

# VICTORIA TO MAUI

JULY 1ST TO JULY 20TH, 1968

GABRIELLE III - DIARY

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"GABRIELLE III"

P. R. Sandwell	Skipper
W. G. Trapp	Navigator
F. Christensen	Sailing Master
G. C. Hyatt	
G. R. Anderson	
R. Rea	
E. S. Poulsson	
H. Bell-Irving	Cook

A Diary of the Second Victoria to Maui  
International Yacht Race  
Starting 1 July, 1968.

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On the second day of the race I started a diary, written largely for Theo and the children. Each day thereafter through Day 19 I recorded some of the events of the day and a few thoughts. On Day 20 I took notes only. Some of the crew may be surprised, as I was when reading my diary for the first time a month after the race, to find that certain events took place at the time recorded in the diary, but apart from Days D-1, 1 and 20, all writing was done within twenty-four hours of the event and I have made no changes save for grammatical effect.

For the benefit of those not familiar with the race procedure, each day at 6 p.m., (Vancouver time) i.e., 1800 hours, each racing yacht was required to report to our escort vessel "LAYMORE", a research vessel supplied courtesy of the Canadian Government. The "LAYMORE" tried to stay in the middle of the fleet, and was seldom within 250 miles of us. The yachts were called in alphabetical order and asked to report their position and sometimes to give a weather report. After roll call "LAYMORE" would broadcast a coded weather report from which we could build a weather map, and following this, on rare occasions, weather and the air ways permitting, one or more yachts would entertain the fleet -- this was called the "Happy Hour."

D - Minus 1

Victoria, Sunday, 30 June, 1968.

A lovely sunny day with a good wind. We are hoping for a like wind tomorrow to carry us down the Straits of Juan de Fuca and out to sea.

By late afternoon yesterday the crew and wives plus family and friends had checked into the Executive House.

We were reasonably punctual for the cocktail party at the Yacht Club and dinner afterwards at the Red Lion. The crew distinguished themselves by eating and drinking in moderation. Our ex-crewman John Nicolls distinguished himself and GIII, making the closing speech at the banquet in a rather nautical and witty vein.

Some of us broke training, slightly, and went to A.J.'s Night Club where the management had thoughtfully put aside a few bottles of wine to circumvent the midnight closing of the bar. We were all good boys, and good girls, so far as I know.

Sunday morning was spent in last minute work on GIII, including spreading out the light spinnaker on the lawn of the Empress. GIII was in sea-going shape so for us there was little work to be done. For some of the other ships the work was more serious, particularly "MARY BOWER" where all the wind instruments were being replaced. In fact the next morning "MARY BOWER" had a man up the mast making final adjustments on the way to the starting line. A month ago it was the eve of the Swiftsure and about 150 boats were in the place now occupied by the 14 boats comprising the fleet in the Maui race. Compared to the Swiftsure the Inner Harbour seemed deserted, but this was preferable to the noise and confusion of Swiftsure, with the comings and goings of the crews of the countless boats moored to boats, riding outside us (likened by some to the Chinese Army marching across our decks in the night).

Noon and late afternoon briefings forced us to cancel our Sunday picnic. This was compensated for by the simple dinner arranged by Agnete and served in the spartan quarters where the skipper, en famille, did his final training for the race. During dinner the crew organized a pool on the length of time it would take to sail to Maui. All agreed that if the wind in the Straits tomorrow morning would be as strong as today, we would be in Maui in short order, and the bets ranged from 14 to 16½ days.

### Day 1

Another lovely day, but when we reported on board at 8:00 there was no wind. We slipped moorings at 8:30. Our girls, in the care of John Nicolls, Tom Childs and George Blackwell, followed us out in a power boat, the "GRAND BANKS". We were at the line an hour ahead of the start and there was barely enough wind to ripple the water. We went two miles down the course to check wind and current, and on the way back to the line the starting vessel, the Canadian escort destroyer "MACKENZIE", flew a signal announcing that the start would be

delayed fifteen minutes, obviously in the hope that the wind would rise. According to the race rules the start could be delayed for any number of successive fifteen minute periods. On this sunny, warm, still summer morning it looked as if we might still be waiting for the gun at tea time. Happily, this did not happen and in a few minutes up went the fifteen minute signal. Up too came the wind and at 10:15 Monday, 1 July, 1968, five minutes before the start, we were moving under the No. 1 Jenny at 5 to 6K in a 10 to 12K wind. The spinnaker was rigged for the starboard tack. Bill Trapp, standing on the stern, counted thirty seconds to go. The skipper, at the wheel, gave the order to set the spinnaker. Gary and Robbie on the foredeck jumped to it, and Chris, Glen and Esben handled the cockpit. B-I was in the pulpit acting as lookout (put there, I suspect, to be out of the way). Nevertheless it was sufficient for the moment just to be on board. Ten seconds before the start the spinnaker was set and full. Within five seconds of the starting gun GIII crossed the line with only one boat in front of her, the "MARY BOWER" and she was in the process of setting her spinnaker and not doing her usual highly professional job. In the ten miles between the start and Race Rocks we changed from the spinnaker to the drifter and back to the spinnaker. One-half mile before Race Rocks we had the pleasure of our last feminine touch for many a day -- it was a cheer from our girls on "GRAND BANKS", in honour of our overtaking the "BOWER". As lead boat, with spinnaker flying, and spirits high, we broke open a beer and swept through the channel leaving Race Rocks to port. The wind held through the afternoon and all the way to Neah Bay we marched slowly on the fleet. In the late afternoon a CPA D.C. 8 Stretch Jet buzzed us and the four or five other boats in sight, and we surmised that Jim Innes, a CPA flight captain and skipper of "LONG GONE", the L36 that won this race the only other time it was run, was sorry that circumstances did not permit him to be with us, and had come to say a friendly but jealous goodbye. Indeed he had reason to be jealous for Neah Bay was only 10 to 12 miles ahead and not one of the crew, half of whom had experienced many Swiftsures, NorPacks and other Juan de Fuca sails, could remember advancing further down the Straits in daylight.

I pity the man who does not love his homeland, and in particular his own neighbourhood. In my limited travels I have often been struck by the beauty of distant places, but I have seen nothing that warms my heart as does the southern coast of British Columbia. As the wind was dying off Neah Bay I asked Robbie how he felt upon saying goodbye to Canada, and God bless him, he conveyed that he had a lump in his throat -- so had I.

The menu for dinner on Day 1 - bread and butter and pork and beans with tomato ketchup and mayonnaise optional --

elaborate you will say -- well a month ago the first night out on the Swiftsure I was told where my elaborate dinner belonged.

Day 2

Tuesday, 4:45 p.m.

