

# DOUBLEHANDED

day, damaged boats littered the coastline between Point Bonita and Point Reyes. Three vessels had sunk, five others ended up on

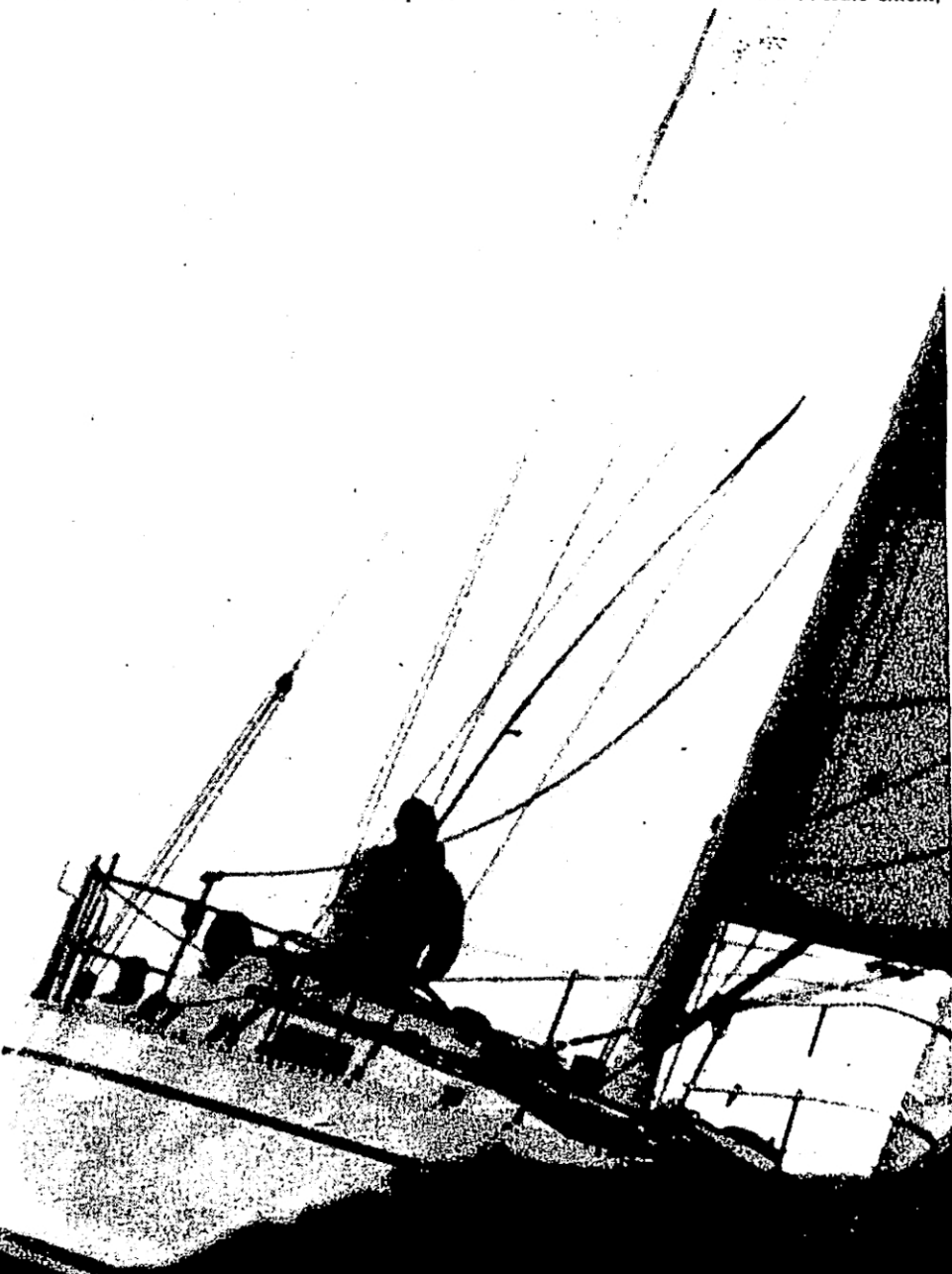
the beach, and two were dismasted. Virtually all 127 entries that had been in the race were trashed to at least a moderate extent

As Dee Smith gave us a lift across the Golden Gate Bridge early on the evening of April 10th, much of the 127-boat Double-handed Farallones fleet was still somewhere out the Gate. In response to our query of how severe the conditions had been on Randy Parker's Santa Cruz 50, *Chasch Mer*, Dee replied that the winds had indeed been strong, but nothing that uncommon for the Gulf of the Farallones. The seas, he continued, had been rough, but not nearly as bad as the previous week's Lightship Race.

What made the race difficult, to Dee's way of thinking, was a combination of a lot of little things: the boats were shorthanded, the visibility was poor, the rain heavy, and the wind and seas higher than normal. But what combined to make it all unusually hazardous was the southeasterly direction of the wind, swell, and current, making the coastline from Point Bonita to Point Reyes a perilous lee shore. After a moment of thought, Dee concluded, "Even though the conditions weren't that bad, they were so abnormal I wouldn't be surprised if someone got killed."

We all know that his words turned out to be tragically prophetic. After several days of intensive searching, wreckage was discovered of both the Ranger 22, *Sweet Omega*, and the Moore 24, *Bad Sneakers*. About a week later the body of Janice White, owner/skipper of *Sweet Omega* was recovered. It is presumed that the other missing sailors, Larry Ohs of *Sweet Omega* and Greg Maimone and John Benson of *Bad Sneakers*, have also died. As terrible as these losses are, the death toll could have easily been twice that. At least four other racers narrowly escaped with their lives.

The day following the race, Easter Sun-



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with shredded sails and soaked radios a dime a dozen.

