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Racing
With the
Wind

Ka'Sala Down East

Mmm... Mangoes

Up a Lazy River the Sacramento



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Currents is the monthly newsletter of the **Bluewater Cruising** Association (BCA),

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September to June. BCA is a non-profit society, formed in 1978, to foster an active interest in offshore sailing. Its membership is based mainly in British Columbia with headquarters in Vancouver and an active branch in Victoria. Membership is approximately 500, including at least 90 members who are cruising offshore at any given time. BCA is a member of the Council of B.C. Yacht Clubs, an Associate Partner of the Vancouver Maritime Museum and a supporter of the Marine Parks Forever Society and the Disabled Sailing Association.

2004 Fees for New Members with Canadian mailing addresses: Initiation fee \$100 plus annual dues \$95 = \$195.00. For non-Canadian mailing addresses: add \$20 for extra mailing; Initiation \$120 CDN plus annual dues \$115 CDN = \$235 CDN. Cheques payable to Bluewater Cruising Association. For more information contact the Membership Watchkeeper (above).

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BCA New Toll Free Phone Number*

1-877-214-4917

This is our MAIN phone/fax number and message box.

Our Administrator Liz is available LIVE on Monday nights between 6 and 9 p.m. to assist you.

Messages left at other times are checked regularly.

*toll-free anywhere in Canada and the United States.

Currents E-mail Photo Requirements Please note that these are ideal....

Candid Shots: Acceptable would be 150dpi at 100% of actual size. The preferred resolution would be 300dpi to give us the option to enlarge.

Cover Shots: Vertical format. The image area is 6"x10", 200-300dpi. Larger area is acceptable and will allow for cropping. Jpeg is the preferred format for all email photo submissions.



Cover

John Cuzner's *J'Sea* Gib'Sea 47, during the Atlantic Rally for Cruisers, May 2003.



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Editor's Desk

by Kathy Taylor

It was near dusk on Jedediah Island. An old horse named Will nickered softly in a distant gnarled orchard, and a flock of rangy matted sheep parted as we strode through the boggy field. A crumbling barn and the windowless remains of a weatherbeaten house stood in the grassy clearing.

A few windstripped rhododendrons, hinting at garden luxuries of the past, lined the path that led to the rocky point overlooking the pool fringed beach, and beyond, to the forested hills of Lasqueti. On top of this stony shouldered point is a plaque inscribed with a dedication to Dan Culver.

In 1993 Dan was the first Canadian to summit K2. His team used no oxygen and he carried with him, to plant at the top of the world, a Canadian flag, and a pennant in honor of the Tatshenshini and another for Clayoquot Sound. For Dan there were no boundaries

between work and play, or between the wild rivers of British Columbia and the craggy peaks of Nepal. Dan did not survive the descent, but his spirit lives on this beautiful island.

When Jedediah's peaceful profile on our Pacific coast was threatened by development plans, Dan Culver's family and the Foundation established in his name galvanized a last minute, grass roots fund-raising effort that saw the creation of Jedediah Island Marine Provincial Park.

A year ago I read these words on that plaque on Jedediah Island. I scribbled them on the back of a grocery receipt that I found in my pocket and when I went home a few days later I made a little poster and stuck it on my fridge. These words became my mantra. I moved a few months ago and the poster didn't make it onto my new fridge, but I found it tucked away in a file a few days ago and thought I would share it with you.

These are big words. Dreams. Boldness. Magic. Genius. Notice that there is no "but" in these words. These are the words

of people who live in the first half of the sentence, "I want to..., I would really love to...,I can....". No buts - no second half. These are the words you hear when you listen to your own pulse.

In this month's Currents, there are stories by, and about,

the first half of the sentence. In our feature on racing we explore the idea that racing is good for you as a sailor. Going fast is safety; going fast is challenge; going fast is learning; going fast just for the hell of it is fun.

We meet John Cuzner, who is the epitome of boldness. Within a six-month time period in early 2003 he purchased *J'Sea*, readied her for a race, and skippered her to a fourth place finish in the longest leg of ARC Europe. Oh, and he learned how to sail at the same time.

Spending time in a small boat on a large ocean is a time perfect for giving hidden

dreams flight. In the stillness of a calm anchorage or in the wild scream of the wind it is possible to hear your own pulse, an idea that Cress Walker explores in his sailing conversations.

Let's not forget magic, because that is what Lex and *Rosebud* have. She puts up with him spurring her around the track, and he loves her for it. The race is incidental.

Genius? Well, the division of responsibilities between Cam and Marianne McLean, our profiled volunteers this month, on their Seabird 37, *Mayknot* is brilliant, and it's worked for 35 years!

And where am I a year later? Most mornings I spend writing in my new home near False Creek, and on these sunny spring afternoons you can often find me on English Bay with my dog buddy Dixie in Cooper's Hunter 25 *Hot Pursuit*, one hand on the tiller, the other on my pulse.

"Begin it now."



"Whatever you can do or dream you can, begin it, Boldness has genius, power and magic in it, Begin it now." — Goethe

CURRENT EVENTS

Vancouver Club Night Tuesday, May 11, 2004 – 1930 HRS

Scottish Cultural Centre, 8886 Hudson Street, Vancouver

You Can Do It Too!

Long time BCA cruising Couple Stan and Emily Walter, *Hyack Wind*, Maple Leaf 42 Cutter, share secrets of their successful 13-year cruising life. They talk about "NOT waiting to retire to go", shipping their boat, crossing the Atlantic twice, cruising the Med and Baltic, and having the best of both worlds – cruising offshore and keeping a condo in Canada.

Vancouver Island Club Night Tuesday, May 18th, 2004

1900 HRS Doors Open 1900 HRS, Talk Begins 1930 HRS

Sidney-North Saanich Yacht Club Speaker: TBA

Calgary Club Nights resume in September



There's a racing theme for this month's issue, and I begin with a mea cupla.

Going into the last race of the VRC Polar Bear series – Battleship Division, things were very close, with three boats in contention for the overall win. I am chagrined to report that yours truly screwed up the first critical spinnaker set by running the sheets incorrectly – and then compounded the mess by twisting the chute around the rolled up genoa. By the time we got it sorted out, we were about a week behind, and we finished the race almost last, and the series in third overall. However, there is a bright spot. The two boats in front or us (*Brer Terrapin* and *Southwind III*) are also BCA boats, and Terry from *Southwind* (who makes us even more irritated by winning while singlehanding), is heading south this year. We also have learned that our guesstimate handicap was too low, and now that we have been officially measured, we are acknowledged to be slower than previously thought. So we're feeling pretty good about prospects for next winter.

But in the depths of our depression after that last race, possibly fueled by certain beverages, it was decided that the only way to restore our wounded pride was to enter the Southern Straits Race over Easter.

And then the fun began. We measured sails, rig, and all kinds of stuff to get an official PHRF handicap. I overcame my fear of the tidal grid, and Norm from West By North showed up to install the new folding prop. It didn't fit. The space between the strut and skeg was too small. Redesigning the strut would only move the prop closer to the hull, causing cavitation. Big sigh – I ordered a Campbell Sailor, and plan to haul out again next week. The race has certain safety requirements – all pretty routine stuff for an offshore boat, but we had to check the list twice and tweak a few little things, which was a good exercise.

By the time you read this, the race will be long over. At the moment we're pretty pumped, as this type of event is an excellent shakedown for long term cruising. We've reviewed all our safety stuff. We have contingency plans for certain breakdowns. We're going to sail 75 miles in whatever the weather gods throw at us, and we'll practice night navigation and watch keeping. We have an amicable and experienced crew (all but the boat designer are BCA members), and we know *Rosebud* is sturdy if not speedy.

BCA's mandate is to foster seamanship, and I can think of no better way than this type of practice exercise.

I'd like to get some feedback on the idea of an organized passage, within the Strait of Georgia, in November or February. Perhaps a 3 point, start at any one, sailing course – Pt Grey QA, Snake Island and Patos Island, that we could travel at the same time, monitoring a common VHF channel, and stretching our comfort zones together. Long enough to be a test, safe enough to be non threatening, and representative of what we may find out there.

If this sounds like a good idea, please call me.

It's good to leave the dock.



Rendezvous Dates for 2004

Victoria Day Weekend Rendezvous - May 22, 23, 24. Winter Cove, Saturna Island, hosted by BCA Vancouver Island chapter. They have arranged winery tours. Look for *Inceptus* in the anchorage on Saturday afternoon, and Chris and Jacquie will provide instructions.

Race Week July 25 - July 31, a planned circumnavigation of Texada Island. Tentative stops include Secret Cove, Pender Harbour, Buccaneer Bay, Tribune Bay, Jedediah, and are subject to weather and whims of the organizers. Skipper's meeting 24th July, 7 p.m. Dinghy Dock Pub, Newcastle Island. Call Lex for further info. We are looking for a Nordhaven 62 to act as support vessel / party boat. Yeah, right......

August Long Weekend, Farewell to the Fleet, July 31- Aug 2. Look for *Rosebud* in the anchorage Saturday afternoon, and Lex and Tina will provide instructions. It will be the usual drill – cocktails Saturday 4'ish, roll call Sunday 9 am, breakfast at 10 am on Newcastle, foolish games in the afternoon, potluck dinner at 6 pm, followed by the Fleet farewells and tall tales.

Thanksgiving Rendezvous - October 10, 11, 12, Thetis Island Marina. The Calgary chapter hosts and provides two primary motivators - a keg of beer and a warm room. Bring your cowboy hat.



BCA's Volunteer of the Vonth

Names: Cam and Marianne McLean

Joined: 1987. They joined Bluewater in 1987 but their cruising life had begun in the late 60's with the purchase of *Iace Da*, a converted 26-foot fish boat, for the princely sum of \$500. They learned many things from her, faced constantly with mechanical challenges and her desire to sink, but most importantly they learned how to turn disaster to adventure.

Chapter: Vancouver

Boat: Their current boat, *Mayknot*, is a Seabird 37 sloop moored at Bargain Harbour. They bought her simply because they fell in love... and their grandchildren having now grown to adulthood are accompanied by spouses and require a stateroom to themselves. Their boat choices have been influenced by their love of family and the desire to share the cruising life with them. The previous boat, *Sandy Mac*, a CT 41 was purchased not only for her classic beauty but also because she had a cozy fo'c'sle, just right for the grandchildren. Cam and Marianne's determination to own a sailboat came during their tenure with a second motor vessel, a Seamark 35. They recognized their most enjoyable times were found drifting in the Strait with the engine silenced once again!

Reason Joined: They joined BCA really through happenstance. A neighbor, upon learning of their purchase of *Sandy Mac* queried, "When did they plan to take her offshore?" He had just returned from single-handing his own CT 41 to Hawaii. The idea like a small seed took root and grew with a life of its own. For Cam it was all about crossing oceans. After ten years of sailing the coast from the Charlottes, around Vancouver Island, to Alaska, both inside and out... it was simply time. For Marianne it was the dream of cruising in Mexico. Happily for both they each found that they enjoyed the other part more than they thought they would. Marianne gained confidence on passages to Mexico, Hawaii and home while Cam was surprised to learn that he liked Mexico!

Positions Held: Fleet since 2000.

Favorite BCA Experience: For Cam and Marianne the shepherding of the Fleet is obviously a labour of love. Each year they become guardians of the dreams brought to them by the boats and their crew. They see their task not so much to teach as to guide because they know that the journey belongs to the dreamers. They provide a forum for the knowledge that the dreamers seek as they endeavor to shape their dreams into reality. For them the Farewell to the Fleet Rendezvous is always special and Cam usually shares some poetic words with us as he recalls nights at sea with the stars scattered across the sky from horizon to horizon.

Favorite Cruising Experience or Destination: Having crossed oceans Cam and Marianne concur with many returning BC sailors. Their favorite cruising grounds are right here. They love coastal cruising and find that our waters offer a lifetime of exploration with always another inlet to discover.

Future Plans: Another trip to Alaska is always in the plans though like many sailors they don't like to say they are going somewhere specifically. This summer they will most likely head for Alaska as they are looking forward to testing the comfort of *Mayknot's* covered centre cockpit on the trip north. Marianne says if you see them at the Rendezvous in Winter Cove they are most likely on their way.

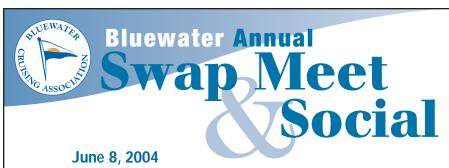
Attitudes & Platitudes: "Perhaps one of the major things that has made our 35 years of cruising successful and enjoyable is our philosophy of cruising. Our boat is our home and we are as happy on board as we are anywhere. We have developed processes that make traveling together easier and stress-free. We have a clear division of responsibility. Cam is the captain and Marianne is the owner. Immediate decisions are made by the captain but longer-term plans are made with consultation between owner and captain. While underway, if anything goes wrong, it is the captain's fault. If the crew makes a mistake, they were not properly instructed. This takes all the argument and recrimination out of mishaps."

