



FROM LEFT: Harry Cain, Pat and Kurt Frost, the crew of the Australian yacht *Safari Too*. Pat Lund just returned from her first shower after the trip from Mauritius. The *Safari Too* tied alongside the other round-the-world yachts alongside the yachtclub jetty.

CRUISERS GALORE

BY BIANCA LAVIES

SO much has been written—and will still be written, and seen, when their film is ready—about *Sandefjord's* voyage round the world that I will not even try to cover it in the small space of this magazine.

What I will describe, as it shows the tremendous interest in their venture, is her arrival back in Durban. The welcome she received was more enthusiastic than any yacht has ever had before and I doubt whether it will ever be repeated.

Five yachts sailed out to meet her, loaded with beer, and light planes showered confetti on her from the air. A newspaper photographer was put on board out at sea. The north pier and later the jetty was crowded with welcomers. Movie cameras were in action filming the arrival, while family and friends shed tears of joy and emotion.

The 21 months since their departure in very much the same way, seemed to fall away, seeing them again and *Sandefjord* looked much cleaner and brighter even than when she left.

As if completing a circumnavigation itself was not glamorous enough, Jennifer de Wet, the only girl on board, added romance to the story by announcing her engagement to Fanie Louw, one of the five male crew members, on arrival.

She had joined *Sandefjord* in Sydney after Mary Clayton, who was the only girl on board when the yacht left Durban, changed ships in the Pacific.

Fanie and Jennifer went back to Johannesburg the day after the arrival.

The others are still sorting themselves out. It must be strange to come back in your home-port after all that time and after so many adventures.

Pat and Barry Cullen, the owners of *Sandefjord*, are busy putting together the film. Wally Stright would like to go home to the U.S.A. for Christmas, but this depends on many things, mainly finances. Tim Magennis would like to

go to Ireland for his parents' golden wedding and is busy writing articles.

Sandefjord's magnificent voyage is over, but still will not be the last we have heard of her. Impatiently everyone now awaits her film.

JUST how cosmopolitan you can get was shown by German skipper Kurt Frost, who sailed into Durban with an English wife, a Mauritian crew on an Australian-built yacht!

Kurt, his wife Pat and Harry Cain had left Mauritius 13½ days earlier in *Safari Too*.

The couple are on a round-the-world trip which started in Sydney on July 14. Harry Cain, a friend from Mauritius, just came along for the trip to Durban. He will fly home.

Kurt and Pat married five years ago in Johannesburg where they had met. Kurt had travelled there over the African continent and Pat's flight from England had been a twenty-first birthday present from her parents.

They went to Australia and were there four years during which they built their 34-ft. ketch, designed by John Alden.

They set off without any sailing experience. "Yet the only really narrow escape we had was near the Great Barrier Reef," said Pat.

"But then, of course, we are beginners," said Kurt, "only experienced yachtsmen hit reefs!"

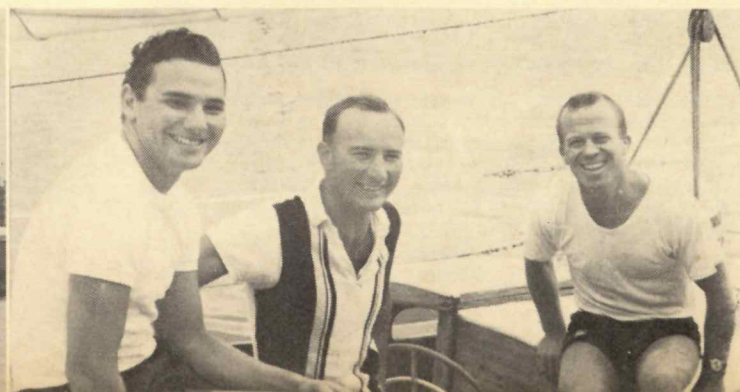
The couple may stay here for a year. "Durban is such a fabulous place. We have been here before. Also there is a lot to be done to the boat."

