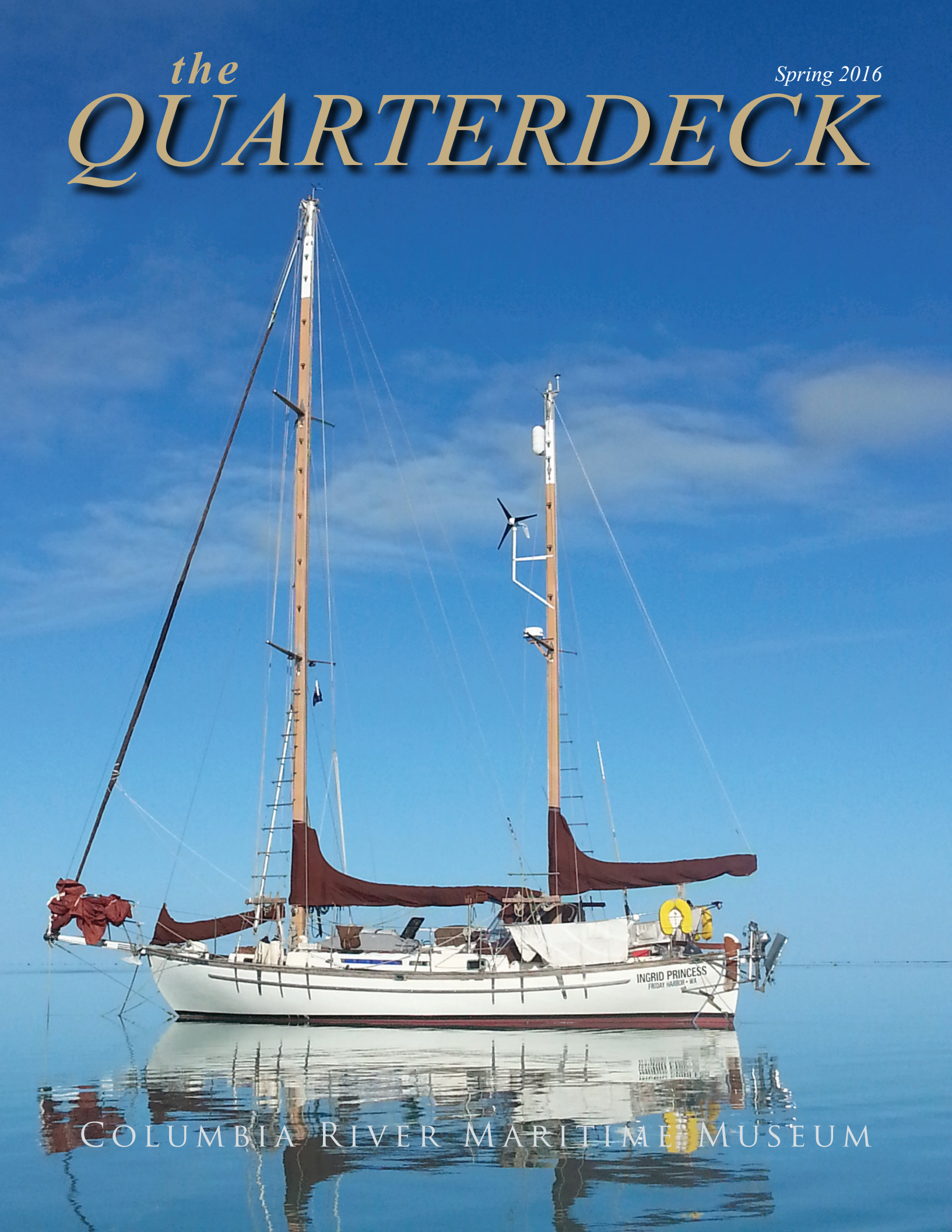
the QUARTERDECK

Spring 2016



Columbia River Maritime Museum

March 12,2016
A spring storm at the South Jetty is a quick reminder of the incredible power of the Pacific Ocean

From the Wheelhouse

In this issue of the *Quarterdeck* is an article that vividly describes a voyage from Hood River to New Zealand and back by Oregonians Tracy and Michelle Hollister. It brought back to me my experience many years ago when I had the good fortune to sail for a summer aboard the *Te Vega*, a 156-foot two masted gaff rigged topsail schooner that was being used for scientific research by Stanford University. Although we only sailed in the Gulf of California, three months of voyaging gave me a healthy respect for those, like Tracy and Michelle, who chase the horizon across oceans.

