



Bluewater Cruising Association

April 2003

*C*urrents



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Watchkeepers

MAILING ADDRESSES*** Main Address**

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

Vancouver Island

104-9710 Second St.
Sidney, BC V8L 3C4

Club Room Address

Ground Floor Library
Scottish Cultural Centre
8886 Hudson Street
Vancouver, BC

Telephone Contact

604-696-1900 (message box)
or call the appropriate
Watchkeeper

Internet

www.bluewatercruising.org
webmaster@bluewatercruising.org

Bluewater SSB Net

6215 KHz
1800 HRS PST

H: Home
B: Business
F: Fax

Communications

Gordon Schnell H: 604-728-4704
communications@bluewatercruising.org

Membership

Robert Gagnon H: 604-878-1686 after 7 pm, Pager: 604-891-4964,
membership@bluewatercruising.org

Bosuns

Debbie Gagnon Pager: 604-891-4964 after 7 pm, bosuns@bluewatercruising.org

Advertising Manager

Beverlyna Best, advertising@bluewatercruising.org

Port Captain & Club Room

Rudi Seifert H: 604-274-4900, F: 604-274-4900
clubroom@bluewatercruising.org

Commodore

Lex Peterson
H: 604-899-0970
W: 604-873-8588
commodore@bluewatercruising.org

VANCOUVER**Vice Commodore**

Bill Sassaman
H: 604-833-9664 after 7:00 p.m.
vicecommodore@bluewatercruising.org

Secretary

Dorothy Brown H: 604-538-3518
secretary@bluewatercruising.org

Treasurer

Virginia Will H: 604-255-4013
F: 604-255-4075, treasurer@bluewatercruising.org

Past Commodore

Perry Boeker H: 604-876-3283
pastcommodore@bluewatercruising.org

Currents Editors

Leslie Savage (H): 604-925-9644 after 7 pm,
currents@bluewatercruising.org
Donna Sassaman (H): 604-833-9664 after 7 pm,
currents@bluewatercruising.org

Speakers

Katrina Archer and
Guylain Roy-Machabee
H: 604-876-4005,
speakers@bluewatercruising.org

Education

Mark Hamill H: 604-777-0744
education@bluewatercruising.org

Fleet Representatives

Cam & Marianne McLean
H: 604-224-4916
fleet@bluewatercruising.org

VANCOUVER ISLAND**Vice Commodore**

Bryan Scott-Moncrieff
H: 250-656-8125, B: 250-656-0981
vvicecommodore@bluewatercruising.org

Treasurer

Jacquie Kidd, H: 250-656-2718
vitreasurer@bluewatercruising.org

Membership

Dayle Robertson, H: 250-656-6402
vmembership@bluewatercruising.org

Speakers

TBD

Bosuns

Judy Barefoot & Paul Hunt H: 250-474-5270,
vibosuns@bluewatercruising.org

Education

Chris Stask H: 250-656-2718
vieducation@bluewatercruising.org

CALGARY AREA**Representative**

Stuart Briscoe H: 403-217-3699, stuart.briscoe@nbpcd.com

Treasurer

Peter Simpson H: 403-249-1313, caltreasurer@bluewatercruising.org

Currents May Deadline: April 1

CONTRIBUTIONS to **Currents** accepted in most forms! Send e-mail in plain text or MS Word to currents@bluewatercruising.org (PLEASE NOTE NEW E-MAIL ADDRESS.) Keep text formatting to a minimum, and watch for Style Guidelines. Handwritten submissions mailed to club address also accepted.

CURRENTS IS THE MONTHLY NEWSLETTER OF THE Bluewater Cruising Association (BCA), published 10 times per year from 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.

2003 Fees for New Members with Canadian mailing addresses: Initiation fee \$100 plus annual dues \$85 = \$185. If joining after July 1, 2003: Initiation fee \$100 plus 60 % annual dues \$50 = \$150. Payable in Canadian

Funds. For non-Canadian mailing addresses: add \$20 for extra mailing; Initiation \$120 CDN (\$80 US) plus annual dues \$105 CDN (\$70 US) = \$225 CDN (\$150 US). After July 1, 2003: Initiation \$120 CDN (\$80 US) plus 60 % annual dues \$65 CDN (\$45 US) = \$185 CDN (\$125 US). Cheques payable to Bluewater Cruising Association. For more information contact the Membership Watchkeeper (above).

The Editor should receive all notices, letters, advertising, or other items for publication in **Currents** by the first day of the month prior for inclusion in the next month's issue. Advertising materials, except for Tradewinds, should be submitted directly to the Advertising Manager. Please contact advertising@bluewatercruising.org. All contributions from members are greatly appreciated and, subject to space available, an effort will be made to publish all material received.

Currents reserves the right to edit all letters in accordance with club policy.

Opinions stated in the contents either expressed or implied are not necessarily those of the Editor or Watchkeepers. Neither BCA nor the editor assumes responsibility for the accuracy or validity of information printed in **Currents**. No part of **Currents** may be reproduced without the written permission of the Editor or the contributor of the article.

The Advertising Manager, who will be happy to provide a schedule of rates and mechanical requirements upon request, coordinates commercial advertising in **Currents**. **Currents** is mailed free to members, but is available for sale at Club Nights. Single copy price: \$5. **Currents** is published monthly by Topspin Publishing, 604-469-7158. Mail Agreement Number: 1609696.



ON THIS MONTH'S COVER

Mayknot, a Cooper Seabird 37, owned by Cam and Marianne McLean, racing towards Montague Harbour on the last day of BCA Race Week 2002, with *Free Spirit*, a Spencer 1330 owned by Gabe Helmig and Mark Pocock, in the background.

CURRENTS APRIL CREW

Guest Editor: Leslie Savage
 Contributing Editors: Kathy Taylor, Les Erskine, Elizabeth Smith, Caroline Cooper.
 Layout and Design: Topspin Publishing
 Original Art: Zeke (Harold Allanson) & Mike Swanson

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Current Events

25TH ANNIVERSARY DINNER DANCE

FRIDAY MAY 2, 2003, RVYC JERICO, VANCOUVER
COCKTAILS (NO HOST BAR) AT 1800 HRS
DINNER AT 1900 HRS, DRESS: LEX-IN-EPAULETS

For tickets, please contact Malcolm Wilkinson, at 604-224-7444.

VANCOUVER ISLAND CLUB NIGHT

TUESDAY, APRIL 15, 1900 HRS

DOORS OPEN 1900 HRS, TALK BEGINS 1930 HRS,
SIDNEY-NORTH SAANICH YACHT CLUB

Jim and Kathleen Blohm will give a presentation on cruising B.C.'s own Inside Passage.

VANCOUVER CLUB NIGHT

TUESDAY, APRIL 8, 2003, 1930 HRS

SCOTTISH CULTURAL CENTRE

8886 HUDSON STREET, VANCOUVER

"Around Cape Horn on a Square Rigger By Rob Duncan."

What does a sailor do when his dreams are big, but his boat is small? Rob Duncan dreamed for years of rounding Cape Horn. Then a unique opportunity appeared: join a tall ship as a deckhand trainee, and sail from San Diego to the Falkland Islands, by way of Cape Horn.

Join Rob as he describes joining the Europa, and the adventures he experienced on this 70-day odyssey around the Horn. In stories and photographs, Rob will relate what it was like to learn the trade of sailing a tall ship, deal with events like a fire and the loss of a skysail mast, and weather a Southern Ocean storm. Finally, Rob will describe how it felt to finally see the Horn, pop the gold earring in place, and how the experience will change his small boat cruising back home on his Bayfield 25 sloop, *Mischief II*.



FROM THE *Editor's Desk*

by Leslie Savage,
Guest Editor, April



TO KEEP ALIVE THE DANGEROUS AND EXHILARATING idea that a life is not a sequence of lived moments, but a destiny. Wow. What a sentence about sailing.

Except that it wasn't written about sailing, but about reading. Sven Birkert, in *The Gutenberg Elegies: the Fate of Reading in the Electronic Age*, defines reading as the most generous donor of meaning in our culture. Only through reading, he argues, can we experience what he calls *deep time*, the vertical experience of the world that measures not facts but wisdom, not breadth but depth, and not the comfort of the body but the well-being of the soul.

What comes to mind are the similarities between reading and sailing. To be *planted in one reality . . . while adrift in another*. A metaphysics involving a *change of state and inner orientation . . . A gradual immersion . . . in which we hand over our groundedness* in order to move into another dimension of being.

For Birkert, transcendence comes through reading. For sailors, the experience of wind, sun, rain and mist, the living on the skin of the world that is the sea—these are the essential foods of the soul. Sailing is a transcendental reality.

This is my last issue as a **Currents** editor. Donna Sassaman, with our new **Currents** crew of volunteers—Les Erskine, Deborah and Bob Halliday, and Kathy Taylor—will continue to edit **Currents**. To Donna, I extend more thanks than words can express for the good times we've had on Sunday mornings and Saturday nights. To the rest of our new Crew, blessings.

If to edit a magazine is to participate in the reading process through which *the least moment will take its appointed place in the whole*, as Birkert says, then to edit a sailing magazine is a

double whammy. So many of our contributors' stories and observations sustain our hope and dreams, and also confirm our best and worst expectations. It's been a privilege.

Sailing, like reading, turns the ordinary into the memorable. Both bring us the radical vision of that moment when *at last all parts of the whole will flash forth their pattern of significance*. Our cruising membership tell us, time and time again, just how that pattern builds and rebuilds, onshore or off.

To all of our readers, *adios*. Fair winds, clear skies, good fishing.

Leslie Savage, Guest Editor, April.

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## GUIDELINES FOR SUBMISSIONS

**Currents** accepts letters from offshore and postcards, both from members, and will make every effort to publish yours. Here are some editing suggestions:

1. Try not to use paragraph markers or hard returns (the ENTER key) in your text, except when you want to start a new paragraph. Use the word wrap function on your word processor.
2. Keep formatting to a minimum. The editors remove formatting items such as tabs, fancy fonts, word art, and so forth, before the text goes to production.
3. Use only one space after punctuation. Word processing programs put in extra space after periods, commas and semicolons, and if you type two spaces, the space will be too big.
4. Don't use quote marks around anything except a quotation.
5. Type boat names in italic boldface font.
6. Try to avoid "throat-clearing" phrases such as "I must say," "it was interesting to note that," and so on.
7. Choose details that will interest your fellows. Most hikes for groceries are long. A story, like a photograph, is a selection.
8. The worst trips make the best stories—to a point.
9. Every journey has two stories. One is over the face of the earth, the other is through the time of the soul.
10. We can never hear too much about the technical aspects of your sailing: equipment, repairs, best buys, favourite toys. ■

## The Currents Crew

When sending material for **Currents**, please send to the appropriate editor whenever possible, at addresses below, or to [currents@bluewatercruising.org](mailto:currents@bluewatercruising.org) with your name and the editorial section in the subject line.

Cover page, Currents Events, Calendar of Events: Kathy Taylor, [taylor6619@shaw.ca](mailto:taylor6619@shaw.ca)

Letters from Offshore: Elizabeth Smith, [elizsmith@istar.ca](mailto:elizsmith@istar.ca)

Fleet Liaison: Cam and Marianne McLean, [cmclean@telus.net](mailto:cmclean@telus.net)

Currently Cruising: Les Erskine, [lberskine@shaw.ca](mailto:lberskine@shaw.ca)

On the Water: Lex Peterson, [commodore@bluewatercruising.org](mailto:commodore@bluewatercruising.org)

Welcome Aboard: TBA

Proofreading: Deborah and Bob Halliday

Galley Watch: Caroline Cooper: [shaen\\_chambers@hotmail.com](mailto:shaen_chambers@hotmail.com)

Tradewinds: [currents@bluewatercruising.org](mailto:currents@bluewatercruising.org) with Tradewinds & your name in subject

Advertising (Display): Beverlyna Best, [advertising@bluewatercruising.org](mailto:advertising@bluewatercruising.org)

Editor: Donna Sassaman, [currents@bluewatercruising.org](mailto:currents@bluewatercruising.org)

Layout/Publisher: Ken Creighton, Topspin Publishing, [topspinpublishing@shaw.ca](mailto:topspinpublishing@shaw.ca)



# Top Currents

by Lex Peterson, Commodore



**A** YEAR AGO AMERICA WEST BRIBED US TO GET off an oversold plane to Los Angeles, effectively trading those seats for two on a nearly empty one to Zihuatanejo late January.

It was a wonderful opportunity to connect with old and new friends in the cruising community, move for a short time from a dreamer to a doer, and see how we intersect and interact with all the other communities out there.

I wrote the rough draft of this as I watched the fishermen come in at first light one morning. They had been out handlining in their pangas all night, while we lay awake wishing the sound of the overhead fan would drown out the Tequila Town disco across the street from our hotel.

There's a remarkable grace, economy of movement and level of cooperation when these fishermen come in. The panga driver picks an empty spot on the beach and accelerates madly, hauling his Yamaha outboard up just as they hurtle through the surf and onto the sand. Then they are helped to unload their gear and coolers of fish, carrying them up to large wooden storage boxes under the palm trees. Out come scales, buckets, plastic tarps – in go the fishing gear, battery, lights and propane bottle. The fish are thrown on the tarp on the sand, and commerce begins. There's an unhurried ease and elegance about this, an activity that has gone on for generations.

I watched a small Indian woman conclude a transaction. She carefully selected a dozen smaller fish to add to her overflowing washing bucket, then placed it on her head and began what is likely a very long walk home. She may well be walking up one of the hills surrounding Zihua where most of the native Indians live, often squatting, lured by the prospects in urban Zihua.

Yesterday, we joined some 30 members of the cruising community to visit the Netzahualcoyotl Indian School, where one remarkable woman, Maria Sanchez Hernandez started teaching under a tree to give back to her native Indian community. She has attracted other support, and Zihua Sail Fest was started by cruisers to raise money for her school, a most worthy endeavour. These children, who speak one of five native languages, must first learn Spanish to go to a Mexican school. We saw a happy, vibrant group, now almost 300 students — kids just being kids.

It was wonderful that our community could see how relatively insignificant sums for us could change lives and futures for others.

## Bluewater Cruising Association

### CALENDAR OF EVENTS

#### APRIL

April 8 ..... Vancouver Club Night  
April 15 ..... Vancouver Island Club Night  
April 26 ..... Rally: Moresby Island

#### MAY

May 2 ..... 25th Anniversary Dinner Dance  
May Long  
Weekend ..... Rendezvous: Winter Cove/Saturna Island



Sail Fest raised the astonishing sum of USD \$23,000, which will build a large retaining wall, and cruisers will be able to paint their boat logo there, like the seawall in Horta.

But not all cruisers have enough discretionary cash to buy retaining walls and classroom or even supplies for school.

A BCA member, cruising singlehanded, and uninsured, almost lost his boat near Puerto Vallarta, after falling asleep and grounding, the week before we were in Zihua. He is facing a large repair bill and reviewing his options. Cruisers in the bay were supportive, and were being regularly updated on his progress. Not a year ago, he was assisting another BCAer in a similar dilemma near Victoria.

What struck me about this trip was seeing how important it is to belong to a community, a tribe, a support network. It doesn't matter whether the currency of your tribe is big houses and fancy cars, or happy children, small fishes and music till 5 am.

What matters is your participation. Do you add value to your community, or just consume it's resources?

And in reaching beyond your community, you'll find humanity. ■



# New Email Addresses for the Watch and Currents Crew

by Perry Boeker  
Past Commodore

**T**HE WEBSITE/MIS PROJECT IS WELL UNDER way. We believe the system to be up and fully functional come May, but parts of it have already been implemented. One of the immediate improvements you will discover is the ease in which to contact your BCA watch. No longer do you have to know the person's email address, or for that fact who the person is. Just direct it to, let's say, past commodore, and voila, the system aliases the email to me. We've done this in an effort to make it easier to communicate efficiently with one another and to assist watch succession. All you have to remember is "bluewatercruising.org" and you're off and running.

Just heard that a world-renowned cruising couple are coming to town and want to send an email to the speaker's watchkeeper to inform them to chase the opportunity? Simply send a message to: [speakers@bluewatercruising.org](mailto:speakers@bluewatercruising.org) and "bob's your uncle." The following is the only list of addresses you should ever have to refer to when contacting the watch:

1. [commodore@bluewatercruising.org](mailto:<commodore@bluewatercruising.org>)
2. [secretary@bluewatercruising.org](mailto:<secretary@bluewatercruising.org>)
3. [treasurer@bluewatercruising.org](mailto:<treasurer@bluewatercruising.org>)
4. [pastcommodore@bluewatercruising.org](mailto:<pastcommodore@bluewatercruising.org>)
5. [communications@bluewatercruising.org](mailto:<communications@bluewatercruising.org>)

6. [membership@bluewatercruising.org](mailto:<membership@bluewatercruising.org>)
7. [bosuns@bluewatercruising.org](mailto:<bosuns@bluewatercruising.org>)
8. [currents@bluewatercruising.org](mailto:<currents@bluewatercruising.org>)
9. [speakers@bluewatercruising.org](mailto:<speakers@bluewatercruising.org>)
10. [education@bluewatercruising.org](mailto:<education@bluewatercruising.org>)
11. [fleet@bluewatercruising.org](mailto:<fleet@bluewatercruising.org>)
12. [advertising@bluewatercruising.org](mailto:<advertising@bluewatercruising.org>)
13. [vicecommodore@bluewatercruising.org](mailto:<vicecommodore@bluewatercruising.org>)
14. [vitreasurer@bluewatercruising.org](mailto:<vitreasurer@bluewatercruising.org>)
15. [vieducation@bluewatercruising.org](mailto:<vieducation@bluewatercruising.org>)
16. [caltreasurer@bluewatercruising.org](mailto:<caltreasurer@bluewatercruising.org>)

Please note that BCA's branch locations, Calgary and Vancouver Island, have their respective addresses also. We've just added VI or CAL to the beginning of the address. Should you need to send a message to Vancouver Island treasurer, the email address is [vitreasurer@bluewatercruising.org](mailto:<vitreasurer@bluewatercruising.org>). Now that's simple enough don't you think?

If you have a concern about anything **Currents** related, send it to [currents@bluewatercruising.org](mailto:<currents@bluewatercruising.org>). The best part is that you don't ever have to remember any of this. The only thing you need to remember is to go to your BCA Website, and click on Contact Us. The list of email addresses is there for you. Just point, click type and send. Your message will always get to its destination.

We'll keep you informed as the remainder of the Website/MIS is implemented.

Wishing you smooth sailing.

Perry Boeker

Past Commodore

On behalf of the Web committee



## On the Water

### RENDEZVOUS

Hosted by Vancouver Island Chapter

May Long Weekend

Winter Cove/Saturna Island

Contact Bryan Scott-Montcrieff

[Vicecommodore@bluewatercruising.org](mailto:<Vicecommodore@bluewatercruising.org>)

250-656-8125

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# FLEETS of 2003

## REPORT FROM THE FLEET OF 2003 VANCOUVER

by Cameron and Marianne McLean

**M**ARCH CAME IN WITH THE FLEET IN FULL SWING. Saturday, the 1st, saw them at Protech Rigging in North Vancouver for lessons in rigging maintenance and repair. The Sunday before many Fleet members attended an impromptu meeting at Royal Vancouver Yacht Club to meet Dave and Laura Dobson and Walter and Mavis Norman for a discussion on the South Pacific and New Zealand before Dave and Laura head back south to their boat. Monday, March 3, was the first of a series of eight weekly Celestial Navigation lessons presented by Fleet member Malcolm Wilkinson.

The regular fourth Tuesday meeting on the 25<sup>th</sup> was a general problem discussion and troubleshooting meeting among the members themselves.

It was interesting to see that many problems were common and to see the various approaches to their solution.

As well as the continuing Celestial Navigation sessions, plans for April include weekend sessions on weather systems offshore and the interpretation of weather faxes. On the Tuesday the 15<sup>th</sup> we will be attending a fiberglass repair course where we will be supplied with repair kits.

Tuesday, April 22, will be a Safety at Sea session with Man Overboard Techniques presented by Mike Janicki from the Canadian Coastguard Auxiliary.

All regular meetings will continue to feature show and tell sessions where members demonstrate useful items built or bought to make offshore life easier. As well we will continue with our keeping in shape offshore exercises as taught by Fleet member Sharon Taylor.

New members may still join the Fleet for a fee of \$30 per boat. The Fleet now consists of twenty-five boats of which eighteen are leaving this year.