The Fleet of 2004

The Vancouver Fleet of 2004 met on April 27th, then again in early May to deal with the important topic of Safety at Sea. At the first meeting, after viewing a rather disturbing video of a sailing vessel capsizing in huge seas, they discussed an outline for a safety procedures manual. This manual listed conditions encountered at sea such as increasing winds or approaching vessels, and possible emergencies that might occur. Each crew was prompted to take the outline home, discuss it, and wherever possible decide what to do in each situation. When they had made their decisions they were encouraged to write them down.

A panel of doners at the second meeting provided us with the opportunity to assess our decisions by telling us what successful actions they had taken in situations similar to those described in the manual.

Cameron and Marianne McLean



Scottish Cultural Centre, 8886 Hudson St.

Doors open @ 5:00 for Vendor Set Up Free Admission Tables available on a First come - First serve Basis Bosun's Table

- **Ů** DIG DEEP INTO YOUR LOCKERS AND LAZARETTES **Ů**
- $\roldsymbol{\mathring{\bot}}$ your marine junk is treasure in someone else's chest $\roldsymbol{\mathring{\bot}}$
 - Ů USED STUFF, OLD STUFF, NEW STUFF 🕹
 - 🐧 IT'S ALL GREAT STUFF 🗘
 - **YOU NEEDED IT ONCE,**

LET SOMEONE ELSE ENJOY IT FOR A WHILE 🕹

Enjoy our Wine and Cheese Social

SWAP STORIES • TELL A FEW LIES

For further details you can bother Malcolm Wilkinson @ 604-224-7444 or Don Brown @ 604-538-3518

Calendar of Events

MAY

- 1 Education Vancouver
- 2 Education Vancouver
- 3 Watch Meeting Vancouver
- 11 Club Night Vancouver
- **15** Education Vancouver
- 18 Club Night Vancouver Island
- 22, 23, 24
 Rendezvous Winter Cove

JUNE 2004

- 1 Watch Meeting Vancouver
- 8 BCA Swap Meet
- 15 Club Night Vancouver Island

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Fostering seamanship
& friendship for
people with an active
interest in offshore
cruising

By Kathy Taylor

A veteran of local racing, long-time BCA member Malcolm Wilkinson promotes racing as a foundation for cruising. He says that you "sail in all kinds of conditions and spend more time making the boat go fast. The learning curve is exponential — so different from cruising. Making sail changes quickly" is a valuable skill for all sailors.

The Vancouver Rowing Club hosts a summer and winter series. (Lex and the crew on *Rosebud* had

their trials and tribulations in the Battleship Division this past winter) Royal Vancouver Yacht Club hosts a Wednesday Evening Series that has traditionally been the most high - pressured of local racing series with the most competitive boats and crews. A little more relaxed is the Stamps Landing Yacht Club which hosts a Thursday night series. Just want to crew? Show up on one the race evenings at any of the sponsors and you will probably find a spot on a boat, but it is advisable to call ahead to see what local rules are. The most comprehensive source for information on local racing is the Vancouver Area Racing Council www.varc.bc.ca.

Some of the higher profile races on this coast are the Southern Straits, the Swiftsure International Yacht Race and the 4-year-old Van Isle 360. By the time you read this, Southern Straits will be over (April 5th) and hopefully we'll read all about *Rosebud's* performance in *June Currents*.

This year's Swiftsure International Yacht Race, the Vic-Maui, and the Van Isle 360 runs May 29-31st, and is dedicated to the memory of Kelly O'Neill Henson, the Seattle–based sailor and photographer who passed away in March (*Passages – April Currents*). Their official website is **www.swiftsure.org**.

Some boats are meant to go fast and so are some sailors. They are often lean, mean, racing machines, with intense, dedicated, muscular crew. But all boats can be encouraged to sail their best, even the comfortable cruisers with their comfortable crew.

The Cadillac Van Isle 360 International Yacht Race is a 580 nm., ten-leg, point to point (Nanaimo) race around Vancouver Island. Contact them at **www.vanisle360.com.** The Vic-Maui has been described as one of the best amateur events in the Pacific". Its Victoria start is June 23, 2004. **www.vicmaui.org**

Heading south, cruisers gather in San Diego each year near the end of October to make the offshore run for Cabo San Lucas

under the organized umbrella of the Baja HaHa. (See *Forever and Ever's* letter in *March Currents*.) The 2004 event will be announced May 1 in the Sightings section of Latitude 38 (with full details on obtaining an entry packet). The web address for this cruiser's rally is **http://www.baja-haha.com**.

On the other side of the continent, the Atlantic Rally for Cruisers Europe gathers boats from Florida and the Caribbean in Bermuda before the hurricane season for the crossing to Europe. Their website is http://arceurope.worldcruising.com. This rally is the subject of our feature story in this month's *Currents*.

At a BCA Club Night last autumn, Les Erskine and I were approached by a member who wanted his boat position updated in Currently Cruising. He offhandedly mentioned something about a rally, and doing well, and an inexperienced crew. A month later, when he was presented his offshore award by Perry, he hinted at a story that was bold, funny, and exciting. John Cuzner only joined BCA in March of last year. By June he had placed fourth in the 2nd leg of the Atlantic Rally for Cruisers Europe.

Here is the story of J'Sea and her skipper.

John (J.C.) Cuzner

The Boat

There were 8 Gib'Sea 47's listed for sale on Yacht World.com in November 2002, lying in harbours all over the world. John's boat was in Tortola, having been bought out of charter where it had been gently used for a season, subsequently cruised for a season, and then moored for a season after the new owner perished in a tragic car accident. The boat's price was so reasonable that John wondered what was wrong with her. He asked his broker to find out. The answer was "nothing", but it was estimated that about \$3000.00 would have to be spent to clean her up. "Make 'em an offer", John said. "10,000.00 below asking, and assurance that everything is just as stated. And here are the conditions: I don't want just one survey, I want three; my financing has to be approved; and I will come down and live on it for a week, to see if I'm happy."

A lively steel band played nightly at Bomba's Shack, a BVI institution, not a hundred feet away from *J'Sea's* mooring, where John, a notoriously light sleeper, had his berth. It was then that he says that he had "found my place. I slept like a baby." *J'Sea* was to be his.

J'Sea surveyed well – the rigging was A-1, there was no osmosis, the mechanical was okay, but the hull had some gelcoat touch ups that didn't match the original colour. Neil Bayles, well-known Nova Scotia rigger with a business in the islands said that only the boom gooseneck had to be replaced. And the autopilot didn't work. John rewrote the

I'Seathe little boat that could

The Man

He exudes health, intelligence and enthusiasm. John Cuzner lives life large and always goes for the gusto. In late 2002, after battling a 3 year misdiagnosed chest infection contracted on a trip to Europe, he made a "now or never" decision. He was 61. He didn't sail. He didn't have a boat. But he was ready for adventure. Six months later, he, his boat, and his crew came fourth in the 2003 Atlantic Rally for Cruisers.

He didn't arrive in the Caribbean with a big bag of American dollars, select the swiftest boat in the islands and crew her with veteran winners. No, this is a story about the little boat that could.



J'Sea 400 n.m. from Horta.

offer, dropping the price and stipulating the repair of the autopilot. Sadly, the offer was rejected, so he came home to Vancouver where he felt he could negotiate unemotionally. Two weeks went by.

The phone rang. The broker was as surprised as John. The offer was accepted, and *J'Sea* was his. But he really didn't want to cruise the Caribbean, he wanted to cruise Europe. How could he get her there? A quote for shipping *J'Sea* to Sardinia came in at \$17,000.00. "Too much money, not enough adventure", he thought. A search on the internet provided him with another possibility: the Atlantic Rally for Cruisers. He now had the way, and only needed the means.



J'Sea's Crew: Dennis Adams, John Cuzner, Robert Hoogveld , Sean McGrath. Missing: Peter Sholz (Bermuda), Robert Graf (Atlantic)

The Crew

So John entered the Atlantic Rally for Cruisers Europe 2003. He had the boat. And now he needed a crew. Whereas traditionally the skipper of the boat is the person with the most experience and sea time, John had neither. His motto was "I sign the cheques, I call the shots". He applied a business management model to crew selection, and signed on a group of specialists, a team of "go-to guys". Except in this case the "go-to guys" (with one limited exception) didn't have any offshore experience either. The other thing they had in common was that they were all "Type A" personalities, or, as the skipper, (loaded with "A" himself) calls it - "Triple A".

First in was John's long time friend Dennis "Denny" Adams, who ran a 125' luxury charter yacht up and down the British Columbia Coast for years. He became the ship's engineer, weather expert and safety officer.

The Race

Based on the popular rally format of the Atlantic Rally for Cruisers (ARC), the ARC Europe, in association with Yachting World and Blue Water Sailing, is a cruising rally crossing the Atlantic from West to East at the end of the

Caribbean season. ARC Europe attracts

entries from ARC boats returning to Europe, as well as boats from the American eastern seaboard wanting to cross the Atlantic in an organized rally to visit Europe and the Mediterranean.

Yachting World ARC Europe has two main starts: a Caribbean start from Antigua in May and an American start from St. Augustine Florida, on the same date in May. The two fleets join together at the mid-Atlantic island of Bermuda and continue their crossing to Horta on the island of Faial in the Azores. A guided cruise is organized for those wishing to explore these picturesque Portuguese islands. The final leg goes from Ponta Delgada on the island of São Miguel, to finish at Lagos in southern Portugal, and in Plymouth, England.

ARC Europe is open to cruising monohulls with a minimum length of 27 ft (8.23m) and cruising catamarans from 27 to 60 ft (8.23m - 18.29m) LOA. As a fun cruising rally, yachts are not restricted in use of their



engines and can motor in calm periods.

Crossing from West to East has always been considered an "up-hill" sail. World Cruising Club organizes a daily weather forecast for the route of the rally, helping crews to make the right routing decisions. The weather forecast is distributed to the

boats via e-mail and via the SSB radio net.

A comprehensive list of safety equipment requirements is included in the rally conditions of entry, and as an easy to follow checklist in the rally entry pack. The major items include: a liferaft; flare pack; radar reflector; and a 406 MHz, or Inmarsat E type, satellite EPIRB [distress beacon].

During the rally a position reporting radio net is run using SSB HF radio. Positions for the fleet are then sent directly to our website using Inmarsat. Boats with suitable equipment can also report their own positions directly to the website using e-mail, Inmarsat C or Inmarsat D+.

Crossing times obviously vary with the weather conditions experienced, and the type of boat. However, most yachts complete the 1800 nautical miles from Bermuda to Horta in 13 to 16 days.

The Fleet

Boat Name	Boat Type	LOA	Owner/Skipper Nat.	
Dosaba	Comfortina 42	12.86	Valentin Weber GER	
Eljay	Island Packet 350	11.24	Jason Bath GBR	
Favino	Beneteau Oceanis 411	12.00	Sophie Villadier FRA	
Fidgets Five	Contessa 32	9.75	Charles Durham GBR	
Giksi Blue	EB 51	15.41	Franco Nanni ITA	
Hi-Fi	X-73	22.43	Preben Jacobsen DEN	
J'Sea	Gib'Sea 472	13.80	John Cuzner CAN	
Katana	Rothmann	13.00	Paul Steffens GER	
L'ame Libre	Hylas 54	16.20	Jerry & Nancy Kirschner USA	
Noa 1	Hunter 436	13.72	Arie Cederbaum USA	
Parcival	Hutting 40HK	12.20	Ad Hooimeijer NED	
Southern Cross	Malø 45	13.72	David Bampton GBR	
Whisper	Metre	12.49	Barry Miller GBR	
Xtra Fun	X-362	10.73	Horst Figge-Jaenke GER	

Next was Sean McGrath, a successful stock trader with lots of local racing experience as a sail trimmer. He was the "get 'em up, get 'em down guy", in charge of all matters to do with sails.

A successful Calgary businessman, Robert "Hogie" Hoogveld, with years of Caribbean chartering behind him, was in charge of provisioning, and along with Denny, produced gourmet meals throughout the rally. His challenging, probing, ascerbic personality was also the source of more than just a little indigestion.

