

## **The following contains all the onboard commentaries from Leg 2 of the Nordhavn Atlantic Rally**

### **June 2nd.**

Where do you think the words deep blue sea come from ? I'm thinking that it has to be the Atlantic Ocean. The color of this piece of ocean is incredible. Since I am not very familiar with all the colors of blue, all I can do is to describe it as deep blue. The Pacific is no where near this, at least not the part of the Pacific that I'm familiar with which is off the west coast of the good old U.S.A.



The weather today is hazy with the visibility near 3 mi.. True wind speed around 7.5 knots from the West, it is humid which makes things kinda sticky. The swell height is 4 to 6 feet, nice lazy conditions. We are aprox. 184 miles from Bermuda as I type this out. We'll probably be 50 more miles down the road by the time I get these few paragraphs written. We are approximately 1616 k.m. from Horta.

Bob Rothman of Nordhavn 57 "Emeritus" has just called to inform me that he was in the process of having a scotch and a fine cigar. We are on a dry vessel and also have elected to leave the tobacco on shore - and Bob knows it. This is his means of a slow torture. Yes, we have Mr. Rothman in sight and in radio contact on channel 17 which is a 1 watt channel, which means that you have to be very close to carry on a conversation. Emeritus also offered assistance to Grey Pearl this morning when they decided to kill their main engine to change their alternator belts. Actually the way I understand it, they threw the belt so all they had to do was install new belts. Way to go Bob, a real team player. I'll tell you later how we managed to get the self proclaimed maverick to hang with us if you are interested.

We are having a fishing contest, although I don't know how many vessels know it. But so far Goleen has claimed the only catch of the day and I think this was by accident as it seems that the fish in question was 3" long with a 6" fin spread (or should I say wing spread?) Was it possible that the little fish flew on board?? Me think so, but since it is the only thing that has resembled a fishy, I guess they have it for the day so far...unless our resident fisherman, Garrett, manages to pull something out of the sea.

The ocean has a different feel then the first several days of our 1st leg. The powerful ocean has befriended us and has provided a rhythmic swell that allows our boat to surf the over the top. Although the swells may be 6ft high, the timing allows our boat to rock along gently and timely. The melodic lull has taken its toll on the crew as most find themselves being rocked to sleep when not on watch. Maybe the island personality is still with us as we move slowly and lounge about. Every so often an un-timed stronger wave hits the boat almost to remind us who is the boss here; the ocean not the boat.

Days like today Chef Phil seems to have the hardest task of what to feed the crew. He spear heads this challenge head on and is always innovative and one thinks that they couldn't have thought up a better meal. Hungarian mushroom soup, crackers, and celery seemed to be the perfect combination for a humid day where no one was moving too fast.

Despite the poor visibility and dusky appearance the sun is strong and sitting outside can only be done for short periods of time without getting overheated. As I sit on the bow soaking up the sun and hearing the waves crashed you wonder how much better life can be. For anyone who ever wanted to go somewhere to "find themselves" or get away from the hustle and bustle of normal life, the ocean passage is for them. You can let your mind wander to your heart's content - mine often venturing into the realm of deep philosophical thought which is not easily obtained when thoughts of work, friends, meetings, the gym, and travel take precedence.

I get whiffs of Japanese rice being cooked below and my senses perk up relaying the message to my brain; the tuna we caught yesterday is going to be made into fresh sushi. Now I have been to wonderful Japanese restaurants like Nobu in New York City, but nothing seems to have the same taste as freshly caught Tuna from the Atlantic. Not only that, but in order to reap this reward all you have to do is walk downstairs or step 3 ft out of your room and voila! Your own private first-class restaurant.

As it seems from this writing, the ocean is treating us well and provides time to catch up on everything you may not get a chance to do: remembering funny times with friends, watching old movies, or getting going on reading that novel that has been collecting dust on your bedside table. This is what consumes your life at sea, and I can be content with that any day.

### **Kirk : Abord Sans Souci**

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#### **June 2nd.**

Wednesday - June 2nd  
Position: N32-2' - W055-15'  
Speed: 7 knots  
Course: Due East

It's the third day at sea for Division 2 and the crew has settled in nicely to the passagemaking routine. Aboard for this leg are Motorboating's John Wooldridge, and Peter Swanson who is writing for Yachting. Additionally we have our normal crew consisting of Dr. Kevin Ware and his wife, Kari, Dave Shuler, Justin Zumwalt, James Leishman and myself. With a crew of eight and six bunks - things are a little tight but we're all enjoying the trip very much.

Since leaving Bermuda we've traveled about 500 miles east into the North Atlantic and have enjoyed moderate weather with winds mostly aft of the beam and under 20 knots. Our weather forecaster Walt Hack predicts more of the same with some increased wind and seas from the northwest early next week.

We were all pleased to get underway last Sunday after a week of activities in Bermuda. A combination of working through boat problems, fueling, provisioning, diving, scooter riding, sight seeing and Bermudian night life all combined to drain our energy levels and pocket books. I have nothing but good things to say about Bermuda however it is probably one of the most expensive countries I've visited.

The highlight of our stay was the formal dinner Saturday night at the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club. Crews of each Rally boat participated and we were joined by the Commodore and Vice Commodore of the RBYC. Dating back to 1844, the RBYC has earned the reputation of being one of the most prestigious yacht clubs in the world and has hosted the biannual Newport-Bermuda Yacht Race for almost 100 years. The halls and meeting rooms of the RBYC are filled with yachting history and it was a heady experience to feel so welcome and a part of this establishment.

Our days at sea consist of morning and evening roll calls where each vessel in our division (12 yachts) check in and give their latitude and longitude, speed and course and an estimate of their remaining range at the present speed and fuel burn. Additionally, any problems the vessel is experiencing are discussed and then any additional comments or concerns are reviewed. Generally this is all for drill now as every boat is in visual range and most issues are discussed casually through out the day. Generally speaking, the problems are very minor - today a loose belt was discussed aboard "Stargazer" and her owner quickly made an adjustment and the problem was solved.

The VHF provides entertainment as there is constant chatter amongst the crews. Calls are made on 16 and frequencies are selected for these discussions. At times numerous VHF channels are in use and the crews are developing the friendships we anticipated. There's heavy discussion about the daily fishing, weather, food preparation, onboard maintenance and dozens of other topics. I heard this morning Susan Spencer aboard "Uno Mas" announce that at 14:00 each day there would be "Chick Chatter" on channel 68 - I'll try to listen in tomorrow.

Today, Georgs Kolesnikovs, a man I had absolute trust in, suggested that we slow down "Atlantic Escort" and line our entire crew up on the starboard rail for a photo opportunity. Georgs encouraged us to move in closer for the perfect photo and then without warning he and his captain Scott Strickland, Terri Strickland and crew maliciously attacked us with a water balloon salvo. We will not forget this and vow revenge before this Atlantic Ocean is crossed.

More Tomorrow, Jim Leishman

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**June 2nd.**

**Day 24 -- 240 miles east of Bermuda**

Today was an almost perfect day, No one sick, and reasonably calm seas. Hopefully there will be more days like this.

That said, there were a few mechanical problems....

- Here on Sans Souci, we almost lost our steering system. Garret and St John had a problem in the middle of the night. Sans Souci suddenly refused to steer on auto pilot. Garret tracked the problem to a "collar" that connects the steering system to the rudder. The collar is attached to the rudder by four bolts, which had come loose. The steering system was limping along, but complete failure was imminent. After tightening things down (we are still missing one nut), we're going again.

- Que Linda has a leak in their stabilizer system. Fluid is pouring out, but they are capturing it in a bucket, and pouring it right back.

- Grey Pearl lost an alternator belt, but after a 30 minute slow down was going again.

On the good news front, I am happy to report that our new alternator is installed, and working fine. I believe our frying the first one was as a result of our overloading it. When the trip is over I'd like to do a bit of investigating on this issue. It seems to me like there must be a regulator of some sort that should have been able to stop us from burning out the alternator. We are being very careful with the new alternator – even to the extent of taking cold water showers to minimize electrical consumption. This is probably overkill, but we would like this alternator to last, and I still haven't heard a good explanation of why the first one blew.

We spoke with Division One (the slow boats) who are approximately 300 miles in front of us. They had no problems to report, and did not give us an update on the one medical problem that was reported yesterday.

Given that there was no action, we decided to create some of our own. Sans Souci organized a pirate attack on another boat in our fleet - Goleen. I've uploaded the pictures to the website (<http://sanssouci.talkspot.com>.) As you can see from the pictures, we had fun, and our attack was a huge success. Roberta had a fun question. While we were in the throes of our pirate attack, Roberta took me aside to ask if people would think she looked silly if she set up a jogging track around the pilot house. I reminded her that most of the crew was on the front deck wearing pirate attire throwing water balloons. She was not in danger of looking strange.

With each mechanical problem that occurs here on Sans Souci, I've asked myself whether or not I could have fixed it, had Roberta and I been on the boat alone. Thus far, the one that scares me is the alternator problem. Would I have been able to figure where the smoke was coming from before it caught fire? Maybe. Would I have known how to take it out of the system and continue the voyage? Probably not. Failing someone at the manufacturer who could do some real-time diagnosing via sat phone, I think we would have been turning back, or worse. Luckily Dan Streech, of Nordhavn was on board, and solved the problem.

This is an issue Roberta and I discuss often. We still have a lot of the world to visit aboard Sans Souci. The fact of the matter is that I am a retired software entrepreneur. I'm a software guy, not a hardware guy. If I can press a button, or write some code to fix a problem, I'm fine – but, when the electric meters and torque wrenches come out, I start to sweat. My “fix” for this has been to duplicate all systems aboard ship. We have two engines, two radars, two generators, two gps units, two watermakers, two autopilots, two VHF radios, two fuel filters, two water filters etc. Do you see a pattern here? My primary repair strategy has always been to flip to the backup when needed, and this has served me through thousands of miles of cruising.

The right answer is to force myself to become a diesel mechanic, and develop a strong understanding of electrical systems. I'm smart and will learn quickly, but even smart people can't learn without making a concerted effort to do so. Aside from this trip, and until that day when I can honestly look in the mirror and see someone who could have diagnosed and replaced the alternator, my sense is that I'd like to confine my voyages to no more than 8-12 miles from shore when Roberta and I are traveling alone. I'm not sure how practical it is that I'll ever be fully self-sufficient. I've been watching Rip Knot and Kirk White in action. The odds that I'll ever possess their mechanical skills are somewhat comparable to the odds that they will ever be able to master computers or spreadsheets at my level. The question is where one draws the line to have a SAFE boating experience. What level of competence is needed, and what level is reasonable to expect?

As I sit here doing my watch, in calm seas, with a totally dark sky, it's the perfect time to think, about boating, and about life in general... What else is there to do for the next nine days?

Thank you,

Ken Williams

Sans Souci, 6209

<http://sanssouci.talkspot.com>

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## June 1 0700

Note to readers: I have given up on attempts to post to my weblog via Skymate. Henceforth, using SailMail and the single-sideband radio aboard Strictly For Fun, I will send reports to Ken Williams aboard Sans Souci and Fred Wunderlich back in Fort Lauderdale for posting to their sites, and to Significant Other for keeping family and friends informed.

Lat 32 22.6 North Long 59 30.7, Speed 6.4 knots, Course 107, Light wind, gentle 3-to-4-foot seas

We are experimenting with a new watch system as the one we started with didn't suit everyone.

I am now on from 9 p.m. to midnight and from 6 to 9 a.m. In effect, I get my share of watch-standing--6 hours out of the 24 hours the four of us deal with--done in one half of the day, thus, I should be able to look after my others chores, devote several hours to my work, as well as get a couple hours of sleep to augment the 5.5 hours I can get in between watches.

The other three crew stand two-hour watches between midnight and 6 a.m., in rotation from one night to the next.

At the roll call last night, our smallest boat, the Nordhavn 40 Uno Mas that is setting pace for us all, reported it had increased speed to 6 knots, so the entire fleet was able to bump rpm up 50 or 100. At 6 knots, Uno Mas reported burning 2.1 gallons per hour, meaning it had a healthy reserve in hand. (Aboard Strickly For Fun, we burn more, but our fuel tankage, at 1,400 gallons, is such that 1,800 nm is not a challenge, at least not from the point of view of fuel consumption.)

The latest weather report from Walt Hack indicates the light winds and gentle seas are likely to end in 48 hours, being succeeded by wind up to 22 knots and seas up to 8 feet. Some of the new weather may come from the east--right on the nose--but by the weekend, we could be enjoying blue skies and sunshine and mild conditions again.

Last night, I took a turn in the galley and served up the almost-famous Kolesnikovs Klops, a dish from my Latvian motherland made with ground beef, bacon, mushrooms, onions and plenty of sour cream, presented on a base of a creamed and buttered potato mash with green onions, with a side of dill pickles. So satiated were we that dessert of chocolate mousse with whipped cream has been postponed until later. If that sounds like a repeat of what I wrote from Autumn Wind, that is because it was.

Autumn Wind was a dry boat while under way. Aboard Strickly For Fun, we uncorked a Hawk Crest Cabernet Sauvignon to wash down the meal. Lest that leaves the wrong impression, I should note the bottle was not emptied.

Yesterday, I neglected to mention that Teri Strickland has named herself fleet D. At the beginning of the morning roll call, we broadcast Bad To The Bone by George Thoroughgood to the fleet on VHF 17.

Naiad stabilizer problems continue to pop up. The latest to be afflicted is Sea Fox, the Krogen 58, which has been running on only one fin for the last 24 hours or so. Yesterday being Memorial Day in the U.S., no sat phone calls were made to Naiad, but starting this morning, sat phone charges have been mounting, with no solution yet.

Also yesterday, Scott Strickland initiated a 12 noon "coffee klatch" on VHF 17 with a half-dozen vessels participating. Today, we plain forgot to get on the air.

Everyone aboard Strickly for Fun is anxiously awaiting the first shout of "Hook up!" from Jon Ehly who has two fishing lines out. Jon is quite a fisherman and he cannot believe how bereft of fish we have been since leaving Hamilton. That, despite the fact he invested \$500 in new lures.

### **MONDAY MAY 31 0230 during my night watch**

Lat 32 22.3 North Long 62 53.2 West 403 nm from our waypoint at 55 00 West, Speed 4.8 knots because of an adverse current, Course 106, Light wind, gentle 3-5-ft seas

In the night sky, there are dim flashes of lightning so distant I cannot hear thunder.

I am alone on the 0200-0400 watch. With a four-person crew on Strickly For Fun, watches are stood solo--just the way I like it. Scott, I and Jon Ehly look after the three two-hour watches between midnight and 0600, with Teri standing the evening watch from 2100 to midnight. Between 6 a.m. and midnight, watch-standing is not a fixed schedule. Whoever feels like, he or she has the con. There is an informal attempt made to ensure no one stuck on the bridge for hours without a break.

This is my first experience with free-form watch-standing during the day. It is ironic to find such an unstructured system on a boat as well and tightly organized as the Stricklands run Strickly For Fun. When I signed on, Scott emailed me a PDF file detailing the routine of the ship and what was expected of guests and crew. See preceding post.

Those who haven't been at sea at night will be surprised to hear how bright it is out here as a result of the moon being a few days from full. Despite overcast skies, there is the appearance of a silver dawn.

On the Furuno Navnet display, Scott has set the radar for night running: Black background. Red rings one-half mile apart emanating from the center where our vessel is. Bearing and course in green lines. Eleven red blips shows where the fleet steams eastward around us.

We are now 12 vessels in this division of smaller/slower boats. The Krogen 58 Sea Fox has joined us, preferring to run a long passage such as this one at 6 knots plus or minus rather than 8 plus with the larger/faster vessels. That division of six vessels still is in port, in Hamilton, scheduled to depart Tuesday at 0800. They should catch us up on the final approach to Horta where we are due to arrive on June 11.

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Introduction for the 17-page document Scott and Teri have prepared for guests and crew aboard Strickly For Fun:

### "St f F " Pre-Trip Information

#### 1. Purpose.

The purpose of this document is to help you understand what to expect while traveling on the Strickland Motor Yacht, "St f F ".

Reading this manual is very important.

- It will help you determine if the trip is right for you!
- It will let you know what to expect the trip to be like.
- Give you important safety information.

This manual will describe:

1. Purpose of the Crew Manual.
2. What to expect on the trip.
3. Our Route.
4. Safety Concerns.
5. Food.
6. Weather.
7. Sea Communications.
8. Harbor Communications.
9. Work Effort.
10. Watch Standing.
11. Entertainment.
12. Comforts.
13. Seasickness.
14. What to Bring.
15. Clothing and Personal Gear Checklist.
16. Rules.
17. Conclusion.

A general understanding of the trip, equipment, and responsibilities will make the trip more enjoyable for everyone.

This document is one of four documents you should read.

Crew Manual

Emergency Manual

Watch Standing manuals

We also have:

Departure manual

Underway

Arrival Manual

Shoreside (managing the boat at a dock without us!) Systems manual

Conclusion of the 17-page document Scott and Teri have prepared for guests and crew aboard Strickly For Fun:

17. Conclusion.

This trip is not for everyone. The trip is not a common activity. No one else you know will ever do this. This trip is designed to be an adventure of a lifetime. It will not be perfect! If you don't want new experiences, take a plane. Since you will be involved with actually operating the vessel you will need to do your share of the work. If you are not willing to help, please stay home. This trip is for people who want to grow. You must be willing to learn new skills. We do not expect people to know these skills before they come on the boat. Part of the fun is teaching and learning new skills. Due to weather our times have to be somewhat flexible. If we plan on a two-week trip, plan for a couple of extra days. If you want to follow a rigid time schedule, take a tour. For everyone to have fun we all need to get along. If just one person is cranky the trip will be miserable for everyone! We have a gang plank are we are willing to use it! In short: this trip is not for the boring, lazy, stupid, inflexible or grumpy people!

**SUNDAY MAY 30 1520**

Lat 32 22 North Long 63 51 West Speed 6 knots Course 106

We've had our excitement for the day: Teri spotted a a round fender in the water ahead of us and Scott decided to call a man-overboard drill. The fender looked fairly new and Scott was determined to retrieve it. Thus, with the boat in neutral and alongside, he dove into 15,000 feet of ocean to get the thing.

**SUNDAY MAY 30 1030**

We're at Five Fathom Hole off St. George and turning east for the Azores. Actually, we're first heading to 55 degrees 00 minutes west longitude on a heading of 106 magnetic.

Weatherman Walt Hack suggested the waypoint to give us the smoothest possible ride between weather systems to the north and south of our route. Once we get to 55 00 West, in about 480 nautical miles, we'll pick up the rhumb line (shortest distance) to the Azores.

After the 25 knots of wind that blew through Hamilton harbor for much of the day yesterday, today we have perfect weather for starting a long passage. There is a light wind and a gentle seas of 2 to 3 feet, with only the occasional bump, on our starboard quarter.

Uno Mas, the fleet pacesetter, is steaming along at 5.9 to 6.1 knots.

### **SATURDAY MAY 29 2315**

The smaller boats are ready to depart Bermuda at 0800 on Sunday for the Azores about 1,800 nautical miles across the pond. As you can see in the weather forecast from Walt Hack a few posts down, conditions will be a bit bumpy at first but then should improve.

This is the longest leg across the Atlantic, with the distance being what separates true passagemakers from poseurs.

We should be at sea about 12 days, our pace dictated by our smallest vessel, the Nordhavn 40 Uno Mas.

At the final briefing this afternoon, we heard that Uno Mas will start out conservatively, running its Lugger at 1,400 rpm which should produce 6 knots of boat speed with fuel consumption at 2 gallons per hour. The idea is to proceed cautiously for the first two or three days, recalculating fuel burn every 24 hours. Once real-world data for this stretch of ocean this week in this boat is in hand, we may be able to speed up a bit.

At the farewell dinner tonight, most folks seemed eager to get under way again. I am in that camp too, looking forward to my time aboard the Nordhavn 47 Strickly For Fun with owners Scott and Teri Strickland and one other crew, Jonathan Ehly.

Teri is the one who provided that great quote early in this weblog: "My husband is having a middle-life crisis, and he's invited me along."

### **FRIDAY MAY 28 2245**

I'm batching it tonight, feasting on baked potatoes and Mini Babybel cheese to replenish carbohydrates and protein after a 6-mile walk/run. The Significant Other is in town--actually, she's at Aqua, the high-end Michael Douglas restaurant--meeting a friend who is in her fifth year of working for Bank of Bermuda.

I saw the other side of Bermuda tonight along the former railway line running down the center of the island. It's the Bermuda of ordinary folk, black and white, living inland, a reminder where the heart of Bermuda resides. It's the Bermuda of roosters crowing, even at dusk, of hens and chicks scattering at my approach, of barbecues and Friday night gospel meetings, of tree frogs singing.

The Bermuda I saw certainly was not the million- and multi-million-dollar "cottages" along Bermuda's coast line, the prim and proper business bustle of Hamilton, the capital, or the privilege of Royal Bermuda Yacht Club.

Tomorrow is the last day in Bermuda prior to departure Sunday at 0800.

It's been a hectic week, with me torn between getting pictures selected, cropped, uploaded to the blog, and working on my assignments for Power Cruising and Circumnavigator, and helping get the Nordhavn 47 Strictly for Fun ready for the passage to Azores, and spending time with Significant Other. As I'm going to be away from home for two full months, in my time management here, I have erred in favor of Significant Other.

