time at sea. It suits the mood that the sky is covered with clouds for the first time. Funnily enough it is also the day I get a major sunburn from falling asleep on the trampoline, but it doesn't affect the mood in any way. We're too excited about our impending arrival and swimming in the sea again.

It has been seven days since we left Saint Martin. Now here I sit at the helm and we are only 10 miles or so from the San Blas islands. Looking back I think about the whole amazingness of this trip, the exceptional opportunity to do something so special. Yet it was so easy to get used to, so very enjoyable. For this I have to give three big thanks – the first to my mother, my all-time best friend. Her presence alone is the greatest comfort I know. Then to our skipper, James. One seldom finds a soul with such honest kindness and generosity. I thank him very much for having us aboard and teaching me.



*Loving life in the San Blas islands*





But the final and biggest thanks goes to the OCC Youth Sponsorship Programme for its major help with the costs of the trip which enabled me to join this amazing adventure. I am also very grateful for the kind and supportive correspondence regarding practical matters. I think it is an absolutely great way to support my generation and the ones after mine, since voyages like these help us youngsters open our minds and have experiences that will forever widen our horizons.

We were at sea for 6 days and 20 hours, and sailed 1020 nautical miles at an average speed of 6.7 knots. Far enough to qualify me for membership of the Ocean Cruising Club!



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Training



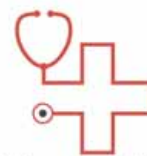
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## **SAILING THE RING OF FIRE, Part 1**

### **Andy & Sue Warman**

### **Roving Rear Commodores**

*(Andy and Sue left the UK in 2009 aboard their Ohlson 38 Spruce, crossing to the Eastern Caribbean before continuing to Bermuda, New England and Canada. They upsized to a Hallberg Rassy 42 – also called Spruce – for the summer of 2011, crossing the Atlantic for the second time and continuing into the Pacific to New Zealand, Australia and into Asia, where this account begins.*

*Having wintered in Blaine on the US/Canadian border, they plan a British Columbia cruise before heading south via Oregon and California to Mexico, then down to Central America in 2020.*

*This is the first part of the cruise for which the 2018 Vasey Vase was awarded – see page 11. The second part is scheduled for Flying Fish 2019/2. Meanwhile, follow their blog at [www.sailblogs.com/member/littlegreenboat](http://www.sailblogs.com/member/littlegreenboat).)*



*Andy and Sue on  
a visit to India*

#### **Malaysia to West Papua**

From Southeast Asia, long-distance cruisers have several options for what comes next. Few follow the once-traditional route via the Indian Andaman Islands, Sri Lanka, India, Arabia and the Red Sea – instead greater numbers now head for South Africa via the Indian Ocean Islands. Some give up ocean passagemaking and remain in Southeast Asia. The route to Australia or the South Pacific goes via Borneo and Indonesia, while a small number take the North Pacific Rim route to North America with stops in Japan and Alaska. There are several ways to reach Japan from Southeast Asia. You can take in the Philippines and Taiwan, or first go east to New Guinea and through Micronesia or take a longer detour via the Solomons. These are all lesser travelled routes.





Our plan was to return across the Pacific Ocean via the Rim of Fire. The cold and potentially hostile weather of the Aleutian Islands indicated that a thorough overhaul while in warmer climes would be prudent, so this started by hauling out for a prolonged period. After sailing as far north as Thailand, we returned south to Pangkor Marina in western Peninsula Malaysia which we thought would be a fine location for 12 months ashore. Boat preparation activities became interspersed with exploring some fascinating parts of Asia. We moved into a studio apartment near the boatyard and rented a car for a few months while more disruptive boat jobs were tackled, all easily accomplished at Pangkor Marina. Kuala Lumpur has an international airport, sporting a variety of carriers into all parts of the Asian continent.

If one intends to use local professions for refit or pit-stop work on a boat we hear that Thailand is a better-serviced location, but we planned to do most work ourselves. Our berth, sheltered from harsh equatorial sun and tropical rainfall beneath the boatshed at Pangkor Marina, was a superb choice. A downside was that the mast needed to be removed, but inspecting the rig and servicing in-mast furling equipment was one of our priorities. Other tasks included cleaning fuel tanks, adding hull insulation, overhauling the engine, fitting a new cutless bearing and applying new Coppercoat antifouling. Our tasks list started with a count of 50 and finished at over 200 – such is the nature of boats. Local businesses are able to offer stainless steel fabrication, painting and GRP work, and supply hardware and a host of other items. Specialist yacht equipment must be imported, however, and the marina staff assisted with bringing goods in through customs.

Perhaps the most memorable phrase from our year in Malaysia was *boleh-boleh* – literally ‘can-can’, the local equivalent of ‘everything is possible’. Sometimes the reality was ‘not really’. Some professionals are indisputably skilled, but a few seemed to be learning their trade on the job. The most notable occurrence was when a friend commissioned a top-end overhaul. Following completion, heartfelt prayers offered by

***Hauling out after two years afloat***





*A Chinese dragon celebrates the August moon in Malaysia*

the mechanic, prostrate before the rebuilt engine, were insufficient to compensate for his failure to install a timing belt correctly. There was no concord on the meaning of *force majeure* upon the destructive outcome. Other crews were wholly satisfied with GRP, canvas, painting and detailing work, while we had good work done on re-upholstery. Everything may well be possible, but choose wisely. The staff at Pangkor Marina were most co-operative, helping answer a multitude of problems and queries, and surprisingly remaining civil even in the face of disagreeable behaviour by a thankfully small minority of international visitors.

After we completed re-launch trials in early April 2017 and bade farewell to friends, *Spruce* headed down the Malacca Strait towards Singapore Island and Johor Bharu. Plans for a short stop with the boat in Singapore were abandoned as new compulsory agent fees are too expensive a surcharge for a short visit. Two nearby marinas in Malaysia

#### *Spotting reefs in Indonesia*







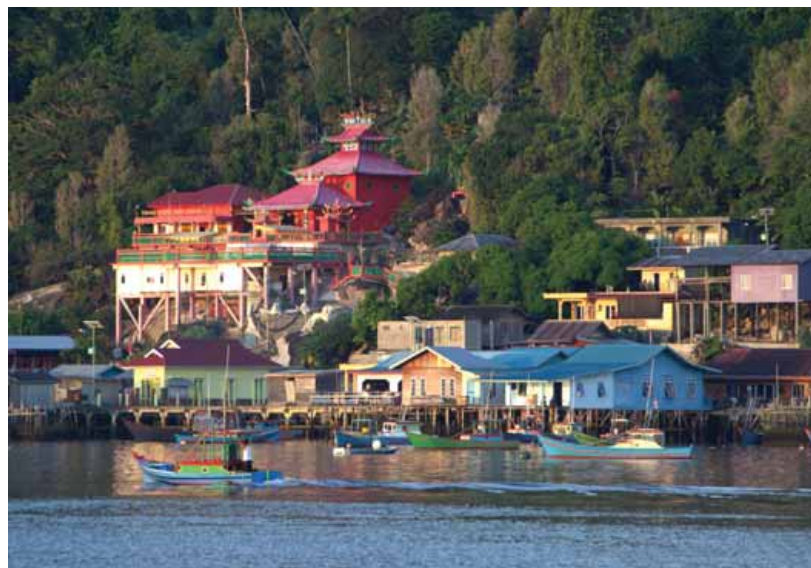
*An idyllic anchorage in the Anambas Islands*

enable easy access to Singapore – Puteri Harbour west of the causeway, and Senibong to the east. We selected the eastern option as novel and better positioned for the onward journey eastwards. The 300 mile passage from Pangkor offered an excellent shakedown cruise for *Spruce* and her landlubberly crew. A later detour into a winding river to Seban Cove Marina gave a mild hint of experiences to come in Borneo, where dodging shallow zones in poorly charted muddy waters becomes second nature.

We sailed east coast Malaysia as far north as Tioman Island, then out to the Indonesian Anambas Islands and on to Malaysian Borneo, Sarawak. Our selected route gave variety, without a long haul northwards only to return much the same way. If deviations were all joyous sailing they would be more appealing – short periods of breeze each day and hours spent motoring make wide detours somewhat tedious.

2017 was the first year that the Anambas Islands offered local clearance facilities at Tarempah, the main town. The previous year friends had to complete inbound and

*A Buddhist temple at Tarempah*







outbound formalities at Nongsa Point, and depending on whether the SW or NE monsoon was in force this necessitated a 200 mile beat in one direction or the other. A major focus of the latest president is to reduce corruption in government offices and keen young faces fronted each department visited. No charges were levied save a harbour fee from the Port Captain and, upon seeing our receipt for this transaction, the senior customs official went into earnest anti-corruption investigative mode. The fee in question was 84p sterling. Our visas were duly stamped for 30 days.

Navigation in Indonesian and Malaysian waters can be tricky. Surveys of the former chiefly date from the era of the Dutch Empire, though traditional bearings and plotting of major features can be used to fix positions. Often, GPS is completely misleading – we found positions of both land and dangers to be up to five miles in error, but errors were not consistent even in the same region. Even so, some skippers swore by modern electronic aids. We know of one vessel that narrowly missed a reef during daylight hours, avoidance involving a crash gybe and a serious injury – they were following another boat's electronic 'safe' track sent via e-mail ... a track created while following an 'infallible' modern chart system during darkness! A combination of e-charts, some paper charts, satellite imagery and GPS, all liberally supported by manually laying hand bearings onto an electronic plotter – and of course the human eye – worked satisfactorily. When we could not travel in daylight we opted to sail greater distances if that enabled us to remain in routes used by international shipping. Those regions are better surveyed and are travelled by deeper keels.



*Squid fishermen in the Anambas Islands*

The Anambas are a marvellous cruising ground. We enjoyed a month of cruising alone amongst scenic but little-visited islands and islets. The underwater scenery varied greatly as different administrative zones apply various rules for regulation of fishing – in some places we dived with shoals of huge bumphead parrotfish and myriad colourful creatures, in others the reefs were ruined and evidently over-fished. Even so, it was a delight to enjoy a region where modern tourism has not yet arrived in earnest.

Sarawak is a semi-independent province of Malaysian Borneo, whose people jealously guard their autonomy from Peninsula Malaysia where different ethnic and religious traditions dominate. The ethnic distribution is heavily influenced by indigenous river or inland mountain peoples, such as Iban and Dayak, and away from the provincial capital, Kuching, many families still live in communal



*River communities in Borneo*



*Performers at  
a festival in  
Kudat*

long houses. As recently as the Second World War ancestors engaged in 'head-hunting', and some houses still respect the dried, shrunken heads of enemies as part of their spiritual assets, though the folk we met

during our travels inland were friendly and welcoming.

We motored along tea-coloured rivers that have provided highways into this impenetrable land for centuries, but modernity is fast reaching into Borneo – the old ways will soon be but footnotes in museums or books. Broad rivers convey huge volumes of water from mountainous parts of the interior, and taking a vessel upstream is best done by working the tides and playing the river-rules game to find deeper water, typically on the outer sides of bends, though finding the deep route on straight sections is not always intuitive. Sometimes, huge barges are towed behind

*A drummer at a  
concert in Kudat*







*Pig-tailed macaques, Kinabatangan*

river-tugs, slewing dangerously at the bends during the strong ebb tides – one skipper skilfully avoided striking us with his errant barge while we were anchored to await the end of an ebb flow out of the channel at Sarikei, one of the larger river towns in Sarawak. The northwest coast of Borneo, close to the route between China and India, has been of significant strategic importance for centuries. In recent times the discovery of oil off Miri, in Sarawak, and next-door Brunei has raised the economic profile of the region. For now, many disused rigs float off Labuan Island awaiting an upturn in world oil prices.

Of the three main river systems we entered in Malaysian Borneo, the Batang Rajang was the most expansive but the Kinabatangan in East Sabah was by far the most impressive for wildlife. Proboscis monkeys, orangutan, silvery lutung, pig-tailed macaques and several species of the avian hornbill are but a few of the amazing fauna of Borneo. An opportunity to travel along smaller waterways in a dinghy, quietly watching wildlife in their natural habitat at dawn and dusk, without a tour schedule, is a remarkable benefit of cruising aboard one's own boat. However, a brief glimpse of a satellite-mapping program quickly shows that the remaining habitat for these wondrous creatures is severely

*A crocodile basks beside the Kinabatangan river*







*A silvery  
leaf langur,  
Kinabatangan*

impacted by farming. Immediately away from the river margins valuable logging has taken the once lush forest, now replaced by bland, homogeneous, palm oil plantations. The wildlife is squeezed closer to the rivers and, though good for viewing, the

limited habitat must make the continued survival of these animals precarious.

East Sabah has suffered in recent years due to kidnappings by extremists based at nearby Jolo Island in the Philippines. The notorious Abu Sayyaf is occasionally reported for kidnapping and murdering tourists, but less reported has been the abduction of local people from river communities, ongoing for decades. The Malaysian authorities take the threat to international tourism seriously and we joined a sailing rally for the passage down the east coast of Borneo. A small fleet of fourteen yachts was escorted by Malaysian commandos and police under the control of ESSCOM (East Sabah Security Command). The situation seems to be improving, with a plethora of military posts

*ESSCOM escort on the east coast of Borneo*





*Spruce anchored at Raja Ampat*

established on islands along the coast which, together with regular maritime patrols, are aimed at denying the extremists and their supporters freedom to operate. We were most happy to benefit from the escort, and a small rally with only fourteen craft was good fun for social interaction. The previous year more than forty vessels had participated and some of the small harbours and anchorages must have been challenged to cope with such a sudden influx of visitors.

Maratua is an offshore reef island in Indonesia. It was a lovely place to relax after the pressured timescale to traverse the 'risky' region of East Sabah and we stayed for ten days, along with a few other boats from the rally. A shallow, turquoise lagoon with reef drop-offs close by, the diving was excellent. From there craft took two different routes southwards. Those going back to West Malaysia headed down the Macassar Strait, west of Sulawesi and south around Borneo, whereas the four of us going east towards New Guinea traversed the north coast of Sulawesi. Along the ring of fire, rocky coastlines of volcanic islands plunge quickly into the ocean abyss and viable anchorages are widely scattered and deep – dropping anchor in 25m or more is common. The scenery is spectacular and distances large, with the north coast of Sulawesi stretching east for 300 miles.

Ternate, once a major spice port of Portuguese and Dutch colonists, gently smoulders on the horizon as we approach. Dark lava fields extend into the sea as we sail south along the coast to anchor off the main town. Here we need to do our first visa extension. The social visas issued in our last Malaysian port, Tawau, gave two months from arrival in Tarakan, our first Indonesian port. Here in Ternate the authorities allowed us to renew our visas two weeks early, giving us six weeks before the next extension was due – an important concession, because the next clearance port at Sorong was beyond other places where we wanted time enough to linger and dive.



*Exploring the  
limestone caves  
at Raja Ampat*

Raja Ampat offers not only great diving but also spectacular limestone scenery and birdlife. For underwater excursions we were on our own as our hopes to join with other rally folk to team-dive had not been realised. The currents can be strong, and careful selection of dive sites and timing of tides was required for safety. On some dives we towed our inflatable dinghy on a long tether, thus ensuring a ride home when we surfaced. The diving is amazing – fish, turtles and large fan corals abound – and our favourite locations



many, from craggy Misool in the south to Wayag in the north. It is often necessary to anchor in deep water with a stern-line to the shore. Cruising in company with one other yacht would work well – more than three and most anchorages would be too restricted.

New Year's Eve anchored off the West Papuan town of Manokwari was memorable. As dusk fell fireworks began to launch, and an incessant flurry of sparks, bangs and whooshes continued for the next nine hours with a particular crescendo erupting at midnight, though by then the air was so full of smoke that the spectacle was diminished. As 2018 got underway we headed east for our last three weeks of cruising in Indonesia, at the northern end of Cendrawashi Bay. The island of Yappen gave our most worrying experience. Finding a rare anchorage of suitable depth, we stopped to sleep after a slow overnight sail from Manokwari. Unexpected visitors in a motor boat seemed to have some official capacity, and a short while after they departed three more arrived. One introduced himself as the Commandant of the local brigade of the West Papuan Liberation Army, proudly showing his carved baton of office and combat knife. One of his companions armed with an assault rifle clambered aboard for a photograph. We departed under cover of a tropical downpour that conveniently arrived an hour later.

After almost five months cruising across the vast Indonesian archipelago, we were ready for something different. When we left Pangkor Marina it was quite sobering to



think how far New Guinea lay to the east – we had logged 4500 miles to reach Biak and still had many more miles to cover.

