

LOG OF THE "PACIFIC SWIFT"

---

MAIDEN VOYAGE '88 - '89

**LOG OF THE "PACIFIC SWIFT"  
FIRST OFF-SHORE VOYAGE '88 - '89  
MAIDEN VOYAGE**

**LEG #1 - VICTORIA TO HAWAII**

On July 2, 1988 we departed the inner harbour of Victoria, surrounded by friends and well wishers and the familiar landmarks of the Empress Hotel and Ship Point Wharf. Three weeks later we stepped ashore in Kahalui Bay on the Hawaiian island of Maui. The following is a summary of the events that transpired during the first leg of the "Pacific Swift's" voyage, excerpted from the ship's log and journal:

***Saturday, July 2nd***

Having left Victoria with mainsail up, we proceeded to hoist fore, jumbo and jib and were accompanied into the Juan de Fuca Strait by the "Robertson II" and the "Spirit of Chemainus" until just after supper, when our friends waved goodbye and left us to commence this great adventure on our own. At night, we replaced the main with the trysail and let our new trainees get familiar with the ship. In addition to the 19 trainees (one short this leg), the crew consisting of Marg, Dave, Corinne, Judith, and me, and our five daughters (Julie, bunking in as a trainee), we had Wally Eggert and Bill Wolferstan as watch leaders and Tony Anderson as rigger.

***Sunday, July 3rd***

Just after lunch we tied up to a mooring buoy in Becher Bay (near Sooke) to prepare the ship for the open ocean. All hands turned to and the two upper yards were sent down to the deck, baggywinkle was lashed to the rigging where chafe was anticipated, and lines were spliced and whipped until all was shipshape and bristol fashion. After a Sunday service, all hands were mustered to hoist main, fore and jumbo and at 2200 hours we cast off - next stop Hawaii.

***Monday, July 4th***

The morning found us off Cape Flattery, sails up but assisted by the engine. Light breeze and moderate swell. We are at sea at last.

***Tuesday, July 5th***

Under the five lowers (main, fore, jumbo, jib and jib topsail). Kill the engine. Handwork completed on one of the fore courses.

Day's Run: 138 nautical miles (noon to noon)

***Wednesday, July 6th***

Finish work on both courses so set these twin square sails and took the main down after supper. Saw a large grey whale which played around the ship for half an hour, close enough to feel the spume.

Wind and waves pick up during the night - waves estimated 12 - 15 feet, wind gusting to 30 knots. Under the twins alone, the ship travels fast through a moonlit sea, averaging 8.25 knots and at times almost surfing down the face of the waves.

Day's Run: 107 n.m.

***Thursday, July 7th***

Still under twin courses. They are not really twins as one is longer than the other. We nickname them "Tim" and "Phil" after the two sailmakers - one short and one tall. The speed of last night shows in the noon position.

Day's Run: 176 n.m.

***Friday, July 8th***

Wind still from the north with a westerly component. Approximately 200 miles off the notorious Cape Mendocino by morning. Set trysail and leave the twins up.

Day's Run: 135 n.m.

***Saturday, July 9th***

Winds from the north around 15 knots. On the latitude of San Francisco by lunch time. A little fog to remind us but mostly clear. Set the mainsail and leave the twins up. Making good progress.

Day's Run: 131 n.m.

***Sunday, July 10th***

Set our clocks back one hour at midnight.

Day's Run: 150 n.m.

***Monday, July 11th***

Wind falling light. Sent up the lower topsail yard with topsail bent on. Yard swung around a bit but on the whole a snag-free exercise. Set lower topsail and twins for the first time. Wind falls light at night so clewed up the square sails and ran under power.

Day's Run: 110 n.m.

***Tuesday, July 12th***

Winds still light. Set twins and lower topsail at sunset.

Day's Run: 120 n.m.

***Wednesday, July 13th***

Wind very light in the morning. Lower sail, start engine. Sent up the second (upper) topsail yard and sail.

Day's Run: 105 n.m.

***Thursday, July 14th***

After lunch stopped the ship. All hands except Wolfie (Bill Wolferstan) and me leap in to the Pacific Ocean for a swim - 800 miles from the U.S.A. and 1200 miles from Hawaii.

Set all squares for the first time. Making about 4 knots in a ten knot wind.

Day's Run: 150 n.m.

***Friday, July 15th***

Hoist the main and jib in addition to the squares. Wind varies between light and moderate from the north east.

Day's Run: 95 n.m.

***Saturday, July 16th***

Modest squalls bring brief, fine rain. First signs of flying fish. Are we in the trade wind belt? We are in Latitude 29 degrees N. and had expected the trades by Latitude 30 degrees N. Move our clocks back 1 hour.

Day's Run: 120 n.m.

***Sunday, July 17th***

Left main up with square all night. Had bursts of speed to ten knots in squalls. "Swift" is really living up to her name now. Sunday service this evening.

Day's Run: 150 n.m.

***Monday, July 18th***

First accident of the voyage: trainee Jackie Bastick fell overboard while getting water for galley duties. We were running downwind with all squares and full main. Bill Wolferstan spots her going over the side and "man overboard" routine immediately executed. Ship rounded up, dory launched, Jackie back on board in eleven minutes.

Day's Run: 145 n.m.

***Tuesday, July 19th***

Still making good speed. This must be the trades.

Day's Run: 158 n.m.

***Wednesday, July 20th***

In the trades for sure - blue skies, white fluffy clouds, flying fish coming aboard at night time. Making good speed averaging 7.5 knots.

Day's Run: 181 n.m.

***Thursday and Friday, July 21st - 22nd***

Winds falling lighter, but a moderate swell from the south. We wonder whether this is left over from a tropical storm that came up from Mexico but was a few hundred miles to the S.E. of us. Finally have to start the engine again.

***Saturday, July 23rd***

Fore watch is scrubbing decks at 0700. Shortly thereafter it is "Land Ho" as we sight the windward shore of Maui. Great excitement pervades the ship. At 1600 we are secured to a commercial wharf in Kahalui Bay. No customs people about - we must wait until the morning to clear.

***Sunday, July 24th***

0830 we clear customs. Kind American visitors bring Cokes and ice for all hands - delicious after tepid water for 3 weeks!

Shore leave for all hands then an overnight sail to Lahaina on the leeward side.

***Monday, July 25th***

Anchor off Lahaina. Shore leave for all hands. Dave, Tony, Marg and I take turns at anchor watch. We weigh anchor at sunset and proceed to Honolulu.

***Tuesday, July 26th***

0820 the lines go ashore at Pier 8, Honolulu. Kay, Petra, John, and Joey Eggert, Bonice and Elizabeth Anderson are there to greet us.

***Wednesday, July 27th***

Shore leave during the day.

We sail overnight to the island of Kauai which is reputed to be the most beautiful of the Hawaiian chain. A bumpy ride with a beam wind and waves.

***Thursday and Friday, July 28th - July 29th***

Anchor in Nawiliwili Bay, Kauai. Rent 5 cars and visit the windward beaches. Weigh anchor at 1730 hours, July 29th for a very wild windward ride overnight returning to Honolulu.

***Saturday, July 30th***

1600 hours tie up Honolulu. Our cook, Judith, and mate of the "Robertson II", Andrew, announce their engagement! (Andrew has flown out to spend 36 hours in Hawaii between trips).

***Sunday - Thursday, July 31st - August 4th***

In port: rigging overhauled, lines checked, seams caulked, and hull oiled and painted where necessary ready for the next leg to Samoa!

***Conclusions:***

The "Swift" has proven an able and speedy vessel on this first leg of her maiden voyage. She handles well and is as comfortable as a vessel of her size can be expected to be. Water, fuel and rations have held up far better than anticipated which bodes well for the longer legs. We are still on the original fresh water taken in Victoria as I write and I calculate we could hold out easily for another couple of weeks with modest rationing.

Martyn J. Clark  
Master, "Pacific Swift"

**LEG #2 - HAWAII TO SAMOA**

We were scheduled to leave Honolulu on August 6th, 1988 but in plotting the approach of Hurricane Favio, which had taken a course directly across our path, we delayed departure by a day. Another tropical storm, Hector, was also approaching from Mexico so we decided to head south after Favio passed and before Hector arrived. The following is a summary of events during the second leg of the "Pacific Swift" voyage, excerpted from the ship's log and journal.

***Sunday, August 7th***

We have five new trainees aboard, 3 boys and 2 girls, and bosun's mate, Dallas Lively. We are sad to say goodbye to Wally, Bill, and Tony who sailed as watch leaders for the first leg. We institute a new system of junior watch leaders, selected by and from the trainees themselves, and rotated weekly. We cast off from Pier 8, Honolulu, at 1650 and raise the five lowers. We are accompanied by a Japanese cameraman who wants photos of the "Swift" under sail for his 1989 Tall Ship's Calendar.

Winds are from the E.S.E. and light except in squalls. We reef the main and lower the jib before dark.

***Monday, August 8th***

The sky is overcast and the light winds and squally conditions continue. "Favio" turns northwards briefly and then continues on her westerly course. She lies about 300 miles to the south of us. "Hector" is approaching at 13 knots from the east packing winds of 90 m.p.h. but still far enough away for us to slip into the quieter waters of the southern latitudes if we can keep moving. We start motor sailing by nightfall.

