

TO MAUI ON GRAYBEARD

One of 16 crew members on the winning yacht describes his life aboard.

Boiling along on a sparkling sea *Graybeard* makes knots for Maui after finally reaching the trades. From left, Stan Wilson, Darrell Jones, Dr. Jack MacMillan and skipper Lol Killam.

Pardey Photos

Graybeard was virtually untested when we left for Maui, having been in only one race — Swiftsure — since her launching two months before. Everyone on board was tense at the start, and wondering what conditions would be outside Juan de Fuca, and how the boat would perform.

Graybeard has been well and completely described in this magazine, so I won't go into details on her design or construction. She is a maximum ocean racer, and her speed is something to marvel at, but there has been no sacrifice in accommodation. It is an extremely comfortable boat to sail on, and in fact deserves the name "motor-sailer" which her skipper often uses to describe her.

The 170 HP Cummins diesel auxiliary engine was used extensively on the trip to charge the batteries for the lighting system, to run the "sea still" or evaporator which converts sea water to drinking water, and for running the compressor for the deep freeze. This latter appliance made it possible for

By Marshall Pardey

us to enjoy such things as ice cream, frozen fruit and meat which are not normally seen on a small boat at sea.

Our cook, Harvey Carruthers, who did a wonderful job, had a grill on the huge propane stove for cooking such things as tenderloin, which he made into sandwiches for ease of handling on deck. Meals were quite a production, as the men were fed in two sittings of eight. The lunches varied from pea soup to sandwiches, while dinner menus consisted of sirloin tip roasts, tenderloin, roast pork, cod, chili, ham or macaroni and cheese.

At the start of the race it seemed as if we were stuck in the middle of the Pacific High. We sailed away from Victoria at drifting speeds, and after our first dinner of Alaska black cod we divided into our watches. Our three-watch system allowed each person four hours on and eight hours off. My watch was from midnight to four and noon to four, with Darrell Jones as watch

captain. Also on the watch was his son Randy, Dr. Seiriol Williams, and Frumper Killam. Everyone took their trick on the helm, while the others talked or made snacks. This was the most beautiful watch, for with no smog the stars made a spectacular sight.

At a quarter to four Darrell would go below to wake the next watch, and when they came on deck we quickly went below to our bunks, frequently to be wakened by a rattling winch just above our heads or the lead-footed foredeck crew changing sail.

Changing sails on this boat is an exhausting task. The No. 2 genoa weighs 197 pounds, and hoisting it through the foredeck hatch from eight feet below decks takes four men. The reacher was so large and heavy that we didn't take it out of its bag until we hit the trade winds. We knew we couldn't fold it as small as the sailmaker had, so we were afraid we could never get it back into the bag.

The 5,000 sq. ft. spinnakers are brutes to handle. It takes three men

tailing and one cranking on the halyard winch to get it up. There is 190 feet of halyard. To drop this thing you need one man on the halyard and five men pulling it in. To handle the 34-ft. spinnaker poles on a rolling, pitching foredeck that is 12 feet wide with not many hand-holds requires a lot of agility and fancy footwork.

To change a jib we needed four men on the foredeck and two in the cockpit, and when we dropped the No. 1 genoa we left it bagged on the foredeck because no one wanted to hoist it out of the hatch again.

Gear problems are common on this size of yacht, because equipment as large as this is frequently custom-made and most of it is of new design and not ocean tested.

One night about 500 miles from Maui when I was sound asleep I was rudely awakened by a thunderous crash. I thought we had collided with a freighter. I flew out of the bunk, grabbed a life jacket and ran on deck. There were about 12 people running around the boat,