Peter Sholz, with years of sailing under his belt, was the navigator. He both meticulously plotted *J'Sea's* course and tutored John (a notable quick study) and the others in navigation. His students improved to the point that when Peter had to leave the boat in Bermuda, not completing the next leg, they were able to navigate, interpret weather and plot a course that had them in contention for top finish. His overall experience and seamanship also made him the

"go-to when the sh## hits the fan guy" on the BVI to Antigua to Bermuda legs of the trip.

One of Robert Graf's goals in life is to spend 100 days at sea by himself. It was a strange twist that found this Vancouver businessman at sea for 14 days with 4 other Triple Atypes. Robert boarded *J'Sea* in Bermuda armed with a book of Mensa puzzles and problems for offwatch recreation. An accomplished diver with some offshore experience, and a staggering success rate for achieving every goal he ever set for himself both personally and in business, Robert was the "go-to when the sh## hits the fan guy", from Bermuda to Portugal.

BVI to Antigua

The crew arrived in Tortola, BVI, with typical offshore luggage -each man carried a sailing duffel stuffed with personal belongings, and each one had another stuffed with parts, or the portable Honda generator, or J'Sea's new spinnaker or the spanking new gennaker. John had just spent 6 weeks hauled out in a yard in Tortola, grinding out the mismatched gelcoat, and restoring I'Sea's gleaming hull in the Caribbean sunshine. He also spent those six weeks driving everyone from the Dufour (they had acquired Gib'Sea) factory in Europe to the workers in the boat yard crazy with his desire to learn everything



J'Sea in Bermuda, Ready for Leg Two



On the Edge of the Gulfstream, "freezing our butts off in May".

there is to know about fibreglass, diesels, rigging and electronics. But no one told him how to test the autopilot with the boat out of the water. The crew meets and greets, and they begin to settle into their roles on the boat as delegated by John.

One of the requirements of entry to the Atlantic Rally for Cruisers is to have at least 250 miles of offshore experience. Just a technicality. Since Antigua was the start, and the boat was in BVI, John directed Peter Sholz to "go the long way around", so they could track the required mileage. *I'Sea* leaves Tortola.

A power boater for years, the skipper awakened the first night out "airborne in my cabin". *J'Sea* had been hit by the first storm of many more to come, and the knotmeter was reading 10.5. "What are you trying to do? Break my @#\$% boat?" John yelled above the noise of the wind and the waves. Peter and Sean who were at the helm, reassured him and the crew, "Don't worry John, the boat will take it. It's okay, boys, this is what sailing is all about!"

Leg One

Safe and happy in Antigua, the crew worked on the boat and John was immersed in the world of skipper's meetings and rally preparation. The ARC organizers get full marks from John who said that they provided great support and were "always there." Autopilot parts were flown in to no avail...they were the wrong parts. Time was not on their side. The race was about to begin.

The night before the start, J'Sea watched as the other boats jockeyed for position at the fuel dock. They continued to tweak the boat and decided to fuel up in the morning. What they missed was the spreading rumor that the fuel barge might be shut down the next day because of a strike. It was no rumor. As the fleet crossed the start line J'Sea was still scrounging for fuel. They weren't the only ones. Lame Libre and Whisper were also caught short.

J'Sea was second last to leave Jolly Harbour, Antigua.

By mid-day *J'Sea* was positioned in the middle of the fleet, watches were established according to each person's body clock, and Denny was trailing a line. As they were about to pass yet another racer as they advanced in the fleet, Denny got a hit on his line.

The skipper pointed her into the wind, dropped the sails, and set a precedent, "On this boat, fish come first!...millions of dollars worth of yachts go by....."

It wasn't long before each nightly net check in began with not only, "J'Sea, what is your position?" as with all the other boats. The ARC organizers soon realized that this excharterboat with its crew of greenhorns would always provide something a little unusual to the usual lat/long position. "Okay, J'Sea, what happened today?" And John would report landing a 25 lb tuna, or a near knockdown, or that evening's 4 course gourmet menu. There was always something.

Soon, they would really give them something to talk about.

Peter set the course and being the "go-to navigation guy", stressed the need to stay on that course, even if it was a beat. After a few days of this, on a late watch, two of the crew challenged this edict, and headed her northwest for what was the hottest sail of the race so far. Or, as one of the wives, who was watching the boat's tracks on the web later asked, "Honey, why did you turn left when everyone else kept going straight?"

By the time the watch changed, it was too late. *J'Sea's* splendid reach put her within the influence of the unforgiving current of the Gulfstream, and they were forced to motor the next 25-30 hours to put her back into the rally. In ARC, motoring is allowed, but the penalty on this leg was an hour correction in time for each hour the motor ran. In the next leg from Bermuda to Portugal, the penalty increased to 11/2 hours of correction per motoring hour.

J'Sea was second last in the race on arrival in Bermuda.

Bermuda

According to the skipper, they were the only boat whose crew all GAINED weight crossing the Atlantic. Of the five men aboard, he says that two of them lived to eat and the other three ate to live; it most certainly was not a beans on toast boat – it cost \$1700.00 to feed the crew from Bermuda to Horta. Even so, there was always a daily catch on the menu; *J'Sea* became affectionately referred to as the fleet's "fish magnet, not the chick magnet."

The crew's fatigue and inexperience allowed anxieties to surface and tensions to mount. The rigging was re-inspected to satisfy some of the crew's apprehensions. One of the team went home to Canada. Three days out of Bermuda, when the fresh water pump was only delivering air, another crew member had a melt down, despite a forepeak packed with 400 litres of fresh bottled water. (Subsequently the problem with the pump was diagnosed and repaired and I'Sea's 800 litres of water was available.) The boat's email system had glitches -lining up at internet cafes to access email wasn't standard or comfortable business practice for these Triple – A's.

More parts were shipped in for the autopilot. *J'Sea* had been hand steered for eight days. It turned out that she would be hand-steered for another fourteen. John said he knew that despite all his best efforts they were in trouble when he saw the repair technician reading the instruction manual.

Leg Two

John and the crew tacked across the back of the fleet waiting for the start of Leg Two. St. George's keyhole basin was awash as the fleet maneuvered competitively to be first across its Advice
to the
Boatborne

How to get an official PHRF Handicap

When racing, BC Sailing, the governing body for sailing in BC, uses a handicap system called PHRF that measures various things on your boat and determines a handicap. It is based on your boat's physical characteristics, not your competence as a racer (unlike golf).

This handicap is expressed in seconds per mile, and allows fast and slow boats to compete on a reasonably level playing field. Some will perform consistently better in light winds, some in heavy air, but overall everyone should be equally unhappy with their rating.

So for example, Rosebud, handicap 260, has to finish the Southern Straits Race, 75 miles, within 106.25 minutes (260 minus 175 times 75) of Brer Terrapin, handicap 175, to beat her. And if the wind blows and Liz isn't sent overboard to remove the buckets we tied on their keel, we should be in good shape.

The process is to find a buddy with a long measuring tape and measure your rig, and sails, and lay out and measure how fat your spinnaker is. BC Sailing can tell you exactly what to measure. It takes about an hour. You take this scribbled drawing to Steve Tupper at BC Sailing (#304, 1367 West Broadway, phone 604-737-3128) and he will patiently enter these numbers into the magic computer. He'll also ask about the type of prop you have, pole or not, and a few other harmless questions, and then upon your production of \$35, will print you off a PHRF certificate.

And then you're legal. You'll get to pick a sail number, and call a sailmaker who will cut them out of sticky backed dacron and you can peel and stick them in the prescribed place on your sail.

And then everybody knows who the slow, egg shaped boat with the barbeque and outboard on the rail is.

Lex

narrow entrance. In a crew meeting the night before, *J'Sea's* skipper and crew had decided that due to their inexperience, caution would be the word for the day. But moments before the blast, Hogie spun the wheel over hard and suddenly *J'Sea* was in the melee at the line, jostling with the 71 foot *Hi Fi* for honours, just nearly

missing the other front line boats. Triple-A!!!

At the end of Day One, *J'Sea* was second only to *Giski Blue*, the Italian boat with the largest crew – owner Franco, his friends and their wives. It was legendary for its speed and its

"Italian training diet – pizza and pasta." As well, *Giski Blue* had reported the second fastest time in the ARC Africa to Caribbean leg, second only to a large catamaran in a fleet of 250 boats. The ex-charter boat crewed by greenhorns was holding its own – only 1600 or so miles to go.

Before leaving Canada, John had purchased piloting charts and studied and studied. He decided to aim *J'Sea* NE, pointing higher than most of the fleet, which turned out to "be a good

tactical move for us. It certainly augmented our zigzagging pattern across the Atlantic." After the nightly nets, he questioned some of the other boat's positions, guessing that some boats were indulging in "imprecise reporting" in an effort to guard their real positions. John decided not to play that game, but his course was so far north that the rest of the fleet questioned it. *Katana*, his German nemesis, kept asking "Why you go so far North?"

John's favorite time of day is early morning, so he always gave himself the earliest watch. One gray dawn, he watched a hazy line of



Triple AAA!!!

clouds bank close to the water to the east. Strategically, he had allocated the crew's bunks according to "go to" immediacy, and Denny's berth was under the cockpit on the starboard side. A few thumps on the cockpit floor and Denny appeared. "What the hell is that?" asked John. "Sea mist", replied Denny. "Don't worry about it." He returned to his bunk, and John turned to trim a sail. When he turned back, the wall of "sea mist" had surrounded J'Sea and in an instant the boat was pushed over so hard he was fighting to keep her from capsizing. He didn't have to thump all hands had been dumped out of their bunks. It was a tense ten

minutes as they struggled to reef the sails. What looked like British Columbia sea mist was an intense Atlantic squall. It was another lesson and they weren't fooled again.

J'Sea and her crew fell into the rhythm of a long passage: standing watches, making meals, fishing each morning, and monitoring the rest of the fleet. John mostly kept an eye on *Dosaba* and *Giski Blue*. One was the most expensive boat in the rally and the other had the most experienced crew. One was the next smallest to J'Sea's

47' LOA and the other was the next biggest. John felt that if he stayed on pace with them, he would be fine.

Thirteen days after jousting with the fleet's longest and fastest boat at the start of Leg Two in Bermuda, J'Sea arrived in Horta, clocking only 32 hours of engine time as opposed to HiFi's 94 hours. Overall, some of the results were surprising due to the lower than expected engine hours by most of the fleet. John's instincts were proved accurate once more. Giski Blue was awarded the first place plaque for this, the longest leg of the rally. X-Tra Fun, the second smallest boat, posted an amazing time for its size, placing second. The heavy steel Katana, John's nemesis, came next. And then in fourth place was the excharter boat and its crew of greenhorn sailors, J'Sea.

Horta

How did it feel? For John, it was just another leg; it was great to be there; it was great to place fourth in this fleet of seasoned sailors and veteran boats. But he really wanted to be in Europe, and that was the ultimate goal.

J'Sea was one of six boats that took part in an organized tour of some of the Azorean islands. They visited Sao Jorge, Terceira and Sao



Miguel, where they soaked up local culture and wares, food and hospitality. They were feted by the brass of the bigger towns, explored natural volcanos, and participated in the Azorean version of "running with the bulls". The Tourada da Courda meaning "bullfight of the rope", takes place in the main square when a bull, tied to a rope, is chased by a man. Triple – A!!!

The next leg of the rally from Ponta Delgado to Lagos in Portugal is 850 miles. Due to her crew's business and family commitments, I'Sea left a day before the rest of the fleet; their racing days were over. But the sailing had just begun and the boat and her crew were about to prove their stuff. The first 12 hours of the passage they had no wind at all but they saw all forms of marine life – whales, turtles, and porpoises. After that, they were busy setting a new hull speed for I'Sea - 11.4 knots. The minimum speed they ran was 6.5 knots, with the average being 8 to 11 knots, constantly, night and day. John said of his crew, "they ran my boat so fast and so close to shore I was going crazy."

Lagos Portugal was where *J'Sea* and her ARC crew parted. And this is where John felt a real sense of accomplishment – they all did. It was an emotional time for all. But *J'Sea* still

wasn't where John wanted her to be – Marmaris, Turkey.

The "go-to" guys had all gone home. John, after over 4000 miles of sailing, was the only "go-to" guy that *J'Sea* had, and as it turned out, needed.

The Med

He started to assemble the Med crew, a multinational consortium compared to the crazy Canucks. Achim, a professional German sailor came off *Dosaba*. Nathan, an Australian power boat racer, was just learning to sail. Polish Bart had just worked for two years in a shipyard without ever going out on a boat, and Bryan, a Brit who just had "Basic Sailing", restored antique cars for a hobby.