***Tuesday, August 9th***

Still motoring. Caught our first fish this morning, about 10 lbs.. Nobody knows what it is but it tastes delicious. Sat. Nav. and Loran having a dispute about our position. A second fish this afternoon.

Day's Run: 136 n.m.



**Wednesday, August 10th**

A favourable breeze. Shake out reef and set jib and topsails.

Day's Run: 150 n.m.

**Thursday, August 11th**

Wind falls light in the morning. Heat is becoming intense so we rig the sun awning. Sun is now to the north of us for the first time in the voyage as we can tell from our noon sights. Quite a picture with four or five sextants and their operators perched on the poop deck at the same time!

Sat. Nav. had started to work properly again but Loran C shows a discrepancy of 20 miles. The arbitrator in all matters of electronic accuracy is the sextant - delightful!

Day's Run: 142 n.m.

**Friday, August 12th**

Wind freshens from the N.E.. Able to set the square topsail. First time we are not really close-hauled. Caught a huge fish which supplied 34 fish steaks!

Day's Run: 132 n.m.

**Saturday, August 13th**

In the doldrums now - the light and variable wind belt between the N.E. and the S.E. trade wind systems. Wind is still favourable but signs of thunderstorm on the horizon. At 0100 a.m. Marg clews up the square tops'ls as she doesn't like the look of the sky. No sooner are they made fast than a rain squall hits, drenching us in rain and driving the ship at around eleven knots through the water. More rain squalls though the night but the "Swift" sails comfortably with full main, foresail, and jumbo.

0500 the wind veers to S.E. and heads us. We make little headway in the choppy seas and reluctantly start the engine.

Day's Run: 111 n.m.

**Sunday, August 14th**

0230 hours the engine quits! Fuel problems.....in bleeding the system, we damage two bolts holding down the fuel return lines. Able to jury rig one; the other is out of commission. Dave disconnects one injector and we continue on 5 cylinders.

Day's Run: 70 n.m. (worst yet!)

**Monday, August 15th**

Still motoring - slow progress. Catch a 45 lb. yellow fin tuna. Lots of fresh meat! At night the left-over uncooked fish placed in a pan on deck glows an eerie green. If you poke the meat, the end of your finger glows!

Day's Run: 92 n.m.

**Tuesday, August 16th**

We appear to be out of the Doldrums; hoist the 5 lowers and kill the engine.

Still unable to lay our course so start the engine again. Alarm bell rings - engine is overheating. We have a damaged impellor in the raw water pump. Dave does a quick change with the spare impellor but now we are without a backup!

Day's Run: 85 n.m.

**Wednesday, August 17th**

1000 hours. Land Ho! Fanning Island - a low outline of coral and trees on our starboard bow. By 1400 we are anchored up in the lagoon of our first real South Seas coral atoll. Customs, police, and doctor come out in a small runabout and stamp our passports - all 30 of them!

We spend the rest of the day ashore. Copra (dried coconuts) is the sole industry of the 500 inhabitants. We meet a few of the islanders who are friendly and hospitable. The place abounds in coconuts, breadfruit, and pandanus. Bottles attached to the coconut's flower stems drain off the toddy which is collected every evening. Pigs, chickens and dusty land crabs scuttle around in the undergrowth.

We are invited onto the veranda of a native dwelling to listen to a group singing some beautiful island songs. We reciprocate with some of our own sung during "mug-up" at sea, and sit cross legged on mats, shoes off, while the chief serves up endless cups of hot sweet tea to our crew.

At 1800 it's back to the ship for supper and bed after a most exciting day.

**Thursday, August 18th**

Weigh anchor and move a little closer to shore to get out of the current which runs strongly (5 knots) in and out of the lagoon. Spend the day ashore exploring, playing volley-ball with the locals (we lose - they keep the ball!) and having a picnic lunch on the beach. Crowds of native children follow us everywhere. At parting we are given gifts of green bananas and papayas. Weigh anchor at 1630 hours - a most pleasant visit.

**Friday, August 19th**

Motorsailing to make course. Engine quits - we are almost out of fuel now due to the excessive motoring in the doldrums. From now on it's sail - favourable winds or no! Also, we ration the diesel for the stove. Dave estimates we have 40 hours of motoring left in the tanks. We'll save this for entering harbour at Samoa.

Sat. Nav. is out of order; Loran C is out of range. We must rely on sextant and compass only from now on for navigation.

**Saturday, August 20th**

Winds S.E.. Oblige us to steer west of our desired course.

Day's Run: 125 n.m.

**Sunday, August 21st**

Wind backs a little more to the east - we are able to make a more easterly course. A westerly setting current is also making life difficult since we can't afford to slip to the west much more. The strength of this current is estimated at 1.5 - 2 knots.

We cross the equator about 0200 hours. Steve Kroeker, King Neptune's assistant, wakes all hands at first light. He is dressed in an outlandish garb - elephant trunk nose, psychedelic shirt, and multiple hats. All hands are obliged to "jump across" the line.

At 1000 hours the whole ship's company is assembled for "crossing the line" ceremonies. Everyone is required to go through initiation. Some have excessive beards and hair trimmed; those with too little hair (Kathy Coldren) are forced to wear a wig of baggywrinkle. Some have watercolor tattoos inscribed on arms and chests. No-one is exempt.

Winds strong from the east.

Day's Run: 134 n.m.

**Monday, August 22nd**

Wind a little lighter. We send up the main tops'l we received in Honolulu for the first time. (It arrived without any eyelets to secure it to the mast so have been working on it during our spare time). It is a disappointing fit with the leech cut too full. Unless dead off the wind, it flaps constantly like a landed fish!

Day's Run: 160 n.m.

**Tuesday, August 23rd**

Wind picks up to 20 knots at night. Everything is up except the jib topsail (another poorly cut sail that flaps perpetually). A beautiful moonlit night - the ship riding comfortably and making about six knots.

Day's Run: 150 n.m.

**Wednesday, August 24th**

Despite our best efforts at re-programming the Sat. Nav. it refuses to co-operate. We are a little nervous as night falls as some low islands and submerged reefs lie ahead of us and there is a discrepancy in the afternoon positions obtained by the three crew members. Fortunately it is a night of the full moon and all hands are warned to keep a sharp lookout while on watch.

Day's Run: 198 n.m. (best so far!)

**Thursday, August 25th**

0430 Judith sights the Danger Islands 5 miles on our starboard beam. To the east of these lie Tema Reef, over which the sea is reported to break heavily, and lonely Nassau Island.

We pass between Danger Islands and Tema Reef. Dallas, on the helm, mutters a prayer of thanks for the moonlit night which enables us to establish our position so accurately.

Day's Run: 165 n.m.

**Friday, August 26th**

Wind is still favourable though shifting to the south in thunder-squalls.

Day's Run: 125 n.m.

**Saturday, August 27th**

0300 hours. Land Ho! Tau Island, most easterly of the Samoa Islands is sighted.

At 1600 hours we anchor in Pago Pago Harbour (pronounced "Pahngo "Pahngo") on the island of Tutuila, American Samoa.

**Sunday, August 28th**

0700 hours we move to the fuel dock and clear customs. We take on fuel and water and announce shore leave for all trainees for the next 3 days.

**Monday - Wednesday, August 29th - 31st**

We anchor off after loading food supplies for the next leg. Marg, Judith, Corinne, and I are invited out to dinner at the

home of the Chief Prosecutor and his wife where we learn lots about local lore and customs.

Pago Pago is the Pacific capital of the tuna fishery and much of the island economy is centered around the canneries serviced by American, Chinese and Korean fishing vessels. Kings of the fleet are the American tuna clippers, registered in San Diego, complete with one or two helicopters for spotting schools of tuna. We hosted some tuna crews aboard the "Swift" that told us it was not unusual to land \$1,000,000 U.S. of fish per trip (4-6 weeks).

The town of Pago Pago is a mixture of American and Samoan cultures with brightly coloured buses and busy market stalls. An aerial gondola gives spectacular views of the harbour.

The native dress for both men and women is the "lava-lava", a wraparound skirt usually of bright colours! The crew soon adopt the lava-lava as standard dress.

Food is reasonably priced and fuel is cheap (diesel: 63 cents/gallon) and clothes, made in China, can be had for a song.

#### *Thursday, September 1st*

Work day. The vessel is made ship shape and the Sat. Nav. is fixed and re-installed.

The wind has been howling through the anchorage all week at around 30 knots but "Swift" lies comfortably to her two anchors (combined weight around 900 pounds) and about a ton and a half of chain. All around us "yachties" have been dragging and re-anchoring and we are thankful for heavy ground tackle and a sturdy windlass.

1900 hours we weigh anchor and experience a rough but speedy overnight passage to Apia, Western Samoa. One large wave breaks over the poop deck and fills the cockpit - no damage done!

#### *Friday, September 2nd*

0800 we enter the pass in the reef and tie up to the wharf in Apia. Navigation lights at the eastern tip of the Island and at the harbour entrance appear to be at a fraction of their charted intensity or non-existent, but we confirm our position by radar and Sat. Nav.

By 1600 hours all officials have visited us and we are free to go ashore.

Apia is a sleepy, clean town compared to Pago Pago and we welcome the change. We are invited up to the local yacht club for showers and "happy hour" but find the facilities limited to a small cement shack and an outside faucet. We seek supper elsewhere and while walking back into town are picked up by the "Matai" (chiefs) and an ex-member of Parliament, Le Tagaloa Pita Alailima, who takes us on a whirlwind tour of Apia (eleven of us packed into a small pick up adorned with a large sticker: "Kiss a non-smoker - taste the difference!"). We visit Robert Louis Stevenson's home "Valima", now the official residence of Samoan head of state.