--30--gzk

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*Caption---"Looking through the wheelhouse windows I can count 11 ships and 11 white stern lights in the distance - all is in order"*

It started out a beautiful morning with fair 15 kt. winds blowing on our beam, lumpy seas and a lust to catch a fish. Today is a big day, this afternoon we will be making a 35 degree turn to our new way point that will guide us into the Azores some 1200 miles to the Northeast. The GPS is telling me that our ETA at this speed (6.9 knots) will be in 7 days 18 hours and 54 minutes - I love modern day technology.

As I rubbed my eyes and realized I was not in Bermuda anymore with a "Dark and Stormy" hangover, I glanced out to the horizon to see the fleet all in order as if we were part of a Naval squadron on a serious mission. This mission, although not a serious military event, is still making history: a powerboat rally of 18 boats carrying various people with all kinds of different personalities. We are in tight formation within 3 nautical miles of each other. No radio chatter this early - just 12 offshore passagemakers steaming along in the middle of the Atlantic ocean. Each vessel is like a small city with all the various systems working together. As a project manager, it is amazing being aboard running this boat and to see first hand all these things working as I had planned. It is very satisfying. It seems like yesterday (not the 7 months that has actually passed) that the "Atlantic Escort" was another Nordhavn 57 in the mold being laid up at the Taiwanese yard Ta-Shing. She was shipped to Savannah, GA, and after a quick run down to our commissioning yard in Stuart, Florida, we finished the final touches. With just 69 hours on the engine and all the machinery, we left Ft. Lauderdale in route to Gibraltar. It is pretty incredible that a 57-ft Nordhavn right out of the box is making this Atlantic Rally ocean passage without a hiccup.

Just after 9:00 am every morning Kari Ware, ( the doctor's wife who is aboard) starts breakfast for all of us 7 hungry men. It is a big job and she is amazing. Just putting up

with 7 guys on a boat for 12 days is one thing but to cook 3 meals a day for us also? Wow, she is unbelievable! I need to find me a woman like this!! If there are any women interested in a single white male 31 years old please e-mail me at [justin@nordhavn.com](mailto:justin@nordhavn.com) The crew list on this vessel is as follows:

Captain Jim Leishman, crew member James Leishman, crew member Justin Zumwalt, photographer Dave Shuler, Doctor Kevin Ware and his wife Kari, Journalist Peter Swanson and Journalist John Wouldridge. They say a boat loses a foot every day at sea making the living spaces smaller and smaller, but I have found that everybody is respecting everybody else's space and it is working out wonderfully. Some great comradery is going on in this boat.

We have not been able to hook an edible fish on this leg yet. We have 4 experienced fishermen aboard with over \$500 of the latest and greatest fishing gear, yet the dorado have outsmarted us again. I am not giving up though, you will see. We have a fishing tournament for each leg and a 25. lb Dorado caught by James Leishman won the first leg. Although there is some controversy as he did not measure or weigh the fish. He is using the video of the catch to claim his prize.

Today's lunch prepared by Kari of course was a real treat. Warm whole wheat tortillas filled with black beans, corn, ham, cheese, lettuce and tomato smothered with tobasco... mmmmm delicious. The day was pretty lazy with lots of lounging around reading books, chit chatting on the radio with all the other vessels and a few naps here and there. Once we made our final turn for the way point to the Azores the wind and seas changed from our beam to directly on our stern. A very comfortable change. I hosed all the salt off of the fore deck and portugese bridge now that the wind and spray is behind us. Not long after, Captain Jim and the rest of us were enjoying a cold beer at sunset sitting in lounge chairs on the foredeck. I keep thinking to myself, "This is the life." I just hope I still have a desk when I return home to the office in July.

The 8:00 pm roll call came after dinner (Pasta with clam sauce and fresh garlic bread...mmmm good) and I was happy to hear of no problems on the boats again and everyone enjoying themselves out here in the big blue Atlantic. Tomorrow I will try to start an open music microphone on the VHF radio. Which will follow fishing talk 101, comedy hour and the cooking gossip that the ladies have started on channel 69. The daily VHF chat is getting booked up quick so I have to move now. I brought a guitar and harmonica so I just need to figure out how I can get these people to sing along.

As I write this I am on my watch in the pilot house from midnight to 2:00 am and it is a beautiful clear night with an almost full moon. Looking through the wheel house windows I can count 11 ships and 11 white stern lights in the distance - all is in order.

Position: 32' 39. 95 N 54' 04.01 W  
SOG: 6.8 knots  
Coarse: 93 degrees  
Engine RPM: 1150 revs

Fuel burn: 2.9 GPH  
Wind speed-direction: 10 knots variable on our stern  
Distance to way point Azores- 1224 NM  
Range at this speed: Over 4000 miles  
Depth: 13,369 feet  
Sea condition: waves 2-4 ft  
Water temperature: 73.9 degrees  
Fish: one 3 lb baby dorado we threw back  
Music: Van Morrison  
Word for the day: Stable

Whisky Delta Bravo 7196  
Atlantic Escort back to 16- Over and Out

[Justin Zumwat : Aboard Atlantic Escort](#)

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[Some of you will have already heard about our adventures yesterday because of our own Johnny-on-the-spot reporter, Mr. Ken Williams. If there is any news to print whatsoever you can be assured that it will be sent out on the air waves immediately. But just in case not everyone receives Ken's mass e-mail news about what is happening out here in the Atlantic, \(and I recommend that you subscribe to Ken's web site for the latest\) I will report my version.](#)

Before leaving Bermuda, the crew of Sans Souci was discussing things that could be done to liven up the Bermuda to Azores crossing. It was decided that we could be a little ornery and partake in a little mischief. Roberta and crew felt that we should purchase a Jolly Rodger and some weapons of mass destruction a.k.a. water balloons. Along with the balloons was also procured a couple automatic weapons a.k.a. super soakers, (it also seems that Strickly For Fun had the same idea in the first group that left Bermuda...is it possible that they overheard our conversation??)

As we made ready for our first attack, the Jolly Rodger was attached to a deck brush handle, Garrett was busy making a funnellater (a funnel with two rubber hoses attached that stretch like crazy - actually they are spear gun rubber hoses) St. John, our EMT, was busy with filling our wmd's. Roberta was manning the video camera and giving direction for camera action.

We chose our victim carefully, Goleen, the closest vessel to us. In order to catch the intended prize we had to come up with a plan to come along side with out raising suspicion (again almost the very plan Strickly For Fun used to attack Atlantic Escort...and we had no idea that they were on the same track of mayhem that we were. It's almost as if we had conspired together).

Having made all necessary preparations for the ensuing attack I called Goleen on the radio.

"Goleen,Goleen,Goleen, Sans Souci calling,"

"Sans Souci this is Goleen, over"

"Goleen, we have the sun to our back and we think this would be a good time to take pictures of your vessel on the great Atlantic. Would you mind slowing your vessel so that we may come along side?"

"Sans Souci, no problem , we shall slow to 5 knts immediately "

"Thank you Goleen,we will come along your port side and would it be possible to have your crew on deck?"

"No problem Sans Souci, although Sonaia says she is having a bad hair day."

"No problem with the bad hair day Goleen. I doubt that it will be an issue whatsoever"

Can you see where this is going? Anyway along side we came . Garrett, Phil, and St. John, shirts off, bandanas on their heads, manning the funnellator and wmd. Rip had the flag pole with the Jolly Rodger, Roberta was on the camcorder, Ken on the still camera and myself on the helm. As we got near enough for an attack we cranked up some attack music, broadcast it over the PA, raised the pirate flag and commenced firing.

Fire and fire and fire some more. We had a few hits and a lot of misses. Goleen was a good sport and stayed on station while we practiced lobbing balloons. They took pictures of our efforts to take control of their vessel, laughing all the while. After we had run out of ammunition Goleen took off with a roar an announced that they were the Royal Navy and that they would fire upon us if we did not cease chasing them, which we didn't and which they did. A flare was shot across our bow and we gave up chase.

What a hoot it was for awhile and everyone was very excited . We did a little bantering back and forth with Goleen all the while not letting the fleet know exactly what had happen and leaving it to their imagination to speculate.

NAR Report

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[Williams Ken](#)  
[Dax 25 - 410 miles from Bermuda](#)

Rip spoke to me this morning about his concern that readers of my daily reports might be getting the wrong impression. His concern is that people will think that Sans Souci “breaks a lot” or that Nordhavn boats generally have problems. This could not be further from the truth. Roberta and I chose Nordhavn because we wanted the best, and after six years of ownership, we believe that more fervently than ever. I would be very surprised to see us ever own a non-Nordhavn boat. They have my strongest recommendation.

In the off chance that anyone reading my emails shares Rip’s concern, I’d like to tell a bit more of the story. Contrary to what you might think, I’ve been very pleasantly surprised by how Sans Souci has performed on this voyage. To tell you why requires a bit of explanation...

Ocean crossing personal powerboats are a rarity in US marinas. When Sans Souci was at Roche Harbor, in the Pacific Northwest, we were somewhat of a tourist attraction. Not a weekend went by that someone didn’t come begging for a tour of the boat. It took us a while to get used to the concept that there was nothing we could do about the constant stream of people wandering past our stern.

As unusual as Sans Souci was, we had no problem keeping her properly maintained. The Pacific Northwest, and Seattle, has some of the top maintenance facilities in the world. Several of the companies that built the systems aboard Sans Souci are based there, for instance Lugger (the engines and generators) and Nick Jackson (the Davit).

For the past four years, Sans Souci has been in France, where it is an even rarer boat. There are plenty of top quality shipyards, but they aren’t accustomed to boats such as Sans Souci. Seattle is a major fishing port, and the propulsion system that powers Sans Souci is more similar to an Alaskan fishing boat than the megayachts one sees in the south of France. In the med, power boating is speed-focused, even speed obsessed. We always felt culturally more at home with the sail boaters than the power boaters, for reasons I’ll perhaps talk about in a later report.

Actually, I’m just making excuses for something I’m not very certain about. To jump to the point: When Sans Souci was in France Roberta’s and my perception was that we were working with great people, who were making an honest effort to maintain Sans Souci, but that it was outside their core competency. We never had a major mechanical problem with Sans Souci, but I always had this sense that we needed to get back to the US sooner or later for some catch-up maintenance.

One of the benefits of this rally was the opportunity it presented to have Nordhavn directly involved with Sans Souci’s maintenance. Over a six month period we had the attention of Nordhavn’s top people. I also took advantage of the opportunity to upgrade Sans Souci to as close as I could get to Nordhavn’s current “state of the art.” Nordhavn is constantly upgrading their boats, and Sans Souci represented their best effort, as it was six years ago. Since then, there have been innovations in many areas. The ones that interested me most were the electrical system upgrades and the improved cooling systems.

To make a long story short, between October of 2003 and May of 2004, Sans Souci became a very different, and greatly improved, boat. If I were to list everything that was done, I suspect there would be at least a hundred different entries on the list. Rip flew to Florida a week before Roberta and I arrived, for a test drive. His first words to me were something like “Ken – you won’t believe it. It’s like a completely different boat.” He was a very happy camper.

As a software guy, I am intimately acquainted with a process called debugging. Whenever software is developed, or modified, it needs tested for bugs. It has been my experience that there is not a straight line correlation between the amount of code and the time it takes to debug it. There is an exponential relationship. Twice the amount of code means four times the debugging time.

Sans Souci had hundreds of upgrades, each of which needed debugging. I remember calling my contact at the shipyard to ask if he wasn’t concerned that we were taking a boat which had had so much work done across an ocean, without a proper shakedown period. His response was that I was being overly nervous; that they had checked everything out – and, would be prepared to meet the boat in Bermuda if problems showed up.

There have been issues which I suspect have their origin with the repairs that were made. The bolts coming loose on the steering may have happened because someone forgot to put lock nuts on when the rudder assembly was inspected. Dan Streech wrote this morning to say that he was 99% sure that when we study the alternator we will find that it is an infant mortality issue. It was a new alternator, and perhaps a small percentage of them fail immediately.

Anyway ... my only goal with the preceding paragraphs is to say that I see this differently than Rip. He sees what we are undergoing as “normal” maintenance, whereas I see there as being more issues than I’m accustomed to seeing, but that they are well below what I expected to see. I just do not believe you can have a boat in the shop for six months and expect everything to work on the first try.

Which brings us to the “issues” we’ve experienced today. Garret spent hours working on the large water maker to get it going. Apparently we had a badly leaking hose for the second time during the voyage. We were making water, but then pouring it into the back of our boat, rather than the water tank.

We also had an unscheduled main engine shutdown earlier today. We have a fuel transfer system aboard Sans Souci that helps us to move fuel from tank to tank. We have a total of six tanks, and are running the boat from one particular tank. We have the option to take fuel from any selected tank, or we can transfer the fuel to a particular tank and have the engine take it from there. I’ve always run by just taking fuel from whichever tank I wanted, and let the boats balance tell me which tank to pull from. If the boat felt heavy in the front, I pulled from the front tank, etc. Only one of the six tanks is physically higher in the boat than the main engine, the engine room starboard tank. We decided it would be

nice to move the fuel into that tank, and keep life easy for the main engine, under the assumption that gravity fed fuel is simpler for the main engine to grab than fuel that has to be forcefully sucked from a tank 30 feet away. This also gives us the advantage of filtering the fuel one extra time, as the fuel transfer system has its own filter.

To move fuel into the engine room tank we need to run the fuel transfer system periodically. I've personally never used the fuel transfer system, but it isn't really complicated. You move some levers which tell the system where to get fuel, and where to put fuel, and then you turn on the pump. Minutes later, you are done. Or, at least that's what it says in the book.

The fuel transfer system is being stubborn today. It's not a huge issue, as I ran the boat quite happily for six years without ever using it – but, it has been frustrating Rip who would like to see it working. After a bit of discussion we decided that we should replace the fuel filter on the fuel transfer system to see if that would solve our problem.

Oops. We now know that if you are not careful, it is possible to suck air into the engine through the fuel transfer system. At about 1pm today, our main engine quit. That got everyone's attention. We suspected immediately what had happened, and that the fix was to bleed the lines.

Kirk White, is a senior hauncho at Nordhavn, responsible for the final fit-out of the boats. He is also a crew member here on Sans Souci. His reaction spoke volumes about his personality, and taught me a lesson. He never blinked. He saw this as a valuable opportunity to teach a lesson, and nothing more. He had no doubt the engine would be going again in a few minutes. He simply challenged us to think about what happened, why it happened, and what the next step should be. He knew that if he ran down the stairs and fixed the problem, a valuable opportunity to advance our knowledge about engines and fuel systems would be lost.

Getting the main restarted only took a few minutes, but getting the fuel transfer system working correctly has proven a larger challenge. I'm sure it will be going by the time you read this, but for right now, we're still in the learning phase. Currently, our primary hypothesis is that the fuel transfer system has been working all the time. The operating manual for the boat says that it transfers 60 gallons of fuel per hour. The brand name on the pump doesn't match the manual, and the pump looks small. We think it is pumping just fine – but at only a small fraction of the rate we were expecting.

As I was typing these last couple of paragraphs, we were “attacked” by Goleen, who snuck up on us and then started hitting us with giant sling-shot launched bio-degradable water balloons. We defended ourselves well. I was involved long enough to make a decision as to what music we should blare through our ships hailer. I chose “Yellow Submarine” which seemed to be a hit with both boats. For a brief period Sans Souci's front deck was consumed with “Pull, Launch, Duck and Boogey” (all of which are verbs that seemed to be acting upon our respective crews). I thought our crew was the most innovative when we launched a flying fish at Goleen that had washed up upon our deck. I

took photos, but will not be uploading them. Been there, done that. We need a new outlet for our creative energy...

I'm now looking out the window at a sailboat. It refuses to answer calls via radio, and is the first small boat we've seen. We did get close enough to see its name, . "Anna" and a French flag. It still won't answer on the radio, after repeated requests from our group and various horn honking. We got close enough to see a man in the back, and tried to communicate with him in both English and French, but he stubbornly refused to respond, or had no radio. A water balloon attack was briefly discussed, but we decided we had probably already frightened him more than we should have. Can you imagine being approached out in the middle of the ocean by six boats that shouldn't realistically be there? We must have been quite a bizarre sight for him.

Everyone is settling into cruising. Time seems to be moving both fast and slow. Bermuda now seems a distant memory, yet we were there within the last 48 hours. Perhaps time is moving slow because so much is happening. Days are filled with activities; twice daily roll calls, meals, watches, fishing, water fights, repairs, calculations, research, engine room checks, deciding what music to put on the iPod, etc. I've been finishing days thinking "Darn it, another day went by with no time to read, or to get work done," Boredom has not been a factor, which is nice. But, as strange as this sounds - if I didn't know better, I'd swear we have already been at sea for a month, and at this pace it feels like it will be years before we arrive.

-Ken Williams  
Sans Souci, 6209  
<http://sanssouci.talkspot.com>

PS The weather outlook continues to be depressing (as compared to my dream of a totally flat ocean), whereas the reality continues to be near perfect. We have spent much of the day in fog, but it has otherwise been smooth sailing. For a while we ran within 50 feet or so of Emeritus. It was a very cool feeling...

Following is the current outlook:

For the Slow-Group, along the rhumb line to Horta expect:

Thu/03: Variable to occ W-N 07-16kt. Swell nW 5=7ft. 6-8sec periods.

Fri/04: WSW-SSW freshen 10-20kt. NW-W 5-7ft.

Sat/05: WSW-NW 15-25kt. NW 6-8ft with occ 10-11ft sets.

Sun/06: NW 15-25kt. NW 6-8ft.

Mon/07: NW-WSW ease 10-18kt by noon. NW 5-7ft.

Tue/08: W'ly 20-30kt. West 8-10ft 8sec periods.

Wed/09: W'ly 20-30kt. West 6-10ft occ 11-12ft sets.

For the Fast-Group, basis posns today along the 'apparent' rhumb line to Horta, expect:

Thu/03: S-SW 11-21kt. Swell confused to West 4-6ft.

Fri/04: SW-WNW 12-22kt. W-NE 6-7ft.

Sat/05: NW 10-20kt. NW 6-8ft. 7-9sec.  
Sun/06: Freshen NW 15-25kt. NW 7-9ft.  
Mon/07: NW-W 10-20kt. NW 5-7ft.  
Tue/08: W'ly 20-30kt. NW-W 7-10ft.  
Wed/09: W'ly 20-30kt. West 7-10ft.

Williams Ken

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June 3rd report-Atlantic Escort

Caption: "San Souci, San Souci this is Atlantic Escort Whisky Delta Bravo 7196-Come In"

Tuning to 6224 MHZ on the single side band Captain Jim Leishman repeated over heavy static "SAN SOUCI-SAN SOUCI this is Atlantic Escort Whisky Delta Bravo 7169 come in" After 5 minutes of tuning the gain and volume there was no reply. San Souci is a Nordhavn 62 that is the lead escort vessel for Division one the Fast Group. They are about 200 miles behind us running at about 8 kts. Every morning at 7:55 am Atlantic Escort tries to reach San Souci on the side band to establish communications. The first leg from Ft. Lauderdale to Bermuda we had some great luck with the sideband, but these devices can be very tempermental and tricky. Jim then turned to the Iridium Satellite phone and contacted the fast group behind us for a report. All was in order.

This morning the 8:00 am roll call began with a classical music prelude from Georges Kolesnikovs who is aboard "Strickly For Fun" a Nordhavn 47. A very tasteful intro into to the roll call. Every day the fleet gets more and more creative out here. Tomorrow I hear Elvis is making his debut.

Last night was pretty much uneventful among the rally fleet with only a couple problems to report. A generator overheated on Satchmo, and a 12VDC engine room blower quit. Oh yes and the UFO sighting in the eastern sky which was documented in the log at 0100. There was a full moon last night.

Detailed fuel burn calculations for every vessel were discussed thoroughly during the roll call this morning - this being the longest leg of the trip. If a vessel did have a fuel-range problem and was in need of fuel due to bad weather or mismanagement, Atlantic Escort is equipped with a high speed fuel transfer pump that will transfer 8 gallons per minute to a vessel in need of fuel. We carry 2180 gallons of fuel which gives us plenty to spare running at this speed of 6.5 knots.

Today at high noon 12:00 Bemuda time we will be changing the Atlantic Rally Fleet clocks 1 hour forward to 1:00 pm. We will change our clocks an hour at a time every few

days so we will be on local Azores time once we arrive. The total time change from Bermuda to the Azores will be 3 hours.

Now if a Kadey Krogen Leaves the Azores on a south-southwest heading at 7.3 kts at 0800 Bermuda time with a small low pressure system coming from the direct north at 14 kts and a Nordhavn leaves Bermuda at 0600 on a north-northeast heading at 8.2 knots with a 4.3 kt current pushing them and 17 kts of wind astern, at what exact time and Latitude/Longitude will the two yachts collide?

Every morning Kari posts on the refrigerator a sheet of paper with the menu for the day. Today it read: "Today's Menu: June 3rd": Brunch: Omelettes by John (A few of us slept in, usually it would say Breakfast)

Dinner: Steaks by Jim Today is Kari's much deserved day off from the galley. I figure all of us guys will pitch in on a massage or pedicure for her once we get to port in the Azores.

