

The Fifth Circle:
The Passage Log

Webb Chiles

After I completed my fourth circumnavigation in Sydney, Australia, in February, 2003, I sailed THE HAWKE OF TUONELA across the Tasman to New Zealand, where she found a home at Opuia in the Bay of Islands. I bought her a mooring; and I paid the duty so that she could remain in New Zealand permanently, although I can not.

For several years I divided my time between the 37' sloop, which I sailed up to French Polynesia and back one year, and to Tonga and Fiji and back another, and being with Carol, my wife, in the United States,

I was happy in Opuia and found unexpected peace there. But after a while I wanted to go for a sail.

These are the passage logs as I wrote them at sea. They have been only minimally edited, mostly to reduce typographical errors and repetition.

This is raw data, the immediate experience.

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Opuā, New Zealand to Cairns, Australia April-May 2008

April 21

South Pacific Ocean: Monday

0920 Dropped mooring.

1530 I set the alarm this morning for 5:30 because I expected I would wake during the night and have trouble falling back asleep. I did. Awake from 3 to 4 a.m. I woke again just before the alarm went off.

I unmade the v-berth and plastic bagged the bedding. Rowed ashore at 7:50, showered, said good-bye to the ladies in the marina office, which was just opening, got my Customs clearance, bought a loaf of bread, cheese, a sandwich, and a bottle of wine at the general store; rowed back to the boat; deflated, partially dried the dinghy, then stowed it below.

I backed off the mooring--or thought I did. Later developments have caused me to believe I was only carried by the ebbing tide. I felt some sadness as I shifted into forward and powered north. I glanced back at the mooring until I couldn't see it any more. Then at the marina and buildings ashore. New Zealand's green hills: emerald, olive, forest, sea, lime, and many more shades for which I don't have names. I hope I wasn't seeing them for the last time.

Beneath mostly cloudy skies we powered for an hour, until when we were past Russell and into the main part of the bay, I unfurled the jib, cut the engine, and switched steering from the tiller pilot to the Monitor. The sky was clearing on the land behind me, but darker with scattered showers out to sea to the east. Wind 15 knots from the south.

I set the main as well, and we reached across the bay at 6 to 7 knots until at 11:00 we were off Cape Wiwiki and had some excitement. Due to rebound, decreasing depth, and currents, the seas were confused off the cape and the motion caused the anchor to roll at the bow, which caused me to notice that I had forgotten to remove the anchor from the bow. This would have been easy while on the mooring; considerably less so now.

I decided to wait until we were past the cape and into deeper water where the seas should smooth before going forward, but went below to get some tools. When I did I heard the propeller freewheeling and felt the vibration. To prevent this and make the propeller's blades fold, I always shift into reverse after I stop the engine while underway. I knew I had done this, but went on deck and did it again without any effect.

I removed the companionway stairs and the engine cover, crawled onto the port quarterberth with a flashlight and saw the shaft spinning. I went on deck and shifted into reverse again. Nothing.

I decided to furl the jib and lower the main and start the engine, which I did. It shifted forward, but not into reverse. And when I stopped the engine, the prop continued to spin.

Back on the quarterberth I saw the reason: the shift cable has frayed and is almost broken. I briefly considered turning around and going back, but didn't want to. I managed to use a wrench to move the shift manually, which caused the prop blades to fold and the vibration stop. I won't need reverse until Cairns anyway, and with luck not there.

In mid-afternoon we are past the Cavalli Islands, making 5 to 6 knots peacefully under jib alone. The main has been up and

down three times and may be about to go up again. The wind is so far aft that the main blankets the jib and causes it to collapse and refill with a bang.

North Cape is 49 miles to the northwest. Until I put the waypoint in, I had thought North Cape was about a hundred miles beyond Cape Wiwiki, but it is only 70. We should be off it around midnight.

Rolling down small waves. Sounds of water moving past hull. Sunshine. Tiller moving in and out of view through companionway. A little weary.

April 22

South Pacific Ocean: Tuesday

0700. Last night was fine, with a full moon and starry sky, but not for sleeping.

I went to bed at 1930, knowing I would be up many times. The first was at 2030, and the last 0430 this morning, when I got up for good. I don't recall how many others there were, but I was awake at 2330 when the chartplotter put us 22 miles due east of North Cape.

Late yesterday afternoon, the wind weakened and went southeast rather than southwest. THE HAWKE OF TUONELA was thrown around by a six to eight foot southeast swell. The mainsail was up, and I put a preventer on the boom. We rocked and rolled on for an hour before the crashing of collapsing sails became too much, and I lowered the main, continuing under jib alone.

During the night we sailed at between three and eight knots. The sea flattened some, but I still had to put up the lee cloth to keep from rolling from my berth. The wind finally veered to the southwest. At the moment we're making 6.5 to 7 knots beam reaching northwest under a partially furled jib. The sun is just coming up. The sky partially cloudy.

In the United States, I seldom listen to the radio, but in New Zealand I do. My mooring is in a dead area for New Zealand television reception, but New Zealand television is perhaps the most boring in the English-speaking world anyway. However, New Zealand national radio is very good. Monday through Friday I listen to a news program between 6 and 9 a.m., Morning Report; and on Saturday morning between 7 and 8 to Country Life, which is a surprisingly interesting farm program. And frequently during the day I turn on the classical music FM station, which is more varied and innovative than those in the U.S.

I'm already beyond FM reception, but before dawn this morning I heard the first hour of Morning Report, including the weather. The predicted front is moving up from the south, with showers and southwest wind rising to 25 knots. It may reach me late this afternoon or tonight. If necessary I will ease off to the north. No need to press hard when eventually I will reach the trades that will carry me easily west.

I'm not certain exactly which ocean or sea I'm in. An Australian friend gave me a book about the Tasman Sea, which precisely defined its boundaries, but unfortunately it is in Evanston. I tried unsuccessfully to find this on Google before I left. We are 43 miles north of North Cape, but not yet west of all of New Zealand, so I think we're still in the Pacific.

No sight of any other vessels since yesterday morning. Surprisingly again how quickly you become alone. Also how much when the boat is constantly heeled 10° to 20°, you use your body to move from handhold to handhold.

Scattered low clouds. Wind 17 knots. Some spray coming over bow. Boat speed 7.3.

1430. Our noon position was 33° 18' S 173° 07' E. Day's run: 120 miles. Distance to Grafton Passage, which is the way through the Great Barrier Reef at Cairns: 1764 miles. Cairns itself is about 30 miles further.

The day's run noon to noon is only a five knot average, made up of mostly sailing at three and four knots until after midnight and then sailing at six and seven ever since.

A beautiful afternoon. Mostly sunny, though the barometer has dropped a millibar and a bank of clouds is catching up with us from the southwest. A deep blue white capped sea. Mostly four foot waves. A few splashing aboard. I put on foul weather gear to fit the spray cover over the engine instrument panel in the cockpit, but no waves came aboard while I was out there. I had covered the Bose cockpit speakers before leaving port. They are good speakers and supposed to be waterproof, but not waterproof enough for THE HAWKE OF TUONELA at sea and I had to replace them twice before figuring out how to protect them from the water running into the coamingless cockpit.

We continue beam reaching at 6.5 to 7.5 knots under a jib furled to 1/3 its full size on a course of 325° to 330°. The desired course is 300°, but I'm happy easing us through the seas rather than into them until we reach the trade winds.

Clouds getting darker astern.

Tired.

1930. Moon rising over black sea.

The only thing that happened when the line of clouds passed was that the wind dropped from 20 knots to 12 while I was eating my freeze dry spaghetti Bolognese and our boat speed dropped from 7 to 5.5 knots. I waited a while before fully unfurling the jib. The main should be raised as well. If it were daylight, I would; but I am uncertain if this is just a lull before more wind and rain arrives. And I need some sleep.

The wind also appears to have veered more to the west, forcing us onto a course almost due north. Sleep deprivation or not, I'm going to be up several times again tonight.

April 23

South Pacific Ocean: Wednesday

0530. I went to sleep at 2030 last night and though I woke many times, I only got up once, just after midnight. The full moon was hidden behind low overcast. Wind remained at 12 knots and the seas had diminished to two to three feet. I turned on the GPS. We had made 71 miles since noon, just short of a 6 knot average. Since yesterday afternoon the boat speed on the instrument system has been reading a knot higher than the GPS, which causes me to postulate an adverse current.

I got up a half hour ago and found us heading NNE. Hardened up on the jib sheet and adjusted the Monitor control lines, which I run to a cleat within reach of the companionway. This brought us to a close reach and a course of NNW. Still smooth motion through the water. I'll probably set the main after a couple of cups of coffee and dawn. The low overcast is gone and the sky mostly clear. Barometer has risen.

Today is Carol's birthday, though it hasn't started in the USA yet. Happy Birthday, my love.

1330. A few minutes ago we had a wind shift, backing from west to southwest, and we are presently for the first time on this passage actually sailing in the direction we want: 300°, on a close reach under main and partially furled jib, which I will let out further when I finish with this, in 14 knots of wind and two foot waves.

Our noon position was 31° 93' South 172° 44' East, giving a day's run of 136 miles. However only about 80 of those miles brought us closer to Grafton Passage, which was 1686 miles distant. Barometer has risen to 1018 millibars. Although I still think first in feet and inches, I have done so much of my sailing in those parts of the world where barometric pressure is given in millibars, that I keep my barometers--I have two on board--set that way.

If you are not familiar with millibars, 1020 is high; 1000 is low; and what really matters is direction and speed of change.

Once away from land, I receive no outside weather information and rely on my own observations of sky, sea, and barometer. People worry too much about the weather, which

you can't out maneuver very much in boats that make less than twenty knots.

I feel better for having had some good sleep and shaving this morning.

Minor mishap at noon. We were heeled about 20° to starboard, and much of my food is in a locker by the v-berth on the port side of the boat, which means that its contents, mostly in plastic bags, press against the locker door. I have lines strung across the shelves to help prevent everything from falling out. After removing a can of tuna, I pushed the bags back in and attempted to secure the door, which came off its hinges. Repaired it after lunch. Left some of the offending bags on the v-berth.

I may be able to sit on deck this afternoon. Sky clearing and sunny.

April 24

South Pacific Ocean: Thursday

0615. We crossed into the +11 hour time zone yesterday, but I waited to change my clocks until this morning.

We are sailing under a low cloudy sky at 5.6 knots in 8 knots of wind with the new spinnaker set.

Yesterday afternoon saw some beautiful sailing, close reaching under full main and jib in twelve knots of wind, but the wind went light and to the south just before sunset and remained that way all night. I put a preventer on the main, and the seas were slight, so we didn't flop around as much as two nights ago, but it was a slow and tiring night. I was on deck for two

hours just after midnight trying to keep the boat moving. I knew the new spinnaker was the right sail for the conditions, but even with some light from the moon through the clouds, decided to wait until dawn.

Our speed has dropped to 4 knots. The Monitor is steering well enough, although sometimes being thrown off by a cross swell.

The new sail went up easily. The Facnor spinnaker furling gear is as big an improvement over using squeezer bags as I had hoped. The sail is supposed to be 900 sq. ft., but as I may have said here before, I don't think it is. It definitely could be longer on the luff. Perhaps the sailmaker erred on the side of caution. Too short is certainly better than too long. In any event, it seems a good size in these conditions, and eventually I will be caught with it up by an increase and find out what that is like.

1200. Well, that was brief.

I went on deck at 0745 and found the spinnaker split all the way across about three feet from the foot. As I was furling it, even the leech tape broke. The sail still furled, and I was able to get it to the deck and into its bag.

Only a few months ago I had the leather anti-chaffing gear replaced on the spreader tips. Perhaps there is a sharp corner to the leather. It is difficult to see what the sail could have caught on. Perhaps the cloth itself is defective. It is 1½ ounce weight; and I wouldn't have expected it to split completely even if snagged. I'm not certain I am pleased with my sailmaker.

I still have the smaller recut sail, and may have time to get this one repaired in Cairns.

Although the barometer has risen a millibar, the sky and sea are saying something else. The wind is east at 15 knots; the seas are rising; and we are sailing northwest at 6 and 7 knots under jib alone. The main has been up and down this morning. It didn't add much speed and caused the Monitor problems.

Noon position: 30° 02' South; 170° 56' East. Even with 25 hours, day's run only 111 miles; but all but one of them brought us closer to Grafton Passage, which is 1576 miles distant.

Norfolk Island is 150 miles northwest of us.

We'll be out of the 30°s within the hour.

Conditions getting rougher. May have to reduce jib.

1430. An hour ago I decided to get up from where I was sitting reading on the port settee berth and check the self-steering vane. No specific reason. When I moved aft on deck I found that one of its four major support arms had come loose. I furled the jib and tided the tiller amidships.

The loose arm was the lower starboard one. The two lower arms are attached to the main frame of the Monitor by bolts that screw upwards. The heads of these bolts have holes drilled in them through which a wire can be threaded to prevent them from turning. While in the boat yard a year ago, I removed the Monitor from the stern to work on it. Apparently I neglected to rewire those bolts.

Hanging over the stern, I was able to realign the bolt, which had not yet fallen in the sea. I checked the one on the port arm and found it loose, too. Tightened both and ran seizing wire through both. Also checked all other bolts, though those are the only two that screw in upwards against gravity.

Skinned both arms. Blood on the stern deck. Not much. Speaking of which my passage Levis are the ones I was wearing when I fell at Auckland Airport. Blood stain on the knee wouldn't come out.

The barometer has dropped two millibars, but the sky actually looks a bit better, with a few patches of blue, and the wind has remained at 15 to 16 knots from the east and the seas at 3' to 4'.

April 25

South Pacific Ocean: Friday

0500. I've been sitting up for a half hour, but that doesn't necessarily mean I'm awake.

Rain, sometimes heavy, and wind, sometimes strong--the highest reading I saw was 27 knots, but that was from aft of the beam so the true wind was at least 30. I was on deck twice to reduce sail. The first time I wore my foul weather gear; the second I went up in the underwear I've had on for several days. Almost made it, but a wave caught me just before I came back below. I simply took off my clothes and threw them overboard, and dried myself with a towel in the cabin.

The barometer dropped quickly to 1008 millibars, but has steadied there since midnight.

Enough water from rain and waves has come aboard so that I've had to put up my new and improved tent to keep the drops from around the companionway falling on me while I'm sleeping--trying to sleep. This is the first time I've used this version, made from a scrap of clear plastic given to me by the sailmaker in Opuā, and it is a decided improvement over the old one made from a plastic bag. I can see through it. Not the feeling of sticking my head into a clammy cave.

A dark night. Moon not in evidence. Blocked by solid clouds. Wind seems to be backing, as it does around lows in this hemisphere. Waiting for dawn.

0900. Been on deck several times. Barely moving now under full main and slightly furled jib. Heading southwest. Just changed from west when I sat down. Barometer up two millibars. Rain only light and intermittent. Sky still fully overcast, but brighter. Sun trying to break through.

One of the last emails I received the morning I left was from an English reader of my journal who said that the weather site he looks at showed "some rain in the vicinity of Norfolk Island on Friday. Today is Friday and Norfolk Island is 70 miles due west. I'm impressed. This has not been serious, only a minor unpleasantness. But it has been unpleasant.

Boat speed down to 1 knot. Unsettled conditions to be expected after a low passes. Have to go on deck and see what, if anything, I can do to improve our performance.

1200. For a half hour or so the Monitor was thrown off by left-over waves and little wind and persisted in steering us back toward New Zealand. Just as I was about to take the tiller pilot on deck, wind and order returned, and we were soon making 6

knots under full main and jib more or less in the desired direction.

At noon the wind is fourteen knots from the north and we are sailing at 6.5 around course 300°, which is the heading for Grafton Passage. I'd like to be a bit higher until we get to the trade winds.

Noon position: 29° 04' South; 168° 58' East. Day's run 118 miles; Grafton Passage 1458 miles, heading 301°.

Of our day's run, we had done 70 miles from noon to midnight, but only 48 from then on.

Norfolk Island 51 miles to the west. If this wind holds, we should pass north of it tonight.

Managed to pump bilge and engine compartment. Not much water in either, but we were heeled far enough so that it was sloshing onto floorboards. Also shaved.

Sun just broke through.

1800. The sun didn't last, but 12 knots of wind from the north did, and we sailed well all afternoon under main and slightly reduced jib on a close reach at 6 and 7 knots. I have learned that THE HAWKE OF TUONELA often balances better with a couple of rolls in the jib. This one is a 130%. I think my next one will be a 110%. If I need a bigger off the wind sail, I can easily set it on the spinnaker furling gear, assuming I have a sail that lasts more than two hours.

The sky is overcast, though not particularly threatening. Seas down to 2'. But the barometer is also down. And the wind has decreased slightly at sunset. Norfolk Island is less than 30 miles

away to the southwest, but it is a small island and I did not see it.

Fell asleep sitting up reading after lunch. Finished reading, THE RACKETS, by Thomas Kelly, some of whose other books I've read. A novel about corruption in labor unions with Irish immigrants in New York City, as are all his books. Pretty well done. Started THE MUGHAL THRONE, subtitled "The Saga of India's Great Emperors," a well written history about a period that I don't know much about.

My right elbow is bothering me. Started in Opua. I'm not aware that it was injured in my fall. Certainly not outwardly. Some pain more or less constantly.

Not sure what to expect tonight. A continuation of what we have with a gradual veering to the east would be appreciated.

April 26

South Pacific Ocean: Saturday

0615. Not long after the waning gibbous moon rose at 2100, the sky cleared. We continued sailing smoothly, and I went to sleep. However the wind backed instead of veering, and at midnight we were sailing 270°. At 0230 that was 210°, so I went on deck and tacked. While doing so, I unrolled the jib fully. We managed to settle on a course around 320°. I returned to the cabin and shifted my sleeping bag and pillow from the port settee berth to starboard.

0530 found us heading 060°. The Monitor self-steering vane holds the boat to a wind angle and so will follow a gradual shift blindly off the desired course.

I tacked back, and in very light wind and almost smooth seas we are making three and four knots on about 300°. Drinking a cup of coffee; listening to Sibelius's Fifth Symphony; watching the sky become light through the companionway: pastel light blue; high grey and white clouds. Barometer back up 2 millibars.

Pleasant this morning to make coffee without having to hold onto everything every moment. For the past few days I haven't been able to make a move without bracing myself with hands or feet. I have a safety belt to hook into at the galley, but haven't dug it out yet.

I use the stove oven for food storage. The galley is on the starboard side, so when heeled to port, everything falls out when I open the oven door. This has led to an early flight overboard for a package of troublesome olives.

1205. I took advantage of the smooth sailing this morning to refill the canisters of oatmeal, trail mix and powdered milk I keep in the galley, as well as remove some of the stuff stored in the oven. I also took a cockpit shower using the solar shower bag. Not certain that conditions this afternoon will be as good, I sped the process by adding a tea kettle of water heated on the stove. Good to be clean.

The wind has remained light and swung back and forth a little. At the moment we are close-hauled on starboard tack, making 4.3 knots on course 294°. The bearing to Grafton Passage is now 302°; and until we reach the trade winds, I would still prefer to sail around 310° to 315°.

Noon position: 28° 33' South 167° 01' East. Day's run: 108.
Grafton Passage: 1352. We're not exactly speeding along.

On the pilot charts most of the wind north of 28 ° is from the east.

Wind 6 knots. Seas slight, though there is a swell from the northeast, and a band of clouds there that might mean something. Temperature in the mid-70°s. Barometer steady at 1011. Susurrations of hull moving through water. So far a very pleasant day.

1730. I was wise to take my shower this morning. The clouds in the northeast over ran the sky early this afternoon. For a while it was rather pretty. Sea and sky pewter and silver. I sat on deck and drank a beer and listened to music. THE HAWKE OF TUONELA was in a groove, making six knots close-hauled in only eight knots of wind. But now it is just gray. The wind hasn't increased, nor has the barometer moved. Still I'm thinking about putting a precautionary reef in the mainsail, which is easier to do in the last daylight than after dark. Still undecided.

April 27

South Pacific Ocean: Sunday

0620. I did put in the reef. It wasn't necessary, but it didn't matter. We still made 4 and 5 knots, but the wind headed us and forced us to the southwest. At 0400, I got up, shook out the reef, unfurled a couple of rolls I had in the jib and tacked. We were able to sail more or less north at a knot or two for an hour, but then were becalmed.

I decided this was as good as time as any to see what would happen with the engine. It started. I had to shift it into forward with a wrench. The shaft turns. No forward motion. I went through this process several times. Either the prop is fouled or

has fallen off. It is just getting light now and if we stay becalmed I may go in the water and see.

I am thinking of turning around and heading back to New Zealand.

Going to make coffee.

0900. We are powering at 4.8 knots in the direction of Cairns.

I had a brief swim mid-breakfast: after juice and coffee, before cereal.

First I had to dig out my mask and the boarding ladder. This necessitated removing almost everything stowed on and beside the starboard quarter berth: buckets, sail, dinghy, dock lines, life raft.

I fit the boarding ladder into its bracket on the hull, also secured it with a line, and dropped the end of a jib sheet in the water. Jib was furled, main lowered. No wind. A two foot swell. From the instrument system I knew the water temperature to be 71°F.

I climbed down the ladder and stepped into the ocean. It felt good. The boat was moving slowly forward. I drifted to the jib sheet, grabbed hold of it, steadied myself, took a breath and dove. The prop was there and not fouled. I opened both blades to be sure.

So back to the boarding ladder and aboard.

After drying myself off and replacing all the stuff in and around the quarter berth, I tried the engine again. Shifting the transmission manually at the engine I could see the shaft turning, but on deck when I gave us throttle, no forward

motion. I concluded that the frayed cable still had enough resistance to ease the engine out of gear by the time I got on deck. I removed the cable coupling from the transmission, which secured by a small hard to reach bolt took longer to do than it does to tell. When I tried the engine again success.

We've been powering for an hour under scattered high clouds and some blue sky. Sun is warm when it is out. Hopefully we'll have wind again soon.

I recognize a problem in that my commitment to this voyage is, like, my life, divided. I feel a pressure of time in that there are two other places I want to be: with Carol and in Opuia. Opuia I can live without for a year or two, and Carol and I are just going to have to accept that I can't do this completely to a schedule. The delay in Cairns if I had to buy and fit a new propeller or fix a serious engine malfunction was a concern. If I lived aboard full time, it wouldn't matter so much. Wherever I was would be home. I am going to have to get into that mind set again.

1200, I left the engine on for two hours, but got tired of the sound. At 1000 I managed to get us sailing at 1 to 3 knots more or less in the right direction; but by 1100 what slight wind there was died and the sea became glassy. I turned the engine on again and at noon we're making 5.7 knots on course. Still no wind. Sea still glassy, with slow swell from west and north.

Noon position: 28° 07' South 165° 35' West. Day's run: 80.
Grafton Passage: 1272 miles, bearing 303°

Don't know how long I'll run the engine. Mostly sunny, with high haze of cloud moving from the north again. Barometer rising.

1630. I turned the engine off at 1500. While it was on, I made use of my sound canceling earphones, which I bought for long airplane flights. It made being in the cabin with the engine on more tolerable.

A thin layer of low clouds covers the sky, similar to morning coastal clouds that burn off with the sun, but we're a long way from a coast.

The wind is so light that it is difficult to determine its exact direction, but it is somewhere on the beam, which means northeast. Any east wind is welcome. For that matter, after being becalmed this morning, any wind is welcome. I would not have powered beyond sunset, but lowered the main sail and let us drift.

I transferred the spinnaker sheets and spinnaker furling gear from the new torn sail to the old cut down experimental one. These are actually good conditions for it, but it is late on a day when I've had enough excitement. I don't want to have to keep getting up all night to see if it has shredded, too.

Because of the swell the tiller pilot is still steering. Boat speed at the moment 3.8 knots. Sails slightly over-trimmed to reduce flopping. If we get solid wind I'll go back to the Monitor; if not I'll let the tiller pilot steer through the night. Certainly the batteries are well charged.

April 28

South Pacific Ocean: Monday

0615. How quickly it changes.

Within a half hour of my writing the last entry late yesterday afternoon, the wind had increased to 8 knots, the tiller pilot had been retired, the Monitor was steering, and we were sailing on a close reach at 5 to 6 knots, which we continued to do through the night.

Sunset and dawn were both subdued, a dimming of the light to the west last night behind an even layer of gray, and an orange brightening this morning behind the same gray. I was glad to be out here to see them. The barometer is down two millibars since yesterday, but the swell is down too.

I watched a movie last evening: TOPPER, with a young Cary Grant, Constance Bennett (I think), and an actor in the title role whose name I can't remember. One of the advantages of the Internet is that if I were connected I could easily find out who he was.

Since I've been back on the boat, this, along with BRIEF ENCOUNTER and WATERLOO BRIDGE, all go under the heading "They don't make them like they used to." There is a charm and an innocence about these movies, even though two of them were made in most un-innocent times--the Second World War.

When the movie ended around 2030, I stuck my head through the companionway and found to my surprise that I was not alone. Four miles to the west were the running lights of a ship heading south. I turned on the radar to measure to distance.

In a few hours we will have been out a week. It is going to be a very slow week's run. At noon each day I make a waypoint in the chartplotter and count the day's run as the distance back to that point the following noon, although we may have changed course and sailed further over the bottom. We

haven't had any severe weather, but we also haven't had sustained fair wind. Good half day runs, but no good full noon to noon ones. Getting to and from New Zealand is usually work.

1200. Low uneven overcast, with two brief showers this morning. Rain to the west of us now. The wind has moved back and forth, causing me to tack a few times. It is now where it was at the beginning and we are making about five knots close-hauled on starboard tack, more or less on the course for Grafton Passage, which is 1157 miles bearing 303°

Our noon to noon runs, with the first morning's 12 miles added, come to 801 miles. Best day was 136; worst yesterday's 80.

I've added a waypoint at Saumarez Reefs, which are off the south end of the Great Barrier Reef. It is 628 miles ahead, bearing 301°. There are two specks of coral south of there we will have to watch out for some day.

Presumably we are now in the convergence zone and will eventually emerge to find the trade winds on the other side.

1800. I was just standing on the companionway ladder, my head and shoulders above deck, but protected by the dodger, listening to light rain hitting the fabric.

Brief showers have been about the horizon, and sometimes THE HAWKE OF TUONELA, this afternoon. In only one of them was there much of an increase in wind, and that only to 18 knots for a few minutes, creating the first white caps I've seen in a while. White caps began to form at Force Three on the Beaufort Scale, Gentle Breeze, 7 to 10 knots. We've had 7 and 8 knots of wind but no white-caps for days. At the moment we have less.

Following that 18 knot shower, the wind shifted from northeast to west, and I tacked. We're sailing high of the rhumb line course as I want to, but I didn't expect doing so before a west wind. Our noon positions on the chartplotter reveal that we've been forced slightly below our desired course for the past five days. I'd be surprised if this lasts the night.

We are 550 miles due east of Brisbane, Australia.

I finished reading THE MUGHAL THRONE. Three things stood out.

First, in more than 175 years, from 1526 when Babar founded the dynasty, to the end of the rule of Aurangzeb in 1707, there were only six Emperors, and Babar himself only ruled for five years.

Second, the Mughal Empire was at the time the greatest and richest empire on the planet, and Europeans, including the Portuguese, who had a presence in Goa and a few other places, were beneath consideration.

And third it reads discouragingly like European history, men and women struggle for power, kill, imprison, or blind their brothers to obtain it, and somehow manage to get others to fight and die for them. That is not to say that some of these men, Babar and Akbar in particular, were not exceptional, and the book interesting. But people are people and they acted pretty much in Medieval India as they did in Medieval Europe. Too bad.

1900. Becalmed. Sails down.

April 29

South Pacific Ocean: Tuesday

0720 I was on deck last night at 1900 to lower sails which were slatting and banging; at 2000 to raise them again in a breath of wind; at 2300 to lower them when becalmed; at 0000 to raise them in a light wind; at 0300 to re-trim them and change course before what had become a good sailing breeze backing from the NNW; at 0500 to adjust trim and course again; at 0600 to adjust trim and course again. And several times since then; but it is now daylight.

At midnight we were still surrounded by low clouds and light rain was falling; but at 0300 the sky was clear and the wind real. Now the sky looks something like a trade wind sky, but the wind is coming from the west. We are sailing just forward of a beam reach at 7 knots to the northwest. I would gladly do so forever, but because of the rapidly with which this wind is backing, I don't expect it will last. Maybe it will just keep on backing and become the trades.

Sunny sky, with scattered low white clouds and a few wisps up high.

Last quarter moon in sky at 0300.

1200. This west wind is weakening, around ten knots--down from 15 at 0500, but still good sailing on a close reach.

Today is the predicted midpoint of this passage. I estimated my arrival for May 7, a week tomorrow. At the moment that seems optimistic. We still have 1100 miles to go, which would mean averaging 5.73 knots the rest of the way. Possible if we get steady wind, but not likely.

Our noon position is 25° 48' South 162° 23' East. On the pilot charts almost all the wind from here on is from the east or south. But not today. Our present wind is perfect, but it can't last.

Water has been seeping back into the head bowl, which usually means the joker valve needs to be replaced. I had been waiting for the right time. The head is on the port side of the boat, which presently is the high side. I did the deed this morning. Seems to have solved the problem, though the old value looks to be o.k.

Working on heads, particularly at sea, is never fun, but I must say a word of praise for this head, which is a common inexpensive Jabsco. I bought it a year or so ago in Opuia to replace a much more expensive head from a famous manufacturer that had always given me problems. The Jabsco is easier to clean, doesn't leak as the pump on the former one always did, is easy to service; and if something too serious ever does go wrong, can simply be thrown out and replaced for a couple of hundred dollars.

Of course THE HAWKE OF TUONELA continued sailing along heeled over as I did this. Sitting on the cabin sole, leaning into the head compartment, and bracing myself with my legs, I felt something wet in my left shoe when I was finished and looked down to find my foot covered in blood. I've been taking aspirin for my elbow, which seems to have done some good, but which makes me bleed easily. I had simply scraped my shin.

Of being heeled over, manufacturers do not consider in their packaging that a few of their customers may be trying to open an item with one hand while hanging onto a bouncing boat with the other. This came to my attention again while trying to open a new box of sugar cubes for my morning coffee.

2100 A half hour ago the wind suddenly doubled from 13 to 26 knots. Furled jib completely. We continue making 7 knots under main alone on beam reach. Moon has not risen. Can't see anything in darkness. Barometer has risen during the day. Heard Brisbane radio this evening. Their forecast is fair today, tomorrow and the next day.

April 30
Coral Sea Wednesday

0545 I got up about an hour ago. Still dark. Mostly clear starry sky with quarter moon.

I woke several times during the night, thinking that we had slowed and I needed to set the jib, but when I checked the instruments I found that we were still smoothly making 7 knots under main alone on beam reach. I verified this with the GPS. For the past few days the instrument system has been reading $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 knot higher than the true speed shown on the GPS, which I attributed to a counter current. There is a south flowing current along the east coast of Australia because, as I read online before I left Opuā, the Coral Sea is almost a meter higher than the Tasman. However the GPS is presently showing the same speed as the instruments.

I did set part of the jib a half hour ago. We are making a solid 7 knots, often over 8 and I saw 9 briefly. All this before 20 knots of wind and almost smooth seas. This west to southwest wind has

lasted longer than I expected, now more than 24 hours, and if it holds for six more hours, will give us our first respectable day's run.

In straight line distance we have passed the halfway point with the waypoint to Grafton Passage 932 ahead and the mooring 951 astern, though that distance astern passes through the end of the North Island.

1200 At last a respectable day's run: 164 miles, a 6.83 knot average, more than a third of it under mainsail alone.

I must admit that I kept the chartplotter on all morning so that I knew our true boat speed and could keep us moving. I steadily unfurled the jib as the morning progressed and the wind decreased to around 10 knots.

Our noon position of 24° 05' South 160° 03' East is an inch from the 'A' of Coral Sea on my paper chart. Grafton Passage is 895 miles bearing 301°. The first reefs, Cato Island and Wreck Reef, are less than 300 ahead of us.

With the wind backing, the mainsail was beginning to blanket the jib, so I lowered it a few minutes ago and we are continuing under jib alone. Conditions are right to have experimented with the new spinnaker. Don't think I'm going to bother with the one I have left, which since being cut down is no bigger than the jib, though it might set better off the wind.

Barometer continues to rise. Blue sky with low scattered white clouds, No high clouds, Wind 10 to 12 knots from the SSW. Seas 2'. During the night the wind didn't seem as strong as it was. I kept being surprised by readings of 20 to 25 knots, and seas were smooth for a while, finally reaching 3' to 4'.

1700 Just came below after a glass of wine on deck. I tried to sit on deck yesterday and was promptly rewarded with a wave. More successful this afternoon. though the wind persists from the SSW and has increased to 16 knots. Beautiful sailing. Whatever this is--bent trade winds?--it has been blowing since 0300 two nights ago and given us a great ride.

I had music on, but mostly was just watching the waves and THE HAWKE OF TUONELA slicing down them. A never ending pleasure. I wonder how many waves I've watched. Hundreds of thousands? Millions?

Although I haven't seen flying fish in the ocean, I have found two small ones on deck. Sorry to have killed them, however inadvertently.

We are less than 30 miles from the Tropic of Capricorn.

May 1
Coral Sea: Thursday

0730 The wind has backed slightly east of south and is around 10 to 12 knots.

I jibed at dawn near a patch of rain, but soon jibed back, and we continue on a port broad reach.

We crossed the Tropic of Capricorn-- $23^{\circ} 26.4'$ South--during the night, and will sail into a new time zone today, GMT +10, which starts at $157^{\circ} 30'$ East. I've already changed my watch.

1300. The few scattered showers this morning that were in our vicinity never passed over us and have cleared into a fine day. Wind and seas about the same.

I spent the morning replacing the broken engine shift cable with a spare. I don't recall exactly why I have it aboard. The shift cable did break a couple of years ago in Tahiti. I don't think I had it replaced until after I sailed back to New Zealand. I seem to recall that as a precaution I had the throttle cable replaced as well, and this spare may have been the old throttle cable.

It took almost four hours to remove the broken cable and install the replacement while THE HAWKE OF TUONELA rocked and and rolled on at 6 and 7 knots.. I will not bother with the details. it was tedious, uncomfortable, and frustrating. As is to be expected some of the old fittings had rusted and one bolt head broke off while I was trying to remove it. In the end the replacement is in and I think I can now shift gears again from on deck. If we are becalmed I'll test it at sea. If we aren't, I'll test it somewhere during the last 30 mile approach to Cairns in the Grafton Passage.

A hard tiring job.

Our noon position: 22° 50' South 157° 36' East. Our day's run of 155 miles is a 6 knot average even for a 25 hour day because of the time zone change. Grafton Passage 740 miles bearing 300°. Saumarez Reefs 217 miles bearing 288°. There are some reefs closer than Saumarez. If the wind continues they will be in reach by tomorrow, and maybe even tonight. I'll check their distance at sunset.

May 2

Coral Sea: Friday

0700 At sea I close the companionway with two plexiglass slats. Because of the odd wave, I usually leave the lower one in place. I can step over it. And if there is a chance of rain or rough weather, I put the top one in when I go to sleep. Last night was so clear, with the Milky Way overhead, Scorpio above the horizon astern and Orion ahead, that I didn't. This resulted in my having a dream that I was being rained on, from which I eventually awoke and found that I was.

Earlier the wind had backed a few degree and I jibed and spent the night on the port settee berth.

The closest reefs are 30 and 40 miles distant. The gap between them is 50 miles wide. If the present wind holds, I'll jibe again in a couple of hours and pass between them.

On a Brisbane radio station, I heard general weather forecasts, which have included strong wind warnings in the far north. Two days ago the warning covered the Torres Strait to Cooktown, yesterday it included Cairns, a hundred miles further south, and today, Townsville, another hundred miles south, but still 500 miles north of us. No more information.

1205 Between reefs at noon, Kenn Reef 20 miles north, Wreck Reef 27 miles south, no sign of either, but there is a difference knowing they are there.

Our position at noon: 21° 44' South; 155° 42' East. Day's run 125 miles. Grafton Passage 616 miles bearing 300°.

Saumarez Reefs no longer a factor. We will pass well to the north and east of them, but Frederick Reefs are about 85 miles directly ahead of us and may require a change of course during the night.

I had a solar shower this morning and changed into clean clothes. Both always a pleasure, and the shower while rolling downwind more difficult than it sounds. I had planned to do this yesterday, but the hours spent on the engine took too much out of me.

Sunny at noon. Wind ESE at 12 knots. Clouding over behind us.

1600 Just came below from sitting on deck listening to music and the hull moving through the water. Saw a flight of flying fish. Sky mostly covered with low clouds. A few patches of blue to the west and two patches of rain to the northeast. The barometer is down, but so is the sea, waves only 2'.

Clausewitz said something to the effect that "War is diplomacy carried on by other means."

A voyage is my life carried on by other means. I live out here much as I do anywhere: I am alone, as I usually am even ashore with Carol at her office five days a week; i read; I write; I listen to music. I don't watch sports on television at sea, but that is really only a pastime; and I do watch movies. In addition I keep the boat moving and see the sea and the sky. I don't hear the noise and am not exposed to the ubiquitous ugliness of cities. I am at home here. All that is missing is Carol, who most definitely wants to be missing from this picture.

While showering this morning I noticed that the left side of my body is covered with bruises, leg, torso, arm.

The work on the engine cable took place in two locations. One end of the cable is attached to the interior part of the cockpit shift lever, which is at the aft end of the starboard quarter berth; and the other to a low part of the engine itself. Lying face down on the port quarter berth, I was reaching down, mostly with my left arm, around other parts of the engine and its cooling system, for several hours, while the boat continued sailing fast. Among other things I had to drill a hole in a bracket for a new bolt to replace the rusted one whose head broke off. My normal battery hand drill is too big for the space, so I used a Dremel tool, but its biggest drill was smaller than the bolt. I managed to enlarge the hole, but then dropped the bolt. It fell only a few inches and had to be still in the engine compartment, but I could not find it and eventually used a different one.

Frederick Reefs 60 miles directly ahead. I'm going to alter course to pass north of them, but will have to keep track during the night. We should be in the vicinity well before dawn.

May 3
Coral Sea: Saturday

0800 I only know the day of the week because the computer shows it.

I also know from Australian Radio that this is a holiday weekend: Labor Day.

A slow morning--me, not the boat which continues to roll along at 6 knots. I was awake several times during the night, but never for long, and so should have gotten enough sleep. We

passed well northeast of Frederick Reefs. Marion Reef is next. It is bigger, a twenty-five mile long arc. From the charts it appears possible to anchor behind it, but I'm sure this is illegal prior to clearing in on the mainland, and Australian Customs have a reputation for being strict. In any event, I wouldn't stop, preferring not to break the passage.

We are still 300 miles off the continent, and not far south of Townsville. Sky clearing. Wind SSE at 12 to 14. Sailing under jib with two or three rolls in it to enable Monitor to steer better.

1205 A fine, sunny day. Mostly blue sky and sea, with some cloud to the south. Wind 10 knots. Warmer: 81°F/27°C. A day for the new spinnaker, alas.

Noon position: 20° 06' South 154° 00' East. Day's run 138. Grafton Passage 487 miles bearing 295°.

I've been feeling more tired than I should and decided perhaps I am not eating enough, so ate a full size can of tuna for lunch. Usually have 'Lite' cans, which are smaller.

Also this morning, after sitting on deck for a while listening to music, I decided we were sailing flat enough to run the engine briefly. Running the engine while significantly heeled can result in damage because of improper oil flow. I removed the engine cover so I could determine if the shaft was turning in response to shifting gears from the deck. I am pleased to report that my efforts were not in vain. People are sympathetic when you enter a harbor with engine trouble--"There but for the grace..."--as opposed to when you enter in a boat without an engine--they think you are trying to prove you are better than they are, and they are probably right. But I don't like to have to ask for special consideration.

1600 A beautiful afternoon.

At 1300 the wind veered to the south, and I jibed onto a port broad reach. Although it is not as big as the genoa, I decided to set the smaller modified spinnaker. Up in five minutes, an increase in speed of .5 knot. A smoother and quieter ride. Cut fuller and of much lighter cloth, it is a superior off wind sail to the genoa, which tries to be all-purpose, but is really intended to be used to windward. The spinnaker fills more easily, and when it does collapse, being set flying puts much less stress on the boat and rig when it refills. I am very, very pleased.

While I was on deck enjoying the sailing and listening to music, two ships passed within a few miles of us at almost the same time. A shipping track is shown on the charts. The one heading south passed west of us, and the one heading north passed to the east. I again have the ocean to myself.

I am navigating on three charts: two electronic, one in the chartplotter, and another in the computer; and one paper. Each is useful. All the information and detail is in the chartplotter, but often small bits of land, such as the reefs in this sea, don't appear until you zoom very close. Here is where the paper chart is still useful. I can see the reefs and our relationship to them more easily. Not until the last few days did I bother to transfer our noon position to the paper chart. The electronic charts in the computer are also useful in getting an overall picture of the situation because more is visible at one time on the computer screen, which is much bigger than that on the chartplotter.

My chartplotter is a relatively new Navman that I bought to replace a seven year old Simrad that finally failed and which was the most unintuitive piece of electronics of any kind, on land or sea, that I've ever owned. Last evening I discovered the "night mode" for the Navman display. Basically it is reverses color, showing a white track on a black screen. Still very easy to read. Presumably it helps not to diminish night vision, and it makes the screen much less intrusive in the cabin when left on and I am sleeping. This chartplotter draws very little power. I left it on all last night and will again tonight. Marion Reef is 72 miles ahead.

1720 A fittingly beautiful sunset, turning scattered clouds to gold.

Another ship passing, heading south and several miles astern. There is also a shipping channel inside the Great Barrier Reef, but I shouldn't have to worry about ships any more as I move closer to several other reefs.

May 4

Coral Sea: Sunday

0640 Wind backed at sunset, causing us to harden up to avoid heading directly for Marion Reef, so I furled and lowered the spinnaker and set the jib. We sailed west throughout the night. Marion Reef is twenty miles north east of us on a clear sunny dawn. The Great Barrier Reef is one hundred miles ahead. Our course from here on will be between it and a number of off-lying reefs. This is a wide passage, fifty miles at its narrowest.

Awoke at 0430 thinking I heard something rolling around the deck, like a bolt. Couldn't see anything in the darkness, and don't see anything missing this morning. Disconcerting.

Later learned it was a loose flashlight battery rolling around inside the chart table.

1225 A beautiful day, with a completely clear sky at dawn now dotted by a few trade wind clouds. The wind has remained SSE and is now blowing at 14 to 16 knots, giving us fine sailing under the jib with a couple of rolls in it to help the Monitor maintain control.

At noon we were at 19° 35' South and 151° East, giving a day's run of 136 miles. We jibed a couple of times and probably averaged 6 knots over the bottom.

The entrance to Grafton Passage is 354 miles ahead. Whether we make Cairns in three days on Wednesday, which was my projected arrival date, will depend on wind and particularly wind angle. A five knot average would see us there, but I expect we will have to jibe several times to keep away from the reefs on both sides of us and so have to sail further. Also we would need to be at the entrance by noon at the latest in order to reach Cairns before sunset. If we are not off the pass until the afternoon, I will sail back out to sail to await the following dawn.

From Australian broadcast radio, the forecast for all of Queensland seems to be fine, and the strong wind warning has contracted to north of Cooktown, which is one hundred miles north of Cairns. I do not know what their definition of "strong wind" is. It might differ from mine.

1720 An almost perfect day. Good wind. Good sailing. Sunshine. 80°F at noon, but as yesterday, the afternoon became no warmer. With the cooling breeze and in the shadow of the sail, I was very comfortable on deck.

Not quite perfect, because the wind is forcing us to sail 15° to 20° below our desired course; and because of an irregular clicking sound from the Monitor self-steering vane. I leaned over the transom, but could find nothing loose nor determine the cause of the sound, which has ended.

We are 70 miles east of the Great Barrier Reef, but more than 100 miles distant on our present course, so it will not be a problem tonight, though I will still jibe with a wind shift.

Time for dinner and perhaps a glass of wine. Perhaps on deck.

May 5

Coral Sea: Monday

0700 The wind backed a bit last evening, and so, after watching a poor movie version of RED BADGE OF COURAGE--in this case not making them like they used to is a good thing--I jibed. It was the right decision. We made six knots on the desired course in front of 15 to 18 knots of trade wind. If this holds, we might be able to make the entrance to Grafton Passage without another jibe.

However it was not a restful night. The jibe did quiet the sound from the Monitor, but caused others. Cans rolled on galley shelves until I got up and wedged cups of noodles packages around them; and I was wakened from a deep sleep by a loud

crash, which proved to be nothing worse than a plastic bucket falling from beside the quarterberth.

It looks to be another beautiful day, and in fact is predicted to be so. I heard the weather on a Townsville radio station. Winds offshore southeast 15 to 20 knots. Fine except for the next four days except for a few scattered coastal showers. The announcer in Townsville was complaining about the cool weather. It was 16°C/ 62°F there this morning, which was the coldest reading so far this year.

1240 Conditions continue the same: sunny and pleasant. However my hope to make Grafton Passage on this point of sail were optimistic. We are headed directly for Flinders Reef, which is about 55 miles ahead of us. The Great Barrier Reef is the same on the beam.

I'm still undecided whether to pass Flinders to the east and north and then jibe, or jibe soon and pass it to the south and west.

Our noon position: 18° 21' South; 149° 33' West. Day's run 139 miles.

We've been out two weeks today. The second week's run 963 miles, or a 5.7 knot average. Grafton Passage is 215 miles distant, bearing 298°, but we are going to have to sail farther than that to get there, which is all right as we might have time to kill. I don't want to be there before dawn Wednesday.

1630 Just came below after listening to music on deck. My cockpit speakers aren't working, so I took the iPod and headphones. One speaker stopped a few days ago, and now the other. I expect connections have been shaken loose, but am not ambitious enough at present to trace the wiring. It will

wait until port. 48 hours from now I might have had a shower, a cold drink and a good meal.

We are sailing south of Flinders Reef.

I tested both possibilities. First hardening up to sail northwest, then jibing to sail west. West won. It was my preference as the reef would have been a close lee shore all night the other way. And the wind backed a bit during the afternoon to make this way even more favorable.

I've sailed to Cairns twice before: from Port Vila in CHIDIOCK TICHBORNE in 1981, the first passage after being adrift; and from Noumea in RESURGAM in 1987.

I didn't remember the names of these offshore reefs, but seeing them again the names are familiar. Lihou Reefs, Magdelaine Cays, Willis Islets, Holmes Reefs, Herald Cays, and Herald's Surprise. I hope it wasn't too much of a surprise to Herald.

Navigating by sextant in CHIDIOCK TICHBORNE, I had good position lines that put me directly over the Great Barrier Reef as I approached Cairns, but in light weather I couldn't see any sign of it, until as the tide dropped I found it directly below us. I dropped the anchor and raised the rudder and centerboard, and we rested there seemingly in mid-ocean until the wind returned.

May 6

Coral Sea: Tuesday

0700 Low cloud and scattered showers at dawn bending the wind, but we are where we want to be 120 miles from the entrance to Grafton Passage.

I was awake several times during the night, and finally jibed at 0300. We were able to sail the exact course then, but presently are closer to 330° than the 315° we want. Hopefully wind will swing back when the showers clear.

0845 Most definitely not the morning I wanted. Showers, one heavy a half hour ago, with gusting wind--I saw a reading of 31 knots apparent and with the wind coming from astern the true had to be over 34 knots, which is low gale force--spinning the boat off course.

I've reduced the jib down to near storm jib size, and jibed between showers. On starboard we were heading almost due north; on port we're generally between 290° and 300°. No dangers between us and the entrance of Grafton Passage, if we can sail somewhere near the course.

One can feel the difference between the ocean weather we've had, and the land dominated weather we are having.

1210 Sky continues mostly cloudy, but seems to be clearing. We're almost sailing toward Grafton Passage at 6 knots under partially furled jib.

Noon position: 17° 34' South; 147° 28' East. Grafton Passage 89 miles bearing 308°.

A five knot average will put us off the entrance at 0600, which is what I am aiming at.

Tired. Took a couple of brief naps this afternoon. Will have to be awake tomorrow by 0300 or 0400 at latest.

1620 The sky did clear in early afternoon, and I took a shower in the cockpit, adding a tea kettle full of boiling water to bag. We didn't have any solar heating this morning. Also shaved and changed my clothes. Though perhaps if I didn't, the officials would want to get off the boat more quickly.

Wind around 20 knots. We're not quite sailing the rhumb line course to Grafton Passage, which is 313° and 65 miles distant. The Great Barrier Reef is 25 miles away, and land about 50. I can see no sign of either.

I'll continue on until I converge with the reef and then jibe off to get some sleep, I hope.

No moon tonight.

May 7

Coral Sea: Wednesday

0450 The light at the entrance to Grafton Passage is visible. It is 5.07 miles away, almost due west, and we are sailing toward it at 4.9 knots, so we should be very close at 0600 as planned.

The night has been clear, but with more wind than I need. Still better than no wind at all.

I jibed onto starboard at 2030 and we continued to parallel the reef ten miles off until 0330, when I jibed back. I kept our speed down by furling the jib to not much more than storm jib size, which still kept us moving at five knots. Being so under-canvassed, THE HAWKE OF TUONELA rolled extravagantly. Fortunately I don't get seasick, which may be a more useful gift from the Vikings than Dupuytren's Contracture.

I set the alarm for midnight, but woke at 2330. Set it again for 0300, but woke at 0230. Reset it for 0330 and was wakened from deep sleep. And finally set it for 0430, but woke for good at 0415.

While Grafton Passage is several miles wide, it will be back to windward, and I will probably furl the last bit of jib and power from that point on, letting the tiller pilot hold a compass course.

0700 Powering up Grafton Passage. Still very rough. I thought it would smooth out once we were inside, and it has some, but not much. Making 3.7 knots at rpms that should give 5.7.

A couple of waves broke over me as I was making the transition before dawn from sail to power--moving solar panels below, taking tiller pilot on deck. Fortunately the water is warm.

The high land behind Cairns is visible.

Wind 20+ knots coming from our port bow.

Should smooth out as we get closer to land. Two or three rough hours more.

0800 Sunny. Wind 20-25 knots. Very choppy. Just turned 20° to try to cut a corner. Not so directly into waves. Speed up to 4.8.

These conditions are really at the tiller pilot's limit. Perhaps a bit beyond. Twice waves have caused its arm to leap off the tiller connection.

0920 Heavy spray coming over deck. Speed up to 5.3 knots. Hot in cabin. I wish the seas would smooth. Near Cape Grafton on mainland in an hour. Maybe then.

1000 Made turn west, which moved wind toward stern, but water is shallower--110'--which increases chop. Better than it was. Not yet in lee of land.

1100 Less choppy. At last. Reached Australian Customs on handheld VHF, but can't reach marina yet. About 10 miles out. I can see the buildings along waterfront in Cairns. Making 5.7 knots.

1300 Docked at Marlin Marina. Good I was able to replace the engine cable. Had to dock with 20 knots of wind and strong tide behind me. Needed reverse.

Cairns to Darwin, Australia May 2008

May 13

Cairns to Low Islets: Tuesday

0615 I pushed THE HAWKE OF TUONELA back out of her slip halfway before climbing aboard and shifting into reverse against a light pre-dawn breeze. The bow of the big day-trip boat beside me extends several feet beyond the dock. I backed well away to clear it, shifted into forward, and was through the breakwater entrance at first light.

Once into the inlet, I set the tiller pilot to steer toward the shipping channel, while I removed fenders and dock lines that probably won't be needed again until Bali.

Although I was just an hour past high tide, the water is shallow around Cairns, so I followed the shipping channel until I could safely turn north toward my intended first anchorage at Low Islets, 35 miles away.

0700 Enough wind from southwest to set jib and cut engine. Pleased when I shifted into reverse I heard the prop stop.

0930 Sunny morning. Mostly clear sky. Few clouds over land behind Cairns and Cape Grafton.

No one else out here. Wind just backed southwest to southeast, so I jibed jib from starboard to port, Making 5.5 knots. Wind about 16 knots. Predicted 15-20.

The coast here is high. Port Douglas, with 20,000 or so people, is not far off to the northwest, but beyond that there is only Cooktown, which had 300 inhabitants when I was there in 1987 and is now said to have a couple of thousand. This is the Big Empty.

Very pleasant sailing. Almost level. Rolling a little on 1'-2' waves.

Should be at Low Islets by 1300. Hope the anchorage is not full of day boats out of Port Douglas.

1440 I'm on a free mooring at Low Islets, having arrived at 1240.

There are two low cays here, one of them with a pretty white sand beach, which provide a smooth anchorage on the north side from the trade winds.

I furled the jib and started the engine one mile off. From that distance I could see several masts, and as I rounded the reef, I saw that they were all on moorings. Two looked like day trip boats, but the other two like cruisers. Passing close astern of the first of these with a home port of Gibraltar, I called and a man came on deck who confirmed that I could pick up a mooring. Another man appeared on the next boat and said there was a mooring beyond him. These are public moorings of industrial size with huge mooring pennants. He climbed into his dinghy and went over to pick up the pennant for me, which I appreciated. After temporarily draping it over my windlass--it is much too big for THE HAWKE OF TUONELA's cleats--I made a bridle from one of the dock lines I had not yet stowed away.

We covered 35 miles. Mostly level sailing. Might call an article, "Level Best" Really perfect day. Still is, with some clouds over the land and the trades continuing to blow at 10 to 15 knots.

The mainland is seven miles west of us. The inside edge of the Great Barrier Reef is 8 miles east.

I'll be off early tomorrow. The next stop should be at Hope Islands, 38 miles north.

May 14

Low Islets to Cape Bedford: Wednesday

0615 Awake from 0500. I tied down the tiller, but not tightly enough. This is a good anchorage, but not completely smooth and there was enough motion to create a few inches of slack in the line which permitted the rudder to thunk back and forth. Sailing, like MacBeth, doth murder sleep.

Had orange juice and coffee. Dropped mooring at first light. Cabin lights on in the two other boats here, so I expect they will be away soon.

Cloudy. Rain showers last night. Wind off land at 10 knots. Looks like rain ahead of us.

0720 Most of the rain has moved offshore, but we are getting light drizzle from the trailing edge.

Sails of the other two boats at Low Islets behind me.

0830 Rain has persisted, sometimes light, occasionally heavy. Wind has died. A few minutes ago when our speed dropped to 2 knots, I started engine. Looks clearer ahead.

0900 Light rain. Wind filled from south. Engine off. Boat speed 6 knots under jib alone.

1000 Off Capt. Cook's Cape Tribulation, so named because their tribulations started there. Sky still mostly overcast, but no

rain at present. Sun trying to come out. Making 6.4 knots under jib. Wind 12-14 knots astern.

We've sailed the other two boats below the horizon.

1100 I had intended to stop for the day at Hope Islands, which are ten miles ahead, but rain has returned with limited visibility. I was at the Hope Islands in RESURGAM and know that the approach to the anchorage is through coral heads. I may continue on to Cape Bedford, which is 40 miles distant. At 6 knots I'd be there just before dark. Wind is 18 knots behind us and THE HAWKE OF TUONELA is making 6+ knots.

The anchorage at Cape Bedford has no off-lying dangers and requires merely rounding the cape and finding a depth in which to anchor. Can be done after dark.

I'll decide in an hour.

1200 Visibility better, but rain behind us and wind 18-24 knots. Not a reef day. I'm continuing to Cape Bedford, now 33 miles distant.

Endeavour Reef, where Capt. Cook went aground, five miles east of us but not visible.

1400 Cape Bedford 24 miles ahead. Mostly sunny, but still patches of rain. Making 6.5-7 knots.

Just came below from sitting on deck for an hour. Had to be to navigate around an isolated coral patch. First time I remained on deck other than to trim jib.

1450 I think I can see Cape Bedford through the clouds and haze. Waypoint for Cape Bedford 17 miles distant. Two or three more miles past that to anchorage. Dark at 1800.

Cooktown, where Capt. Cook towed the ENDEAVOUR with his ship's boats, and beached her for repairs is 8 miles away. I stopped there, too, in RESURGAM, and it is an interesting place. But the anchorage is small and I don't want to take the chance that there will be no room.

We're in the shipping channel between reefs. No ships in sight, though I did see three this morning.

1845 Anchored on the north side of Cape Bedford. The end of Cape Bedford is three miles long. We sailed until the last mile. When our boat speed dropped below six knots, I turned on the engine. Got the anchor down in 15' of water at high tide at 1820. Covered 74 miles in a 12 hour day. If I had thought I was coming this far, I wouldn't have let us loaf along at 3 knots for a half hour this morning, but we made it with twilight to spare. No other boats here.

THE HAWKE OF TUONELA is in a peculiar mode, neither passage nor harbor. I have left the fabric covers on the cushions and am sleeping in the v-berth, but on my sleeping bag because I am too grubby for the sheets. Also have put a passage pillow case on the pillow.

Provisions are stowed on the cabin sole in front of the v-berth and on the quarter berths. The solar panels are on the quarter berths. The batteries are getting sufficient charge from running the engine. Objects left on the upper berths in the main cabin or in the galley don't need to be secured. We are mostly sailing level.

Not expecting to be here, I'm not sure of tomorrow's destination. Choices are Cape Flattery, Eagle Islet, Lizard Island.

Not a beautiful day, but a fine sail.

2000 Took my evening drink of Bundaberg rum and tonic on deck. Just over half moon shining. The rigging an illuminated spider web. Facing the Southern Cross. At sea the last few days, I saw the Big Dipper. Looked north tonight, but wasn't visible.

The sky cleared after sunset. Only a few clouds. Wind still blowing at 12 to 15 knots.

The eastern end of Cape Bedford is composed of two buttes linked to the mainland by a low isthmus. On the mainland several miles away I can see a single light. This is aboriginal land. From here all the way around the northern coast of the continent and almost all the way down the south coast until Perth, there are only four or five towns of any size and probably not a quarter million people. In the United States this would be a distance from New York City north and west and south to Los Angeles.

I miss my cockpit speakers. I turned up the volume on the cabin speakers and could hear them on deck, but it is not the same.

I also miss my new spinnaker. I would have set it early today. It would probably have been too much when the wind was over 20 knots, although being made of 1 ½ oz cloth should have been strong enough--much less the 8 knots in which it split. I inspected the sail in Cairns and have a theory, which I will withhold until I get a sailmaker's opinion.

I even would have steered myself for a while if the sail overpowered the tiller pilot, just to see what it could make this boat do. I hope I can get it repaired in Darwin. Winds can be light between Darwin and Bali; but the Indian Ocean is usually boisterous and I doubt I will need it there. This was the place. Alas.

May 15

Cape Bedford to Cape Flattery

0615 I think this will be a short day, just 20 miles to Cape Flattery. I could go out to Lizard Island, which is a good stop, but I've been there twice before and don't need the extra miles.

Wind continued to blow hard half the night. Although I had a snubbing line on the anchor chain, the chain still made noise. At 2300 I got up and went on deck and found that the sound was being caused by the snubbing line riding over the chain on the bow roller. Pulled it to one side which seemed to solve the problem.

Turned on the instruments on my way below. Wind then at 18 knots; depth of water 11.8'

Wind moderated sometime after midnight. Morning sky partially cloudy.

1100 Anchored in the lee of Cape Flattery, so named by Capt. Cook because he flattered himself that after repairing the hole in the hull of the ENDEAVOUR at what is now Cooktown, 35 miles to the south, that the worst of their trials were over. They weren't.

I've written about the history of this coast, Capt. Cook, Capt. Bligh, and the incompetent Capt. Edwards of the PANDORA, in the chapter, 'Cruising the Ghost Coast' in THE OCEAN WAITS, so won't do so again.

1430 Warm, sunny afternoon. No rain today.

Did my exercises for the first time since leaving New Zealand and only the 29th time this year. I knew I wasn't going to make 100 in 2008.

Also removed and inspected the tiller bracket for the tiller pilot. In our first year out of Boston, I broke several of these brackets. I'm pleased to find that I have three spares with me. The sailing conditions yesterday were near the limit of the tiller pilot and a clicking noise was coming from the bracket. However on inspection no cracks and the two holes through which it is bolted to the lower side of the tiller have not been elongated, so I put it back in place.

Even though I am going to want to steer a compass course rather than wind angle until we reach Cape York, I may have to let the Monitor steer and keep close watch on it in these strong trade winds. Blowing 20 knots through the anchorage at the moment, which has remained smooth.

While there are few people in the north of Australia, much of its mineral wealth is here, and those who are here, other than the aboriginals, are usually mining something. A Japanese company runs a silica sand strip mine near Cape Flattery and exports a half million tons of sand each year from a pier on the south side of the cape. I think their center of operation is in the next bay to the west. I see a couple of small vessels anchored there, but any buildings ashore are blocked from view by a hill.

Another yacht came in and anchored closer in than I about an hour ago. I assume they have come from Cooktown and are headed to Lizard Island. Lizard Island has a good anchorage, a very expensive resort, and a climb to the top of a hill known as Cook's Look, where the captain tried to find a way out through the reef. Anyone sailing this coast for the first time should definitely stop there. I am in moving on mode.

The coast which has been running north, falls away to the northwest for seventy miles and scallops west for fifty more, before turning north toward Cape York again.

Tomorrow we'll sail northwest 35 miles to the next anchorage at Howick Island.

May 16

Cape Flattery to Cape Melville: Friday

0630 Anchor up and underway.

0645 Engine off. Making 5.6 knots under jib. Would have been an easy anchorage to sail off of. I had unobstructed miles behind me. I only started engine in case I was unable to winch in anchor chain against wind; but no problem.

A second yacht that came in yesterday afternoon and anchored near the headland is a three masted schooner whose delivery captain I met in Cairns. He is taking it around to Perth. Was gone before I got up at 5:30.

Sometime during the night a fishing trawler came in and anchored a hundred yards away. Fully illuminated with deck lights. Startled me when I first poked my head on deck. Wasn't expecting anything that bright.

0930 Very pleasant morning so far. We're just clear of Turtle Reefs and halfway to Howick Island. Wind 14 knots almost astern. Our course of 327° is clear to Howick Island 15 miles ahead. Making 6 knots under jib. Sunny morning.

Coast is low hills and white sand dunes, with higher hills inland.

Radio National Australia has a strong AM broadcast signal from Townsville. I still get good reception this far north even during daylight. Coastal showers predicted south of us, winds 15-20 for Torres Strait to Cooktown indefinitely.

I've decided the need to steer compass courses is paramount and will continue to use the tiller pilot. If the bracket breaks, I'll replace it. Also checked if I have extra bolts of the right size. I do in diameter, but longer than necessary. They will work if needed.

After showering yesterday I rewarded myself by sleeping on the sheets instead of sleeping bag. Like them better and will continue to do so. Can wash sheets as well as sleeping bag in Darwin.

1330 An absolutely beautiful day. Sunny; good wind without being too strong; effortless 6+ knot sailing. With some excitement at noon.

A half mile off Howick Island, which is surrounded by other reefs and islets, I turned on the engine, but when I checked to be certain water was being discharged from the cooling system, it wasn't. I went below, removed companionway ladder and engine cover and saw that the belt that should be moving the water pump was stationary. Back to the cockpit to turn off engine, back to the cabin to manually turn the belt, which was

already at full adjustment extension. When I started engine again, it moved and we had water from the exhaust.

I powered to the area marked as the anchorage in the excellent cruising guide, CRUISING THE CORAL COAST, of which I have now owned three editions. A depth of around 25' was indicated, but I couldn't find less than 34' and I was near low tide, so I decided to continue on to an anchorage on the mainland 20 miles distant.

Jib and new course set, I went below to see if I had a spare belt for the water pump. To my considerable dismay I heard the prop rotating. I knew I had put the shift in reverse. I hadn't bothered to replace the engine cover and so was able to see that the bolt holding the cable connection to the transmission had fallen out. Shifted into reverse manually. Stopped prop. Found bolt and nut on floor of engine compartment, replaced them. However I was unable to get a wrench or even a pair of pliers on the nut to tighten it. So only hand tightened as before. Guess I will have to routinely check it.

Fitted spare water pump belt, which required first removing the alternator belt.

Excitement over. THE HAWKE OF TUONELA sailing at 6 knots during all this, obediently staying between reefs. I did check both the chartplotter and stick my head on deck from time to time while working on the engine. Anchorage at Ninian Bay 15 miles ahead when I started writing. Now at 1350 13.3 miles.

Don't know why this engine is so hard on fan belts,

Still a beautiful day.

1630 Ninian Bay didn't work out either. Wind too far east, blowing into the anchorage and making the land a lee shore. Going to have to go to the west side of Cape Melville. Twelve more miles, but might have to sail more. Won't be in until after dark. Clear sky and will have gibbous waxing moon. Also it is just a matter of getting to the west side of the cape and putting the anchor down anywhere.

A lot of work for such a beautiful day.

1945 Oh, my word.

We were off Cape Melville at sunset at 1800, and I could see Cape Rock to port and Boulder Rock ahead. Our course was between them. I had both the chartplotter and the computer chartplotting software in operation.

We made it between the rocks in the last of the twilight. There is a mile wide and two mile long shallow shelf on the west side of Cape Melville, so we turned gradually to stay clear of it as we made out way south. However, the smooth water and decreased wind I expected did not appear. In fact the wind began to gust, perhaps accelerating around the high land of the cape. The maximum reading I saw was 29 knots. And the waves became jagged. Because we were turning into the wind, spray was blown on deck. I had to put up the dodger and put on my foul weather parka.

Gradually we made our way around the shallows and closed the coast, anchoring in 18' of water near high tide. The wind is still gusting in the 20s, but we are relatively comfortable. I put out 100' of anchor chain, which is more than my usual 3-1 scope. My head lamp was useful working on the foredeck. Wind is howling. The anchor is well set and I don't think we could drag, but there is nothing behind us between here and

the Flinders Islands, which is one of my favorite anchorages and our destination for tomorrow.

The chartplotter says we covered 77 miles today. We lost some time slowing to check out two unsatisfactory anchorages, and had I planned to come all this way, I could easily have made an earlier start. Still it wouldn't have made much difference. Thanks to GPS and double chartplotters, darkness wasn't a problem.

Today was a beautiful day, but I could use a short one tomorrow. I am at the moment rewarding myself with a Bundaburg rum and tonic.

May 17

Cape Melville to Flinders Islands

0645 Calm morning finds us still at anchor $\frac{1}{3}$ mile offshore as measured on the chartplotter, but only .09 a nautical mile off the 2 meter curve, which is THE HAWKE OF TUONELA's draft. I wouldn't have come that close after dark without GPS. I have a reputation for risk-taking, but I take risk cautiously.

After writing this log last night, I turned off the cabin lights and, after going on deck and bringing the flapping American flag below--sat here listening to music--Satie's Gymnopedies. One trend I have noticed in myself is that I have come to appreciate quiet and serene music: there has been enough angst in my life not to need it repeated musically. I watched the stars swinging about through the companionway, while I finished my drink. Much too windy to enjoy it on deck.

As has become usual, the wind decreased after midnight, but occasional gusts still brought the anchor chain taut. Bright moonlight until almost 4 a.m. I wakened briefly many times.

We're going less than 15 miles today and will get underway when I've had a cup of coffee and gathered the energy to winch in the anchor. Shouldn't be difficult in present conditions, so perhaps I should get to it.

1200 Anchor down at Owen's Channel between Stanley and Flinders Island. I rightly remembered this as being a pretty place. We are just off a sand spit. Flinders Island is to the east and high, but no wind to shelter us from. We were becalmed at 0930, so I turned on the engine and powered the rest of the way. Took almost as long for us to cover 15 miles today as 35 other days.

CRUISING THE CORAL COAST says that most of the land in this region belongs to three I imagine very rarely visited national parks, one of which is used for crocodile conservation. The anchor chain was caught on something this morning and I had to power forward and from side to side to free it. Glad I didn't have to go in the water.

I saw a single light last night about a mile south of Cape Melville. I was anchored three miles south. I assume it was on the land because the water there is only a few feet deep.

And this morning when I was getting underway, the sun glinted on something metallic on the shore. With binoculars I saw that it was a four-wheel drive vehicle. No other signs of anyone. I have this anchorage to myself so far.

The first and smaller of the two scallops west of Cape Melville is Bathurst Bay, which is what we crossed this morning. The larger

one is Princess Charlotte Bay. Hope we have some wind tomorrow.

1445 A cooling breeze has finally come up. Blowing down the channel between the islands, which means is coming to us from the northeast, but I expect the hills have bent the trades.

Found two small wrenches and managed to tighten the nut on the bolt holding the transmission cable.

Showered and shaved. Uploaded some photos from my cameras to the computer. Nothing particularly interesting.

I have a couple of scraps on my left leg that are slightly infected. Using Dettol and Polysporin. Not serious.

Two butterflies flew out to inspect THE HAWKE OF TUONELA, one mostly white, the other yellow.

2010 Bright moonlight on the channel. The silhouette of the Flinders Island. Clear, starry sky. There is such beauty here. Such joy. And it is not given. The sailor earns it with his skill and his body, which makes it even better.

May 18

Flinders Islands to Morris Island

0615 Anchor up at first light. When I anchored the depth was 31'. Put out 100' of chain. 34' depth this morning.

I had set the alarm for 0530. 60 miles to the next anchorage. In RESURGAM we stopped at Lizard Island, Flinders, and then Night Island, which is even further than Morris. Maybe we anchored in between, but I don't recall.

In CHIDIOCK TICHBORNE we had light winds in Princess Charlotte Bay and I ended up anchoring a couple of miles offshore in the middle of no where on a calm night.

I had to power a quarter mile south to clear Stanley Island, then turned to 289°, which is our course for the first 20, before turning north, and found a small fishing trawler a mile ahead of me coming in my direction. I diverted to the north to let him pass. Saw a couple of men working on the deck. Maybe they were heading into Flinders to sleep. Glad I had the place to myself.

No wind. Glassy water.

0845 Wharton Reef, a small sand cay with two trees on it and a trawler anchored to the west, is abeam. About halfway across Princess Charlotte Bay.

Slight wind has come up from the west. Unfurled jib, which is giving us an additional .2 of speed. Will keep powering until we can sail at 5 knots. Can just make out hills on mainland twenty miles distant.

1200 Beautiful sunny day, but no wind and we are still motoring.

As we have turned more to the northwest, the slight breath of breeze no longer filled the jib, so I furled it.

Morris Island is 25 miles ahead.

All of the anchorages along this coast are based on the near certainty from May to November of southeast winds. This is a one way street. Go north, old man. At present the wind is southwest, but so slight that it doesn't really count.

The first three days out of Cairns my lunches were Brie on six grain rolls and a pear. Last two have been hummus and crackers and an apple, Last of hummus today. Still have two apples.

Spent much of the morning on deck in shade of jib, listening to music from iPod on noise-canceling headphones, which reduce engine to very low murmur. Will try to remember to check if I can still hear engine alarms with them on.

Looks depressingly likely we will be powering for four more hours.

1220 Half mile east of Hannah Island. This completes the sidestep west from Cape Melville. Course again north.

1640 Blessed silence. The noise canceling headphones certainly helped, and I can hear the audible alarms with them on. But still that was 10 hours and 60 miles of engine. I had the rpms at 2700, which gives us 5.7 knots. The additional .3 of a knot came from the jib, which was up part of the time. We never had more than five knots of wind and have less now. Sky is sunny, few clouds. Looks like high pressure, but the barometer is neither high nor low.

I anchored ten minutes ago at Morris Island, which is a pretty sand cay on the west side of an extensive reef. Some vegetation and a single palm tree.

Another boat here. Home port San Francisco. I anchored a hundred yards behind it and haven't seen anyone on deck.

Won't power ten hours tomorrow. There is an anchorage at Night Island twenty miles away, where I stopped in RESURGAM.

And if there is no wind at all, I might just stay here and go swimming.

My ears are ringing. Time for a drink.

1815 Waiting for my freeze dry lamb fettuccine to cool.

Went on deck for my drink. No music. Only sounds of water lapping on the shore. 2" ripples. Cranes wading in shallows and calling, "Kelrupp. Kelrupp."

Very light cooling breeze as I watched the sunset on the mainland eight miles to the west. Almost full moon rising to the east.

Had two rum and tonics. I don't usually drink rum. My usual drinks are Laphroaig, wine, and gin in martinis and gin and tonics. Rum is tropical. Grown and drunk there. Rather good. Almost through with the bottle I bought In Cairns. Also almost through the limes. Still have tonic and gin.

This is the third time I've sailed this coast and almost certainly my last. In not too many more years, the lone palm tree will still be growing on the end of this island and I won't be here to see it. I seem to recall a poem about that.

In an excellent movie, THE TRAIN, I watched a few nights ago, about a French Resistance effort to prevent a German officer from moving French paintings to Germany just before the fall of Paris in 1944, a railway engineer is told in parting, "Be careful." He replies, "I am too old to be careful."

May 19: Monday
Morris Island to Portland Roads

0645 Anchor up at Morris Island. A little later than usual because I checked the engine after its unusual usage yesterday. Have about half a tank of fuel left: ten gallons. Tightened alternator fan belt.

Started engine in case I needed it, but never put it in gear. Ten knot wind blowing us away from cay, so sailed off anchor.

Perversely the wind came up after dark last night, blowing at 12 knots and making the anchorage somewhat rolly for an hour at high tide when more water came over the reef.

0715 Raised mainsail for first time since before reaching Cairns. Wind more ESE, so angle good and will not blanket jib.

The other boat which was anchored at Morris Island got away before I did and is under sail a couple of miles ahead and west of me.

Not sure of my destination. Night Island is only 20 miles, but this wind feels as though it will hold and so we should be able to reach at least Lloyd Bay behind Cape Direction, and possibly Portland Roads. Wherever we go I don't want to have to power more than the last mile.

1030 Very glad to have finally finished STALIN: The Court of the Red Tsar by Simon Montefiore. I enjoyed his YOUNG STALIN more, because once Stalin obtained power he became as great a monster as any ruler, having twenty million of his own people tortured and killed, and another twenty-eight million deported, of whom eighteen million slaved in the Gulags. Need something more pleasant

Trade wind continues. Good sailing. Making 6 to 6.5 knots. Have passed Night Island. Still not sure how far we'll go. Sunny with some clouds more substantial than trade wind cloud. May rain.

1200 Off Sherrard Island. Already sailed 32 miles. Current boat speed 6.5. Cape Direction 9.5 miles; Cape Weymouth 24.4. Lloyd Bay is behind Cape Direction: Portland Roads behind Cape Weymouth. Probably continue to the latter.

1700 Anchored at Portland Roads a half hour ago. Did power the last three miles when the wind went astern as we turned in and the sails began to flop. Covered 60 miles in same time as yesterday, but sailed 57 of them today. Beautiful broad reaching.

Three other boats here. One a catamaran about the size of THE HAWKE OF TUONELA. The other two fishing boats. And the boat that was at Morris Island is just coming in now. Room for hundreds.

There are several houses ashore. Portland Roads always has had a few residents. Not sure why. It is not even a particularly good anchorage, with some swell usually rolling in, as it is now.

Saw a sea snake this afternoon. Passed three snake lengths to starboard. Yellow and brown. Sea snakes are not aggressive, but have the most potent venom of any snake. On CHIDIOCK TICHBORNE, where many things were washed aboard, I had nightmares of them. They will become more common from now on. Approaching Darwin in CHIDIOCK TICHBORNE I saw waves full of them writhing.

We will be a week out of Cairns tomorrow morning. Two more anchorages to Cape York: Cape Grenville tomorrow, 40 miles

away; and then the miserable Bushy Islet, which disappears at high tide, but is the only possibility short of making the Escape River. I stopped at Bushy Islet in both CHIDIOCK TICHBORNE and RESURGAM. No problem making an early start from Bushy.

Two completely different worlds at the moment. South the sky is dark with rain and a rainbow. North is sunny and clear. We're on the dividing line.

Just off this cape is Restoration Island, where Capt. Bligh made his first landfall after sailing from Tonga. I'll raise my glass tonight to the much maligned Capt. Bligh, the second greatest open boat sailor of all time.

May 20: Tuesday
Portland Roads to Cape Grenville

0615 After a slightly rolly night, anchor up and underway. Sailed off again.

I mark the chain with electrical ties at 25' intervals: one at 25', two at 50', three at 75', 4 at 100', and one again at 125'. The chain is a little over 200' long, but I don't bother to mark it beyond 125'. I very seldom have out that much and if conditions require it, I just know I need a lot of chain. Unfortunately the 25' marker came off as I raised the anchor this morning. Don't know when I'll get a chance to remeasure and replace it.

This will be a jib only day. Making 6 and 7 knots in 15 knots of wind.

I left before the other boat, a Valiant 40, which I think is crewed by another solo sailor. Don't like sailing in company, but

probably we will be stopping at the same places until Cape York.

Last evening just before sunset a small private helicopter came over the hills and landed on the shore. Lights were on in one of the houses on the hillside after dark. Apparently someone is rich enough to helicopter to their home at Portland Roads. There isn't a town within hundreds of miles.

1000 Following the shipping channel today, at least until we get close to Cape Grenville. Many reefs around, a few west of the channel. We just passed through the narrowest point between Piper Islets and have turned north again.

Partially furled jib. Still making 6.5 knots with 15 to 18 knots wind near the beam.

Most reefs are named for ships or men. but we passed Ape Reef yesterday. Hard to figure that one out off this continent.

Earlier with the wind further aft, we were sailing smoothly enough for me to take the tape measure on deck and drag out the chain to insert a new electrical tie at 25', or close enough. Main use of that mark is to indicate when the anchor is likely to break free because I try to anchor is less than 30' of water.

The waypoint for Cape Grenville is 13 miles distant. That is on the south side of the cape. The anchorage is on the north side and four or five miles further.

1400 I underestimated the distance from Clerke Island off the tip of Cape Grenville to the anchorage. Thought we would be in for lunch, but there were still seven miles to go, and so I ate

some cheese and crackers along the way. Anchor finally down in 13' of water near low tide in Margaret Bay.

Cape Grenville is low, but provides good protection.

A large power catamaran that looks like a tourist dive boat was anchored close to shore when I arrived, but has left. The Valiant was a half hour behind me. And a trawler has also anchored. Lots of room here.

Sunny. Trades blowing close to 20 knots. But boat is comfortable at low tide. Some swell might come in at high tide.

Shaved and showered and changed clothes.

Made 47 miles today.

We are twelve degrees from the Equator and 90 miles south of Cape York.

Not looking forward to Bushy Islet tomorrow, particularly if the trades are still blowing 15 to 20 knots.

1815 I could take a spectacular sunset photograph every evening here, but repetitive.

This is one of my favorite anchorages along this coast. I remembered it as such. Even with three other boats, there is an edge of the world feeling about Cape Grenville.

You round a shallows to reach the anchorage. A cloud of birds has been hovering and feeding on that shallows all afternoon.

The wind has decreased with sunset. Some places just feel right, and this is one of them.

May 21: Wednesday
Cape Grenville to Bushy Islet

0645 Anchor up at Cape Grenville. The other sailboat, whose owner may value his solitude as much as I, was gone when I first looked out an hour ago. I expect he left early in order to reach the Escape River. And the trawler left last evening. This left only the catamaran, which had returned and anchored again almost on the beach. So I didn't even bother to start the engine this morning, but sailed off.

The anchor chain came up clean, but the anchor itself was a full ball of sand and mud.

Sky clear, with only a few clouds. Wind around ten knots. Making 6 under jib alone. No need or desire to reach Bushy early.

A few miles ahead is Bird Islet. Apparently well named, for the water around us this morning is a white feeding frenzy. Fish about two feet long are leaping after smaller fish, and terns are diving on them from above.

1000 Fine morning. We are on the edge of the shipping channel, doing an eleven mile dogleg to pass between Hannibal Islets and Viking Reef. Only one ship so far and that a couple of hours ago. Good to have a clear horizon and the world to myself again.

Several small two-tone brown porpoises swam beside us for half an hour. THE HAWKE OF TUONELA was only making 5.3 knots,

but they seemed happy to keep pace and dart across our bow.

A pleasant morning, with the wind well aft.

Been using the engine so little the past few days, I put out one of the solar panels to charge batteries.

1200 Smooth sailing toward Bushy Islet 17 miles distant. Trades moderate. If speed were important, I'd raise the mainsail.

Just realized that I sailed from Opuia a month ago today.

As I've written before, time is an uneven medium. It has been a busy month and New Zealand seems much more than a month distant.

1600 We are anchored just off dreaded Bushy Islet, which is not bad at the moment. But we are at low tide. The tidal range today is 7'. At high tide near midnight, most of Bushy Islet will have disappeared.

The mainland is four miles west of us and consists of low land covered with scrub and patches of white sand.

We have going for us that we have the place to ourselves; it has been a day of moderate not strong wind; and full moon light all night. The two other times I have anchored here I have been away long before dawn. I expect to be tomorrow too.

I'm surprised to have seen only one ship all day--the one at dawn; and while I was not on deck constantly, I did keep a good lookout and don't believe any got past me unseen.

We covered 48 miles and have about the same to Cape York. A little more to the anchorage in its lee. The variable is the current in Albany Pass, which runs up to five knots and with the full moon probably will. In CHIDIOCK TICHBORNE I had it against me and it took all afternoon to negotiate the 2.5 mile long pass. In RESURGAM we had the current with us and were through in a few minutes. I could go further east and follow the main shipping channel outside the islands near Cape York, but would rather go through Albany Pass for old times' sake.

May 22: Thursday

Bushy Islet to Cape York

0330 Off anchor at Bushy Islet, but not because it was a rough anchorage. It wasn't this time. Not even at high tide. But I went to sleep early expecting it to be and to leave early. I slept in the main cabin, where rolling is felt less than in the v-berth, but that may not even have been necessary. In RESURGAM I recall the motion being so severe that we had to move from handhold to handhold, as though in a storm at sea.

A trawler came in sometime during the night and was anchored to the east of THE HAWKE OF TUONELA with all deck lights blazing.

Wind blowing at 15 knots. Clear full moon sky. Anchor came up clean, but a bit of work winching it in against the wind.