The busy shipping lanes of the Med with its traffic of cruise ships and tankers and confusion of lights made this leg of the journey the most tense. It was also the passage with the widest range of weather and conditions. Southeast of Sicily there was hardly any wind. For 450 miles they sailed only in the early morning and late evening. Finally, they didn't sail at all, and motored for three days until they were close to Crete. Finally, low on fuel, they saw whitecaps in the distance and headed for the wind. They drove into the storm and were hit by "Force 6 winds and 8... 9...10 foot waves. It was the only time in the trip that we buried the toe rails."

From Crete it was only 1½days to Marmaris. The crew left and John spent a week alone on *J'Sea*, and she was just where he wanted her to be. Only now, for the first time in nearly 6,500 miles, there was "no money to spend, no crew to psychoanalyze, and no one to feed". He revelled in the privacy and security of his boat. It was just like that first week in Tortola. He had "found his place. I slept like a baby."

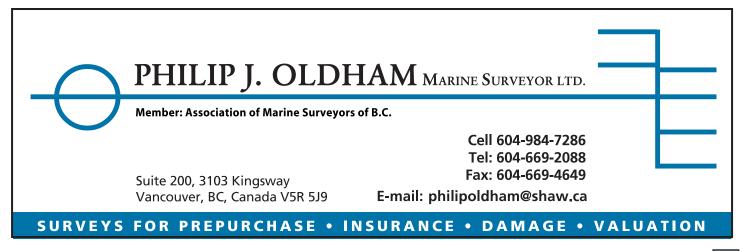
Black Sea Rally

When John left *J'Sea* in Marmaris, it was the end of one big adventure, and the beginning of another.

On his website, **www.jsea.ca**, John calls his style of cruising "adventure sailing." This season, the adventure is in the Black Sea.

J'Sea Charters is participating in the KAYRA Black Sea Yacht Rally, from July 1, 2004 to September 7, 2004. It consists of 2 legs: Istanbul, Turkey to Odessa, Ukraine on the first leg, and return on the second leg. In total, the fleet will visit about 33 ports in six countries, travelling about 1922 nautical miles in total with about 40 other yachts.

Crew positions are available. Triple-A's welcome to apply.



Education Education

Note: Dates, locations and prices subject to change Check website for most current information –www.bluewatercruising.org

ome join Portland-based author Jan Loomis for a funfilled, information-packed seminar on Medical Preparation for Cruising. Jan has been a member of Bluewater since 2000 and has recently returned from three years of cruising.

Her seminar will explore the following topics:

- Sea-going medical kits,
- General travel safety,
- Prescription drugs to carry aboard,
- Basic wound management,
- Prevention of illness and onboard injuries,
- Food and water safety (both onboard and on-shore),
- Insect-related problems
- Cultural sensitivity

This seminar will be especially helpful for those who are getting ready to go cruising. It will also be invaluable for those who day-sail, summer-vacation-sail or just travel outside the country.

Jan is a Registered Nurse and Paramedic for the State of Oregon. She holds a faculty appointment at Oregon Health and Science University and currently works in both the Emergency Department and the County Travel Medicine Clinic. Jan is a life-long sailor who has sailed the Tasman Sea, Caribbean, Pacific Northwest, Kingdom of Tonga, Australia and Mexico.

Jan's popular text, *The Healthy Cruiser's Handbook*, *Prevention and Treatment Medical Resource Guide* is a reference guide for medical treatment at sea as well as a guide to use for preparations for cruising.

Latitude 38 calls the HCH, "an excellent overview of what can happen, the basics of how to treat everything from broken bones to jellyfish stings and perhaps most importantly, tips on how to prevent bad stuff from

CONGRATULATIONS!

In six weeks ten people got their Basic Amateur Radio License and nine of those also got their Morse Code License. I think that's fairly impressive stats for the Education Watch.

Regards, Ron Woodward

happening in the first place." Bluewater Sailing Magazine says, "A succinct guide to the care of most common problems a cruiser will encounter, but probably at least as valuable are the appendices which list medicines to carry, websites for medical supplies and more detailed advice such as emergency procedures (posted bills), medical records and tables that take the guess-work out of treating your tank water." Her text will be the workbook for the course and is included in the course fee.

The seminar will be given May 15th, 0900-1400 at the Scottish Cultural Centre in Vancouver. Early registration is encouraged

Registration Process

- 1. Register by going to the Bluewater Cruising Association website, **www.bluewatercruising.org** and completing and forwarding the on-line Education Registration Form. If you don't have e-mail access, call and leave a message at for our Administrative Coordinator at (604) 696 1900. Include your name, the course name & start date and contact information (e-mail and/or phone #) so we can reach you should any details concerning the course change. Or on club nights <u>complete the Education Registration Form available</u> and pay at the Education Watch table.
- 2. Make cheques payable to the **Bluewater Cruising Association** and send to BCA's mailing address:

Bluewater Cruising Association 8886 Hudson Street Vancouver, BC V6P 4N2 ATTENTION: Treasurer

Please specify the course name and date to which the payment applies.

3. **Payment is required upon booking.** Payment must be received not later than 2 weeks prior to course start date in order to confirm your seat.

Upcoming courses:

Marine SSB

Starts May 3rd and runs Monday and Wednesday nights to May 12th. Assumes student does not have Ham License. (Cost: members \$75/non-members \$105)

Note: Registration cannot be guaranteed for requests received less than two weeks prior to start date.

• • •

Postcards from Offshore

Jaala

Barrie and Karen Philp

March 2004

La Paz

Hola amigos y familia,

his is just a brief note to lacksquare let you know our plans

have changed and we will be home sooner than we thought. Many of you already know this, and we apologize for the repetition. We sat for 3 weeks at Cabo Los Frailes, not always very comfortably, waiting for weather to bash our way north on the outside of the Baja. When it still looked like it could be a couple of more weeks, we really started questioning our will do make this trip. To make a boring long story short, we are now back in La Paz, waiting to ship the boat from here to Vancouver on the Dockwise Yacht Transport, float-on-float-off ship. The current ETA in La Paz is mid-April, which means that we will likely be back in Vancouver before May. We will unship the boat, haulout in Steveston to do the bottom, visit with friends and family, and then go cruising in B.C. for the summer. The boat is for sale, as you know, so we will not roam too far afield; but we will continue living on the boat until it sells, except for November to April or so. Our current plan is to winter (driving down) in the Oaxaca area this year, perhaps with some forays into Guatemala and Belize, and maybe go Down Under and/or to Southeast Asia the following year. Hope to see you when we get home.

Love, Barrie & Karen

Aeolus

BENETEAU 34

Malcolm and Jackie Holt This is a quick update to let March 2004

Tasmania

you know that we are alive and well... currently anchored in a place called "The

Duckpond". It's an all weather anchorage, very safe, very dark at night, and very quiet except for the bird songs. It's about 16 miles south of Hobart on an island off Tasmania proper, and we decided to stay here for a few days and get some routine jobs done in and on the boat.

Our new mainsail is ordered (our original 14-year-old died in the middle of Bass Strait in 35 knots of wind) and should be ready by the end of the month. After that we can consider cruising to a few more distant places in Tasmania it's just that with only the foresail, it's difficult at times to sail to wind, and we don't like to travel everywhere using the diesel engine. So we're taking it easy for now, and waiting for the right winds to drift the way we want to go.

Today we went for a long walk through bush. After talking with the farmer about using the paths on his land (he had "private" signs up) we enjoyed a six km. stroll through Eucalyptus woodland. We each saw a kangaroo different ones at different times. What a beautiful and different land this is! At times it looks like the gentle part of the Lake District in England - except for the Eucalyptus trees, of course. We picked mussels off the beach and Jackie just steamed them, and for dinner we're having breaded fillets of Flathead fish that I caught yesterday from the boat. If it sounds idyllic, I should add that it's a lot of work - not that we're complaining. It keeps us fit and active - especially when you add the rowing to shore and carrying the dinghy over the muddy beach to tie it to a tree. Somebody's got to do it!

From Life Rafts to Fire Safety We have it all –



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Before heading offshore, be safe and plot a course for **DBC.**

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We have decided to leave the boat in Tasmania and travel back to the mainland either by ship or plane - we have to talk to a travel agent when we return to Hobart. That way, we spend less on moorage, less on hauling her out of the water to do the bottom paint when we return, and it's safer. The only downside is the crossing of Bass Strait in October or November...not the best time to do it, but we can wait for the best weather window.

We're loving Tasmania. It's very friendly here, the scenery is beautiful and, despite our weather fears crossing Bass Strait the weather is very comfortable too. Once you're into the island complex there are lots of protected waters, and it's more like the coastal cruising that we knew in BC than any place we've been in the last six years.

Well, that's our update.

It seems strange for us to be in a cool climate at these southern latitudes (more than 43 south now)... heading

into autumn at a time when the northern hemisphere is heading into spring. We will be spending a continuous total of 18 months in spring and summer owing to our trip to the northern hemisphere this year. Our lows are down to 6C and the daytime highs get up to about 20C. From what we've been told it doesn't get much colder than this in the winter in Tasmania. Snow on the mountains, but none at sea level.

We look forward to seeing friends this summer. With best wishes.

Malcolm and Jackie Holt

Peregrinata HUNTINGTON 48 KETCH

Sonia Crawshaw March 2004 El Salvador

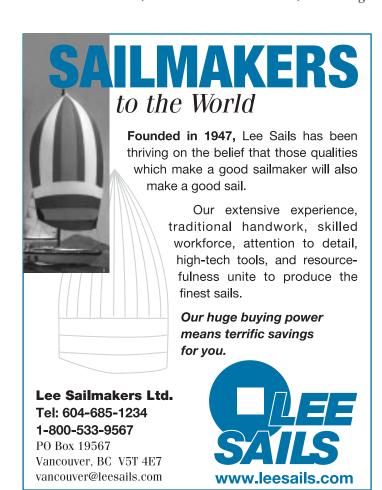
raala's account of the killer bees (Currents October 2003) was extraordinary and it was clearly etched in the forefront of my mind when the first light cloud of bees

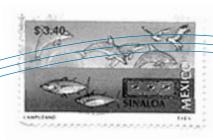
came to visit Peregrinata off the coast of El Salvador!

In late January/early Feb 2004, we sailed from Huatulco to Bahia del Sol, El Salvador. On our last day, 1 Feb, it was obvious that we were not going to arrive until after dark, so we decided to continue until sunset and anchor off the beach until morning. We had thoroughly enjoyed our four days at sea and all agreed that it could have lasted longer. Our landfall was daunting, however, as we were swarmed with bees as soon as we tried to drop the anchor off the beach in 33ft of water, 12 miles from the Bahia del Sol entrance!

We were swatting, trying to light coils and flailing our bodies more erratically than we had had for days! Persistent pests! Not at all intimidated by the big humans on Peregrinata, they tried landing on our hair, hands, helm, feet, eyes...hey, buzz off!!

While Scott was working the anchor, the bees began swarming in a large ball on the roller furling drum. He grabbed a bucket of sea water and tossed it over them, temporarily scattering bees. He did this a few times until they seemed defeated. If you can picture a family of four on deck doing the normal anchoring procedures and add the element of aggressive bees and the family doing the bee dance....that was us. Knowing bees are more or less inert after dusk, we decided to move a bit further down the coast to see if we could leave them BEEhind. We anchored again as the sun was setting and lowered the sides of the cockpit awning. The coils were already lit and we sprayed some bug





spray around the awning which seemed to keep them at bay. Ahhhh, our first sunset in El Salvador, gorgeous!

We had a lovely dinner in the cockpit with the occasional bee. After dinner, Scott and Alexandria played a game of Backgammon with the random (almost dead bee) landing on the game and still surprising the not-yet-desensitized Peregrins. We were a bit curious as to why the half dead bees (bug spray worked) were occasionally dropping from the area above the cockpit, but we were too tired to investigate.

It was pitch black when we decided to move the anchor light (which is normally set up in the cockpit) to the main boom topping lift. Scott was standing on the cockpit roof hanging the light, after which he leaned back against the mizzen sail cover and was stung. I quickly grabbed a flashlight and, to our horror, found we had **BEEn BEE**sieged! They had swarmed into a ball on top of the mizzen sailcover, thousands of them in one huge ball! They were very quiet, kind of like us as we gazed in amazement.

We called the girls to look at this spectacle after which they were asked to "batten down the hatches" **BEE**fore our plan of attack. I grabbed the can of Baygone, which I passed to Scott, who stepped out on deck and up onto the cockpit roof. Armed with the bug spray and a flashlight, he was ready. Scott sprayed the heck out of the sleeping mass until they began stirring. He then made a **BEE**line for the cabin. We closed the door and waited. The buzzing was resonant and intense - they were **BEE**side themselves; banging up against the windows, especially in the cockpit. Through the galley porthole we could see them dropping (like flies?).

