

Vol 2 No 61 September 2012

THE CAPE HORNER.

JOURNAL OF THE INTERNATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF CAPE HORNERS



⚓ Contents Copyright IACH and the
Author ⚓

SUBSCRIPTIONS. If members pay by cheque, it is £15 per annum. We need your subscriptions for each year by the second week of January at the latest! Cheques should be made payable to the IACH and sent to the Membership Secretary.

Our Standing Order subscription is £12 per annum. We would prefer all UK residents to pay by standing order, as it is far more convenient for the IACH. Standing Orders save your Membership Secretary time spent in chasing up unpaid subscriptions. It will also save you having to recall if you have paid or not! If you want a standing order form, please ask the Membership Secretary for one; complete it and return it to the Membership Secretary. Remember, only you can stop this payment by informing your bank, at any time, should you want to resign from the IACH. Do remember to inform the Membership Secretary if you have cancelled your subscription. **Remember that paying this way is only £12. If you pay by cheque it is £15 per annum.**

We offer a **discount to overseas members** who can pay five years in advance, £60 paid in January. Send a sterling cheque to the Membership Secretary in the form of a banker's draft, made out to the IACH. The Membership Secretary will acknowledge that this has been banked. We will remind you when your subscription is due. This will save you £15 and you will only have to pay one bank charge. You will also save more should the subscription rate increase. You can also pay by electronic transfer.

Members without a UK bank account may also pay their IACH subscriptions by PayPal. You should e-mail a request for this facility to webmaster@capehorners.org

ALL subscriptions, changes of address and membership enquires MUST go to the Membership Secretary: E-mail memsec@capehorners.org

Officers of the IACH :

Vice President: Captain Adrian Small

President : *To be announced*

Chairman : Mr. Peter Waring. Endfield Cottage, South Pool, Kingsbridge, Devon. TQ7 2RP. Tel. 01548 531295. E-mail chairman@capehorners.org

Secretary & Deputy Chairman : John Stapleton, Stane Street House, Sandy Lane, Watersfield, Pulborough, Sussex. RH20 1NE. Tel. 01798 831334. E-mail secretary@capehorners.org

Regalia Secretary : Mr. Peter Waring. Endfield Cottage, South Pool, Kingsbridge, Devon. TQ7 2RP. Tel. 01548 531295. E-mail chairman@capehorners.org

Web Master : Mr. Andrew Edsor. 28 Succombs Place, Warlingham, Surrey. CR6 9JQ. Tel. 01883 624626. E-mail webmaster@capehorners.org

Journal Correspondence : Chris Roche, 74 Stanley Road, Carshalton, Surrey. SM5 4LF. Tel. 020 8647 1396. E-mail journal@capehorners.org

Yachting News : Lt Col. Ashley Manton. Timber Croft, 162 Lower Green Road, Esher, Surrey. KT10 8HA. Tel. 01372 464042. E-mail yachtinginfo@capehorners.org

Further information is on our web site at www.capehorners.org . Our Web Master is Andrew Edsor and any queries about our site should be sent to him. E-mail webmaster@capehorners.org

Editors Notes:

Another tuff one for me this we are still on the hunt for more help from you the members, I can only say again that I cannot write yachting myself as it is an area that I know little about. Yes I did sail one once she was called ***Velsheda*** that was a great day sail round the isle of Wight, and then again there was a catamaran called ***Ocean Winds*** and that trip up from Grand Canaria was awful, what a dreadful delivery job that turned out to be. These perhaps I could write up sometime. We really do need more yachty bits and your how was it for you tales and more. I have done mine in the Journal.

It will be a momentous day when in a years time 2013 the Jubilee Sailing Trust take their barque ***Lord Nelson*** to Cape Horn. In the coming issues of the Journal we will follow their progress. ED

An Apology: *'They Couldn't Have Done It Without Us'*. I make an unreserved apology for having miss titled the review in J60 p12 the author should have been given as: John Johnson-Allen MA FRIN FRICS.

Contents:

THE 2012 IACH REUNION AND AGM.	4
New Members	6
Regalia Secretary note:	6
Pitcairn home of the mutineers	7
Obit: Ben Pester	8
Review: Just sea and sky	9
Through the land of fire 56 south	10
Obit: Bruno Pichner	11
Giles M S Tod	12
Review: Master and madman	12
Captains wife	13
Jack Nye on the Atlantic	14
Clipper ship <i>City of Adelaide</i>	22
How was it for you 10: Chris Roche	24
<i>Romance</i> and a story of wood	26
Clipper race and <i>Geraldton, Terra Nova</i> found	34
Square sale, Ryan Harris, <i>Eye of the wind</i>	35
Smallest yacht, <i>Stavros S Niarchos</i> ,	36
<i>STS Lord Nelson</i> Cape Horn bound	36

THE 2012 IACH REUNION AND AGM.

Sunday November 25th from 11.00 am to 17.30 pm.

Ticket price £48 - including wine during the reception and during lunch.

As announced in the June Newsletter, the 2012 AGM and Reunion Lunch will be held, once more, aboard the unique square rigged iron battleship *HMS Warrior* (1860) at Portsmouth. The low ticket price, held for the third year, has been achieved by the IACH underwriting the cost of the event. Contact your crew and have an enjoyable and memorable occasion.

Ask Peter Waring for a booking form for tickets. One is enclosed with this Journal.

Last year we had a large attendance of over 50 skippers and crews, friends and guests, so it was a great occasion. We had several letters expressing how much those who attended enjoyed themselves and that

"the venue was terrific, such a great atmosphere. The food was superb and (in) such generous quantities. I was also very surprised that all the wine was included. I left having had a very good day and feeling that it had been worth every penny of the ticket price."

We can seat 130, so let us all get cracking and really get the gun deck heaving.

DETAILS.

Location & Date. *HMS Warrior*, Portsmouth Harbour. Sunday November 25th 2012.

TICKETS. Price £48 each.

Tickets from. **Peter Waring** at Endfield Cottage, South Pool, Kingsbridge, Devon. TQ7 2RP.

Tel: 01548 31295 or email peterwaring@btinternet.com

Time table. AGM 1100 on the Cable Deck. (1 deck down)
Wine Reception 1130 on the Gun Deck.

Lunch 1230 on the Gun Deck
Tables cleared. 1600 vacate Gun Deck.
1600-1730 tour the ship as you wish.
1730 all ashore.

Lunch. Seating 10, on benches, at mess tables for a Traditional Sunday lunch with wine.

Raffle. The "Balfour Bottle", a fine malt whisky will be amongst the many prizes. Tickets will be on sale during the reception at £5 a strip of five tickets.

Payment. By cheque payable to IACH **with a stamped addressed envelope**. Give the FULL name of each person requiring a ticket. (For seating plan and boarding arrangements).

Warning. Seats will be allocated on a first come first served basis. So book now to avoid disappointment.

Mobility Caution. We have exclusive access to sections of the ship, which is otherwise open to the public, but be aware that the steep companionways between decks will be difficult for anyone who is not fully mobile. There is a stair lift down to the gun deck.

Travel. Portsmouth Harbour station, 200 yds walk away, has regular trains from London Waterloo and Victoria. Car parking is nearby.

General Information. **Contact Peter Waring** at Endfield Cottage, South Pool, Kingsbridge, Devon. TQ7 2RP. Tel 01548 531295 or email peterwaring@btinternet.com

*This year the "Balfour Bottle" is particularly nice a very smooth 12 year old Highland Park single malt from the Orkneys. Should the winner be TT and wish to give it away it comes in a presentation box. I remember when I visited Gerald Earl of Balfour in his Pele Tower home built for Red Douglas. He told me he ordered his favourite malt in crates of a dozen from the distillery direct, he always but always had a supply to hand. A Cape Horner Gerald had been in the four mast barque **Viking** in 1949. ED:↓*

NEW MEMBERS and some lost members!

We welcome no new members this period.

Quite a few members have moved recently and I shall put the full addresses, and telephone numbers, in the December 2012 Membership Newsletter, unless they have already appeared in the Membership Book (June 2012). The usual amendments to the Membership Book will appear in the Newsletter.

We are about to enter a period when attracting new members from round the world races will be slim. Therefore, it is up to existing Cape Horners to seek out crew who have not yet joined us!! Point them in my direction and I will enrol them as members. I look forward to hearing from them.

All IACH mailing labels come from me; to address the mail shots, the Membership Newsletter and to send out "The Cape Horner". You may e-mail me at memsec@capehorners.org.

Some members have moved; do you know where they are? Quite a few have been found lately, thanks go to the eagle eyed members who spotted them! Can you find any of the members listed below? I would be very glad if any of these lost members could be traced so we can send them their journals. They are still paying their subscription by standing order.

Mr John Bass. *BP Explorer*. *
Mr Graham Carpenter. *Heath's Condor*. *
Dr Robert Milnes. *Pride of Teeside*. *
Mr. Michael O'Regan. *Group 4*. *
Mr M Symes. *Discover of Hornet*. *
Mr. Charles Taylor. *Spirit of Hong Kong**

NEW Regalia Secretary.

Please note that we have a new Regalia Secretary. A new order form is enclosed with this Journal.