### **Micronesia**

Departure on a 700 mile passage north to Yap in the Federated States of Micronesia went smoothly. Strong winds and close-hauled sailing at the beginning and end of this leg took us back across the Equator for the last time, but most of the passage was undertaken with very light winds or none at all. This seemed an abnormal year – La Niña had diminished trade winds to the east and raised surface sea temperatures by 2°C on the western side of the North Pacific Ocean. During our passage we passed nine FADs (Fish Aggregation Devices) – long steel barrels moored to the ocean seabed by Philippine fishermen, to which they sometimes tether their boats. These objects are unlit and show poorly on radar in ocean swell – how many more we missed in the dark we shall never know.

In spite of a timely request and follow up queries for a cruising permit, the Micronesian capital island of Pohnpei had issued nothing. Officials in Yap advised us to depart Indonesia – our request was securely in the system, there would be no problem. On arrival, after six days at sea, still no permit. Several days later HQ commanded the local officials to fine us \$1000 for arrival with no permit. We refused to pay, and instead submitted a memo including an attached ‘paper-trail’ that showed we had done our best to comply. Pohnpei responded with a permit that was due to expire one week later ... we must apply for an extension. Whether it was bureaucratic inefficiency or something more sinister we never discovered.

For five weeks we enjoyed school visits, hiking, canoeing and the lead-up to Yap Day celebrations, held in early March. Yap was among the German Pacific possessions handed over to Japanese colonial administration after the Treaty of Versailles in 1919. A school was built, tuition was done in Japanese, and some older inhabitants still understand their school-day language. Come the Second World War many other



*Armed and unwelcome visitors*



*Traditional dancing in Yap*

islands were invaded by the Japanese military. Yap was bypassed during the campaign to liberate the Philippines, although her isolated, Japanese-controlled airfield was repeatedly attacked to prevent aircraft from interfering with allied shipping operating from a nearby Yapese outer island, Ulithi Atoll. The old wartime airfield still has several wrecked planes that lie where they were devastated. Gun emplacements and rusty bullet-pocked armaments can be seen in several locations.



Contemporary culture, established since the end of the Pacific War, is heavily influenced by the USA, but for 50 years the local people have maintained a hold on their ancient island traditions by means of Yap Day. Each village enters dance teams that compete for accolades. Dances originate from centuries ago and each has spiritual significance. Unlike the French Polynesian Heiva, this event attracts few tourists – it is by the locals, for the locals. The costumes needed for the dances involve families and villagers in a host of supporting traditions and crafts. It is wonderful to see the mobilisation of inhabitants from the very young to the elderly maintaining their traditions.

During our time in Yap a typhoon formed to the east during the lowest risk month, February. Although early predictions had it coming right over Yap, and finding a secure and sheltered anchorage required local assistance, it eventually passed 150 miles to the south, where winds reached hurricane force in Pulau and the Philippines.

We left for the passage north to Okinawa in southern Japan in early March. Based on historical occurrences there was a risk that a typhoon might impinge our route during the first 650 miles and, possibly due to the warmer than average sea temperature, winds were stronger and from a more northerly angle than anticipated. Very close reaching in 25–35 knots of wind was our lot for much of the 12 day, 1260 mile passage. Thankfully, no more typhoons appeared until we were long gone.



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**GREEK WATERS PILOT** – Rod and Lucinda Heikell, 13th (2018) edition. Published in hard covers by Imray Laurie Norie & Wilson [[www.imray.com](http://www.imray.com)] at £42.50. 568 A4 pages in full colour throughout. ISBN 978-1-8462-3950-2

Imray, the publishers, unequivocally claim that the *Greek Waters Pilot* by Rod and Lucinda Heikell is 'the definitive cruising guide to the coasts and islands of Greece' and that it is an 'indispensable guide for anyone sailing around Greece'. Indeed, it is often referred to as 'the Bible'. Charterers and flotilla sailors who cruise only in the Ionian or West or East Aegean for short periods may, however, find the Heikells' pilot books specific to those areas more appropriate to their requirements, given that this might be a cheaper option, and that those pilots do contain more detailed information on some of the smaller harbours and anchorages that cannot be covered as comprehensively in this major guide. Cruisers on their own yachts may also find much of interest, together with additional pilotage information, in these companion publications.

After forty years of cruising, skippering and delivering boats in the Mediterranean, Rod Heikell has become the acknowledged expert on sailing in the Med and in particular in Greece. His first edition of the *Greek Waters Pilot* was published in 1982 and this early, simpler, monochrome version has become a collector's item. The *Pilot* has long been the yardstick by which other pilot books are measured and is also published, under licence, in German, French and Italian. Fluent bilingual Scandinavians presumably see no need for a translation.

The Introduction gives an excellent overview, sound advice, and fully covers the common factors and wide range of essential information relevant to cruising in Greece. Since each Sea Area of Greece has a character of its own, each of the book's ten chapters covers issues particular to an area, together with its coastlines and islands.

Although Rod wrote the early editions of the book on his own, Lucinda now contributes significantly to all aspects – she and Rod work as a team, sailing, researching, writing and checking together. In particular she has contributed photographically to the *Pilot*, which now includes many more excellent shots which help improve their readers' perspective and better complement the text. They jointly write in a concise, clear and yet entertaining style, which conveys first-hand practical advice while conjuring the magic of Greece. Their asides – details of geography and history, food and wine and, in particular, mythological anecdotes – make this book much more than 'just a pilot book'.

Details of over 450 harbours and anchorages are included. The checking and organisation of so much detail within the confines of the 568 pages is a Herculean achievement. Equally impressive are the authors' obvious energy, enthusiasm and

ability to keep on top of the endless changes and corrections that inevitably arise. Their comment that they simply ‘potter around the coast and islands checking up on things’ is probably something of an understatement. Between editions, free correctional supplements are published on the internet at [www.imray.com](http://www.imray.com), and these are enormously helpful.

The 13th edition of the *Greek Waters Pilot* is said, by the publishers, to contain ‘detailed updating of every part of the guide; in particular, areas of the Ionian, Saronic and Northern Greece, visited by the authors since the last edition, have had major revisions’. We understand that other changes to both the text and charts have been effected following information received from the Heikells’ network of connections and via reports from individual cruisers. Having visited many locations in the Aegean and, to a lesser extent the Ionian, and vandalised with notes our 12th edition, we can say with confidence that every correction or modification that we thought might be appropriate appears to have been addressed in this latest edition.

With each copy of the new *Pilot*, Imray provide a voucher for the download (on their free Navigator App) of their digital charts for both Central and Eastern Mediterranean to iPad, iPhone or Android devices. These have a retail value of £70 inclusive of quarterly updates in the first year of use. Thereafter one would have to subscribe to receive such updates, but could still continue to use the charts in their original form. Given the increasing number of yachtsmen who prefer information in digital form, it is possible to buy a PDF version of the entire book via e-book stores. Theoretically the price is the same as the printed version, but digital stores sometimes discount it.

In conclusion, we would unhesitatingly recommend the *Greek Waters Pilot* to anyone planning on or already sailing in Greece. The million-dollar question, however, is would we recommend its purchase to owners of previous editions? Our answer can only be that it is each individual’s decision where their own priorities lie. We would choose to forgo a meal in a *taverna* and a bottle or three of wine – or possibly even *ouzo* – on the boat in order to purchase this latest edition of the book, which at £42.50 (plus delivery) is a snip in terms of value for money.

M&HN



**HAPPY HOOKING: THE ART OF ANCHORING – Capt Alex Blackwell and Capt Daria Blackwell, 3rd edition. Published in soft covers by the authors and available through Amazon at £22.89. 378 229mm x 152mm pages with many black-and-white photographs and line drawings. ISBN 978-1-7957-1741-0**

This is a big book – more than 350 pages – but then it’s a big subject. Gather a cockpit full of sailors in any part of the world and it won’t be long before the talk turns to anchors ... and anchoring ... and anchorages ... and more opinions on all of them than seem entirely credible. But this book is not really aimed at experienced sailors who have managed to get themselves as far as Nuku Hiva or the Drake Passage. It starts out with the premise that somebody has just bought his or her first boat and doesn’t even know there are different types of anchor.

Actually, I wish I’d had a copy when I bought my present boat and found she came



with the original 45 year old CQR. What followed was hours (weeks) of deliberating over magazine tests and YouTube videos, most of which seemed to contradict each other (see ‘opinions’ above). *Happy Hooking* summarises them all – and a lot more that you would never have considered without devoting your life to the subject, as the Blackwells seem to have done. After all, who knew about the Rocking Anchor or the Flying Anchor or the one that has an air bubble on the top to keep it upright, or the XYZ Extreme which looks like a piece of modern art – or the Box Anchor which might double as a cake tin...

The authors treat them all to the same measured and dispassionate analysis – and no matter how many nights you have spent swinging to the hook, or how opinionated you may become with a glass of rum punch in your hand, you are guaranteed to find something here to help you counter somebody else’s point of view – it really is that comprehensive.

Of course, the very fact that it sets out to be so all-encompassing means that experienced cruisers might be a little bemused to find step-by-step instructions on filling a bucket with seawater while the boat is moving – but then, how many times have you seen a novice nearly pull themselves over the side trying to do exactly that? And if you consider anchor-cleaning methods deserve a place in a book about anchoring, then why on earth not include letting the thing hang just below the surface while you motor on your way (as long you don’t forget it, of course)?

Advice on heaving-to gets in there (well, you’d anchor if you could reach the bottom) and the use of drogues. In fact, by the time the authors get around to discussing prop-walk the reader might be forgiven for worrying about the amount of space in their on-board bookshelf. But did you know that you can tell a right-hand propeller by shaking hands with it?

Considering the sheer weight of information, an index would have been helpful and the Blackwells – American members based in Ireland – tend towards Imperial measurements and US terminology – although there is a glossary at the back. Also, being self-published, it could have benefited from some independent editing. There is one hilarious passage describing an ingenious system for distributing the chain in a below-decks anchor locker. This involves a bungee and a line through a series of blocks so that the foredeck crew can yank the chain sideways as it goes down. It sounds a great idea, well-deserving of the name the Anchor Yanker – although the authors’ spellchecker has helpfully substituted a W for the Y!

Never mind. Buy the book. It’s a treasure trove – even if for nothing more than the ability to stop any anchoring argument in its tracks by quoting the Intercept Theorem (a method for calculating scope by rode angle). The most useful formula, however, is the one for calculating your Proper Anchor Value. This is equal to the sum of Boat Value Before Hitting Rocks minus Boat Value After Hitting Rocks.

JP



**SAIL AWAY – Nicola Rodriguez, 2nd edition. Published in soft covers by Fernhurst Books [[www.fernhurstbooks.com](http://www.fernhurstbooks.com)] at £18.99. 248 240mm x 170mm pages in full colour throughout. ISBN 978-1-9121-7723-3**

The second edition of Nicola Rodriguez' *Sail Away* has just been published, and as the reviewer of the original in 2011 (see *Flying Fish* 2012/1) I was interested to see how the two books differed and what was new. Back then I wrote:

'Leaving in 2002, Nicola and John Rodriguez cruised for two years in a Westerly Corsair, which was seriously damaged in hurricane *Ivan* while they were at home for the birth of their first son, Jack. Undeterred, they set off again in 2007 in a Moody 38 and a year later their second son James joined the crew.

The first thing you notice about Nicola's book is the gorgeous colour photographs, many of them taken by her husband John. These alone would be enough to tempt one to follow the book's title and *Sail Away* – (how to) Escape the rat race and live the Dream. But dip into the nearly 300 pages you'll find just about everything covered, along with encouraging anecdotes from many experienced cruising sailors, including several OCC members. The author doesn't go into any topic at great length – you'd need a full library to do that – but she suggests further reading and points you in the right direction. Extensive lists, from galley stores to safety equipment and much in between, will give the aspiring cruiser lots of ideas...

This book would be particularly helpful and informative for any couple considering setting off with small children. Nicola and John were joined by two sons in relatively quick succession, in the latter part of the time they were cruising, and the author conveys very vividly the joys of having kids aboard, along with the hard work and stress – a two year old needs constant supervision unless he's asleep in a secure bunk! Having cruised for three years with a daughter under five, I'd echo all that Nicola says – your child will benefit hugely from having such close contact and attention from both parents, and a tropical beach beats any sand pit. However, it's probably wise for the parents to be fairly experienced sailors before trying to cope with a child, or children, on board.'

I would fully endorse Nicola's comment that the most precious part of a cruising child's education will be his or her log. She's referring to older kids, but making a scrapbook is hugely worthwhile for any age group and, 25 years on, we still enjoy revisiting the log made for the benefit of our youngest crew member, with its photos, messy paintings, little souvenirs, and the story of our three years living aboard, especially as she has only a hazy memory of it today.

Comparing the two books, the page count is more or less the same in both editions, although the new one is a taller paperback with print that is slightly larger, and the new, coloured page headings for the different topics makes it quicker to find what you're looking for. There are more recipes in this edition, all in a much easier to read format, with larger print plus a photo of each dish. Other than that, it is word-for-word the same as its predecessor. Anyone who bought the first edition won't benefit much by replacing it with this one, but for those new to cruising, looking for a wide range of up-to-date information and good advice to help them prepare for a first voyage, *Sail Away* is a great choice.

EHHM

**THE SCHOONER MAGGIE B: A Southern Ocean Circumnavigation – Frank Blair.** Published in hard covers by Seapoint Books [[www.seapointbooks.com](http://www.seapointbooks.com)] at US\$40.00/£31.99 (considerable discounts on Amazon). 400 260mm x 210mm pages in full colour throughout. ISBN 978-0-9973-9208-1

I loved this book. It's that rare combination of great adventure and writing that draws you in and makes you want to be a part of it all. Accompanying the text are many excellent photographs, some quite dramatic, and Yuta Onota's beautiful illustrations. For those who have ventured to some of Frank Blair's destinations, the book allows one to revisit and compare notes with the author's experience, and where the passage or landfall is unfamiliar, the lively narrative offers delightful armchair exploration.

Frank Blair served in the US Navy for five years, first as a carrier-based fighter pilot, flying single-seat fighters in the Mediterranean and the Western Pacific, and later conducting low-level reconnaissance over North Vietnam. His love of sailing began in childhood and for 20 years he taught seamanship at the Hurricane Island Outward Bound School. In 2005 he built a 63ft wooden schooner in Nova Scotia, and in March 2006 set off on a two year voyage to circumnavigate the globe. Frank's account of his voyage begins to unfold when his 20 year old son Alden asks him to promise that 'by the time I graduate from college, I want you to buy or build a boat that you and I can sail around the world, together with friends'.

Frank set about fulfilling this promise. *The Schooner Maggie B* tells about the failures along the way as well as the great successes, chief among them a sailor's dream voyage accomplished. He recounts the apprehensions and joys, the breakdowns and the recoveries, landfalls at faraway ports, struggles with local bureaucracies, the sublime pleasures of a clear night watch and days with fresh gales. This book should be on every sailor's 'must read' list.

A number of acclaimed authors and adventurers have shared their enthusiasm for *Maggie B*:

Caroline Alexander, author of *The Endurance: Shackleton's Legendary Antarctic Expedition* and *The Bounty: The True Story of the Mutiny on the Bounty*, wrote 'Some adventures are thrilling to read about, but the reader is glad to be safe at home; more rare are adventures you would actually want to share. *The Schooner Maggie B* is the latter – a sailor's story of fulfilling the old dream of circumnavigation. The highly-readable narrative unfolds not only daily events of wind and weather, but also the decisions of seamanship and sea-lore that each day brings – leaving you with the heady feeling you are now a seasoned Blue Water sailor'.

Nigel Irens, master boat designer and the designer of *Maggie B* wrote: 'As a fine violin is brought to life by the hands of a worthy violinist, *Maggie B* was dependent on her captain and crew to make something of her. How fortunate we were as designers and builders to see this vessel picked up where we had left off and brought to life over the coming years by such a formidable leader and his enthusiastic crew!'



Charles Doane, cruising editor at *SAIL Magazine*, and author of *The Modern Cruising Sailboat: A Complete Guide to Its Design, Construction, and Outfitting* and *The Sea Is Not Full: Ocean Sailing for Fools, Poets, and Other Pretenders* added: 'What a charming book! I had admired *Maggie B* from afar, thought her one of Nigel Irens' most intriguing designs, and was heartbroken when she was destroyed. Here her owner brings her fully back to life, shares the ups and downs of a challenging circumnavigation via the Horn, drops many valuable hints on blue-water voyaging, and puts us aboard right beside him'.

The schooner *Maggie B* was tragically destroyed in a fire after Frank completed his circumnavigation. 'While my grandchildren will never sail her, neither will she sit on the hard somewhere and rust and rot away unloved. We gathered up some of her ashes from the fire and will scatter bits all around the world', Frank, devastated by her loss, ends the book. He now sails *Farfarer*, like *Maggie B* a Nigel Irens design, built by the same boatyard as the *Maggie B*, Covey Island Boatworks in Nova Scotia.

ZSG

A fuller version of this review appeared in the 2019 issue of *Voyages*, the annual magazine of the Cruising Club of America.