The rest of the day was perfect Atlantic weather with great warm sunshine, light 10 knot winds behind us with a long interval-10 to 12 ft ground swell filling in. The fishing lines were dragging behind us all day once again with no hits. James Leishman our lead fisherman onboard was changing feather colors and trolling distances every hour. He is getting very creative using squirt teasers ahead of plugs and fresh flying fish (that fly aboard every night) for strip bait attached to different "Lucky Louie Jigs". There was a 90 lb. Blue Marlin landed and released yesterday aboard Stargazer so we have not lost hope of at least hooking up and having a good fight. We just want to catch a fish, any fish. If this keeps up I will have to initiate the ol' bucket fish trick to keep up the fishing moral. I learned this one from Jim Leishman when he got his son Eric on the N40 Around The World trip.

The trick is: Wait until the angler who is fishing has to use the head or get a drink. A nap works best. Find a 3-5 gallon bucket on board then tie his line to the handle and throw it overboard. Set his drag tight and let the line peel off the reel. At this moment yell FISH ON! as loud as you can. The captain and everyone onboard will even believe you if you do this right. The victim angler will run to his pole probably tripping over everything in his path in excitement. Now you have to try and grab the rod telling him he is doing everything wrong. This will help the excitement factor. The bucket should put up a pretty good fight. Tell him you see some color once he starts to sweat and then slowly walk away to avoid any flying fists as he realizes what has happened. It's a easy as that.

The one serious event today was a house call or I should say yacht call. We were hailed on the VHF radio around 3:00 pm from "Four Across"- a Nordhavn 50. They had lost inverter 120 volt power. The symptom was an error light on the inverter panel. A quick launch of our small 8' Achilles tender and James and I were off. The generator had caused an over charge of the house batteries making the inverter error. The problem was fixed by setting the bulk and float charge rate parameters and she was fixed.

The day ended with a great variety of music from our IPOD mp3 player. We transmit the digital music using FM radio signals to the onboard Bose surround sound system.

As the sun fell into the sea Jim was in the cockpit armed with the BBQ tongs flipping steaks. A special sautee of Soy sauce, fresh garlic and a bit of olive oil - the smell was wafting through all the cabins making the crew drool. With fresh red potatoes from Bermuda and a beautiful salad we sat down and discussed the daily events. As I finish this report, a full moon lights up the water to the south east and it is the end of another watch.

This is Atlantic Escort clear to channel 16.

Position: 33' 16.33 N 51' 19.64 W

SOG: 6.6 knots

Course: 79 degrees

Engine RPM: 1000 revs

Fuel burn: 2.1 GPH

Wind speed-direction: 10 knots variable on our stern

Barometer: 1026 MB and rising

Distance to way point Azores- 1143 NM

Range at this speed: Over 3800 miles

Depth: 15,059 feet

Sea condition: rolling waves 7-10 ft @ 10 seconds

Water temperature: 74 degrees

Fish: Nada

Music: Johnny Cash and Frank Sinatra

Word for the day: Glorious

Thought for the day: "There is more philosophy within one bottle of wine than in all the philosophy books in the world combined"

NAR Report

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Georg's June 3 Report

### **THURSDAY JUNE 3 1930**

What a meal! Meatballs made by Teri with ground beef and Italian sausage, a hearty tomato sauce, string spaghetti, and a baby spinach salad with goat cheese, whole wheat garlic bread, and a Wolf Blass Presidents Selection 2000 shiraz.

A refreshing breeze, a sun starting to think about setting, and the sea, the everlasting sea, its bosom heaving in leisurely swells. Passagemaking does not get much better than this. And, in the 21st century, I can look forward to calling home on the Iridium satellite telephone later tonight.

#### **THURSDAY JUNE 3 0730**

Lat 32 52.1 North Long 53 13.6 West, Speed 6.4 knots, Course 92, Wind 10 knots from North, gentle 3-to-5-foot seas During my morning watch, I caught up with reading messages from other vessels in the rally. I suspect that Dan Streech, president of Pacific Asian Enterprises, enjoys being at sea as much and even more than his customers.

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Message# - 48477 posted 6/4/2004 by Williams Ken

Day 26 - 600 miles east of Bermuda

At noon today, I thought I would have nothing to say in today's report.

That's when a call came in from Goleen trying to suck us into another water balloon fight. I said yesterday that I was "beyond" water balloon fights, and wanted to find some new pass-time. Unfortunately, life doesn't work like that, and within minutes I was back in the action. Things got a bit more interesting when St John and Garret dived into the water and swam to Goleen. We assumed they would be right back, but then Crosser called on the radio to say they were surrounded by whales, so everyone headed to Crosser.

The whales turned out to be a school of dolphins, but they were fun to see anyhow. As we were standing on the front deck admiring the dolphins, Kirk said "Let's launch the tender and visit the other boats." Rip was in the engine room at the time working on the water maker. I was fairly certain he wouldn't support the idea, so I said "Let's hurry."

We have the tender strapped down TIGHT on the front deck. We keep hearing that the waves can be big out here, and want to ensure that the tender doesn't get swept off the deck. But it wasn't so tight we couldn't get it in the water in 10 minutes, which we did do. Kirk and Phil took off in the tender to visit the other boats, collecting cookies and cigars. At this time the boats were separated across an at least five mile area of sea.

It was about this time that Rip came up the stairs to ask what was happening, and where Kirk went. Being a man of honor, I pretended to know nothing, and blamed it all on Kirk.

That's when Grey Pearl called (on the radio) to say they were going swimming. Roberta automatically started steering that direction, and we noticed Que Linda turning back to join us. Goleen also joined in the fun. This kicked off a great swim time, with all of the boats emptying into the 16 thousand foot deep water. After the swim, we were able to lure St John and Garret back to Sans Souci by promising them cigars and cookies. Note:

pictures from today are on the website (<http://sanssouci.talkspot.com>) under Photos - Part II.

We were returning to Sans Souci when we had our first injury of the trip. Phil was jumping into the tender, which was being cast about by rough water, from Grey Pearls swim platform, when he somehow caught his finger on something on Grey Pearl. We still don't know exactly how it happened, but the middle finger on his left hand was suddenly pouring a LOT of blood, and had a deep 2 inch long gash.

Quickly returning to Sans Souci, we alerted St John, our EMT, that it was time for him to get to work. I must say that he took the matter very seriously. He grabbed an emergency kit the size of an average suitcase and started scrubbing, cleaning and bandaging Phil's finger. He also called to the Doctor on Atlantic Escort. I doubt a cut finger has ever had so much attention. No stitches were needed, although Phil now has a large gauze-wrapped cylinder protruding from the center of his left hand, where his finger used to be (actually, I'm fairly sure the finger is still there hiding beneath the gauze).

Demonstrating how concerned we were, I heard several people asking St John if he could hurry, because we were hungry and needed Phil to get back to work. Phil is sitting next to me now trying to type an email. It's hilarious watching him try work around his bandaged finger. He's smiling too, so I assume all is well.

Earlier this morning, I listened in on a radio conversation between Que Linda and a non-rally boat that is 10 or so miles ahead of us. It was just idle chit-chat amongst passing strangers, but was the kind of conversation that reminds me of why I bought a Nordhavn. They didn't know each other, but were swapping tales of where they had been and where they were going. Que Linda was talking about their run from Alaska to Florida and that they were now headed somewhere in the Med, and maybe to the UK, but that they didn't know exactly where yet. The other boat, a 48' motor-sailor was talking about some of the places they had recently been, like cruising the east coast of the US, Trinidad, the Caribbean, and more. It was just a very cool feeling to think about boats wandering from country to country. While listening I had to look at our own engine hours gauge to see how many miles San Souci had covered. It says "1535.2". That means Sans Souci has logged somewhere around 14,000 miles, and we still have a lifetime of cruising ahead of us.

Also this morning, Roberta and I were starting to tie down our plans for where we're going after Gibraltar. I hate being on a schedule, but some of the nicer marinas in the med require reservations. We can always anchor and tender in, but I prefer having the boat in a marina. Our tentative plan has us going from Gibraltar to Puerto Banus in Spain, then to Cartajena (another port in Spain) and then Ibiza and on to Mallorca (Puerto Portales). That's as far ahead as we have planned. We know that ultimately we have to get the boat to France but want to think only as far ahead as necessary.

A few days ago I mentioned that one of the passengers on Four Across, in the Division Two boats, had a medical issue. We now have heard that all is well, and that the individual is back on their feet.

Here's an issue I'm tracking closely: Fuel. I am positive we have plenty of fuel, and will arrive with 500 gallons left over. However, knowing there isn't a problem has never stopped me from worrying. All I could think of as I was swimming was that Sans Souci was burning fuel and we weren't moving. We have five fuel gauges for six tanks, all of which have a certain amount of round-off error. Rip's calculations show us with 100 gallons more than my own. Under normal circumstances there is no need to know exactly how much fuel is on board, but this is not a normal trip. We had planned to run around 8 knots to minimize fuel consumption, but have been running between 9.5 and 10.5 knots all day. The sea is flat and it's a good time to move fast. We have a gauge here in the cockpit that shows actual consumption. It claims we are burning 12 gallons of fuel per hour. My goal was to use only about 8 gallons per hour. I was told before the trip that the gauge is wrong by 10-20%. I personally would be happier if my personal tank readings, and analysis of what the instruments say, weren't so inconsistent.

Speaking of fuel: The largest boat amongst us, Crosser, is actually a much faster boat than the rest of us. Whereas Sans Souci is happy at 9 knots, Crosser would be happier cruising at 13 knots. She wasn't really designed to be run for days on end at slow speed. As I'm typing this, Crosser is on the radio saying that they were going to do a few laps around us, at full speed, just to give their engines a chance to run at full speed for a bit. When asked what their fuel consumption was at 13 knots they responded: 44 gallons per hour.

Following are excerpts from emails by St John and Phil, I'm including for your perusal.

Thank you,  
Ken Williams  
Sans Souci, 6209  
<http://sanssouci.talkspot.com>

----- From St John:

Everybody aboard may think I am funny or wish to correct me but I think the lingo that I choose around the boat is a perfect description of what this is, our temporary home. The front bow of the boat I have named our front yard. As that is where we lay out to read, tan, and have water balloon fights with our neighbors, the Goleens, water gun fights amongst ourselves, or just plain get out of the house (the inside of the boat). To clear our heads with some fresh air, the door to the yard, or Portuguese bridge, if I have it correctly, is our picket fence keeping us safe at night inside our study, or pilot house where we get the work done of running the boat, and also our own work of writing emails, managing finances, etc. The aft deck I view as our porch, a place to sit and read

quietly, by far the least bumpy place on the boat. Here you can sit on a nice comfortable seat and watch the sun rise, or set, read a book, take a quick snooze, do some exercising, or just get lost in the ocean. One could also transfer each of these areas into a little suburban house and no one would know the difference.

I think it is safe to say family Sans Souci is really coming together. Our last name really is Sans Souci and not too much matters when you are in the middle of the Atlantic. Everyone else on the boat is here to help you, offer advice, play a game with, have a good laugh, a good chat, or just plain be there to offer some company amongst this wide vastness of blue. This trip, there has been a change amongst the crew as we all realize we are stuck together and after slowly testing the waters the first leg, we are all getting along great with one another. Joking around with each other at dinner, throwing water balloons at one another, even as far as asking little questions to get a better idea about who everyone is. Before, we were simply owners, captain, chef, guest, medic, first mate and tech. Now we are Ken and Roberta, Rip, Bill, St John, Garret and Kirk. Each of us providing their own little ingredient to the Sans Souci soup, which I think tastes delightful.

The seas are calm and the sun shines during the day. At night the moon spotlights us providing a nice light almost as if someone is saying, "Hey we know you are out there, and safe travels."

My first impression was that boredom would set in and everyone would be acting like the family on Seventh Heaven, with too many problems that not even a minister could handle. Luckily, I couldn't be more wrong as we each find something to do and someone else who by the end of the trip we can call our friend.

-From Chef Phil:

11:50 pm, Thursday June 3, 2004

Tonight as I turned off the lights in my cabin I looked out my port hole and I saw the full moon just above the horizon and it all hit me as to how amazing this experience is. Here I am about to fall asleep and I have left my safety and well being in the hands of two people who are standing watch in the pilot house while the boat moves forward through the darkness at about 9 knots via an automated system called an Auto-Pilot. I have no idea how it works, it just does. I simply cannot describe the sight right now as I look out my little port hole and see the moon reflecting off the water and watch the waves roll and move as we cut through the water at a steady speed.

I soon will fall asleep and all throughout the night this boat will continue moving forward. The engine will continue to run, the boat will continue to move in an easterly direction. I will awaken several hours from now and begin my task of feeding everyone on board. And then again tomorrow night this same pattern will repeat itself. I know this

is not the way our ancestors crossed the ocean so many years ago. They did not have the luxury that I have right now as I sit comfortably in my cabin typing away on my laptop sending messages via a satellite up in the sky. But this is my experience none the less and it is nothing short of amazing. But I can say that I do know how they felt as they looked up at the full moon reflecting off the ocean and were in awe of the vastness of the waters surrounding them. This planet is just f%^ing amazing and I am just a spec in the middle of all this water. I am but a spec.

-----Chef Phil - Second Posting -----

Well guys, The first official injury that required Singen our EMT on board to jump into action happened today and it happened to yours truly. Before I go into the details of the injury let me backtrack to how it happened. It seems that so far, on a near daily basis, we all put our heads together and devise a plan to have fun with the other boats in our group. We were the first ones to launch a pirate attack complete with hurling (bio-degradable) water balloons at the first unsuspecting boat, Goleen. Today was no exception. Kirk and I launched the dinghy and headed out to visit all the other boats knowing we may meet with similar retaliation given the fact that we were an easy target. The first boat we reached was Grey Pearl and they attempted to launch water balloons at us but Kirk's quick maneuvering of the dinghy afforded us only near misses but no direct hits after 3 complete circles around the boat.

The next boat we reached was Que Linda and as we made our first pass they opened their starboard boarding gate and to our surprise, they fired a cannon at us! Just a very loud bang and allot of smoke but I don't believe it was really loaded. I think. Then it was off to the next boat. A special note: all these boats were anywhere from ¼ mile to 3 miles away and Kirk would put the pedal to the metal in the dingy reaching speeds of up to 30 knots launching us over the waves with ease. It was better than any E-ticket ride to Disneyland. The next boat we reached after Que Linda was Crosser. Would we be met by friends or foe? Much to our surprise we were greeted with 2 bags of homemade cookies which were passed to us with beaming smiles. One last boat to visit, the farthest one from our original position, the Emeritus.

To our great surprise they were happy and maybe a bit surprised to see us even though our little adventure was being broadcasted over the VHF radio amongst all the boats. We were once again greeted with smiles. Although this time we were offered cigars and beer. We were very happy campers. As we made our way back we to the mother ship we found Sans Souci, Goleen, Que Linda and Grey Pearl in a circle with most of the crew from all the boats out in the clear blue ocean swimming at a depth of 2797 fathoms or 16,782 feet (that's taller than Mt. Rainier!). For you into exact locations our latitude was 34 degrees, 28 minutes north, and our longitude was 52 degrees, 56 minutes west. We all joined in with a game of more water balloon tossing and tons of laughter. After a time of extreme laughter and fun it was time for all of us to go back to our respective boats and continue on the journey.

Kirk was still driving the dingy and he delivered those who were just too tired from having too much fun back to their boats. I was on the rear platform (stern bustle) waiting for my ride back to the boat and it was at the moment that I boarded the dinghy that the tragic event happened. I still don't know what I cut my finger on but as I was jumping into the dingy whatever I was holding onto with my left hand (and I still don't know what it was) sliced my middle finger open. I felt it happened and prayed when I looked at my finger it was nothing more than a scratch but unfortunately that was not the case. I had a two inch rather deep gash on the inside of my middle finger from the tip right down to the middle. I knew the best thing I could do was to hang my hand in the healing salt water and I told Kirk to make a b-line for the Sans Souci. As I boarded the boat I said to Singen, "Grab your medical bag, I've got a job for you" and showed him my bloody hand. Singen went immediately into EMT mode and after a sterile saline wash he applied 4 or 5 butterfly steri-strips and wrapped me up. His assessment was no stitches were needed. So all is well, just ask the crew, I was up making hamburgers for lunch with an hour. So you see, if we aren't gazing at the seas on a moon lit night we are having a blast in the ocean and rolling with the punches. This wont stop me from experiencing everything I can everyday of this trip. Besides, I'm right handed and I injured my left finger. Best regards to all,  
Chef Phil

Ken William

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Message# - 48509 posted 6/5/2004 by Williams Ken  
Day 27 - 800 miles from Bermuda

We said we would swim in the middle of the ocean, and today we did it. We looked at the map and guessed at the halfway point between Ft Lauderdale and Gibraltar, and decided it was time for a swim. We did have a few of the boats together yesterday for a brief swim, but today's swim was a much bigger event, with everyone included.

There were some tricky logistical issues. The sea and the wind were refusing to cooperate, as we attempted to get all six boats close enough to make it a party. Dropping anchors was not an option, although Hal on Que Linda did point out that we were sitting on top of a HUGE undersea mountain, and that whereas yesterday we were in 16,000 feet of water, today it's a measly 2,200 feet deep. That's better, but still a little more than I have anchor chain for. We stopped all six boats within about a 100 yard radius and jumped in. Sans Souci contributed the music with the Beach Boys at maximum volume. Crosser provided the primary swim platform. Que Linda had the hot tub going. I'm happy to report that all went perfectly and we have no injuries to report.

On other topics.

Last night on Roberta's and my 8pm to midnight shift, we observed a huge blip on the radar about 8 miles behind us. By tracking it on the radar, we decided that it was going to pass right through the center of our fleet. We were moving at 8 knots, and the cargo vessel at 15 knots. I called them on VHS to ask whether or not they saw our fleet, and they reported that they did. They also reported that they were a bulk transport vessel (which I assume means container ship), and that they were en route to Turkey.

Then the part of the conversation I found memorable occurred.

Golant (the mega-Freighter): : "Are you sailboats?"

Sans Souci: "No, We are power boats."

Golant: "Could you repeat that?"

Sans Souci: "Power Boats."

Golant: "How large?"

Sans Souci: "We range from roughly 50 feet to 90 feet"

Golant: "Oh... You are military?"

Sans Souci: "No. Pleasure Craft."

(Pause)

Golant: "Pleasure Craft?"

Sans Souci: "Yes."

Golant: OK, we will pass you on the port side.

I was imagining the confusion on the deck of the freighter. They had probably made MANY crossings, but never run into a pack of small power boats traveling together this far from shore before. No one ever has. They must have thought they had discovered some invading force sneaking its way across the Atlantic. Que Linda has a cannon, loaded with blanks, that they fire from time to time. I'm very happy they did not fire it at that particular moment...

Crosser called them, to pump them for a bit more information, and after a brief interrogation said: "OK. We will permit you to pass us" This also struck me as funny. The freighter was huge, and we were granting it permission to pass us.

The freighter had its own interpretation of the words "we will pass you on the port side." Our entire fleet was tracking them closely on the radar, waiting for them to turn to port. The port-most (most northern) of our ships was Crosser. We were immediately to their starboard side, about 1 mile off. The balance of our fleet was to our starboard side, or in front of us. The freighter did not turn as they said they would. As it came closer, Crosser called the freighter to ask if they wanted Crosser to move aside to starboard. The word came back from the freighter that our fleet should change nothing. The freighter had everything under control.

And, they did. After a few more minutes their intentions came clear. They were going to pass between us and Crosser. We were separated by a mile, so there was plenty of room, but it was still very strange looking out on the port side seeing a city-sized ship fill our view, and to see Crosser disappear completely on the radar.

We had a bit of an issue at the 8pm roll call yesterday. Sans Souci received the slip assignments in Horta from our advance person there, Milt Baker. Each of us had a slip, with one exception; Goleen. They have 17 slips to be shared amongst our 18 boats. Their suggestion for Goleen was to raft alongside of Atlantic Escort. The only explanation offered was that they ran out of slips, and that the simplest would be to raft together two Nordhavn 57s. Chris (owner of Goleen) took the news well, but then as he thought about it got a little more upset by the minute, with good cause. Horta has known for a year that we are coming, and we are arriving with fewer boats than we had planned. Fortunately Sonaia on Goleen speaks Portugese, and can argue with the marina, much better than any of the rest of us could have. Chris assured us that he would not be rafting, and I believe him. I would not want to be the person in charge at the marina in Horta as I am confident that Chris will be informing them loudly of his discontent.

I understand how he feels. It would be difficult for a variety of reasons. You can't get off your boat without passing through another boat. Your power cables don't reach the dock, or, if they do, there is no place to plug them in, as Atlantic Escort would already have their power cord plugged in. After 10 days at sea, we are all going to want things to be "right" when we finally reach land. I hope he is able to get some where with the marina.

Fuel burn here on Sans Souci continues to be an issue. We are running about .85 miles per gallon. This morning at 8am we had 1635 gallons of fuel remaining with 1070 miles to go. Our range on the fuel we have remaining is around 1400 miles. This is worst mileage than we ran on the first leg. Perhaps the prop picked up some crud while we were in Bermuda. Goleen offered to send down a diver to look at our prop, but the wind and waves were too high when we stopped for our swim.