We are headed W by S, wind 5, speed 2, sea calm with light swell. "MOONGLOW III" and "VELARIS" are within three miles. "MARY BOWER" was in sight from dawn to noon. One hour ago "LAYMORE" joined us. She is now lying one mile to starboard.

There is a fair amount of bird life but no sign of fish. This morning Chris saw small fish by a piece of kelp. When he called to us to come and look they were frightened by the movement and disappeared. (Since starting to write this the wind has dropped to zero and we have gone dead in the water.) I have noticed a number of small flies. Robbie claims they were attracted by the fruit and joined us in Victoria. This morning when we were moving through the water at less than 1K a small gull (unfamiliar kind) swam behind us for about an hour. I threw him a Ry-Krisp, which he pecked at but did not eat; instead he was attracted to a moth fluttering on the water and ate it. (We have been drifting in circles but the wind has come up again -- 5:15.)

From Race Rocks to Neah Bay we were lead boat. There we fell in a hole and had the frustration of watching three boats come up in shore of us and drift by. To this point we had made nine or ten sail changes, including setting the spinnaker four times. We carried the spinnaker all night, with a few anxious moments when leaving Tatoosh Island to starboard. We changed to the drifter about 5 a.m.

Day 3

Wednesday, 3:30 p.m.

The wind strengthened to about 20K shortly before dinner last night. The seas were short and rough. All on board except the cook enjoyed dinner, but he had to get some fresh air and forego eating and wash up. The wind strengthened slightly after dark and twice during the night the cook fed the fishes. About 4 a.m. Bill Trapp at the wheel (wind 20K, seas rough, speed 8K) saw two streaks heading for the bow. We had passed two Russian trawlers earlier in the day and with his imagination thus sparked Bill first thought of Russian torpedoes, but it was the vanguard of a school of porpoise and they played around our bow and stern for about an hour.

There has been wind all day and we have made 4K or better most of the day. This morning we started to have trouble with the stove. It appears that, in manner unknown to us, we have lost most of our fuel so I am cooking a roast for dinner thinking that this may be our last chance -- none of us relishes the thought of cold food for the next two weeks, but we are making good progress to the south where we will have less need for warm food. We have eight dozen green tomatoes. A dozen have been on deck for two days and show almost no sign of turning red. Perhaps this process will be faster when we are further south, although we have had lots of sun and warmth so far.

We were pleased with our start and are encouraged by our present position. We were sure we would see no sail boats today, but to our surprise "MARY BOWER" was sighted about noon and shortly thereafter she was within 300 yards of us as she tacked across our bow and headed due west. We are continuing south moving slowly off shore (we are now about 110 miles off shore). By our reading of the weather maps the favourable winds are close to shore. We have just fed a goony bird (my name for a small albatross). The wind is picking up and I must get dinner -- more tomorrow.

#### Day 4

Thursday, 6 p.m.

Wind 15, sea moderate, speed 8K -- lots of movement on the boat so hard to write. We have just listened to the daily roll call. We are the southerly boat but our major competition is well to the west. The wind has been good all day and we have been flying the spinnaker since noon. Robbie says hello from the wheel. Bill and Glen are plotting the weather at the saloon table. The skipper and Gary are plotting strategy at the navigator's table. The two Danes, as the skipper calls them, have just fixed a shackle at the end of the main boom and I am writing this and thinking about dinner.

At lunch today we didn't use the stove, and dinner will be out of one pot -- whole chicken simmered in soup with fresh vegetables -- have just pumped sea water (surprisingly warm) into the pot to cook the vegetables.

About two hours ago the "HOUSTON", an oil tanker (dirty dog was cleaning his tanks) passed within 1,000 yards doing 18 to 20K. This morning, in fog, with visibility limited to 100 yards, Chris at the wheel thought he heard a ship. We posted lookout and blew our air horn. The ship passed at high speed not far away. We heard her fog horn but never saw her.

We did not rig our aluminum radar reflector thinking the aluminum mast to be sufficient. Seeing the "HOUSTON" charge by this afternoon made me realize how dependent we are on an alert watch by the ship under power. This morning we would have had no chance to avoid a ship like the "HOUSTON".

No sign of fish or mammals but lots of birds, in fact an hour ago we passed the greatest concentration of goony birds and small terns to date. I thought this would mean crill, i.e., small shrimp, in the water, and I hoped to see whales - but alas no blow was sighted. Esben took a bath yesterday and Bill Trapp today. It was agreed, out of the hearing of our navigator, that his performance at bath would rate a movie. It has taken some time to write this and I must start dinner.

#### Day 5

Friday, 3:30 p.m.

Wind 15K, speed 7K. Light blue skies, dark blue seas, each with a frosting of white. Other than a jet overhead at noon and Albert the goony bird who has adopted us, we have the world around us to ourselves. For the last two days it has been glorious, better than I thought it would be at its best. From noon yesterday to noon today we covered 186 miles. Through the night and until 9 this morning the wind blew 20K or better and on the bigger waves GIII would go off the clock at 10K. On the one hand we are worried that we are getting too far west and will be in the high and out of the wind before we hit the trades. Each day we speak of the daily roll call at which all boats must report their position, and say that tonight will be critical and will tell the tale. I doubt that this will be so tonight, but certainly the race would be much less fun without the roll call and weather information which cause daily suspense and give rise to daily reconsideration of tactics.

For two or three days each time the frig. was opened a steadily worsening smell escaped, so this morning Robbie and I emptied it. We were relieved to find that nothing had gone bad. The smell came from a pool of water and blood which had dripped from raw fresh meat. The dozens of lemons, grapefruits, oranges and limes all had to be cleaned along with lettuce and celery, the latter wrapped in Saran. The skipper found the smell so overpowering he wanted everything washed in Detol, but to the relief of the cook, the ship's doctor, sometime navigator, recommended that the frig. only get this treatment. The contents were washed in salt water. Later on other things were also washed in salt water, namely Chris and Harry on the after-deck,

each gleefully dousing the other with buckets of water hauled from the ocean. We are all well and happy and the frig. and some of us are clean. More tomorrow.

Day 6

Saturday, 3:50 p.m.

W 17K, speed 7 - 8K, direction 120.

We are just a little north of San Francisco and about 100 miles off shore. For nearly a day we have been running east as well as south for fear of getting too far into the high. I think I should return to 1800 on Day 5. Roll call yesterday brought surprising and disappointing news. Three boats in shore of us (two of them smaller than GIII) were further south than we were. The "MARY BOWER" and "JEUNESSE", both outside us, had also marched on us, all this despite the fact that we had averaged better than 6.5K. Our Happy Hour changed from a relaxed gathering in the cockpit to an anxious conference. The skipper plotted the position of the other boats and Bill and Glen drew the weather map. By 1700 the decision was made to gybe the boat and head east instead of west, while of course continuing south. The crew worked on the gybe and the cook started dinner.

