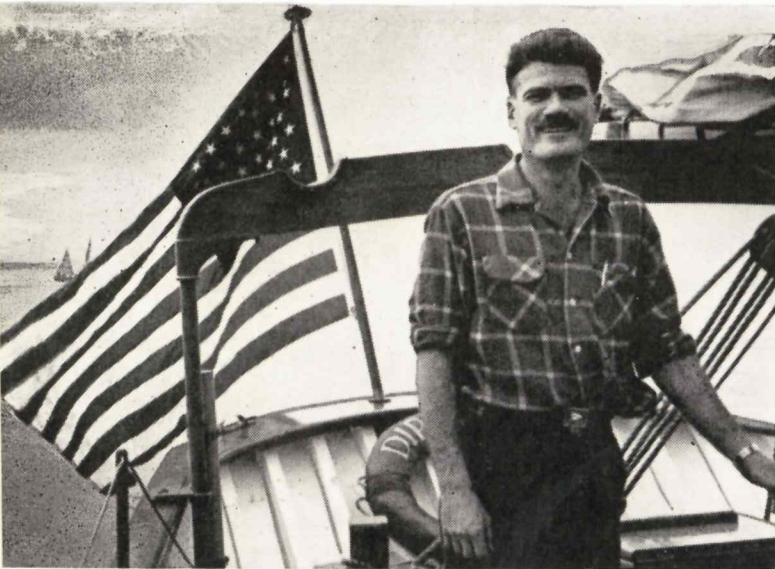




REFLECTIONS

JIM CRAWFORD, above, skipper of the round-the-world schooner *Dirigo II*, here describes part of the last leg home to Florida with his crew of three South Africans, whom he decided to give a grounding in his hard-sailing methods. They averaged about 1,000 miles a week, in moderate Trade winds, calling at St. Helena, Ascension, Fernando de Noronha, Antigua, St. Thomas and then Miami—fast sailing for pleasure without heroics, as all good voyages should be . . .

☞ ☞ ☞ 4 August, 1960. Schooner *Rock*, Saldanha Bay entrance abeam at 1700.

1835. AWAY ANTIGUA! Jan is singing at the wheel. The forefoot sings through a peaceful sea. Jibtop, jib, stays'l, fores'l, fisherman, and main scythe smoothly through the clear evening sky. The old gal is tramping along at a good 6½ knots—smooth and easy. Homeward bound!

2000. Wind has come on strong, true, and steady. Have just turned in and the water song in my left ear says 8 knots plus. Dinner was what Janet Steele of *Adios* calls a "rice glop". I fried out some bacon in the bottom of the pressure cooker, added three onions in chunks, two big steaks in bite-sized pieces, half a large cabbage well sliced, 2½ cups rice, 2 tsp. Oxo, salt, pepper. Five minutes at 10 lb. pressure and presto! A nourishing meal served with sliced tomatoes and topped off with bread, jam, and coffee.

Norman said he wasn't hungry, but I noticed he ate.

*Farewell, Saldanha Bay,
For the wind has come to say
You must take me while you may
If you would raise fair St. Helena
In the morning.*

With apologies to Rudyard Kipling.

I'm for a snooze. Bjorn is at the wheel. His helmsmanship is improving.

☞ ☞ ☞ 5 August:

0130. Bright moonlight. Wind south by west, force 4. Passage-making weather. The midwatch.

Jan: "Skipper, did you ever notice how your mind really begins to work when you get to sea?"

Me: "I sure have!"

Jan: "And you think of the most extraordinary things . . ."

And there in the moontrack, did I see the glimmer of an ancient poop lantern? The Portuguese caravels knew this road—and the East Indiamen, tall and stately—and hard-driven clippers that left us only yesteryear. These, too, must have been relieved to have the Cape of Storms astern and to be standing northward into sunny Tradewind seas.

0800. Leviathan came alongside for a visit. By great good luck I had been photographing albatross and the camera was still on deck. The finback (I think) blew within 75 ft. of our port beam and should be quite impressive in Kodachrome.

Wind has gone up the mast for the moment. We slat. How I hate it.

0900. First evidence of a sun-chasing passage—I just set the ship's clocks back an hour. Wind making in again. Jan has the drifter hanked to the headstay in case it eases.

