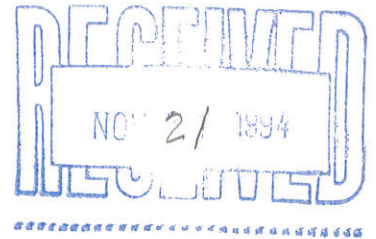


"PACIFIC SWIFT'S" 4TH OFFSHORE VOYAGE  
LEG ONE - VICTORIA TO PUERTO VALLARTA



LOG

**Friday September 16th, 1994**

We cast off our lines at 1500 hours after speeches and good wishes from dignitaries, family members and friends.

In addition to myself as master the professional crew consists of Stephen Duff, Mate, Marg, Second Mate, Scott Taylor, Bosun, Chad Gheseger, Bosun's Mate and Heather Preston and Annie Clarke, Cooks. There are 21 trainees aboard plus daughter Leah (residing aft) for a total complement of 29.

We set the courses in a light following breeze just off the breakwater but have to lower them in less than an hour as the wind veers and falls light. Tony, Ron, Steve (and his cousin), and Melanie Sawyer swoop by in a powerboat dressed outrageously and give us a parting gift of a cake decorated with a picture of the "Swift". The "Robertson II" also hails us for a final farewell.

We have some problems with the main engine overheating and after adding water continue on our way under a full moon and clear skies.

**Saturday, September 17th, 1994**

By 0100 hours we have Cape Flattery abeam and the new day is sunny with light westerlies, After breakfast we hoist the four lowers and our noon position places us 139 nautical miles from Victoria.

At 1300 hours we add the jib topsail but by 1500 hours the wind falls light and we lower the 2 outer jibs and jog along with the motor on and main, fore and jumbo to steady us.

It is another night of full moon and gentle swells, although some crew members are feeling a little queezy at this first experience with the open ocean.

**Sunday, September 18th**

Skies are overcast by morning and we encounter some light rain. The wind is light, north-westerly, but by afternoon there is enough to warrant setting the courses and a trysail aft to dampen the rolling.

After supper we hold a Sunday service and enjoy some downwind sailing with a full moon peeping out from behind the clouds.

Day's Run: 140 nautical miles

**Monday, September 19th**

Windy and sunny with following seas building to 10 feet. Still under twin courses and trysail.

By nightfall the wind has increased to 25 knots with occasional gusts to 30 knots, seas 12 - 15 feet.

1940 hours a large wave breaks over the port quarter and forces in one of the windows on that side, damaging some woodwork but, mercifully, leaving the panes intact. We fit a wooden storm cover and rewedged the window. The electronics have been sprayed with sea water and the ham radio is now out of action.

Day's Run: 165 nautical miles.

**Tuesday, September 20th**

At midnight we lower one of the courses as the vessel is becoming difficult to steer and is rolling excessively. Our speed comes down a knot or two and the "Swift" seems happier and ships less water.

1000 hours we douse the remaining course and while hove-to under the trysail, hoist foresail and jumbo. We alter course for Drake's Bay, just north of San Francisco.

With the wind north at 30 knots we are on a broad reach under snug canvas and make good time in some impressive seas.

Day's Run: 182 nautical miles.

**Wednesday, September 21st**

By early morning the wind has fallen light so we start the engine and motorsail in light rain and restricted visibility. The wind shifts to dead ahead and we lower trysail and jumbo and later the foresail.

At 2000 hours we anchor in Drake's Bay and after some refreshment and hearty singing enjoy a quiet night free from the rolling of the last few days.

Day's Run: 160 nautical miles

**Thursday, September 22nd**

We weigh anchor at 0510 and checking in with San Francisco traffic sail under the Golden Gate Bridge with a lone fore topsail set.

By 1000 hours we are secured to the wharf at Sausalito and after clearing customs and immigration are free to explore the city.

**Friday, September 23rd to Monday, September 26th**

We host an "Open House" Friday morning at the Bay Model Visitor's Centre in Sausalito and then sail over to Oakland after lunch to participate in a Vintage Boat Show on the weekend. Saturday night the entire crew is invited out to dinner to the home of Marciel and Caroline Blondet in Berkeley, friends of the Mate Stephen Duff, where a great time (and a great Peruvian meal) is had by all.

Monday morning we sail back to Sausalito and, en route, set all sail off the infamous Alcatraz for the benefit of a "tall ship" photographer who may use the "Swift" in an upcoming book or calendar.

**Tuesday, September 27th**

At 1700 we slip our lines in Sausalito and head out to the open Pacific for the run down to Long Beach. The wind is light so we keep the engine running with the foresail set to dampen the roll.

**Wednesday, September 28th**

Sunny. We sight a sperm whale so turn the "Swift" around for a closer look. When we are a boat's length away the whale lifts its flukes in the air and sounds.

**Day's Run: 130 Nautical miles**

**Thursday, September 29th**

After a night with a lot of lightning but no rain the wind settles in from the NW at 15-20 knots. We set the four lowers and the square topsail.

Later we lower the foresail and set the twin courses. The wind freshens and we lower the starboard course. We plan to anchor in the lee of Santa Rosa I. under main and topsail but

as we head into Bechers Bay the wind pipes up to 30 knots and after some ominous creaks and groans from the lower yard which has taken an alarming curve, we lower sail, start the engine and set two anchors while the wind shrieks in the rigging.

**Day's run: 168 nautical miles**

**Friday, September 30th**

We planned to visit Santa Rosa but the wind started to pipe up again in the morning so we weighed anchors, set both courses and ran down to Santa Cruz Island where we found a quieter anchorage of a lovely little beach at Willows Anchorage.

Dories were launched and the crew went ashore to explore, sunbathe or swim as the fancy took them.

We weighed anchor at 2200 hours for an overnight run to Long Beach as a rendezvous with the schooners "Californian" and "Swift of Ipswich" had been set for 1300 hours the next day.

**Saturday, October 1st**

We arrive as scheduled and for a couple of hours enjoy some sailing with the "Swift of Ipswich" (a smaller version of our "Swift" built in the thirties by the famous sailor William Albert Robinson, and now used to take disadvantaged young people on training programs) and the "Californian", the official 'tall ship' of California.

We were escorted to our dock at Shoreline Village by both ships as well as a Coast Guard cutter and fire boat shooting water in all directions - a grand welcome.

**Sunday October 2nd to Wednesday October 5th**

Our stay was rounded out by visits to Disneyland, Universal Studios, and Magic Mountain as well as doing some necessary repairs and maintenance to the "Swift".

**Thursday October 6th**

We leave Long Beach for Catalina Island. The "Swift of Ipswich" comes out to wish us "bon voyage".

We anchor on the north side of the island at Catalina and spend some time exploring this popular destination for many sailors in the Los Angeles area.