Cameron and Marianne McLean

## Boat Name Contest

FEATURE

**RUTH AND CLIFF BOWERING**  
**S/V ICICLE I**  
**NEW ZEALAND**  
**FEBRUARY 2003**

**S**/V *ICICLE* WAS TAKEN FROM OUR LAST name Friesen and thus we have Friesen's *ICicle*. The Roman numeral I is there just because there are a couple of *ICicle* fishboats called *ICicle* and *ICicle II*. Simple after you hear our last name. We get lots of people asking how we came up with it.

Having read your musings in the January Issue of *Currents*, we have to write to say that we never associated the name *Ankle Deep* with a Sea Disaster. Far from it — we sailed 3500 miles with minimal problems.

The name originates from Lionel's earlier sailing days. His first sailing vessel was a ketch

named *Knee Deep*. The reason for this name was never revealed by the original owner. When we bought our Folkes cutter, the search for a new name began. As the new yacht draws less water than the previous one, by logical progression, the name *Ankle Deep* was born.

In Fiji, we were originally logged into the country by the radio operator as *Angel Dip*, but when we went on a search for new slip covers, the owner of the fabric store immediately recognised the significance of the name — "Ah, so you only draw a little water." He was the only person worldwide, who recognised the theme.

In the Yemen the name was transcribed into Arabic by the Immigration department and later re-transcribed into English by the

Port Captain as *Upside Down* — the closest we have been to any disaster.

We have been asked by many people about the name's origin so thought we would set the record straight.

Lionel Botting

*Great story — and we stand corrected! Never the more shall we associate Ankle Deep with any but the most fortunate of sailing tales. — the Ed.*







# Education Watch

## SAILING RALLIES FOR APRIL '03 by Chris Stask

**I**N CONJUNCTION WITH THE VANCOUVER ISLAND FLEET OF 2003, WE ARE ORGANIZING a series of sailing rallies (races) around a set course, in whatever conditions we encounter, in order to practice our sailing skills. We will be sailing a fixed course to provide an opportunity to sail on all points rather than where it is easiest to go. A sailing rally with other boats will also show us how efficiently we are sailing, as well as giving us the opportunity to crew on someone else's boat to learn new skills. This rally is open to all sailboats; there is no charge, just show up.

Meeting time 1030 in front of the old Sidney pier between buoys U 5 and U 6. We cross the line at 1100 (use your G.P.S.). All sails are acceptable, regular rules of the road apply. Communication will be on V.H.F. channel 73.

Debriefing will follow at the Pub, coffee shop or?

**Prizes Prizes Prizes.** At our June club night (we usually have a barbeque), all the boats that enter the sailing races will be receiving one ticket for each time they participate. We have a lot of great prizes lined up. So get off the dock and join us; it was a great day on the water Feb. 1/03.

Questions may be directed to Greg Bowman 250-655-1696 or Chris Stask 250-656-2718 <[Inceptus@hotmail.com](mailto:Inceptus@hotmail.com)>.

### SATURDAY APRIL 26 /03, MORESBY ISLAND

- Dock Island to port
- Canoe Rock to starboard
- Moresby Island to starboard
- Joan Rock, Reay Island & Greig Island to port
- Dock Island to starboard
- Finish between buoys U5 & U6



## VANCOUVER by Mark Hamill

**T**O REGISTER OR FOR FURTHER INFORMATION, CONTACT THE new education watch keeper Mark Hamill (604-777-0744 <[mhamill@planeteeer.com](mailto:mhamill@planeteeer.com)>) or stop by the Education Watch table on Vancouver club nights. In the case of waiting lists, you may be required to send in a check early to confirm your spot on the course. In general, course participation requires payment at least two weeks prior to the start. Make cheques out to the Bluewater Cruising Association with desired course(s) identified on the cheque face to: BCA Education Watch, 23000 Dyke Road, Box 17 Unit 2 Slot 9, Richmond, BC, V6V 2H2, or pay at the Education Watch table. Prices are noted for each course. There is a 40% surcharge on all courses for non-members.

### Advanced Marine First Aid

One Day, Saturday, April 19, 9 am to 5 pm  
Fee: \$80

Instructor: David Hayward

One day certificate session for people with the basic first aid course. Emphasizes offshore skills including use of oxygen. Participants receive the Advanced

marine manual and CPR face mask. This course is recognized by Transport Canada. An important course for anyone leaving the dock.

Minimum: 8 participants

Maximum: 12 participants

### Fancy Knots

Monday, April 14, 21, 28, May 5, 7 pm to 10 pm  
Fee: \$100

Instructor: Dave Fukuhara

Dave Fukuhara conducts four sessions on the art of fancy knots. This course is limited to six participants (materials supplied).

### Fire Safety for Recreational Boaters

Saturday, April 26, 8:30 am to 4 pm  
At the Justice Institute Fire Safety and Training Centre, Maple Ridge  
Fee: \$140

Instructor: Ron Campsell

Have you ever fought a fire on a boat? This day-long course will provide you with hands-on experience in the fire-fighting techniques that could save your life while cruising and the equipment you need to carry to be ready for any fire emergency. This course was offered for the first time last April and received high marks from all those who attended. Enrolment is limited to 15 participants. ■



# Galley Watch

by Caroline Cooper

## FAST PITA PIZZA

**H**ERE ARE SOME QUICK, EASY RECIPES FOR pizza lovers who don't have the time to make the crust from scratch.

First, make some tomato sauce. This is easy, fast, and an awful lot better tasting than anything out of can, but of course, the canned one may have to do at times.

### Tomato Sauce

- 1, 5.5 fl. oz. .... tomato paste
- 1 ..... grated garlic clove
- 1 tsp. .... sweet basil, oregano, thyme and rosemary
- 2 tbsp. .... minced sweet onion

Cut a whole wheat pita into two round pieces by cutting through the side of the pita carefully. Spread about 1 tbsp. of tomato sauce onto each piece of pita and top as desired.

### Topping Ideas for Individual Pizzas

#### HAWAIIAN

- 2 c. .... Black Forest ham, thinly sliced
- 1/4 c. .... pineapple pieces
- 1/4 c. .... mozzarella cheese, grated
- 1 tsp. .... cheddar cheese, grated (optional)

#### PEPPERONI

- 4-6 ..... Pepperoni, thinly sliced
- 1/4 c. .... pineapple pieces
- 1/4 c. .... mozzarella cheese, grated



#### BEAN

- 1 tbsp. .... re-fried beans
- 1 tbsp. .... salsa
- 1/4 c. .... mozzarella cheese, grated
- 4 ..... fresh tomatoes, thinly sliced
- 1/2 tsp. .... thyme, sprinkled on top

#### GREEK

- 2 small ..... sweet onions, cut into thin rounds
- 4-6 ..... artichoke pieces
- 1/8 c. .... Feta, crumbled
- 1/4 c. .... mozzarella cheese, grated
- 1 tbsp. .... black olives, slices
- 1/4 c. .... fresh tomato, thinly sliced

#### VEGETARIAN

- 1 tbsp. .... fresh mushrooms, tomatoes, black olives, and red pepper, chopped
- 1/4 c. .... pineapple pieces
- 1/4 c. .... grated mozzarella cheese



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# Medical Corner

## Prevention of Illness and Injury: Food & Water Precautions, Water Treatment

by Janette Loomis, RN, BS, *Meridian Passage* and  
James H. Bryan, MD, PhD

### FOOD AND WATER PRECAUTIONS

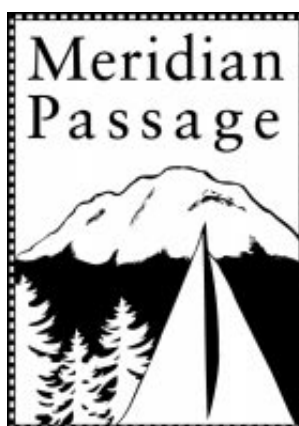
**F**OLLOWING STRICT FOOD AND WATER PRECAUTIONS WHILE TRAVELLING in a developing country will decrease your risk of illness and disease. **If food is thoroughly cooked and served hot, you can generally consider it safe.** As a rule, eat hot food hot, and cold food cold.

- Avoid tap water and ice.
- It is best to avoid raw seafood or undercooked meat.
- Don't eat raw fruits or vegetables unless you have peeled, cooked or disinfected them. Contamination with soil, sewage or parasitic worms is common. Disinfect raw fruits and vegetables by soaking them for 15 minutes in a 10% bleach solution. Add 5 drops of household bleach for every quart of water.
- Avoid salad greens in restaurants unless you disinfect them yourself as above.
- Avoid unpasteurized dairy products (milk, yogurt, ice cream, custards, mayonnaise). As a rule, the label on products found in grocery stores will state whether the food has been pasteurized.
- Wash your hands prior to eating or handling food.

### WATER DISINFECTION

**O**NLY WATER THAT HAS BEEN ADEQUATELY DISINFECTED (BOILED, filtered and/or chemically treated) will protect you from viral and bacterial waterborne diseases. If boiled at sea level, water should be brought to a rolling boil for at least one minute and cooled. Tap water may be safe in hotels in large cities frequented by travellers, but when in doubt, drink treated water. In areas where water and sanitation are questionable, the following should be considered:

- Drink bottled water or boil or chemically disinfect and filter your water.
- Use treated water to brush your teeth.
- If you use ice, make sure it is made from treated water.
- Beverages such as tea and coffee made from boiled water (or water brought to a high temperature over a period of time) are considered safe to drink.



- Chemically treat the water in your tanks (especially in warm climates) and test frequently.
- Canned or bottled carbonated beverages including carbonated bottled water, soft drinks, beer and wine are considered safe to drink.
- When in a marina or near shore where sewage accumulates, do not use seawater to wash your dishes. Instead, use bleach and water rinse solution or rinse your dishes with boiling water.

It is good to remember that in locations where water may be contaminated, ice should not be used in beverages. Alcohol does not decontaminate the ice. It is much safer to drink from a can or bottle than from a questionable glass. It is best to wipe the outside of the can or bottle before drinking from it.

### WATER TREATMENT

**F**OR POTABLE WATER STORED IN TANKS, IT IS ESSENTIAL that chlorine be added to inhibit bacteria and algae growth (see below). Potable water includes tap water from **known** safe water sources as well as rainwater. Water made from water makers is generally safe to drink, although it may taste flat. Consider adding lime or lemon juice or a pinch of ascorbic acid to improve the taste. Remember that supplementing shore water

with water made from a water maker will mix non-potable and potable water, and that the entire tank should then be treated.

#### FOR POTABLE WATER FROM A KNOWN, SAFE WATER SOURCE (DEVELOPED COUNTRIES OR WATERMAKER):

Use the following chart for adding household bleach (5% sodium hypochlorite) to your potable water, as it will inhibit bacteria and algae growth in your tanks. It is recommended that you use a syringe that has increments in metric measurements, milliliters (mls). Note that mls are the same as cc's (cubic centimeters). Syringes can be purchased at most pharmacies. Beware that many countries are now stocking "ultra bleach" usually 7-7.5% hypochlorite. Try to read the label and try to stick with plain 5% sodium hypochlorite, which is standard household bleach. As it may be difficult to maintain a constant level of chlorine (3-5ppm), a simple swimming pool test kit may be useful. Iodine is not recommended because of health risks associated with the frequent and long-term use of iodine.

#### FOR NON-POTABLE WATER (DEVELOPING COUNTRIES):

To kill or remove harmful bacteria, viruses and organisms that may cause disease, water must be disinfected. The following method combines

filtration to remove cyst organisms (e.g. cryptosporidium) and chlorination to kill the *Giardia*, bacteria and viruses.

- Before putting it in your tank, pre-filter shore water by running it through an in-line filter that removes sediment (available at Home Depot or similar hardware store).
- Install an in-line filter that filters *Giardia*, cryptosporidium and most (but not all) viruses (Amtec CBC-10, Katadyne or other ceramic filters with the same rating). Be aware that this may place undue stress on a water pump, so consider placing the pump so that it is pushing the water rather than pulling it through. Alternatively, use a gravity-feed ceramic filter (Katadyne, Berkfeld, Marathon [a division of MSR], or Aquarain). If you do not have a filter that filters the above organisms, you must treat your water with chlorine bleach.
- Install an in-line charcoal cartridge system that will remove the chlorine taste.
- Use the following chart in for adding household bleach (5% sodium hypochlorite) to your tank water. This will remove remaining viruses and inhibit bacteria and algae growth.

#### BLEACH DOSING FOR WATER TANKS

Sodium Hypochlorite 5%, water measured in liters.

##### CONVERSIONS

1 ounce = 30cc      3.84 liter = 1 gallon  
1 tablespoon = 15cc    1 teaspoon = 5cc  
1cc = 20gtts (drops)    1 liter = 0.2604 gallon

Water should be clear and allowed to stand for 30 minutes after application of bleach, prior to drinking. Add double the amount of bleach for cloudy or coloured water. After treatment, water should have a slight chlorine odour. If not, repeat the dosage and allow treated water to stand for an additional 15 minutes. Maintain the recommended level of chlorine (3-5ppm) by checking the chlorine levels every two weeks, using a simple swimming pool test kit.

To use the chart, calculate the total number of liters or gallons you wish to treat. Then, read across to the amount in ml's of bleach you need to add to your tank.

#### ON-GOING TANK MAINTENANCE

It is a good idea to **sanitize** your water tanks at least twice a year by mixing 1-teaspoon of liquid dish washing detergent and 1/8 cup of household bleach. After the solution is

#### BLEACH DOSING CHART

| LITERS OF WATER | ml or cc | DROPS |
|-----------------|----------|-------|
| 1               | 0.1      | 2     |
| 2               | 0.2      | 4     |
| 3               | 0.3      | 6     |
| 4               | 0.4      | 8     |
| 5               | 0.5      | 10    |
| 6               | 0.6      | 13    |
| 7               | 0.7      | 15    |
| 8               | 0.8      | 17    |
| 9               | 0.9      | 19    |
| 10              | 1.0      | 21    |
| 20              | 2.1      | 42    |
| 30              | 3.1      | 63    |
| 40              | 4.2      | 83    |
| 50              | 5.2      | 104   |
| 60              | 6.3      | 125   |
| 70              | 7.3      | 146   |
| 80              | 8.3      | 167   |
| 90              | 9.4      | 188   |
| 100             | 10.4     | 208   |
| 200             | 20.8     | 417   |
| 300             | 31.3     | 625   |
| 400             | 41.7     | 833   |

dissolved, pour it into your empty water tank(s). Add 5 gallons of warm water; rock the boat (if you can) to distribute the solution before opening each tap on board, including those in showers, until solution appears at the faucets. This is difficult with baffled tanks and large boats. Let the solution remain in the tank and lines for at least an hour to ensure good disinfecting. Open all taps and allow the solution to completely run out. Follow this by at least two full rinses of the tank. This, of course, is done when you have plentiful potable water supplies (*Practical Sailor*, December 1998, p.5).

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Jan Loomis is a registered nurse and paramedic who is currently cruising with her husband, Geoff Wickes, aboard their Valiant 40, *Meridian Passage*. She holds a faculty appointment at Oregon Health & Science University where she works in the emergency department and was formerly the coordinator of the Travel Medicine Clinic. She has sailed the Tasman Sea, Caribbean, Pacific Northwest, Kingdom of Tonga, Australia, and, most recently, Mexico and the Sea of Cortez.

James Bryan is a board certified emergency physician at the Portland Veterans' Affairs Medical Center and Oregon Health & Science University. He holds a PhD in Pharmacology and is the lead editor of the *EMRA Guide to Antibiotic Use in the Emergency Department*. He is an active member of the Wilderness Medical Society and has participated in wilderness search and rescue for over twenty-five years.

The Healthy Cruiser's Handbook, Prevention and Treatment Medical Resource Guide, is available from:

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PERSONAL TIPS

I am in charge of water disinfection on our boat. I use a watermaker and add household bleach to our tanks prior to filling them or making water to inhibit bacteria and algae growth. To add bleach to each of our tanks, I first pour a small amount of bleach into a container and then draw up the necessary amount with a syringe. On the water tank next to the inspection port I have marked the amount of chlorine bleach (with an indelible marker) needed to disinfect a full tank of water. Thus, I never have to look up the amount of bleach I need to add to a full tank of water. If you do not have inspection ports, you will need to draw up the amount of bleach in your syringe and inject it into the fill ports. Chase it down with about a gallon of water to flush the bleach into the tank itself.



Letters FROM Offshore

Aoleus XC

JACKIE AND MALCOLM HOLT
AUSTRALIA

DEAR FRIENDS AND FAMILY:

This piece follows up on the previous description about our travels in Australia. It conveys some of my perceptions about the country, our experiences, and the people.

First, I will give you a snapshot of the society in which we are living. It is unusual to travel in a country where nearly everyone speaks with a form of Cockney accent; not only do the Ozzies use a lot of English slang expressions, but they also have a vast menu of their own words too. For days after we arrived here, for example, we thought that “pokies” were a type of food because they were apparently always served with beer in the pubs. After careful questioning we found that they are one-arm bandits, otherwise known in Canada as video slot machines! Yes, Australians are gambling mad: and the culture (including government legislation and sponsorship) has reached the point where posters on the major highways question, “Are you gambling with more than your money?” complete with the photograph of a worried looking man with his hands over his face.

It has been a pleasure to travel in an English speaking land again. It may take us more than one attempt to understand what was said, but we are pretty well guaranteed 100% comprehension—which is more than I could vouch for in the Spanish- and French-speaking countries. It has also been a pleasure listening to the humour in Australia. Very fast, very irreverent, and politically incorrect.

Australians laugh a lot—at themselves, at each other, and in everyday situations. But I did notice in the larger cities that the streets seemed to be filled with grim-faced pedestrians and drivers with no time to spare: the same urban dwellers to be found living in all advanced economies.

But we have been fortunate since we spent a lot of our time in rural areas and small towns: my bias to the warm, uninhibited behaviour of country folk is showing through. Generally, Australians are friendly, helpful and polite. They seem to have mastered the creation of a classless society—not one in which everyone is equal, but more that everyone respects everyone else (despite the jousting humour and fun-poking on the basis of politics, gender, racial origin), and they are very comfortable with each other. Another refreshing characteristic of their society is that they have no identity crisis: Australians know their country, and believe in it. Perhaps this is because they have no dominant neighbour; perhaps it is because they are extremely competitive and have achieved much in international sports and the arts. At the same time, they are very worried about the state of the world, and their position in it. The Bali bombing has shaken their innocence and they struggle to understand why anyone would choose to target them. Now they overwhelm-



ingly doubt their Prime Minister’s insistence that they must join with the United States in a war with Iraq. With that as a quick backdrop, we have experienced a 7000 km round trip from Bundaberg to Port Fairy in western Victoria, via Melbourne, along the Great Ocean Road, skirting the southern ocean, and through to Sydney—truly a world-class city—and then north to Brisbane en route to our return to Bundaberg. During that time temperatures ranged between 9 and 47 degrees Celsius: so cold that we had to go out and buy a wool blanket and sweater; so hot that all we could do was lie still in our tent and wait for the heat to subside after sunset—or drive down the highway at 100 km/h with the windows open!

I mentioned the familiarity of the language, but this breaks down with place names! It’s easy to cope with names like Windsor, Camden and Liverpool: it’s something else to be faced with names such as Goondiwindi, Maroochydore, Coonabarabran, Gummin Gummin and Wallumburrawang. Even when you have learned how to spell the name, it’s a crap-shoot on how to pronounce it. My personal favourite is Wagga Wagga (pronounced Wogga Wogga!) So navigating can be a challenge—Jackie would sit with the Australian Road Atlas and tell me to drive to some barely pronounceable community, and finally resort to telling me to look for the sign for highway number whatever when we got to the edge of town.

You have probably been receiving news stories about Australia’s drought. By far the worst in living memory, we were able to see the effects after days of driving through parched landscapes: the eucalyptus trees (locally called gum trees) have survived similar conditions many times before, and this is borne out by their black-charred barks. But we witnessed millions of hectares of scorched (not burned) grassland: every stream and creek was dried up and most of the rivers reduced to evaporating pools of stagnant water. As we cut diagonally southwest from south Queensland across NSW to the state of Victoria our typical daytime temperature was in the low 40s Celsius. We never witnessed a live bush fire, but we travelled in close proximity to them on a couple of occasions—with visibility down to 300 metres, and our eyes stinging and weeping. The aftermath of the bush fires is eerie and demonic. It’s as though the hand of death has descended upon everything, and that there can be no future. Yet, I realize that this is apart of

the regeneration process that nature requires, and that life will return. We witnessed almost no rain during our two months of travel, with the notable exception of our first night's camping in a Chinese made high-tech tent that cost us less than A\$100. The campground owner had explained to Jackie that the tent sites were down near the billabong, so we first had to confirm what it was (a pond). Having pitched the tent we watched the cumulus clouds build for a couple of hours before the heavens opened and the wind screamed though. The tent bowed like a willow in the gale, and I remember falling asleep to the sound of torrential rain and the philosophical realization that the tent (with us in it) would either be there or not in the morning.

