

Vic-Maui by Sextant 1976

by Kenneth Park



THE SIXTH VICTORIA MAUI INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACE

JULY 3, 1976

sponsored by the

ROYAL VANCOUVER YACHT CLUB

and the

LAHAINA YACHT CLUB



ROYAL VANCOUVER YACHT CLUB

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OFFICIAL STARTER

HIS HONOUR

THE LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

on board

M.V. "SEA-Q" (Ronald L. Cliff, R.V.Y.C.)

STARTING TIME 11:00 A.M. OFF BROTCHE LEDGE LIGHT, VICTORIA, B.C.

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VANCOUVER

VICTORIA-MAUI INTERNATIONAL RACE COMMITTEE
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M. PARK, D. ROCKETT, M. SEABERN
J. SEABERN, D. WILLIAMS, W. WOOKEY

Corinthian Yacht Club Liaison: W.A. GARDNER

COMMUNICATIONS VESSEL
"VAYA"

Skipper: Hank Stiggelbout, M.D.

M. BLAKE

Senior Staff Officer Meteorology and Oceanography
Department of National Defence, Canada

ROBERT F. SHORE

Chief, Operations Division, U.S. Department of Commerce,
National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration



'Starduster' fully dressed with signal flags lies at dock (center of picture) ready and waiting in Victoria Harbour.

A Voyage from Victoria, BC to the Island of Maui in a 54 foot Ketch would be an adventure of both exhilarating and intimidating dimensions. Accepting Bill Francis's generous invitation to join Starduster's crew as navigator and radio operator meant assuming the serious responsibility for the safe guidance of a small ship carrying ten people across the North Pacific Ocean to a dot on the chart, 2400 nautical miles away as the crow flies, using only the celestial bodies and my untested navigational schooling to shepherd us. The sextant, supported by other navigational accoutrements and the requisite skills to use them proficiently, would be our only pathfinder. Common sense would suggest that anyone who undertook this commission enjoyed an established level of competence in the art of astral navigation as well as the human ability to function effectively in deep sea sailing conditions. I could guarantee neither, having never sailed across an ocean nor tested my celestial navigational skills except in the simulator of local experience. I was not alone. None of Starduster's crew was certified ... but all were anxious to test themselves against the challenges of this staggering opportunity.

Stardusters Crew

<u>Skipper</u>	<u>Cook</u>	<u>Sailing Master</u>	<u>Navigator/Radio Operator</u>
<i>Bill Francis</i>	<i>Norma Francis</i>	<i>Ian Rigg</i>	<i>Ken Park</i>
<u>Deck Hands</u> (<i>Francis Children</i>) - <i>Bill Jr, Terry Lynn, Gordon, Dean</i>			

Rick Miller, Colin Fleming

All crew members had varying amounts of local racing and cruising experience.

Starduster

A Robert Perry designed CT-54 built in Taiwan arrived in Vancouver in March of 1976. She was immediately moved to Fisherman's Cove, dry-docked and work crews set about completing her readiness for offshore voyaging with a rare dedication. She was returned to the water, moved to the Royal Van Yacht Club and christened 'Starduster' after which an even more hectic fitting-out program began. Foul-ups made progress slow and it was clear there would be no time to waste in making her ready for the July 3rd departure date.

Precious little opportunity was allotted for shakedown cruises but multiple problems managed to be identified and resolved. However, four months proved a stingy allocation of time within which to guarantee the seagoing stamina of Starduster and her crew.

Amazingly, the shortcomings experienced during the voyage were mostly discomforting annoyances, easily handled or adjusted to with the exception of losing our Spinnakers.

I double-timed my endeavors to ready myself for the duties that I would be expected to perform. My navigation skills were honed and all relevant route navigational aids were researched and codified for easy reference. Although my sailing duties were expected to be limited, as a boat owner and experienced inshore racing sailor I felt confident of being able to carry my weight in any seagoing duties except climbing the mast ... I own a dreadful fear of heights!

My interest and study of celestial navigation, which was inspired by a lingering ambition to sail offshore with my wife Laurie, pre-dated the Vic-Maui race by two years. Studying under the expert tutelage of a RVYC neurosurgeon whose enjoyable night school classes were both instructive and challenging made the learning stimulating. Once armed with the magic of this black art, Laurie and I would drive down to Point Roberts, Washington, well before dawn, and prepare to capture our 'sights'. These were then 'reduced' to a terrestrial position and verified for accuracy. Only Point Roberts provided us with the critical '*unobstructed Southern horizon*' so necessary for obtaining accurate altitude determinations of celestial bodies within a convenient distance from home.



Noon sun sight at Point Roberts May 74

signals from WWV's station in Boulder, Colorado ... all essential to the success of the shoot which was sustained by the fortified thermos of coffee.

Doubtful US customs officers were always fascinated by my answer to their standard question "and what is the purpose of your visit" ... "we're going to South Beach to take some celestial shots". After many such visits, they just waved us on. I'm sure they concluded we were probably up to matters less scientific and romantically more delightful than declared.

We'd arrive ready to do business celestial style with our Camper, Sextant, Nautical Almanac, Star Finder, Reduction Tables, and a Sony SW radio that provided atomically generated time

As dawn broke we'd "knock down" the choice targets (Saturn was a bonus sight one morning) and then tackle the sun when it rose. Since we knew our exact position at Point Roberts, a privilege that would be denied us at sea, it was easy to gauge the consistency of our plotted sights against our maximum position error goal of "under a mile" ... a destination not easily achieved without considerable practice by the way.

In addition to my navigational notions, I was a licensed amateur (Ham) radio operator which required competency in the use and understanding of high frequency radio systems, antenna design and communications technique in both the voice and Morse code spectrums. As Starduster was continuing on from Hawaii to the South Pacific, Bill asked me to complete a radio installation for her that would include both the Commercial and Amateur bands with the latter being highly prized for its usefulness in offshore cruising.



Author with Heathkit HW-101 High Frequency Amateur Transceiver – Home Made

Researching and installing an efficient antennae system for the two SSB transceivers proved a lengthy but surprisingly effective and rewarding assignment which performed

commendably during the race and served Starduster throughout her South Pacific voyaging. Especially appreciated by our crew was the utility of the Ham radio for our nightly calls home. RVCY anchored the race communications from its Vancouver clubhouse and as one of the Ham-equipped boats we were asked to be a backup for Vaya, the 44 foot Motor-Sailor that accompanied the fleet as the official communications vessel.

Prior to the race, I hunted down a retired doctor from Royal Van who had sailed the Vic-Maui as navigator several times. His compact advice was to “sail out to 130 W, run down that longitude to Ocean Station November, hang a right, pick up the trades and surf down to Maui”. In short, he claimed the race could be accomplished in two tacks.

One can appreciate this wisdom by reviewing the June Routeing Chart - 5127 for the North Pacific which shows a preponderance of North-Northeast winds of bountiful strength along the US coast which gradually veer to more dominant North Easterlies as you enter the Trades at around 30 north. Gradually they develop into predominantly East-Northeast providing comfortable downwind propulsion direct to the Islands.

Although this course involves a longer distance than sailing the rhumb line, you can enjoy the benefit of the California Current and the usually favorable winds while avoiding the dreaded Pacific High ... a mid-ocean resort known only for its good swimming (have someone with an assault rifle watching for sharks) and slatting sails!

In contrast, the rhumb Line course of 220 Magnetic to Maui, shows determined “heading” South-Southwesterly winds beginning around 43 North which become fickle and progressively lighter as you go south. On entering the NE trades (we found them at 33 N) the wind strengthens and settles into the East-Northeast pattern with a gradual intensifying as you close on Maui surfing downwind at hull speed under full spinnaker.