The Hollister's would be right at home with Captain Cook, Robert Gray, Joshua Slocum and all those who have ever set off on long, dangerous sea voyages. They would talk of wind and waves, of provisions (and the lack thereof), and landfalls in strange places. As you read Tracy Hollister's fine writing, think of what it must have been like to be at sea, alone, facing great seas and hurricane force winds in a 38-foot boat for months at a time. But as the French writer Andre Gide has said: "One does not discover new lands without losing sight of the shore for a very long time."

Like oceans, libraries are also full of mystery, discoveries and wonder. Since I was a boy libraries have always been one of my favorite places in the world, and one of the daily pleasures of working at the Museum for me is the opportunity to explore the treasures of our wonderful library. With more than 17,000 books, journals, maps, charts, business records, manuscripts, photographs, and other archival material relating to maritime history, it is one of the finest collections of its kind in the United States.

During 2015, we have been given many gifts of books and other archival materials. Two gifts alone brought in 120 boxes of books, most of which will be added to the collection. Such gifts, welcome as they are, were straining our ability to shelve them. But thanks to the generous response of our members to the 2015 Annual Appeal, we will soon be adding two new compact movable shelves in the main library along with shelving in the Maritime Heritage Resource Center for storage of duplicate and important but little used material.

Deserving special mention is a recent gift from Dorn Swigert. This is a rare three-volume double-elephant folio set of books published in 1864 by J. Scott Russell titled *The Modern System of Naval Architecture*. Described by Jeff Smith in this Quarterdeck, this set is one of the earliest texts on how to build iron hulled ships and is an exceptional addition to the Museum's library. According to the World Catalog (described below), the only other complete set of this edition is in Belgium!

Thanks to the generosity of Henry and Holly Wendt, donors of the Wendt Map Collection and founders of the Wendt Endowment, the Museum will soon be a subscribing member of the World Catalog Service. Established in 1967 by the Ohio College Association this catalog encompasses over two billion entries from 72,000 public and private libraries from 170 countries. Although our catalog is searchable online, they must now be done through our website and thus our library is known only to those who know of the Museum. By joining with some of the finest libraries in the world as a member of the World Catalog, the Museum's library will now be accessible to researchers around the world.

Sam Johnson
Executive Director

On the cover:

s/v *Ingrid Princess* enjoys a respite from South Pacific voyaging in the tranquil Aitutaki lagoon, Cook Islands.

Photo credit: Michelle Hollister

Ingrid Princess

Guided By Boats • Tracy J Hollister

We are honored to be able to share the writing of trans-pacific sailor Tracy Hollister. On the sixteenth of October, 2015 Tracy sighted Cape Disappointment after forty-nine days alone at sea. The solo crossing from Japan concluded a two year voyage on the sailing vessel *Ingrid Princess* - to New Zealand and return. When not sailing the Pacific Ocean Tracy and his wife Michelle reside in Hood River, Oregon.

The following are excerpts from chapters in a manuscript entitled *Guided By Boats*, a story about inanimate teachers that convey such virtue, they can transport you to the sublime and beyond…

Chapter 1
Mugwump

Like many youngsters who grow up to become sailors, I learned from my father. He was a good teacher in his patient manner of merely showing me things. Also notorious for misadventures, for three decades I witnessed a broad array of circumstances that go wrong on a boat, and the slow calamitous manner in which they threaten comfort, sanity, or the very ability to sail again another day.

I don't recall learning how to sail as I do learning how to ride a bike. It was more like growing up with a second language in the house. Any native from a territory like Oregon, spawning hundreds of lakes and rivers, has a proclivity to mess about in boats. Having a father to show you coastal cruising and the Columbia River bar, rather than attend the first days of high school, is certain to indoctrinate a spirit of adventure.