FLYING an enormous South African flag, lent to them for the occasion by the Merchant Navy Club in Port Louis, Mauritius, the 37-ft. New Zealand yacht *Tamure* arrived at the Durban yacht basin.

On board were MacNell, a civil engineer, Gerry

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The New Zealand yacht *Tamure* arriving at the Durban yacht basin flying a large South African flag lent to them by the Merchant Navy Club in Mauritius. On board is a harbour official showing the way.
FROM LEFT: Gerry Chaillet, MacNell and Dave Baxter the crew of the *Tamure*.



Bravo Sandefjord!

South Africans are particularly proud of *Sandefjord's* seamanlike round-the-world voyage in 20 months because she first planned a circumnavigation well before the war, skippered by the famous Norwegian cruising man, Earling Tambs. She was pitchpoled in the South Atlantic, then sold in Cape Town, and looked like ending her days in week-end pottering—till folk as worthy of her mettle as Barry Cullen and his gang took charge. Now her sturdy Scandinavian ancestry has finally been splendidly vindicated. . . .



Ruth Cullen, wife of Pat Cullen, had not seen her husband for 21 months. Her two little sons had forgotten what their father looked like. Ruth (above right) waves to *Sandefjord* approaching North Pier.

Mrs. Nel Cullen, the mother of Pat and Barry, waves to her two sons as the yacht approaches North Pier with welcoming craft.



Photos: Bianca Lavies



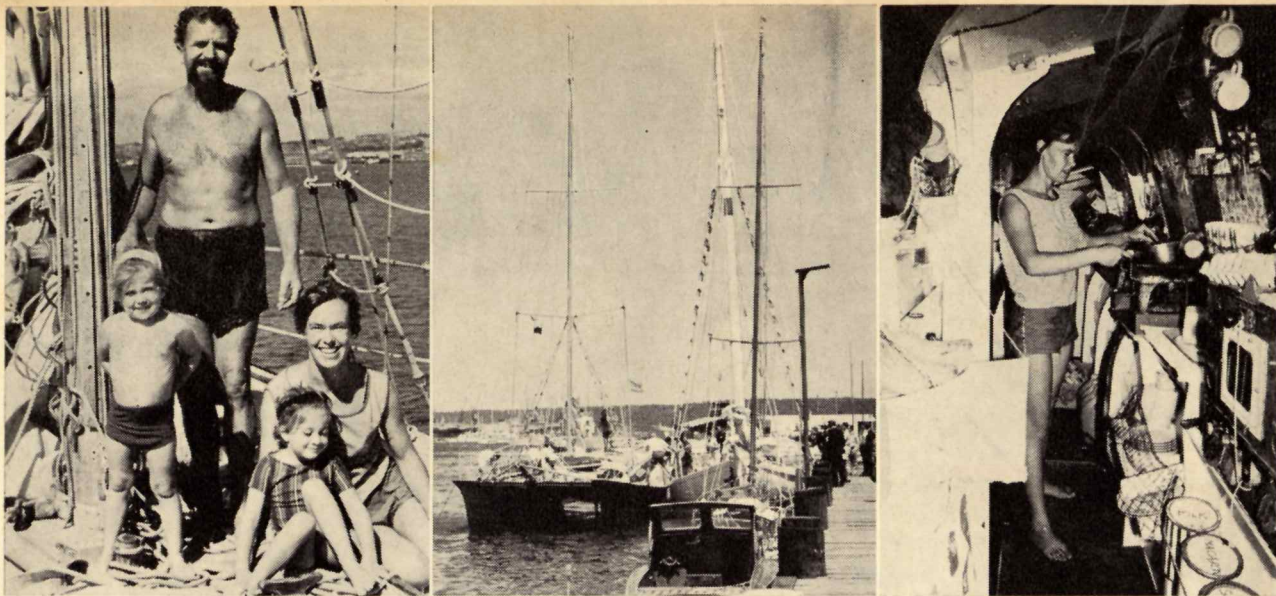
Sandefjord under sail. The Lewis family saw her when they were 14 days from Durban. "A tiny speck against the horizon and the setting sun. We had never met *Sandefjord*, but recognised her from a picture in an Australian magazine." That was this picture. . . .