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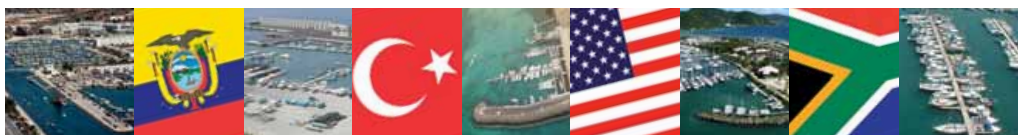
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## LYDIA ACROSS THE INDIAN OCEAN

### Donald Begg

*(As readers of Lydia across the Tasman in Flying Fish 2018/1 will recall, Donald and Lydia, his Bowman 48, left the UK in 2014 heading west across the Atlantic and Pacific. After a year in New Zealand they continued to Australia, where we rejoin them for the 7952 mile passage from Bundaberg, Queensland to Richards Bay, South Africa. For the leg from Mackay to Mauritius Donald was joined by Simon Ashworth and Douglas Nethery.*

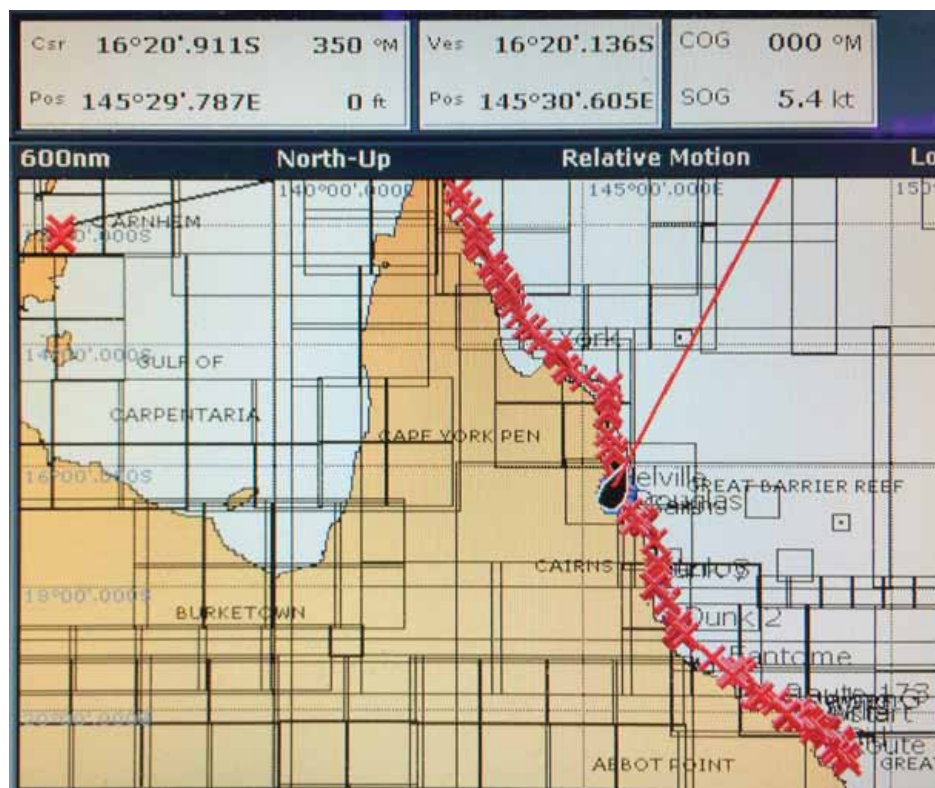
*At the time of editing Donald was enjoying Carnival in Brazil. Visit his blog at [blog.mailasail.com/yachtlydia](http://blog.mailasail.com/yachtlydia) (from which this excerpt was taken), to check where he and Lydia have got to now.)*

#### **The Great Barrier Reef and beyond**

After an agreeable couple of days in Cairns marina, which is buzzily swamped by the visit-the-reef tourism industry, we sailed for Darwin on Sunday 12th August and the unique navigational experience of the series of channels which make up the passage (or passages) inside the Barrier Reef to Cape York. And we are talking channels, some of them quite narrow. There is a series of them, linked together to guide shipping through the holes in the reefs – 400 miles of zigzag marked by beacons and buoys.



There are few yachts after the playground of the Whitsundays but there is a steady stream of merchant shipping. This was unexpected, at least by me. My memory of visits to Sydney in the Royal Navy is of passing well outside the Barrier Reef. On reflection, of course we did – it was before the days of GPS, and the Reef would be a nightmare without GPS and Navionics. More credit to Captain Cook! A particular characteristic of the run is that everyone talks to each other on VHF Channel 16. We had the challenge of transiting a mile-wide channel on a dark night with two large bulk-carriers passing in opposite directions, us sandwiched in the middle,



*Waypoints along Australia's northeast coast*

but all movements and intentions were choreographed by a friendly and seamanlike dialogue on VHF. The language is English of course, but in a variety of accents.

This is SE trade wind country and August is trade wind season, so much of the passage is dead downwind, with a preventer on the boom and a lot of gybing. Our new autopilot packed up (a minor hitch in the wiring, as we were to discover in Darwin), so the Hydrovane took over, willing enough but not the easiest solution for frequent downwind manoeuvring. We stopped for two nights at Port Douglas to shelter from a blow. It's a charming little resort, again dedicated to Barrier tourism. We hired a car and drove to Cape Tribulation, of Cook fame – surprisingly busy and touristy, but a satisfying day's change from routine on the boat.

We rounded Cape York on 18th August and sailed through the Endeavour Strait, a channel in the wider Torres Strait between Australia and Papua New Guinea, with big tides and water as shallow as 5m, but secure in the knowledge that any number of yachts have been there before us and have kept their keels above the mud. This was a major landmark for *Lydia*. Two and a half years after passing under the Bridge of the Americas she was leaving the Pacific to enter the Sea of Arafura and the wider Indian Ocean.

We fancied a go at the Gagari Rip, also known as the Hole in the Wall, so sailed slightly south of west across the Gulf of Carpentaria towards the port of Gove. We paid for this. There had been strong winds in the southern part of the Gulf, so we crossed with 15–25 knots on our port quarter but with an unpleasantly steep and unfriendly sea from the



### *Approaching Cape York*

south which strained senses of humour and depleted our stock of 'essential' crockery. As a consequence we were not overly disappointed on anchoring in Gove to find that the outboard refused to start and that we were confined

to dinner on board and a

good night's sleep. Did we miss anything in Gove? It's a small township alongside a major bauxite terminal, the silhouette of the town suggests Wigan Gasworks, and the bay was covered in a pall of smoke because the Aborigines were 'renewing' the land with bushfire.

The Gagari Rip is an adventure. It is described in the pilot as 'the foundation of many a yacht club best yarn' and 'with a little planning this passage can be the highlight of a voyage'. It looks a bit like the Corinth Canal, albeit smaller and not man-made, and is a shortcut between Raragala and Guluwuru islands which takes 35 miles off the trip around Cape Wessel at the Gulf's northwest corner. The snag, of course, is the tidal stream, which reaches 6 knots. We needed to go through at 1700, the start of the ebb, a time that suited us well because there is a sheltered bay on the far side in which to anchor for the night. We went through without incident, admiring its wild beauty and enjoying the sense of being miles from anywhere in remote Aboriginal country.



### *The Gagari Rip*



We had a restful night at anchor and again paid the price. In the morning the wind just faded away and a glassy calm had us reciting from *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*. We motored most of the remaining 400 miles to Darwin, with just two or three hours of land breeze every evening to give the engine and the helmsman a rest (no autopilot, and the windvane only works under sail). By way of compensation, Simon caught a 7lb tuna whilst we motored and fresh fish is good for the ship's company's morale. My concern was fuel. We had filled only two of the three tanks at Cairns, partly because I was expecting steady SE trades all the way (and indeed we hardly used the engine between Port Douglas and Gove), and partly because I wanted the diesel in our big reserve tank to be at its freshest before starting our ocean crossing. The approach to Darwin around Melville Island and up the Clarence Strait would be no place to run out of fuel, with strong tides and numerous reefs, but we kept the revs modest and got in with a little fuel to spare, anchoring in Fanny Bay at 0100 on 26th August. We had covered 1695 miles from Mackay and 2003 from Bundaberg.

### **The Indian Ocean**

Following visits to Lombok in Indonesia, Christmas Island, Cocos Keeling and Mauritius, two months and 4564 miles later we had reached La Réunion and were ready to depart for Richards Bay, South Africa. Although only 1400 miles, which is modest by Pacific and Indian standards, these miles are fraught with uncertainty. You're south of the trade winds and into the variables. First it's 600 miles down to Madagascar, the southern tip of which has a continental shelf protruding for 50 miles which has a reputation for big seas and strong currents in its shallow water. Then you need a weather window for the 'bomb alley' of the Mozambique Channel. This is because low pressure systems form further south off the coast of South Africa and whistle up against the Agulhas and Mozambique Currents with yacht-munching seas. So you can work out a weather window, but not a realistic one until you're south of Madagascar, and that doesn't help you with the timing of your departure from Réunion. Solutions?

1. Consult a weather router for specialist advice. We used Des Cason, [sygambit@gmail.com](mailto:sygambit@gmail.com), an amateur based in Durban, who was recommended by Roving Rear Commodore Jonathan Lloyd in *The Challenge of Passage Planning in the Southwest Indian Ocean* in *Flying Fish* 2018/1, and who proved to be both accurate and supportive (see also page 15 of this issue). Other boats on the ARC used Chris Tibbs on a paying basis, and there were one or two others.
2. Have a Madagascan courtesy flag and a port of refuge lined up. Two options are Fort Dauphin (25°01'S 47°E) and St Augustin Bay (23°38'S 43°37'E). Des Cason recommends the latter, his experience suggesting that that officials at the former are less friendly to Europeans. That said, several boats on the Oyster rally went to Fort Dauphin and appear to have had no trouble. A stock of lubricating euros or US dollars might be useful. *Atem*, a few days ahead of us, was approached near Fort Dauphin by an unmarked launch with crew brandishing AK47s, but being a Swan 62, and with 40 knots of wind, they had no trouble pulling away. The skipper sent out an SSB DSC and had a rapid response from MRCC Cape Town but no explanation. The consensus is that it was probably a sparingly-painted government launch.

3. Stick north of 26°S until approaching the African coast. This should keep you north of the worst of the weather and of the build up of the Agulhas Current.
4. Carry as much fuel as you can, and keep two days' reserve in hand in case you need to make a final dash for safety. It may be psychological, but I found that the sea in these parts has a less friendly feel to it than that of the Pacific. Just a look at the sea and sky tells you this is Injun territory. Don't tarry.

So, on our way. We sailed from Réunion early on 3rd November in calm conditions and motor-sailed all day. From then on to Madagascar we had periods of wind, periods of calm, motor-sailing for a while then pure sailing for a while. We didn't enjoy burning diesel so early in the voyage, but there was no alternative if we were to maintain momentum. On the night of 4th November, fireworks weekend at home, we had an Old Testament thunderstorm, lightning that would have shaken Guy Fawkes, 25 knots of wind on the nose. For the next couple of days we were plagued by squalls, but had a sailing wind of varying strength for at least half the time, reef in, reef out.

South of Madagascar we probably cut it a little fine, running along the 1000m line 30 miles off the coast, and spent 12 hours motoring at a frustrating 4 knots over the ground with wind and a lumpy sea on the nose. Then the wind backed into the south and we had a good beam reach across the Mozambique Channel – luck and a weather window were with us. We even had a day of relatively calm seas, and caught up with some sleep. This lasted until 100 miles off the African coast, and then it roughed up and we exchanged comfort for faster sailing, with daily runs of 148, 162 and 165 miles. We offset 30 miles north to allow for the current, and then came scooting down the coast wing-on-wing at 10–11 knots over the ground, with 20 knots from astern and the current under us. The wind increased steadily, so we reduced to yankee alone and came surfing through the breakwater entrance into Richards Bay on the evening of 12th November with 35 knots of wind on the quarter. A friendly berth at the Zululand Yacht Club and a cold beer were most welcome.

The benchmark for the ±1400 mile passage from Réunion to Richards Bay is 10–12 days and we did it in 9½, so no complaints. We did have the engine running for 100+ hours but make no apology for that.



## FROM THE KITCHEN OF ... Misty Fitch in 'The Mansion' (see page 41)

Spiced Peanut Chicken (serves 2)

### Ingredients

- 2 chicken breasts, no skin or no bone
- 1 tsp ground cumin
- ½ tsp ground cinnamon
- 2 tbsps peanut butter (smooth or crunchy)
- 1 can diced tomatoes
- 1 tbsp lemon juice
- 2 cloves garlic, crushed
- chili as desired, fresh, paste or powder
- salt and pepper to taste

Mix the cumin and cinnamon and rub into the chicken, which can be cut up or kept whole according to preference and patience. Brown in oil in a large pan (due to the rub it will look more cooked than it is at this stage).

Mix the garlic, tomatoes, lemon juice and peanut butter. A blender is good if you have one, but it's fine done by hand. Bash the tomatoes up a bit, but you don't need totally smooth sauce. Add chilli in whatever form you have, according to taste, plus salt and pepper.

Add the sauce to the chicken and leave to its own devices until the chicken is cooked through, which will obviously be quicker if the chicken is cut up.

You can hold back some tomato bits if like and add them to the sauce separately for extra colour. Go easy on the peanut butter – is very rich, but tasty and filling.

All cooked in one large pan on the stove-top for minimal washing up!



“You'll find a tongue” said the voice of doom, “in the starboard sofa-locker; beer under the floor in the bilge.” ... A medley of damp tins of various sizes showed in the gloom, exuding a mouldy odour. Faded legends on dissolving paper, like the remnants of old posters on a disused hoarding, spoke of soups, curries, beefs, potted meats, and other hidden delicacies. I picked out a tongue, reimprisoned the odour, and explored for beer. ... I regarded my hard-won and ill-favoured pledges of a meal with giddiness and discouragement.

Erskine Childers, *The Riddle of the Sands*



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## THE RISE OF A PHOENIX

### Rhys Walters

*(Rhys grew up in the countryside of West Cork 'allowed to roam free after six years in a housing estate in Kent'. He credits his father, 'a hardcore Welshman' for his name, adding that 'Dad spent a long time at sea in the merchant navy and Mum is from Portsmouth ... so the sea is in my blood'.*

*As someone who is obsessed with both photography and videography, in addition to charting Zora's rebirth at [www.sailingyachtZora.com](http://www.sailingyachtZora.com) Rhys also set up a YouTube channel to share the project with friends and family abroad. To date it has some 10,000 subscribers from all over the world which, he says, 'blows our minds'. Search for 'sailingyachtzora' on YouTube.)*

From a very young age, the idea of taking small or even larger boats out into the unforgivable offshore world seemed frightening, yet somehow appealing. The stories of Columbus boldly sailing to the edge of the earth were a big part of my childhood, but it was only when I read about Sir Robin Knox-Johnson and Bernard Moitessier that I slowly started to realise that adventure was there for anyone to take – you didn't have to be well-funded or wealthy to see the world. It appealed to me that little 30 footers with two adults and sometimes even children aboard were able to cross vast distances, then anchor next to a superyacht, enjoy the same view and sail on to the next destination, all on a shoestring. The only difference I could see was the level of luxury or, if you were on a really small boat, the lack of!

Life slowly moved on and so did my focus. My late teenage years were spent working on cars, going to school, and working, and the idea of sailing off on the trades slowly faded away. They had nearly gone completely by the time I was in my second year at college in Cork, but that was when I met my good friend and partner in crime, Irial Kennedy. One afternoon after a few drinks with friends, he casually mentioned that he had lived on a boat in Crosshaven during his previous year in college, and I couldn't get enough of the idea. The boat in question was *An Gobadán*, a 38ft steel yacht to a Van de Stadt design which his mother and father had built in Baltimore when Irial was a child. They had been running a sailing school there for years with Irial as an instructor, and he offered to take me out to see if I actually liked sailing after so many years of dreaming. To say I liked it may be an understatement. It buried itself so far into my psyche that since then it's taken over a vast part of my life, and I decided there and then that I would one day own a boat just like *An Gobadán*.

I took an engineering job after college, and worked away with the idea that 'someday' I would do something about the nagging feeling in the back of my mind. I quickly learned, however, that saying 'someday' is very dangerous and a sure killer of your dreams. I started saving what I could, and before very long I couldn't wait much longer, which led me to the Irish online classifieds for something that suited my measly budget. I spotted a 38ft Dick Koopmans bare steel hull that was way out of my budget and seriously considered it – I even saved the owner's number in my phone – but after a day or so it was marked as sold and I continued my search. After a further week of looking I found a 7m GRP boat called *Frantic*, which needed far more work than I realised at the time, and bought it without a second thought. After two years of struggle, misery and being





*Frantic finally gets launched under her new skipper, Matt*

perpetually itchy I gave the boat to a good friend without having even launched or sailed her. Lesson learned.