We had not used the stove at lunch and since most of the dinner was to be cold, the cook thought it would be nice to prepare baked buttermilk muffins. Alas, the stove went out twice during baking and reading this as a sign that we were nearly out of gas, the skipper instructed that to the fullest extent possible the remaining fresh meat be cooked immediately. Two roasts of corn beef were put on to boil. Four dozen of the twelve dozen eggs were put in with the meat and in a separate pot with the hot water that was intended for our evening coffee. Within five minutes the stove went out altogether - no corned beef - no boiled eggs - no coffee - and the cook burned his arm slightly in trying to light the stove one final time. The cook's dinner was jarred by the seas off the counter, the plate smashing on the galley floor, thus adding to the already considerable difficulties of maintaining balance.

It is 8:30 a.m. on Day 6. It will not be Day 7 for another 1.5 hours and much has happened in Day 6 that should be recorded. To my delight our goony, Albert, seems friendlier and has taken food on a number of occasions. Two smaller boats to which we must give many hours' time are up with us, i.e., "MOONGLOW" and "AFRICAN STAR" -- they each have girls on board, and thinking this the reason for their success I suggested to the skipper we mount a boarding party. Our feeling of roughing



it without our stove looked pale in the shadow of the happenings to "MOONGLOW". She has blown her No. 1 spinnaker, ripped two head sails, poked the spinnaker boom through the main and had a "major fire" requiring all her extinguishers to put out. Late in the afternoon we sighted two big tankers, we surmised bound for San Francisco. Most annoying during the 1800 roll call we sighted "AFRICAN STAR" then at dawn we found "ORIOLE" close by and "MOONGLOW" within five miles. We overtook "ORIOLE" in light airs and passed within fifty feet of her stern at 5:15 a.m. Her master Hilliard - known to his friends as "Bonehead", good-naturedly complained that our navigation was way out on his last reported position. Our navigator is smarting somewhat and is taking sights of everything that moves. We believe we are now the easterly boat (probably also the southerly boat). If we are in the wrong place we have nobody to blame but ourselves because this is where we want to be. I surmise that our relative position will have worsened by 1800 tonight because the smaller boats near us will do well in these light airs. I think also that Day 8 will decide the race. If we get to the trades first (and not too far east) the race is ours. At 9 this morning a large commercial plane (not a jet) buzzed "ORIOLE". GIII is in charge of entertainment for the Happy Hour at 1800 tonight and to this and another day of glorious cold meals I now turn my thoughts. First I note with some small pride that good egg-nogs can be made from powdered milk. The secret is to add condensed milk - and \* - but then that's my secret.

#### Day 7

4:40 p.m., course 220, wind west .8, speed 6K.

Today has been fantastic, sunny all day, hardly a cloud in the sky. Warm, but not too hot. The sea with a ripple on top of a small swell -- it is the first time since starting these notes that GIII has not been bouncing about.

I have interrupted these notes to have my daily bath (with Chris). The water does not seem to have warmed in the last two days. It is ten to fifteen degrees warmer than home, but quite refreshing. I was about to write that nothing of note sailing-wise has happened today, but how wrong I am. I doubt if ever again will I sail so fast on such calm water and with so little motion and fuss. "ORIOLE" was ahead four hours ago. We have now pulled away and she is out of sight behind us. We have checked the Nautical Almanacs for the horizon of a ship with a 90 foot mast. From a height of 25 feet we should be able to see "ORIOLE" at 17 miles. Standing on deck (head height - say 10 feet) we cannot see her so we figure we are five to ten miles ahead. The chances are we

will not be able to open enough distance before the trades to stand her off.

The afternoon was spent preparing ourselves for the Happy Hour following the 1800 roll call. We thought we would tape our broadcast, which in itself would be great gamesmanship, but this has proved too difficult. Also, it would take time on our last batteries (Robbie says hello) and the tape recorder has proved very useful for the weather info. on the evening broadcast.

### Day 8

2:25 p.m., course 180, wind 8K, speed 6K.

I am writing in red because the red pen is readily at hand, but this is not a red letter day. It is, however, another lovely day, blue skies, blue seas, and comfortable sailing...all this plus the fact that we are moving in a direction we want at a reasonable speed. At this point the fleet is divided into two groups, those, including GIII, heading south to catch the trade winds as quickly as possible, and those, led by the Killams, "PORPOISE III" and "VELARIS", taking a more direct route, gambling that they can get through the area normally covered by the Pacific high. Last night only "MOONGLOW" was ahead of us in our group and she well within reach. Last night the leaders of the direct route group were sailing some (say hello from Robbie -- this way he says he feels in touch with the other world) 400 miles N. W. of us, close reaching with 50K winds from the S. E. On the theory that their storm will blow through quickly leaving useful strong winds they may make dramatic progress today. This will be their last chance to march on us. We are now within the northern limits of the trades N34.40, and with luck we will be running before the trade winds within twenty-four hours, it being our hope that the run will be at hull speed or better and unbroken to Maui. Glen, at the helm, has just announced that we sailed past a beer can and the speculation is that the can was thrown from "MOONGLOW". I prefer to think that the can was thrown from the Matson Line container vessel that steamed past at high speed this morning two or three miles off our bow, and that "MOONGLOW" is astern.

A description of the immediate activities of the crew will serve to illustrate the rigours of life aboard a yacht in mid-ocean, finely tuned to the race. The skipper is sitting in the saloon with a book in his hand, but a close check shows that he has dozed off. Chris, our sailing master, is asleep in his bunk. At the sound of six bells Glen has surrendered the wheel to Gary and he is about to lead his

watch mate, who doubles as our ship's doctor, one Bill Trapp, off watch, and I know the first thing they will do is to have a drink. As they are on watch at noon they do not join the rest of the crew in the pre-lunch nooner. Robbie is sitting in the cockpit with marlin spike and rope in hand braiding an eye. Esben went to bed as soon as he got off watch at 11. About half an hour ago Esben got up and he is now sitting in the shade of the saloon reading, having just eaten the lunch the cook thoughtfully put in the frig. for him. (Lunch was a cold plate of Melton Mowbray pie and tongue, chutney, mustard, lettuce and celery salad with oil and vinegar dressing, thin sliced heavy rye Danish bread, with cheese and Ry-Krisps and ship's biscuits to finish off.) I forgot the squares of semi-sweet Baker's chocolate. The last member of the crew is the cook, who, as must be obvious, has been writing this for the last hour and is now going forward for a snooze - more later if I'm in the mood.