We spoke this morning to Division Two, who are doing fine. No medical issues, and no mechanical problems. Interestingly, they stopped to transfer fuel to Uno Mas, the smallest ship on the rally. 100 Gallons was transferred in an hour and a half. I'm surprised they were transferring fuel now, long before it is needed, but perhaps they decided the transfer would be needed sooner or later and wanted to do it before bad weather creeps in. Our weather report is predicting possible gale force winds as we approach Horta. That's still six days away, so who knows how accurate the weather forecast is. We're not worried about it (at least for now). Uno Mas is a Nordhavn 40. Last year, a Nordhavn 40 navigated the world in 28 weeks, including making the 2,600 mile passage to Hawaii. This raised the question of how they did it. The answer: very slowly. The slower you run these boats the farther they go. The 40 on the circumnavigation made the passage at 5 knots. Division two is cruising this leg at 7 to 7.5 knots which shortens the range of the 40 greatly. We have the same issue here on Sans Souci. If I ever get seriously worried about fuel I always have the option to drop my speed a knot or two and significantly raise our range.

No dolphins or whales today, but we've seen sea turtles and flying fish..

Talk to you tomorrow,  
Ken Williams

**From Kirk White on board Sans Souci.**

O.K. Dan, Dammit!

Today was the most fun to date. While I was down trying to make sure the water maker was performing properly, I notice that the engine speed was cut back to an idle. When I came up to investigate I found that we were missing two of our crew members over board. It seems that Garrett and St. John had decided that they could abandon the wheel watch, jump in the water and swim over to Goleen who was stationed off of our starboard quarter. It seems that there was some sea life swimming around out here in the middle of the Atlantic and Goleen had decided that it would be good if the fellows came over to their vessel to help search for it and have an opportunity to ride on their boat for awhile. I was a little perturbed about this because they were out having fun and I was checking equipment operations. I got over it really fast though when I decided that this was exactly what should happen. GO HAVE FUN!!! I then requested that the shore boat be launched as it was a very nice day and the water was calm enough to facilitate a launching. Permission granted we hurriedly prepared the shore boat for launching and over the side she went. Phil and I excitedly jumped into the boat, started her up, and zoom were gone. We zipped right past Goleen, leaving Garrett and St. John drooling with envy as I was thinking to myself, Leave me in the bilges will you!!

Our first mission was to go see Grey Pearl as it was the next nearest vessel. After about 10 minutes running almost flat out in the 14 ft. inflatable with a 60 h.p. engine (Cousteau has nothing on us), we finally arrived at the "Pearl" (as Braun the owner so warmly calls her) . As we were passing by at a high rate of speed, we were waved over for what we thought was an invitation to chit chat, only to be fired upon by a salvo (to use Jim's wording) of water balloons. Fire as they may they could not hit the brrroooooaaad side a barn. So we circled around again to give them another chance which they blew again. What did we do about this? Circle around again, this time slower and in the same direction they were traveling, thinking just maybe, just maybe they could land a shot and would really feel good about their unprovoked attack, but alas they were out of ammunition. Oh well...better luck next time!

Onward to our next vessel in line for a visit, Que Linda. Hal and company was probably 3/4 mile from the Pearl, so full speed ahead. We were approaching Que Linda (which I found out this morning means very pretty in Portuguese) from her port side and there was the crew standing on deck to greet us. As we came in close enough to say hello, Hal fired of this cannon contraption (a cannon that fires 12-gauge black powder shot gun shells used for possibly starting sail boat races from a far distance or for scaring the crap out of unsuspecting innocent bystanders) that made a extremely loud noise that had Phil and

myself hitting the deck and wondering if this was the end. They were quite happy with themselves. Needless to say we left them there for fear they would try another shot at us.

Next stop Crosser, the 90-footer that is traveling with our group, probably another 3/4-mile further away from our mother ship. As we approached, we did so more cautiously because we were getting a little gun shy as the element of surprise was not in our favor - especially since our every movement was being broadcast over the entire Atlantic by all the vessels in our fleet. We were pleasantly greeted by the biggest smiling face of the whole fleet of 18 boats: Anita, the chef on Crosser. And what do you think this person had for us wayward travelers? Two, not one, but two ziplock bags full of the finest homemade chocolate chip cookies in the whole North Atlantic. I can only describe these cookies as the richest, most scrumptious cookies I have ever had the joy of eating ( sorry Patty). The kind of cookies that make you shake at least a half-hour after you have eaten them. God bless you Anita for only throwing cookies at us.

Last stop Emeritus. As I mentioned in an earlier report, Emeritus has been in vhf radio contact this whole second leg and in visual contact a lot of the time. The reason being when we left Bermuda the entire fleet of boats was supposed to take a due easterly course to the 57 degree longitude and then turn to a rhumb coarse to the Azores. Well Bob did not agree with the course selection and decided that the best course as he saw it was rumb line straight from Bermuda to the Azores and so away he went. As it so happens the rest of the fleet for the most part was in agreement with Bob, but expressed that they would stay with the due east course to keep everyone together. Upon consideration of the weather reports it was basically a general consensus that the rhumb line course to the Azores would not put anyone in danger and would shave several miles from the leg. The decision was made, rhumb line Horta. Bob could not escape and was forced to keep company with the fleet and he has been a real team player. So by the time we arrived to Emeritus, we were 3 miles from our mother ship in 16000 feet of water and over 800 miles from the nearest land. We were greeted by a smiling crew. Presents were presented to us: 2 fine cigars and three bottles of Sam Adams.

All in all, our fleet visit provided two very friendlies, two not so friendlies.

Well it was time to head back, which we did at a much leisurely pace since Sans Souci was coming toward our position when we heard over the vhf that the Pearl was going to stop for a little swim in the ocean. Sure enough when we finally arrived back on the scene there were people in the water swimming. It was contagious. Before you could say Atlantic Crossing, the entire fleet had gathered up and everyone was in the water. It was quite a sight to see several heads bobbing around in the sea. It is one thing being in a rubber boat at this depth and quite another being in the water. We swam to different boats and visited for awhile .I even tried diving to a great depth and I must have made it a least 3 feet down before deciding that I had gone deep enough and resurfaced. After a half-hour or so, everyone returned to their respective vessel and we turned eastward to resume our trek to the Azores. What a great adventure it had turned out to be.

Kirk

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Sunday - June 6, 2004

Position: 35 degrees 08 minutes North - 043 degrees 25 minutes West

Distance to Horta 735 nautical miles

ETA Horta - Friday 10:30

This morning dawned with 20 knot northwesterly winds and rain. Numerous squalls passed over the fleet and provided a thorough fresh water wash down. We anticipated continued wind and rain however the sun broke through and winds moderated around 10:00 so we've enjoyed another beautiful day on the North Atlantic.

Passing through the half way point yesterday, the fleet stopped at 15:00 for a swim party. Some of the boats were decorated with balloons and "World Odd @ Sea" flew a kite most of the day. The water temperature has cooled to about 73 degrees so the swim was refreshing and I noticed numerous wet suits were in use. Check out the image gallery for an amusing photo of Eric Leishman and Brad Smith standing on "Autumn Wind's" bulbous bow.

In addition to the fine weather we feel fortunate to have had such good mechanical luck. We did have a little scare last night at roll call time. Just as "Envoy" was called upon for her position and status her owner Wayne Davis reported that they had hit something and that their engine had changed rpm and was making an unusual noise. We completed the roll call with each vessel and then came back to Envoy to try to assist them anticipating a big problem. We were relieved to hear that they had not actually hit anything but that the noise was the failure of their hydraulic pump that drives their stabilizers. As unfortunate as this failure was it would not affect Envoy's ability to continue to Horta and she was fortunate to have Paravane stabilizers as a back up. They continue today at normal speed and with a comfortable ride.

Fishing aboard Atlantic Escort continues to be slow. We have lines in the water constantly, however the fish are not biting. We anticipate as we close in on the Azores that the fishing will improve. The night before last John Ehly on "Strickly For Fun" landed a beautiful Wahoo so we continue to be optimistic and put forth a fishing effort.

Stay tuned,  
Jim Leishman

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**Day 28 - 875 miles to Horta (Azores)**

You may have noticed that the subject line to this email gives our distance to Horta (in the Azores) rather than our distance from Bermuda. That's because we have passed the mid point! Conversation is now focused on arrival in Horta.

Chris, on Goleen, has been speaking with the marina in Horta, and has been able to procure slips for all of us, and also get agreement that we can arrive on Thursday, a day early. I'm sure this will not excite Nordhavn, who likes to organize having press to greet us. After 10 days at sea, arriving at the perfect time to make the press happy will NOT be foremost in our minds. To do this we need to pick up the pace. Our fuel report this morning looked much better than yesterdays, so I'm fine with it, subject to watching our fuel closely. Kirk suggested that as an alternative to speeding up, we could shift to a course that would allow us to join the slower boats, and all arrive together in Horta at the previously agreed time. Chris' answer demonstrated how eager everyone is to once again see land. His response, "Well, that would be a big negative on that one. We will not be slowing down."

As I mentioned in an earlier daily update, we are running the boat from one fuel tank, and transferring fuel into it from the other five tanks. Sans Souci has a fuel transfer system that allows us to easily transfer fuel from tank to tank. Unfortunately it has been running slower and slower. Garret replaced the fuel filter on the transfer system a couple of days ago, and that didn't help at all. It has been taking us 3 to 4 hours to transfer 50 gallons of fuel. Rip spent much of yesterday trying to determine why. Finally, we realized that the fuel transfer system needed to be bled. This was a bit complicated, and involved somehow pumping fuel backward through the fuel transfer system. I'll have Rip and Kirk walk me through how this was done, in case I ever need to do it. We are now transferring fuel at a pace that is still slower than we like, but acceptable.

I overheard a fun conversation between the fleet yesterday. I shall not reveal the names of those parties involved, but some of the boats were explaining to the other boats that there is a mailbox in the exact middle of the Atlantic. The idea is that you can write letters, put them into the mailbox, and once a month the military collects the letters from the mailbox and posts them. The mailbox was described as being like a floating jug, with a huge cork in the top. You pull the cork, pop in your letters, and continue on. The exact latitude and longitude of the mailbox was being shared, and the writing of letters was being encouraged. I asked Rip if it was for real, and he said "It's an old sailor's myth that has been going around forever." No one has ever found the mailbox. Too bad, it seemed like a cool idea.

The only excitement during Roberta's and my 8pm to midnight watch shift last night was watching a storm come in. It first appeared as a few specs on the radar, then within a few minutes the entire left side of the radar went bright white. It didn't look like a squall, but it did look like it could be a hard rain. At the time all six boats were running very close to each other (all within a two mile radius). I wasn't sure if the radar would work once the rain hit, so we started immediately maneuvering ourselves away from the other boats. I was reasonably certain, but not positive that there wouldn't be much wind, but thought it wiser to get away from the rest of the boats, in case we might need to fly blind for a

while. The radar does have a setting to minimize rain, and to adjust for bumpy seas, but neither works perfectly. On several prior occasions we have been through squalls with high winds and had zero radar visibility. This turned out to be nothing more than a long hard rain, with only 13 knot winds. We were thankful for the free fresh water wash down. If you were here, barefooted, sharing decks with Shelby, you too would be happy to see rain.

I missed sunrise this morning, but apparently it was incredible. St John got some great pictures of the sunrise, one of which I put on the website. Bob Rothman on Emeritus announced the first glimmer of sunlight on the VHS by saying, in his deep booming radio voice - "Ladies and Gentleman, I give you the sun!" Sans Souci responded in our own way by finding the Beatles tune "Here Comes The Sun" and playing the entire tune on the VHS radio as the various crews admired the sunrise. Sorry I missed it.

At the 8am roll call this morning we spoke with Division Two. All was peaceful at their end. No medical problems and only one mechanical problem. Envoy's stabilizers have failed. Braun, on Grey Pearl, mentioned that he also had a minor stabilizer problem. Apparently the tank that holds the reserve of hydraulic fluid had fallen off the wall. A bolt had sheared itself off. He patched it back in place. He spoke with Naiad (the makers of the stabilizers) and has them sending a technician to Horta with spare parts.

The group had a long discussion about the weather. We are getting weather information from more than one source, as well as our own interpretation and forecasting. I subscribe to the Oceans service ([www.ocens.com](http://www.ocens.com)) and have been studying the weather reports from them. Thus far, the weather has been far calmer than anyone has predicted. We still haven't had a really calm day (on this leg) but we haven't had any rough days either. Our primary weather forecaster (Walt Hack) is cautioning us that we may see Near Gale Force conditions on our final approach to Horta. From looking at the maps of Horta, it appears to be an easy approach and we should be able to get in under high winds without much trouble. The high winds aren't supposed to arrive until Friday, further reinforcing why a Thursday arrival in Horta would be a good idea.

I just looked out at the front deck. The 62 has a huge front deck. Even with the tender, we have a ton of space. Phil has set up a lawn chair, and is wearing just shorts, head phones and sunglasses. He has been there for the past couple of hours. Yesterday, we had most of the crew on the front deck stretched out reading. A few days ago St John wrote a little essay in which he compared the boat to a house, with the front deck as the front yard. It certainly seems an appropriate comparison today, Phil looks like he is loving life. I'd go out there, but my days of laying in the sun are over. I'm a "hide in the shade" guy these days. I know too many people who have had skin cancer to lay in the sun for hours. He is looking pretty red...

When we get to Horta we will be meeting Roberta's parents - John and Nova. They have traveled most of the world with us, and will be fun to have on board. They will do the last leg of the trip with us, and then help Roberta and I run the boat to France. Our plan is to run for another couple of weeks after Gibraltar, but we have no firm schedule. Roberta's

parents are great people, and far younger than their age might imply. They love to dance, and I'm betting we'll have dances going on the front deck within 24 hours of their arrival. At first I opposed to having them on board for our final leg, but Roberta persuaded me. Our last leg is likely to be the roughest. My thinking was that they should meet us in Gibraltar, as the cruising from that point on will be reasonably short day runs. A five day run in bumpy seas will be rough physically and mentally. Roberta explained all of this to them, and they're excited about coming on board. I have no doubt they would have happily done the whole trip from Florida if we had asked. It is always fun watching Roberta and her Dad interact. Both of them love to argue politics, and they get into heated debates that last for hours. Once in a while I need to intercede, to calm things down, but 99% of the time it's just fun watching them stubbornly argue their positions for hours and hours.

This morning, we were surrounded by dolphins. We've had them before, and they are always welcome to come visiting. They like to play in the wake at the front of the boat, and will stay with you for hours. I uploaded pictures of the dolphins, and of our swim yesterday to the website. The pictures are in the section called "Photos - Part II" at <http://sanssouci.talkspot.com>. St John said that if we stop the boat next time he will dive in to swim with them. He seemed serious, and I don't think dolphins bite. Perhaps it isn't a totally crazy idea.

While everyone else was relaxing, I worked on paying our bills. Roberta and I travel nearly non-stop. We claim Seattle as home, but I doubt we were there more than about six weeks over the past year. I suspect most retired boaters have the same problem we do paying bills. People mail you things and assume that you open your mail regularly. We have had important bills sit for months unopened. I still haven't found a perfect solution, but will share what we do now. I use an online bill payment service; [www.paytrust.com](http://www.paytrust.com). All of our bills go to them. For \$12 per month they scan all of our bills, and send us an email when a bill comes in. I go to their website and authorize payment, and they mail the check. I can define rules that cause bills to be paid automatically as long as they fall within certain parameters. This works most the time, but there are some of our vendors who stubbornly refuse to send their bills to the bill payment service. For instance, I still can not convince the electric company to send our bill to Paytrust. They say it's against their policy. I get around this by estimating our electric bill and automatically sending them a check for slightly more than I think the bill is each month. Whenever I finally see the bill, we are always slightly overpaid. I've got things as under control as they can be - but like I said, it's still a bit messy. It is amazing though that I just issued a check for fence repair at our house in Seattle from a boat in the middle of the Atlantic.

I'm not sure if I mentioned it in an earlier update, but we are accessing the internet through a Fleet 77 system. This is my first trip using it, and I'm really impressed. It isn't DSL, cable modem or even dial-up, but it is acceptable speed for most things, and has been solid thus far. After I had the Fleet 77 installed, they released a 55 that does the same thing and costs less. When I get the boat back to the US I want to try one of the high-speed internet systems. I think KVH makes one. I've heard they are unreliable. I am definitely internet-centric, which I think is driving some of my fellow crew-members

crazy. Kirk and Roberta have conspired at times on how to lure me away from the computer. I'm playing chess with my dad, who is in southern California, now while typing this.

Lastly, St John just surprised us all by saying that he received some funding for this trip from his college. He convinced them that this was a research project. At first I thought it was strange but then when he described the research he was doing it got more interesting. His topics (as best I remember them): "How do people react when a younger person seizes control of a situation" (he is the youngest on board, but will be calling the shots if someone gets hurt - he's an EMT). "Issues associated with strangers living in confined places" and his third topic: "How someone who has never been on a boat adapts to a long sea passage." (both St John and Phil are new to boating). It's a little weird to think that we've been being studied all this time. Had I known I would have worn shoes, and perhaps combed my hair. It will be very interesting to see what's in his report!

That's it for today!

-Ken Williams  
Sans Souci, 6209  
<http://sanssouci.talkspot.com>

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Position: 35' 21.33 N 42' 32.64 W  
SOG: 5.8 knots  
Course: 83 degrees  
Engine RPM: 1150 revs  
Fuel burn: 3.1 GPH  
Wind speed-direction: 15-20 knots on our port quarter  
Barometer: 1021 MB and rising  
Distance to way point Azores- 691 NM  
Depth: 7087 feet  
Sea condition: choppy and lumpy 6-8 ft  
Water temperature: 72 degrees  
Fish: Don't want to talk about it  
Music: Andre Segovia  
Word for the day: Skunked

Thought for the day: "The Superior man is modest in his speech and exceeds in his actions" I had seemed to have forgotten----Just like on the ATW n40 adventure, I am finding myself in constant awe of what cruising the open ocean in a Nordhavn can do to a person. The freedom and solace spirit of adventure runs through my veins every morning when I wake up. The power of the deep blue ocean and the ever-changing weather conditions is demanding and makes a person thrive with life. The Nordhavn comforts you and delivers back to all these elements with a proud and stout punch into the waves with

out a twitch. With all the creature comforts one could ask for, I am lost in paradise aboard this vessel. I hope it will not end any time soon, but every good thing must come to an end and Gibraltar is right around the corner. The solitude and beauty of open ocean cruising in a Nordhavn can be life changing. All is well aboard Atlantic Escort.

Justin Zumwat

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Roberta summarized our current weather on the morning roll call with the other boats by saying: "When I first looked out the window this morning, I was positive that we were back in Seattle". We have been working our way northeast, and are now about at the same latitude as North Carolina. Today is grey and dingy.

Morale seems to shift with the weather. When we have blue skies and flat water, no one looks to see how much further we have to go. Whereas today, with the boat being slapped from side to side by the waves (a steady 15 knot wind on our port beam), everyone is focused on getting off the boat as quickly as possible. Everyone is smiling on the outside, but you can hear in their voices that tempers could flare on a moment's notice, should anything not be as they planned.

The weather conditions around us are not all that bad. We shouldn't be getting pushed around as much as we are. We have a few different theories as to what is going on.

1. The boat is light, and we're bobbing like a cork. This is Rip's theory. We have burnt off about 1,100 gallons of fuel. My recollection is that diesel weighs around 8 pounds per gallon. This means we have lightened our load by over four tons, not counting our food supply, which seems to be vanishing at the same rate as fuel. I am not putting a lot of stock in this theory. Sans Souci weighs somewhere around 60 tons, and a 4 ton difference shouldn't make a huge difference in the ride.
2. My personal theory is that we're bobbing the correct amount, given the fact that it's a beam sea, with high waves (around eight feet). Since the waves are coming from our port side, we are just riding wave after wave to the top, only to surf down the other side. We have stabilizers that are supposed to handle this, as indeed they are. I am confident that if I were to turn off the stabilizers, Sans Souci would have seven sick crew members leaning over the rail within minutes.

Prior to the trip, I was contacted by Naiad to solicit my interest in upgrading my stabilizers. The technology has changed radically over the past six years, and they were willing to sell me the "latest and greatest" technology at a heavy discount. They wanted a chance to showcase their newest technology. I considered making the upgrade, but even a deep discount is not free, and this is an area where I didn't think the investment made sense.

Roberta and I are not normally the type of people to do long passages. We see this voyage as something that every serious boater should do at least once, but not something I'd like to repeat if I can find a way around it. I responded to Naiad's proposal as honestly as I could. I consider myself more an "anchorer" than a "boater". I'm in boating for the days when the water is flat and the days are warm. My favorite trip involves anchoring off a desolate island; spending the day (or days) swimming from the back deck, followed by a barbecue on the back of the boat, and a nice bottle of wine. When weather comes, we either head to the nearest boat, or find a calm bay to hide out in. My focus is on picking days to go to sea that don't require stabilizers. The stabilizer system on Sans Souci may not be the "latest and greatest" but it performs well, and meets or exceeds my expectations. That said, if the stabilizer salesman were standing before me as I type this, I'd happily buy anything that would stop us being slammed around. It would be nice to stand up again someday without having to hold on to everything in sight.