1300. Pork chops and string beans for lunch. I am as busy as the proverbial one-armed paper hanger at mid-day. Lunch usually comes near local apparent noon, so I race madly about with a sextant in one hand and a frying pan in the other.

☞ ☞ ☞ 6 August:

1920. It has been a vexatious day. Jan and I had the dawn watch. The wind promptly went flat as the sun rose, then came in light and bang on the nose. "Everything goddam", as Llewellyn has his Portuguese pirate say.

At that it gave me a chance to demonstrate some sail drill.

FROM THE SKIPPER'S CABIN

Tacked her in ocean-racing style (well, since I was the only deck hand, let's say I rushed around violently trying to be three men) and felt quite smug about it. Used to hear that, "when you own a boat you can walk, until then YOU RUN!" My experience has been that when you own a boat you just run faster.

Jan had a fine battle shifting the fisherman stays'l. He got it up right on the third try. Thus we learn.

Did an a.m. sun line then went below for some sleep. Awoke feeling bearish and went on deck to find: (a) The fisherman halliard not set up. (b) The jibtops'l sheet had stretched and not been re-trimmed. (c) The fores'l gaff vang on the wrong side of the vessel. (d) The watch in animated conversation, but distinctly not keeping the score.

I called attention to the foregoing points in extremely coarse language, then stumped below rumbling like an irritated volcano. Result: when we relieved the watch not only had items (a) through (d) been attended to, but so had most of the worklist on the chart table.

In the early afternoon the wind faired, backed to the south-west, then south with light rain. We set the balloon maintopmast stays'l—colloquially yclept "golliwobbler".

The a.m. sun line, crossed with a local apparent noon sight, gave us 120 miles noon to noon—reasonable enough considering the light weather and windward work. In our first twenty-four hours we did 180 miles, which is most gratifying.

The air temperature is 4° F. warmer tonight. Much more pleasant. It was cold last night.

☞ ☞ ☞ 7 August:

2215. Full moon, smooth sea, and a fair wind. Not much breeze during the day, but never becalmed. Our problem now is to keep her on the jibe closest to the mark. Tacking downwind always pays at sea. Yesterday I informed all hands that we were no longer cruising, but racing—bright smiles all round. Youth!

Just read Dixon Long's article in an old *S.A. Yachting News* about *Tenba's* Indian Ocean passage. His conclusions are interesting and valid. For ourselves, with quite a different ménage, I have concocted the following recipe for a happy ship:

- (1) Work the crew hard.
- (2) Sail the ship well.
- (3) Systematize things as much as possible.

- (4) Don't stay long in port.
- (5) Feed regularly and as well as possible.

☞ ☞ ☞ 9 August:

1345. Yesterday was Norman Grimbeek's birthday. We had a fine party in the cockpit in the bright afternoon sunlight—tea, cake, and songs. The cake, provided by Mrs. Clark of Cape Town, was a great success both gastronomically and photographically.

It was almost tradewind weather although the breath of the Benguela Current remained chill. We saw the first Portuguese man-o'-war of the passage. He looked shrivelled and cold.

The wind was mostly light easterly and we slatted a bit. The golliwobbler found a place on which to chafe and had to be handed for a bit of seam stitching.

Today came in fair, bright, and windless. We started Nelly Gray the iron tops'l and have pattered peacefully along until an hour ago when the wind made in from the south-west. Nelly Gray does not like cold water and will have to receive a little T.L.C. after I've had a nap. De-carbonise and touch up the valve seats and she'll be happy again.

"What do you do at sea? Isn't it boring?"

0430-0500. Wheel watch. 0500-0530. Adjusting valve tappets on main engine. 0530-0545. Wheel. 0545-0630. Cooking breakfast. (Orange, porridge, bacon, eggs, fried bread, jam, coffee.) 0630-0700. Wheel. Hand golliwobbler at 0700 and sew chafed seam. 0740. Re-set golly, oil steering gear, set ship's clocks back one hour and then to bed, 0815. 0900 a.m. Sun line of position. Hand golly as wind increasing with rain squalls, clean stateroom, cook lunch (rice with creamed tuna and mushrooms), take meridian altitude and plot noon position—then on watch until 1900 doing odd jobs, running generator, etc.

And that's some of the things we do at sea.