Jennifer de Wet of Johannesburg. "The trip was like a dream." She announced her engagement to Fanie Louw.

The crew from left: (sitting) Fanie Louw, Barry Cullen (skipper), Jennifer de Wet, Pat Cullen (part-owner with Barry) Wally Stright and Tim Magennis.

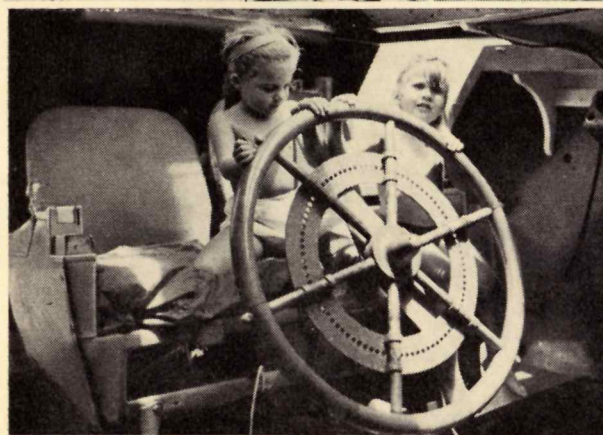




TOP LEFT: The crew of Rehu Moana on arrival in Durban—Dr. David Lewis with (left) Vicky, Suzie and Priscilla Cairns. The catamaran tied alongside Sandefjord.

Priscilla prepares a meal in the galley, in the centre of the port hull. LEFT: Suzie and Vicky in the comfortable double helmsman's seat, which is from a passenger aircraft bought at BOAC's surplus store for R5.00.

Vicky is turning the handle of the sewing machine for Fiona. "My turn next," says Suzie. Photos: Bianca Lavies



CRUISERS GALORE!

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Chaillet, a refrigeration engineer, and David Baxter, a boat-builder, all from Auckland.

"It was the only South African flag we could find in Mauritius," said Mac. "We have to get another one now and send this one back."

"Sandefjord is not here yet? That means we will be owing them the beer." . . . Whoever arrived in Durban first from Mauritius was to supply the other yacht with beer.

"We gave them four days, but I guess they knew we would be faster," winked Mac.

Mac and Gerry had built the craft themselves after the New Zealand designer, Max Carter, had made the shell.

by Bianca Lavies

DR. DAVID LEWIS has sailed into Durban. He is known to yachtsmen the world over through his navigation from Tahiti to New Zealand using old Polynesian methods, and also because he has written three books. His