As best as we've been able to determine —

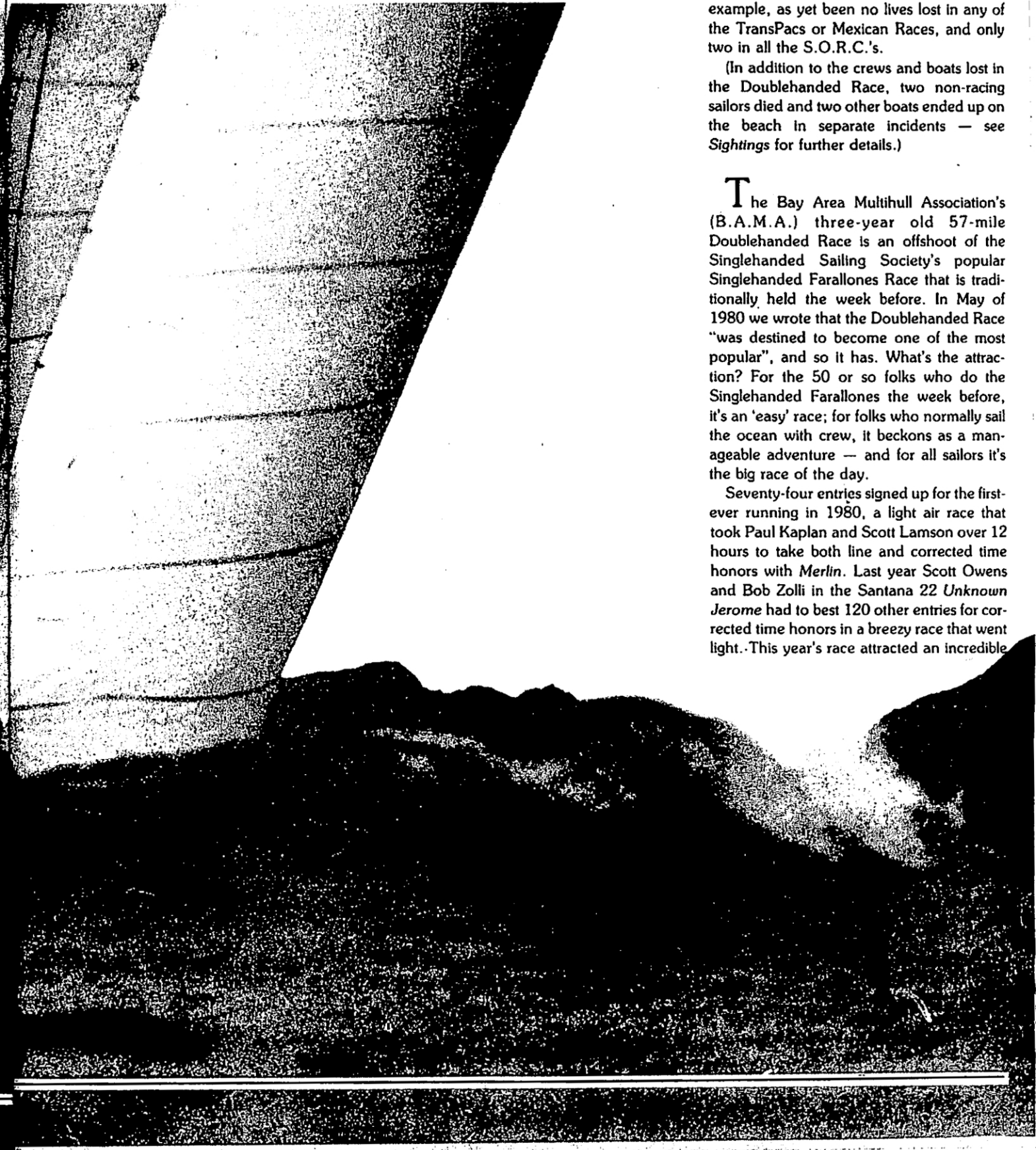
by consulting longtime ocean racers — this was the most costly U.S. ocean race ever, in terms of lives and boats lost. There have, for

example, as yet been no lives lost in any of the TransPac or Mexican Races, and only two in all the S.O.R.C.'s.

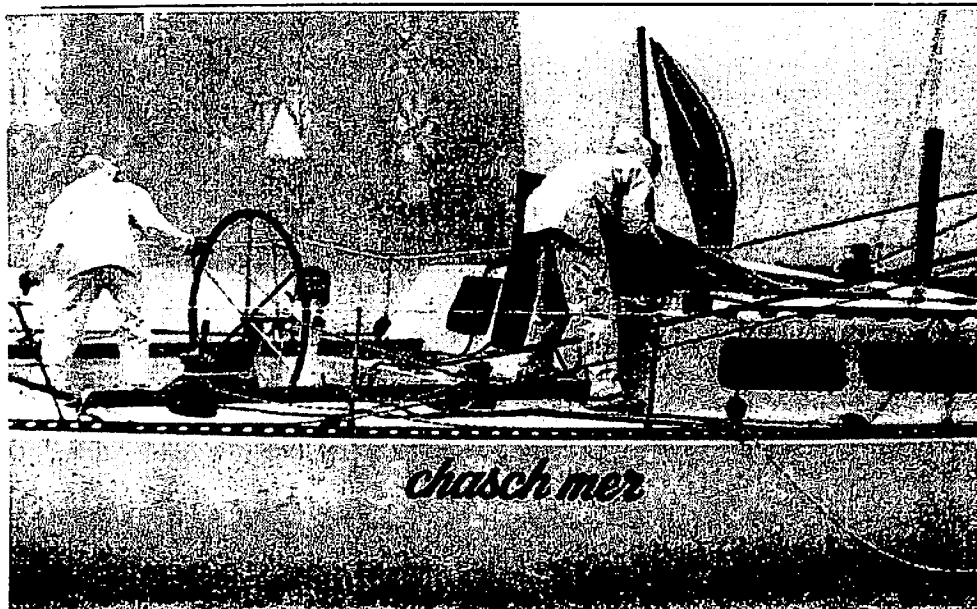
(In addition to the crews and boats lost in the Doublehanded Race, two non-racing sailors died and two other boats ended up on the beach in separate incidents — see *Sightings* for further details.)

The Bay Area Multihull Association's (B.A.M.A.) three-year old 57-mile Doublehanded Race is an offshoot of the Singlehanded Sailing Society's popular Singlehanded Farallones Race that is traditionally held the week before. In May of 1980 we wrote that the Doublehanded Race "was destined to become one of the most popular", and so it has. What's the attraction? For the 50 or so folks who do the Singlehanded Farallones the week before, it's an 'easy' race; for folks who normally sail the ocean with crew, it beckons as a manageable adventure — and for all sailors it's the big race of the day.