Mr. Peter Waring. Endfield Cottage, South Pool, Kingsbridge, Devon.
TQ7 2RP. Tel. 01548 531295 email chairman@capehorners.org

© IACH Membership Secretary. ⚓

Pitcairn Home of the Mutineers: Chris Roche:

It was 1997 when I put out from Galapagos in the *Eye of the Wind* the world's only true brigantine of the old school, a little over 148 tons; she was already a world traveller. 17 days after a tremendous sail she hove up on Easter Island to see the standing Moa or statues, a sight that Cook never saw as they had all been felled during the inter-island wars. Pitcairn Island lay a further 1000 miles into the great expanse of the Pacific Ocean. With no air strip this place is truly remote and inaccessible by any way other than the sea. Phillip Carteret the English navigator found the Island in 1766 naming it after a marine officer whose son he had aboard Pitcairns Island. His ship a Whitby Collier *HMS Swallow* sailed on without landing, to make other discoveries, including what Bishop of Osnabrucks Island which became known much later as Mururoa Athol. Seven crew including me landed at Ginger valley from a rubber ducky. This was we were told the most atrocious weather the islanders had seen in living memory. We were to spend eight days with the Islanders, numbering thirty there was almost as many of them as crew in our ship. We had Pitcairn specialists aboard who would not go they seemed frightened at the prospect. I put up my hand and said I will go for the hell of it? So did Peter Evans, we were told by our boatman that when told we should step out, we would be over a rock ledge, the water may be knee or waist deep but the ledge would be there. Whichever it was, it was going to be a wet landing. In the event it was waist deep, so with a bag on my shoulder I waded ashore feeling like a buccaneer of old.

We were met by Dave Brown, he escorted us up through Ginger Valley. Along the rising track lined with banana palms we wandered, leaving our bags en-route on the ground at a turn in the road, we then climbed up to a plateau named Highest Point. There in front of us sitting on fold up chairs were most of the Pitcairners looking down over the edge. 1100 feet below were their own two forty foot long boats, the dismayed yacht whose owner Graham it was brought us ashore, our brigantine *Eye of the Wind* and the container ship *Brisbane Star*, one of the longboats was taking on a load of frozen goods which would have to be brought ashore that night. The container ship was unwilling to stay overnight their captain saying it was too dangerous, the other long boat, and both had names *Tin* and *Tub* accepted Tigers offer to tranship the contents of the second container to the *Eye of the Wind* the third container was full of fuel in drums and it was agreed that this would be dropped off on the ships return from Panama. This was the scene that unfolded below our aerial photograph. While the open longboat powered through heavy seas we made it to the jetty where it would land we would all be needed to

unload the craft when it arrived. It came barrelling in on top of pure surf. When alongside the concrete jetty, **Tub** rose and fell between 5 and 8 feet at a time as goods were thrown into the arms of those on the Jetty who loaded the supplies into Quad bike trailers to get them into any freezer they could get to quickly in Adamstown up the top of the hill of difficulty, the only road a mud track perhaps a 1 in 7 hill. The empty **Tub** was then hauled not without difficulty up on the slipway, where the sign above the shed said "Welcome to Pitcairn"

The forty foot longboat **Tin** had spent the night close in and uncomfortably so under the cliff at Ginger Valley. I had been billeted with Dobrey Christian at her son Steve's house which she was looking after while he was off the island, called Big Fence the house is the first one at the top of the Hill of Difficulty. With little sleep that night when morning came, I had been sent out to cut a Paw, Paw for breakfast straight from tree to table. We had barely started on this when the bell in the square rang out a number of times, 'What is it' Dobrey says 'there will be a launch' 'when' 'now' I rush out down to the Jetty to find it deserted I am the first there. I wait! When the Pitcairners arrive I meet Pawl climbing into the spare boat **Oleary** where do you go? supplies he says 'can I come' he replies 'hang onto your arse and climb in' and with a crew of 4 and me we are in the surf the 2000 HP Ford Cummins Diesel propelling us forwards, the Aluminium surf boat rises near vertical then slams down, three times it does this before we are clear. Out alongside the **Eye of the Wind** we take on about half a container of dried goods and head back in. We slow off the jetty knob one of the men Randy, Dobrey's grandson climbs up on the foredeck holding a lanyard to steady him-self, he looks behind and starts counting, we surf in on the crest of the 7th wave, at the knob the gearshift is sent straight through the box to reverse the tiller is thrown hard over by Jay and sweetly as anything the boat comes round and alongside. It was three days before any more of our crew made it ashore. ⚓

OBITUARY AND BOOK REVIEWS

BEN PESTER 1924 to 2010

By: Eric Cowell

Ben Pester, sailor extraordinary and the nicest of men died on May 13th 2010 at the age of 86. He was not a member of the AICH but in a very special way he was a Cape Horner. I met him with his wife Susan in 2004 when he gave a talk to the Annual Dinner of The Mariners International Club held aboard the **Cutty Sark** at Greenwich. It was an extraordinary occasion since he talked about a voyage in his 36 foot classic sloop **Marelle** from Falmouth to Cape Horn and back. What makes this voyage amazing is that Ben was 70 when he set sail; his yacht was not in any

way the sort that such voyages are usually made in. He had decided that he wanted to be at Cape Horn for the Millennium. He made it and sailed back non-stop to Falmouth.

Ben Pester was born in New Zealand in 1924 and came to UK in 1943, aged 18, to serve in the Royal Navy. During the 1950s he served in the Royal New Zealand Navy. His last appointment was as commander of the cruiser **H.M.S. Royalist**. Subsequently he joined the aluminium industry and became a chief executive. Retiring in 1990 in the UK he became a sailing instructor and undertook several long distance cruises including one to Cape Horn. He continued sailing the coastal waters of Cornwall until his sudden death. Sadly it was not until July 2011 that I learned that this indomitable spirit in a gentle and mild person was no longer with us. I felt very sad indeed. On the day that I heard him talk of his amazing voyage to The Horn we stayed at the same hotel in Greenwich and talked far into the night and again the following morning. I confess that I was in awe of this mild mannered giant of sailing. I cannot do better in honouring his life and achievements at sea than to follow this introduction by reviewing his two books. They were not published in order of the voyages that Ben took but I shall introduce them in their chronological sequence. They are a far better obituary to this great sailor than any words that I can muster. Ben is survived by his wife Susan and daughters Anna and Jane. ⚓

JUST SEA & SKY

Ben Pester

Adlard Coles Nautical 2010 ISBN 978-1-4081-2855-8

This is a really fascinating and good-natured account of an amazing voyage from Plymouth to New Zealand in 1953. Ben Pester was serving in the Royal Navy in the aircraft carrier **Eagle** when he was required to return to New Zealand to join another ship. He decided that there was no better way to do the journey than to sail there. Amazingly the New Zealand authorities were sympathetic and agreed to give special leave. So co-operative in fact that they loaned him an Admiralty pattern micrometre sextant and a chronometer watch, essential tools in the 1950s for ocean voyaging. I doubt if the War Office and the Royal Navy of today would have been so generous or so understanding. This book gives a vivid account of the voyage which is a great insight into a bygone age when such voyages had no modern luxuries. No on-board radio, GPS, electronics or even cabin lights, lifejackets or life raft and this for a voyage of 14,000 miles.

The boat chosen for this epic trip was the 39ft gaff yawl, *Tern II* a classic boat built by Stow and Son, Shoreham in 1899. A 54 year old described by: Ben as an "old lady". His crew Peter Fox was found by advertising in appropriate newspapers and magazines and a series of interviews. What follows is a straight forward account of the voyage relying solely on hand steering, cranking the engine by hand and navigating with sextant, oil lamps and torches. Major problems encountered are recounted in a wonderfully practical way, so much so that after reading this book I felt as if I had been with them through thick and thin; problems with *Tern II's* bowsprit such that Ben vowed never to have another boat with one; drunken harbourmasters, the mafia and more. The text is enriched with snippets of poetry and asides with great characters from the past such as Melville, Darwin, Dampier and more.

This is a true story told in a very personal way but with a lot of fascinating detail. It is an account revelling in the simple pleasures of traditional sailing achieved without the complications of modern –day equipment. It is as if we are transported back to a world that has much changed since the voyage it tells was undertaken. Paul Gedden of Yachting World described it as 'An enthralling, inspiring tale of long-distance cruising adventures from the age of simplicity and self-reliance, before "health and safety" was invented. I can find no better words. I commend this book to all lovers of sail but also to confirmed landlubbers who just may be jerked out of their lethargy. ⚓

THROUGH THE LAND OF FIRE 56 SOUTH

Ben Pester

Seafarer Books 2004 UK ISBN 0 95427 505 5

Sheridan House Inc 2004 USA ISBN 1 57409 202 2

I found this book exciting since in some ways it matched my childhood dreams when sailing dinghies. It takes us on a voyage taking over nine months from Falmouth in UK to the lonely waters of Tierra del Fuego, Patagonia and Cape Horn and back. It was undertaken by Ben Pester who at the age of 70 decided that he wanted to sail to Cape Horn for the Millennium. At this age most of us voyage in armchairs by book and film. In this book we are transported magically southwards in the beautiful 35 year old 36ft classic wooden 12 ton Yacht *Marelle*. Designed by McGruer of Clynder and built in 1965 by Deacons of Buresdon. The voyage had no sponsors. It was the realisation of a boyhood dream.