☞ ☞ ☞ 11 August:

2215. Two fine, fast days past the keel—165 miles and 163 miles. It is overcast, but warmer. The tropics lie just over the horizon's rim. I shall not be sorry to reach them again.

☞ ☞ ☞ 13 August:

0745. Another good day, yesterday, but overcast. The first without the sun breaking through long enough for a fix. I did in fact get an a.m. sun line, but nothing later with which to cross it.

Tomorrow is Sunday. We change the dishwashing schedule (each crew member washes up for a specific meal for a week, then shifts to another meal) and we've decided that on Sunday each of them is to cook one meal and I'll wash all the dishes. Best way to get my fingernails clean.

Was delighted last night while doing my "homework" (reading technical pubs., *Sailing Directions*, etc.) to run across this phrase in *Ocean Passages for the World*, "When bound from Cape Town or the Cape of Good Hope toward

the Spanish Main . . ." The Spanish Main! How wonderful! The spirit of *Treasure Island* still lives at the Admiralty. "And I was going to sea myself, to sea in a schooner . . ." says R. L. S.

☞ ☞ ☞ 14 August:

0900. We're out of fresh meat, ice, and bread simultaneously. Not bad provisioning. The tinned things actually taste good for a change. We've also seen our first tropic bird and the temperature is 68° F. in the main cabin. Progress!

Yesterday after the noon fix (we had good sunshine) I called to Jan at the wheel to look over the side and see if he could spot the Greenwich meridian which we were then crossing. The Western hemisphere again.

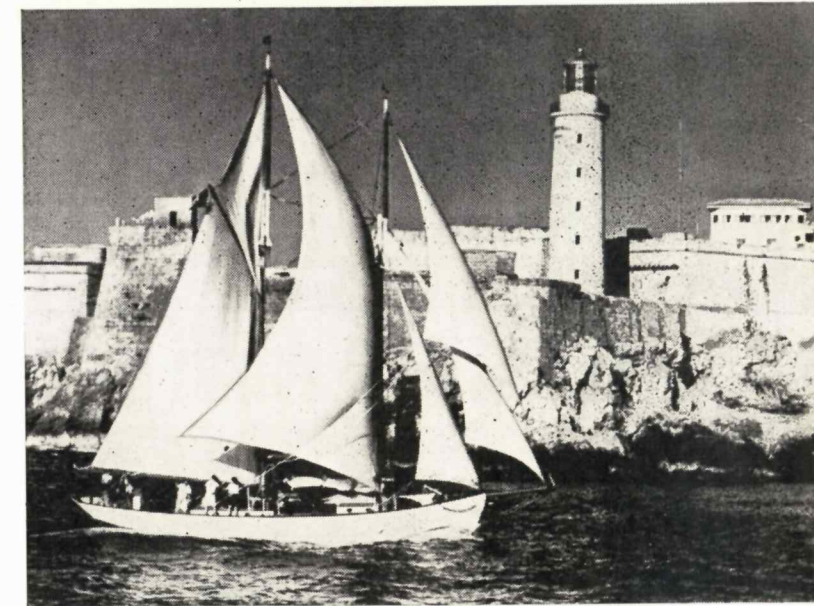
Breakfast this morning was well done by Jan, Norman is reading a cookbook anticipating lunch, and Bjorn says he has dinner all planned. My fingernails are cleaner and so is the galley.

2100. Sausage, french fried potatoes, and peas for lunch. Spaghetti with an excellent sauce and fruit for dinner.

☞ ☞ ☞ 15 August:

1700. St. Helena on the starboard bow, distant about six miles—a lovely landfall. I am enjoying the crew's thrill at their first foreign adventure. "That first fine careless rapture".

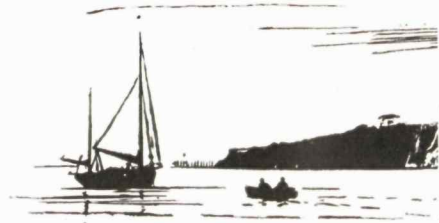
(Continued on page 58)



ABOVE: Before her circumnavigation *Dirigo II* had a good ocean-racing record and here she is finishing the St. Petersburg—Havana Race in 1953 with "golliwobbler" staysail pulling like a train. Jim Crawford has just sold her in the States and is planning a new clipper-bowed steel ship to be called *Angantyr*.