Seventy-four entries signed up for the first-ever running in 1980, a light air race that took Paul Kaplan and Scott Lamson over 12 hours to take both line and corrected time honors with *Merlin*. Last year Scott Owens and Bob Zolli in the Santana 22 *Unknown Jerome* had to best 120 other entries for corrected time honors in a breezy race that went light. This year's race attracted an incredible



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159 entries, of which 127 actually crossed the starting line.

There has been much criticism of the BAMA race committee for allowing the race to start. The Coast Guard has received irate phone calls to that effect, and there were rumblings on the front page of the *San Francisco Examiner*. The fact is that prior to the start of the race there was no indication that the weather would turn so sour.

The day before the race, sailors Barry Pearson and Doug Wilde were salmon fishing at Duxbury and reported the ocean "flat as a pancake". Race day itself broke in a heavy downpour, light winds, and a forecast of small craft warnings for southeasterly winds 15 to 25 knots. Less than pleasant conditions, but hardly out of character with this coast. As a Coast Guard representative conceded, it was not unreasonable for the race to start under those conditions.

Unknown however, to the race committee or any of the entries, was that by 7:00 a.m. the National Weather Service in Redwood City noticed that weather conditions would deteriorate substantially. At 7:40 this advisory had been teletyped to Washington, but it wasn't until after 8:00 that this information was broadcast over local weather channels. By this time the starting sequence had begun, and the racers and race committee far too occupied to make further weather checks.

(One result of the tragedy is that future race committees should be able to obtain more detailed weather analysis from the National Weather Service just prior to the start

Previous page: Paul Kaplan storms through the Gate on Nordic Cowboy. Above: Chasch Mer, at the start.

of a race — see *Sightings*.)

Almost without exception, the monohulls over 35-ft. didn't have that difficult a time of it. Certainly the race was exhausting work, but most of the damage was done to sails after the wind clocked to the southeast and intensified. Roger Hall and Chris Corlett on the *Serendipity 43 Wings*, shredded a 3/4 ounce chute. Stew Ketts and Neil Gillian had a hell of a time with a spinnaker wrap on the *Santa Cruz 50, Octavia*. On the *Nordic 44, Cowboy*, Paul Kaplan and Scott Lamson destroyed a \$3,000 headsail when they couldn't shorten down in time. And Jeff Madrigali and Jim Gannon had the mainsail pull out of the mast track on the *Peterson 41, High Noon*.

But once these big boats were able to shorten down to the proper amount of sail, they fairly ripped along in what had become reaching conditions. Having to round the island in a steady 40 to 45 knots required some to tack several times or well overstand the mark, but they all made it. Heading back to the Gate, the poor visibility combined with a shockingly strong northerly set became much more of a problem than the increasingly strong wind or the building seas that periodically poured into the cockpits.

The rhumb line from the Farallones back to the Gate is 60° magnetic, what would appear to be a close reach in the

southeasterly winds. But since there's often a knot of surface current for every 10 knots of wind, there was an extremely powerful northerly set. Boat after boat after boat misjudged the strength of this set and when they got decent bearings found themselves to be sailing far north of the rhumb line.

Consider the case of *High Noon*. Suspecting there was at least some northerly set, Madrigali and Gannon steered a course of 75°; 15 above the rhumb line. But when it cleared they still found themselves far north of where they wanted to be. How far? So far north that they thought the Korean freighter *Maritime Pride* anchored at Duxbury, had rounded the Lightbucket and was proceeding south.

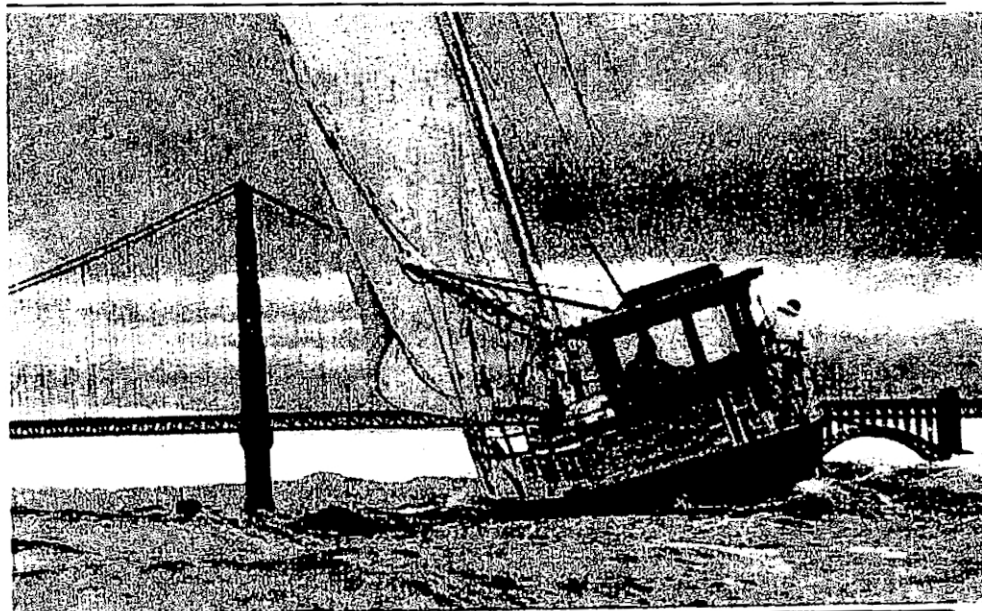
After realizing they'd misjudged the current, they had to bring *High Noon* up to 90° — hard on the wind — to make it into the Gate. Many of the smaller, less powerful



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boats that were to come in later could not work up that high in such strong winds and cross swells. *Felony* was one that didn't quite make it, breaking up on the rocks of Point Bonita. (See accompanying story, "Going For It . . . Once Too Often", elsewhere in this issue.) At least two other boats ended up on shore because they misjudged the power of the set.