To Ben, *Marelle* is a person, both of them were described by him as "veterans of many thousands of miles of sailing in different seas around the world". Her crew for this epic cruise were Jeremy Burnett who was with the yacht from her departure from Falmouth and Fraser Currie who

joined *Marelle* in Mar del Plata on the River Plate in Argentina. The first person narrative has all that the reader could desire, storms, personality clashes, interesting ports an interesting people. Pester also gives an insight into the exploits of earlier mariners who had been to the same places and indeed named them These include Magellan, Sir Francis Drake, Fitzroy and Charles Darwin. He also tells the sad tale of the natives of Tierra del Fuego, a land where Spanish explorers saw fires along the coast. Cape Horn was just as inhospitable to these as for the voyage of *Marelle*. For a man of 70 to tackle Cape Horn, the most challenging cape to round for generations of sailors is an inspiration. This is a great read, full of excitement and drama but told in a modest and straightforward way.

It is sad that the voyage of this indomitable mariner did not meet the geographical criteria demanded for membership of the International Association of Cape Horner's. I think he should have been an honorary 'Cape Horner' even posthumously. His widow Susan would be pleased for the memory of this amazing sailor. ⚓

Obituarie:

Bruno Pichner died 10th February 2012

Hans Peter Juergens writes of Bruno who he sailed with in the *Priwall* and later the *Erlangen*. Bruno was born in Flensburg 1st September 1921 and started his seagoing career at the age of 15 we were both the same age. He had first gone to sea in three masted schooners then joined *Priwall* as an ordinary seaman in 1939. They both left the sailing ship in Valparaiso to join the *SS Erlangen* (*Bruno now an Able Seaman*) in an attempt to get her back to Germany in 1941; the Chinese crew that had brought her from New Zealand had refused the offer. After the ship had been discovered when she left Mar del Plata on 16th of June 1941 by *HMS Newcastle* and was scuttled by her crew before they took to the longboat they were then unarmed and fired on by the cruisers guns. The survivors were taken aboard the cruiser and after being taken to Sierra Leone and thence Scotland were sent to Canada to a POW camp to sit out the war. In Canada Bruno worked at times as a lumberman and farm hand until released back to Germany in 1946. When Nautical colleges were again allowed to operate in Germany he sat his mates certificate and in 1953 Masters foreign trade ticket. In due time he was promoted Captain in the Flensburg shipping company Jacob; After six years in the company the time prescribed for German sea pilots he became a pilot on the Baltic canal at Brunsbüttel until he retired in 1959. ⚓

We reported Giles known as junior in a previous Journal after several Journals had been returned with no explanation other than gone away. I have recently found him on the internet as died. I can now add a little to what we know. He was born in Boston in 1914, and was the grandson of Sir Casper Purdon Clarke, director of the Victoria and Albert Museum London, moving to America he was later the director of the Metropolitan Museum New York. Junior spent much of his life on coastal sailing ships along the American coast. First joining the Grand Banks dory fishing schooner *Killarny*, later made a voyage east in *Thomas S Gorton*, the last all sail Gloucesterman from which he signed off as an A.B. He joined *Herzogin Cecilie* at Belfast Ireland in September of 1934 and with her sailed out by way of Cape of Good Hope to Port Lincoln Australia. Returning by way of Cape Horn to Falmouth for orders where the four masted barque arrived in May of 1935. During WWII he served in the Coastguard and also in the theatres of Africa, Italy and India. Following the war he became an instructor at the USCG Academy, New London. Where he served in the three mast schooner *Atlantic* and later before the Americans had the barque *Eagle* the Danish school ship *Danmark*. He was a writer of books and articles His book 'Last Sail Down East' published by Barre 1965. He wrote numerous articles including 'Passing Sail' in Clippings the, Patriot Ledger of Quincy 1958-61. He was a Hasselblad photographer who photographed life aboard sailing ships. He also shot Cine film, it was this that brought him to the attention of 'The Peabody Museum Maritime Museum Associates' when Lincoln Colcord described Tod's historical worth to the senior brothers there. He was duly invited to show his film of the trip he made in *Herzogin Cecilie* when she was caught in a ferocious storm on entering the English Channel. When this was shown to the Associates at Salem on 23rd November 1940, it was collectively said that the storm sequence endured in the Channel was the like that had not been seen before. A year later on 27th October 1941 he was there again to show footage taken aboard the four mast schooner *Theoline*. I ask where is that film and is it available enquires need to be made along that road. Tod was at the time in his twenties and had much to achieve yet. ⚓

Review: Master and Madman

Peter Thomas and Nicholas Tracy
Pub: Seaforth 2012 @ £25.00
www.seaforthpublishing.com
ISBN 978-1-84832-121-2

Born around 1772 no Baptismal certificate has been found this is the story of a Georgian sailor who rose from a pressed man to be

commended for bravery during the French wars, he fought in the war of 1812, was present at the Spithead mutiny that cost Richard Parker his life, he was shipwrecked and imprisoned in France, was appointed master attendant of the navy yard at Bridgetown Barbados in the year the Atlantic slave trade was abolished. He served as a Hydrographer in the English Channel and again in the West Indies before going on to a three year tour surveying Nova Scotia and the Bay of Fundy. He was not finished in fact this complex man was to become right hand man to Governor General Smyth. Lockwood was a man, whose democratic principles were out of step with the navy of that day? It was these principles that led him to lead a coup d'état and that led to prison and return to London to live out his days as a pensioner and mental patient, a truly dramatic rise and fall. A magnificent life indeed: The Author and Professor of English at New Brunswick University had been researching the life of Anthony Lockwood RN for twenty years when he died in 1997 before publishing, prior to his death he asked Nicholas Tracy a noted naval historian to pick up the reigns and complete his work. What we have here is a detailed and interestingly written account of a Georgian life made all the more so by the nature of the rise and eventual fall into obscurity of the Right Honourable Anthony Lockwood RN. He died on the 25th January 1852 at the grand old age of 77 years by this time, he had spent much of the previous twenty four years in institutions at Peckham and Bethnal Green, and he was buried at St Dustan's in the East (London) on the 3rd of February. It is about time he was better known. ED ⚓

Review: Captains Wife

Abby Jane Morrell

Edited by: A Vincent McInerney

Pub: Seaforth 2012 @ £13.99

www.seaforthpublishing.com

ISBN 9781-84832-125-0

Published in the Seafarers Voices series; this in number 7. A handy pocket sized volume that will fit nicely on any yachts bookshelf. We have in the past in the Cape Horner published diaries from this period. I recall the Chambers diary, it was typical of their time to bear a goodly portion of religion within, what the editor has done here, is to extract the narrative from the original 1833 Harper publication and leaves out the religious text which will be of less interest to a modern audience. This voyage account was written aboard and during a sealing and trading cruise of the schooner *Antarctic* between 1829 and 1831 during which time a passage was made by way of the Cape of Good Hope to the Pacific. Sailing from New York July 1829 with a crew of twenty three, they had to bury one of the crew after the Cape Verde Islands he was not the only

one to die during the voyage, crossing the Equator Neptune and his retinue came aboard to render initiation to all Pollywogs. In the Bay of Islands New Zealand, after passing Cape Briton, King Kippy, Kippy and his Queen met us when we landed. It has to be remembered that this is an early account and perhaps the first by a female. This is as much a voyage of exploration as a trading venture and as such is a well written and edited account. The sealers usually in Schooners came first and were then followed by the Whalers. Voyaging towards the East then this volume would be a useful companion. ED ↓

Jack Nye on the Atlantic 2011

My Last Atlantic Crossing ran from Dartmouth Yacht Club, Nova Scotia to Newlyn & Penzance England. Then to Bantry Bay Ireland and to Long Pond Newfoundland.

Julian Brown my trusted and number One Seaman & Navigator from Ireland, whom has sailed with me before on *Panderama II*. Both from Ireland to Long Pond & plus two attempts from D.Y.C that ended once on rocks and once with Transmission & Prop bearing problems. All of which we could handle okay without either getting hurt just in the pocket.

Panderama II's keel and rudder were badly damaged but we could keep her pumped dry until pulled off the hidden under water ridge Thrumcap Shoal rocks by the Coast Guard boat (all women crew) south of Mc Mann Island. I have sailed across the North Atlantic on several different types of sail boats, including the Caraval *Matthew*. I like the sea & the type of person that make it their life.

Panderama II was trucked down to Dartmouth Yacht Club and put in the water, Julian & I rigged her, had sea trials and then provisioned her ready for the crossing to Cornwall on the South West coast of England.

June 27th: 1030 weather was fine and the wind was from where we wanted to go, but blowing in the wrong direction right on our nose. We motored off and down by the dock yards opposite Mc Mann Island we picked up a good wind which took us 5-6 knots in the Easterly direction.

July 1st 2nd: North of Sable Islands we were hit by heavy seas, thunder and lightning like I have never seen so badly before. I was on watch and put out the 200 amp cable and grounding copper bar which is bolted to the starboard shroud. (Remembering the damage done before when hit by such lightning, but we were not hit this time. I got soaked through both down the collar and up the pant legs, it all happened so quickly. The worst was over in 3 hrs. But it seemed a life time. Next day we put up

the gin pole and sailed by wind over the starboard quarter. We were blown off course and had a hard time to get back on track.

July 7th: We were back on course.

