

hanging in our after cabin, and unwrapped. I found the wrapped variety went mouldy much more quickly. I bake my own bread on long trips every few days, and supplement in between with crackers or crispbread. The sun alone is hot enough to raise the dough, but do find a safer place than the cockpit floor, where I wedged the tins one day. A large foot stepped right in the middle of it! Flour for bread-making seems available anywhere, but beware of Spanish self-raising: it doesn't! So carry plenty of baking powder.

I wish we had taken more honey and jam from England. It's a real luxury now. In my opinion, the best way to buy it is in large catering tins, as long as you transfer it to closable containers once opened. We also took a 7lb. plastic tub of honey, but once that ran out we haven't been able to afford to replace it.

We try to eat lots of fresh fruit and vegetables. We are spoilt in Europe where it's so plentiful and cheap. Not so in the Caribbean. We expected markets overflowing with exotic fruits. But with the exception of bananas which are reasonably priced (and

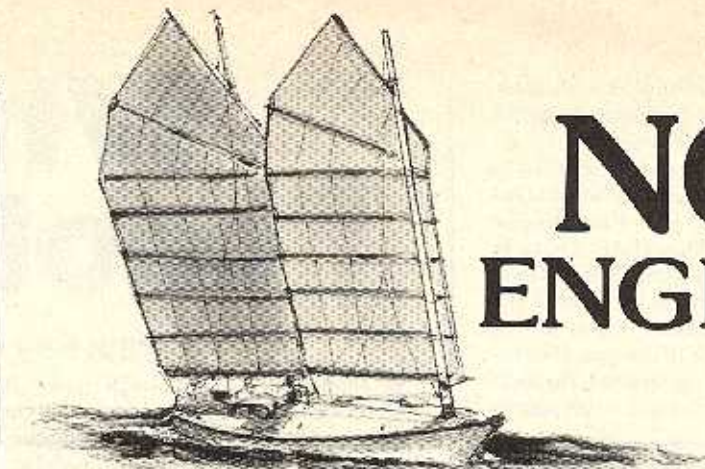


always green and unappealing) all fruit is imported. I've just paid about £2.20 in the French island of St. Barthelemy, for six 'golden delicious' apples. Most fruit is sold for a price each piece, so be careful. We thought it was for a pound or kilo! There are always lemons and limes, but you can't munch them. I think my best 'fresh' buy before we left, was a case of onions, which lasted a full six months, even although I use them often. Grow your own bean shoots, they taste wonderful at sea when everything else is wilting. Take salad cream and pickle too, both are rare outside of England.

I hope I haven't painted too black a picture, remember these are only the mistakes. Most of the time, certainly on the Eastern side of the Atlantic, we lived well: especially with bread, cheese, fruit and wonderful Spanish wine at 26pence a bottle! Many foods are readily available, like eggs, sugar and milk, both powdered and UHT varieties. I should mention here that the paraffin for our cooking has been available in every port (gas too, according to our friends) and meths for pre-heating the burners, was extremely cheap in Portugal.

So the general lesson we have learnt is to buy as much food as your boat will reasonably take and your pocket will afford, before leaving England. Top up with local bargains as you go along.

Paul Fay



# NO ENGINE!

**WHEN WE LAUNCHED** *Papilio Ruga* some ten years ago, we launched her without an engine. Well, without a 'proper' engine. We did have a bracket on the stern from which we hung our trusty six horsepower Seagull. In a dead calm, the old Seagull pushed *Papilio's* nine tons along at a couple of knots. If there was any wind, we could sail.

Some of our friends accused us of being purists. We laughingly corrected them, and explained we were really poor-ists. Building the boat had exhausted our funds, and we were impatient to get south to the sun. Rather than wait and save for a year to get an engine, we decided to go as we were.

I had owned several boats before building *Papilio*, but never one with a good engine. I cut my teeth on an old gaff cutter, built in 1908. I owned this boat with two equally impecunious friends, and together we sailed her several thousand miles. She displaced about thirteen tons, and had around twelve feet of bowsprit poking vulnerably out from her thirty-six foot hull. Not exactly your handiest craft in confined waters.

She did have an engine. It would have perhaps been better exhibited in the Science Museum. It had been built by Thorneycroft, almost half a century ago. It was a two-cylinder job with an enormous flywheel that would make an excellent mooring for someone.

It was supposed to run on something called TVO (Tractor Vaporizing Oil), but we found that if it was going to run at all, it would run equally well on heating oil or paraffin.

