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kuhushan

The storm that claimed 4 lives in the Doublehanded Farallones Race also brought about the death of two Davis policemen who had been aboard *Kuhushan*, a Southern Cross 31 owned by L.A. newspaperman Colin Haskin. The trio had to abandon the boat after striking an anchored freighter off Bolinas. Haskin, 34, managed to swim ashore to safety, but John Huber, 48, and John Stroble, 29, didn't make it. Stroble, however, was still alive after 4 hours in the 55° water. He succumbed to hypothermia as rescuers tried to pull him from the raging sea.

Haskin and his crew had left San Francisco on Friday morning, April 9th. The trip would have completed delivery of the boat from Washington, where Haskin had built the hull and deck from a kit, to Los Angeles, where he now works as a copy editor for the Los Angeles *Herald Examiner*. He had left the 14,000 lbs. cutter in Oakland for the winter after sailing south last summer.

They got as far as Pigeon Pt. before the weather turned sour. With one crewmember down sick, Colin decided to drag warps and fly just the jib Friday night, heading out to sea. At dawn he started working east, hoping to come back through the Golden Gate. Using dead reckoning, Haskin guessed they made it pretty close. Spotting a freighter in the stormy seas to the northeast, they called the Coast Guard to get a solid fix. The Coast

santa cruz harbor entrance

On April 6, Anthony Stincelli of Santa Cruz writes: The Santa Cruz Harbor Entrance is now open and safe. Many thanks to Shellmaker Dredging Company for diligent and speedy service.

Besides writing, Anthony Stincelli of Santa Cruz draws. The finely done accompanying illustration is his conception of what happens if you try to sail into Santa Cruz before the harbor is 'open'. If he screened that on t-shirts he'd probably sell a bundle of them.

sinking

Guard, not knowing the freighter was the anchored *Maritime Pride*, gave Haskin the location of a freighter in transit, which was actually farther offshore to the southeast.

Thinking they were in the shipping channel, Haskin headed for the *Maritime Pride*, only too soon realizing the error. The Coast Guard confirmed that wasn't the ship they had mentioned. In the 50-knot winds and giant seas, Haskin felt there was little else to do but try to hook onto the freighter and not get swept onto the lee shore.

The *Maritime Pride* is a 185-meter, Korean-crewed, bulk cargo and oil carrying freighter, launched in Japan last December. At the time, she was anchored 6800 yards SSE of Duxbury point, awaiting orders. Seeing the small, distressed sailboat in the gathering dusk, the ship pulled anchor and tried to be of assistance.

What followed was a tragedy of errors. The *Kuhushan's* crew waved and yelled for help. The freighter's crew threw several heaving lines, one of which the sailors caught. For some reason the freighter's crew didn't cleat the line down and the crewman holding it had to let go when the rope started burning his hands.

The freighter's crew then motioned for Haskin to come alongside, which he did against his better judgement. *Kuhushan* got sucked alongside the hulk. Haskin isn't sure

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LATITUDE 38°51'N



Kuhushan on Stinson Beach.

ED LESLIE

kuhushan

what happened next, but he figures they must have dropped with the swell right on top of the freighter's propellor, which destroyed the fiberglass hull from the engine aft and brought the mast crashing down. The boat quickly took on water, drifting away from the ship. The Koreans watched helplessly but saw Coast Guard ships in the area (who were trying to get to casualties from the Doublehanded Farallones Race) and figured help would soon be on the way. Besides, the *Maritime Pride* was now only 2800 yards from the Duxbury Reef and the captain knew he had to get further offshore or stand the chance of going aground.

Colin and his crew only had time to put on their lifejackets, send out a Mayday call, and abandon ship before *Kuhushan* went under. All clung to a foam mattress and flotation cushions as the sea tossed them about. A giant wave separated Haskin from the other two, and the last thing the survivor remembers is hearing them talking calmly and seeing the flicker of their flashlights.

Of the three, Haskin was the best prepared to survive. He was wearing long johns, jeans, a wool shirt, two wool sweaters, a float coat, life jacket, gloves and a cap (the latter two he quickly lost). He also had on a couple pairs of socks and knee high sea boots, which he says you shouldn't take off if you end up in the water. By tying the strings at the boot tops, you seal the water in and the boots act much like a wetsuit.