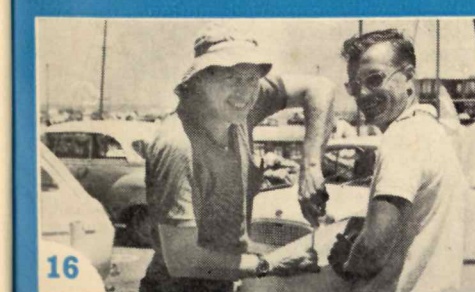
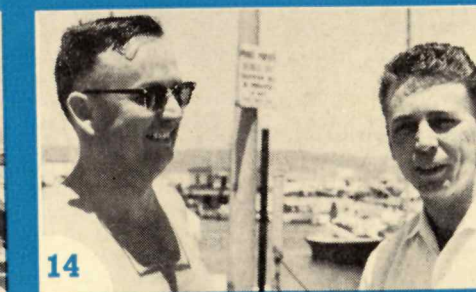
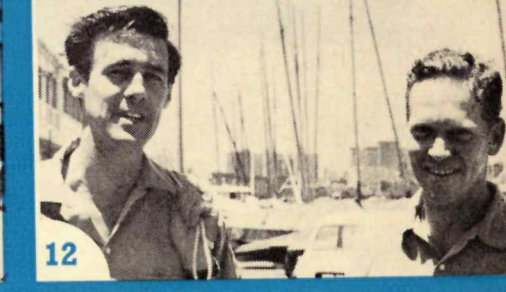
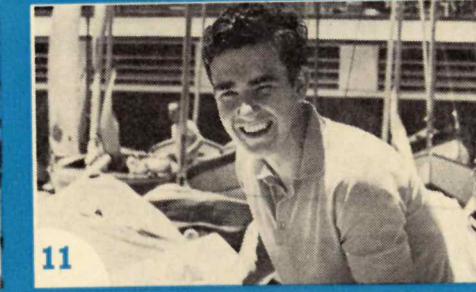
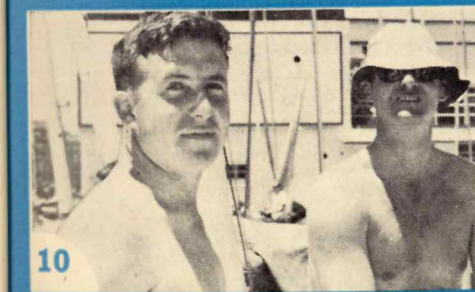
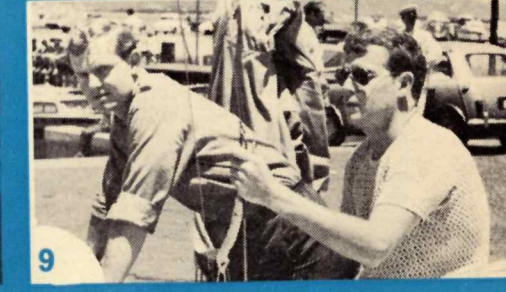
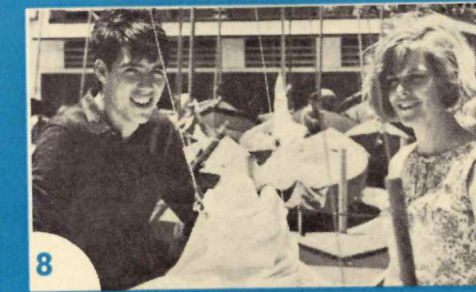
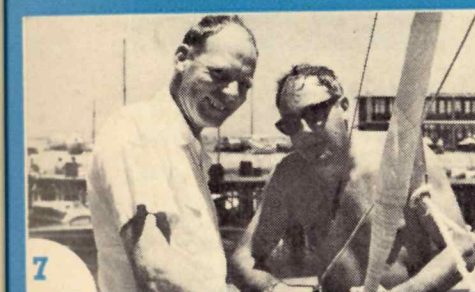
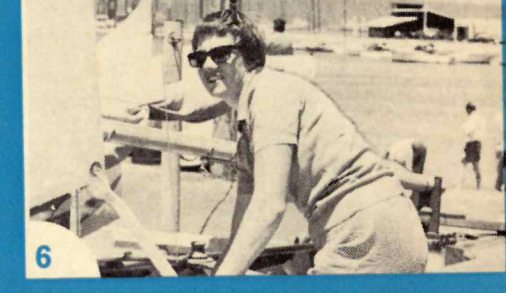
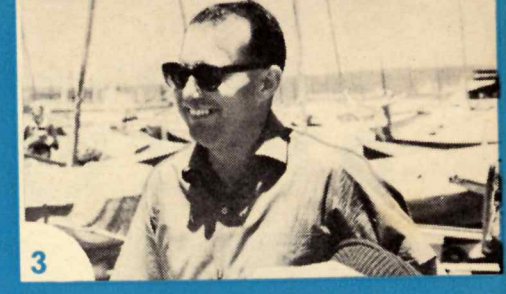
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1. Ruth Liversidge, a keen Reb skipper.
2. Her crew, Jill Buss.
3. Finn skipper Brian Stevens.
4. George Holland and Albert Burns.
5. Les Noble, skipper of the Flying Fifteen Fanfare.
6. Denise Beavan, a Spearhead crew.
7. Ted du Plooy (right) and his crew Dick Andrews.
8. Quinton Dobeyn and Kathy Murison, both from Maritzburg.
9. Rob Lorden and John Fisher.
10. Finn skippers John Howard and Berry Smith.
11. Sprog skipper Stewart Donkin.
12. Flying Fifteen skipper Chris Bonnet and his crew Peter Sale.
13. Finn skipper Collin Tomlinson with wife Barbara and son Call.
14. Basil Beavan and Terry Ellis, Spearhead skippers.
15. Enterprise skipper David Alexander.
16. Enterprise skippers Michael Noyce and Tom Chalmers.
17. Enterprise skipper and crew Glen and Hazel Lawson.
18. Ernest Morrison and Tim Magennis ex-crew of Sandefjord.