I awoke the next day (with no night-time recollections) to a perfect sunrise and a wonderful dawn chorus. Jackie had been worried that the billabong would rise higher than our campsite, but the water level was unchanged.

We took the Newell highway almost as far as the Victoria border. For the most part this is a winding single highway that is a popular truck route. Because the standard of driving is high in Australia, and the calibre of road engineering so good, we had no nasty incidents to report. Nearly all vehicles drove at the speed limit—which I reckon were about 10 to 20 km an hour higher than they would have been in Canada and the US. Driving was easy and effortless due to the relatively small number

of vehicles per kilometre. As we drove south, we were appalled to see the kangaroo carnage on the highways. Hitherto, Jackie hadn't seen a live kangaroo outside of the local zoo in Bundaberg; I had seen two on the roadside before we had departed on this trip. So we had a rather sick score of live to dead kangaroos, and the dead ones were outnumbering the live ones by far. As we discussed our sadness at the road kill, the Australians we spoke to made us realize the sheer impossibility of the situation: remote highways, millions of kangaroos on the loose, absolutely no traffic sense. At dusk they cause a dangerous situation where it's difficult to see them as they literally jump out in front of vehicles. We had been previously warned not to even think of driving at night. So you can imagine our joy when we drove into Warrumbungle National Park in NSW where we were to witness doz-

The night-time sounds in the park were amazing, birds, reptiles and marsupials all going about their nocturnal lives.

ens of kangaroos. I can remember foreign visitors in the Rockies going crazy over their first sightings of bears; Canadians were so matter-of-fact about the bears—the greater amusement was to watch the visitors. Well, now the tables were turned on us: I stopped the car and started to take photographs while Australians politely waited until I had finished. When we arrived at the tenting sites, we saw a landscape that was dotted with kangaroos. By the time we had pitched our tent we were surrounded by them, and as we sat down on our folding chairs to enjoy a well earned drink in the high heat, they settled in around us. Then they sidled up to us and settled in like old friends.

Unlike the Canadian bears, they were not looking for food, they were just being sociable. The one female took a particular shine to Jackie—so much so that when her Joey came back to her for a feed, he just stuck his head into his mother's pouch and suckled for about 15 minutes quite unconcerned about the human neighbour about two feet away. It was really sweet!

The night-time sounds in the park were amazing, birds, reptiles and marsupials all going about their nocturnal lives. My lingering memory of that night was the sound of a kangaroo approaching the tent, passing by, and departing into the distance—a kind of Doppler effect on a bouncing, thumping theme.

There was no water in any of the creeks in the park. Our nearby water tap was from a deep bore, and some kind tourist had left a

small bowl under the tap. Since the tap had a slow drip, this guaranteed a steady supply of water into the bowl. Consequently, the tap was the local watering hole for all manner of exotic birds, as well as the kangaroos. We sat fascinated by the constant parade of bird and kangaroos.

On the subject of water, I should add that the washrooms in the campground, as in nearly every place we have visited in Australia, were impeccable. Australians have achieved a level of hygiene and janitorial services that makes even north America pale by comparison—especially when I reflect back to campground standards I've seen over the years. We have grown to expect tiled walls and floors, modern fittings, abundant hot water and thorough daily cleaning, and now take them for granted. Quite a change from much of the last four and a half years—no doubt we are getting spoiled, and our departure from this clean land will come as another form of culture shock. It's so easy to take pristine standards for granted!

Christmas in Melbourne was special for us: seeing a son and daughter in law for the first time in three years, and an eight-month-old grandson for the first time made the long drive worthwhile. The season was filled with the pleasure of swapping news and experiences, and getting to know our newest relative, as well as socializing with extended family members from Melbourne and Adelaide. It's a funny feeling to arrive in a new country on the other side of the world, and find your family there!

Our New Year celebration was to take the train into Melbourne city centre and enjoy the fireworks display with tens of thousands of other happy-go-lucky beer and wine supping celebrants. No bad behaviour, no van-

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dalism, no police harassment. Just people out having a good time. On our way into the city (while we were waiting to catch the train) we were befriended by a group of young people who invited us to join them. They were too uninhibited for our taste (or was it too far into their cups?), so they proceeded to ask us lots of questions, on account of our accents. By the time we alighted from the train at the Flinders Street Station in the city centre, they had got us pegged as a couple of pot-pourri smugglers from Mexico. They immediately walked us over to two city policemen standing on the railway platform and told them we were smugglers. The one policeman looked at the other, and then at us, and said, "Lucky buggers!" without cracking a smile. The mood in the city that night was carefree — but then, Australians are generally care-free by nature.

After New Year we decided not to outstay our welcome. We drove to the city of Ballarat — only about 100 km west of Melbourne. It was here that we experienced our coolest weather. After shivering in our tent on the first night, we opted to buy a woollen blanket. Jackie also bought a cardigan: we could scarcely believe that we were buying more insulation! Our blood is so thin that we feel cold in anything less than about 20 degrees Celsius.

The days in the southern part of Victoria were warm and the nights were cool. Perhaps in keeping with the climate, we realized that we were in the wine growing country of the State, and on a beautiful Sunday morning we set out to taste some local wines. It made a welcome change to have a day's agenda that required little more than a 50 km drive after the thousands we had travelled. By 11 o'clock we were tasting Chardonnay, Merlot, Cabernet Sauvignon and (yes!) Shiraz at a boutique winery. Boy, Ozzies are generous! We realized that our day of wine tasting could reduce us to crawling from vineyard to vineyard very quickly. In contrast to our wine tasting forays in California, we were surprised to see almost no other customers. The quietness was strange, but it did allow us the opportunity to talk to the vintners and learn how (typically) they were formerly in professions or careers in the big cities, but decided to risk it all in a multi-year gamble to get a vineyard going from scratch. Some of these people now make world-class wines. Quite an entrepreneurial community really!

At the second (and in the interest of staying close-to-sober, our final) winery we

connected with a young couple, who invited us out to their small market garden farm the following day.

We found the place with a bit of difficulty and spotted them setting up a raspberry stall on the roadside. It turned out that they were both schoolteachers and this was their other business (they referred to working a second job so that they could continue to subsidize the cost of education and afford to carry on teaching!). For two years they had been completely self-sufficient, and we felt awed by their accomplishments. They had started the entire operation from a piece of land covered with gum trees. For the most part, their land was still forest — they had cleared only about one eighth of it for the house site, pastures

Like everyone who experiences this coast, we were stunned by the stark beauty of the stacks that stand off shore and the endless deserted beaches.

(sheep and goats) and the soft fruit and vegetable gardens. After each taking a stint at selling raspberries to passing motorists (who didn't realize that they were buying from Canadian sailors), we spent a wonderful supper (tea) time with our young hosts, chatting into the evening.

They shared the secret with us that when we had met them the day before, they had put an offer in on a nearby piece of land that they intended to turn into a vineyard and winery — so they were out investigating their new prospective neighbours and future competition.

New friends that we wonder if we will ever see again. . . they talked about the next time we would come to see them. What a wonderful world!

Heading west, we enjoyed a leisurely day's drive to Grampians National Park, the most dramatic mountain scenery of the journey. This is an area where a huge rock escarpment is thrust up over the surrounding plains. Although tame by comparison to the mountains in Canada, the view is spectacular: when we were there it was a bit subdued by the smoke haze from the bushfires. Again, we had the opportunity to see dozens of kangaroos in the meadows next to our campground. They are wonderfully photogenic creatures!

Everywhere we went we had been amazed to see the varieties of plants, trees, birds, and occasional reptiles. Most things in Australia

seem exotic to me. It's not like you see one parrot, or lorikeet — you see hundreds. One evening we went into a suburban park and found the ground covered with hundreds of galahs (beautiful pearl-grey birds with the most brilliant pink markings). They were feeding on whatever they could find in the grass and walking around in the most silly fashion — some of them falling down and rolling comically around. We had read of this behaviour, and sat watching them for about an hour. No need for television comedy shows here!

We headed south about 170 km to the coast. Originally we intended to go to Warrnambool, but out of instinct went a few kilometres out of our way to the smaller community of Port Fairy. From here we looked out at the Southern Ocean, and I resolved that I never would want to bring *Aeolus* XC around this side of Australia. The south west wind was cold. The water was cold. And Antarctica loomed only 3000 km away — less than our last passage from Suva to Bundaberg. It seemed unbelievable that we were almost at the southern end of the world: when I read about the shortest passage between here and England in an account of one great steamship that had been lost on this coast (it's called the Shipwreck Coast). I later turned a globe upside down to change my perception of the world. You sail east, hook as close as you dare to the southern ice and come up into the South Atlantic. If you look at the Mercator Projection (the world map we all used at school) it looks like you would sail across the South Pacific and go round Cape Horn. If you look at an inverted globe, it looks completely different!

So here we were on the shore of the stretch of water separating us from the southern continent. The cold wind was a constant reminder. As we travelled along the Great Ocean Road for the next several days we were constantly reminded of the treacherous waters with repeated accounts of one ship or another that had mistaken a coastal feature and sailed into a reef, with huge loss of life. Very disconcerting landscape for sailors! Like everyone who experiences this coast, we were stunned by the stark beauty of the stacks that stand off shore and the endless deserted beaches. Most famous of the stack formations is The Twelve Apostles — a row of limestone Columns that are being steadily eroded by the sea: some standing many storeys high, perched on a shrunken base, with no more than a few years or decades before they topple — a sobering reminder that we are not the only mortal

species. These massive sentinels will collapse in a few geological seconds, only to be replaced by new ones, sculptured from today's cliffs. I read that the south coast is being eroded at between one and ten centimetres each year.

The landscape along the south coast became lush and green. Obviously, this part of the continent had not suffered the drought. It all appeared very gentle in contrast with the extremes we had seen in the interior.

After a short stay in Melbourne, we headed quickly along the Hume Highway towards Sydney, staying just one night in Goulburn. It's a long drive to do in one day, and when we arrived in Sydney on the following day, I was glad that we didn't tackle Sydney traffic at the end of the day: like every new major city.

It was a challenge. During the long day's drive we skirted quite close to Canberra — only days after the bush fires had destroyed over 400 homes and killed four people. We literally wept with the smoke in our eyes, as we drove for hours along the motorway in reduced visibility.

Once in the Sydney metropolis we avoided the city centre and worked our way round to the north side of Sydney harbour to a place called Narrabeen. We figured that it would be a good location to stay: leave our car outside of the city and travel in by public transport (Day Tripper tickets cost A\$13.40 and give all day access to buses, ferries and trains within the Sydney region). It worked well for us. The transit system is fantastic: comprehensive, easy to understand, prompt (with the exception of one bus which never arrived!) and the people are so helpful — even the Chinese man who worked in the information booth in the central station, whose English we could barely understand. In all the days we travelled in Sydney, we were never "lost". Being there gave us an opportu-

nity to explore the harbour area and get an idea of what our anchoring and mooring options will be when we sail into Sydney in the middle of April. It will be really a nice change to sail into a strange port and know what to expect!

We travelled in from Narrabeen on the bus to Manly and caught the ferry from there to Circular Quay (pronounced "key" for Americans not familiar with the word) — the main stepping off point for the city centre, the Opera House, the Botanic Gardens and a multitude of other Parks and cultural facilities, as well as being the hub of the city's transportation system (buses, ferries and trains all come together at this one point). In the short time we were there, we grew to love Sydney, and look forward to the

time later this year when we will return in *Aeolus* and have the comfort of our home in a world-class city.

Perhaps the personal highlight was discovering on the Saturday that we went into the Opera House that there was a free performance of the "Barber of Seville" in the Domain (a large central park) that evening. Armed with our Day Tripper tickets, we headed all the way back to Narrabeen to change our clothes (we knew it would be cool in the evening), pick up our folding chairs, a bottle of chilled Chardonnay and a good Australian blue cheese and crackers. By 8:15 pm we were just in time to settle down, along with about 10,000 other people to a wonderful three hour experience. What a great atmosphere: the only change I would request is a total ban on the ubiquitous mobile phones!

Staying in Narrabeen also allowed the opportunity to check out our mooring options in nearby Pittwater Bay — a quiet and very

beautiful stretch of water not connected to Sydney harbour, but within the limits of the public transport system for the city. We have yet to decide where we will stay.

Our drive north from Sydney was punctuated by stops at the potential anchorages and marinas that we will encounter on the sail south from Bundaberg. We plan on taking a leisurely six weeks to coastal cruise to Sydney, with the luxury of having both time and good weather forecasts in order to make the most of following winds and the up to four knots of the southbound coastal current.

We returned to find *Aeolus* safe on her moorings in the Burnett River. The previous week, we had learned, the Burnett valley received 500 mm of rain. We were told to expect a few hyacinths floating down the river as a result.

There were two rows of moorings in the river, each with about ten boats moored with bow and stern lines. On the second night after our return, the water hyacinths arrived like an endless field of green — sliding past at about four knots on the flooding river. At 2 am we got up to make sure that everything was all right. Our neighbours down river from us (Kiwis) told us that the "other" row of boats had broken away an hour earlier, and had disappeared down the river. They were standing at the bow of their boat trying fruitlessly to release the growing number of plants accumulating on the mooring buoy. We quickly devised a way in which we could tie their dinghy onto our boat and bring it forward to enable one or other crew to clear the plants away. For an hour he worked furiously, then for the next hour it was my turn. At 4:15 am the French boat up river from us, with no one on board, broke its mooring line. Jackie heard it go, and immediately called to me to tell me what had happened. As the boat came drifting bow-to-bow with our boat (it had been moored stern-on to the current) Jackie started pulling me back to *Aeolus*.



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Before I arrived, there was a dreadful crunching and shattering sound as it hit our bow, and the French boat started to turn 180 degrees. Somehow I got onto *Aeolus* and headed up to the port beam where I was just in time to grab the stanchion on the French boat and save it from crashing sideways into our hull. We quickly got the fenders between the two hulls. At this point we, and the Kiwi boat were all drifting down the river, dragging all of our moorings. The New Zealand sailors cut their lines and cast themselves adrift—only to find that they had neither power nor steering because of the volume of plants caught on their boat. They were saved by a commercial fishing boat that was cruising the river for just that reason: saving boats.

The French boat was now moored alongside of us, and we were no longer dragging our mooring. Although we had started our engine and cut all but two of our mooring lines, we discussed our predicament with the marina operators, who were shooting all over the river in an attempt to minimize the damage to boats already broken loose. Our decision was to stay put—since we didn't know whether we would be able to control the boat if we cut ourselves free. Staying was the lesser evil! Twelve hours later, we were rescued and towed back into the marina proper. By this time hyacinths had accumulated around our bow to a depth of about five feet. I quite literally could step off the boat and walk on the river to the bow of the 53 foot French boat. It was a nightmare. Fortunately, our damage was limited to a smashed navigation light and a bent pulpit—each now respectively replaced and repaired. It could have much worse if things were just a little differently lined up at the point of collision—including the loss of our anchor, furling gear, forestay and the entire pulpit ripped off.

We have stayed in the marina since this episode, and the water hyacinth is still travelling up and down the river with each tide. The plant is one of those bad Australian stories: introduced from Brazil and choking everything else out—no natural enemies, and totally out of control. We learned that it was estimated that more than two million TONS of the stuff came down the river. Quite a natural disaster: mercifully, no one was injured in the chaos. So there you have our latest escapade! Drought. Bush fires. Floods. What a country!

Some farming areas nearby are simultaneously receiving emergency drought and flood assistance from the government. Cattle and sheep are trapped in the mud, and helicopter marksmen are shooting them because no one can get in to feed the animals.

Our plan is (weather, fate and hyacinth permitting) to leave here at the beginning of March and cruise the passages inside Fraser Island and Moreton Island. With good charts and cruising guides, we expect only to do one or two overnight passages en route to Sydney. We are both well, and marvelling at the diversity of experiences we encounter.

With our love and best wishes,
Malcolm and Jackie



S/V Harmonica

DAVE AND JAN HUTCHISON
KELLY PETERSON 44

RETURNING THROUGH GREECE

HARMONICA STAYED IN THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA UNTIL the end of October 2002 but we could have spent a lifetime sailing there. Arab, Berber, Turkish, Greek, Balkan, and Western cultures all meet around the edges of one sea. We spent little time in the Western Med. We enjoyed Turkey, Greece and North Africa, with unsophisticated, outdoor life, the rocky bays, or the harbour walls with city life passing by at the far end of your passarelle (boarding plank).

We left because we still have wanderlust and even if we sail through the South Pacific, we can still return in a few years time. There are many lovely places to visit although the weather conditions are not what you would seek for the perfect cruising life. Winds change violently and unpredictably. Continually, weather reports brought news of 30 to 50 knot Mystral winds in the Gulf of Lyons. The Italian VHF forecasts take the tiny area between mainland Italy, Sicily, and Sardinia and Corsica and divide it into ten sea areas which often have quite different forecasts. The saying is that in the Med there is either too much wind or not enough. Strong winds seem to materialize out of nowhere with such small pressure variations that they fit between isobars and don't always show on the surface pressure maps. Next time we cruise there, we shall buy a NAVTEX unit to pick up continuous weather updates. Navtex coverage seems good throughout the Mediterranean Sea and the receivers cost UK100 to 200 pounds.

We seldom managed to get the wind vane set since conditions changed as soon as it was adjusted. We felt no surprise that Odysseus had been blown into foreign lands and spent many years returning to Ithaca after the fall of Troy. One necessity is a passarelle (or boarding plank) and access over the bow or stern for med-mooring. We also invested in some steel snubbing springs and short lengths of chain for stern tying to concrete quays. We should have bought a 240/110 volt transformer immediately but wired our own in Turkey using a heavy plastic electrical service box.

After leaving Turkey with a sad goodbye to many friends in and around Marti Marina in Orhanye, we sailed across the Aegean from Kos to the Cyclades and then

north to the Northern Sporades where we met Jan's brother and family on holiday from England. We bought a Greek cruising permit in Kos, but it stayed in our files, and no officials asked to see our papers again until we had left Greece, spent 2 weeks in Italy and arrived in Malta. We stopped in the new marina in Kos (still within sight of Bodrum Turkey), which was reasonably priced, clean, and very friendly. Then we stayed on anchor for the next six weeks. We spent two nights in Lavrion to meet a flight into the Athens Airport, and were warned off the new and very expensive "Olympic Marina" there in favour of the town harbour which has been enlarged in the last few years.

Kea, in the Cyclades was the island where we spent our first ever visit to Greece and it is still a favourite after a quarter of a century. There are still many donkey paths, some between stone walls thousands of years old. We could roam the hillsides and break bread under ancient olive trees. Many Greek island villages are located out of sight of the sea where they could not be seen by pirate vessels, and most islands have a "Xora" or main town hidden up on a steep hillside. One of the joys of these islands is the lack of fences on the terraced slopes and the huddles of stone houses nestled together in villages with steep streets often too narrow for a motor bike let alone a car. Purple bougainvillea cascades over white walls.

However, there is now more building of modern "summer homes" and there are now more cars on the dusty, interior roads of Kea. The tourist trade has brought steady prosperity to Greece and full membership in the European Union has come with some trappings of western life. The inner Cyclades are forgotten by many of the northern tourists and are used more by Greek tourists from Athens. The tiny island Nissos Levitha is uninhabited except for a family of fishermen who used to tend the lighthouse. Nissos Dehnousa had two small settlements and a delightful anchorage in the NE corner. Siros was the one black spot since it has an airport and is full of speed boat-loving tourists from the north.

On Kea, the first stop was in the anchorage of Poles where the remains of an ancient temple has a tiny farm on either side and a long hot donkey path leading back to the road three miles inland. Kithnos, Serifos and Sifnos have similar small, local populations. Andros is bigger with a good internal bus service, but pleasant and it has a very secure anchorage where we sat out two days of gale

force northerlies. The Meltemi winds normally blow strongly in the Aegean during the summer, but we were lucky in 2002 since July was so calm that we motored and sailed up the east coast of Evia with hardly a ripple for most of the time. Travelling north up the 100 mile coastline, we stopped in both the ports, Petries and Kimi, where we anchored off and went for long inland walks. There are big wind farms on the hills, and the cruising guide counsels against this rocky outer coast. There is a good bridge and road connection from Athens, but no nearby airport, so the villages have a Greek feeling. At Kimi the town is three or four miles inland above the port. There was a large Turkish population during the Ottoman rule until 100 years ago, which is clearly evident in the architecture. From Kimi we headed to Skiros, our first island in the Sporades. We found a lovely quiet bay with a single taverna on the beach. There are large pine plantations and we watched some logging operations using horse power. However the holding was doubtful and we reset our anchor twice. Our Turkish copy of the

There are still many donkey paths, some between stone walls thousands of years old. We could roam the hillsides and break bread under ancient olive trees.