For reasons that escape me now, we decided to gamble on the rhumb line and suffered the vagaries of the clocking winds, the desperation of the calms and the serious worry of missing the fleet celebration party at the Old Maui Prison. It seems the doctor’s medicine was well prescribed then and doubtless stands today, notwithstanding any revisions needed for climate change or El Niño.

Starduster was not designed for ocean racing and although she was commodious and well sailed her limited abilities were further crippled by the loss of her two Spinnakers whose halyards both parted during the race due to a defective masthead sheave.

A sobering bulletin from the race committee focused our attention on the potential for difficulties that ran with this undertaking. It read “All participants in this race are asked to be on the lookout for a 25 foot Trimaran ‘Drum’ that left Hawaii in May 1976 bound for Seattle with John and Cordelia McNinn aboard and has not been seen or heard from since”. Clearly, there couldn’t be much to lookout for after that much time had passed.



Sailing Master Ian Rigg and author review the weather forecast at the pre-race skippers meeting in the Empress Hotel, Victoria, B.C. We experienced light winds for several days after the start followed by an extended bout of heavy weather as we worked away from the Washington coast to the SW. That pattern seemed to accord with the charted low pressure and frontal system shown on the map.

The Start
July 3rd

The Lieutenant Governor of BC, on board the M.V. Sea-Q, signaled the start of the sixth Victoria Maui International Yacht Race on July 3rd, 1976 at 11:00 Hrs. off the Brotchie Ledge Light, Victoria, BC

“Starduster”, a CT-54 ketch owned and skippered by Bill Francis, crossed the start line under full sail bound for a finish line off the Maui Kai Condominium on the Island of Maui.

Despite an aggressive start (we were almost fouled out by leeward boats, ‘Bones V’ and ‘Trumpeter’ luffing us hard) we languished in the light airs off Cape Flattery for two precious days while most of the fleet escaped and sailed south over the horizon.

July 4th Lat 48 30 Long 124 55

The WWVH weather forecast this morning was a little crunchier than what we had been served up by Environment Canada at the Skippers Meeting before the race started. A large and deep 992mb low pressure system with 16 foot seas and winds of 35 knots was inbound toward the fleet with an ETA of late in the day tomorrow. It was almost good news as we sat glumly looking out at the Tatoosh Lighthouse, slatting uncomfortably in the heat and humidity on a breathless lumpy sea.

Those in the fleet that had made their getaway from this decidedly great fishing hole forced us to do some hard sailing in order to get back into contention. An amorous whale came along side during the night and startled us with his loud and stinky blow. According to the deck crew we enjoyed his lingering company for some time. For political reasons I refrained from making any regrettable comparisons between Starduster and the whale.

July 5th Lat 48 24 Long 125 26

Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!
The skipper, he blew whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

It didn’t seem possible but I awoke at 06:00 to find Tatoosh hadn’t moved! By late afternoon the forecasted weather system began to show its face, darkening the horizon and pelting us with warm rain. We discovered that transmitting on the SSB radios caused the steering and wind direction instruments to deflect significantly. This was no doubt a lack of adequate shielding for the instruments by the builders that was not discovered during the limited shakedown cruises before the race.

Finally it happened! The wind filled in from the SW after roll call at 16:00 and our spirits climbed with every gust. We started to move along smartly with all canvas flying, soon being powered by 15 knots and rising. The Skipper’s fishing line caught a nice salmon and matters were looking decidedly better even though we were in last position as confirmed by the comparative Lat/Longs that were declared at today’s roll call.

July 6th Lat 46 59 Long 128 20

**Down came the storm, and smote again
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.**

By the end of my deck watch at 18:00, Starduster was demanding a lot of helm work to keep her from stealing control. The wind had strengthened steadily over my two hour watch and I recommended shortening sail to the replacing deck crew. The advice was declined and by 19:00 the large Genoa tore requiring an all hands on deck to re-sail her.

Two Francis crew members, Dean and Terry-Lynn were down with seasickness which was becoming critical due to the growing risk of dehydration. A gathering concern for their health in the continuing heavy weather raised the prospects of having to abort the race or remove them to safety. The persistent slamming and violent pitching motion of Starduster was taxing the crew and fatigue entered the ring as another threat to our stamina. We continued beating to weather in significantly increasing seas with winds now reaching 30 knots. I was fortunate to not suffer the debilitations of 'mal de mere' and although weary, was fit enough to increase my watch duties and spell off those temporarily 'hors de combat'. Endurance was however, becoming a diminishing asset.

By dark the winds were gusting 40 knots and sea conditions were mirroring this fact. Reefing had been left too late and now became a delicate and potentially crew risking business. Starduster carried a very large main and controlling its tree-sized boom in the wild sea conditions was the pre-occupying dilemma. She would have to be brought head-to-wind and held there long enough to lower and reef the sail without the help of her engine, which if used for maneuvering, would have meant disqualification from the race.

The plan was to ease the mainsail halyard allowing the sail to drop just enough to enable the loosened boom to be quickly secured in its storage crotch after which the sail could be safely dealt with and re-raised. In the event, it was clockwork, accomplished smoothly by the skipper with the crisp help of all hands – a very creditable performance of seamanship all around and aided immeasurably by the excellent deck lighting Starduster sported!

In the midst of the excitement a hand-held floating light accidentally fell overboard, disappearing quickly behind us, its beam bobbing brightly and violently into the stormy blackness. It was a chilling apparition. One shuddered in imagining the fate of a crew member in similar distress ... clearly; a recovery would have been unlikely.

Later that evening the wind abated and another all hands on deck was called to shake out the earlier reefs. After that disturbance I made for the forepeak to try sleeping, but soon withdrew finding it crammed with the torn Genoa and taking in deck water. But it was there or nowhere so I opted for the nowhere of the navigator's station bench, a refuge where fatigue soon conditioned me to the fine art of catching and living on a few winks.

The heavy weather continued making it necessary to rope off the cabin to enable the crew to move about safely below. Navigation was restricted to dead reckoning plots only. We had enjoyed proportionately good progress during the last twenty four hours and have started to regain our grip on the fleet. Sadly, no improvement in Dean's condition!

July 7th Lat 45 37 Long 130 46

Today's roll call confirmed we're moving up on other boats ... but a lot of the positions, including ours were based on DR as the adverse weather covering the fleet made celestial sights difficult to get or trust. I managed a weak sun shot which suggested we were probably 1° north of our DR but decided to stick with the latter as it was anyone's guess.

During my watch the winds showed increases from 20 to 35 knot gusts so I called for shortened sails in an effort to keep Starduster on the course line which meant beating into it. Can't imagine the hell on the smaller boats; one has already retired from the race.

Aeolus, keeper of the destructive winds in Greek mythology, in punishment for my grievous offenses, faithfully unleashes the hurricanes whenever he finds me at the helm of a sailboat. Rigg, observing this infallible phenomenon decided to christen me 'Hurricane' as a token of endearment, thereby assuring Aeolus's continuing fury in our future escapades of racing madness on the often violent waters around Vancouver. He never disappointed us and certainly hadn't forgiven me so far on this voyage!

It was a relief to go below, although escape was only from the pelting rain and wearing wind. Movement was planned before attempted and even at that, on one careless occasion I was pitched hard into the navigation bench earning myself a damned sore back for a few days. Why am I doing this, an oft asked self-question, never properly answered!

I was determined to ease my fatigue with a luxurious sleep ... any sleep being luxurious! There before my desperate eyes lay young Rick looking far too comfortable in the bunk. So, with unmerciful pleasure I roused him out of it at 20:00 and slept with the dead until 03:30 which held the ship's current record. Our deck slaves worked a 4-on-6-off regimen that my favoured position excused me from. However valuable sleep time was mostly determined by bunk availability and I deferred to their needs at most opportunities.