It was almost a career job to start the engine. I won't bore you with the dirty details; suffice it to say, the engine became known as Sweaty Betty, though it was not Betty that got sweaty.

Even once Betty was running, the trouble was not over. Most manoeuvres were better attempted under sail than under engine power. The propeller shaft came out beside the stern post at quite a noticeable angle, and the large three-bladed propeller was about equidistant between the centerline and the side of the boat. Going astern always caused problems, and going ahead slowly was a problem too.

Intervening boats had not been much better, so you can perhaps see, that we

did not feel the lack of an engine too acutely. Our boat, with her schooner junk rig, is very easy to manoeuvre, and if there was no wind at all, we had the Seagull. Off we set.

We sailed for two years, visiting some fifteen countries and covering something over seven thousand miles. For the most part, we did very well. There were a couple of times when we missed an engine. For example, crossing the Bay of Biscay in early April, we were becalmed in sight of Spain for a day and a half. Calms can often be more wearing on crew and boat than a gale. This calm was no exception. A south-west Force 9 gale was forecast — the calm before the storm. A swell had built up already and we were just about rolling the gunwales under. The sails were crashing about so badly we had to drop them while we waited for the wind. It would have been nice to turn on the engine and get in and settled before the gale came. In heavy swell conditions, the outboard is useless, as it is either being lifted clear of the water or submerged, neither of which is conducive to keeping it running.

Like all calms, this one came to an end and we scooted into shelter on the first gusts of what became a full-fledged storm. So we did manage, but only just. Another ten miles off-shore, and we would have probably had to spend four or five days hove-to waiting for the storm to pass.

On the other side of the coin, we have had some marvellous experiences sailing into an anchorage, where we would otherwise have motored. Sailing very gently into English Harbour, Antigua, on the faintest land breeze, just after dusk — a slight ripple from the bow wave, the distant grumble of Atlantic swells breaking on the cliffs, and a million tree frogs waking up for the evening. Not even any exhaust smoke to hide the earthy smell of the land. Without having such experiences forced upon us, we would often have been too impatient to get in and missed savouring the delight of arriving.

For manoeuvring in tight places under sail, we found the junk rig to be fantastic. The sails can be dropped almost instantaneously, even on a dead run if there is not room to round up. By oversheeting one sail and letting the other out, we can make the boat head

up or pay off without getting much forward speed on. Beating into a confined space in fluky winds is easier than with a conventional rig because the sails cannot be caught aback. A genoa suddenly caught aback can result in an unexpected tack, which in a confined space could be embarrassing. Since tacking for us does not involve any of this winching business, *Papilio* can be tacked to take advantage of every little windshift, without rebellion from the crew.

I must confess that we enjoy sailing *Papilio* into small anchorages, and onto marina docks. It's called showing off.

Things can and do go wrong, though. We sailed into a very crowded anchorage one day, where we had to clear customs. We reefed both sails right down, to slow her a bit in the following breeze. Searching for a likely spot where we could anchor, I saw the crew of a forty footer pulling up their anchor. We would take their spot. We dropped the sails, rounded up smartly behind a large yawl, and then to our horror saw the same forty footer backing down toward us. They were just re-setting their anchor.

Fenders saved any damage as we bumped alongside them. When they had finished berating us for our stupidity, we explained that we thought they were leaving and that we did not have an engine. Their attitude changed from hostility to amazement, then to great friendliness. They helped us row two anchors up to windward, then we kedged ourselves into a spot where we could stay long enough to clear customs.

That incident really made us think. It is not so much the risk of doing damage to our own boat that we should consider, but the risk of doing damage to other people's boats in anchorages that grow ever more crowded by the day.

Sailing engineless, we have learned several lessons that I hope we continue to remember. Even in a boat with an engine it is worth practising manoeuvres under sail, in case one day the engine fails to start when expected.

We found that a good stout bucket on a length of rope makes a good brake to slow the boat a little. We always keep two anchors ready for instant use, then if we have a problem, we can lie to one anchor while we perhaps row the second to a more advantageous position. Indeed, the old sailing ships were often moved considerable distances in that way, pulling up to one anchor while the second was dropped ahead, and so on. To do this, rope rodes are essential. It is impossible to lay much chain from a dinghy.