A ship was passing as we spun off the anchorage. There is a very faint loom of light in the north that I assume is from Thursday Island.

Pleasant sailing, listening to Schubert.

0640 While there has been pre-dawn twilight for almost an hour, the first sliver of the sun rose above the horizon a minute ago.

Tug passed towing barge heading south. A sailboat ahead of us came out of the Escape River, whose mouth is abeam. Don't think it is the Valiant. This one flying a cruising spinnaker. Wish I were. Perhaps after Darwin, where I may be longer than I had intended. My Indonesian cruising permit doesn't start until June 29. Not sure that is critical, but it may be. If so, I wouldn't sail from Darwin before June 20.

Lots of reefs and islands around Cape York. Just passed Tern Island. Turtle Island and Harrington Reef ahead.

0945 Past Albany Rock light. Amazing how the seas almost immediately smoothed, although the wind blows freely up the Adolphus Channel.

Albany Pass was not on today. The wind was blowing directly into it, which in the confused seas would have had the jib constantly on the verge of jibing hard. So I kept a better wind angle and sailed a few miles east to the shipping channel. Even so I had to hand steer the last five miles. The wind was only 15 knots, but the charts show overfalls, and the tiller-pilot couldn't keep up with the confused waves and currents.

We still have to sail west to round Eborac Island, which is off the tip of Cape York, before turning south to the anchorage.

Sunny morning. Pleasant now we've passed into Torres Strait.

1100 Anchored at Cape York. Windy. Gusting 22.

Always satisfaction rounding a significant cape, even though this one isn't quite Horn or Hope.

The two sailboats that came out of the Escape River, one ahead of me, and one, I think the Valiant, behind, have continued on to the west, probably to Thursday Island or direct to Darwin. I'll sail for Darwin tomorrow. I like it here at continent's end.

1600 Warm, sunny, windy afternoon. Did a few things to prepare the boat for sea: topped up the canisters of oatmeal, powdered milk, and trail mix in the galley; checked the engine and bilge; went over the Monitor--found one of the wires I put through the bolts had fallen out; replaced it. I was going to move the tiller pilot from deck. It has done its duty the last 400 miles. But realized we are still going to need to steer compass courses for thirty or forty miles to clear the islands and shoals in the strait.

Also shaved, forced myself to do my exercises--that's twice this month--and showered.

It is about 700 miles to Darwin through the Arafura Sea. After Torres Strait, we have three hundred miles across the top of the Gulf of Carpentaria. Then another 300 off Arnhem Land, then about a hundred southwest to Darwin. Probably six days.

Enjoyed the sail up the coast. Ready to leave it now and just sail.

Nothing and no one ashore here. I went ashore when I was here in CHIDIOCK TICHBORNE. Giant anthills and scrub. There is a photo in THE OCEAN WAITS.

No sooner had I written the above than I stuck my head on deck and saw two four wheel drive vehicles on the beach and some people walking on the ridge of Cape York. I don't think there is a paved road north of Cooktown. Studying a map of Australia, I am surprised to see that Cape York is further west than Melbourne.

In the cruising guide, I found mention of Wilderness Lodge on Cape York, started by an airline and now run by the local aboriginal tribe. Presumably the people I saw were guests there.

Possibly an early movie and a last night on the v-berth until Darwin.

May 23: Friday

Cape York to Arafura Sea

0610 Had a good night's sleep, almost unbroken for eight hours. Awake at 0500. No need to make an early start, except to get the anchor up before the wind increases. About 10 knots now. But have to wait for more light. Can't just spin off downwind. A shallow bank there, and a ledge I have to avoid off the south end of York Island. Sky is lightening. Don't know if I'll wait until full dawn.

0650 Anchor came up easily because we had tide counteracting wind, so almost no pressure on rode. Again chain clean, probably because wind kept it off bottom, but anchor a full ball of mud and sand.

Under sail now heading west. Tide two knots against us. We're sailing at 6.5, but only making 4.5 over bottom. Not sure when it

will change. It was behind us off Albany Island yesterday, but the tides here are difficult to predict. The closest place for which I have information is Possession Island five miles ahead, which has only one high and one low tide today. The high was at 0100 and the low will be at 1500. We will be long past it by then, but the ebbing current is against us.

Lovely morning. Scattered showers predicted for Thursday Island, but not in evidence yet.

1100 Mostly in passage mode. Monitor steering. Spinnaker set (until further notice that means the small one). We are in Endeavour Passage. One last line of islets and shoals ahead, but there is lots of room between them. Solar panels on deck. Even the key removed from engine panel and brought below. Been in place since Cairns.

Our course is west. Cape York is a significant corner. From Opuā we had been going north. Now it will be west all the way to Mauritius, assuming I keep on going. A little south to Darwin. Back a little north to Bali. But essentially west.

It was interesting this morning to see the current catch and release us several times. Near Possession Island, where Capt. Cook went ashore and claimed everything he had seen from Botany Bay to here, we sailed through a patch of turbulence that in rougher conditions would have been overfalls and as we came out the other side our boat speed leapt from 4 knots to 6. In another mile it dropped back. All the major islands are behind or to the north of us, and we seem finally free. Instrument system boat speed and that from the GPS are both 6.2 knots. Wind almost directly from astern.

I set the spinnaker a half hour ago. Gave an increase of .5 knot.

Sky still sunny with no sign of possible showers.

Temperature in cabin 83°F, but with wind astern seems hotter.

1205 Wind has backed slightly north of east, so I jibed the spinnaker. Easy as a jib.

Noon position: 10° 49' South 142° 07' East. Cape Wessel (the next land) 316 miles bearing 269° Darwin 671 miles, but this is a direct distance crossing over intervening land and we will have to sail further.

Seas still smooth in the lee of Torres Strait islands. Pleasant sailing.

A sailboat is just visible on the horizon ahead and to the north of us. May change my course later to keep distance between us tonight.

1630 Torres Strait Islands only a smudge on the eastern horizon. A few clouds back there, but doubt there is rain. Sky over us and ahead clear blue. Wind light. Making only 4 knots under spinnaker, which is frequently collapsing even in these slight seas. Seem still to be losing .5 knot to current.

I called the sailboat ahead of me on my handheld VHF. It is indeed the Valiant 40 being sailed by a solo sailor named Jim. I didn't get the name of the boat. He did not go to Thursday Island, but anchored at Possession Island overnight, and is headed to Darwin.

A few hours ago I turned on the radar and measured him as being 3 miles ahead of us. Just turned it on again and the distance is down to 1.5 miles, even with us only making 4. He

has up a cruising spinnaker. I'll pass him sometime this evening or night. Also have some concern about shipping. One ship passed well to the north an hour ago.

I've been finding water in the bottom of the engine compartment. Less than a bucket a day. With the solar panels and spinnaker off the quarter berth, I checked and found as I expected the stuffing box on the shaft needs to be tightened. However, diesel mechanics recently modified my cooling system and positioned the water filter directly over the shaft. Almost impossible to get a wrench on it. I'm not going to try. I've kept boats afloat that were taking on considerably more than a bucketful of water a day.

Time to go on deck and have a sunset glass of wine.

1840 Had dinner on deck. A pleasing sunset; but not pleasing sailing. We are losing a knot to current and making good only 3 knots or less. 12" waves are enough to roll the wind out of the spinnaker, which fills and collapses several times a minute. Not so good.

I've tried to narrow the angle to increase the apparent wind and stabilize the sail and, hopefully, increase boat speed, without success.

The Valiant is still a mile and a half ahead of us, but not directly.

Two ships passed this afternoon: one close heading west; the other more distant heading east.

Papua New Guinea somewhere to the north; Australia somewhere to the south. If the wind doesn't strengthen, it is going to be a long night.

2105 Wind has increased and backed to east. Boat speed up to 5.5 knots by GPS. Still showing a knot higher on instruments. Spinnaker still set. Our course is around 300°. May put more separation between ourselves and other boat, or may jibe. Valiant is a mile to the south. Moon just above horizon.

May 24: Saturday
Arafura Sea

0630 I didn't get up at midnight last night because I didn't get to sleep until after midnight.

The rising moon revealed a bank of clouds to the east, which I thought might carry rain and more wind, so I lowered the spinnaker and unfurled the jib. While doing so the Valiant moved directly ahead of me. The lights of two fishing trawlers were visible to the south.

A brief shower at 2200 was followed by a heavier one an hour later, with the wind backing ESE. When it cleared, I looked out and found the Valiant's light a couple of miles behind me. And that finally, I hope, was that.

I got to sleep around 0100. Got up every hour or so. Saw the lights of a few trawlers to the south. A ship just passed.

Cloudy morning. Wind of 25 knots increasing to 30 predicted for the Torres Straits the next few days. Don't know if it will reach us. Would be the right direction to give us a fast ride, but doesn't matter too much. This is probably going to take six days. Five would be fast; seven slow. Presently making 5.5 SOG (speed over ground) on GPS under full jib on a very broad reach.

1210 Mostly cloudy this morning, but sun shining now. Fell asleep while reading. Jibed a couple of times. Presently on starboard broad reach and trying to get north of shipping lanes before nightfall. Ship just passed a mile or two north of us.

Noon position 10° 40' South; 140° 04' East. Day's run 121. Cape Wessel 196 miles bearing 265°. Cape Don (the point at which we turn south for Darwin) 492 miles bearing 265°.

Wind 15 knots from the east. Present boat speed 6.3 knots. Course 292°.

1610 Fell asleep again after lunch. Clouds building from astern, but not solid. Wind east at 16 knots. Listening to AFL--Sydney versus Port Adelaide --on ABC North Queensland radio.

1815 Sydney Swans won.

Sky looks less threatening than a few hours ago. I wouldn't mind strong wind behind us. Seas are 3', but all over the place. Coming from at least three angles. Maybe more. Wind still around 16 knots. Sailing at 5 and 6 knots under jib alone. I may go as high as 10° South Latitude before jibing back.

We are well within the next time zone +9 GMT, but I am not going to change my clocks or ship's time. For whatever misguided reasons, Australia puts the Northern Territory and South Australia 9 and a half hours ahead of GMT. I refuse to accept this aberration at sea. So effectively we have daylight savings time: late dawns and dusks. Even though it is fall, feels like summer anyway.

1850 Went on deck and was confronted with a spectacular sunset. Darwin routinely has magnificent sunsets because of

the dust from the desert to the west. Perhaps this was the same.

Australia calls itself "The Lucky Country." It is in fact the sunny country. Not Melbourne and Tasmania perhaps, but mostly. A continent that is mostly desert and empty.

May 25: Sunday
Arafura Sea

0720 Slept well until 0100, when I got up to look around and a squeak from the mast kept me awake for a couple of hours. Tried tightening and loosening various things, including backstay and halyards. Finally just went away of its own accord.

We have 20-25 knots of wind this morning. I've reduced the jib a couple of times to enable the Monitor to steer something less than Mr. Toad's Wild Ride. Still making 6.5 to 7.5 knots. Sometimes almost silently, as though we are standing still and not moving at all. Waves mostly 3', with a few bigger that slew us around.

Our course is higher than I want: 290° to 300°, but we have to sail that high to avoid accidentally jibes. We are most of the way across the Gulf of Carpentaria and just above 10° South Latitude, which puts us 40 or 50 miles north of the capes we need to pass. Also well away from shipping. I haven't seen any since yesterday afternoon.

Mostly sunny. Scattered clouds. Nothing threatening. Three countries on the chartplotter screen, all less than one hundred miles distant: Papua New Guinea, Indonesia, and Australia.

1200 Noon position: 09° 50' South; 137° 47' East. Day's run 144 miles. Cape Wessel 90 miles, bearing 222°; Cape Don 367 miles, bearing 256°; Darwin 439.

Wind has decreased to 18 knots. and I've unfurled most of the jib. Mostly sunny, but passing clouds sprinkling a few drops of rain. Hardly enough to close the companionway. After lunch I'll jibe and see what course we can hold on port.

Two flying fish in cockpit this morning.

1430 Jibed and as I expected we can't quite sail the course we want. Now low instead of high, which will have to do.

A line of more impressive clouds developed astern. I reduced the jib in anticipation of wind and rain, but it didn't happen. A few drops. Cabin very hot with hatches closed, despite four ventilators and two ports in cockpit left open.

The Arafura Sea is shallow and a light jade green in sunlight, which has just returned.

1810 Just looked out and at first thought I saw a sail, but it is the bridge of a ship to our north, maybe from Port Moresby.

Another band of clouds that looked as though it packed energy passed an hour ago with only a few drops of rain and no increase in wind. We continue with full jib set. There was enough rain for me to close the companionway for ten minutes. If this keeps happening all night, I'll have to leave it closed, which will make for uncomfortable sleeping. Temperature in the mid-80's F.

May 26: Monday

Arafura Sea

0700 I was standing in the companionway, looking at the pre-dawn sea and sky, when a wave startled me by breathing. It took a moment for me to realize it was a dolphin.

A good night with only two showers that forced me to close up the boat: one early, one late. In both instances I fell back asleep and woke an hour later able to reopen the companionway. Makes a great difference.

Conditions this morning unchanged. Cumulus clouds keep coming and a few sprinkle rain for a few minutes. They bring no significant increase in wind.

We sailed smoothly during the night, and I thought I would probably set the spinnaker today; but our boat speed is 7 and even 8 knots, so there is no point. We aren't sailing that fast and must be getting some current boost. Seas more regular and less confused than they were.

Our course is still lower than I want. May have to jibe offshore later today or this evening.

My morning routine now includes removing flying fish from the cockpit. They are very fishy fish, so I use a paper towel. Otherwise the smell lingers on my hands all day.

When they landed in CHIDILOCK TICHBORNE's cockpit, they generally landed on me, and once in RESURGAM, which had a similar interior to THE HAWKE OF TUONELA's, one came through the skylight hatch one night and landed on me while sleeping on a settee berth.

1025 Conditions much rougher. While yesterday the sky was mostly sunny, now it is almost completely cloud covered and rain is falling all around us, though not at the moment on us. Wind gusting 25-30. I reduced jib to about $\frac{1}{3}$, and we are still making 6 and 7 knots. One good thing is that the wind has backed and we are sailing the desired course of 260° to 265° .

I dug out one of my small battery operated fans to use when companionway is closed.

Had hoped to take a shower today, but doesn't seem likely at present.

Finished reading CALIBAN'S SHORE, an interesting story of what happened to the survivors of a ship wreck on the African coast in 1782--almost all of them died after reaching the shore; and started Ted Hughes's TALES FROM OVID, which so far is excellent.

1205 Sky brighter than it was. No rain falling. Wind still around 25 knots. Added a little more sail area.

Noon position $10^\circ 20'$ South; $135^\circ 21'$ East. Day's run 147 miles. Cape Don 221 miles, bearing 255° . Darwin 295 miles.

Three days out and we're more than half way. Two more days like the past two would see us there, however I thought at the beginning it would take six days and I think it still will.

On both CHIDIOCK TICHBORNE and RESURGAM, I anchored overnight once past Cape Don. Might have anchored twice in CHIDIOCK TICHBORNE. The final approach to Darwin passes through an area of islands and shoals that is best transited in daylight, so it might even be seven days to Darwin. In any event, I'll be there in less than the three weeks I anticipated as

a minimum from Cairns. Like all objects, once in motion I tend to keep moving.

1640 Sky mostly clear. Sunny. No sign of rain. Wind 20 to 25 knots. Sea state confused.

I just came below after an hour on deck. Fine spirited sailing at 6 to 8 knots. Jib has five rolls in it, which reduces it to about $\frac{1}{2}$ full size. Waves average 3', but some are 6'. THE HAWKE OF TUONELA surfs down some of the larger ones. I feel the rush, then look at the instruments, which I have set to display GPS data, and a second or two later, see 8.4 or 8.6 knots. Some spray comes aboard, but no waves while I was out there. With these temperatures wouldn't matter.

We've come 30 miles south from our noon position yesterday. Could go another 20 and still clear the outlying rocks and islands around Arnhem Land. Won't reach them until after dawn tomorrow, but I might be getting back to where I see more shipping.

Because the small population in much of the country is so scattered, Australian National Radio has strong transmitters. I've received Radio Far North Queensland; Radio West Queensland; and today, still 300 miles distant, a clear signal from Radio Darwin. The weather report said they may have coastal wind warnings by Wednesday, which makes me think we may carry this 20-25 knots all the way in.

May 27: Tuesday
Arafura Sea

0710 The wind has backed ten or twenty degrees, so at 0400 I got up and adjusted our course from around 270° to around

245°, which is now the bearing to Cape Don. Wind strength continues 20 to 25 knots.

Because the change in wind and wave angles is bringing more water aboard, I also furled more of the jib and closed the two ports in the cockpit. This requires crawling to the aft end of the quarterberths. Relatively easy on the one to port and difficult on the one to starboard, which is occupied by the liferaft, torn spinnaker, and dinghy.

I am considering setting the reefed main now that the wind is almost on the beam.

Our timing is off. Cape Don is 101 miles ahead, so we will reach it after dark. If we were there in daylight, I would anchor, and then continue across Van Diemen Gulf tomorrow. Going to have to study the chart and/or hope the wind, which has been blowing at 20+ knots for several days, diminishes as the clouds have. No rain last night.

We are still making 6-7 knots, heeled more but not rolling as we were with the wind further aft.

1050 Reefed mainsail set, along with a bit of jib. Hot, hard work.

Because RESURGAM's boom had only two internal reef lines, I started having my mainsails made with two reefs, but put at what would normally be at 1 ½ and the third reef. The sailmaker made this sail incorrectly, so I had to have a third reef put in later. The sail is now set at the triple reef point. All this is in preparation of turning the corner and being on at least a beam reach and possibly closer to the wind tonight. We're not going any faster, but the boat feels steadier and better balanced.

In some ways it is more difficult to put the triple reef in before raising the sail than to reef an already set sail, particularly under way. Lots of extra material in the way that has to be manhandled.

While working on the sail I recalled a recent news item on Australian radio about a 67 year old man who was killed aboard his boat when hit in the head by the boom. He and his wife had been cruising for several years and were a day or two out of Bundaberg on the way to Noumea. She sent out a distress radio message and was lifted off the boat by helicopter, while a volunteer crew was put aboard to sail the boat back to the mainland.

Before setting the mainsail, I pumped the bilge and engine compartment. Not much water in either, but enough to slop over the floorboards while heeled 20°.

Sunny day. Few clouds. Wind still 20-25.

No longer sailing downwind, so not as much breeze coming in through companionway. Drinking a can of Lipton ice tea and have fan on.

1210 Noon position 10° 39' South; 132° 50' East. Day's run 151. Cape Don 75 miles. bearing 239°. Darwin 158.

We are 20 miles off Arnhem Land. Water is getting shallower and waves steeper. Also wind may have diminished slightly. Going to set more jib to keep our speed above six knots.

At six knots Cape Don will be shortly after midnight. Not sure what sleep I'm going to get tonight.

1650 A long afternoon. We're now within 10 miles of land, but can't see it. Steeper waves are an indication. Sailing comfortably at 6 knots, except when one of the waves swings us toward the wind and the next wave. We've taken heavy water aboard three or four times.

An Australian Customs airplane flew over us. Did so in the Torres Strait as well.

We're 42 miles from the turn at Cape Don.

Took a nap for an hour.

1830 Within the past hour wind has decreased to 18 knots and backed east, causing us to head toward an offshore reef, so I jibed to move us further offshore. About to jibe back. Saw a fishing boat to the south.

May 28: Wednesday
Van Diemen Gulf

0800 A wretched night that began well enough.

Darwin is known for beautiful sunsets, but last evening the sky was also beautiful to the east: all lavender, deeper on a few wisps of high cirrus cloud.

The wind weakened enough as we nearer land, so that I changed from Monitor steering to the tiller pilot so we could follow compass courses around Cape Don and through Van Diemen Gulf.

I went to bed at 2000 and had a short nap. At 2100 I got up to find a searchlight focused on THE HAWKE OF TUONELA. I stood

in the companionway wondering what it was all about until I heard someone saying something indecipherable over a loud speaker. I turned on my handheld VHF and was talking to an Australian Customs vessel, which wanted the usual details. I gave them to him and he left.

The wind was so light that I completely unfurled the jib. We could have used the full main, but I refrained from shaking out the reef until we rounded Cape Don. A good decision because when we did the wind rapidly increased to 20-25 knots.

Our course for the first fifteen miles was almost due south in order to clear a shoal to the west. I had thought we might be close reaching. Unfortunately we were close-hauled.

Van Diemen Gulf is 90 miles wide, so there is plenty of room for chop to develop, and it did. Even with a jib rapidly furled to storm jib size and a deeply reefed main, we were leaping off small waves and the anchor was making a racket at the bow. That it was there was not a mistake this time. I had intentionally left it in place, thinking that it would not be a problem on this downwind passage. Even if I had removed it I would have replaced it as we neared land in case of a need to anchor quickly in an emergency. It is held in place by the anchor chain and chain stopper and two snubbing lines, and the bow roller has a metal arch so the anchor can't leap off the roller.

After a while the anchor stopped making noise. As I learned this morning, a wave had managed to wedge it sideways on the roller. I was able to free it.

I tried to sleep, but I don't know that I had much success. Maybe a few minutes here and there.

As we continued down the gulf, we were able to turn further off the wind, and finally a few minutes ago all the way to a beam reach. I lowered the main and we continue under deeply furled jib.

Making the anchorage at the Darwin Sailing Club before nightfall is problematic, and I am very tired, so I plan to anchor behind a peninsula on the south side of the gulf, which I should reach in early afternoon. I anchored there in both CHIDIOCK TICHBORNE and RESURGAM

The strong wind warning mentioned a few days ago by Darwin Radio has just been officially issued. But I already knew that.

1530 I moved my watch back a half hour to Northern Territory time.

We're anchored off the west side of Cape Hotham, thirty-five miles from Darwin. This is a low peninsula of red clay and mangrove trees. Good shelter from the prevailing winds. I showered even though I will get a real shower tomorrow or the day after, then sorted out the boat, from having to realign the metal arch that keeps the anchor on the roller and was pushed too far back by waves, to replacing a line used to secure the Monitor servo-rudder when lifted from the water. Also pumped bilge and engine compartment.

There was a strong current against us, both while sailing and powering to the anchorage, so I did some work while getting here, including releasing the mainsail from reef lines and putting on its cover to cleaning the galley.

A lot of water came over the foredeck last night, and unfortunately too much of it found its way onto the v-berth. I

had pushed bedding far enough forward so it didn't get wet. I've tried to find the leaks without success, and will obviously have to try again.

It really was a rotten night, but even today Van Diemen's Gulf is not a pretty body of water: a murky olive color, nasty jagged shallow water waves. No sea snakes this time, but I think it has always been a hassle for me to cross.

Anchored at Cape Hotham in CHIDIOCK TICHBORNE twenty-seven years ago I wrote a poem

off Arnhem Land

through the night
on unseen wind
and unseen waves
I sail unseen

sometimes
in deserted coves
I anchor
unseen

soon
I will not be here
to be unseen
and the people ashore
will not be here
not to see me

1840 This land is only a suggestion. The peninsula of which Cape Hotham is the end is a sand spit several miles long uniformly covered with mangroves. To the south, west and

north, there are other similar smears of land, rising barely above and barely distinguishable from the water.

We sail among the smears to the west tomorrow. The sailing distance to the anchorage off the Darwin Sailing Club at Fannie Bay will be 40 to 45 miles. The first 20 west through one of three channels amidst islets and shoals; then 15 or 20 SSW, depending on which channel and short-cut I take; and a final 5 miles to the SSE. At least these last two will be in the lee of land rather than across open Van Diemen Gulf.

I have seldom gone a full night without sleep at sea. In fact I don't recall the last time. It would have been decades ago. I have gone months without ever sleeping longer than an hour at a time.

I got some sleep last night, but not much. Maybe a half hour or forty minutes from 2000 to my conversation with Customs at 2100. Another similar period afterwards. And then maybe a few minutes here and there. Mostly I lay on top of the sleeping bag, listening to the anchor flop around or waves crash aboard, and got up to adjust sails and our course.

I'm ready to go to bed now, but it isn't even completely dark yet, and I know that if I do, I'll be awake at 3 or 4 a.m.. so I'm trying to last until at least 8 p.m.

I notice the change in the ways I told time above. At sea, perhaps as a vestige from days of celestial navigation, I tell time by 0000 to 2400. In port I use a.m. and p.m. So last night while sailing it was 2000; and tonight anchored here it is 8 p.m. Particularly since this passage is over. I'm losing the battle and retiring to the v-berth soon.

May 29: Thursday

Van Diemen Gulf

0840 or 8:40 a.m. Not sure how to put it since I've decided to remain anchored here today.

Had a solid night's sleep, from 8:30 last night to 5:30 this morning, only awake briefly around midnight. Got up planning to leave at first light, but a weather forecast from Darwin with a continued strong wind warning changed my mind. Winds of 20 to 25 knots are predicted for Darwin Harbor and should diminish tonight. I'm happy here, so will wait until tomorrow.

A disappointment last night. When I turned on my masthead LED anchor light, it did not come on. This is a new LED and the third I've had up there. Presumably the rough sailing has shaken it or a wiring connection loose. Fortunately the much more important tri-color LED masthead running light still works. I have an alternate anchor light, which I hung in the cockpit. Don't like it because it blinds me from seeing anything beyond the cockpit.

Sometime during the night another boat anchored in the shelter of Cape Hotham. It is a mile from me and a half mile from shore. Don't blame anyone for being cautious when coming in after dark.

1:25 p.m. Until the wind came up an hour or so ago, I was enjoying the quiet. The only sounds were an occasional ripple of water against the hull and a murmur from the rigging as the boat slightly and slowly rose and fell.

The wind is not strong here. Perhaps it is 20 to 25 knots in more open water.

I've done some boat chores, including scrubbing the cabin sole in preparation for a coat of oil. Didn't put the oil on today because I will do my exercises. As it happens this will be the third Thursday in a row, as well as only the third time this month. Put out the solar shower bag to get clean afterwards. Not especially hot, and was comfortably cool this morning.

Finished Ted Hughes's TALES FROM OVID. He was Sylvia Plath's husband. The Sylvia Plath of THE BELL JAR fame, and a fine poet herself. She grew up in Winthrop, Massachusetts, just across from the airport. I've sometimes thought of her while looking out across the runways and water while waiting for a flight. I hadn't previously read Ted Hughes, who I think is now also dead, but will have to. TALES FROM OVID is, as all the reviewers say, worthy of the original.

I started Patrick White's VOSS, which I've read two or three times and consider one of Patrick White's greatest two greatest novels--the other is THE VIVISECTOR. Where else to read the quintessential Australian novel?

This copy is a used hardback dating from 1957. I had to throw away the dust cover, which was irreparably moldy, but before doing so read the author blurb. In those days they often ran the full length of the back flap and actually told you something about the author. I'm not sure when or why the current laconic trend began: "Irving Burlap is short and lives in Connecticut."

6:10 p.m. I can quantify perfect weather. Temperature: 80°F/ 26.6°C. Sky clear, blue, with a few scattered high clouds to provide definition. Wind 10 knots. If you are under sail and the wind is aft, make that 10 knots apparent.

While I was on deck having a glass of wine and a dinner of freeze dry Moroccan Lamb, I thought: this is perfect, and checked the instrument for the readings.

The landscape/seascape here, as in much of Australia, is reduced to essentials: a low promontory of land, covered with a strip of green; water; and a big sky.

Brought in the solar panels in preparation for the move tomorrow to Darwin. This is a passage that is over, but isn't.

Wind has died. Very quiet, as it was this morning.

May 30: Friday
Darwin

1540 Anchor came up at the usual 0645. Chain as well as anchor covered with mud. I use a special bucket with a flap in the bottom so that it fills more easily when I drop it into the water, and this morning the flap broke off, so muddy chain came aboard. At least it wasn't smelly mud.

We powered for a half hour until there was enough wind to sail at 5+ knots. I heard on the radio that the strong wind warning is still in effect, but had waited long enough.

Eight miles out we entered the Clarence Channel between various Vernon Islands and shoals. The channels between them are wide, but most of the reefs and shoals on the chart were completely invisible. I had both chartplotters working and followed them and kept watch on the depthsounder. It was stay on deck sailing, ducking below only to check the chartplotters.

We had a strong 2 knot current with us and were making 7.5 knots over the bottom, so by 1000 we had covered 22 miles and made a course change from 270° to 223°, which brought us onto a beam reach just as the wind began to blow 20 to 25 knots. I partially furled the jib.

We lost some of the favorable current when we made that turn, and even with the increased wind, our speed dropped a knot. Dangers were not close for two hours and I was able to retire to the cabin and get out of the sun for a while.

By noon we were in the outer reaches of Darwin Harbor and changed course to 180°, which brought us to a close reach. All the land is low, but it caused the wind to vary, gusting 25, then falling to 12, which gave the tiller pilot problems. I repeatedly furled the jib in the gusts, then had to unfurl it in the lulls, until finally 4 miles from the anchorage, I turned on the engine and steered for a marker that appears on both my charts, but not in the harbor, and the cartridge in the chartplotter was bought this year and should be up to date.

As I came within a mile of Night Cliff, just north of Fannie Bay, the location of the Darwin Sailing Club, and my destination, the water smoothed and the wind dropped to 17 knots, then 15, so anchoring was not difficult.

It was also not difficult because there aren't many boats here. There is a rally to Kupang later in the year, so perhaps most will be here then. I see only three or four other boats that look like cruisers. The Valiant is not among them. Perhaps he also stopped along the way or has gone into one of the marinas.

The two marinas are relatively new and because of the tides are entered by locks. They would be convenient, but I expect to remain where I am.

While space is not a problem, tides are. I arrived at high tide of 17.7'. The low tonight is 8.06'. However that is not all. We are at $\frac{3}{4}$ moon, and I had to take into account the greater tides at new and full moon. On the chartplotter I found the greatest range will be June 6, when the high will be 23.8' and the low 0.76'. If my math is correct this means that I needed to anchor in at least 25' of water today in order to have 1' of water under my keel at that 0.76' low. I did, and am much further out than all but one of the other boats. The shore is .85 of a nautical mile away. That is a full regular mile. Going to make the row from my mooring in Opuia seem like nothing. I've been here before and done it before. But I don't think I'll be making more than one trip ashore a day.

Have started the transition to full harbor mode. About to pump up the dinghy, but won't go ashore until tomorrow morning. Will try to work the tides, but also would like to go in before the wind comes up. At least the row home will be downwind.

Darwin, Australia to Bali, Indonesia June 2008

June 21

Timor Sea: Saturday

0730 Darwin remained difficult to the end.

The wind did not decrease last night and woke me many times, blowing 15 to 20 knots.

I got up at 0530, while it was still dark, and was uncertain I would be able to raise anchor safely. Two boats were too close to me. One had anchored there intentionally; the other, a local boat, had dragged there several days earlier. The owner had the courtesy to dinghy over and explain that he had reset his anchor and thought he would now remain in place, but he didn't move back to where he was.

At first light, the wind was blowing 18-20 knots and we were two hours before a high spring tide. This meant tide against wind, which increased chop, but it also meant that the current would take some of the wind's pressure off the anchor. The water depth was 25'. I expected that if I could break the anchor free from the bottom, the wind would push THE HAWKE OF TUONELA away from the other boats. I also expected that the anchor chain would have been held off the bottom by the wind and come up clean. Whether it did or not, I knew I wouldn't be able to clean it. I decided to try.

In short, it all went as I expected. I was able to winch in the chain between chop and moments when the wind dropped toward 15 knots. The chain came up clean. The anchor a ball of mud and sand. The wind pushed us away from the other boats--the stern of the one who had anchored there deliberately when there was miles of space was only a boat length from our bow when I had winched us over our anchor.

(Interrupted by having to go on deck and jibe to avoid a ship entering port.)

At what is now 0810--I've dropped Darwin's half hour time difference and am using true zone time--the sky is mostly covered by low cloud. Wind is 25 knots. We're making 5.5+ on a broad reach under a scrap of jib.

Glad to have gotten away and be underway.

1200 Wind and waves have decreased as we've moved offshore, although even now we are in only 145' of water. 29 miles in 5 ½ hours. Wind 20-25 knots; seas two to three feet. I unfurled a bit more jib to reduce rolling, not increase boat speed. All we need is a steady five knots. Now making 6,5. Don't recall ever before making a passage when I had a date before which I can't arrive.

Noon position: 12° 13' South 130° 23' East. Bali 917 miles, bearing 283°.

1700 It turned into a nice afternoon. The clouds burned off, and the wind decreased to twelve knots. By 1430 I had the full jib up.

The Timor Sea has the same confused wave pattern I saw in the Arafura Sea. Waves of three and four feet are coming from many different directions, which makes for rolly sailing. At times our SOG (speed over the ground) was only 4 knots. Under other circumstances, I would have set the main. On this passage, because of the date my Indonesian cruising permit goes into effect, I just let us dawdle on. Our SOG is now back above 5 knots.

June 22

Timor Sea: Sunday

Parallel lines of high clouds are tilting wildly.

The wind strengthened above twenty knots not long after sunset and has continued 20 to 30. At intervals during the night I reduced the size of the jib, until now we are making 5.5 to 6 knots, which is more than I want, under the last scrap.

The waves are 6', and we took enough of them aboard last night, along with spray from others, so that I had to close the companionway completely. I thought the cabin might become stifling, but it didn't. Eventually the night became cool enough so that I pulled the sleeping bag over me, rather than just lying on top of it.

This morning is sunny, and I have only the lower insert in the companionway, leaving the upper half open. So far without a wave coming below.

My back has not healed completely. I don't have severe pain, but a constant ache, which makes finding a position in which to sleep difficult.

No longer certain of the wind speed because my bleeping instrument system stopped providing wind information during the night. This is the third masthead unit I've had up there. It is solar powered. so perhaps it will resume functioning today, although there was plenty of sun in Darwin and yesterday to charge its internal battery. I think it is blowing about 20.

1300 I think the wind may be decreasing, but then it did yesterday afternoon as well. Our boat speed drops at times below 5 knots, and we could carry more sail. I'm not interested

in going faster, so haven't unfurled more jib. I will only when it becomes necessary to smooth out the ride.

Pumped bilge this morning. Only half a bucket of water in main cabin bilge and another half bucket in engine compartment. Used my new stainless steel bucket I bought in Darwin. Should be indestructible.

Also swept cabin sole. Lots of sand came aboard landing the dinghy on the beach in Darwin. I think the Timor Sea has washed the deck for me.

I replaced the control lines between the Monitor servo-rudder and the tiller in Darwin. While the rope is high-tech low stretch, it is still necessary to retighten them frequently when first used. Did so again this morning between waves in cockpit. There haven't been that many, but they come without warning.

Sunny. Completely clear sky.

Noon position: 11° 59' South; 130° 23' East. Day's run: 135. (More than I wanted) Bali 783 miles (less than I want when I can't arrive for a week) bearing 284°. However I can't sail the rhumb line. The south coasts of three Indonesian islands: Roti, Sawu, and Sumba are in the way.

Still no wind information from very expensive and flawed instrument system.

June 23

Timor Sea: Monday

0630 New Time Zone. GMT +8, which is the time in Bali as well as West Australia. We have sailed past the Northern Territory/

West Australia boundary. Cape Londonderry is a hundred miles or so due south of us.

I was awoken early by a sudden cracking sound. Always distressing; but this sounded like plastic. It was in fact a blueberry pound cake in plastic packaging falling from the galley. It landed upright, but I would have dusted it off and eaten it anyway.

Earlier I had been wakened by spray flying through the companionway and making a direct hit on my face. Had to get up and put the upper companionway insert in.

Before dawn I picked up West Australian radio, which mentioned a continued strong wind warning along the north coast.

We have a bit more wind and waves than last evening, but not nearly as much as Saturday or most of Sunday. There is enough so that we continue to make 5 and 6 knots under a scrap of jib, although I did increase the sail area slightly late yesterday.

Looks to be a fine, sunny day

1205 Overflown by Australian Customs about 1000 this morning. Wind around 20 knots; seas 6' to 8'. I reduced sail to try to slow us down. Still making 5.5 to 6+ knots under considerably less than storm jib sail area. I am not having a good time. This need to go slow is ruining what should be good 160 mile a day or more sailing.

Noon position: 11° 56' South; 125° 49' East. Day's run 134. Bali 653 miles bearing 287°.

I will continue more or less due west until tomorrow, when I should be able to steer more directly for Bali.

The strong wind warning continues to be in effect for all of Northern Australia, from Queensland to West Australia. This is the fourth day, so I expect the high must move east soon. Or perhaps we will move far enough west. In either case, I wouldn't be surprised if we are becalmed after it goes and I find myself wishing I had not wasted this wind.

1600 A long day because of being cake awakened and the time zone change.

We continue to roll along at five and six knots. Every once in a while I think I will try to sit on deck, but before I do another wave comes aboard.

Reading Patrick White's THE VIVISECTOR. About two-thirds through. Listening to music. At one time this afternoon. THE HAWKE OF TUONELA swayed down successive waves in perfect time to a piece by Erik Satie.

June 24

Timor Sea: Tuesday

0700 A pretty dawn, with the sun turning scattered high clouds rose and peach.

We are beyond the high wind. I took the risk last night and left the upper companionway insert out without getting a wave on my face. Wind presently about 12-14 knots, and our boat

speed the desired (?) less than 5 knots mostly. Five more days of this and we'll be there.

I have often reduced sail and speed 12 to 24 hours before a landfall in order to enter port in daylight. Carol and I even started slowing down two days out of Dakar, Senegal. But I have never before slowed down from the very beginning a thousand miles out.

Early last evening we passed an offshore oil platform and a ship apparently taking oil from it. I altered course to stay as far away as possible and we maintained a five mile distance, measured by radar, which I briefly turned on.

Just slid down the face of a small wave. Boat speed jumped from 4.5 to 7.8. Now back to 4.4.

1215 Wind has been backing, so I jibed the token jib just before noon. Sunny. Hot. Am using one of the small battery fans in the cabin today for the first time on this passage. From the waves and white-caps I estimate that it is blowing 18 knots.

Noon position: 11° 49' South; 123° 50' East. Day's run 118 miles. Bali 540 miles, bearing 290°.

Oozing on.

1530 Sat on deck a while ago. First time it has been dry enough this passage. Boat moving at 4 and 5 knots. With the sun north and ahead of us, the sea was solid, made of stone or cooled lava, each facet of each wave distinct.

The amount of sail I have up is what I would normally set in a strong storm, 45 or 50 knots, just before going to bare poles. I estimate the luff is 10' to 12', and the foot not more than 4',

which would mean 20 to 24 square feet. Yet THE HAWKE OF TUONELA keeps moving on faster than I want. It's hard to keep a good boat down.

June 25

Timor Sea: Wednesday

1150 Boat speed: 6.3 knots. Damn.

That was earlier this morning, when the wind was stronger and backed southeast, causing me to jibe. Now making only 5.2, which is still too fast. Half our time has passed: 4 days. And more than half the distance.

I got hungry and ate some cheese and crackers for lunch; then plotted our noon position slightly early.

Close enough to noon position: $11^{\circ} 23'$ South; $121^{\circ} 42'$ East. Day's run 128. Bali 413 miles, bearing 290° .

I'll probably jibe back to a starboard broad reach at sunset even if the wind remains where it is. I can sleep more comfortably on my right side than my left.

I am only without pain while lying down, but I can't do that all the time. Ibuprofen helps, but there is a limit of how much I can take, so I'm limiting myself to a couple of tablets in late afternoon. Yesterday they and a glass of wine worked perfectly.

We have passed Timor, and I'm not sure we are still in the Timor Sea.

Just checked the paper chart. "Indian Ocean" is written closest to our position.

A ship passed a few miles behind us this morning, heading north. Looked like a bulk carrier, presumably taking the product of one of West Australia's many mines somewhere for processing.

I had planned to use the solar shower today, but conditions this morning and my back dissuaded me. Maybe tomorrow.

Finished reading THE VIVISECTOR. Remains along with David Malouf's HARLAND'S HALF ACRE and Joyce Cary's THE HORSE'S MOUTH, one of my favorite novels about artists.

June 26

Indian Ocean: Thursday

More clouds at dawn this morning, but they have all burned away, though the air is still hazy. A line of overlapping Indonesian islands lies just beyond the northern horizon. Sumba is 50 miles away, then Sumbawa, Lombok, and Bali. We've already passed Timor and Flores. Java is beyond Bali.

Wind about 16 to 18 knots. We continue to sail at 5 and sometimes 6 knots.

My back is much improved today. Nothing more than a slight dull ache. Pumped a half bucket of water from engine compartment, and put out solar shower bag for this afternoon.

I get Australian radio from Perth before dawn. Perth is more than a thousand miles to the southwest, almost on the same longitude as Bali. They are having winter storms and it is colder than I realized there: 4°C/39°F.

Noon position: 10° 54' South; 119° 38' East. Day's run: 126. Bali 290 miles, bearing 296°.

June 27

Indian Ocean: Friday

0630 We slowed considerably during the night to below 3 knots. I kept increasing sail area to maintain 4-5 knots, until we now have up about $\frac{2}{3}$ of the jib, and may soon have more.

Although we are still fifty-five miles south of the islands, I assume that we are coming under the influence of the land.

Twice last night I saw the loom of lights of fishing boats. Two were north of us around 2200, and one south at 0300.

I was awakened once by the sound of something falling onto and rolling around the deck: always of interest. I got up and went into the cockpit with a flashlight, but couldn't see the cause. While waiting for the chartplotter to give me a position--I leave it on during the day, but usually turn it off at night--I heard the sound again, and this time saw a flying fish flopping on the deck. Reluctantly because flying fish are very fishy, I went forward and tossed him back into the sea, though having lost his school, I doubt he will survive. Flying fish aren't loners.

A few hours later I heard the same sound again, but didn't bother to get up, and this morning found four fish in the cockpit, and three on the side decks.

We have a little over 200 miles to go. Would like to be just off Benoa Harbor at this time Sunday.

1215 We have increased our sail area by a factor of 20 to 24 and are maintaining about the same speed 4-5 knots. Since 0730 I've had the full jib set, which is 478 sq. ft., and it is possible, if I get ambitious, that I might almost double that again this afternoon by setting the repaired spinnaker.

Wind about 8 to 10 knots and seas down to 2'. Sunny. We continue to be 50 to 60 miles south of the islands, which continue not to be visible. Much smoother ride, although the wind is occasionally being rolled out of the jib, which refills with a jerk.

As I expected the sea did a good job cleaning Darwin's sand from the deck, but now it sparkles with flying fish scales.

Noon position: 10° 10' South; 118° 05' East Day's run 102 miles. Bali 189 miles, bearing 297°.

1815 The cost per hour of my spinnaker has been reduced from \$1000 to \$350 and continues to drop.

I set it at 1330 and it is still up just after sunset. The sailmaker says it is 900 square feet, but the dimensions he gave me seem wrong, so I'm not sure. In any event it is at least 700 or 800 square feet, and we're going no faster than we were yesterday under 20 square feet. However we are making 4 knots now in 6 knots of wind.

The repair is almost unnoticeable. There is one small patch three or four inches long and an inch wide just below the lowest seam in the sail. And another the same size where the leech tape split. Basically the lowest seam in the sail above the foot opened. I don't know why, but when I examined the sail it appeared that the seam was only held by scotch tape and

hadn't been sewn. There wasn't a tear. People make mistakes. I do too.

There might be irony in my wasting wind for five days and then having to work to keep moving the last 200 miles, except that it is not unexpected. Some of the islands north of us overlap and there are only narrow straits between them, The land is almost continuous, and land screws up the wind. Bali is 164 miles away. I could power that far, but am certainly not going to, unless necessary to meet Carol's flight, which arrives in a week and a few hours.

The spinnaker's tack is presently attached to a car at the forward end of a track used for staysails during THE HAWKE OF TUONELA's racing days. I have never before had a use for that track. This was the alternate position to attaching the tack furling drum to the chain stopper. I had it there when I first set the sail today, but the pin pulled loose and the tack of the sail flew gracefully out over the water in mid-afternoon.

The sail was still attached to the boat by the head on the halyard and the clew to the sheet. I lowered the halyard and pulled from the clew and got most of the sail on the foredeck before it fell into the sea, then attached the furling drum to the staysail car, and re-raised it. I rather like it this way. Don't have to go as far forward to set or lower the sail, and there does not seem to be any loss in performance.

Changed from Monitor to tiller pilot because apparent wind is almost none existent.

Seas almost smooth. Ate dinner on deck. Beautiful sunset.

June 28

Indian Ocean: Saturday

Next to the place where I had crossed off "spinnaker repair" on the list of things that need to be done or bought for the boat, I wrote "spinnaker repair."

At 1930 hours last night I went on deck and saw black sky in the middle of the spinnaker. It had split again all the way across. Again. I furled it, lowered it, and cursed. I may have cursed first.

I did not see the sail clearly enough to know what happened. My impression is that it is a higher seam than the one before. The top half of the sail is in panels that run vertically. In the lower half they run horizontally, and this is where the problems have occurred.

As I have mentioned before, all the standing rigging and the leather chaffing patches on the spreader tips are new. And this time the sail was set to starboard. The first time to port.

I'll pull it from its bag and look at it sometime.

The sail has now survived a total of 8 hours, bringing the cost per hour to \$250, where it will stay I expect until at least South Africa, the next place I can get it repaired.

I am less charitably inclined toward the sailmaker this morning.

After lowering the spinnaker, I unfurled the jib, and we continued on smoothly under it for the rest of the night, with the wind increasing slightly. We are now making 5.8 knots, and the

waypoint outside Benoa Harbor, Bali, is 100 miles away. I'll start slowing down again at 60 or 50 miles out.

Saw the lights of two fishing boats to the south of me last night.

Looks to be another fine, sunny day.

1200 I noticed that the bracket connecting the tiller pilot to the tiller was wobbly this morning, and found that the aft of the two bolts securing it had sheered off. Replaced it, unscrewing the old bolt from the tiller with one hand, while holding the bracket in place with the other so the tiller pilot could continue to steer. Only would have tried this in light conditions. Otherwise would either have furled sail and let us drift while I did the repair or changed over to the Monitor.

Noon position: 09° 21' South; 116° 20' East. Day's run: 116 miles. Bali 74 miles, bearing 298°.

With current boat speed of 4.5 knots, we will be there between 0400 and 0500 tomorrow morning and won't have to slow up much to wait for daylight.

The south coast of Lombok is only 22 miles due north of us, but not visible. A fishing boat is in sight to the southwest.

Wind almost directly from astern. May have to change course to keep the jib from collapsing.

1610 Poor sailing this afternoon, with small waves throwing the wind out of the jib no matter what course I tried.

I took a shower with the solar bag. Water almost too hot, the possibility of which they warn you.

Land, the south coast of Lombok, is visible to the north. It is 18 miles distant. Bali is 56 miles ahead, and at our current 3.5 knots we won't be there by dawn.

Brought in the solar panels, and ran the engine for a while to be certain it was still will and to charge batteries.

My first arrival in Bali, in CHIDIOCK TICHBORNE, was memorable. I reread that part of THE OCEAN WAITS, and in doing so found that I took 13 days to sail Darwin to Bali in CHIDIOCK TICHBORNE, leaving Darwin on June 19 and arriving in Bali on July 2. I was both becalmed and be-stormed in CHIDIOCK.

Because of external artificial constraints, this has been an odd passage in THE HAWKE OF TUONELA. I'll be glad to be in.

June 29

Indian Ocean: Sunday

0430 At the moment a beautiful night, lit by the lights of Bali 12 miles ahead of us, a smaller island closer to the north, and a sliver of moon. But it hasn't always been this way.

The currents between Bali and Lombok are fierce. They spun CHIDIOCK TICHBORNE in circles, and yesterday afternoon came upon us with the sound of a train. I went on deck to see a band of ocean two hundred yards wide leaping into the air as small wavelets. As we crossed that band our speed dropped from five knots to two.

I went to sleep early and got up frequently. At various times I found us 50° either side of our desired course of 300°, and our

boat speed between six knots and less than two. Got up for good a half hour ago. The lights of two fishing boats are south of us, and the sound of their engines can be heard. The wind is light. Our boat speed of 4 knots comes mostly from current. We seem stationary. First light in about an hour.

1200 I've been anchored off Bali Marina since 0945 this morning. There is no room in the marina and no moorings available, and, as I feared, no room left to anchor properly. I've re-anchored three times, and am told that I may still be in the way of a large vessel that comes back later this afternoon. Really don't know where I can go. This harbor dries out almost completely except in a very limited area. I'm not far off a mud bank that is exposed at low water now.

I'd be glad it was over, except it isn't over.

June 30

Bali: nightmare

Having had very broken sleep my last night at sea, I went to bed early and was asleep at 9:00 p.m when awakened by Indonesian voices calling near the boat. By the time I got on deck, the lights of a small launch were disappearing back through the marina entrance. But the boat soon returned, and I was told that a big ship needed to get past and I would have to re-anchor.

This is a dead end channel. A hundred yards north, one of the places I had been told to anchor, I saw a fisherman standing with water up to his waist. However there is some landfill going on and, as I learned, a barge filled with rock was being towed there.

To shorten this, I had to raise anchor on a pitch dark moonless night. The three posts marking the edge of the channel are unlit. I had on my headlamp, so when the anchor came up I saw that it was fouled on an old line, one end of which was still attached to something on the bottom. I was able to free it with the boat hook.

The bottom here is soft, slimy, and slippery mud, a lot of which got on me and the deck and into the chain locker.

A harbor master launch tried to direct me where to re-anchor, by first telling me to anchor within half a boat length of a moored catamaran. Then by leading me aground. I was going slowly and able to power off. Then by trying to get me to follow him to a commercial anchorage more than a mile distant, filled with derelict fishing boats and freighters. When I realized where we were headed, I turned around and came back and re-anchored about where I was, but much closer to the mud bank that uncovers at low water. The barge had already passed.

I am not anchored properly. I am probably all right so long as the wind stays east, but if it goes west, THE HAWKE OF TUONELA will be hard aground. Also, while I am definitely closer to the mud bank that before, officials may show up today and make me move.

If they don't I will put out a stern anchor, which will keep us swinging onto the mud. Setting one is not difficult, but retrieving it can be. Also I have to be certain that its rode does not press against the Monitor.

This is really lousy.

2:30 p.m.

James Joyce has two great lines in the first one hundred pages of ULYSSES, one of which is “history is a nightmare from which I can’t awaken.” The other is “God is a shout in the street.” Even so, I’ve never finished the book. (The quotes are from memory and may not be exact.)

I have awakened from my Bali nightmare. When I rowed ashore this morning, a member of the marina’s regular staff as opposed to weekend staff, met me on the dock and asked if I would like to move into the marina. They would make room for me between two other boats. To reach the dock I have to go over the bow or cross the deck of one of the other boats. Naturally I accepted and moved in less than half an hour. I don’t usually like marinas, but I wanted into this one.

Later I was cleared by some of the officials. Customs has yet to arrive.

The marina is a single open rectangle, with about 40 boats docked in slips on the inside and larger vessels side-tied to the outside. The docks are run down, but I surely don’t care, and there is a nice restaurant, where after exchanging \$200 U.S for 1,800,000 rupiahs, I had lunch of the Indonesian national dish, nasi goreng, and a Bintang beer.

Back on the boat I’ve deflated and stowed away the dinghy. Will walk up and shower after a while. We are less than 9° from the Equator, and it is a sunny, hot afternoon.

Passage over.

Bali, Indonesia to Cocos, Australia July-Aug. 2008

July 25

Indian Ocean: Friday

0850 We're under sail--as usual jib only--off the south end of Bali, making \dagger five knots toward Cocos. Sunny morning. Less wind now than when we left the slip at 0630.

I woke at 4 and got up at 4:30, had my first cup of instant coffee for a while--not as bad as I expected--and rearranged the interior, putting the bedding in a plastic bag, then moving all the bags of provisions from the quarterberths to the v-berth.

Went online and had an email from Carol that she was back in Evanston tired and hungry.

The wind never died completely last night. It was stronger than I wished at first light, and I thought I might have to wait for someone to handle my dock lines. The side docks at Bali Marina are topped with slats of wood with raw edges toward the boats. Probably a good thing my topsides are easily retouched.

I was ready to leave and didn't want to wait. I turned on the engine, and when I experimented with releasing some of my lines, THE HAWKE OF TUONELA's stern moved in the direction I wanted, so I cast off the rest, climbed aboard, and got away without a scratch.

A boat belonging to a Dutch couple was next to us, in the spot between boats we had been originally, and had a stern line secured to THE HAWKE OF TUONELA's starboard stern cleat. This was on the Dutch boat's lee side and not essential. When I saw the wife in the cockpit yesterday, I told her I wanted to remove that line. She said, "Can't that wait until tomorrow?" I said, "No." She said, "Why not?" I said, "I don't do things at the last

minute, and will probably leave before you wake up and don't want it hanging in the water where it might foul my prop." Grudgingly she took back the line. Actually I took it off my cleat and dropped it in the water, so she had little choice. No one in the marina was awake when I left, except the security guard, to whom I gave my last rupiahs.

The way out of Benoa Harbor is to the east and to windward. With sixteen knots of wind against an outgoing tide, the channel was choppy inside the reef and the ocean choppy outside, until we cleared the corner of the island three miles south and could ease off the wind. I powered to that point and steered myself, rather than over-stress the tiller pilot. Not until we made the transition from engine to jib and tiller pilot to Monitor did I feel that the passage had truly begun. THE HAWKE OF TUONELA is moving easily and quietly. It is great to be back at sea.

1300 An easy day so far. Sunny. Wind around ten knots. I set the spinnaker around 0930. It can be assumed at least until Africa that means the small one. The bigger new one would be better today, but is in disrepair and disgrace.

Since leaving New Zealand our course has usually had some north in it, which has resulted in my expecting that the port side of the boat will be the lower side, so I stowed the heavier objects, such as cases of water, on that side. But Bali is our farthest point north until the other side of Africa--Bali is about 9° South; Cocos 12°; Mauritius 20°; and Durban 30°--so as I have discovered the starboard side is lower, and I had to shift the water and some other things.

Both Bali and Java are visible to the north.

Noon position: 08° 58' South; 114° 54' East. Cocos 1078 miles, bearing 260°. SOG (Speed Over the Ground by GPS) 4.3 knots.

1915 A week ago we were at Vila Sangkih. It seems more recent. Now Carol is on the other side of the world, and I am sailing--slowly--west.

This has been an easy offing from the land, if not a fast one. The wind weakened this afternoon, and our speed dropped below three knots. At the moment we are back up to 3.7. It feels and looks as though we are under a big high, but my barometers say that the pressure is in fact a bit lower than normal.

The wind is more south than east. I could set the main, but because the spinnaker is often collapsing, the main would surely do so more frequently and noisily. The bigger spinnaker would probably be the right sail, though sometimes smaller sails keep their shape and fill more easily in very light air. Besides the bigger spinnaker is ripped, and I will stop mentioning it, even if I don't stop thinking about it.

I spent much of the afternoon and early evening on deck. Very pleasant in the shade of the sail. Almost cool after sunset, Ate dinner on deck, and had a glass of Jamesons.

Had the hatches open during the day, but have closed the forward one and will close the one over the port settee before I go to sleep, just in case something weird suddenly happens during the night.

After being cramped in a marina in an unpleasant harbor, it is so good to be in the open sea.

July 26

Indian Ocean: Saturday

0700 Sun just above the horizon after a smooth night. The wind increased to about ten knots with the rising of the waning moon at 0100, and our speed from 4 to 5 knots.

I say the wind is about ten knots, because sometime during the night, the masthead wind unit went to sleep, too. Apparently it only wants to send information when in harbors. I found the bill of sale. It is still under warranty, so perhaps I can have it looked at in South Africa. This is my third wind unit. The first two came under warranty, and this, allegedly improved model, I bought myself.

I checked my account in Quicken and found that I bought this TackTick system in late 2003. I took it to the boat in early 2004. So for more than four years, almost never have all the components been working at the same time.

Not having slept well the last two nights in Bali, I did sleep well last night. Up several times, but then easily back to sleep. I saw a fishing boat on the horizon north of me toward Java yesterday afternoon, but none last night.

The wind is far enough south so that we are almost on a beam reach and I could set the mainsail, and probably would go better with main and jib. Perhaps after a second cup of coffee.

In Bali the cabin was always in disorder, with bags of provisions stowed haphazardly on the quarter berths and boxes of water, beer, tonic and tea on the cabin sole, as well as Carol's luggage. Now the cabin is neat, spaces are clear of clutter. We are shipshape.

1250 A lovely, pleasant day. We are still sailing under the spinnaker alone, making about 4.5 knots before eight or nine knots of wind, which has backed a bit to the southeast, with 2' seas. We might be able to go slightly faster under jib and main, but I like the small spinnaker. Some sails just look and feel right. And everything is so pleasant, even the temperature with all the hatches open, that I don't want to change anything until I have to.

Noon position: 9° 21' South; 113° 29' East. Day's run: 88 miles. Cocos 991 miles. bearing 260°.

We seem to be sailing faster than 4.5 knots. Java is 50 miles away, but there are many strong currents around these islands, so perhaps one of them is heading us.

While THE HAWKE OF TUONELA is moving too much for me to do all my exercises, I am trying to do one hundred crunches a day.

1830 If I had only one barometer I would believe that it is malfunctioning. It looks as though we are under a high pressure system. It feels as though we are under high pressure. But one of my barometers says 1009 millibars, and the other says 1007. And both have dropped one millibar in the past 24 hours. According to the pilot chart, normal barometric pressure here in July is 1011 millibars.

The wind dropped from ten knots to seven or eight in early afternoon, and our SOG dropped below four knots for a while. Even these little 1' and 2' waves were enough to roll the wind out of the spinnaker, so there was no point in setting anything else.

During most of the afternoon the instrument system was showing boat speed of .7 a knot higher than SOG from the GPS chartplotter, so I postulated an adverse current. In the past hour, the wind has further decreased, but our SOG has increased to 4.5 to 5 knots and our COG (course over the ground) is 270° instead of the desired 260°, so now presumably a current from the southwest is favoring us. It is interesting and instructive to see via GPS what is really happening to your boat.

Once the sun was behind the spinnaker at 1500 hours, I spent the afternoon on deck, listening to music from the cabin speakers turned up high. Not the same as cockpit speakers. Had dinner of freeze dry spaghetti on deck as well. First freeze dry meal in almost a month.

Some high clouds make me think that we may eventually see more wind, but if we take eleven or twelve days to reach the Cocos instead of eight or nine, really makes no difference.

July 27

Indian Ocean: Sunday

0545 We entered a new time zone last night, seven hours ahead of GMT, so first light came earlier this morning, though the sun is not yet above the horizon.

With the U.S. on summer time, this puts me exactly twelve hours ahead of Evanston.

The wind went very light last night, but the sea also became almost flat and we kept moving at 4.5 to 5 knots. Considering that there is only 6 or 7 knots of wind at most, I think we are getting some help from current.

The barometer(s) is (are) steady, but a few clouds to the east may presage more wind.

Gentle sailing continues.

0800 Completed morning chores: shaved; pumped half bucket of water from engine compartment; tightened alternator fan belt; swept cabin sole; lowered spinnaker, which has now been up for 48 hours, to check halyard for chaff: was none, but retired bowline in slightly different position to spread strain anyway before re-raising it; while the sail was down our boat speed was still 2.5 knots; opened hatches. The companionway has been open ever since I left Bali, but I close the two deck hatches at night. Unusual passage when one of my chores is to open them each morning.

In furling the spinnaker prior to lowering it I noticed that the splice the rigger in Opuia put in to form a continuous line has loosened. Workers ashore have no idea how much grief a small failure can cause at sea. Never have. Captain Cook complained about shipyards more than two hundred years ago. I don't think--or maybe just hope--the line won't jam next time I furl the sail.

1220 A bit more wind, perhaps nine or ten knots is enabling us to sail at 5.5+ knots, sometimes more than 6. Trade wind clouds low, but another level of high cloud above them to the north. Sunny. Waves only 1'.

Noon position: 9° 41' South; 111° 32' East. Day's run: 117 miles (25 hour day). Cocos: 874 miles, bearing 260°.

1530 We have now come 250 easy miles from Bali. Even the temperature has been moderate for so close to the Equator.

The wind is down to eight and nine knots, and we are sailing at 5 and 6.

Have been on deck for the past hour, listening to music and drinking a beer--purely for the liquid. Saving water.

Also saving water I washed myself in salt water in the cockpit. Most hair shampoos and dish washing liquids lather in salt water. I used shampoo. The ocean temperature is 78° F/25.5° C. Using an old towel to dry off removes the salt. Carol gave me a 5,000 mile haircut in Bali. Those with more hair--which is practically everyone--might need a fresh water rinse

Will go back on deck after a while for an evening drink and dinner.

July 28

Indian Ocean: Monday

0530 Not a restful night. From about 0200 we have been almost becalmed. Fully becalmed might have been better. There was a breath of wind, which sometimes filled the spinnaker, and there were small waves that more often collapsed it. I didn't get much sleep in the last few hours and finally got up at first light minutes ago. There are clouds to the east. I hope they bring wind.

Thanks to current, we kept moving, and presently are actually sailing. I can hear water rippling around the hull, and the chartplotter shows us making 3.7 knots. It has become my practice when the solar panels are keeping the batteries fully charged to leave the chartplotter on when I'm awake, and, unless near land, turn it off when I go to bed.

0715 I am powering due south after an encounter an hour ago with would be pirates.

At about 0600 I heard the sound of a diesel engine and went on deck to find an Indonesian fishing boat about the size of THE HAWKE OF TUONELA approaching from ahead. The boat was painted gray, but I didn't see other markings. It was flying the Indonesian flag. Six young men were visible on deck.

The fishing boat passed to starboard, turned astern of us, and then came alongside to port at distance of about ten yards. I had routinely put the spray cover over the engine control panel the first day out. It is held by a hose clamps and takes only seconds with a screw driver to release, but I didn't have a screw driver and so could not start the engine. THE HAWKE OF TUONELA was making about 3 knots under the spinnaker.

One of the men yelled something to me and made a gesture that he was coming closer. I noticed that two of the men on the boat had masks over their faces. One a kind of balaclava, the other a tee-shirt with cut-outs for the eyes. I've had fishing boats approach before, but not with the crew masked. I knew that if I didn't do something these guys were going to board THE HAWKE OF TUONELA.

I went below and got the handheld VHF, returned to deck and pretended to talk into it. I believed, correctly, that they would not know that its range is less than ten miles. Upon seeing this, they powered off.

However, they returned ten minutes later.

During this time, I had removed the cover from the engine panel, and as they neared, I furled the spinnaker, started the engine and powered away from them at a right angle,

heading south. Again I had the VHF radio in my hand and pretended to talk into it. They followed for a minute or two, then turned back toward two other similar vessels a quarter mile away.

They are now below the horizon. I just went on deck and checked.

I have hidden my credit cards and cash and wedding ring in the galley overhead. Unfortunately I can't find a suitable place to hide the computers or my Nikon camera.

I will continue powering south for another half hour before setting sail. The wind is still light, but on a close reach I think I can make fairly good speed. Hopefully they will give up and not pursue tonight.

My position at 0640 was 09° 53.590 South; 109° 59.849 East, which is more than one hundred miles off the Java coast.

It isn't the sea. It's people.

0830 Under jib and main, making 6 knots, course 231°, beam reach, wind still light. No sign of pursuit. Sunny.

1205 Sailing southwest under main and full jib just forward of beam reach, which is fastest point of sail in these conditions. Making 6.5 to 7+ knots in eight to ten knots of wind.

No boats in sight since this morning's encounter. It is probable that they have returned to their fishing.

The boats were decked launches, with not much more freeboard than THE HAWKE OF TUONELA. I don't believe they had radar, and they may have rightly decided that it would be

difficult to find me again once I was out of sight. Still during daylight they would see my sails before I saw their hull.

The moon is in its final phase, so the night will be dark until after 0200.

I have made some additional preparations. I moved my passport and clearance papers from Bali to the hiding place in the galley overhead, and put about \$200 cash in my billfold which is in a navigation station drawer, where it will be easily found.

I have also decided to resist letting anyone come aboard, unless faced with overwhelming numbers. If they had come upon me an hour earlier this morning, they might have gotten aboard, although I think I would have heard their diesel as they neared.

I have moved the flare gun to the upper berth. I have seven flare cartridges. If fired at someone, they would be disconcerting.

I have also made a pike by securing the biggest kitchen knife with hose clamps to the end of one of the oars.

If it were just a matter of being robbed, I could accept that. But it is a matter of being in the power of others. I was helpless when in the hands of the Saudi police many years ago. I do not want to experience that again.

No running lights tonight.

Noon position: 10° 17' South; 109° 40' East. Day's run: 116 miles. Cocos: 759 miles; bearing 262°.

1400 Just eased off to a broad reach, still sailing at 6.5+ knots, course around 250°. We are 45 miles from the scene of this morning's incident.

The chartplotter draws a line of our track whenever it is turned on, so I am able to see the exact point where we turned from west to south. It was 09° 51.720' South, 110° 00.316' East.

Very good sailing today, even if not quite on course.

1740 Perhaps I should thank the fishermen/pirates for forcing me to change course. We are 70 miles from the Pirate waypoint, and have averaged almost 7 knots since noon. Presently making 6.8 on course for Cocos. Wind never more than 10 to 12 knots, and, unfortunately, is decreasing.

Also unfortunate is that I did not enjoy the solitude of the sea today, and, although I believe the would be pirates are far away, I test fired the flare gun this afternoon, and scanned the horizon astern at sunset.

July 29

Indian Ocean: Tuesday

0650 A less exciting morning, but something remarkable is happening all the same.

One of the more accurate indicators in the Beaufort Scale is that white-caps start to form at 7 and 8 knots of wind. Those are the conditions we currently have, and our SOG is also 7 knots on a broad reach under main and jib. Of that we are getting a knot of current. Still it is 7 knots in 7 knots. THE HAWKE OF TUONELA should be proud of herself.

I was up at midnight, at which time we had made 80 miles since noon. The wind decreased again at night, which I don't understand here 200 miles from land, but we still might have a 160 mile day.

Had my morning coffee on deck as the sun was on the horizon.

1250 Sunny. Wind 10 knots. Occasional big swell from the southwest. And we are making 8+ knots over the bottom, with a highest reading of 9 knots. Obviously the current has become even stronger. I went on deck, but the sea looks as it has.

Noon position: 11° 03' South; 106° 59' East. Day's run: 165 miles. Cocos: 595 miles; bearing 264°.

Christmas Island is about 80 miles west and a little north of us. I stopped there in RESURGAM. Not worth a second visit. We'll pass it during the night.

Pumped a bucket full of water from the engine compartment, swept cabin sole, and polished my new 'stainless' steel bucket bought in Darwin. Not even close to 'stainless'. Don't know how often I am going to do this. Bucket may be more trouble than it's worth.

Did most of my exercises this morning, including 70 push-ups, which are the most difficult part of the routine at sea. Have to keep in shape to repel boarders.

1700 Conditions this afternoon have been singular.

We have improved on this morning's 7 in 7 by making 9.6 knots in at most 8 knots of wind, and it might have been only 7.

The sky has a low level of trade wind cloud and some scattered high cirrus. The sea has only a very few white-caps, but a big long swell from the southwest, averaging ten to fifteen feet. Obviously something serious is happening in the Southern Ocean. One set that came through an hour ago was huge, at least 20'. We climbed and climbed. The bow was pointing toward the sky. I started to think of rogue waves and what would happen if one of these broke. I was sitting on deck with, as is not unreasonable with light wind from astern, all the hatches open. None did, or even came close.

I found it difficult to believe the readings I was seeing of speed made good. We have covered 40 miles in the 5 hours since noon, while seeming to sail at 4 or 5 knots. 9+ knot readings have been common. The 9.6 came when the jib was collapsed by a swell. Eventually I furled it and we are presently making 8 knots under the main alone in 8 knots of wind.

Such a strong current does not appear on the pilot charts.

This is a curious passage.

July 30

Indian Ocean: Wednesday

0620 Wind, current and, mostly, swell all disappeared with last evening's sunset.

I understand diurnal coastal wind changes caused by land heating and cooling faster than does water, but not out here 300 miles from Java and 800 miles from the nearest point of the Australian mainland.

Enough swell remained to throw the slight remaining wind out of the sails. I over-trimmed them and tightened the preventer I already had on the main, but still it was a noisy ride until after midnight.

I woke and got up about an hour ago, and found us making 6 knots off to the southwest--the course to Cocos is almost due west. After playing with sail trim for a while, I lowered the main and we are presently making 5.5 to 6 knots under jib alone toward Cocos. Might set the spinnaker again later.

1000 We're making 5.5 knots under spinnaker. I wanted to see if I could set it inside the jib, so that the time lost in making the sail change is a few seconds instead of five minutes. I succeeded. With the furled spinnaker raised and the sheet tied off at what seemed the appropriate length, I had only to furl the jib, then release the cleated furling line on the spinnaker, which unrolled and was drawing almost instantly. Speed just increased to 6.5 knots.

Before I set the spinnaker, I needed to unsnarl the sheets and control line, which I did not coil properly when I last lowered it on pirate morning.

Sky through the companionway clear except for a few wisps of high cloud. Barometer up 2 millibars.

1205 Now sitting on the port settee berth. Just before lunch I jibed the spinnaker, and the wind is now to starboard for the first time this passage.

Noon position: 11° 39' South; 104° 36' East. Day's run: 145 miles. Cocos: 452 miles; bearing 267°.

If we average six knots we could be there Saturday, but more likely Sunday. Not certain if I have to pay an over time charge if I arrive on Sunday, but I knew the likelihood that I would arrive that day from the beginning. Making 5.8 knots at present, directly on course.

1630 I shaved and washed yesterday in two cups of fresh water. This afternoon I had a salt water bath in the cockpit. Wiped down my not-stainless bucket afterwards.

On a port broad reach, the sail no longer provides shade in late afternoon, so I put on sun screen to drink a beer on deck. We continue to make about five knots toward Cocos. The south east trades are definitely north of east today. Sunny, easy sailing. Will probably have dinner on deck in an hour.

1800 Once again the damn wind has dropped with the sun, and our boat speed with it to below 4 knots. I timed the spinnaker: it collapsed and filled eight times in one minute. It is more often collapsed than filled, and this from 1' waves. I'm surprised that it continues to hold together. The boat's motion isn't particularly unpleasant, but this is not good sailing.

I've seen only a few birds on this passage. There were three around us at sunset. Gannets, I think, but with less vivid yellow heads than those in New Zealand.

Dinner on deck was lamb and peas, corn, and mashed potatoes. One of my favorite of the New Zealand freeze dried.

July 31

Indian Ocean: Thursday

0530 Last night, while I was watching a good French Canadian movie, THE BARBARIAN INVASIONS, about the death of a college professor with his friends, former mistresses, and family around him, the wind veered to the southeast, so jibed the spinnaker back to starboard and ended up sleeping on the starboard settee berth as usual.

The wind increased enough and the sea smoothed enough to keep the sail full, and we had a quiet smooth ride at 5 knots through the night and continuing now in pre-dawn.

1205 Wind may be up to nine or ten knots. We've been averaging about five knots, but the present reading is 5.9, with a course of about 250°, which is 15° off the rhumb line.

I jibed the spinnaker a couple of times this morning, and it is now back where it started to starboard.

Impressive dawn with a swollen blood red sun climbing behind a low line of cloud that later burned off. No clouds at all today, but some haze.

Pumped engine compartment. Almost a bucket full of water, some or most of which might have leaked from the large water tank, which is located directly aft of the engine compartment. Didn't taste it to see if the water was fresh or salt. Also did one hundred crunches. Almost finished with rereading TAI-PAN, a pretty good best-seller, which I read when it first came out. Surprised to see that was more than forty years ago in 1966.

Noon position: 11° 43' South; 102° 44' East. Day's run: 110 miles. Cocos: 342 miles; bearing 266°. We only moved 4' of latitude, 4 miles, south in the past day. I expected it to be more. JIbing back and forth may have evened it out.

2010 A line of clouds to the east at sunset caused me to furl and lower the spinnaker and set the jib. I unfurled the jib before lowering the furlled spinnaker. No loss of boat speed.

Clouds dissipated, but wind has remained at ten knots and we are making about six knots on course for the Cocos.

August 1
Indian Ocean: Friday

0620 Sky completely covered with low cloud this morning, and I think rain is falling to the north of us. Waves 3'. Wind 10-12 knots. We're making 6.5 to 7.0 toward Cocos.

When I got up to look around at 0230 I found the loom of lights of presumably fishing boats, two to the south of us, three to the north. Not sure if these are International waters or if Australia claims them because of Christmas Island and Cocos. Didn't ever see the boats. Awake for about an hour, getting up every fifteen minutes to look around.

0800 Clearing to the southeast. Dark and raining to the northwest. The truth is that I was getting a bit bored easing along at five knots.

The chart plotter tells me that at our present speed we will arrive at Cocos in 36 hours, which is about 3 hours too late. Not going to enter the lagoon after sunset.

1210 Just jibed jib to port. Sky continues to clear. No rain ever fell on us. Barometer has risen. Just a weak trough.

Noon: 11° 57' South; 100° 26' East. Day's run: 137 miles.
Week's run: 894. Cocos: 207 miles; bearing 267°.

Our week's run was better than I expected. Helped by that bizarrely strong current, for my impression is that we were more often sailing below five knots than above.

While writing some emails possibly to be sent from Cocos to my sailmaker and TackTick, the manufacturer of my defective instrument system, I realized that I now primarily use the instrument system as a repeater for the chart plotter. Although I have an electronic compass and boat speed transducer in the instrument system, I get that information more accurately from the chart plotter's GPS.

So what the instrument system really offers is water depth and wind information, and mine has not in four years provided the latter for any sustained period of time.

I'm telling TackTick that if their representative in South Africa can't or won't repair or replace the mast head wind unit, which is the second I have bought and is still under warranty, or if any new unit ever fails, I will buy a wind unit from another manufacturer that can be interfaced with my chart plotter. Inconvenient in some ways, but less expensive than TackTick and more reliable.

Bumpier ride this afternoon

1815 Waiting for my cup of spicy noodles to which I add freeze dried chicken cubes to cool. Music on the cabin speakers. Natalie Merchant at the moment.

About an hour ago I was sitting on deck with a glass of Jamesons, thinking that the sailing was the worst of the passage. Wind has dropped below ten knots, but there are swells and waves from many directions. So I got up and set the spinnaker. This is epochal. In the past at sunset I would be

looking for reasons to lower a spinnaker if it was up. The Facnor spinnaker furling gear truly changes the way I sail.

Although there hasn't been an increase in boat speed, which I don't need or want, the spinnaker has smoothed out the ride.

The anchorage at Cocos is at the north end of the lagoon, and requires a short leg to the east after entering, so this is a place I don't want to be at dawn, where I would be turning into the sun. Better to wait until 1000, though I might be impatient if I'm close Sunday morning.

Took a salt water bath this afternoon. Have done so almost every other day. Takes three buckets of salt water: one to wash; two to rinse. Feel and smell much better afterwards.

It's soup.

August 2

Indian Ocean: Saturday

0710 Up about an hour ago, after being awake for a while at 0400 when I thought I saw a ship behind me. Probably just a star rising and falling behind waves on the horizon.

Jibed spinnaker away from a small patch of rain to the south. Rainbow there now. Had my first cup of coffee on deck as sun came up at 0645.

Spinnaker was the right sail for last night. Kept us moving at 5 knots in light air.

115 miles to go.

1300 Sunny. Wind light, swell bigger, collapsing spinnaker and providing roly ride.. Sailing at 5 knots a little high of course for Cocos.

Noon position: 11° 55' South; 98° 26' East. Day's run: 117.
Cocos: 90 miles; bearing 263°.

Checked chart and found that the leg back to the east after entering the pass at Cocos is only a half mile and marked, so might not have to wait until sun higher if I am close at dawn.

Will leave spinnaker up until sunset, then change to jib, which provides greater maneuverability and can be partially furled to reduce speed.

1730 Sloppy sailing this afternoon. Light wind and confused swell. Lowered the spinnaker an hour ago. It was collapsing, and so is the jib. Won't have to deliberately slow down tonight. Cocos 65 miles distant and we are only making 4.4 knots twenty degrees off the desired course. I'll set the alarm for 0400, but will probably turn it off sometime during the night when it is definite that we won't reach the atoll before dawn.

Barometer is down and a layer of high cloud to the northeast.

1910 Dinner on deck with dolphins. One of the French canned meals--chicken with vegetables. No better than freeze dry, but different texture and taste. Dolphin along side for almost a half hour. One leapt clear of the water twice. Also many birds. Presumably they live on Cocos. Venus near western horizon as evening star.

We are going to have done 1100 miles without taking a wave on deck. I'll be glad when it is over. Easy sailing much of the time, but not now. Too little wind. The Indian Ocean beyond

Cocos often has strong trades and too much wind. At the moment I would welcome it.

August 3

Indian Ocean: Sunday

0410 I did leave the alarm set for 0400, but was awakened at 0330 by rain from a brief passing shower. First time I've closed the companionway this passage.

When it ended I went on deck and brought the solar panels below. Thought I might switch to tiller pilot, but furled jib deeply to reduce speed below five knots and left Monitor steering to the north of Cocos, which is 15 miles due west.

Sky almost completely dark, with only a few stars visible to the north. Looks as though there is rain to the south.

We've moved into a new time zone: six hours ahead of GMT. However, Cocos time is 6 ½ hours ahead of GMT, so I'm not bothering to change ship's time until we anchor.

By time zones we've now come a quarter the way around the world from New Zealand.

0630 Sky has lightened. Mostly cloudy. Another brief shower a few minutes ago, and more around horizon. Not the morning I would have requested for landfall.

Have further reduced jib. Speed down to 3.3 knots. About 7 miles to go.

0700 Sun on horizon ten minutes ago. Completely furled jib and now being pushed under bare poles at 3 knots. Clouds

and rain to south. Tried calling Australian Customs on hand held VHF. No response.

Can see various islets of Cocos ahead.

1000 Anchored off Direction Island, Cocos Islands, at 0930. 0900 local time. Four other boats here. I am directly on top of the Quarantine Buoy shown on my electronic chart, but it isn't here. In 25' of water over white sand a couple of hours after high tide. Tidal range only 4' today.

Direction Island is uninhabited. The main islands are Home Island, a mile to the south, and West Island, on the far side of the lagoon.

Windier and cloudier than any day on the passage. Had no trouble getting in thanks to the chart in my computer and a chart and directions emailed to me by Rob Campbell from the latest Fremantle Sailing Club cruising guide to West Australia. Although I bought the most recent electronic chart cartridge for all of Australia for my chart plotter, apparently C-Map doesn't consider Cocos part of Australia and the chart plotter has only a vague and useless outline of the atoll.

Have tried reaching Customs on the radio several times, both during approach and since anchoring, without success. Not going anywhere anyway.

Chartplotter says Bali is 1101 miles away.

Passage over.

Cocos, Australia to Durban, South Africa August-Sept. 2008

August 11

Indian Ocean: Monday

0850 Anchor came up followed by a pretty trail of white sand at 0745. I was ready to leave at 0700, but clouds to the east looked like a passing shower, so I waited for a while, and when it didn't arrive, started cranking in the last 75' of chain. I had brought in 50' and released the snubbing lines an hour earlier.

With the engine moving us slowly and the tiller pilot steering, I removed the anchor from the chain and stowed it below, then turned north out the pass. We had to go a mile and a half north to clear the reef off Horsburgh Island on the other side of the lagoon.

As we fell off the wind, I raised the jib, cut the engine, engaged the Monitor, and disengaged the tiller pilot. Fifteen minutes ago I jibed to port broad reach and we are sailing more or less toward Durban, 3820 miles away.

A few cans and bottles are clinking, and I need to stuff wads of paper towel around glasses and silverware, but we are essentially back in passage mode.

After being blown inside out half our time at Cocos, we return to the same conditions at sea we had from Bali: light wind astern. The spinnaker may be back up soon.

Cocos is a pretty spot, and the only place this year that I haven't been before, but, as always, I'm glad to be back at sea.

1210 The resemblance to conditions between Bali and Cocos quickly ended.

Light rain caught up with us mid-morning. Enough for a while to force me to close the hatches and the companionway, which made the cabin hot and stuffy.

Sky continues to be completely covered with low overcast, but no rain at present so companionway part way open. Wind 20 knots. Seas 6'. Boat speed 6+ knots under jib alone. Wind angle would permit me to set main, and I may if wind steadies. It is being bent and increased around patches of rain.

Noon: 12° 08' South; 96° 33' East. Durban 3801 miles, bearing 254°.

1610 Just stuck my head outside and found a stormy sea, something I haven't seen since a few days out of New Zealand. Not seriously stormy, but all gray: the sea dark gray; the sky various medium to lighter shades, and almost white in a few places to the west.

THE HAWKE OF TUONELA is sailing with power, 6 and 7 knots, slashing across the faces of 8' waves. Rather nice after more than a thousand miles of easing along. I did have wind out of Darwin, but always had my foot on the brake so we wouldn't reach Bali before the date on my cruising permit.

Light rain forced me to close the companionway earlier, but I now have the top half open for fresh air. Did put the spray cover over the engine control panel--hopefully no pirates--after taking a wave in the cockpit. It was this ocean that caused me to start using a spray cover on the engine control panel. In RESURGAM we took so many waves in the cockpit on the passage from Christmas Island to Mauritius that it shorted out the ignition switch. Went aft and removed the two cowl vents and inserted the covering plates. First time I've done that this year.

The barometer is down only a few millibars. I haven't heard a weather forecast since Darwin. Just good sailing under jib alone at present.

August 12

Indian Ocean: Tuesday

0530 Conditions moderated during the night, and at 0100 I let out two rolls I had in the jib and left the companionway hatch halfway open. We still have a 6 knot average since noon, but the wind is down to 10 to 12 knots and our current boat speed around 5.5. At first light sky still low overcast; seas only 2'-3'. Listening to Erik Satie's "Gymnopedies" with my first cup of coffee.

1210 Mix of sun and clouds. Low clouds burn away, then regather. Also a layer of high cloud. Wind 18-20 SSE. Waves mostly 4' to 5', with occasional bigger swell from the south. Sailing well under jib alone.