9:15. The skipper, Chris, Esben, Robbie and I are in the cockpit. It is overcast with a mild roll. Perhaps we will have wind tonight. Last night we were too low on power to transmit and fulfill our commitment to entertain the fleet at the Happy Hour. We have agreed to try again at 2200 tonight and are now running the engine in the hope that we can get a sufficient charge in the batteries to reach "LAYMORE". I stood watch for Robbie this morning from 3 to 7. We had nice winds and averaged 6K. At 4 a.m. it was almost bright enough to read by moonlight. We were joined by about ten dolphins. They stayed with us for ten minutes romping about the boat and seemingly having great fun. Gary and I took turns sitting in the pulpit watching them. They would come within a few feet of the boat, sometimes five or six together, darting about just beside or in front of the bow. The water was very clear and we could see the whole animal plainly.

At 5 a.m. a smaller school of six or seven dolphins joined us. This time there was no moon and they were even more exciting because they showed up as streaks of phosphorescence racing about the boat. Late this afternoon another visit from dolphins, this time very short -- we weren't going very fast so no fun for them. As they left us a number of them leapt high out of the water, eight to ten feet, I suppose to show us what fun life can be. Albert has not been seen since lunch. I think he may have sunk with all he has been fed. The report at 1800 tonight did not reveal any significant change with reference to the standing of the fleet, except that the "BOWER" seems to have gone too far east. The weather map, however, was disturbing. We have been counting on hitting the trade winds but from the pressure areas shown on the map we are unable to see how they can exist. If for some reason the trade winds do not blow during the next ten days we are in a bad way in

relation to Group II to the north-west of us. If the trades blow we think our only real competition will be "MOONGLOW" immediately ahead and "ORIOLE" ominously close behind.

Day 9

10:30 a.m. Course 200, wind 15 - 20K, speed 7.5K.

Today may be a red letter day because for a few hours it appears we have been in the trades, at least on the edge of them. It remains to overtake "MOONGLOW" and hold off "ORIOLE". Although we are not yet half way in miles we have decided that we are at least half way in time so at the Happy Hour at noon today we are going to open John Nicolls' scroll. It is another glorious day. We gybed an hour ago and have tidied the boat. Bill took a shot at 8 a.m. We are approximately 33N, 132W. The whole crew is up and about, which happens only at this time and at 1800. Bill is writing further limericks. Chris and Robbie (Robbie says hello) are pouring over a book on the South Pacific and Robbie is insisting that on the way to Australia they go into Fiji on the grounds that it is a free port -- he is fooling no one. The skipper is checking the weather map and the others are below reading. Robbie and I have a sun-tan contest going. He is winning handily. I am attributing this to aborigine blood. Most of us bathe every day. We have a bucket tied to the rail aft. The bath ceremony is accompanied by much noise and glee. At first there was picture-taking. God knows what those who do the developing will think, but now that we have Father Trapp, in all his white splendor, recorded on film, we have agreed that there will be no more pictures.

All fresh meat has long since been thrown over because we cannot cook it. Last night it occurred to me that we might do the same with the potatoes but I was not allowed to, on the theory that before we are through we might be very glad to eat raw potatoes. With a typical Trappwichian afterthought, Bill added that possibly we should be fermenting them. We are making out very well without the stove. My work is lightened, but my ingenuity is being taxed and I don't know what I will do when the fresh vegetables run out and I cannot make salads. Breakfast this morning was an orange egg-nog (rum and nutmeg added), Danish bread (for the first time this morning there was a little mould on the bread) marmalade and jam. Lunch will be -- must go. We are changing down to the storm spinnaker -- whoopee.

7:50 p.m.

The storm spinnaker is up to stay, I hope. It is rigged with lots of extra gear including a guy (say hello from Robbie), two halyards and two anti-chafing blocks to prevent

the spinnaker sheets chafing on the main boom. In addition we rigged the preventer for the main boom lead to a "rubba snubba" around the bow.

At lunch we opened John Nicolls' present, an almost life size photo of Racquel Welch, now hanging on the wall in the saloon. We also presented to the skipper the pictures taken during the provisioning of GIII.

At 1800 tonight our position was encouraging. We have marched a little on each of our three arch enemies, "MOONGLOW, "ORIOLE" and "VELARIS". In the relatively light airs "MOONGLOW" has been hard to keep up with, but at 1800 tonight she lay twenty miles to the south and slightly east (out of sight). "ORIOLE" was sixty miles or so north of us, too close for comfort. At least we have widened the gap in the last twenty-four hours. "VELARIS" the leader of the direct route gang, some 400 miles away, did not have a good day, and is now only 150 miles closer to Maui than we are. More important, "VELARIS" appears to be in a high and is 300 miles north of us and maybe 400 miles north of the trades.

Two goony birds have followed us most of the day and in the last hour I have seen three or four of the small sea birds. This greatly surprises me because I thought these small birds stayed within 400 miles of shore. The sky is cloudy tonight and the sunset is watery. I am sitting in the cockpit in shorts and sport shirt but it is getting too cold for this dress. We are talking in terms of being in within eight days and I suspect each one thinks it will be less. The skipper has asked that I check supplies and report to him tomorrow. Apart from canned beer and mixer I think we have a small margin on all counts.

#### Day 10

11:15 a.m. Course 190W NE 10K, speed 6.5K.

For twenty-four hours we have not been without wind and we have maintained 4K or better (Robbie Rea says hello) but it is disappointing that the wind has been so light. We have just changed from the storm spinnaker to the light spinnaker. The change was made in jig time. We did not drop the fore stay sail and thus maintained reasonable way during the change. Ignorance has its advantages. The others are all worrying that we are not yet getting the steady heavy blow of the trades. For my part, I do not want to see these come too soon because "ORIOLE" is still close behind and once she gets winds in excess of 30K she could overtake us at the rate of 4K or more per hour, and this we cannot afford on the strength of

yesterday's lead of approximately fifty miles. The great excitement this morning was that at dawn "MOONGLOW" was on the horizon ahead. By 7:30 p.m. we had "MOONGLOW" abeam one mile to the north of us and we woke the skipper to show him. Yes, the skipper has taken to sleeping in. Although I have not consulted the ship's doctor I am of the view that this trend results from three things, first, it is now ten days since the skipper has received a telephone call, secondly that the crew has settled into the trip in good style, and thirdly excellent light cuisine. We continue to have difficulty in keeping a reasonable charge in the batteries and it has been necessary to run the engine about three hours per day. For a number of days now there has been a steadily strengthening smell of diesel fuel following shut-off of the engine so at this moment the skipper, Chris and Bill have the floorboards up and are inspecting the tank and fuel lines. Being useless at this sort of thing (for which I am thankful) I have removed myself from the scene of action. My knowledge is so minimal I do not consider it necessary even to stand and appear to be an interested spectator. From the snatches of conversation drifting up to the cockpit I gather there is a problem with one of our fuel tanks. The last I heard was the skipper saying, "Well, it's a good thing we didn't draw fuel from that tank at the start, otherwise..." I believe these little daily problems are sent to keep us busy and out of the booze. I suspect that the experts on board would be quite upset if they didn't have some daily challenge to face with reference to the well-being of the boat.