The first monohull to finish was Dee Smith and Randy Parker on Randy's Santa Cruz 50, *Chasch Mer*, at 3:17. The Davidson 50, *Great Fun*, finished at 3:31; Jim Walton's Swede 55, *Temptress*, at 3:55; Joe Keenan and Bruce Munro on the Swan 441, *Sea Rat*, at 4:27; Chris Gasparich's Farr 41, *Monique*, at 4:34; Paul Kaplan's Nordic 44, *Cowboy*, at 4:44; Roger Hall's *Wings* at 4:53; the first small boat, Lester Robinson on



Above: Corrected-time winner: *Ruby*. Below: *Genie*, washed way up in the corner of Duxbury Reef.

the Olson 30, *Collage*, finished at 5:02; *High Noon* at 5:05, and *Ruby* at 5:13.

Just about the time *Ruby* was finishing the race, two monohulls found themselves in trouble. Paul James' Cal 2-30, *Genie* had unknowingly been set onto Duxbury Reef and was working herself high and dry. A little farther north, the S.2 Grand Slam, *Sausalito Flats*, with Paul Boemke and Jack Hansen, took a knockdown and lost her rig. James and crew were lifted from *Genie* almost right away by a Coast Guard helicopter; *Sausalito Flats* was tracked down about 5 hours later, and wasn't towed back inside the Gate until 0700 on Sunday.

*Ruby* certainly didn't have any big troubles. She's a 61-ft. steel boat built and designed by her owner, Josh Pryor. Folks have nicknamed her the 'Telephone Booth' because of her unusual doghouse, but Josh calls her the 'Tin Sled'. After the race he explained that he had designed his boat to go to weather in just such conditions, "because when you go cruising you always find yourself having to go to weather in 40 knots." Pryor and crewmember Bob Daniels reported that *Ruby* had taken to the conditions "like a duck to water"; indeed, she corrected out first overall. (Josh might owe a drink or two to whatever PHRF committee assigned a 180 PHRF rating to his 61-ft sloop.)

Of the weather Pryor said, "If the sun had been shining it would have been just like sailing from Panama to Jamaica." He insisted it was just like the 'reinforced trades' that blow there out of the northeast from Christmas day until May, and that he should be able to handle it for "4 or 5 days".





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A boat that was barely able to handle the conditions for even 4 or 5 hours was *Catawampus*, former B.A.M.A. Commodore Sam Week's Iriquois 30 catamaran. All things considered, it turned out to be a poor day for the multihulls, but Weeks and his crewman Mark Mason certainly faced the greatest peril. They were fortunate to escape with their lives.

*Catawampus* made it "to the vicinity of the Farallones", but retired when she was unable to round them. Weeks and Mason couldn't point high enough to get back in the Gate and found themselves a little north of the Potato Patch. At 1:30 a particularly large wave "came out of nowhere" and broke on *Catawampus*' stern, gently pushing the cat over at a 90° angle. She remained in that position for an hour, after which she completely turtled and stayed that way. Their radio ruined, Weeks and Mason strapped themselves on, waiting for assistance while grimly assessing their chances of swimming ashore.

After four hours they were fortuitously discovered by Stew Kett's Santa Cruz 50, *Octavia*. Because the temperature was unusually mild and they'd pretty much been able to stay out of the water, both were strong enough to swim the last 50 feet to their rescuers. *Catawampus* was left to drift north until she broke up on the rocks near Double Point.

Two other multihulls had to be beached after they too, were unable to sail back in the Gate.

Tom Pappas' *Rush* is a Tremelino conversion of a Hobie Cat that Paul Mazza previously sailed in shorthanded Farallones races with good success. Like *Catawampus*, *Rush* was unable to round the islands in winds that were peaking at 50 knots and returned to the north end of the shipping channel. Unable to sail any closer to the Gate, they had but three choices; sail on starboard into the rocks of the Marin Headlands; sail on port back toward the Farallone Islands; or run downwind and drive the boat up on a sandy stretch of beach in Drakes Bay.

Since *Rush* was beginning to suffer "structural damage", the last option seemed best. With halyards jury-rigged to each outer hull, *Rush* surfed "at outrageous speeds" past Bolinas, past Double Point, and into Drakes Bay. As planned, Pappas took the boat right through the surf and up onto the beach,

leaving both crew unhurt and happy as hell to be on solid ground again. Later on 10 men helped carry the boat to the wooden boat ramp at the C.G. station where Pappas' wife had brought the trailer.

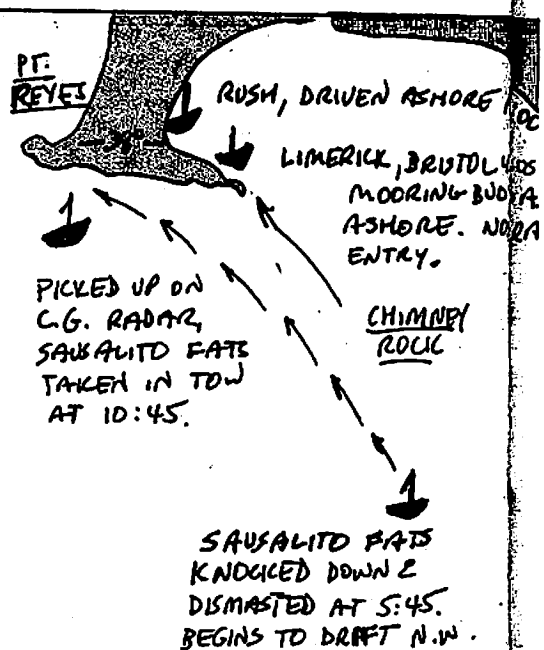
Greg Sawyer and Dennis Madigan also beached their catamaran, a Stilleto named *Air Force One*, when the ocean waves became "petrifying". They selected a spot near Double Point, and came ashore with raised rudders and daggerboards. "I used to do it all the time at Malibu", says Sawyer. Although the boat was undamaged, she was poorly secured on the beach, got sucked back into the ocean, and was broken up on the rocks a little farther north.

The only multihull of eight that finished the race, John Mizulo's Magregor 36 catamaran, *Resolve*, turned in a superb performance. She walked away with line honors, finishing 16 minutes ahead of *Chasch Mer*, and took 2nd place on corrected time. John's crew was monohull sailor Bob Rioux, who Mizulo allowed had "grown suction cups on his butt" during the course of the afternoon.