July 9th: N48° 26.199' W39° 25.120'. The forestay cable broke at the top of the mast inside the aluminium foresail luff rigging, it did not come down because the extra heavy jib halyard held it up, also helped support the mast. We used a spare halyard coupled to the bow cleat to help support the mast until we got the sail out of the luff groove. It was a fight to get the flogging sail in on the inside of the port rail with the top end tied off about 8ft. past the stern rail. Next we had to pull the jib all the way out of the aluminium luff groove and folded it up on a windy wet deck; this all was quite a job and needed all our strength and attention as the weather was heavy with rain. We hooked up the baby stay and storm sail as well as two halyards to the bow to support the mast and any jury rigged sail we could use to get to Newlyn or Penzance with special care. Three reefs in the main is not unusual in the north Atlantic. But with rain and windy weather and a crew that is soaked and boat that is wet inside and out makes a man appreciate the sun! Sun where art thou?

July 11th: At exactly 0700 hrs. We had another 1000 nautical miles to go. As the Crow Fly's. Just past the half way mark I opened a lovely card from Sylvia she also packed a bottle of Grand Monkey which both Julian and I did appreciate. Julian and I both put a position bottle over the side of the boat with hopes that they may be found and returned to us one day. All types of old and new sails where strung between head of mast and bow cleat to help get us to Penzance where I decided to go instead of Newlyn which is more convenient these days re: EU fishing boats.

July 21st: 1645 hrs. Position: N50°.03.280' W08°.59.154' Speed 4-5 knots Destination Penzance 136 nautical miles past the Isles of Scilly and Wolf Rock Light house.

July 23rd: 0300 hrs. Moorings we tied up to a buoy just outside the entrance to Penzance Harbour which is a Tide Lock gate, it can only be entered when tide is high and lock gate is down. We stayed ashore in a very nice hotel called Queens while in Penzance. We got our rigging repaired by Wire Rigging and Mel Sharp (phone Mobile 07785 710364) and sails by Solo Sails Newlyn, (phone 01326221133). Although the weather was not the greatest we had a good time. We went down to Lands' End to see the rocks below and the Isles of Scilly in the distance. John Haswell, who I was hoping to see in Truro when in England, had passed away soon after we left Dartmouth N.S. He died of throat cancer.

Jan his wife, I was not able to contact which was a shame but Sylvia had spoken to Jan and got the sad news. "That he just wanted to be with his old ship mates" and past the message on to me. We did get down to Falmouth to get parts for *Panderama II* that was where John Haswell and I had sailed from to the Azores, then back to Halifax N.S. in 2002. Now all the repairs to *Panderama II* done and the provisions on board, Julian and I are planning our next leg to Bantry Bay, Ireland.

July 27th: 1500 hrs. Sails & standing rigging had been repaired and provisions picked up in Penzance. We were still rafted 5 boats out from the wall, so it had not been easy to get to *Panderama II* to make repairs or provision. After all was taken care of we motored off through the lock gate on the high tide on our way to Bantry Bay Ireland, Past Newlyn and between Lands' End and the Isles of Scilly, past the East side of Wolfe Rock and Seven Stone Light Ship. East of rocks on our starboard side, then North West and on to Bantry Bay.

July 28th: At 5-6 Knots all sails and rigging are O.K. but not tested by a hard blow, the weather is still damp and depressing.

July 29th: We had to reef because the wind was beginning to control us.

July 30th: The Irish Coast Guard came aboard with one man to ask us National questions all very friendly and polite. Julian contacted Maria by cell phone before we got into Bantry Bay. Shortly after we tied up at Lawrence Cove, Maria came over by ferry boat to pick up Julian. They wanted me to go back with them but I stayed aboard *Panderama II* and went to bed after a shower a stiff drink plus a ham and cheese sandwich.

July 31st: Sunday there was a "Once-A-Year Games Fair" in Castletown Bere so that night I had a great time in town at McCarthy's Pub where I first met Julian 4 years ago, and had a good look around and a couple of pints with Julian, then spent a good night at Julian and Maria's home.

August 1st: After breakfast they took me down to the ferry where I went back to *Panderama II*. Julian came later and we worked on the boat. Before leaving on a gusty, wet and windy day, (**August 4th**) we provisioned with water and fuelled *Panderama II* all extras supplied thank goodness. The night before we left we checked the weather forecast and knew it would be on the nose but not for long. After all time for us both was running short and I decided not to fly home for a couple of weeks from Ireland as previously planned.

August 4th: St Lawrence Cove dock Bere Island we left Bantry Bay Ireland for Long Pond Newfoundland. Followed down through the

narrows past the Port of Castletown Bere where the fishing boats are tied up facing Bere Island. We then followed down the south west coast past Julian's house on top of the cliffs. Past Dorsey Island the most south westerly point in Ireland. At 2130 we tried to sail west but the wind was against us so we sailed S.S.E. until 0900 **August 5th**. Then we sailed North West to help pick up our track to Long Pond. N51° 29. 043' W11° 27. 659'.

August 6th: Winds forced us to sail S.E. all night. In the morning we had to tack N.N.E and so we had to fight the winds all the way.

August 8th: 0130 Wind out of the west right on our nose again after a night of North West winds. When are we going to get wind on the right Quarter? Looks like we will be 3-4 weeks before we reach Newfoundland.

Position N51° 38.189' W15° 56.961'. Julian and I took this time to check all our rigging. We had the jib Halyard down and it is good shape. 1448 N.M to go.

August 9th: 0200 hrs. Julian and I both got soaked last night but are going 4 knots west making good time. This whole trip has been a real trial since Dartmouth Y.C Halifax. In about 16 days as a rough guess we will be near Long Pond. Our position Just west of N52° 38.154' W17° 04.527'. Long Pond approx. 1380 N.M.

August 10th: It has been very frustrating from Bantry Bay and works out at only approx. 50 N.M. in 24 hours more or less. Wet fog and of course wind anywhere but in the right direction. Sun never or seldom comes out and that means for both.

August 11th: A little better today at least all of our equipment is 100%. Time 1400 hrs. Position N52° 21.625' W20° 55.108' *Panderama II* is a good sea boat but the far hatch cover leaks and water is coming in. I think from the anchor locker???? Will have to test it out when I get her back to Mississauga. Plus other shelving etc. damage caused by her coming off big waves with a tremendous crash. I spent a good deal of money to have all the leaks and trouble that may occur before crossing fixed, but she has taken a beating coming both East & West.

August 12th: After starting 8 days ago and only making approx. 50 miles a day in the west direction, we considered turning back and running with the wind. Only after serious consideration of time and expenses re docking and putting the boat up until next year etc. etc. plus the awful weather I decided to keep going with hopes the winds would change and be more like the weather chart we had records over the past many years.

Julian and I shook hands to continue

This is my last crossing so will try and contact family back home by means of radioing a larger boat with the right Radio Equipment to contact long distance just to let them know we are O.K. but will be a couple of weeks longer than anticipated.

August 13th: Since the discussion between Julian and I was made to go on, a plan was made to go S.W for about 800 miles then swing North Westerly to Cape St. Frances NFL. This according to the average weather chart of that area would give more favourable winds over the years in our direction to Conception Bay North.

August 14th: Reefed the main sail twice and kept on going towards Long Pond.

August 15th: Working *Panderama II* on our new course, complete with rain and wind in the right direction, everything inside and out soaking wet but going the right direction. 0500 rain stopped. 0800 hrs. the sun came out we are doing 5.5 knots and will soon be able to dry some things out on deck so all that remains is salt .

August 16th: All has been going great until 0500 hrs. when the wind stopped dead. I told Julian to start the engine and run until the wind comes back. Position at 0830 N51° 04.016' W26° 50.829'.

August 17th: Miserable, rain & NO SUN.

August 18th: Julian on watch and *Panderama II* getting out of control, he called me from my bunk and we put in two reefs in the main that made three and ran the jib sheets inside the shrouds to shorten the foresail without losing speed. Julian is a good seaman top side and all around. 0600 hrs. We get all under control reefed down not looking number one but best we could do under sea and wind conditions. 0800 hrs. Position is N57° 30.902' W30° 39.520'.

August 19th: We have not seen another ship since leaving Lawrence Cove in Bantry Bay, **August 4th**, just bad weather. It would be great if we could contact another ship to get a line back home to let family know that we are O.K., but would be about 2 weeks late, as we are only about half way to Long Pond.

August 20th: Julian had a bottle of Merlot wine to celebrate the half way mark and we wished for better weather.



Above: *Geraldton CV6* with *Suhaili* in background. © Clipper Race 2011-12.

Below: Captain Scott's *Terra Nova*. © Getty Images.





Above: **City of Adelaide** in Glasgow c. 1992. © Anon.



Above: Jack Nye and Julian Brown with **Pandarama II**. © Jack Nye.

Below left: The brig **Stavros S Niarchos** under sail. © TSYT

Below right: The old seadog Jack aboard **Pandarama II**. © Jack Nye.



Below: Chris Roche and **Soren Larsen** at Longitude 67°.17'. © Andy Riley.



Above: *Eye of the Wind* Builder's plate. © Chris Roche.

Below: Mr Luhring aboard *Eye of the Wind*. © Tiger & EOW.



August 21st: Turned out to be a great morning so we took down the jib halyard to check for chafing, also the baby stay at the bottom and changed the Auto Helm. Inspected all wear points and chafing areas. The engine, transmission and prop shaft have been 100%. We put some articles out to dry in a sunny area where sea water sprays from the weather on the leeward side would not affect them. Time 1830 Position N52° 22.289' W34° 23.212' about 811 N.M. to Long Pond.