The experience with that little boat didn't, however miserable, put me off my dream. The year before I gave *Frantic* away I had moved into my Ford Transit Connect in an effort to save more money for a bigger boat – an experience that not only taught me a lot about small-space living, but also allowed me to put a little honey pot to one side for when the 'right boat' came up for sale. The

year I spent living in the van while working full time is a whole other story, but it's an experience that I'm very glad I had and would recommend to anyone.

In December 2017, the opportunity to sail across the Atlantic with two of my best friends, Irial and Ciara, who had left that summer to sail *An Gobadán* to Canada via the Intracoastal Waterway, popped up. I took six weeks off work, left Niamh, my always-supportive girlfriend, behind and set off on my big adventure and to see if this cruising thing was all it was cracked up to be.

*An Gobadán in Cape Verde on the way to Martinique*







*Zora on the day we found her in Hegarty's Boatyard, Baltimore*

It was. If I was obsessed before I left, I don't know what I was when I got back. Seeing the stars in their millions in a pitch dark sky, the vibrant bioluminescence that spills out along the tops of the waves, and the flying fish bursting out of the water as you pass slowly by are memories I will keep for ever. We spent 23 days at sea, arriving in Martinique to a welcoming party consisting of Niamh, who'd flown out to meet us, and the customs officials who signed us in. After a week of sailing around the island it was time for Niamh and me to head home, find our own boat, and begin our own little adventure.

Two weeks later we were standing in a wet and windy boatyard in West Cork looking up at a Rival 32 that was for sale. Despite the legendary status of the Rival 32 as a capable cruiser, it didn't take us long to realise that 32ft might be a little bit small for what we personally wanted from a boat. At this stage I had been living in my van for six months and knew that a bit of space wasn't a luxury, so we decided she wasn't for us. While standing on the Rival's deck, however, I spent some time looking around the yard at all the other potential projects. In the corner, standing quite a bit taller than a lot of her neighbours, was that same Dick Koopmans bare hull that had been advertised in the classifieds when I bought *Frantic*. The cogs started turning and I remembered that I still had the owner's phone number, and thought there would be no harm in asking him if he still owned her even though she'd been marked as sold before. Miraculously, he (Nick) still owned her and, even better, he was willing to part with her. Once I got to hear the story of *Zora* and how she ended up where she was I knew that she was a special boat that needed to be returned to the water.

It seemed that about 20 years earlier she had sailed into Baltimore harbour under a Swiss skipper who was on his way around the world. As stories tend to do when they

*Zora (painted red) can be seen in the background, surrounded by fire engines*

aren't documented at the time, the ones about *Zora* were passed by word of mouth over the years until I heard them for myself. While somewhere off Morocco on their way to Ireland via the Mediterranean, *Zora* and her then skipper were approached by two small wooden boats manned by armed pirates. *Zora* was used as a battering ram, inflicting major damage on one of the boats, which left the other boat busy enough for *Zora* to slip away unharmed. Whether or not this story is true is up for debate but, as the saying goes, there is no smoke without fire.

Speaking of fire, *Zora* and her skipper's plans were cut short, as one night while at anchor in Baltimore harbour she burst into flames and had to be towed to the nearest pier and a waiting fire

engine. (As a side note, you can see *Zora* in the background of the photo with a fire engine and crew in attendance. In the foreground is *An Gobadán*, the boat that sowed the seed of this whole saga in the first place.)

*Zora, before her resurrection began following many years of serious neglect. Photo Nick Kottler*



After the fire *Zora* was bought from the insurance company by the yard owner and sat relatively untouched until 2012. In that time rust took significant hold, especially on the deck, which resulted in a boat full of holes and unrepairable steel. Most would have considered her too far gone for economic repair and it was clear that she would need a huge amount of vision and work to get back to a useable state. This was where Nick, a local boatbuilder in search of his next challenge, stepped in. He heard that she was going to be scrapped along with the steel shed that she was sitting in, and made an offer to buy her. The offer was accepted, and work began in Hegarty's Boatyard at Oldcourt, downriver from Skibbereen, soon after.

Nick worked tirelessly on *Zora* from 2012 until 2017, removing every inch of badly rusted steel and laying a new deck from bow to stern, as well as repairing much of the hull. The cockpit was moved a foot aft and the aft cabin replaced by an extra couple of feet in the cockpit, giving a nice helm position and more space for crew. The hull was strengthened by adding a compression post on either side, and extra ribs were added



*Me wondering 'Oh no, what have I got myself into' on the first day*

to the underside of the deck. An uninsured boat broke its mooring in a storm and was wrecked nearby, and her Selden mast, good sails and Sole engine were acquired for *Zora* as payment for cleaning the beach that she'd run up on. Once the steelwork was finished, *Zora* was sandblasted and coated with quality primer inside and out to protect all that hard work from rusting again. One paragraph can't do justice to the amount of work that Nick had done, and nor can photos show the quality of his work. When seen in person, however, it speaks for itself.

It was then that Nick heard that a boat he had wanted for a long time was going for a reasonable sum. He decided to buy her, leaving him torn between finishing





*The first day of work, and a mountain to climb.  
The decks were good, however, and free from rust*

Zora – which would take several more years and a considerable amount of money – or improving the boat he just bought. He chose the latter, which resulted in the advertisement that I had seen, but had a change of heart and marked her as sold. (Nick has, incidentally, been a huge part of the project and we still share ideas very often. As someone who didn't have much experience in boat-building I am very grateful for his guidance, help and friendship.)

*Niamh in the paint suit that she wore  
all summer. The cross beams at the bow helped to mark a waterline*







*Zora attracted lots of attention from our friends in the lead up to launch day*

Because *Zora* had been painted with good primer, leaving her idle for a while hadn't caused any problems. The painting had been done immediately after sandblasting was complete, which resulted in a very well-protected boat that only needed a top coat to look pretty again. Niamh and I got right to work, with the goal of getting *Zora* into the water as soon as possible. This resulted in a lot of long weekends and some evenings over the following eight months, washing in the sea in the evenings or under a hose, and generally just slumming it to get the job done. One of the bigger jobs was to paint the entire boat, which first meant sanding her from top to bottom before, using mohair rollers, we painted the topsides and deck with blue and very light grey. (Huge thanks to all my friends who helped get her painted in record time.)

One of the more expensive jobs was replacing the standing and running rigging. I'd known when I bought *Zora* that this was a job that wasn't going to be optional, so I set about finding a rigger who would do it without breaking our already sorry-looking bank account. I was put in touch with Gavin from Masts and Rigging Ireland, who was able to answer all my questions, give me a very reasonable price, and do the job in no time at all. We were able to get the mast down, change all the wiring, bulbs and rigging, and then re-step the mast without any unforeseen problems.

The engine had a new prop-shaft and FeatherStream prop, but although the engine was sitting on its mounts and the shaft was in place they had yet to be aligned and connected. The engine also had no wiring loom and needed a new alternator and starter motor. The shaft passed into the stern tube through a dripless PSS bearing and a new bellows from the manufacturer gave it a new lease of life. I made a new loom for the engine and, using a ratchet strap, fitted a temporary fuel tank in the form of a 20 litre jerry can next to the engine. After a couple of days of head scratching I



*The crane gets into position while a nervous crew waits for the big moment*

managed to get all the wiring correct, then changed all the filters on the engine and it fired up without a problem. Much of the next few months was spent painting below the waterline, fitting a forehatch, rebuilding the cable steering system and generally tidying the boat up ready for launching.

This took place on a sunny August afternoon with a high spring tide – which we needed to float her into a deeper part of the Ilan river. Niamh and I had a somewhat sleepless night in the van with ‘what if...’ thoughts running through our minds, but we reassured ourselves that we had done things properly and had not cut corners. We had a nervous breakfast and finished off a few little jobs while waiting for the crane to

*It was really surreal feeling the boat move under my feet for the very first time*





arrive. At around 4pm we spotted a big, yellow, 100 tonne beast making its way down the narrow West Cork back roads towards us. After almost seven years of sitting in one place and 20 years since water was under her keel, *Zora* moved again with a crowd of my close friends watching. It was hard to see the movement at first, but once the pressure came off and the supports began to fall away it was obvious that the boat was starting to lift into the air, and in one big arc the crane brought her around and lowered her into the river. There are some first experiences in life that you always remember, and feeling my own boat move under me for the first time will stay with me for ever. It's a strange thing to feel emotional about what to many is just an object, but this was one of my most significant milestones to date and it's that feeling that's keeping me pushing hard through the remainder of the project.



*After nine hard months of work and 20 years since her last day afloat,  
Zora is finally back in the water*

*Zora* spent the next couple of months rafted up to some other boats on the river while I fitted winches, new running rigging and the sails and associated hardware. I bought the two three-speed Harken sheet winches from a friend – they had spent many years buried in sawdust so needed a full rebuild. (One thing I have learned over the years is that if you are willing and able to repair secondhand equipment you can buy quality gear very cheaply.) I didn't have a mainsheet track, so lashed a line across the cockpit and attached the mainsheet to that, and attached some blocks to the toe-rail in lieu of jibsheet tracks. It wasn't perfect but it did the job. Once ready, we did a quick test-run under motor to check the engine was okay and all went well. Then, about three weeks later, Nick and I decided to go for a test sail in Baltimore harbour to check the rig. We wanted to make sure she was safe to sail to her new home in Kinsale, where I planned to fit the interior.





*As seen from a drone in the evening light. Photo Josh Beecher*

The weather was shaping up well in the week before our planned test sail and we agreed that if the weather was as forecast on the day, and if we were happy with the rig once the sails were up, that we would go for it and attempt the eight-hour sail east to Kinsale. We arrived at Baltimore harbour from the mouth of the Ilan to a moderate southwesterly and raised a double-reefed main to check whether she was able to carry it. When Zora was launched we had noticed that she sat several inches above her designed waterline – doubtless due to the fact that, apart from the engine and sails, she was

*The skipper takes the helm of his own ship for the first time. Photo Nick Kottler*



*Zora in Kinsale, her  
current home*

completely empty of any interior – which resulted in a slightly tender boat. We were, however, happy that the wind was favourable and that the boat seemed perfectly capable of taking the main and full genoa, so we left the harbour, passing the Baltimore beacon and heading out to sea.

The following eight hours were almost dreamlike. It was a beautiful sunny, warm day, with clear blue skies and a fresh breeze pushing us gently along. *Zora* had her sails wing and wing and in my mind looked like a huge bird stretching herself at last. I think she enjoyed being on the move again just as much as her crew did, and we made great time all the way to Kinsale where my good friend Simon was waiting in his RIB at the harbour mouth to escort us home. As if the day hadn't gone well enough already, while we adjusted our course to a beam reach across the flat sea we were joined by a huge pod of dolphins which swam with us while we sailed up to the village. All in all, a very successful day for *Zora*.

*Zora on her first sail, entering Kinsale with a dolphin escort. Photo Josh Beecher*



She is currently in the marina in Kinsale and the last few months have been spent installing bulkheads, fitting a cabin sole and substructure for the joinery, and installing some temporary insulation in the forepeak so I can stay warm while I live aboard. The plan is to have the boat professionally insulated very soon with polyurethane spray foam to eliminate the potential for steel boat-killing condensation, and to begin fitting tanks, wiring, cabinetry and other systems. We estimate that the remainder of the project will take until mid 2020, but if doing the job right means it takes longer, then so be it.

#### Footnote

I want to thank everyone who has supported the project either financially, by watching the series, or by working in person on the boat. There are too many to name, but without you *Zora* would still be sitting on the hard in Baltimore. Special mention goes to Niamh, who has been instrumental in bringing the project to life and continues to keep me motivated when it all gets a bit too much, which it often does. Fair winds to all, Rhys.



## FROM THE KITCHEN OF ... Jenny Crickmore-Thompson in South Africa

**Malva Pudding** (serves about 20, but any leftovers freeze well)

#### Ingredients

##### For the pudding

- 30 ml margarine
- 2½ cups sugar
- 3 eggs
- 3 cups plain flour
- 3 tsp bicarb of soda
- 2 tsp baking powder
- 50 ml smooth apricot jam
- 25 ml vinegar or lemon juice
- 2½ cups milk (600ml)
- Pinch of salt
- 1 tsp of nutmeg (optional)

##### For the syrup

- 200 gr margarine
- 2 cups (480 ml) evaporated milk
- 1 cup (240 ml) milk
- 2 tsp vanilla essence
- 3 cups sugar
- 1 cup boiling water

To make the pudding, mix the margarine and sugar, add the eggs one at a time and mix well. Sift the dry ingredients and add to the butter mixture alternating with the milk. Add the jam, lemon juice and rind, and bake at 180°C / 350°F for approximately 45 minutes.

For the syrup, combine all the ingredients and boil for 3 minutes, then pour over the hot pudding. Put it back in the (turned off) oven for 15 minutes.







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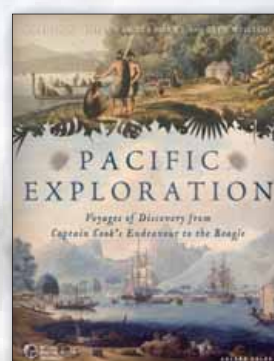
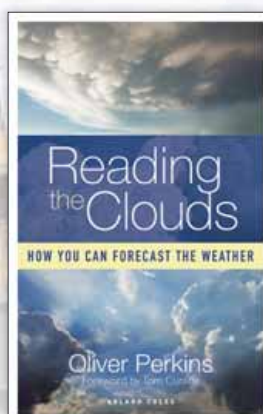
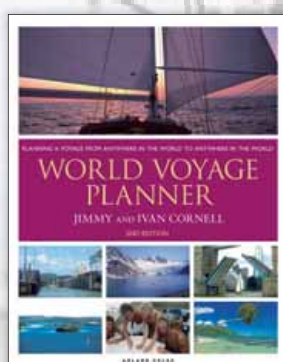
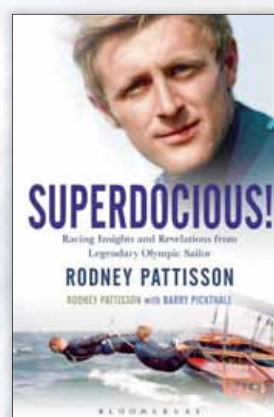
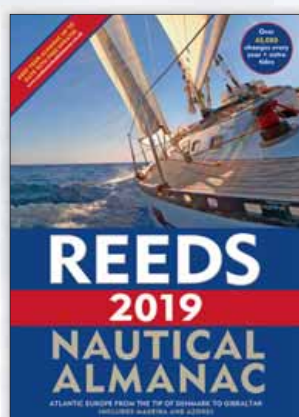
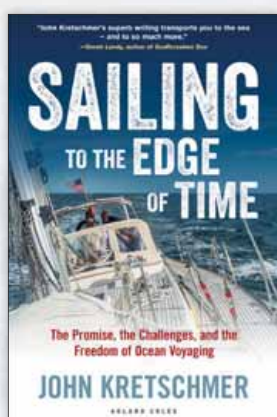
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## THE BALTIC: Stockholm to St Petersburg Ernie Godshalk, Roving Rear Commodore, and Ann Noble-Kiley

*(Ernie sailed Golden Eye, his McCurdy and Rhodes-designed Hinckley Sou'wester 42, to Europe in 2010 and has spent seven of the last eight summers cruising in Scandinavia – see Flying Fish 2012/1, 2014/1 & 2 and 2016/2.*

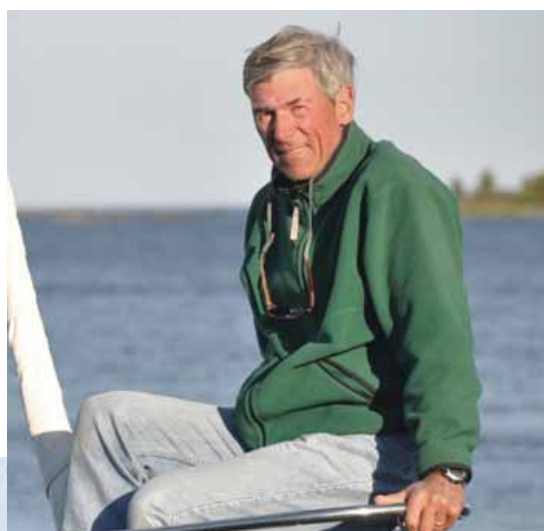
*Ann has cruised Passport, her Hinckley Bermuda 40, from Canada to the Caribbean, as well as sailing aboard Golden Eye every summer since 2014. This past winter she and Ernie sailed Passport from Massachusetts down to Antigua – the perfect way to sail year-round!)*

Golden Eye's 2018 cruise included five weeks in the Stockholm archipelago and seven weeks in the Åland Islands, Helsinki, the Finnish lakes, St Petersburg and Tallinn, Estonia. Her crew also visited Moscow, albeit by train.