Mizulo, who admits to lots of catamaran sailing but not much on the ocean, acknowledged that it had been no easy achievement. In the first place he'd fallen back early because he didn't have a spinnaker, and then had gotten his 192 genoa fouled up in the headfoil. But once the southeast wind filled in, *Resolve* began to move.

She was forced to sail "a half hour past the islands" in order to round them, but really took off when she did. On the reach back she surfed toward the Gate in excess of 20 knots and probably hit some 25's. Lee helm was continually a problem, but John says as long as he kept the bows toward the waves he was in good shape. It was a fine performance by a modest sailor.

Linda Rettie, who singlehanded 5500 miles to Japan in her Yamaha, 33, *Rough and Rettie*, had a day full of little problems typical of many boats. Up until the Lightbucket she and crew Susan Vaughn had carried the spinnaker without incident. But when the wind picked up from the



THE FOUR BOATS THAT CHOOSE TO SPEND THE NIGHT OFFSHORE FIND MORE COMFORTABLE CONDITIONS FARTHER OUT.

3:30 DESPERADO BELIEVED TO HAVE SEEN DEAD SWIFTERS LOOKING FINE & SAILING NORTHEAST UNDER MAIN ALONE.

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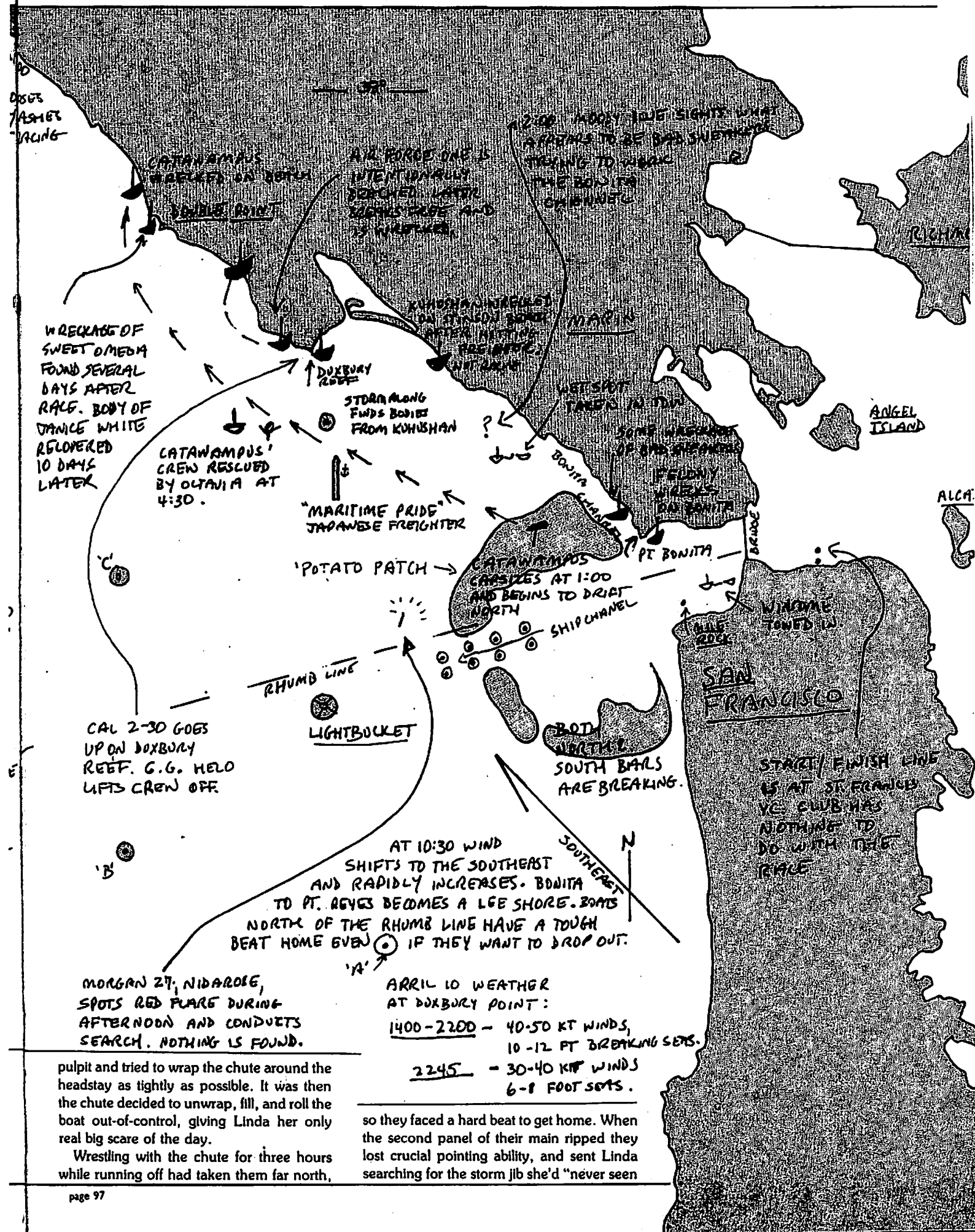
RHUMB LINE 70°

BOATS HAVE TO POINT THIS HIGH, 90°, TO MAKE GATE

AFTERNOON WINDS AT THE FARALLONES ARE 47 KNOTS WITH HIGHER GUSTS.

southeast they skied the spinnaker pole while trying to drop the chute, causing a terrible wrap. For the next three hours the unflappable Linda battled to get the chute down, pausing briefly every 20 minutes to throw-up.