Photos: Bianca Lavies

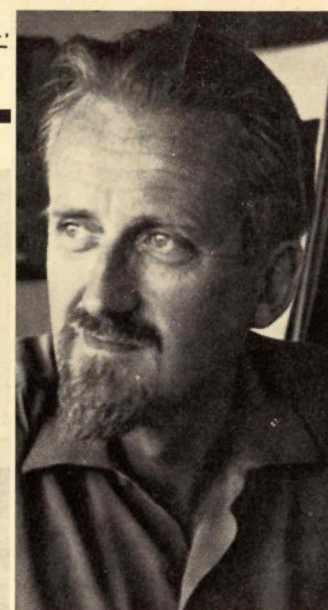
SOUTH AFRICAN YACHTING—December, 1966

DURBAN SAILING TYPES...



SOUTH AFRICAN YACHTING—December, 1966

YACHTSMEN BRING TRAWLERS TO S.A. DELIVERY JOB...



BY A. R. HOME
A Devonshire man who
works with famous
Peter Haward

One of the three trawlers brought out for the new S.A. company Sevago, the Henrietta Spashett, which did the towing and had the scald case...

IN yachting circles certain names have a special flavour, like Napoleon to brandy drinkers. In England J. J. Fenwick and Peter Haward mean "deliveries".

A yacht may often be weatherbound in a foreign port at the season's end. The owner flies home. A busy businessman, he has not time—or inclination—to return to fetch her. He has her delivered. Or he wants her out in the Med. for next year. Or he wants her brought from last summer's cruising ground in the Western Isles to be sold where there are more buyers, near London. Or he has just bought a new boat and wants her fetched to his home haven. Or he is off to Greece or the Caribbean and wants a competent hand to get him there.

According to the size and distance a crew of two or more arrive by train or air, spend a few hours or days checking the gear and then head out to sea.

Perhaps the biggest job to date has just been completed: here in South Africa are three vessels brought out as a fleet by Fenwick, Haward & Co.

When the writer was telephoned in August to join a trawler at Lowestoft, he could hardly have been more surprised. Trawlers are not exactly yachts. Yet the principle of navigating them is the same.

Moreover, our first impression was what a superb conversion such craft would make. . . . For about R100,000 you could have a 90-ft., 90-ton, handsome steel de luxe 9-knotter, about 15 years old but in fine nick and capable of going anywhere in the world.

We came prepared for everything but the reality. We had aimed at six weeks for the roughly 6,000 miles. It was nearly eight before the job was done.

To start with, it took a week to collect crews, store up, swing compasses, get clearance from the bureaucracy and so on.

We had to hoist aboard each of the three boats 50 45-gallon gas-oil drums; a spare propeller and engine parts; rope; fresh fruit & veg. for 10 days; tins for 40 days (cheaper in England); not forgetting essentials like 4,000 gallons of diesel in the tanks, 900 gallons of water, 180 gallons of lube oil; and details like soap, squeezey, matches, novels, charts, passports, currency, suitable clothing for every climate, medical supplies and a favourite of ours—Long Life Milk (100 cartons lasted us the whole trip, still tasting like milk at the end).

