

Second installment.

AUTHORS NOTE: I had forgotten about a story that did not make the log due to paranoid beliefs by the (then) captain that the insurance company would void our policy. The story concerns our overnight stay in Rock Key, Bahamas. We were on the hook in an anchorage and had admittedly not cleared customs/ immigration. But we had not set a single foot on land either. (Hair splitting I know) Anyway about dusk here comes a small open boat with four men in civilian clothes. We had seen them approaching from afar and had prepared. Willie stood on the aft deck with the fire axe. I was on the foredeck with two flare pistols and the rest of the crew was spread about with whatever makeshift weapons came to hand. When the four men came alongside the (then) captain hailed them and asked about their intentions. The response from the men was that they were Bahamian Customs officials and that they would board us for inspection. The (then) captain's response was that if they came back in daylight with a marked vessel and showed proper ID they would be welcomed aboard. A long silence ensued while the four men eyed the yacht and weighed their odds. They gave a quick wave and we never saw them again. That was one long night on watch.

01/05/93 ST. GEORGE

Spent three hours trying to find two #12X1/2 machine screws for the roller main, no way, started asking boats, found some.

Willie is writing post cards I must do the same. Laundry is all done, even folded. Drank like fifty Indians last night. Bass ale good stuff.

If you go to Bermuda bring a camera and a million dollars.

Installed new sheave pin and dialed in steering, installed new coupler bolts and aligned engine. Pulled access hatches and plugs, did a visual fluids level inspection. Busy morning for a hang over. Wicked Taco Bell craving, took a bus to Hamilton to provision.

05/05/93 se@5 2-3 0830

Time to recap

Cleared customs and slipped lines 1300 02/05/93, left post cards in the care of a waitress. Hope everyone gets theirs.

First day uneventful e@10 2-4. Organized schedule four hours on four off.

Cook every other day on off time.

-3/05/93 e@25-30 8-10

Sailed north just to sail

-4/05/93sse@20 8-10

Finally sailing the course. Got pushed pretty far north and west, nothing major doing 140 miles today.

-4/05/93

Every thing was fine, doing 7knts then at 2200 it all died, damn. Had to fire up the blue beast. That bloody Perkins has a shitty Air Research turbo charger that screams high c any time over 1100 R.P.M.. There is no escape from the resonant frequency. I am listening to it now as the wind has not yet returned.

*note*I had a local ask me if we had arrived via the triangle. Funny it never crossed my mind.

Another day and I will add 14 degrees to my bearing. By then we should be in the area of 37 N lat, and able to use the favorable wind and current that both run east.

10/05/93

Hello again. May sixth thru the eighth wind was s.s.w.@10-15 flat calm seas. Running down hill @7-9.

Made a pizza from scratch. It came out really good. People say any thing on a boat tastes good. B.S. They never had Willi's spatzle and cabbage stir fried in bacon grease.

My arch enemy Mr. Sea Sick Ness has yet to show his ugly face. Found a spare drive pulley for the water maker. Installed it, changed the filters. 100% better, now making 25 g.p.h.

Repaired cockpit VHF, repaired stereo, swung autopilot compass for mag variance.

May 9 Wind in our face, still making 9 knots hard stbd tack (225 miles yesterday). The rolling genoa, when reefed, has its clew so high up the forestay that although it making lots of power, it is also laying the boat over severely. It makes for slippage and difficult trimming.

May 10 Passed s.v. Nordkap and s.v. Lady Christine, both left Bermuda a day before us. We were hauling a

SS @ 10 to 11 knots. s.s.b. says big storm, believe it. Winds are already up to 30 and seas 15 and growing. Am wearing a harness whenever on deck. Called Nordcap and LC on VHF and bet a round of drinks. Racing to Fiale AZORES Horta.

Position as of 1210h 3855n x 4321w

12/05/93 sw 15 seas 15-18

Two days of hell, one minute we were whale watching, the next the barometer drops to 992. *\$##@#!&@%@\$&*&@##\$@!%\$

Wind clocks to the east at 40 plus with 50 to 60 knt gusts breaking waves of 25 to 30 easy, totally insane, terrifying. Now your on top of the world looking down this cliff of water then all 68 feet of boat plunges down that cliff, black thundering walls of water surrounding you. Then it got worse.

Maintained radio contact with Nordkap and LC. LC lost steering and went emergency tiller. Nordcap(a 102' steel square rig ketch) blew up every sail on the boat. We blew the port genoa sheet and smoked the leech and clew as a result. Went to bare poles last night around 1200 when the port fwd porthole blew in, taking on water in a large way, ripped the door off the spice locker, wrapped a towel around it, and wedged it in place with a dinghy oar, drove it home with a large hammer. Every hatch and porthole leaks, every bunk is soaked, all my clothes ARE DRY.

This morning we hove - too, put out two sea anchors, two milk crates and a bucket, grabbed the first sleep in fifty odd hours.

Woke up at 1100 wind was back to sw at 15. Seas were rolling at twenty not breaking at thirty. LETS GO!

Doing 7.5 with reefed main. Could put on spare sheets genoa but I want to see the leech in daylight.

Didn't hear much on the side band for weather, some Mexican was stepping all over the transmission as usual. Barometer back to 1,000.

13/05/93 39.21n x 043.49w ne@25-30 seas 10-15 breaking.

good day sailing barometer 1040 hauling ass down hill 10-12 knots.
Sail taped the leech and used the spinnaker sheets, seems to be
holding.

1500h wind back east at 20 ssb says another depression at 40 x 37.

Who ordered the hard stbd tack for breakfast? Playing radio trivia
with Nordkap. Life at 15 degrees, I am starting to believe that Azores
is Portuguese for rotten weather.

20/05/93

Big storm on the 13th damaged the maxi prop. Huge sperm whales every
where. On the 15th 12 miles from shore the haze settled in line thick
fog vis less than 100 feet. And the gps went on holiday, made the land
fall strictly on radar.

In the last week we have become very close with the crews from
Nordkap and LC.

*note*Final count three boats lost and one still unaccounted for one of
the lost boats was a thirty-five foot cat from FLORIDA.

LOST FOUR IN BERMUDA
LIFE WAS STARTING TO SUCK
A TWO MAN CREW WAS PUSHING OUR LUCK

Are you guys keeping track of the constant repairs? This boat was high
and tight when we left. If you are going to go...You had better be
ready.

STAY TUNED.