Had a good start with a 6 knot average noon to noon.

Noon position: 12° 50' South; 94 ° 10' East. Day's run: 146 miles. Durban: 3655 miles, bearing 254°.

1700 Good sailing. Averaging 6.5 knots since noon. After doing some exercises, I sat on deck, enjoying being there and listening to music on the iPod until a wave broke over me. Water is warm, but a nuisance to get my clothes and the cushion wet. Low clouds come and go. Looks like rain behind us, but that may just be shadows from the setting sun.

Drinking the penultimate gin and tonic.

1730 Just got wet again, though not as wet.

Clouds did bring light rain and, briefly, wind of 27 knots, which overwhelmed the Monitor and heeled us far over. I climbed into the cockpit and partially furled the jib, which got us back under control. Also moved the chain connecting the Monitor control lines to the tiller one link to windward, which gives the vane more leverage.

At the moment making 7.1 knots in 23 knots of wind.

Time for dinner of freeze dry roast chicken with peas, corn, and mashed potatoes. One of my favorites.

August 13

Indian Ocean: Wednesday

A rough night, with increasing wind and some heavy rain. For a while we seemed to be skipping across the ocean like a flat stone thrown on a pond, but at 0030 we were going too fast and on the edge of the Monitor losing control, so I went on deck and deeply furled the jib. Not storm jib size yet, but close.

Awakened several times, heavy hissing rain got me up for good at 0515.

Because of the intermittent showers, which seldom last more than five minutes, and spray from waves, I had to sleep with the companionway closed except for a quarter inch crack at the top. Some water found its way through that onto my head.

The sky is completely overcast with mid-level clouds. Waves mostly 5' to 6', and wind in the low 20s. Pretty much the

conditions we had a week ago in Cocos. At times our boat speed drops below 6 knots and I am tempted to let out a little more jib, but it quickly returns above 6 knots and I leave things as they are.

Last evening I was curious about the Olympics, and managed to find both the Voice of America and the BBC on my radio receiver. The BBC had extensive coverage, and I'll probably listen again tonight. Also heard the news for the first time since Darwin. People are killing one another, and politicians are uttering self-serving banalities.

1010 Gray world. Low clouds have regathered. Wind 22-24 knots, gusting 28. Waves are not big--8' at most--but some are steep. Usually we are sailing heeled 10°-15°, but frequently waves catch us at an angle and we briefly go over 30° to 40°, which is enough to splash even a small amount of water in THE HAWKE OF TUONELA's shallow bilge over the floorboards. I pumped two or three buckets full out a while ago. Can't fill a bucket more than half full without it spilling over. Nothing much in the engine compartment. Barometer up a millibar

I had planned to shave and take a fresh water shower this afternoon from the solar shower bag, filled with Direction Island water, this afternoon. It is lying in the aft part of the cockpit. Might still shave, but the shower seems unlikely.

Four small flying fish leapt the wrong direction sometime last night and ended up in the cockpit.

Despite the complete cloud cover, I'm getting some charging from the solar panels.

This is how I remember the passage across this ocean in RESURGAM in 1987.

1240 Partial clearing with sunshine, but more clouds on the horizon and the wind at 27 knots.

I shaved and had a cat bath this morning with less than two cups of water.

We had a 150 mile day. Five more and we'll have a very good first week.

Noon position: 13° 21' South; 91° 41' East. Day's run: 150.
Durban: 3509 miles, bearing 254°.

1630 The briefly blue ocean is again slate and charcoal. The sky again completely overcast. And the barometer has fallen two millibars.

While the sailing is good, I wish it were dry enough to be able to sit on deck. The only way would be to wear foul weather gear, and it is too hot for that. So I stand on the second rung of the companionway ladder, which puts my head and shoulders above deck level, but protected by the dodger. Not quite as pleasant as sitting in sunshine.

The shorts and tee-shirt that were soaked yesterday are not yet dry. I have them hanging on the handholds beside the companionway. It seems that eventually I'll have to toss them into a trash bag separate from the dry dirty clothes, where they will ferment until Africa.

I've been watching the BBC Planet Earth DVD's again, usually two episodes a night, but since I would like to hear the BBC Olympic report, I watched them this afternoon.

Also halfway through the 1135 page novel, WITH FIRE AND SWORD, about a Cossack rebellion in 1647 in the Polish-Lithuanian Commonwealth. This is the first of a trilogy, and good enough so I'll try to buy the next two volumes when I'm back in America.

The author Henryk Sienkiewicz is more famous for QUO VADIS, but won the Noble Prize for literature for the trilogy. Although I saw the movie version of QUO VADIS as a child, I've never read it, nor had heard of Sienkiewicz until he was mentioned in a column in the Sunday CHICAGO TRIBUNE.

Raining.

August 14

Indian Ocean: Thursday

0630 Gloomy ocean.

I woke at midnight and we were moving so smoothly that I thought we had slowed and needed more sail, but when I turned on the chartplotter, we were still making more than 6 knots.

Heavy rain at first light again this morning also brought the strongest wind so far, which for a few minutes overpowered the Monitor and turned us south. Several waves came aboard. I expected it to be brief, and it was. When I stuck my head out after it had passed, the wind was still blowing 26 apparent and 32 true, which seems right and means that during the gust when it was at least 2 knots higher, it was gale strength.

Complete low overcast. Barometer steady.

As is apparent from the above, the masthead wind unit has continued transmitting on this passage despite limited sunlight for solar charging. Inexplicable.

1245 We have 30+ knots of wind, sometimes reaching 34 and 35 knots, the lower end of gale force.

Until I furled the jib down to less than storm jib size a couple of hours ago, we were taking too many waves over the deck and into the cockpit. The decreased sail area has helped reduce that, while maintaining our boat speed at 6 and 7 knots.

Some clearing near noon, with sun shining through a couple of layers of cloud.

To go on deck is to get wet. I've done so three times: twice to reduce jib, and once to check out the Monitor.

Waves and blowing spray force me to keep both inserts in the companionway. They are clear plexiglass, so I can see out, but am using a battery fan to keep cool in stuffy cabin.

I'm already on record as saying there is no such thing a milk run, and this isn't, Still we're making good progress, though being pushed a bit north of the desired course. The bearing to Durban has changed one degree. This is of no consequence for a place more than 3,000 miles distant.

Noon Position: 13° 40' South; 89° 07' East. Day's run: 151.
Durban: 3364 miles, bearing 253°.

1800 Wind has decreased to mid-20s, and our boat speed sometimes below 6 knots. I'll increase sail when our average drops below 6. We've done 37 miles since noon. Taking few

waves over the deck. Have the top companionway out. Breeze coming in makes a big difference.

There was an Englishman in Darwin who was cruising with crew in a 46' custom race boat whose interior he claimed remained completely dry no matter how severe the weather. Wonder what that would be like.

August 15

Indian Ocean: Friday

1215 Conditions about the same. High overcast at present, rather than low. Wind 25-30 knots. Waves 6'. Boat speed 6 knots.

Last night just after midnight, I increased sail area to my immediate regret. A smooth ride became rough, with three successive waves slamming into us as soon as I got back in my berth, so I went on deck and furled the jib back to minimum.

The full moon shown through the clouds briefly.

Water sloshing over floorboards this morning. Less than three buckets full when I pumped. Pumping is a hassle when heeled over and rolling. To get to the bilge I have to remove the table from the mast, then the two inserts at the base of the mast, then lift one section of floorboard, all of which have to be wedged near the galley to keep them from flopping about while I use a hand pump and a bucket to empty the water in the bilge, which itself is sloshing to and fro.

Still we continue to make good progress: another 6 knot day. Adjusted the Monitor to steer closer to 250°.

Lunch is either cheese and crackers or a can of tuna or salmon with crackers. Tuna today.

Bought some apples at Cocos, which were the only fresh fruit available. Looked good. Felt firm. But mushy. Must have been frozen in transit.

Wish I could figure out how to bathe myself.

Noon position: 14° 16' South; 86° 43' East. Day's run: 144.
Durban: 3221, bearing 253°.

1820 At 1800 we were a half mile below a six knot average since noon, so I increased the jib area slightly. The wind is still in the 20s, and it feels as though we are sailing as we have been. Perhaps a counter current. Unless we slow down substantially, I'm not going to add more sail area before dawn. We are still taking the occasional wave, and they are hard hits that shake the entire boat.

Fell asleep this afternoon while reading. Sleep at night is very broken.

Today was cooler than the past few. High temperature in the cabin was 79°F. The sun never fully broke through the various layers of clouds. I'm getting tired of being confined to the cabin.

Drinking the last of the gin. Thought about saving it, but didn't come up with any good reason.

Would like some sunshine and the wind to back to the east.

August 16

Indian Ocean: Saturday

0815 Carol and I were married fourteen years ago today in Key West. Happy anniversary from the other side of the world, my love.

Partial clearing. Low clouds gone; high clouds still present, but patchy, Direct sunlight. Something we seldom have had since Cocos, and not at all yesterday.

Although the wind continued in the low-20s apparent, we were a few miles below a six knot average when I got up at 0500. At first light a half hour later, I doubled the size of the jib. Still not a large amount of sail, but the effect was immediate. Our boat speed increased to 7 knots, and the boat just felt right, moving more purposefully through the water, though we also began to take a few more waves aboard.

Pumped about three buckets full of water from the bilge.

This has been a long time for any conditions to last at sea. The trade wind will blow more or less forever, but the overcast and rain should not be permanent.

The motion of the boat is such that I must always have a handhold or brace myself with knee or hip when doing things that require both hands, such as squeezing toothpaste on the toothbrush.

Today is a shaving day, and I am going to try to figure out how to bathe. Might be a combination of fresh water from the shower bag and salt water from whatever waves come aboard while I'm out there.

1320 Just finished Siekiewicz's WITH FIRE AND SWORD. It says much that after 1100 pages I was still eager to find out what happened next. In addition to being an historical novel that is said to have helped form the Polish national character, it owes something to Alexandre Dumas' THREE MUSKETEERS. Interesting for its depiction of a time and place of which I knew little, and a good plot, with star-crossed lovers and complex villains.

This morning's sunshine has been lost behind regathered overcast, but lasted long enough for me to have a cool fresh water shower in the cockpit, without even an involuntary salt water rinse. Feels good to be clean again, however briefly.

The added sail area enabled us to achieve a fifth successive 6 knot day.

Noon position: 15° 05' South; 84° 21' East. Day's run: 146 miles. Durban: 3074 miles, bearing 253°.

Sometime tonight we will enter a new time zone and Durban will be less than 3000 miles distant.

Barometer up another millibar.

The mast head wind instrument has stopped transmitting.

August 17

Indian Ocean: Sunday

0520 We were entering the new time zone, GMT +5, just as I got up an hour ago, and I've changed the clocks. This is the same time as Pakistan. We are in fact 1200 miles due south of Sri Lanka. So one time zone down and three to go. Actually 2½ because Durban is near the middle of the +2 zone.

I had the pleasure of the full moon moving behind scattered high clouds last evening. An Albert Ryder sky. I have read that his paintings are considered Romantic, but ever since I started sailing the open ocean, I have found them realistic. I think he painted them in a cluttered apartment in Greenwich Village and only made one crossing of the Atlantic as a passenger. His paintings were not properly prepared, and the ones I have seen in museums are cracking badly. Other than a brief glimpse a night or two ago, that is the first I've seen of the moon. Sailing with a full moon reflecting on clouds and waves is one of the great pleasures of this way of life.

At 0230 I woke because the wind was light. How light, of course, I no longer precisely know, but around 12 to 14 knots I think, with waves down to 4'. Our average was still good, so I didn't set more sail until I got up. Now have about $\frac{2}{3}$ of the jib unfurled. May set more with the coming of dawn, or may set less with the coming of more wind.

I was also awake around midnight. The table, which gets used only occasionally when Carol is aboard and by officials when clearing into port and lives folded against the mast, was rattling despite paper towels stuffed around its various parts. After all these years and tens of thousands of miles, I suddenly realized that it has no need to be there during an ocean passage and should be stowed on the v-berth. I did so. This not only removes a source of rattles, but eliminates an awkward object that must be moved when I pump the bilge and leaves more room to move in the main cabin.

I usually sit on the lower settee berth facing aft, with my back to the main bulkhead. Through the companionway I see the sky began to lighten. Not yet dawn. Some wisps of low clouds. Might be a nice day.

1205 Early sunlight has given way to low overcast again. However the wind has remained 16 to 18 and, while we are still making 6 and 7 knots, the sailing is easier than it has been. Unfortunately at unpredictable intervals, but at least once every half hour, a wave comes aboard, so no sitting on deck.

Tired from being awake last night. Took a brief nap this morning. Started rereading Nelson Mandela's LONG WALK TO FREEDOM. Despite obviously being a political document, it is interesting, particularly about his childhood.

Noon position: 15° 59' South; 81° 44' East. Day's run: 161 miles (25 hour day). Durban: 2913 miles, bearing 253°.

1530 While we have been making good progress, until today they were not easy miles. Not as hard as if we were going to windward, but for off the wind the motion has been rough. Today has been as fast--we're averaging 7 knots since noon--but with smaller waves smoother. At least until the last few minutes when things seem to have picked up.

Continued mostly overcast.

I went on deck briefly, and while there went aft to check the Monitor. A wave caught us just then. I found myself hanging onto the backstay, leaning way out over the water.

So far, despite the lack of direct sunlight, the solar panels are keeping the batteries charged. I don't use much electricity. The chart plotter is on for 12 to 14 hours, I play music several hours a day, and the masthead tricolor light, which is an LED, is on for nine or ten hours. None of these draws much. In the evening I usually use a LED reading light rather than the cabin lights. The computer is on between one and three hours,

depending on if I watch a movie, but is only plugged in about half that.

We're starting to get thrown around. Have to see if I need to reduce sail.

Really miss being able to sit on deck for a few hours each afternoon.

August 18

Indian Ocean: Monday

0615 The full jib is set, and we already have a thousand mile week.

Just after I made the last entry yesterday afternoon, rain brought an increase in wind. I went on deck and reduced sail twice. An hour later, the rain had ended and the wind dropped, so I let out a little more jib.

At 0100 I woke and found our speed 5.5 knots and our course 230°. The wind had backed a bit to the east as I wished. On deck the moon was hidden beyond overcast, but provided some light. I let out more jib. At 0400 quiet woke me again. Boat speed 5.2 knots. I got up and went on deck. Still overcast. Waves down to 2' to 3'. Let out more jib, then decided to let it all out. Speed increased to 6.4.

Now at dawn, the boat speed is back in the 5.5 to 6.3 range. Sky overcast. Rain to south. Barometer up a millibar.

With almost six hours to noon, we have made 1009 miles since our noon position last Monday. 1008 is a six knot average.

Thousand mile weeks are good on a boat like THE HAWKE OF TUONELA. Not unknown, but also not common.

I'm going to go up and drink my coffee on deck while I can.

1205 Breakfast on deck, followed by light rain most of the morning.

During a break in the rain, I went back on deck to check lines for chaff. I was standing at the mast when a wave doused me. I plan to change clothes every three days, and this is a day early.

Rain has stopped and a few patches of blue sky have appeared. Still sailing under full jib at 6.8 knots at the moment.

Noon position: 16° 51' South; 79° 17' East. Day's run: 151 miles. Week's run: 1041 miles. Durban: 2761 miles, bearing 254°. Still 13° of latitude and 48° of longitude to go.

Varied my cheese and cracker lunch to cheese, Vegemite and crackers. The cheese is the French "La Vache qui rit" (The Laughing Cow) which does not require refrigeration, though you sometimes find it so in supermarkets.

August 19

Indian Ocean: Tuesday

0650 I may have to move. The sun is blinding me. A welcome change. This might be a nice day.

I slept well last night, waking at 0230 to increase the jib, and then going to full jib when I got up at 0545. Complete low overcast last night gave way to a full moon visible behind

broken clouds at 0230. This morning we still have some clouds, which unfortunately seem to be thickening. Depending on which prevails--sun or cloud--I might do something radical and set the mainsail. Our boat speed is hovering around 6 knots.

One of my barometers has failed. It is electronic and on a starboard bulkhead three feet from the companionway and may have gotten too much spray. The other barometer is in a Suunto watch and shows an increase of a millibar.

Although I am still well within the Tropics, it has felt cool rather than tropical. I could use a sunny, easy day.

1205 Lovely.

Sat on deck, listening to music this morning. Sunny, trade wind sky. Wind 10-12 knots. We could use the main, but are still making 6 knots without it. May set it this afternoon, after I have a shower. May just enjoy the present conditions.

Took advantage of the smooth sailing to go forward and check out the furling gear, then worked my way aft. There has been a sound between a squeak and a clunk coming from the mast. Haven't been able to see anything wrong or find the source. May have done so this morning, when I shifted the boom to port. It had been centered, but I saw that it is partially blocking the fixed solar panel on deck between the mast and companionway. At this time of year the sun is always going to be north of us. In moving the boom, I released some of the tension on the main halyard, which may have been making the sound as it passes over a sheave at the masthead.

Saw that one of the Monitor control lines was chaffing at the end secured to the servo-rudder. I installed new lines before I left New Zealand, but that was more than 6,000 miles ago. I

buy lines a few feet longer than needed, with the extra left loose at the cockpit end. Easy in smooth conditions to switch to tiller pilot steering, release the lines, shift them a few inches outward, then retie the knots.

Didn't see anything else that requires attention.

Drying my shoes and some cushions. Have the deck hatches open, as well as companionway.

The middle part of a long passage is often mentally the most difficult, particularly when the sailing has not been pleasant as, until today, it hasn't on this passage. I am tired of being grubby, am looking forward to fresh food, a long shower, and a drink or two, and not having constantly to brace against the motion of the boat. Yet there is still too far to go to start thinking about the end. So I deliberately don't do so. I concentrate on keeping the boat moving, and take the passage week by week. The next goal is to reduce the distance to go to less than 2,000 miles. Perhaps in four days. Then a day after that, we should be more than half way.

It is very, very good to have this respite.

Noon position: 17° 29' South; 76° 43' East. Day's run: 152.
Durban 2610, bearing 253°.

1600 A wonderful day. Beam reaching at 7 knots under main and jib. Blue sky with white puffs of trade wind cloud. THE HAWKE OF TUONELA moving effortlessly through the water.

I set the main after I showered at 1300. Our boat speed was hovering around 5.5 knots.

There is enough water in the solar shower bag for one more fresh water shower. This is still Cocos water from when I filled the bag before I left. Assuming we continue to make good progress, I have enough water on board to use for showers. Using bottled water for drinking and cooking, and water from the leaking bigger water tank to rinse cups and face.

Also inventoried my cans of soft drinks and beer. Have enough for a can of each per day for three more weeks, and in three weeks I'll either be there or close.

Sat on deck most of the afternoon, listening to music and enjoying the sailing.

August 20

Indian Ocean: Wednesday

0710 Perfection continues. Starry sky last night. Waves illuminated by full moon.

I had my coffee on deck this morning with the moon to the west and first sunlight to the east. Although the temperature is 71°F/ 22°C, with 10 to 12 knots of wind, it was cool enough so I dug out an old fleece and passage Levis to wear.

The solid boom vang was making an intermittent loud clanking noise as the lower end attached to a fitting at the base of the mast rose and fell with waves. This has happened before, and I thought I had cured it by adding washers. Temporary solution has been to tightened the boom vang, tie off the preventer line, which runs from the same mid-boom fitting, then release the vang. The preventer holds the boom in place quietly. Will try to find a better solution in port.

Some clouds around this morning. Hope they are just normal tropical dawn clouds that the sun will burn away. Be quite happy for present conditions to continue.

1205 Still fine trade wind weather, but wind a bit stronger, about 16 knots, and I lowered mainsail an hour ago. Continuing to make 6.4 under jib alone. Unfortunately I just heard a wave come aboard. Spent part of the morning on deck. May not be able to do so this afternoon.

Easy sailing is often the most productive.

Noon position: 18° 16' South; 74° 04' East. Day's run: 159 miles. Durban: 2451 miles, bearing 254°.

1700 Mainsail back up by 1300. Wind weakened instead of continuing to strengthen. Sunny afternoon. Continue at 6.3 knots. Not quite as smooth a ride as yesterday, but still fine sailing.

August 21

Indian Ocean: Thursday

0700 Not sure if we are going to have a six knot day. We almost ran out of wind last night. Sails slatted some. But the seas smoothed and we kept moving. Wind presently 8 knots, and our boat speed more often below 6 knots than above it. 5.6 at present.

Coffee on deck in pre-dawn light. Levis and fleece again. Air is cool and fresh. Listening to Shostakovich's "Preludes and Fugues" on earphones. Lightly tripping music perfect for the conditions.

Sky overhead clear, with a few clouds scattered about horizon. A band of diffuse color ahead, blending together: rose, peach, pale yellow, pale blue.

Dawn came at 0628. I was facing away from the sun, but saw the immediate change of light on the sea and the sails. Low waves gained definition and facets.

These are conditions in which a traditional cruising boat would be sluggish, if not dead in the water, but a boat like THE HAWKE OF TUONELA keeps moving. Even as the wind increases the advantages of an easier driven hull continue because less sail is needed to maintain speed, which means less strain on boat, rig and crew. You have to like a boat that does around six knots--present boat speed 6.3--in eight knots of wind.

Barometer up another 2 millibars. I didn't need to look to know that we are under high pressure. Just hope it doesn't build until it kills the wind completely.

Such moments as those on deck this pre-dawn are one of the joys of passage making. You go through some discomfort, and then suddenly there they are. If I had been on my mooring in New Zealand, I might have seen the dawn through the companionway. If I had been coasting, I might have just been raising anchor and getting underway. If I had been in Evanston, I would probably have been sitting down in the living room with a first cup of coffee and going online. I find myself looking forward to being back in the comforts of the condo with Carol for a while. But I'm glad I was here this morning.

1210 As expected our first day below a six knot average, though only slightly.

Beautiful, blue sky day. A few scattered puffs of cloud. Wind has remained around 8 knots, and THE HAWKE OF TUONELA has continued to sail at 5+ knots, occasionally 6. I haven't been too concerned about our course, which has varied from 270° to 230°, letting the Monitor keep the boat moving just forward of a beam reach. Too much tinkering with the course will only upset the boat's balance and speed.

Read my assigned one hundred pages of Nelson Mandela's autobiography. He is now imprisoned on Robben Island, just off Cape Town. I sailed past it in RESURGAM in 1988 on my way up to Namibia, but he was no longer there, having been moved to a prison on the mainland in 1982. Carol and I visited it in 2002 and saw his cell.

Also pumped a bucket full of water from the bilge. Almost none in the engine compartment. I didn't expect much with the fine weather these past few days. Don't know where all the water comes from in heavy weather. Some through the anchor chain deck fitting, which is not water tight. But surely not all. Same thing happened on RESURGAM.

Shaved. Even though it has only been two days, I feel fresher.

Oiled some spots on the cabin sole that usually I miss when the table is in place.

When there is more shade on deck, I'll put on some sun screen and sit outside for a while.

Hope the wind holds.

Noon position: 19° 00' South; 71° 42' East. Day's run: 142 miles. Durban: 2309 miles, bearing 254°.

1700 The ocean was like a gently undulating meadow this afternoon, with an occasional swell raising us, briefly, as though on a hilltop overlooking the landscape/seascape.

I sat on deck listening to music on iPod and headphones. It was cool enough in the shadow of the sails so that I went below to change into the Levis and fleece I wore this morning.

An armada of trade wind clouds to the southeast eventually reached us, bringing another couple of knots of wind, and giving us another half knot of boat speed.

Speed wasn't really the point. All our days are numbered, and I am well aware that my numbers are not great. I cherish such dawns and afternoons.

August 22
Indian Ocean: Friday

0645 A difficult night. Not rough, just difficult.

Not long after sunset, the wind strengthened to around 20 knots and backed WSW, bringing us onto a close reach. With the wind forward of the beam, I like to have the mainsail set to reduce the mast from pumping, so left it up and deeply furled the jib.

After an hour the wind decreased to 14 knots and THE HAWKE OF TUONELA was off course, so I added more jib and adjusted the Monitor.

This continued all night long. Every hour or so when I awoke, the boat was sailing either 230° or 265°--the desired course is 254, but anywhere averaging in that vicinity is acceptable--and

the wind had changed in strength, so I had to adjust the Monitor and the jib.

We are near the western side of this time zone, so dawn is late. It was still dark the last time I woke at 0515. Normally I would have gotten up for good, but went back to sleep for another hour.

When I did get up a half hour ago, I let out more jib and reset the Monitor. Just looked at the instrument display. We're sailing 273°. Damn.

1205 Barometer still high, but sky no longer has that completely clear look that often presages a flat calm. Sunny trade wind sky. Still sailing under main and jib, and still having trouble staying near course. Also taking occasional water on deck. Problem is the wave angle, which pushes us off course, either high or low. May lower main this afternoon to see if we can still maintain speed under jib alone.

Did exercises this morning, swept cabin sole.

Morning passes faster when you get up at 0615 instead of before 0500.

Noon position: 19° 45' South; 69° 12' East. Day's run: 149. Durban: 2160 miles, bearing 254°.

1645 Lowered main at 1330 and thought for a while that I'd made a mistake. Finally got boat rebalanced and jib properly trimmed. Making 6.5 knots ever since and Monitor better able to keep us close to 254°.

Wind now about 16 to 18 knots slightly aft of beam. Trade winds sky, but barometer down a millibar.

August 23,
Indian Ocean: Saturday

0545 New time zone: +4 GMT. Same time as in Mauritius, and the nearest land, Rodriguez Island, which is part of Mauritius, is only a little more than 200 miles away. We could probably be there before tomorrow sunset, but won't be.

Tomorrow should see the midway point of the passage. We'll have reduced the distance to Durban to less than 2,000 miles this afternoon or evening; and are on track to have sailed more than 2,000 miles from Cocos by Monday.

Wind is just forward of the beam, which made for some rough sailing last night and again puts considerable water across the deck. My dry Levis aren't completely any longer. Spray got me while I was trimming the jib a few minutes ago. Glad it wasn't a full wave.

This boat has a set of bulkhead aft of the mast, one of which I am leaning back against at the moment, and another about three feet forward. In between are the head to port and the small galley to starboard.

The aft bulkheads are connected by an aluminum cross piece, and the forward by one of wood. The forward one is creaking loudly as we go into these waves. Obviously the hull is trying to flex there. Don't see any sign of cracks, so presumably/ hopefully the wood is doing its job.

In first light the sky looks the same. Scattered trade wind clouds. Barometer steady.

1205 Had company an hour ago. After I finished LONG WALK TO FREEDOM, I went on deck. The wind backed to the southeast, which has brought the wind and waves to just aft of the beam instead of just forward, which makes a huge difference. Sailing smoothly, no groaning from the wood cross beam; but still the odd wave coming on deck, so no sitting there, but I remained dry standing. I was surprised to see on the horizon ahead of us a ship. Eventually it passed close, probably looking us over. Orange hull; yellow bridge. Looked like a carrier of liquid cargo, though not an oil tanker.

Bluer sky than yesterday with fewer trade wind clouds. Wind 16 to 18.

Noon position: 20° 30' South; 66° 31' East. Day's run: 158 (25 hours). Durban: 2002 miles, bearing 254°.

I'm moving toward the edge of the tropics, and the wind is cooler. Less than 2000 miles to go within a few minutes.

1710 Almost sunset, which comes early having just entered this time zone.

Great sailing this afternoon, averaging better than 7 knots since noon, mostly smooth and quiet, though a bit rougher this last few minutes.

I went on deck at intervals, mostly stood in the cockpit, balancing with my hands on the dodger or a handhold at the mainsheet traveler. Also stood at the stern, hanging onto the backstay. Seas 6'. Wind 18 to 20 knots. THE HAWKE OF TUONELA was sliding diagonally across the waves, with speeds often, though briefly, above 8 knots. Big bow wave of white water on the lee side.

In the absence of anything stronger, I've reverted to my habit during my early circumnavigations of having a cup of Lapsang Souchong tea in the evening. Somewhere in the website journal there is an entry about the tastes of the sea. Lapsang Souchong is one of them.

I'd very much like to have a glass of Laphroaig--which is another taste of the sea--or some red wine or even a martini, but in fact not having a couple of drinks in the evening hasn't been difficult or made any appreciable difference. Not that I won't be making my way to a yacht club bar soon after arriving in Durban.

Temperature in the low 70s, but wind cool and I put on Levis and fleece a little while ago.

August 24

Indian Ocean: Sunday

0700 Excitement last night. Rather more than I needed.

We continued to sail well, maintaining a better than 7 knot average from noon to 0200 when I awoke because the boat had heeled far over and rounded up in what, as I expected, was strong wind in front of a line of rain.

I pulled myself into the cockpit and furled the jib to storm jib size, which enabled the Monitor to regain control of the boat. I didn't bother with clothes. It is easier to dry skin than fabric. it was a bit cool on deck.

Expecting the strong wind wouldn't last and we would then be under canvased, I stayed awake for a while, and didn't realize I

had fallen asleep until I wakened again at 0330 to feel the boat moving awkwardly through the waves, though this time it didn't seem that the cause was strong wind.

I went on deck and saw that though the Monitor's vane and control lines were moving, they weren't turning the tiller. In complete dark I had on my headlamp which only illuminates a small area and it took a while before I discovered that the top to the rod that connects the vane to the servo-rudder had come away from its fitting. This is not an area of stress and as I discovered it is held in place by a tiny retaining clip, which had somehow fallen out.

I brought out the tiller pilot to steer, while I went through my Monitor spares. I didn't think I had one of these retaining clips, which would be about a 1 cent item, and I didn't.

Eventually, after first light, I jury rigged a way to secure the rod with seizing wire. Obviously I don't know how long this will hold, but again it is not stressed, only keeping a rod from falling away from a fitting.

As often happens, problems multiplied. A small block of teak epoxied beneath the tiller to keep it elevated came loose. The tiller pilot repeatedly disconnected from the tiller fitting. And a fitting at the foot of the companionway ladder pulled out.

Also the solar shower bag, which has been out of the way in the aft part of the cockpit, was constantly underfoot.

I lashed the tiller pilot to the tiller fitting. Re-epoxied the block beneath the tiller. And replaced the screws in the companionway ladder fitting. The new ones are slightly too long and I had to file off the protruding ends.

We could go into Mauritius, which is less than 400 miles away, but I don't want to. If my seizing wire fails soon, I probably will. If it doesn't, I'll keep going. At the moment we are making 5 knots on course for Durban, and could go faster. I'll set more sail after I finish my cup of cold coffee.

We passed the halfway point between Cocos and Durban last night around 0100. I was awake when both were 1910 miles distant.

1210 Just want a quiet day, and am sort of getting it. Set more jib before 0800, and am sailing at 6 to 7 knots. Mackerel sky, which can mean a change coming; also some low clouds and sunshine.

Looked through various drawers and bins and found a piece of thin metal, almost foil, from which I might be able to fashion a retaining clip for the Monitor if the seizing wire fails. Also a spool of nylon seizing twine that might work.

Problem is that the seizing wire, while of small diameter, is still thicker than the groove in the pin it is holding. I have it partway jammed in, and have enough wire to keep replacing it if necessary. Can see a better way to secure wire if I have to try a Mark 2 model.

Have the solar shower bag trying to heat in the sun. If we continue to make good progress, I have enough fresh water aboard to bathe in, but may become too cool in cockpit soon anyway. After this morning's pre-dawn exercise I want to get the shower bag out of the cockpit.

Despite going slow for two or three hours while I fixed things, we still had a good day's run. Without the drama, it would have been a 160+ mile day.

Noon position: 21° 18' South; 63° 56' East. Day's run: 153 miles.
Durban: 1849 miles, bearing 254°.

1345 Had a rather cool, both water and wind, but refreshing shower in the cockpit after lunch. Changed into clean passage clothes that were washed and pressed in Bali. Both clothes and I smell good--for the moment.

Then I got out the Monitor owner's manual and parts diagram again and found the part I need is Number 55, Retainer ring $\frac{3}{8}$ " Beryllium Copper.

Thus informed, I pulled all my plastic bags of spare parts out from the bin beneath the starboard settee berth and found that I do have spare rings. Six in fact. I did not find them this morning in the dark because they are in a different bag than the other Monitor spares.

I furled the jib down to a scrap and switched to tiller pilot steering. However when I examined the Monitor closely, the seizing wire seems to be securely in place, and it is quite likely that in the present sea conditions of steep 6' to 8' waves I would drop the retainer ring into the sea while trying to slip it into place. So I decided to leave the jury rigged seizing wire until it fails or Durban, whichever comes first. I'll keep my eye on it. If it does fail, the odds are even that it will happen at night. Satisfying to know that I have spares if needed. Going to celebrate with a can of Anker Beer.

1700 Has been mostly a quiet day. THE HAWKE OF TUONELA moving smoothly under partially furled jib at 6+ knots. Probably could have carried a bit more sail, but 6 is enough today for a tired old man. Will have trouble staying awake for the BBC Olympic coverage of the last day of the Olympics.

August 25

Indian Ocean: Monday

0710 Although we're only making 5 knots at present, we're assured of our second thousand mile, six knot average week.

The wind increased to over 20 knots not long after sunset again last night, and I went on deck and furled the jib well down. We continued to sail relatively smoothly at 6+ knots under that reduced sail until around 0500.

I went to bed at 2030 and slept well. Waking and getting up a few times, until I got up for good at 0500 when I realized we needed more sail area.

Since then I've been letting out and bringing in various amounts of the jib. Presently almost full sail. Would let it all out except for a line of dark clouds behind us that might bring more wind.

Barometer still high and steady, but sky cloud covered and difficult to read.

1205 Has become a nicer day than expected, with partial clearing to the south. Sailing under full jib at about 6 knots for most of the morning

About 1030 I realized that the deck was dry, so I took a Sportaseat up and sat listening to music, while giving the engine its weekly half hour of exercise. Waves 2'-3'. A few slapped against the hull, but failed to come aboard.

A 6" squid was lying in the cockpit. Flying fish just look dead, but the squid's eye seemed to be accusing me.

I've put a new waypoint in the chartplotter: OFF MAD. It is at 27° South and 45° East and 946 miles away, with a bearing of 252°. It is about one hundred miles off the southern tip of Madagascar. I would like to clear the island by at least that much.

Studied the pilot chart information in Visual Passage Planner. The wind should stay aft until the last few hundred miles, though it might go northeast instead of southeast as we leave the Tropics behind. Don't recall the last time I slept on the port settee berth. The last hundred miles or so the odds are about even that we will have wind from the southwest or from the northeast. Much prefer the latter.

Noon position: 22° 15' South; 61 ° 33' East. Day's run: 145.
Week's run: 1053. Durban: 1704 miles, bearing 254°.

1645 On deck most of the afternoon. Raised the mainsail at 1330 when boat speed consistently below 6 knots. May be about to lower it. Wind has increased, and the course we have to sail to keep main from blocking jib is getting near 230°.

Very pleasant on deck, listening to music, watching waves and a single sea bird. Have seen few birds on this passage.

Left Bali one month ago today.

1800 Dinner on deck at sunset. Mainsail still set. Some clouds around, both high and low. I'll defer the decision until just before I go to sleep.

August 26

Indian Ocean: Tuesday

0620 Worked a night shift.

Watched a movie last evening for the first time since I started listening to the BBC's Olympic coverage--BLOOD DIAMOND. Left the main set when I went to sleep at 2100.

At 2330 I awoke, knowing by sound and feel that we were off course, heading too much into the small waves, and we were. I had only this afternoon seen the possibility of northeast wind in Visual Passage Planner and we had it.

Got dressed, including foul weather parka, and went on deck in misty rain, lowered and furled main, jibed jib, and adjusted the Monitor so we were again sailing around 245° instead of 200°, though boat speed down from 6 to 5 knots.

in the cabin I had to jibe sleeping bag and pillow too, and then had to deal with different rattles when heeled to port rather than starboard, the worst of which was the anchor chain. Had to partially clear the v-berth, crawl forward, removed cover and rearrange the part that dangles down from the deck.

At 0230 woke and found us heading 300°. Sky had cleared and wind returned southeast. Jibed jib and bedding back.

Sometime during all this skinned my elbow. Just noticed blood on the teak hand rail over the starboard settee berth. Nothing serious. Dug out the hydrogen peroxide, Polysporin, and a Band-Aid.

This morning barometer is up a millibar, and sky is clear overhead with some cloud around the horizon, including one

spot that might be rain to the south. Making about 5.4 knots. Might set spinnaker later, but don't know that it will add speed.

Very difficult to maintain a 6 knot average for an entire long passage. I think I've only done it once, and that was in RESURGAM from Portugal to the Caribbean. We'll cross the Tropic of Capricorn today and leave the Tropics. May have already left the trade winds.

Turned on the radio this morning. Both VOA and BBC have gone from covering the Olympics to the Democratic National Convention. This is not an improvement.

It is my personal belief that in a two-party system, a great deal of money could be saved and noise avoided by simply throwing whatever party is in power out every eight years and let a different group of rascals in.

1205 Has turned into a fine day. Sky clearer than yesterday. Mostly blue, with a few scattered white clouds. Making 5.5 to 6.5 knots under jib alone before 12-14 knot southeast wind. Put cover back on mainsail this morning. Sails are weakened primarily by sunlight and chaff, and I generally keep the mainsail covered when not in use even on passages.

Have main cabin and forward deck hatches cracked open, as well as the companionway completely open.

The 20s latitudes are known as the Horse Latitudes because sailing ships were sometimes stuck here beyond the trades so long that they ran low on water and had to throw horses and other livestock overboard. Don't know if these are a resumption of the trade winds after last night's hiccup.

Noon position: 23° 15' South; 59° 21' East. Day's run: 136 miles.

Durban: 1568 miles, bearing 255°.

1710 We no longer have radar, which is not particularly distressing.

I went on deck at 1400 and after a few minutes decided to set the spinnaker. I've said it before, but this is revolutionary. In the past I've thought long and hard before setting the spinnaker. Now with the spinnaker furling gear, I just go ahead and do it. The sail was up and flying in few minutes.

The wind was moderate rather than light, about 12 knots, and I was curious to see what, if any, improvement it would be over the genoa. The answer is not clear. The motion of the boat improved and there may have been a slight increase in speed, perhaps $\frac{1}{3}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ knot, although without a working wind instrument I cannot be certain that the wind did not increase. Fact is I like the small spinnaker and am glad to give the jib a rest.

After a while I went below to get some peanuts to munch on. As I was climbing back up the companionway ladder I noticed the radar dome, which is on a gimbaled mount attached to the backstay, dangling at an odd angle. The tube supporting it had cracked.

I installed this and know how to remove it. The process requires removing two bolts that I can reach by standing on the top rung of the stern pulpit, something not difficult on the mooring, but somewhat more so at sea, not to mention more dangerous.

Nevertheless it had to be done. I was well aware that to slip was to injure myself probably seriously at best, and to fall overboard and die at worst.

I didn't do either, did remove the bolts, lowered the dome to the deck, removed it from the mount, stowed it below, removed the mount and tube from the deck, all without dropping a single part.

The dome has now joined the stuff on the v-berth. I tried to find a way to stow the mount and tube in the cabin, but it was simply too long and awkward, and with jagged edges where the metal has cracked likely to damage something else, such as me, so it was given a burial at sea.

This is the first boat on which I have had radar. I have never been convinced that there is an advantage to a gimballed radar mount, have not liked the dome swinging around up there, and almost never use the radar anyway. There are places in the world where it would be useful, Boston and Maine among them; but since leaving Boston I seldom turn it on, and have usually used it only to determine exactly the distance to a ship or boat I have in sight.

I rather like the absence of the dome and mount. Cockpit looks more open.

In South Africa I'll decide whether to get a fixed pole mount, or perhaps get rid of the radar completely.

While I was working, THE HAWKE OF TUONELA began to go faster. When I was finished I sat on deck with a beer and enjoyed the sail. At sunset a trade wind sky again.

We are less than a mile from the Tropic of Capricorn, which is $23^{\circ} 26.4'$ South. We're at $23^{\circ} 26.157'$. Crossed it on the way from New Zealand on the night of April 30/May 1, about six thousand miles ago. Last tropical sunset until next year in the South Atlantic.

August 27

Indian Ocean: Wednesday

0645 Have to look at top of computer screen to know day of the week.

Easy miles, but not fast or in exactly the right direction. Continue under spinnaker. Making 5 to 5.5 knots on a course around 235°.

1210 Sloppy sailing.

An increase in wind in front of a line of rain to the south of us at 0930 caused me to lower the spinnaker and set the jib, which I then jibed to port, where we are able to sail 5°-10° high of our desired course, rather than 25° below it.

Clouds and rain still to the south. So far only a few drops have reached us.

Making about 5 knots, but rolling with the waves still coming from previous wind direction. For some reason I thought we'd have consistent wind until closer to Africa.

Noon position: 24° 19' South; 57° 16' East. Day's run: 131 miles. Durban: 1438 miles, bearing 257°.

1710 Sailing under spinnaker again. I went on deck around 1500 and set the sail soon thereafter. Jib was collapsing and filling too often, jerking the rig and entire boat. There is moderate wind, but the waves are out of synch with it.

Had my first glitch in setting the spinnaker, which was partially my fault. The luff of this sail has a less effective method of keeping tension than does the bigger ripped spinnaker, and so often furls less well at the top than the bottom, particularly if I don't crank maximum tension on the luff as I didn't do this morning. When I went to set the sail this afternoon, the sheets were snarled around the lower part of the sail, while the upper blew open prematurely. I had to lower it back to deck, unsnarl the sheets, then raise it again.

The sail has made a bigger difference than usual, smoothing out the ride and giving us almost a full knot of speed. With the jib boat speed often dropped below five. With the spinnaker it is often above six, though we have averaged only five knots since noon.

I became curious this afternoon as to what the magnetic variation is here and realized that this is something once essential to navigation that I no longer pay any attention to.

I looked for it without success in both the chartplotter and the Garmin eTrex, both of which I have set to show true courses. I finally found it in the Visual Passage Planner software, It is 21° East, though they show it just as -21°.

The only place for which I know the variation by heart is San Diego, from where I made my first voyages.

I do have three traditional compasses on board, two on deck and one in the cabin, but seldom look at them. I check the course either as COG (course over ground) from the chartplotter GPS, or True Course from the fluxgate compass in the instrument system.

In the old days--that is more than about 15 years ago--variation, which is the difference caused by the magnetic pole not being at the geographic North Pole, and deviation, error caused by sources of magnetic interference on a boat itself, were critical. I used to check my compasses from time to time after taking and working out a sun sight, during which process you find, among other things, the true bearing of the sun. If it was directly ahead of or behind, I could compare the compass reading, after adjusting for variation, and know if it was accurate.

I've been thinking about the radar.

The backstay mount had the advantage of being a neat and relatively unobtrusive installation. The company that made that unit is no longer in business, and I wouldn't buy that model again anyway, I don't believe that the only alternative backstay mount I know of will fit over my backstay adjuster.

While there is some fog in New Zealand, it has never effected my sailing there. I'm not sure I can live with a pole sticking up from the stern, and I don't want to mount it on the mast.

I sailed without radar for 30 years and 3.5 circumnavigations. I can certainly think of places and times when it would have been useful; but none have occurred for some years.

August 28
Indian Ocean: Thursday

0700 Jibed last night at sunset toward a band of rain to the south of us that dissipated before we reached it as I thought it would.

Up at 0230 to jibe to port broad reach, then at 0400 back to starboard, where we are now, more or less sailing 255° at 5 knots.

Lovely dawn a few minutes ago. Barometer high. Looks to be another fine day, though probably with our smallest day's run yet.

1215 Rolling severely. Sunny trade wind sky, but wind is very light from the northeast. 2' waves are collapsing and filling the spinnaker. Boat speed only 3.5 to 4 knots. Hatches are open. I type a few words then have to grab computer with one and the the teak molding beside the settee with the other. Have jibed back and forth several times this morning. Presently on starboard. Sounds as though the spinnaker is being torn apart. Almost exploding as it collapses and fills. But so far is holding together except for a tape along the foot that is coming loose. Not sure that matters. Better to leave it set for as long as I can in these conditions rather than the jib, which is much harder on the rig when it collapses and fills.

Noon position: 25° 03' South; 55° 13' East. Day's run: 120 miles. Durban: 1317 miles, bearing 257°.

Last three day's runs have been 136, 131, 120 miles. Not a desirable trend.

1720 Making 2.8 knots under spinnaker, which is fraying at the edges.

Although the barometer is down a couple of millibars we are under a classic high pressure sky: almost completely clear, with only a few wisps of cloud, and little wind.

For part of the afternoon I had the main set. The light wind then was from the north, but it veered northeast until the main was blanketing the spinnaker. With preventer and vang I was able to keep the main more or less filled.

While it was up, I conducted an experiment and furled the spinnaker and unfurled the jib. There was too little wind for the jib to fill, so back to the spinnaker, which is, as expected, clearly superior off wind in such light conditions. The bigger spinnaker would be even better.

Just checked: we've made 18 miles since noon. Surprised it is that many.

2000 Clear, starry night. Milky Way streaming from horizon to horizon, directly overhead. Light wind, but enough to keep the spinnaker filled most of the time in small seas, and THE HAWKE OF TUONELA moving at a little more than three knots.

Just watched a good movie, THE LIBERTINE, in which Johnny Depp plays the Earl of Rochester, during the reign of Charles II. The best line, "All experiments of interest in life will come at your own expense."

A few days ago I became dissatisfied when the boat speed dropped below six knots. Now I am grateful for three. Hope we keep moving during the night.

August 29
Indian Ocean: Friday

0515 Woke about an hour ago, probably because the motion of the boat changed when we fell off to the south. Also perhaps because I had enough sleep. We kept moving at around three knots during the night. The ocean has become almost flat, so very light wind mostly remained in spinnaker. Boat no longer rolling and almost as steady as if at anchor.

That old recut experimental sail has done well. So far only the tapes on foot and leech need replacing.

I got up, got dressed, and got us back on course. I think the wind has backed toward the north again and I may be able to set the main. I didn't put the cover on it when I lowered it late yesterday afternoon. Going to wait until first light before deciding.

Barometer steady. Night sky still starry and clear except for one shadow that is a cloud.

0650 Mainsail up. Boat speed briefly at 4 knots. Haven't seen that for a while. Unfortunately back at 3.6.

The last sliver of the waning moon rose just before the sun.

1205 A few clouds on the horizon earlier and a few bigger swells gave me hope that we might get some real wind, but we haven't.

I lowered the spinnaker, and we are sort of sailing under main and jib. 2.8 knots at the moment. Saw 4 a few times earlier this morning. Sunny. Few scattered clouds. At least we haven't been completely becalmed yet.

I remembered to winch maximum tension on the halyard, which is low stretch Technora, and the sail furled at top and bottom, but this was of course in light air.

When it was down I examined the frayed edges. They are just the fraction of an inch of material outside the boarder stitching.

Shaved, did some exercises, with the boat so level even 70 push-ups, swept cabin sole, checked engine compartment--not enough water to pump, and bilge, from which I got less than a bucket full. Put out solar shower bag for later. I filled it at the galley from the larger, leaking tank. Thought this might empty it, but hasn't. I'm taking my drinking water from the bottled water I bought in Bali, so only use the water from the tank to rinse cups and a few other items. Still have smaller tank and two 5 gallon jerry cans of water, as well as about 30 1.5 liter bottles. I use one of these a day, mostly at breakfast when I have two cups of coffee and put some on my cereal with powdered milk and trail mix and dried fruit. Dinner usually uses two cups: one for the freeze dried meal and another for a cup of tea. I also have a can of tea or soft drink at lunch, and a can of beer sometime during the day, usually mid afternoon, but sometimes in the evening. Not sure I'm going to have enough of either to last the passage. Let him drink water.

I've gone through enough of my provisions to do some rearranging, moved remaining cans from a mixed case of beer and soft drink to the shelves behind the galley, and consolidated into one bag the diminished contents of three others.

Noon position: 25°20' South; 53° 52' East. Day's run: 76 miles. Durban: 1242 miles, 257°.

Day's run disappointing but not unexpected. Next milestone will be next time zone at 52° 30' East. By no means certain tomorrow. Then either the end of three weeks at sea on Monday or the distance to Durban becoming less than 1000 miles.

1845 Late sunsets stuck here on the western side of the time zone. This one was a beauty. I had dinner on deck while it was happening. Pure colors, mostly gold and blue. With at least five more knots of wind, and preferably ten more from some the east, it would have been perfect.

I had the best shower of the passage after lunch. The water was hot--almost too hot--and with almost no wind, I was not chilled. Put on clean clothes afterwards, and aired my pillow and sleeping bag in the cockpit.

We sailed under main and jib for most of the day, but at 1600 I set the spinnaker, then switched back and forth from jib and spinnaker a couple of times when our boat speed dropped. So had the wind. Ended up with the spinnaker and main until sunset, when what little wind there was veered to the northeast and the main began to blanket the spinnaker, so I lowered the main. Might have done so anyway as I don't think I wanted to listen to it all night. The spinnaker is quieter. Making 2.9 knots to the west at the moment.

August 30

Indian Ocean: Saturday

0450 New time zone: GMT +3. We're not quite there, but will be in less than two hours, so I changed ship's time. We started sailing around 2000 last night, as opposed to ghosting along as

we have been for too long, and moved at 4 and 5 knots all night. Since getting up I even saw a 6, briefly.

Something--I think the spinnaker halyard-- is groaning. I don't see anything wrong by headlamp, but will investigate further with daylight. The sky is just beginning to lighten to the east.

0645 We are sailing at 6 to 7 knots under main and genoa. Excellent.

With sufficient daylight, I went on deck and discovered that the sound was coming from where the spinnaker halyard enters the mast a few feet above the deck. The mast fitting is chaffing my new and expensive halyard. Another thing added to my 'to do' list, which now extends well down a second page. 8,000 miles at sea in four months will do that.

With the wind from the north and on the beam it was time to lower the spinnaker anyway. With extra tension winched onto the halyard it again furled properly.

I had the jib set quickly, which kept our boat speed above five knots, and then raised the main, which has brought it above six. Several days ago I cured the problem of the boom vang noise by tying a piece of cord as a washer around the pin connecting it to the base of the mast and on which it was rising and falling with a loud and irritating clank.

North wind is to be expected in this hemisphere on the trailing edge of a high, but so far the barometer has remained steady. Very glad to be seeing 6 knots on the instruments, and hearing the swoosh of water moving past the hull.

0915 Glorious morning. Beam reaching at 6 to 7 knots, occasionally 7+. Wind 14 knots. Blue seas 3'. Sunny, with some scattered clouds.

I just finished an excellent biography of Sir Walter Raleigh, THE SHEPHERD OF THE OCEAN, which I read when it was first published more than thirty years ago. Curiously I did not remember the authors' names--Adamson and Follard--but I did recall that they were professors at the University of Utah. This is, of course, not the same copy. I have since then twice lost everything I owned in the world. I bought this one used via Amazon. It saddens me to see that it, as many of the books I buy that way, once belonged to a library--in this case the Howard County Library in Maryland--because I know it is happening to my books too.

Going to put on some sun screen and sit on deck and enjoy the sail.

1205 Wind seems to be decreased slightly, but we are still making 6.5 knots right on course. Perfect sailing. I'd gladly carry this wind all the way to Durban, but if the ocean teaches anything, it is that nothing, good or bad, lasts.

Noon position: 25° 57' South; 51° 55' East. Day's run: 112 miles (25 hours). Durban: 1130 miles, bearing 258°.

1630 Tired today. Long day waking early and then setting clock back. Going to fix dinner soon.

The wind has weakened slightly. We're still moving well enough, but more often between 5 and 6 knots rather than 6 and 7. This morning when I went to sit on deck, I didn't have to touch a thing. I already had us in the groove. Now the groove is gone. A sky that looks something like a trade wind sky, but

isn't, though wind may have veered a bit from north toward NNE. Felt hotter midday than the past few days, but probably because I no longer have all the hatches open. Some spray coming over bow, but we haven't taken a wave aboard yet.

August 31

Indian Ocean: Sunday

0715 I went to sleep last night at 1930 hours and got up this morning at 0600 well rested, even though I didn't spend all of that time in my berth.

The wind increased all night long, and has only begun to ease in the past hour. The full main and jib were up when I first retired, only a scrap of the jib this morning. I was on deck four times. While the waves were not high, they felt solid and put heavy water over the deck, drenching me once.

A little while ago I put on foul weather gear before going out to cover the mainsail and let out a little more jib.

The barometer is down three millibars, but still in the normal range. That may just be coming down from the high. The sky is hazy, with a few scattered clouds, but mostly clear.

The closest point of Madagascar, the fourth largest island in the world, after Greenland, New Guinea, and Borneo, is a little less than 200 miles to the northeast. Two things about list of biggest islands in my atlas surprised me: three of them are in Canada's far north; and the United Kingdom is number eight. I didn't realize it was that big. In about two hours, Durban will be less than 1000 miles away.

I have always expected the last thousand miles to be the hardest.

1210 The wind has steadily diminished and veered toward the northeast this morning, and I have steadily let out more jib whenever our boat speed dropped below the magic '6'. Now about $\frac{3}{4}$ out. Hazy blue sky.

Rather than take the time to put on foul weather gear, I've darted out and back so far without taking another salt water shower. Fool's game really, for a wave will get me sooner or later.

When I checked the chartplotter at 0930, Durban was less than 1000 miles. The OFF MAD waypoint is no longer relevant. We're nine miles from being that far south already. I have put in a waypoint for Richards Bay, which is a little closer than Durban and a hundred miles farther north, just in case we are forced that way. I've never been there and wouldn't mind, but I don't think it has a sailmaker, rigger, or a boat yard where I can haul and anti-foul.

We had our first 6 knot day this week.

Noon position: 26° 51' South; 49° 25' East. Day's run: 145.
Durban: 985 miles, bearing 259°.

1730 At least the wind increased today just before dark rather than after.

I continued to let out more jib, until only two rolls were left, We probably could have carried the full sail, but were moving comfortably at 6 to 7 knots. However, a half hour ago we started doing 8 and spinning off waves faster than the Monitor could handle, so I winched in about half the sail and when that

wasn't enough brought in more. A little more than storm jib size is left, and we're still making six knots.

Red glow coming through ports from setting sun.

September 1

Indian Ocean: Monday

0820 A miserable night.

Although the waves didn't seem that high, several pounded us, and one put a lot of water in the cockpit, which poured in through the edges of the inserts in the companionway. I had to put sheets of plastic over the foot and head of my berth to keep the drips from around the mast, the small hatch beside it to port, and the companionway, from falling on me.

I was on deck a couple of times, reducing the jib until only a few square feet were exposed; then this morning, when the wind decreased for a while, adding a bit.

The barometer has continued to fall, but is still in the normal range and not yet low. The ocean is starting to look gale driven. I don't think we have gale force winds at the moment--probably in the high 20s--but likely did for several hours last night. Seas are 8' to 10' and steep. Wind is still north and so we are taking them uncomfortably on the beam, even though I am letting us sail a bit low of the course for Durban. Hazy sunshine. This could just be wind funneled south and strengthened by Madagascar, which is about 150 miles north, though the pilot charts don't show a significant increase.

Pumped a couple of buckets from the bilge and one from the engine compartment. Clothes that were on the upper

starboard shelf were thrown across the main cabin to the upper port berth. Everything heavy is secure. Or so I think.

Everything is very difficult to do, including using this computer. Normally I leave it out during the day, but not today. Back in its sleeve and back in one of the two dry lockers.

1210 Put on foul weather gear and new sea boots to go on deck this morning. My old ones had cracked. I always had to put on socks in order to get them on and off. The new ones have a smooth lining and don't require socks. A definite advantage.

The ocean was in gale state--long trains of white-capped and toppling 10' waves. I reduced the jib back to the minimum, and tidied up some lines that had been washed around by waves.

Mid-morning I secured myself on the settee berth with the lee cloth, put a hat on to protect my head from occasional drips from the hatch overhead, and took a nap.

In the past hour conditions have slightly moderated. Wind now, I think, in high 20s again. We are still being forced south of the course to Durban. I'll let that go on today, and hope for a change in wind tomorrow. If not, eventually I'll have to set the deeply reefed main as well as the scrap of jib to bring us on course. That will mean the wind forward of the beam, a rougher ride, harder on the boat and wetter for me.

We're no longer making a 6 knot passage, and I'd be glad to be in and have the comforts of shore and Carol.

I gave up speed for safety last night and am doing so today. We're not in survival mode, but in 'avoid damage if possible' mode.

Noon position: 27° 37' South; 46° 57' East. Day's run: 140 miles. Week's run: 857 miles. Durban: 846 miles, bearing 261°.

1640 I am tired and could use an easy night, but it does not appear that I'm going to have one. An hour ago the wind backed to the west, heading us. I let us sail off toward the south for a while to be certain the change would last, then donned foul weather gear and went on deck where I raised the triple reefed mainsail, furled the jib down to minimum, and turned us toward the wind. We are presently making 5.5 to 6 knots on a course around 235° to 240°. Because the waves have yet to follow the wind and are still from the north, we're moving relatively smoothly, heeled over 20° and not yet taking much water on deck. Sky has become completely overcast and is ominously dark ahead.

1840 I might have an easy night after all, though not a productive one. We are making 4 knots under bare poles heading 030°. Without a wind instrument, I don't know exactly how much wind is out there, but whatever it is--I would guess at least 50 knots, we can't sail against it. And whatever it is, it is less than it was when it hit an hour ago and laid us over on our side.

I got into foul weather gear, got on deck, and completely furled the jib. Then lowered the main. The wind was almost over-powering. The ocean was white with spray and foam. Several times I had to stop what I was doing and hold on with both hands to avoid being blown overboard.

I turned us off downwind, came below, ate a cold dinner of one of the French cans, this one salmon and vegetables. Inside the cabin, I can hear the wind howling, but the boat itself is fairly stable and quiet. No waves coming aboard.

It is quite different on deck. When I realized that the wind was not quite as strong as it was, I decided to try to see if we could sail some useful direction and went back on deck, where I raised the main. Once it was up I knew there was no point and lowered it. So here I am, losing distance by the minute. Time for a cup of tea.

September 2

Indian Ocean: Tuesday

0645 Nice to see the sun coming up behind us instead of ahead as it seemed for several hours last night it would.

I went to sleep early with us bleeding away four miles an hour being blown ahead of the wind. The cabin was quiet and comfortable. At 2200 I woke and felt a difference in motion. We were rolling more and not being held by the wind. I thought we might be able to sail again. The lack of wind instruments is most significant when there is a major change in wind during a moonless night.

I put on my foul weather gear--and it appears that my foul weather pants no longer are waterproof--went on deck and raised the still triple reefed main and set a scrap of jib. The wind was coming from the southwest, and we were able to sail to the northwest, which while not on course, is better than being blown in the wrong direction.

Back in the cabin I checked the barometer, which had risen a phenomenal 4 millibars in four hours. Whatever we experienced was small and fierce.

The wind continued to back during the night, until now we are sailing toward Durban on a very close reach at around 5 knots. I increased the size of the jib slightly this morning. Also pumped bilge. Heeled over water was sloshing over cabin sole.

Sky clear. Barometer up another 2 millibars. Hopefully wind will continue to back and enable me to ease the sheets.

1245 The sailing and the day have been better than I could have hoped late yesterday.

The wind has continued to back and moderate, and I continued to unfurl the jib. Finally a few minutes ago, I removed the reef from the main, so we are now making 6 knots in the right direction under full main and most of the jib. The waves are spaced far enough apart so we can sail up and down them, without usually pounding. Sunny. Barometer continues to rise. Now eight millibars higher than when the wind struck yesterday.

Noon position: 27° 36' South; 45° 26' East. Day's run: 81 miles, which is poor, but much better than having lost that much.

Durban: 768 miles, bearing 260°.

1710 Sloppy sailing with confused sea, big swell from southwest and southeast, causing boat to lurch and the Monitor to have difficulty keeping us near the course of 260°. I've had to make adjustments to sail trim and Monitor repeatedly during the afternoon and doubt it will settle down after dark. I fell asleep sitting up this afternoon. Working too hard on the night shift.

Sunny. Barometer high and steady. Cooler today. High temperature 68°F/ 20°C.

September 3
Indian Ocean: Wednesday

0800 Jibed jib and sleeping bag three times last night.

Wind continued to back until it has settled for a while in the northeast.

I lowered the mainsail, which began to blanket the jib, not long after sunset, and later partially furled the jib to slow our yawing back and forth, which was sometimes collapsing and refilling the jib with an horrendous crash.

Up at 0530. Have breakfasted and shaved and cleaned galley.

Wind is moderate, about 14 knots. Seas still confused, with swell from the southwest meeting waves from the northeast, but less so than yesterday. Or perhaps the wind is just steadier. Sunny with widely scattered low white clouds. Boat speed varies from below 4 to over 6 knots, probably averaging around 5, and generally in the right direction.

1200 High clouds thickening behind us; barometer down a millibar. Wind north. We seem to be sailing a knot faster than our SOG, which is usually between 4 and 4.9 knots, so I presume an adverse current.

We're on a beam reach again, with most of the jib set. The waves are much smaller than they were on a similar point of sail a few days ago, but the odd one is coming aboard. One did a

few minutes ago. Just as I went to look out the companionway a wall of water passed a few inches in front of my eyes.

The north wind is warmer than the south in these waters, Temperature back in the 70s and I'm back in shorts.

I have seen very few birds on this passage. What might be an albatross has been around this morning. A big bird, but only medium size for an albatross, if that is what it is.

Noon position: 28° 03' South; 43° 20' East. Day's run: 115.
Durban: 653 miles, bearing 260°.

1840 Most of the afternoon was pleasant.

When our SOG dropped below four knots at 1300, I set the mainsail, which only brought it up to 4.5 for a while, even though it felt as though we were sailing 6 and 7. An hour later, after no apparent change, suddenly our SOG was 6 knots. Obviously we had escaped from an adverse current.

Two hours of fine sailing followed, and I sat on deck and enjoyed it. This ended at 1630 when the wind died and we began to be tossed around extravagantly by the leftover waves and swells. I did not run the engine on Monday, as I try to do once each week during a passage, because it was too rough, so I turned it on both to run it routinely and to provide some motion through the swells. I brought the tiller pilot on deck to steer. After a half hour, whenever I thought there might be some wind, I cut the engine back. Until 1800 I was wrong, but finally there was enough wind to sail. I cut the engine, unfurled the jib--I had left the main up while powering--and switched from tiller pilot to Monitor steering.

Unfortunately the wind is from dead ahead, and so light that with these confused seas, we can't steer within 60° of Durban. We are presently on port tack heading northwest. I'm guessing the wind is going to continue to back. Don't think it is going to be a restful night.

September 4
Indian Ocean: Thursday

0635 I guessed right. The wind did continue to back. But it was in fact a restful night until 0400.

When I compared the readings from the GPS to those of the instrument system, I understood why I couldn't get the boat to steer anywhere near the desired course. Our bow was pointing west, but our course over the ground was northwest, a 45° difference, and the instrument system was showing a boat speed of 4 knots, and our true SOG was 5.5. Obviously a strong current that lasted until 0200.

We sailed smoothly and quietly in light wind that finally backed further at 0200 and, while there was still a big difference between our compass course and the COG, at least the latter was moving closer to what I wanted.

At 0400 the wind increased, heeling us over further, and causing me to put on foul weather gear and go on deck, put a reef in the main, furl more of the jib, and move the Monitor tiller control chain two links to windward to give it more leverage.

The wind is now almost from the south, so I've been able to free the sheets and we are almost on a beam reach, making 7 knots on course for Durban. Ahead the sky looks stormy, but the barometer has gone up a millibar over night. While the

boat is moving easily at present, I may go on deck again and put another reef in the main before it becomes more difficult; or the wind may have backed enough to lower it completely and sail under jib alone.

1205 Instead of reducing sail I have been able to increase it. The reef is still in the main, though it probably could come out, and I've twice added to the jib, as the day has become sunny, with scattered white clouds, and the wind has backed a bit further. We got a break that it was no longer heading us when it strengthened at 0400.

We are making 6 knots smoothly on a beam reach on course, and while our day's run wasn't good, it was better than I expected after being carried off to the northwest most of the night. For the first time we are slightly further north at noon today than we were yesterday.

Took a brief nap this morning.

Noon position: 27° 57' South; 41° 11' East. Day's run: 115.
Durban: 544 miles, bearing 258°.

Distance to Durban should fall below 500 miles tonight. Then passing 40° East. Then entering the South Africa time zone at 37° 30'.

We can be slowed by too much wind, no wind, and head wind, all of which we've experienced these past few days, so I don't know when we'll reach Durban. No wind has held strength and direction for more than six or eight hours since Monday afternoon's storm. From the beginning it figured to be the second week in September, and it still does. Can't yet predict which day.

1730 The main came down not because the wind was too strong, but because it began to blanket the jib as the wind continued to back. We continue making around 5.5 knots under jib alone.

I sat on deck for a while this afternoon, wearing Levis and Polartec with the south wind, despite sunshine. Very confused seas, with big swells and waves from seemingly all directions. Looks pleasant enough as sunset nears. Wonder what tonight will bring.

September 5
Indian Ocean: Friday

0645 The wind continues dancing its mad circles. It is like an unruly child who can't sit still.

Last night I woke at 2330. The boat felt and sounded as though it were moving as it had been, but I got up and found that we were 40° off course to the south.

I dressed and went on deck--it was 65°F--and jibed the jib, then back in the cabin moved my bedding. However the wind was too light to keep the jib filled against the remaining waves and I didn't get back to sleep for three hours,

Dawn finds a few low clouds and the wind in the north.

Durban is less than 500 miles away and we passed 40° East.

1215 When I lowered the mainsail yesterday, I left the reef tied in and did not put on the cover because I expected that I would set it again today. I did at around 0800, and we sailed on a beam reach with it and partially furled jib until just before

lunch when I went on deck and tied in the higher reef. The wind isn't more than 20 knots from the north and the day still sunny, but the Monitor was being over powered. We are now sailing more smoothly at around 6 knots.

Just finished the last of the Laughing Cow cheese. Lunch will now be tuna or salmon with crackers or one of the French canned meals. The couscous would be good for lunch. I could also eat one of the cups of noodles.

Boat moving well. Good sailing. Waves only 3'.

Last night when I was on deck around midnight, I was paging through the instrument system and when I passed the wind page, to my surprise the readings were there. Wind was 14 knots apparent. Not working today.

Noon position: 28° 39' South; 39° 06' East. Day's run: 119 miles. Durban: 426 miles, bearing 260°.

1615 Cloudless but hazy blue sky. Wind continues at 20-25 knots from the north. Seas not too rough yet. We continue on beam reach under scrap of jib and fully reefed main averaging 6 knots since noon without taking too much water on board, though we are taking some. Going to have to put on hat. I'm sitting beneath the small hatch over the port settee and drips just started falling on my head. This is an old hatch that I had not replaced because it never leaked. It's time has come. Barometer down considerably. That is troubling.

Shaved and had cat bath this afternoon. Pumped less than a bucket full from engine compartment and bilge combined. Swept cabin sole. Finished reading THE BARURNAMA, the journal of Babar, founder of the Mughal dynasty in India, an interesting combination of writing poetry and designing

gardens and having men skinned alive and towers of skulls built after battles. Took a brief nap.

Durban is 400 miles away just about now.

1810 Finished dinner of freeze dried "Beef and Pasta Hotpot". Not one of my favorites.

Before preparing this feast, I put on my foul weather gear and went on deck to change the Monitor vane from the light air plastic model, which the manufacturer recommends for most use, to a standard plywood vane. It is what I used to routinely use, but looks so small in comparison. The only other time I've switched from the light air vane was in last Monday's storm. The light air vane is still fine for present conditions, but I'd rather make the switch now when it is relatively easy.

Also retied a vibrating messenger line that is holding the place of a spare main halyard, and while I was at the mast, checked out the amount of jib I have set. I didn't think it is very much and it isn't.

Waves are hitting a bit harder, which is to be expected the longer this wind blows. The deck is completely wet, but none struck while I was out.

A rather sinister sunset: just a faded orange disc sinking sullenly in dismal haze.

September 6
Indian Ocean: Saturday

0630 I am not fond of these nights.

At sunset yesterday the wind resumed backing. When I went to bed at 2100 we were still holding our course, but were close hauled on starboard.

At 2330 I woke to find us heading south. Dressed in foul weather gear and on deck to tack in strong wind. Then below to tack bedding, which included the plastic hoods over foot and head of bunk.

The sliver of young moon set while I was on deck. The seas were not big. I don't know how strong the wind was, probably 25 to 30 knots. Maybe more.

We started leaping off waves, landing with a destructive jolting crash, so I eased off. Our course for the rest of the night was northwest. I didn't think I slept much, but I remember a conversation about a camera lens that must have been in a dream.

When I got up this morning I found us in the new time zone, GMT +2 hours, so today will be a 25 hour day. Last night seemed like a 48 hour night.

After pumping the bilge to stop water slopping over the cabin sole, I experimented with the Monitor, whose control lines I run to a cleat just outside the companionway so I can adjust it without going on deck, and found that I could bring us a little closer to the wind without pounding too much. Our course is mostly around 285°, but varies from 300° to 270°. Our speed varies from 5.5 knots to 7.4, but is mostly between 6.5 and 7. When the wind gusts the speed goes up and we sail higher. Also pound more.

The sky is hazy and partially clear. The barometer has gone up 4 millibars since yesterday afternoon.

I could sail higher, but don't want to push the boat too hard. I am hoping that the wind will continue to back and complete its third complete circle this week and eventually let us free sheets and sail for Durban.

1205 Wind decreased a half hour ago. Boat speed down to 4 knots and our course has fallen off again toward 290°. Often a decrease will presage a shift in direction. The wind did continue to back during the morning so that I was seeing COG's mostly in the 270's and occasionally down to 264°. Need at least 30° more to ease our way.

Had to bail bilge a second time this morning. Sky mostly overcast. Barometer up another millibar. Waves 8' to 10'.

Noon position: 28° 08' South; 36° 50' East. Day's run: 124 (25 hour day) Durban: 320 miles, bearing 251°.

1800 Sun has already set. I saw a sliver of it through the clouds, as I saw a sliver through clouds when it rose this morning. Considerable difference in conditions though.

The wind did weakened and back to the southwest this afternoon. I let out more jib at intervals to help us power through the leftover waves, and then just before sunset let out the second reef in the mainsail. We could carry full sail at the moment, but in such unsettled conditions I'm not going to do that at nightfall. Our course is varying from 254° to 288° and our boat speed is only 3.6 knots. I hope the wind will continue to back to the south and fill a bit during the night. But I hoped not to have a gale, particularly from ahead. 14 to 1 odds in my favor if I remember the pilot chart information correctly, and I lost.

September 7

Indian Ocean: Sunday

0545 Becalmed since before midnight. Under power.

When I went to bed at 2030 we were making 4 knots on a course of around 270°. At 2200 that had improved to 255°. But at 2330 I found us heading 049° at 2 knots, and when I went on deck found the sails backed. I disengaged the Monitor and turned the boat back west and tried to get us on course. I took out the reef in the main and completely unfurled the jib to no avail. So I lowered the main and furled the jib, tied the tiller amidships and let us drift.

However when I went below the left over waves, which had fallen dramatically from 10' to 1' in a few hours, were still rolling the cabin around, so I set up the tiller pilot and turned on the engine. Besides the idea of losing 2 miles an hour was galling.

I woke a few times, but found no wind and got some good sleep for the first time in a while. At first light a half hour ago the sea was glassy. However now there are a few cats-paws. Not enough to sail, but I raised the main to add a fraction of knot to our SOG. Sunny. Clear sky. But barometer dropping.

The fuel tank was full when I left Bali. That's 18 or 20 gallons. I only used the engine the first two or three hours out of Bali and into Cocos, and an hour when leaving, another hour or so routinely on this passage. Can't power all the way to Durban. Hope for useful wind soon.

0845 Under sail as of a few minutes ago. Making 3.7 knots in right direction. Tiller pilot steering. Wind very light from NNW.

Left over swell from ahead. Sails trimmed loosely for a close reach.

Saw a ship on horizon, heading east. Richards Bay was and probably still is South Africa's busiest port based on tonnage. I think they ship coal from there.

Speed just reached 5 knots. Now 4.7. Was about what we were making under power.

There was a time not so long ago that I thought I might be in today or tomorrow. Now maybe Wednesday. Tuesday only if I get perfect wind.

Everything from pumping the bilge--three buckets full--to brushing my teeth--something that didn't get done yesterday until evening--is so much easier with the boat level and relatively stable. I took advantage while being under power this morning to shave, have a cat bath, and clean up the cabin.

Going slower. Back to 3.5 knots.

Sunny and cloudless day. Seems like high pressure, but isn't.

1205 Continued lovely day. Wind is filling from north. We're making 5-6 knots on almost a beam reach, though I have sails trimmed a bit tight because they lose wind to swells, which are coming gently from three different directions.

Nice to have an easy day. At least so far. The contrast with yesterday is enormous.

Noon: 28° 15' South; 35° 23' East. Day's run: 77 miles (about half under power). Durban: 245 miles, bearing 247°.

Two five knot days would see us in Durban. At moment speed 4.4. Be nice to get in without any more severe weather. Barometer down another millibar.

1720 It has been a day of good sailing. We've averaged 6 knots since noon, but increasing clouds and a falling barometer. I lowered the main an hour ago because it was beginning to blanket the jib. Also put the spray cover back on the engine cockpit panel. When I turned off the engine this morning I decided to leave the cover off for the remainder of the passage, but have reconsidered. Still smooth effortless sailing. Wind only about 14 knots from the north, which is the direction it would be on the leading edge of a low in this hemisphere, changing to west if the low is south of us, and east if north. I really wanted to get in without any more drama.

September 8
Indian Ocean: Monday

0610 Toward the end of passages I measure time as how many more nights rather than days, and unless the wind backs and heads us--a definite possibility--we have only one more night. Durban is 138 miles away. At 6 knots we'd be there; at 5 knots we'd be 18 miles away. I have us moving under reduced jib at 5+ knots on a course a bit higher than the rhumb line because of the Agulhas Current that flows southwest parallel to the coast at roughly 3 knots. It is strongest on the 200 fathom curve, which is about ten miles offshore at Durban.

Last night was a good one. I fell asleep early, and got up twice to reduce the jib when we started going more than 7 knots. The wind has remained in the north. Partially cloudy.

Barometer down another 2 millibars. And a wave just crashed aboard. Not many have been.

Happy enough with present conditions, but the barometer worries me.

0700 We are 65 miles west of Richards Bay and already picking up a knot of current.

Low clouds. Nothing threatening. This is one time I could use a good weather forecast, but haven't been able to get a Durban station on the radio, at least not in English.

Although I have plenty of fresh water--still using the leaking bigger tank--found myself automatically using salt water to rinse the plastic measuring cup from which I eat my home made muesli for breakfast.

1000 So far, so good. Conditions unchanged. Hazy blue sky. Wind in the north. We're making our way almost soundlessly at 6+ knots, except that once an hour or so a wave crashes on board. Waves only about 5'.

Dug out my South African paper charts and flag, left from when I was in Cape Town six years ago.

1215 Conditions same, but our speed has been as high as 7.8 knots. I may have to enter Durban Harbor during the night or be swept past by the current. At our present speed we will be there around 0200 or 0300. It is a big commercial harbor and no problem to get into, but finding the International Jetty and getting tied up might be.

Noon position: 29° 04' South; 32° 46' East. Day's run: 146 (a significant amount due to current). Durban: 101 miles, bearing 242°.

The coast falls off to the southwest and we are only 36 miles offshore.

1630 No change--wind from north; sky hazy blue--except the barometer has fallen two more millibars and is now unquestionably low.

At 1300 I reduced the amount of the jib to reduce our speed to around five knots. An hour ago it got back to six, so I conclude we are getting more current, and reduced it again. Not much left to furl. I really don't want to enter the harbor before dawn if I can avoid doing so. Just hope it doesn't start blowing a gale or on the nose.

1710 Reduced jib again. Only a couple of square feet of the clew set. Effectively we're under bare poles and sometimes still making 6 knots.

On a national program on South Africa FM radio, the high temperature for Durban tomorrow is 28°C/82°F and the province of KwaZulu Natal will be "fine and hot."

September 9
Indian Ocean: Tuesday

0540 Powering toward Durban which is 18 miles away.

I went to bed around 2030, doubting that I would easily get to sleep because I was troubled by the low barometer and that

our SOG had increased to 7 knots. However I was tired enough to sleep anyway.

When I woke at 2200 the world had changed. The wind had become light and with almost no sail set, we were making 2.6 knots, so I increased the jib until our SOG was 4 and went happily back to sleep.

Two hours later the wind had further weakened so I let out the full jib, which again brought our speed up to 4.

At 0400 the wind had become a land breeze and was heading us, and I shifted from sail to engine and Monitor to tiller pilot. The lights of a ship were visible a few miles south of us heading east.

We are being slowed by a slight chop to 4 knots, though I have the engine at RPM's that should give us 6 in smooth water. The prop had only some fuzz on it in Cocos, but might have become more fouled during the passage.

I heard on the news that wild fires have been burning near Durban, and last night when I went on deck I could smell them. It was like being back in Darwin again.

Sky is lightening, but not yet dawn. Low coastal clouds. No sight of land ahead.

0800 9.5 miles off and still no sight of land. The haze I saw yesterday may in part have been smoke. It is brownish to the west, although I no longer smell smoke.

What I took to be buildings ashore a while ago have proven to be the deckhouses of ships. There are at least seven in sight, waiting to get into the harbor. One, a car carrier, crossed close

enough in front of us that I took the opportunity to slow to an idle and put the anchor back on the bow. I don't expect to anchor. This is just a routine precaution in case I have to in an emergency.

I also moved the solar panels from the deck and re-flaked the mainsail on the boom. I haven't put on the cover, just in case I unexpectedly need to sail. Raised the "Q" flag.

Still have dock lines and fenders to arrange.

Sunny, hazy/smokey?, warm. SOG up to 5 knots, so less than two hours. Wind very light--less than 5 knots--from ahead.

Have to go and check on ships.

1400 In a slip in Durban Marina, waiting for Immigration. Had a shower. Emailed Carol from the Point Yacht Club bar. Can't go any further until Immigration appears. Would like to get South African rand and some fresh food and drink. Just lunched on one of the French cans and my last beer.

I couldn't have asked for an easier or more pleasant landfall.

The headwind was never more than five knots and decreased as I neared shore. There is an armada of ships waiting to get in. Most are anchored. I counted fourteen. There may have been more.

Yesterday I finished reading a book about whaling, and this morning a whale spouted only a few hundred yards in front of me. He or she was wending his or her way leisurely through the ships.

I contacted Durban Port Control on my handheld VHF when I was 5 miles out. They told me to re-contact them when I was closer. So I did when a mile out. They said a ship was about to enter the harbor and I should wait. A big container ship was near me. It's captain came on the radio and said I could follow him in. Port Control concurred. So I did.

I was met in the channel by a small boat which transferred a young man to direct me to the International Jetty and handle my dock lines. Nice service.

Durban Marina is in the heart of the city. As with every other place I last visited twenty years ago, the harbor and Durban are dramatically changed. The International Jetty is in about the same place, but is no longer a jetty.

When I walked up to the marina office, they called Immigration for me and told me to move to my present slip.

There are city noises--traffic and machinery--as were always in the background when we lived aboard at Constitution Marina in Boston, but the boat itself is unnaturally quiet.

Passage over.

Durban to Port Elizabeth, South Africa January 2009

January 28: Wednesday
Indian Ocean

1130 Was awake at 0400 again and found wind still in southwest and rain.

At 0930 wind went calm, and although it was still raining, I left. A young man passing on the otherwise deserted dock kindly handled my bow line. There was only a fender width between me and the neighboring boat.

Powered in limited visibility I could just make out The Bluff, which is on the opposite side of the harbor. Called Port Control on my handheld VHF as required. Couldn't understand what the young woman who responded said, so continued on my way.

Rain has continued. I'm presently five miles northeast of the harbor entrance, heading east when I want to go southwest. Double-reefed main, deeply furled jib. Tired and wet. Hard work getting sails set. I wore my foul weather parka, but not the pants. Fortunately water is warm.

1530 I would not have left in these conditions without the wind being forecast to back east and then northeast. After four rough hours, it seems to have started to. I've tacked and am now sailing around 210° at 5.3 knots. Occasionally slamming off three foot waves.

I'm south of Durban harbor, which is again visible after being lost in rain almost since I left. I think I'm still inside the Agulhas Current, certainly the strongest part, and hope gradually to make my way out to it. May become easy if the wind continues to back.

A ship passed close heading north. I thought that perhaps my waterproof handheld VHF had failed in the rain, so I called him to test the VHF and he responded, which seems to prove that it is working.

1700 An hour ago wind backed to the east and I've been able to ease sheets and sail 200° at 6 knots. Still bumpy, but much better. Coast again obscured by clouds and rain.

Wind continues to back. Going to have to put on foul weather gear and go on deck to re-trim.

1915 Just as I was eating one of my French canned meals that don't require cooking found in Australian supermarkets last year--this one tuna and pasta--a little over an hour ago, the wind died.

After I finished I put on my clammy foul weather gear--steady rain has continued all day--and went on deck where I took the reef from the main and completely unfurled the jib. Even with full sail, our speed was only between 2 and 4 knots.

Believing that this was a lull before the wind backed further and filled, I stood in the rain for a long time. Only when I finally came below and stripped off my foul weather gear did the wind do what I expected. Our speed jumped to 7 knots and our course to 170°. So back in foul weather gear, back on deck, re-trim sails, reduce jib. Still making 7 knots. And below to make a cup of tea.

I've worked hard today. Not a desirable start, but at least a start.

Last year I suspected that my foul weather pants are no longer waterproof. Back in the U.S. I decided I might have been wrong and that water had simply come in around the ankles, so I didn't buy a new pair. Today proved this is not true. Rain soaked through. Maybe I can find a replacement in Port Elizabeth.