Of course everyone's tum differs, and catering for a crew of five or more can be very trying. The mid-ocean islands of the world are said to be full of yacht crews who have fled screaming ashore, driven mad by the idiosyncrasies of their shipmates.

Watch-keeping is the other chief cause of mutiny and mayhem on small craft: helm duties, navigation, cooking, washing-up, (fuel) pumping and other chores have to be fairly distributed. Four on, four off, becomes very exhausting after a time, and nerves at 4 a.m. are apt to be frayed by the forty-ninth day out. . . .

Wit, humour and a willingness to "do it oneself, if it needs doing", are worth more than gold in the bank on a trip such as this.

Setting out in an unknown craft with an untried motion is often a sorry test. Our first 48 hours was an ordeal which might almost have finished us. The weather forecast of "Gale force 8, very rough" was not less than correct. We made Cherbourg as battered and exhausted as any old pug after five rounds with Cassius Clay. One solid green sea smashed a bridge window, filling the helmsman's shirt with cold briny and broken glass. Crew hardly less green were hanging over the stern, soaked to the skin, no longer caring. . . .

On past the Channel Islands, Biscay, Portugal and Morocco to Las Palmas, we were compensated by a week of perfect sunbathing and stargazing, hardly marred by the breakdown and towing of one of our number, cheered on by the prospect of lazy weeks ahead acquiring a tropical tan.

By now we were sleeping on deck and, indeed, living under an ex-Army flysheet strung athwartships abaft the mainmast. It was so hot, sunbathing was uncomfortable except in the early forenoon and late afternoon. So, too, it remained throughout our week of repairs in Gran Canaria.

Then one night, somewhere off Bathurst, lightning flashes were sighted. In the small hours the lookout gave a yell: "Everyone below!" Within minutes rain was sluicing the decks as only tropical cloudbursts can.

We virtually never saw the sun again.

Across the vast inhospitality of the Gulf of Guinea, out of range of D/F beacons, our navigation was largely by guess and by God. Sunsights had to be snatched through stratus haze whenever the chance presented. Dusk and dawn glimpses of stars or moon hardly occurred at all.

'Sdeath, the monotony of that grey little circle of sea and sky we carried with us day after day!

Everyone has their favourite method of fixing the ship's position. We were using Reed's Almanac and Weir Azimuth Diagram. Apart from the usual data for noon sights, Reed's has its own system of Versine tables for solving the spherical triangle and establishing a position line and intercept at any time—very useful when the noon sun is perpetually clouded out.

About the only variants in our boredom were flying-fish and troubles. One boat had to stop with heat and noise in the V.P. mechanism of her main shaft. The chief engineer transferred in mid-ocean and found a nut to tighten. Another had a similar problem with the shaft automatic lubrication under the cabin sole. Later the lube feed-pipe to the governor also broke and was patched with rubber pipe, wired on.

Then the thing one most does not want 1,000 miles from the nearest port: one of the lads had a kettle of boiling water all over his leg.

A few days later, even worse, another caused a meths explosion in the galley. Not only was he himself incapacitated, but another crew member had daily to spend hours fixing dressings and trying—sometimes in rough seas—to make him comfortable. This threw an immense extra strain on the rest.

One day the skipper found himself at the wheel for 13 hours.

There are no ships in this area.

It was a factor of incalculable importance that we had three ships in company. Somewhere not far ahead of us, however, was that brave loner, Francis Chichester. We gave him plenty of thought, and a prayer. . . .

We transmitted regular PAN MEDICO appeals on the R/T. Our only reply was from the *City of Exeter* (my home town!) which was so far away we could hardly hear. Their doctor advised more or less what we were doing already, as best we could.

In the end, navigating from D.R. position by D/F and echo-sounder, we struggled into the welcome quiet of Walvis Bay, which boasts a splendid hospital.