**Friday October 7th**

We weigh anchor before dinner for another overnight run, this time to San Diego where we are scheduled to tie up in Chula Vista at 0900 as guests of the San Diego Tall Ship Society.

**Saturday October 8th**

0855 hours the dock lines go ashore at Chula Vista. We host an "open house" aboard "Swift" that afternoon.

**Sunday October 9th to Tuesday October 11th**

This is the "Swift's" 3rd visit to Chula Vista and we are well looked after by the members of the Tall Ship Society who provide transportation and a barbecue for crew members. A mysterious oil leak in the main engine keep Scott, Chad and Stephen fully occupied for a time and we are a bit apprehensive about meeting our scheduled departure; however, after lengthy trouble shooting it appears they have solved the problem.

**Wednesday October 12th**

1035 hours we slip our lines for the 800 mile run to Cabo San Lucas, Mexico. As we round Pt. Loma at the entrance to San Diego we see some America's Cup boats practising for the big race next year.

1300 hours we set all sail in a light N.W. breeze but by nightfall the wind has left us so we fire up the engine and lower everything but the foresail to counteract a little bit of the roll caused by the ocean swell.

0800 hours

**Thursday October 13th**

0800 hours the wind has freshened so we set the foresail and one course and kill the engine.

The 0835 weather fax shows hurricane "Rosa" brewing to the south of us so we lower one of the courses to slow us down. Seas are rough and the rolling motion is making a few members of our crew feel the effect.

We catch our first fish in Mexican waters, a yellow fin tuna.

**Day's run: 145 nautical miles**

**Friday October 14th**

We are moving well under foresail alone after a clear night. "Rosa" goes inland near Mazatlan and catching a 25lb dorado we enjoy rice and fish for supper. We set both courses and lower the foresail.

**Day's Run: 127 nautical miles**

**Saturday October 15th**

We have a light rain in the night, the wind drops somewhat and we proceed south at a stately 3 knots. After supper we lower sails and start the engine.

**Day's Run: 97 nautical miles**

**Sunday October 16th**

Calm seas, windless. We pass the time on watch or reading, playing chess or go, and learning Spanish under the tutelage of Stephen Duff. We have two positions on the mainmast: one for artwork and the other for the "word of the day" selected from Mrs. Byrne's Dictionary of Unusual, Obscure and Preposterous Words. (Sample of the latter: "Quake buttock, noun, a coward".) Thus amused, we move ever southward in a sea that grows daily warmer and full of life - whales, dolphins, turtles and flying fish.

At 1400 we heave-to for a swim. All hands (except the Skipper who is awaiting still warmer waters) leap overboard for a swim. A "shark watch" is posted and when, after 5 minutes, several black fins are seen approaching the ship the alarm is sounded. Everyone scrambles aboard only to discover a school of friendly dolphins has come over to join the fun!

**Day's Run: 162 nautical miles**

**Monday October 17th**

At 1230 we get enough wind to set the courses and kill the engine.

1400 hours we lower sail for another swim. (No sharks sighted!) We enjoy a clear night, an almost full moon and a favouring breeze on the port quarter which gives us 3-4 knots in calm seas.

**Day's Run: 162 nautical miles**

**Tuesday, October 18th**

At 0650 we lower the courses and start the engine for the run into Cabo San Lucas, tying up at the Cabo Isle Marina at 0930 where Customs and Agriculture are on hand to greet us.

**Wednesday, October 19th**

Shore leave.

**Thursday October 20th**

0925 we slip our lines and say farewell to Cabo, a popular tourist spot with dives such as the "The Giggling Marlin" and "The Office" waiting to overcharge you for food and drinks.

The wind is variable but we encounter short, steep seas. By afternoon the wind increases to 15 - 20 knots N.W. and progress is slow and wet up the inside of the Baja peninsula.

**Friday, October 21st**

Because of the headwinds we anchor at 0945 at Ensenada de los Muertos, a beautiful sandy bay where we are protected by a headland from the northerly winds which seem to increase with the heat of the day.

Dories are launched and we go ashore to explore, swim and play a game of volleyball on the white beach.

At 2000 hours we weigh anchor and find the winds much lighter on our night passage to La Paz.

**Saturday, October 22nd**

0930 we anchor off La Paz in  $2\frac{1}{2}$  fathoms of water and later move to the Marina de la Paz to take on water and fuel.

**Sunday, October 23rd**

Shore leave and a dinner for all 29 of us at the Los Arcos Hotel on the waterfront in La Paz.

**Monday, October 24th**

1045 we cast off and once clear of the shallow entrance, set the 5 lowers and practice tacking<sup>in</sup> light airs, anchoring that afternoon in Puerto Ballandra.

Trainees go ashore to sample the sand beaches and excellent snorkeling; unfortunately, Sarah Bromley has an encounter with a small sting-ray sleeping in the sand. When disturbed, these creatures sometimes retaliate by stinging the unsuspecting intruder in the foot and Sarah suffers intense pain for a while.

**Tuesday, October 25th**

1100 hours we weigh anchor and under 4 lowers make our way to the clear, shallow anchorage of Calata Partida on Espiritu Sano Island. The heat is intense and frequent dips over the side are called for to keep discomfort at bay.

**Wednesday, October 26th**

1040 we weigh anchor for the little harbour of San Evaristo on the Baja Peninsula where we visit the small village where salt is harvested from extensive, shallow salt pans.

**Thursday, October 27th**

0900 we pay a visit to the one-room school house to sing some songs and pass out presents of T-Shirts and candy. By 1100 we are under way again and travel north to the lonely, and spectacular, Los Gatos anchorage where the red cliffs and white beaches provide a perfect backdrop.

**Friday, October 28th**

We weigh anchor at 0900 and proceed under power to the Bahia de Agua Verde, the Bay of the Green Water, which lives up to its name.

Here we meet the Dennys of Victoria cruising in their yacht "Walachin" and enjoy clam digging, swimming, snorkeling and hiking up the nearby hills.



**Saturday, October 29th**

We pay a visit to the quaint village which, with its palm trees, goats and communal well has an almost Biblical quality.

**Sunday, October 30th**

0700 hours we weigh anchor and start pointing the bows of the "Swift" south again anchoring for the night at Isla San Francisco.

**Monday, October 31st.**

We are planning to cross the Sea of Cortez but have heard of excellent snorkeling amidst some friendly sea lions (who swim alongside the snorkelers) at some rocks just north of Isla La Partida.

We heave-to as the depths are too great for anchoring and take a dory to the rocks which live up to their reputation for abundant sea-life.

After an hour we get underway again and that evening enjoy a Halloween Party complete with costumes, Pinata and games.

**Tuesday, November 1st**

Flying fish and squid come aboard in the night. There is little wind so we proceed under power which adds to the heat of the sun. We stop for a mid-afternoon swim to cool off.

**Wednesday, November 2nd**

0700 we anchor in the harbour of Mazatlan. We go ashore to explore the attractions of this large metropolis which mixes the old market and cathedral with modern high-rise hotels and fast food outlets.