January 29: Thursday
Indian Ocean

0530 Not a bad night. I was up every hour or so. Saw two ships.

The wind continued to back and by 0300 was starting to blanket the jib, so I underwent the ordeal of getting into my foul weather gear and went on deck to lower the main. The foul weather pants are a kind of a wet suit in that once I have them on and warm the water inside with my body heat, they become comfortable.

It stopped raining for a while before midnight and is not raining now, but was at 0300.

Sky low, cloudy. More rain predicted.

The coast has started to fall away to the southwest and we are presently 16 miles off a shore similar to California's Big Sur and as void of harbors, making 8+ knots, 2 of which are current, under slightly furled jib. The wind has veered a little and is now almost on the beam. It is predicted to increase during the day to 20+ knots, at which point we might be making 10 over the ground.

Soon will go on deck to set out solar panels. Despite the overcast I think they will provide some charging. Batteries topped up well while powering out Durban Harbor.

We are 102 miles from Durban.

1210 Noon Position: 31° 57' South; 29° 47' East. Durban 145. Port Elizabeth 238.

Rain finally ended this morning, at least for a while. Clearing blue sky ahead, and enough sun shining through thin clouds overhead to provide solar charging and to dry my foul weather gear.

Moved more stuff from quarter berths to the v-berth, including the radar dome and bags of provisions.

We're rolling ahead of 3' waves on a broad reach with the genoa still perhaps a quarter furled. THE HAWKE OF TUONELA could carry more sail, but with SOG of 7+ knots, we are going to be there tomorrow night and I will have to slow down until dawn. Don't think even if I pushed hard we could arrive before sunset.

Motion smooth enough so that I was able to pump the bilge with the electric pump rather than by hand. Usually when the bilge needs pumping, we are heeled and bouncing and the water moves about too much for the electric pump to suck it up.

Now that I'm out here I regret stopping at Port Elizabeth, though if the front predicted for Sunday is as advertised I will be glad to sit it out.

Fell asleep this morning sitting up reading.

We've taken enough water over the deck so that I think the new forward hatch has fixed some long standing leaks. However, the new small hatch in the main cabin has not. I'll have to see if its lever can be adjusted so that it seals more tightly.

Not certain, but I may have also fixed a long-standing leak over the port quarter berth.

Cabin drying out.

1645 A beautiful afternoon with great sailing. Sky is mostly blue, with only a few scattered white clouds. Oddly the barometer has fallen. I hope that doesn't mean the next front is moving this way more rapidly than previously predicted. It was not due until Sunday.

I dried my foul weather gear and the shoes and hat I was wearing yesterday. Forgot about the shorts and t-shirt until a few minutes ago. They are on deck now.

I sat on deck, listening to music on the replacement cockpit speakers I brought back with me from the U.S., which I have covered with pieces cut from a plastic trash bag and held in place by a hose clamp, can still hear through them, as THE HAWKE OF TUONELA sped through the water.

Sea blue. Many white-caps. Wind probably near 20 knots. Waves only 3'.

Although I have been on deck more today than yesterday and visibility is much better, I haven't seen any ships. Perhaps I'm out beyond them. Now about twenty miles offshore.

THE HAWKE OF TUONELA has been making 8 and 9 knots over the bottom, only about 1½ knots of that current. I just had to take another couple of wraps in the jib, which was starting to overpower the self-steering vane, and looking at our heading may have to jibe to starboard. We are heading around 210° and want 235°. Even higher when the coast trends more west southwest after East London, which is 75 miles ahead. Port Elizabeth is only 202 miles. At 8 knots we would be in sight by tomorrow sunset, but not likely in. The last weather prediction I have is that the wind will be lighter tomorrow. I would rather go on than go in, but haven't officially cleared out of the country and did tell Carol she would hear from me this weekend. Last time I was in Port Elizabeth, they had the transit boats rafted to a commercial wharf. Don't want to go in after dark, and also don't want to spend the entire night sailing on and off, but may have to.

January 30

Friday: Indian Ocean

0600 Two ships in sight since I got up an hour and a half ago. One passed east of me heading south. The other, a container ship, just passed a mile west of me heading north. I was tempted to call him on the VHF and ask that he send an email to Carol, telling her I am continuing to the Virgin Islands, but didn't in case the email wasn't received and she would worry. Really don't want to stop, but will.

Last evening the wind increased. Our SOG was at 9 and 10 knots. I reduced the jib to almost storm jib size, and when the wind decreased in a few hours, left it that way even though we were then under canvassed. Although I woke several times as usual, the night was unusual in that I didn't ever have to go on deck.

After I got up this morning, I jibed to starboard. We are 32 miles offshore. Port Elizabeth is 123 miles away on bearing 259°. Still with too little sail set, we're rolling along at 6 knots beneath low coastal clouds that the rising sun will probably burn off.

1200 Wind went very light this morning, then backed to northwest, blowing directly from Port Elizabeth at 12 knots and increasing. Sunny. Making 8 knots close hauled on starboard with full main and partially furled jib on course 215°. Listening to South Africa beat Australia in a one-day cricket match in Perth.

How could I ever not have realized that once I went to sea I would want to stay here?

Don't know if I'll get to Port Elizabeth. Depends on what the wind does. Not going to beat to get there. Have no weather information.

Noon position: 33° 53' South; 27° 30' East. Port Elizabeth 93 miles, bearing 268°. Cape Agulhas 375 miles, bearing 261°. Day's run 162.

1615 Tacked two hours ago in 55°, making better than 8 knots on each tack, naturally pointing higher even than THE HAWKE OF TUONELA usually does with the aid of the Agulhas Current. Now sailing west on a very close reach at 9 and 10 knots under sunny skies. The highest SOG I've seen has been 10.3 knots.

Unless conditions get much worse, I am going to bypass Port Elizabeth, which is about 60 miles ahead. I'd be there in the middle of the night and don't feel like wasting this good sailing. I can always turn back if it gets seriously rough, or duck in and anchor behind a headland. There are several possibilities west of Port Elizabeth. The shelterless stretch between Durban and East London is far behind us.

On the radio news this morning I heard that nine men were killed in a shoot out with police in Durban. Also that the governor of Illinois has been impeached.

Cape Agulhas, the southernmost point of Africa, is 340 miles ahead. The last weather forecast I saw before leaving Durban showed a front passing there on Sunday, when we might be there too, with 20 to 25 knot winds from the southwest. The Agulhas Current dissipates on the Agulhas Bank.

January 31

Indian Ocean: Saturday

0620 A half hour after I decided to continue to Cape Town we lost the current and the wind. Our speed dropped from 10 knots to 4. And then the wind filled from the west and without my touching a thing, THE HAWKE OF TUONELA began to head directly for Port Elizabeth.

As the wind increased to 20 knots, I reduced sail to reduce pounding and slow our arrival. I set the alarm clock first for 0100, and reset it for every two hours, but always woke before it went off. I tacked at 0330, then tacked back at 0530.

Two ships going into Port Elizabeth passed this morning, one of them in good visibility after dawn, dangerously so. I even called him on the VHF, and in thickly accented English he shrugged it off.

At the moment we are in Algoa Bay, but still 11 miles from the harbor entrance, and not heading directly for it. I will continue on port tack for another hour in the hope of the seas smoothing as I come nearer to the shore, then tack or possibly power. Should be in by noon.

1310 Was in an hour earlier. Have since shaved, showered and had lunch and a beer at the yacht club.

Tacked up Algoa Bay this morning against 20 knot wind and small, steep chop. Finally three miles from the harbor entrance I furled the jib and turned on the engine. Then I lowered the main and began the other preparations for entering harbor: moving solar panels below, bringing up and tying on dock lines and fenders. I had bought up the tiller pilot before starting the engine. As always when the boat has been heeled over and bounced around, it took a while for water to move through the engine cooling system. I have to give the engine more RPM's initially, about 2000, to start suction, than I normally would when first starting.

As I neared the harbor, I called Port Control on my handheld VHF. Worked fine. Several conversations ensued, which concluded by their turning me over to Rescue 6 boat, which led me to a berth at the yacht club, on which four men were standing to handle my lines. Quite helpful.

Here in the shelter of the harbor, the day is sunny and fine, but from the second floor of the club house I could see that out over the bay it is still blowing hard from the west.

Very nice to be clean, shaved and feed. I'm tired. More so than I should be for a three day passage. But then it started and ended with rough weather.

Glad now I came in. Will Internet. Top up provisions. Clean and dry out boat. See if I can do a load of wash done. Then with a forecast of something other than west wind for three days, will set out for the Virgin Islands. Cape Agulhas is 283 miles west.

1630 Cleaned and dried out boat and gear this afternoon. A good day for it. Sunny. 81°. Made up v-berth.

A much smaller harbor, marina and yacht club than Durban. Very quiet here on the outer edge. Like Durban, the marina is tucked in a corner of a commercial harbor. A container container facility is opposite, but at some distance. On another side a conveyer to load some bulk mineral. I was told manganese. The upper deck of the passenger ship that almost ran me down this morning is visible in the north arm of the harbor.

I should perhaps explain that we were eleven miles away from the harbor mouth, in deep water and not in a designated shipping channel at the time of this morning's incident. In the chop and with little sail up, I had limited maneuverability. Waves stopped us dead when I tried to tack; and often THE HAWKE OF TUONELA failed to come about and I had to disengage the self-steering vane, take the tiller myself, fall off and gain momentum to carry us through. So I wasn't stupidly demanding right of way, which I did have. It would have been simple for the ship to have altered course a few degrees and pass safely behind me. As it was he was so close ahead that the slightest wind shift would have driven me into him.

Much shorter walk to shore here, but I'm probably going to have a gin and tonic on board instead of going to the yacht club.

A woman who lives aboard a ketch five boats down from THE HAWKE OF TUONELA has kept books of yacht arrivals for years. I mentioned that I was here in December 1987. A couple of hours later she came back and there it was: RESURGAM; Webb Chiles. Not likely I'll repeat in 2031.

Port Elizabeth, South Africa to Falmouth Harbor, Antigua
February-March 2009

February 5
Indian Ocean: Thursday

0530 Left slip.

0745 Powered until a few minutes ago in order to clear the break off Cape Recife. Making 5 knots to the southwest under full sail on a beam reach. Wind southeast at 6 knots. Sun burning off clouds. Barometer 1026 and steady.

I slept well for the night before a passage. Woke several times and thought I was awake for good at 0300, but got back to sleep until 0430.

The boat was ready to go with a turn of the key in the engine.

Regulations required me to call Port Control on the VHF, which I did at first light at 0515. The east wind I want makes the slip I was in a downwind slip, but conditions were perfect. In almost flat calm at near slack water, I was able to unravel the complicated dock lines I had out because of the strong winds on Tuesday and surge in the marina, and push the boat most of the way back out of the slip before stepping aboard and continuing in reverse. I had to back farther than normal in order to clear the bowsprit of a big steel ketch that was stern first in the slip beside me.

Two fishing boats were coming in as I went out. Pleasure at the moment of passing the light on the end of the breakwater. Now just me and the sea.

The reef that gives Cape Recife its name extends a long way offshore. There are two breaks, one in close, and a second almost a half mile farther out. I was thinking about Diaz sailing

here more than five hundred years ago in a ship that was seaworthy, but didn't go to windward well, and with no charts.

The bearing to Cape Agulhas is 260°. (All bearings in my log are True not Magnetic.) However I will continue on 230° for several hours to get offshore and out to what is left of the Agulhas Current. The two hundred meter curve is much farther offshore here than it was off Durban.

1210 Noon position: 34° 19' South; 25° 12' East. Cape Agulhas 257 miles, bearing 263°.

Sunny. Clouds clearing. SOG 7.4 knots under jib alone. Instruments say the wind is 20 knots true and just aft of the beam. I lowered the main an hour ago. One of the great things about a boat with an easily driven hull is that you can reduce sail and maintain speed.

I've seen several ships. One inside of us heading to Port Elizabeth and several far outside out us. Also gannets and two whale spouts.

None of our speed is from current. We are still inside the 200 meter curve and the water temperature is still too cool to be the Agulhas current. Doesn't matter. At this rate we'll pass Cape Agulhas on Saturday anyway.

A much easier offing than Durban.

1715 Beautiful sailing this afternoon. My quixotic wind instrument tells me that the wind is 20 knots true, which is consistent with my own observations. Lots of white caps. THE HAWKE OF TUONELA slicing down 3' to 6' waves. Mostly blue sky, with scattered low white clouds and a bank of white cloud out to sea to the south.

I may be beyond the west bound shipping. Early this afternoon I saw three ships following one another about a mile apart pass well inside of me. And now there are two more in sight, both to my north. Haven't seen any east bound ships. I'm now about 25 miles offshore and moving further off, averaging about 250°, while the coast is trending almost due west.

Sat on deck and listened to music for a while. Wind strong and cool enough so I changed into Levis and an old Polartec fleece. Discovered that one of my Sportaseats has died. We had three aboard. One as a spare. Water had gotten into the metal interior support and rusted it out. When I tried to adjust the back, it broke. No more spare.

Slightly more than half moon visible.

Dinner of freeze dry lamb, peas, corn and mashed potatoes is ready.

2100 A setting sun, a gibbous moon, a ship, and an albatross. If I don't get run down by a ship tonight, this has been a perfect day.

I thought that for ships time and distance are money. It costs thousands of dollars an hour to operate a ship. So why as I keep going father beyond the shortest distance between two points, do I keep seeing ships? With GPS these people have got to know where they are and that they are swinging wider than they need to.

I haven't seen an albatross for a long time. This one was not one of the biggest species, but still the length of wing is impressive.

No ships in sight now. The wind has decreased slightly since sunset. Still around 18 knots true. We are 42 miles offshore. On the two hundred meter curve. We might be seeing .5 knot current, with an SOG of 8.3 knots at the moment. Cape Agulhas is less than two hundred miles ahead.

February 6

Indian Ocean: Friday

0600 Got up at 0430. Still dark. Saw the lights of two ships to the north. One heading east; one west. I'm 60 miles offshore. When I left Port Elizabeth I should have thought: now just me and the sea and a lot of ships.

I am already twenty or so miles further south than Cape Agulhas, and at $35^{\circ} 12'$ South on almost the same latitude as my mooring in Opuā, which is $35^{\circ} 18'$ and 7412 miles east of us. I have a permanent waypoint for it and for the condo in Evanston, which is 7655 miles to the north northwest. More to the point, Cape Agulhas is 140 miles ahead. We, however, are heading 245° .

During the night the jib collapsed and refilled a few times as we slid down 6' waves. Generally we were heading more to the southwest than I wanted, so I jibed. This resulted in our heading too far to the northwest, so I jibed back and put a couple of wraps in the jib, which has slowed us to around 6 knots and lets the Monitor maintain better control.

Dawn brought an albatross and that we had no wind information. I have learned that when the wind unit broadcasts its signal, it automatically shuts down if it doesn't get a response from a display. Thinking this might have happened during the night, I shut down the system. On restart I have wind information. Still 20 knots true.

Sun just starting to shine in through the companionway, blinding me. Sky clear. Barometer down two millibars, but still high.

1220 Clouded over this morning and a little rain. Sunny again, but wind around 25 knots. I've reduced the jib three times. Wind has backed slightly, and we've moved back inside the two hundred meter curve, although we are sixty-two miles offshore. Not far ahead, the two hundred meter curve is more than 120 miles offshore. Our SOG is between 6.5 and 8.0 knots, some of which might be the last vestige of the Agulhas Current which dissipates over the Agulhas Bank. Waves are only 5', but two have come aboard. Closed top half of companionway while using computer, just in case.

Many birds soaring about. Three albatrosses. Some shearwaters.

Haven't seen any ships since dawn.

Noon position: 35° 22' South; 22° 09' East. Day's run: 163 miles. Cape Agulhas 109 miles, bearing 286°. Cape of Good Hope 190 miles, bearing 288°.

1600 Although all of South Africa is GMT +2, I just realized that we have sailed into the GMT +1 time zone by longitude and so have changed ship's time.

The sky has clouded over again, but the wind is down to 20 knots and the seas smoother. As would be expected they were roughest as we moved across the 200 meter curve.

I was surprised that water came over the cabin sole as we rolled off some of the steepest waves because I hadn't thought we had taken enough water over the deck for much to get

into the bilge. It hadn't. There was less than two buckets full in the bilge; but when you roll that is enough.

The thermometer says that it is 74°, but the wind is cool and I have changed into Levis and Polartec. A long-sleeved shirt would do, but I don't have one out.

Baring a dramatic wind shift, we will pass 40 or 50 miles south of Cape Agulhas around 0300 tomorrow.

February 7

South Atlantic Ocean: Saturday

0530 Counting Cape Agulhas as the dividing point between oceans, we are now in the South Atlantic. I was awake when we were 40 miles due south of Cape Agulhas at 0300 as predicted. We are still sailing west and will continue to do so for several more hours, unless the wind shifts, in order to stay well clear of the Cape of Good Hope when we jibe. The barometer is 1016, nine millibars lower than at its highest two days ago. Wind has backed slightly to the southeast. Low layer of coastal cloud.

I woke at 2300 last night because everything was too quiet. We were sailing level. The wind had decreased and so had our speed to 5 knots. I went on deck and unfurled the jib until our speed was back above 6. The wind has increased again. To exactly what strength I do not know. My trick of restarting the instrument system did not result in wind information today. This makes me think the problem may be a bad battery or solar charging system in the unit. Waves are only 3', but a few are slapping at us. We are nearing the west edge of the Agulhas Bank.

I put a waypoint into the chartplotter for Road Town, the main town and port of entry in the British Virgin Islands. It is 18° 24.76' North, 64° 36.24' West. This is 54° of latitude and 84½° of longitude from our present position. I hadn't realized the difference in longitude is so great. Almost a quarter of the globe, but then 6,000 nautical miles is more than a quarter of the circumference of the Earth. An hour ago the distance to Road Town was 5800 miles. I'm not sure if that is a sailable line, or if it passes over land. Nevertheless I'll record it in the noon position.

Didn't see any ships last night, but did see a loom of light to the southeast. Might have been a fishing boat.

Dozens of birds hunting around THE HAWKE OF TUONELA last sunset. One albatross crisscrossing the patch of sky I can see through the companionway this morning.

1205 A nosey fishing trawler caused me to jibe to starboard at 0930. I had planned to continue west until noon. This was the second time he passed me within a few hundred yards. Perhaps he wondered why I hadn't made the turn for Cape Town and was just checking to see if I was all right. I didn't want to be checked upon. Flocks of birds followed him and I saw the heads of at least a dozen seals sticking up. A ship heading east was also passing at the time.

Overcast continues. Wind was gusting 30, but has dropped back to 20 to 25. Wind instrument began working when I jibed. It is a mystery. Waves are 6' and steep, slewing us around from time to time. I have again reduced the size of the jib.

On this side of the continent the cold Benguela Current will be with us for a while.

Shaved this morning, and for lunch ate the last of the bread rolls, hummus and cheese I bought in Port Elizabeth.

Noon position: 35° 24' South; 18°51' East. Day's run 161 miles. Cape of Good Hope 63 miles, bearing 343°. Saint Helena 1758 miles, bearing 312°. Road Town 5750 miles, bearing 304°.

We are presently heading 305° and making 7.3 knots.

I put a waypoint in for Saint Helena. Although I don't plan to stop, I might, and I may sail close. For a while I will sail high of the rhumb line for the BVI to try to avoid the fringes of the South Atlantic High, which was out of position when Carol and I sailed from Brazil to Cape Town in 2002 and gave us a slow passage.

Pleased to have made the turn.

1820 Near gale force whistling wind. 30+ knots in gusts, steady 25-28. Remained gray and cloudy all day. Sun tried to burn though, but didn't. I recall on the 7 day wind forecast that this was likely to be near Cape Peninsula today. Thus far the forecast has been completely accurate. We've averaged 7.5 knots since noon, but on course 306°. I'd rather be 10 degrees higher, but too many waves come aboard on that course. One just caught us as I was typing. I've reduced the jib down to less than storm jib size. Speed sometimes dropping to less than 7 knots; sometimes still almost 8.

Haven't seen any ships since I jibed away from the trawler this morning. Lots of albatrosses.

February 8

South Atlantic Ocean: Sunday

0640 Because land heats and cools faster than water, weather often changes near land at dawn and sunset. At sunset last night the wind abruptly dropped from 30 knots to 5, followed by flashes of lightning around the horizon, but none close enough for me to hear thunder, then brief light rain.

The wind continued light and inconsistent all night. I was on deck many times, letting out more jib and trying to keep the boat somewhere near a course to the northwest. Around midnight the sky cleared, and the almost full moon and stars became visible.

Dawn was lovely, with clear light blue sky, except for a cloud/fog bank to the west, and with a light breeze from the north.

I set the main and full jib, tacked from starboard to port, and we were sailing gracefully at 6 knots across a sea touched by cats-paws. Briefly. Then the cloud/fog bank reached us with a sudden increase of wind to 25 knots, which with full sail up close-hauled overwhelmed the self-steering vane. I regained control by partially, then completely furling the jib. We are now making 6 knots close reaching on course 320° under main alone, although as I've been writing this the sky through the companionway is clearing again, the wind dropping, and our boat speed down to 5.7. The easy solution to this is to set some jib, which I will do after a few more sips of coffee.

I'm 60 miles almost due west of Cape Town. Didn't see any ships last night.

1205 Wind light and variable all morning, mostly from west. Sky almost completely clear. Barometer 1008 and rising. At noon making 5.0 knots close-hauled port, course 330°, wind 7 knots.

Noon position: 33° 50' South; 16° 46' East. Day's run: 140 miles. Saint Helena 1619. Road Town 5617. We're 82 miles west of Cape Town.

1500 I'm reading a history of the Royal Navy and just came upon the information that in the late 18th Century French ships of the line were superior to the British and could point to within 70° of the wind, while the British could only point to 80°. This means tacking in 140° and 160° respectively, which means going to windward was a long, slow inefficient process. If there are any non-sailors reading this, a modern sailboat points to within 40° to 45°, and going to windward is still slow enough.

Since noon we have been sailing between a line of clouds that has formed over the land almost a hundred miles to the east of us, and another line of cloud over the ocean to the west.

I did some exercises--all except push-ups, for which we are heeled too far; and took a solar shower. I seldom do that going to windward, but the wind was light and the motion smooth. A little cool, but I feel better clean.

There are at least two more showers in that bag, which has been living in the aft part of the cockpit and has not been too much in my way, and probably at least three in the other bag, which is on the starboard quarter berth.

After my shower, I changed into clean clothes, and then sat on deck, listening to music and drinking a beer. I have enough cans of drinks aboard to have two a day for more than seven weeks, mostly iced tea and beer, but some soft drinks and tonic. The last is meant for gin or rum and tonics, but may outlast the gin and rum.

Lovely sailing, close-hauled on port, making six knots over sparkling seas. While I was out there the clouds from the west reached us, but with no increase in wind. In fact the wind backed fifteen degrees and I eased sheets to a close reach, increasing our speed to 6.8.

1910 Sun has set. Moon has risen, but hidden behind clouds to the east at the moment. Wind backed to the southwest this afternoon, enabling us to sail smoothly on a beam reach to the northwest. Has dropped from around ten knots to seven and boat speed down to 5.1.

I was just on deck looking around. May go back for an evening drink.

February 9

South Atlantic Ocean: Monday

0540 Wind weakened last night. Just before midnight I put a preventer on the boom to keep it from flopping. It was already vanged.

We continued making a knot or two in more or less the right direction for the rest of the night, though I don't know how. The sails seldom seemed to fill.

In the last few minutes the wind has increased slightly and our boat speed is 2.8. There are some undulations in the water and cats-paws. A few clouds around. The sun is just rising above clouds to the east. We are one hundred miles off Saldanha Bay.

The sails and self-steering vane are set for a beam reach. I might try to set the twice repaired still new cruising spinnaker

that thus far has only eight hours on it. Even if it doesn't do any good, it would be an easy time to set it flying and then get it furled. It came back from the sailmaker unfurled.

I did go back on deck last night with a glass, actually plastic, of Jamesons. I didn't find Laphroaig in South Africa. It was beautiful on deck. The sun had already set, but a golden twilight lasted a long time. An evening star, presumably Venus to the west; and the full moon eventually rising above the clouds to the east. Orion directly over the masthead. The Southern Cross to the south. THE HAWKE OF TUONELA heeled slightly, sailing smoothly at 5 to 6 knots. Erik Satie's 'Gnossiennes' and 'Gymnopedies' followed by the three versions of Carrighfergus on the cockpit speakers. I stayed out an hour. Moments to savor.

0715 Cruising spinnaker set before my second cup of coffee. Boat speed up to 4.7.

I found myself thinking: can setting the spinnaker with the gennaker furling gear really be as easy as I remember? And it is. I had to move the sheet lead aft because the main is up. So I simply furled the spinnaker with the furling gear and with no load on the sheet, moved the block aft, then released the furling line and pulled on the sheet. Wonderful.

The sailmaker in Durban to whom I gave the sail for repairs told me the seams had not been stitched, only glued. The sailmaker in the U.S. who made the sail confirmed this and said he had been glueing seams for years without problems. Didn't work this time, We'll see how long the now stitched seams last, but the sail may not be up long. A mackerel sky to the east.

I looked at the February pilot chart data in Visual Passage Planner. From here on the wind is almost entirely behind us until the Northeast trades which should be on the beam.

0945 Sunny. Clouds to east burning off. Just lowered mainsail. I was curious to see if there would be any reduction in boat speed. I didn't expect any, and there wasn't. Making 5 knots under spinnaker alone with 7 knots of wind from just aft of the beam. Have cabin open. Very pleasant morning.

Scrubbed some mold that I hadn't noticed before from overhead.

Barometer 1015 and rising.

For years I have kept my main electronic barometer on the bulkhead at the aft end of the starboard side of the main cabin, but water from the companionway sometimes drips there and I have had to replace them every couple of years. I've repositioned the new one I brought back with me to under the starboard bookshelf, farther from the companionway.

1240 A very nice day, but not very productive. Sunny. Temperature in mid-70°s. The wind has backed to the south and is only five knots. Our SOG is around three knots. Sometimes less.

We are heeled two or three degrees to starboard. I took advantage of the smooth motion to reorganize the food I store in the oven: cheese; candy; some crackers; a fruit cake; the last few packages of Bali peanuts; two packages of beef droewars--thin dried beef sausages.

I also inventoried paper towels: I have 21 rolls, which ought to be enough; canned fish: 26 lunches; cheese: 24 lunches. Also

have 24 of the French canned meals that can be either lunch or dinner. And about 20 cups of noodles. Not to count five months of freeze dry dinners. And ample oatmeal, trail mix, dried fruit, and powdered milk for breakfast. Don't think I will go hungry.

Went on deck with my camera. Didn't get anything particularly good.

I have not found my waterproof Pentax, which I left on the boat in Durban. I did pay a service to watch the boat and check the bilge while I was gone, so people were aboard. It is possible that the camera was stolen. It is also possible that I put it somewhere safe that I can't remember. I have checked all the normal places I kept it several times. Maybe it will still turn up.

Noon position: 32° 32' South; 15° 19' East. Day's run: 107. Saint Helena 1514, bearing 311°. Road Town: 5518, bearing 304°.

Adding the day's run together, we have sailed just over 1000 miles since Durban.

1830 The wind has increased to 12 knots and we are making 6 to 7. Perhaps 1' waves. Beautiful sailing. Barometer up another millibar to 1017. The new spinnaker has now been set for eleven hours, which is three more than it lasted all last year. This has reduced its cost per hour from \$250 to just over \$100. Not sure if I'm going to leave it up all night. So far the Monitor has it well under control, and there will be a full moon. Depends on if the wind increases more.

Spent an hour on deck this afternoon, then came below to get out of the sun. Will go back now that it is about to set and listen

to music and THE HAWKE OF TUONELA slipping through the ocean, while waiting for the moon to rise.

February 10

South Atlantic Ocean: Tuesday

0605 Waves this morning. Only 2', but they move us around and THE HAWKE OF TUONELA is no longer rock steady. Wind 14-16 knots. Barometer up another millibar. Sun just rising, coloring scattered clouds and filling the cabin with yellow light.

My timing was perfect when I took a cup of tea on deck last evening. I watched the sun set a few minutes before 1900 and the moon rise a few minutes after.

I stayed up there for a while, then came below and went to bed around 2030.

By 2200 the wind had increased to 12 knots and our boat speed was topping 7. The Monitor still had the boat under control and if it had been day, I would have left the spinnaker up a bit longer; but I couldn't get back to sleep in anticipation of a further increase and so got up and went on deck and changed from spinnaker to genoa.

The process went smoothly. Our boat speed dropped from 7 knots to 4.5 for a few seconds between when I had the spinnaker furled and before I unfurled the genoa, then back to 6 to 6.5. While we continued under genoa and full moon, I lowered the furled spinnaker to deck, sorted out its sheets for the next set, bagged it--remarkably smaller furled than unfurled, and brought it below.

Maybe someday the furling gear will fail me in a big way, but thus far it has been flawless and is transforming the way I sail.

If I were ambitious I might set the spinnaker again this morning and see how the boat goes with it in this wind, but I probably won't. There isn't much to be gained in boat speed. We are already making 6.5 to 7+.

Yesterday was the first time the spinnaker was set long enough for me to get a good opportunity to see it. It is s a big sail, 900 sq. ft. I think a full size racing spinnaker on this boat is around 1100. It looks good and was the perfect sail for yesterday's conditions, which are what I bought it for. I'll be happy if it holds together.

1215 Did some housework this morning. Swept the cabin sole with a hand broom; removed some mold from the two mushroom vents in the galley with Exit Mold and an old toothbrush.

I also cut the damaged part, only three feet, from the old spinnaker halyard where it ran through the old exit box from the mast. Installing a new Harken exit box with sheaves that will protect the halyard was the last task the rigger completed in Durban.

Unfortunately halyards get chaffed in the middle, which leaves me with two long awkward lengths of high-tech, extreme low stretch, expensive line. I am presently using the smaller of the two remaining pieces as a third jib sheet, run to a block on the edge of the deck rather than to the normal lead on the genoa track. On a reach this is almost two feet further out and opens up the leech of the sail, which makes a noticeable difference in how the sail sets.

Just had lunch of cheese and crackers and an apple. I bought a bag of apples in Durban and want to finish them before they go bad. Would rather have fresh fruit late in the passage rather than the beginning, but don't think these apples will be good in March.

Mostly sunny. Some clouds, high and low. Wind 18-20 knots. 4' waves. SOG around 7. Barometer 1021. Temperature: 74°F/ 23.5°C.

Noon position: 30° 57' South; 13° 20' East. Day's run: 139. Saint Helena 1376, bearing 311°. Road Town 5386, bearing 303°.

1845 Not going to be watching the sunset from the deck this evening. Wind 25 knots. Seas 6'-7' on average, but every once in a while a larger set with steep faces comes along. A couple of these have come aboard. One partially filled the cockpit. Going to close the companionway before I go to sleep tonight.

Another sailor questioned my having speakers in the cockpit, saying he didn't want to have holes there. The holes for my speakers are almost two feet above the cockpit sole and water has never come in through them.

I did sit on deck for an hour this afternoon without getting wet, but don't want to try my luck again.

Furled the jib further. Did some exercises.

Quite a difference from last evening, when we were going two knots slower with five or six times more sail set.

February 11

South Atlantic Ocean: Wednesday

0530 I don't know that I was awake every hour all night, but almost.

I was awake at 0300 when the wind had decreased and the waves flattened. A few drops of rain were falling.

And I was awake at 0400 when the alarm went off. It wasn't supposed to. I must have shifted the set lever when I put the alarm clock back after it fell from a shelf. The 0400 was left from the last night into Port Elizabeth. I have since changed the alarm to 0900 in case it accidentally goes off again.

By 0400 the wind was back in the 20 to 25 knot range and the seas 6', conditions that continue now. The wind has backed slightly and our course is averaging a few degrees lower than I want, but not yet enough to jibe.

Sky mostly cloudy. Clouds always look darker and more ominous before the sun actually rises. A gibbous waning moon to the west. So far I wouldn't call this a storm, just some strong wind, and while the motion is a bit bumpy and we are taking a few waves, it is getting it done. The barometer has remained steady at 1021.

We left the 30°s last night and are presently at latitude 29° 42' South.

I left Evanston a month today. Carol is going through a major career change, unanticipated when I began this voyage last year. I won't know how it has turned out, or even if we still live in Evanston, until I reach land. And possibly not even then. I regret that I can't be there to help her.

A wave just punctuated that thought by slamming into the beam and rain by blowing in through the half open companionway.

1215 Waves hissing and rumbling up behind us, although the sky has cleared from the east and they are now blue instead of gray. Wind 22-27 knots. Direction is everything. It would be neither pleasant nor productive to be trying to go the other way. As it is, a six knot run until noon tomorrow will give us a thousand mile first week. At the moment we're doing 7.2.

Finished reading TO RULE THE WAVES: How the British Navy Shaped the Modern World by Arthur Herman this morning. Readable history, including references to a flamboyant man, Sidney Smith, of whom I had not known. He was the first to defeat Napoleon. I'll have to see if there are any biographies of him when I'm next ashore.

Don't think I'm going to be able to spend time on deck this afternoon. No waves have come aboard for a while, but seem immanent.

Noon position: 29° 21' South; 10° 54' East. Three hundred miles off the mouth of the Orange River, which is the boundary between South Africa and Namibia. Day's run 159 (probably less than we actually sailed because of a curving track due to the wind backing. I simply take distance from previous noon's waypoint as day's run.) Saint Helena 1216, bearing 311°. Road Town 5230, bearing 303°.

February 12
South Atlantic Ocean: Thursday

0550 I didn't do anything to sail the boat yesterday. Didn't touch the jib sheet or the Monitor control lines once. Did chase a bucket and a half of water around the bilge. Caught a bucket full.

Stood on the companionway ladder last night, watching the moon rise and illuminate a dappled sky over an ocean of shadows and reflections. An Albert Ryder sky, who I think spent most of his life in a cluttered apartment in Greenwich Village and only crossed an ocean once as a guest of a sea captain he knew, and whose paintings are considered romantic, but I consider realistic, just as the Impressionists really are.

The wind backed late yesterday, so we are again able to sail the desired course, which is around 315°. When I woke at 0200 I could feel that it had diminished, so got dressed and went on deck where I let out more jib. As soon as I was back in bed, the boat spun far enough off course to collapse the jib twice, so back on deck to return things to where they were.

This morning the seas are definitely down a foot or two and there are fewer white caps. THE HAWKE OF TUONELA still slides down some of the bigger waves at 9 knots. The highest reading I saw yesterday was a momentary 11.6.

The sky is clearer this morning than yesterday. The barometer is down to 1016, which I don't think means anything. I probably will increase sail sometime today. Also hopefully get to spend some time on deck.

We are on track for a thousand mile week.

My back is bothering me. Not from an injury, but sleeping, which is odd because conditions have not been particularly difficult.

Cup of coffee on cabin sole beside me. Sibelius' Third Symphony on cabin speakers.

0620 Between cups of coffee I went on deck. Standing with my hands on the dodger support, I sensed a wave looming up behind me. Not huge, but 10' where most now are half that. I thought: Oh, Hell!, and prepared to get wet. But THE HAWKE OF TUONELA's stern rose and it passed harmlessly beneath us rather than over.

A small flying fish in the cockpit. The first of this passage.

1205 Noon position: 27° 39' South; 8° 45' East. Day's run: 152. Week: 1021. Saint Helena 1064, bearing 311°. Road Town: 5083, bearing 303°.

Sunny. A few scattered white clouds and haze. Wind instrument started working again an hour ago, after being out since last night. Always a mystery. Wind still 20 knots, but definitely less than past two days. Barometer 1015.

The week's run is the addition of noon to noon runs since last Thursday, and doesn't include the 32 miles we covered before noon on the day we left Port Elizabeth. We are in fact only 934 miles from Port Elizabeth, but that direct line crosses land. We made a significant dog leg to clear the capes before turning northwest. The way from here on is clear of land, except for small islands we may have to detour around in the Caribbean.

I shaved this morning and have the solar shower bag in the sun. It may be too cool to shower. We'll see in a couple of hours.

Sometime tonight we should cross into the next time zone, which is GMT, and reduce the distance to Road Town to less than 5,000 miles.

1530 I had a fresh water shower with a salt water rinse. That isn't how I planned it.

By an hour ago the sun had heated the solar shower bag to an acceptable temperature and I hunkered down in the cockpit and took a quick shower. Afterwards I went on deck with a beer and the last of the Balinese peanuts to listen to music. The wind is still blowing at 20 to 22 knots, and as we sliced along, two waves came aboard. Not direct hits, but enough to give me a salt water rinse. Twice. Braved the deck until I finished the beer.

There is enough water left in the first shower bag for at least one more shower. As we get into the tropics and the water warms, I may reverse today's order and bath in buckets of salt water and use the shower bags for a fresh water rinse.

I've been thinking about the Agulhas Current.

Years ago I wrote an article, "The Better Way Around Africa," which gave my opinion that going via South Africa is better than up the Red Sea. This was before the present Golden Age of Piracy.

Much is made of the Agulhas Current and the freak waves and troughs that can occur there during southwest gales. I don't doubt the reports of such freak conditions, but I have been in a full gale, actually several, in the Gulf Stream, which is the Agulhas Current's northern counterpart, and while wind against

current obviously makes for worse conditions, I think that the fears based on them are disproportionate. Freak conditions by definition are rare and rarely encountered.

While it is may be difficult to find a stretch of weather along the South African coast to sail non-stop from Durban to Cape Town, it is not difficult to find three successive days of east wind, which is enough to move from Durban to Port Elizabeth, and then wait as I did for another good three days to go the rest of the way. I did basically the same thing in 1987 in RESURGAM, with the addition of a voluntary stop a hundred miles west of Port Elizabeth at Knysna.

The South African coast is a serious coast, but then going to sea in a small boat is always a serious undertaking, and while the South Africa coast should be respected, it should not be feared as much as it is.

February 13

South Atlantic Ocean: Friday

0515 New time zone: GMT. Pleased to be at GMT. Will reach 0° longitude in three or four days. May reach tropics first. Less than 3° latitude to Tropic of Capricorn.

Dark last night between setting sun and rising moon, which may have been hidden for a while behind clouds to the east. Random stars visible between clouds. I went and stood in the cockpit, feet spread, bracing myself by leaning back against the mainsheet traveler, and listened to women's voices; Sarah Brightman, Loreena McKennitt, Carla Bruni.

Slept pretty well last night. Up several times. Again I thought we had slowed. The wind is down to 18 knots and the seas 4'.

But I was surprised that we were still making 6 and 7 knots under this small amount of jib. We still are moving toward what would have been a 150 mile day in 24 hours, but will be more with the change of time zone and a 25 hour day.

Usually we lose wind information at night, but didn't last night. No idea why. Maybe the masthead unit likes going northwest more than west as we did last year.

Low clouds this dawn. Barometer 1015. I'm in the peculiar situation of being wary of the barometer going too high rather than too low. I'm not really concerned about storms, although this ocean did have its first recorded tropical storm off the coast of Brazil a few years ago, but I don't want to get too close to the mid-ocean high which would slow us. I don't think that is likely either.

Finished my orange juice. Time to make coffee.

1150 With the time change, I ate lunch early. Tuna and crackers today. Cheese and crackers tomorrow. Tuna the day after. etc.

While eating, I read the ingredients on the foil pouch and found sugar listed fourth. Ridiculous.

The sun is only now burning through a low layer of cloud, which still remains mostly intact.

At 1000 I finally increased the size of the jib. Now mostly out. For the past few days it has been mostly furled. Still making 6 to 7 knots.

Did some exercises. Threw the last of my apples overboard. They looked o.k. on the outside, but were rotten inside. Only things fresh still aboard are lemons, which pressure me to drink gin or rum and tonic. Haven't felt like it, but expect I will give in tonight.

Just stopped to set noon position waypoint, which is 25° 53' South, 6° 34' East. Day's run 159 (25 hours). Saint Helena 906, bearing 311°. Road Town 4930, bearing 311°.

1900 Things are now as they were. The jib is furled as it was yesterday, The wind is again above 20 knots. And we are continuing on at 6 to 7 knots.

I went on deck for a while this afternoon, but the wind increased and I had to reduce the jib. The sun never completely burned off the low layer of cumulus cloud, and it wasn't very pleasant on deck, so I came back below.

This is quite odd. We're making steady progress. The motion is reasonable. Yet somehow it lacks something.

Dark now. The sun has set and the moon will not rise for a few hours. SOG 7.8 knots. Rocking slightly. Almost sailing level. Just swooped down a wave at 9.9 knots.

February 14
South Atlantic Ocean: Saturday

0430 Got up fifteen minutes ago because my back is bothering me. Can't find a comfortable position to sleep. Makes for a long day, with coffee at 0430 instead of 0630 or 0700.

At 0120 this morning a wave caught THE HAWKE OF TUONELA and tossed her onto her side. Not a complete knockdown. The wind instrument is still at the masthead and even transmitted through the night. But far enough. I was asleep when it started, but not when it ended. The entire event only took a few seconds.

Water poured into the cockpit. Some came through the companionway, which fortunately I had closed completely at midnight. I left the top insert out when I first went to sleep. Some hit the top of my pillow, but missed my head. Also missing my head was the plastic case containing the flare gun and flares, kept readily accessible on a shelf just aft of the chart table since the pirate incident last year off Java. It travelled twelve feet diagonally forward from the port side of the cabin to end up on the starboard upper berth in the main cabin. Also all the books on that shelf, mostly oversize cruising guides fell over the rail holding them onto the port quarter berth below.

The door to the hanging locker is slatted and water got into it. Most things in there are plastic bagged, but my laundry bag got wet. Hopefully I can dry it sometime and not have to have dirty clothes festering for a month in the tropics. Also doused the Levis I wear in the morning and evening, and which I am wearing now, which were in that locker.

Water came into the galley from the cowl vents overhead there, so obviously water was over the deck to at least forward of the mast.

Conditions were not rough last night. Wind around 20 knots and most waves 4' or 5'. I don't know if we were hit by one of these or something bigger. Any wave that hits you at just the right--or wrong--instant can throw you around.

No damage from this one.

The wind has backed, but not enough. We are sailing more between 290° and 299° than the desired 310° to 320°. If it goes twenty more degrees I'll jibe. Maybe sooner.

0605 Sooner.

I have jibed to starboard broad reach. Can't get the third sheet on the sail yet. To do so I have to let out more of the sail, then sheet it flat so I can reach the clew and tie the sheet on.

I was able to do this to remove the third sheet before jibing, but can't get it back on yet. When I tried, the boat took off at 9 knots and started to round up, so I eased off.

We're sailing too high now rather than too low, which is all right for a while. Depends of whether the wind continues to back.

While in the cockpit I noticed that the solar shower bag is gone. One less fresh water shower. Must have been a pretty good wave to lift the shower bag two feet up out of the cockpit and past the solar panel above it. The two moveable solar panels are tied in place at each corner.

0700 Jibed back to port. Same layer of low cumulus as yesterday, but more sunlight shining through. Barometer steady at 1016.

0910 Jibed to starboard an hour ago. Awkward motion. The wind has moved, but the waves haven't. Have to brace constantly against rolling to windward.

Sun has burned off half the clouds.

Having moved to the port settee, I noticed the can of RAID 'Super Fast Acting Crawling Insect Killer' secured with the books. The last cockroach I saw was sitting blatantly on this berth an hour before I left Durban. I think it had just come aboard. I spayed it with the RAID, which indeed acted fast. The insect crawled two inches and died. I don't think I need to keep the spray out any longer.

Finished reading THE LAUGHING POLICEMAN, an excellent Swedish crime novel that I read many years ago written by a husband and wife, Mai Sjöwall and Per Wahloo. I think I have a movie version aboard as well.

Started a novel, THE SPANISH BOW, by Andromeda Romano-Lux. The bow of the title is for a cello, not shooting arrows.

Hard to type with one foot braced on the cabin sole and having to grab a handrail from time to time as well.

Tired.

1205 Jibed back to port at 1030. Sky mostly clear then, but low clouds have moved in from east and sky mostly overcast now. A few drops of rain a half hour ago. We were headed for a 150+ mile day, but lost miles to the jibes this morning and because I am under canvassed in an effort to reduce the jib collapsing. Wind lighter than it was, so may unfurl more jib. Wind instrument stopped transmitting this morning.

Noon position: 24° 26' South; 4° 21' East. From this I expect that even though we are sailing low of the desired course at 290° to 299°, we will reach the Tropic of Capricorn, which is exactly one degree of latitude, or sixty nautical miles, north, before we reach the Greenwich Meridian.

Day's run: 148 miles. Saint Helena 758 miles, bearing 312°. Road Town 4784 miles, bearing 303°.

1500 Sailing into a silver sea.

Just been on deck. Sky clearing from the south. In that direction the sea is blue and white-capped. Forward there is a layer of low clouds and the sea is silver, multi-faceted, with waves from three angles.

Wind has backed to about where it was. Not quite. But we are sailing more above 300° than below. Also wind unit is again transmitting. It says the wind is 25 knots true. Probably about right. I wouldn't mind a little less.

Sun felt good when it shown on me directly. Temperature 74°F, which with the wind often feels cool. Probably in a few more days I'll wish it were.

Found two buckles on the mainsail cover undone. Wind alone has never done that, so I conclude last night's wave did.

1720 Sky has almost completely cleared. Only a few widely scattered small white clouds scattered around horizon. Wind still 20+ knots but perhaps diminishing. SOG 6.1. COG 298°.

My back doesn't bother me at all during the day, only while trying to sleep. Odd, because usually lying down eases my back pain.

Time for dinner. I reach in the port locker at the aft end of the v-berth and blindly pick a foil pouch.

February 15

South Atlantic Ocean: Sunday

0615 Two pieces broke off the rising moon last night just as I was about to go to sleep at 2130. As the moon moved higher, they resolved into the running lights of a ship. I stayed awake until 1030 when it passed a few miles east of us heading north.

My back didn't bother me much last night, perhaps because we mostly moved smoothly and on an even keel. I expected to get up this morning and add sail or jibe, or both. But we are making 6+ knots in the 290° to 299° range. I may have added a little sail when I tied in the third jib sheet and ran it to a block on the deck edge track. This really does make a remarkable difference in how the jib sets on a very broad reach. If I used the longer piece of the old halyard I probably could jibe with it in place. Maybe next time.

Sky overcast again this morning. Barometer 1015. Seas 3' to 4'. Wind unit not transmitting.

The pouch I pulled from the heap at the back of the shelf last night was roast chicken with peas, corn and mashed potatoes. Same combination as their roast lamb, and also one of my favorites.

0930 Shaved, had a cat bath, pumped a bucket of water from the bilge and a half bucket from the engine compartment. With the boat steady, easier this time than last. Not too much of our big wave found itself below deck after all. Also I have sealed the anchor chain deck fitting better than I usually do with two layers of duck tape, one inside the lid and one outside. However we haven't been taking heavy water over deck so I'm not certain that has made a difference.

I don't seem to have any skin lotion on board. I recall that the old container of Lubriderm had gone bad and we threw it out in Bali. I thought I bought a replacement there, but can't find it. Also still haven't found my Pentax camera. Do have the owner's manual and the battery charger. It is beginning to look more likely that it was stolen in Durban. It was by no means the most valuable thing I left on board, but may have been the most obviously tempting to anyone who went through the chart table drawer.

Our boat speed is only 5.5 knots and course 296°. I am thinking of setting at least the small spinnaker, but am waiting for a bank of moderately dark cloud to reach us. It may have some rain and wind. The forward edge is almost overhead. If it doesn't I'll set one of the spinnakers.

1210 Making 5 to 5.5 knots under small spinnaker. Clouds brought only a brief wind shift on which I jibed, then went back. Jibed again and set small spinnaker. We could carry the big one, but sky still overcast and the small one needed to be set flying and furled after having the leech tape and a few minor repairs done in Durban. I dealt with a young man named Justin of Quantum Sails. I mention names because he did a really good job on schedule and for what is probably the world's least expensive price at the current exchange rate.

Boat speed now only 4.7, but more or less on right course, and much quieter, smoother and less strain on rigging than with jib set. It took only a minute or two to transfer the spinnaker furling gear and the new green spinnaker sheet from the big spinnaker to the small one.

We crossed the Tropic of Capricorn while I was on deck setting the sail.

Noon position: 23° 24' South; 1° 59' East. Day's run: 144 miles. Again we were on track for a 150 mile day until we slowed this morning. Saint Helena 621 miles, bearing 316°. I expected to pass north of Saint Helena, but it looks as though it will be south. Road Town 4639, bearing 303°.

Just checked Cocos to Durban log. We left the tropics on August 26 last year at 59° East. Will continue in them for the rest of this year until the final passage to New Zealand from wherever is our penultimate port.

1630 A different sky. Sunny with a few scattered high white clouds. We continue under the small spinnaker, which is the right sail, but I'm not sure I'm going to leave it up after sunset. Wind has returned to the southeast, so we have to sail high or low to avoid collapsing the sail. High at present. Wind 12-14 knots. Waves 4'. May go and sit on deck again.

1900 It is almost as if the Tropic of Capricorn meant something this time. There really has been a dramatic change--for the better--since we crossed it.

I lowered the spinnaker not long after going on deck after writing the previous entry. The wind had picked up and with the spinnaker THE HAWKE OF TUONELA was spinning faster than the Monitor could control her, which was causing the spinnaker to back and fill. So we are continuing under the unfurled genoa instead. Making 6 knots more or less in the right direction. But the wind has decreased and the spinnaker would be the better sail. Not going to reset it, or perhaps the big spinnaker, until tomorrow.

I have always tried to report wind strength and wave height accurately. If anything I take pride in understating rather than exaggerating. I almost never use exclamation points and

dislike hyperbole. So perhaps conditions the past few days have been rougher than I have indicated. What has brought this to mind is that for several days the wind has been strong enough so we were sailing at 7 and 8 knots under a fraction of the jib, sailing faster than we are now with the full sail set.

As I've been writing, the sun has set. Have to get up and turn on the masthead running light.

February 16

South Atlantic Ocean: Monday

0550 I was dreaming that I was being sprinkled with juice from a lemon as a purification ritual upon entering a new Polynesian dwelling. In fact I was being rained on. So I got up and put the top insert into the companionway, which I had left open last night. I do not know of any such Polynesian ritual.

We continued under genoa last night, making 5 knots. I slept well on the port settee berth. No back pain.

Throughout the night I expected to set one of the spinnakers when I got up, and so I still may, but there are some clouds and rain about and we are making 6 knots with the genoa on the right course. A wind shift came with the rain and I jibed us from starboard broad reach to port a half hour ago.

0920 Making 5.4 knots under big spinnaker. Had a very bad moment, actually minutes, when the jib wouldn't furl beyond two turns. I was afraid that the halyard had wrapped around the foil at the masthead. This happened once when Carol and I were sailing together about a thousand miles south of here going in the other direction. She hoisted me to the masthead where it was simple to undo the wrap. By myself it would not be pleasant.

After a couple of attempts and looking at the masthead, where I couldn't tell if the halyard was wrapped or not, I eased the halyard and was extremely happy when the sail started coming down. I let it fall a few feet, then hoisted it again, and looked elsewhere for the problem. The furling line had overridden itself on the furling drum. Seldom happens and is caused by slack in the line when furling or unfurling, particularly when the boat is rolling wildly. Cleared the wrap, furled the jib, then hoisted the spinnaker upside down. Realized that mistake before the sail was halfway up. Lowered it. I was aware of this possibility in moving the furling gear between sails and looked for the sailmaker's emblem, which is near the tack, but couldn't see it. Thought I had it figured out, but was wrong. Switched head swivel and tack furling drum. Raised again. Still experimenting with proper position of sheet lead for this sail. Because it is so much bigger, the lead needs to be significantly further aft. I keep moving it aft every time I set it. Can't be changed under load. Will soon be at pad eye near stern, which is maybe where it should be.

Some clouds still around. Half clear sky. Nothing threatening. Got a few drops of rain an hour ago.

1210 For the past couple of hours we've been moving at 4.5 to 5 knots under the spinnaker, but wind has just increased slightly and we are now getting 6 knots. Also may have backed some, so need to readjust Monitor and sail trim.

Sky about half covered with cloud, high, middle, low, but clearing and sunny.

The splice in the continuous line the riggers in Opuā made up for me for the spinnaker furling gear seems to be separating, so I sat on the foredeck this morning and seized it with whipping

twine. Hope that part of the line doesn't lose its grip on the furling drum.

Need to run the engine one of these days. Also would have taken a shower this afternoon with the last of the lost shower bag. Will save the other bag for a while longer. Will lower the dodger one of these days and polish the stainless frame, which has rust marks.

I put a new waypoint in the chartplotter, Fernando de Noronha, which is two hundred miles off the eastern bulge of Brazil. We will still have more than 2000 miles to go when we are near Fernando de Noronha, but will have crossed this ocean.

Will cross Greenwich Meridian and move into the Western Hemisphere this afternoon or evening.

Noon position: 21° 55' South; 0° 20' East. Day's run: 128. Saint Helena 493 miles, bearing 317°. Fernando de Noronha 2193 miles, bearing 300°. Road Town 4516 miles, bearing 302°.

1800 A pleasant afternoon early, but mostly overcast now. Approaching clouds caused me to lower the spinnaker a few hours prematurely. We could still be carrying it, but are making 6 knots under the genoa anyway, and conditions are not settled enough for me to have left it up overnight.

I sat on deck for a couple of hours, then came below and watched the movie version of THE LAUGHING POLICEMAN while eating dinner of freeze dry chicken and rice. Food good; movie not. The director totally messed up the novel, lost its cleverness and subtlety. Moved the story from Stockholm to San Francisco. Lots of shouting, irrelevant side stories, and even a pointless imitation BULLIT car chase. Read the book. Don't watch the movie.

We crossed 0° longitude just after 1600.

Going to go back on deck with a glass of wine and music.

February 17

South Atlantic Ocean: Tuesday

0500 With good solar charging in these latitudes, I am leaving the chartplotter on continuously, and usually the first thing I do in the morning, after a natural function, is change the chartplotter display from night to day mode. This morning the first thing I did was set the spinnaker.

Within a few minutes of bagging it yesterday, I knew that I shouldn't have. It was the right sail for the conditions. However, we were making 5 knots under the genoa, so I didn't reset it.

5 knots became 4 during the night, so when an hour ago the sail collapsed a couple of times and our boat speed dropped below 4, I got up and did the right thing. My back was starting to bother me anyway.

No problems getting the sail up in waning moonlight and using my headlamp.

Once it was up I decided I wanted the sheet lead block even further aft, so I furled it and moved the block to the padeye near the stern, which when I unfurled the sail made a greater difference than I expected. Almost a full knot. We're now doing more than 5.

The sky is turning orange to the east, but the sun is still below the horizon. Looks and feels like high pressure, but the barometer is actually down a few millibars to 1013.

The second thing I did was turn on my iPod to finish the album of Villa-Lobos guitar music I listened to at intervals during the night. I usually have music on when I first go to sleep, with the sleep timer set for 30 minutes. Instrumental, usually piano or guitar. No voices or words. Sometimes when I wake fully during the night, I start the album again where it left off.

Then I switched the chartplotter display to day mode.

I have realized that my instrument system is mostly a read out display for the chartplotter's GPS.

Basically I want five bits of information from an instrument system: speed, course, depth, and wind speed and angle. While I have transducers for speed and course, I seldom refer to them, but to Speed Over Ground and Course Over Ground interfaced from the chartplotter. This leaves depth, which I only need close to land, and wind, which with this system is an unpredictable gift given and retracted by a capricious spirit.

Then I drank my orange juice, made some coffee, and turned on the computer.

It was then 0500. Now 0540. Nice sunrise. Nice music. Instant coffee not so nice. Drink instant at sea to save water. Use more rinsing the coffee press than making the coffee itself.

1200 Jibed a couple of times this morning. Back on port broad reach now. Boat speed between 6.2 and 3.7. More often nearer 3.7. Oops, just glanced at the display and saw 3.5.

Wind obviously still light from the south southeast. Band of high white cloud in that direction. Doesn't mean anything. Barometer up to 1015. More or less on course 300°. All hatches, including forward and main cabin deck hatches, open. 78°F/ 25.5°C. Was smooth enough this morning for me to exercise, including 100 crunches and 50 push-ups. Also shaved. Only do so every third day to conserve water. On other boats I have shaved in salt water, but prefer not to. Am contemplating jibing to north at sunset. Maybe move closer to trade-winds, and I sleep better on the port settee. Although the boat is so level and was last night that it can't make much difference.

Noon position: 20° 54' South; 1° 33' West. Day's run 122. (I'm surprised it was that much.) Saint Helena 377 miles, bearing 322°. Fernando de Noronha 2071 miles, bearing 300°. Road Town 4394 miles, bearing 302 °.

1500 Sky is starting to look like a trade wind sky with scattered puffs of low white cloud, but wind has backed some to SSE. We can sail higher than 310° on port broad reach, so I doubt I will jibe to starboard unless there is a change. Have averaged 4 knots since noon.

Lowered dodger and polished the stainless frame. Sat on deck for about an hour, but have come below to get out of sun. Have various objects drying in cockpit. including passage clothes, the laundry bag, both remaining Sportaseats, and various trash bags with various contents that were in the hanging locker and doused by the wave several nights ago.

2030 I love it out here.

A tropical sky. I wouldn't have to look at the latitude to know I was here. A tentative trade wind sky this afternoon, followed

by clouds forming at dusk. Rain fell behind us. And then the sky cleared again after dark.

I went back on deck in late afternoon. Found some shade on the lee side beneath the boom. The wind shifted and I jibed a few times. Ended up as I began on port broad reach. Was finally able to sit to windward--not that there is much difference: we were making 4.5 knots in 6 knots of wind--when the sun sank behind a cloud to the west. Watched its light being diffused and refracted. A single bird hunted ahead of us.

I ate dinner on deck, listening to music and watching the waves.

Seldom in the open ocean is there only one set of waves. With this light wind, there were low swells from the south and the east, and an occasional larger swell coming from the direction of Brazil. Enough sometimes to roll the wind from the white spinnaker, which has now been set often enough so that I no longer know how many hours. The perfect sail for these conditions.

A few days ago I was disappointed when SOG dropped below 6.5 knots. Now I am grateful when it, rarely, reaches up to 5. Still we're almost sailing at the speed of the wind and I can't ask for more.

Something is squeaking on deck. Going to check. Been a long day. About time to go to bed.

February 18
South Atlantic Ocean: Wednesday

0620 We glide almost silently. A gurgle from the bow ripple, a swish as the water leaves the stern, a low thump as the spinnaker swells. THE HAWKE OF TUONELA is heeled a few degrees to port. I jibed a few minutes ago. She sways back and forth and rocks up and down, but in slow motion so that any object I look up at through the companionway, such as the hand rail between the half's of the cockpit seems to trace an ellipse.

I left us on a port broad reach during the night and slept well. Only got up once to look around. It was obvious from my bunk that nothing had changed. I am continually surprised that the Monitor can keep us on course in such light wind, only one or two knots apparent, with us moving at 4 knots ahead of 6 knots true wind at most; but it did, though sailing low of the desired course. I finally got up at 0530 and jibed with my first cup of coffee. We're now where I want us to be around 310°.

The sun has just risen behind a cloud almost exactly as it set last evening. Sky mostly clear. Barometer 1014.

We left Durban three weeks ago today.

0830 Wind has increased to 9 knots. There are a few scattered white-caps, which first appear at 7 or 8 knots. However it was not reflected in our speed. I'm still experimenting with trimming this sail, both sheet and halyard tension. I eased the sheet and our speed went up. Easy to over trim in very light wind and not always a bad thing because it can help prevent the sail from collapsing. Above 5 knot SOG for a while.

Have just definitely established that my newest iPod has some bad sectors on the hard drive. Some pieces of music have just abruptly stopped, but the same play perfectly on my old iPod. Bach harpsichord concerti in particular.

1205 Wind back to 7 knots. 18" wavelets were collapsing spinnaker and causing Monitor to wander, so an hour ago I switched to tiller pilot. Hasn't made much difference. Sail is staying full a bit more, but our SOG only 3.5. Barometer 1017. Lovely day if we had 5 knots more wind.

Noon position: 20° 04' South; 3° 06' West. Day's run 101 miles. Saint Helena, which is becoming irrelevant, 286 miles, bearing 330°. Fernando de Noronha 1970 miles, bearing 300°. Road Town 4293, bearing 303°.

1530 Very pleasant on deck and very slow.

I went on deck at 1400 and almost immediately switched from the tiller pilot back to the Monitor because the almost imperceptible wind was swinging from one side of the stern to the other, backing the spinnaker. The Monitor with the big plastic vane that used to be called a light air vane keeps the wind on one side or if it goes over, eventually brings the boat back. Scanmar, the manufacturers of the Monitor, say the the plastic vane really is all purpose, and I have found that to be true. I haven't used the standard vane at all this year.

The wind is so light that although the masthead unit is transmitting, it is showing wind speed as 0.0, because there is not enough breeze to turn the rotator cups on the anemometer.

Also I noticed what looked like a defect near the foot of the spinnaker. To check it out, I eased the halyard, sheeted in the sail and reached out and pulled it to me. Can't often do that with a 900 square foot sail. It was simply a loose thread stuck to the surface of the sail, probably an end cut off by the sailmaker when stitching.

The best thing about being on a starboard broad reach is that the spinnaker keeps almost the entire deck in shadow all afternoon. Unfortunately where once I was unhappy with 4 knots, now I long for it, which I haven't seen since this morning. All 2.5 to 3.5.

The forward rank of trade wind clouds to the east have reached us. I had hoped they would bring more wind, but not yet.

Several fish swimming beside us.

Going to make a rum and tonic and go back up.

2015 Wind veered after sunset. Jibed to port broad reach. Making 3 knots.

February 19

South Atlantic Ocean: Thursday

0610 A few drops of rain and a slight increase in wind woke me briefly at 0400. Neither lasted, so I shut the companionway and went back to sleep. By 0530 the wind had backed, so I got up and again the first thing I did was jibe to starboard. More pre-dawn cloud than yesterday, and we are actually heeled a few degrees and making 4.5 knots. Occasionally I even see a 5. However that won't make up for the slow progress yesterday. We won't even have a 4 knot average for the day's run.

Our course is high, to the northwest, which is satisfactory. The wind should be better to the north. Barometer 1015. Sun just beginning to color clouds peach, sky powder blue.

0720 Breakfast on deck while adjusting trim of spinnaker and Monitor. I sail by feel and balance. Many small non-verbal, maybe pre-verbal observations go into that. Certainly sight plays a part. I look at the sails and the waves. But ultimately a sailor simply knows when his boat is right.

While this wind seems more substantial than that which we have had, our boat speed is dropping back to 4.2 and 3.9.

I was able simply to set the one liter plastic measuring cup I eat from at sea containing my cereal on the cockpit sole when I adjusted a line.

Other than that measuring cup, I use only a coffee cup, a plastic glass, a fork, a small spoon, a table spoon, occasionally a knife to cut a lemon, and a tea kettle to heat water for coffee in the morning and freeze dry food at night, and every third day to shave. No pots or pans. For lunch I use a paper towel as a plate.

Putting out the solar shower bag. Will celebrate the end of my second week at sea with a shower.

1045 Most dawn clouds have burned off, as they usually do at sea in the tropics. Only a few scattered high and low white ones left in a mostly blue sky. Sea dark blue dotted with rare white-caps. Wind 8 and 9 knots. We're making 4.5 to 5 SOG.

More than two days is a long time for me to have the spinnaker set, and it should have been up for three. Partly this is the conditions, and more the spinnaker furling gear, which thus far takes the hassle out of getting the sail down. It really does change the way I sail. As a secondary consequence it will also change the size of my next jib.

There has been a steady progression during my sailing life from bigger to smaller jibs.

In ignorance I ordered a 170% genoa on my first boat, an Excalibur 26 in of all places San Francisco, where I sailed out of Berkeley Marina. Just outside the marina was a circle of buoys used by any class that wanted a heavy weather regatta. It was the last place for a 170% genoa.

On EGREGIOUS I had 150% jib; but during her circumnavigation around Cape Horn, I seldom used the biggest sails.

RESURGAM had a 135%, and THE HAWKE OF TUONELA has a 130%.

As readers of past passage logs know, I often have the jib partially furled on THE HAWKE OF TUONELA, and always when going to windward in more than 12 knots of wind. I've justified the bigger sail area by its usefulness off the wind. Now able to set spinnakers with ease thanks to the spinnaker furling gear, my next jib will be at most a 110%, and possibly only 100%.

Just finished THE SPANISH BOW by Andromeda Romano-Lax, whose main character is based loosely on the cellist, Pablo Casals. It is a book I came upon by chance and found its accounts of the life and trials of a musician and the history of the first half of last century in Spain, intelligent, well-written, and thoroughly enjoyable. When I can I'll see if she has written anything since.

1205 We are two weeks out of Port Elizabeth today.

Noon position: 19° 12' South; 4° 19' West. Day's run: 86 miles. Week's run: 888 miles. Saint Helena 210 miles, bearing 339°. Fernando de Noronha 1886 miles, bearing 299°. Road Town 4208 miles, bearing 302.°

At the moment our SOG is 4.4 knots and COG 303°. Hopefully the wind will last and even strengthen and we can reverse the second week's trend of ever lower day's runs, which were 159, 148, 144, 128, 122, 101, and 86.

Total miles since Port Elizabeth is 1909.

Our first week's average speed was 6.08 knots. The second's 5.28. Which is why it is very difficult to average 6 knots in this size boat for an entire ocean passage, even though THE HAWKE OF TUONELA will easily reach 8 knots.

I estimate the time most passages will take based on an average speed of 5.5 knots, which is a 132 mile day's run. I thought this one might be faster, and it still may be; but at the moment we are not far off at an average speed of 5.68 knots and an average day's run of 136.4 miles.

1500 Had a great shower. Water in solar bag almost too hot, as they warn you and I know from experience. I had moved it into shade, but not soon enough. Boat as steady as at anchor. And no need to duck below quickly to get out of the wind after final rinse. 82°F. Only going to get hotter. The sun is still 8° north of us, though we are catching up.

Changed into clean shorts and got out a clean t-shirt.

Although I have always kept shower bags with water in them in the cockpit, and it does not seem likely a freak wave is going to

come along soon and wash it overboard, this one has been out of the way on the starboard quarter berth, so I returned it there until next time.

I also ran the engine for twenty minutes. Hadn't been run for two weeks.

While it was on, I furled and lowered the spinnaker to check the halyard for chaff where it runs through blocks near the masthead. No problems. Retied the bowline in a slightly different position and raised the sail again. Down and up in less than five minutes.

The fish are still with us. When I went aft to check that water was coming from the engine exhaust, I saw two of them swimming about five feet down off the stern. They are 2' long, and I think there are at least a half dozen swimming with us. Perhaps tuna. They are fortunate I am not a fisherman.

Wind has dropped back to 6 knots from 10. Boat speed around 4. These are easy miles, except for the spinnaker collapsing, which puts much less stress on the rig than would the genoa jerking the headstay, but passing too slowly.

1800 There was a novel of the French Resistance titled THE SILENCE OF THE SEA. I read it once more than forty years ago. As I recall the plot, a decent German army officer is billeted with a French aristocrat and his daughter, who refuse to speak to him. The title refers to the calm surface of the sea beneath which fish and other creatures are engaged in a violent struggle for survival.

I thought of this because as I ate my dinner of freeze dry spaghetti Bolognese on deck, THE HAWKE OF TUONELA school of tuna were eating their dinner in the sea. I saw white swirls

and twice fish leapt out of the water. I wonder how far they will travel with the mother ship?

I uploaded photographs from the camera to the computer this afternoon. Got some interesting images of the fish distorted by water refraction that cause me to consider what shapes enable us still to see an image as a fish.

I was listening to Edward Elgar's Cello Concerto in the famous recording by Jacqueline du Pre. Elgar made a cameo appearance in THE SPANISH BOW, as did Picasso, Alma Mahler--the ex-wife of Gustav Mahler, Erik Satie off stage, and many other of the greats of the early 20th Century art world. I wonder what it must have been like for Elgar and Picasso to have known while still alive that they had created works that would be remembered long after their deaths.

A lovely evening. Still almost an hour until sunset. Wind a little stronger. At the moment we are doing 5.0 knots, and at least our average since noon is more than 4.

2040 The spinnaker furling gear just passed its first test of what happens when the wind suddenly gusts.

A line of cloud formed to the east at sunset which looked to have rain in it. I watched its progress, but didn't furl the spinnaker until it reached us and our boat speed leapt from 4 knots to over 7 and THE HAWKE OF TUONELA heeled deeply. I loosened the sheet and pulled on the furling line and the sail disappeared. While we continued to go as fast under bare poles as we did for much of the day under the spinnaker, I lowered it to the deck, stuffed it and its lines in the bag and took it below.

Returning to deck, I set about half of the genoa, under which we are making 6.4 knots, still smoothly. Light rain continues to fall. No moon or stars. Pitch dark night.

In the cabin, I unbagged the sail and sorted out the furling line and sheets to prepare the sail to be set again. Don't expect present conditions to last long.

February 20

South Atlantic Ocean: Friday

0505 Not a restful night.

Rain ended quickly and wind shifted back to where it was and weakened. But it didn't stay there. When I awoke during the night our course varied between 340° and 240°. Boat speed usually 5 knots.

I opened the companionway at 2300. Was rained on again at midnight.

Was partially awake twenty minutes ago when I heard an odd whirling sound, something like a winch handle revolving freely, until I recognized the thumping of a flying fish on deck. I got up, removed the top companionway insert. Didn't see the fish in the cockpit or on deck. Continued thumping finally revealed him beneath the dodger on the top of the companionway sliding hatch. Knowing how fishy flying fish smell, I had brought a handful of Kleenex, grabbed him and threw him back. Then had to go to the galley for paper towels and kitchen spray to clean the scales and some of the smell from the hatch.

Still dark and cloudy. Last crescent sliver of moon has disappeared behind clouds. One star visible. Sailing northwest

at 5.1 under full genoa. Barometer 1013. We're 138 miles due south of Saint Helena.

0615 Sun just above the horizon. We're near the west side of the time zone.

I stood on the companionway steps and watched a narrow band below the clouds turn orange, now yellow. I enjoy watching the changing light out here on both sky and sea.

Mostly cloudy, though with breaks to the south. Some rain falling to the north and perhaps ahead of us. Other than the thicker clouds, conditions are not much different than they have been. 2' waves or less. Motion still relatively smooth. Must be more wind because we are making 5.5 to 6 knots. Don't know for sure, as I don't know the strength of the gust last night, because wind instrument not deigning to transmit. Last night probably not more than 20 to 25 knots.

Found another flying fish in cockpit. This one smaller and dead. The one I threw back in alive doesn't have much chance of survival unless it finds another school, particularly if the tuna are still with us.

Waiting to see how the morning develops before doing something: setting one of the spinnakers or at least putting a third sheet on the genoa.

In 1988 Jill and I sailed to Saint Helena after going up the African coast to Namibia. I remember that, too, as being a very light air passage.

From Saint Helena we went north to the Azores and then Portugal and Spain.

In 1992 we sailed, also in RESURGAM, the last third of this passage, from the bulge of Brazil to Road Town, when we went directly there from Rio de Janeiro. That part was very fast, with strong winds and current behind us.

That leaves the next 1800 miles, which at the moment show promise.

1210 I did both. First put a third sheet on the genoa, then set the small spinnaker. When I moved the genoa sheet to the car on the rail, the snatch block snapped against the car when it took the load and snapped off the top of the spring loaded pin that holds the car in place on the track. It broke off below the top of the car, so I can't move that car any longer. Only way I can see ever to remove it is either to saw through or possibly drill a hole in the end of the pin and try to get a screw into it that I can then pull on. Not something to be done out here. I can move another car from another track if necessary.

Sky has cleared and unfortunately the wind has weakened. Still stronger than it was, We're averaging 5 knots under the small spinnaker. Could carry the big one, but I'm weary and will leave this one up, unless our speed drops below 4 knots. There is a line of white cloud to the east. Mostly blue sky.

Noon position: 18° 04' South; 5° 53' West. Day's run 112 miles. Fernando de Noronha 1776 miles, bearing 299°. Road Town 4097 miles, bearing 302°.

1630 Been on deck listening to music, Ishmael Lo, a Senegalese. Beautiful afternoon. Sunny. Almost completely blue sky. More wind than we've had these past few days, but

wish there were even more. We're probably still averaging five knots, but 2' seas are collapsing the spinnaker. We could carry the bigger sail, but I'm not setting it because I'm weary and because collapsing and refilling it is more likely to get caught and ripped by a spreader than is the smaller sail. Am still sailing high of the rhumb line for a better angle of apparent wind. Hatches open. I'm starting to think that is normal.

February 21

South Atlantic Ocean: Saturday

0620 An easy night. I slept well and only got up once at 0200. We were and are sailing at 5 knots. Actually 6 at the moment. Some clouds behind us, backlit by the rising sun, look more ominous than I expect they are. If conditions remain as they have been--and our speed is now 5.3--I'll switch to the big spinnaker sometime this morning. Curious to see what difference it makes.

Two baby squid in the cockpit this morning. They shot themselves there. We certainly haven't taken a wave.

We will pass into a new time zone sometime today. I'll change ship's time then. Not sure if it will be before noon.

In thinking about that I realized that we are now more than halfway around the world from New Zealand. My mooring is 174° 07' East. Yesterday at noon we were 5° 53' West. Exactly halfway. We sailed from Opuia ten months ago today. Plan to do the other half in less.

0840 A thin line of rain--I can see through it--is passing just to the north. None has fallen on us yet. It has brought more wind. How much I do not exactly know because while the masthead

unit is transmitting, the anemometer is not rotating and so I have angle, but not speed. Hmm. We are sailing smoothly at 6 and at times over 7 knots. I think the bigger spinnaker would have to come down in such conditions, or I would have to hand steer myself. Not likely.

A bosun bird is hunting around us. On some of his sweeps, he comes to within a few feet of the cockpit and turns and looks at me inquisitively.

0945/0845 In a few minutes we will cross 7° 30' West and move into the GMT -1 time zone and I'll set the clock back.

The first line of cloud and rain passed, but more is coming. SOG over 6 with this spinnaker, so it doesn't look as though I will be setting the bigger one today.

With enough wind to keep sail from collapsing, motion is very smooth.

0935 The next line of cloud and rain passed directly over us.

I left the spinnaker up, but stood in the companionway ready to go on deck and furl it if necessary. As I expected the strongest wind was on the leading edge. THE HAWKE OF TUONELA did round up partially twice before the Monitor regained control. Boat speed above 8 knots in bursts and steadily above 7. If I had thought the wind would last, I would have furled the sail. But it didn't. Probably blew 20 to 25 knots. Rain has passed. Wind deceased. Speed only 4.8 knots. The bigger spinnaker would be better most of the time, but too much in the gusts.

More cloud astern. Not sure if more rain. Cabin hot and stuffy when I have to close companionway. Open now.

1210 Too much wind ahead of the next cloud line. I saw it coming at 1030 and got the spinnaker furled, down, bagged and below deck in time. Continued under partially furled genoa, which is what I have up now.

Another patch of rain is passing close to the north of us.

The bosun bird continues to remain with us. Flying close to the stern and sometimes landing on the water just behind it, remaining until we sail away, then rising and circling again. If he is looking for a handout, I am out of flying fish and squid and will not share my lunch of canned tuna.

In the book of New Zealand sea birds a similar bird is called the White-tailed Tropicbird. I know them as bosun birds because their two long tail feathers are supposed to resemble the splicing fid carried by bosuns on sailing ships.

Noon position: 16° 43' South; 7° 41' West. Day's run: 132 miles (25 hours). Fernando de Noronha 1648, bearing 298°. Road Town 3967, bearing 302°.

Our boat speed is varying between 5.5 and 6.1 knots. Course between 295° and 305°. Barometer 1017.

There are two water spigots in the galley, one fresh, one salt. No problem in telling them apart. They are not identical and the fresh water has a foot pump, the salt hand.

I wash everything, including my hands, except for a cup and a glass, in salt water, and have noticed a substantial increase in ocean temperature the past few days. Instrument system says

it is 78°F/25.5°C. Also notice that the skin of my hands is rougher and coarser at sea than ashore.

1800 I think the sun has set, but can't tell for certain, Sky $\frac{2}{3}$ overcast. Not a storm, just a succession of clouds with brief, light showers. Another approaching from astern. Companionway closed, but small deck hatch above where I'm sitting on the port settee berth is open. Because it opens forward, rain from astern doesn't come in that hatch. I may leave it partially open tonight. Won't be able to leave the companionway open without getting rained on sometime.

When I look at the instruments, we usually seem to be doing 6+ knots, but are averaging less than that since noon. Problem is the lulls in between. That is the problem with these uneven conditions. Nothing severe, but the boat is usually over or under canvassed. Have two rolls in the jib. May put in one or two more before I try to go to sleep.

Spent part of the afternoon on deck. Bosun bird flew close several times, almost within arm's length. He turned his head toward the boat each time, seemingly looking for a place to land. I did not encourage him. I know from sad experience that sea birds are not properly boat trained.

February 22

South Atlantic Ocean: Sunday

0605 Conditions about the same. Sky partially clear. One big patch of rain passing to the south behind us.

Last night I sat on deck for a while. Before coming below, I put a couple of more furls in the jib in an effort to keep the boat

from spinning off to leeward, collapsing and then refilling the jib, which is not good for sail, rig, or me.

I took the chance and did leave the companionway open. Didn't have to close it until a brief shower at 0300.

We're continuing to average about 5.5 knots, but on a course much higher than I want, somewhere in the 320°s. Again in an effort to avoid accidental backing of jib.

Barometer 1015. Wind 16-18, gusting more briefly in front of rain clouds. seas 4'.

1015 In a foul mood this morning. Don't know why, except I can't get the damn boat to sail anywhere near our course without the jib backing and filling. I've jibed twice. Back on starboard now and sailing about 335°. About time to jibe again and end up sailing 260°. Even more undesirable. Have varied jib size from fully out to deeply furled. Only two rolls in it at present. Also saw the first cockroach since Durban. Was in sink. Maybe eggs have hatched and this is the first of a new generation.

Sky has cleared and what few clouds are left don't have rain in them. Wind 20 knots. Waves up to 6'. Should be good sailing, but isn't.

1400 Have spent past two hours trying to fix one of my solar panels without success.

Had noticed that I've not been getting full charging the past few days. Attributed it in part to cloudiness; but sunny today. So I started checking. Quickly found that one of my two big panels was not putting out power. Found problems with connections at both ends of the wire. Replaced both and did

several other things too tedious and frustrating to relate. In the end the panel has failed. May have to reduce consumption or run engine every few days. Not serious either way, just irritating.

In the meantime THE HAWKE OF TUONELA continues to sail way too far north, so I'll jibe and sail too far south for a while.

Don't love it out here today.

1630 Can't deny that it has become a beautiful afternoon. Wind has backed SSE, so we are sailing within 10° of the desired course at around 6 knots. Only clouds are scattered trade wind puffs to the northeast. Sky and sea blue. Wind 16 to 18. Really perfect. But I'm still out of sorts. Maybe tomorrow will be better, and a gin and tonic may help in the meantime.

February 23

South Atlantic Ocean: Monday

0530 Very odd. Heavy cloud cover. Looks like rain behind us. Almost becalmed. What wind there is comes from the north. Flopping west at 3-4 knots with jib and Monitor trimmed for beam reach. Hopefully this won't last long. We were having a pretty good day's run.

Brief light rain woke me at midnight to close companionway. I leave it open as long as possible.

Then at 0300 a major wind shift to the east woke me because our motion changed through the waves. I realized what had happened even before looking at the instruments, got up and jibed from port to starboard, then in cabin jibed my sleeping bag and pillow from the starboard to port settee berth. Didn't get much sleep after that.

I'm using one of the photos I took of the fish a few days ago as my screen saver. I like the refracted fish more than I would a clear photo of them. Water they are swimming in looks inviting.

0615 Jibed back to port. SOG 1.8. Barometer 1012.

0730 Just ran engine for a half hour. Needed to charge batteries and we were flopping around badly with no wind. Now five patches of rain around $\frac{3}{4}$ of horizon, though seems to be clearing beyond thin rain to the east. Wind has returned. SOG 6.1 on port broad reach under slightly furled jib.

In better mood today, though day itself is not as nice as yesterday.

This has not been a hard passage so far. No beating to windward. No sustained heavy water over deck. No need to rig plastic over the head and foot of my bunk to avoid drips from companionway and mast. No sustained calms or storms. I was just out of synch yesterday, Disappointed at the cockroach--haven't seen any more since--and frustrated by wasted effort trying to fix solar panel.

0900 Clear sky has reached us from the east. Rain withdrawing ahead. Fell on us for a minute or two.

Checked fuel tank. Was nearly full in Durban. As expected still 85%-90% full.

Removed cover and checked engine. Looks o.k. Not enough water in compartment to try to remove.

No longer having one of my two large solar panels, I am maximizing exposure of the other two. The large one is on the

sun side of the cockpit, and I shifted the boom to port to minimize its shadow on the smaller fixed one forward of the dodger. Doing so gave an immediate increase of total output from 2 amps to 3. Easy enough under these conditions to move big panel and boom when the sun moves to the other side of the boat this afternoon.

1205 Sunny. Few scattered white clouds that have a little more substance than trade wind puffs. Wind 16-18 knots. This, as all wind speeds, are my estimates. In the unlikely event the wind unit resumes providing wind speed, I will say so.

Though we were nearly on a 6 knot pace when I jibed at 0300, we slowed considerably at dawn. Making 6.1, but high of course at present. COG 326° on starboard broad reach. I jibed a couple of times this morning. Barometer 1012.

Noon position: 14° 25' South; 11° 26' West. Day's run: 128 miles. Fernando de Noronha 1393, bearing 297°. Road Town 3710, bearing 302°.

1740 Sunny afternoon. Wind moderate and has swung back and forth a little, so I've jibed back and forth a little, now on starboard. A few scattered clouds around horizon, but completely clear overhead. Barometer is down to 1009. Might be the trailing edge of what I conclude was a tropical wave that passed these past few days.

