

THE

FAIRLEAD

FRASER POWER SQUADRON NEWS



August, 1980

Volume 6

Number 3

Meet your Executive

This month:

1st Lt. Administration Vern Lowe
Mate Audrey
Boat 25 ft. Pescadero "The place from which
the fish come."

Like many of us, Vern bought his first boat before knowing of C.P.S. He soon realized that there was more to boating. He heard of C.P.S., passed the basic Boating Course, and in May of 1978 became a member of F.P.S.

Vern's first experience AFTER GRADUATION will be his best education--

"Check the drain plug. It goes to plug up the hole in the boat, not in the pocket." Right, Vern? Of course, his son will forever remind him of this.

The following year Vern passed Seamanship Power and then became an instructor.

1st mate Audrey is working on getting her sea-legs and becoming an able bodied seaman aboard Pescadero. By the way, on the cruise to Silva Bay Vern was "elected" in charge of weather, and he did a great job. However, he now wishes to add a disclaimer to that weekend. "He was not responsible for, nor in agreement with what Mt. St. Helen's did." Ask Sue, she'll verify.

The Editor's Dream

A spirited, attractive, honest mermaid seeks a single, non-smoking, sail boater in the forties or fifties who wishes to share mutual benefits in a rewarding marine life style. For further information, refer to Pacific Yachting of July 1980.

Hawaii '80

SUNDAY is a 55' diesel yacht, designated by her owner and builder, Dr. John Friesen, as a yawl. She can carry 600 gallons of fuel and the same of water in a hull constructed for massive strength. A stiff and hardy vessel, SUNDAY made a passage to the South Seas two years ago, returning via Hawaii. An application for nontransient moorage made there at that time was finally approved, on condition that SUNDAY actually occupy the allotted berth.

Early morning of June 19 saw SUNDAY's dock lines being taken aboard. Diesel fuel at Canadian prices filled her tanks at Steveston, and she next stopped at Victoria for Customs clearance outbound. There, Customs advised that they had discontinued the practice for non-commercial vessels.

SUNDAY spent the night in the Inner Harbour next to the sloop, "Arbalesque", which flew a rainbow of flags showing the countries on the English Channel, in the Mediterranean, Caribbean, Central America, Mexico, and U.S.A. that she had visited in her passage from England to Victoria. The sloop, "Triumph", was also in the Inner Harbour. She was previously well known in Seattle as "Joli", a major contender in all the leading races. She fell on dark days when purchased by drug smugglers who gutted her interior to accommodate illicit cargo which she ferried in from a mother ship offshore. She was eventually arrested and seized, and now is resuming a second career as a racing yacht, arriving for the Victoria to Maui race, which was to start the following week.

At Neah Bay, the next day, we radioed ahead for Customs and immigration, and were cleared into the U.S. of A. by a personable lady officer. John's wife, Ruby, purchased a pack of "Neah-politan", the last ice cream we would see for many days.

We left the Strait of Juan de Fuca and took our southerly heading at Tatoosh Island Light, motoring in light winds. SUNDAY needs a good following wind to drive her, and after considerable motoring in calm airs, when the wind finally stirred, it was from south-south east! Next to no wind at all, beating into a head wind is SUNDAY's least favourite way of sailing. Although the wind strength increased, its direction frustratingly remained bang on the nose. Miles of tacks seaward and miles of tacks shoreward resulted in disappointingly small distances made good.

The weather was cold and wet, and the crew went through the monotony of - pull on the foul weather gear - two hours on watch - climb out of foul weather gear and into the berth - then someone's shaking you and it all starts over again.

On a beat, a sailboat is going against the waves. Walking about the boat is accomplished by swinging from hand-hold to hand-hold. Sleeping is an exercise in gripping onto the berth so as not to part company with it. At the helm we hook on our safety harness and in the berth we assure our canvas lee-board is secure so a sudden pitch will not injure a sleeping crewmember by tossing him out of his bunk.