August 22nd: Weather fair but still unable to make much headway Time 14:30 Position N49° 52.714' W35° 14.218'. 778 N.M. to Long Pond.

August 23rd: 0100 hrs. I saw our first ship since leaving Bantry Bay, it looked like a fishing boat off our starboard beam. Dark and cloudy I saw what looks like another ship further off on the same side. Cleared out all of the wet gear from the sail locker to dry top side. We are making good progress with winds on our quarter.

August 24th: We have been making 5-6, knots and sometimes 8 & 9 at times. It was sunny but only for a short time. Time 1515 Position N49° 04.627' W40° 15.192' approx. 527 N.M. now from Long Pond.

August 25th: Wind on the nose so have to tack North then South we are only 400 N.M. off L.P. but can't help it.

August 26th: Friday, time 1330 both Julian and I are very concerned about the extra time this trip is taking us. Tracking and wind that's taking us three times further away from where we want to go, plus the fact that we haven't seen any ships that we could contact to send a message home to say that we are O.K. What bothers us most is the stress we put our loved ones through. Today weather is bright but just not in our direction so we are tacking again to make headway towards L.P.

August 27th: Both Auto Helms have broken down now, so it means more hand steering and not JUST IN LIGHT WINDS. We tried hard to make them work but no go.

August 28th: Some of our main sail sliders pulled out and some jammed in the mast groove, and with the extra strong winds that we had also caused damage to the jib luff and leeches. Taking them down and replacing them with old sails was not easy work due to them jamming in the mast grooves, plus flaking wet sails on deck under real windy conditions ready to store below until they can be repaired up on deck.

August 29th: Wind died so started engine just to keep going in the right direction. Food, water and fuel are getting low and we have still not seen

another ship.

August 30th: We are sailing south West for a few hours to see if we can get an Easterly wind to take us to NFLD. Hoping that we soon get some sun to help dry things out below, as well as our bedding and clothes.

August 31st: Wednesday 0850 Julian and I were on the fore deck repairing the old main sail after a heavy night when Julian noticed a fishing boat on our starboard side, so called the boat and the skipper answered. Julian gave him Maria's e-mail address to send her a message that we are O.K." but can only make a very slow trip etc. Maria would contact Sylvia & Mark etc. etc. Name of fishing boat **Franca Morts**. Time 0830 Position N48° 46.773' W45° 29.879'. After making contact with the other boat really made us both feel great as I know how much worry it must have caused as we should have been in Long Pond about 10 days ago, but the weather we cannot control. Now get back NYE and fix the torn sail and rigging slugs lead that pulled out of the plastic slide bar that jammed in the mast groove etc. etc.

September 1st: Thursday. I had a good rest off watch. With sails and rigging repaired and fixed the best we could. 0930 The VHF radio message came through, it was from the support Vessel **Gulf Spirit 1** for a SEISMIC SHIP NAMED **W.G. AMUNDSEN** it was towing Detectors 5 miles astern for locating oil in rocks below the sea bed on the Grand Banks. Present position of **Panderama II** is N48° 43.5' W46° 14.6'. While on the VHF Julian asked if the captain would send the same O.K. message we had asked the fishing boat to send. Which they did and we are so pleased and relieved. Maria did not get the message from **Franca Morts** fishing boat? It is a great day and we will be able to dry some of our things, just damp with salt the last two months.

September 2nd: Ran engine most of the night. Position N48° 20.191' W46° 28.007'. 198 N.M to Long Pond Newfoundland. Put in the last 5 gallons of Diesel fuel showing half full tank and 211 N.M. to Long Pond let's hope the wind comes our way.

September 3rd: Had good winds for half the day and then they died.

September 4th: Sunday, had no wind until 0900 then just a little. Time 1120 Hrs. Position N48° 19.289' W50° 31.141' Cape St. Frances 83 N.M. distance to Long Pond 117 N.M. A couple of days of good winds in the right direction will take us south down Conception Bay. Not much food or fuel left.

September 5th: Have south east winds they are just what we need to get us down to Long Pond from Cape St. Frances which is at the eastern

tip of Conception Bay north of St Johns and Long Pond, on the west side across and east of Bell Island. A long way from the Atlantic Ocean where we have been for the last two months in both good & bad weather, taking twice as long to get to NFLD, both Julian and I have made this voyage before.

Left Bantry Bay Ireland, August 4th, 2011.

Arrived Long Pond Newfoundland **September 6th 2011**, after tacking down from Cape St. Frances for 17 hours.

At the dock we were met by well-wishers who were very helpful; all from the Royal Newfoundland Yacht Club. Mr Jim Eastman the Club Manager who was most helpful, also Steve Porter the Yard Foreman.

(My son Mark informed them that I was on the way in by cell phone.)

After 5,677 Nautical Miles on the North Atlantic **Panderama II** was transported back to Mississauga, for more repairs. (More cheese with that wine JACK).

Sept. 7th: The next day an old sailing mate Wayne Douglas asked if we could help get his boat **Fortune Breeze** off the rocks and wall at the entrance to Long Pond Club area. (He had received a message the night before that we had finally arrived from our trip and where tied up at the RNY Club) Of course it was a pleasure to help a shipmate. So Julian and Ted, (Wayne's brother-in-law) Wayne and I went out in Ted's 40 H.P. motored rubber dingy & pulled him back to the club in the narrows where we sat and finished off a half bottle of scotch to celebrate safely tying up to the crane wall.

Aside: Jacks son Mark alerted us to his dad's latest exploit the 18th Atlantic crossing under sail for this 86 year old two times a Cape Horner and Royal Navy veteran from world war two. Dad does not mention it but he and his crew Julian Brown had to fight what was left of Hurricane Irene during the return passage. ⚓

Clipper ship *City of Adelaide*:

The remarkable *City of Adelaide* was launched in Sunderland in May 1864 having been built by Messer's William Pile, Hay & Co., on a site now occupied by the National Glass Centre.

City Of Adelaide is the oldest survivor of only three composite ships in the world. The others being *Cutty Sark* 1869 and *HMS Gannet* 1878. When William Pile built his ship the design was still largely experimental this makes her unique among survivors as she is the only experimental hull remaining and the only passenger ship of her type and period.

The ship voyaged annually from London to Adelaide and back to London, for 23 years from 1864. She held the record journey time of 65 days from London to Adelaide until beaten by *Torrens*, another Sunderland built ship from Laing's shipyard. She returned from Adelaide with passengers and a high-value cargo of wool, sometimes via Cape Horn. By 1887 however, she was becoming un-economical to run and she was sold, and then sold again. For a brief period she was used for coal transportation and later transatlantic timber carrying. Her sailing days ended in 1893 and she was purchased by Southampton Corporation for use as a sanatorium and floating isolation hospital, following a cholera outbreak the previous year. She remained in Southampton until 1923 when she was sold to the Admiralty, towed to Irvine and converted and re-named *HMS Carrick*, to be used as the Drill Ship for the Clyde Division of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve (RNVR), being moored in Greenock. The change of name was necessary because the Royal Australian Navy already had a ship named '*Adelaide*'. The opening ceremony as Drill Ship was attended by the Duke of Montrose, who had served in Devitt and Moore's training ship '*Hesperus*' as a junior officer. During the Second World War she served as the administrative centre for the training of gunners for Defensively Equipped Merchant Ships (DEMS). She was fitted with 6" guns. The training undertaken did not involve firing practice. However she had an anti-aircraft Oerlikon gun on her upper deck, which was used in defence during the Clydeside Blitz. Following the war she was scheduled for breaking up, but the intervention of senior figures prevented this, and she was saved to be transferred to the RNVR for use as a Clubhouse. After some modification and an opening ceremony carried out by Admiral of the Fleet Viscount Cunningham of Hyndhope, she served this purpose until 1990, being moored on the Clyde in central Glasgow.

In 1978 a very low tide caused her to be caught against the quay alongside which she was lying, resulting in her becoming trapped and heeled to 35 degrees, with consequent flooding of the interior (see

picture below). In 1989 the ship was once again flooded and partly sunk, and the RNVR Club was unable to finance salvage, so the vessel was declared a Total Loss. At this time Glasgow City Council applied for Listed Building status to facilitate preservation of the ship, and this inspired move resulted in her being listed as Category A (i.e. of the highest importance). She was purchased in 1990 by a maritime trust, and was towed to Prince's Dock where she sank in unexplained circumstances during the night preceding a planning inquiry appeal over a proposed development of the surrounding area. At this stage she was in grave danger of destruction, to the extent that even the Director of Planning of Glasgow City Council asked for her to be de-listed. However, her legal protection saved her, and she was subsequently acquired by the Scottish Maritime Museum (SMM), who organized the complex task of raising her, and towing her to Irvine, the site of the Museum, also the location of her previous conversion in 1923. She has been back in Irvine since May 1992. Since 1992 the SMM under the Directorship of Jim Tildesley has carried out much physical work on the vessel, in tandem with fascinating historical research conducted by Dr. Alan Platt and Robert Sexton, the latter being based in Adelaide. The vessel has been put on a slipway which had to be specially prepared, incorporating a 19th century slipway cradle obtained from Hall Russell of Aberdeen. Seventy tons of silt, cement, and ballast were removed, much of it by hand. Non-historic internal structures were removed, and university specialists undertook a programme of survey of the iron framing, and timbers. A detailed Conservation Plan exists.