German "Bugle" anchor worked well for us most of the time.

Alonisos, Skopelos, and Skiathos are close to the Sun Sail charter fleets and we met some flotillas, but there are enough bays to feel well away from it all. At this time we made for the Gulf of Volos up the Dhavlos Trikeri (which we later found meant the Channel of three Candles, after the tradition of the fishermen who would light three candles to their saint before trying to sail there). Another day, drifting out of this channel with a breeze over the starboard quarter just about strong enough to lift the spinnaker, we saw white water off the port bow. After staring for a while without comprehension, we reduced sail, crossed into the melle and stayed on a close reach, port tack in strong to gale force winds for the remainder of the passage.

After a great week with Jan's brother and family and a flying visit by our son Mark from Victoria into Skiathos, we headed back south and the Meltemi kicked in suddenly one morning. By reefing too late, we broke the boom fitting for the rigid boom vang which had been made for us in Turkey. Then

we ran south with 30 to 40 knots to help us on our way back to Andros and Kea. We hid in the sheltered anchorages there until most of this Meltemi had died after five or six days and drank away our last evening in the company of a Greek cruiser who was celebrating bachelor life while his wife helped their daughter with the first grand daughter. After two hours with a scrap of headsail set on a rollicking broad reach we were around Sounion and into the Saronic Gulf. Just as predicted, the wind steadily died until we motored into Poros. Here the town quay at Galatas is free and a friendly gathering point for cruisers.

In the island of Hydra (appropriately served by a hydrofoil) the anchorage was over 50 ft. deep, so we waited for a German boat to leave before dropping our anchor with plenty of scope. As we left for our walk that afternoon Dave pointed to a pair of charter boats entering the bay and predicted that they would anchor too close with insufficient scope. Sure enough, two hours later, after a rain squall, we looked down from the ridge top and there was a dinghy rowing round and round *Harmonica* periodically dropping swimmers into the water. We walked back, vented our feelings about anchoring on short scope, helped them to untwist the rodes, and then felt sorry for the chagrined English skipper who was out for a holiday with his family.

We made three more stops on the Pellepones. We anchored out in Monemvasia in a quiet bay under the high, rocky hills, walked up to the monastery which spectacularly hangs over the edge a cliff, then returned for one more Greek taverna supper. It rained so hard on the way back that you could not see, and we rode back in the dinghy half naked trying to keep our clothes dry. On the tip of the Eastern peninsular of the Pellepones, we were on our own anchored off a quiet flat sandy bay behind Nissos Elafonisos. Next day we ran and beat in a nearly straight line to Porto Kayio on the middle Peninsular. This is a nearly perfect anchorage with a narrow entrance and high hills all around. There are a few tavernas by the beach, and some lovely walks. It was the end of August and time to start our passage west to rendezvous with friends in Sicily and then exit the Mediterranean before the end of October. *Harmonica* left the Pellepones on a five day passage to Sicily. It seemed that the wind, in true Med fashion, would change unpredictably every two or three hours, but we had some good sails in between. Several boats

tried to cross to Italy by day-sailing north into Ionia then jumping across to the South Coast of Italy. As our light southeasterly changed into a fresh northwesterly off the coast of Calabria, we watched dramatic thunderstorms over the land, and almost at the same time picked up some email from our Austrian/Australian friends on *Bluey* saying that they had been storm-bound on this coast for many days.

WEST TO GIBRALTER AND THE ATLANTIC

With our normal terrible timing, it was still night when *Harmonica* arrived from Greece off Catania, Sicily, so we hove to and waited for daylight. As the dawn came we were treated to a glorious sunrise on Mt. Etna which is known for cloud covering almost continuously. Next day was shopping and washing and the following morning it was still clear and Jan woke full of vim and vigour to suggest that we could just manage to run to the bus station in time for the bus to take us to 1 of Etna.

We walked to just below the where the signs warn of grav in many languages; we saw the lava flows which entombed buildings ten years earlier and ski lift towers broken in the last eruption. We looked down on the rocks which (according to legend) the blinded Cyclops hurled after retreating Odysseus; we had a glorious day. As our homeward bus neared Catania bus station, the blue sky disappeared, clouds opened, and rain poured. Half an hour later we found our second laptop computer of the voyage sitting in a puddle of water under an open hatch. Conclusion: Etna was wonderful, but not worth it!

Catania is a mediaeval town, but it is also a commercial centre and university town with a fantastic street market. If you do dock there, don't go to the expensive NIC yacht club, since the harbour wall just further south has identical (poor) facilities but is free. We had visitors in Sicily and motored gently south to the SE tip of the island and back. The coastline is not special, and the anchorages at Marzameri and Porto Paolo were poorly sheltered, but the history and atmosphere were fun. Syracuse was a special stop for us. After several aborted attempts to reverse in with a strong cross wind, *Harmonica* stern tied (free of charge) to the quay in the middle of the old town.

We walked round the museum, the tiny streets, and the little restaurants. Syracuse cathedral has original Greek columns on one side and has since been added onto using every style of architecture up to eighteenth century gothic. The nearby town of Notto is well worth the bus trip. This area has been settled since the Stone Age. It is rumoured that funds for cathedral maintenance in Notto were diverted and certainly the dome collapsed a few years ago. However we were amused by their solution. Scaffolding has been erected in front of the old cathedral and on it there is a picture of the cathedral complete with dome. Gothic cathedrals might become quite portable if this technique takes off!

We had been in touch with UK sails in England and our guests flew back with our mainsail to be recut. Dave assured Janet that our second main would be fine for the rest of the passage to the Balearic Islands or Gibraltar. We left early for the sail across Maltaso that we might check in before the customs office closed.



However, we had a gorgeous reach, seldom dropping below seven knots and arrived in the middle of the afternoon. It is easy to spend too much money in Malta as it is one of the best places in the Mediterranean for all sorts of hardware and boat supplies secondly the Maltese pound is worth about CDN\$4 so everything looks deceptively cheap. The new disk for our remaining computer sounded a much better buy at 80 pounds than it did when the VISA bill arrived in Canadian dollars.

The capital, Valetta, is a magnificent piece of 18th century defences, streets, and churches. We cycled a lot in Malta. The Grottos and cliffs are spectacular around the islands of Malta, Gozo, and Comino. We checked out from McGarr Marina on Gozo on 30 September which was the last day of the year that this customs office was open. Creeping up the side of Gozo, trying to stay out of the head winds and seas, we caught a puff which ripped our mainsail and Dave had to eat his earlier words about the sail.

We tried a repair at sea using adhesive repair tape, a needle and thread (well two or three needles actually) but we could only use the sail with three reefs.

After two days *Harmonica* was by the coast of Tunisia. We were near Sidi Bu Said and the capital city of Tunis, but such a lovely

east wind had sprung up that we put up the spinnaker and ran west to Tabarka, close to the Algerian border. (The ATN spinnaker snuffer which we bought during the summer was a great help for short-handed spinnaker work, and it also set much better after we had one panel removed by a Turkish sail-maker.) Of course the wind soon backed and strengthened to a fresh SW and we arrived at Tabarka in the middle of the next night. Standing three or four miles off, Dave was awakened from a doze in the cockpit by the Tunisian Coast Guard very courteously and efficiently asking who we were and what were our plans.

Dave really got into trouble the next morning when we turned on the engine and sputtered to a stop just outside the harbour. He had forgotten to check the tanks so now had to switch tanks and bleed the fuel system. Tabarka was a sleepy place in October, and we provided an item of curiosity for the officials. They all spoke French. Each one politely went through his paper work, and some politely asked whether we had any spare bottles of whisky and we politely told them that we did not. The amusing hiccup was when *Harmonica* was inspected to check the inventory list which we had printed out, they found our flare gun. Weapons are heavily frowned upon in Tunisia and we had declared that we had none. They accepted our explanation and told us not to let anybody see it.

We took a four day bus trip to Tunis and Tozeur at the edge of the Sahara Desert. Then it was off again to get out of the Straights of Gibraltar and down the Moroccan Coast before the Atlantic gales arrived. All the guides warn against stopping in Algeria as there have been violent incidents since the Moslem fundamentalists appeared to be heading for election victory and elections were cancelled a few years ago. As we left Tabarka to sail just outside Algerian waters, two things happened. Dave naively remarked on the size of the long swell, and Jan came down with symptoms of mild food poisoning. Twenty-four hours later the swell was explained by gale force westerly winds and Dave wedged himself beside Jan's berth for a council. As a result, we hove to or slowly crept forward for 36 hours trying not to get driven east by the wind and current. These were the roughest conditions that we have seen yet on our voyage (see www.tech.co.ab.ca/harmonica for further, lurid descriptions). However, *Harmonica* behaved excellently and Dave and Jan did adequately. We left Tunisia with two full tanks of diesel (which is very cheap in Tunisia, Morocco and

Gibraltar) but Dave had switched from starboard back to port tank just outside Tabarka and forgot to check for air remaining in the fuel line from the port tank to the valve. As a result we had to wait for the sea to flatten, then bleed the system a second time before we could start the engine. By day three we had that flat sea and a beautiful light SW which was just enough to sail at four or five knots on a close reach under full sail to Mallorca. By full sail, please understand "mainsail stuck together with sticky tape and string, and headsail looking like some gipsy laundry as all the UV protector was in tatters".

We chatted on the radio to our New Zealand friends Ian and Jen on Q2. They met us in the marina where they had booked space for us, and had their friend and sailmaker David Bonner on board about three hours later. David lives on board his boat in La Palma de Mallorca and does sail work by winter and sails as much as he can each summer. He repaired or recut three sails for us in two days and I would recommend anybody both to use his work and to talk to him. As a footnote to this gale we'll add that, for Christmas, *Harmonica* was given a bright orange storm trysail.

There is a busy shipping lane along the coast of North Africa and at one time, in full sunlight, we were looking up at the bow of a large freighter three miles away, talking to the skipper on VHF, and he was telling us that he could not see us in white seas. Hence the orange sail. Mallorca to us is back in "civilization" and if you took away the clear blue sea, several lovely buildings, the harbour packed with expensive yachts, and the Spanish language, it could be anywhere in the western world.

One of the things that we love most about the Mediterranean countries is the selection of interesting and aromatically spiced foods. The clearest indication of our mood was that we went straight into a big shopping mall and bought hamburgers and chips. With time ticking away and alarming bills clocking up at the marina, we headed west again, expecting to sail for Gibraltar. But fresh westerlies picked up again just as a voice came on the radio singing the praises of Cartagena (the Spanish one this time). There are many large marinas in south coasts of Spain and Portugal which hold 1000 or more boats surrounded by holi-

day apartments. The lure of Cartagena was irresistible and it was indeed a most attractive natural harbour to sit out another westerly. It also turned out to be a good location to find and have repaired a leak in our diesel pump. Then on to Gibraltar again and the joy of being reunited with our best mainsail. After a long hot shower in Queensway Quay Marina, a trip to an English-speaking cinema, a visit to Shephards marine shop where we bought a second radar reflector for the rigging, we heard a forecast of easterlies in the strait and we were off at eight to ten knots towards the medieval port of Cadiz.

After two days we headed out SW and set our wind vane for the first time in about a year. That vane did not need to be touched for three days. Oh how lovely to be sailing in the Atlantic! The plan had been to see Madeira and then leave *Harmonica* for Christmas in the Canary Islands. However, nasty fronts were not far out in the Atlantic. Then, while heading south, we received an email from our Canadian friends on Delphis. They were a few weeks in front of us and wrote to say how much they enjoyed being back in the Arabic world with traders selling everything in tiny narrow alleyways, merchants fixing anything that moves, and soothsayers telling stories in the markets. We followed the call and were rewarded by a great ten day stop in Essaouira, Morocco. Essaouira was the location used for the Orson Wells film of Othello and the Moorish towers and walls facing Atlantic rollers breaking on the rocks must have been the perfect setting.

Again, we sat off through the last half of the night, and motored in after dawn. There was room for three side-ties on the floating dock and cruisers were rafted three to five deep since many boats were heading along this coast to the Canaries for the Atlantic crossing season. We tied to a Catamaran with three generations of an Eng-

One of the things that we love most about the Mediterranean countries is the selection of interesting and aromatically spiced foods.

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lish family on board. There was an incredible dense mass of humanity on the docks, and the skeleton ribs of half-built wooden 50-60 ft. fishing boats behind them. Some people wore wool robes with cowls pulled up covering their heads in the cool morning air. Fishing boats were rafted up to ten deep, filling the harbour, and sardines were being unloaded by chains of men throwing baskets one to another about one every two seconds. We explored, shopped and ate fish. These people speak Berber and Arabic but French is very common. We bought some beautiful wooden boxes and trays made from local hardwoods.

Dave's rear bicycle brake caliper had stripped a thread after long abuse, and he just had to hold it in the air in the right alleyway to have it replaced for a few cents with exactly the right casting. We took the bus to Marrakech, one of the four imperial cities, which was touristy but lots of fun. Jan befriended a little boy and his father on the dock with the aid of a Canadian pin, resulting in an invitation to spend the evening of the first day of

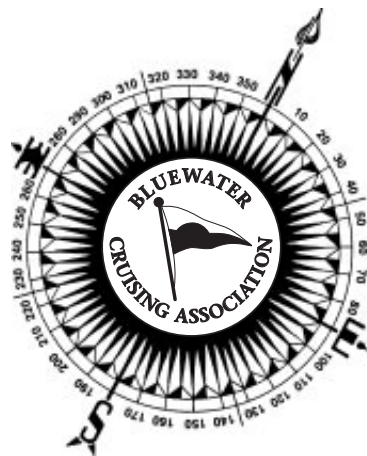
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Currently Cruising

As of March 13, 2003

* New addition

<i>Aeolus XC</i> (98)	Malcolm & Jacqueline Holt	Australia
<i>Andramoi</i> (98)	Herman Boer	Mexico
<i>Antares II</i> (02)	Bill & Helena Cowan	California
<i>Arclyd II</i> (01)	Karl & Michelle Mech	Mexico
<i>Arcturus</i> (00)	Fred & Chris Caron	New Zealand
<i>Ardmachree</i> (95)	Kathy & Bill Clark	New Zealand
<i>Astraeus</i> (99)	Bill Sax	En route Yemen
* <i>Astrolabe</i> (99)	David & Laura Dobson	Fiji
<i>Bagbeera</i> (98)	Andy & Liza Copeland	Turkey
<i>Blue an' Teak</i> (95)	Dev & Sherry Anderson	New Zealand
<i>By Chance</i> (00)	John & Ariana Flook	New Zealand
<i>Callisto</i> (02)	Richard Scott & family	Mexico
<i>Camelot V</i> (98)	Dale & Muriel Gray	Australia
<i>Cardinal Sin</i> (02)	Robert & Linda Cardinal	New Zealand
<i>Carra II</i> (95)	Cliff & Audrey Allcroft	Cayman Is
<i>Cavalier II</i> (00)	David & Isla Miles	Florida
<i>Circe of Aeaëa</i> (01)	Walter & Joyce Van Halderen	New Zealand
<i>Citation</i> (02)	Kevin & Betty Donohoe	Mexico
<i>Cookie Cutter</i> (02)	Pete McMartin & Connie Morahan	Mexico
<i>Dazo</i> (01)	Robert Helberg & Fiona Mitchell	Mexico
<i>Dikenga</i> (02)	Rik Dove	Mexico
<i>Dragon Star</i> (02)	Nick & Jean Fenger	Mexico
<i>Duality</i> (96)	Robin & Jill Spear	Cuba
<i>Egress II</i> (94)	Jack & Norma Thomson	Australia
<i>Elakha</i> (00)	Gord MacLeod & Lynn Ross	New Zealand
<i>Fairwyn</i> (99)	Stephen & Nancy Carlman	Ecuador
<i>Gavia Arctica</i> (02)	Dave & Mary Robb	Mexico
<i>Goolka</i> (96)	John Kirstein & Elaine Zameruk	Turkey
<i>Grasal</i> (02)	Gregg & Jean Tranter	Mexico
<i>Green Ghost</i> (00)	Alex Nikolajevich & Jennifer Smith	New Zealand
<i>Gymnopedies</i> (98)	Gerry & Terry Skopyk	Mexico
<i>Harmonica</i> (00)	David & Janet Hutchinson	Canary Is.
<i>Horizons</i> (01)	Bob Mitchinson	Mexico
<i>Hyack Wind</i> (92)	Stan & Emily Walter	Antigua
<i>Icicle I</i> (00)	Cliff & Ruth Friesen	New Zealand
<i>Incognita</i> (02)	Bruce & Janine Thiedeke	Mexico
<i>Indra II</i> (01)	Jay Smith	Mexico
<i>Jaala</i> (02)	Barrie & Karen Philp	Mexico
<i>Jade Myst</i> (01)	Larry Hipfner & Wendy Harper	Mexico
<i>Jubilant</i> (00)	Denny & Donna Morgan	Mexico
<i>Juwan Isle II</i> (02)	Max Ferrier & Winifrid Kucharsky	Mexico
<i>Karis</i> (94)	Russ Hughes	Philippines
<i>Kate</i> (00)	Ray & Anna Marie Hughes	Mexico
<i>Kynda</i> (00)	Peter & Linda Young	Panama
<i>Lady Meg</i> (00)	Erik & Kris Laerz	Australia
<i>Lady Tamora</i> (98)	Ernest & Barbara Taylor	Costa Rica
<i>Lev</i> (00)	Michael & Barbara Moore	Australia
<i>Meridian Passage</i> (00)	Geoffrey Wickes & Jan Loomis	Mexico
<i>Mitera Leda</i> (01)	Ron & Judy Sim	Mexico
<i>Mitbrandir</i> (01)	Rick & Elke Cunningham	South Pacific
<i>Nakiska</i> (00)	Gosse & Teresa Van der Ploeg	Mexico
<i>Nimbus</i> (98)	Dave & Linda Seller	Australia
<i>No Komis</i> (98)	Terry Wolfe-Milner	Chile
<i>Nomotos</i> (97)	Kris & Sandra Hartford	Indian Ocean
<i>Nootka Rose</i> (01)	Jerry & Barbara Rozalski	New Zealand
<i>Northern Summit</i> (96)	Albert & Terry Bergeron	Malaysia
<i>North Road</i> (00)	Bob & Lesley Hazeldine	New Zealand
<i>Pacific Passage</i> (02)	David Dyer & family	Mexico
<i>Paraquina</i> (99)	Neil & Esther Symons	Panama
<i>Peace Arrow</i> (02)	Earl Meoros & Carla Thornton	Mexico
<i>Peregrinata</i> (02)	Scott Crawshaw & family	Mexico
<i>Quaesta</i> (01)	Jim & Jeannine MacDonald	Mexico
<i>Race Passage</i> (01)	Roger & Ann Hagar	Mexico
<i>Raven</i> (00)	Jan & Signe Twardowski	New Zealand



Total = 97

<i>Rebel X</i> (00)	Ian & Susan Grant	Florida
<i>Samara II</i> (91)	Art & Bernice Kreuzinger	Spain
<i>Sea Lise</i> (98)	Paul & Annalise Pedersen	Virginia
<i>Sea Niddry</i> (01)	Henry Korol & Lorraine Horobin	Mexico
<i>Sera</i> (02)	Linda Charlesworth & Victor Smith	Mexico
<i>Siri</i> (99)	Terry & Tove Brown	New Zealand
<i>Skylark</i>	Cliff & Orma Bowering	Venezuela
<i>Solar Driftwood II</i> (02)	Peter & Heather Warwick	Mexico
<i>Starform</i> (00)	Terry Roche & Lynn Caskey	Panama
<i>Star of the Winds</i> (98)	Hugh & Joyce Bacon	New Zealand
<i>Starlight Express</i> (02)	Al & Betty Bartlett	Mexico
<i>Surgiamo</i> (02)	Ken & Lima Wright	Bahamas
<i>Tabor Main</i> (01)	Ron & Trudy McDonald	Mexico
<i>T'ai Li</i> (02)	Steve & Carol London	Mexico
<i>Tarazed</i> (01)	Murray & Colette Barrett	El Salvador
<i>Tegan I</i> (95)	Joe Kayorie & Janet Pinder	Australia
<i>Tides End</i> (00)	Reg & Gail Russell	Panama
<i>Tinmar</i> (02)	Martin Schulz & Margaret Walker	Mexico
<i>Tioga</i> (02)	Chris Richards & family	Mexico
<i>Trinity III</i> (00)	Ross Hill	Colombia
<i>Tsonoqua II</i> (96)	Norm & Pat MacKenzie	New Zealand
<i>Tuugaalik</i> (02)	Pete & Judy Griffith	Mexico
<i>Twowowie</i> (00)	Bob & Heather Jeary	Trinidad
<i>Vahana</i> (92)	Harry & Judith McPhie	Malaysia
<i>Volovent III</i> (99)	Andre Obadia & Crew	Malaysia
<i>Wanderlust V</i> (02)	Peter & Glenora Doherty	Mexico
<i>West By North</i> (93)	Gerry & Val Lowden	Malaysia
<i>Western Grace</i> (02)	John & Joanne van Strien	En route Hawaii
<i>White Water</i> (98)	Arthur & Karen Etheridge	Fiji
<i>Wind Child</i> (02)	Rudy & Jean Heessels	Mexico
<i>Windsong IV</i> (98)	Don & Jackie Williams	Mexico
<i>Windy Lady III</i> (96)	David Ball	Malaysia
<i>Wings</i> (02)	Terry Browne III & Deborah Gillespie	California



Temporarily Aground

Temporarily Aground refers to cruising vessels which are left while their owners leave that country for up to six months but who then intend cruising again.