**Thursday, November 3rd**

Shore leave.

**Friday November 4th to Saturday November 5th**

1900 hours we weigh anchor after a delightful shrimp dinner.

We sail through the night under courses alone and then set the

topsail at first light.

We anchor at Isla Isabella by 1130. This island, on our last visit, displayed quite a variety of vegetation - bananas, sugar-cane and lime trees - as well as thousands of birds and iguanas; however, Hurricane Rosa which passed over 2 weeks prior to our visit has pretty well decimated the vegetation and the few fishermen, who live there temporarily, reported extensive damage to their boats and huts.

We are underway again by 1400 hours and set main, main topsail, courses and square topsail.

As we approach Matenchen Bay in the dark we lower sail and using radar get to about a half mile from the beach in 3 fathoms of water.

#### **Sunday, November 6th**

0900 we get everyone ashore by dory through the surf (sometimes a wet experience) and are met at 1000 hours by two vans from the Las Brisas Resort in San Blas.

We are driven to the ancient Spanish fort and cathedral ruins (built in the 1700's) and then stop by the resort where 4 rooms and the swimming pool are placed at the disposal of the "Swifties" without charge. (Marg and I had stayed here with the family last Christmas and when the owners learned that we were returning with the "Swift" they kindly offered the use of their vehicles and the hotel facilities.)

#### **Monday, November 7th**

0500 hours everyone is up for an early start as we have arranged for a jungle river trip in 3 boats to commence at 0600 hours. Some spectacular tropical birds, iguanas, an alligator and one monkey are spotted.

By 1210 we are underway again anchoring for the night at the beautiful little cove of Chacala where there is a fine sandy beach, lots of coconut palms and "palappas" (thatch covered native restaurants) where one can enjoy a snack or drinks and catch up on correspondence or meet some of the locals.

**Tuesday November 8th**

We spend the day ashore at Chacala where Stephen has organized a catapult-making competition and a friendly game of soccer with the locals is held on the beach.

**Wednesday, November 9th**

We get underway before breakfast and as the winds remain light motor the 45 miles to La Cruz, a small town just inside Banderas Bay and our last anchorage before Puerto Vallarta.

After an afternoon visit ashore there is a lot of last minute studying and testing to get log books signed off.

**Thursday, November 11th**

Since the tide is high at 0600, Puerto Vallarta, we make an early start at 0400 and enter the port and Marina Vallarta in the dark tying up to the same dock we occupied 3 years ago.

The harbour master, Carl and his wife Linda are on hand to welcome us despite the hour and greet us with a large bag of mail - our first mail delivery in almost 2 months.

**Friday, November 11th**

We spend the remaining days preparing the "Swift" for the next leg, seeing the new and old town of Puerto Vallarta and taking farewell of people who have become close friends since we left Victoria on September 16th. Together we have shared calms and gales, wet, cool nights and hot, dry days. We have learned to laugh, and sometimes cry together, and will treasure memories from this trip for a long time to come.

Marty Clark  
Master  
"PACIFIC SWIFT"

**"PACIFIC SWIFT'S" 4TH OFFSHORE VOYAGE**  
**LEG TWO - PUERTO VALLARTA TO PUNTARENAS, COSTA RICA**

**LOG**

**Thursday, November 17th, 1994**

At 0900 hours we cast off our lines at Marina Vallarta. The harbour master, Karl, and his wife, Linda, are on hand to see us off as are several cruising people we have met during our wanderings in the Sea of Cortez.

Just after lunch we anchor at the unique little town of Yelapa which is only approachable by boat. Here a waterfall dominates the centre of the village and one encounters donkeys and horses, the chief method of transportation in the winding, narrow lanes. At 1700 hours we weigh anchor and round Cabo Corrientes to enter the Pacific Ocean once again under a clear moonlit sky.

**Friday, November 18th, 1994**

1500 hours, we anchor off Melaque, a dusty, fairly typical Mexican town in the Bahía (Bay) de Navidad. We spend the rest of this day and part of the next with trips ashore to Melaque and the neighbouring town of Barra where a 5-star hotel is nearing completion on the shores of an extensive lagoon.

**Saturday, November 19th, 1994**

1845 we weigh anchor and proceed down the west coast of Mexico standing off about ten miles from the shore.

**Sunday, November 20th, 1994**

We make contact with a northbound freighter and later alter course to view a large turtle which appears to be sleeping on the surface of the sea; unfortunately, as we get close it appears to be in an advanced state of decay having met its demise somehow on the long migratory route these turtles are known to take.

We continue to see turtles in increasing numbers as we proceed south, many easily identified by birds which hitchhike on the turtles' backs.

By afternoon we are able to raise the courses to take advantage of a favouring breeze. By nightfall this has petered out and we are back under power once again.

**Monday, November 21st, 1994**

We anchor at breakfast time off Isla Grande welcomed by a number of majestic frigate birds that circle around the masts. This island once was an isolated beauty spot known only to cruising yachtsmen, but its proximity to the hotels of Ixtapa and Zihuatenejo has resulted in a profusion of palappas (thatched beach cafes) and jetskis.

**Tuesday, November 22nd, 1994**

We weigh anchor after lunch and set the four lowers and square topsail to the first decent breeze we have had on leg 2. By late afternoon, however, it peters out and we are back under power again.

**Wednesday, November 25th to Friday November 25th, 1994**

0805 we anchor in the great natural harbour of Acapulco and are offered the facilities of the Yacht Club de Acapulco (showers, pool and a place to leave the dory) for a fee; although, there is no dock space available.

We are able to take on fuel and water and despite some misgivings about the "attractions" of a large city, most of us quite enjoyed visits to the bustling local markets, eating out and watching the famed cliff divers who, for a fee of 5 pesos, leap from great heights into seemingly shallow tidal pools at just the right moment when an incoming wave crashes onto the shore.

**Saturday, November 26th, 1994**

1645 we weigh anchor for a nine or ten day run to Costa Rica. This is scheduled to be longest distance between ports so far on this voyage and there are two local winds which can make this passage particularly arduous; the dreaded Tehuantepec and the Papagayo.

The Tehuantepec blows across the Gulf of Tehuantepec and can attain speeds of 60 knots building up steep seas further offshore. If you cross the gulf unscathed there is still a chance that you might encounter the gale-force Papagayo which swoops on you unannounced anywhere from Guatemala to Costa Rica.

Our strategy was to hug the coast with "one leg on the beach", as cruising people are wont to say. In this manner, we might get the offshore wind but be spared the mountainous seas.

On our last visit to Costa Rica in '91 we had received an "all clear" weather report for the Gulf of Tehuantepec and so had made a dash across the middle which is considerably shorter. Despite the favourable reports we got hit by a Tehuantepec half-way across. Needless to say, we were prepared to try something different rather than repeat that performance!