#### *Saturday, September 3rd*

We do some shopping at the open market - a bustling centre of activity - and some of the crew swim in fresh water pools and underwater caves.

The chief, Tagaloa, comes to visit at supertime bearing gifts of fruit and accompanied by his daughters Donna and Faanafi. (We learn that Tagaloa holds degrees from the States and Italy and that his wife, Aiono Dr. Faanafi, has a PhD. from London, England, and is professor of Samoan Culture at the local university.) They stay for mug-up and a large crowd of Samoan youth congregate on the wharf. The guitar is passed up and they entertain us with some Samoan songs. Mug-up turns into a marathon 3 hour sing-a-long. We invite Donna and Faanafi to join us when we sail over to the island of Savaii.

#### *Sunday - Monday, September 4th - 5th*

We move to anchor and all hands take turns in scraping decks, painting the hull, setting up rigging and overhauling gear. The "Swift" is really beginning to look shipshape with her oiled decks and chafing gear in place.

#### *Tuesday, September 6th*

1800 hours weigh anchor for a visit to the neighbouring island of Savaii, still part of Western Samoa but strongly traditional. The crew uniform is now navy blue lava-lavas and white T-shirts. (It is not acceptable for the girls to wear shorts and while bathing near the local villages, the girls wear lava-lavas over their suits.)

#### *Wednesday, September 7th*

0930 hours we enter the narrow gap in the coral reef leading to Asau Harbour, Savaii, and by 1000 are tied to an abandoned but serviceable cement wharf.

The chief of Asau welcomes us but cautions us about letting any of the village children aboard in case some of our possessions go missing. At 1800 hours we move to anchor as the curious crowd on the wharf has become a bit overwhelming.

#### *Thursday - Saturday, September 8th - 10th*

Shore leave. Rent a bus and tour the island visiting lava fields, sandy beaches, and blow holes in the volcanic rock. Spend a day on the beach at Vaisala village with a picnic lunch. Some of the trainees build a sand coliseum and entertain themselves with hermit crab races.

*Sunday, September 11th*

We weigh anchor after morning service and motor sail into the eye of the trade winds arriving back in Apia at 0710, September 12th.

*Tuesday, September 13th*

Take turns working aboard - oiling decks setting up the main rigging and repairing a rip in the mainsail. We meet the 2 new girl trainees who are staying at the famous Aggie Grey Hotel. They give us loads of mail from home and much needed parts for the "Swift's" engine.

*Wednesday, September 14th*

Tagaloa rents a bus for the "Swift's" crew to take us up to some waterfalls. Marg and I stay behind on anchor watch. Petra Eggert is baptised in the waterfall by Steve and David in this most Christian of countries: the national motto reads: "Samoa, Founded on God".

*Thursday - Friday, September 15th - 16th*

We prepare the ship for her next leg. Everyone is sad to see Petra leave to return to Canada and the crew are a bit apprehensive about the reef infested passage between Tonga and Fiji.

**Conclusions:**

The junior watch leader system appears to be working well and trainees are taking a real pride in the "Swift". Dallas Lively, as full-time bosun's mate has taken some of the load from David's shoulders as many small items in the ship's systems and rigging need attention. Rotating the trainees so that they are all obliged to take part in maintaining the vessel is important; however, on long offshore voyages it is becoming apparent that a full time bosun's mate is a necessity if the bosun is to double as a watch officer. Also noteworthy is the rapid increase in infection in tropical waters, evident as body sores or throat ailments, and virtually every one aboard needs attention at one time or another. Marg is kept busy with the first-aid kit throughout the day and this demonstrates the importance of fully qualified medical personnel aboard. Finally, despite our problems with the HAM antennae, the radio link with shore is invaluable. A qualified HAM operator should be mandatory for any future offshore voyages.

Martyn J. Clark  
Master, "Pacific Swift"

**LEG #3 - SAMOA TO BRISBANE**

As the day of departure from Samoa approached, Le Tagaloa, Matai (high chief) and former M.P., invited all the crew of the "Swift" to his home for a farewell feast. After evening prayers, read and sung in Samoan, we sat down to a magnificent feast - taro, breadfruit, yams, roast pig, barbecue chicken, wild rice and hosts of tropical fruit (mangoes, pawpaws, and pineapple), topped off by Samoan cocoa, halfway between coffee and hot chocolate. The chief made a farewell speech and presented us with a native "fine Mat" to take back to Canada. We said goodbye to Donna and Fanaafi (who had sailed with us to Savaii) and returned to the "Swift".

The following is an account of the events that transpired during the voyage from Apia to Brisbane excerpted from the ship's Log and Journal:

*Friday, September 16th*

At 0600 we are awakened and asked to vacate the wharf where we had come to water the ship as a container ship was expected. We anchored off and got ready for departure, expecting to leave early the following morning.

At 2000 hours with visibility near zero in strong winds and rain squalls we drag anchor and strike the yacht "Scorpio" lying astern of us. "Scorpio's" anchor line fouls our propeller so we are unable to power out of the situation as both vessels drag towards the reef astern of us. The second anchor is let go, and a third anchor is made ready but our progress is mercifully halted. David dives down and clears the propeller - we are free of "Scorpio" at last.

*Saturday, September 17th*

0800 we assess the damage to "Scorpio". Her bowsprit grid has been dislodged, some supporting woodwork fractured and her teak caprail lifted. We replace the owner's anchor line with heavier 3/4" diameter line as his old line was damaged by the propeller. Since there are no commercial yards in Apia, we have no alternative but to repair the damage ourselves and delay our departure.

Our diesel generator is out of commission (again) so all work must be done by hand, bouncing around in a dory under the "Scorpio's" bow. (David and I attend to this, while Steve fashions a new support from some of our stock of white ash. Marg keeps the rest of the crew busy turning out lockers.)

***Sunday, September 18th***

By 1100 hours "Scorpio" is completely repaired and the owner is well pleased as the old installation (in Taiwan) was poorly done.

By 1230 we weigh anchor and proceed to sea. Wind is from the east at 25 knots; we set reefed main, foresail and jumbo. By 1830 we are between the islands of Upolu and Savaii. We shake out the reef as the wind is forward of the beam and we are making slow progress.

We close reach through choppy seas. 30% of the crew are seasick.

***Monday, September 19th***

We sight another sailing vessel and pass her by lunchtime. The wind is gusting to 30 knots and we douse the jib in rough seas. To leeward lies a series of reefs and sea mounts (pinnacles of lava and coral that rise from great depths to within a few feet of the surface). Careful helmsmanship is essential and all trainees diligently keep the "Swift" on her charted course.

***Tuesday, September 20th***

2230 we are 8 miles off the northern tip of Vavau, Kingdom of Tonga. We heave to until daylight as we plan to stay for 24 hours.

***Wednesday, September 21st***

1100 we are secured to the town dock at Neafu. Tonga is 13 hours fast on Greenwich (their motto: "Where time begins") so at midnight we put our watches ahead one day. For us there is no September 22, 1988.

***Friday, September 23rd***

After a brief but delightful visit we clear out at 1330 hours. Next stop: Australia, 2000 miles away.

We set main, fore, port course and upper and lower topsails. The wind is off our port quarter and the "Swift" slips along without fuss. A full moon helps the bow watch as we must pass close to reefs and islands.

***Saturday, September 24th***

Still under main, fore and squaresails we are moving along nicely and have successfully negotiated the first reefs to the west of Tonga. By noon we are 125 miles from Tonga; our next set of reefs and shoals lies 100 miles ahead. As night falls we clew up topsails and lower the main, replacing it with the storm trysail, as the winds increase.

***Sunday, September 25th***

Wind moderates and we set full main, jibs and topsails. For the first time since leaving the coast of North America, we have need of our sweaters again, especially at night.

Day's Run: 150 n.m.

***Monday, September 26th***

We are now east longitude for the first time and moving along nicely.

Day's Run: 165 n.m.

***Tuesday, September 27th***

The wind backs and slowly dies. We start the engine.

Day's Run: 177 n.m.

***Wednesday, September 28th***

Back under sail again. We are sailing between the Coral and Tasman Seas.

Day's Run: 157 n.m.

***Thursday, September 29th***

The wind backs to N.E. We gybe the main. The sky is overcast with thunder, lightning and light rain.

The wind continues around to the N.W. and dies. We lower sail and proceed under power.

Day's Run: 152 n.m.

***Friday - Thursday, September 30 - October 6th***

Winds are light or too far forward of the beam to lay our course. We are motorsailing but don't make the same speed as we do under sail alone with a fair wind. We see whales and two ships (and run out of kerosene!)

***Friday, October 7th***

0755 Land Ho! Australia! We close with the land at Caloundra Head and motor up Moreton Bay, some 30 miles of shifting sand banks and channels, against strong headwinds and swift currents that require constant vigilance. The chart carries the ominous



warning: "Vessels without local knowledge should not proceed without a pilot"! At sunset we anchor behind Mud Island, just off the entrance to the Brisbane River.