Above -- Beating to weather in the northern latitudes

Below -- a tropical sunset



July 8th Lat 45 02 Long 131 21

Conditions for taking sights this morning were the best since leaving. A very good Prime Vertical presented itself through a hole in the cloud followed by a useful mid-morning Line of Position ... both of which, as suspected earlier, suggested that our DR position was still a whole degree too far south. This was convincingly confirmed by our noon Meridian Passage. The news lowered morale measurably as it was usually seen as ground we had already covered and would now have to re-sail. My proffered sympathies were of little help. On the other hand I concealed my glee in the comfort of finally knowing where in hell on that ocean we actually were ... which, after all, was what I was hired for!

Roll call today would doubtless expose the despair or joy of many of our competitors who also faced the judgment day realities of an accurate position sight. Certainly, an energized dinner table conversation would be in the offing tonight with the inevitable tea-leaf reading predictions of our situational chances for success. But continued beating to weather was not Starduster's long suit and our poor progress reflected this.

My daily routine as the navigator-radio operator varied little. Early each morning, after washing any dishes and making the coffee, I would start gathering the information necessary to work up our current dead reckoning (DR) or estimated position in preparation for the first sight of the day called a Prime Vertical (PV). This provided a fix of our longitude using the sun and an updated Line of Position (LOP) from which I could massage our DR plot for the all-important meridian passage (MP) or noon sight.

On many days the weather didn't cooperate and I was unable to get any sights. In these circumstances, which were more frequent at the higher latitudes, you would continue to run your DR plot until the weather improved and a sight became possible.

Almost always, our DR would prove to have been more optimistic than the actual results revealed by a subsequent fix. In mid-ocean it was not troubling to miss a day's sights due to unfavorable weather. On the other hand, it was always comforting to have a good idea of your position in the event of an emergency necessitating a call for help. Rescuers need to know where to find you and a recent fix could be invaluable ... even lifesaving.

Next, I would check WWVH for the current North Pacific storm warnings which gave us a heads-up on any heavy weather heading our way. Arrangements were made by the race committee with the US Weather Bureau to broadcast weather information specifically affecting the race route which proved very helpful indeed.

Later in the voyage WWVH started reporting on two tropical storms that developed off the coast of Mexico, one of which became hurricane Diana and tracked toward Hawaii. We continued to plot her movement and it started to look as though she might be planning a Hawaiian vacation in unison with our ETA. Luckily for us, she was downgraded to a tropical storm and continued to lose steam but it was quite sobering to realize that hurricanes do visit the Hawaiian Islands at that time of year.

WWVH's time signal and the sextant are the primary tools for capturing a Meridian Passage, the main navigational event of the day performed at noon local time. By knowing the exact time the sun crosses your local meridian, along with its altitude, you're dealt the Royal Flush of celestial navigation ... an accurate latitude and longitude fix.

I used Starduster's elegant Japanese made sextant while Rigg backed me up with my old plastic Ebbco. Significantly, there was rarely any major difference in our selected altitudes.

To reduce the sights I preferred the Marine Sight Reduction Tables 229 together with the Nautical Almanac and the simplified worksheets (see completed form at left) created to minimize the possibility of error. Many navigators used the Air Tables HO 249 which were designed for aircraft navigators and are simpler to use, although less accurate. Today's navigator would just turn on his Garmin hand-held GPS and instantly read off his Lat/Long in any weather with enviable accuracy ... the coward!

229 FORM FOR ANY BODY

Body Sun UL 11 Ship Time 0952 Zone 5 Date May 1, 1979
 DR Lat 14° 34' N Long 75° 15' E Course 254° Cmp Speed 6 kn.

Chr. Time <u>2 h 53 m 50 s</u> Error + <u>2 m 04 s</u> Corr. Chr. <u>2 h 51 m 46 s</u> (+12h) <u>12 h</u> GMT <u>14 h 51 m 46 s</u> Date <u>May 1</u>	Hs <u>59° 17.8'</u> IE <u>1.0'</u> <u>59° 18.8'</u> Dip <u>0 34'</u> Ha <u>59° 15.4'</u> Corr'n <u>0</u> Corr'n +/- _____ Moon HP _____ Corr'n +/- _____ Ho <u>59° 30.8'</u>
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GHA: hrs: 30 44.0
 Incr. + 12 56.5
 v or SHA +/- _____

GHA Body 43 40.5
 (+ 360°) 360
403 40.5

Decl. hrs.: 15 08.7 N
~~d~~ 0.7 0.6'

Actual Dec 15 09.3 N

Base Dec 15 0 N/S

Assmd. Lat. 15 0 N/S

LHA Body 328

Dec. Inc. 09.3

Tab. Hc 59 07.1 ~~d~~ 3.6'
 net Corr'n 0.7'

Calc. Hc 59 07.8
 Ho 59 30.8' dsd 3.5'

Intercept 23.0 A
 Zn _____

Assumed Position: 15 0 N/S
75 40.5 E/W

1st Diff.	Corr'n:
<u>3</u>	<u>0.5'</u>
<u>0.6'</u>	<u>0.1'</u>
1st Diff.	<u>0.6'</u>
dsd Corr'n +	<u>0.1'</u>
net Corr'n	<u>0.7'</u>

Z Base Dec	<u>85.8°</u>
Z Next Dec	<u>83.8°</u>
diff 1°	<u>-2.0°</u>
Dec Incr diff.	<u>-0.4°</u>
Z Base Dec	<u>85.8°</u>
Actual Z	<u>85.4°</u>
Zn	<u>085.4°</u>
Compass φ	_____°
Compass Error	_____° E/W

For the uninitiated, many of the terms and calculations used in celestial navigation would be mystifying. GHA or Greenwich Hour Angle, SHA or Sidereal Hour Angle, LHA or Local Hour Angle et cetera plus such confounding definitions as "Second Difference - the difference between successive first

differences” suggest the dark wizardry of a Harry Potter movie. However, the process of capturing the sight angle, which is usually a series of ‘sights’ averaged, and the subsequent reduction arithmetic is quite straightforward although mistakes are easy to make as I mention later in this tale.

After determining our position from the noon sight fix, I would enter it on a plotting chart and start a new DR course from that geographical point. Lastly, I would post the new compass course to steer for the next 24 hours together with the calculated ‘miles to go’ MTG along with the miles ‘made good’ MMG in the last twenty four hours.



COMMUNICATIONS VESSEL “VAYA”

With this information in hand we were ready for the daily *roll call* when we shared our latest position detail with the world. Vaya handled this daily check-in at 1600 and it was always the highlight of the day, enjoyed by all crew members not on duty who gathered at the navigator’s station to listen to the latest race news, banter and juicy gossip!

Before the formal check-in started, we were usually treated to a good half hour of free-for-all raillery between the fleet’s radio operators. No taboos restricted these sessions which covered the spectrum from soggy sandwiches to hilarious insults inspired by relative race positions. Occasionally, we were favored with full detail of parties being planned on arrival,

including who was responsible for arranging the girls that would attend.

Vaya’s roll call was conducted in a crisp and professional manner. Only the vessels name, latitude, longitude, brief weather report, barometer and call sign were permitted. After the check in was completed and everyone’s position information was exposed, we would rush to etch their lat/longs on our North Pacific Plotting Chart and determine everyone’s relative race positions ... which in our case remained quite respectable until ‘Black Friday’. Always entertaining was the roll call-in of the Fuji 35 - 34’ sloop “IMPOSSIBLE” from the Corinthian Yacht Club which began with a cultivated and emphatic declaration “This ... is IMPOSSIBLE” and then went on to relay their essential secrets which invariably placed them at the back of the fleet.

You had to envy their obvious enjoyment, enthusiastically ‘bringing up the rear’ of the fleet and cheerfully defending that position to win the coveted “Turtle trophy”.