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Colin also had a foam cushion, which he wrapped his arms around and used to keep his head and shoulders up out of the water as much as possible. For two hours he kicked and eventually made his way to shore on the muddy beach below Bolinas. He struggled up the cliffs and broke into a house, where the aged caretakers, after being convinced he wasn't a drug crazed burglar, helped warm him up and get him to the hospital.

Huber and Stroble, the two others, evidently didn't try quite as hard as Haskin to reach shore. Around 0100 hours on Sunday morning, four hours after they had entered the water, their flickering flashlight was noticed by John Waite aboard the *Ericson 35 Stormalong II*. Waite and his crew were entries in the Doublehanded Race and were struggling to get back to the Golden Gate. At first they sailed past the light, but then went back to investigate.

Waite, a former professional ski patroller and trained as an emergency medical technician (EMT), was amazed to find John Huber still alive. He could no longer talk, but could only groan for help. Waite and his crew tried desperately to pull the stricken man into their boat, but it felt like he was anchored in the water. They discovered he was tangled in some lines and one of those lines was attached to the body of John Stroble, who had already succumbed.

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kubushan

At about 0125, the Coast Guard arrived on the scene. Waite released Stroble to the Coast Guardsmen in the water, who swam the dying man over to the rescue boat. By the time they got him onboard, however, Stroble had no vital signs left.

"It was like grabbing the guy's hand as he dangled off a cliff and not being able to hold on," said Waite.

As for Colin Haskin, he mourns both the loss of his friends, and the loss of his boat, which he had spent four years building. An experienced sailor, he feels he acted prudently all the time, but a series of mistakes and bad luck created an unavoidable disaster. He feels particularly bad that he didn't look after his boat, the consequence being that he lost it to a collision. Had they not been holed, he feels they could have made it through, even with the stormy conditions.

Colin Haskin also swears he'll have another boat someday.

There were at least two other non-racing

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Saturday at 2:00 p.m. Things didn't go too well once he got outside the gate and he ended up in Drake's Bay. Not being familiar with the windlass on the Bristol 40, he was unable to lower the anchor and tried to pick up a buoy instead. The line broke and *Limerick* ended up on the beach next to the Drake's Bay fish dock near Chimney Rock. The starboard side of the hull is a mess, but the boat isn't totalled.

The other casualty was David James' *Gypsy*, a 21.3-ft., twin keeled sloop built in England in 1970. The boat itself made it through the storm in pretty good shape, but David had some problems.

A paraplegic without the use of his legs, David was headed for Santa Cruz to spend Easter with his parents. He got as far as Half Moon Bay before running into trouble. After a night of making little southerly headway against the storm — he figures he sailed 100 miles through the water and made only 10 miles over the bottom — he had to be rescued before crashing into Head Rock.

You would think with singlehanded racing on the north Atlantic and with singlehanded races as I can.

Ever since the race in the Mini to win the 1983 race in England to win me going day after day sponsors, fixing races as I can.

The latest singlehanded Transatlantic race. In terms of distance, it's a record. But while ready for a race weeks old. Spent in the San Francisco Bay area, stopping side wiring the boat to finish. I kept saying I would have made it.

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I was probably the mouth of the ch gun. It was the first a small squall, "fleet nine of ten most were run the squall where out. It was a trial

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The race was sailing. Going Catalina, filled in the northwest. Farallones race around 20 knot

Limerick at Drake's Bay.



boats caught in the storm, both of which fared better than the *Kuhushan* and her crew. One was the Bristol 40, *Limerick*, which, according to surveyor Jim Jessie, had been chartered by Dave Lambert of Soda Springs. Dave wanted to watch the Doublehanded Farallones race and had left

After securing his boat, David had to be taken to the hospital to be treated for exposure and open wounds he had sustained on his legs. Surgery was required for his legs and he'll be laid up for a while. He's undaunted in his dream, however, to sail to Hawaii this summer — by himself.