### *Saturday, October 8th*

We spend the morning cleaning ship, oiling bulwarks, shining brass, straightening lines, and preparing for our entry into Brisbane. At 1130 we weigh anchor and discover why the island is named "Mud" - tons of it comes aboard with the anchor chain and we have to do a second cleanup of decks and crew.

At 1445 we dock at the Maritime Wharf, greeted by Bill Wolferstan and son Jonathon with jugs of fresh juice, ice and mail from home.

After customs, all hands go ashore until bed time.

### *Sunday - Monday, October 9 - 10th*

Shore leave.

### *Tuesday, October 11th*

Our first official date. We move up the river to a dock in the heart of Brisbane. We are greeted by a helicopter and press boat and the "Swift's" arrival is well covered by the media.

### *Wednesday, October 12th*

The crew of the "Swift" are invited to a reception at the Canada Pavilion, EXPO '88, where they are welcomed by Pierre Morin, Deputy Commissioner for Canada, and Sir Edward, Commissioner General for EXPO '88.

A letter from Premier Vander Zalm is awaiting us which reads in part:

"On behalf of the Government and people of British Columbia, allow me to extend sincere congratulations on your ship's safe arrival at EXPO '88.

You have now completed the third leg of this epic voyage and all of us are very proud of your achievement....

Please extend my congratulations to your wife Marg, all members of the crew and the young trainees from British Columbia.

Enjoy your Australia stop over, and God bless."

### *Conclusions:*

The crew of the "Pacific Swift" have indeed enjoyed their visit so far. The "Aussies" have invited many of the trainees into their homes, organizing barbecues and sightseeing tours. The EXPO staff provided numerous free tickets to the World's Fair. The regular crew of the "Swift", Marg and I, David, Corinne and Judith have scheduled revolving "days off" for the first time since we left Victoria. As I write, I am gazing across the rolling fields of the Darling Downs, about 150 km. west of Brisbane; the Clark family is staying on a cattle station of 1200 acres. (We are the only guests and enjoy a house of our own.) Cockatoos perch in the trees outside. We have been swimming in the river and caught "Yabbies" (crayfish-like creatures which look like miniature lobsters) in the dam. Sheep shearing, koala bears, kangaroos and horse riding have rounded out our visit to rural Australia.

Martyn J. Clark  
Master, "Pacific Swift"

## **LEG #4 - BRISBANE, AUSTRALIA TO WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND**

Leg #4 is best viewed in 3 sections:

- 1.) The voyage down the Australian coast from Brisbane to Sydney;
- 2.) the crossing of the Tasman sea from Australia to New Zealand, a stretch of water notorious for its gales and contrary winds; and
- 3.) the trip down the coast of New Zealand, from Opuia in the north to Wellington, the capital city, on the southern tip of the North Island.

The following is an account of the events that transpired during the voyage from Brisbane to Wellington excerpted from the Ship's Log and Journal:

### **BRISBANE TO SYDNEY**

#### *Tuesday, October 25th*

Tony Anderson takes over as skipper for this section while I return briefly to Canada. Rick Hansen, Commissioner for the Canadian Pavilion at EXPO '88, comes down to the ship to meet the crew and trainees and wish them "Bon Voyage".

0900 the lines are slipped from the Maritime Wharf and the "Swift" proceeds to sea via the Brisbane River and Moreton Bay. Winds from the S.E. at 25 - 30 knots, seas confused and building. Set foresail, jumbo, reefed main.

*Wednesday, October 26th*

Sunny skies with cloudy periods. Wind backs to E.S.E. 20 - 25 knots. Tack ship and head south to Sydney.

*Thursday, October 27th*

Wind moderates to 15 - 20 knots. Shake out reef in mainsail. As wind backs to N.W., lower headsails and set courses.  
Day's Run: 160 n.m.

*Friday, October 28th*

Chainplate on foremast shrouds fractures. Shroud made fast with a tackle. Start engine and begin motorsailing.  
Day's Run: 150 n.m.

*Saturday, October 29th*

Winds light. Set square topsails and windward course. Motor sailing. 1830 anchor in Watson's Bay, Sydney Harbour.  
Day's Run: 150 n.m.

*Sunday, October 30th*

Proceed to Darling Harbour, home of the new Australian Maritime Museum. Set sail east of the bridge, turned and sailed past the Sydney Opera House. Lower sail off the Fort.

*Monday - Monday, October 31st - November 7th*

Shore leave and ship work. We are the guests of the "Young Endeavour" group who handle our mail and replace the broken chain plate free of charge. "Young Endeavour" is a steel brigantine, 44 metres overall, which was Britain's gift to Australia for the Bicentennial and is used for sail training.

The Sydney people are as helpful and as hospitable as their counterparts in Brisbane. The Kelshaw family hosts a lamb barbecue for all the crew at their home. Several trainees take time off to explore the sights around Sydney, including the spectacular Blue Mountains.

**CROSSING THE TASMAN**

Andrew Jones of the "Robertson II" joins us in Sydney. Dorothy Jones and Jonathon Leupold of the "Spirit of Chemainus" signed on as trainees in Brisbane, so it is quite a gathering of old S.A.L.T.S. crew with Tony and Bonice Anderson (and two year old Elizabeth) staying on until New Zealand. I take over my duties of skipper for the remainder of the voyage.

*Tuesday, November 8th*

We slip our lines and proceed seawards from the inner city. Ahead lies the Tasman Sea, Biscay of the Pacific, with an evil reputation for strong winds that bedevil sailing ships with their inconsistency and unpredictability.

No sooner are we underway when a strong wind warning is broadcast and we decide that discretion is the better part of valour so early in the passage. We anchor at 1300 hours in Watson's Bay to await better weather.

*Wednesday, November 9th*

Still anchored and waiting for the gale to blow over. Tony keeps the crew busy making canvas buckets (all our rubber buckets have been lost overboard - 12 since Victoria!).

*Thursday, November 10th*

Wind S.E. 15 knots. Weigh anchor and proceed to sea. A large swell left over from the last gale greets us as we clear the harbour. The Bay of Islands, New Zealand, our destination lies roughly 1200 miles away.

*Friday, November 11th*

Winds light easterly, swells down to about eight feet, motorsailing.  
Day's Run: 75 n.m.

*Saturday - Monday, November 12th - 14th*

Wind backs to N.E. then N.N.E. Cannot lay our course without the engine.  
Day's Run: 115 n.m. (average)

*Tuesday, November 15th*

We cut the engine, estimating there is only 40 gallons of diesel left which we may need in an emergency.  
Day's Run: 100 n.m.

*Wednesday, November 16th*

Wind builds to 30 - 35 knots. Double reef the mainsail. Before nightfall we lower the main and jumbo. Wind builds to strong gale force (40 - 45 knots) with gusts to 55 knots. We heave to under foresail alone. The "Swift" rides comfortably without helmsman making about a knot to leeward. Seas are 20 feet.

*Thursday, November 17th*

0030 a large wave breaks over the ship from stem to stern. Water enters through cracks in the forward and main companionways. A waterfall cascades down the aft companionway where the top drop-board has been left out for ventilation. 0300 wind moderates to 30 knots. 0900 wind down to 10 - 15 knots from N.N.E. Hoist jib, jumbo, and main. A shark trails us astern. Fog sets in at nightfall with intermittent drizzle.

Day's Run: 75 n.m.

*Friday, November 18th*

Light winds from N.N.W.

Day's Run: 85 n.m.

*Saturday, November 19th*

Wind N.W. 12 - 15 knots. Set jib and full main. Can finally lay a comfortable course for the northern tip of New Zealand. Move clocks ahead one hour at midnight.

Day's Run: 110 n.m.

*Sunday, November 20th*

Wind W.S.W. 15 knots. Set all squares. Caught a tuna after lunch and sailed through a pod of whales.

Day's Run: 89 n.m.

*Monday, November 21st*

Wind S.W. and still favourable.

Day's Run: 116 n.m.

*Tuesday, November 22nd*

0600 Land Ho! Fran sights Three Kings Islands off the Northern tip of New Zealand. 0900 - 1800 motorsail to get past the cape.

Day's Run: 80 n.m.

*Wednesday, November 23rd*

Wind S.E. and we must head south east! Start the engine and attempt to get around the corner and into the Bay of Islands before we run out of fuel.

*Thursday, November 24th*

Slow going in headwinds and seas. 0900 engine quits - we are out of fuel. Wind is E.S.E. 25 - 30 knots and building, waves 15 - 18 feet. Making 1 - 1.5 knots to the N.E. under main, fore and jumbo.

1200 hours 40 miles east of North Cape, wind builds to 35 knots. This is the infamous coast on which a Canadian square rigger (the "Monte Cristo" out of Vancouver) went ashore about 15 years ago. We are on a lee shore with wind increasing so cannot afford to heave to but must work the "Swift" to seaward as best we can.

1800 hours single reef, then double reef the mainsail. Wind gusting to 40 knots; seas are 20 feet. Finally even the double reefed main is too much. We lower it and set the storm trysail.

*Friday, November 25th*

0530 hours we will not clear Cape Wiwiki so we wear ship (she will not tack with the trysail) and beat out to sea.

1030 we wear ship again and close with the shore. The wind eases a little so we shake out one reef and set the main.

1840 it appears touch and go whether we will clear Tikitiki Rock, sentinel to the entrance of the Bay of Islands. We risk setting the jib, despite the wind, as the "Swift" seems to need the drive to get to windward. There is a lot of strain but everything holds. As soon as we are abeam of Tikitiki we lower the jib.