### The Stockholm Archipelago

The primary cruising guide for the archipelago, *Hamnguiden 8*, lists 300 harbours with chartlets and photos. We estimate that there are well over 1000 places in the archipelago where a yacht may comfortably – depending upon the wind direction – lie for the night. The inner archipelago (closer to Stockholm) generally has more protection from islands close together, high and covered with tall trees; the outer archipelago is more

*Ann Noble-Kiley and Ernie Godshalk*



remote, the islands are farther apart and they are lower with fewer or no trees.

Stockholm, the capital city of the Kingdom of Sweden, is itself an interesting cruising destination. It includes the magnificent Vasa Museum and the nearby Wasahamnen Marina and Gamla Stan (Old Town). It is a small and very attractive city, with nice walks and a network of ferries that connect the fourteen islands on which the city is built.





*Golden Eye at Sandhamn*

The island harbour of Sandhamn is the archipelago sailing centre of the Royal Swedish Yacht Club (KSSS, using its Swedish initials). This location has some of the characteristics and feel of Camden, Maine, or Newport, Rhode Island. We spent several nights there on three occasions, enjoying its excitement and attractiveness and meeting some of our many Swedish friends. The yachts are fabulous, including S&S yawls *Ballad* (owned by the family of KSSS Commodore Patrick Salén, who once owned *Bolero*) and *Refanut* (owned by the Wallenberg family).



*Ann and angry birds*

*A neat combination of bow  
pulpit and ladder*

*Golden Eye moored  
Baltic-style*



During our five weeks in the Stockholm archipelago in 2018 we enjoyed one of the best – and most unusual – summers in Swedish history. The water warmed to 25°C (77°F) and we swam

almost every day. Winds normally allowed sailing most of the day and were never excessive. It rained infrequently, but spectacularly. Wherever we went, we were welcomed and helped when needed – except by angry birds in the remotest islands.

In many places it is possible to 'moor' by setting a stern anchor and tying the bow firmly to the rocky shore, allowing one to simply step ashore. This is only possible in areas, such as the Baltic, that have no tide, and is slightly intimidating for those not used to it. First it is necessary to select a point where the shore is sheer enough to get someone ashore from the bow before the boat grounds, while at the same time being on the leeward side of the land so that the wind helps hold the boat off. Possible locations are clearly marked in cruising guides and often have rings drilled into the rock to which to tie. Almost all boats in the archipelago have stern anchors and most also have a split bow pulpit and bow ladder.

Having selected an appropriate spot, the boat is brought to within about three boats' lengths of shore and the stern anchor deployed but not tensioned. The boat is then brought to shore, stopped, and a crew member steps off with the bow lines – a bit tricky if the shore is low, as the first step can be a long one. Once the bow lines are tied to rings, trees, or pitons placed in the rock, the stern anchor rode is tensioned to hold the boat off, but still close enough to step ashore.



*Golden Eye at Blekholmen*

Sandwiched between our weeks in the Stockholm archipelago, we ventured east to Finland, Russia and Estonia.

#### **Finland, the Åland Islands and the Finnish Lakes**

The Åland Islands (an autonomous, Swedish-speaking area of Finland) are located halfway between Sweden and the Finnish mainland. Together with the Finnish archipelago south of Turku and Helsinki, these islands comprise a vast area for cruising, even bigger than the Stockholm Archipelago. We spent a couple of weeks there, often stopping for the night at the private harbours of Finland's leading yacht club, the Nyländska Jaktklubben (NJK), of which Ernie is a member. One of these harbours is the spectacular Blekholmen in the middle of Helsinki harbor.

The interior of eastern Finland is largely water – a huge system of connected fresh water lakes, 76m above sea level. The Saimaa (or Finnish) lakes can be reached from the sea only through the Saimaa Canal, which is entered through Russian waters at the eastern end of the Gulf of Finland. Midway through the canal, one crosses the border back into Finland. It is not necessary to have visas for the crew or advanced permission to transit the canal so long as regulations are carefully followed, including no contact with shore, and the vessel must stay in the designated fairway. Both vessel and crew are subject to intense scrutiny by Russian (and Finnish) authorities, however.

While still in Finland all paperwork is inspected by Finnish customs and immigration. Passports are stamped, certifying exit from the country and the EU. The vessel files a customs report listing the total amount of alcohol on board, a 'high water mark' which is rechecked when re-entering Finland to confirm that no alcohol has been purchased while in Russia.



We received a call on Channel 16 within five minutes of crossing the border into Russian waters asking the name of our vessel and the number of people on board. In the Russian section of the canal, Russian customs collected numerous documents in quadruplicate, including a crew list and a copy of the vessel's documentation. Further on, Russian passport control carefully inspected passports and conducted an extremely thorough search of the vessel – in *Golden Eye's* case this included inspection of all cavities in the boat 'bigger than a breadbox', about fifty in total. The Russian officials were polite but thorough and spoke little English.

On re-entering Finland, mid-canal, passports were stamped again, customs declarations filed, and the interior of the boat inspected once again.

The Saimaa Canal includes eight locks and seven opening bridges. The entire passage, from the easternmost Finnish port to the eighth lock in the canal is 68 miles and took us 17 hours (0530–2230). The locks and bridges were opened with little delay, except for one at which we waited 90 minutes for commercial traffic – a dinner-cruise ship and a ship carrying lumber – which has priority. The lakes are beautiful and pristine and the Finns are dedicated to keeping them that way. Holding tanks may be emptied only at pump-out facilities, which also have separate equipment for emptying bilges. Even in the island harbours, dishes and people are to be washed only on shore and the water dumped ashore, not in the lake.

The highlight of our cruise in the lakes was attending a performance of *Madame Butterfly* in spectacular Olavinlinna ('Olaf's castle') in the town of Savonlinna, Finland's opera centre. The setting is dramatic – a well-preserved three tower castle, built in the 15th century when the area was part of the Swedish empire, but overrun by Russian forces in 1714 and again in 1743. Our American flag was a novelty, and we were greeted in a friendly manner by everyone, including Russian yachts. On one island we grilled dinner and swam with four Finns, watched the sun set at 2245, then retired to their boat for vodka.



The return trip through the canal was uneventful, with only one delay for commercial traffic. Mid-canal, we cleared into Russia, using our single-entry Russian visas. The Russians' search of *Golden Eye* was even more intrusive than the northbound one, although the officials were polite, volunteering a couple of English words, and helpfully agreeing to my request that they make a phone call ahead to authorities who spoke no English.

### **Russia**

Our cruise in the Russian waters of the Gulf of Finland provided constant reminders of the long history of Russia's quest for access to naval bases and the open sea. Western Russia has only three possible routes to the world's oceans – the historical route north to the White Sea; ports on the Gulf of Finland, initially Vyborg and later St Petersburg; and via the Black Sea.

The northern route – via the Northern Dvina River to the port of Arkhangelsk, 500 miles north of Moscow and north of the Arctic Circle, then further north into the White Sea and around Nordkapp, Norway, at 71°N – is long and ice-bound for much of the year. Vyborg harbour, in addition to being controlled by Sweden until it was seized by Peter the Great in 1710, is only about 2m deep except where it has now been dredged. The Black Sea was, despite Peter the Great's best efforts, controlled by the Ottoman Empire until Catherine the Great established the naval base at Sevastopol on the Crimea Peninsula in 1783. The strategic nature of that access has been reflected over history, notably in the Crimean Wars of 1854–55 and the annexation of Crimea by Russia in 2014. Peter the Great therefore persisted in converting a swamp into the port of St Petersburg and the nearby naval base of Kronshtadt, the defence or defeat of which has been the object of battles ever since.

Vyborg was the first Russian city that we visited and a marked contrast to Finland. We attempted to approach the customs dock but were greeted with stony faces and clear – even in Russian – directions that we should go immediately across the harbour to the 'yacht club', where a gentleman called Igor, a retired Aeroflot pilot, guided us to a mooring in front of the 'club'. The Favorit Yacht Club consists of a wharf built many decades ago, a water hose ashore, electricity on the dock, and sparsely furnished men's and ladies' toilets – the latter barred with a crosswise boat hook which the club caretaker scurried to remove whenever Ann approached. Services were limited but they did their friendly best to accommodate our needs.

While hardly an outstanding destination for tourism or yachting, Vyborg is nevertheless interesting. In centuries past, before Peter the Great built his eponymous gateway to the Baltic, Vyborg was the only feasible access for the region's commerce with Europe other than one far north of the Arctic Circle, via Archangel (the modern Arkhangelsk), the White Sea and over the top of Norway. From the 13th to the 17th centuries the Swedish empire guarded Vyborg as a centre of commerce and built the fort that dominates the town; in the 18th and 19th centuries the Russian empire seized it for its strategic position in defending St Petersburg; and in the 20th century Finland regained it along with its independence in 1917, then lost it again during the Second World War.

Even after St Petersburg became Russia's major seaport into the Baltic, the opening in 1856 of the Saimaa Canal, which gave water access to the interior of Finland and Russia,



*The Hermitage (Winter Palace), St Petersburg*

ushered in a new period of prosperity for Vyborg. It is evident that beneficiaries of this commerce included Vyborg's architects – the city has many magnificent buildings, most from around the turn of the 20th century. Even on side streets, handsome edifices rise several storeys. Some of these are well-maintained and we observed new coats of paint being applied to already attractive façades. Others, while functional, have clearly not been maintained for decades and large chunks of their walls lie in the streets. Yet others appear to be lost victims of the Second World War – largely roofless with towering, dangerous-looking fragments of walls, barricades on the street to reduce injuries when they eventually fall, and squatters within. Like any city, a family sits on a bench eating ice cream, couples stroll, and small grocery stores are nestled side-by-side.

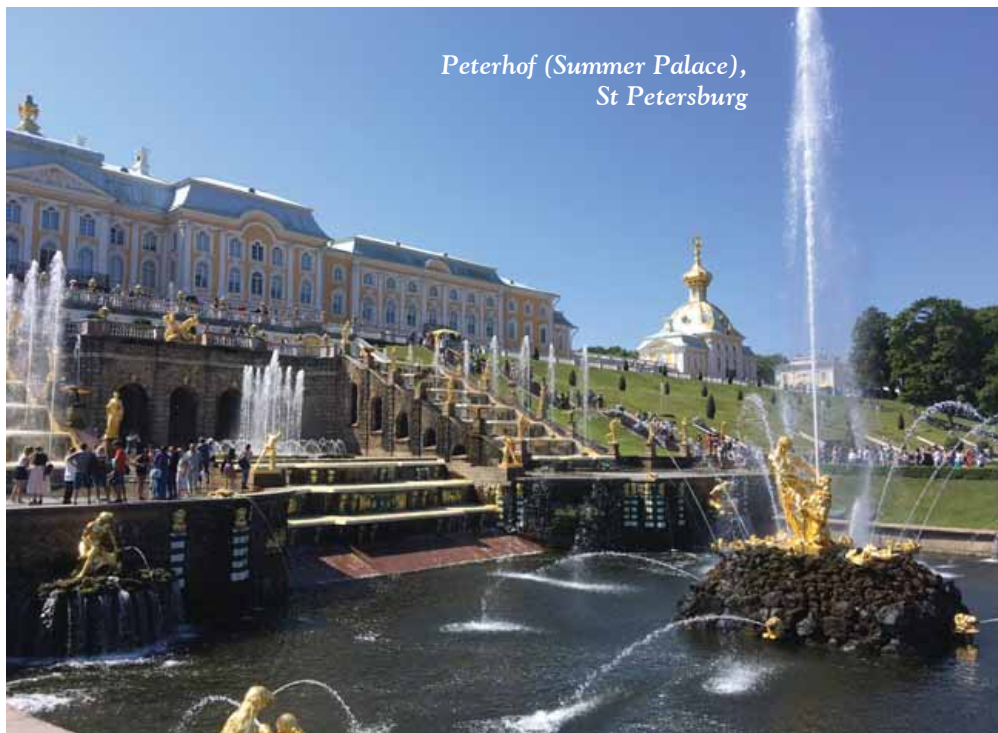
Bound south towards St Petersburg, we overnighted at the small marina in Bukhta Dubkovaya. En route we passed a large Russian Coast Guard ship underway and another Russian Coast Guard vessel – about 60ft long with a pointy, high-speed bow and significant armament on the stern – tied to a substantial mooring. We could imagine several sets of eyes watching us on screens and through binoculars, and anticipated seeing a high-speed RIB emerge from the far side for a boarding, as has happened to us in Germany and Finland, but continued on without incident.

The final leg to St Petersburg was long and unremarkable. Shipping traffic, mostly in traffic separation schemes, increased markedly and the low southern shore came into view. As we approached the narrow gate giving access to Kronshtadt, home of Russia's Baltic navy fleet since the early 1700s, and St Petersburg, we were overtaken by a fleet of medium-size military ships. We informed the coast guard of our plans to proceed to St Petersburg and the number and citizenship of our crew. Having cleared into Russia in the Saimaa Canal we did not have to clear in again, as do yachts arriving from outside Russia.

#### **Russia's capitals, past and present**

St Petersburg and Moscow met our high expectations in most respects. As anticipated by reading Robert Massie's 850 page tome *Peter the Great: His Life and World*, the scale and magnificence of the czars' palaces and Orthodox cathedrals and churches are breathtaking. By contrast, Harrison Salisbury's *The 900 Days: The Siege of Leningrad* describes the city's near obliteration. It is a remarkable narrative of a gruesome time in its history, from 1941 to 1944, when three million people in St Petersburg (then





*Peterhof (Summer Palace),  
St Petersburg*

Leningrad) endured unspeakable hardship with fewer than half surviving. Their endurance is echoed in the love and passion the residents have for their beautiful city. We observed that passion at an outstanding concert followed by caviar, blinis, and vodka with local friends – *na zdorov'ye!*

The Central River Yacht Club – the best option – provided adequate berthing and security, but has somewhat limited facilities and is next to a lively disco on a river used by various noisy vessels. We moved to a lovely hotel in St Petersburg for a little R&R – chilled vodka and caviar accompanied by a violin and piano! – and to be within walking distance of major attractions.

We reached Moscow by train on the day after President Trump's meeting in Helsinki with President Putin, adding further to the drama of visiting the Kremlin and Red Square.

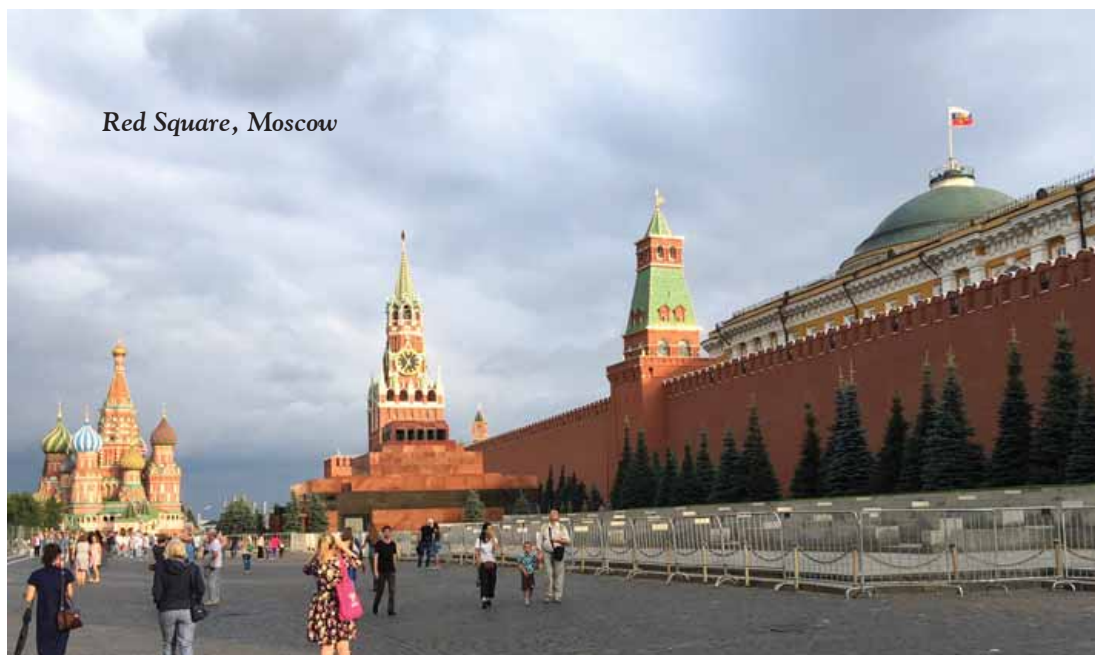
Our cruise into Russian waters was facilitated – no, made possible – by St Petersburg Port Officer Representative Vladimir Ivankiv, 'the man who makes everything possible'. For many years the

*Peterhof church*



representative of eight yacht and cruising clubs including the OCC, Vladimir provided the necessary formal 'invitation' and detailed guidance required to get Russian visas, was in helpful contact with the authorities on our behalf throughout our cruise, gave and arranged tours of major sights in St Petersburg and took us shopping. We were delighted that he and his wife Alla joined us for a concert at Mariinsky Concert Hall (self-proclaimed as 'one of the world's finest concert venues' after re-opening in 2007 following a catastrophic fire), and Vladimir came aboard for our last Russian leg from St Petersburg to the island fortress of Kronshtadt.