Finally giving up, she tied the clews to the



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## 1982 DOUBLEHANDED FARALLONES RACE

### DIVISION I — Multihulls (8 starters)

	Boat	Skipper	Cor.Time	Flt
<i>Resolve</i>	MacGregor 36	John Mlzulo	6:11:54	2

### DIVISION II — ULDB's to 102 (16 starters)

<i>Chasch Mer</i>	Santa Cruz 50	Randy Parker	6:50:36	13
<i>Collage</i>	Olson 30	Lester Robinson	7:11:23	17
<i>Monique</i>	Farr 41	Chris Gasparich	7:24:20	22
<i>Cho Dan</i>	Olson 30	Gary Southby	7:30:47	26
<i>Centurion</i>	Olson 30	Rod Park	7:39:39	30

### DIVISION III — ULDB's above 102 (21 starters)

<i>Bloody Mary</i>	Santa Cruz 27	Franz Kiltza	6:49:02	10
<i>Flying Circus</i>	Moore 24	Roger Heath	6:50:30	12
<i>Poltergeist</i>	Moore 24	Jeff Wilson	7:08:35	16
<i>Hazy Image</i>	Moore 24	Jack Barr	7:16:14	18
<i>Animal Farm</i>	Wylie 28	R. H. Phibbs	7:25:35	25
<i>Hot Flash</i>	Santa Cruz 27	Brendan Meyer	7:46:45	31
<i>Popeye</i>	Moore 24	Mark Whitt	7:53:23	33
<i>Cheap Thrill</i>	Moore 24	Del Branstrom	7:56:12	34

### DIVISION IV — Monohulls to 126 (30 starters)

<i>Temptress</i>	Swede 55	Jim Walton	6:24:56	4
<i>Sea Rat</i>	Swan 441	Joe Keenan	6:44:15	8
<i>Great Fun</i>	Davidson 50	Keith Randle	6:48:17	9
<i>Nordic Cowboy</i>	Nordic 44	Paul Kaplan	6:49:31	11
<i>Dance Away</i>	Santana 35	Steve Zevanon	7:06:34	15
<i>Unlikely</i>	North Coast 34	Evan Marks	7:20:40	20
<i>Wings</i>	Serendipity 43	Roger Hall	7:22:57	21
<i>Tinsley Light</i>	Mull 36	Henry Grandin	7:25:18	23
<i>High Noon</i>	Peterson 41	Jeff Madrigali	7:25:27	24
<i>Griffin</i>	J/36	Brian Kellog	7:35:21	27
<i>Rooster Cogburn</i>	Ericson 36	Fred Sohegian	7:39:03	29
<i>Wind Rider</i>	Ericson 37	Steve Watson	8:14:54	35
<i>Quadri</i>	C&C 38	Mike Dwyer	10:07:09	39

### DIVISION V-A — Monohulls to 168

(62 starters, includes V-B)

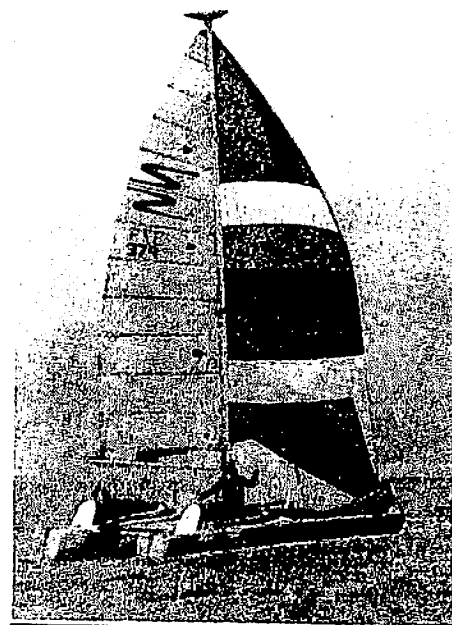
<i>The Shadow</i>	Mull Custom	George Vare	6:41:25	7
<i>Mythical</i>	Niagara 35	Harley Gee	9:32:55	38

### DIVISION V-B — Mono to 198

<i>Ruby</i>	Pryor 61	Josh Pryor	5:43:35	1
<i>Hurrah</i>	Yankee 30	James Fair	6:30:47	5
<i>Hot Sheet</i>	Cal 29	Tom Caylor	6:37:32	6
<i>Wild Fire</i>	Yankee 30	Carl Ondry	7:18:38	19
<i>Blue</i>	Farr 727	Cliff Stagg	7:36:17	28
<i>Tequila Sunrise</i>	Mull 1/4 Ton	Joe Ruynon	7:49:00	32
<i>Journey</i>	Buccaneer 295	Dennis Gruidl	8:24:18	36
<i>Rocinante</i>	Yankee 30	Alex Malaccorto	9:26:57	37

### DIVISION VI — Boats over 198 (23 starters)

<i>Scrimshaw II</i>	Cat 25	Ron Way	6:16:28	3
<i>Slow Dancer</i>	San Juan 24	Dennis Beckley	11:39:46	40



Air Force One was safely beached at Double Point — temporarily.

before". After dark the port aft lower turnbuckle came unscrewed, making the situation a little more serious, because it prevented them from going onto port tack, the one that would keep them off the lee shore.

"Thank God for the engine," says Vaughn, "we'd have been screwed without it." Rettie didn't feel that bad about it, figuring that she could have fixed the turnbuckle, hoisted the storm trysail, or even repaired the main if she'd had to. But even with the engine running there was still plenty of trouble. The loose turnbuckle smashed the knot-meter cover, where Susan would later slice the end of her finger. "It was a real blood and guts race", Vaughn observed, "my blood and Linda's guts — both all over". That's exactly how Linda saw it. "After a while I didn't care where I was throwing up, and Susan's finger, well the next day the inside of the boat looked as though we'd stabbed a pig."

Ignoring the breaking seas in the Potato Patch, they powered right through the middle. A couple of green ones nailed Linda, making her thankful she'd given her safety harness another wrap on the winch. Susan took comfort in the darkness, "because you couldn't see how bad it really was". Their final thrill came when they were abeam of Bonita and had to call off a freighter bearing down on them.

Quite a few boats chose to sail or motor across the breaking Potato Patch, and we're a little concerned that word might spread that it's safe to do so. It isn't, no matter how many other folks make it safely. To be sure Mike Schaumburg and Bren Meyer did it on

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the Santa Cruz 27, *Hot Flash*, even though it was "raining so hard you couldn't see the bow of the boat". Actually a 60-knot rain squall helped some boats get across. Cliff Stagg on the Farr 727 *Blue Eagle*, reported that it rained so hard it "totally flattened the Potato Patch for 5 minutes."

One of the reasons most boats made it through the Potato Patch was that there was no ground swell. According to Doug Pirie of the Army Corps of Engineers, who checked the various wave monitors, "this was a classic wind swell and nothing else". Had there been a significant ground swell from the northwest it would have been really treacherous.