So feeling much like the ancient Greeks facing the mythical dangers of Scylla and Charybdis, twin rocks which moved together to crush hapless voyagers in a nutcracker embrace, we set out.

A good offshore breeze enabled us to set the 4 lowers (main, foresail, jumbo and jib) but as usual the wind eased off and backed in the evening and we switched to the twin courses and finally to the engine when it died completely.

**Sunday, November 27th, 1994**

Hot and windless. Sighted a great number of turtles.

**Monday, November 28th, 1994**

Sunny with a light S.W. breeze in the afternoon. Set 4 lowers and square topsail. By nightfall we're back under power again. During the night there are some magnificent thunderclouds and lightning displays along the coast.

**Day's run: 161 nautical miles**

**Tuesday, November 29th, 1994**

Sunny and windless.

**Day's run: 147 nautical miles**

**Wednesday, November 30th, 1994**

We sight a large number of fishing vessels and by 0800 we are technically out of the Gulf or Tehuantepec.

So far so good! We stop for a game of water polo to celebrate.

**Day's run: 145 nautical miles**

**Thursday, December 1st, 1994**

Some light headwinds.

**Day's run: 129 nautical miles**

**Tuesday, December 2nd, 1994**

Headwinds build to 15 - 20 knots. Slow progress. We set reefed mainsail, fore and jumbo and motorsail. As night falls we sing Christmas carols in the cockpit.

**Day's run: 106 nautical miles**

**Saturday, December 3rd, 1994**

Winde E.S.E. 15 knots. We're making slow progress under power and suspect a counter current may be part of the problem. At 0800 hours we set the 4 lowers and as the wind builds to 20 knots we reef the main and lower the jib.

**Day's run: 94 nautical miles**

**Sunday, December 4th, 1994**

After a frustrating night of little progress against headwinds we bear off to gain some speed and by 1300 hours we are anchored in the delightful Bahia del Coco on the N.W. coast of Costa Rica. Since leaving Mexico we have sailed in the waters of Guatemala, El Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua and now Costa Rica. Six countries in eight days!

**Monday, December 5th, 1994**

We wait until today to clear customs as offices are closed on Sunday. The first priority (after a long passage) is laundry, followed by a fresh shower and icecream. All those are available in the little village of El Coco.

**Tuesday, ~~November~~ 6th, 1994**

We renew friendships with a Canadian family aboard the ketch "Shades of Blue" out of Vancouver. We had originally met on the first offshore voyage in Samoa and later in New Zealand. Daughters Sara and Rebecca are invited to join for our cruise up the northwest coast of Costa Rica as far as Nicaragua and back again.

**Wednesday, ~~November~~ 7th, 1994**

1045 hours we weigh anchor and set 4 lowers (reefed main) in strong gusts, anchoring at 1400 hours in Bahia Culebra (Snake Bay). We visit the beach (3 snakes sighted) and hear several howler monkeys in the woods.

**Thursday, December 8th, 1994**

We weigh anchor at 0830 hours and two hours later are anchored in Bahia Huevos. Some explore a small tidal river by dories while others snorkel or investigate the rocky shoreline.

**Friday, December 9th, 1994**

0845 hours we weigh anchor and set a reefed main, foresail and jumbo in rain squalls. The wind builds rapidly through the morning and we are obliged to double reef the main and later tuck a single reef in the foresail as well.

We are now in the Gulf of Papagayo and it appears we have finally got our Papagayo winds with gusts of 40 knots plus.

We beat up under the coastline and anchor just after lunch in Bahia Portero Grande part of the extensive Santa Rosa National Park.

This bay is noted for its surf but we choose the quietest cove for a landing and all goes well until departure when a large comber swamps the dory. Fortunately, Stephen is able to snatch the outboard motor from the waves before it goes under and everyone returns safely, wet but cheerful.

Lobsters, shark and manta rays are sighted plus one very large, dead turtle on the beach. This remote spot is where the Olive Ridley Turtles come ashore to lay their eggs.

**Saturday, December 10th, 1994**

We weigh anchor after lunch and by 1500 we are anchored again off a deserted white sand beach in Bahia Murcielagos.

The wind builds through the night and at 2330 the big bower anchor starts to drag. We set a second anchor and keep a close watch as the wind is increasing and not too far astern are some cruel-looking rocks and an uninhabited island.

**Sunday, December 11, 1994**

At 0330 the wind is shrieking in the rigging (estimated 45 - 50 knots) and both anchors start dragging. We start the engine and by running at 1200 r.p.m. and having someone constantly steering into the wind, with both anchors down, we manage to hold our position.

Since it is very dark we monitor our position by radar and depth sounder.



**Sunday, December 11, 1994 continued**

At 0630, fortunately with enough light to see, the wind increases once again and we estimate that in the highest gusts it is close to 60 knots. Once again we start dragging despite engine and anchors so with only a few hundred r.p.m. as a safety margin it is time to get under way.

Raising the anchors in that wind and with engine running almost at full speed is no easy task but Scott, Chad and Stephen ably assisted by a willing gang of Swifties manage the difficult task well. Marg and a small crew aft are monitoring engine revolutions, radar and depth sounder and with everyone working as a team we manage to weigh anchor and working crab-like across the wind escape the clutches of the lee shore.

Once clear, we run before the wind, and while the anchors are being catted I put the engine in neutral. Under bare poles (no sail up) we are doing 6 knots, so fierce are the Papagayo winds!

Once across the Gulf of Papagayo the winds moderate and fall light and we anchor in a large bay south of Coco called Bahia Potrero.

That evening for Sunday Service we read the account of Paul's escape from shipwreck and we give thanks that the "Swift" and her crew are safe.

**Monday, December 12th, 1994**

1015 we weigh anchor and set the 4 lowers for a short run to the next bay, Bahia Brasilito. Here there are two beaches separated by a rocky promontory: one is black sand and the other is Costa Rica's only white shell beach, Playa Conchal, made up of millions of tiny shells and not a grain of sand to be seen.

**Tuesday, December 13th, 1994**

We weigh anchor early and return to Bahia Potrero as we are scheduled to enter Marina Flamingo for fuel and water. There is only  $7\frac{1}{2}$  feet of water in the basin at low tide so we have to enter and leave either side of high tide.

**Tuesday, December 13th continued**

Unfortunately the fuel dock is located just inside the breakwater where the wind blows across it and despite the assistance of an enthusiastic, but inexperienced, fellow in a powerful outboard runabout we are not able to effect a landing in the confined quarters and windy conditions. We retreat (backwards) before our would-be helper removes any more wood and paint from the hull!

We anchor later in the day in a beautiful unnamed bay  $1\frac{1}{2}$  miles north of Punta Penca which appears uninhabited except for a couple of horses and their riders who enjoy galloping along the beach and in the surf.