Back ashore, Fraser Squadron member, Steve Gertsman, an accomplished amateur radio operator, kept nightly contact with SUNDAY. Steve's ham rig includes a phone patch so the skipper can pass position reports and the crew members can talk to family at home. John's son-in-law, Ron Morrison, was able to talk to his young son, Alan, and tell him of the dolphins that frolicked about SUNDAY and the big whale that spouted alongside her. Ron also talked with his wife, Gail, via the phone patch. Gail was near the end of her pregnancy, so while she charted our progress, we charted hers.

At last the wind turned fair. Twin head sails were hoisted and SUNDAY surged off on her course. The miles began to click off, the motion of the boat became easy, and SUNDAY's crew began to live rather than exist.

Through Steve's ham radio, we determined, with the help of the Sea Island weather office, that we should continue our southerly heading, as making westing too soon could put us into calm airs in the centre of a weather system to the west.

Unfortunately, in a storm off the Oregon coast, we had blown out our #1 genoa from leach to luff at the spreader and did not have enough good thread to re sew it. However, with the #2 jib and the storm jib on a whisker pole, each day's run was quite respectable.

John had appointed Fraser member, Carol Quartermain, as the ship's navigator, and as SUNDAY continued south, Carol observed a puzzling phenomenon develop. Her Local Apparent Noon observations were going higher each day, and finally the sun transitted from east to west without any southerly azimuth! It was near summer solstice, our latitude and the sun's declination were the same, and our old standby shot for latitude had deserted us! We had relied almost entirely on sun shots for navigation and it was a new exercise to try to find a star and a horizon in the short tropic twilight. Several tries were made for a star shot, only to be defeated each evening by cloud cover. John's son, Johnny, a student B.C. Land Surveyor, was finally able to snap a quick Polaris shot through the tradewind cumuli. At the same time, after a detailed study of Bowditch, Carol had arrived at a simple method of determining latitude with the sun at zenith. SUNDAY was again able to determine her latitude.

At this time, through Steve's ham radio, the weather office advised that we could safely make our right turn. We had sailed to the tradewind latitudes, where the sea and sky were a deep, ultramarine blue, where the puffs of cumulus and the breaking waves were crisp white, the sun was hot, and the wind was strong and steady.

It was guntan weather all the way in. Instead of a mug of steaming hot chocolate on coming off watch, everyone preferred a glass of cold fruit juice. Beer stocks dropped alarmingly. The tuna line began to harvest our lunch. Johnny had been on the Tahiti voyage, and introduced us to a delicacy called "poisson cru". A bilingualist will tell you "that's raw fish".



As the weather warmed, a hammock was rigged on the mizzen, and the crew deserted muggy sleeping quarters for a space on deck. Sleeping bags were discarded. By this time, kit bags were being searched for the cleanest pair of dirty socks. With six hot bodies aboard, SUNDAY began to develop her own special air. Imagine life on the wartime submarines that would go thirty days without ventilation! And cooking sauerkraut too!

When SUNDAY first left home waters, there was difficulty working Steve on ham radio. The skip of the radio signals was bouncing right over head. Steve worked with the DDD maritime net that keeps track of all ham equipped yachts in the Pacific. Off Oregon and Washington, while still too close for good contact, we worked Steve by having a ham operator in New Zealand relay messages between us. As we moved further along, Steve's signals became perfect, and it was as if he were aboard SUNDAY talking to us in the cabin. Off Mexico, we occasionally had interference from strong Mexican stations, but as Steve was also skilled in Morse code, we were able to get our messages through. The DDD net was monitoring the Maui race, as many of the boats carried a ham rig. "Triumph" had missed our head winds, and, sailing a more direct track, had already crossed the finish line at Lahaina!

Approaching Hawaii, the impeller on the generator's water pump self destructed. John rigged a portable bilge pump to take its place, but it did not have sufficient capacity to cool the exhaust effectively, and an exhaust hose burned through. Rather than risk serious damage, the generator was not used again. With a final message to Steve, this ended our ham radio communication. The priority for the batteries was first to run bilge pumps, if required, and next for navigation lights as we neared the Hawaii coast.