*Red Square, Moscow*



Clearing out of Russia involved a wait of a couple of hours and another intensive inspection of the boat and our documents, but the officials were polite and, once they finally arrived, speedy. Having cleared out, we exited the gates at Kronshtadt and soon received and complied with a polite request to proceed just outside the channel. A few minutes later, peering under the jib, we observed a fantastic spectacle – twelve large, modern Russian warships, including a submarine, underway on a reciprocal course down the shipping channel in single file and tight formation, each with a plethora of flags and crews at attention along the rails (see overleaf).

Peter the Great, who founded St Petersburg in 1703, created the Russian navy from scratch – in fact he spent many hours building boats and ships himself, initially learning the skills in Amsterdam and then teaching them in Russia. He created St Petersburg to establish a naval port on the Baltic, built Kronshtadt, on an island fifteen miles west as the naval base, and seized territory from Sweden, some in what is now Finland and Estonia, for strategic defence of St Petersburg. To witness this modern legacy to Peter was a jaw-dropping epilogue to our visit.



*Seen under the jib*

*The Russian crew at attention*



#### **Estonia**

After clearing back into Finland and the EU we crossed the Gulf of Finland to Tallinn, the capital and largest city of Estonia. As throughout the Baltic, history is measured on a scale far greater than that of the United

States. Tallinn – then known in languages other than Estonian as Reval – developed as a walled city in the 13th century but, despite its fortifications, control changed regularly. It suffered badly during the Second World War but has been attractively restored and is now one of the best-preserved medieval cities in Europe. Unseen by the casual tourist wandering through the old city is Tallinn's technology economy. It is known as 'the Silicon Valley of Europe' and is the birthplace of many international companies including Skype. It is a sister city to Los Gatos, California, in *that* Silicon Valley.

By early August we had returned to the Stockholm archipelago, which felt like coming home.

#### **Authors' note**

We are eager to assist fellow OCC members in seeing this area. There is much useful information about the Baltic, including Russia, on the OCC website at <https://oceancruisingclub.org/Cruising-Info-Map>, and readers are also referred to Thierry Courvoisier's excellent articles about cruising in Finland and St Petersburg in *Flying Fish* 2016/1 and 2018/1. With respect to Saimaa and St Petersburg, we would like to thank Paul and Marty Rogers and Jim and Jean Foley for sharing their experiences, their advice and their charts and guides.

This article previously appeared in the 2019 issue of *Voyages*, the annual magazine of the Cruising Club of America.





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## THREE THOUSAND MILES FOR A PINT!

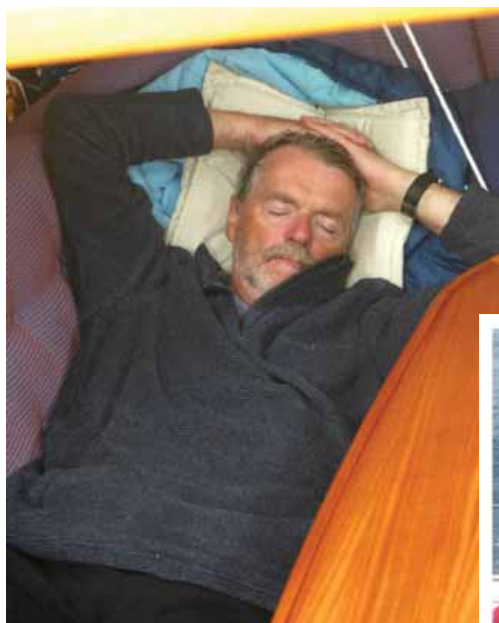
### David Burall

*(David and Susie were greenhorns when they joined Epic Ventures' Round Britain Rally in 1993 and benefited from the encouragement of experienced sailors. They qualified for the OCC with an Atlantic crossing in 1999 and in 2009 sailed Kerenza, their newly-commissioned Najad 380, from Sweden. This article was first published in the Chichester Yacht Club magazine and was written to encourage club members to venture out beyond Western Approaches!)*

In June 2017 Kerenza was in St Peter Port when Port Officer Dick Emery spotted our flying fish burgee and came on board for a coffee and asked, "Are you guys coming to the Azores next year?". I replied that we were far too old (150 years combined) for another ocean passage. "Get yourselves a couple of gorillas," he suggested. Susie glanced at me with an eyebrow raised and I knew we were committed! The idea of a Pursuit Rally – start anywhere in the world to arrive at noon on 18th June 2018 – was irresistible, so a few phone calls were enough to recruit Chichester YC sailing 'gorillas' Steve Cray and John Lake to crew on the passage out, and 'young gorilla' 18 year old Edward Cray for the return leg.

Kerenza sailed the CYC Cherbourg race on 26th May 2018. From there Susie and I made our way to Falmouth where we provisioned and Steve and John joined us, and after safety briefings etc and supper in the Royal Cornwall YC, on 6th June we

set sail. The winds were light, so we made some westing passing south of the Scillies. Aficionados say don't cruise to a deadline but we had one, so sadly it was on with the iron topsail. Historically June winds in the North Atlantic are mostly force 2–4 from the west-northwest quarter, but 2018 was the exception and for three days we had mainly light winds from the east-northeast (cold) quarter, logging 37 engine hours.



Kerenza's laid-back crew  
– John Lake (above) and  
Steve Cray (right)





The deal with quartermaster Susie was that she would be chief cook and bottle-washer and Steve, John and I would run four three-hour rolling night watches from 2100, with one on watch and one on standby in case it got rough. I also have a rule that the skipper is always called for any unusual event. This watch routine worked well, and the big plus was that the crew enjoyed a high standard and variety of cuisine appearing from the galley. We saw little traffic with few ships, but dolphins, turtles, a whale way off and, for a couple of days, fleets of Portuguese men o' war. A Norwegian singlehander in *Villekulla* was bound for Oslo via Hardway Sailing Club in Portsmouth Harbour. "Why Hardway SC – we've not heard of it?". "I stopped there on my way out and have to go back – they are either sailors with a drink problem or drinkers with a sailing problem!" came the reply. These VHF chats do help pass the time! Three days out from the Azores we picked up OCC yachts *Tyrian of Truro* and then *Manketti* on AIS and chatted about progress, the fickle winds and our superior cuisine.

It was a relatively uneventful passage. With the wind astern we had some slightly worrying noises from the mast end of the boom. Our gorillas carried out a full inspection of the gooseneck and rod kicker fittings and found some wear but no risk of early failure. We decided to contact shore crew Alexander Cray and ask him to bring a spare gooseneck bracket when he and Louise flew out to greet us. Steve had a Garmin gadget – he has many gadgets – which logged our track on the internet and was used for texts to and from shore. I splashed out on an Iridium GO, mainly for PredictWind forecasts and routing plus texts and e-mails – a relatively cheap device but expensive airtime.

*Kerenza* sports furling main and genoa, a furling Code Zero\* and a top down furling gennaker\*\*. We used them all in different combinations, or none at all! I never get bored at sea – somehow the movement of the boat and the ever-changing seas are captivating. As skipper I do get anxious about fresh water consumption – we carry 400 litres plus bottled water for drinking (allowing a litre a day plus per head), and have a flow metre after the pump in order to monitor usage. Even more, I'm paranoid about power – *Kerenza* has 420 ampère hour battery capacity charged from the engine, plus an Efoyl fuel cell for support. We use the autopilot a lot, and together with the plotter these eat amps! I was more relaxed about diesel, with a range of around 900 miles from 325 litres in the tank plus two 20 litre cans on the deck. The guys say I'm obsessed about my teak decks!

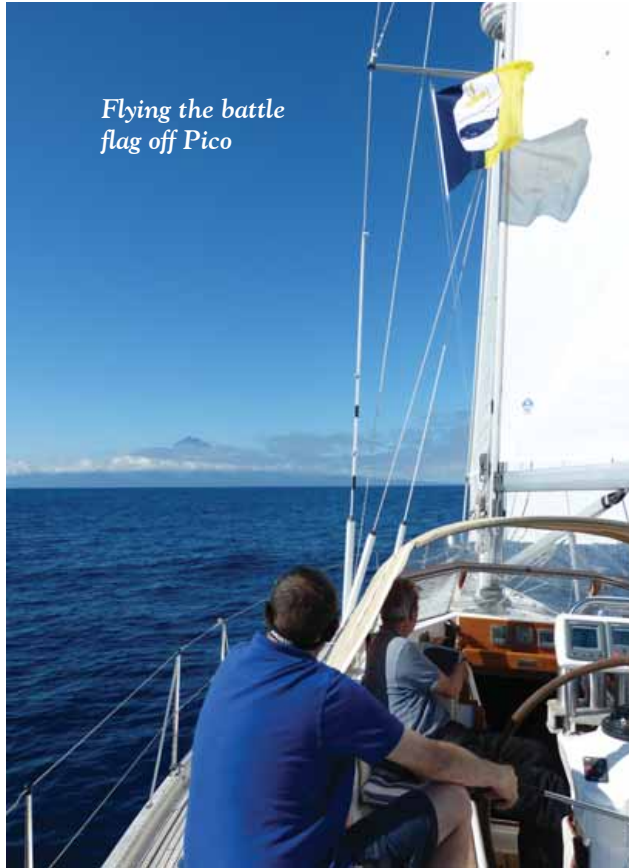
\* A cross between a genoa and an asymmetrical spinnaker, used for sailing close-hauled in light airs.

\*\* A cross between a genoa and a spinnaker, but used when further off the wind.

*Approaching Pico at dawn*



*Flying the battle  
flag off Pico*



As with many passages the sailing was mixed, and frustrating at times. The log early on has a lot of east-northeast (astern) force 1–4, but for a couple of days it veered southeast 4–5 and then round to south-southwest, from which we had force 6 and hove-to for lunch in comfort at the saloon table! Later we had more westerly 3–4. I see from the log that our best noon-to-noon run was a modest 134 miles. In all we logged 1340 miles and approximately 90 hours under engine – we couldn't be late, with our shore crew waiting to greet us, and docked at 1430 on 17th June.

With organisational support from the OCC, Horta Port Officer José Henrique Azevedo – who has followed his father Peter and grandfather Eduardo in welcoming sailors to Peter Café Sport for a century – did a terrific

job. We enjoyed a roast pig barbecue, a bike ride down from the volcano, a trip over to Pico, whale watching, a *levada* walk, a grand dinner and more – a full week.

We said farewell to Steve and John and were joined by Mandy Lyne, a friend from Cambridge, for our cruise of the islands. We loved São Jorge, where we had three nights at the small marina at Velas. From there we sailed to Terceira to anchor off Angra de Heroísmo for a couple of nights, before continuing round to the east coast of the island and the marina at Praia da Vitória.



*Susie, approaching  
Horta*



*The ship's company about to cycle down to Horta from the volcano*

Car rental is inexpensive, as are most things in the Azores, and an excellent way to enjoy the beauty of these volcanic islands.

On 2nd July we pointed *Kerenza's* bow southeast and had a lumpy, uncomfortable night sail for the 90 miles to Ponta Delgada on São Miguel, the largest of the Azorean islands, where there is a large and well-served marina. The island is stunningly beautiful, a truly unspoiled gem in the middle of the Atlantic.

Reprovisioned and joined by Edward Cray, we set sail on 6th July for the homeward passage. The wind gods were kinder with more south and west, generally force 3–4. I was on watch at 0130 on 10th July in pitch darkness, when AIS picked up *Condor Valparaíso*, a large ship, 24 miles north-northeast and on an exactly convergent course – her heading indicated a CPA of around 200m!\* We were hard on the wind on port tack and my first thought was, 'are they on watch?'. Just in case, at 12 miles I called

\* CPA = Closest Point of Approach

*Beautiful São Jorge, with Pico and Faial on the horizon*







*A typical 'Imperio do Espirito Santo' chapel in Terceira*

on VHF and got the response, "Yacht Kerenza, I see nothing on radar". At least he wasn't fast asleep! At 5 miles this was amended to, "This is *Condor Valparaíso*. I see ve haff risk of collision!". He suggested I turned to port, but after a 'discussion' he reluctantly agreed to alter course so that we passed port to port.

The next day we completed a 150 mile noon-to-noon run, though for much of the passage our SOG\* was slowed by a 0.5–1 knot adverse current. Strangely, we hadn't noticed this much in our favour on the way out – was this because we were further east, or because sailors notice the unfavourable more than the favourable?

\* SOG = Speed Over Ground

*Central São Miguel*



*Hydrangeas line the road in São Miguel*

We enjoyed a couple of visits from dolphins and two fairly close encounters with whales. Then on 13th July we were chased by a minke whale of about 8m, which kept just off the stern for around 10 minutes – we wondered if he was a male looking for a mate? Finally he came alongside, rolled over, and turned away. These experiences, the night skies ablaze with a carpet of stars, the bioluminescence





*Edward, Skipper David and the Quartermaster  
in the Western Approaches*

and the sunsets are the joys of ocean sailing! Mandy and Ed bravely even went for a swim in 2000 fathoms! (No, I don't swim!)

On 17th July, after 1482 miles at sea, we anchored in the dark off Chichester Harbour's East Head to await the floodtide. It was just over seven weeks since we had left, the log read 3015 miles, and Susie and I had so many happy memories!

#### **Susie's notes on provisioning and the galley**

Food plays an important part in daily life on longer passages and a flexible approach works best for us. The routine of three meals a day interspersed with snacks and drinks becomes important, especially if it's cold and rough. Checking the weather forecast determines whether it's simple 'bowl' food or a more leisurely knife and fork occasion. Vacuum-packed meat from the butcher ensures longer life, and cooking double portions during calm spells helps when the sea state makes life difficult. If I'm the only one in the galley, then I know where I can lay my hands on everything! Offshore, washing up is done in seawater and rinsed in fresh to conserve supplies (no watermaker on *Kerenza*).

For night passages I fill a 5 litre airport\* with boiling water and store it in the small second sink so there's no boiling of kettles and clanging about while off watch crew are trying to sleep. Colour-coded insulated flasks from Sainsbury's (other suppliers available!) with handles hang in the sink. A large Tupperware® 'nightbox' is available containing snacks, coffee, tea, hot chocolate, cuppa soups, savoury/sweet biscuits, Mars Bars and Twix.

We don't run a 'dry' boat – wine, beer and soft drinks constitute happy hour around 1800 local time, giving an opportunity to air any grievances (we are living in a small environment and tensions are inevitable), chat about progress, or lack of, share news from home and engage in general banter – it is something to look forward to. A PredictWind forecast is eagerly awaited and routeing discussed.

'Land ahoy' is a welcome shout and there's always anticipation, excitement and a great sense of satisfaction that teamwork, a sound boat and preparation have paid off. Now all that's needed is a beer, a hot shower, a decent meal and an uninterrupted night's sleep!

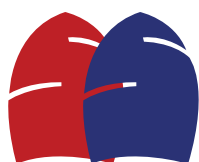
\* An insulated, pump-action, hot water dispenser





Hallberg Rassy 48 "DREAMCATCHER" en route to Lanzarote

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## **CHASING GLACIERS ~ A cruise through British Columbia and South East Alaska Angela Lilienthal and Clive Woodman**

*(Clive and Angela have owned Cosmic Dancer V, a 1988-built Sweden 38, since 2006, have sailed her more than 40,000 miles and visited 29 different countries. In 2011 they crossed the Atlantic (winning the ARC two-handed division), and after five seasons on the eastern seaboard of the US and Canada, plus Greenland, in 2016 trucked her across the continent to Seattle to explore the northern Pacific.*

*Follow their travels at <http://www.cosmic-dancer.com> – an outstanding website, as might be expected from the man whose company built our own new site two years ago.*

*This article first appeared in Roving Commissions, the Journal of the Royal Cruising Club.)*

Any worthwhile expedition can be planned on the back  
of an envelope. Bill Tilman

Our plan for the 2018 cruising season was completely *d'accord* with Tilman's philosophy. It went no further than saying we would set off as early in the season as possible, sail as far north into Alaska as the short summer season would allow, and then return to over-winter in Sidney, British Columbia.

The first part went to plan. *Cosmic Dancer* was lifted back into the water in Sidney on 26th April and in a consistently fine spell of late spring weather fitting out began in earnest. Michael and Anne Hartshorn, OCC, on *Nimue* were in the yard next to us and we shared many a social occasion once work was done for the day. It wasn't long, however, before the oft-quoted saying, 'No plan survives contact with the enemy', kicked in. The enemy in this case proved to be our yacht insurance company who, with just two weeks to run on our existing policy, dropped the bombshell that

*Cosmic Dancer in Tarr Inlet, Glacier Bay*









*Clive and Angela*

their underwriters would no longer provide cover for North America and Canada and hence they would not renew our policy, thus triggering a last-minute search for alternative arrangements.