Didn't finish watching the movies I started last night and the night before. One was NIGHT IN THE MUSEUM. Can't remember what could have caused me to have recorded it. The other an old Michael Redgrave, THUNDER ROCK, in which he plays a lighthouse keeper on Lake Michigan. Could have been interesting, but was tedious instead. Hope I do better tonight.

Time for dinner.

February 24

South Atlantic Ocean: Tuesday

0545 Last night was a repeat of the night before.

Not long after sunset the sky became completely cloud covered and remained that way all night, with more rain than we've had. Again at 0300 the wind weakened and we flopped around for a while. When at 0500 I looked at the instrument display I keep near my berth, we were heading 345°, so I got up and jibed to port. Sky still covered with low cloud. Rain passing close to the southeast. Barometer 1010.

Two of my fellow circumnavigators have told me that the passage from Saint Helena to the Caribbean was the best they ever made. So far not for me. We're still making average progress in the right direction and the wind has remained between east and south. I don't know exactly what this is, but it is not trade winds.

0820 Some blue sky ahead, but solid cloud overhead and rain from northeast to southeast astern. Not getting much solar charging today.

Jibed to starboard. About to jibe back to port.

Yesterday I considered setting at least the small spinnaker. We could probably carry it--I have the full jib set--but what a mistake that would have been in these unsettled conditions.

1205 Sun finally began to burn away clouds in past hour. Sky now mostly clear, but clouds around horizon. We got some solar charging even through the cloud cover, and I was at least able to open the companionway after 0900.

I planned to take a shower today and have put out the bag, but not sure I will. Wind around 20 knots and so far the day is not hot. Shaved earlier.

We're sailing at 6+ knots on port broad reach on a course of around 292°. Barometer 1012.

Noon position almost identical latitude and longitude: 13° 05' South; 13° 12' West. Day's run: 131 miles. Fernando de Noronha 1265, bearing 296°. Road Town 3581 miles, bearing 302°.

1530 Third beautiful afternoon in succession. We'll see if this is the third successive unsettled night.

This might be the nicest afternoon of the three. Sunny. Wind 18 knots. Seas were never more than 5' to 6', but are now down to 3' and 4'. We've averaged 6 knots since noon.

I did some exercises, took a shower, changed into clean clothes. Small pleasures. Followed by a beer and music on deck. Was able to find shade beneath the boom to leeward. Boat is not heeled much, so comfortable there. Some sailors like to steer from leeward, but I am not one of them. I generally prefer the high side on deck and the low side in the cabin.

1830 Beautiful on deck. I was just up there with a glass of wine, watching the sunset. For 13° from the Equator, pleasantly cool. THE HAWKE OF TUONELA moving smoothly, though now slightly below a six knot average since noon. If it is like this tomorrow, I

think a spinnaker goes up. And then I turn and look suspiciously at the clouds forming behind us.

2015 This afternoon's clear sky has become almost completely cloud covered. I can see three stars. Clouds don't look like rain. Yet. Wind has veered and weakened. Before sunset we were sailing 295° at 6 knots. Now around 275° at 5,4 knots.

February 25

South Atlantic Ocean: Wednesday

0559 A nice night. A few drops of rain caused me to close the companionway at midnight. (Just surfed down a small wave at 8.1. Didn't feel any different from the 5.8 we are generally doing. Only the sound of the rumble caused me to glance at the instrument display.) I probably could have left the companionway open, and did open it again when I got up next at 0300. The sky then was clear and star filled.

We sailed west, low of our course, during the night. I jibed to starboard when I got up an hour ago, so now we are sailing high. Scattered trade wind clouds. A different sky from the past few mornings. Barometer hasn't changed much in any of this. Now 1011.

0720 With the long shadows at first light and last, you often see things that you don't with the sun higher. So this morning I noticed what looked like a small tear in the genoa, about a third of the way up from the foot and ten feet in from the leech.

I got a roll of sail repair tape and a scissors and lowered the sail part way so I could reach the spot. Lowering a sail under load is not always easy, but I had sprayed the luff tape with McLube, which helps it slide in the furling gear groove, and it came

down. When it did I saw that there was no tear, only a small piece of white tape stuck to the surface. I removed the tape and then had a hassle raising the sail again.

After a break for a second cup of coffee, I set the small spinnaker.

There is more wind than I would usually consider for a spinnaker, but I was curious and since it is early in the day, have a good many hours in which to lower before dark if it is a problem.

I don't think the small spinnaker is any bigger than the genoa, which is 478 sq. ft. Maybe not even as big. In any event, being of lighter cloth and cut more fully, it is giving us a few tenths of a knot more boat speed and has smoothed out the ride. It, which is an old sail cut down as a first experiment with the spinnaker furling gear, is a very good passage sail. Not nearly as powerful as the big spinnaker, but for that very reason with a bigger range.

1015 Beautiful morning. Sailing at 6+ knots under spinnaker. One big cloud to the northeast that I hope doesn't cause a change significant enough for me to have to furl the spinnaker. Otherwise powder blue sky, deep blue sea with white-caps.

After watching the last half of the final episode of PRIME SUSPECT, a British police series, last night, I listened in darkness to Goreiki's THIRD SYMPHONY. After the soprano sang the high notes, I went to the companionway to see if I had sailed into a parallel universe. (The explanation for that is found in, "Sailing To Africa," at the end of this book.) I don't seem to, but then really can't be certain. On previous voyages I usually listened to the Voice of America or the BBC before dawn or after dark when the signals can reach even mid-ocean, but not yet on this passage. All I wonder is what is happening with Carol.

Just finished THE DELUGE, the second volume of Henryk Sienkiewicz's trilogy about Poland. I read the first in the Indian Ocean and will read the third and last in the Pacific.

THE DELUGE is not as well known, but is similar and every bit as good as the first volume, WITH FIRE AND SWORD. That was about a Cossack rebellion; THE DELUGE a war with Sweden. Lovers whose love has to be sacrificed, until the very end, for the good of the country; an interesting villain; and many well-written battle scenes.

1200 Cloud passed and dissolved without any effect, but the wind has increased and we are on the edge of going too fast for the Monitor, with speeds above 7 knots and boat spinning off more quickly than the vane can respond. I'll let it go a while longer.

Sunny with only scattered trade wind puffs of cloud. Barometer 1013.

Noon position: 12° 20' South; 15° 19' West. Day's run 132 miles. Fernando de Noronha 1134, bearing 297°. Road Town 3452, bearing 302°

1330 Beautiful afternoon. Wind and boat speed have dropped slightly. Pleasant in cabin with all hatches open and breeze blowing through. When I crawled aft on the port quarter berth to check the big water tank, which is the one we have been using since the start of this passage, I opened a small porthole into the cockpit back there, which I generally keep closed at sea. 80°F/ 27°C on cabin thermometer. Waiting for spinnaker to cast shade on deck before going to sit up there.

2045 Did some minor maintenance this afternoon. Cleaned the ports, tightened the lifelines, lubricated Monitor blocks, dried towels. Spent much of afternoon outside after 1400. Ran engine for ½ hour to charge batteries. Not getting quite enough from two remaining solar panels. Had dinner of beef stroganoff on deck. Spinnaker still up. Could carry bigger one, but I'm not that ambitious. Starry night. Sailing at 5.6 knots, about average for the week.

February 26

South Atlantic Ocean: Thursday

0615 Slow getting moving this morning. Been awake for an hour, but still in a state of torpor. No particular reason. Went to bed at 2200. Was an uneventful night. Averaged 5 knots. Could have carried the bigger spinnaker. Might set it eventually this morning. Sun on horizon only ten minutes ago. Color coming to sky: blue, peach, yellow. Some clouds around and rain to north of us, but not the way it was a few days ago. Listening to the remaining Faure Nocturnes, which is what I went to sleep to last night.

0650 Finally awake enough to jibe away from the rain, which is bending the wind and taking us too high anyway. Now ten degrees too low. SOG briefly to 6.9. Such conditions are the problem with setting the big spinnaker, particularly at night, when I really don't want to wake up as the boat rounds up out of control.

After jibing the sail, I come below and jibe the book I am reading, an instrument display, the computer, and two cushions from port to starboard.

Baby flying fish in cockpit. To get there required a leap of at least a hundred times its own length. Unfortunately for it a leap of self-destruction rather than preservation. Survival instincts are just a matter of blind numbers.

1200 Rain clouds dispersed. Sunny now. Wind has been 20+ knots. Almost too strong for this sail at times, but I thought it would weaken and it has. Boat speed down to 5.8 after being over 6 for most of the morning. Barometer 1010.

Noon position: 11° 16' South; 17° 10' West. Day's run 127 miles. Week's run 896. Fernando de Noronha 1008, bearing 296°. Road Town 3325, bearing 302°.

A remarkably consistent and average week, with runs of 112, 132, 134, 128, 131, 132, 127; making an average day's run of 128 miles and a 5.33 knot average.

We are three weeks out of Port Elizabeth today and not quite halfway, which is what I expected, though our fast start gave me false hopes of a six knot passage. So far we've covered 2805 miles and have come 24° north and 42° west. Still have 30° north and 47° west to go.

Thought at the beginning it would take 6 ½ weeks and baring the unexpected that still seems about right.

It seems to me that we've been out longer than three weeks. Perhaps that is because we sailed from Durban four weeks ago yesterday and have been pretty much in passage mode ever since, even during the five days in Port Elizabeth.

Changed C-Map Max cartridge in chartplotter from Africa and Indian Ocean to South American and Caribbean.

This entire circumnavigation is covered by only three C-Map Max cartridges. The third is Australia, New Zealand and the South Pacific, which is the one I started on and will return to after Panama.

Also changed the dish towel. Can't do the entire circumnavigation on only three dish towels. At least not without washing them.

1800 Another beautiful afternoon. Wind could have been a bit stronger at times. It troubles me not to have the best sail set, and that would have been the white spinnaker this afternoon, but the nights have been too uneven for that sail, so I've trimmed for the gusts and kept the blue one. However in the last half hour the wind has strengthened enough to give us 6 knots under the smaller spinnaker and I'm content.

Imagine perfectly pleasant sailing: sunny skies, temperature warm without being too hot, your boat moving smoothly through a deep blue white-capped sea; and that is what we've had. Could be slightly faster; couldn't be more comfortable.

Near sunset the sea turns from blue to black.

February 27
South Atlantic Ocean: Friday

0640 Peaceful dawn with nothing but trade wind clouds, which revives the question of setting the bigger spinnaker.

Watched EXODUS last night. A sign of my age that I was surprised that it was made in 1960. Almost everyone in it, including Paul Newman, is now dead. I was still in college.

Movie concludes with a speech about how Jews and Arabs will soon be able to live together in the land. Right.

0830 Worked up a sweat. Set the white spinnaker. Both sails furl less tightly above the clew than below. (Had to stop writing because sweat burning my eyes.) The blue one is worse, and often the head of the sail opens as it is being raised and a bulge catches the wind and the sail get caught in a twist and has to be lowered to be sorted out, then set flying, which means winching in a lot of halyard against pressure in the sail. This morning the same thing happened with the white sail. Had to lower it, then re-raise it, which being a bigger sail is even harder.

The end result is that there is most of a knot more boat speed in the big spinnaker than in the small one, and that the big spinnaker is really too much in these conditions for the Monitor, so I'm going to go on deck soon and change back. A learning experience.

0910 Back to the way we were an hour and a gallon of sweat ago, making 5 knots under blue spinnaker. The white one is drying out in the cockpit after part of it slid under the lifelines and into the ocean. Actually making 5.8 knots at moment. Now I know when to leave well enough alone.

The lesson learned, or rather relearned for I knew this: if you are getting it done painlessly, don't cause pain.

1210 This morning's spinnaker exercises caused me to forget to brush my teeth. I remembered an hour ago, and also shaved and set out the solar shower bag.

Continues to be a perfect trade wind day. White spinnaker still drying in cockpit.

Noon position: 10° 08' South; 18° 56' West. Day's run 124 miles. Fernando de Noronha 885, bearing 295°. Road Town 3201, bearing 302°.

1530 Wind lighter. SOG 4.8. Don't think I'm going to rush on deck and set the bigger spinnaker.

Showered. Thought it would use up the last of the water in the solar bag, but it didn't. Still enough for a fresh water rinse, or by adding a gallon, a full shower. Probably have enough fresh water for showers, but will probably use salt for a while.

Ran engine for ½ hour. Doing that every other day is enough, with the solar panels, to keep batteries up. Biggest use is this computer, writing, working with photographs, sometimes electronic charts and Visual Passage Planner, an occasional game of dominos or Super DX-Ball, which is much more challenging on a moving platform, and a movie at night. Also still have chartplotter on all the time, instrument system, which doesn't use much, masthead tricolor is an LED, which also doesn't use much, and music. Cabin lights are on only a few minutes.

2030 Dinner on deck. Chicken stew. Just at sunset saw first bird since the bosun bird several days ago, a small petrel. Clear, starry night. Orion over the shadow that is spinnaker. Once while sailing CHIDIOCK TICHBORNE on a moonless night I counted sixteen shades of darkness. it is almost never totally black out here. Wind light. We could carry bigger sail. This is painless. Halfway tomorrow.

February 28

South Atlantic Ocean: Saturday

0630 Wind light during the night and backed. I noticed something sticking out from the end of the boom, turned the flashlight on it and found a small brown petrel rocking back and forth on top of the end of the sail cover. When I jibed at 0330, he didn't fly off, just turned to face into the wind. Gone when I got up a half hour ago. Was relatively tidy for a seabird and left only one mess on the deck. Have yet to check the top of the sail cover.

Sailing at 5.2 knots around 285°. Thinking about bigger spinnaker.

1210 It is difficult to measure exactly the distance of a passage, but adding the first three week's runs and the 32 miles we covered before noon on the first day out of Port Elizabeth, to the distance remaining to Road Town at the completion of our third week at sea two days ago, comes to a total of 6162 miles. The halfway point is when Road Town is 3081 miles away, which it will be within the hour. We will surely sail farther than 6162 miles, but to say we are halfway now is reasonably accurate.

We still have the doldrums not far north of us to cross, but in my eleven previous crossings of the Equator, they have not slowed me much; and we should have a faster sailing angle once in the northeast trade winds.

I measured some of my old passages on the electronic charts in this computer and found that the passage from New Zealand around Cape Horn to Punta del Este, Uruguay, which I have called 7,000 miles in fact measures about the same as this one. We certainly sailed at least 7,000 miles on that passage, when we were hard on the wind, even in the Southern Ocean where it should have been behind us, for 41 of the 58 days it took.

Because of lows to the north of us, we had only one week of west wind south of 40° South all the way to Cape Horn.

So depending on how one counts that passage, the present one is either tied with the passage from New Zealand to Uruguay for my third longest, or it is forth. It is certainly, thus far, much, much easier than that earlier passage.

Noon: 09° 11' South; 20° 40' West. Day's run: 118. Fernando de Noronha 768, bearing 295°. Road Town 3084, bearing 302°.

Twenty-three days down; hopefully about twenty-three to go.

1310 Making 5 knots under genoa. Sky beginning to be covered by a veil of high cirrus cloud, but that is not the reason for the sail change. When I went on deck after lunch, I thought I saw two small rips near the head of the spinnaker, so I furled and lowered it, then brought it below to check out. I cranked as much tension on the halyard before furling the sail as possible, and perhaps that and the wind being light, the sail furled better than it usually does. The irony of my unwrapping it by hand in the cabin was not lost on me. I did find that the rips were rips this time. Stitched one by hand and then put a patch of self-adhesive sail cloth on it. Decided to use contact cement for a patch on the other side and for the other tear. Waiting for the adhesive to become tacky before putting the pieces together.

1620 Something radical has happened: the mainsail is set for the first time I think since we were off Cape Town.

After glueing patches on both sides of both rips in the spinnaker, I noticed that the wind had backed far enough east for me to be able to set the main, which I have done. We are

making 6+ knots still on a board reach, but with a wind angle of about 140° apparent, rather than 160°. Lovely smooth sailing.

Going on deck to enjoy it.

2005 After watching the second episode in the Sharpe series-- British Napoleonic War in Spain--I went back on deck again. First crescent moon and the evening star to the west. Sailing well under main and genoa. Mostly above 6 knots. I've even seen a rare 7. Boat has come to life.

March 1

South Atlantic Ocean: Sunday

0550 I am letting us continue under main and genoa. Boat speed 6 and 7 knots. Wind light and seas less than two feet. We haven't had a 6 knot day for two weeks. Sailing high, but probably compensating by more boat speed, and I am tired of ambling along at 5 knots.

My experience of the doldrums is that they are always south of the Equator and have never much slowed me. I may just let us continue on this course all the way to the northeast trades.

Along with this being a new month, there are several other minor milestones. We've reduced the distance to Road Town to less than 3,000 miles. Just a normal crossing of the North Atlantic from the U.S. to Europe left to do. Also will enter a new time zone some time today. About 30 miles to go, but with a course averaging 320° or higher will take a while to get there. And some time in the next few days we will cross the track Carol and I sailed in December 2001 between Dakar, Senegal and Salvador, Brazil.

First light coming to the sky through the companionway.

0930 Hotter this morning, particularly until I opened the forward hatch. Was reluctant to do so until I was sure that we weren't likely to scoop water over the foredeck. We are now closer to the Equator than we were in Bali.

On THE HAWKE OF TUONELA the mainsail starts to blanket the jib at an apparent wind angle of about 145°. Sometimes we are doing that. And rarely the boat swings so far off the wind that mainsail backs and the boom would come across if I did not have a preventer on it. Woke to this at least once last night.

I also have a third sheet on the jib, though I have changed from the remnant of the former spinnaker halyard to a more conventional and less strong line.

I use high-tech, low stretch halyards, which on RESURGAM probably twice helped keep the mast up when standing rigging was damaged, but no longer for sheets. I found that such line is simply too strong and transmits all the considerable force from a sail collapsing and refilling to the boat and the rigging. Conventional line with more stretch helps cushion and dissipate such shock loads.

We are sailing roughly at an apparent wind angle between 125° and 155°. Wind is nine or ten knots. Seas around 2' to 3', with as usual a few bigger at intervals that are the cause of a sail backing.

One of my routine morning tasks has been to move the boom from the starboard side of the cockpit to the port so it won't block the sun from the solar panel. Realized this morning that with the mainsail set, I didn't need to do that.

1220 Didn't quite have a 6 knot day, but close. I suppose that we went too slow early yesterday afternoon and had a small dog leg with the change of course to the NNW. Until something happens to change my mind, I'm going to let us continue this way in the expectation of having a better wind angle in the Northeast trades.

Pulled one of the foil pouches from the locker and found it to be salmon instead of tuna. A small, but welcome change. Same brand, but they don't add sugar to salmon as they do tuna. Do add something called "a touch of vegetable broth," whatever that may be.

Noon position: 07° 27' South; 22° 15' West. Day's run: 141. Fernando de Noronha 642 miles, bearing 290°. Road Town 2929, bearing 302°.

Although the new time zone starts at 22° 30' West, I'm changing ship's time after completing this entry. We'll be there sometime this afternoon.

1550 We've finally reached the new time zone: GMT -2. Two more to go and only four to Chicago, assuming we still live there. Carol may have taken a job in Boston. In which case only three hours difference. I'll find out in a few weeks.

Continuing almost north at more than 6 knots. Ran the engine for a half hour. Bathed in a bucket of salt water and used the last of the fresh in the shower bag to rinse.

Finished reading a short biography of Charles Darwin, THE RELUCTANT MR. DARWIN, which was interesting except for frequent jarringly casual writing, as though it were intended for high school students. Perhaps it was.

We just crossed 7° South. Wonder how far ahead the doldrums are? At better than 2° of latitude a day, we will be in the Northern Hemisphere in three days. Can't count on that though.

1700 We are making 5.3 easy knots on course 302° under genoa alone. Obviously something happened to change my mind. Actually two things simultaneously.

I was here in the cabin checking the pilot chart data in Visual Passage Planner, which gave me bad news--ahead of us are areas of 10% calm--when two 6' waves caught the boat in rapid succession, backed the jib and would have the main except for the preventer. The sails refilled with explosions that made me wonder that they and the rig survived. This could not be allowed to continue. So on deck, down main, change course, jibe jib. Check rig. Fix dinner.

March 2

South Atlantic Ocean: Monday

0620 There seems to be no way I can get the boat to sail properly right now.

Last night we ambled along under the genoa alone, making 5 knots. By my own rules it might seem that I should have let us continue, but we weren't really getting it done painlessly. An odd wave pattern, coming from the other side of the Equator, has kept us awkwardly rolling to windward.

So this morning, after taking my second cup of coffee on deck and observing conditions--wind around 12 knots, seas mostly 3' to 4'--I set the mainsail again. This has increased our speed,

brought us up high of course, to the 320° and 330° range, though we are yawing at times all the way down to 300° and up to 345°, and the jib is still collapsing at intervals, even though I have partially furled it.

About the only direction we can sail smoothly is due north, which I may end up doing. 10% calms means 90% wind, and if we do come to a dead stop, I can always go swimming.

Turned off the chartplotter and instrument system last night to conserve batteries. Only turned it on again briefly a couple of times when I got up.

0710 I couldn't let that continue. The jib was collapsing and filling, though usually without a bang, several times a minute. So mainsail down, and we continue under genoa alone, still 330° to 340°. 5.7+ knots. See how this goes for a while.

Sunny, mostly clear sky.

Was reminded of one of my own lines: Life is the process of turning baby smooth skin into scar tissue.

Sometimes if the boat rolls as I am moving through the companionway I hit the shin of my left leg on the edge of the lower plexiglass insert. Always the same spot, which breaks the old scab and starts a new one. Must have done so this morning while coming below to cut some nylon webbing for a new mainsail tie, after one of the old ones broke. Leaning to reach over the sail I felt something wet running down my leg. Didn't need to look to know what it was. Been a long time since I had baby smooth skin, and the scar tissue keeps increasing. That may be a good sign of being still active.

1210 Perhaps a transitional sky. Sunny, with low cumulus clouds that have more substance than usual trade wind cloud. Haze. Moisture in the air. Wind still about the same: 14-16 knots from the east. I'm letting the boat sail at whatever angle keeps the jib mostly quiet. SOG around 6 knots. COG averaging somewhere in the 320°s.

Did some exercises before lunch of cheese, crackers and Vegemite.

Noon position 05° 38' South; 23° 49' West. Day's run 144 miles (A phony 6 knot day because it was 25 hours.) Fernando de Noronha 523 miles, bearing 282°. Road Town 2812, bearing 301°.

1430 Hot and humid. Not too surprising almost on the Equator. Thermometer in cabin says 86°F/30°C. Feels hotter even with all the hatches open. Was just on deck, but not enough shade yet to sit there. Maybe in another half hour.

1745 Beautiful sailing these last few hours. SOG from 6.5 to 7.3. Since noon we've averaged a course of 324°, but have been around 315° since 1600.

The sea could not be more confused. Waves and swells, none of them more than 5' or 6', are coming from the north, east, and south. I just came from sitting on deck with a sunset rum and tonic and I could not count all the constantly shifting, blending wave patterns. Fortunately none are coming from ahead of us and THE HAWKE OF TUONELA is sailing smoothly through them all.

To the north of us is a cloud factory. In a thin white haze I could see clouds forming. Near the Equator warm moisture laden air rises, forms clouds that drift west and south in this hemisphere,

drop that moisture on land, where it runs down to the sea again in rivers, is moved north by currents and the trade winds to near the Equator, where it rises again.

THE HAWKE OF TUONELA is sailing where she wants to sail. I'd like to be on the direct heading for Road Town, and for the past few hours we haven't been far off, but mostly she is going high. I'll let her continue until we either come to a stop or reach the northeast trades or reach the latitude of Road Town, when I'll jibe. Unless, of course, something happens to change my mind.

I cut into my last lemon for this evening's rum and tonic. Those lemons were bought five weeks ago tomorrow in Durban. As I have written before, time is an uneven medium and it seems much longer than five weeks ago that I was in Durban. Still the lemons have lasted longer than I expected. Probably can get a slice from this one for two more nights.

March 3

South Atlantic Ocean: Tuesday

0545 Continued good sailing last night. After a Sharpe episode, I went back on deck with a cup of Lapsang Souchong tea and watched us sail toward the moon. Tried to get some photographs, but too much motion and not enough light even at ISO 6400.

Turned off chartplotter and instrument system again last night. This will become standard until we are near land, which we might be in a few days. We are going to pass well outside of Fernando de Noronha, but are heading toward an even smaller obstacle, St. Paul's Rocks, about 400 miles ahead. Averaging 6 knots since noon yesterday, but sailed sufficiently

lower during the night to bring our average course down from 324° to 318°. Sky is light, but sun still below horizon. Haze of high cloud. Scattered other clouds forming. Barometer 1010.

1215 A legitimate 6 knot day, even with the wind weakening this past hour.

We've moved beneath the haze and nascent clouds. Boat speed 5,3 and wind getting rolled from jib by 2' swell.

Did some exercises this morning, all but push-ups. Particularly need to use legs, which don't get much use out here beyond climbing up and down the companionway ladder, and that is only five steps.

Noon position: 03° 51' South; 25° 28' West. Day's run 146 miles. Fernando de Noronha 413, bearing 271°. Road Town 2672, bearing 300°.

1330 Although the sky ahead is unsettled and the genoa provides more flexibility, I've changed to the small spinnaker because the wind had grown so light it was too frequently being rolled from the genoa. Making 5.7 knots under small spinnaker, which went up without problems after my repairs a few days ago.

We have passed under the sun and are now two degrees closer to the Equator than it is. Would have been directly overhead sometime yesterday.

1610 Under the clouds. A brief rain shower this afternoon, during which I took a salt water bath. Hoped the rain would rinse me off, but stopped. This is the doldrums, but we are still making 5 to 5.5 knots under small spinnaker in less than 8 knots of wind.

When the rain started this afternoon it was hard enough so I had to close the hatches, which made the cabin intolerable. Haven't used my small battery operated fans yet, but will get at least one out.

Finished reading ONE STEP BEHIND, another Scandinavian police novel suggested by Amazon when I bought THE LAUGHING POLICEMAN. This one by Henning Mankell and also set in Sweden, though not Stockholm. Good enough to look for more of his books. Who would have thought there was so much crime in Scandinavia?

1830 Sky almost completely cloud covered at sunset. Some blue directly overhead, where now that it is dark the almost half moon can sometimes be seen. Rain ahead of us and to the northeast.

While we have averaged 5 knots since noon, our speed now is around 4. Surprised it is even that because every swell collapses the spinnaker, which has wind in it only for a few seconds at a time. It fills and collapses several times a minute.

1900 Heavy rain falling. Boat speed 2.4 knots. I think it is going to be a long night.

March 4

South Atlantic Ocean: Wednesday

0550 Powering. Engine on since 0330. Sky mostly overcast, but larger blue patches than last evening. Rain to east and north.

Rain continued, mostly heavy, until 2030 last night. We sailed in many different directions at around 5 knots under the

spinnaker. When the rain ended, I went on deck and furled and lowered it, setting first the genoa, then the mainsail as well. When I went to bed at 2200 we were making 5.5 knots on a beam reach to the northwest. That lasted an hour. For several hours we rolled around and did 2 knots, still mostly in the right direction, until at 0300 we were flat becalmed and I went on deck, furled the jib, disengaged the Monitor, set up the tiller pilot and started the engine. After it was running I lowered the main, which was still flopping. Usually it holds its shape under power, but the swells, although small, still collapsed the sail.

I powered at 1800 rpm's to keep the sound down while I managed to sleep. This gave us 4.2 knots. Got up twenty minutes ago and increased rpms to 2500 and our speed to 5.5. Course is 340°, trying to get north through this. Looks as though there might be a slight bit of wind. and after a cup of coffee I may raise the main.

Left chartplotter and instrument system on last night because we were pointing every which way before I turned on the engine and autopilot.

As I have said, the doldrums have seldom slowed me. In this same general area, Carol and I had one slow afternoon, and I told her that if we came to a complete stop I'd go over the side and clean the bottom, something I had not done in Dakar because the anchorage was too dirty; but we didn't, and before midnight the wind came in from the southeast.

If we still have no wind later today, I'll go swimming and check THE HAWKE OF TUONELA's bottom, though it was cleaned in Durban and the rudder, which is the only part I can see from the deck, looks good.

Light rain just reached us. Had to close hatches. No rain after 2100 last night, so was able to leave companionway open.

0730 Sailing west, close-hauled port tack 3.5 knots under main and genoa. Just touched 4. Monitor steering.

0810 Rain to east and north. Clear to south and west.

Our boat speed dropped to 1.8, then hovered around 2. In the past few minutes I could hear the boat start sailing again. Water begin to gurgle past the hull. Without my touching anything, we have come up 90° and, still close-hauled port, are now sailing 354° at 3.9 knots.

Last night a bird, dark in color, perhaps something like a sooty tern, was sitting on the stern pulpit when I went up to lower the spinnaker. He stayed there, although I had my headlamp on and was at times only a few feet away, until when I raised the mainsail, he had enough, kwawked his displeasure and flew away.

I didn't see him again until this morning, when he was preening himself on the bow pulpit. Gone again.

Just started raining. Because it is coming from ahead, I've been able thus far to leave the top of the companionway open. Boat speed up to 4.4. Glanced out, the darkest cloud has already passed to the west of us. Despite the rain, sky clearer ahead. Going to have to adjust our course. Now 015°. Don't want to go east of north.

0900 Just eased sheets slightly, Sailing beautifully 344° to 350° at 6.5 knots in less than 8 knots true wind. Grey undulating sea. Clearing to east.

1010 Fell asleep for an hour and the wind vanished. Sky continues to clear. Sunny now. Still scattered clouds. Pointing northwest. SOG 1.5.

1115 Wind returned. Still less than 8 knots. No white caps. Have eased sheets slightly. Making 5.3 knots close-reach to north. A feeling that we have come out the other side, but may be premature. Won't know until tonight or even tomorrow.

1210 Wind still light and from east, but veering. Line of big cumulus clouds on horizon to south. Clear ahead. SOG 5.1; COG 350°. But now on a beam reach. Just hope we can keep moving.

Spinnaker and mainsail cover in cockpit drying. Were wet from rain last night.

Noon position: 02° 49' South; 26° 25' West. Day's run: 84. Fernando de Noronha 361 miles, bearing 261°. Doubt we will pass anywhere near it, so will not report again. Road Town 2591, bearing 299°.

1600 Fell asleep again this afternoon. We're still making 4 knots. Saw a 5 briefly. Wind only six or seven knots. A nice afternoon if we keep moving.

1750 Sun about to set. There is so much moisture in the air that a rainbow has formed. No rain or even rain clouds, except probably to the south of us.

A beautiful pastel world: grays, blues, muted yellows. THE HAWKE OF TUONELA is moving as well as she possibly can, making 4 to 5 knots in 5 or 6 knots wind more or less on the beam. To move this wind aft would be to lose it. I'm not

concerned about an exact course, just keeping moving north. Ahead of us there are some nascent trade wind clouds and a low swell has come from the north. If we keep moving all night, I will think we are through the doldrums. But we could easily stop without warning at any moment. This is sailing by feel and balance, and at times I'm almost afraid to take a deep breath for fear it will throw us off course. Half moon over masthead. And a big fish leaping. I see only him in only brief glimpses, but he has a thick shining silver body and is at least three feet long.

March 5

South Atlantic Ocean: Thursday

0610 Our course varied from 230° to 340° last night, and our speed from less than 2 to more than 8. At the moment we are making 2.9 on 310°, flopping around at the end of a third tropical deluge. Rain still falling, but tapering off.

Just after midnight I was pleased to waken and feel us sailing well--we were making 6 knots--until I saw our course was 140°. I went on deck and reluctantly eased us off the wind until we were sailing about north. I thought about setting the big spinnaker to keep us moving that far off the wind. An hour later when heavy rain and wind struck us I was very glad I hadn't.

I had gotten back to sleep, but woke when we heeled far over. For a few minutes that was all. We were sailing smoothly at 7.5 knots. Then the wind increased, heeled us further and overpowered the Monitor. I went on deck and furled the jib. The moon had already set and I couldn't see the sails. Furled by feel. A half hour later the rain had passed and I went back and unfurled the sail.

Sky has lightened, but is completely overcast. Sun should be above the horizon. Hopefully some wind will re-establish itself soon.

0740 Complete low overcast and light rain continue. Wind has returned from north. We are sailing around 290° at 4.4 knots. Sometimes higher. I'd like to be up around 330° or 340° until we reach the northeast trades, but our present course is toward Road Town.

1100 Lay down to take a nap at 0930. Very broken sleep the past two nights. Had been asleep about fifteen minutes when the sound of rising wind woke me. Went to companionway where a dark line of rain was visible against the continued overcast. Partially furled jib. Then as wind blew harder, took in more, just before downpour. Also eased main traveler to leeward. Realized when I was back in cabin that I hadn't moved lead forward on genoa track and that the engine control spray cover is not in place. Our speed rose above 7 knots and course to 325°. Heaviest rain and wind have passed. Now sailing around 295° at 5 knots.

Rain and occasional waves have been the first water over deck in a long time, and they have exposed leaks. One bad one over the port quarter berth that I just can't find the source of. One minor one over chart table. Another near the starboard chain plates that I thought I had fixed. Probably others.

1210 Raining moderately. It was lighter a half hour ago, and I went on deck, dried the engine instrument panel, sprayed the ignition switch with WD40, and put the spray guard in place. Also let out more jib and trimmed sails and adjusted Monitor. Have most of the jib out. We could carry it all and I may do that, but don't think we'll go much faster. Making 5 knots to the

west close-hauled starboard tack. Complete low overcast sky. Barometer 1012.

Noon position: 01° 44' South; 27° 23' West. Day's run: 87 miles. Week's run: 844 miles. Road Town 2508, bearing 299°. Total of day's runs so far: 3681 miles. Adding distance to Road Town total passage will be at least 6189 miles.

1615 A day without sunshine on the Equator. We are 96 miles south of Equator, but sailing more west than north. I'd like to get north, but won't sail east to do so.

Although the sun has not broken through, the low overcast has mostly dissipated, leaving a view of higher clouds. Shades of gray, some splotches almost white, some ivory.

The rain and wind ended at 1300. For a half hour we flopped about, heading southwest at 2 knots, but then I turned on the engine for 40 minutes, by which time wind had returned and we have sailed at 4 knots under full main and genoa, sometimes touching 5, toward Road Town since.

I pumped a half bucket of water from the engine compartment and 1 ½ buckets full from the bilge.

Was able to sit on deck for a while, and have the small hatch over where I am sitting on the port settee open, as well as the companionway. Several fish leaping around the boat.

Wind from slightly east of north at 6-7 knots. Low swell from that direction.

Cooler today. 79°F.

Fell asleep sitting up when I came back below.

2000 I didn't see the sun, but I did see the moon.

After dark the clouds thinned. I didn't watch a Sharpe episode tonight, but took a drink and sat on deck and listened to music.

The two biggest differences this year from last are that the big spinnaker has ben stitched and is useable and that the cockpit speakers are working. Of these, the cockpit speakers are more important. Music really matters, and being able to sit on deck, watch the boat and the moon and listen to music--tonight the soundtracks to ATONEMENT, OUT OF AFRICA and ONCE.

The wind has weakened. There is a difference between the experience of sailing and movement toward a final destination. I want to get in. I want to know what Carol has done. I would like to be with her, to enjoy her quick wit, charm, intelligence, and lovely flesh. I would like some fresh food and cold drinks and a long shower. But there is great beauty here. I found I was watching the instruments too much, so I turned them off and just enjoyed the sailing.

Except in brief gusts before line squalls, the wind has been light for days. Yet there were 5' swells this afternoon and now the sea is almost flat. Nothing more than 1'

Looking at the night sky, I don't expect serious wind tonight. Obviously I'm tired. Going to sleep and see what the night brings.

March 6
South Atlantic Ocean: Friday

0600 Tail feathers protruding over the edge of the dodger this morning. What appears to be the same hitchhiker as the night before found a more comfortable perch sometime last night. He had no fear of me. Perhaps had never been near or even seen a human before. Didn't leave until I nudged him with a winch handle.

Perfect night. Slept well. We continued close-hauled at 4 to 5 knots smoothly to the northwest all night. I woke only a few times and only got up at 0300 to look around briefly. Wind 6 or 7 knots from the north. No white caps. At times seems to be backing to the northeast, which is what I want.

0730 Crowded. First bird on dodger, then ship in ocean, and fish in sea.

Took my coffee on deck. Tightened the jib sheet a few inches and eased the lead back a few inches, which brought our boat speed consistently above 5 knots. Sat down and saw a ship off to the west. She swung over to check us out and crossed a half mile ahead, heading northeast toward North Africa or Europe.

Wind still mostly 6 and 7 knots. Occasionally a rare white-cap, indicating 8 knots, but not often. Generally low swells from the north, but a few were above my eye level, which with the boat heeled 10° and my sitting on the high side, means more than 6'. Although there is still a lot of haze around, the sky to the north and ahead is starting to look like a trade wind sky. Or so I'm trying to convince myself. Bigger cumulus clouds to the south. Taking some spray over the bow.

Just as I was about to come below, being driven by the sun, the sea just ahead of us exploded white, as though breaking

on a reef for twenty or thirty yards. A school of fish--not flying fish, but bigger--all leapt from the water at once.

0900 Already 84°, hotter than it was all yesterday. Can't have forward hatch open, but do have small main cabin hatch open as well as companionway and fan turned on.

Realized that the sun will pass south of me for the first time on the boat since late 2001 in Brazil.

Found I have another leak near the middle of my bookshelf on the port side when I took out the book on New Zealand sea birds. Corner of it and two adjacent books wet. Don't have any idea where that came from.

The bird that has visited us looks like what is called a White-capped Noddy in New Zealand, a species of brown tern.

Wind has decreased slightly. Boat speed down below 5 knots. 4.3 at moment.

1205 Some hazy clouds from the east are now overhead. Wind unchanged. SOG 4.2. COG 300°. Every once in a while we've swung up to 325° briefly.

Noon position 01° 02' South; 28° 57' West. Day's run 103 miles. Road Town 2406 miles, bearing 299°.

62 miles to winter. Doubt we will reach it tomorrow.

1720 Three things mark the beginning of the third and last phase of this passage.

In mid-afternoon the wind veered 30° to the northeast and our course from 310° to 340°. The wind is no stronger than it was,

but I think we are in the northeast trades which will carry us all the way to Road Town. And for that matter far beyond. I've adjusted the sails and we are sometimes making 5 knots on a close reach.

Second is the Equator, which is now only fifty miles away. I don't know that we will reach it tomorrow, but when we do it will be the first time I've sailed in the Northern Hemisphere since the passage Carol and I made from Dakar, Senegal to Salvador, Brazil in November/December 2001.

Third is that I just used the last slice of the last lemon in this evening's rum and tonic. Those lemons lasted over five weeks. I'm impressed.

Took a salt water bath this afternoon. I probably have enough fresh water for at least a rinse, but didn't. I have found that toweling off the salt water is good enough. I use two separate passage towels, one to dry from fresh water; one salt. Will change them tomorrow.

Have spent most of the afternoon on deck, which is shaded by the mainsail. Have come below to heat dinner and am waiting for it to soak for the requisite ten minutes after adding boiling water. Rice and chicken. Will take it back on deck, where the remainder of my rum and tonic is waiting and music is playing on the cockpit speakers. At the moment Harry Belafonte singing "Try to Remember" from, I think, the long running off Broadway show, THE FANTASTICS.

That my drink is sitting there unattended is a proof of how smooth the sailing is.

Just before I came below I saw another ship passing far ahead on the western horizon. Looked like a big oil tanker, again heading from South America toward Europe.

2100 Beautiful on deck. Light from a waxing gibbous moon illuminated sails and deck and faceted seas. Wind the same. Swell lower. THE HAWKE OF TUONELA heeled 5°-10° to port gliding gracefully at 5 knots. Temperature pleasant.

A third ship passed us. This one astern and heading south. When I first saw her, I got the binoculars and could make out both red and green running lights, which meant she was heading directly at us. I went below and got a screw driver and the engine key, removed the spray cover from the engine control panel and inserted key, but didn't start the engine. The ship was still some distance away. I really can't tell how far. Radar was useful for that. After a few minutes, her red bow light disappeared, which meant I was seeing just her starboard side and she would pass astern. She did within a mile, I think. I'm not sure what kind of ship she was. Her interior lights were close to the water.

March 7

South Atlantic Ocean: Saturday

0550 THE HAWKE OF TUONELA has become a tern roost. He returned between 0000 and 0100, and is presently and wisely perched on the stern pulpit again. This is slipperier than the dodger, but perhaps he realizes that I won't chase him from the pulpit. The sea and wind are about the same, but we are moving up and down on small waves and swells and from time to time he has to spread his wings to maintain balance. Assuming this is the same bird, he has followed up for more

than three hundred miles. Light is coming to the sky. I'm curious as to how long he'll stay this morning.

Rested from the good sleep the night before and aware that I'm in, or was in, a shipping route, I got up more often than usual last night to look around, but didn't see any more ships.

THE HAWKE OF TUONELA has continued close reaching at around 5 knots on a course around 300°. We did pound off of one wave last night, but I can't imagine where that came from. We continue to sail smoothly, though I may make some sail adjustments when it gets full light and a light rain falling from a cloud overhead stops. We might go just as well or even better with a roll or two in the jib.

We're 450 miles off the mainland of Brazil and just crossed between Fernando de Noronha 250 miles southwest and Saint Paul's Rocks a little more than a hundred miles northeast. We are still 30 miles from the Equator.

0630 Trimmed sails in a bit. Increased boat speed to 5.5 to 6 range. Occasionally 6.1. The balance is so delicate that moving the Monitor control line a half inch, caused us to fall off 30°.

Although there is obviously more wind, I don't see any white caps, so still less than 8 knots. Maybe what earlier I thought was 6 and 7 before, was only 5.

We are taking more spray over the bow and I'm not sure I can open the small hatch above me. Certainly won't take the risk while this computer is on my lap and could get doused.

A tern still sitting on a HAWKE.

0920 Ate breakfast on deck, watching the only substantial cloud around, which happened to be directly ahead of us. I thought it might bring a sharp increase in wind, but it did the opposite, created a hole in which we briefly slowed before it passed beyond us.

At 0730 with a small kwawk, perhaps of thanks and good-bye, the tern flew off to work.

Muggy, hazy morning. I've experimented with sail trim, including putting a couple of rolls in genoa, which dropped our boat speed below 5 knots. The wind has increased to 8 or 9 knots. Scattered white-caps. And maybe veered a few more degrees. But we continue on a very close reach at 5.5+ knots.

1210 Hazy clouds. A few brief showers of rain and slight increases in wind. One a half hour ago has headed us. Now sailing 270° at 4.6 knots. Expect it will come back. Having to have hatches closed, except for companionway protected by dodger, but though which the wind doesn't blow when this far forward, is making it a hot, uncomfortable day. Have spent some time on deck. Have a few wraps in genoa, which need to come out. But no shade in the morning. Should be able to be out there more this afternoon.

Noon position: 00° 15' South; 30° 46' West. Day's run 120 miles. Road Town 2288, bearing 299°

1715 Not a great day. Wind has backed to the north. We are close-hauled on starboard tack with three rolls in the jib, heeled 15°-20°, beyond 20° I reduce sail to get the boat back on her lines and make life aboard a little more acceptable. Wind not strong. Hasn't been above probably 12 knots, and is now less; but spray over bow and choppy seas. Also low dismal haze most of day. Clearing some now just before sunset. Muggy.

Occasional sprinkles of rain. I sat out in some of them--slightly refreshing--before being driven below.

We continue making 5 to 5.5 knots more or less on course. Have sometimes been up to 6, but not usually. Am presently 3 ½ miles from the Equator.

Was thinking about the bird who has spent three nights aboard. I am assuming it is the same bird and not three different who happen to look alike and chanced to stay on successive nights. We've covered hundreds of miles during that time. Yesterday between when I evicted him from the dodger and when he returned between midnight and 0100, we sailed 85 to 90 miles. I wonder how he found us on what was by then a moonless night. Impressive endurance and eyesight.

Dinner of beef stroganoff soaking. Glass of chardonnay (from a box) on cabin sole by my feet. May take them outside and look for the Equator.

1855 North Atlantic Ocean. Crossed Equator for twelfth time at 1851 and Longitude 31° 19.365' West.

Put a few more rolls in jib while I was on deck having a very interrupted dinner. Adjusted main and Monitor as well and got us sailing at 6 knots, which hasn't happened for a while.

Curious to see if low smoky clouds disappear after dark and if the tern returns for a fourth night.

2040 So what is on the Equator besides me? Going to the east: Gabon; The Congo; Lake Victoria; Nairobi, Kenya; Singapore; Borneo; Tarawa (scene of one of the major battles in the Pacific in WWII); the Galapagos Islands; Quito, Ecuador; northern Brazil and the mouth of the Amazon.

Spent some time on deck. I can feel the wind, which is not strong, but stronger than it was. I can feel it on my skin, in the sails of the boat, in the motion and heel of the boat, in her speed; but I can't see it on the sea, which has nothing more than 1' and 2' waves, and occasional higher swells. Few white-caps.

I've put two more rolls in the jib. We're moving pretty well, though low of course. More in the 280°s than the 290°s. Not going to push hard to windward when I can't believe the wind is going to remain north for the next two thousand miles.

I wanted the wind to veer northeast and then strengthen. It has strengthened, but yet to veer.

Moon more visible than was the sun. Some haze still lingers in the sky.

March 8
North Atlantic Ocean: Sunday

0610 At just after 0100 I woke to the sudden sound of heavy rain on deck and the sudden feel of THE HAWKE OF TUONELA heeling over deeply as a squall hit us.

I pulled myself from my bunk. We were sailing fast, but under control. I turned on the chartplotter and after a minute saw that we were making 7 knots on course 122°, back to the Southern Hemisphere and Cape Town. I didn't think it would last long, so I let the squall play out, which it soon did with a huge bolt of lightning and thunder. The icon that marks our

position and direction we are moving on the chartplotter began to turn north.

When the rain was no longer torrential, I went on deck, made some adjustments to sails and Monitor and got us heading northwest on a beam reach at 4 knots.

We more or less remained that way until an hour ago when the sails began to slat. I went on deck, furled the jib and started the engine, which I needed to do to charge batteries anyway. Couldn't yesterday with us heeled over. With autopilot steering we are on 300°. The main is still up, and there seems to be some wind from the west.

Sun has come up while I've been writing this and turned the clouds red.

0705 Sailing again. Tried a half an hour ago, but too little wind for left over swell, which is not large, only two to three feet, but collapsed sails. Wind now from northeast at five or six knots and we're making 4.8 to 5 on a close reach. I've left the tiller pilot steering, but will soon change back to the Monitor.

Sky around is dramatically cloudy. Some very dark to the southeast and west. A few small patches of light blue.

I checked the pilot chart. Wind here is from northeast or east more than 80% of the time.

The tern didn't follow us across the Equator, or he couldn't find us in the squall.

1200 Sunny. Has cleared from east, but clouds still around and wind still very light from east. Making 3.1 knots with tiller pilot still steering.

Cleaned galley more thoroughly than usual, including oven which I use for food storage. Rearranged provisions. I've eaten enough so that some bags are almost empty and need to be consolidated. Pumped $\frac{2}{3}$ bucket full of water from engine compartment. See a drip at stern gland. Tried, briefly, to adjust it. Easier to live with it and pump a little every few days. At least for a while.

Noon position: 00° 37' North; 32° 14' West. Day's run: 102 miles. Road Town 2186 miles, bearing 299°.

Boat speed now 1.6 knots.

1820 Sailing way too high, 338° at 4.7 knots, but that is better than not sailing at all, which is what we did most of the afternoon.

A line of rain was just to the west of us, and sometimes the slightest wind blew from it and sometimes the slightest breeze blew into it. Sometimes we sailed. Sometimes we flopped around. Sometimes we powered. I checked the fuel tank and, as expected, we still have $\frac{3}{4}$ of a tank. I didn't power to get anywhere, just to stop the boat rolling uncontrollably on swells. I suppose I should be glad the swells are there because they indicate there is wind somewhere. Mostly the tiller pilot steered for the obvious reason that I just looked over and with the Monitor steering we are now heading 004°.

It actually is rather pretty outside now just after sunset. The clouds are well-defined, not hazy, and it is clearer to the east.

The pilot chart shows almost no statistical likelihood that the wind we are having can be here.

The line of rain has been diminishing for the past two hours. I hope it vanishes during the night and that the trade wind is reestablished. If we can't sail somewhere between north and west, I will take down the sails and let us drift. Not going to power all night.

An hour ago, when the engine was on, I heard an odd sound as though the propeller had hit something. I was in the cabin and went to the companionway where I looked aft to see if there was some floating debris. Instead I saw a shark somewhat bigger than I am take a fish just below the surface of the water and just off the stern.

Course now is 008°. Because I hope and expect that the wind is going to veer northeast, going and deck and tack.

1845 That didn't work. Ended up sailing southwest. Tacked back. Can't point within 270° and 360°. Presently sailing 003°, which is a mere 64° high of our desired course. Going to watch a Sharpe episode and hope the wind changes before it is over.

2035 Sails down. Becalmed.

2200 Still becalmed. Just on deck. Moon overhead behind thin cloud. No sign of wind. Seas down. Boat not rocking too severely. Going to try to get some sleep.

March 9

North Atlantic Ocean: Monday

0530 Sailing again since 0145.

I woke several times before I felt a slight breeze at 0130. Turned on chartplotter and instrument system and saw that it was coming from the northeast. Also saw that we had made 24 miles since noon.

In good moonlight--it was in fact a beautiful night, with a clear starry sky above an almost smooth sea with only slight ripples--I untied the tiller and engaged the tiller pilot, which I had left on deck--and raised the main, which I had left as it fell without sail ties except for one securing the head and halyard. As it went up, it filled and I heard water begin to gurgle past the hull. Until then I wasn't certain that we could sail.

With the main raised, I adjusted the course on the tiller pilot, then unfurled the jib, and we were moving smoothly at 4 knots toward Road Town on a beam reach.

Went back to bed at 0200.

Got up a half hour ago. Wind has filled and we are now making 6.6 knots. Still dark outside. With first light I'll check sail trim and change from tiller pilot to Monitor, to conserve power and because the Monitor is more powerful. There are autopilots powerful enough to handle this boat, and with accessories that enable them to steer courses to wind angle as well as compass course, or for that matter to be interfaced with a GPS and steer to a waypoint, but they require much more electricity than I am willing to generate.

Great to be sailing well again. Great to be sailing again.

0630 From becalmed to perfection.

Took my first cup of coffee on deck. Having my second now. Switched from tiller pilot to Monitor, made minor adjustments to sail trim, and then just enjoyed the music of a boat making her way through the sea.

We're just forward of a beam reach. Wind around ten knots. Waves 1' to 2', with as always a few larger swells. Some cloud about, both high and low. I expect the low will burn off with the sun. Don't see any rain. Boat heeled 10° to port. Boat speed 6.6+. Have seen the occasional 7. Wouldn't mind if it stayed this way for a while.

1100 When conditions are perfect, and these have been, you don't want any change. Some low clouds have formed. So far wind is the same and we're still making the same speed, same course. I am entitled to northeast to east wind. I have definitely paid the price of admission. And I'm going to be unhappy if I don't get it. Not that that makes any difference.

Took advantage of the smooth motion and steady angle of heel to make another attempt at tightening the prop stuffing box. Successful this time, largely due to a new big ViseGrip wrench that I saw in a Home Depot and bought for this very purpose. Doesn't work exactly like other, smaller ViseGrips, but got the job done. I do have a stuffing box wrench, but it is not effective.

1215 Clouds passed without much change. Wind may be slightly weaker, but still making 6 knots on course. Sunny. Barometer 1012.

Noon position: 01° 25' North; 33° 23' West. Day's run: 85 (surprisingly high considering only 24 miles until 0100), Road Town 2102, bearing 299°.

2030 Sailing under the full moon, or almost, is a great pleasure.

In late afternoon, the wind weakened, but it has increased again after a pastel sunset. The odd thing is that the sea is just as it was two and three days ago. Only 1' and 2' waves and few and usually no white-caps. The difference is wind angle. Then we were almost close-hauled. Now we are almost on a beam reach.

THE HAWKE OF TUONELA is moving well. The moon is like a spotlight, illuminating her white deck and sails and wake.

I've been thinking about the shark yesterday. Glad for many reasons that the wind returned at 0130, among them that if we had remained becalmed I would have wanted to go for a swim, but we then were only a few miles from where I saw the shark.

In reconstructing the sounds, I think the shark made a pass at a fish swimming near THE HAWKE OF TUONELA, although I haven't seen any lately. And the fish while dodging the shark swam into the spinning propeller and was injured or stunned, becoming easy prey.

The shark turned almost lazily onto its side as it took the fish. I saw its wide mouth clearly.

March 10

North Atlantic Ocean: Tuesday

0625 Slow coming awake this morning.

This is our last day in this time zone, and I don't think the sun is yet above the horizon. Some cloud in that direction, though mostly clear, except for high haze that I expect will burn off.

Continued sailing well last night. One fifteen minute episode at 0030 of rain and wind that turned us to the north and then returned us to our proper course. Wind a little stronger this morning. Boat speed in high 6s and often touching 7 knots.

When I got up to look around at 0400, I turned on the chartplotter and Road Town was 2003 miles away. Now 1988. If this wind holds, and it might, it even should, we will be there in two weeks. 16° of latitude and 30° of longitude to go.

0800 Had my second cup of coffee on deck. Taking too much water over bow to stay there long. Adjusted trim of Monitor and sails. Moved Monitor chain one link to windward to give it more leverage. Took three wraps in genoa. Still same speed, but heeled less and moving through 3' waves more smoothly. Heeled 10° to 15°. Can't have deck hatches open because of spray. Also put spray cover back over engine panel.

Sun shines directly through companionway in morning, so have moved to other end of settee and am facing forward instead of aft. Hot on my back.

1215 Wind has veered a few more degrees. We are just forward of a beam reach. Some thin haze. Only a few scattered clouds. Wind 14-16. Seas 3'.

Did some exercises this morning. Particularly trying to use legs.

Had first good day's run in a while.

Noon position: 02° 39' North; 35° 33' West. Day's run: 150.
Road Town 1952 miles, bearing 299°.

1640 Took my usual three bucket bath this afternoon in the cockpit. One bucket of sea water to bath in. Two to rinse off. I have a line on the bucket that I hook to the lifeline before I drop it over the side. The tug when it fills is impressive, particularly at 6 or 7 knots. Actually I seldom get more than $\frac{2}{3}$ of a bucket onto the boat. Bars of soap don't usually lather in salt water, but most shampoos do.

Changed into my last pair of clean passage shorts. Haven't run out before. This is a sweaty place and these won't last for the duration. I have several pair of 'good' shorts aboard. Not really much difference between my 'good' clothes and my passage clothes.

Some haze and a few clouds with fuzzy edges, but mostly sunny and we continue to sail at 6.5+ knots. After my bath, I was able to sit on deck for an hour without getting too much additional unwelcome salt water rinse, and saw mostly 7 knot speed then.

In very light winds, being close-hauled is perhaps the best point of sail because of the increase in apparent wind. In more than 25 or 30 knots, a very broad reach is best. But in between, a beam reach or just forward as we are now or just aft, is fine sailing. THE HAWKE OF TUONELA is moving well and scaring a lot of flying fish.

2040 For now my world is of sea and wind and sky.

I've just been on deck, listening to Faure's REQUIEM accompanied by sloop's wake. I'm sure you caught the play on requiem and wake.

If you know Faure's REQUIM, then you are aware that it is a serene and quiet work that I wasn't certain would carry above the boat's motion through the sea, but it did. Lovely beneath the light of a full moon.

Sunset was identical to sunrise: a pale yellow disc through haze. I took some photos of the rise; no need to do so of the set.

Three birds hunted around us at sunset. One of them, perhaps a booby with brown and white markings, was very active. He dove and caught a fish directly in front of us. I thought we might run him down before he swallowed and took flight again.

We are 400 miles north of Fortaleza, Brazil. One of the facts of geography that surprises me is how far east Brazil extends, but then if it didn't the people would not speak Portuguese.

The wind has decreased and/or veered since sunset and we are now on a beam reach, which has reduced the spray coming over the foredeck, and made it possible for me to sit on deck without getting wet. On CHIDIOCK TICHBORNE I used to fear a wave breaking over me just after dark because it meant that I would spend the whole night wet.

March 11
North Atlantic Ocean: Wednesday

0550 New time zone. Just changed clocks. Now -3 GMT. Only one more to go.

It is not odd that we are going faster, possibly on a pace for a 7 knot day. What is odd is that the sea doesn't reflect the stronger wind and looks about the same. Some white-caps

and 3' waves. Quite probably we are getting a boost from a current that runs northwest along the Brazilian coast. But I was on deck at 0200 reducing sail because we were heeled over too far. I furled the jib twice before I got us back to an acceptable angle, without our boat speed dropping below 7 knots. Presently 7.6 on course. Apparent wind angle with stronger breeze again a close reach.

Sky hazy as yesterday morning. Very impressive to be moving this fast with this little fuss.

1205 A 7 knot day: 168 miles in 24 hours; 175 in 25.

Wind has veered a few degrees . Again on a beam reach. Only disadvantage is that when a wave comes aboard now it does so amidships, rather than near the bow as on a close reach. Not sure I'll be able to spend much time on deck this afternoon. Sky hazy. Seas 3'-4'. White caps. Barometer 1013.

Noon position: 04° 06' North; 38° 05' West. Day's run: 175 (25 hours). Road Town 1777, bearing 299°.

Finished the 1.5 kilos of oatmeal this morning. Lasted 19 days, with a fraction leftover. Started new measurement with a one kilo/2.2 pound package.

1600 Ah, it brings a smile to my face: the way of a boat through the water.

An hour ago I dug some shorts from the laundry bag that I didn't care if they got wet and took a beer on deck. Was cool up there in the breeze and the shadow of the mainsail, so I came back down for a dirty tee-shirt as well.

I didn't try to sit on the side deck where I usually do in a Sportaseat, but took a small closed cell cushion and leaned against the mainsheet traveler that divides THE HAWKE OF TUONELA's cockpit designed for racing. Forward of the traveler is for the crew to man the winches and trim sails; aft the helmsman. And so it is on HAWKE. The crew--me--stays forward and trims the sails; the helmsman, usually the Monitor, but sometimes the Simrad tiller pilot stays aft and steers. And we don't get in one another's way, though I did go aft and sit on the stern pulpit for a while this afternoon.

Naturally I had music on: Hayley Westenra.

Stood mostly, remained dry, watched THE HAWKE OF TUONELA sail smoothly at 7+ knots. Hazy, cloudless blue sky. Wind around 16 knots. Less than it was earlier. Our angle of heel is down to 10°. Lovely.

2000 After dinner--sweet and sour lamb--obviously one of my freeze dry meals from New Zealand--and this evening's Sharpe episode, Sharpe's Siege, I took a small glass of Jamesons and resumed my place braced against the mainsheet traveler.

Full moon. Hazy sky with a few scattered smudges of cloud. Seas that I would call slight or at most moderate. I keep thinking I should set more sail, but we are making high 7s and often 8 knots, and we really can't go much faster. The wind is only 14 or 16 knots, but that is what most boats are designed for. We just have optimum conditions.

Beautiful out there. I know such nights are numbered and I cherish them.

I have seldom had more than 180 mile days. In RESURGAM I had a few 200 mile days in the same place, near the Equator in the Pacific on the passage from Panama to the Marquesas on successive circumnavigations. And on the same point of sail, a close reach. In a few months we'll see what THE HAWKE OF TUONELA can do there.

Solo racers in boats costing millions go much, much faster; and I sometimes find myself thinking what I could have done with a boat like that. But the more important point may be what I have done with boats that sail well, but cost little. Boats by themselves are like water without wind: inert. It is the sailor and the wind.

March 12

North Atlantic Ocean: Thursday

0550 Wind decreased during the night. Awoke at 0230 because motion, which was not rough, had become too smooth. Turned on chartplotter and verified that our SOG had dropped below 7, so went on deck and unfurled some jib. When I got up a half hour ago, unfurled the rest. I've gotten used to seeing 7 knots, but don't know how long we can maintain it.

Seas are lower, less than 3', and on the beam. Some spray near bow, but no water coming aft for a while. Might be able to take a cup of coffee and sit on deck, which would be nice.

Some scattered dawn clouds.

Saw a cockroach this morning. Didn't have spray at hand, and he successfully scurried out of sight. Removed some items from

the shelf and sprayed the area. Only second one of passage and first for a week or so. Hoping it is the last.

0900 Sunnier and hotter than yesterday. Trade wind sky. Wind has veered to where it is now just aft of the beam. Usually I've had the small hatch above me open, but getting the odd drop of spray, so closed it while I have the computer on my lap.

Harder to get boat balanced in these conditions than past few days. Sometimes yawing off to 270°, Sometimes up as high as 330°. Still fine sailing and still averaging 7 knots in the right direction.

Re-reading James Clavell's SHOGUN. Read it when it first came out more than thirty years ago. A good mid-passage book. Long--1150 page--keeps interest and can easily be interrupted. Some inexcusable solecisms, such as his writing about a ship 'keeling over.' Ships don't keel over, drunks do. Ships heel over.

Just came across a comment about sailors going barefoot. I don't. I almost always wear shoes on deck and usually even in the cabin, particularly when I'm doing something that requires both hands, such as shaving. I find I have better traction in shoes; and in RESURGAM days when I used to go barefoot, I once broke my little toe against a chainplate while running forward to let go the anchor. Once was enough.

Flew from Evanston two months yesterday. Sailed from Durban six weeks yesterday. From Port Elizabeth five weeks today.

Making an effortless 7.3 knots on course for the moment.

1205 Beautiful trade wind day. Blue sky, scattered puffs of cloud, sparkling blue sea. Wind a bit lighter, but still making about 7 knots under full genoa and main, though often

dropping into the 6s, and I doubt we will have a third successive 7 knot day.

Exercised. Pumped a couple of buckets full of water from bilge.

Noon position: 05° 27' North; 40° 33' West. Day's run: 169 miles. Week's run: 904 miles. Almost 500 of which came these last three days. Road Town 1609 miles, bearing 299°.

Adding daily runs, so far we've sailed 4585 miles. Adding distance to Road Town passage will be at least 6194 miles, five miles more than a week ago.

We are sailing parallel to and five hundred miles off the South American coast as it trends from the eastern bulge of Brazil to the Caribbean.

Lunch was my last can of New Zealand tuna with crackers, a can of Lipton Green Ice Tea, and dried mango slices from South Africa for dessert. I also ate a protein bar this morning as a supplement. Missing something fresh.

1600 Wind down to around 10 knots and boat speed sometimes below 6. More pleasant than yesterday--able to sit on deck and remain dry, have forward hatch open, heeled less--but not as exciting. And yesterday was by no means rough. In fact it is difficult to imagine consistently doing 7 knots more effortlessly.

1930 Wind increased just before sunset. Perhaps 14 to 16 knots, and our SOG again to 7. Full moon now just above horizon. THE HAWKE OF TUONELA moving easily. About to go on deck and listen to some music.

March 13

North Atlantic Ocean: Friday

0700 Been trying ever since I got up an hour and a half ago to get the boat back in the groove. The wind swung back and forth during the night. When I got up after midnight, we were 20° too high, so I made adjustments. When I got up at 0300 we were 20° too low, so I made adjustments. When I got up at 0530, we were again 20° too low.

The problem is that when we are on course, the wind is on the beam, but the waves, still only 2'-3' are slightly aft of the beam. I put a couple of rolls in the jib, and seem for the moment to have us making 7 knots without yawing more than 10°.

I weigh about 1% of what the boat does: 156 pounds to a designated displacement of 14,000, plus the weight of the stuff I have put aboard, which in total doesn't add up to more than this boat would have with a full racing crew of eight aboard. Nevertheless, at times THE HAWKE OF TUONELA is so finely balanced that my moving, even just the three steps from where I am sitting on the settee berth to the companionway, can throw her off. Not often, but sometimes.

I want a boat that sensitive, that responds well to sail trim, that I can feel; and that is the price to be paid.

Other than the slight shift in wave direction, conditions are the same. Wind 12 to 14 knots. Sunny. Scattered high clouds. SOG around 7 knots.

There are a lot of flying fish in these waters, and there were a lot on deck last night and this morning. A few as long as 5", most

smaller. Flying fish scales were on the top of the dodger, which is 7' above the water. An impressive leap. A large brown and white bird, something like a booby, with a small patch of black feathers above each eye that makes him appear worried, is hunting around us.

1230 Almost completely clear blue sky. Just a few widely scattered puffs of cloud, more to the south of us than the north. Sparkling blue sea, sprinkled with white-caps. Wind 12 to 14 on the beam. Making 6.5 to 7 knots on course under full sail.

Noon position: 06° 50' North; 42° 54' West. Day's run: 163 miles. Road Town 1446 miles, bearing 299°.

1800 Just as I went on deck at 1500, the wind picked up and water began to come onto the deck. I stood leaning against the traveler for a while and then came back below.

I left the small hatch over me open for ventilation, and, as was inevitable, a wave finally caught me. No damage done. Nothing important got wet, only me and a few books.

In the course of the afternoon I've furled the jib, which is now about half size. We're doing 7 knots somewhat high of course. Just went to the companionway to check conditions, and a flying fish flashed by, bounced off the clear plastic front of the dodger and kept on going, re-entering the water on the other side of the boat.

COG IS 324°. That really is too high. Going to have to adjust something. Water splashing into cockpit.

March 14
North Atlantic Ocean: Saturday

0630 Deck bejeweled with tiny flying fish this morning. Dozens of them. Silver and blue.

Last night just before I went to sleep a wave came aboard with solid water. Perhaps it carried them as well.

I woke at 0300 to find us moving too slowly, so went on deck and completely unfurled the jib.

When I got up an hour ago, I discovered that the wind had veered 30° in the intervening hours, so went on deck and re-trimmed sails and Monitor for a broad reach. Actually the first thing I did was clear the cockpit and deck of flying fish. There are still a few white-caps, so wind is around ten knots, and we are making 6 to 6.5 on course. Sky clear, except for three or four clusters of low cumulus clouds, one of which to the north of us may have rain. Sun may burn it away before it reaches us.

Had my first cup of coffee on deck. Hatch above me open. Can probably open forward one as well.

1220 Clouds brought no rain, but moved wind back and forth and up and down. In the end, pretty much as it was to begin with. Beam reaching under full main and partially furled jib at 6.3 knots. Sunny. Wind 14 to 16 knots. Seas 3'. Barometer is up to 1015.

Did some exercises, shaved, finished SHOGUN. Remembered an old solar shower bag that has a slow leak and filled it with salt water at the galley pump, then put it on deck, where it has indeed leaked. Doesn't matter with salt water. I'll add some more. In addition to having a warmer shower, though the ocean temperature is refreshing, this may solve the problem of bouncing the bucket against the hull as I raise it. We'll see.

I find that I am thinking as though this passage is almost over, when in fact we have 1300 miles to go which is more than a passage across the Tasman Sea from New Zealand to Australia or in the South Pacific from Fiji to New Zealand. There is a decided difference in that our last 1300 miles are all in the trade winds and those others are across changeable weather patterns. Nevertheless we do still have a distance to go. Expect we will be in a week Monday.

I expected to average at least six knots once we reached the Northeast trade wind because of the consistency of the wind and the angle.

Noon position: 08° 15' North; 45° 02' West. Day's run: 153 miles. Road Town 1298 miles, bearing 298°.

1615 My salt water solar shower was a success. Much easier than having to drop a bucket over the side, particularly the second and third time when I'm soapy and slippery. Leaving the bag in the sun for just a half an hour was enough to make the water pleasantly warm. Also a better rinse. Don't know why I never thought of this before.

A line of clouds is passing, disturbing the wind. Nothing significant. Have three rolls in the genoa. Have had it furled to half size and also had it out completely since noon.

Was able to sit on deck for an hour. May go back out again. Had to toss more flying fish overboard and need to sweep flying fish scales from cabin sole.

1800 The sea is more lively than it has been. Waves no higher than 4'--I don't actually recall when I last saw a wave worthy of the name--but moving more quickly, and there is a cross sea,

which we have not had. It comes from the southwest and that is hard to understand, when there is only the South American continent in that direction, which would be a five hundred mile rebound. We are nearing the end of Brazil and will soon have French Guiana abeam. Nevertheless waves from the northeast are leaping against waves from the southwest.

THE HAWKE OF TUONELA is making her way through this, kicking up spray. I stood with my second to last rum and tonic--the last will be used to celebrate having less than 1000 miles to go, presumably Monday--in the cockpit, leaning against the traveler, enjoying the sloop's powerful motion, and got splashed a couple of times before returning below to my dinner of chicken stew.

March 15

North Atlantic Ocean: Sunday

0610 The slaughter of the innocents continues. More flying fish in the cockpit this dawn than I can count at a glance, and others on deck. A few flying fish on deck in the tropics is common, but I don't recall this many. Stepped on one I didn't see when I went on deck to put a few rolls in the jib last night. Knew from the smell immediately.

Watched the last of the Sharpe series last night. In the end I didn't really care for it. Written too much to a formula of arrogant and incompetent noble officers who bought their commissions and made life hard for Sharpe, who had risen from the ranks. Also some characters just acted too stupidly for me to have any belief or sympathy. In this I am not thinking of Sharpe, but his second wife. Won't watch those again.

Opened the small hatch above me and read after putting the computer away and was again caught by a wave.

We are past the center of the time zone. Sun just coming above the horizon. Conditions the same. Making 6.8 about on course.

0910 Seeing mostly 7s in SOG this morning. There is a bit more wind, perhaps 16 or 18 knots, and a 6' swell at long intervals from the north. Some high cirrus cloud in addition to the low scattered cumulus.

After spending some time on deck, standing not sitting, and shoveling flying fish back into the ocean, where they will make a meal for somebody before they reach the ocean floor, I came back below and closed the small hatch above me. No water had come below, but it was just a matter of time.

A six knot average will see us there a week tomorrow. 6.6 would probably see us in a week this late afternoon. Barbados is less than 800 miles away and Trinidad not much further. I've never been to either, but have some favorite snorkeling spots in the Virgins, so will probably continue the three extra days.

Being only three, or possibly two, hours ahead of Carol, instead of a day as I usually am, I more easily can picture what she is doing with her day. At the moment she is almost certainly still asleep.

I have an old copy of Reed's Nautical Almanac on board which tells me that the current that is giving us a boost is called the South Equatorial Current, good for somewhere between 10 and 40 miles a day. I think we have gotten at various times perhaps .3 to .5 of a knot.

Seem to be getting enough charging from the remaining solar panels to keep the batteries up. I move the big one from the starboard to the port side of the cockpit at noon to give it maximum exposure. Also am careful about using the computer on its own battery, rather than have it plugged in and charging all the time. Would have to slow up to run engine, furl at least the genoa to bring us level enough.

Even though this has been a relatively easy passage, I still have to constantly brace myself with hand or foot while standing.

Even with fan on me, hot and sweaty, just sitting here.

1205 Wind has decreased slightly and I usually have the small hatch over me open, except now that I have the computer on my lap. Otherwise conditions the same. Sunny. Hot. Beam reaching from 6.5 to 7.2 knots. Barometer 1018.

This morning the boat smelled like a fish factory. Sun seems to have killed the smell, or perhaps I've just gotten used to it.

Noon position: 09° 31' North. 47° 17' West. Day's run: 158 miles. Road Town: 1140 miles, bearing 298°.

Now I can open hatch again.

1530 Was just standing in the companionway under the dodger, looking out at the sea. Can't sit on deck. Tried after my salt water solar shower. We were tearing through the water at 7.5 knots, taking a lot of spray over the bow, and I knew it was just a matter of time before a wave came aboard right where I was sitting. So, reluctantly, I came below. The predicted wave swamped the deck a few minutes later.

I would rather do six knots, get in a week tomorrow, and have dry decks; but I can't bring myself to deliberately slow down 1100 miles out, when we are sailing so well. I'll go out again and stand, leaning against the mainsheet traveler, at sunset.

The hatch over me is closed.

1720 I did go out, but didn't make it to sunset which will be in a few more minutes.

We are in a groove, but a wet groove. Averaging 7 knots since noon. Saw 8 briefly while on deck. THE HAWKE OF TUONELA is moving beautifully. For my efforts I got salt water in my sauvignon blanc. Not enough to do it any harm. This is boxed, not vintage; and I probably would have drunk it even if a flying fish had landed in the glass. Well, maybe not a big flying fish.

2015 Wind picked up after sunset and is stronger now than it has been for quite a while. Furled jib to about half size. May reduce it more. Considering lowering mainsail. Leak around starboard chainplates and also around the new small hatch, which as far as I can tell is the seal on the hatch itself. Disappointing. Going to put computer away and see what I can do to get boat sailing smoothly again.

March 16

North Atlantic Ocean: Monday

0630 Once I got on deck last night I realized that the wind had become serious. With it just forward of the beam, I am reluctant to lower the main completely, and it was easier to furl the jib down to a scrap, less than storm jib size. Even with this, we continued making 7 knots and taking enough water over the deck so that eventually I had to put up the plastic canopies

at both the foot of my bunk, for drips from the small hatch, and over the head for drips from the companionway. First time this passage.

I got up at intervals and found conditions unchanged, until after 0400 when the wind seemed to have diminished slightly. I suppose that it was 25 to 30 during the night.

With dawn the seas, too, have diminished and are again mostly around 4'. I have unfurled a little more of the jib. Now perhaps storm jib size. And we continue making 6.5 to 7+ knots. A thicker bank of cumulus cloud to the east and a high film of cirrus. Barometer 1017.

Only four small flying fish in the cockpit this morning, despite all the water over the deck.

On our present course we will make landfall around Antigua. I would rather stay to windward of the islands before the Virgins where the wind will be undisturbed, and have put a waypoint just off Barbuda, to the north of Antigua, which is now 850 miles ahead.

0940 Busy, hot, sweaty morning.

Usually I can see solar charging begin on two different meters in the cabin not long after the sun rises. This morning I didn't. I waited until 0800, by which time I knew something was wrong. Quickly found that the wires had pulled from the plug on the big solar panel. Took a while to disassemble and reassemble it, but when I did all is well.

Let out a little more jib. We are still making 6.5 to 7+ relatively smoothly and without taking too much water on deck. Sunny, with high haze. Wind about 20 knots and seas 4'-5'.

Pumped about four buckets $\frac{3}{4}$ full from the bilge. Almost nothing in the engine compartment. Shaved.

Went on deck where I was chilled by wind evaporating sweat.

1205 Except that the wind is a bit stronger, conditions much as they have been.

Noon position: 10° 58' North; 49° 35' West. Day's run: 162. Road Town 979 miles, bearing 297°. Barbuda is 815 miles, and Barbados just under 600.

In the past seven days we have made 1130 miles.

1800 The wind and waves have decreased during the afternoon. I was about to go on deck earlier when an errant wave smashed into the hull and inundated where I would have been sitting; but I have stood leaning against the traveler at various times, most recently just now with my last rum and tonic to celebrate less than a thousand miles to go. I hesitate at 'celebrate' for while I do want to get in, as I always do toward the end of a passage, it is perfect out here right now and I am enjoying it.

Whenever our SOG has dropped below 6.5 I've added more jib. We could carry it all, but I still have a few rolls in because the boat seems better balanced that way.

Saw a big flying fish which caused me to realize that I haven't seen others this afternoon. Also three birds in the distance.

THE HAWKE OF TUONELA sails on.

March 17

North Atlantic Ocean: Tuesday

0645 A pleasure to be able to sit on deck with my first cup of coffee this morning.

Line of rain to the north of us is affecting the wind. Sailed all night with a few rolls in the jib at near 7 knots. Since I got up an hour ago, our speed dropped to below 6 knots, so unfurled jib completely. Then saw whitecaps and wind coming in front of rain clouds as I expected, so put some rolls back in. Now doing 6.6 knots with rain almost upon us.

This is our last day in this time zone, so the sun didn't come up until 0630. Facing west I saw the gray clouds begin to change color. Peach usually comes first.

Only three flying fish on deck this morning. One eating size, if I were given to do that. I like fish, but am not about to go to the mess of cooking one, particularly not for breakfast.

After watching THE COTTON CLUB last night, which had a good cast and was better than I expected, I went back on deck and stood, balancing with the boat in the darkness, just enjoying sailing across an almost unseen sea and beneath a starry sky.

0830 More than just a single line of cloud. First light wind pushed us off to the west, then strong. Had to go out and furl the jib down to storm jib size. Again on course and making 7.5+ knots. Low clouds cover most of the sky. No solar charging. Don't mind running engine, which I don't think I've done for more than a week, but will have to figure out how to get the boat level enough to do so. At much of an angle of heel you run the risk of the oil not circulating properly. I've known of engines that have seized that way.

On the plus side, the clouds are keeping the morning cooler.

Must have lurched into something. Pain in lower left side. Don't remember any particular incident. Not severe. But I feel it with each roll of the boat.

0920 Clear overhead, but rain just north and east of us. Just on deck and noticed that one strand is broken on the starboard lower diagonal shroud, which is one of those replaced in Durban. This, of course, is the one which will be to windward the rest of the passage. Could be a serious problem. Will have to go up mast and jury rig something if another strand breaks. Jerking around as we are at the moment with too little wind for the swells is the worst thing for it.

0100 Late lunch. Rigged my Mast Climber, furled jib, turned boat off the wind, still way too much motion for me to try to climb except in a dire emergency. Need hands to hang on to mast to keep from swinging, and need hands to operate friction clamps on mast climber. Not enough hands.

Strand is broken at the swage at the lower end of shroud, which causes me to think swage was not done properly. Assuming we make it in with mast standing, I will have the replacement made with a Norseman or similar fitting instead of a swage.

Clearing. Still some clouds around, but no rain, and blue sky overhead. Making 7 knots smoothly in right direction under main and partially furled jib.

Noon position: 12° 29' North; 51° 44' West. Day's run: 155 miles. Road Town 825 miles, bearing 296°.

1715 We still have a few miles before we enter the new time zone, but I just changed the clocks. In doing so, my computer told me that the U.S. has gone on daylight time, and so there is now only one hour difference between ship's time and Chicago and none between ship and Boston. Odd not to know where I live.

I am not going to drive the boat hard and so have the jib more deeply furled than it should be, but we still have averaged 7 knots since noon, fortunately smoothly.

A pretty and dramatic sunset, with big cumulus clouds highlighted by the sun. To the north it looks as though rain is falling from one. Rain did drive me back below this afternoon when I was sitting on deck after my salt water shower. Did not last long, but I stayed below and continued reading a novel about Frank Lloyd Wright that Carol recommended.

Adding the last seven day's runs today gives us a slightly higher total than yesterday: 1135.

1800 No movie tonight. Sky too unsettled. Heavy rain just to the north will be upon us in minutes. Also rain to the southeast.

Only good news today, if it can be considered good, is that during this morning's rain I studied the drips from the new small hatch above me and am relatively certain that the water was not coming from the hatch, but from around the mast and then along the overhead until it dropped from around the hatch. The hatch may still be leaking, but not this morning.

Speaking of that leak, I'm going to have to move. Rain pattering on deck, which means it will soon be dripping on where I am sitting.

March 18

North Atlantic Ocean: Wednesday

0530 Not the night I wanted with a weakened shroud. Or at all. Clouds, intermittent rain, though not hard or for long. Enough so I had to keep the companionway closed, which wasn't too bad. Sometime during the night I was cool enough to pull some of the sleeping bag over me. Strong wind was followed by weak, followed by strong. Up many, many times and we were never on course. In the end it averaged out and our course since noon yesterday is what we want, but there was a lot of zigging and zagging rather than a straight line. Headed for another 150+ mile day. Road Town is 704 miles away.

Clouds and rain continue. Just had an episode. Haven't been on deck yet. Just getting first light and just took a wave, but from the companionway the shroud looks the same. My rigging is deliberately oversized increasing the breaking strength to 17,000 pounds from 12,000. I do not know how much having one strand of nineteen broken reduces that strength.

There is one small area of clear sky to the northeast.

0550 On deck to move the solar panel to port from starboard. Sun is up and the clear part of the sky bigger. Shroud the same.

1205 Clearing has continued. Sky now about $\frac{2}{3}$ blue. Some high cirrus and some low cumulus, exploding upward in white billows and from which rain is falling. None near us now; but we continue to be harder pressed than I wish because of the shroud, despite jib being more deeply furled than it would

normally be in such conditions. Rumbling through the water rather than swishing.

Shaved this morning. Swept cabin sole. Pumped a few buckets of water from the bilge. Repaired a piece of trim around base of mast that has to be removed to get to bilge.

Noon position: 13° 51' North, 54° 07' West. Day's run: 162 miles (25 hours). Road Town: 663 miles, bearing 294°.

1610 Has turned out to be a rather nice afternoon, though with too much water over deck to sit out or even stand for very long. There are still some dramatic and potentially troublesome clouds around. Cooler, though perhaps that is mostly due to stronger wind.

My masthead wind unit is transmitting angle but not speed. Apparent wind 105° starboard.

Tired. My side is bothering me. Hope the mast stays up. I'm eager to get in. When I was in my tool box earlier today, checked the hacksaw in case I need it to cut away rigging.

1650 I was right about the clouds. Although they naturally looked more impressive with the long shadows of late afternoon, one has brought brief rain and stronger wind. I reduced the jib down to below storm jib size and we are still doing 7 knots. 7.4 at the moment. And, unfortunately, there is another bearing down on us that looks like a nuclear explosion.

1950 The explosive cloud and its rain passed behind us, but in its wake we slowed to less than six knots so I increased the jib to the size it was before. Only a scrap, but a bigger scrap. And we started going too fast again. I would be happy with a

steady, comfortable six knots, but it is not to be. We continue with pulsations of too much wind followed by too little.

Watched an old Charles Boyer, Hedy Lamar movie, ALGIERS. He a criminal living in the Casbah who dies for love. Made in 1937. Entertaining.