I have switched from red to blue pen because the red one disappeared this morning during the noon weather broadcast. This leads me to the disappearance of yesterday's weather map. The skipper insists he folded it up and put it in the chart drawer, but it could not be found even though we searched the whole ship. I am lying on a bunk forward and I can tell from the lovely noise of rushing water and the motion of the ship that we are again moving at better than 5K. We have had three or four hours of slow going -- I am going to stop for my afternoon snooze which I use not so much for rest as for inspiration for the next meal.

8:40 p.m.

Chris, Esben and I are in the cockpit -- another watery sunset, rippled water - wind at 5K and we are making 4K. For her size GIII is a phenomenal boat. The initial reaction to the 1800 roll call was gloom -- the boats in Group II (as I call it) seem today to have got the winds that we

have gone 350 miles out of our way to pick up. If this is true we have indeed been ill-treated by fate because 90% of the time the winds are blowing where we are and are not blowing where Group II is now sailing. Clearly the present weather pattern has caused the trades to move south of their usual limits. My fear is that the trades will not return to their normal pattern in time to assist us in this race. Each hour the boats in Group II are able to move at the same speed as we are moving, our defeat becomes more certain. This is particularly galling for us because I believe we have sailed a good race. The measure of this is that we are lead boat in our division, and with the exception of one day have led "MARY BOWER" all the way so far. As we sit at this moment wallowing along in this great friendly ocean so famous for her winds, over 1,000 miles from land and with less than 5Ks of breeze, I am satisfied that we can still win the race; however, I am equally satisfied that to win we must get strong winds within the next twelve hours and hold them to the finish. I have been looking into the sunset for ten minutes trying to think of some sage and happy remark to make about my own problem, the cooking, which I am beginning to find somewhat trying -- the fact that the sunset has become glorious and that I have just watched a small bird darting about in it helps -- but nothing will help as much as wind.

I took stock of provisions this morning and there were no unpleasant surprises - bread for seven days -- butter the same, limited supplies of fresh vegetables and citrus fruits, ample quantities of canned meat and vegetables and adequate supplies of staples. I have not mentioned water, the most important thing of all, because we have not yet finished the first of our two tanks, 75 gallons each. We therefore should have ample water. I suggested to the skipper that we jettison half the remaining water supply and the remaining potatoes and onions to lighten ship, relying on the fluid content of the canned goods in case we run into unexpected delay. The suggestion was made in jest and treated as such.

The sun has disappeared in flaming glory to the west and I trust it will bring with it when it rises in the morning, the steady trades. Esben is at the wheel sitting with the sheet in his hand - sometimes he gets us up to 4K. The skipper and Chris are conferring on the sails for the night and have decided to continue to fly the light spinnaker. Just in case, I am going to lay out clothes suitable to wear when setting the storm spinnaker at night. Although we are now south of Los Angeles it is no warmer than it would be on a July evening at Qualicum - my shorts and sports shirt are inadequate and I am going below.

#### Day 11

9:45 p.m. Course 190, wind 12K, speed 6 K.

On all previous days I have finished my notes before

this hour. Today I could not bring myself to write anything until now. About an hour ago, with the wind blowing at 8 to 10K (the best we have seen for two days) Robbie looked ahead at a cloud formation and said he saw a faint rainbow and that this was a sure sign of the tropics. Within minutes the wind had freshened and was coming from the north-east instead of the north. The storm spinnaker is set again and we are all quietly praying that the wind will stay with us to the finish line. To celebrate, Bill has just used his soldering torch to heat a kettle and we are having a cup of coffee, our first hot food in a week. On eight occasions so far "clumsy" crew members have stumbled over the aerial wires, grounded by the back stay, and ripped them off the contact. The soldering iron is used to put them back and is therefore very important, but now we have the wind we have decided we can afford one cup of coffee. If one word springs to mind to describe the last twenty-four hours, it is "bloody." Were we cruising to the Islands with our wives the last twenty-four hours would have been a great lark - lots of sun and no wind and nothing to do on the magnificently blue and unbelievably clear Pacific. But for eight men who have been planning and plotting an ocean race for six months, and who at the start of the twenty-four hour period thought that their work was paying off, and that they were in a key position to win the race, the twenty-four hours has been a continuous disappointment and a heavy drain on our store of patience and optimism. At 11 p.m. last night I took Glen's place and joined Bill on watch. By 12:30 we had moved less than a mile, with the sails hanging and flapping as GIII rolled from side to side in the swell. In the following two and a half hours we sailed less than 2K and to do that we made a sail change and constantly had the sheets in hand and worked the boat as if we were trying to drift across the finish line of a short local race instead of move the boat through the open ocean 1,250 miles and six or more days from our mark. For the next 18 hours the story was to be the same. I will not add unduly to this account by listing all the devices resorted to, but numerous sail combinations were tried. For a fair part of the time the main was dropped and for a brief time the spinnaker top sail (upside down?) flew in its place. Worse than the drifting about was the constant fear that other boats miles away could have had wind and that we might sit indefinitely in our hole, which could extend for hundreds of miles.

The 1800 roll call did nothing for our morale. Group II, who by all odds should be in the middle of the Pacific high, seemed to have the winds that we have gone three hundred extra miles to get. I was interrupted by the arrival of dolphins, and after watching them for a while - the moon was behind a cloud so we got the phosphorescent treatment - I bunked down. It is 8:30 a.m. We are moving at 6 to 7K in relatively light wind. Bill has just fixed our position using one moon



shot and one sun shot. If the fix this morning is correct it means good news because we are further along by a few miles than we thought. We are now just below 30 N and without doubt in the trades.

Day 12

9:30 p.m. Course 235, wind NE 10, speed 8K.