You may have noticed that in the above paragraph I said that I like to be surrounded by warm water, which is inconsistent with us bringing the boat back to Seattle in January 2005. Sans Souci is going to Alaska next year. This seeming incongruity is explained very simply: Sometimes Roberta gets to pick where we go. Sometimes I get to. Next year it will be her turn.

Returning to our current trip:

- The Division Two boats are only slightly ahead of us now. By this evening we will each be at exactly the same distance from Horta. We will not see each other, darn it. We are following the "rhumb line" approach to Horta, whereas the Division Two boats are on a more southerly track. I checked this morning, and compared their mileage to Horta to ours. Each of us has roughly 650 miles to go, whereas our distance to each other is roughly 110 miles. Not only will we pass by them without ever being in radio range, but we'll tie up in Horta nearly 24 hours before them.

- Neither group has any major mechanical or medical problems.

- Sans Souci's water maker has died (at least until we get it repaired). Luckily we have a backup. We have a 500 gallon water tank, which would last us for several days were it not for the washing machine. Everyday seems to be laundry day here about ship.

- Boredom and trip fatigue is finally settling in. Kirk has been trying to pump energy back into the group by thinking of things to keep us busy. Trivia games that span all the Division One boats have become common. Kirk caught me reading the news online and talked me into reading the headlines to the entire NAR fleet. I announced that I would research any story that caught their interest and get back to them with added info. To make sure everyone was happy I sought headlines from both the conservative and liberal press, the financial press, the entertainment press and even the sports press. At the end of my 20 minute "speech" I asked if anyone wanted more info on any particular story. The only response: Who is J-Lo marrying? And, was her wedding dress white?

That's it for today!

Ken Williams  
Sans Souci, 6209

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Since I last wrote, not a whole lot has happened unless you want to call stopping again Saturday for a scheduled 12:00 noon swim in the ocean a "happening". An announcement was made in the 8:00 am roll call that since we had so much fun the day before at the swim meet, we should do it again. We all gathered at 12:00 and Crosser announced that if anyone swam to their swim platform, cocktails would be served (talk about buying friends). So where would you guess the swim team wound up? If you guessed Crosser, you would be correct. Yep, the whole team gathered on Crosser's swim platform, and Anita, the smiling one, started whipping up some sort of rum drinks by the pitcher. After several pitchers were mixed and drunk we started declining any more beverages as we all thought that it was not such a good idea to drink and swim. Dale the designated driver (the captain of Crosser) brought out his remote control to the stern and backed his vessel within 10 yards of our prospective vessels for the return swim. Thanks Dale.

Sunday was a pretty uneventful day so I shall pretend it didn't happen.

Today is Monday June 7th, the weather has changed somewhat. It is overcast and light rain has fallen. The weather reminds everyone of the Pacific N.W. The swell has increased to 8 feet or so from the northeast. The weather forecast for our arrival is anywhere from not bad to almost gale force. I see that predicting the weather in the Atlantic is the same as in the N.W. There always seems to be a 50 percent chance of anything followed by more or less of the same.

Our distance from Horta is 611 miles and we expect that we will arrive on Thursday in the p.m. depending on the weather,(you know, anywhere from o.k. to gale force predictions - don't-count-your-chickens-before-they-hatch weather). This would be more than 12 hrs. earlier than our scheduled arrival and approximately 16 hrs. ahead of division 2 which left 24 hrs. earlier than we did from Bermuda. Their speed was based on fuel conservation to insure that all vessels could make the crossing with fuel to spare. I understand that even though the division 2 boats are crossing for the reason stated above, Atlantic Escort still transferred 100 gal. of fuel to Uno Mas (the brave little Nordhavn 40 that could) to insure they could complete the crossing and would not have to be left behind. As you will recall P.A.E. had a Nordhavn 40 cross the Atlantic without refueling but they traveled at a considerably slower to speed in order to make the crossing.

Please let me say a few things about our hosts, Ken and Roberta Williams. These people are the most generous and kind people I have had the opportunity to travel with. They are

both full of good conversation. We (the crew) have virtually taken over their vessel and use it as our own with out a single complaint from either. Thank you sincerely.

On this trip across the Atlantic we have seen dolphins, whales, Portuguese man-of-war, flying fish (incredible little creatures that can soar forever), large tankers and container ships, and sailboats. Afterall, this is the Atlantic highway...I'm surprised there are no stop signs. We've also caught many fish including Strickly For Fun's score of a 50 lb. dorado. Still, everyone is looking forward to getting to shore. For the most part, no one among us is a professional seaperson so solid ground is much thought about. No one is considering suicide or anything like that but having the boat tied securely to the dock is getting higher on the priority list.

see ya later, Kirk

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### **Day 30 - 470 miles to Horta**

The Division One (faster boats) are now officially in front of the Division Two boats. They are taking a more southern route than we are, and we never came within 40 miles of each other. At the current speed, we will be arriving in Horta at 6:30pm on Thursday, and they will arrive on Friday morning at around 7am.

Our latest weather report:

'...SUPPORTING GUIDANCE STILL SUGGESTS THAT SEA CONDITIONS WILL DETERIORATE DURING THE COMING 3-4 DAYS. WE SUGGEST PREPARING FOR POSSIBLE WAVES TO 9-12FT COMBINED SEA/SWELL AS EARLY AS TUE/08TH-NIGHT FOR THE FAST GROUP, AND FOR BOTH GROUPS WED/09TH THROUGH THU/10TH....'

This morning's roll call was dominated by weather discussions. We are receiving conflicting weather reports from multiple analysts, plus we have several people who are doing their own interpretation of the weather charts. The prognosis for the next two days ranges from relative calm to 10 foot seas. I'm cheering for those who predict calm seas. Unfortunately, everyone is in agreement that our arrival on Thursday will be rough. Let me rephrase that, and say "bumpy". These are sturdy boats. There is nothing in the forecast that represents a real safety challenge. It will just be bumpier than I would like it for our arrival in a strange marina.

To some extent it is irrelevant what the weather report says. We're 500 miles from the nearest land. Whatever it will be, it will be, and there isn't a darn thing we can do about it. Ordinarily I'd be studying the charts for places to hide from bad weather. There is no

such concept on this passage. Our plans are not likely to change, whether the winds are at 10 knots or 40 knots.

My fuel concerns are evaporating. We have a thousand gallons of fuel on board, and only 461 miles to go. Thus far we've been averaging around .93 miles per gallon, giving us a range of 930 miles. In other words we can easily make it to Horta.

Life aboard ship has become quite boring. We're all just putting in time. Trivia games and reading help pass the time – but, the trip seems longer and longer. In one conversation today, we started referring to sleep as a time machine. We know that if we go to sleep, the distance will drop dramatically before we wake. It's like being able to leap forward in time. I reminded people that Steve Jobs wrote a book called "The Journey is the Reward". We need to stop thinking about land, and enjoy what we are doing. That didn't make anyone feel better, including me. We want land, and sooner is better. In another indication of everyone's mood, this morning Roberta noticed we had dolphins on our nose again, and no one expended the effort to look at them.

Roberta and I are starting to disagree over what comes next. After over a month on the boat, I know that I will be in the mood to stay on land for a while. Roberta says that our "boating experience" won't really begin until we finish the rally, slim the crew down to just her parents and us, and start wandering the Spanish coast. We are under no time pressure to return to the US, beyond some commitments at the beginning of August that could be moved.

We DO need to get the boat back to France before we leave for the US, so that it is positioned for its eventual trip across the Atlantic this winter. I've made arrangements for a boat slip near Monaco (on the French Italian border). My math shows this trip at roughly a thousand miles from Gibraltar. I would like to do a relaxed couple of weeks cruising after we arrive in the Med, but don't know that I want to span great distances. I'd like to move at a mellower pace and use our time to see new places and meet new people.

This brings up lots of issues about where we cruise and how we get the boat to its slip in France. In some ways, it is too early to make this decision. It is the wrong time to be making decisions about future passages. The urge for land is biasing my judgment.

The outcome from this morning's discussion with Roberta seems to be that we'll cruise for two or three weeks after Gibraltar, and then have a delivery crew move the boat to its temporary slip in France.

Reality is setting in as I think about what is in front of us. Whereas it feels like we're on the downhill slide, we still have 450 miles to Horta, followed by 1,200 miles to Gibraltar, and then the 1,000 plus mile run to Monaco.

All of this is being done at roughly the speed of an ordinary jogger. I am not complaining. We have been extremely lucky on Sans Souci. No major mechanical

problems. No crew conflict. Awesome people and awesome food. 10 minutes after we reach shore I will remember how great this trip was.

Before I forget, I should comment on last night's dinner, which was exceptional as usual. Phil made a chicken stir-fry that was a huge hit. How he was able to chop vegetables while hanging onto rails with one hand, and a still-bandaged finger on the other, I don't know. On another Phil-related topic, he dropped a bottle last night with a message in it. It will be fun to see if he ever gets a response.

After last night's weather discussion, Crosser announced that they would prefer to get into port as soon as possible, to avoid the coming bad weather. They upped their speed to 11 knots and are now 15 miles ahead of the group. We too have accelerated a bit, and are now showing speeds between 8.5 and 9.5 knots. My plan is to stay at this speed unless we get a nasty surprise on fuel consumption, which I'm not expecting.

I am constantly amazed at how many people are reading my daily updates. When I posted the pictures of the swim party on Crosser, I received a radio call from Crosser within minutes reporting that they were getting calls from home saying they had seen the pictures. In another example, I commented yesterday that I had passed on a stabilizer upgrade prior to this trip, and am now wishing I hadn't. That also has resulted in a series of emails and calls from other rally boats, all trying to help. I've now spoken with both Que Linda and Grey Pearl who say they are running straight, whereas Sans Souci is lurching from left to right as we go. I'm now convinced – a stabilizer upgrade is very likely to be part of our future.

Talk to you tomorrow!

-Ken Williams

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## **One day to go**

As Rip Knot(R. Holden Belcher) and I are watching the sun rise this morning and what a beautiful sunrise it is, am reminded why I love this time of day and always choose this particular watch, new day after new day. Most people give up this watch gladly thinking to themselves that the early watch is when you're supposed to be sleeping. Let them sleep that's what I say. They just do not know what they are missing.

Five of our fleet are traveling together this morning in a nice tight formation, the sixth vessel, Crosser, has decided to speed up and try and avoid some inclement weather that they thought may be headed our way. Crosser is reported to be 90 miles ahead of us as of 9:00 this morning. they expect to arrive in Horta around 11:00 pm tonight. Whether or not we see any adverse conditions or not is yet to be seen. The weather forecast is

constantly changing and usually for the better. It has gone from nearly gale force conditions to almost flat and every where in between for our approach to Horta.

The ocean is giving us a very nice ride this morning, gently raising us up and down in what is my best guess is aprox. 10' swell at 11 or 12 second intervals. As I watch Que Linda, she will practically disappear with only her super structure in sight.

Did I mention our approach to Horta? That's right folks, we are within striking distance...286 miles as I check our GPS this morning. 37.33 N ,34.32W. If you ask anyone around here they will tell you that they can smell the land. It is amazing how the time literally flew by one day at a time and then on the other hand maybe not as quickly as some people would have preferred. The excitement level is rising and it has been suggested that we spiff up our living quarters today in preparation for our arrival. You know, make every thing appear as if we were not aboard the boat for days (10 days total, that is if nothing goes wrong between now and tomorrow). We are discussing when we will be able to see the Azores as the islands are mountainous. Horta is on Ilha Do Faial that has an elevation of around one thousand forty five meters and on Ilha Do Pico, the Island next to Horta, the elevation is two thousand three hundred sixty five meters. I have put the question to the fleet to see if any one could figure out the distance at sea, on a clear day, that the islands could be seen. A little while later ,I heard on the vhf, someone asking what the tangent of 1 was. What that has to do with the question I guess I shall find out later. I'm thinking that we shall be able to see land at distance greater than 50 miles. I guess I should make the switch to the metric system and say kilometers.

The temperature is coming down and the humidity has completely gone away. We have actually dug into our more northerly clothing attire, jackets, sweat shirts and was even thinking about dragging out some long pants which would be very different as I have been in tropical type weather for the past few months. My wife, Patty, would really enjoy the climate. I'm thinking that the temperature coming down has a lot to do with the overcast skies and breezy conditions although we are climbing higher in the latitudes.

We have done many things in the last few days to occupy our time, trivia questions broadcast over the radio that everyone has participated in, jokes, chess, cribbage, naps, did I say sleep?, eat, stand watch, write up notes for the internet, did I say naps?, engine room checks and minor repairs..

And now a few words from our captain, Rip Knott:

The changing face of the Sea is always a fascinating sight. Yesterday the Chef mentioned that the water looked like mercury, a shimmering metallic, slippery, silver-like surface sheen was glistening in the late afternoon light. The bright gray sky met the ocean and the only division was the reflection-line.

The "Sans Souci" continues on its unswerving course to the harbor at Horta, Faial, carrying us all in safety and comfort. We all remain watchful

and observant as the clock ticks toward our rendezvous with this dot on the Ocean Planet, and its centuries old harbor .

I was reading book 11 in the Patrick O'Brien series and there they were on the 'Surprise' heading toward 'Fayal.' It reminded me again that we are on ancient route, traversed by many a mariner over the ages. Still, it feels new to all of us who are on this Journey.

Kirk here again. The weather has continued to deteriorate as the day progresses. The seas are coming from the north west at about 6 to 10 foot swells and the duration is about the same at 10 to 12 seconds between swells. The wind has come up and seems to be increasing as the day wears on. Right now the wind is blowing at a steady 20 knots with gusts to 25 and is coming from the south east. Still the ride is not bad so far. Let's hope it stays that way

Until later,  
Kirk

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## **FROM KEN WILLIAMS ON SANS SOUCI - JUNE 9**

We're almost there! As I write this, it is 9:45 am here, and we are planning our arrival for tomorrow sometime late afternoon.

Our ability to beat the weather predictions continues. I am looking out at a calm sea. There is an 8 to 10 foot swell going, but the waves are so spaced out that it's really not an issue. We're proceeding east into a 10 knot headwind, being carried forward by a strong sea current. Through the night, the current was slowing us to 8 knots, and now with exactly the same engine RPMs (1700) we are running 10 knots plus.

Both divisions have boats that decided to scoot ahead, to get into port before the predicted storm on Friday. Crosser split off from our division and is now anticipating arrival at 11 pm tonight. Strickly for Fun, Sea Fox and Four Across split off from the slower division, and are targeting an early (7 am) arrival on Friday. Division One (our division) is forecasting arrival late afternoon tomorrow.

As I am typing this, Bob on Emeritus, has come on the radio to announce that he has just spoken with the Horta marina and they informed him that they will be closed all day tomorrow, for remodeling, and to swap out the water. If he hadn't added the bit about swapping the water, I might have fallen for it.

One of the items I have added to my post-voyage checklist is to have our radios checked. Emeritus and Que Linda clearly have the best tweaked radios in our group. Sans Souci's

radios are working fine, but our range is much more limited. Twice per day we have been doing an SSB talk with the other division. Emeritus has taken over this duty, because Sans Souci's radios won't reach. We can hear Atlantic Escort in the other division, but they can't hear our transmissions. I think it's nothing more than having someone who knows what they are doing to help us refine the antennas.

I've enjoyed hearing Bob from Emeritus on the radio. Someone said that he's a retired pilot. You can hear the years of experience in radio communications in his voice. I can't explain it, and I sure as heck can't emulate it, but his style on the radio is both light-hearted and professional. He has done a masterful job of handling the inter-divisional communications.

Yesterday was ultra-quiet. Our team has taken to reading, or watching DVDs on their laptops. There was almost no discussion on the radio, and not even much discussion amongst Sans Souci's crew.

The few highlights from the day:

- Garret removed our "small water maker" from the engine room. We have two water makers, a small 12 volt one that only makes about seven gallons per hour, but runs off the engine alternators just fine. And, another larger one that generates approx. 50 gallons per hour, but requires that we run a generator. To conserve fuel, I have been reluctant to run the generators more than I need to, so we've been running the small water maker non-stop. After thousands of miles of flawless operation, it wants some care and attention, which Garret is in the process of administering. Now that we have Horta comfortably in range with a predicted 550 gallons of excess fuel, we can run the generators and large water maker all we want.

- Yesterday afternoon, Goleen called us to look at our GPS. At first we thought something had gone wrong, as it read: 37'07, 37'07. The latitude and longitude were exactly the same! There was nothing magic about it - it was just a cool coincidence. Goleen decided to exploit the situation by dropping 16 bottles with notes in them.

- Roll call this morning was a non-event. At the start of our trip, roll calls were one hour plus affairs, but now people respond "Plenty of Water, Plenty of Fuel, No Mechanicals, No Medical problems." There is still an occasional burst of humor, but it's clear that the calls are getting shorter. The call lasted perhaps 10 minutes.

- Looking around, I notice that everyone is wearing jackets, and Phil just mentioned that he is off to change into long pants. Hopefully it will warm up later this afternoon.

- Shelby, our dog, doesn't seem to be reacting well to the trip. She has slept the vast majority of the trip. Her paws can't get traction on the wood floors, so when she tries to walk she winds up sliding from one end of the room to the other as the boat tilts. I'm sure she's happy to just be with us, but I don't blame her for trying to sleep all she can, in the hopes that land will appear when she wakes.

Roberta and I spent last night plotting various routes for our trip beyond Gibraltar. We've both decided that an additional 1,000 miles is too much. We would like to do three weeks of cruising, but want it to be "fun" cruising, not macho passage making. This means we need to find someone to run the boat to its moorage near Monaco.

Roberta's preference is that we run the boat ourselves from Gibraltar to Mallorca, and then have a delivery crew meet us there. Her thinking is that we have never run the southern Spanish coast. I prefer the cruising past Mallorca, which is the southern coast of France. I want to see all my favorite places in the Med once more before we ship the boat back to the US.

My guess is that the decision will be made for us as we seek someone to do the delivery.

Looking at the calendar, we will have nine days in Horta. I know nothing about Horta beyond a few emails that I've received. I'm envisioning a VERY small town, and that we will be bored an hour after arrival. I'm hoping it's warm. If so, it would be fun to take the boat out and seek a quiet bay to anchor in for a few nights. We'll see.

-Ken Williams  
Sans Souci, 6209

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We're almost there! Within a few minutes, I expect to hear someone shout on the radio  
LAND HO!

Once we have arrived, I'll upload pictures from our arrival to the website.

The arrival itself will be a bit of a challenge. I just spoke with our advance team in Horta who said that they have 25 knot winds at the marina. The weather report calls for this to increase to 30 knots. I'm confident we'll make it in fine, but it will be interesting.

Last night was miserable. We've gone through 12 hours of sustained 20+ knot winds, with gusts to 30 knots. The wind, which was supposed to be behind us, was instead on our starboard beam. The waves were running 15-20 feet. Movement aboard the boat was impossible. I was very impressed with how Sans Souci handled it. There was never a time when we were scared, nor did the auto pilot ever quit. My greatest fear was that someone would injure themselves trying to move. Even simple tasks like standing up had to be timed to the movement of the boat. It was like being on an elevator. One second you would look out the window and see only a vertical wall of water, and then a few seconds later find yourself raised to the top of the wave, staring down into the trough, only to fall back down a few seconds later. Normally we rose straight up, only to fall straight down, but about every 10-15 minutes we'd hit a nasty wave that would turn us sideways on the

way down. With each fall, the prop would cavitate for a few seconds, with an accompanying ugly growl.

On the morning roll call, several of the other boats reported sick passengers. A reporter on one of the other boats was described as having not moved for over 24 hours, and looking an interesting shade of white.

Here's a quote from the normally unflappable Bob Rothman on Emeritus - "When the bow goes down, it makes that cracking sound, and that's a little unnerving."

About 11pm, during Roberta's and my watch shift, Que Linda reported that they had suddenly dropped in speed to 5 knots, without explanation. They thought that perhaps we had hit an adverse current. After being advised that the rest of the fleet was running fine, Que Linda slowed the boat, put it in neutral, put it back into gear, throttled up, and the problem disappeared. I'm sure they'll be digging hard to determine what happened after we reach Horta.

We have now confirmed that Crosser arrived safely into Horta last night. We arrive at 4pm today. Strickly for Fun, Four Across and Sea Fox should arrive at daybreak tomorrow morning, and the balance of Division Two should be in by noon tomorrow.

I've been doing a bit of research on Horta and the Azores. I've just realized that we will have nine days on an island which doesn't have much to do. In all of my research I've only been able to find reference to one restaurant. I'm predicting that within a few days, momentum will build for "going some place". I will be very surprised to see the whole group sit still for nine days. Whether this means leaving early for Gibraltar or leaving port to go anchor somewhere I don't know. It's also possible that we'll fall in love with Horta and never want to leave. It's too soon to say. It surprises me that I'm already thinking about heading to sea again when we haven't even got land in site. Strange..