Moments later we are clear and bear off for Opuia! "Swift" is like a horse smelling the barn, and despite her reduced canvas races through the foaming seas at eleven knots.

As darkness falls we sail on until off the dock at Opuia, where the wind fails us. David has managed to salvage a couple of gallons of diesel from an "empty" tank. We fire up the engine to come alongside and throw our lines to the crew of the schooner "R. Tucker Thompson" waiting to welcome us.



*Saturday, November 26th*

After clearing Customs and Agriculture (who remove our eggs, canned meat, and vegetables) we go ashore.

*Sunday, November 27th*

Sunday - attend service at the oldest Anglican church in New Zealand at Russel.

*Monday, November 28th*

Day off.

## **OPUA TO WELLINGTON**

*Tuesday, November 29th*

Fuel up and then depart Opuia for the Bay of Islands. Anchor under sail off lovely Roberton Island (Cook's first anchorage in these waters).

*Wednesday, November 30th*

Spend the morning ashore and then weigh anchor under sail. While we are beating out of the Bay of Islands the "Tucker Thompson" alters course to engage in some friendly rivalry. They are equipped with water bombs and a rubber catapult. Unbeknown to them, David and Jonathon prepare the fire pump. When all is ready we luff up. The "Tucker Thompson" gets in under our lee and we shower them with the pump. After a wave, they return to Opuia. We sail on to anchor at the old whaling station of Whangamumu.

*Thursday, December 1st*

Dories ashore to explore the remains of the old whaling station and environs.

*Friday, December 2nd*

No wind so we motor to Great Barrier Island and tie up to the wharf at Port Fitzroy.

*Saturday, December 3rd*

All ashore for hikes in the hills, showers in the waterfall and a visit to the village store for pop and ice cream. 1820 we leave for Auckland.

*Sunday, December 4th*

Tie up alongside the training ship "Spirit of Adventure" after an overnight run. All shore.

*Monday - Thursday, December 5th - 15th*

The rigging is set up once again. "Swift" is hauled out of the water at the Vos and Brijs Shipyard where crew and trainees scrub the bottom and apply fresh paint to the entire hull. Even the figurehead gets a new paint job. Members of the Baptist Tabernacle in Auckland billet us while the vessel is out on the marine railway. Other friends, the "Spirit of Adventure" Trust (a sail training organization with two vessels) and the Mission to Seamen are very hospitable arranging tours, meals, showers and accommodations. Sadly our cook, Corinne Unrau, leaves us to return home for a rest as she has come down with infectious mononucleosis. Petra Eggert, a trainee from the second leg and sister to Bosun David, will be joining us after Christmas to help Judith in the galley.

*Friday, December 16th*

1000 we cast off our lines from Marsden Wharf, Auckland. Several of our trainees have opted for an overland trip to Wellington so we are down to 12 trainees.

*Saturday - Monday, December 17th - 19th*

Windless, sunny days we motor across the Bay of Plenty (with its active volcanoes), around East Cape and down the coast to Wellington.

*Tuesday, December 20th*

1830 hours tie up to Queen's Wharf, Wellington. The city has a reputation for its high winds so we tie on extra dock lines and fender boards.

*Wednesday - Saturday, December 21st - 24th*

Windy Wellington lives up to its name with gusts to 70 knots (nice to be in port!). We lower upper topsail yard and main and jib topsails in anticipation of the "Roaring Forties" on the way to Tahiti. Carol singing Christmas Eve by most crew members and stockings hung by each bunk.

### *Sunday, December 25th*

Christmas Day. Our miniature Christmas tree with battery operated lights (kindly supplied by Mike and Pat Coldren) is the centre-piece in the aft cabin. Santa Claus ("Father Christmas" in New Zealand) vaguely resembling a portly Tony Anderson descends the mast with presents for all hands. He is ably assisted by an elf with Christmas lights in her spiked hair (vaguely resembling Kathryn Coldren). We are joined by old crew members Dallas Lively, and Chuck Creighton and the Barths from Burns Lake. Judith outdoes herself with a splendid Christmas brunch and dinner with both roast turkey and roast lamb. After a hearty mug-up all retire for the night.

### *Monday - Friday, December 26th - 30th*

Shore leave and preparation for departure. Petra joins us as cook.

### *Conclusions:*

The "Swift" has had her first real taste of bad weather, both in the Tasman and off the North Island of New Zealand. She has proved not only that she can ride out a gale quite comfortably hove to, but also, when the need arises, that she can stand up to her canvas in heavy weather in order to make an offing. The only damage she suffered in the Tasman was the loss of two washports (hinged doors cut into the bulwarks to allow the escape of water should the decks become flooded); incidently these were torn off, not by water rushing off the deck, but by being blown inward with a heavy sea crashing against the bulwarks.

After nearly six months at sea the hull was entirely coated, below the waterline, with a whitish barnacle-like growth which would have affected her speed somewhat. The rigging was beginning to exhibit signs of wear and tear - wire seizings rusting, shrouds slack, 2 triple blocks collapsed; in brief, time for a thorough overhaul.

Amongst the crew, the length of the voyage is also beginning to take its toll. The excitement of deep water sailing is replaced by the lethargy of constant repetition. Shipmate's idiosyncrasies, which at first blush appeared quaint, if not amusing become nauseous eccentricities. The cure, as with any wooden ship, appears to be adequate ventilation. Air the grievances, give vent to pent up frustrations, and if all are not happy with the solution at least they have had a chance to get problems out in the open.

Martyn J. Clark  
Master, "Pacific Swift"

### **LEG #5 - WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND TO PAPEETE, TAHITI**

Scheduled to leave Wellington on New Year's Day, 1989, we delay our departure for a couple of days to allow a gale from the south east to blow over. Finally the winds moderate and veer westerly. The following is an account of the events that transpired during the voyage from Wellington via the roaring forties to Tahiti.

### *Tuesday, January 3rd*

At 1000 hours we cast off, having said farewell to all our new friends in Wellington. The "Anna Kristina", a one hundred year old Norwegian ketch, leaves just before we do. She is equipped with a "funnelator" - a water cannon made up of a plastic funnel and rubber shock cord - and an ample supply of balloons filled with water. We can expect a battle on the way out of the harbour.

The wind is northerly 15 - 20 knots. We have sent down all our light canvas in anticipation of the roaring forties so we will have to make the best of our working canvas. As we "cross swords" with the "Anna Kristina" it is apparent that her crew has the upper hand in marksmanship; however, we are delighted with the "Swift's" speed as she waltzes past the ketch as if she were standing still.

In the heat of combat, both ship's get so close that "Swift's" main boom plucks "Anna Kristina's" lightbox from her rigging where it remains impaled like a piece of charred mutton on the end of a skewer! We decide, however, to return this trophy of war and say our farewells to the "Anna Kristina" over the V.H.F.

### *Wednesday, January 4th*

We are under sail with the four lowers. Winds are from the N.E., 15 - 20 knots, a beam reach. Clear skies - we are moving nicely at 6 - 8 knots.

Day's Run: 115 n.m.

### *Thursday, January 5th*

Overcast. Wind 10 - 12 knots from the north. Set lower topsail and windward course.

Day's Run: 140 n.m.

### *Friday, January 6th*

Tropical disturbance "Delilah" brings gales to the North Island but we are in light winds and must start the engine. At 1640 hours we tie up to the town wharf at Waitangi, Chatham Island.

Day's Run: 120 n.m.

***Saturday, January 7th***

We take the day off to explore the island. A very remote place with the main industries being fishing and sheep farming. Despite their isolation, however, the Chatham Islanders have a race course for horse racing and a golf course.

***Sunday, January 8th***

The locals supply loads of giant crayfish (rock lobsters), horses for riding on the beach and an evening lamb barbecue. They state that they only have one visiting yacht per year.

***Monday, January 9th***

1030 we cast off in fresh winds from the north, 25 - 30 knots, and set reefed main, fore and jumbo. By 1320 we are in Pitt Strait (between Chatham and Pitt Islands) with the wind gusting to 50 knots and surrounded by unmarked reefs. We should have less sail up but there is little room to manoeuvre so we ease the mainsail and grit our teeth. Everything holds!

***Tuesday, January 10th***

Wind is abeam and down to 25 - 30 knots. Our course is easterly and we are now within the northern limit of the icebergs. It is rainy and overcast and "Swift" is moving like an express train.

Day's Run: 180 n.m.

---

***Wednesday, January 11th(a)***

We will have two January elevenths as we are crossing the international date line and will pick up the day we lost on our way to Australia. We are now in the "Roaring Forties" south of Latitude Forty South and favoured route of the old windships on their way to Cape Horn. Fog by afternoon.

Day's Run: 167 n.m.

***Wednesday, January 11th(b)***

Our second Wednesday. A good breeze from the north-west. Fog during the night.

Day's Run: 166 n.m.

***Thursday, January 12th***

Overcast with light westerlies.

Day's Run: 147 n.m.

***Friday, January 13th***

Wind shifts in the night necessitating two gybes. Overcast skies with the wind W.N.W. at 12 - 15 knots. Wind picks up after lunch. We are racing through isolated fog patches at 10 - 11 knots. Clew up topsail and lower jib.

Day's Run: 127 n.m.

***Saturday, January 14th***

Wind N.W. 25 - 30 knots. Reef main. At 2115 hours the main topping lift parts.