LEFT: The three young South Africans who have been serving an apprenticeship in fast cruising under Jim Crawford. Left to right: "Red" Grimbeek, Jan Lello and Bjorn Johannsen, all of Cape Town. They expect to get in more ocean-racing experience before returning to hum-drum ways in home waters. Photo: *Cape Argus*.





REFLECTIONS by the SKIPPER

(Continued
from page 57)

The day is sun filled, bright and blue. "The island," says the Sailing Directions, "resembles a pyramidal fortress from a distance."

We beat in the last few miles in the failing light. The last half-mile I con from aloft. The tiny town nestled between 700 ft. cliffs resembles a doll's village.

"Down jib, down stays'l, down fores'l." The lead arcs forward and drops with a soft splash into the smooth dark water. "Mark ten!" She loses way. "Let go!"

A hot cup of cocoa all around. The riding light is lit. And so to sleep. A good passage completed and now we must ready ourselves for the next one. "For it is not the beginning but the continuing of the same until it be truly finished that yieldeth the true glory."



After St. Helena the *Dirigo* followed the old trade-wind route to Ascension; but then went to a spot seldom, if ever, visited by cruising yachts, the "forbidden island" of Fernando de Noronha—just a speck on the chart, but surprisingly verdant and full of stark beauty. America now has a missile-tracking station there for her South Atlantic rocket range, hence the call.

Then it was Nelson's old English Harbour on Antigua (another missile post) and on to St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands before the last leg to Miami.

There Jan, son of the editor of *Yachting News*, temporarily left *Dirigo* to join another schooner. Bjorn and "Red" Grimbeek stayed with Jim Crawford's ship. Here Jan takes up the tale:

We entered the States on the seamen's visa at Miami, which was wrong. The afternoon I, or we, arrived in Miami, I

joined another 65-ft. schooner *Barlovento*. The skipper, Mr. H. Buren, said that if he and I would take her to Annapolis, he would fly me to Bimini so that I could re-enter the States as a visitor and would pay a bus ticket back and I could stay with him for some time.

Well, I left Jim that night and next morning I caught a plane to Bimini; I had lunch and caught a plane back, all in a couple of hours.

When back in Miami airport the officials would only give me a month to stay, after a hell of an argument.

I took a taxi to the boat, and we left before I had changed my clothes. I could not get my kit from the *Dirigo*, as they had all gone to the laundry. So on borrowed clothes and my suit, the two of us left.

We sailed up to Moorhead City near Jacksonville in about three days and nights, living only on the best American foods, that are so wonderfully packed.

Harry Buren, nicknamed "Schooner Harry", is the greatest authority on any sailing or motor boat in the States. This is his forty-ninth schooner, not counting all the other racing machines he has owned. They were all big ships.

From Moorhead City we went through the inland waterways to Annapolis. That experience I can only try to put on paper—it was just incredible! We sailed only during the day. We went through those swamps with nobody there—absolutely wild. Each day about 50 big motor cruisers would pass us, all migrating south for winter. These cruisers all travelled at 25-30 knots. What a sight!

There is no yacht sailing that looks more beautiful than these motor cruisers screaming past. When one goes aboard them one stands and gapes. I have never seen a house, nor do I think there is one in the world, that could beat the interiors of those boats.

Do you know what they get paid on those ships to do nothing but wash them down and vacuum clean them—\$400 plus \$4 a day food money, whether they eat aboard or not, plus free laundry.

We came into Norfolk and passed many ships laid up, and where they are building huge aircraft carriers. We did not stop over there, but sailed on to Annapolis.

I really learnt a lot from Harry about real seamanship and boat handling, passing through hundreds of bridges. It takes a lot when travelling in a channel 100 ft. wide and 12 ft. deep for 800 miles, and we drew 10½ ft. Passing barges was an experience every time; being sucked near them and being pushed away and all kinds of dangers.

Well, in Annapolis there are hundreds of boats, yachts, motor-boats and the Naval Academy.

I went through that place—those boys have some College! I saw John Paul Jones' tomb. I met the Moniques of the Bethlehem Steel Empire boat yard, the Ratseys and Symonettes brothers. Old Carleton Mitchell has the *Skippers Magazine* there with a South African editor, Mr. Wall.

Harry lives in a big 100-ft. ocean-going motorship and has a small boat yard to look after all his boats. His wife and I would go out at night and meet people, and she would say: "Meet Jan Lello—and you know what? He is a South African!" I really had a whack-up time.