March 19

North Atlantic Ocean: Thursday

0620 At 2300 last night we heeled far over by strong wind, but this came from an almost clear starry sky with only a few shadows of cloud that were well to the south of us. I furled the jib down to storm jib size, and we continued on at 7 knots.

When I got up an hour ago, we were smoothly doing 5.8 knots, which for that matter we are doing at the moment. I've been furling and unfurling the jib this morning like a venetian blind. There are more clouds around, one of which I can see looming up through the companionway. Speed now 6.5 knots. Now 7.1. All I want is a smooth, easy six knots and the boat persists in acting like a skittish horse.

There was also a big flying fish in the cockpit, whose death throes created a big mess. After cleaning that up, I checked the shroud, which is the same, and the control lines on the Monitor, which are showing some wear but I think will last until Road Town without needing to be shifted. The lines are deliberately over long, with the extra at the cockpit end. To change the points of contact, I have to let the tiler pilot steer, then untie the inboard ends, lean over the stern and pull and retie the outboard ends, then retie the inboard again. Not

difficult, but will definitely hurt my side, so I don't want to if I don't have to.

Road Town is 542 miles distant. If we maintain our present rate of progress we would be in or very close at sunset Sunday. I think it likely that I will slow down to arrive Monday morning. Of course, this assumes the mast stays up.

1020 Sky half clear, half covered with diffuse cloud. Cloud to the north of us. Less wind and seas than yesterday, but making 6.5 to 7 knots under scrap of jib and main.

1205 Not a tropical sky. Thick cloud to the north, otherwise mostly sunny. Cooler today. Less wind and smaller seas. Barometer 1018.

Noon position: 15° 12' North; 56° 26' West. Day's run: 158 miles. Week's run: 1111 miles. Road Town 507 miles, bearing 292°. Total daily runs to date: 5696. Added to this the distance to Road Town makes for a total passage of at least 6203 miles, an increase of 9 miles since last Thursday.

We will either be in Road Town on Monday or we will be in trouble.

1600 Lovely afternoon. Spent much of it on deck. Salt water shower, followed by a beer and music. Temperature in the 70s. Put a t-shirt on in the shadow of the mainsail.

I keep feeling that I ought to let out more jib. We still have only storm jib size set, but we are averaging almost 7 knots as it is. The wind has veered and we are now on a broad reach. Lots of whitecaps, but seas still only 3', with occasional exceptions. Sky clear overhead and to the south; cloud to the north.

Finished reading LOVING FRANK. To say that it was about Frank Lloyd Wright is the same kind of over simplification I use when I reply to the question, "What do you write about?" by saying "My voyages." This fine novel is about the relationship between Frank Lloyd Wright and Mamah Borthwick Cheney, who was a fellow resident of Oak Park, Illinois, and the wife of one of his clients. She was a remarkable woman, in ways as much ahead of her time as he was. The novel follows the true facts of their story, so I was aware all along of its devastatingly tragic ending.

Nancy Horan, who wrote LOVING FRANK, is as was Andromeda Romano-Lux, who wrote THE SPANISH BOW, a first novelist. Both are very talented writers.

1800 More peaceful than it has been out here for a while. I keep thinking we have slowed, but when I glance at the instruments we are often making 7 knots. Having the wind and waves at a 120° angle is the difference.

The math keeps saying we will be within a few miles of Road Town at sunset Sunday. That may change when we turn even more downwind for the last 150 miles. If the shroud weren't weakened, I might push a bit harder and try to be in Sunday. Presently I'm just letting the boat continue as she is and will decide what to do as we get closer.

March 20
North Atlantic Ocean: Friday

0600 Nicest pre-dawn for a while. Only a few scattered clouds. Wind and waves moderate. Temperature on deck 73°F/23°C.

Last night at 2230 I was awakened when we started going too fast, often topping 8 knots. I already had the jib reduced to

almost nothing, so I decided to lower the mainsail. It had been up a long time. Ten days, I think. This did reduce our speed, but also dramatically increased rolling. I'll leave it down to slow our approach. 393 miles to go. Still making 6 knots under deeply furled jib.

Went on deck to move solar panel to starboard. Shroud and Monitor lines o.k.

0950 Beautiful trade wind day.

Just on deck where I put the mainsail cover on. Letting us roll along at 5 to 6 knots under deeply furled jib. We could easily do 7. A five knot average would get us there late Monday morning. Barometer up to 1019, highest I recall since before the Equator. A lot of white caps around. Apparent wind angle about 120°. That's an estimate. Wind unit not deigning to provide any information today.

I'd do some exercises this morning, but my side still bothers me. I assume it is a bruise from lurching into something and not internal. Not severe, but I feel a twinge with almost every roll, of which there are several a minute.

1205 Slowing down has cost us another 150 mile day. We've given up at least 10 miles this morning.

Noon position: 16° 29' North; 58° 37' West. Day's run: 148 miles. Road Town 361 miles, bearing 289°.

A five knot average would in fact give us an arrival at 1400 Monday, which is later than I want. I can speed up by unfurling the jib, but we are averaging better than 5.0, so I'll wait and see what the numbers are as the afternoon progresses.

Continues to be beautiful day.

1440 Weather still beautiful; day has become a little trying.

While I was eating my cheese and crackers for lunch, a loud pop signaled the breaking of another strand of wire in the starboard lower shroud.

I immediately jibed and left the jib backed with the boat pointing about 250°.

I'm not going to relate the entire process of what I considered and attempted. What I finally did achieve is placing two high strength, low stretch lines around the mast just above the lower spreaders. I got them up there by raising them on the main halyard with a weight consisting of three bottles of water inside a mesh bag. Once I had this above the spreaders and swung forward of the mast, the weight brought everything back to the deck. I had attached a third line to reverse the process and bring the main halyard back to its usual place after untying the two lines I wanted to leave around the mast. I could have just left it there and let the rigger sort it out, but didn't.

All this, and several other plans, including going up the mast on a webbing ladder, took longer to do than to tell.

I'll take some photos in time. One of the lines is tied off to the chainplate, then runs up and around the mast, coming back to deck at a big snatch-block on the deck edge track, then back to a winch. The other line is tied off further forward to a padeye on the deck edge, then up and around the mast, coming back to deck at the car on the genoa track and then to a winch.

We are back on the same course, which takes us near Antigua, which is less than 200 miles away. We could be in there on Sunday. I might. Or I might continue on to the Virgin Islands.

I checked the fuel tank. I still have about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a tank, and can certainly power 100 miles. Maybe 150 or even more.

1810 Despite my rigging problem, today has been perfectly beautiful.

I spent most of the afternoon on deck. The first two hours working, and after that enjoying. I just came below after eating dinner and having a glass of wine as the sun set below an almost clear sky with only a few widely scattered trade wind puffs. Enjoy this while I can.

I have increased sail. Our speed had dropped below 5 knots, which is not acceptable, and I don't think a little extra pressure will be decisive about the mast.

One reason I did not set up the extra jury rigged shrouds earlier is because the mainsail was set. Now it could not be raised above the lower shrouds, which means it can't be raised. Even jibing the jib will be complicated. I'll have to loosen the two jury rigged ropes before bringing the sail over. At present I have them snug, but not taut. The load is still being carried by the wire shroud.

Losing the mast on this boat would cost between \$10,000 and \$20,000 dollars. The higher figure is almost what I paid for the the boat itself. That total includes a new mast, rigging, furling gear, sails, and depending on location could even be higher.

There have been times when if I sustained such damage I would have been wiped out, Now I could pay for it, but have

wondered if it would be worthwhile, when for the same money I could buy a smaller boat. There is a huge difference between the round the world racers pushing and breaking boats paid for by sponsors, and sailing your own boat, knowing that you pay for the repairs and your resources are limited. Not a complaint. A fact.

Masts were kept upright by rope long before they were kept up by wire, and the old ropes were not nearly as strong as the ones I am using. The rig on EGREGIOUS was damaged more seriously and for much longer than this. We have only to hold together for three hundred miles, or less, and about 65 hours, or less.

Pleasantly cool on deck. 75°F. Didn't look earlier, but even when I was working pretty hard getting the rope shrouds in place sweat was not running as it was with the least exertion on the Equator.

March 21
North Atlantic Ocean: Saturday

0600 Another fine dawn. Just scattered trade wind clouds.

An uneventful night. Moderate wind and seas. We sailed smoothly, but I am sensitive to any unusual sounds and woke often. No change in shroud this morning. Sailing under about ½ the jib at 5.5 to 6.3 knots. Mostly in the 5s.

Road Town is 266 miles away, a little further as we will sail north to clear other islands, then west. Might be able to have wind on port side of the boat for some of the westing. Antigua is 92 miles west of us now. I haven't been there for a long time, but know I could get my shroud replaced. If I could get in before

dark, I might, but I can't, so the difference is only between tomorrow and the day after. The further north we get, the more downwind Antigua becomes and the easier to get to if something does happen. Time to make coffee.

0900 The comment about Antigua was prescient. I've just changed course for there. A waypoint off the corner of the island is 72 miles away, bearing 253°.

The decision came when I heard another crack and went on deck to examine the shroud. Almost all the outer wires are now cracked. One more day might be one too many. My jury rigged shrouds will probably hold, but it makes no sense to push on. Particularly when Antigua can be reached at present with the wind on the port side of the boat.

Furled the jib down to slow us to 4 knots.

1205 Moving at 3 to 4 knots under a tiny bit of jib, essentially under bare poles.

I prepared to anchor. Pulled the first 100' of chain on deck to be certain it is not jammed below deck as sometimes happens when tossed around during a passage. My double duck tape seal on the deck fitting seems to have worked. Chain was dry. Then took anchor from quarter berth to bow.

Removed spray cover from engine panel. Still have Monitor steering, but will change to tiller pilot before night.

Pumped fresh water for a shower into the bag. Still using the new bigger water tank. From force of habit, I started to put shower bag under salt water spigot.

I have been in Antigua only once, and that was 1984 with RESURGAM after a passage from Portugal. I went into English Harbor, which is small and picturesque. May not be any room. I think most boats now go to Falmouth Harbor, just to the west. I'll pass the entrance to English Harbor on my way to Falmouth and may go in and look around.

There is a big regatta each year called Antigua Race Week. Hope it is not now.

Noon position 17° 21' North; 60° 30' West. Day's run: 120 miles. That is the distance from yesterday's noon position. We will have sailed farther considering the change in course. Antigua: 72 miles, bearing 253°. This is the waypoint off the southeast corner of the island. The harbors are about five and six miles farther west.

1710 Just on deck having dinner of one of the French cans--chicken and vegetables--a glass of wine, and music, James Galway, the flutist, SONGS OF THE SEASHORE, Japanese melodies. Tomorrow I will see the shore and not just the sea.

Starting to adjust to the passage's end. For six and a half weeks and 6,000 miles, my world has been the boat, the wind, the waves, the sky, and whatever music and books I choose. I've had no news of what passes for the real world, but as some of us know isn't.

Light wind this afternoon. Pleasantly cool on deck. Felt odd to be sitting on the port side of the deck, when for six weeks since off Cape Agulhas, which was a Saturday as well, the starboard side of the boat has been to windward. Fresh water shower felt good, but not that much better than salt.

The tiller pilot is steering. Has been since early afternoon. We're making between 3 and 4 knots under about $\frac{1}{3}$ of the jib. 52 miles off the southeast corner of Antigua, so should be near at first light.

Sunday is not the best day to arrive in port. Don't know whether I'll be able to go ashore. Some places still want to come out to the boat; some don't. Some are strict; some aren't. And few officials work on Sundays in the third world, but may in season in the Caribbean.

I look up and see clouds and waves rising and falling through the companionway. Tomorrow motion will be stilled.

1820 Was on deck for last sunset. Orange and red to west; lilac and lavender to east. Peaceful.

March 22

North Atlantic Ocean: Sunday

0430 Last crescent of moon and morning star visible through the companionway. The moon was just rising when I got up for good an hour ago. For most of the night the loom of lights of Antigua and Guadeloupe to the south have been visible.

Wind light and surprisingly from somewhat south of east all night. We've been able to sail west with the jib still to starboard. I had it deeply furled until the past hour. Now it is fully out and our speed around 4 knots. The waypoint off Antigua is 14 miles away, bearing 265° . I could see that we were being set south during the night and kept correcting the tiller pilot. When we first turned this way, the bearing was 253° .

0600 Antigua visible ahead. Nine miles to corner waypoint. 17 miles to mouth of Falmouth Harbor. Making 4.5 under jib. Have brought in companionway inserts and lowered dodger, which I do for better visibility in harbors. Removed spray covers from cockpit speakers last evening. Necessary at sea, but sound is better without them.

0730 Sky has clouded over. Rain does not look immanent. Hope not. I'd like to have uncompromised visibility entering port. Still under sail. Making 4.5 knots. A little over 5 miles off corner of the islands. Can see buildings from this distance. Ten miles to Falmouth Harbor entrance.

1030 Anchor down, Falmouth Harbor, Antigua

I turned the engine on two hours ago, when swells near the island started to roll the wind out of the jib. Saw the sails of two boats heading south toward Guadeloupe. Montserrat visible to the west.

As I passed its entrance English Harbor was as crowded as I expected, so continued to Falmouth, less than a mile west. There are many boats here, most on buoys or at anchor. Megayachts tied to a few docks. I saw a spot between other boats behind the reef near the east side of the entrance and turned in and anchored.

As always it seems strange to see land, other boats, people, to be still.

Day's run since yesterday noon: 76 miles. Passage total; 6040 miles. 45 days.

Position: 17° 01' North; 61° 47' West.

Passage over.

Falmouth Harbor, Antigua to Charlotte Amalie, U.S. Virgin
Islands
March 2009

April 1: Wednesday
Caribbean Sea

0800 Although it was not necessary I was awake early and underway at dawn. The wind was light then and I thought I should raise the anchor while it was easy. There was some growth on that part of the chain that had been near the surface, but not down lower. The anchor itself was well set and came up with a big ball of sand and shell that I had to clear by repeatedly raising it out of the water and then dropping it back in.

As I was powering out of Falmouth Harbor a big gray catamaran with a Greek flag was powering in, and a mile farther I passed a 60' sloop powering at speed into a swell that being behind me I hadn't even noticed until I saw his bow driving up spray as it rose and fell.

At the moment two other sails are in sight. I will seldom have the sea to myself here.

I cut the engine at 0645 and tried to sail, but there was too little wind, and I will be even more careful in the future about letting the jib collapse and fill, so I furled it and powered again until 0740, when off the reef at the southwest corner of the island, I turned to 300°, the desired course until we clear several islands to the west of us, including Nevis, St. Kitts,, St. Eustatius, and Saba, over the next hundred miles.

We're now sailing at 3 knots on a beam reach. Sunny morning. Sky clear except for a few clouds over Antigua and Montserrat to the southwest.

A waypoint off St. Johns in the U.S. Virgin Islands is 182 miles away, bearing 295°.

My mooring in Opua is 7734 miles, bearing 246°; but I expect to have to sail at least 9,000 miles to get there.

1205 Sunny. A few clouds about. One sail passing east of us heading for Antigua. Another near Montserrat. Antigua, Montserrat, Nevis and St. Eustatius all in sight, mostly high volcanic peaks.

For a while this morning in the wind shadow of Antigua our speed dropped to 2 knots, but the seas were flat and we continued to glide along. Since then we've done 5 and sometimes 6 under jib alone. At 6 knots I could make the VI before sunset tomorrow, but would be too late to clear with the officials anyway. An awkward distance still to go.

Lunch of cheese, Anchor brand from New Zealand bought at the store in Falmouth Harbor, where it came I assume via the UK.

Noon position: 17° 11' North; 62° 11' West. Virgin Islands: 165 miles; bearing 294°. Distance sailed to noon: 28 miles.

My Virgin Island waypoint is just off Cruz Bay, Saint Johns Island, which is probably the port of entry I will use.

Current SOG: 6.3 knots; COG: 306°. Wind around 12 knots. Sea 2'. Barometer 1020.

1800 Rather late I decided to go for it. The waypoint off St. Johns Island is simply too close--132 miles. which is only a 5.5 knot average; so a half hour ago I raised the mainsail and our SOG went to 7 knots. 6.8 at present. The sailing is still smooth

and perfect. That was the problem: it seemed perfect before and I'm not in a rush. Wind on the beam at 12-14 knots. Waves 2'. Temperature 80°F/ 26.6°C. Silhouettes of interesting islands to leeward. St. Kitts is 7 miles abeam to the west. It has two impressively high peaks on which clouds are caught. Hatches open. No spray on deck. With the main up, it is all the same, but a knot faster.

I've lost at least 10 miles by not having the main up all day. If I just miss making it to some anchorage tomorrow sunset, I have only myself to blame; but then I expected to spend tomorrow night at sea, and the wind may weaken tonight. Anyway, THE HAWKE OF TUONELA is sailing beautifully on what is a cheese and crackers passage. Dinner was the same as lunch, but accompanied by a rum and tonic.

April 2

Caribbean Sea: Thursday

0610 Sun just rising. 57 miles to go. 12 ½ hours of daylight. SOG 6.6. So I think we are going to make it. Want to. Very little sleep last night. Always ships and boats around. Many seemed small inter-island ferries. I was on deck at least every half hour until 0400. May have slept an hour then.

I lowered the mainsail at 2200 off Saba where our course changed to 290° and the main started to blanket the jib, causing it to collapse. Just raised it again when I got up a half hour ago because our boat speed had dropped to 5.5.

At 0400 a shadowy line of clouds to the east looked as though it might hold rain, so I put the inserts in the companionway, but none fell on us. Those clouds are now well to our west.

0945 Several islands visible ahead: two of the British Virgin Islands, Virgin Gorda and Tortola; and I think St. Johns in the U.S. Virgin Islands. The waypoint off Cruz Bay, St. Johns is 34 miles away.

Wind lighter. Boat speed around 6 knots and we're generally sailing high of the course to keep the main from blanketing the jib.

1200 Fine sailing. Wind has backed so I can keep sails drawing. Been making 7 knots. Norman Island, in the BVI, is nine miles away, and the southeast corner of St. Johns fourteen miles away. However we have to go to Cruz Bay on the west side of the island, which is just over twenty miles distant. Going to lower mainsail soon. If speed drops below 6 knots under jib alone, I'll turn on engine.

Noon position: 18° 14' North; 64° 27' West. Day's run 145 miles. Rather good considering that I just loafed along until late yesterday afternoon and then had the mainsail down from 2200 until 0500, and there was a slight bend in our course after we passed Saba Island.

1900 I'm anchored in Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas. This is the main harbor in the U.S. Virgin Islands and I ended up here after a number of decisions and changes of mind. This is where I had to come finally in any case, I just eliminated the middle steps.

I was anchored at 1700 in 31' of water. Time to reorganize the boat, have a solar shower, and a drink and dinner on deck.

This was truly a cheese and cracker passage: two lunches and one dinner all cheese and crackers. Tonight, with the passage over, I splurged with freeze dry lamb fettucini.

To return to the passage, the wind did drop and I ended up powering most of the afternoon, with the jib set until the last two miles. If I had powered early in the passage when we were in the wind shadow of Antigua, I wouldn't have had to power as much at the end. In all I probably had the engine on as much in this two hundred miles as I did the six thousand between South Africa and Antigua.

The distance covered since noon is 27.5 miles. With the 28 miles before noon yesterday, and a day's run of 145 miles, the total is 200.5 miles. I don't understand why I ever thought it would take two nights. Very glad it didn't.

Passage over.

US Virgin Islands to Panama April 2009

April 21
Caribbean Sea

0830 Making 7.5 knots under jib alone in passing rain. Mostly cloudy sky. I was going to leave the tillerpilot steering until we cleared the east end of Vieques Island thirty miles ahead, but because of the strength of the wind just changed to the Monitor.

I woke at 0540 and thought I might leave before the cruise ships entered, but found two already circling just outside the channel, so I had a leisurely breakfast. The ships were docked by 0700, and our anchor was up by 0715.

As before it came up with a big clump of sandy goop, which took a long period of dragging the anchor just below to surface to clear. When it was clean, I brought it to the bow roller, then back on deck, where I removed it to stow below for the passage. We were still in the main channel and protected by hills, so the water was smooth and removing the anchor fairly easy.

A container ship passed us heading in, and another cruise ship was coming from the east. Busy morning.

Shower has ended and sun breaking through. I think more intermittent rain is likely.

I've left the cabin cushion covers on. They are wearing out, and I hope to be able to wash them in Panama, so a little extra wear won't matter.

Also I've thus far left most of the provisions on the quarter berths, and only moved a few bags that have already been in the way forward to the v-berth. Otherwise, except that the

solar panels aren't out yet because the engine has the batteries fully charged, the boat is in passage mode.

1205 Five miles south of Vieques, which is an island off Puerto Rico. As far as I know there isn't anything else between us and Colon, Panama.

Wind in mid-teens. Sky above us mostly clear, but there are long banks of cloud to the north and to the south that look to have rain. Making 6+ knots on course under jib alone.

Noon position: $18^{\circ} 03'$ North; $65^{\circ} 19'$ West. Run to noon: 28 miles. Colon 996 miles, bearing 239° .

Our position at anchor at Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas was $18^{\circ} 20'$ north, which will be the farthest point north of this circumnavigation, and $64^{\circ} 56'$ West. It's all south from here.

1800 The trend through the afternoon has been for the sky to clear and the wind to decrease. Now only 9 or 10 knots. Seas down to 2'. Very few white-caps.

Two changes: the mainsail is up and the fabric covers are off the cushions.

Shortly after 1300 I poked my head on deck and found us on a converging course with a cargo ship heading for Puerto Rico. Perhaps whoever was in charge of the ship had everything under control and knew he would pass well in front of us, but it was not so clear to me, and, although I had right of way, wanting to make life easy for everyone, I jibed and left the jib backed in order to let him pass.

While stopped, I went below and removed the fabric covers from the cushions. There was no reason not to do so except laziness.

This took all of five minutes. When I returned to deck, the ship was clear ahead. I unjibed and resumed sailing, but our SOG was less than 6 knots, so I raised the main, only to lower it a while later when it began to blanket the jib, then raise it again when our speed dropped to 5.3 knots.

At the moment we're making 6.1 slightly high of course, sailing smoothy and almost level. The vague outline of Puerto Rico's south coast is visible to the north of us.

It has been a sultry day. I haven't paid any attention to humidity. Perhaps it has been higher today. With spray over the deck this morning and early afternoon, I couldn't open the deck hatches. But even eating dinner on deck at 1700 in the shade of the sails, it still felt hot.

Could be a spinnaker day tomorrow.

April 22

Caribbean Sea: Wednesday

0840 I've been up three hours, but only now is the sun high enough not to blind me as it shines through the companionway and I can see this screen.

Not a spinnaker day, but fine sailing under jib alone on a port broad reach. SOG around 7 knots.

I lowered the mainsail at 2100 last night when it began to blanket the jib. Put the sail cover on this morning when it was obvious the sail wasn't going back up soon.

Awake many times last night. At 0130 saw running lights of a small ship a few miles south of us, heading in opposite direction. Particularly since the encounter with would-be pirates off Java last year, I find the presence of other small vessels unsettling. This one continued about his business.

Other ships, innocent and otherwise, are my greatest concern about this passage. Although not as crowded as the Mediterranean, there is land on all sides as we move west, and fishing boats and ships can come from any direction, with the concentration increasing as we funnel toward Colon.

There have been serious attacks on yachts recently, particularly near Venezuela, some resulting in death. I'll stay well off, but I was a hundred miles off Java last year.

With the wind further aft, we are not taking much water on deck and I was able to open the small hatch in the main cabin last night. It helps, but still hot and sweaty.

Pumped a couple of buckets of water from the bilge this morning after some sloshed over the cabin sole when we slid down a wave. Wind about 18 knots. Waves mostly 3' to 4'.

I put out only the new solar panel this morning in order to observe its performance. Getting a couple of amps with the sun shining though a high haze, which is what I expected.

1200 Hazy clouds thickening, but mostly sunny. One wave splashed in through the open hatch, but fell harmlessly on the cabin sole.

Intermittently wind strengthens and I consider partially furling jib. Is happening now. But so far it is manageable.

This is an unusual passage in several ways. I can see the entire distance from start to destination on the chartplotter screen without panning. I'll have fresh fruit most of the way. Bought bananas, apples and pears. And my lunch these past few days has been salami with fine herbs on fresh sourdough bread. Have enough salami for one more lunch, but may not last another day in this heat. And have enough fresh water for showers whenever I wish.

Noon position: 16° 40' North; 67° 33' West. Day's run: 152 miles. Colon 844 miles, bearing 239°.

We've just passed into new time zone, GMT -5, which is the time in Panama. I'll change ship's time this afternoon.

1730 We've made more than 200 quick and relatively easy miles since leaving St. Thomas, but the illusion I had that we were sailing smoothly was dispelled by hanging up the solar shower bag this afternoon and being flailed by the hose and nozzle. This is not 'leave it open in the galley' smooth, as I later confirmed when a half used can of tonic ended up on its side.

Did some rewriting on the South Africa to Antigua article.

I ate the last of the salami for dinner on deck. Wasn't very hungry and wasn't sure the salami would last until tomorrow lunch.

Pleasant on deck in late afternoon in the shade of the jib.

We are 100 south of the east end of the Dominican Republic and 250 miles north of Bonaire. Haven't seen any other vessels all day.

Sailing into a cul-de-sac. One of the things I like about sailing is that the ocean ahead of me is endless, but this sea isn't. Ahead there is land. It blocks the mind as well as ships. That there is a way through is due only to Teddy Roosevelt. I'll be glad to be into the Pacific.

While I don't usually want to be in marinas, I was very grateful to find a place to leave THE HAWKE OF TUONELA in Durban, and I very much hope I can get into Shelter Bay Marina in Panama. The old Panama Yacht Club has just been torn down by the authorities, which makes Shelter Bay the only game in town, other than anchoring out in what is called The Flats. Done that. Don't want to be again. Also I'd really enjoy standing under a real shower again and letting the water run and run over me. Last time was at Port Elizabeth Yacht Club in early February.

April 23

Caribbean Sea: Thursday

0910 A substantial cloud looming up behind us. I don't mind a little rain, but hope it doesn't bring a gust of strong wind. We are making 6 knots under the small spinnaker, which I set an hour ago when our SOG occasionally dropped below 6 with the jib. The only advantage of the jib in the face of a gust is that it can be partially furled, while the spinnaker is all or nothing.

Feeling rested today. Got eight hours sleep last night, even with breaks, one of which came when a few drops of rain fell

on my face at 0330. The night before I left St. Thomas I was wide awake and ready to go at 0200 and couldn't get back to sleep until nearly 0400, and the first night at sea I was up often.

So far the wind has weakened as the cloud nears. Whatever happens, I don't think it will be of long duration. Time to put the computer away and see.

1000 A non-event. Five minutes of rain and a hole in the wind, which along with bright sunshine has resumed.

I do like the small blue spinnaker, which smoothes and quiets the boat's way through the water.

Today is Carol's birthday. I wish you a happy and fulfilling year, my love, and look forward to being with you again.

1205 Doesn't seem quite as sultry as the past two days, but the sky is still hazy with scattered clouds.

Noon position: 15° 23' North; 69° 46' West. Day's run: 150 miles (25 hours.) That's a six knot average, but I expected more. Must have gone slower than I thought while I was sleeping. Colon: 695 miles, bearing 239°.

1630 Driven below by another brief shower. Was sitting on deck, listening to music and feeling good.

I feel so good today that it makes me realize that I must have been feeling bad since the passage began. Possibly the cold I had when I first reached St. Thomas lingered. I did have a bad night after snorkeling at Christmas Cove.

We've averaged 6 knots since noon, but I doubt we will have another six knot day unless the wind increases. Often this afternoon our SOG has dropped below 6. Not enough for me to set the big spinnaker with night coming on, and we are still way ahead of reaching Panama in eight days. Must admit that I'd like to average six knots and make it in seven.

Colon is a harbor that I might enter after dark. It is huge and once through the breakwater there is lots of room where I could anchor out of the way of shipping until dawn. Depends on time of arrival and visibility.

I've let us drift a bit north of the rhumb line to Colon. I want to stay out here in the middle as long as possible. The Dominican Republic is 165 miles north of us and Maracaibo, Venezuela, 165 south.

Cloud has passed. Rain stopped. Going back on deck.

1800 Fine sailing. Cross seas at right angles to one another, but only 2' high.

Rain continued to fall from the cloud as it moved west of us. Still lingering at sunset.

A ship passed behind us an hour ago, heading south toward Venezuela.

I like sailing across oceans. I like living on THE HAWKE OF TUONELA on her mooring in Opuia, New Zealand. And I like living with Carol. All are mutually exclusive. Wish I could have been with Carol this evening of her birthday.

April 24

Caribbean Sea: Friday

0700 The wind did pick up and we continue to average six knots. Actually making 7.3 at the moment. Sunny morning, with one big rain cloud that has already passed north of us.

Several ships in sight last night until around midnight, apparently heading to or from Maracaibo. Every time I stuck my head on deck the running lights of at least one and sometimes as many as three were in sight. One, heading south, crossed a mile or so ahead of us.

Despite getting up frequently to look for ships, I slept pretty well.

0900 Wind and waves increased a half hour ago. Almost to the point of going from the spinnaker back to the jib. Still may. So far the sailing has been effortless and fast.

We are 132 miles north of the border between Colombia and Venezuela, and 178 miles south of the border between Haiti and the Dominican Republic, which share the island of Hispaniola.

I've been rewriting the article about the South Africa to Antigua passage and have it pretty much in shape to submit from Panama. I can always find a word or phrase to change and could rewrite forever. There just comes a time to stop.

Also finished *RIDERS IN THE CHARIOT*, one of the few novels by the late Australian novelist, Patrick White, that I had not previously read. I started it at sea before Antigua, but didn't read there or in St. Thomas.

As those who have followed my journal know, I admire Patrick White, and consider at least two of his novels, *VOSS* and *THE*

VIVISECTOR, great. RIDERS IN THE CHARIOT may be too. I'll have to think about it for a while, and will reread it again in time.

Set in a small New South Wales town after the Second World War, there is an elderly woman living in a crumbling mansion, an aboriginal artist, a Jewish refugee, another Jew who has become a successful business man and renounced his heritage, and several other characters all of whom are brought together in a near re-enactment of the crucifixion of Christ.

But as always with Patrick White, and for that matter perhaps every great writer, it is not the story itself but the way it is told that matters. Patrick White often dared to choose great themes, and his use of words is original and profound.

I brought back to the boat with me two other of his novels, THE TREE OF MAN and A FRINGE OF LEAVES, that I read many years ago to reread.

1205 Slid down a wave and rounded up, spinnaker flailing for a few seconds, then the Monitor got the boat back under control. No clouds of significance around. Thicker to the south toward the continent. Hazy sunshine. Barometer 1019.

Noon position: 14°17' North; 72° 01' West. Day's run: 146. Colon 550 miles, bearing 238.

We should pass the halfway point this evening.

When I saw the longitude I realized that we are just west of Boston.

1540 Lowered spinnaker an hour ago. Big clouds bearing down on us and although they resulted in only brief rain, I'd

been thinking of changing to the jib for greater flexibility, so I did the sweaty work before I showered in a shower. Water from solar shower bag warm. Water from sky cold.

I did some accounting today and determined that in the first year of this voyage, from April 21, 2008 through April 20, 2009, THE HAWKE OF TUONELA and I sailed 15861 miles and were underway 134 days.

I had four 1000+ mile weeks: two on the passage from Cocos to Durban, and two on the passage from Port Elizabeth to Antigua. The best week's run was 1111.

My worst week's run was 777, the last full week before reaching Durban. The second worst was 789, the first week out of Opuia, New Zealand.

Best noon to noon run: 175 miles on the Port Elizabeth to Antigua passage.

Worst noon to noon run: 76 miles on the Cocos to Durban passage.

Of the full days spent at sea, there were five noon to noon runs of less than 100 miles and forty-four of 144 or more miles.

The number of miles is calculated by adding daily runs. The number of days underway includes many partial days, such as at the beginning and end of a passage, and those daysailing inside the Great Barrier Reef from Cairns to Cape York.

Sky clearing. Going to sit on deck.

2020 Less than 500 miles to go. We are 115 miles off the nearest point of Columbia. We are on course. The land has reached up toward us.

Starry sky has cleared since sunset.

April 25

Caribbean Sea: Saturday

0750 Had to wait until now to write because sun blinds me through the companionway when it is lower.

We are making mostly 8 and sometimes 9 knots exceptionally quietly under about $\frac{1}{3}$ of the jib. A very good decision to change down from the spinnaker yesterday afternoon.

I put a couple of rolls in the jib before I went to sleep. Then furled it to half when we were making more than 9 knots at 0300. And an hour ago reduced it again.

The wind is not more than twenty or twenty-two knots. The seas only 3' to 4' and rounded rather than jagged. Sunny with haze and a few scattered clouds that do not threaten rain. THE HAWKE OF TUONELA is flowing smoothly with the wind and waves toward a 160+ mile day.

1205 We had a seven knot day, probably with help from current because I don't think we have been sailing that fast.

If this continues we are going to complete the passage in less than seven days and be faced with a night time arrival Monday. Not complaining about good sailing.

Wind has decreased slightly, so I let out a little more jib. SOG showing 7s again.

Beautiful day. Few clouds. Sparkling blue sea.

Noon position: 13° 02' North; 74° 34' West. Day's run: 168.
Colon 383 miles, bearing 235°.

In EGREGIOUS in 1975-76 I set what was then the world record for the fastest solo circumnavigation in a monohull. I believe the time was 202 days and some hours. In doing so I broke the previous record set by Francis Chichester of, I think, 226 days.

With ample time on my hands, this morning I worked out how many days and hours I have sailed since leaving New Zealand.

As of St. Thomas it was 121 days and 17 hours. The world's biggest ocean is still ahead of me, but there seems a good possibility that I can beat EGREGIOUS's time and set a personal best.

1715 The sky is now as cloudless as it has been for weeks in the tropics, yet the barometer is down to 1014. All this is very odd.

This afternoon the wind dropped, so I unfurled the jib until almost all of it was out. Then the wind increased, THE HAWKE OF TUONELA began yawing wildly, so now it is more deeply furled than it has been on this passage, and we are still making 7 knots. I'm sure part of this is current. There just isn't that much wind. There are many white-caps, yet the waves have not increased in size. We are rolling, but continue moving forward at speed almost silently.

I've seen few birds and few flying fish. None have ended up on deck.

As we near sunset Colon is just under 350 miles away.

April 26

Caribbean Sea: Sunday

0610 We are having a gale.

The sky is mostly clear. We just had a pretty sunri---

At that very moment a wave caught us, threw us onto our side, splashed into the cockpit and spilled through the companionway, which fortunately I had closed while I am using the computer.

The sun rose illuminating a few scattered high clouds, but a thirty to thirty-five knot wind built waves during the night that average 8'. As is to be expected sets come through unpredictably that are bigger and steeper. Three or four of these knocked us around last night, leaving a flying fish in the cockpit as a calling card. I have seen a few in the sea, but not many. And few birds.

Not long after dawn a ship passed a few miles astern, mostly hidden by the waves. I could only see it when on the crests.

I went on deck after one of the waves that caught us last night and brought in the solar shower bag which was sitting in the cockpit. Didn't want to lose another one. Also stowed various loose objects such as my iPod and battery operated fan which have been sitting on the upper berth since the beginning of the passage.

I usually sleep with the lee cloth secured by one line at hip level, but tied in a second line at shoulder level as well.

This morning I had to go out and retie the lines holding the new solar panel, which were too loose, and also tightened the Monitor control lines to give it greater leverage and quicker response.

We are essentially under bare poles. I have only a few feet of jib exposed to weather cock the bow downwind and help the Monitor. Mostly we are progressing smoothly in the right direction and at the right speed 5.5 knots, which would put us just off Colon at dawn Tuesday. Colon is 273 miles away.

The barometer is at 1012 and has been steady for twelve hours. Hopefully this will pass without get worse or leaving a big hole in the wind behind it.

1205 Barometer up to 1014. Wind and waves down.

Wind around 20 knots and waves 6' to 8'. Though the odd wave may still pound us, conditions no longer difficult. I might eventually even set more jib, but there is no point in going more than 5.5 knots, unless we are becalmed, in which case I will regret the miles I didn't do when I could.

Noon position: 11° 40' North; 76° 33' West. Day's run: 142.
Colon: 241 miles, bearing 236°.

1630 Barometer has dropped back to 1012. I hope we are not in for act two. Nothing in the sky indicates it.

I slightly increased sail a while ago and we immediately started making 7 knots, which I don't want, so I furled it back again to about where it was.

We haven't taken a wave all afternoon. I have the companionway and the small deck hatch over the port settee berth open. Even when water did come in, the sun is hot enough so I didn't have to wipe it up. It evaporated.

I had planned to take a shower this afternoon, but that wasn't going to happen. Am hot and sticky. Will be glad to get in.

April 27

Caribbean Sea: Monday

0545 A surprisingly restful night. We kept moving at 5 knots under our scrap of jib without excessive rolling. The seas are down to 2' and 3'. The wind backed a few degrees yesterday afternoon, causing us to sail south of the rhumb line. I think this has moved us south of the shipping, which is a very good thing. I looked around several times last night without seeing any lights. I had the companionway open until around 0300 when a few drops of rain caused me to close it.

Thick low clouds this morning. We're only 80 miles from land, so they may be coastal.

May add a little more sail, and will jibe sometime today unless the wind veers, but we are where I want to be: the harbor entrance is 144 miles away.

0800 Jibed to starboard broad reach a half hour ago. Let out a little more jib, increasing speed to 6+ knots. Sun is beginning to burn off clouds. Because I hope to be going into a marina rather than anchor, I will have to wait until it is open, and so would like to be at the harbor entrance at about this time tomorrow. It is presently 132 miles away.

1200 Pleasant sailing. Speed has been dropping below 6 knots, but I'm not going to add sail.

Started preparations to enter harbor. Removed spray cover from engine controls and started engine. Had no reason to think it wouldn't, but, if so, would rather know that today than tomorrow or with a ship bearing down on me.

Still have to get out fenders and dock lines, remove extra lines I put to secure Monitor, and put anchor on bow. Hopefully I won't use it. And near sunset bring solar panels below.

Noon position: 10° 17' North; 78° 19' West. Day's run: 134. Colon 109, bearing 240°.

1720 Solid low overcast this afternoon with diminishing wind. Kept letting out more jib to keep speed above 5 knots. It is now all out and we're making 5.1. Barometer down to 1011. Hope I have decent visibility tomorrow morning. Colon 80 miles away.

Took a well-needed shower this afternoon. Brought fenders and dock lines forward on the quarter berths. Just brought solar panels below and switched from Monitor to tiller pilot. I have two tiller pilots, and the one I've been using has malfunctioned, so plugged in the other, which seems fine.

No ships this afternoon, but an airplane circled me twice, perhaps a coast watch. It's pretty obvious where I'm going.

From this angle Colon is beyond a point of land, so put in a waypoint to clear that twenty miles east of the harbor entrance. Should be off it around 0400.

April 28

Caribbean Sea: Tuesday

0430 Been up an hour, to whatever extent I was ever not up. Ships almost always in sight after dark. None of them close. The lights of two or three in sight now. Got a few scattered hours of sleep, perhaps three or four.

We've just passed the waypoint off the point east of Colon and have a direct course to the harbor entrance, which is 27 miles away. Wind almost directly astern. Full jib set, but only making 4.5 knots. We're 7 miles offshore by the chartplotter, but the only sight I see of it is a loom of lights ahead where the harbor must be.

Sky cleared after sunset, then clouded over again. Brief rain at 0200, followed by ten minutes flopping about until the wind re-established itself. Dark, moonless and starless night. Will welcome dawn.

0600 Light. Mostly low gray cloud. Thinner directly overhead. I can see the outline of hills to the west. One ship in sight east of me. I think he has been making big circles all night and that I have seen him before. Our speed is 5.2 knots. Colon 20 miles away.

1100 Docked at Shelter Bay Marina. The passage is over, but it the end wasn't easy.

As we neared Colon, more and more ships came into sight. I counted thirteen. There were more than that anchored off Durban, but not as many in motion. A few moved at speed out to sea, but most were circling slowly, waiting for something, presumably to go in and dock.

With the wind directly behind me and the tiller pilot steering, the jib kept collapsing and THE HAWKE OF TUONELA yawing, so at 0830 six miles from the breakwater entrance, I started the engine and furled the jib. I also called Cristobal Control, who heard me and responded promptly, asking me to contact them again when I was one mile off the breakwater entrance.

When the U.S. controlled the canal, on the Caribbean side, Cristobal was inside the Canal Zone and Colon outside in Panama. On the Pacific, Balboa was inside and Panama City outside. Apparently now that all are in Panama, the Caribbean side harbor control is still called Cristobal.

As I powered on I couldn't figure out which direction one ship was heading, until I got close enough to see that she was anchored.

At one mile off, I called Cristobal Control again and was given permission to enter the harbor.

Another sailboat, with mainsail up, was coming in from an angle closer to land and a few hundred yards ahead of me. And then a refrigerator ship began moving toward the entrance from the other side. All three of us cleared the breakwater at the same time. Obviously it is a big entrance. I slowed and swung around the stern of the ship to follow the breakwater's inner side two miles west to Shelter Cove Marina.

The other sailboat had to jibe out of the way of the ship, before also heading toward the marina.

I had called the marina earlier on VHF, but their signal broke up, so I called again. The woman who responded asked the size of my vessel. I told her length 37', beam 12', and draft 6' 8". She told me to go to slip C2.

As I entered the marina basin I saw men gesturing me toward them. I powered slowly toward slip C2, which was close to the shore, and as I was almost to the slip we went aground. Later the woman said she thought I said my draft was 5'. Not sure how anyone could mistake 6' 8" for 5'. But there you are. Or rather there I was.

Eventually I was able to back off by giving the little Yanmar maximum rpms, which I don't think I have ever done before. I moved into another slip further from the shore.

I thought I was settled, but the marina manager, who had been elsewhere, arrived and said that I and another boat had to move. I did. Hopefully for the last time.

We covered 1031 miles in 7 days and 3 hours.

Passage over.

The Panama Canal May 2009

May 8
Friday

1400 Line handlers arrived. Four young men, who dropped off their bags, said Tito would meet us on The Flats at 1500 with my clearance papers, and after asking when I wanted to leave and being told 1445, disappeared.

At 1440 I went looking for them, found two sitting in the shade of a tree. They called to the others, and we returned to the boat and left just behind the two other boats with which we are going to transit, the 44' catamaran, HANA HOU, that had been docked next to me, and a monohull the size of THE HAWKE OF TUONELA.

The Flats are a designated anchorage area near the vanished Panama Yacht Club on the Colon side of the harbor. We were there by 1515. I didn't expect Tito would be on time, and he wasn't. HANA HOU anchored, and we and the other boat powered in slow circles. Three sailboats were anchored at The Flats.

When 1600 hours, the scheduled time for my adviser to arrive, passed with still no Tito, I asked the line handlers, whose names I never got straight, to call him on a cell phone. One did and replied that Tito "was on his way."

When 1630 passed with still no adviser or Tito, I asked them to call again. Again, "he is on his way." But this time allegedly already in his launch. He did appear beyond a point of land a few minutes later, came alongside and gave me my stamped passport and clearance papers.

Shortly after that THE HAWKE OF TUONELA was called on the handheld VHF and I was told our adviser would arrive at 1730.

Not wanting to power aimlessly for another hour, I anchored in 12' of water.

A launch carrying Javier, our first adviser, chugged out to us at 1745, and at 1800 he said we should go. Our lock time was 1900. I showed one of the men how to operate the windlass. I had out only 50' of chain. Then I returned to the helm and powered slowly forward as he cranked it in. I could feel when the anchor came off the bottom, but it didn't appear at the roller. I called forward, "Bring it all the way up." The reply came, "It's covered with mud." I had anchored there before and knew that it would be. I engaged the tiller pilot, went forward, raised and lowered the anchor into the water until the mud fell off, then pulled it up and secured it.

My two previous transits were made when the United States ran the canal. Then the advisers were students in the tug boat captain program. From Javier I learned that now advisers are employees of the Canal Company in some capacity or another, who have taken a special adviser course. Javier, and Robin, our adviser the following day, are in security on boats that patrol the harbors. Both were fully competent and much more pleasant to have aboard than had been the Americans in the past.

Approaching all the lights at the first lock, only a few miles away, just after dark was like entering a fantasyland. It was truly as bright as day, but with an amber glow that made everything slightly surreal.

Because HANA HOU was bigger than the two monohulls, the advisers decided that we would raft up one on each side of her, and that the lines to the sides of the locks would be run to her. This meant that once we were rafted, there was nothing more to do on THE HAWKE OF TUONELA or that could be done.

As we entered the lock two men on each concrete wall swung weighted handlines to us. My men caught the ones on our side and passed them to HANA HOU, whose crew secured their lines to them, which were then pulled to the walls.

Two of my line handlers climbed up to handle lines from HANA HOU.

While their experience of boats is limited as shown when raising the anchor, I saw that as line handlers in the Panama Canal they are excellent. They know how to raft boats, including spring lines; handle the lines to the walls; and how to moor to a ship size mooring.

As the lock gates closed behind us I was serene and detached. I had absolutely no control over my boat, Fortunately Christine, the owner of HANA HOU, did an impeccable job moving our raft, both that night and in the down locks the following noon, which we took the same way, center chamber three abreast. In the locks up, a ship was ahead of us. In the locks down a 60' catamaran.

When the water first rushes into the chambers it has great force, which usually catches first timers unaware. This happened now, with the raft momentarily swinging at an angle before recovering. As the water level rises, the force diminishes.

At the top, I could look back down at the dark harbor below us.

The three locks on the Caribbean side are contiguous. The men ashore walked our lines forward, and Christine powered us into the second and then the third lock. It all was uneventful, which is just what I wanted. At 2030, the last lock gate opened

and we powered slowly onto Lake Gatun, where we unrafted and made our separate ways to two ship size buoys a mile and a half away, to which my line handlers expertly secured us beam on with bow and stern lines. This buoy was a large flat disk with a 'T' welded in the center. It was big enough for men to stand and sit on, and my crew often did.

I, the reluctant chef, still had to feed these people. I prepared the freeze dry Santa Fe Chicken, which went down well enough for two of them to have second helpings. This was improved by a couple of cold beers each from the cooler.

After cleaning up the galley and clearing one quarter berth for one of the crew to sleep on--two others had a settee berth each and one the cabin sole--I went forward and to bed.

Even before I did so, one of the Panamanians crawled onto the quarterberth and was instantly asleep and almost as instantly snoring.

May 9
Saturday

As far as I could tell the other three men were up most of the night. I heard them talking in Spanish to one another every time I woke. I know they were awake at midnight and at 0400, when I finally got up myself. It rained in between, which drove them from the deck back into the cabin.

I boiled water for instant coffee, gave them some. The man on the quarterberth was still asleep and snoring, and then I went up to sit on deck myself.

The mooring is just off thick jungle and I could hear howler monkeys howling.

Dawn was lovely pink rising about the trees.

I made my standard breakfast of oatmeal and trail mix, which I think was disappointing to them, but no complaints, and when our next adviser arrived by launch at 0645. we dropped the mooring and were underway.

On previous transits the use of autopilots was prohibited. I had put the tiller extension in place, but also had the tillerpilot set up and without asking, engaged it and kept to our course with its remote control.

After all the nonsense about powering at 8 knots, all we had to do to make our lock time of 1100 was maintain 6, which we easily did at 3000 rpms. I set the jib which gave us an extra .2 of a knot in light wind, but had to furl it when one stretch of the channel took us back to the northeast.

Powering across Lake Gatun between jungle covered islands is enjoyable, with the reservation that you know that if your engine fails you are in big trouble.

Just short of the first lock on the Pacific side, we were delayed by a ship passing a dredge, but caught up with the other two boats who had already rafted. In doing so we passed under a new bridge, only the second over the canal. When we were secured to HANA HOU's port side, Christine drove us into the lock.

Going down is easy. The water lowers without fuss, and I have not ever heard of a boat being damaged going down.

The three Pacific locks are not contiguous. The first one as you approach going toward the Pacific is separated from the other

two by a half mile or so. Robin told me that this is because when they were digging the canal, the locks had to be in bedrock, and after they dug the first two, they found there was not enough bedrock for a third and so had to put it further north.

There was a sense of celebration, even among the line handlers, who proprietorially welcomed me to "The Pacific."

Beyond the lock, we unrafted for the last time, and I again had control of my boat and my life.

It was still two or three miles to the Balboa Yacht Club, where I had seemingly reserved a mooring. The 'seemingly' because when you telephone them, they say they have no moorings, which simply isn't true. After being told this, I telephoned another sailor who had already transited, who went to the office and arranged one for me.

A half mile beyond the last lock, rain began to fall. Everyone except me retreated to the cabin. I didn't mind getting soaked, but did mind a few minutes of downpour so heavy it was blinding. Still better there than in a lock.

The rain eased, and a launch came out for Robin just before we passed under the Bridge of the Americas. Some megayachts have been designed with masts limited by clearance of that bridge.

An unexpected advantage of my crew was that one of them knew how to operate the handheld VHF and called the Balboa Yacht Club, where he spoke to them in Spanish and had a launch waiting to take us to our mooring. Once there, the tires used as fenders were taken from THE HAWKE OF TUONELA and put in the launch, as was a bag of trash. I changed into dry

clothes, and we all rode to the launch dock, which is a platform at the end of a long walkway from the shore. The Pacific has real tides. That day 13' in Balboa, and the dock has to be well out from the shore to be in deep enough water.

Although they had no reservations, HANA HOU and the other monohull also were given moorings at the club.

I thanked my crew, who were good guys and had even gathered the trash from the galley and cabin during the stretch from the last lock. I don't ever expect to transit the Panama Canal again, but if I did, I would be pleased to have them as line handlers.

I told them they had done a professional job, apologized for not having feed them better, and tried to make it all right by tipping them \$20 each. I paid Tito \$85 each for their services and am sure he took a cut from that. They seemed surprised and pleased.

I also found that I had to pay a man at the yacht club \$1 each to dispose of my tires and that the office wouldn't be open until Monday.

I took the launch back out to THE HAWKE OF TUONELA, where I made a celebratory gin and tonic, sat on deck gazing down channel at the Pacific Ocean, and enjoyed being alone.

Panama to Nuku Hiva, The Marquesas Islands
May-June 2009

May 11

Gulf of Panama: Monday

0930 Dropped mooring at Balboa Yacht Club. Entered main shipping channel fifty yards away. Kept to the east side until a ship passed heading in, then crossed to west. Very light wind. Complete overcast. With current and tide behind me was making 6.5 knots at only 2500 rpm, which normally produces 5.4 knots.

1150 Stopped engine, I thought I would have to power beyond the anchored ships--at least forty--and the nearby offshore islands before I found wind, and I did. Making 5.5 knots under main and jib in 7 knots apparent wind on a beam reach. I like having wind information. Wonder how long it will last.

Hundreds of birds in and over the waters south of the canal entrance. As I watched a seemingly endless line of cormorants flying single file across our bow, they abruptly turned into pelicans, following in line behind.

1210 Noon position: $08^{\circ} 56'$ North; $79^{\circ} 34'$ West. Run to noon 13 miles. Nuku Hiva 3773 miles, bearing 254° . The distance is not accurate because we still have 80 miles to go south before we can turn west. Probably tomorrow's noon distance will be accurate.

This will be a passage of longitude rather than latitude. We will cross 60° of longitude but only 18° of latitude. And we will do almost two of those degrees of latitude the first day.

I just noticed that my waypoint off Nuku Hiva is exactly as far south as my starting position on the mooring at Balboa Yacht Club is north: $8^{\circ} 56'$.

Sky clearing ahead. Becoming darker over the land behind.
Two ships in sight heading north.

1410 At last a cooling breeze. THE HAWKE OF TUONELA is making 6.4 knots on a broad reach in 10 knots apparent wind. The tillerpilot is still steering because I what to hold a compass course until we round the first waypoint off Punta Mala, which doesn't need translating, 64 miles ahead. Speed just went above 7.

1700 Wind went behind us, so I lowered the main, which was blanketing the jib. Wind moved to the beam, so I raised the main. Wind has gone toward the stern again and is very light. I've left the main up, but altered course to 210°, which won't clear Punta Mala, to try to keep the sails filled. SOG down to 3 knots. Sky covered with high overcast.

An afternoon for the big white spinnaker, but I've experienced sudden torrential squalls in the Gulf of Panama before and won't risk it.

1830 Gray and rather dismal on deck. No sunset. Just grey to black. Wind has swung back and forth behind us. Jibed jib several times. Now to starboard with wind slightly east of north. You do have to work your way out of the Gulf of Panama. Making 5.5 knots. Haven't seen any ships since two around noon.

May 12

North Pacific Ocean: Tuesday

0600 I am more than twenty miles clear of the Gulf of Panama, but continuing on a course of around 200° a while longer in search of more solid wind before turning for the Marquesas.

I went to sleep first at 1930 hours. Ships that had been invisible in the haze were revealed by their running lights to the east after dark, but they became more distant through the night as I cut the corner closer to land than they did.

It was a full moon night, but I hardly saw it, except briefly when it rose, oddly to me on my left after always rising on the right during my long sail up the Atlantic. The brightest light came from luminescence in the water, through which dolphins left torpedo like streamers, and our own bow wave sparkled.

I was up and down all night, longest at 2300, when the seas became lumpy and almost constant lightning ahead presaged conditions that might be too much for the tiller pilot, so I changed to the Monitor. We were then ten miles north of Punta Mala and ten miles offshore.

Only very light rain ever fell on us. It might be falling still. I have the upper slat in the companionway open and the small main cabin hatch open a few inches as well. Low grey overcast. SOG on a port broad reach 5 knots. Masthead wind until still transmitting all information.

0650 My first cup of coffee inspired me to jibe and see what the sailing was like on the right course. It is much better. Almost a beam reach, so I raised the mainsail and we are making 6.8 knots on course for Nuku Hiva.

While I was on deck the rain increased slightly, but is still light. A tuna boat heading in was to my south, and a container ship heading out to my north. She crossed a mile ahead of me.

That she was to the north may indicate that I've already moved beyond some of the shipping lanes and should be clear of most shipping by this evening.

0810 In full passage mode now that I have removed the key from the ignition and put the spray cover in place.

Sky is starting to clear. Clouds no longer touching the masthead. Wind has backed. Making an effortless 7.5 to 8 knots on a close reach under main and jib with four rolls. In all, so far a fine offing from Panama.

1200 I've been stalked by a whale.

Making 3 knots close-hauled on port tack on course 300°, which is 40° higher than I want and taking us, albeit very slowly, back toward land.

The early excellent sailing did not last. When I was on deck re-trimming sails at 0900 a small whale, about half the size of THE HAWKE OF TUONELA, surfaced less than a small whale length away. And then he, or she, wouldn't go away. The whale made no threatening movements, but repeatedly surfaced very close to the boat and I was concerned that it might brush against the rudder or self-steering vane with undesirable consequences to HAWKE if not the whale.

Finally I took the spray cover off the engine control panel and started the engine, thinking that might make it go away. It didn't, even though I eventually powered at full speed for a while. At the end, there it still was, perhaps a lost calf seeking adoption or maybe merely curious. So I went below and resuming re-reading Eca de Quieros' masterpiece, THE MAIAS. I haven't heard or seen the whale for a while and hope it has

found something better to do than stalk THE HAWKE OF TUONELA.

At 1100 the wind died completely and we were being flopped around on small waves, so the spray cover still off, I started the engine and powered until just before noon when I thought we could sail. Speed now 2.3 knots.

Noon position: 06° 56' North; 80° 31' West. Day's run; 122, significantly lower than the true distance sailed because of the dogleg caused by jibing this morning. Nuku Hiva 3688, bearing 255°. That distance is essentially accurate. Only Costa Rica's tiny Cocos Island between us and there. Although we are not presently pointing 'there'.

Sky completely overcast again.

1600 Heading south, close-hauled on port tack, beneath solid overcast and very light wind. Looks and feels like the doldrums, but isn't. Making 3 and 4 knots in the wrong direction, but the other tack would take us back toward land, and I want to get away from it and the shipping.

Have seen one ship this afternoon to the north and heading north.

1730 There are no cheerful colors on deck. Only gray and grayer.

We are making five knots on course 200°, which is a mere 50° off the desired course, against a slowly rising wind. I put four rolls in the jib. Easy enough to take them out later if the wind decreases. Rain ahead and off our starboard bow. The only good thing about this cloud cover is that it has kept the day cooler.

On my two previous passages from Panama out to the Marquesas, RESURGAM had fine sailing with her highest day's runs ever, more than 200 miles on successive circumnavigations. She actually sailed at 7 to 7.5 knots and the rest was current. I hoped that THE HAWKE OF TUONELA, which easily reaches 8 knots, could do the same or even better.

On both passages I stayed well north of the Galapagos. If this wind continues I might have to pass east and south.

Hope it is an uneventful night. Free of squalls, ships and lonely whales.

May 13

North Pacific Ocean: Wednesday

0610 It was not an uneventful night.

Just before sunset a ship carrying some sort of liquid cargo, not oil, came over to check out THE HAWKE OF TUONELA and passed close, but safely astern. As she continued on her course to some South American port, I saw in the gathering darkness six lights of what had to be a fishing fleet spread across the ocean ahead of me.

I continued on for a mile, then tacked away to the northwest. I was making five knots and all but one of the lights began to fade. However that one was becoming brighter. After my experience last year off Java, I may be paranoid; but, as Woody Allen once said, 'Just because I'm paranoid doesn't prevent people from persecuting me.' I turned off my masthead tricolor light and the other light began immediately to fade.

The night ahead of us was full of lightning and thunder, and the wind soon veered and strengthened. I tacked to starboard and partially furled the jib. In wind that never became more than fourteen knots, we sailed at 6 knots on course for most of the night.

At 0330 I woke to what sounded like popcorn popping. It was rain on the deck and dodger, and with it the wind died.

We are now essentially becalmed. The main is up and that part of the jib that doesn't extend back to the shrouds on which I don't want it chaffing. Our SOG is 1.4 knots. COG varying around 240°. Since noon yesterday we've made 64 miles.

0740 Engine on. Tired of rolling on 2' swells. Sky behind still completely covered by high cloud. Some clearing ahead.

0940 Breath of wind from south. Engine off. Sailing at 2.7 knots under main and jib. Tillerpilot steering.

1000 Boat speed down to 1 knot. Engine on.

1020 Engine off. Sailing at 3 knots under jib and main. Sky everywhere heavy and leaden.

The last time I transited the canal, RESURGAM's engine died just as we pulled into the Panama YC. This was seven months after the United States invaded the country to arrest General Noriega, and with the subsequent rioting and looting, there were no Volvo parts in the country, so we rented a 15 horsepower outboard, jury-rigged an outboard bracket on the self-steering vane mount, and, after transiting the canal and returning the outboard, sailed across the Pacific engineless until we finally were able to replace the diesel in Sydney, Australia. I

mention this because I know that in RESURGAM we did this passage quickly and completely under sail. Obviously had better wind than I'm having now.

1230 Making 3.7 to 4.0 knots, port beam reach. High cloud cover. Barometer is rising. Up to 1016 from a low of 1012 yesterday.

Noon position: 06° 18' North; 81° 47' West. Day's run: 84 miles. Nuku Hiva 3606 miles, bearing 255°.

1705 I'm getting tired of looking at a gray sky.

All afternoon heavy rain was falling from a dark bank of clouds to the south of us, but when we finally reached those clouds, there was no rain and the wind increased only to twelve knots and briefly headed us.

In preparation I had furled the jib halfway and moved the Monitor tiller connection one link to port to give it more leverage. Have already moved the connection back to its original position.

I have felt that our SOG was perhaps a full knot lower than we were sailing. In twelve knots of wind, our SOG only reached a maximum of 5.5 knots. We were surely sailing more than 6 knots, so I postulate an adverse current. SOG now 4.9, which at least better than being becalmed or powering.

Had a salt water shower this afternoon, then cut my hair.

During the middle part of my life, when I had hair, I cut it myself. Only during the past decade or so, when I've had ever less hair have I for some reason gone to barbers. Recently Carol has cut it quite well. I had it last cut in Port Elizabeth, which would

have been early February. So I chopped it back. Easier to do than it used to be.

Haven't seen any ships today. Hope I don't see any lights tonight.

1930 Dark night, except for lightning ahead of us. Not sure if the moon is still full. Certainly haven't seen much of it the past two nights. No lights of ships or fishing fleet in sight.

I checked to see what the speed transducer in the instrument system indicates about our speed. It and the SOG from the chartplotter's GPS are usually close. Not now. A full two knots difference. SOG 5.0. Speed from the instrument system 7.0. While that may be a bit high, I think it confirms the existence of a strong current against us.

May 14

North Pacific Ocean: Thursday

0445 New time zone, GMT -6.

Once last night I woke startled by a bright light shining through the companionway: it was the moon. It in its gibbous waning phase is still visible now to the south, and from where I am sitting I can see the morning star, so the sky is clearer than it has been. Full light will reveal how clear.

I got up an hour ago to find us heading 325°. The wind, never strong, had gone light, and I had moved the Monitor chain again one link over for greater leverage before I went to bed. I moved it back, completely unfurled the jib, re-trimmed the sails, and we are again making 5 knots on course.

I noticed when I got up during the night that our SOG seemed to be closer to the speed I felt we were sailing. I even saw a few 6s. So perhaps we have escaped the worst of the adverse current.

0700 Sailing smoothly toward the Apocalypse.

Hopes that today would bring clearing have not been realized. Although the overcast is no longer total, huge low clouds filled with rain remain. One is off our port quarter and another off the port bow. So far they have not resulted in dramatic increases in wind, but any one of them could. I've eased the main traveler and furled the jib to half. Making 4.8 knots across a sea of lead.

1200 About all you can say for today is that it is better than yesterday. There was some blue sky this morning, but it is gone; and we are probably being slowed .5 of a knot by current instead of 1+. Complete cloud cover again. Rain to the south and astern. Looks slightly better ahead.

This is like an endless mountain range where every time you reach a summit, you find another ahead of you. Here the lines of low cumulus clouds are endless, as is the distant rumble of thunder.

I checked the current chart in an old copy of REED'S NAUTICAL ALMANAC I keep for reference. We are being slowed by the Counter Equatorial Current, which runs up to 1.5 knots to the east. Without a break from this wind and weather, I can't get out of it without sailing southeast.

Caught a glimpse of a boat, perhaps a fishing trawler, north of us an hour ago, but not since.

We've moved beyond Panama. The land 125 miles north of us and receding is Costa Rica.

Noon position: 06° 17' North; 83° 42' West. Day's run: 114 (25 hours). Nuku Hiva 3495, bearing 255°.

1505 I was wrong. Today isn't better than yesterday: it's worse.

A thunderstorm caught us two hours ago and has yet to let us go. It spun us north for a while; south for a while; and killed the wind for a while. Torrential rain for a while; steady rain since. I stripped down and had a cool fresh water rinse. Thunder and lightning closer than I like. One burst of thunder sounded like a prolonged ripping of the fabric of the sky. During one brief clear interval to the north, I saw a ship heading southeast, so perhaps the earlier sighting was another ship and not a fishing trawler.

Sky one undifferentiated shade of gray; the sea another. The sky lighter.

Not the passage I remembered or hoped for.

1630 Still raining.

When you pit yourself against the sea, some of it is going to be hard. It should be. This is hard, but in a peculiar way. Not Cape Horn hard, or Force 12 hard. This is slow, frustrating, dismal hard. There is great beauty out here, but not so far on this passage. I try to detune myself, as I did in the canal transit. Simply accept whatever happens, but it is difficult.

We're sailing more or less west at four knots. I tell myself that in a week it will be better.

May 15

North Pacific Ocean: Friday

0515 Rain ended at 2000 and we continued sailing slowly west over a smooth sea.

First light this morning reveals a disappointingly cloudy sky, though I don't see any thunderheads.

0720 Breakfast for five.

I had mine on deck, which was pleasantly cool. Three terns, whose calls are like squeaky hinges, and who, unlike other pelagic birds, expend considerable energy flapping their wings frenetically, dove and caught fish nearby. And something big judging by the size of the surface splash caught something else a hundred yards off the port bow.

I fiddled with the sails. Moved the mainsheet traveler. Adjusted sheet tension on both main and jib. Adjusted the main luff and outhaul. Mostly I made us go slower. And so ended up with everything about where I started. The wind unit is still talking to me and it says we have 5 to 6 knots of wind, which is what I think too. Making four knots is as good as it is going to get, particularly with the possibility we still have some adverse current. Would be a very pleasant lazy daysail if I didn't want to get anywhere.

0900 Blue sky to the south. Only high cloud over us. Sunshine.

1205 Although many low cumulus clouds remain, the day continues sunny. I think we have escaped The Great Dismal Swamp. A little more wind, and it has backed to the south. Our SOG is 6.0 knots; COG 231°. I may ease us off to 240°.

While we have continued west, the coast has trended north and the closest point of the Costa Rican mainland is more than 200 miles distant.

Noon position: 06° 07' North; 85° 09' West. Day's run: 88 miles. Nuku Hiva 3409 miles, bearing 255°.

1430 Amazing that it is Friday and a week ago, given the hour time difference, I was powering around The Flats, waiting for Tito and my adviser, about to start the canal transit. It seems much more recent than that.

1615 Did some exercises. Took a salt water solar shower. Some clouds to the west. Didn't have to ease off to 240°. Wind backed and headed us off to 255°-260°. Having a hard time getting south of 06° North. Only one more mile to go, but at this angle it will take a while. Going on deck with a glass of wine to listen to music.

1830 Sailed toward rain for the past few hours. It didn't look serious and dissipated before we reached it, but the clouds bent the wind and turned us northwest, so I've tacked and am heading 210°. I expect that in time the wind will return to where it was, head us, and I'll tack back. Good sailing for a while. Now down to 4 knots.

1850 That tack lasted about as long as I expected. Back on port. SOG 5.4. COG 254°. And we still haven't crossed 06° North.

May 16
North Pacific Ocean: Saturday

0550 Worse and worse. I've already tacked four times this morning and haven't even had a cup of coffee.

Just before 2000 last night we crossed 06° North and our latitude was $05^{\circ} 59'$ North. Now it is $06^{\circ} 19'$ North. The wind backed and headed us all night, forcing us northwest.

I saw this as I got up during the night, but there was and is nothing to do about it.

When I woke for good an hour ago, rain was falling from dark clouds just north and east of us. That is dissipating, but those clouds may be screwing up the wind. The sky is mostly clear ahead.

There is more chop; only 2', but we are pounding a bit and taking water over the deck. Or rather we were when we were making more than 5 knots. At the moment we are wallowing under full sail at 4.5 and not taking any spray at all.

As often happens in the Topics, the afternoon's clouds and rain disappeared as the air cooled at sunset and by 1900 the sky was clear and starry, until clouds began to form again after midnight.

0715 It is in fact a beautiful morning, sunny, blue sky, except to the northeast; just not for sailing to the Marquesas.

Three more tacks find us heading around 200° . If the Galapagos weren't in the way, I'd keep going until I was headed again or reached the southeast trade winds, but they are: 450 miles dead ahead. Costa Rica's Cocos Island is only 55 miles ahead.

1020 Two visitors. One a big sea turtle swimming beside a piece of bamboo. The other a helicopter that circled high overhead and then flew off to the northwest.

The wind continued to veer and for a while we were sailing 230°, which was perfect. Unfortunately we come up to a rain cloud that has while I've been writing swung us back to 151°. On deck to tack.

1040 Tacked. Tacked back. Sailing 221° at 5.4 knots. Wish this wind would last. Can see Cocos, 39 miles distant according to the chartplotter.

Heeled over enough when tacking to have water sloshing over cabin sole, so I pumped four buckets full from bilge.

1205 Can't get a break from the wind, which has backed, heading us again, and weakened. COG 190°. SOG 5.0. On this course we will pass east of Cocos. Earlier we were easily going to pass west. And for that matter, if we continue to be headed, I'll tack. Now down to 185°.

Noon position: 06° 00' North; 86° 48' West. Day's run 100 miles. Sailed more, but tacked. Nuku Hiva 3312 miles, bearing 254°.

Rain behind us. Sunny with clouds ahead.

This is almost certainly going to be the slowest week of the entire voyage so far.

1410 One miserable four mile long speck of land in hundreds of miles and it is right in my way. Tried to pass to windward. Can't. Now trying to pass well to leeward. Wind very light. Making about 4 knots. And no matter what course I try to sail, the wind points us right at Cocos.

1700 Five and six knots of wind forever. Not a white-cap in sight. We're eight miles due east of Cocos Island, making 4.8 knots.

What is white and in sight are pieces of plastic. Ever since I left Panama I've seen more plastic in the sea than usual, but this afternoon near Cocos I've seen more than I've ever seen before anywhere. Water bottles. Pieces of styrofoam. Bags. Medicine bottles. Boxes. Cups. Almost always one or more in sight.

In the past I've thought the Mediterranean was the most polluted sea. The Med is essentially a closed system. You throw something in the Med and it is there forever. I think that Cocos Island is uninhabited. I'll check when I next have an Internet connection. So I have no explanation. I only report the fact.

Beyond the plastic and slow sailing, it is a beautiful afternoon of gray, blue and white, cloud and sea, shadow and light.

2015 An hour ago, I was sitting on deck, listening to music. THE HAWKE OF TUONELA was six miles east of Cocos. The sun had set. Darkness was nearly complete, when suddenly a spotlight came on from a small vessel a few hundred yards away in the direction of Cocos Island. I could not see the boat, but knew it was small because its running lights were near the water. First I saw the green starboard light. I had not seen any running lights prior to the spotlight coming on.

I turned impassively toward the light. It remained steady, then moved astern.

I went below, turned off the music, got a screw driver to remove the spray cover from the engine control, and the key to the engine.

Back on deck, the spot light was still shining. I removed the spray cover, started the engine, but left it in neutral.

The other boat was two hundred yards away, possibly more. Now I could see its port red running light.

The spot light continued on me. I continued to look directly at it. Then the light went out, and the other vessel's green running light became visible, and gradually dimmed as it fell astern. It went out. I climbed down the companionway and turned off my masthead tricolor, then back into the cockpit where I put the engine in gear and powered at six knots for forty-five minutes. Now sailing at four knots. See no lights. Hear no other engine.

(In Nuku Hiva I met a Swedish couple who had anchored at Cocos Island. I asked them if it was inhabited, and they said only by park rangers, who patrol the nearby waters for illegal fishing. Quite probably the boat whose lights I saw was theirs.)

May 17

North Pacific Ocean: Sunday

0530 No more excitement last night. I sailed without my tricolor masthead light on.

Fishing boats around Cocos would explain all the plastic I saw in the water there.

Dawn is angrily cloudy and orange. Heavy rain falling far astern. Only patch of clear sky ahead.

Our course has remained a disappointing 195°.

Near the Equator is the Equatorial Current that runs west. I had hoped to reach it, but will probably try to tack and see what course I can sail on port. We're not getting much closer to Nuku Hiva on this tack.

Just checked the pilot chart information in Visual Passage Planner. Essentially there is no west wind here, which is what we have. More than 80% of the wind comes from the southwest or south. Based on the pilot chart information, the further south I go, the more likely the wind will be from the south, and the current starts to flow west at about 3° North. So if this unlikely wind persists, I'm going to hold this course for another day.

The percent of calms is not great above 2° North. Near the Galapagos calms can be expected from 10% to 15% of the time.

1205 Clouds have caught up with us and now cover all the sky, except for a small patch to the north. Rain falling in some places, but not yet on us.

Wind continues light and from the west. When our course fell to 170° a couple of times, I tacked, but ended up tacking back. Won't sail east of 180°. At the moment 185° and 5.2 knots.

Noon position: 04° 16' North; 87° 22' West. Day's run: 110 miles. But that was mostly south and only shortened our distance to Nuku Hiva by 59 miles. Nuku Hiva 3253 miles, bearing 256°.

Discouraging.

1445 Tacked a few more times. Can't get the boat to sail any course within 45° of the rhumb line to Nuku Hiva. Scattered showers about. Very light wind. Making 3.9 knots course 210°. Very discouraging. Very frustrating. Very depressing. Enough to drive a man to drink. So I'm going to have a beer.

May 18

North Pacific Ocean: Monday

0530 Almost came to a stop several times last night. Sails slatting. SOG less than 1 knot. But a few hours ago the wind filled in from the south and we are presently making 5.7 knots close reaching on course 250°. Also being rained on. Hope the wind doesn't end when the rain does.

0605 Wind didn't even last as long as the rain. Still raining. Boat speed 0.7.

0815 Terrible morning. Slow rain. Low clouds. Rumble of distant thunder. Becalmed. Rolling on swells from somewhere. Jib furled. Mainsail still up and slamming around.

I can see the adverse current on the chartplotter. Our bow is facing west, but the chartplotter shows us going east at between .6 and .8 of a knot. That's the current carrying us backward.

1205 Rain is easing, almost stopped. Sky has small patch of blue to the south and the overcast is brighter. A ship crossed a few miles ahead an hour ago, moving northwest to southeast. Wind is light. We start our second week sailing at 3.4 knots on course 258°.

Noon position: 03° 49' North; 88° 20' West. Day's run 64 miles.
Week's run: 682. Nuku Hiva 3190 miles, bearing 256°.

I was so happy to be back in the Pacific a week ago Saturday, and it has given me the smallest week's run of the entire voyage by almost a hundred miles. Next slowest week was 777 miles. And the day that just ended was the shortest day's run of the voyage. Not at all what I remembered or expected.

1615 Shaved. Salt water showered. Changed into clean dry shorts.

We were sailing along at 4 to 5 knots on 250° until we came up to a band of clouds and rain that have caused the wind to head us. Now sailing 192°.

The growth on my leg that was frozen in St. Thomas and which the doctor told me I need not worry about for the rest of this voyage has grown back. It is sensitive and slightly painful to the touch, which is the reason I just thought of it when I rested the computer on top of it.

I'm really beginning to wonder how I'm ever going to get to the Marquesas.

1700 Tacked to 306°. This statistically unlikely west wind is all we get.

1745 Rain easing. SOG 2.5 knots. COG 315°.

1810 Rain continues, but wind has backed to south. Took off my shorts to keep them dry when I went out to adjust sails. Easier to dry skin than cloth. SOG 4.2. COG 245°.

1840 SOG 2.4. COG 264°.

May 19

North Pacific Ocean: Tuesday

0530 Awakened by rain an hour ago. Sailed at 3 to 5 knots in the right direction most of the night until the rain. Saw lights of a ship far to the north one of the times I was up. Steady hard rain continues. Has killed wind. SOG .8 of a knot. The only good news is that from the instruments it appears that the current is taking us west instead of east. Perhaps we've reached the Equatorial Current.

Am two hundred miles north of the Galapagos. Still have two hundred and fifty miles west to go before I can turn south and try to reach the southeast trades. If I had this to do over, I would have gone due south from Panama until I reached them and passed south of the Galapagos. But I had good sailing going this way twice before.

0600 I was wrong about the current. It is still taking us backwards. Rain continues. SOG .8. COG 116°, although bow is pointing 242°. Sails slatting.

0810 Finally a pause in the rain. I tried to tack. Failed to come about. Sailing northwest at 2 knots. Continued complete low overcast.

We were level enough this morning for me to clear the bilge with the electric bilge pump. Almost always heeled over too far to use it at sea. Also pumped a bucket full of water from the engine compartment.

1205 Misty rain from the south, but we are beam reaching west at 5 knots.

Noon position: 03° 22' North; 89° 23' West. Day's run 69 miles.
Nuku Hiva 3122 miles, bearing 256°.

1600 Gray on gray on gray. Lighter shades this afternoon.
Complete low cloud overcast. Misty rain to the south of us.
Rain off the starboard bow.

We're 180 miles north of the closest of the Galapagos. Also less than 6,000 miles from my mooring, which at this rate will take one hundred days.

1900 Went back on deck after dinner to sit and enjoy the sailing.

Two hours ago, after a few minutes of calm, twelve to fourteen knots of wind filled in from the south and THE HAWKE OF TUONELA has been sailing 5.5+ knots. I've even seen a few 6's. These are not normally numbers that excite me, but it has been a while. We still have most of a knot of current against us.

Clouds have thinned since sunset. A few stars visible and the shadow of a seabird hunting.

May 20

North Pacific Ocean: Wednesday

0520 We continued sailing all night on a beam reach. We've crossed 90° Longitude, in fact are almost to 91°, and have finally moved south of 03° South. As always I woke many times and made a few adjustments to course, but our SOG remained steady at 5.5 knots, until I woke for good a half hour ago. Everything--the angle of heel, the sounds, the feel of the boat moving through the water--seemed the same, but when I

checked the instrument display I found it reading 6.4. We must at last be out of the counter current. This is very good news.

Some clouds behind us, but some stars still visible in the pre-dawn sky.

1210 Good sailing continues. Close reaching just forward of a beam reach at 6.5 to 7 knots. Wind of twelve to fourteen knots. Sky mostly sunny and the few clouds are not the low overcast we've been experiencing.

We are 68 miles north northeast of the closest of the Galapagos, tiny Isla Darwin, and 150 miles north of the main island group.

Noon position: 02° 37' North; 91° 25' West. Day's run 130 miles. At last triple digits again. Nuku Hiva 2993 miles, bearing 257°.

1330 Finished re-reading Eca de Queiros' THE MAIAS, a great novel portraying late Nineteenth Century Portuguese society. The two main characters are a grandfather and his grandson of the wealthy and prominent Maia family. Great plans, great hopes, dwindle away into dilettantism. The descriptions of landscape and society are excellent. The references to sex surprisingly bold for the time, even for a follower of Zola and Flaubert. A twist of plot that was a surprise the first time I read the book. And a wonderful final scene in which Carlos, the Maia grandson, now a world weary man in middle age and a friend are walking in Lisbon, agreeing that nothing is worth desiring or striving for or even quickening one's pace, only to realize that they are late for a dinner appointment and run to catch a tram.

Just changed from the C-Map chart cartridge of South American and the Caribbean, which has detail of the Galapagos, back to the one on which I began this voyage, that of Australia, New Zealand and the South Pacific, which has detail from the Marquesas west.

Mostly sunny. Wind 14 knots. Taking some water over the bow. SOG 7.3. COG 259°. Beautiful sailing.

1600 Salt water solar shower, accompanied by sea water rinse. We are taking some waves over the bow and one ran back to the cockpit while I was bathing. Almost as warm as the water from the solar shower bag.

Rearranged some supplies. Topped up the jar of trail mix in the galley for my morning cereal. Still have nuts and dried fruit from South Africa.

Then went on deck with a beer, drunk standing and leaning against the traveler. If I had sat down, I would have gotten wet. Wonderful sailing. THE HAWKE OF TUONELA is in a groove, with the jib reduced by six rolls and the full main, steady 7.5 knot SOG across a sea with 2' to 3' waves. World is again blue and white, sky and clouds, sea and white-caps. Not gray. This is the sailing from previous passages, but I don't remember the hassle getting out here. I hope it lasts.

May 21

North Pacific Ocean: Thursday

0555 Wind weakened and veered south southwest during the night, causing me to let out more jib and sail close hauled on

port tack. I woke an hour ago when we pounded on a couple of small waves. Found the wind had backed and we were pointing too high. Rolled in some of the jib, eased the main, and we are again on a close reach, with an SOG of 8.2 knots at the moment, at least a knot of which is current.

Low clouds covering sky at first light.

I haven't given barometer readings because it has remained between 1012 and 1015 since the passage began. Presently 1014.

1010 I just saw the edge of the Equatorial Current, at least that branch of it.

I was on deck to adjust the sails because we had wandered too high of our desired course when I saw ahead and south of us a distinct line of white caps. Then I noticed that the color and texture of the water was different on each side of the breakers. Smoother and lighter in color on our side.

We were sailing at an angle toward this boundary line. As we neared, it looked like small overfalls. The disturbed band of water was narrow, and as we entered it I watched our SOG instantly drop from 7.8 knots to 6.2.

Obviously there are many miles to be gained by staying in the current, but it is continuing west parallel to the Equator, and I want to go southwest and find the trade winds.

Losing the current caused a decrease in apparent wind, so I unfurled more jib, and may have to unfurl still more to keep us above 6 knots.

The sun has burned off most of the clouds. Only white puffs remain in a blue sky.

1205 Beautiful day. Finest of the passage so far. Sunny. Wind 12 knots. Close reaching at 6 knots across sparkling sea.

Noon position: 02° 11' North; 94° 14' West. Day's run 171 miles. Nuku Hiva 2823 miles, bearing 256°.

1800 Wonderful sailing continues. SOG 6.5 knots. Just crossing 02° North. Dry enough so I could sit on deck this afternoon in shade of the sails.

Passed within a few yards of a sea turtle, who lifted his old leathery head, which probably is younger than my old leathery head, only briefly to peer at THE HAWKE OF TUONELA, before returning his gaze to more important matters below the water. He probably felt about me as I feel about fishing boats: go away and stop cluttering up my ocean.

May 22

North Pacific Ocean: Friday

0710 Conditions the same, which is to say perfect. Close reaching smoothly at 7 knots. I think the increase in boat speed is that we are sailing faster rather than current. Wind is slightly stronger. Waves up to 3', but taking them almost on the beam. Rolling slightly, but angle of heel and motion are mostly steady. Sun burning off low clouds.

I was on deck at 0100 making an adjustment to the boom vang. Under some conditions the mast end fitting rises and falls a fraction of an inch with a loud clank. A permanent cure for this would be to put more washers on the pin, but that requires

some serious disassembly, so I've been tying a narrow piece of cord there to act as a shock absorber. Eventually this wears out. It had last night, so I got dressed, put on my headlamp, and went on deck to tie a new piece in place. This requires waiting until the boom vang rises and the gap appears. I managed to get this done before a wave got me, but then was awake for a while.