<i>Arbaleste</i> (01)/Mexico	Arnie Gardner
<i>Ka'sala</i> (97)/Nova Scotia	Peter & Marlene McLaren
<i>Katie Lee</i> (00)/Mexico	Larry & Trinda Littlefield
<i>Khamsin</i> (01)/Virginia	Gillian & Mike West
<i>Nancy Blackett</i> (00)/Raiatea	Dennis & Karen Holden
<i>Sea Raven</i> /Thailand	Gerry & Vivian Smith/BC
<i>Segue</i> (00)/Turkey	Dave & Kaye Poulsen
<i>Trondelag</i> (93)/Australia	Gerry & Lynne Purvis
<i>White Water</i> (98)/New Zealand	Arthur & Karen Etheridge/BC

Ramadan at their home. We ate our fill and would have loved it all if we had been able to keep awake for the main course at 3 am. No wonder the Arabs don't like to be too busy at this time of year!

On from Essaouira to the Canary Islands. En route, we heard a strange Security call on VHF Ch 16: Tenerife Radio warned that a swarm of locusts had been reported heading away from Africa and towards the Canaries asked anybody seeing them to report their position. I had dreams of being confined below at sea with a blinding swarm of locusts crawling over *Harmonica* but we never saw them. The Canaries are on the northern edge of the NE trade winds. Winds are mostly from NE, although cold fronts pass through in the winter time. In November, the Canaries are the starting place for at least three trans-Atlantic rallies. About 400 to 500 sailing boats left in 2002 all within about a week and we hid in the little Island of Isla Graciosa in the far NE corner waiting for the throng to disperse. Mixed in with cruisers like ourselves were 30 to 40 foot boats with six to eight people popping up asking for directions to the best restaurant (there are only three streets in Graciosa and all the restaurants are side by side on the front).

Weather had been deteriorating further north and we heard of a Hans Christian being blown off its stands in Madeira and some nasty gales off Gibraltar. Our friends on Q2 were still further north in Morocco waiting for half decent conditions and they started asking how warm

it was in the Canaries. We liked Graciosa enough that we decided to leave *Harmonica* here over Christmas. The Island is mostly covered in sand. It has four volcanoes on its 6 km length, three ferries each day from Lanzarote, and no paved roads. The harbour wall is well built, and inside it, the docks are being expanded.

2003 may well take us to West Africa and Brazil, but that will be another story. Please send any short emails to <dh@techco.ab.ca> or see our Web page at <www.techco.ab.ca/harmonica>.



S/V Icicle I

RUTH AND CLIFF BOWERING
NEW ZEALAND
FEBRUARY 2003

WE HAVE THOROUGHLY ENJOYED being in New Zealand centred in Opuia. We purchased a 1991 Nissan AVD station wagon with a small Diesel engine and it has been very good for us. Our only foolish mistake so far this month has been to spend four weeks at the dock and we did it right through Christmas. Our original excuse was that the anchor chain and anchor was in for galvanizing and then the dinghy had to be taken to Auckland to be re-tubed. Our overall timing could have been better arranged if we had started off at anchor until the arrangements had been made and then done both projects at once.

Being in the marina was very convenient, especially since Ruth and I organized the Cruiser's Christmas Dinner. The Opuia Cruising Club wanted someone to be responsible for the clubhouse and we volunteered because Ruth was determined to have turkey this Christmas having missed it the last two. We organized all the volunteers into a Christmas Dinner committee and managed to pull off a fantastic potluck dinner. The committee provided the 25 kilos of roast turkey with stuffing, 10 kilos of potatoes and gravy while everyone else brought their favourite dish to share. We had too much food and Ruth put together a summary of what we provided and cooked for the 50 people that showed up, if anyone is interested.

It was successful despite the fact that Ruth and I cooked the 31 pound turkey at 662 degrees F for four hours forgetting that they operate solely on Celsius here. It was done four hours early and sat covered until the rest of the meat was done. The smaller turkey and ham were cooked at proper temperatures and turned out just as good. Some of you may recognize Santa Stan Huston and Debbie Neubauer. Santa was present at both OCC's Children's Christmas event and their adult evening and did a believable excellent job.

We also took on the responsibility for a Cruiser's New Year's Eve party and had over one hundred people show up with appetizers, cheer and a celebrating attitude. It was an internationally attended affair. Live music was provided by Bill Keys (picture) for both events. We collected donations and with the left over money from the dinner we were able to present the OCC Youth Sailing Club with NZ\$270.00.

Having the Nissan wagon has allowed us more freedom to shop, sight see and pick up parts for the boat. We have found the added expense to our cruising kitty a little taxing but have seen more of the countryside with it. We have also given rides to other cruisers and have gotten to know them better. We especially enjoyed our day trip to the north end of the island and saw Cape Reinga and watched the Tasman Sea and Pacific Oceans collide in the reefs off the point. We also walked on the east coast's 90 Mile Beach that has a speed limit of 100 kph. The car has also been a source of getting to know more local people as well, asking for help, getting to know them and being invited into their homes.

Icicle has managed to take on 6 new coats of Cetol on the completely stripped down exterior teak and is looking okay. Ruth is presently using Grunt, a local S/S cleaner and making the topside stainless sparkle. Just wipe or brush it on and spray if off. We got a good bill of health on a check of the rigging, a free service provided by the local rigging and spar shop. We have a list of NZ projects that we would like to get accomplished before we leave but since we are going to be here for a total of 18 months, we are in no hurry to rush out and get them all done

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and neither is our budget. Our first priority is getting minor jobs done that will allow us some coastal cruising time where the best cruising is in the Bay of Islands and further north. We then will head south and check out the top of the south island. We also intend to spend some time in the car travelling the south island which is reputed to be an excellent trip, one worthy of 4-8 weeks of time.

Phone calls back to Canada/US are very reasonable at 16 cents per minute using prepaid calling cards, so we can reach family and friends for news and hearing their voices when email doesn't seem to cut it.

We are presently in Uruti Bay, just 8.2 nm around the corner from Opuá, sitting out a forecasted gale and fortunately so far, we have only experienced wind gusts to 30 knots. In Auckland the forecast is for 40 gusting to 60 knots of wind. We are happy to be here.



Incognita

FRASER 41 SLOOP
BRUCE & JANINE THIEDEKE
MEXICO
FEBRUARY 15, 2003

MAGDALENA BAY, BAJA SUD TO CABO SAN LUCAS IS ONE long jump with no anchoring spots to tuck into if weather gets rough. It is only 150 miles and most boats leave early in the morning so they will be rounding Cabo Falso the following morning to avoid a build up of breezes that collide at the end of the Baja Peninsular.

It was very difficult to leave Mag Bay just as the whales were arriving, but as friends were coming to join us in Cabo we reluctantly left and found ourselves motoring the whole distance. We were welcomed into the bay at Cabo San Lucas by BCA boats *Juwan Isle II* and *Tuugaalik*. It is always a treat to recognize a boat at anchor. It is nice to catch up with each other's adventures plus you know they will willingly impart all the information required for the paperwork shuffle as well as any enlightening experiences they have had.

On Monday morning we accompanied *Tuugaalik* as they checked out of Cabo and we were soon processed in by immigration but still had to do the port captain, bank, port captain round. We also did our laundry, spent time on the Internet, paid our 55peso API port fee and temporarily imported our boat into Mexico. Importation took about twenty minutes at the Customs office and was free. Documents that you must have on hand include— photocopies of Ships Documents, both sides of your Mexican Visa, identifying page of your passport, Port Captains stamped document and both sides of the completed application form. You need to know your SIN and driver's license numbers— anything else is already detailed on your Ships Registry papers. The application form can be picked up and completed at the Customs office and photocopied at the corner Papeleria store.

The Port Captain drew us a map for the few blocks walk to the Customs office. While you are there ask if they have a map of Cabo and they may give you a photocopied one that is very useful. We find it is better to be at the offices early in the day as they quite often close in the early afternoon.

It is said that Cabo is noisy and touristy; I think that is an apt description but you can anchor in the bay or take a mooring buoy for \$10 a day. We cannot see any advantage to the mooring buoys as the shower on the beach does not work and the beach landing is quite a distance from the center of town. We used the marina dinghy dock and paid 20 pesos a day if the security guard was there when we arrived or departed. The guard gives you a receipt and you can come and go all day. We always locked our dinghy to the dock but we never felt it was at risk. We made beach landings when we wanted to walk, but other cruisers left their dinghies on the beach for most of the day and it seemed to be no problem. We have just discovered from the unfortunate experience of a fellow cruiser that one should not anchor off the arroyo immediately to the east of the "big white hotel," as it is littered with rocks and miscellaneous debris from the flood plain. Anchoring anywhere east or west of this area should be good holding in sand in about thirty or forty feet. The harbour is busy with ski doos, sport fishing boats heading out before dawn and returning mid afternoon as well as booze cruises, para skiing, water taxis and bait fishing pangas coming in and out of the inner harbour. This creates an unavoidable chop that we note is more

pronounced at the mooring buoys located closer to the channel into the inner harbour. Despite all the activity, we have enjoyed our time here and found Cabo to be a good counterpoint to the quiet tranquillity of Magdalena Bay. The town caters to the tourist dollar within the first few streets back from the inner harbour, talkative "tourist information" people try to sell you golf packages or time share, street vendors wave products at you and a few will walk with you trying to sell you silver jewelry, rugs or any number of items "almost free", but we find a smile and a no thank you acknowledgement will soon send them in another direction. It is a great holiday atmosphere and at night the lights and music coming from cafés and bars and people watching makes for an inexpensive outing. Walk a few blocks back and you will be on the sand streets where bougainvillea flowers colourfully escape over buildings and you can eat inexpensively at the sit down counters or stands. There is a supermarket known as the American Market that I recommend only for the bakery to the left of the entrance. They offer a wide variety of baked goods and I can vouch for the French-style bread and their muffins. There are several Supermercados. Diana's on Ocampo and 20de Noviembre streets has a good selection of somewhat fa-

Cabo is famous for the views of the distinctive arch at the tip of the Baja and for Lover's beach.

Janine and Bruce Thiedeke, *Incognita*.





Interesting formation, Los Cabos.

miliar products. A most obliging English speaking manager helped us at the meat counter where the staff were gathered around me witnessing my sheep impersonation while they tried to work out what kind of meat I wanted. Another cruiser mentioned that a different carniceria agreed to freeze their fresh meat purchases over night as they wanted it prefrozen before adding it to their onboard freezer.

Cabo is famous for the views of the distinctive arch at the tip of the Baja and for Lover's beach. It is a very pretty sandy beach that is tiny on the east side but opens up on the west to a very large sandy bay. It did not seem crowded to us so don't hesitate to take your dinghy as it is an easy landing. Bruce and friends snorkelled on the more protected east side and saw many colourful fish, but Bruce

side is rough and has a bad reputation for tidal rips, so most people swim on the east and sun on the west. We packed a picnic lunch and spent several hours there. Our friends rented a car for a day and we did a mini road trip.

Taking our dinghy in at sunrise we were surprised to see the Port Captain's boat at the entrance watching the many sport fishing boats leaving. The bait fisherman sell live fish to these boats as they leave so it was a hub of activity. Our trip took us east up along the coast and we stopped and explored the old center and side streets in San Jose del Cabo. Then we took the road less travelled and headed out on the sand road to the undeveloped safe anchorage of Los Frailes and the long string of beaches near Los Barrilas where windsurfers were enjoying fantastic



Los Frailes from shore.

thought that the entrance reef to Mag Bay offered a wider variety although not quite as colourful. The surf on the west

conditions. Turning northwest into the dry cactus covered interior we passed over the central mountain ranges and crossed to the oasis of Todos Santos. This wonderful village has a very relaxed atmosphere and many historic buildings. It also claims the Hotel California, on the main street, is "the" hotel referred to in the Eagles song of the same name. Needless to say we had our photos taken in front of the building and sang Hotel California most of the way back to Cabo, as we could not get it out of our heads. We rounded off our successful day by arriving back in time to enjoy a beautiful sunset.



Paraquina

ESTHER & NEIL SYMONS

DON'T MISS PANAMA

THINK THAT PANAMA MUST BE ONE OF THE best kept secrets in cruising. We have been in Panama since early December and have been amazed at the diversity of its attractions. Entering Panama on the Pacific side from Costa Rica, we first visited the off shore island groups, Islas Parida, Islas Secas and Islas Contreras. These islands lie 5 to 12 miles off the mainland and are a short day sail apart.

At our first sight of Isla Parida we knew we had arrived in paradise with rocky islands, white sand beaches backed by palm trees and best of all there was no commercial development and few other cruising boats. The few local inhabitants fished and caught lobster and ate coconuts and bananas. The water around these islands was clear and there was an abundance of brightly coloured fish.

We spent a couple of days in each island and could have spent more, but we wanted to be in Panama City for the Christmas Holidays. Because of our short stay we had no need to reprovision, but other boats have stopped in Pedregal on the mainland and

FEBRUARY 2002

The immigration office is a five peso, approximately fifteen-minute bus ride east-bound on #22 from Lazaro Cardenas (street) that heads towards San Jose del Cabo. The bus stop is on your right as you walk out to the main road up from the dinghy dock that is to the right of the boat launching ramp in the inner harbour. Advise the ticket seller or bus driver you are going to Immigration as they are very familiar with cruisers taking this route. If you look to the right as you begin your trip you will notice the Banamex Bank just past McDonalds (yes it's true, a McDonalds!), where you will need to pay your fees. The post office is here as well. The Immigration office is in a little strip mall on the north side of the street, a large sign for a Cervasa factory will warn you that you are close. You will need your passports, visas and Ships papers that were stamped by the previous Port Captain if applicable.

Return by bus, cross the main road into town and head for the Port Captain's office at Avenue 16 de Septiembre and Matamoros. If you have not picked up a map the Port Captain may have a photocopied one available.

Note the many little stand-up restaurants and stalls where it is very economical to eat as well as laundromats and Internet cafés as you walk in this area.



Incognita into the sunset, Juvan Isle.

taken a bus to David, the second largest city in Panama. Fresh fruits and vegetables can also be bought in Bahia Honda.

From Islas Contreras we pressed hard and in a couple of days we rounded Punta Mala with a good weather window and sailed across the Gulf of Panama to the Las Perlas Islands.

This group of islands offers something for everyone. In Contradora you can enjoy first class dining and mingle with tourists flown in from all over the world. Just a few miles and a couple of islands away, you can anchor in a secluded bay and visit on shore with locals subsisting in bamboo huts and living off the land. Again there are sandy beaches and reefs to explore with great scallops. Some of the islands have villages and we found the residents friendly and wanting to help in any way. We bought and were given local fruits, some we didn't know how to prepare, and enjoyed meeting the villagers.

From Isla Contradora to Panama City it is about 38 miles usually into the trade winds. Although we didn't do it ourselves, we have seen the photos from others who have visited the Darien Province just 40 miles east of Las Perlas Islands. Here bare-breasted women sell intricately woven baskets made from local barks and grasses. These baskets are truly works of art.

Panama City is large, with the most impressive skyline we had seen since entering San Francisco, and it is the best place since the USA to buy parts or have work done on the boat. Most large items such as motors can be delivered tax free to your boat. We bought a new 15 Hp Yamaha outboard for \$1,565. US\$ which is a lot cheaper than anywhere else. Provisioning here in the large supermarkets is excellent with most US brands available. There is a large travel lift at Flamenco Marina and labour is cheap starting at \$25 per day.

Getting around in the city is almost impossible without a taxi/guide. There are several English speaking drivers who frequent the Balboa Yacht Club and will whisk you around town for \$8 per hour. They will help you buy parts, check into the country or arrange for a canal transit usually in a couple of hours. Panama is pretty lax with check in procedures. We have known cruisers who have spent months in the country before checking in. A three-month cruising permit costs \$65 for boats under 50 feet and the 90 day visa costs \$10. Cruising permits can be renewed indefinitely but after your second 90 day visa expires you must leave the country. We stayed at

the Balboa Yacht Club for 35 cents per foot per day for a mooring ball, which included use of the pool, showers and unlimited launch service to shore. The only drawback to staying here was the wake from the pilot boats which roar up and down the channel. Several times we were thrown around in our bunks by these wakes. Of course there's the Canal that I'm sure you have read a lot about so I won't say anymore here.

I will note that you can no longer stop at the Pedro Miguel Yacht Club as the Canal Authority is trying to close it down. On the Atlantic side we turned right, east, and headed for the San Blas Islands. Just 20 miles from Colon you come to Portobello, which is a great anchorage with a lot of history. The port was named by Columbus in 1502 and Francis Drake used the port in 1570 as his base to rob the Spanish merchants. The British razed the port in 1739. The ruins of the largest fort were used for the breakwater for the canal at the Colon entrance. There are still four forts to explore on the grassy hillsides and the Aduana (customs) building has been restored as a museum.

Another 50 miles and you are at the entrance to the San Blas Islands. Here the Kuna Indians live semi autonomously keeping their own laws, taxes and customs. Many of the villages cling to the old ways but some have adapted to western dress. The women sell intricately sewn molas, which seem to be a mainstay of the economy.

The over 300 islands range from sandy knolls without even a palm to islands with several hundred residents. Most of the buildings have bamboo walls with coconut palm thatched roofs. These islands are a cruiser's dream with calm waters behind the barrier reefs, steady trade winds, great snorkelling in the coral and clear water. Yes, there are a number of boats here but there are so many anchorages that you can find a secluded one if you wish. Limited supplies of fresh fruit and vegetables can be

bought from the trading boats which come from Columbia but you can also place an order and have it flown in from Panama if you need to.

When we leave San Blas we will sail about

150 miles west to Bocas del Toro. Here near the Costa Rican border is another archipelago with lots of islands to explore. We have visited here by land and water taxi and know that the water is clear, most people speak English, there are two marinas and it looks like a good place to store a boat for the summer. We will leave Paraquina here in May and return next September.

One word of caution, the rainy season is from May to November. During the rainy season the waters around the islands on both coasts can be murky from runoff. In the fall we will continue north to Honduras, Belize, Mexico, Cuba and ??? We hope we will find other places that we will enjoy as much as Panama but I know that Panama will always be the mark that we use to compare other spots.

Esther & Neil Symons
Paraquina, Panama



Panama City is large, with the most impressive skyline we had seen since entering San Francisco, and it is the best place since the USA to buy parts or have work done on the boat.

HI FRIENDS! HOLA FROM CANADA! THIS DELAYED AND LENGTHY QUARTERLY INSTALLMENT brings with it our best wishes for a happy and successful New Year. Sorry we did not get this out in time to wish you all Merry Christmas, but we did appreciate the Christmas greetings we received from many of you. We are at Geoff and Sue's home in North Vancouver, having had a wonderful Christmas season here, and spending our time house-hunting while we wait for the situation to settle in Venezuela so we can continue with our travels in South America.

Here's what we have been doing since we last wrote. Pace yourself!

GRENADA TO MARGARITA

After a three-month hiatus, two months at home in Vancouver and one in the Turks and Caicos Islands, we returned in October to Grenada and once again found our boat had survived the hurricane season very well, swinging on the hook in the Hog island anchorage. There were two storm warnings for which our caretakers, Bob and Judy Goodchild, put out extra anchors, and one unpredicted storm cell which caused some havoc in the next bay, but *Skylark* was left unscathed. As we were expecting visitors four days after our return, we had to work fast to recommission and reprovision the boat, particularly as there was a weather window opening, and a group of boats, with whom we wanted to travel, leaving for Venezuela only a day later.