We waited about two Backgammon games until we ventured out to scout the area. Checking to make sure the coast was clear, we opened the door and tentatively stepped out with dustpan and sweep in hand. The deck, roof and cockpit were **BEE**speckled and we swept our way through. The **BEE**lligerent **BEE**sties were no more.

END OF BEES PART ONE.

Three weeks later, we were still enjoying the beautiful sunshine and quiet anchorage of Bahia del Sol. One lazy afternoon, we noticed a few bees starting to hang around the boat. When we went on deck to swat them, more appeared! Other boats in the anchorage were having the same problem, so our worries of having a swarm up in our rigging specifically or on our boat were benign.

During the afternoon of the next day, we noticed they had decided to **BEE**gin swarming again, this time **BEE**ing friendly with the cone of the wind generator. Right, not a smart place to swarm but swarm, they seemed to do as we watched the ball size increase. It was not long before the wind picked up and the generator began turning. You guessed it, the **BEE**wildered bees did not care for the "Teacup" ride. The indignant bees swarmed angrily around the wind generator but not for long! The decks were once again **BEE**spectacled; however, only with the bee behinds! We did not find any of the front halves and guessed that they managed to fly away??? Scott figures they were probably faster since they were not dragging their butts. We haven't seen a bee since.

END OF **BEES** PART TWO.

Blue Heron 2000

NAUTILUS 40 SLOOP

Dennis and Sandra-Faye Nagy 27 March 2004

Going to Galapagos

We have been in Acapulco two weeks. It's been restful, as we've enjoyed the docking,

grounds and restaurant at the Yacht Club. We leave with happy thoughts of Acapulco. Memories include: the gaily painted busses - some with blaring music, others on death-defying speed trips across town. the air conditioned busses were a blessing as we came home loaded with groceries. the nightly serenading by the party boat that sailed around the bay each night.of course the cliff divers, and the fort.

For a while it looked like we may have to postpone our travels, but Sandra's stepfather's condition is stabilized and so we continue.

Today we are now out of the bay, on a direct 1,228 mile sail to the Galapagos. The forecast for the next 3 days is light winds but we are scooting along quite nicely at 6.4 knots, with 10-12 knots of wind, and the skipper is happy. Don, the weather guru has suggested it could be a 14 day trip but time will tell - we've got enough provisions for a siege!

We made the decision not to travel further down the coast line. Even though it would be nice to visit with friends and see more places, it adds considerably more mileage.

We'll check in to the Bluewater Cruisers Net as long as possible.

All the best to one and all. Shall be in touch again (some day).

17

Currently Cruising Holy Tasmania Australia

AEOLUS XC 98 Malcolm & Jacqueline Holt Tasmania, Australia
AKITSUSHIMA III 04 Norio & Jo-Anne Matsushita Himeji, Japan
ANDRAMOI98 Herman Boer
ANTARES I
ARCLYD II 01 Karl & Michelle Mech Acapulco, Mexico
ARCTURUS
ARDMACHREE 95 Bill & Kathy Clark Brisbane, Australia
BAGHEERA 98 Andy & Liza Copeland Turkey
BLUE HERON 2000 03 Dennis & Sandra-Faye Nagy Galapagos
BY CHANCE New Zealand
CALLISTO 02 Richard & Selma Scott El Salvador
CARDINAL SIN02 Robert & Linda Cardinal Majuro, Marshall Islands
CEDAR SPIRIT 03 Glen & Mimi Brownlee en route to Hollywood, FL,
CITATION
COOKIE CUTTER02 Pete McMartin
& Connie Morahan Uturoa, Raiatea
DIKENGA 02 Rik Dove en route Marquesas???
DRAGON STAR 02 Nick & Jean Fenger Papeete, Tahiti
EGRESS II
EPIC V 03 Mike Richards & E J Hurst Magdelena Bay, Mexico
FAIRWYN
FOREVER & EVER 03 Gary & Dayle Robertson Puerto Vallarta, Mexico
FREE SPIRIT 03 Gabriele Helmig & Mark Pocock Opua, New Zealand
GAVIA ARCTICA 02 David & Mary Robb Mexico en route to Ecuador
GOOLKA96 John Kirstein
& Elaine ZamerukTunisia westbound, Africa
GREEN GHOST 00 Alex Nikolajevich
& Jennifer Smith Mooloolaba, QLD, Australia
GYMNOPEDIES98 Gerry & Terry Skopyk Isla Mujeres, Mexico
HARMONICA00 David & Janet Hutchinson San Blas Is, Panama
HORIZONS 01 Bob Mitchinson & Carol Ensor El Salvador
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IN THE MOOD 03 Kenneth & Sharon Taylor Zihuatenejo, Mexico INCOGNITA 02 Bruce & Janine Thiedeke El Salvador INDRA II 01 Jay Smith Costa Rica JAALA 02 Barrie & Karen Philp Mazatlan, Mexico northbound JUBILANT 00 Denny Morgan Savaii Is., Western Samoa JULUKA 03 Arthur Todd & Susan Brown Puerto Vallarta, Mexico KA'SALA 97 Peter & Marlene MacLaren George Town, Bahamas KHAMSIN 91 Gillian & Michael West Deltaville, Virginia,
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SEA LISE
SEA-QUOIA II 04 Janet McGregor San Francisco
SEGUE 02 Dave & Kaye Poulsen Greece
SERA 02 Linda Charlesworth
& Victor Smith La Paz, Mexico
SIRI
SKYLARK II
SOLAR
DRIFTWOOD II 02 Peter & Heather Warwick Papeete, Tahiti
SOL MATE 03 Richard Vanappelen
& Karen Ormon San Diego
SOWELU 03 Boja Kosmak & Mai Vu La Paz, Mexico
STARFORM 01 Terry Roche & Lynn Caskey Rio Dulce, Guatemala
STARLIGHT
EXPRESS 02 Allan & Betty Bartlett Tauranga, New Zealand
STAR STRUCK 04 Paul & Star Jordan Dempsey La Paz, Mexico
SURGIAMO 02 Ken & Lima Wright Marmaris, Turkey
T'AI LI
TEGAN 02 Steven & Carol London Zihuatanejo, Mexico
TIDES END
TINMAR 02 Martin Schulz Ensenada, Mexico
TIOGA 02 Chris & Sheila Richards Isla Provedencia, Columbia,
TUUGAALIK 02 Pete & Judy Griffiths Mazatlan, Mexico
TWOWOWIE 00 Bob & Heather Jeary Trinidad (en route home)
VAHANA
WANDERING
STAR I 03 Russell Spencer
& Shirley Higginson Barra de Navidad, Mexico
WANDERLUST V 02 Peter & Glenora Doherty La Paz, Mexico
WEST BY NORTH 93 Gerry & Val Lowdon Malaysia
WHITE HAWK 1 02 John Withington & Dawn Kelk . en route Mexico northbound
WINDRUNNER II 03 Lee & Stephen Hindrichs Fanning Island, Kiribati???
WINDY LADY III 00 David Ball
WINGS 02 Terry Browne III
& Debora Gillespie Aucklund/Bayswater, New Zealand
WISKUN 03 Kjartan Sekkingstad
& Ellen Lee Kwen New Zealand???

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Dale & Muriel Gray Honokohau Marina, Hawaii,				
Cliff & Audrey Allcroft Bocas del Toro, Panama				
Lynn Ross & Gord MacLeod Mount Maunganui, New Zealand				
Gregg & Jean Tranter San Carlos, Mexico				
John Cuzner Marmaris, Turkey				
Fred & Shari Beresford Barra de Navidad, Mexico				
Gosse & Teresa Van Der Ploeg Puntarenas, Costa Rica				
Henry Korol & Lorraine Horobin Puerto Vallarta, Mexico				
Joe & Claudette Hessberger Abu Dhabi, UAE				
Vladimir Svetlovsky & Paula Roberts Auckland, New Zealand				
Gerry & Lynne Purvis Brisbane, Australia				
Norm & Pat MacKenzie Savusavu, Fiji				
Rick Reynolds Auckland, New Zealand				

Welcome Home

NANCY BLACKETT. 00 Dennis & Karen Holden

To update or change Currently Cruising information,

please notify Les Erskine at 604 986 9010 or email lerskine@shaw.ca or the website at: www.bluewatercruising.org.

Forever and Ever

KRISTEN 52 SLOOP

Gary and Dayle Robertson

March 2004 **Mazatlan** We are still in Mazatlan. We expect to leave here sometime next week (weather permitting) to make the 200-mile

crossing of the southern portion of the Sea of Cortez to a small bay just north of Cabo san Lucas called Los Frailes (the Friars). From there we will round the tip of the Baja and begin the "Bash" north as weather allows. We hope to be in San Diego by late April and San Francisco by mid to late May. We are pleased to report that Gary's health has improved and he seems to be back to normal. However, since we are still fighting with the insurance company, he has no medical coverage at this time.

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Dayle's parents Bob & Diane Hoadley from Port Alberni are visiting Mazatlan for two weeks and are staying in the Hotel Costa de Oro not far from our marina. They were able to join us for a five-day tour adventure of the famous Copper Canyon. This canyon has an area four times bigger than that of the Grand Canyon. At 25,000 square miles it is an awesome sight.

Our five-day adventure began with a bus from Mazatlan to Los Mochis, which is about a five-hour trip. We spent the night in this town of 200,000 people and had to be up early to catch the train.

We arrived at the station at 05:30 for our 06:00 am departure. The train takes 11 hours to travel a distance of 350 kilometers while rising in elevation from 400 feet to 7,500 feet. There are somewhere in the neighborhood of 87 tunnels and God only knows how many trestles. One tunnel is 1.5 miles long and the train makes a loop back under itself while inside the tunnel. We counted a total of 15 freight cars off the tracks at various locations. It must be easier to attempt to salvage the freight and abandon the cars rather than attempt to get them back on the tracks but it sure made one consider the consequences. While the train ride is fantastic and at times heart stopping, it does not actually enter the Copper Canyon area but takes passengers to locations enroute where the canyon can be accessed by tours in vans with guides as drivers.

We spent two nights at a hotel in Creel (elevation 7,500 feet). On the second day we awoke to crystal blue skies and crisp temperatures. It was the first time in almost one year that we needed to wear jeans and a jacket. After breakfast, we hired a guide and van to take us through the mountains into the canyon to Bufa. We spent about 75 km on a beautiful paved road then switched to gravel for the remainder of the day trip. We climbed to over 9,000 feet and then went down into the canyon itself at a point of junction where five canyons converge. Looking down into the river at the bottom may not be quite as spectacular as the Grand Canyon but to realize that this view goes on for 4 times its area makes it awesome.

The aboriginal native people continue to live in this mountainous region and it is hard to believe that they can sustain a living. The Tarahumara are considered to be among the most traditional Native Americans. They are famed as long-distance runners. They move to the green valleys in the winter from their summer caves in the higher reaches. We witnessed one such move and the accompany-

ing music from the drums echoed throughout the valley as we sat on a cliff many feet above them. The word Tarahumara or Raramuri as they call themselves, means foot runners, for at this they are among the best. They sometimes race for up to 72 hours. We were able to purchase some of the native crafts and see their scattered dwellings including some who live in their cave-homes.

The women are dressed in very colourful clothing and often use their various shawls to hold such things as their handicrafts and/or one of their children. Generally speaking, these people are very short and stocky in stature and are quite stoic in their continence. We were advised that before we started purchasing any crafts from them, there would simply be no bargaining. This suited us just fine, since their prices were more than fair and we realized that they had very limited ability to make any income while living in such a harsh environment.

We also passed two train caravans of motor homes on flat-decked cars that were making the trip in the luxury of their own accommodations. We spoke with one group of about 24 RV'ers who were on an 18-day tour, which included 6 days on the train with overnight stops for sightseeing along the way.

We spent a second night in Creel prior to boarding the train for our return trip to Los Mochis. This time the train left at a more reasonable 11:30 am but arrived in the dark at 10:30 pm. The fifth day completed our journey with the trip by bus back to Mazatlan. Once again, we found ourselves back in the tropical climate of the coast. We are certainly pleased that we made time for the experience but would recommend extending the timeframe as we did a lot of traveling in a short period of time.

We are now doing some spring cleaning and preparing the boat for the journey back home. We both feel physically and mentally ready for this part of our adventure. Now, all we need is for Mother Nature to cooperate. Rest assured that we will be listening in to Don's weather reports from *Summer Passage* to assist us as we make our way north. We hope to see our friends and family in the Pacific Northwest at the end of June or early in July.