Woke briefly at 0430. I've been sleeping on top of my sleeping bag, but pulled some of it over me and went back to sleep until 0600,

1200 Continues sunny, with scattered high clouds reaching us from the southeast. SOG 7.0. COG 248°. I'd like to sail around 250° and get to the Equator a bit sooner, but have no reason to push harder through the waves. Already taking too much spray over the deck to sit there. Will be crossing into new time zone GMT -7 this afternoon. Will change ship's time after this post.

Noon position: 01° 32' North; 96° 47' West. Day's run 158 miles. Nuku Hiva 2665 miles, bearing 256°.

1700 Deck glistening with water. We are moving smoothly, but the wind is forward of the beam and spray rises from the bow and flows aft. I spent some time on deck this afternoon after a salt water solar shower, standing, leaning on the traveler. Many shoals of flying fish and, I think, a whale spouting a half mile south of us. Not certain with the white-caps and some larger swells that intermittently obscured the spout.

Just let out a little more jib. SOG 6.8. COG 240°.

Sun setting early in the new time zone. We're about a thousand miles south of Acapulco, Mexico.

May 23

North Pacific Ocean: Saturday

0545 A more doldrumsesque sky this morning. Low, fuzzy gray clouds. For the past few days we've had a trade wind sky, but the wind was from the south and I don't believe the southeast trades extent that far north.

The wind decreased during the night, but every time I got up we were still making at least 6.5 knots, until the last time a half hour ago when we were down to 5.5.

I went on deck, let out the full jib, re-trimmed the main and the Monitor and got us back up to 6.5+ on a course of around 240°. I'll continue to sail high to get south until I'm confident we have reached the southeast trades.

According to the instrument system the true wind direction is already 136°. That is a calculation by the system and I'm not sure accurate because the instrument transducer is still reading about .3 of a knot higher than our true SOG, but the wind has definitely backed if not quite that far.

As I wrote during the crossing of the Equator in the Atlantic Ocean earlier this year, the doldrums have seldom held me up-- but then they proceeded to do so in the Atlantic. I hope this time they don't.

We are forty-five miles north of the Equator.

0745 Coffee on deck with music and flying fish.

I am elated. Not at the prospect of crossing the Equator as much as that doing so will take me back into the Southern Hemisphere. I was born as are the vast majority of humanity north, but I am at heart a man of the south, and except for Carol, my mooring off Opua is home.

Sun burning away some of the clouds.

1205 The sun continued its good work, and all the doldrumsque clouds are gone. Some scattered white puffs remain. Not exactly a trade wind sky, but pleasant. We're just forward of a beam reach making about 7 knots with full main and two rolls in the jib.

Noon position: 00° 25' North; 99° 21' West. Day's run 167 miles (25 hours). Nuku Hiva 2500, bearing 257°.

I am giving thought to bypassing Tahiti if I can. In the past the rules in French Polynesia have varied considerably depending on nationality. For Americans, as most non-Europeans, you get a thirty day visa on arrival, but if you want to stay longer you have to go to Papeete, Tahiti, within those thirty days to get an extension. If this is still the case, I may sail directly from Nuku Hiva to Bora-Bora, spend about two weeks there, and then either sail for New Zealand or to Tonga.

There have really been only three places I was looking forward to seeing in the South Pacific: Nuku Hiva out of curiosity about how it has changed; the anchorage on the reef at Moorea; and the anchorage at Bora-Bora where the home photograph of my website was taken.

If I can skip Papeete, to which I have sailed six times and which has become increasingly congested, inconvenient and

unattractive, I'll also miss nearby and still beautiful Moorea, but I can live with that.

1615 Twelve miles north of the Equator and closing at an oblique angle. We'll make it sometime this evening at around 100° West.

We crossed the Equator heading north in the Atlantic at 1851 hours on March 7 at 31° 19' West.

2055 Starry sky, shadowy sea. The Southern Cross to port. Ursa Major to starboard. Scorpio rising. We are in the Southern Hemisphere.

I crossed the Equator for the thirteenth and possibly the last time at 2045 and 100° 10.876' West Longitude. My mooring was at that moment 5251 miles ahead.

I had been on deck for more than an hour, listening to music, watching the running lights of a ship passing south of us, perhaps toward Tahiti or New Zealand or Australia, and sipping a celebratory Laphroaig from a Dartington crystal glass. I felt this justifiable cause to open my last bottle of duty free Laphroaig bought in the Virgin Islands, and Laphroaig can't be drunk from plastic.

I'm heading home.

May 24

South Pacific Ocean: Sunday

0530 Except for a few hours in the Gulf of Panama, this is the first time on this passage that the wind has been aft of the beam. The wind is definitely from the southeast, and we are

broad reaching at 5.5 knots about half a degree south of the Equator. We could come to a stop as quickly as the wind began several days ago, so I am going to suspend judgment, but I hope that these are the southeast trades. The conditions we were enduring last week were certainly like the doldrums. Maybe they were. I've just never before known them to be anywhere near that far north.

Hatches open. Breeze pleasantly cool. Sky light with a few clouds. Sun still below the horizon. Taking my coffee on deck.

1000 A lot of work and sweat to no advantage. Set the big white spinnaker; furled jib; tired to keep main up; lowered main; found a loose track slide on main; fixed it; discovered that we were going slower under spinnaker, although more quietly and smoothly than with main and jib; raised main; furled spinnaker; unfurled jib; furled jib; unfurled spinnaker; furled spinnaker; unfurled jib; lowered and bagged spinnaker; put preventer on boom. SOG 3.8 TO 4.1 knots.

Sunny day.

1205 A few clouds near horizon, but overhead completely clear. Making 4.5 to 5.0 knots around 235°-240°. Wind light and a 3' swell is frequently rolling wind from sails, thus the preventer on boom.

Noon position: 00° 40' South; 101° 21' West. Day's run 137 miles. Nuku Hiva 2368 miles, bearing 258°.

Everything easier with wind aft of the beam--brushing teeth, shaving, pumping bilge--but in light air boat speed slower.

1610 Confused cross seas, with an occasional set of 5' swells from the southeast. Wind the too familiar 6 to 8 knots. Some

scattered fuzzy clouds, but mostly blue sky. Lurching along at 4.8 to 5.1 knots.

Reed's world current chart does not show a counter current on this side of the Equator, so whatever current we find should be helping us between 0 and 40 miles a day. Don't think there is any yet.

May 25

South Pacific Ocean: Monday

0610 Clouds at sunset with a brief period of rain disturbed the wind and we flopped and rolled, sails collapsing and filling, until midnight. Very restful. We did keep moving, slowly. Except for backing to the east during the rain and forcing us south, the wind remained in the southeast. I did get some sleep, but was awake at 0130 for an hour.

This dawn finds the sky partly clear and we are making 5 knots around 230° to 240°. Not until we are below 03° or 04° will I try to sail the rhumb line to Nuku Hiva. At 01° 29' South now.

0945 Been working for the past hour or so.

Enough wind abruptly came from a cloud behind us to overpower the Monitor and round us up to the south. I eased the mainsheet without effect, so started to furl the jib. Halfway in it stuck. The most likely cause of this is an override on the furling drum, which can happen when the sail is furled in a calm and there is slack in the line. I saw the override from the cockpit. If the line is well and truly jammed, the only way to clear it is to unfurl the jib completely removing all pressure on the line, then take the end from the cockpit to the bow and manually unwind it from around the drum until you get to the

override, clear it, then thread the line back around the drum the necessary number of times, run it back through its leads to the cockpit. Which is what I did.

Because the jib had to be out, I lowered the mainsail. Put on my safety harness and went forward, where I clipped myself onto the bow pulpit, and spent a happy half hour or so with the furling line, as we slashed down and across waves. Quite exciting.

Then back to the cockpit, where I tested my work by furling and unfurling the jib, left it half furled, re-raised mainsail.

I have been having problems with the Monitor getting enough leverage to prevent us rounding up. Not sure why. Have adjusted the control lines. Now have the chain set two links to windward at the tiller connection, which I seldom do in less than a gale. Wind instrument says we now have 18 knots true wind, which I think is about right.

Also I think that despite what Reed's Almanac says, we are encountering a counter current. Our SOG has been a knot lower than I feel that we have been sailing since yesterday. It is now 5.7 and in this wind THE HAWKE OF TUONELA should easily be doing 6.5+. I even looked over the stern to see if we were dragging a piece of net or line.

1210 Lowered mainsail just before lunch. Even though our SOG was only 5.5 knots, the boat felt over-canvassed. SOG now is around 5 knots, and there is no way THE HAWKE OF TUONELA is only sailing at that speed in these conditions.

Noon position: 01° 41' South; 102° 52' West. Day's run 110 miles. Week's run 942. Nuku Hiva 2266, bearing 259°.

This is a hard passage. Obviously not in severity of weather, but in hard work and trying sailing.

1610 Raised mainsail. Tired of seeing SOG in the 4s. Even with main and full jib SOG only 5.3. This is not credible. Looked over the side again to see if we are dragging something. Don't seem to be. Rudder and the part of the bottom I can see look clean.

Almost completely clear sky. Just a few clouds scattered about the horizon. Wind 14-16 knots. Some real waves. 4' and 5'. Lots of white-caps. Frustrating not to be going faster. SOG 4.8 knots. Instrument system speed transducer says 6.5. At least a knot of the difference is an unknown adverse current.

1810 I haven't touched a thing and the wind hasn't changed. SOG now 6.6 knots.

This is not a matter of time. Except for the thing growing on my leg, I have enough time. It is the quality of the experience. I want to feel the boat sailing well, not wallowing or gasping for a breath of air.

May 26

South Pacific Ocean: Tuesday

0600 I went back on deck for a while last evening and was rewarded with the first sliver of moon and a wave. The only one to come aboard in hours.

Up several times during the night. Two brief showers spun us off to the south. Readjusted Monitor and partially furled the jib. Glad I found the wrap on the furling drum during daylight. Also

had to remove from the cockpit a big, fat, slippery, smelly flying fish.

Predawn clear sky. Unfurled the jib and we're making 6+ knots more or less on course for Nuku Hiva. I'm no longer making an effort to get further south. I suppose we could still be confronted by the doldrums, but I don't expect to be. We're at 02° 15' South and there is no sign of them south of us. 3' and 4' waves are coming from that direction and the wind, except in showers, has been southeast for days.

The sky two nights ago looked like the doldrums. Perhaps it was. As I have said, the doldrums have usually not slowed me much, unless the miserable conditions the first week and a half of this passage were the doldrums, in which case they slowed us considerably.

Now we should have a broad reach to the Marquesas.

1210 Fine sailing. 6.5 knots, under main and partially furled jib. Mostly clear sky. Scattered white clouds. Sparkling dark blue sea.

Did some exercises this morning. All but push-ups. Also fell asleep while reading.

Noon position: 02° 23' South; 104° 55' West. Day's run 130 miles. Nuku Hiva 2137 miles, bearing 259°.

1840 Went to sit on deck to watch sunset, but noticed that the deck was glistening wet from bow back to where I was sitting. It was only a matter of time. Decided it better to stand. Was standing when flying fish flew from the sea and bounced against my clean shorts. Threw him back in. Washed scales and smell from shorts.

THE HAWKE OF TUONELA is in a 7 knot groove. Wind 16 to 18. Sky clear. Seas mostly 2' to 3'. Just aft of a beam reach. Pastel sunset. Peach to gold.

May 27

South Pacific Ocean: Wednesday

0850 We're past the middle of the time zone, so it was still completely dark when I woke at 0500. Went to sleep early at 1930. Up many times, once to reduce the jib, once to increase it again, but always got back to sleep.

Dawn was a repeat of sunset, pastel peach to gold, but then the sky has remained the same almost cloudless blue, as have the wind and seas and good sailing, though more a beam reach than a broad one.

Ate my last orange this morning. Still have two apples left, though the apple I ate yesterday was half bad. Nothing more fresh on the boat except for several limes.

1205 Conditions the same. Thinking about lowering mainsail and seeing how we sail under jib alone. Two milestones: less than 2,000 miles to go, and I can see our position and Nuku Hiva on the chartplotter screen at the same time.

Noon position: 02° 58' South; 107° 34' West. Day's run 163 miles. Nuku Hiva 1974 miles, bearing 260°.

May 28

South Pacific Ocean: Thursday

0610 Mostly cloudy sky this morning. Brief rain around 0100. Wind a little stronger. Waves a little higher, up to 6'. We continue sailing on a beam reach at 7+ knots. Still thinking about lowering mainsail. Furled the jib down to storm jib size last night. Have delayed lowering the main because I'm reluctant to make changes when we're mostly in a seven knot groove on course and only occasionally get a little overpowered, and because I think we will roll considerably more without the main. I could, of course, put a reef in the main, but unless the wind were decidedly more forward, I'd rather lower it. The advantage of sailing with the jib alone is that I have easy control of the amount of sail set, thus the angle of heel, which would help because I need to run the engine one of these days--the sails shadow the solar panels from noon on--and we would probably still go just as fast.

Also seem to have more water in bilge than we should. Hope we didn't spring something when we went aground at Shelter Bay. I was going very slowly at the time and the bottom was soft, so seems unlikely. And we are taking a lot of spray over the deck--too much for me to sit there--which somehow finds its way below.

0640 Three flying fish and a squid on deck. Drank my first cup of coffee standing, leaning against the traveler. Some of the clouds have already started to burn off with the first sunlight.

0810 Thickening clouds to the southeast finally caused me to make up my mind and I just lowered mainsail. Much better. Still making 7+ knots under jib with two rolls in it, but not feeling over-pressed and less angle of heel.

1200 Some high cloud remaining, but mostly sunny. Amazing how much more smoothly we are sailing under jib alone. At

times I've thought we have almost stopped, only to look at the instrument display and find our speed has dropped to 6.8 knots.

Lots of flying fish in these waters. THE HAWKE OF TUONELA startles great shoals of them. Saw a big fin off the bow. Maybe a shark.

Noon position: 03° 20' South; 110° 23' West. Day's run 170 miles. Nuku Hiva 1804 miles, bearing 259°.

1800 Lovely sailing. Wind and waves have decreased. Still averaging more than 6.5 knots, but able to have hatches open and sit on deck. Perfect. Exercised. Swept cabin sole. Rearranged provisions. Showered. Going back up now to watch sunset. Last day in this time zone.

May 29

South Pacific Ocean: Friday

0515 Not quite at new time zone yet, but will be this morning, so have changed ship's time. Now GMT -8. We are 2300 miles south of Phoenix, Arizona. The Panama Canal is slightly east of Miami, so we've sailed across most of America. Still have California to go.

Very pleasant night. Kept moving comfortably at 6.5 to 7 knots. Clear starry night. Some unexpected dark clouds with rain behind us now.

1200 Finished last apple today. Still good. Also finished last volume of Henryk Sienkiewicz's Polish trilogy, FIRE IN THE STEPPE. May be my favorite, though it is much like the first two. Fine war scenes after initial Shakespeare like comedy of dual confused courtships.

A little more wind and seas. Sailing at 7 knots with two rolls in the jib. Wind still on beam. Clouds dissipated this morning with only a few drops of rain on us.

Noon position: 03° 47' South; 113° 07' West. Day's run 167 miles (25 hours). Nuku Hiva 1638 miles, bearing 259°.

1850 Dramatic cloud show this afternoon, with bands of thick cloud passing. Nothing has happened, except an increase of wind to around 20 knots at intervals. Sailing now with five or six rolls in jib.

Ran engine for a half an hour, both to run engine and help charge batteries. Not much solar charging today with cloud cover, and I'm not getting more than 2 amps at a time anyway. I've checked the panels and they are producing. May be problem with wiring or with the regulator.

Dolphin playing follow the leader and leaping from the sea almost every time I was on deck.

May 30

South Pacific Ocean: Saturday

0520 Going to be a long day. Awake since 0345 when I went on deck to reduce the jib for the second time during the night. Wind has increased to 23 knots and backed to the southeast, so we are on a broad reach. Some waves to 6' and some slapping into the cockpit. First light shows it clear to the east and overhead; a dark line of clouds just north of us, and more on the southern horizon. By no means serious, just the most wind we've had on this passage. We're rolling more. Jars and

bottles and cans rattling on shelves. Need to pack more stuff on them so objects have no space to move.

Still making 6.5 to 7 knots under 1/3 of jib.

0710 Spectacular dawn, with the sun illuminating the tops of a row of big cumulus clouds to the south of us. Gray where they reached down to the sea and pure white tops exploding into the sky.

Most of those clouds have passed beyond us without rain or a increase in wind and the sky is clearing to the southeast. Might set a little more jib.

Arrived in Darwin, Australia, a year ago today.

1200 Haven't increased jib yet, but may soon. Wind down to 17 knots. Masses of cumulus cloud still passing overhead, but more blue sky now than earlier. Dosed off a couple of times while reading this morning.

Noon position: 04° 22' South; 115° 43' West. Day's run 160 miles. Nuku Hiva 1479 miles, bearing 259°.

1550 I've been shaving, exercising, and showering every other day. Today was the day, but this morning I didn't think it was going to happen. It did. Wind back in the teens, although still broad reaching. Sky looks something like an augmented trade wind sky. Low white clouds are evenly spaced, but more substantial than puffs.

May 31
South Pacific Ocean: Sunday

0550 An easy night. Let out all but two rolls of jib and adjusted Monitor first thing this morning.

There are a couple of things, in addition to my leg, which aren't quite right. The Monitor is having problems handling increases of wind and I don't understand why. I have the chain which connects it to the tiller two links further to windward than usual. I centered the new lines when I replaced the old ones in Panama.

And I'm not getting anywhere near full charging from my solar panels, though both the big ones are putting out at full voltage.

Of my leg, the growth is the size of a marble and painful to the slightest touch, such as even clothing or the sleeping bag brushing against it. My eyes seek it as earlier this year they sought the breaking lower shroud, and it is going to influence my decisions about this voyage. The best places for medical treatment before New Zealand are the French hospital in Tahiti or the American hospital at Pago-Pago, American Samoa, neither of which I want to visit. I could also press on to New Zealand, but risk a mid-winter gale. We'll see how it progresses by the time I reach Nuku Hiva.

Despite relatively smooth seas and only 16 knots wind, a wave just came from no where and thudded into the hull.

We are 2200 miles almost due south of San Diego, California. I know these waters well. EGREGIOUS broke here twice.

Looking to the north I see her yellow hull slicing toward me in November 1974 on my first attempt at Cape Horn, hesitate,

stumble, try to continue, and finally fall off with broken rigging for Tahiti.

And a year later in October 1975 she comes again. There is no hesitation this time. She crosses ahead of me and continues south, hard on the southeast trades. But it is here that I become certain that her hull is cracked. It will stay cracked for another four months and eighteen thousand miles.

I watch her sail on, battling toward a distant Cape Horn, become a speck on the southern horizon, disappear, and THE HAWKE OF TUONELA is alone again.

1205 Trade wind sky. Evenly spaced low white puffs of cumulus cloud. Blue sky. Wind has veered from an apparent angle of 122° to 100° . We continue sailing at 6.5 to 7 knots.

Noon position: $04^\circ 52'$ South; $118^\circ 19'$ West. Day's run 158 miles. Nuku Hiva 1321 miles, bearing 259° .

1810 Some unexpected walls of water passing through at intervals, coming up from the far south. Also cross seas, which almost seem the norm. Half moon visible from afternoon on. Passed a float from a fishing net with a bird sitting on it, who turned and watched us sail by.

June 1

South Pacific Ocean: Monday

0615 Another quiet night. Wind had weakened when I woke an hour ago, so fully unfurled jib. Lovely dawn, with trade wind clouds lilac and lavender over a silver ocean just before sunrise.

Three weeks out today. I recall saying when I was a week out that the canal transit seemed much more recent than that, two weeks later it seems ancient.

The first day of June. It is possible that I could be in New Zealand by the end of next month. but by no means certain that I will even try to be.

We already have a thousand mile week and need a day's run of 152 miles to have an 1100 mile week. It looks likely.

1210 Made it, but just. 1102 miles for the week. If everything holds together, including the wind, we will be in Nuku Hiva a week tomorrow. 3 1/2 degrees of latitude and 19 of longitude to go.

Sunny, almost completely clear blue sky, with only a few white puffs scattered about the horizon. Wind 12-14 just aft of the beam. SOG 6.4 knots under jib with two rolls in it.

Before the passage began I moved the spinnakers to the forward ends of the quarter berths so they would be accessible. It may not have been necessary.

Noon position: 05° 25' South; 120° 50' West. Day's run 154 miles. Week's run 1102 miles. Nuku Hiva 1167 miles, bearing 260°.

1900 Clear sky this afternoon and lighter wind. Looked like high pressure, but in fact barometer is lower than it has been, 1013 millibars. Down from 1019 yesterday. Still making 6+ knots. Maybe I'll still get to set a spinnaker, but not tonight. Going on deck with a glass of Laphroaig to celebrate third week at sea. Half moon.

June 2

South Pacific Ocean: Tuesday

0800 Beautiful on deck last evening, with the half moon directly overhead illuminating THE HAWKE OF TUONELA's white deck as she slid through the dark sea. And the Laphroaig tasted wonderful. This was only my second drink from a one liter bottle. I'm trying to save it for special occasions and the colder weather near New Zealand.

As has become usual, the wind weakened during the night. I let the boat continue a bit high of the course, rather than turn and reduce the apparent wind angle and our speed. Thoughts of setting a spinnaker vanished with the again usual increase of wind with the sun. Making 6 knots, but we will continue the trend since last Thursday of each day's run being shorter than the day's before.

1215 A few minutes of rain from a passing cloud this morning. Sunny, trade wind sky again at noon. Distance to Nuku Hiva will be less than 1000 miles in a few hours, but if our runs decrease we won't be in until a week tomorrow.

Noon position: 06° 09' South; 123° 07' West. Day's run 144 miles. Nuku Hiva 1024 miles, bearing 261°.

1900 I set both spinnakers this afternoon. First the big white one, which is the right sail for the conditions, but too much for the Monitor to control. It immediately gave us an additional 1.5 knots, and almost as immediately caused a non-serious broach. Too bad really. So I furled and lowered it and raised the small blue spinnaker, which as I have noted in the past doesn't furl as well and went up with a twist, had to be lowered and re-raised twice before it opened fully. We've continued making 5 to 6 knots under it. Very pleasant sailing with all hatches open, even

the one over the v-berth. Would like to take a glass of Laphroaig on deck to enjoy the moonlight, but will settle for a cup of tea.

Distance to Nuku Hiva went under 1000 miles at 1630.

June 3

South Pacific Ocean: Wednesday

0600 Slow night. Light wind. Some sloppy sailing when remaining small waves collapsed spinnaker. Going to wait a little while to see if wind increases with the dawn before deciding whether to set bigger spinnaker.

I fell into deep sleep around 2030, woke up thinking hours had passed and it had only been thirty minutes. Did this three or four more times before midnight. Then was awake for an hour.

1220 We continue making about 5 knots smoothly under blue spinnaker with all hatches open. There are some signs of more wind: high mare's tails cloud; 3' waves; scattered white-caps.

Although the distance decreases, the estimated time of arrival remains constant at a week or week and a day.

Noon position: 06° 45' South; 125° 04' West. Day's run: 121 miles. Nuku Hiva 904 miles, bearing 262°.

June 4

South Pacific Ocean: Thursday

0620 Pretty pre-dawn sky. Low clouds like puffs of smoke. Higher cloud coral streaks against a powder blue sky. Took

some photos, which I haven't done often on this passage where it has all looked the same as it has on earlier passages.

Also slightly more wind. Making 5.5 under blue spinnaker, an increase of .5 over what we have been doing since yesterday.

1210 Wind has increased to 12 to 14 knots and our boat speed sometimes above 6. Sparkling sea; blue sky. Closed forward hatch, though with the wind well aft, we aren't taking water on deck. Small hatch in main cabin open.

Cleaned mold from overhead and shelves in head and galley. Tightened engine shaft stuffing box. Getting quite easy with new wrench and also being done frequently so parts aren't frozen in place. Also tightened alternator fan belt. Getting at most two amps from solar charging. Should be more than twice that. Will check panels again this afternoon.

Noon position: 07° 12' South; 127° 00' West. Day's run 119 miles. Nuku Hiva 785 miles, bearing 262°.

1415 New time zone GMT -9. We're not quite there yet, but will be before sunset. This is geographically the time zone for the Marquesas Islands, but to keep them closer to Tahiti, the time is GMT -9 ½ hours. Always, I think, a bad idea.

We are now only 4 time zones from New Zealand. I could be there in seven weeks.

Found that the output wire from the new solar panel had chaffed through. Replaced it. Third time I've rewired that panel.

Wind and seas don't seem much different from yesterday, but we're making 6 knots instead of 5. Opened forward hatch again.

June 5

South Pacific Ocean: Friday

0530 A roly night, but no collapsing and filling of the sail. I heard a distressingly familiar crack about 0400, but thought that it couldn't be. It was.

Checked on deck at first light. A stand has broken on the port lower diagonal shroud, which is the one to windward. I had two riggers inspect the rig in the Caribbean and both said all was fine. I specifically asked about replacing this shroud, but they both said it wasn't necessary. Obviously it was and I should have done it as a precaution. Can't change that now. Either the wire used by the Durban riggers was defective, or their swaging machine, or there is something wrong with this boat. The South African wire showed more rust stain than other wire. Doubt I can get it replaced in the Marquesas, which are 700 miles away. I can in the Society Islands, but they are another 800-900. Complicates everything. Terrible.

0705 Two jury rigged lines in place around mast at lower spreader as before, but on the other side. Knowing what I wanted to do made it easier until the various lines got tangled aloft and wouldn't return to the deck. Finally jiggled them low enough to reach with a boat hook, which I had to put down to catch the lines and heard it roll overboard. Have a spare. I've put more tension on lines than before.

Furled spinnaker while I was working. Boat rolling. When finished I unfurled the spinnaker and we're on our way making six knots.

If I reach Nuku Hiva with the rig up, I can go up the mast and either move the new starboard lower to port, which will be to windward to the Society islands, or take the broken shroud down, air freight it to one of the boat yards there, and have them make and air freight me a replacement.

Between this and the possibly cancerous growth on my leg, I wonder when I will ever get to New Zealand.

Initially very disappointing, but I've already accepted it. No decisions to make. Nothing more to do except try to reach Nuku Hiva.

0935 Changed down to partially furled jib. Still making 6 knots relatively smoothly.

Was thinking of past sailing in this boat. I didn't even break a shroud during the eight gale passage between Cape Town and Fremantle when we took a masthead in the water knockdown.

1215 Reduced jib slightly. SOG 5.6 to 6.2. Hear occasional squeak/groan when tension comes on the jury rigged lines.

Stood beside the mast to see if it was pumping. It isn't. This rig has running backstays, as well as a fixed backstay. The runners are only set up to reduce pumping, usually going to windward.

Today is shave, exercise, shower day. Continuing with that routine.

Disappointed. Resigned. Now my eye moves from the failing shroud to the growth on my leg. Wish this were over and I were on my mooring in Opuia.

Noon position: 07° 34' South; 129° 21' West. Day's run 141 (25 hours). Nuku Hiva 644 miles, bearing 263°.

1810 Full moon through the companionway. Going to sit on deck, possibly with a glass of Laphroaig. Hardly celebration. Consolation.

We've been sailing at around 5.5 knots most of the afternoon. SOG 6.2 at moment.

I am considering bypassing Nuku Hiva and sailing 800 miles farther to Raiatea, upon reaching which I would have completed the fifth circumnavigation, having sailed there from New Zealand a few years ago. Also a reputedly good boatyard is at Raiatea. I could get a new shroud made, haul the boat out of the water, fly back to the U.S., get this growth on my leg removed, and return to resume the voyage in September. One problem is that Carol is staying with a friend and I don't have a home in the U.S. Only a possibility. Doesn't require any action for several more days, by which time something may have happened to make a decision obvious.

June 6

South Pacific Ocean: Saturday

0850 No change. Still only one strand broken in shroud. Sunny. Making 5.5 to 6.5 knots before trades. Growth on leg getting larger. Above the skin a raised dome of what looks like scar tissue. Painful to touch. Itches. Obviously I don't know what is below the skin; but whatever it is, it is going to require surgery.

Nuku Hiva is 528 miles, which should be four days. This morning am inclined to stop there.

Lovely on deck last evening sailing beneath a full moon. I did have a glass of Laphroaig. Needed something special. And it was a glass. I drink everything else out of Lexan, but Laphroaig deserves and gets the Dartington crystal.

I've been sleeping without tying the lee-cloth in place. Woke abruptly last night when I hit the cabin sole, along with sleeping bag and pillow. We didn't seem to be rolling that much. Maybe I just rolled too far myself. Found a bloody scratch on my ankle this morning where it must have scraped against the fireplace on the way down.

Re-reading two books fifty pages each per day. Daniel Boorstin's THE DISCOVERERS: A History of Man's Search to Know Himself and His World; and Patrick White's A FRINGE OF LEAVES. Finished my Boorstin for the day; now for Patrick White.

1200 Almost completely clear sky. Only a few small clouds to the north. Wind 12-14 knots. Waves mostly 2' and 3', but a few 5' or 6' that heel us significantly. One slopped into the cockpit and another startled me by thudding into the hull. I am hypersensitive to unexpected noises.

Noon position: 07° 50' South; 131° 35' West. Day's run 134 miles. Nuku Hiva 510 miles, bearing 262°.

1810 This is so similar to sailing this same course thirty-four years ago in the damaged EGREGIOUS, except that THE HAWKE OF TUONELA's rig is much less compromised. At least so far.

Full moon in the companionway. Going on deck.

June 7

South Pacific Ocean: Sunday

0540 Been awake for an hour. Another strand has broken on the shroud. A replay of the Atlantic. Once one strand breaks, it leaves a gap which changes the spacing between the others and it is almost inevitable that they will follow. A little over 400 miles to Nuku Hiva. 1200 to Raiatea.

Light air. Mostly smooth seas. Have let out more jib to bring our SOG back above 5.0. Spinnaker conditions, but won't set one unless the jib starts to collapse and fill.

Full moon hanging just above the western horizon. Lovely pre-dawn.

0900 Nuku Hiva 399 miles.

Very tired today. Dozed off while reading Boorstin's account of Schliemann's excavation of Troy. May be from tension as well as broken sleep.

Sky visible from where I am sitting is cloudless, although there are a few clouds to the north.

1200 Making 5 knots under partially furled jib. Sailing conservatively. Just trying to hold rig together. If boat and I were well would be a perfect day, making 6 or 7 knots under spinnaker.

I know it is because I am tired, but seems so complicated and distant before I can find any real rest. Nuku Hiva won't really

be the end of this passage; just a pit stop. Probably will just switch lower shrouds and try to reach the boatyard at Raiatea.

Noon position: 08° 21' South; 133° 40' West. Day's run 128 miles. Nuku Hiva 384 miles, bearing 265°.

1750 Today was a shave, exercise, shower day. Also checked bilge. Negligible water. Cleaned ports. Also polished rust from shrouds..

Continue to sail at 5 to 5.5 knots. Have to remember when it starts to seem overwhelming to take one step at a time. But it would be nice to sail a boat that wasn't broken.

June 8

South Pacific Ocean: Monday

0530 Wind weakened during night. Fully unfurled jib at midnight to get SOG back to 5, but is now only 4.2 and jib collapsing. May set small spinnaker after dawn. Conditions right for the big spinnaker, but that isn't going to happen. Would like to get in Wednesday, but with 293 miles to go that isn't going to happen at less than a 5 knot average.

0710 Blue spinnaker set. SOG 4.4. Until just now it was 3.7. But collapsing and refilling spinnaker jerks rig less than the the jib.

1205 Wind has increased slightly. SOG 5.5 at present, but varying and often below 5. Easy motion. All hatches open.

Noon position: 08° 39' South; 135° 40' West. Day's run 120 miles. Week's run 907. Nuku Hiva 264 miles, bearing 266°.

Been out four weeks today. Seems much longer.

1800 We continue to average 5 knots, and Nuku Hiva is 234 miles away, which means making it just before dark on Wednesday. I can speed the process up by powering toward the end if we are close. Other than that, a pleasant day with easy sailing, always desirable with a compromised rig.

June 9

South Pacific Ocean: Tuesday

0615 Light wind last night slowed us to less than 4 knots. SOG now 3.8. Waypoint off Nuku Hiva is 182 miles away, which at five knots would put us there at sunset tomorrow, but I don't think that is likely. Taiohae Bay, the harbor, would not be difficult to enter after dark, particularly with good moonlight, except for anchored boats. Most likely, unless the wind picks up quickly this morning, I'm going to lower the spinnaker and set a scrap of the jib to keep us around four knots to arrive near dawn on Thursday.

Checked the shroud. No more broken wires. Nothing more for me to do if there were.

1205 Not have any difficulty in keeping speed down. Very light wind from east and blue spinnaker have produced speeds between 3 and 4 knots all morning. Clear blue sky; gently undulating seas. I don't need to go any farther south and probably am going to jibe to starboard this afternoon.

Noon position: 08° 57' South; 137° 23' West. Day's run 104 miles. Nuku Hiva 162 miles, bearing 270°.

1845 I jibed the spinnaker to starboard at 1300.

The light wind-now almost nonexistent--has continued. At least it removes the possibility of arriving tomorrow. We still have 142 miles to go and are only making 2.5 knots. The spinnaker is collapsing and filling, but in such light conditions no stress on rig, and for that matter the broken shroud is now to leeward. Gently undulating sea. Maybe I should start worrying about arriving on Thursday.

June 10

South Pacific Ocean: Wednesday

0600 Another lovely pre-dawn. Another night of very light wind. When I woke an hour ago we were making 2.6 knots. Now 3.2.

The closest of the Marquesas, Fatu Huku, is 45 away. 15 miles farther south is Hiva Oa, where Gauguin died and is buried. Taiohae Bay on Nuku Hiva is 105 miles ahead. At 4 knots I'd be right where I want to be at this time tomorrow, but I haven't seen 4 knots since yesterday and then only briefly.

0930 Gray silhouette of Fatu Huku visible 35 miles to the southwest. Just a mountain top sticking out of the sea.

1100 What a hard, hard passage. I don't recall a more difficult one where there was no severe weather. We haven't had more than 22 or 23 knots of wind, and most of the time less than 14. Yet it has been and continues to be very wearing and tedious.

A beautiful day, but lousy sailing. We are averaging less than 3 knots, and there is more swell to roll the wind out of the spinnaker, which refills sometimes with force. I really am tired of this. There is no pleasure in it.

Hiva Oa is now visible south of Fatu Huku. The main village, Atuona, is a port of entry, but a less good anchorage than Taiohae Bay at Nuku Hiva, which is why I am not going there.

1200 Took advantage of slightly more wind, which has us roaring along at 3.2 knots and not rolling as much, to move the anchor back to the bow.

Noon position: 09° 03' South; 138° 38' West. Day's run 75 miles. Nuku Hiva 87 miles, bearing 274°.

I am letting us ease a little further south to keep away from the wind shadow of Ua Huka, an island east of Nuku Hiva, that we may pass tonight.

Just ate lunch of tuna and crackers and thought that tomorrow I might have lunch ashore. But with this wind that is by no means certain.

1430 Switched to tiller pilot steering. When I raised the Monitor servo-rudder from the water, I found two big goose neck barnacles growing on it. I'm sure there must be many on the hull.

Perhaps lack of wind has made today the hottest for a while. 93°F/34°C in cabin. SOG 3.3. If it drops below 3, I'm going to power for a while this afternoon. Still have 80 miles to go.

1630 Just changed from spinnaker to jib. Wanted to do this during daylight because of maze of lines on port side of boat holding mast. Had to reroute the two jury rigged shrouds in order to set and trim jib. SOG has stayed above 3 this afternoon. Even has reached 4 as it is now. So I haven't turned on engine, but may start powering before dawn tomorrow and

didn't want to have to sort all the lines out then, even with good moonlight.

Three islands in sight: Fatu Huku and Hiva Oa to the south, and now Ua Huka ahead off the starboard bow.

72 miles to go. Even at 3 knots we will be in before sunset tomorrow.

1910 This was a beautiful day, but not for sailing. Just had dinner on deck. Not a whitecap in sight, so less than 7 knots of wind. Probably only five, and we are making 3.5 to 4. If I didn't have the jury rigged shrouds, I would set the mainsail as well, or if the rig weren't compromised, the big spinnaker, either of which might give us another .5 of a knot. Wouldn't make much difference. We will be at anchor this time tomorrow.

I have often read about the quick sunset in the tropics, yet this has not been my experience. Had dinner on deck. The sun set at 1800, yet twilight persisted until 1900. Intense colors. White puffs of cloud became dark smokey gray. The sky was blue, darker higher, then yellow and orange, again higher to lower,

Great beauty, yet...

I am weary. Maybe it is cumulative. I have sailed more than 11,000 miles in little over four months, with broken shrouds and possible cancer. Real rest is at least another nine hundred miles ahead, and maybe three thousand, or several airplanes flights. I will press on, but I am weary.

June 11

South Pacific Ocean: Thursday

0400 Engine on.

Glassy sea. Moonlight. Beautiful. But not for sailing. Almost becalmed for the past two hours, making less than 2 knots.

45 miles to go.

0900 Sunny morning. About 20 miles to harbor entrance. Light wind has returned from the southeast, but not enough to sail. Barometer up to 1022 from 1019, which is what it has been for several days. Without the engine, I don't think we would have made it in today.

Nuku Hiva ahead. We were five miles south of Ua Huku at dawn, which cast long shadows into a valley. I saw a few lights on shore.

I've already re-arranged the cabin, moved stuff from v-berth to quarter berths and made up v-berth. Might even pump up dinghy, which I moved off the starboard quarter berth and is presently residing on the port settee.

Wearing noise-canceling headphones to reduce sound of engine.

1300 Anchor down in 32' of water. Taiohae Bay. Nuku Hiva.

Position: 08° 55' South; 140° 06' West. Run since yesterday noon: 87 miles.

Raiatea 811 miles. My mooring at Opua 2972 miles.

Total distance: 3899 miles. Time: 31 days, 3.5 hours.

That makes a daily average of around 126 miles. Pitiful. No wonder I'm weary.

Passage over

Nuku Hiva to Raiatea, The Society Islands June 2009

June 15

South Pacific Ocean: Monday

0630 Anchor up. Taiohae Bay. Nuku Hiva.

0730 In passage mode. Monitor steering. Making 5.8 knots under jib with two rolls. There is a bit more wind than last week, but having a gooseneck barnacle free bottom makes a big difference. Surely they were costing us at least ½ a knot. Boat could carry spinnaker, but I am happy with 5 knots. I'll only set the spinnaker if the jib starts collapsing or we start going much slower.

I was awake at 0500. Unmade the bed and plastic bagged the bedding. Moved some bags from quarter berths to v-berths. Sat in the dark drinking a cup of coffee, waiting for first light, knowing that 800 miles downwind in the trades should be routine, but with no repairs possible to the rig and no medical treatment for me in Nuku Hiva, this isn't.

Sky began to lighten at 0600 and by 0625 I could see well enough to get underway. Engine didn't start the first two times I turned the key. I knew that during the passage from Panama the leak I have never been able to find over the port quarter berth dripped on the back of the engine control panel. Thought I might have to go below and hot-wire the ignition, but it connected on the third try. Will check the wires while underway.

Anchored in 33' to 36' of water, depending on tide, I had out almost 125' of chain. All came in easily, and anchor came up with only a little weed and mud, which came off when I let it drag through the water.

Once I cleared the other anchored boats, I let the tiller pilot steer while I went forward and removed the anchor from the bow and stowed it below. Considered leaving it on the bow for this passage, but was only being lazy.

As I was powering out, another boat which had waited for first light too was coming in.

Our course to Raiatea is 235°. Distance 811 miles. I also have a waypoint just off the westernmost of the Tuamotus, Matavia. It is 615 miles away and also bears 235°.

The tension that left me for a while in harbor has returned, but I am glad to be underway. The end game has begun. A week should tell.

1220 Sunny. Trade wind sky. Nuku Hiva to the northeast and Ua Pou to the southeast are receding. Wind has veered to the south and is forward of the beam. Not where I want it. Waves are still small and on the beam. At the moment we are making 6 knots on course. I'll go up soon and reduce the jib to try to slow us to 5.5. Wind is only around ten or twelve knots.

Noon position: 09° 12' South; 140° 31' West. Run to noon 30 miles. Matavia 589 miles, bearing 235°. Raiatea 781°, bearing 235°.

The Raiatea waypoint is just outside the entrance to the pass I intend to take through the reef. It is 16° 45' South; 151° 25' West. So 7 ½ degrees of latitude and 11 of longitude.

1645 The islands have disappeared behind us. Beautiful afternoon. A 160+ mile day going begging. Wind 14 knots has backed just aft of the beam. 2' to 3' seas. Every time our speed touches 6 knots, I furl more of the jib. We're presently

making 5.7 under about $\frac{1}{3}$ of the jib. The point of this is not fast but up. I'll be very happy to arrive at the boatyard in Raiatea, having averaged 5 knots, and with the mast still standing.

June 16

South Pacific Ocean: Tuesday

0630 Light rain. Jury rigged shrouds creaking, which makes me nervous. Wind is not strong, and I have only a storm jib size scrap of sail set.

An easy night that saw me let out more jib twice. All of which and more I have furled back in during the past hour because of a line of dark rain clouds behind and to windward of us. If the wind becomes too strong, I'll go to bare poles. I'm not talking about real storm conditions here, just weakened shroud strong.

Seems to be passing as I write.

Just went on deck to let out more jib. Cloud left hole in wind and we are rolling. SOG 2.4. Another patch of rain coming.

We are near the western edge of this time zone. Sky is light, but I'm not sure the sun has come up yet. Will be in new time zone this afternoon or evening. Lots of clouds around. Hope they burn off and stable conditions return.

0810 An unsettled sky, with some thunderheads and other masses of clouds and some blue sky.

I checked the weather online before I left and saw that a weak front was due to move through French Polynesia today with up to 20 knot winds. So far we haven't had more than 15 or 16,

and only 11 now. I didn't want to wait until tomorrow to leave, and there was no guarantee that even if I had, another front wouldn't catch me somewhere between Nuku Hiva and Raiatea.

I've let out more jib in stages until we are again making 5 knots reasonably smoothly on course. Leaden waves 2' to 3'.

1215 Bands of cloud with ten or fifteen minutes of light to moderate rain pass overhead every hour or so. One just before noon. Another looming on the eastern horizon. So far no strong wind or waves, although they do have a slight increase in front of them and leave a hole behind. I let more jib out and I bring it back in. All this with an undamaged rig would be nothing.

I ate the canned mackerel with wine sauce for lunch. Good, but messy with sauce spilling from the can as it was opened.

Noon position: $10^{\circ} 23'$ South; $142^{\circ} 09'$ West. Day's run 121 miles. Matavia 468 miles, bearing 236° . Raiatea 661 miles, bearing 235° . SOG 4.8. COG 243° . Have to go adjust Monitor.

This will be my course for the rest of this voyage. My mooring is 2820 miles, bearing 238° .

1500 New time zone: GMT -10, which is the time in Raiatea. Only three more times zones, including the International Dateline, to New Zealand.

Complete cloud cover. Not raining on us yet, but all around. Wind light. Only making 4 knots with jib down to storm jib size. Might increase it slightly. Would like to make at least 4.5. But really doesn't matter and this may be only a temporary lull.

1700 Sunset early with ship's time reset. The sun is brightening the layer of clouds near the western horizon. Seems much farther north than it was, but that is because our course is southwest, rather than west. Complete low cloud cover, with a few patches of rain. None near us at present. Making 5.4 knots under about ½ the jib. The barometer has been steady and slightly high at 1018 all day.

Even with clouds almost all day, still got some solar charging. Discovered at anchor that there is no problem with the panels, as I thought there might be on the passage from Panama. Reduced output was due to shadows and inefficient angles to the sun.

I have been up and down all day, adjusting the Monitor and letting out or furling in the jib. It probably wasn't a hundred times, but felt like it. Certainly dozens.

Waiting for my freeze dry lasagna with meat sauce to cool. Listening to Faure's REQUIEM. Definitely need soothing music.

June 17
South Pacific Ocean: Wednesday

0630 Was surprised to find the sky beginning to lighten at 0500. Adjusted course and went back to sleep for another 45 minutes. Saw the sun come up at 0552.

After a final short burst of rain at 2200 last night, the sky began to clear. There were a few minutes of the jib collapsing and filling, but with only a fraction of it set, the strain was not severe. Still disturbing.

I was up a half dozen times, adjusting sail and course under an increasingly starry sky and a last crescent of moon.

Dawn sees a resumption of trade winds. I let out more jib, but then we started making 6 knots, so I furled us back to 5.5. Had my first cup of coffee listening to music on deck.

1210 Beautiful trade wind day. Making an easy 5 knots under about $\frac{1}{2}$ jib. The closest of the Tuamotus, Takaroa, which I saw from CHIDIOCK TICHBORNE, is 190 miles away.

Noon position: $11^{\circ} 29'$ South; $143^{\circ} 48'$ West. Day's run 117 miles (25 hours). Matavia 352 miles, bearing 236° . Raiatea 544 miles, bearing 235° .

2010 I couldn't have asked for better conditions with a damaged or undamaged rig. The only difference is about three knots boat speed. Wind on the beam at 12-15 knots. Undamaged I would have had the main and jib up and been making 7 to 8 knots. Damaged I keep reducing the jib whenever our speed reaches 6. There really is no point going more than 5, when 4.5 knots will see us there in 5 more days if the mast stays up. At 6 we would make it a day earlier. Don't mind the extra day.

Sat on deck part of the afternoon and after sunset. Starry night. Wind seems to have increased in the past hour. Might have to go on deck and put another roll or two in the jib, which is already down to $\frac{1}{3}$. Amazing how little sail is needed to drive this boat when it has a clean bottom.

June 18

South Pacific Ocean: Thursday

0600 Although the wind remains at 12 knots, the waves this morning are a little higher, 2' to 3', which resulted in more rolling and more groans from the jury rigged shrouds last night.

I was up several times, adjusting course and jib. Making the desired 4.5 to 5 knots at present under $\frac{1}{4}$ of the sail.

1315 Not so good today. A few sprinkles of rain with clouds that disrupted the wind, which really hasn't fully returned. Sunny now, with only scattered puffs of clouds, but making only four knots, often less, with full jib set, which is too frequently collapsing. I've tired partially furling it, re-trimming the sheet and moving the car lead around to minimize the strain this puts on the rig. Largely without success. The only solution is for the wind to increase beyond the current seven and eight knots.

Noon position: 12° 37' South; 145° 21' West. Day's run 114 miles. Matavia 238 miles, bearing 236°. Raiatea 430 miles, bearing 235°.

1800 There is a lot of stress being out here with a damaged boat. It is analogous to playing a Wimbledon final with a racket with a broken string that can't be changed; except that the final goes on for days and weeks, not hours, and in which not just defeat is at risk.

I was very frustrated at conditions at noon and screamed my displeasure to the sky. The sky did not respond. Music helps. I sat on deck in late afternoon and had my dinner on deck listening to music, mostly women's voices.

The sun set at 1720. Lingering light on the western horizon. We're making 4.5 under full jib in less than 7 knots of wind. At least the jib isn't collapsing and jerking the rig around.

We're about halfway between Nuku Hiva and Raiatea. If I can keep the mast up for three more days, we'll be within powering distance of Raiatea and completion of a fifth circumnavigation, although assuming I do eventually make it to New Zealand I'll count this voyage from there.

June 19

South Pacific Ocean: Friday

0620 Sun came up twelve minutes ago. Going to be another beautiful, but probably slow day. Wind only 5 and 6 knots, as it was all night. Seas have flattened, but there are still a few 1' waves that collapse the jib. SOG 3.5, which isn't enough to get us in on Monday, and I really want to be in. 360 miles to go. 4.5 knots would put us close enough at Monday dawn. 4 knots would leave us 60 to 70 miles short.

0930 My hopes that this ordeal would be over on Monday are fading with a 2.4 knot SOG. Sunny. Wind has weakened. From time to time we roll and the jib collapses and fills. Not with much force, but not desirable. After a while I scream at the sky and it stops. Obviously there is no causal relationship here. I expect that my tolerance runs out just when the wind is about to resume. Other than that we are barely heeled, as well as barely moving. Sunny. Beautiful day. Perfect for the big spinnaker. Barometer up to 1021.

1200 Changed to tiller pilot steering an hour ago. At least it keeps the bow pointing in the right direction. Too little wind for the Monitor. Little sensation that we are moving other than water trickling past the hull. I may have made up 'trinkling', but that is the sound. SOG 2.9.

Noon position: 13° 24' South; 146° 41' West. Day's run 92 miles. Matavia 147 miles, bearing 235°. Raiatea 339 miles, bearing 234°.

1500 We've made just under 8 miles since noon. Very hot in the cabin even with all hatches open. 95°F/35°C. Today is shave, exercise, shower day, and I did the exercises. Boat is level enough to do push-ups, so I did seventy. Haven't done them for months, but sailing I use my upper body. It's my legs that weaken. Left the cushion covered with sweat. A beautiful day, but wasted on me.

1745 Better.

After showering--still have one more fresh water shower in the solar bag--I changed from the jib to the small spinnaker. This resulted in an immediate increase in speed of .5 of a knot. 2.7 under the jib. 3.2 with the spinnaker. It also eliminated the jib chaffing against the spreaders when it collapsed. The ultra-violet protection strip on the jib has chaffed through in places. And it gives us a sense of sailing rather than wallowing.

This is another example of how the Facnor gennaker furling gear has changed the way I sail. I wouldn't have chanced setting the spinnaker without it.

When the wind goes above 5 knots our speed goes to 3.6. When below, back to 3.2.

I would very much like to know what the big spinnaker would produce. In such light wind probably not much more. That is a problem in sailing: it is not a controlled experiment. Anyway I'm not going to set the bigger sail.

Although the barometer is only at 1020 we have a high pressure sky, or did before sunset twenty minutes ago: powder blue and cloudless, which makes me think that these conditions are not going to change soon.

Had dinner and a drink on deck. In fact spent the afternoon up there after the sail provided shade.

I am very tired of detuning. I had to do so in Panama and on most of the passage from Panama, and earlier when the other shroud was breaking in the Atlantic. This one has now been broken for more than a thousand miles.

As I write there is almost no sense of motion, yet our SOG is 3.3. I woke up this morning thinking that I had three more days to go. I'll wake up tomorrow morning thinking the same thing. And I might be too optimistic. Where I really would like to be right now is having a martini with Carol.

Going to watch a movie.

June 20

South Pacific Ocean: Saturday

0630 A quiet night, much smoother and quieter than the anchorage at Taiohae Bay. Every time I woke up we seemed motionless, but our SOG was 2.5 to 3.0 knots. In the past hour I've improved that to 3.5 by coming up ten degrees to 225°, giving us a better angle to the apparent wind, which is slightly north of east.

There are some trade wind clouds around and the barometer is 1019, but that might just be a nocturnal variation.

On this course we are heading for the twenty mile gap between Matavia, the western most of the Tuamotus, and its neighbor to the east, Tikehau. A waypoint in the middle of that gap is 85 miles away. We are 65 miles north of the next island to the east, Rangiroa, which if I remember correctly has the biggest enclosed lagoon in the world, forty miles east/west and twenty miles north/south.

The Tuamotus are all low islands, atolls on which usually the highest thing is a palm tree. There are dozens of islands in the archipelago, which is also known as the Dangerous Archipelago, stretching across hundreds of miles of ocean between the Marquesas and the Society Islands. I've sailed through three times on the way from Nuku Hiva to Tahiti, once in CHIDIACK TICHBORNE and twice in RESURGAM, and once around the end when EGREGIOUS was damaged and, not having planned to go this way I did not have a detailed chart.

All these were in the days of navigating by sextant and there was relief as well as satisfaction in having a palm tree appear where it was supposed to.

Coffee and Bach's GOLDBERG VARIATIONS on deck at dawn. Spinnaker floating overhead. Wavelets measured in inches, with an occasional swell of a foot.

0930 Increasing trade wind cloud to the east and slightly increased swell, which I hope presage more wind; but so far the opposite has happened and our SOG has dropped to 2.3 knots. This may not be the slowest day of this voyage, but it will be close.

1200 Missed by four miles. Second slowest day of voyage so far.

Trade wind clouds have reached and passed us. Now ahead, on both sides, as well as astern. But with no increase in wind. SOG 2.0 knots.

Bored and hot. Been re-reading the three Alan Furst novels I have on board. The rest are in Evanston. I've written of him before. His spy novels are set in Europe, often Paris or Poland, in the years leading up to and including WWII. They are superior. Equal to Eric Ambler's. Good writing and atmosphere. Intelligent, yet not beyond my presently limited powers of concentration.

His first, NIGHT SOLDIERS, is one of the best. I liked the second he wrote, DARK STAR, which is also the longest, somewhat less. I've almost finished, RED STAR, also very good. Don't know what I'll read next. Probably have time before I reach Raiatea to go through the complete works of Shakespeare and all three volumes of Gibbon's DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE, which are on board.

For no particular reason, I usually listen to classical music in the mornings and non-classical in the afternoons. Just listened to Sibelius's, "The Swan of Tuonela," which I haven't heard for a while.

Noon position: 14° 04' South; 147° 37' West. Day's idle 68 miles. Matavia 79 miles, bearing 236°. Raiatea 271 miles, bearing 234°.

1645 It just got worse. We are essentially becalmed. SOG 1.4. Spinnaker hanging limp. If the wind doesn't return, I'll lower it for the night.

While I'm becalmed, this thing growing on my leg is doing eight knots.

1800 Yesterday's sky was a clear blue high pressure sky. By late afternoon today, the sky was a trade wind sky with evenly spaced low white puffs of cloud everywhere. Yet there is even less wind.

I spent the last few hours on deck. Even with all the hatches open, it is cooler there in shade than in the cabin. For a while the sea went ominously glassy. Some slight wind has returned, so I'm leaving the spinnaker up.

I don't know exactly how far I can power. We have made all of 13 miles since noon. We still have 259 miles to the pass at Raiatea. I doubt I can power that far, and I certainly don't want to; but if conditions are the same tomorrow morning, I'm going to turn on the engine and power until we are through the Tuamotus and/or down to ½ tank of fuel. I've been saving the diesel in case the mast came down, but my patience is near its end, and at least we will be that much closer when the wind finally does return, as I keep telling myself, inevitably it must.

June 21

South Pacific Ocean: Sunday

0700 The spinnaker came down at 0430. No problem thanks to my headlamp and the spinnaker furling gear. I had been awakened by the sound of the sail vibrating, and when I checked found that the wind had increased slightly and moved forward of the beam.

I set the jib before I sorted out and bagged the spinnaker, and then was able to go back to sleep for an hour.

While the sky and sea look the same, except for a long slow swell from the south, the wind has increased to 6 and 7 knots and we are making about 4.5 under full jib. The closest point of Tikehau is eleven miles away according to the chartplotter, but not in sight.

Coffee and music on deck more hopefully this morning. The music is piano pieces by Federico Moupou, the Spanish Erik Satie, and our SOG 5.2.

0900 A ship passed a few miles east of us a half hour ago, heading northeast.

Wind has held. SOG 4.2 to 4.8. Would be very pleased if it remained like this all the way to Raiatea.

The Tuamotus were considered dangerous not just because they are low and difficult to see until you are almost upon them and impossible to see at night before navigation lights, but because of the currents between the islands. With the tiller pilot steering a constant course, I saw evidence of one of those currents this morning when our COG changed from 224° to 210° in a matter of a few minutes.

1030 Matavia a smudge on the horizon off the starboard bow at a distance of eight miles.

1205 Matavia now a line of palm trees five miles to the north. Nothing more between us and Raiatea, except possibly a corner of Huahine, 20 miles to the east. However it is by no means certain we will make it there in two days. SOG has dropped to around 3.5 knots.

Noon position: 14° 56' South; 148° 33' West. Day's run 75 miles. Raiatea 197 miles, bearing 237°.

1615 Just came below after a warm beer and pretzels on the sun deck. Finally found some shade on the port side amidships. Enjoyable sailing at five knots for the first time in a while. Big swell from the south.

A smooth five knots the rest of the way would be wonderful. 178 miles to go.

June 22

South Pacific Ocean: Monday

0620 I went to sleep last night at 2100 and was awakened two hours later by an assortment of odd noises, fortunately none of them serious.

Loudest was the clinking of two glass jars of instant coffee on the upper galley shelf. I've eaten and drunk spaces there, which didn't matter these past few days when we were motionless, but left room for things to move when we began to roll.

The servo-rudder for the Monitor is hinged so it can be lifted from the water when not in use, and it was clanking against the frame of the gear.

A sound I had trouble identifying turned out to be the bill of a cap on a hook inside the hanging locker scraping back and forth against a bulkhead.

And three one-gallon jugs of bottled water were sliding to and fro on the cabin sole near the v-berth where they are stowed.

Additional were the sounds of THE HAWKE OF TUONELA moving too fast through the water. She was making 6.3 knots, which was completely useless. We are not going to get in before sunset today, so more speed simply means more strain on the rig and more time to waste later.

I furled the jib down to a scrap to slow us to four knots, which is all we need to be near Raiatea at dawn tomorrow. The waypoint off the pass is now 112 miles distant.

I decided to let the Monitor resume steering in the 14-16 knot wind and lowered the servo-rudder back into the water and disengaged the tiller pilot.

I removed the cap from the hook.

I rearranged the stuff on the galley shelf and stuffed a few more things in to fill the spaces.

And I moved the water bottles from the cabin sole to the v-berth.

It remained a roly night, largely because we had too little sail set; but it was quieter.

Dawn is cloudy with scattered showers, one of which caused me to close the companionway for a few minutes an hour ago. The barometer remains high at 1021. We are making 4.1 knots under a small amount of jib on course for Raiatea.

0900 A band of rain to the north of us, but clearing elsewhere. Ran engine. Started first time. I cleaned the electrical connections on the back of the panel; but then the button in the center of the shift lever that is pushed in to start the engine in neutral, wouldn't pop back out again. Although I have a

Yanmar engine, the shift lever is Volvo. I've had them before and sooner or later this is always a problem. I keep that button sprayed with McLube. Had to use pliers to free it.

We continue easing along at 3.6 to 4 knots.

1200 Another band of cloud has just caught up with us and increased the wind slightly, so that we are making 5.3 knots. I don't see any rain falling from it; but today is not a typical trade wind day.

Put the anchor back on the bow this morning. Considered doing so yesterday when the sea was smooth, but that seemed premature. No problem this morning.

Noon position: 15° 57' South; 150° 07' West. Day's run 109 miles. Week's run 696 miles. Raiatea 89 miles, bearing 238°.

1400 Most unpleasant day of passage. Complete overcast with light rain and light wind, that shifts out of synch with the waves and weakens, leaving us flopping, scrap of sail slatting, putting strain on the rig. Rain has just become heavy, but I see a lighter patch of sky through the closed companionway so I doubt it will last long.

1730 Sky cleared after the rain at 1400, but still some clouds to the south. Barometer has remained at 1021.

I just switched from the Monitor to the tillerpilot. Certainly want a compass course tonight. Hesitated because there are 4' cross seas and I wasn't sure if that would put too much strain on the tillerpilot bracket. Also, although the unit is sealed and supposed to be weatherproof, I had one fail after being exposed to a downpour in Brazil. It seems to be handling conditions at present.

We are 45 miles from the north end of Huahine, and 66 from the pass at Raiatea, having averaged 4 knots since noon, which is what I wanted. I may increase sail and speed during the night.

Also brought one solar panel below.

Moroccan lamb for dinner, accompanied by the last half of my last bottle of wine opened yesterday.

June 23

South Pacific Ocean: Tuesday

0520 The timing has been perfect. We are 17 miles from the pass at Raiatea and sailing at 3.2 to 3.5 knots. I'll turn on the engine around 0600, but am enjoying the mostly quiet now. Only mostly because the scrap of jib is collapsing from time to time on very slight seas. Lights visible on Huahine to the southeast and Raiatea ahead, and on a vessel halfway in between.

I went to sleep early at 2030 and set the alarm for midnight, though as I expected I was awake before it went on and subsequently reset it for 0200 and 0400. I don't like being awakened by alarms and never was. Finally up for good at 0445, well rested for an approach night.

Clouds disappeared with sunset and the seas went down. Although we had a few intervals of rolling and the jib collapsing, it was a generally peaceful night. At 0330 we were 11 miles off the northern tip of Huahine, but I couldn't see it. This was a new moon night and dark except for starlight. Sky only now beginning to lighten.

Just checked my log. The port lower shroud broke about 650 miles east of Nuku Hiva and we are now 800 miles west. The starboard lower shroud was broken for the last 700 miles of the passage from South Africa to the Caribbean. Making a not so grand total of 2150 miles.

There are several variables that may have resulted in the weakened shroud not continuing to break this time. I got jury rigged lines around the mast immediately. I put tension on them so that they took the strain rather than the shroud. The wind was further aft. And the wind was less strong.

0620 Still sailing. Unfurled more jib in an effort to get our speed to 4 knots. Did so only briefly. Wind 5 knots. Seas are 1' to 2', but are collapsing jib. Would like to sail until 0700, but may not. Looks like a fine morning, with only scattered clouds, other than those caught on the islands. Huahine, Tahaa and Raiatea all in sight.

0700 Sun on horizon at 0635. Engine on at 0650. Raiatea 11 miles.

0930 Anchor down at Raiatea, off Tarou Motu just inside Passe Teavapiti. I anchored here in September 2004 and have thus completed a fifth circumnavigation.

I couldn't have asked for a finer day. Light wind and seas. Excellent visibility. Much better than yesterday.

The pass between two motus, which are islets on the reef, is short, straightforward and marked by three starboard buoys and two to port. Tarou is the motu on the south side of the pass. Uninhabited, but privately owned, as a sign nailed to a palm tree states. One other boat, a catamaran, was anchored

when I arrived. A large ketch just powered up the lagoon from the south.

I've moved the stuff off the v-berth and even put the fabric covers on the cushions in the main cabin. In the next three months THE HAWKE OF TUONELA will power five miles tomorrow, then sail twenty-five to Bora-Bora in September, so I don't think we need to remain in passage mode.

As the covers came from their plastic bag, they smelled fresh and I realized that I haven't used them since washing them in Panama. I do not smell fresh.

A pleasantly cool breeze is blowing through the cabin. Sound of surf on the nearby reef. Clouds on the high mountains of Raiatea, the shore of which is a half mile away across the lagoon. Raiatea, as do most of these islands, rises abruptly from the sea and has only a narrow coastal strip.

Time for lunch. A swim and snorkeling sometime this afternoon. A shower. And a glass or even two of celebratory Laphroaig tonight.

1500 The sound of an engine nearby, voices, and a loud splash, caused me to go on deck just after lunch, where I found a small barge with four young Polynesian men on it, levering blocks of concrete with buoys attached into the water. They put down five, one of them almost on top of me. I hope it is not resting on my anchor or chain, but it is quite possible that I will swing into it with the change of tide. I don't anchor close to moorings. This is the first time I've ever had a mooring anchor too close to me.

Went for a brief swim. Bottom is still clean. I found one gooseneck barnacle that either I missed or he made a quick come back and removed him. Showered. Started to re-read Mary Renault's THE LAST OF WINE, but am enjoying the quiet and lack of motion. Water inside the reef has only ripples. Feel as though I should be doing something. Checking the course. Trimming the jib. But there is nothing I have to do. First time THE HAWKE OF TUONELA has been this quiet in a long time.

June 24

Raiatea: Wednesday

0615 Rooster crowing on shore, but I woke more than an hour ago. Will wait until at least 0800 before raising anchor and heading for the boat yard on the other side of the island, powering around the north end of Raiatea inside the reef it shares with Tahaa to the north.

Lots of activity on the water near sunset last night, when people got off work and paddled pirogues. One man paddled from the shore around the motu and back standing up on a board. Two four-man crews were practicing presumably for the big Bastille Day races in Papeete. I sipped my Laphroaig as I watched them and the light dwindle.

1100 The anchor came up earlier than I planned at 0745 because the newly placed mooring buoy started to swing dangerously close to my anchor rode and I definitely did not want them to become entangled.

I had out 100' of chain in 33' of water. It was hard work cranking it in against the current, and seemed to be caught at one point on something on the bottom. It finally came free, with THE HAWKE OF TUONELA carried backwards rapidly by the

current once the anchor was off the bottom. Got everything under control and moved out to mid channel.

With the current behind us I kept the rpms down so our speed remained at five knots.

The channel is well marked, but there are bits of coral around, including a huge area known as Grand Banc Central between Raiatea and Tahaa. With good visibility and darting below from time to time to check the chartplotter I had no problem following the channel around the top end of Raiatea and then south to the boat yard. At the narrowest point between the shore reef jutting north from Raiatea and the southern point of Grand Banc Central, sits a shack. Don't know its purpose or if it is inhabited. Picturesque, but I was too busy to take a picture.

A mile and a half from Raiatea Carenage Boat Yard, I called them on the VHF. I had done so the previous day while at anchor, but got no response. The signal was probably blocked by hills in between. This time the response was immediate and deafening. After I turned down the volume, I explained who I was, and after a brief interval was told that I would see a blue travel lift and to go directly there.

As I neared I saw a number of boats on moorings, a small marina, and eventually the travel lift. Only two problems remained. A small marker post, neither red nor green, was just off the travel lift. I called on the VHF and asked which side I should pass it, but before the woman on the VHF could respond, a man on a moored boat shouted to me to leave it to port, which I did.

Four men were waiting at the concrete walls just in front of the travel lift. I went in and they took my lines, I killed the engine and thought, 'It is over.' But it wasn't. The Chinese travel lift

operator said apologetically, "You'll have to back in because of your headstay. It is a problem?" There was moderate wind. I said, "Maybe." Started up the engine, backed out, swung around and backed in. I have mentioned before that THE HAWKE OF TUONELA is the best handling boat in reverse that I have ever owned. Not something I knew when I bought her or even much valued, but it is at times a great virtue.

Within a half hour THE HAWKE OF TUONELA was lifted from the water and on the hard, which may be a New Zealand expression but should be intelligible to my fellow Americans.

Distance covered today: 5 miles. Position: 16° 44' South; 151° 21' West.

Total of daily runs from Nuku Hiva: 821 miles.

Distance to my mooring at Opua: 2153 miles, bearing 239°. But that will have to wait until September or October.

Passage over.

Raiatea to Bora-Bora, The Society Islands Sept. 2009

September 9
South Pacific Ocean: Wednesday

0700 Dropped mooring, which was in 85' of dark water. I was awake earlier, but waited until there was enough light to see the color of shallower water.

Powered a mile south to a pass I hadn't used before. Wide and easy, with a steadily curling wave breaking on the north side.

Once clear I unfurled the jib, cut the engine, and with the tillerpilot steering had a fine beam reach at 6.5 to 7 knots in 14 to 17 knots of wind.

Unlike most of these islands, Bora-Bora has only one pass through its reef, and that is halfway up the west side. The reef extends a long way off the south end of the island. In the past I aimed at a point I thought was far enough, invariably found that it wasn't, and sailed along the reef until I came to the corner. With GPS I set a waypoint and that was it.

The morning steadily brightened.

Two of the three most beautiful islands I have ever sailed to are in the Society Islands: Bora-Bora and Moorea. The third is Australia's seldom visited Lord Howe Island in the Tasman Sea.

They are very different. Moorea is dark, mysterious, other worldly, with two deep fjord-like coves in the north. Bora-Bora rises like a castle of light from the sea, and has a lagoon so intense that the undersides of passing clouds become turquoise by reflection.

1145 Entered the pass still undecided as to whether to anchor off the islet of Toofua or take a mooring at the resurrected Bora Bora Yacht Club. The number of boats off the Yacht Club caused me to go over there to see if I could find one empty. I

need shore access for provisioning, laundry, and dealing with officials, including getting back the \$1400 bond I had to post upon arrival in Nuku Hiva. This is a stupid bit of French bureaucracy that didn't exist when I first sailed to these islands, and is required to cover the cost of airfare back to the sailor's home country. I don't know anywhere else in the world that has such a rule.

1200 picked up mooring at Bora-Bora Yacht Club.

The lagoon is much too deep to anchor. My mooring is in 90'. And the only other moorings are off a restaurant called Bloody Mary's.

The Bora-Bora Yacht Club is not a yacht club with members, but a business. I was here in 1979 when the first owners were starting up. In addition to moorings, there is a restaurant, showers, a place that does laundry--at what expense I will find out tomorrow. Mine has been piling up since Panama.

Five hours. Twenty-five miles. Only one more passage to go.

Bora-Bora to Opua, New Zealand Sept.-Oct. 2009

September 15
South Pacific Ocean: Tuesday

0700 Dropped mooring Bora-Bora.

0800 An easy return to the sea.

Powered across smooth lagoon and out pass. Kept engine running for a half an hour, then unfurled jib and raised main. Making 5.5 to 6 knots on beam reach in nine knots of wind. Sunny. With some clouds and a low swell from the southeast.

Maupiti, the island visible in the distance in the photo on the start page of my site, is visible now twenty miles to the west. I didn't ever see it while at Bora-Bora this time.

Last evening cleared enough so that I had a final drink on deck. Half Mount Otemanu was veiled in cloud. As recently as yesterday morning, I still thought I might someday return to these islands, but now I doubt I will. It was a fitting farewell.

1205 Noon position: 16° 44' South; 152° 09' West. Day to noon: 26 miles. Opuia: 2123 miles, bearing 238°.

Rolling around on four foot cross seas which are collapsing the sails. Put a preventer on main to keep it from crashing to and fro. Sunny. Wind 7 to 8 knots from the southeast. SOG 4.8 knots.

Of greater concern is that we have rounded up three times this morning when the new Monitor servo-rudder latch opened. I leaned over the stern and managed to secure it with lines. I hope they hold. It will not be amusing if this happens in heavy weather.

The new latch appears to fit perfectly, so I don't understand the problem.

Maupiti visible to the north. Bora-Bora has almost disappeared behind us. A few clouds to the south.

Just ate a cheese sandwich using the last of yesterday's baguette. Some of my Laughing Cow cheese has gone bad. I will toss what is left. I have more than enough tuna, salmon, chicken and deviled ham for lunches.

1830 Spent the last three hours on deck. Listened to music. Had a drink and dinner and watched a mediocre sunset. I could have and would have gone to sea in the overcast rain of the past few days, but this was better.

We needed more wind or less cross seas and got both. At 1600 I lowered the main. We're still making 6 knots under jib alone and that is enough.

Less than 2100 miles to go. At a five knot average that is 17.5 days. At six knots 14.5. We should average more than five and less than six. Three days doesn't matter.

I've put in waypoints at 30° South, 175° West and 26° South, 180°E/W. The first is close to the rhumb line. The second should keep us in favorable winds longer. At present I'm sailing between the two.

The Monitor latch just released again a few minutes ago. I hung over the stern and retied the lines I put in place to secure it. Will try to improve on them tomorrow morning. May be a trying night. It seems there always has to be something.

September 16

South Pacific Ocean: Wednesday

0600 A rougher night than I expected. After dark the wind increased to twenty knots and I went on deck to partially furl jib. Furled further again at 2300 and let a little back out at 0200. Seas less confused and smaller than they were when throwing us about early yesterday afternoon, and the boat held steadier by stronger wind. Still not a smooth ride. Had trouble getting to sleep and woke often. Took enough water over deck for some to drip onto my feet by the fireplace. I spread sealant around the chimney and mast two days ago. A couple of times I thought the Monitor latch had uncoupled, but it hadn't.

Sun still below the horizon, but sky looks mostly clear. Last sliver of moon in the east. A dark week ahead, but we should have some moon near New Zealand.

1045 Seemed as though we had slowed, but still making 5.5 to 6 knots. Sky about half cloud covered, more to the southeast. Wind 15 knots. We could carry more sail, but as I noted yesterday, it won't make much difference in our arrival, and so I am seeking to make the miles with the least stress on the boat. Barometer 1017 and steady. Waves 4' and more regular than they were last night.

After coffee but before my uncooked oatmeal, I went on deck and adjusted the Monitor control lines. Although I did this on the mooring, the lines always have to be retightened at sea despite Spectra line and triple half-hitches. Also squirmed under the stern pulpit and leaned down to check the lines securing the latch. They seem still tight. Put the mainsail cover on, which was much easier in the absence of the spinnaker pole. Also the spray cover over the engine control panel.

While at Raiatea Carenage, I disposed of the spinnaker pole, leaving it beside the dumpsters for anyone to take.

I hadn't used it for years. Last time would have been to pole out the jib, because I've only set asymmetrical pole-less spinnakers on RESURGAM and THE HAWKE OF TUONELA. It was too long--15.5'--ever to row ashore in the dinghy so I needed to get rid of it while in a boatyard. Also old and with frozen corroded end fittings. It lived attached to the forward end of the mast and was in the way when I put on or took off the mainsail cover and tried to find leaks around the mast boot. With few exceptions, my rule is that if I have gone a year of serious sailing without using something, I can continue not to use it and so dispose of it. Two spare anchors and rodes, which haven't been set for years, are among the few exceptions.

I'm reading THE AGE OF NAPOLEON, one of several books by the American historian, J. Christopher Herold, that I brought back with me after reading his NAPOLEON IN EGYPT. Herold died in the early 1960s at age 45, but I don't know much else about him.

Of Napoleon, one of his own officers said, "He is a general who requires a monthly income of 10,000 soldiers."

1245 Sky a little cloudier than it was. Wind slightly stronger.
SOG 6.5.

Boat lurched this morning as I was using pliers to loosen knots on Monitor control lines and I closed them on the tip of my left index finger instead of the line.

Small things are breaking, corroding, or wearing out. The head of a screw holding a fitting to secure the lid of the tool locker

fell off. The support arm used to raise the top of the stove so it can be cleaned broke. The edge of one of the steps on the companionway ladder, originally broken when it fell over several months ago when I had removed it to pump the engine compartment, snapped.

None of these are important, just signs that the boat has been sailed hard for the past 17 months and needs maintenance. I'll enjoy doing that if not when I reach New Zealand, then when I fly back next.

Noon position: 17° 41' South; 154° 19' West. Day's run: 137 miles. Opuua: 1989 miles, bearing 238°.

1910 Wind was 16 knots, gusting 22 this afternoon. Sat on deck for an hour, but then waves started coming aboard. Returned later and stood leaning against the main traveler with my sunset drink. THE HAWKE OF TUONELA making 6 and 7 knots on a broad reach. Fine sailing.

Some substantial clouds passed overhead. Sometimes darker to the north; sometimes south. No rain. Sky has cleared since sunset, as it often does in the Tropics. A dark, starry night.

September 17
South Pacific Ocean: Thursday

0710 Slept better last night. Motion a bit smoother, although toward dawn the wind was again 20 to 22 knots and an occasional 8' wave was slamming into us. Clouds appeared ominous in pre-dawn light, but not now that the sun is above the horizon. Average wave 4'. I did put a few more furls in the jib. We're still making 6+ knots with about 1/3 of the sail set.

I'm farther north than when I sailed from Bora-Bora back to New Zealand five years ago. Then I passed south of Rarotonga, which was in sight one afternoon. Now I'll pass north and will first come upon several of the other Cook Islands, perhaps tonight or tomorrow morning.

I'd like to keep a course between 240° and 250° , but the boat wants to sail either in the 230° s or 250° s. Trying to average it out.

Watched AMERICAN BEAUTY last night. A good movie. Haven't seen it since it was first released, which I was surprised to note was ten years ago.

1215 Had a 150 mile day without really trying.

Sky keeps clouding over, then partially clearing. Sun shining at moment. Wind 16 to 20 knots. Barometer has dropped to 1015.

From time to time I hear a wave hissing up behind us. If they push us straight forward the SOG goes up to 8 or 9 knots. If at an angle, we round up to the south. So far the Monitor has gotten us back under control without difficulty. I did move the connecting chain one link to windward to give it more leverage.

Noon position: $18^{\circ} 55'$ South; $156^{\circ} 36'$ West. Day's run: 150 miles. Opuia: 1841 miles, bearing 238° .

The closest of the Cook Island atolls is 80 away.

1500 Sunny and slightly less windy this afternoon. Some big clouds have formed to the southeast and then dissipated.

I shaved this morning and took a solar shower this afternoon. Threw the t-shirt I had been wearing, which was one of my most

paint stained passage shirts, overboard. Not worth washing again. I have plenty of passage clothes. In fact I may have nothing but passage clothes.

September 18

South Pacific Ocean: Friday

0450 New time zone: GMT -11. This is only a two time zone passage. One more and the Dateline to go.

Takutea, one of the Cook Islands, is nine miles south of us according to the GPS, but in pre-dawn light I can't see it. Rarotonga is 122 miles ahead.

Yesterday afternoon I was sitting on deck in what seemed to be settled conditions, when I heard a wave break just behind me. It did not come aboard, but I did come down below.

Another such wave caught the stern just after sunset last night, and when we didn't come back on course I put on my headlamp and checked the servo-rudder latch, which I found to be partially disengaged. I pulled it back in place and tightened the lines. To lie down and lean over over the stern I have to remove one of the cowl vents back there. I left it off and put the deck plate in to save time in the future. I'll readjust the lines this morning. I'm really dreading having to do this in heavy weather.

0710 Starting off to be the nicest day so far. Trade wind sky without the embellishments. Wind 16 to 18, instead of 20 to 22. Waves mostly 3'.

I'm about to go aft and whack the latch with a hammer. The Monitor comes with a good user's manual. I read the section

this morning about latches, which says that a new latch often has to be "massaged" and advises tapping the forward edge with a hammer. So I will.

0830 Latch tapped. Two new Spectra lines tied in place. Also the latch line tied around the servo-rudder shaft to hold the latch down in a closed position. All this done hanging over the stern with the servo-rudder swinging side to side, although I had disengaged the Monitor and removed the vane and had the tiller pilot steering. Adjusted the Monitor to tiller control lines as well. Only too vividly can I see myself doing this at night in a gale with cold waves breaking over me. Difficult enough and a very awkward position to get into and out of beneath the pulpit on a perfect morning.

1215 Another 150 mile day, but this one 25 hours long.

Continues to be a perfect day. Unfurled the jib further. We could carry it all. A spinnaker for that matter. Have the small main cabin hatch open as well as the companionway.

Noon position: 19° 59' South; 158° 59' West. Day's run: 150 (25 hours). Opuā: 1693 miles, bearing 237°.

September 19

South Pacific Ocean: Saturday

0545 Rarotonga in sight 16 miles SSW. I saw the loom of lights from 0200 on. Wind died almost completely near midnight, and I got only broken sleep from then on. For a while we were thrown around on leftover waves, but they, too, gradually, flattened. I partially furled the jib just to keep it from chaffing on the shrouds when it collapsed. SOG of 2 to 2.5 knots didn't change. A few minutes ago a little wind returned. I unfurled

the jib completely and we are dashing along at 3.5 knots. After I finish my coffee I may set a spinnaker. Tired.

Although a mountain top, rather than an atoll. I don't think Rarotonga is big enough to be affecting our wind at this distance.

Looks to be another fine day. Barometer at 1012, where it has been since yesterday noon.

0730 Big white spinnaker has our SOG above 5 knots, but 20° high of desired course. Monitor having trouble controlling it and wind seems to be increasing, so it may not be up long.

Had it set and was back in cabin eating my cereal when I looked out companionway and noticed that the spinnaker sheet was rubbing against the lifelines. I had run it inside instead of out. Went on deck, furled sail, moved sheet, unfurled again. So easy.

1205 I jibed the spinnaker at 0900 to get us going west instead of south. I haven't often jibed spinnakers with the new system. Worked smoothly.

Although the barometer is 5 millibars lower than it was, today looks like a high pressure day. Almost cloudless blue sky. Light wind. No white-caps. 1' to 2' swell.

The wind has decreased to six or seven knots in the past hour. Our SOG, which was 5, is presently 3.5 and has generally been about 4. Just went back up to 4.1. Boat heeled a few degrees to port. Rolling slightly. All hatches open.

Shaved this morning and will shower this afternoon. Conditions too favorable not to. I still have water in the solar shower bag

from when I last filled it ashore in Bora-Bora. It has been sitting in the aft part of the cockpit. Amazing how often I want to put a foot exactly where it is.

I probably have enough fresh water to shower every day. Somehow I doubt I'll be taking showers in the cockpit as we near New Zealand.

My high school class is having its 50th reunion today in Kirkwood, Missouri, a suburb of Saint Louis, where I grew up. In absentia I am being given an award for being the person who has travelled the farthest not to be there.

Noon position: 21° 14' South; 160° 28' West. Day's run: 112 miles. Opuua: 1582 miles, bearing 238°.

1600 Pleasant afternoon, except not enough wind. SOG slightly below 4 knots since noon.

I conducted an experiment an hour ago. Furled spinnaker and set genoa. Lost .5 to 1 knot of speed. Furled jib and unfurled spinnaker and got it back.

Showered. Sat on deck, actually mostly on the cockpit sole. With the spinnaker set to port, no shade from the sail. The sun is to the north and starboard.

Sitting on the cockpit sole and facing aft, I saw a definite swell coming from the northeast, which is unusual in an area dominated by the southeast trades. This light wind is itself slightly north of east.

1715 Completely cloudless sky at sunset, which is ominous to a sailor. No clouds often means no wind. We still have some--

about six knots--and have an SOG of 3.5. Spent the past couple of hours on deck. Pleasant, but slow.

I always have reservations about leaving a spinnaker set through the night, but in these conditions there is no doubt. If the wind increases, I'll wake up and thanks to the furling gear can furl the sail in a few seconds from the cockpit. Waiting for dinner of freeze dry stroganoff to cool.

2000 Just watched PIRATES OF THE CARIBBEAN. Amusing to watch movies about the sea when you are at sea. Illusion versus reality.

The wind has died. We are all but becalmed. SOG 1.9 knots and not even in the right direction.

September 20
South Pacific Ocean: Sunday

0550 Continued making less than 2 knots all night. Two minutes of rain at 0100 caused me to shut hatches, but wasn't followed by an increase in wind.

When I got up a half hour ago, we were heading 275°, so I jibed the spinnaker, which was drooping against the shrouds. We're now making 2.5 more or less in the right direction. A few clouds around the horizon that I expect will burn away. Wind only ripples on the water; but I have a sense, or perhaps only hope, that it will increase. A low swell from several directions.