Day's Run: 210 n.m. (our best yet!!)

***Sunday, January 15th***

Lower main and jumbo. Start engine. Repair minor holes in mainsail and replace block on the topping lift.

Day's Run: 140 n.m.

***Monday, January 16th***

Calm. Still motoring. Caught a tuna.

Day's Run: 126 n.m.

***Tuesday, January 17th***

Light breeze from the S.S.W. and large swells. Set main, twin courses and kill the engine

Day's Run: 136 n.m.

***Wednesday - Thursday, January 18th - 19th***

Light following breezes gradually freshening.

Day's Run: 124 and 180 n.m.

***Friday, January 20th***

Racing through big seas overnight with full main, foresail and jumbo. Wind 25 - 30 knots, seas 15 feet, overcast. Too windy to enter Rapa Island so alter course to pass west of the island and east of Nelson Reef with 3 meters of water. Rain squalls.

Rapa abeam by midnight.  
Day's Run: 211 n.m.!!!

*Saturday, January 21st*  
Winds ease, set topsail.  
Day's Run: 192 n.m.

*Sunday, January 22nd*  
Winds light except in rain squalls. Run engine. All hands shower in rain squalls. Lower jib, making one knot under 3 lowers. (Several crew oversee for a swim.)

*Monday, January 23rd*  
0430 hours Land Ho!! Sight Raivavae in moonlight 16 miles off the port bow. After negotiating the pass in the coral reef we tie up to the town wharf. We have arrived in French Polynesia!

*Tuesday, January 24th*  
Raivavae is part of the remote Austral group of islands lying several hundred miles south of Tahiti. It's beauty is captured in soaring peaks, lush vegetation and tropical fruit - bananas, coconuts, mangoes, green oranges, breadfruit and avocado. The coral reef is dotted with "motus" or islets. We visit one of these - Motu Tuitui - inhabited only by crabs and beautiful white "Fairy Terns".

*Wednesday, January 25th*  
Local school children visit the ship and are intrigued by everything. We give them balloons and EXPO '86 pins.

*Thursday, January 26th*  
We raise the upper topsail yard and remove stove pipes (we had used cabin heaters in the roaring forties). In the afternoon we are given a bus tour of the island using the local school bus. Our driver and guide is the genial and chain-smoking daughter of the local mayor, Mathilde. We return laden with fruit.

*Friday, January 27th*  
Depart Raivavae in clear skies. A beautiful overnight sail in moonlight with warm breezes.

*Saturday, January 28th*  
1000 hours enter the reef at Tubuai and tie to the wharf. Tubuai is the largest of the Austral group with paved roads and a couple of primitive gas stations. In the days of Captain Bligh and Fletcher Christian, Tubuai was the short-lived home of the Bounty mutineers who stopped here enroute to Pitcairn but left after encountering native hostility.

*Sunday, January 29th*  
We sing at the local church. After service we decide to anchor off as the surge at the wharf has cost us two dock lines and a quantity of hull paint.

*Monday, January 30th*  
We visit Motu One (Sandy Islet) on the reef. On this beautiful white sand beach and in the warm emerald waters Jackie Bastick is baptised.

*Tuesday, January 31st*  
0945 weigh anchor. Set the four lowers in easterly winds of 20 - 25 knots.

*Wednesday, February 1st*  
Rain squalls then light winds. Start engine.  
Day's Run: 150 n.m.

*Thursday, February 2nd*  
Light headwinds. Still motoring. 1600 hours. Land Ho! TAHITI - visible 60 miles away!  
Day's Run: 100 n.m.

*Friday, February 3rd*  
Strong headwinds. 1445 we tie up at Papeete to clear customs then anchor off the town quay with stern lines ashore.

*Saturday - Thursday, February 4th - 9th*  
Shore leave. Explore the bustling port of Papeete. Visit beaches, waterfalls and underwater caves.

***Friday, February 10th***

Move to the Tahiti Yacht Club where the Port Director and Commodore have arranged a cocktail reception and presentation of the Yacht Club burgee.

***Saturday, February 11th***

1000 hours we weigh anchor and set sail with a favouring breeze for the island of Moorea. By 1530 we are anchored in 20 feet of crystal clear water in the lagoon on the north side of Moorea.

***Sunday, February 12th***

Shore leave.

***Monday, February 13th***

0600 we weigh anchor to return to Tahiti to pick up our visas and clearance for Rangiroa in the Tuamotu Archipelago. By 1710 we are underway.

***Tuesday, February 14th***

Valentine's Day. Motoring in calm seas. The Tuamotus are very low coral atolls and not visible more than a few miles off. As a result many ships have run aground giving them the title: Dangerous Archipelago. Since we are making better speed than anticipated we heave to until just before daylight.

***Wednesday, February 15th***

1030 we enter the pass with a favourable current and check in with the local gendarme. Rangiroa is the largest of the Tuamotus and with a lagoon large enough to accommodate the whole island of Tahiti.

***Thursday, February 16th***

We anchor off Reporepo Motu and spend the day ashore at the beach. The lagoon is teeming with aquatic life including many species of shark.

***Friday, February 17th***

We encounter difficulty in weighing anchor as the flukes appear to be fouled in one of the numerous coral heads. After some gymnastics with the engine we are free and sail to a motu in the middle of the lagoon which is a nesting site for sooty terns. Before nightfall we weigh anchor and return to the village of Avatoru for the night.

***Saturday, February 18th***

We leave Rangiroa to return to Moorea. The wind is light from the N.E. so we keep the engine running.

***Sunday, February 19th***

1000 hours we are abeam of Tetiaroa, a low coral atoll purchased by Marlon Brando when he was playing Fletcher Christian in "Mutiny on the Bounty". Tetiaroa was once owned by the Tahitian Royal Family (prospective royal brides were sent here to fatten!) and given to their Canadian dentist in 1904. By 1630 hours we have the anchor down in Opunoho Bay, Moorea.

***Monday, February 20th***

Day ashore and an evening slide show given by friends from Brazil who have been cruising for 5 years aboard their schooner "Guaypos".

***Tuesday, February 21st***

Back to Papeete to fuel, provision and water up in preparation for Leg #6.

***Conclusions:***

In the view of many, Leg #5 has been one of the most enjoyable; not only from the viewpoint of the exotic locales and exciting sailing but also from the camaraderie that developed among everyone aboard.

The "Swift" outdid herself again, breaking the 200 mile barrier for a day's run (noon to noon) twice on this leg. She also exhibited remarkable speeds for a sustained period: Chathams to Rapa, a distance of 2104 nautical miles, in twelve and a half days - an average speed of 175 n.m. per day!

Dave Eggert, ably assisted by Andrew Jones, has begun a complete overhaul of the varnished and oiled woodwork which should see the "Swift" shipshape and Bristol fashion when she returns home.

Martyn J. Clark  
Master, "Pacific Swift"

## LEG #6 - PAPEETE, TAHITI TO HONOLULU, HAWAII

We are scheduled to sail through the Society Islands and then north to Hawaii; however, we have encountered mostly light winds in French Polynesia with occasional strong winds from the north east. We decide to attempt to make as much easting as possible after leaving Bora Bora, heading under power towards the Tuamotus and even the Marquesas if the winds hold light, so that when we pick up the strong north east trades we will have a favourable slant for the Hawaiian Islands. The following is an account of the events that transpired during the voyage from Tahiti to Honolulu excerpted from the ship's log and journal:

### *Saturday, February 25th*

We leave Papeete under sail for Moorea. At 1120 the sailing cruise ship "Windsong" passes close by motorsailing. Officers wave from the bridge and a khaki coloured cook blows us a kiss from the galley. "Windsong" is 440', has 4 masts 204' above the deck and carries 22,000 square feet of sail, all computer operated.

At 1430 hours we anchor in Opunohu Bay, Moorea.

### *Sunday, February 26th*

We weigh anchor just before dark for a night sail to the next Society Island - Huahine.

### *Monday, February 27th*

0425 Land Ho! Sight Huahine in moonlight. 0930 we anchor off Fare village.

### *Tuesday, February 28th*

0930 we weigh anchor, set foresail and motorsail down the inside of the reef. Just after noon we anchor in Paapu Bay, Huahine, and spend the rest of the day foraging for fruit. Huahine is known as the "garden isle" of the societies and we return at supertime laden with bananas, mangoes, pamplemousse (green grapefruit), limes, red peppers, breadfruit and guava.

### *Wednesday, March 1st*

0900 we weigh anchor and once clear of the reef we set main and all the squares. By 1310 we are through Teavapiti Pass and lower sail off the town of Uturoa, Raiatea. We tie up to the town dock to check in with the local gendarme and stretch our legs.

### *Thursday, March 2nd*

At 0600 we are rudely awakened by a gesticulating official in khaki shorts and aluminum hard hat who informs us we have to leave as a freighter is arriving. We depart in a hurry and travel down inside the reef to the Baie Hurepiti, Tahaa. (Raiatea and Tahaa are the Siamese twins of the Society Islands and share a common barrier reef.) In the Baie Hurepiti we anchor off a copra and vanilla plantation owned by a friendly Tahitian couple who welcome us and invite us to help ourselves to their fruit and coconuts.

### *Friday, March 3rd*

0915 we weigh anchor and set main and squares for the run to Bora Bora.

