

Been eating like kings. I made bacon mushroom and cheese omelets with sautéed peppers and onions for breakfast. Then for dinner we had some really nice steaks again w m/o/p, mashed potatoes and green beans. We drank a liter of red with supper than I drank untold beers while practicing my braided splicing. I am getting pretty good with rope. Well I am getting chatty better split for now.

04/jun/93 Gib 1000 g.m.t.

Hello from the edge.

Today's Note: If it's sloppy, eat it over the sink.

Willi and I made it into Gibraltar in good health, although Willi now has the trots. Must have been the coos coos.

OK I know your waiting with baited breath for the narration of our exploits and adventures regarding our aquatic travels. Well brush your teeth, crack open a cold one, and get comfy (not that comfy!). This is gonna be gonna be good. Today's typing to the melodies of Steve Miller.

Well I guess I'll start at May 30. As I mentioned earlier we were motoring along with no wind at all. Unknown to yours truly the return fuel line had broken and was merrily pumping 100 liters of precious diesel into the bilge. Only one hour before we had blown, count em, three v-belts on the engine. When I repaired the belts, I gave the engine a real good look-see but not good enough. I'm digging for support; I play heads up ball, don't I? So as you as maxi-cerebral capacity readers have concluded, we ran out of gas. At this point we were about 150 miles from the straight. We played the drifting game for a while. Tired of drifting we attempted the hailing of passing ships in vain. Without even enough wind to keep the boat pointed east things were looking grim. At this rate the beer would be warm in 20 hours. Last ditch effort I raised a pon pon on the VHF. No luck, raised a pan pan nav hazard on 2182 megs side bank, no luck. Ok. Back to the VHF. Got a response at least, smart ass told me to pray for wind. I didn't pray but the wind came anyway. As usual the ocean doesn't do things in a small way. Twenty-five knots out of the west came riding in on waves of white maned stallions like the cavalry in a spaghetti western. Forgive me if I wax poetic. Well we were doing 8-10 knots in the right direction bit still one small problem remained, no fuel.

We were cruising along at 8-10 knots in a following swell with every rag in the air. If you have ever tried this you can appreciate the work involved in steering a boat with a directly following wind and full sail up and poled out to both sides. Not a job for the uninitiated or lack of testicle mass (figure of speech only, I know a few girls with rather large ones). So we went to two-hour shifts. This is totally brutal. No sooner do you get into R.E.M. than CAPT. AHAB is yelling from the deck "two hours!" Eventually you can't sleep when you're off but very sleepy when on watch. This went on for thirty hours with Willi and myself pulling off some really ugly boom jibes. The pulpit being loose we had ran all spare halyards forward just in case. Around 06 degrees longitude the wind sheared off N.E. and we no longer had the option of sailing the straight in daylight, having to tack. I'm brave but not stupid. We had to either get fuel or anchor till morning and hope for wind. After figuring that we could make Barbate de Franco in two hours or Tariffa in three we made our choice in the purist of scientific menthols. We flipped a coin.

Barbate de Franco won the toss and onward ye intrepid explorers.

B.D.F. not answering the radio, we located a large modern marina with the glasses and went in as far as we could under sail. After anchoring in the channel I flagged down a passing fisherman and negotiated a ride into the marina for a case of beer. Upon arriving at the marina I found that no diesel was available, would I like to buy some fish? I didn't buy fish but talked a youth into giving me a lift three miles into town to buy the twenty liters of fuel that I needed for emergencies on the back of his motor bike (had there been fuel in the marina I would have gotten running on the twenty liters and pulled in for eighty more). Back to the marina, back to the fisherman, back to the boat. After priming the main, we pulled out and headed east with favorable winds on a killer stbd reach. The next logical move was to make for the loosing Tariffa and get the fuel we needed to make the straight. Looking at the chart we noticed an interesting feature. Tangier Morocco was the exact same distance. Deciding that we had earned a small holiday, we headed south.

Ten knots boat speed and three of current saw us to Tangier in record time. Customs were very gracious after the proper grease was passed out. We hired a cop to watch the boat and hired a guide to show us the most expeditious route to food and inebriation. The black market is awesome, its every where, the constant harassment wore thin my already tattered nerves. We ate coos coos to strains of wailers and whirling dervishes, no kidding. Bar hopping in a Muslim country is kind of wired. Booze is cheap but hard to find. There are numerous bars serving tea, coffee and soda all night. So that was 18 hours in morocco. We slept, bought fuel and bailed. Not even a post card.

The trip to Gibraltar was uneventful except for the amount of ships in the straight. The radar screen looked like a shotgun pattern. The straight is 8 miles wide at its narrowest point. The cliffs of Morocco and Spain squeeze the horizon into an optical illusion. It looks like the cliffs are collapsing on you. It's kind of hard to explain. Another one of those things you have to see.

So here I sit in Gib. The weather is great. I talked to the owner and everything is kosher. I have made arrangements to haul and block Kopiana in Puerto Sot Grande on the tenth of June. After hauling the boat and organizing the repairs Moser will drive us to Switzerland to do God Knows what. 1200 miles across Europe by auto. I need to buy some film.

I am going to pull this disc and hope for an Apple wherever I go but don't be to surprised to find the third volume penned in my indecipherable hand.

In closing I would like to extend my regrets for the awful style and spelling. But every one of you knows that I do possess other "redeeming qualities" although that is no excuse for illiteracy.

I miss you, all of you. But the adventure goes on. I will keep you up to date as to my whereabouts and distractions.

Well I promised more reading for the loo and here it is. In the next set of letters I will enclose kindling and matches.

As the sculptor Alexander Calder answered when asked if he would be willing to make a mobile of solid gold for the Guggenheim Museum, "Sure, why not? And then I'll paint it black. But I don't suppose that means very much to you. Or does it?"

Fair winds and flat seas
John S. Campbell