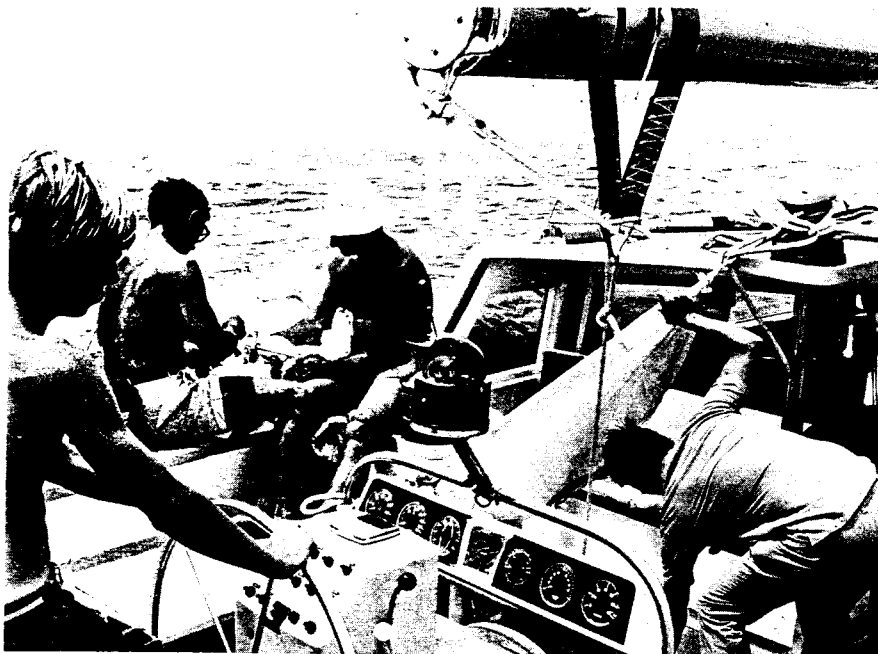


Skipper Lol Killam takes a sight.

and when I looked forward I saw the inboard end of the spinnaker pole sticking through the mainsail just above the boom. Suddenly it pulled itself out of the sail and began flailing around the foredeck. In much confusion, the chute was dropped and the reacher was set. The pole ring on the mast had broken.

A couple of days before this, the tack had blown out on the No. 1 genny in 25-knot winds, and this took two men about four hours to repair.

Ocean racing can be very uneventful and even boring until incidents like these break the monotony. Much of the time is spent playing chess, reading or just lying around on deck.



Repairing tack of No. 1 genoa was four-hour job. While Randy Jones stands his trick at the helm, Gerry Palmer, Stan Wilson and, bending over, John Hutchinson, sew up the reinforcing.

On good afternoons we took showers. These were accomplished by washing with Ivory liquid and then being dragged behind the ship in a safety harness. Bunker Killam tried to wash his hair but he failed to rinse it properly and ended up with a crystallized mess on his head.

Navigating was almost everybody's hobby, and much of the afternoons were spent taking sights

and testing each others skill at finding position. The highlight of the day was the four o'clock position report when we plotted the positions of all the yachts on a large scale chart.

At our happy hour at seven every evening we had a beer, the only one of the day, and listened to Hutch's banjo or taped music.

Bill Hofius from Seattle was the
(Please turn to page 48)



The second sitting. From top left, Bill Hofius, Malcolm Wickson, Charlie Killam, cook Harvey Carruthers; standing, Gerry Palmer, Darrell Jones, Seriol Williams, Jack MacMillan.

C.P.S. Classes Start Soon

For more and safer fun on the water every serious boat owner should be exposed to the courses of the Canadian Power Squadrons. They have everything from a course on simple coastal piloting to celestial navigation which can take you around the world.

By Garth Griffiths

Thirteen years close association with Canadian Power Squadrons have convinced me that its courses have something for everybody. Men and women who have served in the Navy, sometimes masters, foreign going, senior members of proud yacht clubs — never have I heard one say that the Piloting Course was too simple and that he drew nothing from it.

Early on, I approached my chore of offering training to such as these with considerable diffidence. It gradually became apparent that there was nothing to be diffident about. People forget, regulations change, boating trends swing; sometimes the knowledgeable are willing and able to make contributions to class work. Dedicated as they are to teaching safe boating, CPS instructors are most delighted, however, to meet the prairie chap or the housewife, who admittedly knows nothing. The women, incidentally, usually put the men to shame, perhaps because they work harder.