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Letters offshore

Ka'Sala

COAST 34 CUTTER

Peter and Marlene MacLaren JULY 2003 We finally left Halifax on June 26th; a month later, we were in Lunenburg, home of the *Bluenose II*. Not far for a month, you might say, and you would be

right (less than an hour by road from Halifax). But we had our reasons –three of them, in fact - more of which later.

Our winter in Halifax was a cold one, as you may have heard; the coldest in living memory, according to Nova Scotians. We, though, were snug and warm in our little harbourside apartment in Dartmouth while *Ka'sala* was secure in the yard at the Dartmouth Yacht Club. We patted ourselves on the back regularly for being clever enough - or was it luck? - to have not stayed on the boat during the winter.

After an early spring trip to Vancouver via San Diego we started work on the boat, varnishing removable stairs and doors in the apartment, doing sail repairs and other sewing projects while it was too cold to work on the boat in the yard. Winter seemed to go on forever so we had to hurry when it was time to have the boat ready to go into the paint shop in May. We finally got our call in time to have the paint job done and get our stuff out of the apartment by the end of May with only two days to spare. Ka'sala looked beautiful indeed after her Awlgrip paint job - more green than ever!

After sea trials in the harbour area, we left Halifax before noon on the 26th. A fog was lifting and the winds were light but soon picked up as the usual wind patterns

foretold. We ended up reefing down for a beat into the wind. Our destination was the highly recommended Rogues' Roost, a beautiful, isolated and very well-protected anchorage on the east side of St. Margaret's Bay, the first large bay heading west from Halifax. We were lucky enough to have Snow's Cove, a tiny basin surrounded by hills and edged with granite all to ourselves, save for the occasional small power boat from nearby settlements who were out for an evening tour of the bay. The solitude was lovely after our winter and spring of city living and boatyard preparation. It was here that we discovered that the windlass was dead. Peter spent a few hours testing it and decided to wait to tackle the problem further til we were closer to part suppliers. We explored the area in the dinghy, failed to find the paths that lead to the tops of the hills and decided not to bushwhack since the fog would prevent any viewing even if we actually made it to the top!

Our next port of call was Hubbards Cove, a small community at the top of St. Margaret's Bay. The waterfront buildings here were the set for the television series, Black Harbour. We noted that most everyone in the tight little anchorage rowed their dinghies, even the inflatables, a rare occurrence in our experience.

Off we went the next day to the Chester area, anchoring in a cove near Chester Basin. It was while motoring in light winds that we found the Autohelm to be broken. Peter checked with the boatyard there regarding repairs but they referred him to Lunenburg or Bridgewater, further along the coast.

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19700 LANGLEY BYPASS, LANGLEY (next to Boston Pizza) Tel: 604-530-7031 Fax: 604-530-7051 We moved into the little back harbour near the village of Chester and enjoyed the charm of this very popular summer village, taking the recommended walking tour of the lovely old buildings, many of them once sea captains homes. The waterfront park at the public dock features a salt water swimming pool, well-used by the local children. Here we met Gordon and Anne, Brits who call their Irishflagged sailboat, *Wild Irish Rose*, home. They were preparing to head to the Azores. July 3rd we moved on to Mahone Bay, the next large bay along the south coast.

The town of Mahone Bay is well set up for tourists with, again, many beautiful old buildings and a self-guided walking tour available. A small farmers' market was in progress when we ventured ashore the next day. On the 6th, Donna, a nursing friend from Ottawa, arrived to take us to her and Ron's cottage on Shingle Lake where we had an excellent time swimming, canoeing, eating and generally making merry. We slept in their daughter Carol's new 'bunkie' (a small sleeping-only building). Our underused kayak, Chuckles, has a new home at this lovely cottage where she will be often taken for rides. The next day the four of us sailed from the town of Mahone Bay to Big Tancook Island, about 12 miles away and a fishing community. We tied up to a fishboat in the harbour and walked around the island, fuelled by great ice cream cones. The lupines were in bloom everywhere along the roadside and in abandoned fields. What a lovely sight.

After attending to a broken tooth - an obliging Mahone Bay dentist saw me the same day we moved on just 3 miles to Indian Point to visit the Barrs, a sailing family we had met during the winter. Don and Patricia along with daughter Cheryl have sailed many years in their schooner, *Road to the Isles*. Cheryl was in the final throes of publishing a guide to the Down East Circle route, a valuable reference for any one making the trip from the east coast, up the Hudson, through the Erie Canal to the Great Lakes and on out the St. Lawrence, through the Gulf and along into Nova Scotia and thence to the New England cruising area.

Our next stop was the Lunenburg Yacht Club in Prince's Inlet, just a few miles west of Indian Point, where the food was reputed to be excellent - which it was. We moved on the next day to Lunenburg itself, about 16 miles around the intervening peninsula, straight into the gusty winds most of the trip. It poured as well so we were very happy indeed to tie to a mooring in a safe and relatively quiet harbour.

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We attended three Sunday band concerts and began to feel like summer residents of this beautiful port while we attended to the repairs. The Autohelm was easy once we sent it off to Dartmouth - \$35 for a new lever. The windlass proved to be insoluble for the time being. Peter tried to dismount the motor but ran into problems with access. Meanwhile he found it easy enough to use the manual option on the windlass to wind up the anchor chain himself. So we will think about repairing it further down the road. The inevitable, it would seem - Murphy rules! - third problem arose as we did our final checks for leaving.

A fractured bolt on the raw water filter brought us to a halt while we waited for the last part we needed to arrive from Hamilton. Once it arrived (over a weekend, of course), it was duly installed (after a run to the automotive store for some new hose).

Lunenburg was certainly the ideal spot to be held up as there are all the boat repair facilities that one could desire right on the waterfront. The town is very picturesque - a UNESCO World Heritage site with much of the original architecture of it's heyday as a shipbuilding and fishing mecca still intact, lovingly restored and maintained. The main buildings along the harbourfront are painted in reds and blues while the homes and shops have architectural detail picked out in lovely colour schemes. There are many attractions - the wonderful Fisheries Museum of the Atlantic, the aforesaid band concerts and several festivals through the summer, a small farmer's market, lots of interesting shops, some with artists at work, and all services cruisers could desire within walking distance of the dinghy dock. We tied our dinghy up under the bow of the handsome Bluenose II while she was in port to do some maintenance and take passengers out for a sail.

2003 is Lunenburg's 250th anniversary of its settlement by the 'foreign protestants' that the British government of the day enticed to the area by promising land grants. Our friend Donna Mossman's ancestors from Switzerland were one of the 'First Families' and it made our visit more interesting as she participated in the events related to this celebration. As well, Donna's grandfather had sailed on the original *Bluenose*.

The anchorage is secure with many boats coming and

going, some from far away -Denmark, Bermuda and the Cayman Islands, Toronto - others from closer ports on the east coast. David Perry on *Barbarick* whom we met at the Kingston Marina sailed into the anchorage last week with three students aboard from Rosseau Lake School where David now teaches. We met Jane and Paul, a retired Search and Rescue Technician (real life heroes, these SAR guys) on *Crocus* a Van Stadt steel sloop. Some west coast folks from Bluewater Cruising Association hailed us from a local tour boat, having recognised our burgee. They cruised on their boat *Phaedra* for most of the 90's and spent one winter in Norway above the Arctic Circle. Hardier than we!!

July 30th we pulled up the anchor and left Lunenburg in clear weather and light winds. The highlight of our trip to the beautiful LaHave River was a Minke whale that kept us company, surfacing many times around the boat as we proceeded under sail up the bay. We were lucky enough to be offered a mooring by residents of the village, Mike and Darby Goode, who cruised to Florida last year on their Rosborough 32 foot trawler *Some Goode* and who enjoyed it so much that they are heading to the Bahamas this winter. For those of you unfamiliar with the phrase, "some good" is a Nova Scotia superlative!

La Have, this sleepy little village, was once the capital of New France - from 1632 until 1636, in fact - known then as Fort Ste. Marie de Grace. Now it is known for its wonderful bakery which produces wholesome, interesting breads from freshly ground grains. This bread is sold all over Nova Scotia and is justifiably popular.

We stocked up on bread and moved on the next day in light winds to Liverpool (a town at the mouth of the Mersey River like its British namesake), famous for its privateering and shipbuilding days. My main interest here was

the Sherman Hines Museum of Photography, a marvellous collection of the works of Hines and other famous Canadian photographers with one of the highlights being a camera obscura which the staff enthusiastically demonstrate. In a nutshell, or, for those of you not in the know, it is a small hole in an outside wall of the building focusing the resultant beam of light on the wall of a darkened room that shows an upside-down a moving picture of the street scene in front of the little hole, in colour! In essence one is sitting inside of a camera as it records a scene. Magic!





DragonStar CORBIN 39 CUTTER

Nick & Jean Fenger

The Dragon Star Chronicles

Full Circle

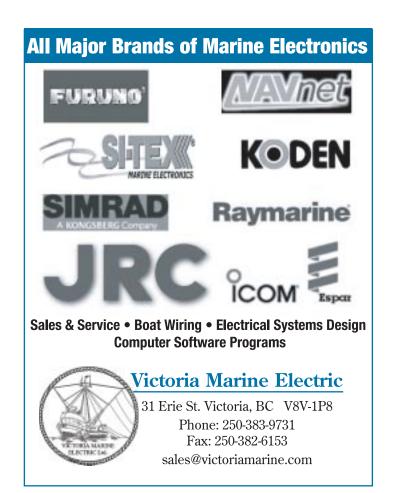
 \mathbf{X} **7**ell this is it for this year. It has been 6122 miles since we left Mexico. It is both sad and exciting to be changing bare feet for shoes and the carefree lifestyle for civilization. On Saturday we begin our journey home. This whole adventure began 14 years and 5 months ago on an island in the South Pacific. Now it has come full circle but I get ahead of myself.

Moorea was an exceptional place with its incredibly scenic mountains. We left there late in the day heading for Huahine, as the passage was longer than we could make in daylight. It was our last night crossing and went very smoothly with just Rik and I. The trade winds had filled in as they should and we passed easily through the reef at Passe Avapehi. We anchored in Haavai Bay, which appeared to be a good place looking at a chart, but we soon found ourselves blasted by the trade winds funneling through the east/west-situated bay.

Huahine is at first a little disappointing after the high mountains of Moorea but it grows on you. The people are the friendliest of any in French Polynesia with few Europeans living here. This may account from the fact that the island was once English but was traded to France for Newfoundland. Fara is the sole village on the island and a charming place with all the necessary services. There are extensive archeological ruins on the island including a site, which has been restored complete with an interpretive center and bamboo flooring. In the hills I found a very large marae, completely overgrown but still intact. Walking alone in the middle of the jungle over the old paving stones I felt as if I could almost hear the ghosts of the early Polynesians.

We moved our boat along with Solar Driftwood to the southern island Huahine Iti. The area once boasted an exclusive hotel on a beautiful beach but it was destroyed by a typhoon about ten years ago. The area is being restored complete with banana trees lining the road to the interior. The bananas were ripe for the picking and the caretaker indicated we could take a whole stem but we knew we couldn't eat them all. The water here is magically clear. Riding in the dinghy the waves appear more like glass than water almost vanishing at times. From underwater your boat appears suspended in air. The swimming and snorkeling was great with many coral heads to explore. As always the reef was not without surprises and one afternoon found us swimming for our lives as the tide had changed and large waves were now driving us back away from our dinghy.

We could have stayed longer at Huahine as its enchantments grew on me but that will have to wait for next year. For our last night we returned to the anchorage at Fara and were delighted to find Cookie Cutter there. The three boats enjoyed a potluck dinner aboard Dragon Star and a great time was had by all. Rik and I wanted to see Bora Bora before backtracking to Raiatea where the boat is to be hauled out. It is 52 miles but with good winds we hoped to make a day sail out of it. We set out at first light with an escort of dolphins through the pass. Rik is not a morning person so he slept in... all the way to our anchorage at the





Bora Bora yacht club. We are now experiencing what they call reinforced trade winds and *Dragon Star* enjoyed a great beam reach doing over 7 knots with all three sails. I raced *Solar Driftwood* who had the advantage of a good engine but I blew the doors off them.

Bora Bora is an incredible sight as it comes into view rounding Raiatea. We rounded the north end making the pass by 3 PM so it was a very fast passage indeed. The electronic charts were totally accurate for the pass so one could come in at night. We found the anchorage by the yacht club now occupied by mooring buoys, which cost \$15 a night or a meal in the yacht club. It was very noisy so the next day we moved to a beautiful anchorage behind Topua Island near Motu Tabu. Bora Bora is of course very touristy with cruise ships landing there but it is still a magnificent sight and the native people are very friendly. The boats are mostly from Europe and we enjoyed meeting a Danish crew from a Norwegian boat.