It was regrettably that, SMM was unable to obtain further funding to continue the restoration work, and the ship was a significant financial liability to the Museum. The Museum was forced into the appalling situation of having to apply for the vessel to be broken up, having been the instrument of her preservation only a few years beforehand. However, as the result of her listed status, press publicity, activity within the Scottish Parliament, and formal objections, the application was refused.

Thus this ship has survived three sinking's, and three attempts to have her broken up. It has long been the case that Australia seems to be her salvation and to this end there is now a cradle in waiting constructed in Australia and shipped to the UK in five containers of constituent parts, it has been reassembled on the Irvine site. The last information that I had from Historic ships trust was that this is a feasible plan and only requires the funding to arrive from Australia. The poor old girl is still waiting I fear for her saviour to turn up. ↓

How was it for you 10:
Chris Roche

On the Cape Horn Road

It is about time that I wrote something of my own account. I had originally thought I wanted to only go to sea in a traditional sailing ship *El Pirata*, that was until I had the opportunity to sail the Atlantic *Sørlandet*, and then work on the largest sailing ship then in private hands *Sea Cloud*. I had never expected a square rigger to go to Cape Horn again what luck when it happened to me?

It is twenty years since December 9th 1991 when I was at 67/17 the longitude of the Horn. Auckland that October I Joined the traditional square rigged sailing ship *Søren Larsen* with 33 others in the crew to take aim at Cape Horn. We were cheered as we pulled out of the Harbour that day in our little 150 ton brigantine to sail the great expanse of the Southern Ocean, where some way into the 7000 mile expanse of seemingly endless sea you are as a sailor the furthest it is possible to be from land on the planet. Some had to get over their doubts and the loneliness they felt in this our own eco system, where nothing is thrown away against the time it is needed. Ten days out, I produced a bottle of Roses lime only to be told by Jim Cottier our mate that, when he was in blue funnel, the lime more likely lemon juice they were given, was dark brown thick and horribly bitter, still here the crew aboard all lined up to take their tot and joined in the shanty set aside for that purpose the 'Lime juice ship' and to be told why the Americans called us Limeys we had a couple aboard this trip. Even further 30 days out when it should be celebrated. We paid off the dead horse which. I had made from a potato sack, hemp and yarn, I filled the carcass with egg cartons and cardboard I had secretly scrounged and hidden in my bunk, mighty crowded it was in there what with a piece of sailing ship I was taking home by way of Cape Horn, this a piece of yard from the sailing ship *Fusilier*. I had rescued it from a shearing shed in NZ. That ship itself had been a Cape Horner in 1884. We duly paraded our horse hoisted it up to the foreyard arm from where Joel as the youngest aboard, sent on this trip by his parents to make a man of him cut it down to drift astern then captain Tony Davis brought out the rum to serve a tot to all. We actually met up with the ship we were in company with *Eye of the Wind* for a gam, which is sailor slang for a meeting at sea. We had been plagued by fickle winds and becalmed at 166 degrees of longitude for ten days in what were supposed to be the roaring forties drifting a little east each day. Both ships exchanged crew on this occasion for an hour or two.

I now stood with Jim at the stern looking at Diego Ramirez Islands the handmaidens of the horn, he said to me as we looked through the gallows on the after side of the wheel box. I doubt we will see these again.

In the dawn of the 9th of December 1991 we were off the exact longitude of Cape Horn at (5.10.12) 5 hours ten minutes and twelve seconds local time.

Cape Horn had been rounded 45 days out of Auckland.

We had for some days been trying to make contact with the Falkland Islands without any luck at all, for we did not want to be posted missing. Now we made a contact and were told we have been looking for you for two weeks, we gave the ships position to the searchers. It was less than an hour later when there was a roar of engines and a Hercules was above us. We spoke with them and were told their code name was *Albert 1*. There was also on the base an *Albert 2*. Asking our visitor if he would like a beer he replied put one on the rail I will come down for it, and with that he came down to below the height of our lowest yard, that made this RAF pilot and his plane 40 feet above sea level. I have a photo to prove it, look to the west says he, you will see my playmates. Well! we did not see them but boy what a racket as an RAF Phantom barrel rolled across our stern to be followed by another across the bow our own private air show. We met these guys in Stanley when they came down to visit the ship for that promised beer.

I wrote in my sea log:

On the 8th December: S56° 20', W68°08', 2 lights on DR still visible, cold, few birds, rain squalls South 3.

Day 45; 9th December: S56° 08', W67° 29', The Horn seen just after 0200, I was called as asked having not slept in 24hrs at 0300, the twenty minutes on deck before the masses arrived were among the best of my life. A cold grey rock at the bottom of the world, (moving). 67° 17' crossed at 9.10.12 GMT. 5.10.12 Local, just prior to this hour glass Dolphins pass by. Conditions increase. Celebrations for most take a comic rather than reverent turn. We bury the ashes of Auckland man Martyn Blackburn at sea and sing 'Fiddlers Green' for him. Tony calls for silence for all those who gave their lives in the war with Cape Horn. We continue into as grim a day as it ever was cold and damp, the sun did not shine but mercifully it did not rain either, nor was the genny run before we were clear. ⚓

Romance and a story of wood:

Joshua Spencer has just returned from South Africa, he has sent the following which complements the article regarding Arthur Kimberly known as Skipper published in J60.

Dear Chris

I enclose 'A story of Wood' by Gloria Kimberly - some background will be helpful. Most of the members will have some knowledge of the famous Brigantine **Romance**. Built in 1936 as **Grethe**, she was re-rigged by Alan Villiers as a 19th century Brigantine for the film 'Hawaii'. Thereafter she was bought by Capt Arthur Kimberly, who, with his wife Gloria sailed her around the world in 1972, 1976/77 and again in 1980. The crews were largely made up of volunteers, paying for the adventure and the opportunity to learn seamanship from a Master Mariner. Amongst them was a young American, Carol Roehm, who became devoted to Arthur and Gloria. After Carol had settled in Cape Town, she and Gloria began corresponding regularly. Gloria's letters and letters from other crew members to Carol over the next decade or so constitute a unique insight into the trials and tribulations of chartering a small wooden sailing ship in an age when such things were becoming quaint anachronisms to the masses. Capt Kimberly was determined to keep the spirit of square rig sailing alive and hundreds of crew benefited from his patient instruction and sterling example, perhaps none more so than Capt Dan Morland, master of **Picton Castle** who continues the tradition of circumnavigations begun by Kimberly.

Gloria's letters form an episodic log of the voyages of **Romance** but also provide insight into some of the exotic landfalls they made. One such was Pitcairn Island, one of the most isolated settlements in the world's oceans and home to a tiny community of descendants of Fletcher Christian and other **HMAV Bounty** mutineers. When **Romance** first called on the island there were few paid jobs so islanders earned a little spending money trading with passing vessels, chiefly selling woven pandanus baskets made by the women and highly finished wood carvings worked on in spare moments by the men. They would even work on these carvings as they walked from their homes to tend their vegetable gardens scattered around the island. The wood used was Miro, dark, durable and handsomely grained but only obtainable from Henderson Island, an uninhabited atoll 110 miles north east of Pitcairn. **Romance**, following the example of Irving Johnson's **Yankee**, transported all able bodied men to Henderson to cut and bring back new stocks of Miro. Gloria recounts this epic adventure in the following extract from her letter. She uses a few mystifying terms - so further

explanations are necessary. 'Tedside' is a precarious anchorage on 'the other side' of Pitcairn down by 'Ginger Valley', used when north east winds make Bounty Bay untenable. The 'Sabbath' refers to Saturday. First names only are used on Pitcairn because the only surnames are Young, Christian, Brown or Warren. The islanders then had two diesel motor launches and one oared whaler '**Dumpy**' which was built in 1972 for **Romance's** visit that year, especially for ferrying Miro wood over the coral reefs that surround Henderson.



A Story of Wood

This is the first Sunday at sea after 18 days at Pitcairn. We had arrived at Pitcairn Island a couple of days before Christmas after a long and windless passage from Acapulco. The surf was almost quiet in Bounty Bay, and I suspect some of our crew were disillusioned, but not for long! We were able to hang on off the Bay through Christmas Day, Skipper spending the first three days all alone on the ship, though I did return for a late night watch. The Christmas Eve community dinner was its usual magnificent display, quite easily over 100 different dishes and all superb. Of course, after a month at sea, and Mexico before that, what attracted us most were the fruit salads, pineapples, strawberries, sweet-corn, cucumbers, green onions, tomatoes, passion-fruit juice, banana cakes, etc. Christmas Day the trees in the Square were more laden than ever, especially with gifts for the **Romance**; and the individual family Christmas dinners followed. By now, it was fairly blowing a gale from Henderson, and we were again anchored at Tedside in cross tides, rolling our guts out, and of course, not a prayer of going for wood. The next day was Sabbath and all pinned their hopes on starting for Henderson Sabbath evening. But by then we had a real gale blowing, no boat out that day, and none expected the next. (The last boat very nearly bought it trying to shoot behind Young's rock - I know - I was in it and saw Len, Steve and Jacob goes white!) Bounty Bay was no picnic either - a big boulder flew across the jetty and right through their new storage building. They said first there was almost no water in the landing, and then like a tidal wave. Boulders everywhere St. Paul's point was extremely beautiful, the surf going nearly over the finger, and the suds flying around like a bunch of white butterflies.