I had my first bath in a cup of water and officially consigned my ‘gaunch’ to the sharks ... it really felt good to clean myself up. I thought that the Skipper had set ‘paranoid’ water use limits on the crew and I was certain we’d arrive with more water in the tanks than we left with. This was only partially in jest as Starduster was plagued with deck leaks making things below wet enough to wring out and enjoy a good wash down if necessary!

July 9th MMG 77 MTG 1819 @ 211M Lat 43 29 Long 131 30

Had a great four hours sleep on the floor of the Nav station. I awoke refreshed at 03:30 to help Fleming who was busy repairing the torn genoa. Norma put the finishing touches on it with her sewing machine and the sail was fit for service again. The wind continued light on our nose making progress dismal so we opted for Southing and a reach during the last twenty four hours. At noon the wind died completely and sails were taken down ... still becalmed at 19:00 with 11 miles progress since noon. I’m off to bed at 09:00 disgusted!

Day after day, day after day, we stuck nor breath nor motion

As idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean

Water, water, everywhere and all the boards did shrink

Water, water, everywhere nor any drop to drink, no no

July 10th MMG 72 MTG 1747 @ 210M Lat 42 19 Long 132 36

What’s happening? The Skipper is rousing me up at 02:30. Spinnaker is up and we are freight training along in 25-30 knots, raining, dark and cold but we’re heading in the right direction ... 210M. At 06:00 the wind had shifted so we were just about to execute a jibe when suddenly a frightening clamorous bang resounded throughout the boat and we stared horrified at the sight of our large spinnaker fluttering down and wrapping over the bow. Nightmare can be the only word to describe this costly and disheartening event.

We thought it might be possible to untangle and save the sail but the crew’s Herculean efforts were finally abandoned in favor of removal which proved to be even more formidable, consuming over two laborious hours in an uncomfortable sea while clinging to the bowsprit and dolphin striker. Eventually it was cleared and with our standby spinnaker raised we headed off in these profitable winds surfing down the waves dead-on on the rhumb line for Maui.

We enjoyed a good phone patch session with Vancouver this evening and Laurie confirmed that the RVYC race committee had our position as thirteenth in the fleet.



On my watch and looking suspiciously like something you might see on the label of a frozen seafood product!

My deck watch was timed so that the regular sailors could be treated to a superb dining experience usually with a glass of wine at Norma's fine restaurant "The Star Duster". Roast beef with all the trimmings was a certain Sunday fare and the other meals were no less sumptuous. At roll call one could muster a good deal of sympathy for the crews on the smaller boats, vocally lamenting their meager rations and describing in a hungry mouth-watering fashion their forthcoming steak dinners to be ordered in Lahaina.

Alcoholic spirits were rationed to two beers each per day and when Rigg came off watch at 05:00 we quickly drank both down. It was a much enjoyed repast which Rigg aptly named the 'two brown-egg breakfast'. We also smoked a cigarillo which I must have shamelessly and consistently mooched from him as I recall taking only my pipe along on the voyage. But alas, old friends have a way of being there when you need them and often when you don't! Our morning ritual was a respite, a short bout of serenity at sea.

July 11th MMG 141 MTG 1606 @ 209M Lat 41 05 Long 135 46

For sheer terror nothing beat the skipper kick-starting me awake in the middle of the night to identify the intentions of a large ship that had come into view off our starboard bow. Accepting that one's vision off a small vessel was less than 10 miles and that seagoing ships are usually making 25 knots it's not difficult to appreciate that the closing time between us could be very short. Additionally, the odds would favor her being on auto pilot and the bridge watch, if they were awake, wouldn't likely have their noses pressed against the glass looking for small boats out this far from land.

In fact, things could be going wrong in a hurry and we also had the discomfort of knowing our vessel was too slow to move us out of danger if we were about to be run down. Time and knowledge was our only ally and there was little of either to go around.

Believe it; a large ship with lots of glowing lights doesn't lend itself to quick or easy course determination from a pitching deck. But 'bearings' will reveal her secrets! Among the many furnishings strapped to me for this voyage was a Morin hand-held compass with night visibility. With this little beauty in hand I'd start taking bearings on the ship looking for any gradual change which meant she was moving safely by us. If the bearings held steady, we were on a collision course with critical decisions to make and soon.

Mostly, these issues would resolve themselves but on this occasion the bearing stayed constant far too long. I left my compass with Rigg and he kept calling out her bearings while I went below to try and raise the intruder on the VHF radio. Silence and mounting concern was all I raised. Just as I was about to sound panic stations my mate hollered down to me "her bearings are changing; go back to bed". I happily accommodated with a 'thank God and good night again' exit. Amazingly I was back asleep in no time!

Great Sunday morning breakfasts of bacon, eggs and pancakes. This was Stardusters great racing advantage – Norma! We may have been slower but we had no competition when it came to 'chowing down' ... every meal was a banquet!

Weather is overcast and continuing generally crappy. No chance for a sight and almost no wind today either. At this rate with 1606 miles to go we could be out here till August! I'm going to retire and get back into my book, the Battle of Midway.

Oh and fancy this, it's my very first night in the forepeak; I must have gotten a promotion! Heretofore the 'Nav' station had been my bedroom and I was quite used to sleeping on its bench or floor ... well snoozing is probably a more accurate description of the function.

July 12th MMG 153 MTG 1453 @ 212M *Lat 38 08* Long 136 56

I was awakened at 02:05 by much deck noise. I'm told that the wind is up so I made fresh coffee for the crew and set to washing the dishes. A WWVH weather check confirms we can expect another damned trough moving through which traditionally puts the wind on our nose. However, unbelievably the weather cleared and we were favored by a clean 'equal altitude' Sun sight at noon which shows us much farther South than our DR.

*[*The position posted today was incorrect and showed us too far South due to my error in converting Latitude "minutes" to "decimal" incorrectly. Minutes change at 60 whereas Decimal changes at 100. This error wasn't discovered until the July 13th position post but alarm bells should have rung when you see my diary note above commenting on our position being "much farther South than our DR". This caused a tense situation the next day.]*

Now, by our own calculations we are 4th in the PHRF group as of today. Jubilance reigned throughout the ranks! A sea water wash-down treat was ordered for the crew today ... very warm and very blue water. You actually feel clean ... even bathing in seawater!

Little things become quite meaningful when you're at sea and our evening rendezvous with our families on the Ham radio was a huge hit. In the early part of the race we were too close to Vancouver to make good contact so I had to find and chain together Hams in a relay to create a useable communication link-up.

My ocean going call was VEO MCT and the drill to 'catch a contact' was for me to call on the high frequency band "CQ, CQ, CQ ... here is VEO MCT" repeated three times, then finish with "calling and by" and wait for another Ham to answer. It rarely failed and my different 'sea-going' call-sign attracted land based hams like 'bears to the honey pot'. One night a Ham in Georgia, USA responded and then made contact with a Langley, BC Ham (VE7 EH) who phoned our families and passed on our messages as we spoke. Farther off shore we used a 'scheduled' net with two Ham friends of mine in Vancouver, Jerry (VE7 CEM) and Ralph (VE7 CEO) who *patched* us directly into the telephone system so we could chat away like it was a normal phone call. Other hams listening in would try and get on with us but if we hadn't kept it semi-private, we wouldn't have had time to speak with our intended contacts. Any Hams on stand-by, I would chat with after.

This would go on until we had either talked to everyone we knew or the radio band collapsed, as it did regularly for atmospheric reasons. I lost touch with Jerry and Ralph over the years but I will never forget them for their dedication, expertise and help during the race. They were both blind. God bless them wherever they are.

July 13TH MMG 113 MTG 1380 @ 213M Lat 36 56 Long 137 07

“Unheard of, absurd, unthinkable” said Tevye ... and I agreed. I had slept as though dead from 21:30 to 05:30. It was the longest sleep of my life; well at least since leaving Victoria.