Just a reminder — if you are trying to lay a kedge anchor from the dinghy, put the anchor in the dinghy, then flake down the rode into the dinghy. That way, as you row out, presumably to windward, the rope pays out from the

dinghy to lie in the water. You don't have to drag fathoms and fathoms of rope through the water as you would if the rode were being paid out from the yacht.

Moving the boat around in the harbour, we found that it sometimes was better to put the outboard on the dinghy, and lash the dinghy alongside. The outboard was less likely to lift out of the water in choppy conditions than when it was on the bracket on the back of the boat. If the dinghy is lashed with its transom level with the transom of the boat, then steering the outboard will help to steer the boat.

One serious disadvantage to this method hit us early one morning as we were moving our boat. A passing ferry started the boat rolling violently. As *Papilio* rolled, she alternately tried to lift the dinghy from the water, then submerge it. All we could do was to cast off and wait for the wake to subside.

Without an engine, we have tended to pick anchorages a little more carefully, and often have laid out a second anchor. If conditions looked at all changeable, and often when they did not, we laid a second anchor straight out from the beach, on a good long scope. That gave us a little insurance should our safe haven suddenly become a lee shore.

What were the snags? The first real one was the lack of electricity. Paraffin lights are fine for temperate climes, but in the tropics, a light bright enough to read by puts out too much heat. Also, only electric navigation lights can meet the international specifications.

Once we reached the Virgin Islands, our first investment was a battery and a couple of fluorescent lights, together with a solar panel to keep the battery topped up. The solar panel worked well and was our sole source of energy for more than a year.

The real crunch came when we took shore jobs again for a while. Suddenly, like the rest of the world, we had to be back at work for Monday morning. We found that we were tending to move the boat less and less. Sometimes it just seemed like too much effort to get organized to go sailing for the day, or even the weekend. We spent more and more time on the mooring, or horrors, alongside a dock.

The final blow came when we got some time off to go for a summer cruise. Day after day the winds were light, and adverse. After three days of very slow progress, we abandoned our original plan and spent a fourth day with the *Seagull* chugging to make a landfall toward the nearest island. We later thought that with a 'proper' engine, we could have made our cruise as planned, and enjoyed the calm conditions.

Finances had improved, so we took the plunge and fitted a 15hp Yanmar diesel. We have now had the engine for over four years, and have been cruising for about half that time. What have we found the differences to be?

We have not lost any real space. A box has appeared in the galley, under the companionway steps, about a foot high and a couple of feet square. This was not space that we really used before. We built in a fuel tank under a shelf beneath the cockpit, again in space that had not been used. We have found that the little Yanmar will give us over five knots in a calm and push into a surprising amount of wind and sea. While doing all that, it uses less than half a gallon an hour.

Sure, we have had to do maintenance on it, changing oil and filters, and so on. But the time we have spent doing that does not equal the time that we would have spent becalmed, on just the most recent passage we made when the wind unexpectedly went light.

We have found the junk rig to be a very good rig for motorsailing. The flat fully battened sails do not flap or flog even if we motor dead into the wind, yet they stop the boat from rolling.

One of the problems without an engine was having to sail out the anchor if it was well dug in. Now we can simply motor up to the anchor, shorten in the rode, then use the engine to break out the anchor. Likewise, with the engine it is much easier to set the anchor and dig it well in, than trying to do it under sail.

If somebody thoughtlessly anchors too close to us, and if they won't move, then we can.

If we want to go to some nearby little bay for a swim it is no problem just to start the engine and motor over. We have become perhaps a little more adventurous. We take *Papilio* into places that it would be foolhardy to sail into.

If we want to fill the water tank, it is no longer a major project to move the boat, or to ferry water out in the dinghy. We just motor to the dock and fill up. Luxury.

We do try to remember the lessons we learned before, and we still have the two anchors ready to go, and if no sail is set, then at least one sail is ready to go up at a moment's notice.

Having a reliable economical engine has enabled us to enjoy our boat even more, go to more places with less effort, and undoubtedly has increased our safety (and that of the other boats in the anchorage as well!) Isn't that what cruising is about?

With our solar panels, and the 55amp alternator on the engine, we now have a surfeit of electricity available. There is now enough power to run a 12-volt refrigerator, which has made Lana very fond of the engine.

So, although we found it feasible to cruise without an engine, we find it better with one. At least we know that we can cope without it, should it ever let us down. We even sometimes still show off a bit, sailing into an anchorage, but we usually have the engine ticking over in neutral in case the unexpected happens.

John Campbell