By next morning, the gale had sung its song, and the sea was almost calm. I was just about to sit down to breakfast at Jacob's house, when a determined Len and a delegation marched in.

"Well, how about it?" he demanded.

Skipper had announced we were to continue the voyage next day. New Year's Day, and here was a day fit to start for Henderson. I told him I would have to go out and talk with Skipper. The sweet-corn smelled so heavenly boiling away on the bolt (wood fired stove) and I told Mavis I would be right back in. Little did I know I would not see her for a week? (And that whole week I could smell that sweet-corn!)



Brigantine *Romance* at sea January 13th 1980.

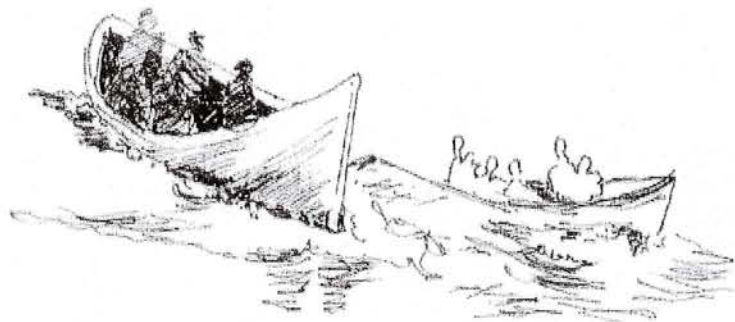
There was another big boulder on the skid-way. Len, Steve and I launched the rescue Avon, a hard fibreglass hull, with the rubber doughnut around it. The surf was definitely still big at the landing. We backed and filled for about 10 minutes until they decided to try it. Steve gunned her as far as the end of the jetty, saw a huge monster coming, and made a very fast round turn. The sea broke on us and on the motor, choking it and filling the boat about 6 inches deep. We bobbed: about the rocks with Len over the side trying to hold us off, while Steve got her going again. I sat in the water thinking it would be nice to have a bailer in the boat, and maybe some oars. (Oars, I found out later, would probably have clubbed us.) The prop chewed up some rocks, Len hauled himself aboard and after a spell they agreed to try again.

This time we got beyond the jetty before we ploughed into a huge breaking sea. The Avon climbed straight up, and nearly went over backward. I hung on to the straps, and I swear my feet must have pointed straight up when I came down. My knees nearly went through the fibreglass bottom of the boat. The water inside was now considerably deeper, but that was only a fleeting impression. The next thing I saw was a terribly beautiful solid green wall of water, growing with incredible speed and sound. I watched the top begin to curl in slow motion, had time to think, this is an interesting way to go, but no time to develop fear. It broke on us, I screwed my eyes tight shut, and hung on till my arms nearly pulled out of the sockets. How far the Avon flew I'll never know, but miraculously it came down right side up. We crashed back into it, cushioned somewhat by its being nearly full of water now. I looked back at Steve still at the tiller, and at the gas tank floating around his knees and realized Len was not in the boat! "I told him to jump;" Steve grinned "lighten the boat!" He pointed back to where Len was stroking strongly for open water, between two huge combers. "Got to bail," Steve shouted, pulled the plug and went tearing off in a wide circle. We made two passes by Len, who was now clear of the breakers, treading water and wearing a bemused expression. On the third circuit he flagged us down, and hauled himself aboard. We made the rest of the way to Tedsid just a bit farther than normal from the surf, which was flying halfway up the cliffs, in deference to the outboard's coughing spells.

Skipper said "yes" to Henderson, and I never got my corn . . . no way was I going to overload that boat again!

Romance motor-sailed up in 25 hours: the launches towing *Dumpy* having arrived a few hours earlier. They pulled out to us to take off the first of our crew. The surf was still pretty high on the north beach, but we all expected it to go down. Instead it just kept building, a long low swell,

with increasing wind, force 4 and then 5 from the NNE, blowing nearly directly onto the beach. We sailed in close and watched the bottle-green backs of the breakers rise up and explode into acres of white foam on the reef. The pass, which is marginal at best, could not be seen. The two motor launches were anchored just outside the breakers, with *Dumpy* pulled high up on the sand. The camp was deserted, and we could hear chain-saws going. Soon piles of Miro appeared near camp. Steve and Glen Clark swam out through the pass to pump the launches, and had to be hauled ashore with safety lines. By January 3rd, the launches had to put to sea for safety. Four men swam out and got them under way.



Longboats at sea

We gave them food, and water, and they drifted together through the night. The camp was nearly washed out at 2 a.m., the hard-won timber starting to be sucked out to sea. We had communication with the camp only through twice-daily schedules with Pitcairn radio - and began to devise ways to float provisions and water ashore if necessary. No easy task, as the undertow carried everything out to sea. Len prepared to abandon the wood and evacuate the camp at the first possible moment if we must sail. We are already a week late, but Skipper says no way is he going to leave that timber behind!

The boat crews come aboard on the 4th for a meal and a conference. It's decided to try to anchor the launches outside the surf on our 150-lb Danforth (both their anchors are mangled by this time), try to get a long polypro line ashore; and tow the Miro wood out, and using one launch as a depot. They leave with two big coils of polypro, buoys and the big anchor, and spend 3 hours trying to swim the line in. Each time they get

close, the buoyed line is snatched from them and carried out. Everyone ashore is in the water, or manning the tag end of the shore line, and finally Len, standing on the very coral lip of the pass, succeeds in throwing a line over the oncoming breaker, and snagging the offshore line, with its buoys, seconds before the breaker sends him tumbling head over heels up the beach. The team ashore manage to drag the line in before it untangles and the link is established. Dragging the Miro over the reef and through the breakers was killing work, even with our crew in the launches to help, but they did get a pretty good load before dark. They buoyed the anchor and came out to lie on a long hawser astern of us for the night.

Meanwhile, another drama was being enacted. Two days before, a Norwegian motor ship had contacted Pitcairn with a medical emergency. Was there a doctor on the island? No, our doctor was aboard at Henderson in case of injury to the woodcutters. The ship was diverted to Henderson, and so on this night, at 1.30 a.m., an 1850's brigantine, with two Pitcairn Island longboats in tow, rendezvoused with a big Norwegian container ship 7 miles off an uninhabited island in the loneliest regions of the Pacific Ocean. The nature of the emergency? A crewman had got fibreglass in his eye repairing the Captain's swimming pool. Believe it or not! Next morning our flotilla motored back into the lee of Henderson, and transferred the wood aboard. This being the Sabbath, nothing further was done, though we fumed secretly as the surf was going down. What if it was up again tomorrow?

At first light Sunday, we were back off the beach, and with great relief saw *Dumpy* being run out at last. Under any other circumstances, I'm sure the surf would still have been considered impassable, but they were determined to load and break camp today. We loaded drifting with the longboat to windward, with the theory that the ship would drift faster, and keep a separation between them. In theory, it worked, but every big sea still slammed the longboat into us, and we drifted so fast it was necessary to go slow ahead on the engine to keep us off the reef. The trunk-sized pieces which had to be slung from the fore yard were the worst to handle, and there were crushed fingers and people bowled off their feet in the boat. One of our crew remarked, "The price of carvings has just gone, up 500 per cent."

At long last the crew got ashore in pairs to photograph the surfing operation that is the non-productive members. The bull types were sorely needed, and made every trip in and out, and loaded timber on the beach between. In all fairness, I should say everybody lumped Miro, even the lightest girls. I went in on the third trip, and it was the worst surf running I've seen in five voyages. How they ever held that boat off the

coral waiting for a chance to shoot the pass, I'll never know. You could see bare brown coral right under the bows. Huge surf would shoot the boat skyward, everybody pulling furiously "back aft", and when we came down again, we were still in the same position seaward of the coral. When we did shoot the pass, we failed to carry over, and hung up on the inner lip. Each successive surf bumped us a little farther in, until the women on the beach could wade in and drag us to safety. Of course, the men were pulling oars for all their might as well!

As it turned out, only one more trip was made to the ship; it was becoming far too dangerous to load in the open sea, and *Romance* ran for the lee for the balance of the Miro. It was loaded into *Dumpy*, taken through the surf, and off loaded into the two motor launches. The tide was dropping and *Dumpy* could only be partially loaded they were surfing her over coral showing a foot out of water in the pass! But finally every stick was off the beach, and we non-essentials were taken with the timber out to the ship. *Romance* boys and the boats now returned to break camp.

On one try to shoot the pass, the boat was tossed back all the way up the beach. On another, Len as coxswain was washed overboard, leaving the longboat without a tiller, which would have been "werry bad" if the boat had not been hard aground in the pass at the time: Our boys said the sight of Len's great paws coming up over the stern would have been funny if they weren't so scared. They made it through that time. I can tell you we were mighty relieved to see the three boats coming safely around the northwest point. All the men said it was the worst Henderson trip they could remember, and for many, that was in 15 trips.

It goes without saying we had virtually no wind to sail back to Pitcairn, and took 39 hours. We anchored off Bounty Bay, and the unloading went easy. Here was the largest pile of Miro we have ever moved. People were astonished to see it all piled on the jetty.