Today’s sights indicated a lower MMG over yesterday’s euphoric run leading the skipper to question the validity of the post. I was impressed by his concern, which soon migrated into a crew affair. After re-checking today’s work, I was unable to discover any reason to doubt our noon position although I was uncomfortable with the MMG for the past 24 hours which seemed short based on our actual progress. There had to be an explanation but chasing the historical reason seemed to be pursuing an irrelevancy as the MMG was of little interest other than as performance measurement. In retrospect, maybe it wasn’t!

The critical question was where we were as of today’s sight and my confidence in the accuracy of the position posted was unshaken, however that logic was not good enough and skeptically turned into a virtual remake of the scene in The Caine Mutiny movie involving the stolen strawberries. That I might face the plank seemed certain. Rigg and Fleming, both Chartered Accountants, offered to audit the matter and with the dedication one might expect from government tax auditors, they dove head first into the puzzle.

They soon found the ‘devil’ which turned out to be in the detail of my conversion error on the previous day’s position as mentioned above. At least the mistake was now known ... both MMG runs were individually incorrect but reliably correct overall. Since nothing had been lost or gained except hopes, I wondered if the shady phenomena of ‘racing-stress’ hadn’t propelled this matter into a ‘tempest in a teapot’. However, it does highlight an interesting fact about Celestial navigation ... every valid sight is a new positional beginning and previous sights are mere history. Of course dead reckoning is just a series of educated guesses but should be in keeping with believable progression.

The morals of this incident are many for navigator:-

- 1) always take 2 chartered accountants to sea with you**
- 2) get them to double check your conversion arithmetic**
- 3) don’t post MMG ... say only “we’re getting there”**
- 4) to hell with the first three ... use a Smart-Phone with GPS and call support if it fails!**

Strangely, the younger members of the Francis family have successively become afflicted with a heavy cough which Norma now appears to have also. It seems an odd time and malady to be with us at sea this time of year and must have come aboard at Victoria. We appear to be entering the NE Trades at about 33 North with its fabled cobalt blue water and steady warm winds. What a thrill!

Great radio bands for our contacts home tonight. I spoke with Laurie, my son Cameron and my Dad. I also overheard some of the big yachts advancing their Maui reservations ahead while we struggle along with 1380 MTG.

July 14TH MMG 38 MTG 1342 @ 215M Lat 35 55 Long 137 44

I was able to raise the tanker 'Phillips Oklahoma' on VHF today. She was three days out of San Francisco on its way to the Arabian Gulf and I had an interesting chat with her radio operator. She passed astern of us in daylight and surprisingly would be at sea for another thirty six days. Similar contacts were made with two other freighters and upon inquiring I was comforted by their assurances that they 'really' do monitor their VHF's at sea.

Rick, one of our young crewmen went to the masthead in the bosun's chair to retrieve a runaway halyard today and found it had almost chafed through from an 'un-taped' cotter pin. Fixed, this became the comforting conventional wisdom for the cause of the first spinnaker loss on July 10th however; it proved not to be the offending piece of equipment.

I spent time today with Bill Francis on the basics of celestial navigation which will be vital for Stardusters ongoing voyaging to the South Pacific. In addition to a few of these crash-courses enroute, I made sure he had copies of my working tools and references to help facilitate his understanding of a complex subject in a short period of time.

It must have worked because the next time I visited aboard Starduster, was in Vancouver after her return from extensive voyaging to warm destinations. An infestation of La Cucaracha or cockroaches, as we know them, provided convincing evidence!

July 15th MMG 110 MTG 1232 @ 219M Lat 34 18 Long 138 51

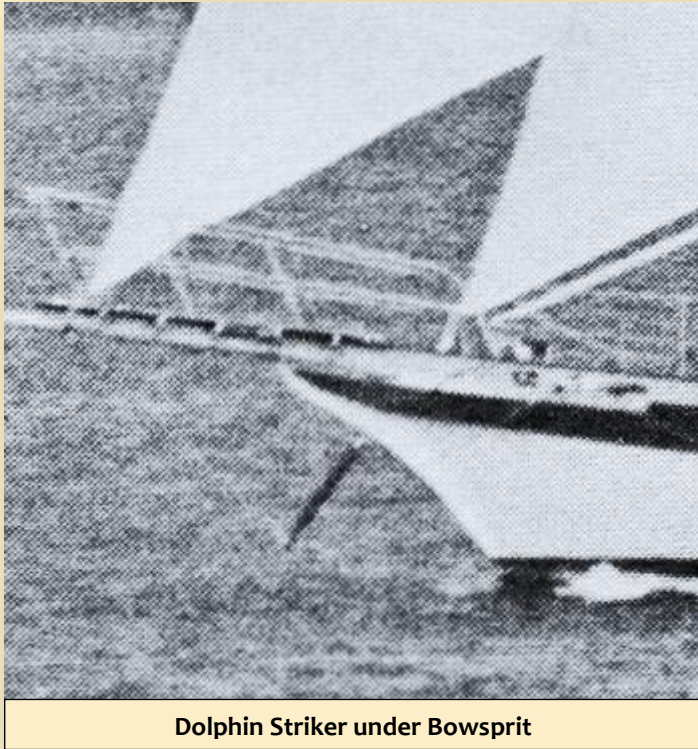
This was to be a better day starting with light winds on our nose then fairing in late afternoon to the West allowing us to get the spinnaker up and hold onto the rhumb line. I took a 10:00 to 02:00 shift and very much enjoyed the exhilaration of night sailing as we moved firmly into the Trades. Surfing at night in the Trades under spinnaker is heavenly!

July 16th MMG 132 MTG 1100 @ 220M Lat 32 51 Long 141 00

Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

Black Friday was to be the day our racing-back was broken. I had the depressing privilege of being at the helm when our second spinnaker halyard parted with that same menacing

and thunderous bang. This time we knew what was happening and having rehearsed my response I instinctively turned the helm hard over to windward desperately trying to move the spinnaker so it would fall to the side of the hull and clear the dolphin striker at Starduster's bow. It seemed to be working initially but it was only partially successful. Regrettably a portion of the bottom of the sail caught the bowsprit and then the rest hung up mainly under the hull in another discouraging and exhausting entanglement.



This pretty well ended our chances of finishing competitively in the race and crew spirit, which seemed to hinge reflectively on every fortune or misfortune, just plain 'tanked'!

Our downwind sailing would now be "wing and wing" but the skipper was reluctant to boom out the repaired large genoa as he felt it was against the race rules. A much smaller stay sail was used instead.

To compound the misery we were forced down onto a course of 180° as opposed to our rhumb line heading of 225°. This difficulty was subsequently

corrected by a benevolent wind change that allowed us to return to the rhumb line but similar problems associated with wing and wing sailing would continue to haunt us off and on for the rest of the race.

An unusually brisk verbal exchange between a family crew member and Rigg as to who was directing course tactics was quickly put to rest by the latter in an uncharacteristically direct and frank response leaving no doubt as to "who" was making those decisions.

July 17th MMG 140 MTG 960 @ 216M Lat 31 51 Long 143 02

I looked to Heaven, and tried to pray:
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
my heart as dry as dust.

My ETA calculations suggested we wouldn't make the awards celebration party on July 24th but notwithstanding that dire and funereal reality I confirmed to Mike Park at the

Maui Race Headquarters, an ETA of 17:00 hours on July 24th. This was the cocktail hour before the start of the awards dinner and although wishful, I didn't want them to short order food or booze for us based on the vagaries of estimations!

We enjoyed our first 'fresh water' on deck body wash down yesterday along with a glass of Mum's Champagne accompanied by the now-traditional ceremonial casting over-board of our underwear. It was the first really nice hot day, blowing a steady 15 knots E/NE. Continuing the battle to keep Starduster on the money making course and finally resorted to jibing while living with the chagrin that our position was 3rd from last in the fleet.