Our strategy based on 90% weather odds appears to have been knocked into a cocked hat. Group II has sailed through the normal home of the Pacific high with better winds than we have had supposedly going around the high. We have been in the latitudes of the trades for three days and even now do not have the winds normally to be expected. On the basis of the weather report and information picked up from the Catamaran race, (Los Angeles to Honolulu) the Cats are a little ahead and to the south of us. At 1830 we gybed and are now sailing the great circle course for Maui - the sailing term, I believe, is that we are laying the mark. 1,200 miles to go, with luck we will do it in seven days. We have sighted no ships today but have heard one or two planes. This morning Bill was standing in the pulpit for a long time. When he came aft he said he had been watching a swarm of small white insects flying very close to the water. A few days ago I watched our goony bird pick up and eat a large moth-like insect fluttering on the water. It is a wonder to me that insects exist in the middle of the ocean. Perhaps they hatch on garbage from passing ships but the ocean is so clean I find this hard to believe. This evening a tern-like white bird (a little bigger than a dove) with a slim stream of a tail about a foot long, made many passes at our mast-head trying to land. Although it was not rough the motion of the boat was too great to permit him to land. I am sitting in the saloon listening to Lara's Theme. Looking aft, the hatchway frames the wheel and the binnacle with its red night light burning. I can hear the water rushing by the hull and the "mad Danes", as we affectionately call them, on watch talking Danish. The motion of the boat is comfortable and the rest of the crew has turned in. It is very peaceful and relaxing. I judge that the crew has settled in well. Each has his idiosyncrasies and none of them seems to be getting on the nerves of the others.

If we get a steady blow from here in it will make a good race even if we don't win. The wind is beginning to freshen a bit and I must go on deck to rescue clothes washed earlier in the day.

Day 13

10 a.m., course 235, wind NE 15 to 20K, speed 8K.

At last we have some wind and are sailing along at

hull speed. If the sea builds up we may get the advantage of planing and go over hull speed. For the last two nights it has not been necessary to sleep with a blanket although last night the watch wore shirts and sweaters. There was a squall and rain and Gary wore his wet weather gear, the only man to do so for days.

Last night for the first time I saw flying fish. It was not until daylight this morning when Chris pointed them out to me and I realized it was flying fish I saw in the night. There was no moon and in the dark I wondered if these little things were birds, but I dismissed this as being out of the question and decided it was spray. Bill and Glen were due on watch at 11 p.m. As Glen was sleepy and I was not, Glen accepted my offer to stand the first two hours of his watch. A small squall was blowing and the boat was moving at 7 to 8K. Within a few minutes of taking the helm I had us by the lee. Fortunately the off-going watch was still on deck and the boat was brought under control without blowing the spinnaker or breaking any gear. It goes without saying that Glen was soon on watch. I hope today to get some practice so that before the end of the race I will be good enough to relieve on the helm at night.

Our fresh salad vegetables have held very well. The last of the lettuce will be used or thrown out today. With careful use the celery and cabbage will last three more days. There are one dozen loaves of bread left and they are getting more mouldy by the hour. I doubt that we will be able to eat them before the mould does. I anticipated this and put on board an ample supply of ready mix biscuits which are now useless because we cannot cook them. Some of the prepared biscuits are the type that must be kept refrigerated. I am not sure if I mentioned it, but some days ago we had to clean out the frig., and only a few of these containers survived the cleaning. The majority began to swell and burst the cardboard sides of the tube and had to be thrown over. The balance have now gone the same way. The frig. has caused a very heavy drain on our batteries. To conserve juice the frig. was turned off last night and was put on this morning. This procedure will be followed until we are in. (We made 7.5K in the last hour.) We will do well to reach Maui in under nineteen days and by that time the meals will have nothing to recommend them except that they will contain food value. If I had the provisioning to do again I would put on more pork and beans and ship's biscuits. The green tomatoes have taken a surprising time to ripen. I thought twenty-four hours might be enough and forty-eight probably too much. They are packed four to a cellophane bag. Most of the bags have been on deck for five days or more and show little sign of ripening. We ate our first fresh tomatoes on Day 10 and they were the ones I put on deck before we went through Race Rocks.

The crew, with the exception of myself, is doing a lot of reading. I find that between writing this diary and looking after the meals I get nearly all the day-time activity I require and so have read only one book. It follows that I am devoting a fair amount of time to sitting in the sun looking at the sea and clouds, and enjoying a vacant mind.

I have six fifty foot rolls of movie film left, two for dolphins (or porpoise -- I don't know the difference), two for the big following seas of the trades (and I am beginning to wonder if we will get them) and two for the finish and Lahaina.

8:15 p.m.

The 1800 roll call, dinner and wash-up are over and I have just come below after watching a squall overtake us. It was preceded by a complete rainbow and one end of it swept up on our stern with considerable speed. Roll call tonight disclosed no rainbow for us. The Group II boats appear to have broken through to the trades. To do so they have gone at least three hundred miles less than we have, and although still north of us they are far to the west, and given equal winds they will be in about two days ahead of us. Our only hope was that today they would fall into a hole before getting to the trades. It now remains for us to try to out-sail the other boats in our area and hope for some miracle. Although we have been in the trades for three or four days the wind has been light most of the time, and on a number of occasions the combination of light wind and short rolling choppy sea has caused us to drop the main and go on the spinnaker alone. This morning we were doing just that when the wind came up quickly and for a while we were 7 to 8K on the spinnaker alone. For some nights now I have promised to join Chris and Esben on their watch, but instead have written this. Now I am going to keep my promise.

#### Day 14

8 p.m., course 240, wind NE 12 - 15, speed 7.25K.

Day 13 ended and Day 14 began under trying but not difficult circumstances. At the start of the race at night we would replace our big light spinnaker with our storm spinnaker. Starting about Night 10 we began flying the big spinnaker at night. At about 11 p.m. last night we blew our big spinnaker and it wrapped around the head stay. It was not a bad night but the wind was blowing 15K and the sea was quite choppy, giving us a fairly sharp and active motion. In view of this and the fact that we were making about 7K under the main alone it was decided to wait until daylight before cutting down the spinnaker. Dawn was about 7 a.m. Vancouver time (all boats are sticking to Vancouver time to avoid confusion between time zones) (say hello from Robbie) and the whole crew was on deck. The wind and sea conditions were about the same as when we blew the spinnaker. It took two hours to rig a bosun's chair, haul

Gary up the head stay, cut down the spinnaker, tidy up the rigging and set the storm spinnaker. The whole time we were doing this we continued running under the main, often at better than 7K. We considered rigging the storm spinnaker last night. We could not rig a spinnaker net and because of this we decided not to fly the storm spinnaker -- without it and with about a thousand miles to go we certainly would be completely out of the race. We also theorized that we would lose fifteen miles at most by not flying the storm spinnaker for the ten hours it would take to get the matter in hand. At 1800 roll call we found that "BOWER" had marched 15 miles on us and our position relative to the smaller boats in our area remained unchanged - thus proving our theory. After setting the storm spinnaker we allowed ourselves the luxury of bacon with our breakfast, using more of the dwindling supply of fuel for the soldering iron.

In the night a flying fish landed in the cockpit. I am sorry Robbie threw it over as I would have liked to inspect it. I have not seen a goony bird since yesterday morning. They have deserted us too soon because in the trimming of the mould from the bread about half of each loaf is thrown over. Also the wastage from the fresh green vegetables is greater. We ate the last lettuce today. There is sufficient cabbage and celery for two more days. I am having great difficulty keeping the boys on the bread. They all want the ship's biscuits - but there is only a four day supply of these and I would like to hold them in reserve.