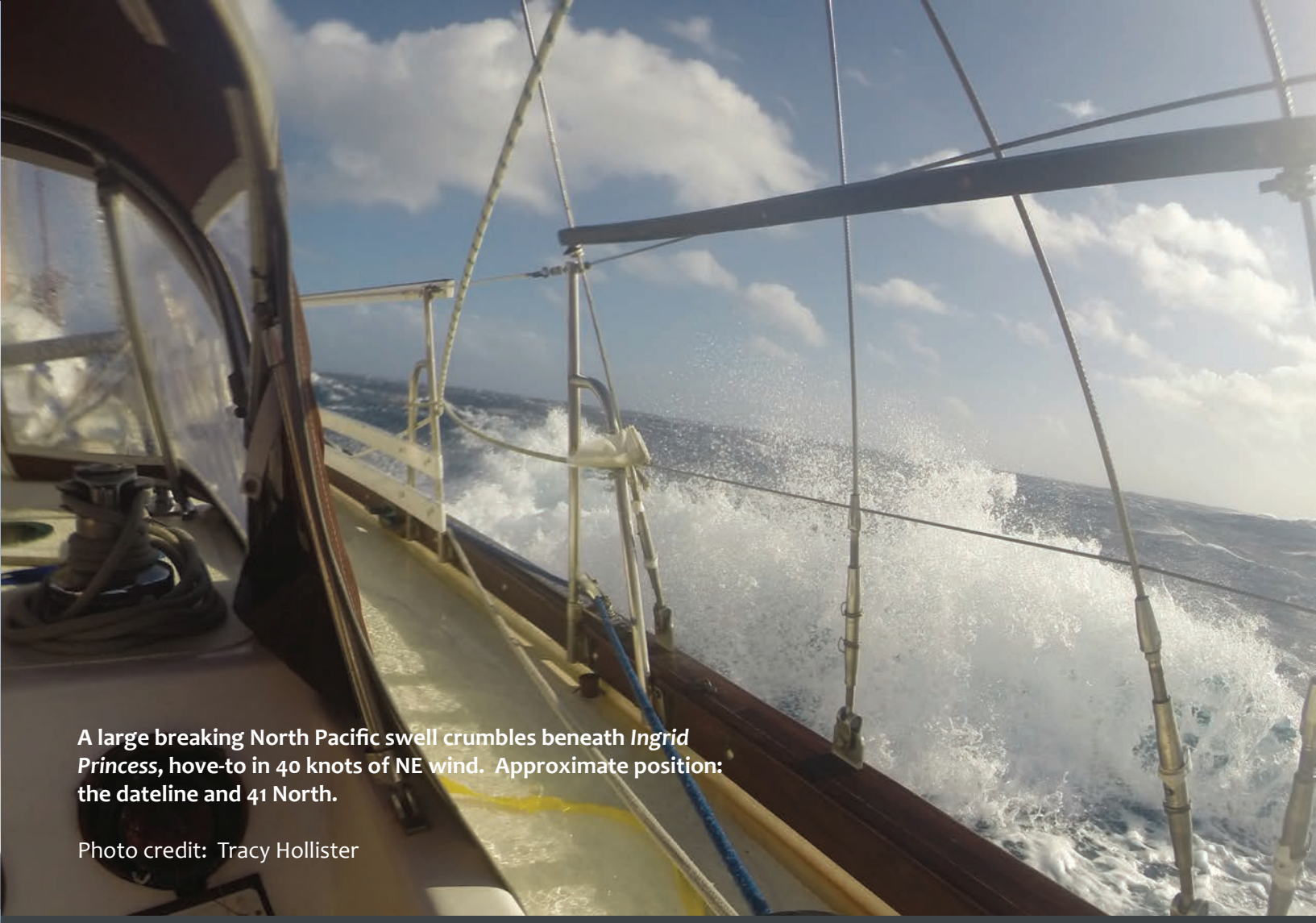
Chapter 2
Mudpeep

No matter how quickly I tied off the towline I was always surprised at my rate of drift when I took to the oars again. This is when I earned my first calluses. My numb red hands from the cold river never stopped pulling until I directed the salvaged log from the main channel, to a massive back eddy created by a peninsula protruding half way across the river. This eddy made it possible to get the logs back to my beach, as I had always drifted downstream too far to beat the current with my load. I had to make it across a small section of the river to reach the peninsula. From my feet and legs pushing against *Mudpeep*'s braces, through my abdomen to my shoulders and back, down my arms to my fingertips on the oars, I used every muscle in my scrawny little body to slowly drag my log into the counter current and take a quick rest. Then on we went to the only rocks above water of the flooded beach. There the logs would remain secured until the river level receded, leaving them high and dry, ready for my dad's chainsaw.