One of our boys dived and found the *Bounty* and came back with some copper sheeting and nails. We had a repeat of the Christmas dinner in the square, under a sky full of stars, and not a whisper in the palms. Ivan tried to make a speech about our five trips, and how this may be the last one. I tried to respond, but just choked up. That Island and those people 'just mean too darn much to me after all these years. I know and love everyone. The Island had a few years reprieve, but now they are very, very short-handed again'. You look around, 65 people and almost all of them under 12 or over 70, and most of the dwindling able-bodied work force grey-haired and aging fast. Yet! Some of the young people want to stay. Clarice, who had her Achilles tendon severed by a Wahoo, refuses

to go to New Zealand for an operation she says vehemently.

"I want to live and die on my native island."

Even the ships dwindle. *Yankee Trader* may or may not make it this year, but if so, it will 'be the last time.' Costs are just too high. The same is true of us of course. It is only a matter of time until we will have to give up. The world has gone crazy and money is worthless. *Linblad Explorer* was wrecked - will she be out again? Who will go for the Miro? That is why Skipper would not hear of abandoning the wood this time. The men also say they need a young crew like the *Romance's* to help them at Henderson. They can no longer really do this on their own. Yet they will. People ask me, can the community survive' much longer? The only sane answer is no, but they will. No other like community on earth could, live in the same circumstances, but Pitcairn will. In what they can accomplish, these people just aren't mere humans. "Good Lord, be kind to them! Make somebody come back to help' them! "

PS: Moorea, Society Islands, February 21st 1980:

We've said our farewells 'to Tahiti and are now lying in the lovely bay of Moorea, Skipper seaming "chapter one, page one" of yet another mains'l. We had a minor adventure between the Marquesas and Tuamotus, when the tiller parted - don't ask me how a 2-1/2" square iron bar can part, but it did, thank God, not on a lee shore. We rigged up tackles, and she steered herself embarrassingly well under 'all sail but the mains'l, and nobody on the helm. We banged away for three days trying to drive out the stump, gave up, and rigged an and rigged an alternative steering system, which worked so well we were not afraid to negotiate the pass at Takaroa. In Papeete, we cut out the old tiller with an acetylene torch, and now have a pretty new one. (We were making 100 miles a day on course for Takaroa, with nobody steering, which was a weird feeling!) ⚓

GLORIA KIMBERLY



Eastern Point — Pitcairn Island, G. Kimberly

Clipper Race: I noticed in Daily Mail 2nd April last one of RKJ's round the world race yachts was in trouble. I believe I also saw something about it on TV news around that time. Robin has been on record as saying that the North Pacific can be a dangerous place at least as difficult as Cape Horn in its fury and so at times it proves, many old time commercial sail carriers have gone missing over the years in that theatre. Robin's crews have been lucky. In the last race one yacht was lost settling on a reef and had to be abandoned its crew saved by another of the race yachts. This time it was **Geraldton** that came to grief. She was participating on behalf of Western Australia the article says:

*"Three Britons injured by a freak wave in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. The trio are crew on the **Geraldton** Western Australia one of ten 68 foot yachts competing in 'Clipper Round the World Race'. The wave swept away the yachts steering wheel and mount, and some of its communication equipment. The poor conditions are hampering rescue attempts by the US Coastguard. Race organisers named the crew injured as Jane Hitchens, a 50 year old doctor from Kent, who has four suspected broken ribs; Mark Burkes 37 from Worcestershire, who has a back injury; and Nik Brbora, a 28 year old software engineer from London who has a possible pelvic sprain. A 62 year old Australian crew has suspected cracked ribs. The remainder of the yacht's eighteen strong crew are uninjured. An attempt to parachute medical supplies to the sailors was abandoned because of the poor conditions, but late last night a helicopter was due to drop medical supplies to the stranded craft which is 400 miles off the Californian coast."* ↓

Terra Nova Found: A phone call from Vice President Captain Adrian Small alerted me to the following: he had seen a reference in the Western Morning News: In 1942 the **Terra Nova** was chartered by Newfoundland Base Contractors to carry supplies to base stations in Greenland. On 12th September 1943 at 2205, the vessel sent an SOS reporting ice damage, that water was over the boilers and pumps were not working. The US Coast Guard Cutters **Southwind** and **Atak**, part of the Greenland Patrol of the US Atlantic Fleet, responded, and reached the **Terra Nova** on 13th September, rescued all personnel aboard, and proceeded to Narsarsuaq, Greenland. The cutters **Amarok**, **Laurel**, and **Manitou**, also part of the Greenland Patrol, responded to the SOS as well, but the **Amarok** and **Manitou** turned back after their services were not needed. **Laurel** proceeded to the site of the **Terra Nova**, which was sunk by gunfire at 1625 on 13th September at 60° 15' 15" N, 45° 55' 45"W. In July 2012 the wreck of the **Terra Nova** was discovered by the US research company Schmidt Ocean Institute's flagship **R/V Falkor** off Greenland. An anomaly was found while testing echo-sounding equipment aboard the **R/V Falkor**. One of the scientists noticed an

unidentified feature during sonar mapping of the sea bed. It was then noted that the 57m length of a feature matched the reported length of the **Terra Nova**. Technicians dropped a camera package called Shrimp to just above the presumed wreck to film it. Camera tows across the top of the target showed the remains of a wooden wreck lying on the seabed. Footage from the Shrimp also identified a funnel lying next to the ship. Taken together, the features of the wreck closely matched historical photos of the Terra Nova, leading to the identification.

Brian Kelly, an education officer from the Discovery Point museum in Dundee, where the ship was built, told the Daily Record newspaper: "The **Terra Nova** has such a story. "She went through a lot in her lengthy history and really was the pinnacle of Scottish wooden shipbuilding. It is incredible that one of the most famous ships in history has been found 100 years after the race for the pole and in the year commemorating the event." ↓

Square Sale: Should you be in the market for a new venture Robin Davis has put the port of Charlestown he has owned for more than twenty years up for sale lock stock and barrel. He says it is time to quit the business and retire. So if you have the odd four and a half million quid it could be yours. To be sold as a going concern or in parts. **Kaskalot**, **Earl of Pembroke** and **Phoenix** ships that so often appear in films and at marine festivals go with the deal. as does the port itself which serves a readymade film set of some pedigree. The agents handling the sale are 'First Peninsula'. Before Robin's company Square Sail bought the port it operated out of Bristol docks where it also owned **Søren Larsen**. When the company divided Brother Tony took **Søren Larsen** to what would become his and her new home in New Zealand, she being his share of the company. ↓

Ryan Harris: They called it the Crate Escape when Ryan aged 19 was rescued from a blue crate he had taken refuge in when his fishing boat sank off Alaska Us coast guards dropped a man from a rescue helicopter to aid him. One lucky lad. His crew mate who had managed to get into a flotation suit was washed ashore two hours earlier. Ryan kept his spirits up by singing Row, Row, Row your boat ashore during the 24 hours he was in the box just a meter cube. ↓

Eye of the Wind: Was alongside at Stralsund on the German Baltic recently when owing to the way the ship is run by the concern that now owns her she was, left alongside all on her own with no watch keeper crew or voyage crew aboard. Lights out and locked up. During that absence some souvenir hunter no doubt, crept aboard and removed the builder's plate from where it had resided above the lounge skylight for

over thirty years. Tiger the former owner told me that it must have taken some doing as the four bolts were through bolted into the space behind the timber clad steel built deckhouse, the nuts being behind the deck saloon cladding on the inside. Tiger said that the plate was not original but was made special for the ship by her builder Conrad Luhring his gift to the ship, it arrived a week before we sailed on our first trip and was a surprise to us all. When we proud now 'Friends of the Eye' sailed in her. The old girl always had her attendant watch keeper weather, at Anchor or in harbour alongside; she was NEVER short of a volunteer to be her guardian NEVER. ⚓

Smallest Yacht: We have had the question posed lately as to what? Is the smallest yacht to round Cape Horn perhaps we should open a book on this your suggestions please. ⚓

Stavros S Niarchos: The 'Tall Ships Youth Trust' square rigger **Stavros** whose rig was designed by our member the late Mike Willoughby is on the move for the usual winter season down to the Canaries and on the Azores. Try looking at their web site for details and deals. I find it disturbing that it is only this organisation that will allow you to go to sea with them up to the age of 80, should you however be over 65 years of age you can only sail coastal with them. There is no sufficiently clear detail as to why this is unique to them. So no blue water distance sailing for the over 65's with TSYT. The same is true for their other enterprises based around the Catamaran and the Challenge yachts they run for mainly youth and the disabled. The platform of the Catamaran is ideally suited for those with less flexible movement and other needs. www.tallships.org ⚓

STS Lord Nelson: To Cape Horn sailing Auckland 15th December 2013 60 days and 5800 miles: This could be your chance. With the specially designed features of our barque **Lord Nelson**, this passage is an accessible opportunity for some people whose disabilities prevent them from joining other vessels on such a remote sailing voyage. Before the big off, you will also get to take time out in New Zealand where the locals are very friendly. You'll spend Christmas in the Chatham Islands, then cross the International Date Line and spend more than a month at sea. The peak of your achievement will be rounding the famous Cape Horn – making history by being onboard the first all ability accessible tall ship ever to do so. The landfall will be Ushuaia where this leg of the voyage ends; Cost is £4945 voyage reference is STW6 more detail from stw@jst.org.uk ⚓

Be warned there is already a waiting list.