Yesterday and today I saw new types of sea birds, about the size of a dove. Yesterday's bird had gull-shaped wings and flew close to the water, swooping in the trough of the waves, dipping one wing tantalizingly close to the water. Today's bird was white underneath and gull-shaped. For the last hour Dick, Chris, Esben and I have been sitting in the cockpit looking at a chart of the Hawaiian Islands, thinking in terms of moving GIII from Lahaina to Honolulu. It is about 75 miles, with the Island of Molokai en route. It would be fun to stay overnight at some picturesque anchorage on Molokai and carry on in the early morning. Dick has been reading aloud to us from the Pacific Coast and Hawaii Pilot Book. It seems there is no such anchorage so if the run is to be made it will probably be non-stop. Chris and Esben have suggested I take my daily trick at the helm but they have warned that I must maintain 8K so I don't lose them the bottle of champagne for the watch with the most mileage.

#### Day 15

4 p.m., course 210, wind NE8, speed 7.5K.

(Robbie is at the helm and says hello to all.) It has been quite cloudy for the last two days but at the moment

there is heavenly warm sun. We have covered a fair distance in the last twenty-four hours but are still without the strong winds we need to get that last twenty-five to thirty miles each day.

Little of incident has occurred today. At noon we sighted a U. S. navy ship east-bound. She passed about a mile to port. I was surprised she did not come over to take a better look at us because we closely fit the description of a sailing yacht reported by the U. S. Coast Guard as overdue at Hawaii.

For lunch we had canned sausages, using a can of Sterno. They were delicious.

Shortly before sunset a freighter came up astern and passed to starboard. The goony birds have deserted us for keeps. They have been replaced by smaller birds and flying fish. It is some time since we have seen dolphins. Perhaps my luck will change and we will get them during the day when I can photo them.

#### Day 16

2:30, course 230, wind E 15, speed 7.5K.

Another glorious day, all the more glorious because we have some wind. The deck in the cockpit is almost too hot for bare feet. Robbie has just poured five or six buckets of sea water into the cockpit and this has done great things for us from the ankles down. If the wind holds we are four days out. The trip is taking much longer than any of us thought, so at the moment there is a busy laundry detail on the after-deck.

I am using provisions on the basis that we will be in before noon on Day 20, by which time there will be very little left except canned soup and canned vegetables. The 1800 roll call tonight revealed that the Group II boats had another good day. In fact "PORPOISE III" has moved three hundred miles ahead of her position reported last night. This is not possible. We were cheered by the fact that we had our best day and improved our position in relation to the rest of our group, in particular "MOONGLOW" and "ORIOLE". At our present pace we could be in on the evening of the 19th, but it is more likely to be breakfast on the 20th.

At lunch we had another treat, cold plum pudding. I made hard sauce yesterday and put it in the back of the frig. to chill. I held off putting the hard sauce on the table. As the skipper was about to take his first bite he said, "I don't suppose you have any hard sauce, Har?" It was a great triumph.

Dinner tonight was hot. It took a whole can of Sterno.

Tropical sunset is not far off, a Mexican station on the radio, 15K of wind and a warm balmy evening. I have just taken my evening turn on the helm. All very pleasant. The trade winds make pleasant sailing and greatly reduce things to write about because we sail along without incident, e.g., we have not had a sail change for more than two days, and we have gybed only twice, both times at lunch. It has taken me a very long time to get completely used to my new life. For the first ten days I slept hardly at all and didn't seem to need it. For the last few nights I have slept reasonably normally.

### Day 17

11:55, course 245, wind NE 15 - 20, speed 7.5K.

Before the race, and even for the first week of the race I was sure we would be in by this time, but it will be mid-afternoon before we are within five hundred miles of the Islands. The whole of the morning and the last two hours before sunset are my favourite times of day. Since getting to the trades I have not stood a night watch as my helmsmanship is somewhat wanting for spinnaker work at night, particularly should there be heavy winds or squalls. I have been getting up at 6:30 to have breakfast ready for the change of watch at 7. We have sailed south and west but have kept our clock on Vancouver time, accordingly it gets darker for our 7 a.m. breakfast each morning. Sunrise this morning was about 8 a.m. Each morning I say tomorrow I will not be surprised by its abruptness, but again this morning it happened during a five minute period while making the skipper's breakfast. Both sunsets and sunrises I consider inferior to those at home, but the blazing fury of the sun itself is far more awesome.

Breakfast is an easy meal. Half an orange or grapefruit, eggnog (with rum -- the crew prefers it to sherry), heavy Danish dark rye bread which has resisted the mould quite well, although for some days now I have had to peel each loaf, sniffing and peeling until I am satisfied it is edible. At the start of the trip, immediately after breakfast was a period of considerable activity (this much to the annoyance of the 3 a.m. to 7 a.m. watch who complained that they could not sleep) but for at least a week it has been a very quiet period. I read and snooze, note the time when Chris or Bill is taking a shot of the moon or sun and most important, I spend half an hour staring off into space trying to dream up some concoction for lunch. My problem is greatly simplified because there now remains almost nothing from which to choose. Lunch will be sardines and smoked oysters with a salad of cabbage, celery,

raisins and mayonnaise. If more is required I will resort to my stand-by of Peak Freens and canned fruit. I will stop to make lunch and pick up again after 1800 roll call, which should be exciting tonight because there are only two to three days to go and all the boats are converging on the mark.

I can't say roll call was all that exciting, but it did contain news of fresh disasters, particularly "MOONGLOW". She reported a fantastic three hundred miles.

Bill badly sunburned his left foot and has to stay off it for a day or two. The watches have been rearranged and I replace Bill. I have no more time to write today.

### Day 18

5:30, course 235, wind 15 - 20K, speed 7.5K.

This morning I was climbing out of my bunk at 6:30 when we were hit by our first line squall. We have experienced numerous squalls but this one was a full line squall. I climbed back in my bunk, the forward port bunk, and lay there to wait it out. More accurately, half the time I lay on the side of the ship, we were heeled over so far. Squalls usually last less than five minutes. After fifteen minutes this one was still blowing so I worked my way aft to join the watch, Gary and Robbie, in the cockpit. I noticed that the boom was a foot in the water. Gary afterwards said that at the height of the squall about three feet of the boom was under water. Chris and I went on watch at 7 and within two hours two more smaller squalls had blown through, one of them of sufficient force to dip the last foot of the boom. Late yesterday afternoon we ran into bad luck in that the wind did not enable us to sail a course directly for the mark, thus necessitating a gybe at dusk and another at dawn. Through the night we covered a fair distance but much of it was not in the direction of Maui. Alas, at roll call at noon today our worst fears were confirmed. The other boats seemed to be able to lay the mark and therefore gained distance on us. "PORPOISE III" and "VELARIS" have finished. "MOONGLOW" has made 200 miles on us in the last three days, and because of last night we will have a hard time finishing ahead of "JEUNESSE" and "ORIOLE".