July 18th MMG 130 MTG 830 @216M Lat 30 19 Long 145 11

Even though we were well out of sight of land it never seemed like it. The horizon clouds were easily transformed into an imaginary distant land or mountain range. Our first visual indication of nearing Hawaii was the appearance of the sea birds ... an albatross



attacked the lure on our trolled fishing line and unfortunately got hooked. We quickly cut the line and hoped for its best. Later, in the dark a Bosun bird flew into our rigging and broke its wing ... two very heart-rending and depressing mishaps.

I finished all of my potential pictures taken on the 36 negative roll of film I had installed for the

Bill Francis (with back to camera) and Colin Fleming – note wing & wing sailing

trip only to find on arrival home that the film had not remained in contact with the forward winding spool. None of my pictures survived which was a grievous historical loss. Little mistake, huge personal disappointment! Aren't digital cameras wonderful?

July 19th MMG 105 MTG 725 @ 216M Lat 29 09 Long 146 32

Four of the Francis family is still suffering a cold virus. Weather hot, wind always 15 knots now that we're well into the Trades. The Sun is now over 80° at noon making our sights interesting and a lot more difficult to get right. Sited and spoke with the SS Monterey passing us on her way in to San Francisco.

July 20th MMG 158 MTG 567 @ 219M Lat 27 11 Long 148 33

Rigg and I were relieved to discover today that Tropical Storm "Diana", which we had been tracking for a few days as she moved sternly toward Hawaii, had started to weaken. On the 20th she was at 130W- 17N moving WNW at 14kts and on the 21st at 139W-19N moving WNW @ 16kts. Nevertheless, our intrepid Skipper was caused to growl his displeasure with this news, allowing as how "we needed the wind to help us make the party"! Bill Francis was always a wholehearted and single minded competitor ... quitting or losing were treasonous words as I had learned sailing and racing with him in years past.

There had been a few participant retirements since the race began and today another yacht decided to give up, turn on his engine and go hard to make the party ... such fearless management of 'priorities' deserved our rousing standing ovation.

July 21st MMG 158 MTG 409 @ 222M Lat 25 16 Long 150 55

We're still digging for a good sight due to the annoying haze or cloud cover. But Voila, my calculations, as accurately as we could determine, gave us a slight chance of being in the vicinity on the day of the party. I dearly hope so because Bill would never 'burn in'!

Some boats reported catching tuna and even Mahi Mahi. However, nothing could have compared with the tasty Flying Fish, sliding off the mainsail and into our buttered frying pan, cooked and served at 03:00 hours while we horsed down the waves in the warmth of the trade winds ... the stars never more brilliant in the blackness of an ocean night mirrored by the phosphorescent glow of our wake.

As we began to close the Islands of Hawaii, the business of navigation became more focused and I concentrated on our approach plan. A crude radio direction finder was aboard and we kept firing it up in the hope of getting a rough fix on an AM station on Maui. Our KnotLog had quit recording speed and distance so this important information

would have to be generated by the best guesses of the helmsmen ... not a comforting thought for me since accurate information was now critical to our entry positioning.

As we got closer to Maui, the loom of the Pauwela Point light (15 miles range) was an important sighting on the tick-off list. If we saw the light itself, we would have been too far upwind for the correct approach to Pailolo channel. The loom would be our 'green light' and gratefully, our bowsprit watch soon reported sighting its rotating glow ... on time and in the right direction suggesting that our line was reliable to go in on.

July 22nd MMG 162 MTG 247 @ 222M Lat 23 37 Long 153 14



Our noon fix showed us closing the Maui coast fast. From then on my sights were taken at all opportune times and on any suitable heavenly bodies including the moon or the odd star. Even on a sunny day the sun could disappear behind a cloud in the judicious moments of a meridian passage and the opportunity for that vital fix would be lost for another 24 hours.

Finally, as we manipulated its antenna, a faint AM signal on our crude RDF graduated into a booming rendition of the days current hit "Afternoon Delight". The crew danced on deck ... it was a Kahului radio station and appeared to be east south east of us ... just where we needed it to be. It looks like we're on the right track to paradise.

July 23rd MMG 150 MTG 97 @ 220M Lat 22 06 Long 155 32

Today, with great fanfare and much relief I changed our finish Line ETA to 04:00 tomorrow morning which would see us in Maui early in the day of the Awards Banquet. Hallelujah ... we're going to clean up, dress up, booze up and raise hell at the Party!

As we made our approach to the channel, the weather turned grim for navigation. It was a dark, squally night with very limited visibility and we desperately needed to confirm the Nakelele Point light on the Maui side of the channel in order to be assured a safe entry.

Without Nakalele (not a long range light) it would have been risky to continue on, leaving open the unpleasant alternative of tacking downwind along the coast of Molokai ... a desperate measure that became the fate of some boats in the race.

All available crew were on the bowsprit searching through the night's shrouded blackness for this essential navigational light. Except for the straining sounds of Starduster charging at the coast through the gloom, nothing else was heard in the tenseness of the approach.

For me, it was the real-time moment of truth. It had to be there and I was confident ... well, fairly confident! We were committed to go in and I could only look on with masked

trepidation, appear self-assured and silently pray for Nakalele to jump out of the darkness and grab us. It was 20:30 hours when one of the crew yelled back “Nakalele Point light ahead to port”. I tried to appear nonchalant at this great news but I was floating on air!

I went forward to confirm it was Nakalele and was surprised how close in we were before she became clearly visible and identified. It was almost a holy vision and I will never forget that memorable instant ... we had safely crossed an ocean using only the navigational tools of our ancestors to find our way. It was the voyage of a lifetime and I was both relieved and proud to have been a part of it. We had been at sea for 21 days.

July 24th
The Finish

The channel light on Molokai was sighted at 21:00 and Starduster crossed the finish line at 01:45. A Lahaina Yacht Club committee boat escorted us to our berth at the port of Lahaina. After making fast we went ashore to enjoy the personal welcoming party given

every arriving boat by the extremely pretty girls in Hawaiian dress who offered leis, cigarettes, candy and Mai Tai by the gallon! It was a delightfully historic welcome to Maui, generously delivered at 2:00 AM.



Grabbing my duffel bag and I'm off this boat!

The fleet party was held in the old Maui prison that evening and we were there, happy to have our feet planted on terra firma, a drink in both hands and our spirits ascendant in the joy of our accomplishment.

It seemed as though we were sharing much the same feelings as Captain Vancouver's crew probably did on their return to Lahaina in 1793 to over winter after surveying the BC coast in search of the Northwest Passage.

Afterword

I was happy to get off Starduster when we arrived in Lahaina (and the Francis family were no doubt looking forward to regaining their privacy) but that was mostly a craving for a return to normalcy. For ten of us to be compacted into such a small space under what can only be altruistically called 'trying' conditions for twenty one days was a tribute to our characters and seamanship. I am so grateful to the Francis's for making it possible for me to be able to write this essay from my own records and experiences by inviting me aboard thirty seven years ago, that it remains one of my most cherished life memories and accomplishments. Every member of the Starduster crew deserves a salute and I am eternally proud to have crossed an ocean in their company.

The following yachts retired from the race:-

July 7th "Thunder"

July 9th "P'Zazz"

July 18th "Tranquil Passage"

July 8th "Gometra"

July 12th "Integrity"

July 19th "Liza K"

Working with me on almost all sights and reductions was Ian Rigg who over the course of the three weeks at sea gained a very comfortable working knowledge of celestial navigation. I very much enjoyed having his assistance, second thoughts and tandem sights as a backup. Since you only get one opportunity to get it right, it's good insurance to have two shooters.