Yesterday was a fine day, but I would not like to repeat it. Our run since noon thus far is 47 miles. Almost certainly going to be one of the two or three shortest of the entire circumnavigation.

Thinking of the 50th reunion of my high school class yesterday. We actually graduated in June of 1959, so fifty years ago now, in September, I had just started college and had just met in Freshman honors English class, Mary, who became my first wife. That memory is much more important than any I have from high school, and that it has been fifty years is startling.

We were married three years later just before Christmas of our senior year on money saved from my life guard jobs--summers at an outdoor pool in suburban Saint Louis; winters on weekends at the local YMCA's indoor pool--for which I was paid \$1.25 an hour, the then minimum wage.

0845 Sunny morning--no surprise. Wind up to 6 and 7 knots and we are actually sailing, not ghosting. SOG 3.7. I even saw a 4. Some low clouds scattered around horizon and a few high smudged cirrus. Barometer up to 1016.

1210 We're number 2. The day's run of 67 miles is the second slowest of the circumnavigation. The slowest was 64 miles one day between Panama and Nuku Hiva. The new third slowest was 68 miles one day between Nuku Hiva and Raiatea. However we did not get full benefit of all 67 miles. Opuia is only 64 miles closer than it was yesterday at noon.

Increasing trade wind clouds cause me to expect more wind. So far it hasn't happened.

Every half hour or so I go on deck and try to get a little more out of the spinnaker. Trim in a little. Trim out a little. With the sail floating around it is difficult to see any results. Present SOG 3.0.

Moved some New Zealand freeze dry meals from a plastic bag on the quarter berth to the locker near the v-berth from which I pick my evening meal. Everything in there was from the U.S. and I want a bit of variety. Also swept floor and cleaned my camera and lens. Boat is fairly steady, so this was a good time. I think I see some mold growing inside one of my lenses. Will have to have it taken apart professionally.

Ate one of the French cans of couscous for lunch. The different taste and texture were good.

Noon position: 21° 36' South; 161° 36' West. Day's run: 67 miles. Opuā: 1518 miles, bearing 238°.

1730 The past few hours have been the best I've spent at sea for a long while. For hundreds of miles east of Nuku Hiva the boat had damaged rigging, and while we've had some good sailing since Bora-Bora, it wasn't quite right. Or I wasn't. This afternoon has been perfect.

It began when I went on deck at 1400 and found a pirate ship coming toward me. Actually it wasn't a pirate ship, but after watching PIRATES OF THE CARIBBEAN last night, I thought it looked like one. Three masts, all sails furled, powering east. It swung over toward me and passed a half mile south. I heard loud music, so perhaps it is some kind of a cruise ship, rather than a national training vessel. A good day to be making easting.

While watching the ship approach I noticed that our course had changed from 245° to 275°. The wind had veered from east to south east and on our desired course was now on the beam. I tried to bring us back up, but the white spinnaker is a broad reaching and running sail, so I furled and lowered it and went to jib and main. On a beam reach in 7 to 8 knots of wind

we were making 6 knots. I love feeling a boat sailing well, and that is sailing well. Now with the wind up to nine and ten knots, we are making 6.8 to 7.1 perfectly smoothly.

I fixed myself a gin and tonic and while drinking it on deck, enjoying THE HAWKE OF TUONELA's motion, I saw a dolphin rise beside the bow. Unlike some sailors, dolphins are not loners. You never see just one, and moments later five other glistening backs arched from the water. Then more and more.

With Sarah Brightman singing over the cockpit speakers, I finished my drink, made another, boiled water for freeze dried babotjie, and ate dinner on deck.

Glorious.

September 21

South Pacific Ocean: Monday

0550 Perfection didn't last--if it did we wouldn't recognize it. The wind decreased after I watched a movie version of THE MERCHANT OF VENUS with Al Pacino as a pretty good Shylock. Although I've read all Shakespeare's plays, I don't think I've ever seen a stage production of this one.

I was awakened often by the sails momentarily collapsing on low waves, until at 0300, when I woke to the boat sailing well, but I could tell by the motion without even needing to check the compass we were well off course. When I did pick up the instrument display I keep within hand's reach of my berth, I found us heading due south.

Got up. Got dressed. Got headlamp and went on deck, where I eased mainsheet and then moved the Monitor control lines.

When nothing much happened, I climbed aft to see if the latch had opened. It hadn't. So I eased the mainsheet farther and moved the Monitor tiller chain another link to windward. This got us back on course, which was a very board reach and the mainsail was blanketing the jib. Lowered the main and lashed it to the boom. Went back to bed.

At the moment we could be carrying the spinnaker again. SOG between 4.5 and 5 under jib, which continues to collapse frequently on waves. But the sky to the east has some unusual clouds, including one that looks like a larger version of Bora-Bora, that I think mean more wind, so I will wait a while. Barometer 1015 and steady.

1205 Reading a so far good novel set during the siege of Leningrad during WWII where everyone is starving caused me to become hungry and eat an early lunch.

Finished reading DOWN TO A SOUNDLESS SEA, an interesting collection of short stories by Thomas Steinbeck, the son of John, recommended by a follower of my journal. Set mostly in and around Monterey, California, and the Big Sur a hundred years ago.

California is perhaps as beautiful a place in the world with mountains, coast and desert. It lacks only a warm ocean. And is too crowded, being about the size of New Zealand but with ten times as many people.

Several layers of clouds: high cirrus; middle altocumulus; and low cumulous. Gaps through them all and sunny at present, though only 78°F. Feels almost cool. Wind remains light. SOG 5.3 under jib alone.

I put the mainsail cover back on this morning. Keep being pleased how much easier it is without having to snap buckles in the gap between the spinnaker pole and the mast. Should have gotten rid of the pole long ago. Will also be able in time to remove two more lines from the mast: the one used to raise and lower the pole end car on the track I installed on the forward edge of the mast, and the pole topping lift. The first runs up inside the mast and I'll replace it with a messenger. The topping lift is all external and I could just pull it through, but that would leave a block up there that I think would rattle around.

Another piece of the UV resistant cloth on the jib has torn. This is an added protective layer and does not affect the strength of the sail itself except over time. This was along the foot. I winched the sail in until I could reach it and cut the dangling piece away. Looked slovenly.

This morning I realized that the only way to be consistent about the sailing time of this circumnavigation is to reduce the start and ending times of all passages to GMT. I had recorded them in local time, which wasn't the same as I crossed time zones. I'll go over this again, but am reasonably certain that my sailing time through Bora-Bora is 169 days 14.25 hours.

It will be one hour more if New Zealand was still on summer time when I sailed from Opuia on April 21, 2008. I don't think it was, but will check when I get in.

This passage crosses the International Dateline, which got me to thinking about about all this, began at on Sept. 15 at 0700 Bora-Bora time which is Sept. 15 1700 GMT.

Noon position: 22° 33' South; 163° 31' West. Day's run: 121 miles. Opuia: 1398 miles; bearing 237°.

1700 We look to be getting some weather. Complete high overcast. Some low cloud. Increasing swell, which has not yet been accompanied by increased wind and has given us a wallowing, sloppy afternoon of rolling and collapsing and filling jib, and only a 4 to 5 knot SOG. Hard on the boat and irritating to me.

Just checked the pilot chart software, which shows 0% gales in September within hundreds of miles of our present position. This is what I expected; but it is a serious sky.

Wallowing on and awaiting developments.

September 22

South Pacific Ocean: Tuesday

0630 A lousy, lousy lurching, rolling, jib collapsing, banging night. Awake from midnight when a wind shift caused me to jibe until 0400 with one exception when I briefly fell asleep around 0300 only to awaken a few minutes later when the wave action felt wrong and I found us sailing due north.

Most of that time it was sheer torture. Constantly noisy with blocks and lines banging, snapping, crashing. Spastic motion. Rarely do such conditions last very long because the seas die down after the wind does. These were not large, but they didn't die down.

Around 0230 light rain began, accompanied by the flicker of distant lightning that an hour later was close enough for me to hear thunder, but never close enough to be worrisome.

Went out in the rain and jibed back when I found us heading north. Got some sleep between 0400 and 0500. Was up once to adjust course, which was then too far south.

At the moment we are making 6.5 knots in the right direction for a change under the jib with a couple of wraps in it. Sky partially clearing. Barometer 1013.

Also to my surprise we have are about to leave the tropics. Our latitude is 23° 25'. We will cross the Tropic of Capricorn at 23° 26.4' in a few minutes.

Horovitz playing soothing Scarlatti on the cabin speakers with my first cup of coffee.

0740 A lousy morning. Scarlatti wasn't enough. Becalmed. Set small spinnaker--we could certainly carry the big one, but reluctant to set it in unsettled conditions and it overlaps shrouds more and would chaff more when collapsing--but even the smaller spinnaker just flails about. Furled it, but left it up. Clouding over again. May drift backwards into the tropics again.

Only good thing is that I don't think this will last. Wind will return from somewhere.

0810 Making 6 knots in right direction. Under power. Tired of rolling around, I turned on engine ten minutes ago. Generally try to run it under load once a week on a passage anyway. Left both jib and spinnaker up and furled. Sometimes spinnaker starts to unfurl at the top, particularly this one, so I'm keeping an eye on it.

Sky again covered with low cloud. Barometer back up to 1015.

0945 Just turned off engine. Sailing--sort of--under small blue spinnaker, which is collapsing and filling. SOG 2.3. High cirrus clouds. Low cumulus clouds. Some blue sky. Sun shining at moment. Tiller pilot steering. Too little wind for Monitor. I can barely feel it against my skin.

Shaved this morning. Planned on solar shower this afternoon. We will see.

1030 Spinnaker waving like a rag. In the second or two it fills five or six times a minute it produces enough power to move us forward at 2.6 to 2.8 knots.

Becoming sunnier.

1130 Just finished a very enjoyable novel, CITY OF THIEVES, by David Benioff. This is the one I mentioned earlier set in Leningrad during the WWII siege. A teenage boy, accused of looting, and an young soldier charged with desertion, are allowed to avoid execution by obtaining a dozen eggs needed by a Soviet Colonel for his daughter's wedding cake. Except there are no eggs left in Leningrad. This is well worth tracking down and reading. Improved an otherwise deficient morning.

1200 SOG touched 3.1. Roaring along. There has been a lot of slow sailing in the Pacific Ocean this year. I've thought about setting the bigger spinnaker, but don't know that it would make noticeable difference and would just be more to collapse. Also I am too tired.

With the tiller pilot steering, I did squirm over the stern and check the lines I put on the servo-rudder latch. Every time I do this it costs me blood. I gouge either my arms or legs. This time arm.

The lines seemed tight, but I untied two of them and tried to pull them even tighter.

Noon position: 23° 35' South; 165° 07' West. Day's run: 108 miles. Week's run: 845. A not very impressive 5.02 knot average. Opuā: 1291 miles, bearing 237°.

1600 Another lovely and extremely slow afternoon. We've made 13.3 miles since noon and presently have an SOG of 1.9.

I showered. Did some housework: swept the floor. Put away the French courtesy flag and incidentally found that I don't have one for New Zealand. I assume that the one I had when I left last year was frayed and I got rid of it.

My collection of courtesy flags lives in a ziploc bag in a duffle bag that also contains paper charts and lives at the aft end of a shelf beside the port quarterberth. Some of the charts of South Africa were moldy and falling apart and have been given an honorable burial at sea.

Fell asleep while sitting up listening to music. About to go on deck and have a drink to celebrate something. Maybe the first week at sea. At our present rate of progress there will be many more between here and Opuā.

1730 An hour ago while I was on deck a line of dark cloud appeared ahead of us and in a half hour had overrun the entire sky. The wind veered from northeast to southeast, but didn't increase. After I finished my gin and tonic and listening to an album called TEARS OF STONE, I furled and lowered the spinnaker. I really don't want to listen to the jib banging around tonight, but these clouds could bring unpredictable wind,

including some from ahead and the spinnaker can't handle that.

After leisurely and peacefully sorting out and coiling the spinnaker sheets and the furling line--after all we weren't going much more slowly with the sail down than we were when it was up, I unfurled the jib, changed from tiller pilot to Monitor steering, and came below to make dinner of freeze dry lamb fettucini. It is now cooling and the wind has picked up. In the past few minutes our SOG has doubled from 3.3 to 6.6. Going to stop writing and see what is happening.

1740 Wind 25 knots. Good that I got the spinnaker down. Still making 6.6, but with deeply furled jib on beam reach. Wind feels cold. Going to put computer away. Water may be coming aboard.

September 23

South Pacific Ocean: Wednesday

0520 Another lousy night, but different. Variety is everything.

After I stopped writing last evening, the wind continued at 25 to 30 knots and heavy, torrential rain began, accompanied by lightning and thunder, again none very close. This persisted until 2200. In the midst of it I had to go out and furl the jib further. Wore my new foul weather pants for the first time and they did their job.

At 2200 rain stopped. Went on deck again and with wind still in west, set mainsail with single reef. Wind was light, but in darkness complete except for a sinister swollen orange first sliver of moon through clouds, I couldn't tell if more rain and wind were coming.

For the rest of the night we rattled and slatted around, except for three times when I found us heading slowly back east, with the jib backed. I'm not sure how many times I was on deck. Many. I'm not sure how much sleep I got. Not much. I am sure that we got nowhere all night and have made 37 miles since noon yesterday and are not presently improving on that much, heading 300° close-hauled starboard tack at 4.8 knots. The last time I tacked, we couldn't point higher than 175° on port, so I'm hoping eventually the wind will back to the southeast.

Was too cool on deck for shorts and t-shirt, so dug out Levis and an old passage Polartec, which is what I have on now.

I think that the masthead wind unit is stuck showing the wind angle always to be a broad reach. Also something happened to the sleeve of the spinnaker halyard which has come loose of the core. I noticed it while setting the mainsail last night. Can't yet see if it has chaffed through.

Course has fallen off to 313° May try to tack again.

Sky cleared during the night, and what I can see through the companionway is clear in pre-dawn light. Barometer is 1012.

0600 Went on deck and made some adjustments to Monitor and sails, brought our course to 280°-285°.

The masthead wind unit is not stuck on a beam reach. Is showing proper wind angle.

The spinnaker halyard sleeve has indeed chaffed through. This may mean the end of spinnakers for this passage. I don't think I have another line that size that long aboard. May not matter.

The Monitor latch remained latched through all this.

0930 Fell asleep sitting up reading. Every effort is an effort. Pumped three buckets of water from bilge; ½ bucket from engine compartment.

Wind is backing. COG between 280° and 270°. A very pretty morning. Mostly blue sky. A few scattered white clouds. If only we were sailing in the right direction.

1030 Now we are sailing in the right direction. Even a few degrees high. I'll have to go out and adjust the Monitor. Shook the reef out of the mainsail, and then gradually unfurled more jib until it all was out. SOG 5.1 knots against 7 or 8 knots of wind. COG 223°. Don't want higher than about 240°.

1205 A second place tie. Our day's run of 67 miles equals last Sunday as the second slowest of the circumnavigation. A dubious and undesirable distinction.

Sky beginning to look like trade winds, but this wind is still south. We're making 5.2 knots in the right direction without much fuss.

Noon position: 23° 36' South; 166° 19' West. Day's run: 67 miles. Opua: 1238 miles, bearing 235°.

1700 What a contrast between tonight and last night this time. No line of nimbostratus cloud about to wreck havoc, or at least heavy rain and wind, ahead of us. Instead blue sky, scattered trade wind clouds without the trade wind, and THE HAWKE OF TUONELA making 4 to 5 knots close-hauled against 6 knots of wind. Not quite on the desired course, but close enough to avoid angst.

I wonder what caused that weather last night. It would be interesting to see a weather chart. Possibly it was a front extending up from a low well south of here.

Just spent a couple of hours on deck. Wearing polartec and Levis. About 70°F. But I was in the shade of the sails and comfortable. Listening to music, drinking an early gin and tonic. I don't think anything serious is going to happen tonight, but the boat's balance is precarious in such light conditions, and I'm not going to be able to just go to sleep and let the boat sail on. I need the sleep. Have a feeling of being partially underwater. No movie tonight. Not last night either, but for different reasons. Will eat dinner and go to bed after sunset and hope to get some hours in.

Sailing is about balance. I can feel when the boat is in balance. The changes are very obvious using a wind-vane self-steering gear in light air. The jib pushes the bow off the wind. The main brings it back to the wind. As does the rudder. Most, if not all boats, are designed with some weather helm. Tighten one line too much and stall that force and the result is obvious. I love when I feel a boat in balance, sailing as well under the given conditions as she can. Even though THE HAWKE OF TUONELA is only making 4.7 knots, at the moment she is.

While sitting on deck I was thinking of the various ways the remaining time and distance can be divided.

We've already passed a couple of milestones: the first week; and earlier than expected, leaving the tropics. It occurred to me that this might have been for the last time, though that is by no means certain.

Ahead of us lie the next, and last, time zone starting at 172° 30' West. The as yet uncertain point where we have less than 1000

miles to go. And the Dateline at 180°. Once a magazine editor questioned my writing about crossing the International Dateline, which has been moved around in various places for political reasons. It is in this part of the South Pacific bent east of 180° because Tonga doesn't want to be a day ahead of Samoa and Fiji and New Zealand. At sea this is meaningless. For me I change times and dates by the appropriate longitudes.

I'm supposed to be racing myself. Fortunately I have a good lead because this is not a fast passage.

September 24

South Pacific Ocean: Thursday

0520 Sky just beginning to color through the companionway. Deep indigo with morning star. Scattered smudged clouds applied with charcoal.

We are making 3 knots, more or less on course, heading for another slow day's run, though unless the wind dies away completely, not another top three.

Expecting the wind to back southeast during the night and wanting to be able to sleep for a few hours without worrying about us going off course, I changed to tiller pilot steering just before I went to bed at 1930. It was a good idea. I got four needed hours of solid sleep. I woke at 2330. Found the wind light, still from the south, and went back to sleep for another hour when noise of a rattling block and the tiller pilot off course alarm woke me.

I went on deck where I found that the wind, instead of backing, had veered, headed us, and backed the jib.

In light air, I have learned that it is faster to fall off and jibe, rather than bring the jib across, trim it, gain momentum, and then tack back. I did this and got us sailing again close-hauled, but the best course was 300°.

I left the tiller pilot steering and went below, but once in my sleeping bag realized that if the wind did change again, I'd be better with the Monitor steering, so on deck and changed to Monitor.

I woke about every hour thereafter. Found us gradually improving our course to 270° as the wind backed. Then in the last hour the wind finally went southeast and our course was 170°. Got up and turned us off the wind, re-trimmed sails and Monitor. We're trinkling along at around three knots--3.7 at the moment--in the right direction. Looks to be another fine day. Perhaps the wind will strengthen.

Feel rested.

0820 Coffee on deck with dawn and guitar music, OPIUM: WIDE-EYED played by Ottmar Liebert. There is also and OPIUM: DREAMING.

When I go to sleep I usually set the sleep timer on the iPod for 30 minutes and play, quietly, an instrumental album. If I am up and awake for a time during the night, I play the remainder to get back to sleep then. Last night I didn't, so did this morning.

Dawn came upon a classic trade wind sky. THE HAWKE OF TUONELA sailing smoothly across an ocean undulating as though with a slow even heartbeat. My own resting heartbeat is and has always been in the mid-40s per minute. Now that I'm

old doctors who haven't seen me before become alarmed and think there is something wrong with me.

We've kept moving, more or less in the right direction, more or less on a close or beam reach, more or less at 4 knots in 5 and 6 knots of wind. Barometer 1015. Another lovely slow day.

1205 The trade wind clouds have withdrawn to the horizon. Overhead clear pastel blue sky with first quarter moon.

I put out a shower bag. Will be an easy day to shower and always the chance that tomorrow won't be.

Not as rested as I thought. I fell asleep while reading this morning.

Wind continues to back, which is taking us toward a broad reach and a reduction in apparent wind. SOG has been 3.5. At the moment 4.3.

This is our ninth day out and we are not yet halfway, although within the next couple of hours we will have sailed 1000 miles since Bora-Bora. I expected the first half of the passage to be the faster half.

Noon position: 24° 17' South; 167° 37' West. Day's run: 82 miles. Opuā: 1156 miles, bearing 235°.

1300 As I was showering, the wind backed to the east and died. Mainsail down. Jib drooping. Sea almost flat. SOG 1.6. Just enough for the tiller pilot, which I just returned to the deck, to keep us pointing in the right direction.

I tied the ends of the spinnaker halyard together and then raised the forward end to the near masthead block. It goes up.

From where the cover chaffed through, it has slid forward and back, exposing twenty or thirty feet of the core. I think I can still use the halyard. I dug through some of my old lines and found a former jib halyard that has one chaffed spot itself, but which could be used. Also I think in another, less accessible location, must be my old spare main halyard, which though thick for the spinnaker halyard blocks, would probably work. At the moment not enough wind to bother trying a spinnaker.

I had two prolonged calms the last time I sailed back from Fiji to New Zealand. Very discouraging.

1330 Engine on.

1800 Engine still on, but not for much longer.

The sun has just set. There is a thin layer of low cloud over much of the sky, spreading from the southeast, but the sea is mostly glassy.

Today was a lovely day, sunny, mild, pleasant; but not for sailing.

Had my penultimate gin and tonics on deck, followed by one of the French cans--tuna and pasta, and two Pepperidge Farm chocolate chip cookies on deck.

Every hour or so, I've cut back the engine and tried to sail without success. Not going to power all night long.

1900 Engine off. Becalmed. Unfurled jib, but only flopped around. Rolling on low swell. Mostly clear sky.

The past two evenings and this morning a bird has been hunting around us. I think a booby. Hasn't happened for a while. I enjoy the brief company.

Going to try to get some sleep.

September 25

South Pacific Ocean: Friday

0445 Engine on.

I went to sleep last night at 1930. Woke at 2100 to find some wind from northeast. Set jib. Sailing at 2 knots. Left jib up until 0100, making only 1 knot most of that time. Drifted back east at about the same speed until 0430 when I got up and felt some wind from the southeast. Unfurled jib. Was able to make 1 to 1.5 knots, but sail collapsing constantly on tiny swell. Furled it and turned on engine.

Sky is still dark and seemingly mostly overcast. There is a narrow orange band of light on the eastern horizon, truncated north and south by rain.

Around midnight we had covered 33 miles since noon. All under power. Now we have covered only 30 miles since noon.

0530 Sailing at 2.3 knots under still sometimes collapsing jib. Rain to the northeast and maybe south. Tiller pilot steering.

0730 Seems later. Rain behind us on the horizon. Sun breaking through higher. Monitor steering. SOG 2.5 to 3.0. Sitting reading a good historical novel, *THE TENANTS OF TIME*, by Thomas Flanagan, about an Irish rising against the English in

1867. More than 800 pages long. I'm going to need it. Schubert's last three piano concertos playing.

Put the mainsail cover back on. There was a spot worn on the forward edge of the mast boot by the spinnaker pole. I covered it with sealant yesterday afternoon.

I've lowered my sights. Where a few days ago I was thinking of the end of the passage, that I would be in a week from Saturday or a week Sunday, which would be Monday in New Zealand; now I look no farther than the next small milestone: the halfway point, still 43 miles ahead; crossing 25° South, which would leave 10° of latitude to go, still 18 miles to the south of us; the point at which we would have less than 1000 miles, still 118 miles ahead. The Dateline at 180° is more than 750 miles ahead of us and too far to contemplate.

Late yesterday, the barometer fell to 1012, where it has remained steady for the past twelve hours.

1200 Wind backed east. Jibed jib, which is collapsing 8 times per minute. Clear overhead. Clouds all around horizon, and a line of rain not far ahead of us. Barometer has fallen to 1010. SOG 2.7.

Noon position: 24° 50' South; 168° 21' West. Day's run: 52 miles, of which I powered 30. By far the worst of the circumnavigation. Three of the four slowest days of the circumnavigation have come in the past six.

There are times when I think that if I can ever just get this over, I never want to go to sea again. But I've thought that before.

Tired. Lack of sleep. And tired of poor sailing.

1400 We passed through a thin line of rain. Little wind on the other side. SOG 0.7. Checked fuel tank. A little more than half full. I think I should try to save it. Never was anywhere convenient to get fuel either on Raiatea or Bora-Bora.

1430 Becalmed. Sailed furled. Drifting. Waiting for wind.

1700 Sailing west to northwest 1.2 knots under that part of the jib that doesn't overlap the spreaders. Don't want it to chaff. Low overcast after a partly sunny afternoon. Rain to the north.

The barometer has dropped to 1008, which makes it difficult to understand why there is no wind.

September 26

South Pacific Ocean: Saturday

0600 At 2230 last night, after watching THE BOXER--a later phase of Ireland's Troubles than THE TENANTS OF TIME, I set the mainsail and got the boat sailing to the southwest, close-hauled on port tack at 3 knots. I didn't expect it to last, and it didn't.

At 2300 I woke to find that the wind had backed to the southeast and we were sailing east. Lowered main, which would blanket jib, and turned us back downwind on course.

At 0100 woke to find the wind had backed northeast and we were sailing south. Jibed jib and got us back on course.

At 0400 awakened by rain coming through the companionway. Wind west and boat sailing southeast. Trimmed jib from the companionway and used Monitor control lines to get us back on course.

Woke at 0530 to find clearing overhead. Clouds around the horizon. Boat drifting becalmed, still pointing west however.

Sometime during all this we passed two of my so-called milestones. We are at 25° 14' and so have less than 10° of latitude remaining. And we have passed the halfway point of this passage, which was 1074.5 miles. My Opuā mooring is 1068 miles away. I celebrated by changing the dish towel.

Barometer has dropped further to 1005. We could quickly go from too little wind to too much.

0715 Wind returned from ahead. Raised mainsail. SOG 4.0. COG 207°.

1200 Has become a fine sunny day, with wind building from the west. Now about 14 knots. Has veered during the morning. Earlier we were sailing south, now up to 220° at 5 knots. I think we are being held back by current, of which I saw evidence on the instruments during last night's maneuvers. I just partially furled the jib. We were heeled more than 20° and pounding some. If the wind continues to increase without veering enough to ease sheets, I'll probably put a reef in the main sometime this afternoon.

Napped this morning.

Noon position: 25° 34' South; 169° 00' West. Day's run: 56 miles. Opuā: 1050 miles, bearing 236°.

1345 Reef has been in mainsail for an hour. Wind has backed and headed us. Coming from 245°-250°. Our COG is ranging from 200° to 210°. Still sunny. What look to be trade wind

clouds starting to form. Not bad sailing, but if this wind were coming from any other direction, it would be better.

Checked pilot chart information. Normal barometric pressure here for September is 1018.

1630 A half an hour ago we sailed into a line of rain that had formed west of us. Rain brief. Accompanied as expected by a wind shift, but not big enough. Tacked to starboard and am now sailing west instead of south. Pounding a bit more. Had to let out a little more jib to power through steep 2' chop.

September 27

South Pacific Ocean: Sunday

0520 During the night the wind and seas decreased, and, for a while, the wind backed. Each time woke, I was pleased to see our course improve until at midnight it was 245°. But that was as close as we would get to the 236° to Opuia. The wind stopped backing and began to veer. I got up a few minutes ago to a disappointing COG of 281°, sometimes higher, and a more satisfactory SOG of 5.5 to 6.0. COG now 291°. This means that only a fraction of those 5.5 to 6 knots are doing us any good. I may tack at daylight.

At midnight the distance to Opuia was 1003. It is now less than 983.

0550 Tacked to port. COG 204°. SOG 5.

0750 Took reef out of main. Unfurled jib. Full sail set. Making 4 knots 175°. I'd tack, but doubt I can do 270° on the other side. These are COG, which shows leeway. Wind down to 8 knots.

Sunny. Barometer up to 1008. Looks like a fine day, except for wind direction. COG now 185°.

Pumped four or five buckets of water from bilge. Engine compartment unexpectedly completely dry.

0805 Tacked. COG 283°. SOG 5.4.

Sorted out mainsail leech reef lines, which I had crossed when I moved the lower one from the second to the first reef.

Since RESURGAM days, I've had my mainsails made with only two reefs, but at the points where 1 1/2 reefs and the third reef would normally be. I told the sailmaker to do that to this sail, as he has done before, but he forgot and put the reefs at the normal first and second reef levels. I've had a third reef put in. When I reefed yesterday I just put in the first reef, which was all right for the conditions, but I'd rather reef more deeply if I'm going to reef at all, and so moved the lower line back up.

While writing the above, COG improved to 269°.

I'd rather go west than south and get out of this interminable time zone.

1200 Although the morning has been mostly sunny, there are some rain clouds around. We are heading toward one now. Another earlier resulted in only a brief shower. I've partially furled jib, but just now the wind has decreased. I've tacked several times. Wind persists from southwest. Heading south now on starboard. Barometer 1009.

Noon position: 26° 00' South; 170° 38' West. Day's run: 93 miles. That is the straight line distance from yesterday's noon position.

Tacking back and forth, we sailed farther, but I don't know how much. Opuu: 963 miles, bearing 235°.

1600 At the moment, and for the past hour, we are sailing at 6 knots in the right direction with the sheets eased slightly to a very close reach.

After noon, we sailed through two more very brief showers, with a dead spot in between where we were almost becalmed. But the wind backed as we approached the second line of cloud and has remained just east of south.

Full main set and jib with a couple of rolls in it. There are more clouds, with possible increases in wind, still ahead of us. To the northwest the sky is clear and the sun is shining.

1700 We've come out the other side. Clear sky as we near sunset. Light wind. No longer headed toward Opuu. Unfurled jib. Long swell from the south. COG: 268°. SOG: 4.7.

1820 On deck with a glass of Calvados for sunset.

Wind settled east of south, so I was able to get THE HAWKE OF TUONELA sailing toward Opuu at 5.5 to 6 knots in 7 knots of wind.

Cool on deck. Glad to have on Polartec and Levis. My days of shorts may be over.

I've seen thousands of sunsets at sea. Don't have that many left that I can waste one.

September 28

South Pacific Ocean: Monday

0620 Was able to get New Zealand broadcast radio before the sun came up and learned that the country is already on summer time, which makes it the same time as here--but, of course, Tuesday--and that it is rainy with fresh northwest wind in Auckland. I will still change ship's time to correspond to standard time zones, and stand a good chance of finally getting out of this one today.

THE HAWKE OF TUONELA sailed smoothly at around five knots and in around the right direction all night. Once we were too high and I corrected; once too low. At 0430 the wind lightened--it was never more than seven knots, but has come back a knot or two. At the moment we're making 4.8 on course 241°. Wind five to six knots. A long slow swell from the southwest. Mostly clear sky, with some cloud to the north and southeast. Barometer up to 1012.

0940 Essentially becalmed. Sails still up, but flopping around. Furled enough of the jib so it isn't chaffing against the shrouds. No difference in boat speed with less sail. Bow kept more or less west by tiller pilot, which itself was steering all over the place when I first set it up an hour ago. I think we were making so little headway and bouncing around so much that its internal compass couldn't get a stable reading. Once I steadied us on course by hand for a few minutes and then re-engaged it, it was all right.

Did some maintenance. Dug the spare main halyard out of the stern stowage area, but did not replace the spinnaker halyard with it. I cut off the end of the spinnaker halyard and pulled that part of the cover which is exposed forward of the mast off. I can now remove the halyard by pulling out from the other end where the other part of the cover is already inside the

mast. However I think that I will use the present halyard if I have need of a spinnaker. The core is intact and is the strength.

Polished some of the rust from the fireplace and chimney. Not perfect, but it looks better. Swept cabin sole. Also removed the boat speed transducer, which was showing 0 even when we were moving. I assumed that something was jamming the paddle wheel. If so, it fell away when I pulled it through the hull. Paddle wheel spun freely. I put it back in place and now get readings. Or would if we had boat speed. SOG 1.1 at present. And barometer up to 1014.

Put out solar shower bag.

Also wearing shorts. Thought those days were over.

1200 Sunny. Little wind. Almost becalmed. Sea glassy. Swell from southwest. SOG 1.7. COG varies, but 248° at moment.

Inventoried my remaining liquids.

I have plenty of water: 22 1.5 liter bottles of water; a five gallon jerry can; the small tank of about 20 gallons; and whatever is left in the big tank, which I am still using.

I found 3 cans of Lipton Iced Tea; 2 cans of Coca-Cola; 5 cans of tonic; 5 cans of beer; and 10 boxes of orange juice.

In addition I have ½ bottle of red wine, opened and the first half drunk last evening; most of a bottle of Calvados, which I had planned to save until south of 30° South, but haven't. And a drink or possibly two of Laphroaig to be saved until the end of the voyage or just before I die, whichever comes first.

Noon position: 26° 47' South; 172° 13' West. Day's run: 97 miles.

Opuā: 867 miles, bearing 234°.

1310 Ate lunch, showered, and turned on engine five minutes ago.

1510 Still powering to the next time zone. Six miles to go, but am not heading due west. Sea mostly glassy. Undulating. Some scattered darker patches of cats-paws. Sunny, but with low puff of trade wind like cloud, more to the north, from where the occasional breath of wind is coming.

Rearranged provisions. Put last two packages of cookies in the oven, which serves as dry storage. Also filled gaps in galley shelves, which hold cans of drink, with cups of soup.

I'm used to seeing more bags of provisions on the v-berth. Only three small bags left: one with the French canned meals. One crackers. One cups of soup. Other food, such as freeze dry meals, canisters of oatmeal, cans of tuna, salmon, chicken, dried fruit and nuts, is in the port side locker at the aft end of the v-berth. I'm not going to starve. But I might run out of cookies.

1530 We've made it to the new time zone: GMT -/+ 12. This entry is made an hour and twenty minutes, not twenty minutes, after the previous one.

Moving across time zones is one of the rhythms of a passage, such as the waxing and waning of the moon. Dawn will now again be early, rather than late, and first light is important at sea.

Dark clouds ahead of us, to the west and northwest. Maybe even rain. But not yet wind. I'd like to get the engine off, the

jib set--the mainsail is still up, and the Monitor rather than the tiller pilot steering, but will wait a bit longer.

1620 Sea silver and pewter. Clouds still ahead. Still only the slightest wind. I cut the engine back a few minutes ago to see if we could sail. We can't. Engine off at 1700 even if no improvement.

1700 Engine off. Jib set, but partially furled so it doesn't overlap shrouds. I'll set it all if there is ever enough wind to keep it full. What wind there is comes from the northwest. SOG 1.3. Thin line of gray misty rain falling from clouds ahead of us, backlighted by lowering sun. Very pretty.

1730 Sailing at 4 knots. Starboard close reach in 5 knots of wind. Listening to Michael Nyman's lovely score for the movie, THE LIBERTINE. He also wrote the score for THE PIANO, which might be my favorite movie music of all. Boat almost motionless. Finishing the last of the wine, while waiting for freeze dry Santa Fe Chicken to cool,

2130 SOG 1.7. Sails slatting and slamming. This boat requires so little to sail well, and yet there has been so little good sailing in the entire crossing of the Pacific Ocean this year.

September 29

South Pacific Ocean: Tuesday

0445 Monitor couldn't hold us on course last night, so set up tiller pilot to steer at sunset. It managed until after midnight. I got up then and we were pointed the right way. At 0130 we were drifting east. I got us back on course. Again at 0300 and 0415, which is now the beginning of first light. But we've been effectively becalmed since midnight. Drifting south at 1.8 knots

at present. Mainsail set and jib forward of the shrouds. Some clouds and some clear sky. Barometer 1013.

1205 No surprise that this has been by far the slowest week of the circumnavigation. The daily runs added together come to 513 miles, but we only decreased the distance to Opuia by 488 miles during the week.

Sunny at present and with better wind for the past hour, after a morning of making mostly 2 and 3 knots and my having to go on deck several times to turn us around when we started drifting east. SOG 5.4. COG 204°.

Noon position: 27° 39' South; 172° 59' West. Day's run: 66 miles. Week's run: 513 miles. Opuia: 803 miles, bearing 235°.

1620 Bigger swell, up to 6', from various directions throws what little wind there is from the sails. At moment pointing southeast and making two knots. I'll go on deck and see if I can improve on this.

Mostly overcast sky. Some rain about, but none has fallen on us. Several wind shifts, which established that there is a strong current from the southwest to west setting us back. When I tacked using COG, we tacked in 150° and went 2 knots faster on port tack than starboard. By compass heading, we were tacking in 90°.

I'm always sailing the boat. When I'm on deck, my eye moves from the luff of the jib, to the instrument wind angle or the masthead Windex, to boat speed, to the pattern of wind on the water, and back.

If below deck, I look up at the instrument display every minute or so.

In this past week I've had to deliberately refrain from doing this. Everything is happening too slowly. Quick reactions are not appropriate.

I love good sailing, and I'm getting very sick of this, which isn't.

1700 If conditions tomorrow morning haven't changed, I will start powering and stop only when good wind appears or I'm down to $\frac{1}{4}$ tank of fuel. Then, if there still is no good wind, I'll lower the sails and wait. Enough!

September 30

South Pacific Ocean: Wednesday

0525 The sun just came up. I saw it on deck where I've been working for the past half hour, first trying to settle the boat on course--this time because of strong rather than weak wind, and then putting a reef in the mainsail.

After a dinner last night of Calvados and Lindt chocolate--they go together well and I needed a treat--I went to sleep and decent wind came up from the northwest. I got up, adjusted sails and Monitor, and we continued sailing through the night, though after getting no where yesterday afternoon, we've still only made fifty odd miles since noon.

An hour ago I woke to feel the boat sailing too much into the waves. The wind had increased to twenty knots. So on deck for adjustments, which have left us making 6 to 7 knots on a beam reach on course. A definite improvement.

Mostly sunny sky, but clouds to the north and ahead.

Barometer has fallen to 1008.

0900 Sky now mostly cloudy. Very dark to the west. From becalmed to storm mode. Not completely unexpected. Removed the remaining cowl vent from aft end of deck and replaced it with deck plate. Set up running backstay to reduce mast pumping. Furled jib down to a scrap. Too far for present 18 knot wind--our speed has dropped to 5.5 knots--but in anticipation of what lies ahead.

1030 Raining heavily. So far no increase in wind, but it has backed and is forcing us south.

1205 No sooner had I written the above and put the computer away, than the wind increased dramatically. I had the right amount of sail set and the boat remained under control. However I put on my foul weather pants and boots and had the parka at hand so I could go on deck quickly if necessary.

The wind soon returned to 18 to 20 knots, but the rain continued for an hour. Sky remains overcast, but brighter, although there is another distinct line of darker cloud to the west. Unfortunately the wind has not swung back to where it was, and we're sailing on a close rather than a beam reach, pounding off some spiky 4' waves, on a course around 220°.

Noon position: 28° 45' South; 174° 05' West. Day's run: 88 miles. Opuā: 717 miles, bearing 237°

The Kermadec Islands are just under 200 miles ahead.

1320 Clearing and blue sky to the northwest, but we are nearing the line of big clouds and the wind has again started to increase. Again wearing foul weather pants and sea boots. Making 5.5 to 5.8 knots, still pounding occasionally off a 4' to 6'

steep wave. If this wind angle holds, I may have to slow down to put a stop to that.

Every once in a while a wave thunders aboard and waterfalls over the companionway, which I now have closed.

Barometer continues to fall. Now 1004.

Pumped four buckets of water from bilge; nothing in engine compartment.

Just finished Thomas Flangan's excellent THE TENANTS OF TIME. We've gone so slowly that its 844 pages weren't nearly enough.

1530 Wind gusted to 40 knots on the forward edge of the cloud line we passed through two hours ago. Put on my foul weather parka as well and stood by the companionway. Heavy rain and wind for five minutes, then eased back to 25 knots, but remained from the southwest.

Since then the sky has partially cleared. Sun shining. And no other cloud line ahead of us that I can see. Barometer remains at 1004.

I feel asleep sitting up listening to music. Woke a half hour ago. Boat leaping off a wave. Put on foul weather gear and went on deck to put in second reef. While doing so I had us fall off to a beam reach. What a difference that makes. What a great day's run we could have had if this were on the beam or behind us. As it is we are close-hauled, making 4.3 knots between 190° and 180°. Just another, and harder on boat, way to go slow. Can only hope the wind shifts.

1830 The wind has decreased and may even be veering slightly to the north.

I went on deck at 1600 when we were being forced off to the southeast and tried the other tack. As I expected, the waves, which are coming more from the northwest, stopped us dead on port tack. I couldn't even tack to get back on starboard, but had to fall off and wear ship just like a square-rigger. Once close-hauled on starboard tack again, I unfurled a little more jib.

I came below and was just starting to light the stove to heat water for dinner--freeze dry chicken and rice--when a gust backed the jib, so back into foul weather gear, back on deck, wear ship again, and get us back on course.

I expect some kind of change tonight. The wind may continue to decrease. If it were daylight, I'd remove the second reef now, but will wait and try to let out more jib instead. It's easier to furl the jib again than put a reef back in. I also think the wind will change direction, and almost any change will be an improvement.

My evening drink tonight is a cup of Lapsang Souchong tea. Not drunk on deck.

A little while ago the distance to Opuia fell to less than 700 miles. However on our present course of around 180°, we're not getting closer very quickly.

October 1
South Pacific Ocean: Thursday

0545 Things did change last night, but not as much as I hoped.

I woke at 2330 to find the boat level and quiet, the motion smooth. The wind had decreased so that with little sail set the waves had pushed us off to the southeast. I got up, got dressed, put on my foul weather parka for warmth, and went on deck and removed the second reef. This made an immediate difference, and we swung back to a course of 210°, sometimes even 220°. We also began bashing into and off of more waves. Sometimes the boat just has to hold together. I hope THE HAWKE OF TUONELA does.

I woke many more times after that, and unfortunately the wind increased again and backed and headed us again. It is now blowing about 20 and we are back to sailing about 196°, which is the course we have averaged since yesterday noon. Sky has scattered clouds, but nothing immediately threatening. Barometer is up to 1006.

Sometimes in the next two hours we are going to cross 30° South at about 174° 30' West, which is not far from one of my early waypoints.

This is rough always brace yourself and move from hand hold to hand hold sailing. In the galley when I need my hands, I brace with my foot, knee and hip.

If only this wind would move from directly in front of us.

0815 It really is a very nice day. Sunny. Scattered low white puffs of cloud. Cooler--65°F. Wind easing slightly. I keep thinking of the 150 or 160 mile day it would have been with a different wind angle.

Put on my foul weather pants and sea boots to pump the bilge. I expected that with this jerky motion I would slosh water on myself, and did.

We crossed 30° South just before 0800.

Barometer 1008.

1205 We've kept alive our string, now at nine, of consecutive days with less than 100 mile runs.

The wind is decreasing. I've twice let out more jib. And it may be veering slightly. We are getting up to 205° and even 210°. The waves are bigger, 6', but farther apart and less steep. We can usually sail up one side and down the other without leaping into space.

Noon position: 30° 21' South; 174° 32' West. Day's run: 99 miles, which only reduced the distance to Opuia by 73 miles. Opuia: 644 miles, bearing 242°.

1430 Wind went light, then forced us off to the southeast, so I tacked. We are holding 285° to 290° and are able to power through the waves. Tired of going south anyway.

1700 Sailing more smoothly, but on 300°. Today would have been another fine sailing day with a different wind angle.

Felt a sore spot near my left eye. Looked in the mirror and found a gouge and bruise there. I have been jolted about, but don't know when that happened.

Dug out a pair of socks, which I am wearing. Could be the first time at sea this year.

October 2

South Pacific Ocean: Friday

0530 It is difficult to believe this is happening and more difficult to live with.

During the night the wind lightened. At 0100 I was on deck to remove the reef and the last two rolls in the jib. I also tacked several times trying to find an advantage, but ended up as I began on port on a heading of about 300°.

The sky was clear and lit by a full moon. Beautiful, but I didn't care.

During the next few hours, the sky clouded over but the wind remained the same, until forty-five minutes ago when I woke to find us drifting north. On deck again, tacked again several times. Ended up on starboard heading south at 3 to 4 knots. Since starting this entry, we have fallen off to 160°.

0800 Lovely morning. Sunny. Barometer 1017. Light wind that has slowly backed so that we sometimes are sailing 270°. I tacked back to port after the last entry. Only making 3.5 knots. The Kermadecs are a little over 100 miles ahead of us. And we are back up to 30° South.

1205 Waves building from southwest. Also a layer of hazy cloud moving up from that direction. Wouldn't be surprised to get strong wind on the nose again. Amazing that we've had wind from the southwest for five or six days now in an area where the wind can come from any direction, but is more likely east than west.

SOG: 4.2. COG: 307°.

Noon position: 29° 53' South; 176° 00' West. Day's run: 81 miles, of which only 48 brought us closer to Opuu. Opuu: 596 miles, bearing 237°.

It has occurred to me that I might not break EGREGIOUS's record after all. It was inconceivable that I would make a passage that slow, but isn't any longer.

1700 About to cross 30° South for the second time. Also about to drink the last of the Calvados.

Earlier this afternoon we were being pushed too far north and I tacked to starboard.

An hour ago the wind died briefly, then returned from a bit further west and we are able to sail 210°-220°. Even moving to 227° as I write, which means that for the first time in almost a week we are almost sailing in the right direction at 4 knots.

October 3
South Pacific Ocean: Saturday

0630 The clouds and swell, which had built to 6', disappeared after sunset and the wind continued gradually to veer, until at 2300 we were sailing at 250° and I had to go on deck to ease us off onto the desired course.

While the wind varied during the night--once when I woke we were heading south and I had to bring us back up, and at 0430 we were at 255° and I had to ease us off again--we mostly sailed at four knots in the right direction; and further adjustments a half hour ago have us sometimes making 5 knots.

The sky is mostly clear, but with a bank of clouds to the east and some high cirrus. The barometer has gone up to 1019. I don't want this wind to die.

We are 70 miles due east of Curtis Island, one of the Kermadecs, and heading toward the southernmost out lying obstacle, L'Esperance Rock, 112 miles away.

After so many frustrating days, it is a great pleasure to be sailing in the right direction.

1215 Continues sunny. Some high cloud, Mares's tails. Some swell, coming both from ahead and astern. Wind has increased from 6 and 7 knots to 8 and perhaps 9, and our speed is up to 5.8. Just hit 6.0. Lovely smooth sailing on a close-reach.

Took a solar shower. Heated one tea-kettle full of water to add to the rest to speed up the process. Changed into clean clothes.

Noon position: 30° 49' South; 177° 20' West. Day's run: 90 miles. Opua: 506 miles, bearing 238°.

L'Esperance Rock 80 miles ahead. The International Dateline 158 miles ahead.

It has taken us 7 ½ days to cover the last 500 miles.

1630 A glorious afternoon. The sun has burned off the high cirrus clouds. There is a bank of cloud to the west, and the barometer is now 1018.

The wind increased to 10 knots and continues to veer. I wish it wouldn't change too quickly. Our speed has usually been above six. Lovely sailing.

I spent a couple of hours on deck, drinking one of my last beers and listening to music. Haven't done that for a while. Glad I showered this morning. The increased wind has made it cooler this afternoon.

If this wind holds we will be at 180° tomorrow and may skip Sunday.

October 5

South Pacific Ocean: Monday

0600 We still are 50 miles short of the Dateline, but will reach it today, so I have changed the date now.

The wind increased last night. I lowered the mainsail at midnight under a bright full moon, and furled the jib partially at 0200 and more an hour ago. Wind 22 knots from the north. I just heard the forecast on New Zealand radio. There is a low off East Cape, 400 miles south of us, due to strengthen and move to the southeast today. New Zealand has also had a late snowstorm, which blocked highways and stranded cars in the middle of the North Island.

High overcast here. Seas a lumpy 3'. Barometer 1012.

When I was on deck at midnight, there was a strong fishy smell of bird droppings. I assume from L'Esperance Rock, which was then eight miles to windward.

0800 Reading J. Christopher Herold's MISTRESS TO AN AGE: A LIFE OF MADAME DE STAEL, which was first published in 1958, won the National Book Award, and was the book that made Herold's career. In it this morning I learned that in the storming of the Bastille on July 14, 1789, a total of seven prisoners were freed: "four counterfeiters, one sex offender, and two madmen, whom the crowd had carried in triumph from the prison to the insane asylum." Thus the National Holiday of France, celebrated by pirogue races on the other side of the planet in Tahiti.

Wind circulates clockwise around a low in this hemisphere, which means west wind on the north side. I hope we are too far from the low off East Cape for this to happen to us.

There is some clearing, with the sun sometimes breaking through the thin layer of high cloud. Wind continues at 22 knots from the north, and we continue making 6 knots on course for the Bay of Islands.

1015 Partial clearing was only temporary, and conditions have become rough enough to slow us down. With the wind still around 25 knots but just aft of the beam, with the amount of jib I had set waves were starting to come aboard; so I just went out, wearing foul weather gear, and reduced jib to storm jib size. This has smoothed out the ride and enabled the Monitor to maintain better control. It has also reduced our speed below six knots.

Barometer steady at 1012. I keep hoping we are just on the fringe of this, and that with us and the low moving in opposite directions, it won't get worse.

1205 The wind keeps catching up with me by increasing in strength and increasing our boat speed. Just before lunch in foul weather gear on deck reducing jib again. Now a mere scrap. Wind 25-30 knots. In past two hours barometer has dropped to 1010. Sky completely overcast. Clouds thicker, lower, grayer.

Noon position: 32° 11' South; 179° 42' West. About 18 miles to International Dateline.

Our first six knot day in more than two weeks. Day's run: 146 miles. Opua: 361 miles, bearing 239°.

1500 A rough, raw afternoon. Rain began at 1230, continued for an hour. Then during a lull, I pumped three buckets of water from the bilge, and went on deck to increase the jib slightly, which a subsequent increase in wind has just caused me to rectify. Moderate rain began again a half hour ago. The seas are not big--4' to 5'--but some come aboard impressively. An albatross with a 6' wingspan is gliding through the rain. At least, so far, this is not coming from ahead of us.

Although I've kept my clothes mostly dry, everything in the cabin is damp. Just made a cup of tea to warm up.

1630 Heading northeast under deeply furled jib and double-reefed main.

We have had the whole fiasco and no luck at all on this interminable passage.

Wind died. Boat flopping around horrendously on left-over waves. Got in foul weather gear and on deck just in time for torrential rain and boat laid over by 30 to 40 knot wind from west. In rain and boat leaping around, I got main raised with

second reef in. This took a long time with my often having to stop and hang on to something. By the time I finished, wind had died. Moderate rain continues.

Not enough wind to move boat through the leaping waves and sail in any direction. Simply being pushed back east no matter what I try to do. Won't set more sail until some wind returns. Certainly don't want too much sail up if another 40 knots appears from somewhere.

We are at 179° 59' West. One mile from Dateline. Or were.

1800 Sailing close-hauled starboard with double reefed main and about 40% of the jib at 3 to 4 knots south. Sometimes up to 195°. With waves from previous wind coming up from on the beam, heeling us more than normal. Which is better than being thrown violently up and down by waves and no wind. Still in Western Hemisphere. Now five miles from Dateline.

October 6

South Pacific Ocean: Tuesday

0745 This is not much fun, but on the other hand it isn't getting the job done either.

We are close-hauled on port tack making 4 knots to the northwest. I got tired again of heading south on starboard.

I went to bed last night wearing my clothes in expectation of getting up when the wind shifted. Unfortunately it didn't. The sky did clear, until the full moon was shining through the companionway like a searchlight, and we sailed well until about midnight.

We finally crossed the International Dateline around 2200, after being within a mile of it six hours earlier. Even now we've only made twenty more miles to the west.

At 0400 the wind picked up and we began bashing into and leaping off of waves. I had finally undressed about 0200. So got in my clothes, foul weather gear, and went on deck, where I found the wind to be 28 knots. Furlled the jib down to storm jib size. Eased the main traveler. Improved our motion, if not direction.

Back in the cabin, I pumped several buckets of water from the bilge. Then had orange juice and coffee. Can only do one thing at a time. Making coffee, even instant, difficult. I spilled some onto my hand when the boat heeled. Fortunately not quite boiling.

Heard the weather on New Zealand radio. "Fresh southwesterlies" as far as Auckland and beyond.

After coffee, I went back on deck--you can assume foul weather gear until further notice--and managed to tack. Sometimes we get to 300°--this is COG, which includes considerable leeway in these seas--but mostly around 315°.

All this has only brought us 60 miles closer to Opuia since yesterday noon. Now 301 miles and on this heading not being reduced much.

Cabin very wet. Many leaks around new hatches. Disappointing. I installed them carefully with double beads of sealant. Had to put plastic tents over head and foot of berth last night to keep water from small hatch and mast falling on feet and companionway on head.

Temperature in the 50sF. 53° when at 0400. 58° in cabin now.

Barometer rising. Up to 1011. Sunny with scattered low clouds.

1200 Continued strong SW wind. A half hour ago we leapt off four waves in quick succession. I went on deck and reduced jib to a few square feet. Waves 8' to 10'. Wind 25 to 28 knots. We weren't getting anywhere anyway, so no reason to get beat up. SOG: 4.3. COG: 314°.

Noon position: 33° 02' South; 179° 26' East. Day's run: 67 miles. Opuā: 297 miles, bearing 243°.

1630 Wind has moderated slightly and backed so that we are able to point almost west. I just went on deck and let out a little more jib. Perhaps too much. We've leapt off a couple of waves in the past few minutes. I'll give it a little longer before going on deck and furling again.

Barometer 1013. A cloud with rain to the south. Cold on deck.

October 7

South Pacific Ocean: Wednesday

0800 The wind dropped from the 20s to the teens last night. I got up at 0200 and went on deck, without foul weather gear, to let out a little more jib. Unfortunately the wind has remained southwest.

New Zealand National Radio used to give detailed marine weather forecasts at 0300 and 0500 (0200 and 0400 ship's time). I listened to the 0500 broadcast, which did not include the marine forecast. What it did say is that the North Island will

have showers, clearing this afternoon, and continued southwest wind. There was also mention of a possible gale Friday, but I am not sure where.

Today is partially sunny, partially cloudy. Two showers visible. One off our port bow. We are sailing at about 4 knots at 290°. Mostly this morning we have been around 285°.

The seas dropped quickly and dramatically last night, going from 6' to 8' at 1800 to 2' to 3' at 2000, but have since increased again a foot. I'm keeping our speed down to avoid crashing off them.

Last time I checked, Opua was still 260 miles away.

If this wind had been from any other direction, we would have been there tonight. We need only 48 hours of fair wind to be in. I don't know when we will ever get it.

Less cold. 60° F. Barometer continues to rise. Up to 1014.

I heard on the radio of the tsunami a week or so ago that killed people in Samoa and Tonga. The Australian boat on which I had a drink in Bora-Bora were headed for American Samoa. I wonder if they were there or still safely at sea when it hit.

Rain cloud over us. COG 270°. Momentarily. Opua is now bearing 240°.

1210 By far the two slowest weeks of the circumnavigation back to back.

The sky has largely cleared. Wind 18 knots. Seas 4' to 5'. Wind still southwest. The bearing to Opua has changed by 13° this

morning. I'll tack after lunch and see what we can do going south.

Managed to get two chores done this morning, in addition to pumping the bilge twice. Shaved and took cat bath and replaced a valve in the head, which stopped in-taking water. Two valves in the head wear out and need replacing. I assumed I knew which one had failed. I looked to be sure I had a spare. In order to get replacements, you have to buy an entire spare parts kit. This head is easy to work on, thought less so going to windward. Got it done. Wouldn't have mattered if I hadn't. I could have flushed with salt water carried from the galley pump, or used a bucket.

Bouncing around and heeled over, every bit of work tries both energy and patience.

Noon position: 32° 31' South; 177° 46' East. Day's run: 90. Week's run: 661, which only brought us 556 miles closer to Opuā. Opuā: 247 miles, bearing 227°.

247 miles away and I have no idea when I'll be in.

1300 Well, that didn't work.

Got in foul weather gear, went on deck. Tacked. COG 160°. Let us head off that way for a while, then tacked back. COG 280°. These are not compass heading, but take in account leeway. I expect we are tacking in around 90°. Boat actually sailing well. Nice afternoon except for, as always, wind direction.

1745 Birds hunting around stern as I dumped buckets of water from bilge over the side a few minutes ago. Sun about to set. Wind 18-20 knots. Still southwest, but has backed a few

degrees so our course is west. The bearing to Opuia is now 225°. THE HAWKE OF TUONELA heeled 20°. Sometimes pounding. Sailing well for conditions. Cold. Tired. Having my last cup of Lapsang Souchong tea.

October 8

South Pacific Ocean: Thursday

0730 I heard the coastal weather forecast at 0300 ship's time this morning and wished I hadn't. Today will be all right with west wind. Tomorrow and Saturday we have a gale with 40 knot wind, and even Sunday after it passes the wind is predicted to continue at 30 knots from the south. If we had gotten in today, as only a few days ago I expected we would, we would have missed this storm. Now I can look forward to being hammered for several more days.

The wind dropped some at sunset and I let out more jib. At midnight I was on deck removing the reef from the main and going to full sail. I tacked back and forth several times, but ended up still going west on port tack. By 0500 we were becalmed and I got up and turned on the engine. Not really to get anywhere, but to run the engine while the boat was level and to give the batteries a boost.

The wind now is very light from the west. I keep having to go on deck and turn us back up to the wind. When I do, we can sail at 4 or 5 knots on course for Opuia, whose heading is now 219° and 209 miles distant. I still have no idea when we will get there.

Fallen off course. Have to go on deck.

0930 We are making 6.4 knots smoothly close-reaching under full sail toward Opuia beneath a sky covered with a thin layer of low overcast. If this wind holds, we will be within 50 miles at this time tomorrow morning. And then it will depend on when the gale reaches us, how strong, and the wind direction. We might make it in. If. If. If.

I'll set an alarm tonight to hear the 0300 coastal forecast.

I changed from the large light-air plastic vane on the Monitor to the smaller standard stronger plywood vane. Found my long underwear. Pumped the bilge.

1210 For most of the morning we were sailing as noted earlier. But in the past hour, the sky has increasingly cleared, the sun has come out, and the wind has backed. We are now making 5 knots close-hauled on port tack heading about 205°. Two days of that would put us in easily. But we don't have two days.

Noon position: 32° 48' South; 176° 22' East. Day's run: 73 miles. Opuia: 187 miles, bearing 217°. That is my mooring. A new waypoint near Cape Brett at the entrance to the Bay of Islands is 12 miles closer.

Just felt the wind decrease. SOG now 4.5. COG 179°.

1500 Wind has been inconsistent. Never more than 10 knots. Often less. I changed back to the bigger plastic vane, and after it, too, was thrown off by the lulls and gusts, went to tiller pilot steering. I've been up and down to the cockpit trying to keep sails trimmed. SOG now back over 6. Sky again mostly covered with low cloud. Barometer 1014.

1800 I tried a half hour ago to return to Monitor steering, but didn't work. Wind still too variable. So back to tiller pilot. Conditions remain the same.

We've made 29 miles since noon. Just under a 5 knot overage, but usually seem to be making more than 6--6.4 at the moment--or 4.0 to 4.5.

Don't know what to expect tonight.

146 miles to entrance of Bay of Islands.

October 9

South Pacific Ocean: Friday

0615 This may not be so bad after all.

Now the forecast is for 35 knot wind today from the north, with a period of heavy rain, possible thunderstorms, followed by showers. 35 knots from the north is behind us. Tomorrow the wind is predicted to blow from the southwest. Hopefully we will tied to the Customs Quarantine dock by then.

Last night the wind continued to veer and strengthen. With the wind behind us and from the north, it was not as cold as it has been.

At midnight I changed from tiller pilot to Monitor with small vane. At 0200 I lowered and furled the mainsail, which was starting to blanket the jib. At 0500 I deeply furled the jib, moved the Monitor control chain a length to windward, put on the mainsail cover, and pumped a bucket of water from the bilge.

Sky is covered with low cloud. Some light rain. Wind 20-25 knots from the north.

We are 90 miles from the mooring. The Quarantine Dock is the north end of the marina breakwater float and about 400 yards/ meters from my mooring. The entrance to the Bay of Islands is 77 miles away. We will either be there or close by sunset at 1900 ship's time.

The Bay of Islands is one of the few places I will enter after dark. In fact I did so on my last return passage from Fiji. And particularly when faced with a southwest change tomorrow.

I have us sailing a little to the north of the rhumb line, so I can fall off and put the wind further toward the stern when it increases. SOG 5.5 TO 6.0 knots.

0920 We're moving along relatively smoothly. A few waves have hit us. They are not large. 4'-5'. Wind mostly 25-30 knots, with higher gusts. I saw 35 knots one of the times I was in the cockpit.

I've been on deck several times to adjust the amount of jib. I'm trying to keep us between 5.5 and 6 knots. 6.6 SOG at moment. Now 5.9. Interesting with only a scrap of jib showing how much difference a single roll in or out on the furling gear can make. Usually at least a half knot.

Intermittent rain. Low sky. Grey sea. Barometer at 999. Quite a drop since yesterday's 1016.

This storm is supposed to move through quickly. Not sure where we are at the moment in that process. Bay of Islands 60 miles ahead.

1205 We are starting to get in trouble.

An hour ago the sun broke through. The sky is now half blue. But with the sun, the wind began to back. I've had repeatedly to adjust the Monitor and let out a little more jib to drive us through the waves, which are now on the beam. Sometimes even forward. This makes the sailing much harder on the boat and slower. I may have to set the double-reefed mainsail. We simply cannot be forced south of the entrance to the Bay of Islands.

SOG around 5 knots. COG varies from 200° to 225°.

Noon position: 34° 28' South; 174° 45' East. Day's run: 129 miles. Opuia: 59 miles, bearing 211°. Bay of Islands: 46 miles, bearing 210°.

1500 I think we are going to make it.

Difficult to find a place in the cabin to use computer. I'm sitting in the middle of the port settee berth. At one end water drips from the small hatch. At the other from the companionway. When sitting there I wear a hat to keep drips from hitting my head. Forward water drips from the hatch over the v-berth and around mast and fireplace. Cabin sole completely wet. We have been taking solid water over the deck, but in the past half hour conditions have improved.

I did go out and set the double-reefed mainsail, which is actually at a third reef point. In order to avoid being pushed south of Cape Brett and the Bay of islands we had to sail close-hauled against 30 to 35 knot winds. I also had to let out more jib to provide enough power to drive through 6' to 8' waves. I don't know that I have ever driven THE HAWKE OF TUONELA as hard. She was heeled 30° to 40°. Scooping up water with her

lee rail. And, as I said, taking solid sheets over the deck. Several gave me solid body blows. In these conditions sailing is a contact sport.

Setting the mainsail was not easy. Pressure released on a reef line just as we dropped off a wave and I fell backwards. Fortunately not against any sharp corners. It would have been easy to break something.

All my efforts enabled us to point high enough to maintain the necessary course. It was raining steadily during all this.

But the wind has just veered and while it is still forward of the beam, I was able to go out, ease the main traveler and adjust the Monitor control, so that we are close-reaching, which makes a very big difference. Boat not working as hard. Heeled less. Fewer waves coming aboard.

About 33 miles to go to the Bay of Islands entrance. Barometer 1003. Still sailing a course about 20° high. I'll ease off when we get closer.

1800 30 miles to mooring. 20 to Bay of Islands entrance.

Lowered mainsail a half hour ago. Able to continue under jib on close-reach. Only partially cloudy. Sun visible as it nears horizon. No sight of land.

My clothes are damp. Getting in and out of foul weather so often, it's inevitable that some water gets transferred.

October 10

Opua: Saturday

2:00 p.m. The above was the last entry made at sea. After that I was too busy to write.

The first sign of land, Cape Brett light, became visible at 1930.

After sunset the wind continued to back and head us.

At 2030 I went on deck to change from Monitor to tiller pilot and from sail to engine.

I set up the tiller pilot and started the engine. It ran just long enough for me to furl the jib before sputtering to a stop. Almost simultaneously the bracket that connects the tiller pilot to the tiller broke. The shout of frustration which split the dark night has temporally damaged my voice.

Changed back to Monitor steering and unfurled part of the jib. We were about three miles north of Cape Brett and in no immediate danger. Tried engine again. Started. Died. This was not the end of the world. I could sail in and get close enough to the Quarantine Dock to anchor. Maybe sail all the way up to it.

The way the engine sounded and the conditions during the day caused me to think that we had been heeled over so far and thrown around so much that air had gotten into the fuel line.

With the Monitor steering THE HAWKE OF TUONELA slowly toward Cape Brett, I went below, moved the companionway steps, the engine cover, and enough stuff from the port quarter berth, which was soaking wet from the leak above it, and bled the engine.

Back on deck, the engine started, ran for a minute or two, died.

Back below and a more thorough bleeding of the engine. I had not opened the vent on the second fuel filter the first time. I did now. And aided by a squeeze bulb some mechanic wisely installed in the line from the fuel tank, bled the engine again. This resulted in diesel being squirted through the filter onto the starboard quarter berth and the cabin sole, which became ice slippery. However, when I started the engine again, it ran, sputtered briefly, caught and continued steadily.

Leaving the Monitor to steer, I furled the jib, got us on the proper course into the Bay of Islands, went below, cleaned as well as I could the diesel from the cabin sole and the soles of my sea boots, and looked for a spare tiller bracket.

These are a standard accessory and the weak link in the tiller pilot system necessitated by THE HAWKE OF TUONELA's tiller being high at the point the tiller pilot has to connect to it. The bracket is a angled piece of aluminum that is secured to the lower side of the tiller and extends down about 3". This flexes in use and eventually breaks.

With the tiller being moved to and fro by the Monitor, I managed by the light of my headlamp to get the old bracket, held by two bolts through the tiller, off, and a new one fitted. This took a while.

By 2130 we were again under power and tiller pilot.

I checked our position on the chartplotter, then sat on deck for a while to let my eyes adjust to the darkness.

The Bay of Islands is something like a funnel with the wide part bent about 60° to the right. We were in that wide part, just north of a line of islands off the mainland. There were looms of

light ahead of us from Russell and Pahia, and a flashing light on an isolated rock a mile off our port beam. These have become my home waters. There was relief in knowing where we were and being able to picture my surroundings in my mind.

The seas were much lower, still rough, but they continued to abate as we moved west. The wind was cool. My hands wet. I was glad I had put on my long underwear beneath my wet clothes and foul weather gear.

Within another half hour, the chop had eased enough so that I could go forward to attach the anchor. I always want to be able to anchor in case of an emergency near land, and particularly this night with an engine that was running steadily but could not be fully trusted.

By the time the anchor was secured to the chain, and 75' of chain had been dragged onto deck and then dropped back below to be certain it had not been snarled by the extreme motion that afternoon, we were at the point just north of Russell where another light marks a rocky outcrop and we moved from the wide part of the funnel to the narrower spout.

I made the turn from WSW to south, then went below for docklines and fenders.

As THE HAWKE OF TUONELA powered on, I kept watch for buoys that I know dot those waters, and set up the lines and fenders.

The last hour was beautiful.

With everything in place, I stood in the cockpit.

The water was smooth now. The wind had almost died. Midnight had passed. Only two miles to go. The waning

gibbous moon joined Orion over the vineyard covered hills to the east.

A red light on a buoy to port, and a final slight curve between hills. I could barely make out boats moored on both sides of the channel. Ahead I saw the red light on the end of the long marina breakwater float that also serves as the Customs Quarantine Dock. I took off my foul weather pants to have greater mobility and disengaged the tiller pilot, took the tiller myself, and cut the engine to quarter speed.

Two hundred yards off, with some visibility from shore lights, I put the engine in neutral and let us glide. A large sailboat was already tied to the Q Dock. There was plenty of room for me behind her or in front. I put the engine in gear and eased us forward.

In the end I couldn't have asked for better conditions. In neutral again, THE HAWKE OF TUONELA glided to the Q dock, I stepped off, secured bow, stern and spring lines. When I looked at my watch a few minutes later, it was 0045 October 10, 2009 ship's time. 1245 October 9, 2009 GMT. Total sailing time for the circumnavigation: 193 days, 10 hours.

I stepped back aboard and poured a tiny amount of Laphroaig in a crystal glass. I was too tired to have more. I drank it in the cockpit. Everything was so quiet, so still.

I had raced myself and won; but only because I had a big lead going into the final leg.

I went below and could not sleep.

Passage over.

Voyage over.

Numbers

Opua to Opua in less than 18 months: April 21, 2008 to October 10, 2009.

Days underway: 213. This is any day in which the boat moved forward, including one of only five miles inside the lagoon at Raiatea, the partial days at the beginnings and ends of passages, and those daysailing inside the Great Barrier Reef between Cairns and Cape York, Australia.

Sailing time: 193 days, 10 hours, beating EGREGIOUS's then world record time of 203 sailing days.

Miles: 23992 This is the total of daily runs measured between noon positions. The actual number of miles sailed is greater.

Daily Runs

2008

Opua to Cairns

April	21	16	
April	22	120	
	23	136	
	24	111	
	25	118	
	26	108	
	27	80	
	28	116	week: 789
	29	106	

	30	164	
May	1	155	
	2	125	
	3	138	
	4	136	
	5	139	week: 963
	6	128	
	7	133	total: 2029

Cairns to Darwin

May	13	35	
	14	74	
	15	21	
	16	77	
	17	15	
	18	60	
	19	60	
	20	48	
	21	48	
	22	44 arrive Cape York (482)	
	23	27 leave Cape York	
	24	121	
	25	144	
	26	147	
	27	151	
	28	126 anchored Hotham	
	30	33	total: 1231

Darwin to Bali

June	21	29
	22	135
	23	134

24	117	
25	128	
26	126	
27	102	
28	116	
29	81	total: 968

Bali to Cocos

July	25	26	
	26	88	
	27	117	
	28	116	
	29	165	
	30	145	
	31	110	
Aug	1	137	week: 878
	2	117	
	3	97	total: 1118

Cocos to Durban

Aug	11	22	
	12	146	
	13	150	
	14	151	
	15	144	
	16	146	
	17	161	
	18	151	week: 1049
	19	152	
	20	159	
	21	142	

	22	149	
	23	158	
	24	153	
	25	145	week: 1058
	26	136	
	27	131	
	28	120	
	29	76	
	30	112	
	31	145	
Sept	1	140	week: 860
	2	81	
	3	115	
	4	115	
	5	119	
	6	124	
	7	77	
	8	146	week: 777
	9	109	total: 3875

Total for year: 9221 miles; underway 83 days

2009

Durban to Port Elizabeth

January	28	5	
	29	145	
	30	157	
	31	93	total: 400

Port Elizabeth to Antigua

February 5 32

6 163

7 161

8 140

9 107

10 139

11 159

12 152

week: 1021

13 159

14 148

15 144

16 128

17 122

18 101

19 86

week: 888

20 112

21 132

22 134

23 128

24 131

25 132

26 127

week: 896

27 124

28 118

March 1 141

2 144

3 146

4 84

5 87

week: 844

6	103	
7	120	
8	102	
9	85	
10	150	
11	175	
12	169	week: 904
13	163	
14	153	
15	158	
16	162	
17	155	
18	162	
19	158	week: 1111
20	148	
21	120	total: 6040

Antigua to St. Thomas

April	1	28	
	2	145	
	2	27	(after 1200) total 200

St. Thomas to Panama

April	21	28
	22	152
	23	150
	24	146
	25	168
	26	142
	27	134

28 111 total: 1031

The Panama Canal

May 8 11
9 38 total: 49

Panama to Nuku Hiva

May 11 13
12 122
13 84
14 114
15 88
16 100
17 110
18 64 week: 682

19 69
20 130
21 171
22 158
23 167
24 137
25 110 week: 942

26 130
27 163
28 170
29 167
30 160
31 158
June 1 154 week: 1102

2	144	
3	121	
4	119	
5	141	
6	134	
7	128	
8	120	week: 907
9	104	
10	75	
11	87	total: 3899

Nuku Hiva to Raiatea

June	15	30	
	16	121	
	17	117	
	18	114	
	19	92	
	20	68	
	21	75	
	22	109	week: 696
	23	90	
	24	5	total: 821

Raiatea to Bora-Bora

Sept.	9	25	total: 25
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Bora-Bora to Opua

Sept.	15	26	
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		16	137	
		17	150	
		18	150	
		19	112	
		20	67	
		21	121	
		22	108	week: 845
		23	67	
		24	82	
		25	52	
		26	56	
		27	93	
		28	97	
		29	66	week: 513
		30	88	
	Oct.	1	99	
		2	81	
		3	90	
		5	146	(no Oct. 4. International
Dateline)		6	67	
		7	90	week: 661
		8	73	
		9	129	
		10	59	(since previous noon)
total:			2306	

total for year: 14771 miles; underway 130 days

Sailing to Africa

Blue: light, powder, turquoise, deep. Water. Sky.

White: sand. clouds.

Green: coconut palm trees covering atolls.

White sand plumed from the anchor as he winched it up through twenty feet of transparent water. The trade wind, blowing hard over the reef between Direction and Home Islands pushed the 37' sloop back, as he knew it would, away from nearby coral heads. When the anchor reached the bow roller, he temporarily secured it, and made his way aft to the tiller, where he turned GANNET and engaged the tiller pilot to steer while he returned to the bow to unshackle the anchor from its chain. On short passages he often left the anchor on the bow, but not for four thousand miles,

Back in the cockpit, he unfurled the jib and turned north out the pass. Cocos was a pretty place, a half a dozen small atolls, white sand and palm trees, fringing a five mile wide turquoise lagoon; but, as always, he was glad to get back to sea.

For half an hour he sailed north, until when he was clear of the reef off Harburgh Island on the other side of the lagoon, he turned west for Durban, five weeks away he estimated. He was

one of the world's most experienced sailors; usually he was right.

A mid-morning shower drove him briefly into the cabin, where he secured a few clinking cans and stuffed bits of paper towel to keep cups from rattling; but then the sky brightened and he went back on deck until the evenly spaced low white puffs of trade wind cloud were overcome by solid overcast spreading from the west, and the wind increased to twenty-five and then thirty knots.

The GANNET sailed with power, cutting across the faces of six foot waves under her jib alone. When one off those waves broke over the stern, he engaged the self-steering vane, more powerful and reliable than the tiller pilot, and went back below.

Gray: pewter, slate, steel. Sea and sky.

White: foaming wake; breaking waves.

Black: impenetrable; obsidian. Night sky and sea.

For a week and a thousand miles he remained mostly in the cabin, reading, writing, listening to music, as winds reaching low gale force drove the sloop before them.

A few times the wind overpowered the self-steering vane, spinning GANNET beam on to waves that swept her deck, and he had to pull himself up the deeply angled companionway ladder to the cockpit and roll in more of the jib to regain control. This near the Equator--Cocos is only 12° South and by the end of that first week he had angled down to 17° South--the water was warm and it was quicker to strip off his shorts and go out naked than to put on foul weather gear.

One night he awoke to find the boat moving so smoothly that he thought she had slowed, and went on deck to see the full moon shining as GANNET skipped across waves like a smooth stone thrown on a pond. The wind had dropped to twenty knots, and the sloop was synchronized with the waves, until just when he moved to the stern to check the control lines from the self-steering vane, one came from abeam, and heeled the boat over more than 40°. Instinctively he grabbed the backstay and found himself hanging far out over the ocean, looking calmly down at black water that seemed as hard as lava, before the boat righted itself. He was aware that to lose his grip was to die. He was sixty-six years old, but still

strong. And he had often come closer. Once he had written, "Almost dying is a hard way to make a living."

People ashore now assumed he was retired; but he was still doing what he always had. He did not lead a life from which one retired.

A full week of bad weather in those latitudes in August is unusual, but he moved west through a grey and black world, sea and sky, slate and pewter, broken by only a few hours of sunshine and moonlight. It wasn't what he expected, but he didn't mind. The miles were slipping astern. GANNET had sustained no damage. Everything, mostly, was under control.

Blue: deep, royal, pure. Sea and sky.

White: cresting waves, foaming wake.

Silver: moonlit sea. Star filled sky.

A thousand hard and fast miles the first week were followed by a thousand easy and fast miles the second. The sky cleared, the trade wind returned, and he raised the mainsail for the first time. GANNET sailed beautifully, in perfect balance, broad reaching across the Indian Ocean. Looking at the top of the chart he saw that he had already passed south

of all of India and was below Pakistan. Two thousand miles below.

He was glad to be able to spend time on deck again. Often he had a morning cup of coffee there, and returned in the afternoon when he could protect his skin, which had been exposed to far too much sunlight, by sitting in the shade off the sails, listening to music on the cockpit speakers.

He ate his dinners of freeze dry meals into which he poured boiling water--lamb and peas; spaghetti; chicken stew--from a measuring cup in the cockpit at sunset. There were two Wedgwood plates carefully secured in the galley, but they were only used when his wife joined him in port, as she had a month earlier in Bali. Having settled into passage routine in the monastery of the sea, already it seemed more distant. He expected to see her again when he flew back to the United States after reaching Durban.

Although there was a known leak in one of his two water tanks, he had enough fresh water to fill a solar shower bag and leave it on deck for the sun to heat. On his very first ocean passage decades earlier from San Diego to Tahiti, he had let his beard grow; but it itched fiercely and he shaved it off the first day in port. Even in storms he shaved every second or third

day at sea; but a warm freshwater shower in the cockpit was a luxury.

He changed into clean shorts and t-shirt afterwards that still smelled of Balinese soap.

As GANNET moved steadily west at six and seven knots, averaging one hundred and fifty to one hundred and sixty miles each day, the trade winds slowly weakened, and he maintained speed by setting more sail. a big white asymmetrical cruising spinnaker captured the lighter breeze and steadied the boat against low waves coming from the southeast and a long, higher swell rolling up from the Southern Ocean. He had spent more than a year down there in the Forties and Fifties on three different voyages. That he would return once more to Cape Horn was always in his mind.

A few of those swells were almost twenty feet high, though with gradual slopes not dangerous. From their tops, briefly he looked down at the surrounding ocean as on a meadow from a hill. But then the swell would pass and GANNET slide down its trailing side.

Almost always he was on deck at sunset, and then he usually went back below to listen to the radio. After dark he could pick up the Voice of America, the BBC and Radio Australia even in mid-ocean. For several nights he tuned in to

BBC coverage of the Beijing Olympics; and then, sometimes, the VOA live from the Democrat Convention.

When he first started crossing oceans only thirty-five years earlier, his radio receiver was a Zenith TransOceanic the size of a small suitcase, powered by nine D cell batteries, whose essential purpose was to get precise time signals. Navigation then was by sextant and not much changed from Captain Cook's voyages. Every three second error in timing a sextant sight results in a one mile error in a position line at the Equator.

The Sony he used now was the size of a paperback and needed only four AA batteries. It could still get time signals and he still had a sextant aboard, but GPS had made them obsolete.

Even when on land, he was not tied closely to the world. Independently poor, he had not worked for anyone else for more than thirty years. He had lived outside hierarchies and systems and refused to let anyone else define or control him. At sea the six billion other people on the planet become even more remote, and the news over the radio could have come from outer space. Sometimes he listened to it; sometimes not. And always, for more than thirty years, it was the same: people were killing one another and politicians uttered self-serving banalities.

One evening toward the end of the second week, when GANNET was just below 20° South, he changed from shorts and t-shirt into Levis and a long sleeved shirt and went back on deck with a crystal glass of Laphroaig, which he sipped while listening to Goreiki's THIRD SYMPHONY, the "Symphony of Sorrowful Songs," as GANNET slipped through a soft night.

Halfway through the second movement, there came a rare and unsuspected moment: the soprano's voice reached a note of pellucid beauty that nudged the waves of the ocean, the waves of her voice, the waves of light emitted by stars billions of years ago, all the vibrating waves of matter seen and unseen, into fleeting perfect harmony; and GANNET slid down one wave and sailed up the next into a parallel universe. There was only the slightest, almost imperceptible pause in the soprano's voice, which he attributed to a loose speaker wire, and a tiny tinkle as a crack appeared in the crystal glass he held in his left hand, which he did not notice in the dark.

Translucent. Transparent. Invisible.

A fine trade wind day. The GANNET's motion was easy, and so he crawled aft into the stern to trace the cable from the GPS antenna to the chartplotter, as well as the wires to the cockpit speakers, but without discovering the fault in either. The speakers seemed to be working properly; but the chartplotter couldn't establish a position.

Concluding that the antenna mounted on the stern pulpit had failed, he took the two small handheld GPS units he carried for back-up from the chart table, and was surprised when after searching for a half hour neither of them came up with a position either. That all three had failed at the same time was unlikely without the boat being struck by lightning or passing through an enormously strong magnetic field; but it seemed to have happened. He changed batteries in the handheld units, moved them to different parts of the boat. The entire GPS system must be down. This was unprecedented; but he was not unduly worried. He was in mid-ocean, far from even a speck of land. Eventually one of the units would start working again, and if it didn't, he still had the sextant.

The other instruments were still functioning, and for several days, each noon he entered a dead reckoning position in the steno pad he used for the ship's log. But each day it seemed to matter less, less than his distress one night at finding that his

last crystal glass was cracked. Heavy, smooth, cool in his hand, he could still drink from it and did; but he had always been careful with that glass and didn't understand the crack.

Fine day followed fine day. He had always loved settling into the natural rhythms of a long passage: dawn and sunset; wind; arching sails; waves. After all these years and miles and waves, millions of waves, he still found fascination in watching them pass, facets constantly changing, shifting, reflecting sunlight and moon.

That there was something different about this sea, he sensed more than thought. He couldn't put it into words, and as the perfect days passed, gradually he forgot about it. He also stopped trying the GPS units every day. The GANNET's position didn't seem to matter.

One day he checked the leaking water tank, which should have run dry, but hadn't, and found it still half-full.

Each dawn he drank two cups of coffee on deck. Each morning he read and wrote in the cabin. Each afternoon he returned to listen to music on deck. Each evening he ate a freeze dry dinner in the cockpit, not noticing that the provision locker remained full.

Most nights he stayed on deck for an hour or two, often sipping Laphroaig from a cracked crystal glass.

The world to which he had never been closely tied and which always faded when he went to sea, gradually became translucent, transparent, then vanished completely from his mind as he sailed endlessly toward an Africa that was not there.