Rik and I went for a shark snorkel outside the reef. The water was crystal clear. Other boats came out and started feeding the sharks so we got a great view of them but were disappointed to only see black tipped reef sharks. No sign of the hammerheads or lemon sharks, which were also supposed to be there. I stayed close to the dinghy though, as the latter are known to take a liking for humans.

It is Bora Bora most of all that hooked me on wanting to cruise the South Pacific. It was one small island called Motu Tabu where 14 years and 5 months ago Jean and I stood looking out and I fell in love with the South Pacific. The view to Bora Bora is breathtaking. The mountains and the many colors of the lagoon water are impossible to



describe adequately. Today I walked on the same island and saw the same view. I felt the same warm water and realized I had come full circle!!!!

So here is where the journey ends for this year. The rest is just starting the trip home.

We were surprised and delighted to see *Cookie Cutter* arrive at our haul-out place on Raiatea. She was just in time to help us put Dragon Star to bed and have one last party together. It is friends like these that have made a great trip into a fantastic experience.

Blue Heron 2000

NAUTILUS 40 SLOOP

Dennis & Sandra-Faye Nagy

September 10 - October 2003

California

Huck and Tom's Trip up the Sacramento River

(Huck Finn & Tom Sawyer a.k.a. Dennis & Sandra)

For over 200 years Spanish ships sailed along the California coast without seeing the narrow fog-bound entrance to the San Francisco Bay. In 1769 Capt. Gaspan de Portola's overland expedition came upon the great bay. In geological time, California is relatively young. The larger San Francisco Bay is an area born slowly over millions of years by powerful natural forces.

Feeling a bit like Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer, we pulled anchor from Richardson Bay, and took our little (c)raft exploring up the Sacramento River. 300,000 years ago the Sacramento River was part of a broad valley. Named El Rio del Sacramento by Spanish explorer Gabriel Moraga in the early 1800s, this important waterway originates high in the Klamath Mountains and flows 400 miles to San Francisco Bay. The water carries a lot of sediment, or silt, naturally being washed downstream. During the winter, heavy rains pick up and carry sand, silt, and mud swiftly along, but when the water slows down, the material settles to the bottom and the water takes on a clearer, more blue appearance.

The Delta area was first settled in the early 1850s by gold-seekers who had failed to make a living in the mines and squatted on the river delta in order to raise enough food for their subsistence. The land was extraordinarily fertile in rich peat soils.



Sacramento River Sailing

In 1868, thousands of Chinese were hired to reclaim the delta country for agriculture. They built the first system of levees along the various islands, working with wheelbarrows. Paddlewheel steamboats traveled up and down the river and called in at settlements for trade. The first Steamboat left San Francisco for Sacramento in 1849. During the gold mining years lots of silt

that had been blasted from the foothills caused great deposits to build up in the river. Then in the floods of 1875 and 1878, the whole lot came pouring down the river and sloughs, destroying fishing, productive lands and the water

supply. The river bed raised substantially - Steamboat Slough depth came up from 12ft to 5 ft. Hydraulic mining was prohibited by 1884.

From Richardson Bay, we passed through San Pablo Bay, a large, extremely shallow Bay. Many Duck Blinds are noted around the shoreline - wouldn't want to be caught in the crossfire during duck season! Mare Island is a Naval Zone and Mare Island Strait is off limits without permission to travel. There is a tank farm on the opposite Davis Pt. and a sugar refinery/unloading dock, C & H Sugar, at Rocket in Carquinez Strait.

We stopped the night off RioVista. Founded in 1857 by Colonel N.H. Davis it was originally called Brazos del Rio - because it was near the three arms of the Sacramento River. The original town was located near the junction of Cache Slough and the Sacramento River. In 1862 it was wiped out by a flood and rebuilt at its present site. Rio Vista has a rich Portuguese heritage. What a night! The boat swung around like a top. Fortunately, with the opposing pulls from a 1.8 knot current and a howling West wind, the anchor was steady.

Passing the Suisun Point bridge there is a major "battleship parking lot" - the Missouri is here. We passed

> another oil refinery, further along a Naval Weapons Station where ammunition is stored and a power station at Willow Creek. This is obviously an important area for US Navy maneuvers.

The wind was 18 knots - fortunately, the tide flowing up river was taking us with it. All over the land near Van Sickle Island are several

Bascule Bridge hundreds huge windmills. With such strong winds funneling through this area, it is perfect for power generating. Wind surfers and Para surfers were having a ball on the river off Sherman Island Point.



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Many sport fishermen were out on the water – big sturgeon and salmon are caught in these waters.

We hailed the lift bridge at Rio Vista and passed under – for once in our lives we actually stopped traffic! What a rush! We turned into the Old Sacramento River waterway at Braman Island.

Isleton, given its name by Josiah Pool and John Brocas when they built the town on Andrus Island in 1874, was famous as the Asparagus Capital of the World in the early 1900s. The Isleton Bascule Bridge was raised for us and we continued on to Walnut Grove. We arrived in Walnut Grove and took the dock at Boon-Dox. At one time, this area produced 90% of the world's asparagus. Much of East Walnut Grove is listed on the National Register of Historic Places. The Walnut Grove Bridge is also a bascule, or cantilever, bridge. This type of bridge opens in the middle to allow passage of large recreational and tour vessels.

From Walnut Grove to Sacramento the levees (dikes) are much taller. We crawled along at 4.7 knots around Freeport, such was the current, and took the dock right in Old Sacramento, which retains many streets of old original buildings. Old Sacramento does a brisk trade in tourism of "the old west". Salt water taffy is popular and sells in barrels. This candy derives its name from originally being sold on piers at the sea side; it is not made with salt water. Sacramento is an historic place for railway, gold rush, agriculture and refrigerated boxcars. Three museums: the Railway, Wells Fargo, and Military are located in this area. The Central Pacific Railway started right here and connected with the Union Pacific Line coming from the



Angel Island

East. The last spike to join the two railways was hammered home at Promontory, Utah.

We trekked over the Tower Bridge to Safeway to stock up on groceries before heading back to the San Francisco Bay area. A 5L box of wine was \$4.99 and 30 beers was \$15.00.

Monday, September 29, 2003

Once more we are out on the water doing our Huck Finn/Tom Sawyer thing taking our little (c)raft back down the mighty Mississippi (sorry, muddy Sacramento) back to The Bay.

We took an anchorage just before Ida Island for the night. The next morning's sunrise was gentle, heralding another brilliant day. Drifting down the waterway we turned left where the Sacramento River joins with the Deep Water Shipping Channel. There are many heavy oceangoing ships moving up and down this important waterway – the lifeblood of California. The channel goes all the way up to Sacramento from the ocean.

Back in The Bay, we anchored at Angel Island.

The next morning walking up North Ridge Trail, we climbed to the top of Mt Livermore, took in the view of the Bay, and then back down Sunset Trail -2 hrs 30 mins.

Angel Island has a rich history. The ocean was originally 30 miles to the west – out beyond the Golden Gate towards the Farallone Islands. About 15,000 years ago the

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climate changed, ice slowly thawed, the ocean rose and eventually flooded the large valley. Rocky points would become points such as Alcatraz Island. The big hill by the river became Angel Island, the largest island in the Bay area.

The Coast Miwok People, a group of Native Americans lived in large numbers north of San Francisco Bay and would take up temporary camps on Angel Island during the summer months. Using tule canoes, the Miwok and the Costanoan native people would hunt and fish the abundant sea life.

In 1775 Lt. Juan Manuel de Ayala sailed into the San Francisco Bay under orders to chart the harbour. From a cove on Angel Island he sent out his pilot and the first map of the bay was created. Fortifications began in 1776 when the Spanish constructed a Presidio overlooking the bay's entrance. In 1846 American troops took over California and fortifications were expanded. In 1863 Angel Island became part of the defense system when the Army prepared to defend the West Coast during the Civil War. For nearly 100 years Angel Island was part of the defense system.

Heavy guns to the north and south of the Golden Gate formed the outer defenses. Fortifications on Alcatraz and Angel Island protected the Bay inside. The Bay's safety was very important – not only was it a great harbour and a major city, but up the Sacramento River there is the arsenal at Benicia and a Navy Yard at Mare Island. From 1892 until 1946 Ayala Cove was a Federal quarantine centre to check all ships arriving.

A fog bell was installed at Point Knox in 1886, and in 1900 a Fresnel Lens lighthouse was established. The last lighthouse on Angel Island was automated in 1976.

We enjoyed our day on Angel Island, hopped back onto our (c)raft and made our way back into Richardson Bay. The weather down in the Bay was becoming cooler. It was time to think about continuing our trip south.

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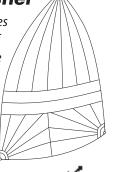
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Adventure Conversations

By Cresswell Walker

Imagine That

WESTWIND 35

We arrived at the entrance to Secret

Cove around 1700, powered in and set the hook. Anchoring in the lee of a tiny Island, we decided to run a stern line ashore -- quite an adventure as it turned out.

Dad volunteered to do the dinghy work. He climbed in and set off for shore, which turned out to be a lot further

away than it looked. Three times he was back for more line: Once because the line simply ran out over the stern, much to his consternation, and twice because our cobbled stern line was just plain too short to go the distance. At last, Dad got ashore with the line and struggled up the slippery rocks where he went looking amongst the rocks and trees for a place to tie off.

Those of you who have had managed dinghy, oars, stern line, slippery rocks, the oh-so-prettybut-dense shore side vegetation,

know this can be tough duty. Sometimes just getting landed is a challenge, never mind finding a secure place to tie the dinghy while finding a place to tie off the stern line. And this was Dad's undoing.

Back on board, intently encouraging her Granddad was my daughter Breanna and her friend Breanna (yes, that's right, two Breannas). We were bound for Desolation Sound on the first leg of our circumnavigation of Vancouver Island. Over the course of the trip, Irena and I were joined by friends and family for various legs and were treated to



Two Breannas and Dad

the finest cruising in the world. On this leg, the girls, at 13 years of age, staked out the foredeck and the head, where the only mirror on the boat was hung. Granddad and I manned the cockpit.

My daughter spotted it first and shouted "Grandpa, the dinghy's floating away!" Sure enough, our little Walker Bay dinghy had slipped its bounds, floated itself off the shore

and was making its way at a fairly good clip for deeper water.

It was hard to know whether to laugh or cry. Dad's chagrin was apparent even across the distance and I could see that he had already divined what must follow. It was only a matter of 'when' and 'how' far. "Well Grandpa, better sooner than later..." called Breanna. Poor Dad. He peeled down to his under shorts and was looking for a temporary dry place to park his watch when the dinghy picked up speed in an unexpected puff...so in he went!

Later that evening, after we had all settled into a lovely evening at anchor, Dad and I had a few moments to talk over his experience. What followed was a theme that we spent a lot of time exploring over the length of the trip. Now, my father, Don Walker, is 74 and as willing and cheery a guy as you could ever hope to have aboard a boat for any trip. Though he is no stranger to boats -- from canoeing and Great Lakes sailing in the east – the Pacific Coast is another order of experience. And, though he was keen for the challenge of the trip, it was clear to us both, in a million small ways; he was, and is, getting 'old'.

So what, in a conversation between father, son and granddaughter, is there to be said about getting old? I think Dad said it best in a remark to his granddaughter, "You see Breanna, you are growing up, and I am growing down". In all the poignancy of this, hangs the great tragedy of life – that the end of our lives is so in-glorious. We spend a lifetime striving, learning, building, being brave and strong. And as we get older, and watch our parents get older, we begin to see signs of betrayal within our very own bodies and sometimes our minds.

Accompanying the diminishing capacities is a certain sense of denial on both our parts. We just don't talk to our parents about the things we see them struggling with. Oh, we make the usual jokes about diminished eyesight,



hearing and loss of memory, but we don't really have a conversation about it. They don't say what it is really like to be not so nimble and quick, and we don't say what it is like to watch them struggle. They don't talk about what it's like to be there, and we don't talk about what it's like to be on the way there. Very likely, we deny, we hope, we hold on to our fears and we grieve our losses quietly — once we have figured out that they have crept up on us.

So, Dad and I took the opportunity to talk over the course of his trip. We talked a lot about how to do the work of "growing down". We concluded that it is not the nature of our sorry end – there is not much that we can do about it in any case – but rather it's about the nature of our response that will allow us to be fully engaged in life – to the end, however that might look. To age with grace and acceptance seems the way.