Rigg, Fleming and I took rooms at a beautiful resort at Napili and enjoyed an excess of pleasure before flying home to Vancouver. The bartender at the Lahaina Pioneer Inn, made the classic mistake of betting with 'Mista' Rigg, that he could not drink three of his "Harpoons" and still remain standing ... but if he did all the drinks would be free and he would enjoy the honor of being the first to achieve this feat. Let that be a lesson to bartenders; never challenge the alcoholic staying power of an Aussie! On besting the bartender, Rigg made it out the door and into history, but later complained of an extreme hangover that another Harpoon would probably cure! We decided to fly home instead.

Back home Rigg and I continued flaying our bodies, racing around the 'Strait of Georgia'. In one 'Southern Straights' race we ended up as the only two aboard still struggling to survive, the rest having succumbed to sea sickness in an unrelenting gale. We eventually sought refuge and retired from that race and if memory serves me correctly one of the

other participants had a man overboard incident. After that I knew I had served my 'twenty years before the mast' and was no longer up to the punishment.

When I got home, Laurie hardly recognized me, my eyes swollen and red from the continuous salt water spray blasting into my face when on the helm. At that point I decided that it was time to swallow-the-sail, buy a Grand Banks 42, call her "Hood Point" and conquer the beautiful West coast of BC. This renewed and changed our boating life for many enjoyable years into the future. Being instrumental in the creation of the Grand Banks Cruising club was a plus! Finally, I was drawn home to my roots in the interior of BC on the South Thompson River near Kamloops to become, of all things unlikely ... a farmer. I now own a 21' Sea Ray that cruises comfortably at 45 mph on the Shuswap Lake!

Rigg owns a sailboat and I wouldn't be surprised if he continues to race; at least around the buoys! He lives in West Vancouver and has a second residence in the Queen Charlotte Islands. Colin Fleming lives somewhere on Vancouver Island as I recall.

A word about Bill Francis:- Starduster left Maui and went on to Honolulu for a refit and then left for an extended cruise of the South Pacific. We met them back in Vancouver on their return and it wasn't that long after that the family emigrated to Hawaii. Bill and I had been friends since meeting at the Tsawwassen Yacht club in 1970 where racing sailing dinghies was the chief entertainment.

Moving up, we joined the Royal Vancouver Yacht Club and our families cruised the inside waters of BC together in matching 29' sloops built in Ontario for which Bill had acquired the western dealership. In 1972 we sailed mine, 'Paprika' in the infamous Southern Straights race and enjoyed storm force winds. After twenty four hours of the cold and nasty weather I just wanted to go straight back to Royal Van and to hell with finishing the race in these conditions. Oh no ... no bloody way. Francis would have none of it ... we had to finish even though we weren't in contention.

But the most fun I ever had with Bill was when my family with three young girls as crew regularly bested him and his boys in the "every day was a race" cruising we did in the matched 29's. It was terrible punishment for him and his unfortunate crew and I, of course, scrupulously restrained myself at the day's end cocktail hour to just being smug!



MY THANKS TO

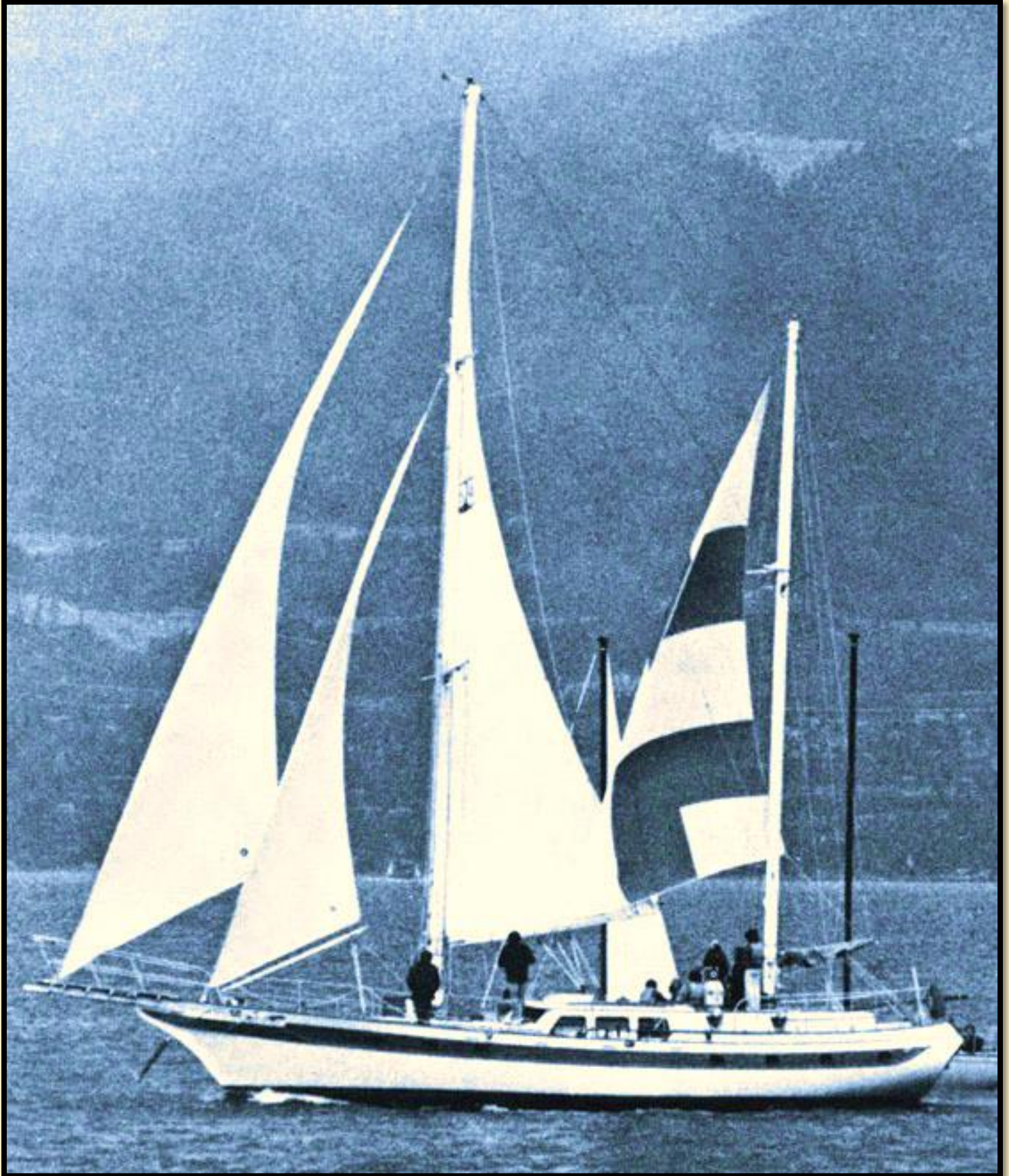
SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER)

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS)

STARLAND VOCAL BAND (AFTERNOON DELIGHT)

*Imagine yourself, after nearly three weeks at sea, relaxing on the deck of a 54 foot Ketch named Starduster, 247 miles from the Maui coast on a beautiful tropical day when all of a sudden
The Starland Vocal Band welcomes you to Hawaii with their hit song...*





¹ STARDUSTER crossed the finish line in 29th position out of a starting fleet of 32. Still at sea were 3 yachts.



Spinnakers

The Spinnakers were lost due to the incorrect choice of a non-swiveling halyard block, which as the sail 'worked' caused severe chafing of the halyard with its ultimate parting. It wasn't until Bill Francis went to the mast head at sea after the loss of the second spinnaker that he noticed the negligent installation by the crew who fitted Starduster her out after her arrival in Vancouver. It was a minor mistake that had a major impact on our voyage and race fortunes.