There were fewer flying fish today, but they were larger. We saw at least one new specie of bird today - a gull, but not one of the types of gull we have at home. Surprisingly, there seem fewer birds today.

We had the last of a number of things today, notably booze, bread and cabbage.

The seas are quite high and covered with whitecaps,

but running before the wind the motion of GIII is comfortable. It is a pleasant, warm, soft evening, a happy tune is coming from the saloon - a luxury we have not had too often -- all very delightful - if only we were winning the race.

Day 19

2 p.m., course 240, wind 15 - 20, speed 8K.

We are within 130 miles of the Islands and may see them before dark. It is another magnificent sunny day. We have seen a number of jets today, more or less directly overhead, so Bill insists we are on the right course. Our E.T.A. is shortly before breakfast Hawaiian time, tomorrow. Accordingly dinner tonight is my last meal - the crew shares my enthusiasm. Early this morning we saw a large flock of birds much like our small gulls. They were working near us feeding on small fish or shrimp on the surface. Bill regretted the absence of a fishing line as he insisted there would be Mahi-mahi there too. While we were watching, a large dark bird flew by. It was ungainly, with a long neck and slow wing beat. Someone suggested it might be a frigate bird, but I find it hard to believe that the rather ugly bird that just flew by could be the same bird as is glowingly described in South Sea Tales as the "monarch of all birds." We have seen no dolphins for days and I now despair of getting a picture of them. Roll call at 1200 today was interesting. It showed that "MOONGLOW" reported the wrong position yesterday and that she is only about sixty miles ahead of us. Had we not been forced south two days ago we would now be close to her and ahead of "JEUNESSE". The latter, about thirty miles ahead, is also out of reach. We held our own with "ORIOLE" yesterday, and unless we break some gear we will finish ahead of her and be No. 5 boat. "MARY BOWER" has caught up some time in the last week, but remains three-quarters of a day behind us. The last boat to finish will come in about three days behind us. If we were cruising I would not mind the extra days, particularly if we were doing some fishing and swimming, but twenty days is a long time for a race and I do not envy those who follow their extra racing time.

Day 20

Course 235, wind 15 - 20 all day.

It was not to be our luck to make our landfall in daylight. At sunset we were seventy miles from Maui, moving at hull speed, sometimes a little better, on a course of 235. The wind and the sea were such that it was difficult to hold the boat within 10° of course. In fact I found the steering more difficult than at any time in the race. Although it has been our practice to use the radio very little and to listen to the international distress band almost not at all, tonight we have



been doing both. Not long after dark we picked up distress calls from Peggy Slater, who was sailing single-handed from San Francisco to Honolulu. Peggy is a very experienced ocean sailor, and the veteran of a dozen or more Trans-Pacs. Strangely "LAYMORE" (presumably anchored safely behind Maui at Lahaina) was receiving her call more clearly than the U. S. Coast Guard. For us Peggy's call was faint but clearly audible. We tried without success to locate her with our R.D.F. Peggy Slater kept saying that she was lost and had not known her location for two days. "LAYMORE" relayed her message to the U. S. Coast Guard who with some impatience finally said, "O.K., so now we know she is lost - ask her if she needs help." This question would not have been asked had they been able to hear her voice. Each time Peggy called I experienced a chill, for from her voice it was obvious that she was desperate. To her credit I must acknowledge that Peggy was not panicking, but clearly she was near the limit of her ability to cope. Finally Peggy said, "I REALLY need help. Will somebody please help me soon." By the time this message was received and relayed the U. S. Coast Guard had managed to get a single fix on her and announced that they were sending out a plane. In due course we heard the conversation between the pilot of the aircraft and his base, and some of our crew thought they saw the plane. The plane dropped a flare about thirty miles east of Ohuahu and Peggy said she saw the flare. Four days later she was picked up 450 miles west of Ohuahu, which would indicate that she was hundreds of miles from the flare and could not have seen it.

Before the night was over we were to have some small excitement ourselves. Bill calculated at at 1:10 a.m., (i.e., 10:10 p.m. Maui time) we should see dead on course ahead the principal light marking the north end of Maui, and the channel through which we must sail to the finish line some ten miles beyond. The light should flash every five seconds. Ten minutes before the predicted time the five second light appeared -- however, it was not on our bow, but 25° to port. After numerous conferences and careful checking with the stop watch, Bill decided that this was the light we were looking for and we altered course to port. As we approached the five second light we were surprised and confused by what appeared to be lights on shore extending for a considerable distance on either side. We were within a mile of the beach before we realized that the light we had taken as our mark was the rotating beacon at the Kahalui Air Port. It was a coincidence that this beacon also flashed at a five second interval and the luck of the sea that for us on that night it out-shone the marine light we were seeking and drew us off course. We altered course to starboard and with anxious attention to the shoreline, for the chart showed a reef about a half mile off-shore, we just managed to weather the north end of the Island without a sail change. It was common knowledge that the

last eight to ten miles of the race could be windless for many hours at a time. It has been our fear that we might sail a good race to within sight of the finish and then lose out to the small boats in a drifting match. After rounding the north end of Maui the wind dropped and it seemed this might happen, but we stayed well off shore and in a short time the wind came up and then a light squall followed, and we finished the race at a good clip except for the last mile when the wind was light.

It is with pride I record in these notes that we finished with every man in good health and good fellowship, and with our mistress GIII proven as a worthy and comfortable ocean racer. Even at the finish line I knew I would sign on again provided it be the same ship and the same crew -- but as cook! -- well that would take some reflection.

#### Post-finishing Notes

1. We were met at the finish line by our greeting boat the "KADI IV". On board were our hosts Gerry and Eileen McDonald and Tom and Lee McDonald and many other cheery friendly people.
2. Robbie was the winner of the contest for the most mail -- all in feminine hand.
3. Our hosts were indeed hospitable, starting with cold beer passed from boat to boat and a no-limit champagne party which engulfed us the moment we berthed at Lahaina. If the race is ever reversed we will be hard pressed to match their hospitality.
4. The McDonalds know how to throw a beach party and coral is more dangerous than sailing.
5. In Lahaina Guy Fawkes Day can happen in July.
6. All that occurs in prison is not evil.
7. While not a prude, Glen Hyatt will go to any lengths to defend his honour, even overboard.
8. The "AFRICAN STAR" ate better than the rest of the fleet, or at least they should have.