At 1415 we pick up a mooring at the Hotel Oa Oa. Reputed to be a 7000 pound steel caisson which has held large boats in gales of wind, the mooring nevertheless begins to drag ashore. David starts the engine and we set two anchors in 90 feet of water and encounter no further problems.

### *Saturday - Sunday, March 4th - 5th*

Shore leave.

### *Monday - Tuesday, March 6th - 7th*

We weigh anchor and motor in light easterlies towards the Tuamotus.

### *Wednesday, March 8th*

0640 Land Ho! Tikehau, most western of the navigable Tuamotus is fine off the starboard bow. We have been unable to secure tide tables for French Polynesia so are a bit apprehensive about entering the narrow pass in the reef where the current is reported to be fierce at times. A rule of thumb gives slack water at 3 or 4 hours after moonrise. We are a bit early and anticipate an outgoing stream which turns out to be running around 4 knots. We make slow progress but good steerageway. Once inside, with a lookout aloft, we dodge coral heads in the lagoon and tie up at the village of Tuherahera.

### *Thursday, March 9th*

Tikehau, like all the Tuamotus, is a low coral atoll encircling a lagoon. The villagers at Tuherahera are very friendly and come to see us off with shell necklaces for all hands, two chocolate cakes, and lots of bananas and coconuts. We cast off at 0940 and by 1100 hours we are through the pass and motoring into light to moderate headwinds.



*Friday - Monday, March 10th - 13th*

We continue to motor in a north-easterly direction averaging 125 nautical miles per day.

*Tuesday, March 14th*

0700 hours Land Ho! Nuku Hiva off the port bow. At 1745 we anchor in the Baie de Taiohae, Nuku Hiva. The Marqueses are the most northerly islands of French Polynesia, sparsely inhabited with no outlying coral reefs. The Marquisan culture is quite old, the people friendly and the island with their high peaks, deep valleys and numerous waterfalls are a welcome sight to the sailor, who unlike us, usually makes this landfall after a long passage from Mexico, Costa Rica, or the Galapagos Islands.

*Wednesday - Thursday, March 15th - 16th*

Time off to explore the island, which despite the advent of the rainy season, was time well spent.

*Friday, March 17th*

Caught a shark at the anchorage. 1245 hours weighed anchor and moved down the coast to Daniel's Bay.

*Saturday, March 18th*

Daniel and Antoinette, the friendly caretakers at Daniel's Bay provide us with fresh water piped down the mountain. An elaborate system of garden hoses leads the water out to the buoy at the head of the bay where we were able to connect our own hoses and fill our water tanks.

The rest of the crew pack a picnic lunch and take a hike up the mountain to visit the waterfall.

*Sunday, March 19th*

0530 hours we weigh anchor and proceed northwards under power in light winds. Before dark we catch a 55 lb. yellow fin, the biggest take (barring the shark) of the voyage. Mark Teasdale has become the official ship's fisherman and is constantly rigging up new lures and lines in hopes of augmenting the galley larder. (In Nuku Hiva we traded an electric jigsaw for \$150 worth of beef so we are doing well in the meat department!)

*Monday, March 20th*

We are still motoring in a light north easterly. Since Bora Bora we have covered over a thousand miles under power and will be out of fuel soon if we don't get a favourable breeze.

Day's Run: 127 n.m.

*Tuesday, March 21st*

The wind freshens and moves east. We kill the engine and set the four lowers.

Day's Run: 135 n.m.

*Wednesday, March 22nd*

We now have all the topsails set for the first time. Previously, neither the jib tops'l nor the main tops'l set properly; however, we have lengthened the hoist of the main top which has improved the set considerably and with the wind just forward of the beam the jib tops'l seems reasonably happy. We are now 90 miles south of the equator.

Day's Run: 123 n.m.

*Thursday, March 23rd*

Dolphins in the bow wave and the wind more easterly still! At 2030 hours we cross the equator. All new hands are subject to the stern ministrations of Father Neptune, vaguely resembling Trevor Harmel in silver crown and trident with beard of sail ties. All the old salts who "crossed the line" on the voyage out are delighted to assist Father Neptune in doling out sufficient punishment to the green hands which ranges from baths in peanut butter and coffee grounds to the trimming of unruly whiskers.

Day's Run: 116 n.m.

*Friday, March 24th*

We are in the northern hemisphere again after seven months. The winds freshen and the "Swift" picks up speed.

Day's Run: 145 n.m.

*Saturday, March 25th*

Rain squalls bring gusty winds. We clew up the square tops'ls. Caught 2 fish - 25 and 12 lbs.

Day's Run: 149 n.m.

*Sunday, March 26th*

Easter Sunday. We have a homemade easter egg hunt and Sunday service after supper. Frequent rain squalls oblige us to douse main and jib tops'ls. Wind builds to 25 - 30 knots with overcast skies and steep seas. Shades of the Tasman!

Day's Run: 150 n.m.

*Monday, March 27th*

Continuing rain and squalls. Sea lumpy.

Day's Run: 130 n.m.

*Tuesday, March 28th*

One of the starboard chain plates forward breaks. We rig block and tackle to take the strain. Winds N.E. 20 - 25 knots.

Day's Run: 160 n.m.

*Wednesday, March 29th*

Saw several ships in the night. Day breaks with sunny skies and moderate breeze. Set main tops'l. Another starboard chain plate breaks. We rig another tackle. We only have one chain plate left supporting the foremast (this is the one we replaced in Sydney).

Day's Run: 160 n.m.

*Thursday, March 30th*

Fair winds and good sailing.

Day's Run: 180 n.m.

*Friday, March 31st*

Just before nightfall a violent squalls hits with rain, lightning and strong winds. We lower all topsails and jib.

Day's Run: 168 n.m.

*Saturday, April 1st*

We reef the mainsail as winds gust to 35 knots. Overcast skies with frequent rain squalls. Will the foremast stand up to this beating under jury rig?

1400 wind falls light. We are wallowing in moderate seas; lower mainsail.

1500 Land Ho! Hawaii sighted through clouds and light rain. We heave to overnight as it is too late to make Hilo in daylight.

Day's Run: 166 n.m.

*Sunday, April 2nd*

0400 start engine. 0800 tie up in Hilo!

*Sunday - Tuesday, April 2nd - 11th*

Shore leave. Crew fixes chain plates and sets up rigging. "Swift's" portside rubbing strake suffers damage at the wharf due to the surge that enters the harbour. We move to a less exposed wharf, replace damaged woodwork, and repaint the port side.

*Wednesday, April 12th*

1115 hours we cast off and motor round the southern tip of Hawaii (the "Big Island"). At 1800 hours we are off the lava flows at Kalapana. We stand in until we are a quarter mile off the shore to see the red hot lava enter the sea in clouds of steam. As night falls the whole side of the mountain appears to be alight with red fires as the molten rock emerges from lava tubes. Clouds of steam rise up into the night skies.

*Thursday, April 13th*

1150 hours we anchor in Kealahou Bay on the western side of Hawaii. We visit the site of Captain Cook's anchorage and burial place where a monument has been erected. The date on the plaque reads 1778, the exact year in which the original "Swift" was built.

*Friday, April 14th*

Shore leave.

*Saturday, April 15th*

0930 we weigh anchor and set all sail for Kailua-Kona. We anchor at 1315 hours, still on the western side of the "Big Island" but more heavily given over to hotels and tourism.

*Sunday, April 16th*

Visit the oldest Christian Church in the Hawaiian Islands. At 1845 we weigh anchor and set reefed main, foresail and jumbo in anticipation of the heavy winds usually encountered in Alenuihaha Channel, between Hawaii and Maui.



### *Monday, April 17th*

After a bumpy and windy crossing of the Alenuihaha we encounter head winds and then light winds. We lower sail and then raise them again as the wind builds. We had hoped to visit Molikini, a semi-submerged volcano where the snorkelling is reputed to be excellent, but the strong north easterlies would make anchorage untenable. At 1200 hours under single reef, the mainsail rips in two places. While shortening down to a second reef the leech rips from reef cringle to peak, so we douse the main and set the storm trysail. The wind promptly dies and we are obliged to motor the remaining 12 miles to Lahaina on Maui.

### *Tuesday - Wednesday, April 18th - 19th*

Lahaina was once a watering hole for the whaling fleet and many relics of those days are preserved for the modern tourist. We spent 2 days ashore and have now crossed our outwardbound track for the first time on the voyage.

### *Thursday, April 20th*

We weigh anchor for the smaller island of Lanai, known chiefly for its pineapple plantations but find our intended anchorage, Manele Bay, too windy. Rounding the lee side we encounter even stronger winds coming down the barren hills and discover two fishermen in distress in a small boat with engine failure. We tow them to Kaumalapau Harbour, a small barge basin, and receive three delicious fish for our pains. A pineapple barge is being loaded and the longshoremen fill our dory with pineapples for playing the Good Samaritan. We proceed to the "Five Needles", a rocky barren spot where the wind is a little less fierce right under the cliffs, and drop the hook for the night.

### *Friday, April 21st*

At 0545 we weigh anchor and proceed in strong winds for the harbour of Kaunakakai on the island of Molokai. Molokai is well known for the leper colony on the northern shore where Father Damien lived and died among the lepers and called the attention of the world to their plight. Molokai is still one of the least developed of the Hawaiian Islands, and with the loan of a truck from an expatriate Canadian (formerly a tow boat operator in Ucluelet!) we toured the island and enjoyed its natural beauty.