Little did I know at that reckless age of twelve years, what that small red dory was teaching me. I was no boy scout, but he taught me 'Be Prepared'. The concept of self rescue was learned and never forgotten. What if nobody came to get me I wondered? Concerned of what my mother would say if a search for my whereabouts had begun, but not frightened enough to cease voyaging further. I knew where this river was going, I wanted to follow it. The spirit of endeavor had bitten me with the fever to explore afloat.

Tied to the quay of Futuma Ko harbor on the island of Chichi Jima, Japan, the long crossing is imminent. Next stop, Astoria.

Photo credit: Tracy Hollister



A large breaking North Pacific swell crumbles beneath *Ingrid Princess*, hove-to in 40 knots of NE wind. Approximate position: the dateline and 41 North.

Photo credit: Tracy Hollister

Prudence in lesson form afloat was a slow one for me to learn under my dad's tutelage. Over the years, there were plenty of positive and negative experiences to mold the sailor I would become. When I met the woman who would become my wife, I had no boat. She wanted to learn how to sail, and didn't realize that it would be a scholarship with no end. With patience, we followed a dream like a lazy careful current through a natural course of life, towards the reality of traveling the world on a sailboat. We were not hasty in this pursuit, it took fourteen years.

Chapter 7
Ingrid Princess

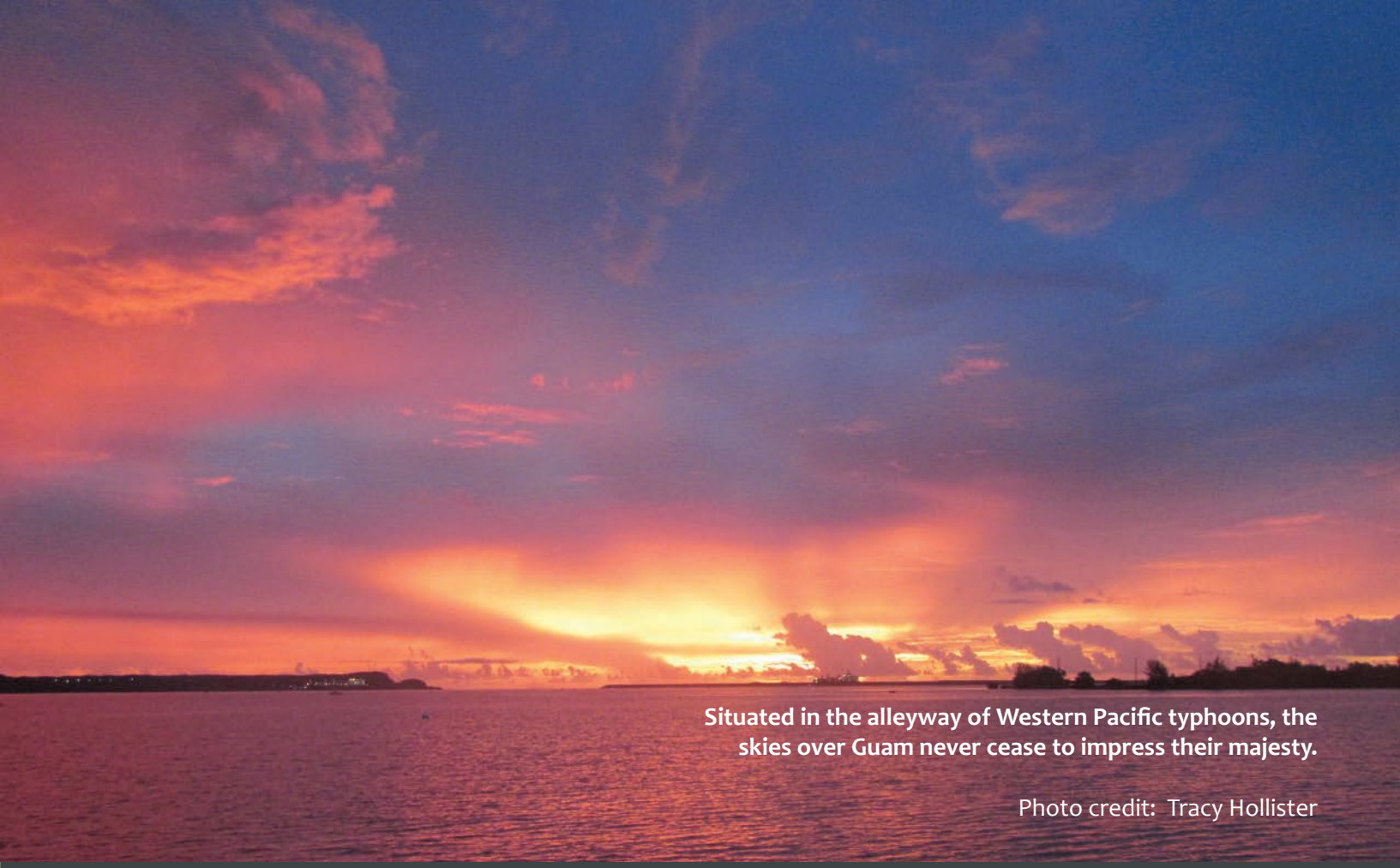
My infatuation for the sea had become a full blown hex with no cure. My blood was becoming salty. Gradual advances into bigger water got me to the point where I wanted to chase the horizon with my boat, over passages so long I get my passport stamped when they're over. Big journeys can have big trouble, I needed a boat capable of getting us out.