Horta has one fun custom I'm looking forward to. Tradition dictates that all arriving boats paint their logo on the sidewalk at the marina. It's bad luck to leave Horta without having done so. I've already received emails from people, who visited Horta in past years, wanting me to look for their logo to verify it is still there. I'm looking forward to walking the quai reading the inscriptions from past mariners who have made this journey.

More later from on shore!  
-Ken Williams

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**Azores:**

By now a fellowship has developed in the fleet regardless of size of vessel or amenities. We all have made it, big or small. We all experienced the Atlantic, seas, marine life, wind and the silence of the night when one is on watch.

With determination, a desire to accomplish what one has not done before, it now can be said, "We did it" Job well done NAR fleet of 2004.

Rest well in the Azores, enjoy the new friends you now have met and cherish the moment!

Anita Neifert  
Crosser

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All 18 Nordhavn Atlantic Rally yachts have arrived safely in Horta, but the last few days were the toughest of the 1,800-mile run from Bermuda. As forecast by rally weather forecaster Walt Hack, a strong front overtook the fleet about three days out, bringing squally weather, winds reported at 25-30 knots, and 8-10-foot seas. But still good fortune smiled on the fleet, and the winds were mostly from astern or on the quarter.

The skipper of the largest yacht in the fleet, the 90-foot Monk-McQueen yacht Crosser, elected to leave the fleet and speed up to 12 knots to smooth out the ride, arriving in Horta about 24 hours ahead of most of the fleet. The remaining yachts in division 1, the fast fleet, reached Horta in squalls and 25-knot winds Thursday, and most of division 2, the slow fleet, arrived at mid-day Friday. Bringing up the rear were the rally's smallest yacht, the Nordhavn 40 Uno Mas, the rally flagship, Nordhavn 57 Atlantic Escort, and the Nordhavn 62 Autumn Wind, all arriving late Friday.

Uno Mas, a fleet favorite, arrived to a rousing welcome, with close to 50 ralliers on the south end of the seawall cheering and waving as the proud little Nordhavn chugged by with her three-person family crew. As with other rally arrivals, Uno Mas was greeted with a loud chorus of horns, led by the big Kahlenbergs aboard Crosser.

On the piers there was jubilation. Hugs were exchanged as the boats arrived, and one after another and crewmembers spilled out onto the pier. Official clearance was a breeze, with the ever-efficient Bensaude agents Marco Quadros and Mario Barbossa arriving aboard each boat seconds after the yachts arrived, going over the paperwork, disappearing with passports and papers, and returning minutes later with a smile. "You may haul down your Q flag, captain," they told us with a smile. "Your yacht and crew are cleared! Welcome to Horta!"

Tired skippers were compared notes on the passage, as crewmembers struggled to get the European electrical power from the pier channeled properly into the American boats'

systems. Some larger boats opted to try the complex 3-phase wiring (380 volts, five wires, 32 amps) while others took the simple approach using a single 16-amp, three-wire, 220 volt line. With the pressure from the rally's longest passage off, many just elected to continue using their generators and spend their time relaxing and visiting with rally friends, new and old. Shorepower could wait for tomorrow. Or the next day.

Once the last two yachts arrived and were safely alongside, Judy and I felt an immense sense of relief—"two legs down, no debilitating and enduring mechanical problems in the fleet, and no injuries of consequence, and it all went well. Our little fleet was once more all together, all the NAR yachts in a tight group in Horta's new marina, and there were smiles everywhere.

Nuno Lima, the able Horta marina manager, has proved to be a man who can solve any problem. When Judy and I arrived, the new marina was chock-a-block with sailing yachts. "Don't worry," the smiling Nuno told us, "By next Friday, they will all be gone." And he was true to his word, arriving early Friday morning prepared to tow away the final few who had chosen to ignore his directions to move their yachts elsewhere.

NAR people are now all over town: in the restaurants and cafes, in the hardware stores, in the hotels, and on the street. Nordhavn ballcaps and T-shirts are everywhere. A television crew was on the dock at mid-day yesterday, and reports are they the interview with our single Portuguese speaking crewmember was on the news last night.

Although mechanical problems were not the dominant theme for this leg, the rally fleet did indeed see some problems. They included:

--In heavy seas two days out from Horta, Uno Mas took some water into the lazarette where much of the yacht's electrical equipment is housed, and that led to losing her stabilization. Pitching and rolling in heavy seas without the stabilizers, skipper John Spencer tried to assess and then make repairs. Advice and counsel were provided over VHF from Atlantic Escort, but in the end Nordhavn 57 commissioning manager Justin Zumwalt donned a wet suit and swam across in the big seas from Atlantic Escort to Uno Mas, where he made repairs. He then swam back, spurning praise from everyone involved. The very modest Justin seemed to consider it just another part of his job.

--The last night out, Autumn Wind lost main propulsion when a heavy line floating in the sea became entangled in her propeller. Skipper Bill Smith fired up his wing engine, and continued on to Horta at 4 ½ knots. Atlantic Escort, several miles ahead, turned back to accompany Autumn Wind and lend assistance, rendezvousing at dawn. Seas were still heavy at sunrise, and rally leader Jim Leishman decided the conditions would not allow him to safely put a swimmer in the water to help solve the problem. When seas calmed around mid-day, Jim's son James Leishman, swam to Autumn Wind and cut away most of the line, allowing Autumn Wind to resume using her main engine, shaft and propeller. Autumn Wind and Atlantic Escort were the last two yachts to arrive.

--Stabilizer problems continue, making the captains with paravane stabilization smile at least a little smugly. On this leg, Naiad did not have a monopoly on the problems. Nordhavn 57 Emeritus, which has Trac stabilizers, had one fin jam against the hull. Trac, one of the rally sponsors, has a technician on scene to solve the problem. A Naiad technician flew in from Connecticut with the parts needed to solve stabilizer problems on the Krogen 58 Sea Fox, the Nordhavn 62 Grey Pearl, the custom 55 Que Linda, and the Nordhavn 46 Envoy. Sea Fox, Grey Pearl and Que Linda had stabilization throughout the trip, though Sea Fox was able to use only one fin. Envoy, which carries both active fins and paravanes, used her paravanes through most of Leg 2.

--The Nordhavn 46 Satchmo lost both her main engine and wing engine for a short time after the fuel system sucked in some air in heavy seas. Thanks to skipper Bill Bane's cool head and technical expertise, Satchmo was back up and running in minutes.

--The rally flagship Atlantic Escort lost its single 16-KW generator. Even with a lot of Nordhavn technical horsepower onboard, they were not able to get the genset restarted until the sun came up in Seattle and they were able to confer with Northern Lights. The problem? A 12-volt fuel shutoff solenoid had been installed on the genset for this 24-volt boat. When it failed after many hours of running, it shut down the injection pump, which shut down the generator. Once the source of the problem was determined, the solenoid was bypassed and Atlantic Escort regained use of her generator.

--Other problems aboard the boats have been minimal, causing some inconvenience but not affecting main propulsion or safety. The N-57 Goleen, for example, lost her hot water heater. The Nordhavn 50 Sundog may have a Furuno radar problem, but the consensus is that the radar had trouble seeing other yachts far away because of the big seas.

One skipper of a non-Nordhavn told me on the pier yesterday how impressed he is with everything that PAE is doing on this rally. PAE's owners and employees are truly seaman who go to sea and cross oceans in Nordhavns; unlike other boatbuilders, they understand ocean-crossing from being there and doing it. When there are problems like the Northern Lights generator failure on rally flagship Atlantic Escort, they feel the results and they learn from it. When they see other problems, they also learn. And the result is better boats. Period.

Seasickness took its toll. One yacht had a journalist onboard who was seasick from the sea buoy in Bermuda to the breakwater in Horta. She left the boat minutes after arrival in Horta promising that she will never venture out of sight of land. Another crewmember on the same yacht has decided to fly ahead and meet the fleet in Gibraltar; she too was seasick every mile of the trip. However, most rally crewmembers seemed to find their sea legs a day or two from Bermuda, and seasickness was not a significant problem for most, even in the heavy seas confronting the fleet a few days from Horta.

The long passage on this rally is history, and now it's time to take on fuel and celebrate for a week before the final leg to Gibraltar, 1200 miles away.

What a terrific event to be a part of! And what a great group of people.

--Milt Baker , NAR Organizing Committee

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## June 12

Sans Souci is safely in the marina here at Horta, after traversing 1880 miles of ocean nonstop, as are most of the boats from the rally, with two exceptions.

Before I tell you what I've heard, I'd like to make the following statement: I have heard conflicting reports about what follows. I have done what I can to collect accurate information, but a lot of different stories seem to be floating around the dock. Hopefully, tomorrow I will be able to give an update with better information.

Autumn Wind, a Nordhavn 62 that was escorting Division II, is still not into port. Sometime yesterday, 150 miles out, their main propeller became tangled in a fishing net. Details are sketchy, but apparently Atlantic Escort went back 50 miles to help them. Autumn Wind had to run overnight, at 2.7 knots on the wing engine, waiting for calm enough seas that a diver could go under the boat to cut away whatever was stuck in the prop. I asked who had done the diving, and was told James Leishman from Atlantic Escort. Apparently he was successful, as Autumn Wind is now running at 9 knots and will arrive tonight. I can't imagine what it must have been like to be beneath Autumn Wind, as a solo diver, trying to cut away a net, in open ocean. The winds have subsided a bit, but I doubt it was anything that could be called a calm sea.

Had Atlantic Escort not been around, Autumn Wind would still have reached Horta, although it would have taken a while, thanks to their wing engine. I don't remember if I have already explained what a wing engine is, but a wing engine, as defined by Nordhavn, is a completely redundant engine and prop. The prop for the wing engine is small, with roughly a one foot diameter. It is located about midway between the main prop and the starboard side of the boat, and is a feathering prop, which means that when it isn't being used, it folds up neatly, so that it does not drag down the boat. It does not spin at all unless the wing engine is being used to power the boat. The wing engine itself is reasonably small; only 75 horsepower on Sans Souci. I am constantly amazed that such a small motor and prop can propel a 65 ton boat. Roberta and I once used our wing engine to get into port, while nearly 100 miles from shore. I remember being VERY happy I had the wing engine.

Not all of the boats on the rally have a wing engine. There is some debate amongst boaters as to the best way to implement a "get home" capability. An alternate solution being employed by some of the boats is to have an alternate power source, such as a generator, that can also power the main shaft (prop). I would never consider a solution that did not employ a redundant prop. What would they do in a situation such as occurred with Autumn Wind? There are rare situations where the main shaft can freeze, or the

main prop be damaged, that can't be fixed at sea. What would these boats do in such a situation? Float and hope for help? Maybe there is a solution I'm not thinking of..

I was confused when I heard this story because I didn't understand why Atlantic Escort would have been running 50 miles in front of Autumn Wind, and the explanation raised more unanswered questions. I was told that Autumn Wind had been lagging the balance of the fleet in order to provide assistance to Uno Mas. In the version of the story I heard, Uno Mas had both their main engine and the wing engine fail, which sounds unlikely. My apologies, but the only thing I know for certain is that Uno Mas is not here in port. Someone else told me that there never was a problem with Uno Mas, and that it will arrive here later tonight.

I also heard that Satchmo, which IS here at the docks had a problem with their stabilizer cooling system that had to be repaired at sea. The waves were too high to launch a tender, so one of the young men, Justin, aboard Atlantic Escort, decided to swim to Satchmo. This is unconceivable to me. Prior to the trip, Dr. Kevin Ware spoke to the group about triage. His rule: you do not put a second boat into danger in order to rescue a boat in trouble. Justin must not have attended that lecture, and based on the seas I witnessed yesterday, is a true hero. When his swim was described to me, the words used were "He had to be fished from the sea both when he got to Satchmo, and when he returned to Atlantic Escort."

Stabilizers seem to have been a major failure point throughout the fleet. Within our own group, 10 miles before arrival, a call came on the radio from Emeritus, who had just lost their stabilizers. We don't know what is wrong yet, but assume that they snagged a rope or fishing net. I was just on the docks, and Garrett, from Sans Souci, was about to dive under Emeritus to see whether or not, as we suspect, something had become tangled in the stabilizers.

As lumpy as the seas were, I was surprised to hear how much seasickness was a major issue on this last leg. On Sans Souci, we had no one who was seasick, but we were an exception. I do not know the exact count, but there are several people who will not be going on the next leg. I spoke to one person who was horribly sick throughout this last leg, even though she had come from Seattle to Bermuda without a problem.

As Roberta and I arrived yesterday, we were greeted at the docks by Roberta's parents, John and Nova. They had flown in just hours before, and will be joining us on the next leg. I've mentioned before that I am worried about them. Our third leg will be "the rough one," as the run from here to Gibraltar is known for high seas and wind. Sans Souci's pilot house is upstairs, and we go up and down the stairs dozens of times each day. I'm thinking ahead to Nova climbing those stairs as we are being slammed by waves, and don't like the thought. Nor do I like the thought that her or John might become seriously seasick. That said, a couple of the captains on this rally are in their seventies, and are having no trouble whatsoever. John and Nova are extremely athletic and have traveled the world with Roberta and I, so I'm sure it won't be an issue - I hope.

Most of the activity this morning on the docks revolved around the quest for shore-power. I've gone through this before in other marinas in Europe. Each marina has their own system, and connectors. There is no standard, and there is no documentation. As someone said to me on the docks this morning, "I've just wired up a cable and plugged it in, now I need to go aboard ship and see if I've blown anything up." He was not smiling as he said it.

We moved into a hotel, leaving the crew behind with the boat. It appears that we are the only ones to have done this, and it seems to bother both our crew and the other owners. It is making us outsiders in the group. Hopefully everyone understands that this is not our intention. We just think its better to provide everyone a little space when possible. One owner I spoke with this morning asked if I thought there were additional hotel rooms available for his crew. His tone hinted that his was not a crew that had bound together well. He wanted some time away from the crew, and I understand how he feels. Our boat has had no dissent. Everyone is getting along amazingly well, and I'm hoping that we maintain our relationship with these people for many years to come. That said, Roberta and I are looking forward to "when we get our boat back."

Our first evening in Horta was strange. EVERYTHING was closed. We hadn't realized it was a holiday and at first thought we were in an episode of the twilight zone. We hiked for an hour around town, in the rain, without seeing anything that was open. Finally, we had dinner in our hotel, which was a mistake. I've never been a fan of hotel food, and last night's dinner was no exception.

We have been told that "the place to be" in Horta is Peter's Sport Café, a local pub, frequented by boaters. We went there at around 6pm and discovered it was absolutely packed. There was no hope of finding a place to sit and we were too tired to stand. None of the rally group was there, although apparently our group did successfully arrive there later in the evening. Most boats have a no alcohol policy at sea, including our own, so you can imagine that Peter's was a very welcome sight. Our group apparently had a quite successful evening at Peters. I was warned that Peter's packs in an international crowd, and confirmed this during my brief visit. I heard French, German, Portuguese, Spanish, and other languages I didn't recognize. It had the feel of a great place, and my prediction is that we will become well acquainted with it.

It's perhaps good I couldn't understand our fellow mariners at Peter's, as I believe we may have been a popular discussion topic. Nordhavn must have pulled a lot of strings to get us all berths in the marina. Horta is a popular stop for boaters crossing the Atlantic. They do not normally have 18 open slips this time of the year. In order to accommodate us, they had to move other boats out of the way. Sailboats were rafted four deep along the outer quai. I don't know, and don't want to know how they explained to these people that they had to raft up to make room for our power boats. I feel a little guilty each time I walk past them.

Horta has exceeded all our expectations. Prior to our arrival, Horta was described to me as "somewhat third world." I'm not sure I know what this means, but it isn't an accurate

depiction of Horta. We live most of the year in Mexico, so we are acquainted with life in "out of the way" places, which is not what we found. Horta is a very modern city. Thus far we have been impressed with all we have seen. It is amazingly clean, modern and the people have been very nice to us. Our only frustration has been with trying to communicate. Roberta speaks Spanish, and I speak French. Between us we usually get by well in Europe, but here, we seem to get nowhere. Today at lunch was comical as Roberta's mom tried to explain that she wanted her hamburger well done. We tried every word we could think of, but nothing worked. Somehow whatever we said translated into "warm milk" which she liked, so at least the story had a happy ending.

Tomorrow I want to spend more time around the port. Our friends sometimes think we are crazy, and I can't explain it, but both Roberta and I love being in marinas. We've spent many months of our life living aboard Sans Souci in one marina or another, and feel at home with boaters. There is a common bond that links boaters, regardless of their nationality or background. The people we've met in marinas are fun to hang out with, and interesting almost without exception. I also want to learn more facts about what happened with Autumn Wind, Satchmo and Uno Mas. I try to learn what I can from other's problems, as I know that sooner or later it will be my turn, and I'd like to deal with whatever comes my way as well as I possibly can.

One cool thing from yesterday. We are parked beside another Nordhavn 62, called Karma! It's purely a coincidence. They are circumnavigating the world going "the other way." I'm looking forward to speaking with the owner to hear about their voyage.

Lastly, I received an email asking whether Roberta and I would now be willing to make this trip again, without the rally. The answer is: Yes - to the extent we had someone along who was a skilled mechanic. I am not at the same level as most of the owners here. I can handle filter changes, and oil changes, and perhaps even bleeding the lines - but, diagnosing any type of serious electrical problem, or fixing a leaking hydraulic system, is over my head. Even with the wing engine as a backup device, I wouldn't feel comfortable. However, this trip has definitely expanded what I would feel comfortable doing. I remember worrying about 10 hour runs in 15 knot winds. This now sounds like a milk run. Roberta and I wouldn't hesitate to undertake a 24 or 48 hour run.

Although I would be nervous to cross an ocean alone, I suspect that mine is a minority opinion. I haven't spoken with everyone about their plans, but most I have spoken to are in no hurry to go home. Some see this as the first leg of a circumnavigation. Others plan on cruising the med for a few years before deciding where to go next. Sooner or later, most of the other boats on the rally WILL be making the trip back to the US, and I assume that most will make the trip alone. Sans Souci is the only boat I'm aware of that is being shipped back to the US. I am SO jealous of the other boats, who are just beginning their time in the Med. We've already spent four years there and are ready for something new, but I will be very sad when Sans Souci begins its journey home.

Ken Williams  
Sans Souci, 6209

PS: Several of you have written asking that I try to find their logo, which has been painted on the dock here in Horta. We didn't have time today, but I haven't forgotten. We will search the docks within the next couple of days.

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## June 13

I am happy to report that all rally crews and vessels are now safely here in Horta.

My email yesterday contained several inaccuracies. At the time it was sent, the boats had not yet returned to port, and information was sketchy. Since that time, I have spoken with the crew members from Uno Mas and Autumn Wind, and know a bit more about what occurred. I'm sure that I still do not have the full story, as when I saw the crews, they were just in from 12 long days at sea, and talking to me was NOT the foremost thought on their minds.

Autumn Wind, as I had reported, did foul their main prop with a fishing net. After running for some time on the wing engine, two young men from Atlantic Escort, Justin and James, dove beneath the boat to see if they could free the prop. As calm seas were still days away, they dove under the boat wearing only face masks, in 10 foot seas. I will ask when I see them why they did not wear tanks. My assumption is that they felt safer without the tanks. After many attempts, they were finally able to cut through a couple of the lines. Autumn Wind's prop was impossible to clear completely, but they were able to get it turning with most of the mass still attached. Brad, who was on Autumn Wind, reported that they found that at 1700 rpm the vibration wasn't too bad and were able to make it into port.

I incorrectly reported that Satchmo had stabilizer problems. I had their story crossed with that of Uno Mas. I still have not spoken with anyone from Satchmo, but am told their main engine AND their wing engine quit. The problem was fuel related, and was solved reasonably quickly.

The Uno Mas story amazes me, both their story from yesterday, and their overall story.

Uno Mas, a Nordhavn 40, is the smallest boat in the rally. I do not know whether or not its size was a factor, but yesterday Uno Mas was "knocked over" by a wave. They were running in beam seas (meaning the waves were coming at the boats from the side) and got caught in a squall, with winds gusting to 50 knots. According to the Uno Mas crew, a wave rolled them over to at least a 45 degree angle. On Uno Mas, the electric inverter is located in the lazette, in the cockpit of the boat. The lazette is a space beneath the floor, in the open portion of the back deck of the boat. When the back of the boat was partially submerged, water leaked into the lazette and fried the inverter. The inverter is responsible for generating 110 volt current from 12 volt batteries. Alarms immediately

started sounding. As it was described to me - "I couldn't tell if we were on fire, or if we were sinking. The high water alarms were sounding, and smoke was pouring from the lazarette."

Once Uno Mas had righted itself, the crew cut power to the inverter. I did not ask whether or not the main engine quit, but assume that it continued running. Uno Mas' crew was able to get moving again, but found that without 110 current, the cooler for their stabilizers would not work. Without stabilizers, Uno Mas was being tossed about by the waves in an unacceptable, and dangerous, manner. They were able to run a generator, to make 110 electricity, but unfortunately, the electricity from the generator had to pass through the inverter before reaching the stabilizer cooler, and the inverter was hopelessly fried. Atlantic Escort gave radio guidance on rerouting the power around the inverter, but Uno Mas' crew had difficulty knowing which wires to cut or reroute. They were assisted, by Justin, from Atlantic Escort, who SWAM to their boat in the high seas. After a bit of rewiring, they were underway, with the generator providing the electricity needed to cool the stabilizers. (Check out the image gallery for a cool shot of Uno Mas facing the waves without their stabilizers).