Even so, the south Farallone Buoy recorded some impressive action. At 0200 Easter Sunday, the average of the 'highest third wave' was 13 ft. The average of the top 1 percent was 21.7 feet. The maximum wave height was 24.3 feet.

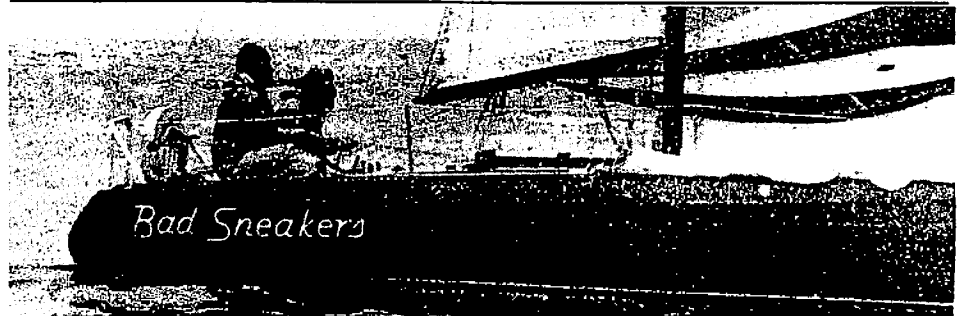
Because of the southeast blow, normally rough Pacifica was relatively sheltered and calm. The worst readings were obtained near Duxbury, where the shallow water made the wave period very short, indicating more breaking seas.

To many experienced sailors, a breaking Potato Patch is an absolute taboo. Jocelyn Nash, who rounded the Farallones about 1:30 Saturday with Joe Guthrie on the Hawkfarm *El Gavilan*, is one of them. Arriving at the north limiting buoy "doing well" under a triple-reefed main and roller furling headsail, they were ahead of Cliff Stagg on *Blue Eagle*. But from there the roller furling headsail and lee helm didn't allow her to point high enough to clear the Patch. Continuing on in like Cliff would have meant forfeiting some options, which Jocelyn decided wasn't prudent. After vainly trying to work south to the shipping channel she decided "it would be awful, but

manageable" to spend the night offshore. They informed the Coast Guard of their plans, dropped the main, and spent an uncomfortable but safe night on the ocean.

It rained almost constantly and visibility

ree, with 33-year old Bruce Howell and 25-year old Sara Bennett aboard. Bruce, who has sailed "all over the world", thinks "the bar is the single most dangerous sailing hazard I've ever seen." He has known both



Above: *Bad Sneakers* goes out the Gate for the last time. Below left: Larry Ohs enjoying at the sailing life at Ala Wai. Below right: Sausalito Fats being towed in.

was poor. The few times they could see the Farallones light really helped, but Jocelyn's previously little-used Loran became a valuable tool. With it they were able to carefully calculate the set and keep themselves sailing between the Farallones and the north dividing buoy away from Fanny Shoals or the coast.

During the night they weren't bothered by breaking waves, although the spray was blowing off the crests. Jocelyn's wetsuit top "kept the wind from blowing through my soul" and was invaluable. Neither got sick and since there was plenty of food and hot water they quickly established they could sit out the blow for several days if need be. Disconcerting was hearing a 'Mayday' call and "we're sinking" report on the VHF (presumably from *Kuhushan*), but Jocelyn and Joe would pick up each other when either's spirits ebbed.

A problem they shared with several other boats was damage to their chart. Soaking wet, blood spattered, and mangled, it was almost useless. Next time they will carry a spare chart and glasses to read those little Loran numbers: *El Gavilan* returned via the main ship channel, passing under the Gate at 9:00 Easter morning.

Jocelyn, who is preparing for the Single-handed TransPac, admits that between this race and Singlehanded Farallones the week before, she learned more than in the last five years. She now feels "tremendously more qualified" for the race to Hawaii.

Another boat not about to mess with the Potato Patch was the Spaulding 33, *Tir-*

sailors and fishermen who have been swept over and feels crossing would have meant playing craps with their lives.

Bruce, who with Sara had sailed up and down the coast "in much worse weather", was about 3 miles from the islands and enjoying conditions that were "made for my boat", when he happened to switch on the weather. Hearing the report of "gale winds 30-50 knots thru Sunday night" they immediately turned back under reefed main and working jib.

Sailing 15° above rhumb line, the amount of set still "blew me away". When they could finally see shore they weren't heading anywhere near the shipping channel, but towards Rocky Point, halfway between Bonita and Bolinas. At 6:15 in the deepening gloom, Howell decided that perhaps a powerboat could try the Bonita Channel, but a sailboat "would really be asking for it". One mistake or gear failure would be all she wrote.

Believing "land is the enemy", they headed back out for sea and shortly thereafter shredded the aging headsail. From then on





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John Mizulo with Bob Rioux's ladyfriend who accepts a *Resolve* trophy in his absence.

they lay ahull, flopping from port to starboard, carefully monitoring their progress towards Point Reyes. Offshore they found the seas much less dangerous and were prepared to sit it out all the way to Oregon if need be. Howell contends that it wasn't a 'survival storm', and that they'd never had a sense of their lives being in danger.

A person who had even better appreciation for a small boat's situation was Richard Clopton, who spent the night out there with Bill Semanek on the *Merit 25 Penguin*. They'd been following Linda Rettie's *Rough and Rettie* in, but just couldn't make it. Each time they tacked offshore for searoom they'd tack back to find themselves in the same place. Carrying just a 100% jib they decided they had no choice but to head back out to sea for the night. After a while they lashed the helm down, and each caught about an hour of sleep — which "really helped".

Bill had three sets of clothes but wasn't as warm as Richard, whose cotton-wool long underwear top kept him warm while wet. He had the bottoms, too, but they'd gotten all wet and he just couldn't bring himself to put them on. Bill had seen a movie once about prisoners in solitary confinement at Alcatraz who doubled up to stay warm; he did this while wrapping his arms around the mast and found it to be effective. Bailing with a bucket helped too.