Some of the best things in life just happen; the hard part is letting them happen. I was not shopping for boats when *Ingrid Princess* visited my home port of Hood River, but the Ingrid 38 was on my short list of candidates I'd derived over the decades of poking around in boats. I knew what I wanted, she just happened to come to me.

It was during her second trip to Hood River, that I left a note in the cockpit as she lay moored at the Hood River guest dock with no one onboard. That note led me to meeting Skip, and six months later, *Sundancer* was sold to take on this bona fide ocean roaming vessel. Michelle and I now had a boat that could sail any of the world's oceans for as long as we were willing. Everything was falling into place to make this dream a reality. That same month a devastating void rocked my foundation. My father, the man who taught me to sail and so much more, lost his battle

Approaching Hana Vave on the Marquesan Ille of Fatu Hiva, French Polynesia.

Photo credit: Michelle Hollister



Situated in the alleyway of Western Pacific typhoons, the skies over Guam never cease to impress their majesty.

Photo credit: Tracy Hollister

with colon cancer. I showed him a picture of *Ingrid Princess* during one of his chemo rounds, and he listened to my plans. By the way his jaw clenched, I could tell he had issues. There was no hesitation in his eyes though as they peered at me with intensity. "I think you should do it." My life, and this trip in particular would have been much easier with him as a part of it. His cancer gave us eight years to prepare for his death, but some things you will never be prepared for.

Part II: The Pacific Journey

October of 2013 felt like now or never. With *Ingrid Princess* loaded for long distance cruising, I headed down the Columbia and took a left, not looking back, or caring if I returned. Nobody consigned or forced me into any of this, there was not a choice in the matter. I had to go on walkabout, or in this case floatabout. No matter what the result, this needed to happen for the sake of living life now, just because I could. My mental mooring lines had long chafed through, I was adrift.

As *Ingrid Princess* trounced along the trade wind route, more jeweled islands, atolls, and lagoons were experienced with a routine fashion. We had the honor of making multiple anchorages previously visited by Cook's *Endeavor*, and Bligh's *Bounty*. Clearing French Polynesia after overstaying our three month visa, *Ingrid Princess* made Rarotonga, the Cook Islands, giving her crew a completed circle in life. My wife, daughter and I had visited the capital of the Cooks dozens of times over the past twelve years via Air New Zealand, when I partnered in the operation of the game fishing vessel, *Seafari*. Rarotonga was our introduction to the South Pacific, and the catalyst to which our dreams of sailing the South Seas was conceived. Arriving via *Ingrid Princess* years later with a small pod of humpbacks at the Avaitu harbor entrance was lived large for three weeks, as we enjoyed our friends at our old South Pacific home. *Seafari* was still holding her own on the charter boat quay under her new Kiwi owners.

One hundred fifty miles is considered close proximity for any two of the fifteen scattered Cook Islands. Due north, lay Aitutaki, an atoll holding a magnetism for

Stampeding toward her goal, this day *Ingrid* chiseled 146 miles off the 2,800 remaining. If only they were all this good, I wouldn't have been 12 days overdue.