**Wednesday, December 14th, 1994**

0900 we weigh anchor and by 1100 we are anchored once again in Bahía del Coco where the ice cream shop and the sole laundry in town are inundated by Swifties.

**Thursday, December 15th to Saturday, December 17th, 1994**

Shore leave. Swifties visit rain forests, volcanoes, San José and Nicaragua.

**Sunday, December 18th, 1994**

0930 we weigh anchor and set the courses and fore topsail for a run down the coast and then up the Gulf of Nicoya to Puntarenas. The wind falls light and we resort to the engine. The night is clear with a full moon but there seems to be a current against us until we round Cabo Blanco which marks the turning point into the Gulf.

**Monday, December 19th, 1994**

1330 we are anchored off Puntarenas awaiting the tide and our pilot, Ramon, before entering the shallow lagoon where we will pick up a mooring.

By 1550 Ramon is aboard and at 1630 we are tied up to a mooring opposite Yacht Services and a stone's throw from the hustle and bustle (and smells) of Puntarenas.

About 4,500 people live on the narrow peninsula for Puntarenas was once the major Pacific port for Costa Rica. With the new

**Saturday, January 7th, 1995**

0915 we weigh anchor for Isla San Lucas, an abandoned prison settlement. We explore the deserted cells and administrative buildings. It is here that the film "Papillon" was shot.

**Sunday, January 8th, 1995**

We get underway for Bahia Gigante where the facilities of the Rancho Bahia Gigante (swimming pool, showers) are made available to us.

**Monday, January 9th, 1995**

We hike for an hour to the location of two waterfalls set in tropical vegetation where a cool swim, a natural slide and a picnic lunch is greatly enjoyed.

That evening the Rancho Bahia Gigante caters a barbeque dinner for everyone aboard and Ray, a neighbouring single-hander and professional juggler, entertained us with a juggling show, hurling hatchets and flaming torches into the air.

**Tuesday, January 10th, 1995**

We return to Puntarenas. Here, over the next few days, the ship will be readied for the next leg, hull and rig touched up and provisions and water taken aboard for the long ocean passages of Leg Three.

Once again we say goodbye to several "Swifties", some of whom have been with us since Victoria and all of whom have become shipmates and friends over the past weeks and months.

Marty Clark  
MASTER  
"PACIFIC SWIFT"

**Monday, December 19th, 1994 continued**

terminal in Puerto Caldera, much of Puntarenas seems to be in a state of decline and decay and petty crime is endemic.

**Tuesday, December 20th and Wednesday, December 21st, 1994**

Shore leave.

**Thursday, December 22nd, 1994**

0530 we slip our mooring and move to a commercial dock where we will spend the day taking on fuel and water.

**Friday, December 23rd, 1994**

0545 we get underway and by 0715 are anchored off Isla Gitana (Gypsy Isle) where we are greeted by the cries of Howler monkeys in the nearby trees.

We plan to move to a more sheltered spot and at low tide we sound a passage in the dory with the lead line and then cautiously move the "Swift" to her new position after lunch. (We have found both charts and guide books to contain a number of inconsistencies so we are taking no chances!)

Isla Gitana has a small palappa (thatched) café/bar, a pool, showers and (most important) a telephone. It also sports a tame Capuchin monkey, raccoon, coatimundi and assorted dogs, cats, chickens and wild pigs.

Between this spot and Rancho Bahía Gigante across the bay (restaurant and pool) the Swifties settle in as final preparations (and gifts) are made for Christmas.

**Saturday, December 24th, 1994**

Christmas eve we raft the three dories together (decorated with palm fronds and red ribbons) and we row around the anchored fleet of 5 or 6 sailboats after supper singing Christmas carols. The night is filled with stars and the brilliant phosphorescence of the water, which trails from the oars and around the bows of the dories, provides a perfect backdrop to the familiar and well-loved words sung so far from home.

**Christmas Day, Sunday, December 25th, 1994**

After a late breakfast, Santa descends the mast in a bosun's chair. He has a fabulous red suit and bushy white beard all

### **Christmas Day continued**

made of coloured paper with a beam and displacement akin to our first mate. He is ably assisted by an elf in green costume (Julie) to distribute the presents to each Swiftie, most of them handmade by a fellow Swiftie who has remained anonymous until now.

After the Christmas story is read by the skipper, Christina has lit the Advent and Christmas candles and a few carols are sung, a hearty lunch of roast turkey and other goodies is enjoyed by all.

### **Monday, December 26th, 1994**

1015 we weigh anchor. Our plan for the next week or so is to visit some of the anchorages in the Gulf of Nicoya. We set the four lowers and fore tops'l and by 1430 we are anchored off Isla Cedros.

For some weeks the Go tournament, under Stephen's gentle encouragement, has been proceeding apace. Some stay aboard to play or read; others pay a visit to the beaches of Cedros. Great excitement as a scorpion is discovered aboard, possibly having hitched a ride on palm fronds or bananas brought aboard.

### **Tuesday, December 27th, 1994**

We visit the neighbouring island of Isla Jesusita (Little Jesus) and some Costa Ricans who have a summer place there invite the Swifties for a bonfire and singalong that night.

### **Wednesday, December 28th, 1994**

We get underway at 0830 and by 1015 are anchored off the Islas Tortugas (Turtle Islands) where the sandy beaches and good snorkeling attract hundreds of day-trippers who arrive by tour boats from Puntarenas around 1030 and leave by 1500 hours. Despite the crowds we enjoy a good game of volleyball and some waterskiing as a change from some of the quieter spots.

### **Thursday, December 29th, 1994**

A short run down the coast past the Curu Wildlife Refuge (a 200 acre privately owned sanctuary for a variety of plants and animals including Capuchin and howler monkeys, armadillos, pacas and coatimundis) brings us to the black sand beaches of Tambor in the Bahia Ballena (Whale Bay).

**Friday, December 30th and Saturday, December 31st, 1994**

We spend New Year's Eve all together at Bahia Ballena Yacht Club where we are served dinner around one long table by chef John (an Irishman) and maitre d' Scruffy (from California). Just before midnight we bring the ship's cannon ashore (a gift from Vic Suthren and the Canadian War Museum) and fire off 3 shots to celebrate the new year.

**Sunday, January 1st to Monday, January 2nd, 1995**

Visits to neighbouring Montezuma (numerous beaches and a haven for back packers), horseback riding or loafing around the various watering holes along Bahia Ballena occupy our time.

The Yacht Club (a misnomer for a café, a colour T.V., and a single shower for which we supplied the shower curtain) is the "Swift's" headquarters during our stay.

**Tuesday, January 3rd, 1995**

0930 we weigh anchor for a run across the Gulf of Nicoya to the eastern shore. 1330 hours we are anchored in Bahia Herradura off a wide semi-circular beach.