I asked how many crew members were aboard Uno Mas, and was surprised to learn that the entire crew of three persons was standing before me. John and Sue Spencer and friend Chris Mather. When I remarked on how impressed I was that they were able to make the passage with only three crew members they said that three was a luxury! John and Sue had brought the boat to Florida from Alaska alone, with the two of them alternating three hour shifts on the long passages. There are some amazing people on this trip!

One last comment on Uno Mas. Those of you have been reading my updates for a while will remember that they were transferred 100 gallons of fuel about half way across the Atlantic. I had to ask how much fuel they had at arrival. The answer: 101 gallons!

-Ken Williams  
Sans Souci, 6209

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Date: Sun, June 13, 2004 3:07 pm

### **Life in Horta**

I do not have much new to report. Roberta, I and her parents spent the day yesterday sightseeing. We drove completely around the island, to the top of the island and just about every road on the island. I really don't want to sidetrack this mailing list into becoming a travel log, so I won't bore you



with the details. Suffice it to say that this is a very beautiful place, and we had a great time.

Yesterday afternoon was spent wandering the docks. My primary goal was to talk several other people out of CDs full of pictures. I now have hundreds and hundreds of new pictures to upload. The website has been light on pictures from Division Two, and I can now resolve this inequity. I was a little frustrated though, in that I wanted pictures of the heroic efforts made to get Autumn Wind and Uno Mas rolling again, and struck out. I have a lead on the pictures I'm seeking and will upload them as soon as I can get them. My current challenge is that it would take a lifetime to upload all the pictures I have on a dial-up internet connection. There is an internet café here that allegedly has reasonable speed, but is closed today. I may wait to upload new pictures until tomorrow for this reason.

One interesting rumor I heard on the docks: Several boats are considering the possibility of leaving early. According to the schedule, we were to be here in Horta for another week. Plenty of time was left in the schedule, so that we would have a buffer to provide for repairs or weather delays. It is now apparent that most of us do not need this time, and many of us are itching to go.

The Azores islands are very spread out. From one end to the other is nearly 400 miles! The major island in the group is St. Miguel, and we are on the island called Faial (the city is Horta). I've been interested in going to St. Miguel because it has the largest population, golf courses, restaurants, etc. Horta is a bit more of a small town. I went to the airport yesterday to ask about flights to St. Miguel, and even asked one flight attendant if it was worth while to go. Her response, "If you haven't been to St. Miguel, you haven't been to the Azores."

It was a coincidence that I had been thinking about flying to St. Miguel, because that is exactly where the other boaters who wanted to get moving were thinking to go. We would go to St. Miguel and anchor out for a few days. I immediately agreed. The good luck is that St. Miguel is 200 miles in the same direction as Gibraltar - East. Instead of leaving a week from now, we could be rolling within a couple of days! As much as I wanted to be on land, I'm impatient to get back on the water. I am also looking forward to being at anchor, with a big city only a tender ride away. I should know later tonight whether or not this is just talk, or something we are going to do.

I was blindsided by one piece of bad news. We are losing Garrett and St. John from Sans Souci. As I hinted in a prior update, several boats have had crew issues. Aboard Sans Souci we've been fortunate to have a crew which has gotten along well. This is not true of all boats. On some boats the tensions have reached the point that change is necessary. I have made no effort to find out what boats have had problems, or what the problems were. The rally organizers decided that the easiest way to resolve the issue was to mix up the crews, where possible. I do not know what process was used to decide who was moving, but learned through the grapevine yesterday that two of our crew are being replaced. We shall miss them.

The positive side of this is that we are gaining two new crew members, both of whom I've met and both of whom seem like they will be great crew members. They are Eric Leishman, and Michael Ronquillo. Other than that Eric is Jim Leishman's son (a Nordhavn hauncho) and Michael is an EMT, and that they both seem nice, I know nothing about them. I'll relay more as I learn it.

*Other news.*

I have a little more information on how the Division Two boats fared on this last leg. Roberta spoke with the crew from Stargazer. They were happy to report that they had NO problems. She asked about their stabilizers, and they explained to her that they use paravanes rather than stabilizers, and that they worked perfectly. My guess is that at least half the people on this list are scratching their heads as to what paravanes are. I don't have time to explain them today (because of a rally event that starts in a few minutes) but I'll do my best to describe them tomorrow. I was on another boat briefly (either Egret or Envoy - I confuse them) and noticed that they were replacing the hydraulic pump for their stabilizers. I asked how they were able to get a new pump and they said that a Naiad representative hand carried it here. I didn't make it by Uno Mas, but I'm very curious to find if they will be able to get a new inverter in time to make the next leg. They can run the leg fine without the inverter, but would need to run their generator non-stop. This would have an adverse effect on their fuel consumption, and could be a major problem. When last I spoke with them they weren't sure what would happen.

Talk to you tomorrow!

-Ken Williams  
Sans Souci, 6209

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We now have a new plan for leaving Horta.

Our original plan called for us to be here through Sunday, another six days, and then to go non-stop the 1,200 miles to Gibraltar. Now, we are planning for a few of the boats to leave early Thursday morning, to go to an island called Terceira. We will anchor out for the day, swim, picnic, and then run overnight to St Miguel. The total distance is around 200 miles. We'll rest there for a couple of days, and then have "only" a thousand mile run to Gibraltar.

I'm still not 100% certain that the trip is on. Sans Souci is the escort vessel, so I feel an obligation to stay with the group. That said, my division, Division One, is only five boats. One of these boats, Emeritus, will not be ready in time for an early departure. A repair person is arriving on Wednesday to work on Emeritus' stabilizer problems. Their stabilizers froze during the last hour of our trip from Bermuda.

Originally we thought something had tangled in them, but then found that there was a far more serious problem. That leaves only Grey Pearl, Que Linda, Goleen and us.

I had a noteworthy conversation last night with Bob Rothman of Emeritus. Those who have been reading my updates for a while will remember that Bob has an independent spirit. On the run to Bermuda he ditched us, to run alone, with no warning. He announced again on the second leg that he was leaving us to take a short cut. We didn't want to lose him, so we also took the short cut. He was a good sport about it. His sense of humor surprised us all as we got to know him better. One time when we called him for roll call he did a perfect imitation of an answering machine explaining that "Emeritus is not here now, but you may leave a message after the beep." It had all of us rolling with laughter.

Since St Miguel is on the way to Gibraltar, Bob could easily join up with us after his repairs. I was certain that Bob wouldn't object to us leaving four days ahead of him. All that would be required would be for him to run the 200 miles alone. That said, I felt I needed to get his permission. What I was feeling bad about is that if he were to have a problem en route to St Miguel, he would not have anyone to provide assistance. When I raised this issue with Bob he looked at me like I was a total idiot, and said "Ken, I've run 25,000 miles alone. I think I can handle getting to Gibraltar by myself." I explained to him I was talking only about having him meet us in St Miguel - not Gibraltar. It will be interesting to see if he joins up with us or does the entire Gibraltar run alone. I'm hoping he joins us. As much as he likes his independence, my sense is that he enjoyed running with us as much as we enjoyed his company on this last leg.

Today was mostly spent on my computer. Yuck. Several people have asked me to upload pictures, which I've been slow to do, because I have been bandwidth challenged. It took a while, but I just uploaded a LOT of new pictures, including some cool pictures of Justin and James swimming to Autumn Wind to clear its prop, and a great picture of Uno Mas trying to run with broken stabilizers. To see the pictures, go to <http://sanssouci.talkspot.com>. The new pictures are under "Photos - Part II".

*On the dock today:*

Autumn Wind was displaying the clump of rope that was removed from their prop yesterday. I am speaking of the rope that was left on their prop, AFTER enough was cut off at sea to allow them to run the last 150 miles into Horta. It was a huge mass of rope, perhaps two feet across. To display the mass, Autumn Wind was dangling it a few feet off the ground from the pole of one of their flopper-stoppers (I'll explain what these are later). It is inconceivable to me that Autumn Wind was able to run with all this rope wrapped around their main shaft and prop. I had thought they ran over a net, but it looked to me like a collection of old rope that somehow was washed off the deck of a boat. Bill Smith, Autumn Wind's owner/captain, said that when it first occurred, he had no idea what had happened. He had been running fine, in the middle of the night, when the engine started lugging, and then just quit. It could have happened to any of us. Scary..

I spoke with Jen Alloway, a crew member from Four Across who told me an interesting story. A couple of days out of Bermuda their water maker completely died, and could not be repaired. I asked her "How were they able to continue without water?" Actually, I first made the mistake of asking her if they had a backup watermaker? She thought I was joking. We are spoiled aboard Sans Souci, in having a backup for most major components. Four Across had no such luxury. Jen said that they continued because they felt that if they stopped taking showers, did no laundry, minimized flushing toilets (I didn't ask), and didn't wash dishes, they could get by. This is not the way it turned out though, and explains a picture I saw and was confused about. In the picture, there is a rope stretched between two boats, and a young man hanging from the rope. If you look closely, there is both a rope and a garden hose spanning the two boats. I didn't upload the picture to my website because I didn't know what it was. Now I do. Atlantic Escort heard about the problem, and decided to transfer water, using the same technique they had used to transfer fuel to Uno Mas. According to Jen, this worked perfectly, and Four Across arrived in Horta with a nearly full water tank.

In an earlier update I mentioned that we were parked next to another Nordhavn 62, Karma, which is not part of the rally. I was able to spend a few minutes with her owners, Marty and Marge Wilson. Marty mentioned that he sold his company nine years ago (the same year I sold mine!) and has been circumnavigating ever since. I asked if he had ever been to Horta before, and he said "Sure - on our first circumnavigation." When people say things like that I am at a loss for words. I asked what he was doing for crew, and he said that he was running with just himself, his wife and another couple, their friends. I asked where he was going next. "Newfoundland." He had a fun story. He said he remembered being in port in Dana Point a couple of years ago, and overhearing a boater talk about his plans to circumnavigate, and that the gentleman was leaving "soon." He said the next time he was in Dana Point, was a couple of years later, and that the same gentleman was sitting at the same bar stool, still talking about circumnavigating. Marty, had just finished his first lap, and was leaving for his second. He said that the moral of the story is that you can't just talk about it, you have to get out there and do it.

Lastly, I promised yesterday I would explain what paravanes are. Before I explain paravanes, I will give a brief overview of stabilizers, for those who might not be familiar. Stabilizers look like stubby airplane wings that poke out from the side of the boat a few feet below the surface. The stabilizers are hinged at the front, and can rotate up or down. As they move, they lean the boat left or right, with the goal of keeping the boat level. They are analogous to the elevators on an airplane wing. As you can tell from the number of stabilizer problems the rally boats have experienced, stabilizers are complex and take a beating when in rough seas. They are in constant motion, as they attempt to stabilize a 125,000 pound boat, in seas that are slamming it from side to side randomly. To add stabilizers to a boat is an approximate \$25,000 investment, but for crossing oceans, they are indispensable.

That said, there is a cheaper solution to the problem. I believe that of all the boats on the rally, only the Nordhavn 46s have paravanes. My recollection is that two 46s have paravanes, two have stabilizers, and one 46 has both stabilizers and paravanes.

Paravanes fulfill the same need as the stabilizers, but using a different technique. With a paravane system, large poles extend on each side of the boat. They look somewhat like giant fishing poles. At the end of each pole there is a line that hangs into the water. At the end of that line there is a metal object that somewhat resembles a cross between a paper airplane and an anchor. I call it a fish, and I believe that's what others call it, but am not certain. Did you see the movie "The Perfect Storm?" Paravanes figure prominently in the movie, as the waves get rough enough that the fish become flying fish, and one of them goes wild flinging itself into the pilot house. One of the characters in the film (I think Mark Wahlberg) has to climb out on one of the poles to cut loose the fish before it kills someone. Perhaps this could occur during a perfect storm, but is unlikely in "normal" bad weather. Typically the fish fly along about 15 or so feet beneath the surface, each about 15 feet outward from the boat. As the boat moves through the water the fish fly under the water. Any attempt by the boat to lean to the left or right requires a similar motion by the fish. In any attempt by the boat to roll, one side must rise and the other lower. The side of the boat that wants to rise must "pull" the fish higher. The fish is happily moving forward under the water, and pulling it upward takes energy. The effort to pull the fish upward dampens the boat's temptation to lean. Hmm. this is harder to explain without a picture than I thought. All I can say is that if after reading this you are still curious, look at the pictures on the website, and go see Perfect Storm. You'll get it.

Earlier I mentioned Flopper Stoppers. I remember looking at my first Nordhavn 62, and seeing what I thought were paravanes. I think I even took pride in explaining to Roberta how the paravanes worked, and then hearing the word Flopper Stopper and being totally confused. Here's what they are: Flopper Stoppers are a special form of paravanes that are for anchoring. They are identical to paravanes, except for that the fish work when the boat is standing still, instead of moving. Normal paravanes are useless when the boat isn't moving. Imagine a paper plane that isn't moving through the air. Nothing happens. It won't fly. Flopper Stoppers function like an upside down parachute, creating tension on the side of the boat that is trying to lift. Roberta and I have used the Flopper Stoppers several times when we've anchored in places that weren't as protected as one could hope. For instance, we anchored one night off of Ibiza, and were being tossed around so much we knew that sleep would be impossible. We dropped the Flopper Stoppers, and immediately, life was good again.

Talk to you tomorrow!

-Ken Williams  
Sans Souci, 6209

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I've had a busy 24 hours, but feel frustrated, because I did a lot, but accomplished nothing. Roberta said I was grouchy today, and it's possible she is right....

I get uncomfortable when things seem disorganized. As I mentioned yesterday, many of the boats are planning to leave on Thursday to go to another island here in the Azores. We're staying in a hotel, so I'm a little out of the information flow. Today I spent several hours on the docks to see if I could confirm the plans for our departure. I felt a little bad trying to talk to people, when everywhere I went people were hard at work on their boats. At each boat, as I found the owner, I would say "Is Thursday still on?" The response was always something like, "Are you planning on going?" To which I would respond "Absolutely." And they would say "Great, let's do it!" Then I would dig in a bit deeper and say "When are we leaving?" only to be told, "I don't know." Or, sometimes, just to verify that everyone was on the same page I would ask: "Where are we going?" To which I would be asked "Where would you like to go?" One person I spoke with mentioned several Division Two boats that were going that I hadn't known were going.

Nordhavn has spoiled us. My experience today highlights how valuable Nordhavn has been on this rally. For our departure from Bermuda, they scheduled a captains meeting, where all the details were sorted out. For our landing in Horta, they had an advance team who made sure everything was organized. Prior to the trip they put together a book that was hundreds of pages thick with every imaginable detail, and many I would never have imagined, thought out for us. The people at Nordhavn have been awesome, as usual, and I can not thank them enough.

One of the things I like about boating is that it is a generally laid back lifestyle. There are days you hang out in port, and days you anchor, and days you don't know what you are going to do until something motivates you to get moving. If I were traveling alone, that's exactly how boating life should be, but in this case there are 18 boats involved, and some percentage of them are going to move en mass to another island, and some of them aren't. Some of them are looking to me to be their escort vessel. As I write this email, I am not sure when we are leaving, or exactly where we are going, or by what route. Perhaps there is a precise plan, and I just haven't unearthed it yet.

The actual run to Terceira and St Miguel appears simple. It's only 150 to 200 miles in what appears to be ok (not bad, not good) weather. The tricky part is that a lot of logistics need to get sorted out. How or where will we reunite with Emeritus, the Division One boat that isn't departing Horta until Sunday? Do we have reservations at the marina? How will the Division Two boats reunite? When? Does my new crew know we are leaving? If we are leaving early, should I move aboard the boat tomorrow night? Etc. Etc.

It was sooooo much easier when Nordhavn was orchestrating everything, but in this particular case, we are "off the planned agenda." The Nordhavn staff I've spoken to about this all agree that it's a great idea (going to Terceira and St Miguel), but they correctly see the organizing of this side trip as our responsibility, not theirs. There's a cocktail party kicking off an hour from now. Hopefully all my questions will be answered and I will be kicking myself for spending the day agonizing over the details....

On a happier, but also "nothing accomplished" note, Roberta and I spent a lot of the last 24 hours thinking about "Should we consider ordering a new boat from Nordhavn?" We

love Sans Souci, but there are some compelling reasons why this is the right time to ask ourselves this question. Nordhavn has several new models coming out that we have thought about; the 55, 64 and 72. We've ruled out the 72 as too large for us. Roberta and I want a boat we can run alone. We are very private people, and like the feeling of running the boat ourselves. Even as much as we love Sans Souci, there are days when we think it is more boat than the two of us can handle alone. We looked at the plans for the 64 last night, and were blown away. It's one heck of a boat! But, we also decided it was more boat than we need. Roberta is looking at the plans for the 55 now, and it looks perfect, but as we study the plans we keep noticing ways in which it is different from Sans Souci. The 62 is tough to beat, and we have Sans Souci set up exactly as we like it – with one exception, and that is what has us looking at plans. We currently have four staterooms; a very nice master stateroom, and three relatively small staterooms, each with their own also small head. For this voyage, that is perfect, but this is not normal cruising for us. Our normal trip is really just Roberta and I, and on rare occasions another couple. What we really want is two deluxe staterooms with equally nice heads. I'm not sure how serious we are. The probable outcome is that we will do an interior remodel on Sans Souci, after shipping it back to the US as originally planned. One of the factors causing us to think about this is that it is expensive to move the boat from Europe back to Seattle. Plus, Nordhavn is opening a new sales office in the UK, and it would be SO simple to just have them sell Sans Souci in the UK, and deliver us a new boat to Seattle. Another possibility is to just order a new 62 outfitted exactly the way we want it....

And, continuing in the vein of “not accomplishing anything,” I spent some time on the boat today trying to get television working. Sans Souci is unusual in that we are already set up for European television. We have a Sea-Tel system that receives satellite television, and two different receivers, one for French television and one for British television. A quick side note; We added the French satellite receiver so that I could practice my French. What I didn't anticipate was how boring French television is, and how much fun British television is. As serious as I am about my studies, I find it impossible to force myself to watch French television. My challenge today was to get ANY television working. It may be that we are still too far from Europe, or it may be that the system isn't working. After hours of effort, I am no closer to knowing whether or not I have a problem.

And to top off my day:

As I am finishing writing my daily update, my internet connection has stopped working. I am using a dial-up service that has worked great the last few days. It is slow (standard dial-up modem speed), but has been working reliably – until today. Argh!

I want to go back to sea. Life is so much simpler...

-Ken Williams  
Sans Souci, 6209

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**Subject: Day 38 - We're going to sea!**

Tomorrow at this time, unless something VERY surprising happens, we will be at sea.

I was worried that our voyage would never come together, but finally, at 5pm today, we had a meeting to discuss logistics. I showed up for the meeting a few minutes late, thinking there would be a bit of joking around at first, but everyone was dead serious, and hard at work when I arrived. There had been confusion over which boats were going, and where we were going, but this was dispensed with in seconds. All of the Division Two boats that had said they would go elected not to. The decision was also made to bypass Terceira. I was a little disappointed, but agreed with the decision. When the idea was first discussed, we had thought Terceira was closer.

Our idea had been to arrive by around noon, swim and picnic until after dinner, and run all night to St Miguel. Unfortunately, this didn't work for a number of reasons. To arrive in Terceira by noon we would have to leave here by around 4am, which is impossible (we're just not ready). Also, the weather isn't such that people are thinking about anchoring and swimming. Today was cool and windy. I don't not what the exact winds were, but it felt like 20 or more knots. That said, I've looked at the weather report for tomorrow, and it looks good. The whole trip is on hold until we speak with our "official" weather forecaster, Mr. Walt Hack, tomorrow, but I will be very surprised if there is an issue.

The bottom line: we're anticipating an 2pm (GMT, which happens to also be Horta time) departure for St Miguel. We're planning to run at 9 knots, and it's only a 150 mile run. We should arrive around 10am on Friday.

We will be traveling with the same boats as on our trip from Bermuda; Crosser, Goleen, Grey Pearl and Que Linda. Emeritus will not be accompanying us, due to stabilizer problems. Just hours before our arrival in Horta their stabilizers locked up completely. A repair person was to arrive here today, but at 7pm, they had not arrived. As I had anticipated, there was some discussion about Emeritus. Bob is a highly independent person, and prefers running alone. No one ever said it, but I suspect we were all thinking the same thing. If we leave without Emeritus, the odds are he will make the run alone. I can't conceive why someone would bypass the extra safety offered by traveling as part of a group, but then there are people on my boat who can't understand why Roberta and I are paying for a hotel room when we have a perfectly good bed waiting on the boat. Sometimes people like their independence. That said, I REALLY want to find a way for Emeritus to catch up with the group. Aside from the fact that I like having him around, it is safer if we travel together.

Other topics at the meeting:

- The Division One and Division Two boats were on completely different routes on the last leg. We would like to avoid having this happen again. Tomorrow, we will choose a way point just after St Miguel, and have both divisions plan to run the rhumb line (a straight line) between that point and Gibraltar. This ensures that we are on the same track
- The Division Two (slower) boats will leave Horta, assuming the weather is right, on Saturday. Division One will stay in St Miguel until Monday, and then start for Gibraltar. This should put us on the same track, arriving at roughly the same time.