Photo credit: Tracy Hollister

Sailing to weather and off course for half the 7 week crossing made for a wet boat.

Photo credit: Tracy Hollister

us difficult to leave. Anywhere population is mitigated, social anxieties and problems wane. Aitutaki's small area and population make it an ideal remote community, with a large healthy lagoon. Richard Story, an old fishing buddy from Raro manages the ministry of marine resources. During a lagoon outing on his glass bottom research boat to check on his giant clam farm, he offered me a job running the boat for tourists. All the more reason to stay! Leaving Raro and a carpentry job offer the previous week was vexing, this was a tough one. My compulsion to continue exploring with the *Ingrid Princess*, and return to my native Oregon country where I belong prevailed. In retrospect, when I contemplate the option of staying in Aitutaki, the caustic feeling of regret is averted by my wife reminding me that we can always return, it's downwind after all.

As raw of an environment as it is, we enjoyed exploring the more remote corners of the tropics. Though *Ingrid Princess* was showing signs of needing a refit, she was ready to go against the odds for a big long push up and across the Pacific. Cruising time was running out, it would soon be delivery time. The last week is an unusual emotional adjustment for both of us. The trip together has come to an end; I must switch gears and get started on the hard yards solo. I have to put my wife on a plane. A rendezvous in Japan was planned, but time wouldn't allow. Saying goodbye at the Luganville airport on the island of Espiritu Santo, Vanuatu was full of uncertainty and sadness. Not knowing when I'd see her again made me feel like I knew nothing, what was I doing? Putting Michelle through some worst case scenarios seen, and yet to experience, seemed unfair.

I had a conquest ahead, my sailor's masterpiece before me, there was motivation. I felt like a cage fighter about to step into the ring. Michelle had a fun travel itinerary through Australia and Japan instead of going straight home. She had friends and Abi to enjoy, but not her boat. She wouldn't see *Ingrid* or me for almost 4 months. She would have to reckon with the possibility that I could perish trying to sail home, and there would be nothing she could do about it. 'Buy the ticket, take the ride' was the philosophy that made it seem alright, at least intentional. I didn't know whose status was worse – being vulnerable, or helpless.

Cyclones are active in the northwest Pacific every month of the year; the busy season is from July to September, when the ocean temperature is the warmest of all the seas. To set up for completing the 4,600 mile crossing to Oregon before the north Pacific winter, I had to transit the equatorial cyclone breeding ground for four thousand miles, just to get to Japan. It gets more complicated with El Niño churning out storms 200% the normal rate. In 2015, the region guarded against thirty-six named storms, seventeen were cyclones. Sustained winds over one hundred knots was common, these storms collectively were responsible for over two hundred deaths and nine billion dollars of damage. My first encounter was before motoring across the equator, cyclone Raquel had done the unexpected, and hit the Solomon Islands during the winter. It was the second time on record of an out of season cyclone in the South Pacific. El Niño plays by his own rules.

I thought it a good idea to brush up on Adler Cole's '*Heavy Weather Sailing*', and prepare the cabin for cartwheels. I timed my nine hundred mile passages to begin between weather systems. During the calm spells, a dozen thunderheads could be counted at any given point during the day, the rising and setting of the sun set them all ablaze. Lightening was a regular occurrence, I slept in the cockpit to watch the show. My senses were aware of weather in the works, with eyes on the skies, and on the barometer, I was always anxious for progress. For every day solo at sea, I decided to draw a black star on the Monitor's wind vane as another way to keep track of time. This I did when logging a day's mileage, it was something to look forward to, a ritual. My name for the Monitor wind vane is 'Levon Helm'. He's the drummer in The Band, and he drives my boat. By the time *Ingrid*'s hull would ply fresh Columbia River water, there would be eighty-two stars tagged on the white plywood wind vane.

On July sixth, a light southeast breeze let the spinnaker tug *Ingrid Princess* North, away from the Santa Cruz archipelago of

My voyage was cursed with northeast winds. There was no sleigh ride, no glory run, no one thousand mile weeks, no wind at my back.