The steady rain all day long in Grenada made us a little envious of all our friends and family back in Vancouver still enjoying unseasonably warm and sunny weather, but it did keep the temperature down and allowed us to work faster and more efficiently. Happily, the sun came back before our company arrived.

We had a lovely sail around the south end of Grenada and up the west side as far as the Lagoon in St George's, where we staged to leave for our overnight sail to Los Testigos, Venezuela. This allowed us to get groceries and other supplies by dinghy, while our guests, Rick and Sharon, could access the public buses for a day of sightseeing on their own in Grenada. Then, after moving outside to clean water, we had a quick swim, an early supper, and started out to rendezvous with Dave and Jean on *Paramour* (Canadians) and Hans and Suzanne on *Nautibear* (Germans), our buddy boats for our journey to a new and exciting country — VENEZUELA!

I have to admit to being quite apprehensive about going to Venezuela, but we had heard many rave reviews along with the bad press and felt we didn't want to turn

around without having touched South America and seen the country for ourselves. News of a recent boarding and shooting at Isla Coche, near Margarita, didn't help.

So as we set out in the dark, we felt suspicious at first of every light we saw in the distance. As we got offshore the traffic thinned until we were alone, but we were in radio contact with our buddies who had set out earlier from Hog Island, and for once the wind was at a good angle for a sailing passage. The trip was uneventful and just after dawn the morning sunlight illuminated the beautiful little islands of Los Testigos in the distance.

The trouble with a night passage is that you feel crummy the next day, but by noon we were ready to check out our surroundings.

There is no port of entry in Los Testigos, but boats are required to check in with the local Guardia Costa in the tiny fishing village on one of the islands. Our first foray back into Spanish-speaking territory proved a challenge. We did understand the officer's request for una cerveza at the conclusion of our business (fortunately we had been forewarned), and his complaint that it wasn't cold!

Since you have not officially entered the country, you are allowed only two or three days in this lovely spot. We would love to have stayed longer! The water was clear and warm, the snorkelling good, and the company great. With Rick and Sharon and another couple we climbed up the hot sand dunes and over the other side to a huge, empty, sandy beach, where we swam in the surf and gathered shells. Coming back over the top later in the day, the sand was so hot that we burned our feet, even with sandals on, as we ran down the steep dunes.

After two idyllic days in the Testigos we set out with *Paramour* and *Nautibear* for Margarita. We dodged stormclouds but witnessed a beautiful sunrise as we led the pack westward. Hans and Suzanne radioed that they had caught two Mahi-mahi so we dug out our rusty fishing pole, to no avail. By mid-afternoon we were anchored among about 125 cruising boats just off the city of Porlamar, Isla Margarita, soon to discover that this bouncy anchorage requires both bow and stern anchors to hold the boat into the waves.

At Porlamar it seemed as if we were anchored off English Bay in downtown Vancouver. Highrises and restaurants, shops and marinas line a long, sandy beach, behind which bustles a large, modern, busy city. Marina Juan, with a guarded dinghy dock, provides all the services needed by cruisers. Juan is the agent who handles customs and immigration, taking passports and boat papers to the airport to be stamped and approved, for \$50CAD. Jak's, the adjacent restaurant, is the drinking hole and meal stop for boaters, selling beer for 30 cents and delicious

We would love to have stayed longer! The water was clear and warm, the snorkelling good, and the company great.

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meals for \$4-\$6. Taxis wait outside to provide rides around town for about \$2.00. Laundry pickup, book exchange, garbage dropoff, Internet cafe, Juan's has it all, in English!

PANACEA PIRATIZED!

At Jak's for dinner on our first night in Porlamar, we learned to our horror that the boat that had been boarded in Coche was our old buddy, *Panacea*, and the cruiser who was shot in the leg was our good friend John Klein!

John and his wife were sleeping when they were boarded by five armed banditos at Isla Coche. After being held at gunpoint for an hour, during which their boat was ransacked, John was shot in the leg. They were anchored just off the beach by a resort hotel, where a neighbouring boat was able to get help. An ambulance took him to a local clinic where he received emergency attention, then he was taken by boat to Margarita. Some other cruisers helped Diane bring the boat over the following day.

John was in the public hospital in Margarita, waiting for graft surgery, so we went up the next day to visit him. He was in pretty good spirits considering the awful experience they had come through. The hospital was grim—dirty, crawling with cockroaches, and not secure from intruders. After two weeks and an unsuccessful skin graft, he finally discharged himself from the hospital, got on his boat, and sailed back to Trinidad. While in Porlamar, John and Diane received tremendous support. They were given replacement parts to repair some of the damage. Some of the gals cleaned up the trounced and bloody boat, and the guys fixed broken parts and made the boat ready for sailing. It was gratifying to see a truly caring community of cruisers look after one of their own.

This was not the only excitement in Porlamar. One night we woke up to loud and terrible screaming from a boat near us which turned out to be a female crew member being abused on a charter boat. A neighbouring boat came and took her away, but in the morning the shouting started again as she went back for her belongings. What a surprise (or maybe not) to see her back on the boat a few days later!

Even more excitement a couple of nights later, when we heard a woman's voice come over the radio in the wee hours screaming that an intruder was on her boat. It was John's wife, Diane, on *Panacea*, spending her

first night alone back on the boat. Then another voice came on, saying "Let's get that sucker, guys!"

Throughout the anchorage was heard the sound of dinghies being dropped off davits, outboards starting, and boats zooming off for the chase, the Keystone Cops in Porlamar.

The intruder had jumped off the boat, probably having thought it was unoccupied because Diane usually stayed at the hospital overnight with John. As Rick described it, "there were all these fat old grandfathers in their pajamas buzzing around in the dark, whacking with their oars at a dark head that



kept popping up and down in the water." Eventually they wore him out, forced him into shallow water, and someone jumped in to tie the would-be thief up and hand him over to the authorities who finally appeared, rubbing sleep out of their eyes. Justice was swift, judging by the shouts and yelps that came from the direction of the Guardia.

Porlamar has great duty free shopping, lots of modern shopping malls and stores, and excellent prices. Produce, groceries and meat were plentiful and cheap (filet mignon and pork tenderloin for hamburger prices!) We enjoyed having cafe con leche on the street and watching the traffic go by. We were reluctant to use our Visa card because of the many reports of credit card fraud, but were always able to get cash at ATM's (although we never did so without one person standing guard, or having a cab driver waiting at the curb to whisk us away.)

We rented a car for a couple of days and toured the island of Margarita by land with Rick and Sharon. It was fairly unspectacular and the beaches were generally rough and/or dirty. One memorable trip was a guided boat ride through the mangrove swamps, where the guide captured seahorses in a jar to show us before releasing them again, then took us to a remote beach where we bought strings of pearls from fishermen.

Although all the Venezuelans we met were polite, kind, helpful, friendly, attractive people, the knowledge that there are bad guys out there was worrisome. The *Panacea* incident had really unnerved us, and John needed help taking his boat back to Trinidad, so we decided to leave with *Panacea* before it was too late in the season to travel east. But then, through a crazy set of circumstances over which we had no control, our exit papers were not approved in time for us to leave with *Panacea*, and *Paramour* and *Wind Shepherd* (friends from way back up in New York state) volunteered to go with John, so suddenly we were free to reconsider our decision and re-evaluate our fears. Then our dear friends Pam and Chas on *Night Owl*, sympathetic to our situation and sensing our indecision, persuaded us to travel with them and another boat to some of the Venezuelan out islands. Hating to give in to our fears and quit before we were ready, we agreed, and it turned out to be a great decision, at least for a while, depending on the outcome of the general strike, which has been continuing since December 3, the time for our return flight.

So when will we return to Venezuela? STAY TUNED....!

VENEZUELAN OUT ISLANDS — BLANQUILLA AND TORTUGA

Before we left Porlamar on November 8, we shopped and prepared the boat for a month of cruising away from civilization. What a treat to fill the fuel tanks (250 litres of diesel and 30 litres of outboard gasoline) for about \$25!! It is almost as cheap to buy fuel as water. We left Porlamar, Margarita, with *Night Owl* and *Amphitrite*, on Saturday morning, Nov. 9, and sailed around the island about 30 miles to the little town of Juan-griego. We went ashore and wandered through the shops, where prices were reasonable and the people friendly. It was a pleasant change to be in a little town after the sophistication and busyness of the big city of Porlamar. We had been there before by car with Rick and Sharon, but it is surprising how much better places look when you arrive by dinghy on the beach! There were lots of people out walking, kids playing in the water, men playing dominoes in the park, restaurants on the beach open and looking for business. We had a delicious dinner with Pam and Chas and Frank and Paulette on an outdoor patio with live music, looking through palm trees over the beach to the boats in the harbour and the

sunset behind. We knew it would be our last restaurant meal for a few weeks, so we all enjoyed the food and service.

Back at the boat, I spent a couple of hours unsuccessfully trying to activate our new cell phone. A mystery voice kept coming on with a rapidfire message in Spanish — not too helpful when you haven't a clue what they are saying. Long distance and cell phone calls are quite cheap in Venezuela, although in the out islands there is no service. Unfortunately, our satellite phone turned out to be prohibitively expensive in Venezuela, so we are back to no on-board

email. Fortunately, the boats we were with had SSB and radio email, which we could use in desperation, but when we reached the mainland and went to an Internet cafe, our in basket was overloaded and had been returning mail to senders — sorry if this happened to your mail, and please try again.

We left Juangriego in the dark the next morning and sailed on one tack all the 60 miles northwest to Isla Blanquilla. *Skylark* holds her own either sailing or motoring with the bigger boats, and it is fun to travel in company, chatting back and forth on the radio and measuring your speed against the others. The winds were quite light, the seas a little rough, but we were able to sail about half the time and motorsail the rest. We had lovely Sunday music playing and had a beautiful trip, arriving about 3:30 pm, well before sunset.

Blanquilla is the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, the picture in all the cruising magazines of the idyllic tropical hideaway. It is a low, arid, almost uninhabited island (a few fishermen and a coast guard station down at the other end) with miles of white, sandy beach, crystal clear water, great snorkelling, and protected anchorages. There were usually about 15 boats in the bay, Canadian, American, English, French, Dutch, and German. We met a Toronto family on a boat called *We'll Sea*, who had been featured on an NBC documentary about their trip and their dependence on the famous Canadian weather guru, Herb Hilgenborg, who gives cruisers daily weather advice via high frequency radio.

The ocean water is little cooler in Venezuela — about 83°F — comfortable, but refreshing. We did lots of swimming and

snorkelling, enjoying the beautiful coral and thousands of fish, schools of brilliant blue tangs and bright gold fish, large queen angels and French angelfish, moray eels and many other interesting and colourful varieties. Some fishermen came by and sold us parga (red snapper) which made us two

delicious meals. We never noticed before how much like lobster snapper tastes, maybe because we don't get it that fresh as a rule. Another time some fisherman gave us two lobsters in exchange for a little mechanical help and the loan of some tools. Usually they are willing to trade

fish for cigarettes or cold drinks.

We often played bocci ball on the beach where balls don't bounce or roll, and on the sandflats, where they bounce and roll forever, and we enjoyed bonfires and potlucks with the other boaters.

The ground cover beyond the beach consisted of very inhospitable cactus, interspersed with areas of aloe vera and portulaca. There were some wild donkeys on the island which we heard, but didn't see, and many varieties of birds which we did see, including large green parrots, tiny hummingbirds, pelicans, white ibises, and sanderlings.

The time in the islands passed very quickly with socializing, relaxing, and recreation, as well as daily housekeeping and chores, boat maintenance and bottom-scrubbing. Of course, there is no garbage disposal on the small islands, making it necessary to manage trash carefully, separating it into that which

We did lots of swimming and snorkelling, enjoying the beautiful coral and thousands of fish...

can be burned (paper, some plastic) on shore, that which can be thrown overboard at night (small bits of food garbage), and that which can be sunk in deep water (bottles, cans, larger food garbage) or thrown overboard when we go to sea.

Food supplies were a challenge. The fridge was full when we left Porlamar, but we soon ran out of bread and fresh fruit and veggies, which don't last long in the heat, and for

which we didn't have much fridge space. We had lots of frozen meat and canned and packaged foods. It would be nice to have a larger fridge and a freezer, but the downside of that is the energy required to run it. Our solar panels provided about half our required electricity, and for the rest we had to run the engine for an hour or two each day. We made bread from scratch for the first time, and it turned out really well and was less difficult than I had expected. Next time I will carry more flour, though, as I had to borrow some for the second batch.

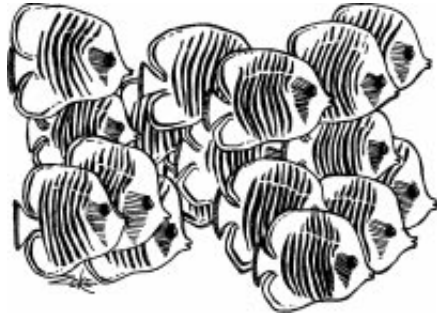
Laundry day — handwash and hang to dry — was a whole morning's job, but at least the weather was great for drying, and the watermaker kept the water tanks full of fresh water. After the first big laundry, we went troppo and took to wearing bathing suits all day, rinsing them out in our shower water each night, cutting down on laundry substantially.

After two weeks in this tropical paradise, it was time to move to the island of Tortuga. Again we set out with *Night Owl* in early morning for the eight-hour sail, with steady trade winds on the beam. We arrived at Playa Caldera to find several family groups of well-off Venezuelans picnicking on the beach. They land their private planes on the small airstrip of packed sand to enjoy a day away from the hustle and bustle of Caracas. We had heard that there are fourteen controlling families in Venezuela. Interesting that we counted fourteen planes parked on the field! In the late afternoon they took off, one after another, to leave the island in silence to the few seasonal fishermen and the visiting cruisers.

We found at this and the next two anchorages that we were continually catching salt spray from the crashing surf on the other side of the island, carried by the steady wind across the narrow spits of land. In spite of the endlessly clear skies and hot, dry weather, everything seemed salty and damp, and for the first time in ages we had a problem with mildew and mould. Our

second anchorage on Tortuga was about a mile offshore, protected from the large breaking swells by a tiny reef barely showing above the surface of the water. How strange it seemed to be floating in the middle of nowhere, with the surf crashing all around, and the sky as black as pitch, sprinkled with glitter!

At Cayo Herradura, our third anchorage, we were joined by *Havana Good Time*. She, a



pharmacist, and he, a veterinarian, were great fun and a happy addition to our little flotilla. On this tiny island just off the northwest corner of Tortuga, we enjoyed attempting conversations with the young fishermen who stayed there for months at a time, and who were looking forward to a break when they could go home to Margarita for Christmas. Snorkelling, swimming, and beachcombing, sunset drinks on the beach watching for the green flash, and trash-burning bonfires were daily entertainment at this spot. The one misfortune was that our refrigerator (fortunately almost empty at this point) gave up the ghost, and we were dependent on our friends to keep our frozen meat in their freezers and supply us with ice for cold drinks. Just as well we were only a few days from civilization.

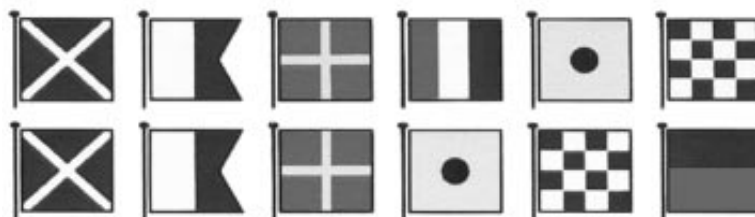
Finally it was time to leave the beautiful islands and head to the mainland of Venezuela (South America!) in preparation for our return to Canada. We had heard some rather scary weather forecasts of strong winds and large seas, but we left before dawn, timing our trip for the early morning (0500 departure) when the winds are generally light and the seas calm. What a fabulous sail we had! Perfect conditions, gorgeous weather, and hundreds of dolphins speeding alongside entertaining us with their synchronized swimming! We had perhaps a half hour of strong winds and rough seas as we approached our final anchorage in some small islands just off the coast of Venezuela. These rocky, steep-sided islands offered calm anchorage, but the deepest we have seen since leaving home. This close to the mainland we felt vulnerable again, so we were glad to see Mike and Joyce in their big boat *About Time* coming across to join our three boats for a final dinner and overnight before we went our separate ways.

PUERTO LA CRUZ

On December 1, *Night Owl* and *Havana Good Time* pointed east to Margarita, as *Skylark* crossed the narrow channel from Chemana Grande to Bahia Redonda Marina in Puerto La Cruz, our final destination before Christmas. As we crossed, we could see a fleet of oil tankers idling in the distance, a portent of the lengthy general strike to follow, which, as I write, is still in progress. We radioed ahead to Arnaldo, the dockmaster, who met us in an inflatable and assisted us into our slip, stern-to the dock, where *Skylark* waits for us while we visit in Vancouver and plan for the next chapter of our retirement.

We were in Puerto La Cruz for the first week of the general strike, which has paralysed the oil industry and most commercial activity in Venezuela for six weeks now. Work is stopped in the hopes of forcing Venezuela's president, Hugo Chavez, to resign.

We were able to travel by dinghy along the canals of this attractive area, which we dubbed "the Venice of Venezuela", to shop, visit, and dine out, but by the end of the week fuel supplies were running low, and cash withdrawals from ATM's were iffy. We had planned to fly to Caracas to connect with our international flight, but domestic airlines stopped flying. Fortunately, we



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found a witty, intelligent, English-speaking cab driver, an unemployed mechanical engineer, who had enough fuel to drive us the 300 km to Caracas. The guided tour was much more interesting than a flight, and we learned a lot about the local situation from our driver. In the little town where we stayed overnight before catching our flight to Miami, we walked the main street, shopped the market, took photos of the armed militia surrounding gas stations, and joined the short lineup at the ATM, thankful we didn't have to stand in the block-long lines of people waiting to get into banks.

As we lifted off from Caracas, Venezuelan passengers burst into song, "Se va, se va, se-va-se-va-se-va", happy to be leaving and taking a final poke at the president. We also were happy to be on our way home, certainly not anticipating that the strike would still be escalating in mid-January.



True Colours

BENETEAU 38

WINNIE KUCHARSKY AND MAX FERRIER

Winnie and Max have been racing and cruising sailboats, 30 ft. plus for 12 years. To go Bluewater cruising was a life long dream, to prepare for this trip they did a circumnavigation of Vancouver Island in 24 days, hit heavy weather, large seas etc. Now they were fully prepared.

DON'T THINK SO! OUR BOAT IS A 38 FOOT CUTTER RIGGED SLOOP, CENTER COCKPIT, and aft cabin. A good bluewater boat that has been to Mexico, the South Pacific and Hawaii.

OUR FIRST DAY

After months of preparation, indecision, worry, anxiety, we started the motor, gave the key to our dock back to the wharfinger in Powell River, stood in the cabin and hugged each other. It was a very emotional moment. This is most probably the biggest and scariest thing we have done in our lives. We've river rafted on scary rivers and jumped out of planes, but my butt is puckering up today. I know, we are following thousands that have done it, the point is we haven't.

First problem is the batteries. We have cranking batteries and house batteries and fridge batteries, I can only start the engine on cranking and fridge, not the house.

We are not making very good time, I think the bottom is dirty and needs to be done in Victoria. I was hoping to get it done in San Diego or Ensenada.

The shower pump is not working properly and the water pump keeps quitting. These entire things worked OK on the trip around the island. It is just as well I am in the maintenance game.

We filled up with fuel, got out into the strait of Malaspina and pulled up the sails. We tried the spinnaker but couldn't get it to fill properly. Alas the wind died and we motor as I am writing this letter. Where will we be tonight, I don't know, we might motor on into the night.

Well we decided to go to Nanaimo, and anchored off Protection Island. When we got there it was so packed, we had to really look hard for a place to anchor. When we did eventually, with the guy in the next boat worried about us, as it was we never moved it was so calm.

However, we didn't make over 6 kn all the way down. This really worried me, so I decided to see if we could get hauled out and check the bottom. We awoke at 7 am and went to Newcastle marina; he said he would haul us out for \$285, next door at Hub City, (under new management) said \$210 so they got it. They were great, gave us brushes, rollers etc., the only thing I paid for was roller covers and paint, nevertheless the bill came to \$390. However, afterwards we made went at 4.5 k idling.