Both men had been in worse weather and decided the only way they could get into trouble was by getting too close to shore or trying too hard to work south. The boat leaked a lot — mostly through the lockers — knocking out the radio, the Coast Pilot and other navigational tools. Without these aids, the next morning they thought Bolinas might be Pillar Point and headed back north for half an hour before getting straightened

away.

Even though they hit their worst weather up by Point Reyes, neither man was concerned for the vessel because of its size. Clopton noticed some big logs and old hatches in the water and it gave him a little anxiety because even though light boats are excellent in terms of strength-to-weight, they have poor impact resistance.

Clopton was glad to have a cockpit combing instead of a flush deck. The *Merit's* arrangement allowed him to brace himself, holding the tiller over his stomach, keeping most of his body from debilitating exposure to wind and waves.

The fourth and final boat that decided to spend the entire night out at sea was *Nidarose*, with Bjarne Jungle, 52, and Glenn Hansen, 21. About an hour from the Farallones Bjarne noticed — over the waves — the mast and headsail of a boat to leeward. A little while later he saw a red flare, and immediately 'chicken-jibed' in the direction of the flare and called the Coast Guard. Nothing was found, nor has it been determined what boat fired the flare.

Terminating their search almost at Drake's Bay, they were unable to work back no farther south than the Potato Patch, and even getting that far was difficult. "Umpteen times" the cockpit filled with water, but always drained quickly. Although "it wasn't cold, the seas were wild, sometimes breaking at right angles to one another".

About 2 in the morning they took their worst wave, one that knocked them over 90 degrees and left Glenn hanging on the lifelines. But they came through this one like all the rest, even though so much water had come through the lazarette and hatch that the engine, radio, and charts were all out of commission.

Their only real difficulty came when the swage fittings on the two lower shrouds pulled out, forcing them to use a halyard and topping lift as replacements. These shrouds were the only two that Bjarne hadn't changed in a recent rigging replacement. It sounds as though the night must have lasted forever, but it actually went very quickly because they were "too busy to be bored". For experience, Bjarne feels better than ever about his Morgan 27, even though he'll make minor modifications.

By Sunday morning all boats had been



Ruby's Bob Daniels and Josh Pryor.

accounted for but three. When Fred Fago's *Nor'West 33* was discovered tied up at Jack London Square — much to the furor of the worried race committee — it left only *Sweet Omega* and *Bad Sneakers* unaccounted for. The Coast Guard began a massive search using C-130 fixed-wing aircraft, helicopters, and cutters, a search that would continue most of the week. Private searches also started, using aircraft local TV stations donated at cost.

As each day passed hopes began to fade, and were all but extinguished with the discovery of parts of both boats along the jagged Marin coast. Only a small piece of *Sweet Omega* was found, one that included her Oregon registration number. In addition gear from the boat, including the liferaft, horseshoe buoys, and some clothing were found at the Double Point site.

A few days later a 12 by 24 inch piece of stippled deck, distinctive to the *Moore 24's*, was found off Fort Cronkite. To date its all that's been found of *Bad Sneakers*.

What happened to *Sweet Omega* and *Bad Sneakers*? We'll probably never know, but from where they were found and the fact that quite a few other small boats — including 5 *Moore 24's* — handled the conditions, we'd speculate that they were simply ground up on the shore of the mostly rocky Marin coast. Because of the 'cape effect' of the southeast wind and the shallow water, both the wind and waves were most severe right along the shore. Combined with the northerly set, it would only take one bad tack, one small gear failure, one odd wave, and you could be on the rocks.

Ray Hutton and Judge Roy Little are certain they saw a boat fitting *Bad Sneakers* description outlined against the Marin shore, looking as though it might be trying to work the Bonita Channel and falling way off the leeward in the process. "What a horrible

# FARALLONES

place to be going", both Little and Hutton thought, horrible in the sense if you didn't make it there might not be a way out.

**T**hirty-one year old Janice White was a medical technician from Portland, who primarily sailed on the Columbia River. A local fleet captain, she had participated in the Adam's Cup Regionals and Finals held in Seattle last year. Sailing was her love and friends who spoke to her two days before the Doublehanded Race said she was terrifically excited about it. She'd begun planning for it, and the previous week's Singlehanded Farallones, as early as last fall, and had conscientiously equipped her fixed keel Ranger 22 for the ocean. She'd finished 3rd in her division of the Singlehanded Race.

**S**ailing with Janice White was 30-year old Larry Ohs, who although working in Portland had begun sailing while a nuclear engineer at Mare Island in Vallejo. His enthusiasm for sailing was so intense that a

fellow worker co-signed the loan for his first boat, *Darwin*, a Bristol 27. Larry fixed the boat up and tried a singlehanded sail to Hawaii in 1978; he returned after 11 days thinking neither he nor the boat were quite ready.

After a winter of preparation he and Stan Hui had a great passage to Hawaii, where Ohs found Island racing to his liking. He crewed on some of the better Farr boats and developed good skills as a navigator. Larry returned to the States excited by ultralights, sold his Bristol, bought a Santa Cruz 27, and got a job in Portland to pay for future sailing dreams.

Each year he would come south for the Farallones Singlehanded Race. In 1980 he finished 2nd in fleet to Dee Smith, on the borrowed J-24 Gangreen. In 1981 he was 8th in division with his Santa Cruz 27. Larry was a good, experienced sailor.

**B**ad Sneakers was purchased earlier

this year by Greg Maimone, a 38-year old plumber from Castro Valley. Although it was believed to be his first boat, he'd had quite a bit of ocean experience with his sailing and diving buddy, John Benson.

**J**ohn Benson was a 41-year old electrical contractor from Moraga, and longtime owner of the Pearson 30, *Belfast Lady*. Friends at the Encinal YC, where he served as Commodore in 1978, report that he had won his division in the Windjammer's Race to Santa Cruz for the last three years. Maimone, they report, had been with him as crew. Benson had certainly seen rougher weather, when he sailed as crew on Milt Fleischer's Pearson 40 in the storm-ravaged 1979 La Paz Race. Benson was considered a fine sailor.

A Benson - Maimone Memorial Fund has been established for their two families at the Alameda 1st National Bank, 2234 Otis Drive, Alameda, California, 94501. Contributions are welcome.

— latitude 38

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