Photo credit: Tracy Hollister

the Solomons. I began crossing the West Pacific Basin at the same time a tropical cyclogenesis occurred, with three simultaneous cyclones developing far to the northeast. Grib files predicted a total flattening of wind and seas for my passage through the equatorial latitudes. Calculating my fuel supply, I decided to veer one hundred fifty miles east to Honiara, the Solomon capital on the island of Guadalcanal, I would need all the diesel I could carry. Cyclone Raquel caused flooding throughout the archipelago a week prior. Upon my approach a typhoid epidemic was on the verge, an earthquake shook the region, and a toxic dam at a phosphorous mine threatened to breach arsenic and other heavy metals. Reaching through Indispensable Straight reminded me of a tropical Juan de Fuca, I wondered how the people of Guadalcanal were coping with all these tragedies at one time? I wondered why I was going there; Diesel fuel. I spent a total of thirty-six hours in Honiara, got my diesel and got out.

With unofficial advice from my expert friends on Guam, a plan was made to utilize the strong southwest winds after super cyclone Atsani had passed, and her one hundred sixty mile per hour winds were deteriorating. Under jib alone, I followed five hundred miles behind the cyclone in her safer southern quadrants, so long as she didn't turn around, I would be drawn North with the storm. The projected track was spot on, *Ingrid Princess* made over one hundred fifty miles a day for four days. As the wind notched down each day, a sail was added. The final two days to the island of Chichi Jima, all four sails powered me north until the diesel was called to action. Swell diminished too from fifteen feet to less than five, but always from three directions - very annoying. Plan A was still in effect, keep moving, go home.

On a Japanese horizon, sunrise is illumination for the significance of their symmetric flag, the last in my collection of ten countries linked together by a sailing journey. Never being a collector of things, I came to realize after the seventh or eight countries, that I'm coveting these flags like badges, as *Ingrid Princess* earns them. Five miles into the longest sail of my life, the Rising Sun still had creases from its original folds when I returned it to the locker with the other more weathered flags. There will be no more on this journey, this is the last leg. I'm going home.

With flood tide, and fair weather at the Columbia River bar, *Providence* welcomed me off the sea.

Photo credit: Jim Adams

Before a light wind and strong current, with the Ogasawara Islands still in sight, I could not comprehend the duration of this passage. The level of risk felt algebraically associated. I decided not to think much beyond what I had to do at the moment. That later became a rule. I've never had a problem with too much time at sea, the route home from New Zealand had been hatched years ago, stewed over from time to time, and now the largest expanse of Pacific Ocean lay ahead of me. Seven time zones over the eastern horizon was the North American continent. I knew I'd be alone for this. My time of capture and manipulation to cross the North Pacific Ocean. A hostile expanse void of humanity. A place where you can not be more alone. I saw this passage as a chance to seek the limits of my own resilience. There was no death wish involved, I had everything to loose, it was the end of a big family cruise after all. It's just not easy getting home from New Zealand, being so far downhill. ●