D/F was tricky for us, even when we could get it, as by now our compasses were all wildly out, and it is impossible to do an amplitude check without a visible sunrise. We had them re-swung here and discovered a deviation on some points of 40 degrees. What with this and a strong westerly current it is hardly surprising that our course had seemed difficult to maintain; and we felt it something of a triumph that we managed to hit a tricky landfall like Pelican Point right on the nose after 3,000 miles wallowing across the void.

From there on in to Cape Town our spirits were lightened, even though a near gale-force wind brewed up a horrid head sea.

Still, I am sure that since Western eyes first beheld it, cloud-crowned Table Mountain has never looked more wonderful than it did to us. ■■

CRUISERS GALORE!

(Continued from page 26)

last, *Daughters of the Wind*, will come out with Christmas. The others are *Dreamers of the Day* and *The Ship Would not Steer due West*.

He is New Zealand's "yachtsman of the year 1965", the third to receive this award.

Most of all he is known through the two occasions he took part in the Single-handed Transatlantic Race. The first was in 1960 in *Cardinal Vertue* and the second in *Rehu Moana* in 1964, which was at the same time the beginning of his round-the-world trip in the 40-ft. catamaran.

His wife, Fiona, and two daughters Suzie, now five, and Vicky, 3½, joined him after the race.

The family sailed down to the Cape Verde islands off the African coast, Salvador, Rio de Janeiro, through the Straits of Magellan and up to Valparaiso where Miss Priscilla Cairns, an English schoolteacher, joined them.

"I had met the Lewis family in England," she said, "two weeks before the *Rehu Moana* left. They wrote to me asking could I please come and help with the kids. Also they needed someone who could navigate for their experiment across the Pacific and, as I had done a course in navigation, I was just the right person."

The experimental navigation started in Tahiti, using the ancient Polynesian methods by watching the stars, wind and current direction. All modern instruments were hidden under the care of Priscilla, who plotted the course by modern methods but was not to inform David and Fiona.

At the end of the last 1,600-mile leg from Rarotonga Dr. Lewis was only 40 miles too far east!

They spent seven months in New Zealand overhauling the craft and then continued their trip by way of Tonga, Fiji, the New Hebrides, New Guinea and Cocos.

Then Fiona became ill with jaundice and was forced to leave *Rehu Moana* and fly ahead to her parents in Johannesburg.

She met the craft in Durban six weeks later.

The two little "daughters of the wind" with their blonde ponytails were so excited to see their mummy again then that they nearly jumped overboard when Fiona neared the *Rehu Moana* in a small motorboat.

Suzie and Vicky have spent more than half their life afloat. They were only babies when the trip began. Their world is the sea. It is the only life they know.

Their playground is the boat—and they love it.

On deck they wear a harness tied to the mast. Clothes they wear only on special occasions.

"This makes getting near land a tremendous event," said Priscilla. "For days they talk about what to wear and they try it all on to see if it still fits."

"If they do wear clothes, they take them off before they eat on board, to keep them clean. This once led to a hilarious situation at a fashionable hotel in Santiago. The food arrived and before we could do anything to prevent it the kids had whipped off all their clothes, to the astonishment of everyone in the hotel!"

They have their own small hatch on deck, leading into the boat via their cabin.

Rehu Moana was designed by Colin Mudie and built by Prouts in England and launched in 1963.

The galley and bunks are in the floats and the chart table, radio, two settees, helmsman's seat and steering position are in the centre cabin.

The helmsman's seat is a double one from a passenger aircraft bought at B.O.A.C.'s surplus store for R5. Over the wheel and part of the coach roof is a perspex canopy from a Sabre jetfighter. This brings a lot of light in the cabin and also gives headroom for the person at the wheel.

Most of the time, however, they sail with the help of two self-steering vanes. The only auxiliary power used is a 6 h.p. Seagull outboard motor.

Rehu Moana will be in Durban over Christmas. Then the Lewis family and Priscilla Cairns will set sail for England to complete their circumnavigation round the Cape of Good Hope. ■■