Sunny day followed sunny day. We had changed from a two hour to a four hour watch system, and were enjoying a more rested way of life. Flights of flying fish soared from foam capped blue wave tops, albatross patrolled our sea lane, and white tropic bosun birds with long red tails fluttered over our sails. Mahi mahi (a fish also called dolphin-fish or dorado) replaced the skipjack tuna we had been catching. Mahi mahi have a beautiful brilliant gold colour when first caught, turning a silver grey when they die.

We started picking up Hawaiian music on the radio. As we turned back north, the direction finder showed Hilo radio station pass by abeam, and we picked up Honolulu on our bow.

During a storm off the Oregon coast, our poled-out sail was backed when a cross sea threw the boat off course. When the engine was started to bring SUNDAY around, a loose line that had washed off deck wrapped the propeller. Although the engine was powerful enough to turn the prop, we were concerned that maneuvering into our berth at Honolulu could be the time when it would seize.

We made our landfall on Kauiki Head, the south east corner of Maui, and continued on past Maui's rugged east coast to Kahului Harbour. A large breakwater protects the harbour from the ocean surge, and SUNDAY spent the night at anchor behind the breakwater.

Early next morning, with the aid of scuba mask and fins, a dive was made to clear the shaft of the tightly packed rope. SUNDAY then continued on to Pailolo Channel, through Kalohi Channel between Molokai and Lanai and across Kaiwi Channel to Oahu.



Our arrival at Kahului was reported to Honolulu Coast Guard Radio, and on entering Ala Wai boat harbour at Waikiki, we again radioed:

"Honolulu Coast Guard Radio this is the Canadian Yacht Sunday reporting arrival Ala Wai, have cleared customs and immigration at Neah Bay, Washington, is further clearance required? Over."

"Sunday - Honolulu Coast Guard, stand by."

As we waited, each of the crew recalled the events and the quiet moments of the twenty-two days in passage that brought SUNDAY from Captain's Cove to her berth beneath the palm trees of Hawaii:

"...and the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sails shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking."

"Sunday this is Coast Guard Honolulu. Customs clearance is not required, welcome to Hawaii and Aloha!"

A Busy Week Afloat

- Boyd Ivens.

Cdr.(retired) Marg Halliday had a busy week aboard "Dauntless" out on a charter to a large company. The first day's work involved a run from home port in Richmond to Howe Sound and on to Maple Bay. The second day ended at the north end of Lasqueti Island but it shouldn't have! Powell River was the intended destination but storm driven seas approaching 10 feet led to a change of plans.

Day three was taken up in travelling to Campbell River, then Powell River, and south to Pender Harbour. The routine was broken by meeting two Fraser boats, Arch and Betty Benzel's "Huron II" in company with Garnet and Mary Jamieson's "Lady M II". Marg tried unsuccessfully to contact other Fraser boats by radio. The next leg was to Jericho and across the Strait to Bennett Bay. Nanoose and Maple Bays were visited on the fifth day. Many stops and detours made a day's run of the trip to Sidney on day six. A long run on the seventh day took "Dauntless" to Victoria and out into Juan de Fuca by Race Rocks where a typical west coast fog caused a retreat to home port.

Marg claimed that the good eating both aboard and ashore made up for the long runs. The week's work totalled 850 miles at a cruising speed of 9 knots.

Congratulations to Marg Halliday (Commander Retired)

Marg navigated "Dauntless" in the International Predicted Log Race from Sidney to Nanaimo. Thirty boats, mostly American, took part but only five could better Marg's low percentage error. She won the award for best Novice with an error of only 2.93% for a difficult 67 mile course. This means that her average error was only about 1 minute for every 5 miles or about 12 minutes for the trip.

Try to imagine calculating the effects of currents in Haro Strait, Sansum Narrows, and Dodd Narrows, with Porlier Pass adding its flow across your course. Think you can do better? Well, come and try during the October 4 weekend. Wes Wensley (943-1253) will be happy to provide information and tips.



NOTICES



Coming Events

Reminders

Aug. 30 - 31. The third annual Classic Boat Festival will be held in Victoria's Inner Harbour. For information write to Classic Boat Festival, c/o Victoria Real Estate Board, 3035 Nanaimo Street, Victoria, B. C. V8T 4W2, or phone 385-7766.