The CPS Piloting Course is offered in over one hundred centres across Canada. It is basic boating, with a little of almost everything, and plenty on the fundamentals of safe handling. A recent newspaper reports the explosion, and subsequent fire aboard a pleasure boat at a fuel wharf. Seven people were

hospitalized and are lucky to be alive. Let us hope the craft was not wearing the Squadron flag. If she were, her master must have known that gasoline is most dangerous during fuelling, and all hands should be safely ashore. Thus when he switched on he, the master alone, would have stood in hazard. Simple things matter.

Eleven squadrons offer the Piloting Course locally, thus providing choice of locale and day-of-the-week. Instruction is offered largely by experienced CPS people, with occasionally a guest instructor of standing in his field. Starting at 1930 or 2000, classes run for two hours. In large classes, individual attention is provided by *proctors* who roam the class to help personally over difficult spots. For larger groups, CPS uses sophisticated overhead projectors and address systems. One night a week for 14 to 16 weeks is necessary, with some homework and an optional examination in early spring.

Authorities are enthusiastic. The value of CPS training is publicly recognized by the Department of Transport, Safety Councils, masters and officers of larger vessels, particularly ferries which must maintain schedules. Some squadrons can offer the Piloting student a little practical experience on the

water, but even where this is not possible the neophyte graduates with new-found confidence born of knowledge.

You may recognize your requirement as simply a winter's training. If so, CPS welcomes you. Fees are modest and are applied solely to needs. No one has ever received reimbursement in this unique organization. If, at the end of your course, you say "Thanks: I've got what I came for," Squadrons will reply "Nice to have had you aboard. Go in safety."

If, however, your curiosity is stirred, there are more courses, year by year, until you can navigate around the world. The *advanced* courses are available only to CPS members. Membership requires the passing of Piloting, a few dollars and a pledge which every self-respecting seaman will be happy to take. With membership goes the right to fly the familiar red, white and blue Squadrons flag. You can buy the bunting but you cannot buy the right to fly it.

For more fun and safer fun next summer, join the swelling ranks of CPS graduates. Sit in a class where you'll soon feel at home. We have nothing to sell but safety and nothing to offer but knowledgeable, unpaid dedication to safe attitudes on the water.

GRAYBEARD

(Continued from page 13)

only American on board, and he was feeling pretty lonely on the Fourth of July. So we conceived a plan to cheer him up on his national holiday. As Hutch played "Yankee Doodle" on his banjo the rest of the crew marched out of the main cabin into the cockpit, where Bill was standing watch. This was done to the sound of Dr. Jack Mac-Millan firing off his shotgun as the American flag was hoisted on a broomstick.

Graybeard performed extremely well in the light going which predominated in the race, and she was a dream to handle on the broad reaching under spinnaker in 35-40 knot winds near the end of the race.

Much credit is due to owner-skipper Lol Killam, who is a fantastic sailor and a great fellow to crew for. The crew worked well together and it was a privilege to be one of them.

Squadron	Class Location	Night	Training Officer	Phone
Alouette	Mapleridge Sec.	Tues., 6 Oct.	Doug Banks	463-6897
Burnaby	Burnaby Cen. Sec.	Tues., Sept. 29	Irvine Young	437-1859
Capilano	Hillside Sec.	Tues., 6 Oct.	Dr. F. Ditchburn	929-3130
Coquitlam	Centennial	Wed.	F. Kennedy	936-4676
Fraser	Richmond Sec. Ladner	Tues. Thurs.	Stuart Church	278-1188
Langley	Queen Elizabeth	Tues. & Thurs., 6 Oct.	Vern Mercer	543-5191
Norvan	Delbrook High	Mon., 5 Oct.	Carl Scull	987-2659
Royal City	Lester Pearson	Mon.	Lloyd Donald	946-2735
Sunshine Coast	Sechelt Elem.	Tues.	Don Hadden	885-9504
Vancouver	Pr. of Wales Sec.	Tues. & Thurs., 6 Oct.	F. H. Stevens	224-5885
White Rock	Semiahmoo High	Tues.	Bob Richardson	536-8194