MODERN SYSTEM
OF
NAVAL ARCHITECTURE
BY
SCOTT RUSSELL.
VOL. III. PLATES

THE MODERN SYSTEM OF NAVAL ARCHITECTURE
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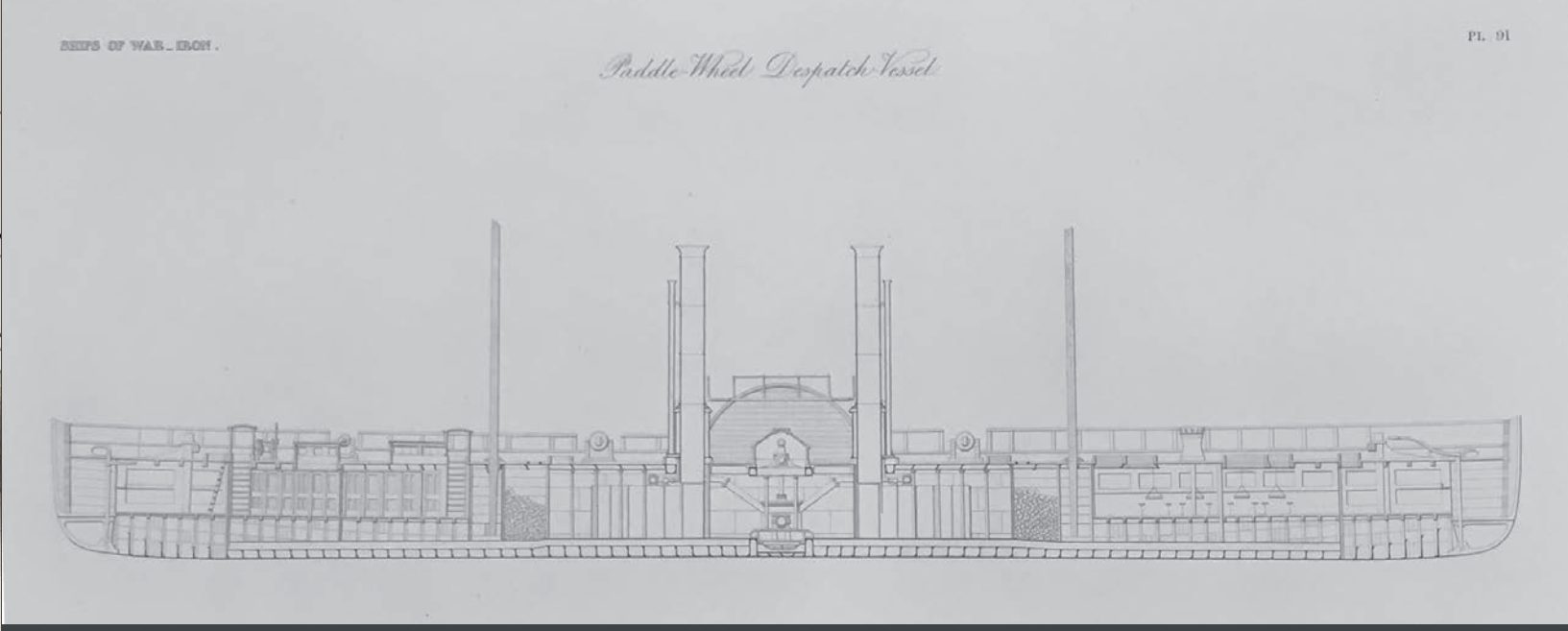

Major addition added to Museum Library

Jeffrey H. Smith, Curator

The Museum was recently given a three volume set of the one of the largest works ever printed on the subject of naval architecture: *The Modern System of Naval Architecture* by John Scott Russell, printed in 1854. There are only 57 copies listed on the OCLC WorldCat catalog currently and to describe them as big books is definitely an understatement. These three volumes weigh in at over 120 lbs. and are 21" x 27" inches. The third volume is comprised entirely of printed illustrations showing sectional and side views of ships, some over six feet long when unfolded. This 3-volume set is the BIG, Big book of naval architecture! Greg Gibson, a dealer in maritime works described this set as follows: "The Modern System includes detailed plates of monitors, American revolving turrets, yachts, an American river steamboat, merchant, passenger, and naval vessels, a Pacific Mail Steamer, 5 plates of an Australian iron screw passenger steamer, and 22 detailed plates of the Great Eastern. It is possibly the most important work on naval architecture of its time."

John Scott Russell was a pioneer in iron ship design. He was the first to recognize that construction of iron ships required an adaptation in design that would take full advantage of the material's qualities and strengths. Those before him had simply built ships of iron using lines and ideas perfected over generations by wooden shipbuilders. New materials demanded new approaches, and Russell advanced those ideas. He also is credited with the discovery of what he called the wave of translation, an observation of hydrodynamics and how an object moves through the water more efficiently. He incorporated this into his designs and is responsible for the concave bow manifested by extreme clipper ships of the day, vastly increasing their speed.

He partnered with Isambard Kingdom Brunel in 1858 to build and launch the largest ship of its day, the sailing steamer S.S. *Great Eastern*, the first ship to fully apply Russell's concepts in iron shipbuilding. At almost 700 feet long, the *Great Eastern* held the record for the world's largest ship for over 50 years. The building of the *Great Eastern* was a financial disaster for Russell, but is remembered as the ship to lay the first permanent trans-Atlantic cable and for having the ability to carry 4,000 passengers from England to Australia without refueling.

We are truly honored to have this substantive work in our collection. Our library has grown impressively over the last fifteen years, especially this last year. So many of you generously contributed to last year's annual appeal and made possible the additional compact mobile shelving due to be installed in the coming weeks. A sincere thank you to you, our members, for your ongoing support.

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