**Wednesday, January 4th, 1995**

An expedition is undertaken to neighbouring Jaco Beach which is world famous for its surf and beautiful beach. Since this is an unprotected anchorage the "Swift" remains in Herradura while the crew take taxis or hitch rides to Jaco for the day.

**Thursday, January 5th, 1995**

We make an early start for the six-mile passage to Playa Mantas, named after the Manta Rays that come here in December and January to give birth to the young rays.

After lunch we hoist all sail for an exhilarating sail across the Gulf of Nicoya. A dory is launched to get some rare sailing shots as the "Swift" is tacked back and forth.

By 1630 we are anchored in Playa Naranjo near the terminus of the Puntarenas - Naranjo ferry as some Swifties are leaving for (and some returning from) inland explorations.

**Friday, January 6th, 1995**

Playa Naranjo

## "PACIFIC SWIFT'S 4TH OFFSHORE VOYAGE

**LEG # 3 Puntarenas, Costa Rica to Honolulu, Hawaii**  
**(via Easter Island, Pitcairn Island and French Polynesia)**

### **Tuesday, January 17th, 11995**

At 0200, while it is still dark we negotiate the winding passage out of the lagoon at Puntarenas. It is high tide; hence our departure at this unearthly hour for the start of Leg Three. There are thirty of us aboard including Laura Sauv e who has joined us to provide some relief for our two hardworking cooks, Heather and Annie.

### **Wednesday, January 18th, 1995**

We enjoy calm seas and a full moon at night for our run down the coast of Costa Rica, anchoring at 0710 in Golfito, off the Yacht Club de Samoa del Sur. This establishment is run by an expatriate family who serve up delicious meals in their large thatched-roofed restaurant and provide a friendly atmosphere and fresh water showers.

### **Thursday, January 19th, 1995**

1420 hours we weigh anchor for the 250 mile passage to Cocos Island which has been established as a national park belonging to Costa Rica.

### **Sunday, January 22nd, 1995**

0750 hours we anchor in Chatham Bay, Cocos Island, and after a visit by the Park Rangers and having paid the prescribed fees (\$480 U.S. for 24 hours!) we go ashore, some to hike to a distant waterfall; others to explore the bay whose rocks are carved with the names of visiting ships, many in search of pirate's gold which is reported to be buried on the island.

### **Monday, January 23rd, 1995**

Some excellent snorkelling before breakfast where brightly coloured fish, lobsters, mantas and sharks are sighted and then at 1000 hours we weigh anchor for Galapagos.

**Tuesday, January 24th to Thursday, January 26th, 1995**

We encounter headwinds and frequent rain squalls on this passage and so have to rely on the engine to keep us moving.

The Equator is crossed at 0232 hours on the 26th so a little later initiation ceremonies are held for all those who have never been across before and by 1315 hours we are anchored in Academy Bay, Santa Cruz Island.

**Friday, January 27th to Monday, January 30th, 1995**

Two notable events signal our arrival in Galapagos: the neighbouring volcano in Isla Fernandez erupts and Peru declares war on Ecuador! Since the Galapagos Islands belong to Ecuador there is a lot of excitement afoot especially as the Port Captain, who handles our paperwork, is also the top military official on the island.

We are in need of deisel and fresh water which is loaded by hand in 5 gallon containers and emptied into the respective tanks. In all we handle about 150 containers of fuel which is a messy job but we are thankful to have the tanks topped up for the long run to Easter Island.

Ashore there are visits to the National Park and beaches, boat rides and diving trips. The large Galapagos tortoises and marine iguana are abundant and we enjoy a visit to the farm of Furio Valbonesi, an Italian doctor, who provides horse rides and an excellent meal in his home cum restaurant high in the hills of Santa Cruz.

**Monday, January 30th to Monday, February 13th, 1995**

**Galapagos to Easter Island**

This is a 2100 mile passage and for the first three days we encounter headwinds, so we are under power. We then pick up the SE Trades and have some exhilarating sailing for about 6 days. The last 2 days are calm or we experience headwinds again so are back under power anchoring at 0715 at Hanga Roa, Easter Island (known locally as Rapa Nui).

Some of the highlights of the passage are the fast sailing, an unexpected "man overboard" when Laura Sauv e was having her morning scrub down (recovered in 10 minutes), poetry night, the cleaning and roasting of Furio's coffee beans, swim stops and waterpolo 1,000 miles from <sup>the</sup> nearest land.



**Monday, February 13th to Thursday, February 16th, 1995**

Easter Island has been described as the lonliest place in the world, lying about 2,000 nautical miles from S. America or Galapagos with Pitcairn Island the closest inhabited neighbour 1000 nautical miles to the west.

We all went ashore for bus tours of the island and the famous statues (Moai). Some rented bikes or jeeps, did some much needed laundry, became acquainted with the friendly locals and picked up some carvings and other curios. Bargaining became fashionable with jeans, shoes, soap fetching top prices in exchange for carvings.

**Thursday, February 16th to Sunday, February 26th, 1995**

**Easter Island to Pitcairn**

This passage of 1150 nautical miles we had hoped to achieve in eight days. Unfortunately, the S.E. Trades deserted us and we had headwinds the entire time with gale force winds for 2 days where we were down to storm trysail, foresail and jumbo. Consequently, the passage took us ten days, and glad we were to anchor in Bounty Bay, Pitcairn Island at 0400 hours on the 26th.

**Sunday, February 26th to Saturday, March 4th, 1995**

The longboat was out to greet us and pick up half the crew for a three-day stay on the island while half the crew stayed to keep an eye on "Swift" and attend to the many jobs aboard. On Wednesday morning, March 1st, we switched crews so that everyone got a chance to sample the islander's hospitality. We were billeted in homes ashore and the community turned out to host barbeques, a 21st birthday party for Laura Kenna, fishing trips, and visits by 3 or 4 wheeled A.T.V.'s (All Terrain Vehicles) to all the interesting places on Pitcairn. Volleyball, tennis and cricket were played and evening dances were held for the 'younger set' to the small hours of the morning. On Saturday we attended church (since most of the Islanders are Seventh Day Adventists) and contributed some songs from the "Swift's" repertoire.

**Sunday, February 26th to Saturday, March 4th continued**

The warmth and hospitality of the Pitcairners will never be forgotten and since this is the "Swift's" third visit to Pitcairn, a special rapport has been established between the islanders and the "Swifties".

It is with great reluctance that we weighed anchor and said our goodbyes after a stay of almost a week.

**Saturday, March 4th to Wednesday, March 8th, 1995**

We decide to visit the Gambiers en route to the Marquises and two days after leaving Pitcairn we tie up to the dock at Mangareva after winding through numerous coral patches. The Gambiers are the most easterly of the Tuamotus belonging to French Polynesia but unlike the rest of the group, which are low coral atolls, the Gambier Islands have lofty peaks surrounded by a common coral reef.