### *Saturday, April 22nd*

We cast off at 0545 and motor down the south coast of Molokai to the abandoned barge harbour at Lono. We are assured that there is plenty of water at the wharf but the "Swift's" keel just nudges the bottom as we come alongside so we anchor off in the middle of the small harbour. At 1800 we cast off, raise foresail and make an overnight passage to Honolulu on the neighbouring island of Oahu.

### *Sunday, April 23rd*

After a close quarters encounter with an inquisitive freighter at 0430 in the morning we tie up to our old wharf, Pier 8 in downtown Honolulu. In the next few days we have sails to repair, rigging to be taken up, painting to be done, and supplies to be bought for the last leg of this maiden voyage of the "Pacific Swift".

### *Conclusions:*

No account of a voyage of the South Pacific would be complete without a report of some of the less appetizing aspects of cruising in tropical waters. The humble cockroach has taken a liking to our ship, and since the cockroach is able to reproduce itself once every seven days we are told, this unwanted shipmate has multiplied even unto the thirtieth and fortieth generation! Normally a denizen of the damp and dark, our cockroaches have grown bold and venture out in small armies even in daylight. Despite insect spray and the strategic positioning of pest abbatoirs, cutely named "roach hotels", they remain unchecked and advance mercilessly upon bunks and in cupboards. With wild imprecations and mad slashing of rolled up papers and magazines the battle is carried on late into the night. No cup is left uninspected and even homely breakfast cereals such as granola are eschewed for fear that they may not be all that they appear to be! Oh well, even the Garden of Eden had its serpent so we should expect some toll for this passage through paradise.

Martyn J. Clark  
Master, "Pacific Swift"

## **LEG #7 - HONOLULU TO VICTORIA**

We are guests of the Hawaii Yacht Club during our last few days in Honolulu. The "Pacific Swift" moves from the more commercial environs of Pier 8 to the yachting centre at Ala Wai Yacht Harbour where we enjoy free dockage and showers and host an open house just prior to our departure. The following is an account of the events that transpired during the voyage from Honolulu to Victoria excerpted from the ship's log and journal:

### *Saturday, May 6th*

At 1735 we leave Honolulu for an overnight sail to Kauai. We set the main, fore and jumbo but due to the light winds we

keep the engine running. The mainsail has been repaired in Honolulu and has three feet added to the foot of the sail as she had originally been cut a little short of her designed length.

*Sunday, May 7th*

1000 hours we anchor in Nawaliwili Bay, Kauai. The idea is to use Kauai as the jump-off point for the trip as the accepted route for crossing the North Pacific, west to north, requires a sailing vessel to keep west of the North Pacific "high" (an area of little wind between Hawaii and Vancouver Island) until she can make her easting across the top of the "high".

*Monday, May 8th*

Shore leave. Most of the crew enjoy the hospitality of the Westin Kauai nearby, a luxury resort with black swans, several miles of man-made canals, and rooms which range in price from "bargains" at \$200 to the twenty-fourth floor suites at \$1,500 per night!

*Tuesday, May 9th*

0945 we weigh and stow anchors and set main, fore, jumbo and jib. We tack offshore until we can clear the northern tip of the island.

*Wednesday, May 10th*

The wind is light but a little more easterly; we set main, and jib topsail at breakfast time but drop the jib topsail at lunchtime when the wind freshens.

Day's Run: 113 n.m.

*Thursday, May 11th*

We are entering an area of the ocean known as the Musicians Seamount Province. Underwater peaks are named after Beethoven, Gershwin, Sibelius etc. The seas are moderate and the breeze light but favourable. Mark catches a "Mahi Mahi" which we down for supper.

Day's Run: 154 n.m.

*Friday, May 12th*

Very pleasant sailing. Still enough sun for the hardy to tan on the afterdeck.

Day's Run: 154 n.m.

*Saturday, May 13th*

Wind abaft the beam. Set square topsails.

Day's Run: 154 n.m.

*Sunday, May 14th*

The schooner "Alcyone" from Port Townsend left Hawaii 3 days before we did for the return trip. We manage to talk to her on the radio and discover she has light winds as well. "Alcyone's" new owners, Sugar and Leslie, were the sole survivors when topsail schooner "Pride of Baltimore" sank in the Caribbean a few years ago. While waiting to be rescued, Sugar proposed to Leslie, who promptly accepted.

Day's Run: 150 n.m.

*Monday, May 15th*

Wind still on the beam with a flat sea. Feels like we're still tied to the dock!

Day's Run: 154 n.m.

*Tuesday, May 16th*

Winds fall light. The Pacific "high" appears to be moving westerly. We clew up topsails, douse the jib and start motoring.

Day's Run: 122 n.m.

*Wednesday - Saturday, May 17th - 20th*

Winds very light and move from S.E. to northerly. Skies are overcast with occasional rain. Cold!

Day's Run: 135, 136, 143, 148 n.m.

*Sunday, May 21st*

Wind freshens in the night to 25 knots, seas 10 feet. We have a boisterous ride under jumbo, foresail, and main.

Day's Run: 138 n.m.

*Monday, May 22nd*

We get some rain and hail. Diesel heaters are on in the foc'sle and aft cabin with the cooking stove taking off the chill in the main hold. We reef the main.

Day's Run: 116 n.m.

*Tuesday, May 23rd*

Westerly winds! We ease the sheets and hoist the jib.

Day's Run: 130 n.m.

*Wednesday - Thursday, May 24th - 25th*

Winds fall light. We alternate between sail and power under an overcast sky and drizzle. We see our first seals and the temperature gets a bit warmer.

Day's Run: 150 & 135 n.m.

*Friday, May 26th*

In the afternoon we set main, fore, jumbo and lower tops'l as the wind freshens. We are making good speed but gale warnings are issued so we tuck a reef into the main.

2000 hours Land Ho! We sight Amphitrite Point, Vancouver Island!

*Saturday, May 27th*

0300 we round Cape Flattery and start the engine as the winds have died and there is a lot of traffic at the entrance to Juan de Fuca Strait. By 1100 we have the Swiftsure Race fleet (about 300 sailboats) off our quarter but we are well out of their way on the American side of the strait where the adverse current is less strong.

1900 we tie up at Port Townsend and clear customs.

*Sunday - Monday, May 28th - 29th*

Shore leave. We meet up with the "Alcyone" which made the crossing in 17 days to our 18.

*Tuesday, May 30th*

0740 we cast off from the main wharf at Port Townsend. We have had a warm reception from the people in this boat loving community and several are on hand to wish us "God speed". At 1310 we tie up in Friday Harbor in the U.S. San Juan Islands.

*Wednesday, May 31st*

Shore leave.

*Thursday, June 1st*

At 1325 we tie up in Bedwell Harbour, Pender Island, and clear customs. We are back in Canada at last!

*Friday, June 2nd*

Work day. All hands turn out to ensure that the "Swift" will be looking her best for the welcoming celebrations in Victoria. Surprisingly, the ship is in remarkable condition after her long voyage and it is mainly "spit and polish" which is needed to make her look her best. We are joined by a four man crew from C.B.C.'s "Pacific Report" who will be aboard for the next four days for a television special on the "Swift's" voyage to be aired in the fall of 1989.

*Saturday, June 3rd*

We weigh anchor under sail and have an exhilarating sail to Sidney Spit. It is a delight to have good winds in protected waters as the "Swift" can really "show her stuff" without the restrictions on speed imposed by choppy seas. We carry our wind all day which enables us to anchor under sail off the Spit.

*Sunday, June 4th*

We have our last Sunday service on board in the morning and then weigh anchor for Cadboro Bay where we are joined by the "Spirit of Chemainus" just before sunset. Emotions run high as old "Swifties" are re-united for the first time.

*Monday, June 5th*

At 1000 hours we weigh anchor and set sail off Trial Island. Just before lunchtime, we are met by the "Robertson II" with a crew of relatives and friends, the "Spirit of Chemainus", H.M.C.S. "Oriole" the Navy's training ketch, the "Lizard King" a schooner from Friday Harbor, and the "Blarney Pilgrim" a small brigantine from Victoria. We are escorted into the Inner Harbour where the "Pacific Swift" is greet by strains from the Naden Band, a seven gun salute, and a crowd of well wishers lining the causeway. It is an emotional moment as loved ones are re-united following welcoming speeches by dignitaries and responses by trainees Madeline Giovando and Trevor Harmel.

**Conclusion:**

After eleven months, twenty thousand miles, and 30 ports of call the "Pacific Swift" is home again. She has done everything we have asked of her and more.

As an untried vessel, she was naturally the butt of much skeptical commentary before her departure in July. "Her rig is too lofty." So be it. In the doldrums and when the trades failed to materialize she would have been lifeless without the topsails capturing zephyrs which were non-existent at deck level. "She'll be a wet boat." So be it. Wet enough to keep her decks tight; not so wet as to oblige the helmsman to wear a bathing suit. "Such an old design. She'll be a dog." So be it. An indifferent performer to windward, she nevertheless logged 2150 miles in twelve and a half days - much of this under reefed main, foresail, and jumbo.

And when all is said and done, she brought us safely across the mightiest ocean on this planet. What more can we ask of a ship?

Martyn J. Clark  
Master, "Pacific Swift"  
July 1, 1988 - June 6, 1989  
Maiden Voyage