Just before I left I took part in a big ship race in a yacht called *Worry*. There were 45 big ships entered. It was the "Skippers" race, and 35 spinnakers blew out. I have never been so disappointed. We were lying first, but after running down wind for 50 miles to the bottom mark, we giped round to beat back ahead of everybody and we suddenly lost our spreader and had to withdraw. I wanted to climb up the mast and "nail" the thing back, but they would not let me.

Well, the next day I caught a bus from Baltimore to Washington and to Miami. Neither place impressed, and I hate Miami. It's dirty, a trap, expensive and does not have any boats to speak about. One pays for every little thing, no matter how small.

(Continued on opposite page)

What SUSAN Saw

(Continued from page 55)

visitors from as far as the Mountain Yacht Club, Magoebas-kloof. Helmut did a very fine Finn capsized when his tiller jammed under the deck. Punctured buoyancy bags prevented his usual quick recovery and he was well and truly down, much to the delight of the rest of the Finn fleet.

However, their glee was short-lived. He still managed to win the series, with Jack Brink runner up.

Some heavy patches of weather made good sailing and the F.D.'s had an exciting time. Len van Velsen in *O.K.* and Selwyn Tucker in *Valkenburg* had a good battle, with *O.K.* finally taking the trophy.

With the wind howling and the top of the water being blown over the mine dumps, we went off to East Rand Yacht Club for their Boksborg Anniversary Trophy. I had a wonderful welcome, everyone was so pleased to see me and I said to myself: "This is a nice club and you could not meet better people—so appreciative and friendly . . ." The next group I met said: "Hullo! We are pleased to see you. Every time you visit us you bring a gale of wind!"

It certainly was a gale and there were some spectacular capsize. Dennis Hammerschlag in *Outlaw* did a real beauty near the starting line. Having spilled them into the water, *Outlaw* began to drift away fast, attended by one member of the crew. Another member, minus life jacket, started shouting for help.

The man on *Outlaw* managed to throw out a life jacket. After a considerable time lag, the rescue craft hove in sight, oars going full blast. One of the gallant crew did not wait till they got there, he leapt into the water and rescued . . . the boat! When last seen, Dennis was swimming grimly for the shore.

V.L.C. had a lot of fun on the same day. A F.D. capsized on a mark and remained there for most of the morning. Finally they had to unstep the mast to get it off. Eric Holdsworth with a capsized 20-footer could be seen swimming strongly and holding up part of a spinnaker, yelling "Star-board" on his way shoreward.

The annual Queen of the Vaal contest, organised by energetic Max Böhm, Commodore of Eligwa, with the assistance of a willing committee, was held at Eligwa in December.

A large panel of judges decided that 17-year-old Vivienne Peters, a blue-eyed, brown-haired Germiston girl with 34-21-34 statistics was the triumphant winner. ■

Dirigo News

(Continued from page 58)

From Miami we sailed through the Florida Keys to Sarasota. We had Karen Crawford, skippers' wife, the baby and a very pretty 19-year-old Swedish nurse aboard. A very pleasant journey and did a lot of spear fishing.

Bjorn got all his front teeth knocked out one night. We had gone to spear fish with a lantern. The guns have such a hard kick-back that he lost all his teeth in an accident.

Look, I might be home soon, but I would like to become a professional yachtsman before I settle down. I may go to the Baltic in the spring as a pro. or do this new Jamaica race which is being substituted for the Havana run.

Well, the three boys then set to, apparently, to get *Dirigo* in spanking shape again—under the eye of Jim Crawford—preparatory to her sale. Eventually she changed hands for \$25,000 and, we believe, Bjorn Johansen is now in charge of her. He will probably be sailing master for the run to San Francisco, after which a Pacific voyage is planned. Jim Crawford's tuition is bearing fruit already. . .

On January 18 the three young South Africans continued their sailing, however each crewing in a different yacht in the 400-mile St. Petersburg—Fort Lauderdale ocean race, the first big event on the 1961 American calendar. Bjorn sailed with *Stray*, "Red" Grimbeek aboard *Interlude* and Jan Lello in *Marelen III*.

The future is in the hands of the boys themselves, Fate—and, of course, the United States immigration authorities. ■

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