Gordie, Norma and Bill Francis at the slip in Lahaina

VICTORIA-MAUI INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACE

1976

Reported Daily Positions

July 17

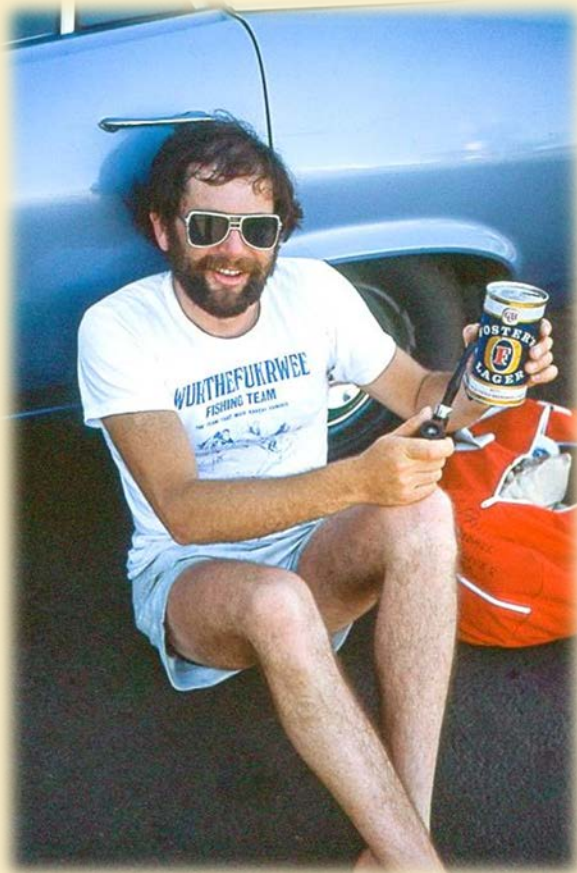
	YACHT	LATITUDE		LONGITUDE		REMARKS
		DEGREES	MINUTES	DEGREES	MINUTES	
1	RAGTIME	21	44	152	32	ETA 1330 1019 N/E 15
2	SORCERY	22	15	152	18	ETA 1800 3011 E/N/E 15
3	JOLI	22	42	152	42	ETA 1400 1023 E/20
4	SUNBIRD	23	32	151	51	1018 E/NE 15
5	STARDUSTER	31	51	143	02	1031 WIND E/S 10
6	INTEGRITY	-	-	-	-	
7	RACE PASSAGE	23	30	151	28	(JULY 18) 30.14 N/E 15
8	MUTINEER IV	27	15	144	35	1025 S/E 10
9	SUNDANCE	30	26	143	14	3025 N/E 15
10	LIZA K	32	56	142	23	1023 N/E 10
11	MISTRESS II	25	29	146	28	1024 E/S/E 18
12	WHIM WHAM	27	40	144	50	3018 S/E 10
13	TERNA III	26	11	150	49	3018 E 14
14	ZUBEN'UBI	27	15	143	44	3008 N/E 12
15	LUCIFER	26	12	150	09	1022 N/E 15
16	NERITA	25	40	148	01	1024 E 8
17	BLUE MARLIN					
18	TRANQUIL PASSAGE	26	10	140	46	1025 N/E 12
19	ORANGO-TANG	27	04	145	00	3045 E/N/E 8
20	GOMETRA	-	-	-	-	
21	TRUMPETER	30	28	147	30	1025 E/S/E 9
22	TOLO TSOLO	28	11	141	02	1022 N/N/E 5
23	BORDER LORD	31	07	144	37	1027 E/S/E 10
24	BONES V	25	56	146	06	3013 E/S/E 16
25	CITATION	26	32	144	49	1022 N/E 10
26	THUNDER	26	43	140	17	1019 N/E 10
27	CELEBRATION					
28	CHEROKEE	26	57	143	10	1024 E/S/E 10
29	P'ZAZZ	-	-	-	-	
30	RAPTURE	31	04	143	01	1028 E-5
31	IMPOSSIBLE	32	21	142	25	3031 E/S/E 12
32	LUCY ALICE	32	34	143	04	1022 N/E 10
	VAYA (Communications Vessel)	29	42	145	40	3024 E/N/E 12

July 17th Roll Call form that we completed as part of the daily fleet check-in with 'Vaya'



Above:- the traditional Skipper's race with local Maui beauties as crew – out in front of the LYC clubhouse.
Below:- Rigg, your author and Fleming enjoying the dinghy races while drowning in Bloody Mary's





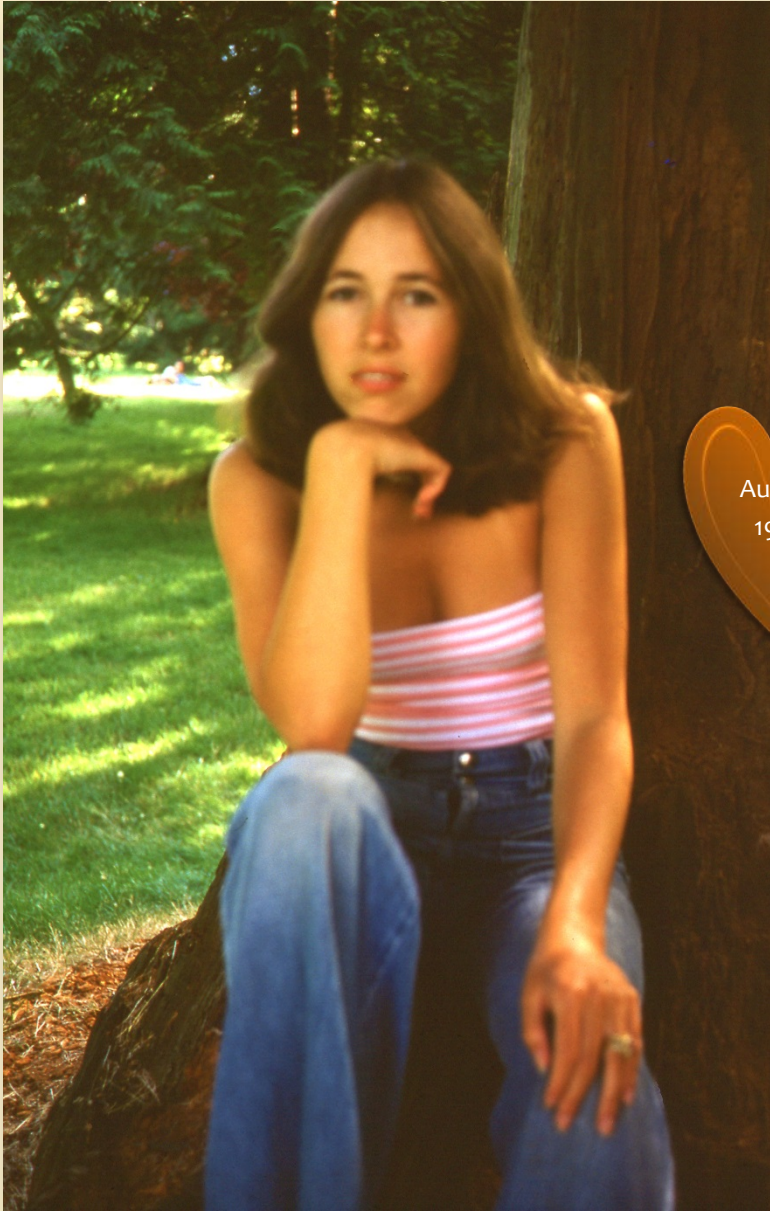
Top Left:- Norma and Fleming mending torn Genoa sail

Top Right:- Sea birds find us in mid-ocean

Center Left:- Our Sailing Master – “Mista Rigg”

Center Right:- Fleming, author and Francis (skipper)

Bottom Right:- Author on helm off Cape Flattery



August
1976



Glad you're back Toad!



**Laurie and I spend the weekend with Bill and Norma on Starduster anchored in East Bay near Vancouver - September 1977
They had just returned from their South Pacific voyaging.**