It quickly became apparent that we wouldn't get a new insurer without a full out-of-water survey and full replacement of our standing rigging, which was a few months older than the 10 year limit imposed by many insurers. The first of these requirements would merely have been expensive, but the latter was impossible to achieve at such short notice and would have involved delaying our departure by a season. After almost two weeks of fruitless searching for alternatives, we finally managed to pressurise our existing insurer to renew, on the grounds that they had insured us to get to this particular part of the world and therefore had a moral obligation to insure us to get away from it! It was not an easy-won victory, however, and came at a price – an almost doubling of our annual premium.

It was 22nd May before we could throw off our lines and start the journey north. Within a week we had rounded Cape Caution at the northern end of Vancouver Island, only to discover that summer had not yet got this far north. Two days were spent sitting out a 45 knot gale in Bella Bella before continuing north into the Great Bear Rainforest, which lived up to at least the second part of its name. For eight days the relentless sound of rain beating on the cabin roof and against the backs of our foulweather jacket hoods was our constant companion, whilst our Webasto cabin heater became our best friend. Meanwhile the only bears in sight were the ones to be found on a wall mural in Prince Rupert when we arrived there two weeks after setting out, thanks to some very favourable southerly winds which had accompanied the rain.

### *Street art in Prince Rupert*

One of the highlights of this otherwise damp leg was that the many waterfalls lining the Inside Passage were in full spate, forming brilliant white slashes down the otherwise endless carpet of green forest that is the northern BC coast. At the foot of one such waterfall we watched a pair of humpback whales diving. Their spume was almost indistinguishable from the spray rising from the torrent, but their distinctive diving tail flukes were vividly highlighted against the white backdrop of the falls.



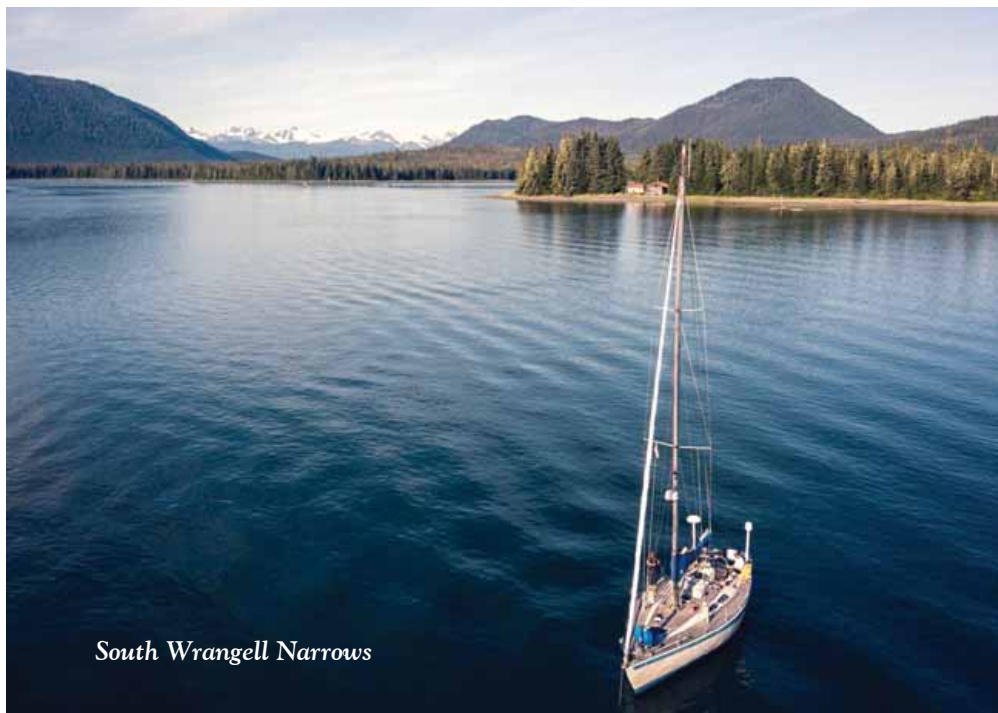
Crossing the border from Prince Rupert, Canada to Ketchikan, Alaska brought mixed fortunes. On the negative side we were told that it would not be possible to get an extension for our US cruising permit obtained the previous season, and that we would need to be clear of Alaska no later than 8th August. Whilst this was a setback, it still gave us a full two months so was not a disaster. On the plus side it heralded the arrival

of summer, which – although we did not know it at the time – would turn out to be one of the driest, sunniest and warmest in South East Alaska's history. We went on to enjoy eight weeks of almost unbroken sunshine and no rain, a true rarity in a region which normally experiences up to 280 inches per year.

Our first week in Alaska was spent enjoying the stunning mountain scenery of Misty Fjords National Park, a vast wilderness area only accessible by boat or seaplane. It was here that we were to discover that blue skies and bright sunshine don't necessarily make for settled sailing conditions in Alaska. On misty, overcast days in the Inside Passage, unless a front is passing through it is quite normal to experience mirror calm

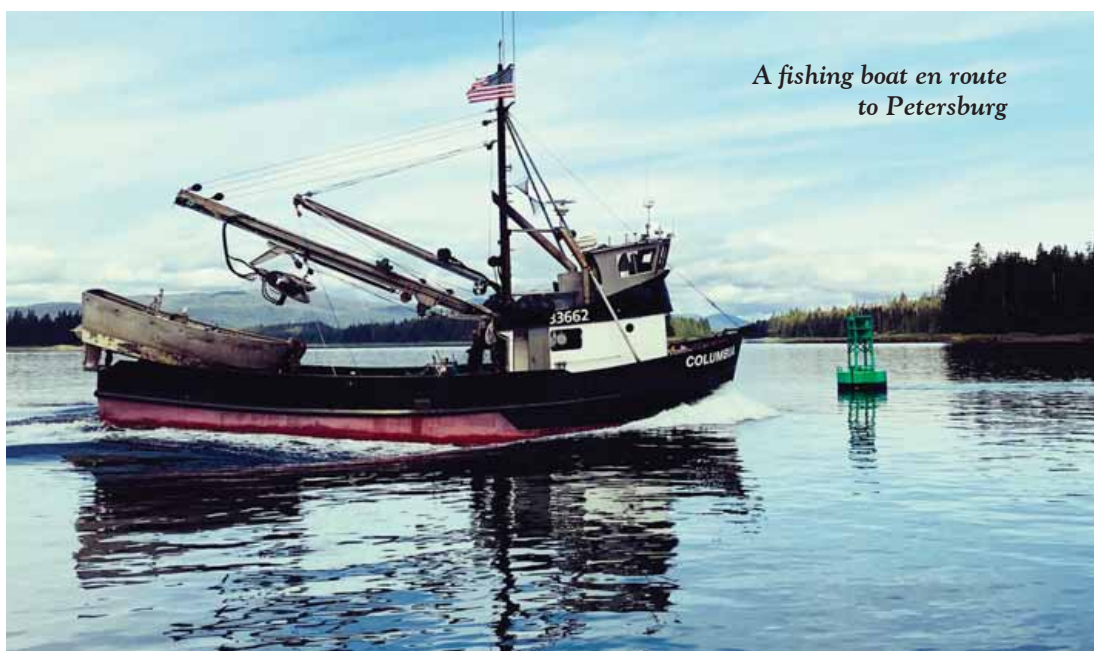


*Sea lions*



*South Wrangell Narrows*

conditions all day long. On bright sunny days, however, by late morning thermally-generated inflow winds often start funnelling up the fjords. These arrive without warning, and in the space of a few minutes it can go from mirror calm to 30+ knots. After getting caught out the first couple of times, we soon learnt that on a sunny day it didn't pay to sail without the staysail bent on and ready to hoist at a moment's notice, no matter how benign the conditions might appear at the start of the day.



*A fishing boat en route  
to Petersburg*





### *Poppies in Petersburg*

From Misty Fjords we continued northwards up the Inside Passage, passing through Wrangell and Petersburg to reach Tracy Arm. Deemed by some to be even more spectacular than Glacier Bay, we were not disappointed, although we left with the distinct feeling that visitors in the relatively near future may not be able to say

the same thing. The pilot talks about spectacular hanging glaciers on both sides of the Arm as you work your way inland to the Sawyer Glacier. The hanging glaciers have now largely melted, leaving behind glistening cirques of bare polished rock. In this part of the world it isn't long before bare rock succumbs to the relentless tide of advancing rainforest, which steadily envelops anything which is not permanently covered in ice.



### *Sawyer Glacier, Tracy Arm*



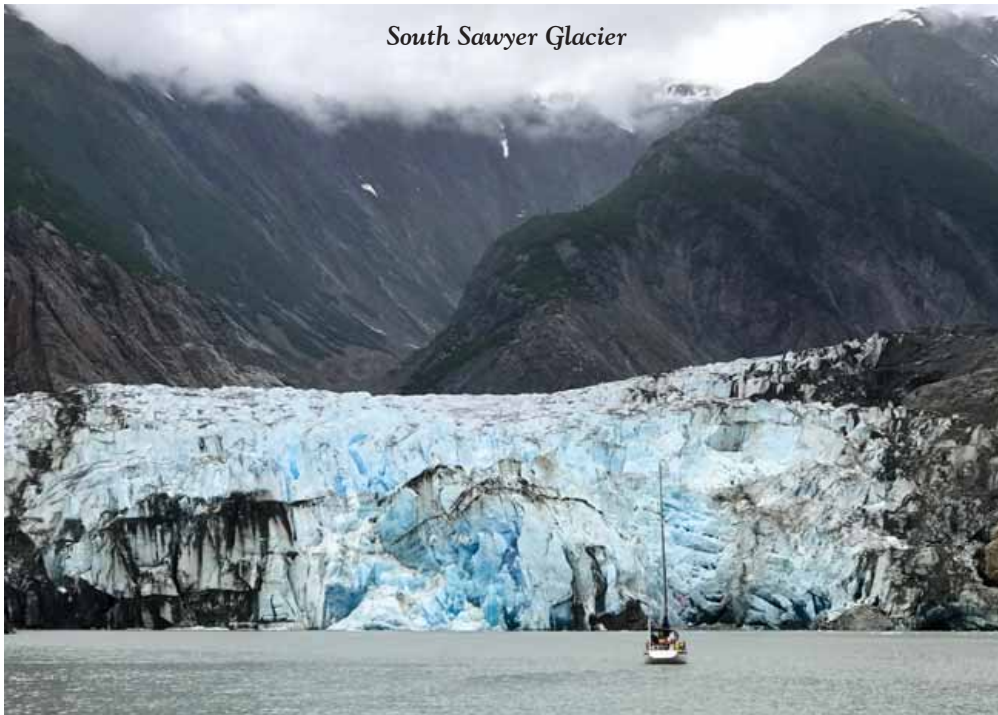
### *Harvesting ice for the evening cocktail*

Already many of the Tracy Arm cirques are partially covered with new growth dwarf birch, and it won't be too long before they are completely cloaked by rain forest rendering Tracy Arm indistinguishable from so many other steep-sided fjords in South East Alaska and British Columbia.

It's not only the hanging glaciers which are under pressure. As we worked our way up the Arm we were intrigued to see an AIS contact on our plotter which was apparently a mile or so inland from the head of the fjord. We put it down to interference to the signal caused by the slab-sided rock faces which surrounded us, but when we reached the head of the Arm all was revealed – the snout of the Sawyer Glacier is now almost

two miles further inland than its charted position. As we approached for the obligatory photo shoot we had the rather unnerving experience of navigating over what our plotter assured us was dry land, but which our eyes said was definitely water, and water so deep that our echo-sounder couldn't pick up the bottom! For now, however, there was still enough floating ice for us to harvest some to put in our evening cocktails, but there was a strangely subdued feeling that evening as we sat down to enjoy our

### *South Sawyer Glacier*







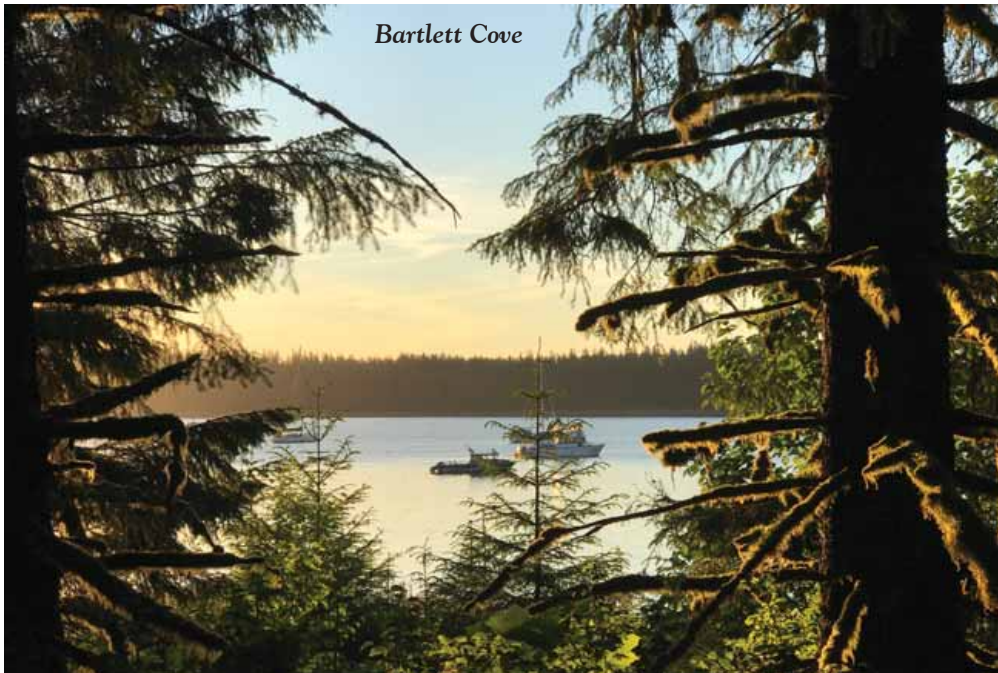
*T'lingit totem and art in Bartlett Cove*



glacially-chilled G&Ts. Part of it was being overawed by the sheer splendour of what we had seen earlier in the day, but tempered by the nagging feeling that the normal cycle of advancing and retreating tidewater glaciers was drastically speeding up and going in one direction only.

From Tracy Arm we headed to Auke Bay to reprovision and consider our next steps. Our original plan had been to spend a couple of days in Glacier Bay before crossing the Gulf of Alaska to Prince William Sound and Kodiak. Despite our later than intended departure, and the failure to get an extension to our cruising permit, this was still just

*Bartlett Cove*



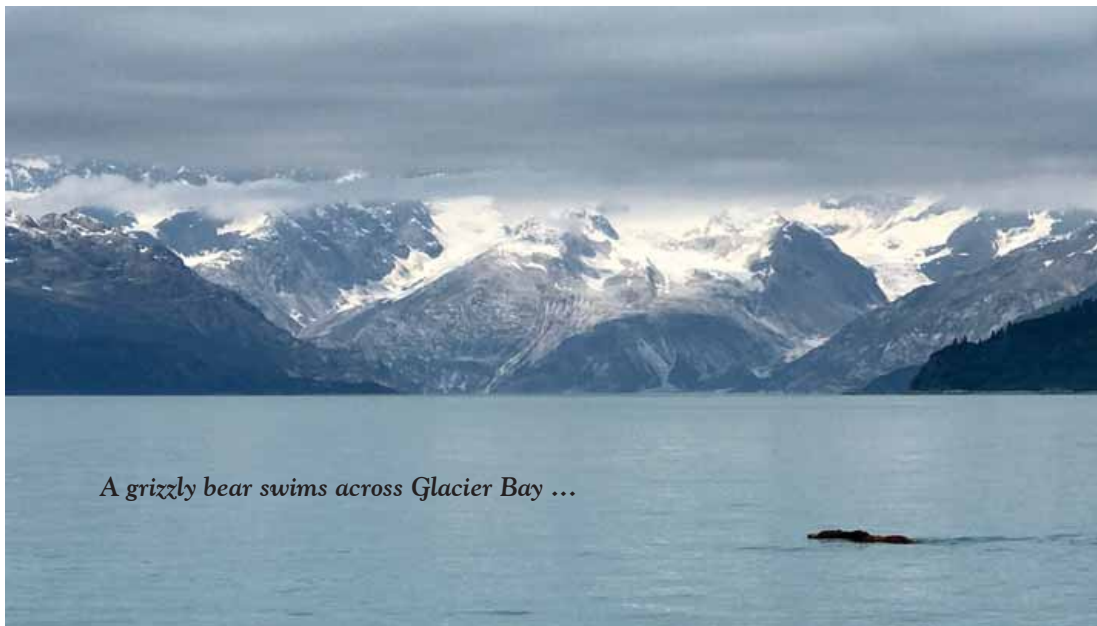


about achievable, so we pressed on to Hoonah to wait for a permit to enter Glacier Bay and a suitable weather window for the Gulf crossing. Although half the daily quota of permits to visit Glacier Bay National Park are reserved for those like us who cannot predict their arrival date with enough certainty to apply two months in advance, we still had to wait almost a week before being allocated a short-notice permit.