The bottom had been filthy, the anode completely gone; we had mussels and barnacles on the bottom and this after only 10 months. I was amazed. The shipyard were great, a vast difference from before, although the Volvo repair guy was still there. But the propeller man was also there and he was very good. The boat was out at 8.30 and back in at 4.00. We worked our asses off, we ate at 11 am in Subway and then at 7.30 for dinner. Winnie was bagged.

We left the shipyard with the back stays hanging, we had to unhook them so they would fit in the travel lift. Max refitted them under way to catch the ebb at Dodds Narrows. Quite a job because these things never go back as easily as they come out. We zoomed through Dodds and got to Telegraph Harbour at 7.30 pm. I had to put the main up and really crank it down to get the backstays back on. While I was doing this the wind picked up from behind so we were doing six knots while I was tightening up all the stays. We motor-sailed thought the narrows and as

soon as we got through I pulled out the jib, we went up to 6.9 k so I stopped the motor and we had a lovely sail down to Telegraph. We immediately put a steak on the BBQ and had a lovely supper with wine. We are very happy with the boat so far, it is very comfortable.

We motored to Victoria through fog, taking a GPS bearing every 15 mins. I made one mistake and went for the land in Sidney passage (new GPS) but the rest was OK, when we came out of the most difficult section the fog lifted to reveal that we were OK HEY!

Winnie and I agreed that we needed to spend time to collect our thoughts and just be alone to prepare ourselves and get the final things. I had the boat checked over electrically and the electrician said it was all good but I had

under wired the golf cart batteries so I will have to do that. In the meantime, it means that we can only start the motor on the cranker or the fridge batteries and not the house. Considering we are a sailboat that shouldn't be too hard. I put new belts on the motor and we had a shower and that was that.

Up at 6 am to get the 7 am tide and the 8.30 current at Race Passage. Ten minutes out of the harbour I heard a thwack thwack. One of the belts had twisted so I had to put on an old belt and away we went again.

We are now 20 miles from Cape Flattery. There is not a breath of wind, the water is like glass and we are motoring at 6 knots. We have been doing 7 k with the current but we are now getting to the end of the tide. I have calculated it that we should be at the end of Juan de Fuca by the turn, here's hopping.

Well I got it right and I decided to cut across the shipping lanes because it cut about 7 miles off the turn. No shipping in sight so lets go for it. Murphy's law, as soon as I was committed a 600-foot freighter appeared on the horizon and they are on top of you like NOW. I called the freighter skipper and asked him if he could see me. (See me he was most probably thinking, what a dork cutting across the shipping lanes), yes I have you, we will pass

on the starboard, I didn't understand him properly and I replied pass port to port, if you wish he replied, port to port. Like brushing a fly off his arm. There were 2 more behind him, all in a row. Of course my calculating was so right, I was so proud of myself, theirs were too. We had all arrived at the west end of the strait to catch the tide turn.

Our next fright was a broken down freighter right on our path blowing its horn every 30 seconds. Just ascertaining what it is, is a fright. We thought it was a fog horn on an island at first, then just as we realized what it was it got under way and shot forward out of our way.

The night was clear with a million stars and we set our course and sailed to the south, about 15 k winds with a slight westerly swell. We started our watch keeping. Three hours about starting at 9 pm It has worked very well. We sleep in the little sea berth; we thought that it would be claustrophobic as you slide in it like a coffin. But in fact it is a little comfort zone, you get in there and you can't get thrown around and it is really comfortable. We both like it very much now. In the morning I set up the wind vane steering and it worked great, just like it should. We were delighted with each other.

Night two. The seas became very choppy and the wind vane couldn't keep up with the boat motion, this choppiness deteriorated. What I didn't realize that we were on the start of a front. The weather forecast had been for westerlies at 5 to 20 for the next 4 days. The following day the wind dropped and we started to hit fog. We were 100 miles off shore; we had gone this far out to miss the fog and rough seas! This was our third night out.

The next night was worse so on the following day I decided to motor south. It was a dead flat calm and we were just sitting there. We came into sunshine but about a 5-knot southerly, we started sailing and tacking, not my idea of cruising. Fog engulfed once again.

I then came up with the idea that I would do as Hiscocks did and sail with both jibs up on the 2 different forestays. I pulled out the 150 and hanked this on the second forestay. It is a bloody big sail and the forestay is ahead of the roller forestay. I had all the cold weather gear on and in a few minutes of this struggle I was in a lather of sweat. I had to come back to the cabin and get changed. Back

Our next fright was a broken down freighter right on our path blowing its horn every 30 seconds.



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out to the task, I pulled it up and then realized that I had the halyard for the 150 genny snarled with the halyard of the staysail. Down the genny came and I unravelled the lines, quickly secured the halyard from the staysail and pulled up the genny again. I looked back to see the halyard for the staysail unravel itself like an alive snake from the cleat and float ever so gently to the top of the baby stay. Oh God. Now it is out with the bosuns' chair and up the mast to pull it down. Instruction to Winnie on what she had to do, and up I went. Winnie had to keep the halyard on tension that I was tied to as a safety line. Well I have been up that mast a dozen times tied to the dock but up there in a heavy swell is something else. It was like a circus act and when I came down my hands were sore from hanging onto the ladder steps, I got the halyard down OK. If I had left it, it meant that we would not have been able to pull up the staysail if it came to blow hard, so I had to get up there.

At 8 pm we decided that rather than sit in the fog hoping that nobody would run us down just sitting there that we would motor to Crescent City, 120 miles away. I worked out the fuel and reckoned we would make it. (We carry enough for 400 miles). That night the southerly came up with a vengeance and we pounded through it. All this time we are in thick fog and I was giving radio calls every 4 hours to tell people where we were.

We arrived at Crescent City at 9 pm in thick fog to enter a harbour I didn't think I had a chart for and into which we had never been before. (I had a chart, but being stressed forgot where it was stored) We did have *Charlie's Charts* and this is what we would use. Called harbour master, no answer.

Rule number one, never enter a harbour at night, I was going in at night and in fog. GPS's are great, we made it all the way in to the inner harbour on the GPS and then I went the wrong side of some little markers that we could not see and got stuck in mud. (Like many others it turned out). I turned the wheel and gave it the guns and we ploughed our way back to the channel. Dock H was for transient moorage but that had signs up saying NO TYING so we just went to the next dock, tied up at 2245. We hugged each other and congratulated our selves on a job well done. We have spoken about testing relationships; I think this has made ours stronger. Then we did my favourite thing, sat in the cockpit had wine, courtesy Chuck, and cheeses and sausage, courtesy of Mallory and went to bed, together in bed for the first time in seven days, it felt good.

Right now Crescent City does not look good to us, it is blowing a gale with fog. Looks like the

north end of Vancouver Island. What happened to this California sunshine? I can see hills about 4 miles away; this a.m. I couldn't see the harbour wall.

The bottom line is that we have had a really tough time. Our first crack at this and the weather has just been against us all the time. We had heard that other people before us had tough times but we never really thought it would happen to us. We have both been very worried and unhappy at what we have encountered. This may be a baptism by fire; I really hope it goes better from here. Our next challenge will be the run from here to SF and the entry to

that harbour. If you can do what we just did entering harbours, nothing will daunt us. (Except freighters) Four boats followed us in, each one with horrendous stories, ripped sails, anchors hanging off

the back of one boat to slow it down, all very scary.

A word on large ocean-going freighters and the fear that nobody is on the bridge.

From my sea going experience every freighter has at least 2 people on the bridge at all times, some times three, officer, helmsman, and some times a lookout. If a sea going officer has an accident there is an enquiry, he can lose his ticket and therefore his career. He sails under the rules of the international law. Even if it is slight, an enquiry is put in his logbook and that does not bode well for his future.

Having said that, I am still fearful of them, so big so fast. We are always keeping a vigilant lookout.

I feel what we have been through, you only read about in books. If I were to de-

scribe every little mental hill we have had to climb in the last seven days, this would be a book. But we decided to do this, and at the end we will be much stronger and look back on this last week as nothing. A mere zit on the body of life.

SO TO FINISH ON A POSITIVE NOTE

We went for a walk to the town of Crescent City, sort of like Powell River. On the dock a fisherman was loading live fish on to a trailer to take to San Francisco overnight to Chinatown. When we came back he had a dead black snapper about 5 pounds. He asked me if I wanted it, it was caught this morning and he thought it would be fresh enough although it was not alive. Never being a person to look a gift horse in the mouth, I grabbed it and it now lies in the fridge nicely filleted for tomorrow's supper.

So what can I tell you to make it easier?

Truck the boat to San Francisco or San Diego. Cost to San Francisco from Tacoma is US\$2150.00 in 2002. I believe the run from Flattery to Frisco is gauged as one of the ten worst sea trips. If you harbour hop, it will take you about 3 weeks to a month to Frisco. Yes it will, you are in each harbour for 3 to 4 days minimum. One day relaxing one day something else and then wait for weather. Our budget is CAN\$40/day, I haven't got there yet and I am not a big spender. So the truck to Frisco is not a bad idea.

If you are going to harbour hop, get a cell phone you can use in the US cheaply. It will be a great help. America lives in cars and on phones. Take at least 2 experienced crew; from the people I have met it made things much easier, then you have to have a boat that will fit 4 easily and somebody who can cook meals in lousy weather. Or leave your spouse at home and have her join you in Frisco. Some people do this.

The bottom line is that we have had a really tough time. Our first crack at this and the weather has just been against us all the time.

Get radar, don't leave BC without it, get a small one but get one. The US Washington and Oregon coast is in fog most of the time. We did not, mistake. On the other hand we didn't need it after San Francisco. We have our GPS linked to electronic charts on the laptop. I got this in San Diego, it is great. This may alleviate some need for a radar but Mexican charts are different, In Ensenada the GPS showed me in the town about 200 yards from the harbour where I was anchored.



True Colours

BENETEAU 38

MAX FERRIER AND WINNIE

KUCHARSKY

NEWSLETTER #2: CRESCENT CITY
TO SAN FRANCISCO

THURSDAY THE 19TH SEPTEMBER

ON SATURDAY THE WEATHER SEEMED TO have settled down so at 2 pm we headed out into the wild blue yonder. The forecast was 5 to 10 k SE changing to 5 to 15 k NE so we thought we would motor through the SE winds and put up sail in the NW winds. By 9.15 we were in thick fog. We decided to head for Eureka. We arrived in thick fog at 2 am We found the harbour OK on the GPS but could see no lights at all so decided that the fog was too thick and we would wait until dawn to head in. At dawn the fog lifted and we could see the harbour entrance clearly. In we go and as we get into the harbour channels the fog comes down on us like a blanket. Luckily I had set up 5 way points on the GPS so we came in on that and following our position on the lap top. We haven't got the interface yet for the GPS to the laptop that is something we will purchase. The marina is about 5 miles up the harbour following a dredged channel about 100 yards wide. We finally made it after zig-zagging all the way up using the depth sounder.

The Marina is very new and nice. It is cheap, only \$9.50 per night for our 38-ft. boat. It has all the facilities including bikes you can borrow so it is pretty good. The wharfingers are really nice and helpful, so we are already one day over what we were going to stay. Only one down side, the stores are miles away.

Yesterday we met three other travelling boats; one man Dave Nelson told us that a good visit is to the weather center on Woodley Island. We took the trip, about 3

mile walk and they were great, sat us down in front of all the computers and explain the way they report the weather in the US, a very worth while visit. He told us not to leave until Thursday because the wave height would decrease and lengthen and it would be an easier ride for us. He also said that it would be better to come down the US coast in the winter because the weather is much more stable. Now that is OK for California but what about Washington and Oregon.

Eureka weather. The fog comes down every night, really thick, so thick you could almost eat it and then lifts about 9:30 am and the sun shines. The joke here is wait 5 mins and the weather will change.

We went to Carson Mansion. The original builder was a pioneer lumber baron. It was an exquisite construction but you could not go on the grounds at all because it was a private club. Winnie and I both agreed that if that had been in Canada it would be open to the public with a tour guide. Some things you don't appreciate until you get away from home. Nobody walks here, we are on our own, but the terrain is not conducive to walking. There are very few pedestrian crosswalks and the buses are 3 times day and come within half an hour of when the schedule says. Obesity is endemic. I had heard that but never realized how bad it is. I feel like a Belsen case when I am in a supermarket.

The discomfort about this trip has been the weather. We thought it would be turn left at Cape Flattery and fly to SF. As it is, it has been too much wind or fog.

Today is Tuesday the 24th September. We went shopping to a grocery store, it was 40 mins walk away from the boat and we took backpacks to carry the goods back. Some things were cheaper but not much. The funny thing is that here in the US they have to put on the label what is in the product. Now in Canada they say meat products. Here when I picked up some Italian hot sausage the ingredients said lymph nodes, ear lobes facial something or other but never mentioned anuses. Needless to say it got put back down and we haven't eaten sausage since.

Then we went to the library to check on the banking, didn't work, and send letters, which did work. The library is huge here and beautifully constructed, but is only open 5



days a week and even then just for a few hours, which amazed us. The library has a great big window with a wonderful view of the bay. Also, lovely armchairs for the most time occupied with homeless people who take advantage of the warmth, the view and the excellent toilets in the library.

Today is Wednesday the 25th. After listening to the weather forecasts and conferring with other cruisers, and bearing in mind what the man in the weather center told us, we have decided to leave on the ebbing tide tomorrow at 2:30 pm. And try to get to San Francisco. If we have any problems we will call in at Fort Bragg. That place seems horrendous to get into with minute channels and always beset in fog. We hope to go to Drakes Bay just outside SF and anchor there until the weather or fog lifts and then goes into the SF bay. It is pretty tense around here. Every day is a major challenge and is life threatening if you really look on the black side. I went out and bought some sausage today (from a health food store and only had pork and herbs in them, however they cost 69 cents can/sausage) and bbq'd them so we will have grab food on the way. I wonder where we will be the next time I write this journal.

When we got up on Thursday morning and listened to the weather forecast there was a gale blowing 10 to 60 miles out so we stayed put. We walked to the library to check on our banking and email and then got the bus to a mall. Not our norm but.

Now when we asked about the buses here before, nobody knew and then somebody told us they were very infrequent but after inquiring in the library got the full schedule. All bus routes start in the downtown core and end up there, taking exactly 1 hour. So, to get to the mall took 11 minutes. When we got the bus back it took 42 mins, bit of a drag, oh well.

Every day is a major challenge and is life threatening if you really look on the black side.

As you get into this travelling lifestyle so you learn things on the way. E.g. A fellow boater went to the thrift store bought 4 bikes for \$4.00 and made 3 good ones. Who would ever of thought of that? Not me.

THINGS THAT ARE ODD AT FIRST

- When you come back to the boat you don't check your phone messages.
- You never plan your social life, it are all around you and drift in an out whenever.
- You never have to go to a meeting.

There is weather window tomorrow, we will try and make it then.

We motored all the way from Eureka to Bodega Bay because of wrong winds or no wind. We decided not to go to Drakes bay as it was 30 miles further and we would have arrived in an unknown anchorage in the dark. We tied up at Bodega at 5:30 pm. The next day, the 30th September we decide to make a run for Drakes bay, as it was about 30 miles from Bodega and 25 from SF. There was a small craft warning but that is not too bad in this boat. Also we have had small craft warnings and had to motor because of no wind. We anchored in Drakes bay and then went on to San Francisco.

HELPFUL HINTS.

The US is very expensive, have your bottom painted with good bottom paint before leaving Canada, next cheap place is Ensenada.

Really stock up with groceries in Canada, the only thing cheaper in the US is wine and spirits. Beer is not and is in my opinion like pee.

On some passages it is hard to sit down comfortably, you are thrown about so much. You get a sore bum because your bum is static and the rest of you is moving. I had an air cushion; it made a lot of difference.

You will get very tired on passages, just the effort of staying upright uses a lot more muscle than you ever used before and is draining. You don't sleep properly. Make sure you have a sea berth and one that will hold you from rolling around. Ours is like a coffin that you slide into from one end and is like a security blanket when you get into it.

Eating on long passages is a grab what you can affair, we eat hot dogs, boiled eggs, canned stew. Get non-salted munching food, salty things make you drink, then you have to pee, that can be an ordeal, but you should

keep drinking. We have a large stainless steel thermos and we drink lots of herb tea.

Get some sort of light that you can fix to a book to read at night and make sure your short wave portable radio has earphones. Tuning into stations around the world can be fun. ■



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Mike McKay

mike@westerlyyacht.com

J-P Cardinal

jeep@westerlyyacht.com

Andy Copeland

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Richard Evans

richard@westerlyyacht.com

Nautical Expressions & Meanings, Part 6:

FEATURE

More nifty nauties to see you through the night

Compiled by Sandra-Faye Nagy

References & Understanding excerpted from:

Dictionary of Phrase & Fable

Traditions of the Navy

The Sailing Dictionary

A Sea of Words

DRESS SHIP

When it is a special occasion, vessels lying at anchor or in harbour may hoist the International Code Flags and pendants on a line from stem up to the top of the mast and down to the stern, but tradition observes them to be spaced evenly and symmetrical as possible. Two square flags placed between pendants, and the swallow-tailed A and B flags placed at each end. The Ensign is not included in the dress line

DIP

When a flag is not fully hoisted.

DIP THE ENSIGN

As a salute, the Ensign is lowered briefly and held down until the saluted vessel has also dipped and rehoisted it's own Ensign in acknowledgement.

THE ENSIGN

This title dates back to privileged squires who carried the banners of Lords into battle. Hence the squires also became known by the name of the banner itself.

US ENSIGN

Old Glory carried 15 stripes for 23 years from 1795 until 1818 when the original 13 stripes were restored permanently.

UNION JACK

The British ensign received this nickname from Queen Anne.

HOUSE FLAG

When the Crusaders went to the Holy Wars, each carried on his ship a banner showing the crest or coat-of-arms of the house or family to which he belonged. In ship-ping companies, it is the insignia of the company or house that operates the ships. Modern merchant marine officers wear a replica in the badge of their caps. See *Absent Flag*.

FIRST AMERICAN ENSIGN

The flag first raised by John Paul Jones was originally designed for the private use of the Hon. John Company (The British East India Co.)

SAILING UNDER FALSE COLOURS

Seagoing pirates used to fly the flag of a friendly nation to lull other ships into feeling secure.

BLACK FLAG

A black flag is the emblem of piracy meaning No Quarter. During WWII submarines returning to base often hoisted a black flag to indicate a 'kill'.

WHITE FLAG

A white flag is for a truce or surrender. To hang out the white flag is to ask for Quarter.

YELLOW FLAG

Contagious disease on board ship, or still in quarantine — not yet inspected.

FLAG OF CONVENIENCE

Vessels sailing under a foreign flag to avoid taxation.

DISTRESS FLAG

When the ship's ensign is flown upside down.

BREAK A FLAG

Hoist it rolled up, then pull the halyard to release the hitch holding it together.

GET A FLAG

To become an admiral.

STRIKE THE FLAG

A token of surrender. When an admiral relinquishes his command he *strikes his flag*.

ANSWERING PENDANT

A red-white-red-white-red pendant shaped code flag, it is raised to a dip position to acknowledge seeing a hoist of signal flags, then raised fully when message is understood.

It is also raised by a signaling station to show the International Code of Signals is in use. If raised during racing it indicates that all races that haven't started are postponed.

FLAG OFFICER

One of the highest ranking officers of a Club — the commodore, vice-commodore or rear-commodore — who may fly the club *Broad Pendant*.

FLAG CAPTAIN

The captain commanding the vessel in which the Admiral is flying his flag.

FLAG SHIP

The ship carrying the Flag Officer.

FLAGSTAFF

On shore this is a wooden or metal mast where the Club may fly the Burgee, signal flags, storm warnings, harbour signals. The disc at the top of the flagstaff is the truck.

HALF MAST

A flag or the ensign is hoisted part way up the flagstaff signaling mourning — either national or local. The Ensign should strictly be raised to the top then lowered to the dipped position. When lowering the Ensign, the procedure is reversed. In earlier times the Ensign was only used for officers of the rank of Captain or higher as a mark of respect at their passing.

RANK REVERSED

At a Naval funeral, the seamen march ahead of the commander, the commander ahead of the admiral. A mark of biblical humility as a cardinal virtue... the first shall be last, and the last first.

GUN SALUTES

These are fired in odd numbers — 1,3,5,7, so forth because old superstition holds that uneven numbers are lucky.