Some "Swifties" decide to climb Mount Duff, the highest peak, while others are treated to a trip to the outlying 'motus' (small sandy islets) where they enjoy fish caught on the reef and cooked over an open fire. The black pearl fishery is the main industry here and some of us pay a visit to the pearl farms.

**Wednesday, March 8th to Tuesday, March 14th, 1995**

We cast off at 0700 hours and stop for a couple of hours at Motu Tehava on the outlying reef before proceeding to the Marquises.

Our run to the Marquises is a mix of sailing and motoring and six days after leaving Mangareva we are anchored off Fatu Hiva in Baie Hanavave.

The surf is breaking heavily on the beach but we manage to avoid the worst waves for a decidedly damp landing to explore this lush and beautiful island.

**Wednesday, March 15th to Tuesday, March 21st, 1995**

We visit Hiva Oa, Oa Pou and Nuka Hiva in the island group enjoying the hospitality of the locals and abundant fruit - mangoes, bananas, green oranges, pamplemousse and coconut.

**Wednesday, March 15th to Tuesday, March 21st, 1995 continued**

The islanders were preparing for some major canoe races and we were able to watch the slender racing canoes with their crews of paddlers practising for the competitions.

The scenery is spectacular in the Marquises - lush tropical jungles and towering peaks - and we undertook hikes to the tops of mountains and to remote waterfalls with the weather remaining mostly fair and warm (90°F) with the occasional shower to cool things down a bit.

**Wednesday, March 22nd to April 5th, 1995**

We weigh anchor at 1130 hours for the 1970 nautical mile passage to Hawaii.

For the first three days we enjoy some good sailing and then the wind dies off and we are obliged to motor until we pick up the N.E. trades at around 5°N. latitude which carries us all the way to Hawaii on a close reach.

From time to time we catch fish for supper otherwise one day melts into another with the "Swift" moving along comfortably under reefed main, foresail and jibs with the square topsail up and down several times a day depending on the ferocity of the rain squalls.

We manage to tie up to the dock in Hilo before nightfall and the obliging customs and agriculture officials clear us (even though it's after hours) so that the "Swifties", long deprived of the joys of civilization, can make a beeline for the nearest MacDonald's.

**Thursday, April 6th to Friday, April 10th, 1995**

After a visit to the volcano which is spewing lava across the road and into the ocean and other sights on the big island of Hawaii, we cast off on the 8th for the final passage of this leg to Honolulu.

We enjoy a brisk sail out of Hilo harbour and up the windward coast of Hawaii but during the night the wind falls light and we are obliged to motor the rest of the way to Honolulu tying up to the dock at the Ala Wai Marina at 0715 and greeted by some parents and our ship's agent with a great pile of welcome mail.

We spend a couple of days readying the ship for the final leg and enjoying the "civilization" of Honolulu which is quite a contrast to the South Pacific - high-rise hotels, vast shopping centres and fast-food outlets.

Leg three has seen the "Swift" explore some new territory - Easter Island and the Gambiers. It has also seen a return to favourite places such as Pitcairn Island. We are grateful to Tony Anderson and his crew who paved the way for us at Pitcairn and Galapagos where we were treated so warmly, largely because of friendships established on earlier voyages. A fond farewell to "Swifties" leaving us at the end of this leg. We have shared the joys and discomforts of long ocean passages (four on this leg alone) as well as the discoveries of some of the world's most remote island communities.



Martyn J. Clark  
Master,  
"Pacific Swift"

## LOG

### "PACIFIC SWIFT'S 4TH OFFSHORE VOYAGE

#### LEG #4 - HONOLULU, HAWAII TO VICTORIA

##### April 17th, 1995

Our departure from Honolulu for a cruise through the Hawaiian Islands prior to crossing the North Pacific is delayed by gale warnings with winds of 35-40 knots and seas of 18 - 20 feet in the channels. Finally, on April 19th the winds moderate and we cast off from our berth at the Ala Wai Marina for an overnight passage to the island of Lanai. By 0740 next morning we are anchored in Manele Bay in time for breakfast. We spend the day ashore exploring the black and white sand beaches but many find the prices at a neighbouring resort too high to entertain the thought of dining there.

Lanai was once covered in pineapple farms operated by the Dole Company, but due to cheaper sources elsewhere the farms are no longer competitive and the island is being slated for tourist resorts and hotels.

##### April 21st, 1995

0830 we weigh anchor and by noon are anchored in the Lahaina roadstead on the neighbouring island of Maui. Lahaina is an old whaling town and boasts its whaling memorabilia amid the over-abundant art galleries and T-shirt shops.

We were guests of the Lahaina Yacht Club, where the shower facilities were greatly appreciated, and despite the "tourist traps" most Swifties enjoyed the visit.

##### April 23rd, 1995

0900 we weigh anchor and optimistically set sail for a fast crossing to Molokai. The wind, however, proves too much for comfort and we elect for a fast passage under foresail and "iron jib" (engine).

By 1300 we are tied up at the wharf at Kaunakakai where the small town has a sleepy, almost deserted, air.

Next day we head down the coast for an abandoned barge harbour at Lono and tie to a disused wharf. The surge, however

keeps us up most of the night to maintain fenders in place and dock lines from chafing and at 1700 hours, April 25th we cast off and set trysail and foresail for a slow overnight passage to Honolulu.

#### **April 26th -29th, 1995**

After fuelling up at Kewalo Basin we tie up at Pier 8 in Honolulu for final mail and provisioning before the last ocean passage.

Pier 8 has been our home on all previous visits to Honolulu but the old commercial pier has been facelifted into a complex of shops and restaurants. Our immediate neighbours "Sloppy Joes" and "Hooters" kept the music blasting until 2:00 a.m. and we were relieved to cast off on April 28th at 1400 for an overnight sail to Kauai - the last island we are to visit in the Hawaiian chain.

We have a visitor aboard for the crossing to Kauai: Tim Troutman, headmaster of a private school on Kauai. Tim and Mary Troutman and family had met up with the "Swift" on her return from Spain on the last offshore voyage while cruising aboard their own vessel, the "Black Seal", in the West Indies. They had become good friends with Tony and Bonice Anderson and family and it was coincidental that they had just moved to Kauai from Ohio and crossed paths with the "Swift" once again.

At 1015, April 29th, we anchor in Lawai Bay, Kauai, where the Troutmans have organized a barbecue for the entire crew as well as a tour of the botanical gardens at the site of Queen Emma's former summer home. This is still a private estate and we have the whole place to ourselves. Showers are available and a croquet game is enjoyed before we leave prior to nightfall to tie up at the dock at Port Allen.

#### **April 30th to May 2nd, 1995**

We spend a couple of days at Port Allen exploring some of the spectacular scenery of Kauai. Some elect to hike the rugged and beautiful Napali coast or to take a helicopter into

the canyons or up to the many waterfalls that stream off the mountains into the sea.