Although there was no 'enemy' this time to force a change of plan, while waiting for the permit we came to the conclusion that it would be a crime to rush through so many wonderful cruising areas so quickly, doing justice to none of them. So the decision was made not to cross the Gulf, and instead to spend our remaining cruising permit time in South East Alaska, returning the following season to explore Prince William Sound and Kodiak. With this decision made, we went on to enjoy the wonders of Glacier Bay in perfect weather. The glaciers are as spectacular as those in Tracy Arm, although the distances involved in getting to see them are greater, but for us the real highlight of Glacier Bay was the wildlife.

One night was spent at anchor in a small bay on the west side of Russell Island where we were surrounded by humpback whales swimming within feet of the boat as they fed close to the shore. Sea otters were to be found everywhere, lying on their backs with head and tail flippers out of the water like Dead Sea bather, often with a salmon clasped between their forefeet which they gnawed away at like a giant ice cream cone. The only thing to elude us was a grizzly bear. We anchored in all the places where we had been told it was impossible not to see bears feeding on the shore at night – and achieved the impossible! We had given up all hope of seeing a bear and were on our way out of the park, when we spotted what we thought was a semi-submerged log in front of us. Leaping to the helm to take it out of autopilot mode and start avoiding action, we suddenly realised that the log was moving and that it had a large, black, glistening nose.

A grizzly bear swimming is not a thing of grace or beauty. Exercising a very inelegant form of doggy paddle, and only just keeping its nose above water, it resembles a young child taking its first faltering strokes without a flotation aid in a municipal swimming



*A grizzly bear swims across Glacier Bay ...*



*... and finally plods ashore*

pool. When we first spotted the bear it was no more than a few hundred yards from the shore, heading out to cross a four mile wide fjord. It was moving so slowly, and apparently struggling so hard to keep afloat, that we were convinced it would never survive the crossing – we were sure it was only attempting it because it had been on the losing side of a territorial spat with another bear. Out of sheer curiosity we followed at a respectful distance behind with the engine idling.

Whatever the bear lacked in elegance, it more than made up for in dogged perseverance. Three hours later it had reached the other side, but eschewed the chance of an easy landing on a gentle sandy beach, instead heading a further half mile towards what looked like a very inhospitable rocky shore, which at low tide had a near-vertical

20ft drop to the water. We were then mesmerised by the sight of this huge, waterlogged bear pulling itself up out of the water and up the 20ft cliff using just its forefeet. With nothing more than a quick, nonchalant shake to get the worst of the water off, it then went on to demonstrate why it had just swum four miles. With one effortless swipe of a leg it brushed aside a boulder the size of a small saloon car to get at the black mussels nestling underneath,



*Pelican Cove,  
Chichagof Island*

and started feeding on them. If we ever had any illusions that a bear would be unable to climb out of the water onto our boat whilst at anchor they were immediately dashed ... and having seen how nonchalantly the boulder was moved we didn't have any faith in our washboards preventing a bear from getting below. A mental note was made never to keep any mussels on board whilst cruising Alaska!

From Glacier Bay we headed to Elfin Cove, a small and magical boardwalk fishing settlement which never fails to charm all who stop there. Knowing that some harbour masters in Alaska can get a little grumpy if you try to come alongside without first calling them, during our approach we put out a call on Channel 16 to 'Elfin Cove Harbourmaster'. Following our second call there came a gruff, anonymous response over the air, "There is no f\*\*\*ing harbourmaster in Elfin Cove". Suitably chastened, we quietly tied up alongside a fishing boat and adjourned to the quirky local pub where we soon became embroiled in a fascinating variety of interesting and extremely enlightening conversations with the local fishermen.

This continued into the early hours of the morning, when we found ourselves partying on the deck of one of the local fishing boats, drinking copious quantities of vodka chilled with ice straight from their fish holds. It was then that our host admitted it had been he who had 'enlightened' us over the radio about the lack of a harbour master ... but there were no hard feelings and several more vodkas were drunk before people finally retired to their bunks, nursing not bruised feelings but very sore heads the following day!



*Sitka Harbour at dusk*



From Elfin Cove we took the outside route down the west side of Chichagof Island to Sitka. It is a fascinating stretch of coast, full of wonderful, wild anchorages but seldom cruised by visiting yachts. Those that do often emerge with a tale to tell of hitting a rock en route, largely because the area is so poorly surveyed and marked. We were to be no exception. We were just a few miles from Sitka, and silently congratulating ourselves on having avoided a similar fate, when we heard that horrible grinding sound of lead brushing against a rock that the chart said wasn't there. Fortunately it was only a glancing blow and the only damage done was to our egos, but we realised we had become complacent. After two seasons and 5000 miles of cruising through the glacially-formed fjords of the Inside Passage, where for the most part you can get within feet of the shore before your echo-sounder registers anything, we had subconsciously fallen into the mindset of 'if you can't see it, there's nothing there'.

The west coasts of Chichagof and Baranof are geologically very different from the Inside Passage, requiring a 'step up in gear' when it comes to navigational vigilance, and we had failed to change gear. Our only consolation came from subsequent talk with a local fisherman in Sitka who said, "Don't get too cut up about it ... there isn't a professional fisherman in Alaska that it hasn't happened to at least several times. Here we just call them 'self-charted' rocks!". We took the view that 'after a fall you need to get back into the saddle straight away', so rather than taking the more commonly-travelled inside route from Sitka down the east coast of Baranof Island, we continued down around the equally wild and unsurveyed west coast of Baranof, completing a circumnavigation of the island before returning to Sitka.

By now we were running out of days on our cruising permit and Angela had to return to Germany for an unavoidable work commitment. Howard Bell, a fellow Sweden 38 sailor, kindly agreed to join us for the passage back to Port Hardy, which passed with no drama more serious than a fuel blockage, although it proved annoyingly difficult to locate and clear. We were extremely grateful to Gerd and Melissa Marggraff, OCC, aboard *Thor* for their help in getting the problem sorted and for some wonderfully sociable evenings



*An old fishing  
vessel in Sitka*



*Purple Gins with Jane and Steven*

together. We finally made it back into Canada with just 12 hours remaining on our US cruising permit – a close call, but no one could accuse us of wasting an opportunity!

Angela rejoined in Port Hardy, together with Steven and Jane Anderson, OCC, for the penultimate leg to Vancouver. It was an unusual experience for us to have four people aboard *Cosmic Dancer*, and a real joy to sail with racing people who never missed an opportunity to get the ‘coloured’ sails up, whilst sharing our love of the evening ritual of G&Ts on deck! We blew the cobwebs off both spinnaker and cruising chute – which had lain sadly neglected in the forepeak for the past few years as they are a bit too much of a handful when sailing two-handed – and enjoyed some wonderful downwind sailing through the Broughton Islands, Desolation Sound and the Straits of Georgia.

The finale of our 2018 season was joining the OCC’s British Columbia Rally, an extremely sociable and party-filled twelve-day cruise through the Gulf Islands. For this we were joined by OCC stalwarts Doug and Dale Bruce, who as authors of the *Newfoundland Cruising Guide* had been hugely inspirational in much of the cruising we did whilst on the eastern seaboard of the Americas.

The Rally was a fitting end to a wonderful season during which we had been on board for 150 days, sailed more than 3100 miles, visited some fantastic places, met many wonderful people and even done a little bit of Alaskan ‘self-charting’. Very little of this had been in the initial plan and we hadn’t always stuck to what little plan there was ... but when it comes to sailing we are inclined to a philosophy once espoused by a hugely eminent American General:

I have always found that plans are useless, but planning  
is indispensable. Dwight D Eisenhower

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## 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.

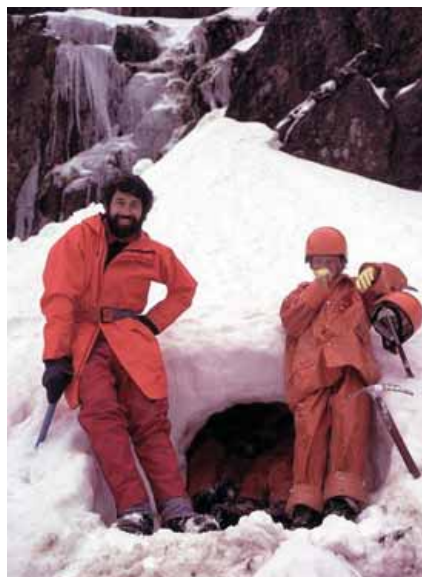
In the words of her long-term friend Anne Hammick, "Ann was truly unique, with fascinating stories to tell and an amazing sense of humour". Those of you who knew Ann in her sailing years will doubtless have memories of her colourful language, irascibility and passion for all things challenging and sailing. 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**

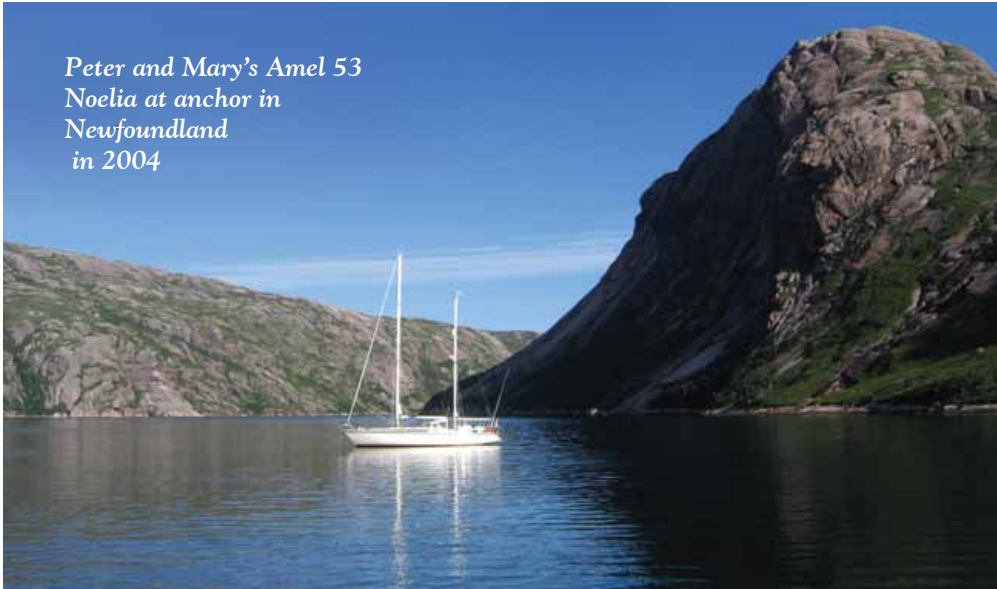
Peter B Lee of Buena Vista, Colorado passed away peacefully on Friday 22nd June 2018 in Salida, Colorado after a very brief illness, surrounded by family and friends. He was born in Minneapolis to Ephrine and Madge Lee on 26th September 1933 and grew up in the Twin Cities area. After attending the University 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*





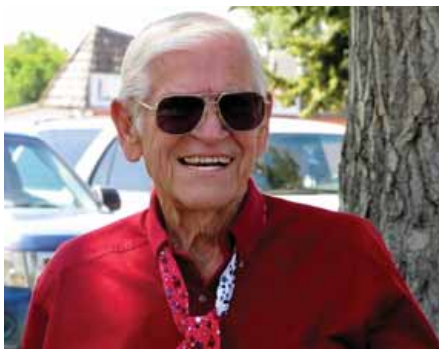
*Peter and Mary's Amel 53  
Noelia at anchor in  
Newfoundland  
in 2004*



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".

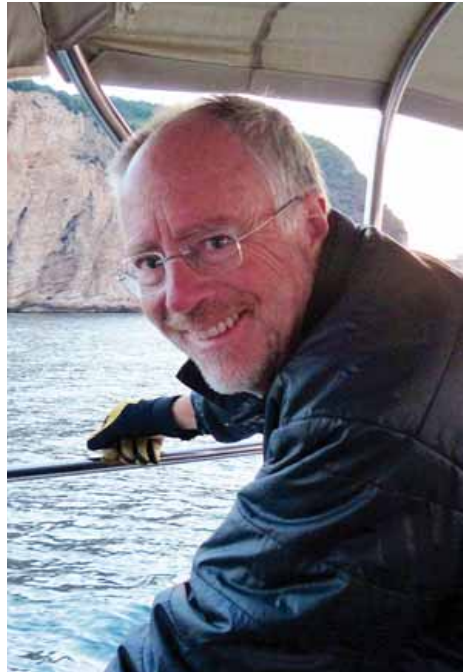
Long before GPS was available, Rick's expertise in navigation allowed him to sail through the thickest of fog in areas where Loran C did not function, to arrive at his planned destination. He shared his knowledge of seamanship as a leader of a troop of Sea Scouts, and in 1989 he planned and led a Sea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

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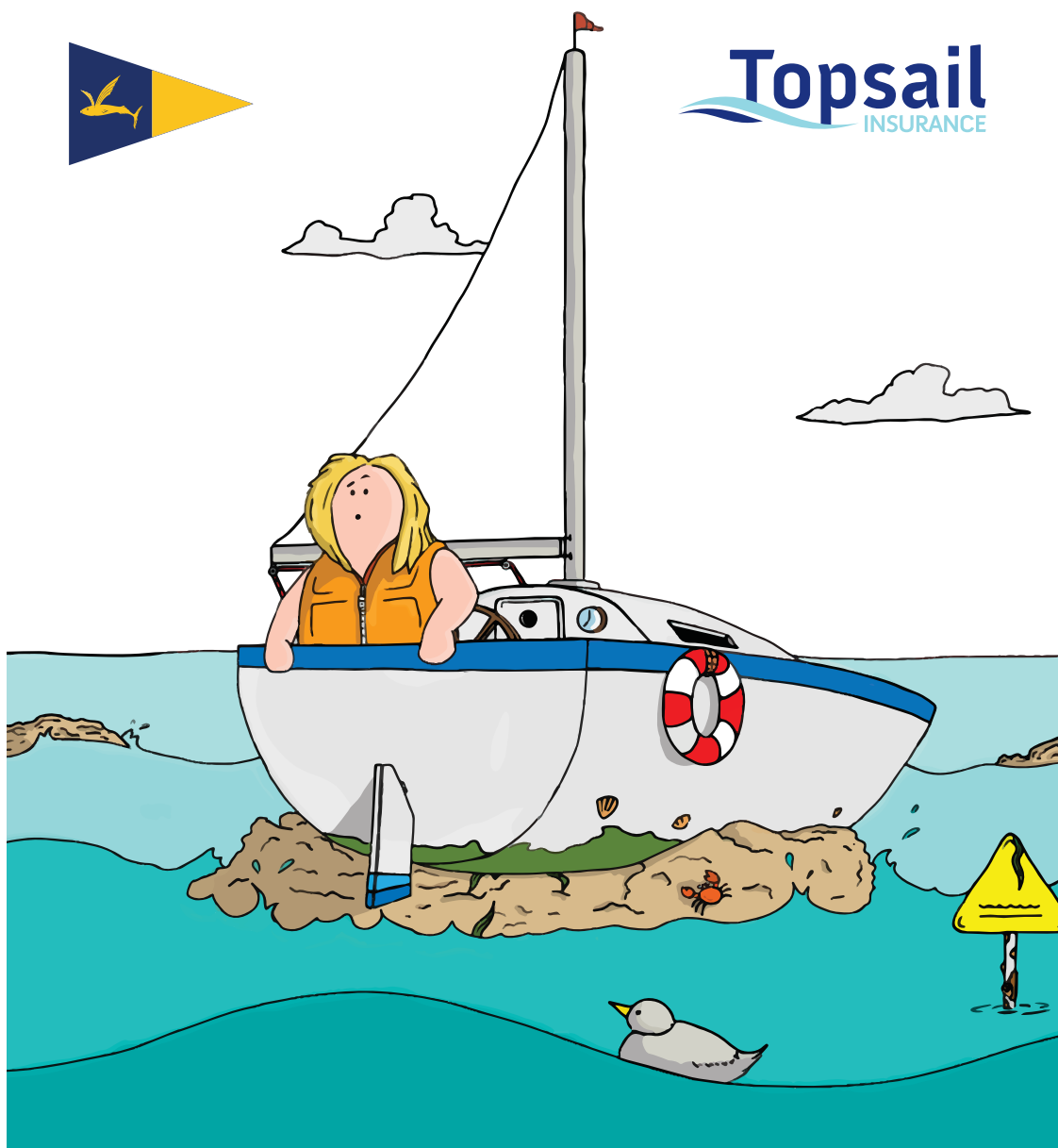
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