There was a party that had been scheduled for tonight. It was a pot luck on the dock, and was described as being "Bring your own bottle." I didn't see a lot of people drinking, and the whole event seemed a bit serious. The departure tomorrow has us focused on preparations.

Sans Souci represented itself well at the pot luck. Our chef, Phil, made some amazing Thai Potstickers. Roberta and I are on the Atkins diet, so we couldn't eat them. As Phil was carrying them out of the boat, I asked Roberta if it was ok to cheat and "have just one." She said she had already cheated and had one, so she supposed I could do the same. Phil made at least 50 or so potstickers. Roberta and I ate one each, which left 48. Two minutes after Phil carried the potstickers out to the group, I completely caved and ran for the table. I had to have another one. No luck. They had completely evaporated. We are not roughing it too badly on Sans Souci.

Those of you who read my report yesterday may remember that Roberta and I were to have a meeting today to discuss whether or not we should consider selling Sans Souci in Europe, and buy a new boat in the US, rather than shipping Sans Souci back. We spent a couple of hours with the Nordhavn people, and I'm not sure what we accomplished. Roberta and I still need to talk more, but my sense was that we have an emotional attachment to the 62, and as much as we like their new models, it would be hard to own a different boat. It was tough to conceive of giving up that big front deck, or the upper deck in the back.

It may have become a non-issue anyhow. We were thinking about the huge cost to ship Sans Souci back from Europe. This number may shock some of you. I know it shocked me. Guess what the cost is to ship Sans Souci from France to Seattle? \$102,000. Yes. You read that right. I called Dockwise Yacht Transport, the shippers, to ask if I would be able to get a refund if we were to cancel the trip. They said "Sure, but only as a credit against a future trip. There are no cash refunds" Ouch.

It will be strange moving aboard Sans Souci. We had seven people on the last leg, and only five of these people are continuing on with us. Garret and St John have moved to Autumn Wind. We are being joined by two young men, Eric Leishman and Mike Ronquillo (an EMT), as well as Roberta's parents, John and Nova Heuer. Tomorrow we'll check out of the hotel, turn in the rental car, and move aboard.

Speaking of change, today I received an email asking me to pass along a message to Marty and Marge Wilson, aboard Karma. I spoke of them a few days ago. They are the couple who are half way through their second circumnavigation on a Nordhavn 62. Purely by coincidence, we were parked next to them here in Horta. Roberta and I have enjoyed meeting them, and have been looking forward to getting to know them better, but as I went out the door to pass along the message, I realized that Karma has left. They are now on their way north to New Foundland. I'm sure we'll meet again, but have no idea where or when. It felt really strange for some reason not to see their boat.

The only other thing I can think of to report is that Roberta, her parents, Phil and Garret have been working hard to paint our logo here in Horta. It looks great! We still have some touch up to do tomorrow, but we're proud of it, and hope to see it again someday. I on the other hand wasted the afternoon messing with the satellite television tracking system. I finally decided that we are still too far from Europe. I've been thinking we're almost there, but we still have 1,200 miles to go! And, that's just to Gibraltar. Roberta and I have at least another 1,000 miles to go to our boat slip in France.

OK – one more thing. Tomorrow I'm planning to drive the boat as we leave port. I've driven Sans Souci thousands of miles, but have been self conscious about running it in the marina in tight corners, in front of Rip (our Captain) and Kirk (from Nordhavn). I need practice, and know that they'll both be thinking "we could have done it better," but I need the practice. Hopefully there won't be much wind. Sans Souci is heavy, and doesn't move much with the wind, but I'm pretty rusty...

Talk to you tomorrow, from at sea!

-Ken Williams  
Sans Souci, 6209

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## **THURSDAY JUNE 17 1000**

There is a briefing for skippers and crews in an hour, and then five of the larger boats will be off, on a 150-nautical-mile leg to Sao Miguel, the largest of the Azores islands. The rest will depart Saturday as per the original schedule, and we will meet up somewhere along the rhumb line to Gibraltar.

From this point onward, follow our adventures at <http://abaco.pwr.com/NAR2004/transat/> as well as at <http://www.nordhavn.com/rally/voyage/welcome.htm>

I will resume posting at <http://radio.weblogs.com/0137829/> upon our arrival in Gribaltar on or about June 26.

More, later.

[Georgs Kolesnikovs](#)

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[Message# - 49165 posted 6/17/2004 by Williams Ken](#)  
[Day 39 - At Sea, on the way to San Miguel](#)

Division One of the NAR fleet, with the exception of Emeritus, left Horta at 4pm GMT, headed for St Miguel, another island in the Azores. As I write this, it is 8pm, and we show 121 miles to our destination. We're running at 9 knots, and anticipating arrival around 10am tomorrow morning.

Thus far, all is smooth, but our departure on Monday for Gibraltar looks dicey. Here's the weather forecast I just received:

*"...There is some indication that Mon/21-Tue/22 will bring some 25+kt SW-W winds and waves above 10ft to the Azores waters and eastward to 20W-15W. These conditions could impact directly on the scheduled vessels' departure Monday/21st for Gibraltar..."*

I'm not sure what this means for our Monday departure. The Division Two group is scheduled to leave on Saturday, and pass by San Miguel sometime on Sunday. By Monday when we depart, they should be 150 miles or so in front of us. The goal is for us to get on exactly the same track and close the distance a little each day, catching up to them just as we arrive together in Gibraltar. Hopefully the outlook will improve. We have always known this third leg had the potential to be the roughest, but hoped for a positive surprise. Given that the last leg, which we thought would be the smoothest, became a very rough passage, it seems like we are owed good weather. Fair is fair.

Our departure today was not without incident. One of our boats made a decision, just hours before departure, to not continue with one of their crew members. I do not know what was behind the surprise crew change, but it was quite an event, as a very large pile of bags suddenly appeared on the dock, and the person involved started going from boat to boat seeking a ride. I do not know what ultimately happened, or what will happen with him.

Sans Souci also had a crew change during the final hour in Horta. One of the Division Two boats had a gentleman with a kidney stone problem during the Bermuda to Azores leg. After a few days of pain, the gentleman involved, one of the boat owners, believed himself cured. A visit to an Azorean hospital indicated otherwise. He underwent (I believe it is past tense) a minor medical procedure, and will need to miss this next leg. As this left the boat in question with only three crew members we agreed to transfer Eric Leishman from Sans Souci to the other boat. We now have eight persons on board.

I am happy to report that our departure was without incident. I did take pictures of our logo, which we painted on the dock, and will post that picture later tonight, or tomorrow. Earlier this morning, Phil accidentally spilled a can of black paint on it. He had a scary hour as he hurriedly repaired the damage. As you will see from the photo, no permanent damage was done. I drove the boat away from the marina, zigzagging through a mine field of sail boats who were anchored within the approach to the marina. The wind was light, so I wasn't really tested. Yesterday, I watched a 130 foot power boat, without a stern thruster, side step into a 135 foot opening, with multiple sail boats rafted together in front, and in back, of the space he was assigned. In non-boater talk, I'll compare it to parking a car. It's as if he had to parallel park a car, in a space that was only marginally longer than he was. A car simply could not do it. We had 20 knots of wind at the time, directly on his nose. Dozens of us stood on the dock for the entire 20 minutes it took him, admiring his valiant efforts. I've had situations approaching strange marinas where I've been asked to accomplish similar feats. I know what I can and can't do, and for now, choose to anchor out in these situations.

Many of you have written to me in the last couple of days asking that I send them a manual for arriving crew that was put together by Scott Strickland of Strickly for Fun. I have asked Scott for it a few times, and do expect that I will get it – but, I'll have to keep bugging him. I had a printed copy in my hands yesterday, and wished I could have had a copy prior to this trip. I tried to get a copy immediately, but Scott wanted to “de-personalize it” prior to giving it to me. As soon as I get it, I'll post it immediately on the internet site and alert everyone to its existence in my daily update. Scott and I are different people, and that came through in my reaction to his “rules and regulations.” He laid down very strict guidelines for crew. There was even a rule requiring that play with a Game-Boy was to be done outside, on the rear deck. We aboard Sans Souci were much more laid back, perhaps too much so. The document will be valuable for all boaters who download it, and customize it to reflect our individual preferences. It will force us to think through what we consider to be appropriate crew conduct, and ensure that our wishes are clearly communicated.

Yesterday, I wrote a paragraph for my daily update, which I deleted moments after I wrote it. I was thinking about how many miles the group had traversed; 18 boats, each having already crossed 3,000 miles of ocean. That's 54,000 miles collectively. I then added the following sentences to my paragraph: “And, prior to the rally many of these boats converged on Florida from as far away as Alaska, crossing at least another 50,000 miles collectively. All of this without major mechanical difficulty or injury.” My point was that although I have spoken at length about mechanical problems on the various boats, I wanted to make sure that my comments were read in the context that we are talking about a LOT of boats, and a LOT of miles. Although there have been mechanical failures, these boats have redundant systems. None of the boats would have been “in need of coast guard rescue,” with the possible exception of Uno Mas, which lost its stabilizers in high seas. That said, I'm reasonably confident they would have been fine, but the point could be argued.

The reason I deleted the paragraph is that I remembered an incident that occurred just prior to the rally, which I have not mentioned previously. The only injury, to anyone in the rally that I have commented on is Phil's cut finger, and I wish that were the whole story.

The day before Roberta and I arrived in Florida for the start of the rally, Lillian Montague was killed in a tragic accident aboard Boundless Grace, a Nordhavn 47. She, and her husband Ron, were in transit with their new boat, from Stuart Florida to Ft Lauderdale, where they were to join us for the rally. They had anchored off of Palm Beach, and were leaving a crowded anchorage, in 25 knot winds, when their stabilizer tangled with the mooring rope of a nearby sailboat. The sailboat was at anchor, and was uninhabited. When Boundless Grace's stabilizer fin became tangled with the sailboats mooring line, the sailboat was pulled to Boundless Grace. Lillian saw the sailboat approaching rapidly, and positioned herself to fend it off. She became pinned between her own boat, and the sailboat, and died from her injuries.

I chose not to mention the incident, as several people on Sans Souci knew the Montagues well. Kirk worked with them to commission their boat. Garret accompanied them to the Bahamas (their shakedown cruise), and threw off their lines in Stuart, only to be called to watch over the boat the next day, as the police began their investigation.

Some of you may have the May issue of Passagemaker magazine. Boundless Grace is showcased on the front cover. Bill Parlatore, the editor-in-chief of Passagemaker, was aboard for the Bahamas trip. He arrived in Horta today, and will be aboard Strickly for Fun on this next leg. I spoke with him today, and was given an early copy of the next issue of Passagemaker which contains a two page editorial he wrote about the incident.

It was a very tragic accident, and a reminder of how cautious we must always be around boats. Trouble, when it comes, can arrive rapidly, and one can never be too careful. If there is any lesson from what occurred, it is "NEVER put yourself between two boats, or a boat and a dock." These are heavy boats. Sans Souci weighs 120,000 pounds, and the Nordhavn 47 weighs over 80,000 pounds. When Crosser had trouble getting away from the dock in Bermuda, and a group of us were pushing her against the wind, I know that I was remembering this earlier incident, as were others.

The Montagues were just starting their retirement, and this rally was to be the beginning of their new life aboard their new boat. Reading the Passagemaker article today was so sad....

-Ken Williams  
Sans Souci, 6209

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## **FRIDAY JUNE 18 0935**

We are entering the harbor at Ponta Delgado. It appears there is no room in the marina for us, despite any number of telephone calls from Horta, and we will anchor, at least until matters are sorted out.

## **FRIDAY JUNE 18 0220**

Lat 38 04.4 North Long 26 48.6 West, Speed 8.9 knots at 1,450 rpm, Course 125, Wind 3 knots from SE, Light swell, Distance remaining to Ponta Delgado 56 nm, ETA 0830

What a happy ship! You can sense it right away. The four of us are going to have a great time aboard the Nordhavn 57 Goleen on the passage to Gibraltar. On some yachts, there is unease or tension between owners and crew. On others, the tension is between the husband and wife who own the vessel. On many other yachts, and Goleen, there is none of that.

Simply put, we are all here to enjoy ourselves.

On board is Chris Samuelson, Goleen's owner who is a Brit, his friend Bransom Bean, an American living for many years on the Isle of Man, Jonathan Ehly, my crew mate on Strickly For Fun who hails from San Diego, and me myself from Frenchman's Bay just outside Toronto.

Two hours after leaving Horta, Chris, in a tribute to the two Americans aboard, selects a CD by Don McLean. A minute later, American Pie rocks Goleen, and Bransom and Jonathan sing along.

It's happy hour! We crack open beers to wash down the Pringles. Then I volunteer to make a hearty yet simple supper, a large omelet made with Bermuda eggs, American bacon, and Azorian pork sausages, onions and potatoes. Chris and Bransom share a bottle of Beaujolais, and Jon and I sample a bottle of red wine from the island of Pico. It is quite nice and we affectionately call it Pico Plonk.

When we were alone in the pilothouse, Chris remarked, more to himself than to me, that this was the first time in 6,500 nautical miles that he has sailed without his partner, Sonaia Hermida. Sonaia had a rough time during the Bermuda-Azores leg and opted to fly on to Gibraltar.

I suggested that Chris call her and tell her, not me, that he is conscious of her absence. As it turns out, Sonaia is only a half-mile from Chris, having accepted an invitation from Crosser to at least cruise as far as Sao Miguel aboard the 90-foot Monk/McQueen. When Chris hails Crosser on the VHF, Sonaia cannot take the call. She is having a massage.

## **THURSDAY JUNE 17 1605**

We are under way again, aiming to run along the north side of Pico and then head for Ponta Delgado on Sao Miguel where our way point is 37 40.445 North 25 36.463 West.

Our group of 5 yachts is made up of Goleen, the custom Seaton 55 Que Linda, two Nordhavn 62s, Grey Pearl and group leader San Souci, and the custom Monk/McQueen 90.

Our way point off Gibraltar, actually, south of Tarifa, will be 35 59.013 North 05 35.630 West, another 1,136 nm across the Atlantic.

At the briefing prior to departure, Jim Leishman requested that we get under way from Ponta Delgado 24 hours after the small-boat group passes. If they run at 7 knots, and we scoot along at 8.5 knots, we should all arrive at Gibraltar together on the morning of June 26. The smaller boats are leaving Horta on Saturday morning.

Milt Baker told us the best time of approach to Gib will be at high tide so we get a push through the Straits of Gibraltar into the Med. We will hug the northern coast of the straits to avoid outbound ships.

The sixth yacht in our group, the Nordhavn 57 Emeritus, will depart Horta on Sunday as per the original rally schedule. Stabilizer repairs were being made as we departed Horta since the Trac tech arrived later than expected.

In light of an earlier comment I made about Naiad stabilizer failures, I should note that Trac as well as Naiad are having the same success rate in the fleet, that is, one of three systems are not working properly. I'll need to double-check but I believe 15 boats have Naiads and 3 are equipped with Trac made by American Bow Thrusters.

gzk

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[June 18 Report from Ken Williams on board Sans Souci](#)

### **At Anchor in Sao Miguel**

Division One arrived in Sao Miguel this morning at 8:30am. The 150 mile ride from Horta could not have been smoother, or calmer.

Last evening's only excitement was provided by Chris and Sonaia from Goleen. Sonaia elected to make the crossing on Crosser, in order to sample life on another boat, in particular to take advantage of their masseuse. Throughout the evening Chris and Sonaia spoke often via VHF radio, including on one occasion a prolonged romantic discussion that had everyone glued firmly to their radios. As their conversation was ending, Braun

from Grey Pearl sternly warned them that all VHF communications were to consist only of rally business. Later, in the middle of the night, John, my father in law, broke the news to Rip that Ray Charles had passed away. In memorial, Sans Souci broadcast a selection of Ray Charles songs to the fleet.

Arrival in Sao Miguel is on track to take longer than the passage to get here. We weren't allowed to enter the harbor until cleared by the marina office, which was supposed to open at 9am, but didn't really open until nearly 10am. Then we discovered that they had no space for us. We were asked to anchor and send in tenders with the ships papers.

For some reason, when we left Horta, we had to check out with immigration, and then had to check back in today here in Sao Miguel. The Azores are part of Portugal, which is part of the EU, so once we are into the EU, it seems to me that we should be in the EU and no further paperwork necessary. Not true. Here in Sao Miguel it was as though we were entering the country for the first time. I had to stand in line at four different offices, and clearing customs consumed about three hours. Back when Nordhavn was helping us, it took only about 10 minutes.

While I was ashore working with customs, Rip and team were back on Sans Souci trying to find an anchorage. Sans Souci was the last boat into the outer harbor of the Marina, and our other four boats took the last available spots. After searching for an hour for safe anchorage, they decided to come into the marina anyhow, and pulled along side the fuel dock. This gutsy move freaked out the local authorities who promptly called the cops. Thank goodness for Sonaia, from Goleen, who speaks Portugese. She convinced the police that Sans Souci had hydraulic problems, and could not anchor. She then asked everyone on our boat to look busy, so that our cover story would work. The police left after we promised to make our repairs and get out to anchor as quickly as possible. After enough moorage was found in the marina that two of our boats could come in, we grabbed one of their anchorage spot. As I write this, Grey Pearl, Crosser and ourselves are at anchor. The marina has said that they will not ever have space for Crosser, but that Grey Pearl and Sans Souci may be admitted tomorrow (to raft together against the sea wall).

Everyone on my boat complained about the situation, except me. I love being at anchor, and could stay here for days. We can swim, hang out, or tender in as we please. Roberta, her parents and myself just spent a couple of hours on the back deck drinking some wine and talking. The Grey Pearl team floated in their tender behind the boat for a while, to chat. Crosser brought us cookies (peanut butter!) Roberta and I had to watch her parents eat them while we starved. Soon we will tender into town for dinner, and it will be fun to explore.

Overall .. Life is good. We may be in the marina tomorrow, or we may not. I don't care. The sunset is gorgeous, and we have three days to explore a new island.

I may not do an update tomorrow or the next day - depending on if anything interesting happens or not. The Division Two fleet does not leave Horta until Saturday, and I do not

know if I will receive regular updates from them. On Monday we will start on 1,000 miles of what could be our roughest ride yet. But, that feels a lifetime away.

-Ken Williams  
Sans Souci, 6209

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## SUNDAY JUNE 20 2000

What a day!

First interview at 0830 aboard the Seaton custom 55 Que Linda!. By 0930, the marina is demanding that we immediately move the boat as the full-time slip-holder has returned after several days away. So, over to raft up against the Nordhavn 62s, Grey Pearl and Sans Souci, we go. No sooner has the interview resumed when the VHF squawks. The smaller-boat group is approaching Ponta Delgado, one day after departing Horta. Linda Wyman of Que Linda! and I decide to jump into Lindita, their RIB, to race out to say hello. Hal Wyman's son, Chris and his bride, Stacy, join us. Off we go, readjusting vertebrae as we pound into head seas for about a mile.

We greet eight boats of the 12 in the group. Much waving and shouting and picture-taking. Then we race back to the marina and Que Linda! to complete the interview. I hike back to Goleen where I fix salad and cheese for lunch and then nap prior to my afternoon interview aboard Sans Souci. Ken Williams, who is playing golf with Chris Samuelson, gets delayed and we miss each other for the second day in a row.

Before long, the tender from the Monk/McQueen 90 Crosser is here to pick me up, for an interview followed by cocktails. Crosser is a mind-blowing combination of luxury, fine taste and craftsmanship. David Stone and Sandy Howarth, the owners, are delightful, and certain to win the rally hospitality and congeniality awards. Before long, owners and crews from Grey Pearl and Sans Souci arrive for cocktails. Anita Neifert, chef and stewardess aboard Crosser, serves two type of margaritas to wash down the chicken liver pate and antipasto she has made. Everyone is having a smashing time as Crosser gently swings on the hook just off the main drag of Ponta Delgado which, in a downscale sort of way, is reminiscent of the waterfront at Monte Carlo.

The rain starts just as we are about to return to our own boats. I hitch a ride with Linda Wyman. My umbrella collapses in the breeze as Linda pushes the throttle to the metal.

Back on Goleen, Sonaia Hermida is preparing bacalhoad, a Portuguese specialty made from salted cod. Bransom and Jonathan have not yet returned from their second day of sightseeing. Chris is ashore, at the marina cafe, watching the Portugal-Spain Euro 2004

soccer match on the jumbo screen. I join him, and find a bunch of other NAR types taking in the game and soaking up the suds.

I am quite wet, so I return to Goleen for a change into dry clothes. From the cheers, I can tell the second half has started, so out in the rain I go again to see the rest of the game. It's an outdoor cafe, so I tuck my trashed umbrella under one arm.

We are scheduled to depart for Gibraltar Monday at 12 noon.

Email from Bill Bane aboard the Nordhavn 46 Satchmo to Chris Samuelson:

Chris,

We left on schedule today (Saturday, June 19) at noon and the day has been spectacular. The sun was just right for us 46s to get a picture with Pico in the background.

Hope it turns out.

You guys have a good trip and I look forward to seeing all of you in the light at sea as you toodle past.

Bill

--30--gzk