We cast off at 0835 on May 2nd for a slow run against headwinds up the west side of the island anchoring after dark in Hanalei Bay on the north side. This is to be our last anchorage in Hawaii, a beautiful crescent shaped bay with sandy beaches and a backdrop of lush mountains.

**May 4th - 23rd, 1995**

We weigh anchor at 0915 and feel that we are now truly "homeward bound". This last crossing can be quite cold and we are well equipped with "long johns", wool caps and mitts. Winds too can be quite strong with a possibility of gale force conditions as we approach the coast.

Unexpectedly the crossing is unlike anything we've experienced before. The North Pacific high pressure area keeps moving north just to the east of us so that we encounter light or non-existent winds for the first week. Motoring more than we expected we are obliged to shut down the engine on the eighth day out to conserve our remaining fuel. Sunny and cold we have the cabin heaters going below but light winds and calm seas make us feel we are in inland waters rather than the middle of the North Pacific.

A holiday atmosphere pervades the ship as we creep closer to home in almost idyllic conditions (except for some anxiety about our lack of fuel). Towards the end of the second week the "high" moves over the top of us and we run out of wind completely and spend some of our precious fuel travelling north where we find a south easterly that pushes us along at a great rate for a couple of days.

We had originally planned to enter Juan de Fuca Strait on our final approach but due to the existing conditions and being ahead of schedule, a vote is taken and we decide to come in around the northern end of Vancouver Island and clear customs in Port Hardy.

For our last two days we have a favouring NW wind which slowing builds and with all sail set to topsails we log off

the miles impressively anchoring off Port Hardy at 2055 hours, eighteen days out of Hawaii.

It has been a most enjoyable crossing and when a friendly custom's official clears us in the following morning with a minimum of fuss it only serves to put the icing on the cake for our return to Canada.

**May 24th, 1995**

We slip our lines at the government wharf to take on much needed fuel and then, in thick fog, we head down Queen Charlotte Strait and across Blackfish Sound. The fog lifts after lunch, and wending our way through some rocky islets in Knight Inlet with a backdrop of snow-capped mountains we stop for a couple of hours at a fish farm to observe the harvesting operation.

We depart with a gift of a 15 lb. salmon and anchor for the night off the deserted Indian village of Mamaliliculla where some of the old totem poles, though fallen down, are still evident in the long grass.

**May 25th, 1995**

In the early hours of the morning fog settles in thickly and it is 1245 before we can see clearly enough to wind our way out of the rock-strewn anchorage of Mamalilaculla.

We set all sail in Knight Inlet and launch a dory for some sailing shots with a spectacular backdrop of rocky islets and snow-capped mountains.

At 1700 we anchor in a small cove on the north side of Hanson Island and light a bonfire ashore on a neighbouring islet to barbecue our salmon and a tuna caught earlier in the trip. Roast marshmallows and some singing around the camp fire round out the evening.

**May 26th, 1995**

At 0610, with fog reducing visibility to about 100 metres, we make our way into Johnson Straits and a long day's run down to Granite Bay where we will be in striking distance of the slack water next morning at the Okisollo Rapids.



**May 27th, 1995**

Having run the gauntlet of the rapids we wind our way into the marine park at Octopus Islands, grazing our keel on the way in on a rock with considerably less water than indicated on the chart.

Ashore Stephen Duff and some willing helpers set up a sauna using a large sheet of clear plastic and the dories' oars. We take turns sweating away to fever pitch and then rushing outside and hurling ourselves off a cliff into the (relatively) icy water to cool off.

Supper is hot dogs and marshmallows over the same fire that heated the sauna's rocks.

**May 28th, 1995**

We weigh anchor, timing our departure for slack water at Hole-in-the-Wall and by 1400 hours we are tied up at our old summer haunt - the cliff under the waterfall at Teakerne Arm

**May 29th, 1995**

0830 we cast off, and after a brief stop at Refuge Cove to stock up on film and chocolate bars we head off to another favourite spot - Savory Island.

Once ashore, tug-of-war, soccer and volleyball keep most of the crew entertained.

**May 30th, 1995**

We weigh anchor after breakfast and with a favouring breeze from the northwest we set fore tops'l and courses until abeam of Powell River the wind fails us and we motor to Harmony Falls for a brief hike and refreshing fresh-water shower.

Nightfall finds us anchored in Buccaneer Bay (Thormanby Islands).

**May 31st, 1994**

0830 we weigh anchor for a crossing of the Georgia Strait. We are in plenty of time for slack water at Gabriola Passage so we anchor for a few hours while some of the crew get some last minute tests done and log books signed off.

# INSERT

June 3<sup>rd</sup>

We leave etc etc ...

—  
— next day.

We ~~stop~~ sail by Wilsons Beach ~~as~~ as we have been asked to "show the flag" at the annual Oak Bay Tea Party. There appears to be a great crowd ashore but what really ~~excites us~~ makes this homecoming special is the sight of a little fleet of wooden "ships" sailing out to greet us with some of the S.A.C.T.S. crew aboard — the Eggerts in "Rebecca", the Andrews in "Quinque", the Sep Kowhis in "Puffin" — and some large boats — the Wolfertans in "Tumbo" & the Torgers in "Marcato".

**May 31st continued**

Just before dark we tie up to the dock at Pioneer Camp, Thetis Island, where we are to spend the next couple of days readying the "Swift" for her return to Victoria.

**June 1st and 2nd, 1995**

Work days - hull painted, bulwarks scraped, varnish renewed, rigging blacked and a myriad other jobs to make the "Swift" shipshape and Bristol fashion. Camp manager, Dave Roycroft kindly makes the facilities of the camp available and after work, activities such as canoeing and swimming in a 'real pool' are enjoyed.

**June 3rd, 1995**

We leave early for a run down to the Chatham Islands where we will be close to Victoria for our return to Victoria the next day. *insert*

**June 4th, 1995**

Home again! Cannon booming, flags waving, family and friends on hand to welcome the "Swift" and her crew home after the fourth offshore voyage. The joy of returning is mingled with the regret of saying farewell to new friends and the knowledge that a way of life, too easily taken for granted, has come to an end.

The words of an old gospel song, sung by the Pitcairn Islanders as they bade us farewell, comes to mind at this final parting:

"Shall we gather at the river,  
Where bright angel feet have trod  
With its crystal tide forever  
Flowing by the throne of God?"

Martyn J. Clark

Master,

"Pacific Swift"

**May 31st continued**

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We sail by Willows Beach as we have been asked to "show the flag" at the annual Oak Bay Tea Party. There appears to be a great crowd ashore but what really makes this homecoming special is the sight of a little fleet of wooden "ships" sailing out to greet us with some of the S.A.L.T.S. crew aboard - the Eggerts in "Rebecca", the Andersons in "Quinque", the Sepkowskis in "Puffin" and some larger boats - the Wolferstans in "Tumbo" and the Torgersons in "Mercato".

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