From this conversation, and many more like it, came the idea for Adventure Conversations. As we have all discovered, there is something about the sea, the sun, the mountains and making ones own way in a small boat that calls forth in us the questions about what really matters. Amidst the power and glory of nature, on board our thoughts and conversations are about our lives, our friendships and often our work. We share the pleasures of being engaged and sailing along in our lives with the wind at our backs and the sun in our face. We dream and talk about the

broad seas and far off destinations that call out to us. When we run aground, as we do from time to time, our conversations serve us in our struggle to uncover what we will do differently. Time on our boat, just simply creates the space to think, dream and talk about what's important!

When I was in my twenties, in 1979, I joined a crew of six young men and one young woman in our twenties and thirties to sail the Admirals Cup hopeful, Magistri, from Toronto to Cowes, England. On our 28 day passage from New York to the Isle of Wight, I met 'me' in a way I had never before. And I met others too. But it was not just in my fear during the odd blow, or the fright of unexplained knee deep bilge waters mid Atlantic, it was in the conversations. Those delicious, leisurely conversations that drifted hour on and hour off as if time had no meaning – for at last - it did not. That was the richest place of discovery; the humour, the humanity, and the humility of being in this grand big place - the broad North Atlantic - on a tiny boat in the company of six others with no place else to go.

Twenty-five years later, the questions, of course, are still the same; it's just that some of the answers have changed. Today, as Irena and I contemplate and prepare for our sail this summer around Vancouver Island and our voyage to Australia, the question is: How can we include others in the journey of discovery that continues? Let's make a passage around Vancouver Island with people who live to explore; people who love nature; and people who love to be in conversation for the delight of an encounter with the magic of another human being.

That's our intention with Adventure Conversations: To share the journey in sailing and conversations. We have ample room onboard for two or three adults or two adults with two children for stretches of a week or more. We hope that couples, families, friends and even just acquaintances with a keen willingness to explore important questions through conversation will charter and cruise with us.

By the way, Dad caught up with the Walker Bay dinghy in pretty good order. And despite getting banged up pretty good by the tide rip at Race Passage last summer he still wants to chase around after the dinghy on some west coast anchorages this summer!

See our website for pictures and more information: www.adventureconversations.com





Galley By Kathy Taylor Vatch

Book Review

An Embarrassment of Mangoes, by Ann Vanderhoof, Doubleday Canada, 2003

In the mid 1990's Ann Vanderhoof and her husband Steve were highly driven, successful professionals, she the editor of Cottage Life magazine, and he, a free-lance art director. When life got especially harried, Steve, who loved sailing on Lake Ontario, made this suggestion:

""So let's take a break and sail south to the Caribbean for a couple of years," he said.

Right. Escaping work and winter for a couple of years sounded wonderful – but escaping on a sailboat? Was he nuts? Sure, I needed a break - we both did – but did he think I had somehow been miraculously grafted onto someone else's sea legs?"

Ann, a non-natural sailor, who suffered from nervousness and seasickness, warmed to the idea eventually, and together they started to prepare themselves and *Receta*, a 42-foot Tartan for their Caribbean interlude. Eventually they were as ready as themselves and the boat could be, and headed south.

Ann writes graciously and respectfully about the people that they meet on their cruise south - other boaters, local fishermen, island folk - a detailed observance without judgment. When Ann writes of the people she and Steve meet as they cruise and stay a while throughout the Caribbean, a loving appreciation for the islanders' unique skew on life comes through. Even the cadence of island patois is written about gently and with good humour.

An Embarrassment of Mangoes is a wonderful read for anyone who loves boats, exploration, new cultures, food, stories and people. It has a particular resonance if you're of an inclination to slide into the aquamarine silky waters of a secluded bay or to stand over the sink eating a mango with the juice running down your chin. Ann's prose is as delectable as the places and people and events that she describes. An appreciation for food and rum is a delicious thread that stitches the stories together. I now know why cuba libre is so popular (even made with BCLCB purchased rum!)

The recipes are real. The ingredients are somewhat exotic, and some are unavailable here in Canada. But

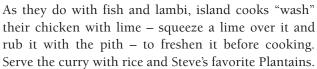
global commerce has a way of ensuring that we will almost always be able to buy at least one kind of mango at any time of year.

Curried Chicken in Coconut Milk with Island Vegetables

This dish is popular on Guadeloupe and Martinique, where cooks

prepare it with their own

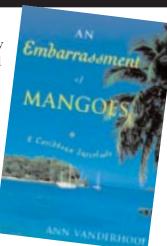
freshly made curry powder, poudre de colombo. Any good-quality curry powder can be substituted.



- 2 limes
- 3 pounds bone-in chicken pieces
- 3-4 tablespoons vegetable oil
 - 1 large onion
 - 2 cloves garlic, finely chopped
- 1/2 1 fresh hot pepper, seeded and finely chopped (or to taste)
 - 3 tablespoons curry powder
 - 1 tablespoon chopped fresh thyme or 1 teaspoon dried thyme
 - 2 tomatoes, chopped
 - 1 christophene, peeled and cubed
 - 1 large Japanese eggplant, cubed
 - 1/2 pound West Indian pumplin, or butternut or Hubbard squash, peeled and cubed
- 1 cup coconut milk

Salt and freshly ground black pepper

1 tablespoon rum



Curried Chicken in Coconut Milk with Island Vegetables (cont'd.)

Melt butter in a soup pot. Add onions and cook over low heat, covered, until tender, about 20 minutes. Add garlic and cook for another 5 minutes. Add half of the dill, season to taste with the salt and pepper and cook uncovered for another 15 minutes. Add chicken stock, tomatoes, allspice, and sugar. Bring to a boil, reduce heat, and cool slightly.

Puree with a hand blender or transfer in batches to a food processor or blender. Return the soup to the pot, add remaining dill and simmer for 5 minutes.

Correct seasonings. Serve hot or cold with a dollop of sour cream or plain yogurt and a sprig of fresh dill if you have it.

Serves 6.

Tip

• Add and subtract vegetables depending on what's available. Other possibilities include unripe papaya, zucchini, sweet potatoes, white Caribbean yams, or white potatoes.

Mango Crisp

The perfect dessert when you have an embarrassment of mangoes.(And when you don't, you can substitute berriess – blueberries, raspberries, strawberries – for some of the mango.) Although not an option on *Receta* (our boat freezer wouldn't keep ice cream), the crisp is delicious with vanilla ice cream. Alternatively, serve with lightly whipped cream, lightly sweetened sour cream or yogurt, or crème fraiche.(See Tips, below.)

For the topping

- 1/2 cup flour
- 3/4 cup quick-cooking or old-fashioned oats
- 2/3 cup packed brown sugar
- 1/4 teaspoon freshly grated nutmeg
 - 1 tablespoons finely chopped crystallized ginger
- 1/3 cup cold butter

For the fruit

- 6 cups sliced ripe mango (about 3-4 mangoes, depending on size)
- 11/2 tablespoons freshly squeezed lime juice
- 1/4 cup packed brown sugar (approx.)
 - 3 tablespoons flour

- 1. Preheat oven to 350 F. Butter a 2-quart (8-inch square) baking dish.
- 2. Prepare the topping: In a large bowl, combine flour, oats, brown sugar, nutmeg, and crystallized ginger. Cut in cold butter until mixture resembles coarse crumbs. Set aside.
- 3. Toss the mango with the lime juice. Combine sugar and flour, and toss with fruit. Taste and adjust sweetness if desired. Spread fruit in the prepared dish.
- 4. Sprinkle topping evenly over fruit. Bake in a preheated oven for about 40-50 minutes, until the fruit is bubbling and the roping is crisp and lightly browned. Serve warm.

Serves 8

Tips

- For a nutty topping, toss about _ cup slivered almonds with the topping mixture.
- To make crème fraiche, combine 2 cups whipping cream and 1 cup sour cream in a nonmetallic bowl, cover with plastic, and let stand at room temperature for 16-24 hours or until thickened. Refrigerate until serving.
- To make your own crystallized ginger, peel ginger, slice into _-inch-thick slices, and boil in cane syrup or sugar syrup (see page 149) for 20 minutes. Remove from syrup, drain, and roll in granulated sugar. Allow to air dry on a rack, then keep in a tightly closed jar.

Recipes reprinted with permission from Doubleday Canada.

Galley Watch

Bluewater Cruising Chefs is available from Bosuns at Club Nights or on-line at bosuns@bluewatercrusing.org.

\$ Tradewind



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CREW

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Wanted: Black Sea Yacht Rally. Istanbul, Turkey july 2, 2004. Easterly around the Black Sea for 65 days, visiting 6 countries finishing back at Istanbul on Sept. 5,2004. Each person pays their own airfare, rally fees and shared expenses.

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If interested, call John Cuzner (*J'sea*) 604-671-3335 Or mail@jsea.ca

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Fabric water hose, \$10. Battery cables, \$10. Dirt Devil (with attachment kit), \$10. Halogen spotlight, \$15, IonOptics Halogen Dock Lights (new), \$25. Ionoptics Docking Halogen Lights (without quartz lenses), \$15. Call Roger or Eric at (604) 214-1313, or e-mail at aramoana@pacificcoast.net .

New radar mast, complete with lift bracket for motor. Powder coated white. \$500 obo. Call David 604-874-7807.

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Newmar 30 amp battery charger,Icom M5 hand held VHF, Wagner Helm pump model W-A, Duttons Navigation and piloting(a great textbook), Phone Stan at 604-732-5774 or Stnwalter@aol.com

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Proheat DIESEL FURNACE, 32000 BTU (hot water), computerized self-diagnosis, \$1000 obo. (Being replaced with a more powerful furnace for our uninsulated boat.) Call Roger or Eric at (604) 214-1313, or e-mail at aramoana@pacificcoast.net.

Propeller- "Max-Prop" 2-blade, feathering; fully reconditioned, fits 30 mm shaft- \$450. Sealand "Odoursafe"1.5" hose for heads/holding tank. unused, 9 feet for \$75. I just bought it for \$13.50 per foot. Call Basil at 604-351-0337

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S Trade winds

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Site reduction tables for Air Navigation Vols. 2, 3. Also cruising guides, pilot books and courtesy flags for the South Pacific, New Zealand, Australia. Contact Carol Smith Tel. 604-874-7807 or email svnuage@aol.com

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Windvane steering system for 41 foot with hydraulic steering. Call John at 604-786-8975

The Ditty Bag

Friends of the Tobago Cays

The pristine National Park and film location of the movie "Pirates of the Caribbean" is now under the threat of privatization

The area of the Tobago Cays is considered by many to be one of the most beautiful places on Earth. Found in the Caribbean country of St. Vincent and the Grenadines, the uninhabited Tobago Cays offer a natural pristine anchorage, palmlined white sand beaches, unique island formations and a coral reef system of great environmental importance.

It is the rare beauty of the area and particularly the tiny island of Petit Tabac that made the Tobago Cays a film location of choice for the deserted island scenes in the box office hit of 2003, "Pirates of the Caribbean", starring Johnny Depp and Keira Knightley. Many people in St. Vincent and the Grenadines that the Tobago Cays should become a World Heritage Site.

The Tobago Cays are legally established as a Wildlife Reserve and Marine Conservation Area, as well as a National Marine Park, in St. Vincent and the Grenadines. However, the government of St. Vincent and the Grenadines is currently considering a proposal that would hand over the management of this pristine area to Palm Island Resorts Limited, a company which is seeking to develop the area for private interests.

The prospect of this national treasure falling into the hands of private foreign interests in a forprofit venture has raised concerns at local, regional and international

levels. Many consider the proposed arrangement between the government of St. Vincent and the Grenadines and Palm Island Resorts Limited to be a threat. This move would threaten both the protection of the environmental heritage of the area, as well as the livelihood of many, both locally and regionally, who depend on the Tobago Cays as the "centerpiece" of the marine tourism industry. Additionally, experts in the field of conservation and Marine Park management have indicated that the holistic privatization of a marine park in favor of for-profit interests could set a dangerous precedent at both regional and international levels.

In response to this threat, local individuals, with the support of regional and international experts and organizations, have facilitated the formation of the **Friends of the Tobago Cays.** This non-governmental, apolitical and not-for-profit organization has been founded to ensure the protection of the Tobago Cays as a sustainable national heritage, and to ensure that the area is managed in a way that satisfies public interests rather than private, for-profit interests.

The Friends of the Tobago Cays would like to encourage the support of all who believe in the protection of the environment to find out more about this issue, and to join in the effort to protect this beautiful part of the world for future generations.

Friends of the Tobago Cays can be contacted at info@tobagocays.net.



If you have any questions please contact Debbie and Robert Gagnon at 604-767-9176 or email bosuns@bluewatercruising.org

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