Executive Meeting on Sept. 7, 1980 at 1930 sharp at the home of Frank and Esther Dombrowski.

Training Meeting:

All instructors, proctors, and training staff who are taking part in the 1980-81 training program please attend at 1930 Tuesday, September 9, 1980 at the Richmond Yacht Club, 7471 River Road.

We all look forward to seeing the Bayshore Floating Boat Show, so mark your calendar now - Sept. 4 - 14.

Richmond's Delta River Inn will not be having a show.

For more information on the Floating Boat show call 689-7371.

ADVANCED AND ELECTIVE COURSES

SEAMANSHIP POWER : Tues., Sept. 16 - Hugh McRoberts School
\$35 Single \$60 Couple

SEAMANSHIP SAIL : Tues., Sept. 16 - Hugh McRoberts School
\$50 Single \$75 Couple

ADVANCED PILOTING: Mon., Sept. 15 - Hugh McRoberts School
\$30 Single \$55 Couple

NAVIGATOR : Mon., Sept. 15 - Delta Jr. High
\$70 Single \$115 Couple

IF NOT ENOUGH MEMBERS REGISTERED, COURSE WILL NOT
BE TAUGHT THIS YEAR.

Captain's Cove Yacht Club has moved from the pier on Ferry Road, Ladner. For information on their whereabouts, call 525-3536.

We are all sorry to hear that Gladys Wensley suffered a sudden illness in mid-July. Thankfully she is recuperating and is now at home.

First Annual Burrard Women's Cruise

A successful all-women's squadron cruise was held on the weekend of June 21-22. Seven boats, sail and power, made their way up Indian Arm to Mabel McPhee's property. Arriving at noon on Saturday in pleasant, sunny weather, 27 women assembled to hear plans from organizer Deanna Kent of SMALL FORTUNE. Before the SHE-nanigans started, Deanna surprised us with cruise T-shirts bearing the slogan "Burrard Women's Cruise

The New Wave".

Shirts were promptly put on and many of them were soon saturated during the competitive events of the afternoon. Competition was fierce in the first dinghy race. Buckets were used to propel each craft. The "thinking-twosome" from GAMINE snatched the bucket from their opponents. "Tiger Cathy", unhappy with this turn in events, leaped into the other dinghy and attempted to push the crew overboard. When this proved too difficult, she dived into the chuck and retrieved her bucket. Many more competitors ended up in the water one way or another. A great time was enjoyed by both participants and observers!

At 1930, through prior arrangement with the CCG, a variety of obsolete flares were set off. Many of the flares were duds--a good warning and reminder that updated flares are a MUST for safer boating. Aiding safer boating, members of the Auxiliary Coast Guard visited us, alert to the flare activity in the area.

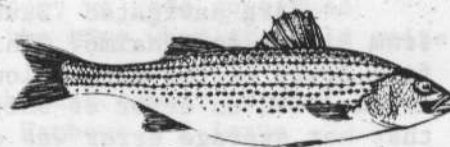
Sunday morning saw the West Coast rain and drizzle at its best. However, we emerged from our boats to the aroma of coffee and bacon cooking and devoured an excellent pancake breakfast. Clean-up detail, led by Edna from THE MERRY WIDOW, completed their tasks and an auction was held. Auctioneer Cathy from RAINBIRD was at her best and started a fund for the Second Annual Burrard Women's Cruise.

As the boats began heading home, Donna from HAIDA GAL had a battery problem. Captain and crew handled the situation and were soon sailing away from CONDO LADY'S dock, reflecting on the camaraderie of the past two days and thinking about "the second wave" cruise next year.

- Chris Dickinson.

Galley Tuna Chowder

- 2 (10 3/4 oz) cans cream of potato soup
- 1 soup can milk
- 2 (7 oz) cans tuna
- 1 (12 oz) can mixed vegetables
- 1/2 cup chopped fresh parsley
- Dash pepper
- 2 tbs. chopped chives



Combine potato soup and milk, stirring to mix. Add tuna, mixed vegetables with juice, parsley, and pepper. Heat and stir until almost boiling. Serve in mugs and sprinkle with chives. Yield: 4 servings.