FATHER OF MODERN LIGHTHOUSES

John Smeaton, a highly skilled engineer built the first really successful Eddystone Light started in 1756. He ran into all sorts of

opposition from others — masons would not alter their way of cutting stone, ship's Captains didn't like to haul the heavy granite blocks, the folks in Plymouth didn't like what he was doing, and press gangs seized his workers to serve on ships, but he lit the first candles in 1759. This Light guided mariners past the dangerous coast and a modern structure still stands. The Cordovan Lighthouse near Bordeaux, France was once a church and is reputed to be the oldest maritime light in existence.

BEAM

The widest part of a vessel.

BEAMS

The timbers that lie at right angles to the keel.

BEAMY

Rather wider than normal for length to width ratio.

THROWN ON MY BEAM-ENDS

When a ship is knocked over in a heavy gale almost vertical.

ON THE PORT/STARBOARD BEAM

Way over to the left/right.

ON THE WEATHER BEAM

The side the wind is blowing upon.

ON THE BEAM

On the right course. Actually comes from aircraft tracking via radio beam.

CATAMARAN

Properly, a 20 ft. long raft of three logs lashed together with ropes secured by three spreaders and cross lashings. Easily handled by two men, and known to successfully handle the heaviest surf at Madras, Ceylon where it originated. Now largely refers to a boat of two hulls connected in parallel.

FEET

The deepest part of the Atlantic Ocean is north of Puerto Rico at 30, 246 feet. The deepest ocean part found so far is near the Philippines at 35,400 feet.

FATHOM

Speaking of feet, we think of Fathoms: for taking measurement of the depths known as Soundings, and measuring cord and anchor chain. It comes from Old English *Faetm* meaning to embrace. Parliament decreed that as the embrace (the distance between a man's hands when placed around

his sweetheart) averaged 6 feet, it would become the standard measure.

FATHOM CHART

Where the depth down is given in fathoms and feet, heights up in feet. Metric charts have largely replaced these old charts. The first English charts were called: *sca-cards* or *sea-cards*. The first known European charts made by Italians in 1351 were called *Portolani* See also *Waggoner* and *Alexander Dalrymple*.

FATHOM LINE

This is the contour line on fathom charts showing areas of same depth separating an area where the water is less deep. The contour lines begin below chart datum — listed on each chart's title section. See *Datum Line*.

HAWSER

Derives from the Old English word *halter*, which is a rope for the neck. Anchors used to be attached to hemp cables. Chain cables were introduced in 1812, and became the norm, as it was superior to rope.

HAWSE HOLE

The hole in the ship's bow through which the anchor cable runs. Originally they were eyes carved or painted on an ancient ship's bow so the vessel could see if there were any evil spirits ahead.

Continued next page...

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HE CREPT THROUGH THE HAWSE HOLE

One who enters the Navy at the lowest rank of ordinary seaman.

HE CAME UP BY THE HAWSE PIPE

One who has risen from the ranks to attain master or captain.

COME ABOARD THROUGH THE CABIN PORTHOLES

One who enters the Navy as a cadet, trained as an officer and attained rank of captain. Licensed masters of ships started in 1450. Charles V of Spain made it compulsory for a ship master to carry a certificate showing he had the qualifications for the job.

THE SAILOR KING

William IV of England who was also called Silly Billy. He entered the navy as a midshipman and became Lord High Admiral in 1827.

THE SEA

Salty water that covers 70% of our globe.

SEA BOOTS

Those that reach half way up the shins and have nonslip soles.

SEA COCK

A through hull hole, fitted with a valve that controls the amount of seawater taken in.

SEA GODDESSES

Aphrodite and Venus.

SEA LAWYER

A seaman who constantly argues about his rights. Also means a shark.

SEA LEGS

The adaptability of sailors to move freely with the motion of the vessel, and to recover from seasickness.

SEA PIE

Layers of meat, veggies and fish between dough crusts. The number of layers determines it to be a 2 or 3 Decker. When ingredients were available, this was very popular on board ship.

SEA WRACK

Large bulky kinds of seaweed washed up on shore.

SEA-GOING INVENTION

Canned and condensed milk. Invented by

Gail Borden so cows would not have to be carried aboard ships.

SEA PLOWS

When operating in high latitudes, aircraft carriers have to carry snow plows to keep the flight decks clear.

WAVES

The rise and fall of water on the surface of the sea, usually created by wind, affected by tidal streams and currents and the geographical contours. A theory is held that waves keep regularly increasing until the maximum is reached—commonly believed to be the tenth one—then the series start over again.

HIGHEST WAVE POINT

The crest.

LOWEST WAVE POINT

The trough.

WAVE FREQUENCY

The number of complete movements in a second.

WAVE HEIGHT

The distance measured vertically between a crest and a trough of the same wave.

WAVE LENGTH

The distance measured horizontally between two crests or two troughs.

WAVE PERIOD

The elapsed time between two crests or two troughs past a set point in seconds.

WAVE SPEED

Ratio of length:period.

WAVE STEEPNESS

Ratio of height:length.

WAVY NAVY

Used to be the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserves and the officers gold braid was wavy, whereas regular navy officers braid is straight. Combined with the Royal Naval Reserves in 1957 after a brilliant wartime record.

WAVES

US Women's Naval Reserve: Women Apointed for Voluntary Emergency Service.

WREN

British Women's Royal Naval Service. ■

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SPIRIT QUEST. C & C 36 for sale. Excellent condition, very clean. Many recent upgrades include, Harken roller furling, full batten main, cruising spinnaker with sock, new halyards & new top quality dodger, bimini, mainsail cover, furler cover, binnacle cover & hatch covers. New auto pilot in 2001 interfaced to Garmin GPS. Other recent upgrades are, New Campbell Sailor prop, steering cables, anchor chain & nylon rode, all new upholstery, new propane line & control system with sniffers & automatic shut off & new Lewmar Oceans forward hatch. New head in 2002, plumbed to 20 gallon holding tank with over board discharge pump & deck pump out. Ventilation upgrades include 2 solar powered vents & a Vetus dorade style vent, plus additional interior fans and venting. Other interior upgrades include both propane and electric cabin heat, additional shelves and cupboards, new lamps, new stereo CD player/radio and speakers including cockpit speakers, additional breaker panel with battery voltage monitor and new batteries. Other gear includes 11 winches, including Barient 2 speed self-tailing primaries, adjustable baby stay, rigid vang, spinnaker pole & gear. Engine is 27HP Yanmar 3HM with upgraded alternator & new engine instruments, throttle & control cables. Sail inventory: Full batten main, jib (100%) and genoa (150%), cruising spinnaker with sock and symmetrical spinnaker. Electronics include Signet instrument pack (knot meter, depth sounder, wind speed & direction), Garmin GPS, Uniden VHF, ST4000 auto pilot & searchlight. Other items included: inflatable dinghy, 3 anchors with chain and rode, emergency steering system, BBQ, cockpit cushions and lights, 6 fender with holders, 2 electric bilge pumps plus manual bilge pump, winch handles and boat hook. Specs: LOA 35'8", LWL 27'8", BEAM 11'6", DRAFT 5'11" DISP 12,000 LBS, SAIL AREA (100% JIB) 600 SQ. FT. Asking CAN \$84,900.00. Call Richard at 604-255-4013 or email vwill_abs@telus.net. www.smartventures.com/boat/cc36.html.

.....
BORA — Spencer 1330 — Fast reliable offshore cruiser or comfortable liveaboard. Hydrovane VXA windvane, variable pitch, self feathering J Prop, Harken Bat car system, Garhauer Vang, Navtec 17 back stay adjuster, Electric windlass with 2 station controls, 6 man liferaft, 8 sails, Inverter / charger, 5 deep cycle batteries, Hot water heating system, Autopilot, 24 mi Radar, Weather fax, 2 GPS systems, Electronic charts, Spare parts and much more... PRICE \$209,000. Email svbora@telus.net. Phone (250) 722-0011.

38 FOOT CUSTOM CUTTER rigged sloop. 1977. Balsa core fiberglass construction.. This vessel will be in San Carlos in Mexico in May. We are presently cruising the Sea of Cortez. San Carlos is a great place to start a cruise in October 2003. Lay-out is, Center cockpit with hard dodger and complete enclosing canvas, double aft cabin, main cabin with sea berth, and large double vberth cabin. New Micro vents in cabin. Sail plan; 2 forestays, one with 120 Genoa on roller furling. Baby stay with staysail, mainsail. Also 160 Genoa, working jib and spinnaker in sock, spinnaker pole. All new Halyards in 2002, Windex. 160 gall of water, 55 gal of fuel, lots of storage space, cockpit cushions. 4 cyl Newage BMC diesel 35HP. Engine and fuel system all overhauled 350 hours ago. Hydraulic steering coupled to Autohelm 6000 also Autohelm Wind vane steering, ICOM VHF radio, Sony SW7-600GR SSB receiver, Garmin 152 GPS, Magellan 3110 GPS (back up), sextant (more back up) Lowrance depth sounder/fish finder. Sony CD stereo system, EPIRB. Inflatable Dinghy with Johnson outboard. 3 burner propane stove with automatic oven with 2 x 10lb bottles, complete first aid kit (value \$300). 3 battery banks, 2-golf cart for house, 2 deep cycle for the fridge freezer, 1 crank, coupled to 2-x 75 watt Siemens solar panels; 3 anchors, Bruce, CQR, Danforth, all 25kilo, c/w chain and rode. Hydraulic windlass, Force 10 heat; Force 10 BBQ c/w 5lb bottle. Hot and cold running water, shower. Large new holding tank with pipework to flush overboard or to tank. Comes complete with Toshiba laptop, (interfaced with GPS) all electronic charts of North America and the South Pacific (10 cd's). All paper charts on North America and Mexico. Charlies Charts of North America and Mexico. Also: 2 lifejackets, 1 cruiser suit. Spare jerry cans for diesel, gas and water. Has all new upholstery, this boat was kitted out and overhauled between Oct 01 and July 02 to go cruising in 02/03 It is a well found and sea kindly boat, very comfortable. Sailed Mexico and south pacific in 89/90 and has done it again in 02 /03. All you need to do is step on board. Family sickness forces sale, \$94,900 Canadian. (surveyed in October 01). Email juvanisle2@yahoo.ca (note .ca, not .com).

BUY/SELL/TRADE

.....
FOR SALE: Storm Trysail. Luff 21' 6", Foot 9' 8". Slides, Bag. Never used. Suitable for 40 to 44' boat. \$700. Phone 250-478-2712. Email mwmulvey@cs.com.

Continued next page...

...TRADEWINDS CONT.

FOR SALE: Sea Anchor 23' Parachute with 1000' rode with catenaries and sniffle. New and professionally assembled. Twin tails to adjust the yachts angle to the wind. Rated for 40' to 80' yacht. \$2,950.00 Ph.: (250) 714-2486.

FOR SALE: DBC 4-man liferaft, insulated floor, in canister, bought Sept. 2000, price \$2400 ICOM 730 ham radio and manual tuner, price \$650 Charts from Canada, US, Mexico, South Pacific, Marqueses, Tuomotos, Fiji, New Zealand, price \$3-\$5 each. Please contact Craig at 604-222-2300 for details.

FOR SALE: ICOM 735 S/sideband HAM and marine band transceiver, plus AM, W/fax and Navtex Rx. Checked out by ICOM, c/w manual. \$850. AMU 100 solid state antenna matching unit (auto tuner) for the above \$200. Sentry GS 140-3nxs auto marine battery charger for up to 3 banks, 40 amp output, as new with manual. \$180. 2 bank 12-48 volt isolator, enables 2 battery banks to be charged simultaneously, \$30. FOB storm anchor, \$60. 240 v AC to 115v AC transformer, 60 watt, \$30. New hatch roller blind, reflective top for tropics, \$20. 9" dia Henderson watertight access hatch. \$10. S.S. and bronze rigging extension rod/turnbuckle, used for attaching inner forestay to padeye for storm jib, or securing padeye below decks to bulkhead. \$30. Genoa, approx 14.7m luff x 6.3m foot, good shape. \$200. Several 1 lb. lead diving weights \$4 each. Spinlock XA rope clutch, unused, 3/8-1/2" line. \$40. Perko bronze engine raw water filter, stainless mesh, approx 8" tall x 5" dia. \$25. Misc. jerry cans-offers. Andy Copeland 604-228-8712

FOR SALE: Plastimo 4 man liferaft, soft valise \$1000. Storm Drogue, made in Australia, hard plastic, shaped like a small space shuttle!-suitable for 40'+ boat. Never used, as new \$150. Call 939-7359.

FOR SALE: Wind-Vane Steering Unit. Servo Pendulum and Vane are mounted separately. All stainless steel construction. Servo output great enough for 60' yacht. \$1,250.00 Ph.: (250) 714-2486.

FOR SALE: Origo 6000 2-burner alcohol stove with oven. Non-pressurized alcohol, simple and safe. Gimbaled, glass oven door, cutting board, oven thermometer, pot holders, roasting pan. Dimensions 22 1/2"H x 20 1/8"W x 13 3/16"D. Pristine condition. \$650. Call Karen or Tom 604-924-8108 or email <amteam@telus.net>.

FOR SALE: Suitable for 45 foot Cutter. Includes Anchors, Anchor Windlass, Capilano Hydraulic Steering, Canpa Deck Hatches, Wilcox-Crittenden Head, Engine Heat Exchanger, Gusher 25, Aldis Lamp, Aluminum Cleats, Knowsley Winches, Sestrel Compass, SS wire, Norseman Terminals, Teak, Iroko and Mahogany. Ron at 604 465 1343 or <rblakx@telus.net>.

FOR SALE: Simpson Lawrence SL555 manual windlass 3/8 BBB gypsy \$800; ACR Satellite2 406 EPIRB \$700; Beaufort 4 man offshore liferaft, repacked/provisioned Aug. 2000 \$1500; email <orithyia_2000@yahoo.com>; Tel: 250-743-7526.

FOR SALE: The following items, mostly less than 2 years old: Fortress anchor FX 23 (new) in storage bag \$200; 200 ft. 5/8" nylon anchor rode (unused) \$75; Baja filter \$100; boom awning 15' long by 12' wide with FG battens and side screens \$400; dinghy wheels, flip down \$125; fins, Seaquest Kevlar \$60; wet suit, men's medium \$100; hand-held VHF radio, ICOM M1 \$125; kellet, 25 lb with shackle \$35; sextant, Davis Mk 25 with tables \$125; EPIRB/GPS, ACR 406 Rapidfix \$800. Email Gary Morrison at <ve0pop@rac.ca>.

WANTED: Kodak Carousel Slide Projector, autofocus. Call 939-7359.

Editor's note: The following two ads were downloaded without contact information attached. If the member who sent them would e-mail or telephone Leslie Savage, we will provide the link and forward any calls of interest. Ads: contact: <currents@bluewatercruising.org>.

FOR SALE: 16-foot Sillinger inflatable dinghy, hypalon, with 40-hp Yamaha outboard. This combination planes with 8 adults aboard! Great for families and charter groups and as a dive platform. Both in very good condition. Asking \$5,500.

WANTED: In very good condition: 10 to 11-foot hypalon inflatable dinghy with rigid floor. Also looking for 10 to 15-hp outboard.

You Can Come Home Again

GOING DOWN MEMORY LANE

WE JUST RECEIVED THE EMAIL WITH THE invitation to the 25 year celebration, and I recalled the first "Get to know you" in the Rowing club. I had promised Ruth Gould that I would help. We were moored with *Cross-Bow* just across from *Astrocyte* in Coal Harbour. Over Tea, I listened to Ruth's stories. No need to say, the bug bit us! We joined the club. Over the years, I cannot remember when that was. We were listed as having joined 1980. Well my first job was heating the food and washing dishes and washing dishes.

From there on, we went to all the meetings on and off the water. We had good times.

We catered the parties ourselves and it was so much fun, camaraderie and hard work.

One year, I made 3 kg hot wings, another time about two hundred samosas.

It was the time when people saved every penny (Blue Water parties had to be "cheap") to make "THE DREAM" come true. How things and following generations change!

The boats got bigger. The gear is more sophisticated and people have a lot more money to spend. Progress is wonderful. Having said this, I must confess Paul and I, we cherish the old times with our memories. Yes, Dave, I am still not good in making a decent knot and Ted Long (bless his soul) who in-

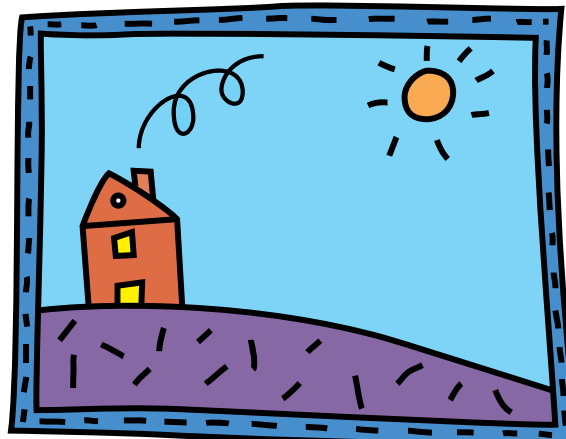
spired us to learn the "real" navigation is with us always. (We do have a "GPS" and I have a "PC" — even old folks progress.)

With this note, we want to wish all the Members a...

Happy 25!

Yours at sea no more
— Lottie and Paul Accipiter

Thank you very much, Lottie and Paul, for this reminder of the origins of Bluewater. If you have any photos of those parties, they might make a good display at the 25th anniversary party. — The Ed.



BOSUN'S LOCKER

From the Bosun's Locker

Hi everyone ! As a new Bosuns member , I will endeavour to continue to provide our members with the best, of service and options. Please do not hesitate to discuss any suggestions and ideas you may have.

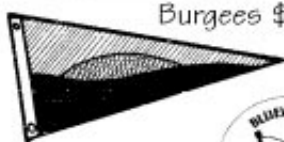
Remember, we still have copies of the **Currents** on CD-Rom, for the introductory price of \$20. Excellent photos and resourceful information.

I look forward to meeting you at our next club night.
—Debbie Gagnon

If you have any questions, please call.



Key Floats
\$3
2 for \$5



Burgees \$25

Decals
\$1



Stick
Pins \$8



Embroidered
Crests \$3

Personal
Medical
Bags
Small \$2



Prices
include
all taxes

Hot
Huck's



\$3.75 pkg or 3 for \$10
A natural food with traditional
taste that cooks into a "meaty"
vegetarian sauce in 10 min or less
Chili Tex-Mex Style,
Curry Bombay Style,
Pasta Sauce Bolognese Style

BOOKS

Comfortable Cruising \$25
Cruising for Cowards \$20
Just Cruising \$20
Still Cruising \$20

BCA Caps
\$15

NEW!



English Bay
Stonewashed
Fleece Crew Sweatshirts \$45

NEW!

Golf Shirt
(with logo)
\$35



English
Bay Yukon
fleece
poly-vest
\$50



Name Badge with pin \$6
with magnet \$8.50



Large vinyl cockpit
tablecloths \$15

The Vancouver Island Bosun's table is staffed by Judy Barefoot and Paul Hunt.

They may be reached at 250-474-5270 or <vibosuns@bluewatercruising.org> if you should miss them on Club Night.

NOTE: Bosun's supplies will be mailed to members who do not live in the greater Vancouver area, e.g. Vancouver Island, Prince George, Calgary and Washington State. As weight and quantity add cost to postage/packaging, please add the appropriate amount as noted below:

Small Items:

Decals, crests, burgees, pins, badges etc.
Small Items\$3.00

Large Items:

Books, clothing, tablecloths
1 Item\$5.00
Several Items\$10.00



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**We Take Good Care
of Sailors & It Shows**

AT UK SAILMAKERS NORTHWEST, designing sails is not an afterthought or a sideline. It's part of our strong commitment to the specific needs of our customers — racing and cruising.

That commitment clearly shows in our durable, high-performance sails. In addition to high-quality Dacron fabrics, we offer innovative Tape-Drive® sails using laminates made with the latest high-tech fibers like Kevlar, Spectra, Carbon or Pentex. Our Tape-Drive construction creates a sail that's stronger, lighter, more flexible and incredibly long-lasting. Laminates and tapes can be varied to meet your needs.

UK's commitment also shows in the response we get from satisfied customers. They love the way our sails hold their shape over years of use, and the way UK supports its products with a worldwide network of service professionals.

Find out how we can take care of you.

800-563-7245

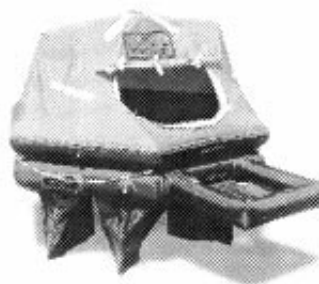


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Contact: Tim Knight, Alex Fox or Sharon M'Bride

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1-800-931-3221



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