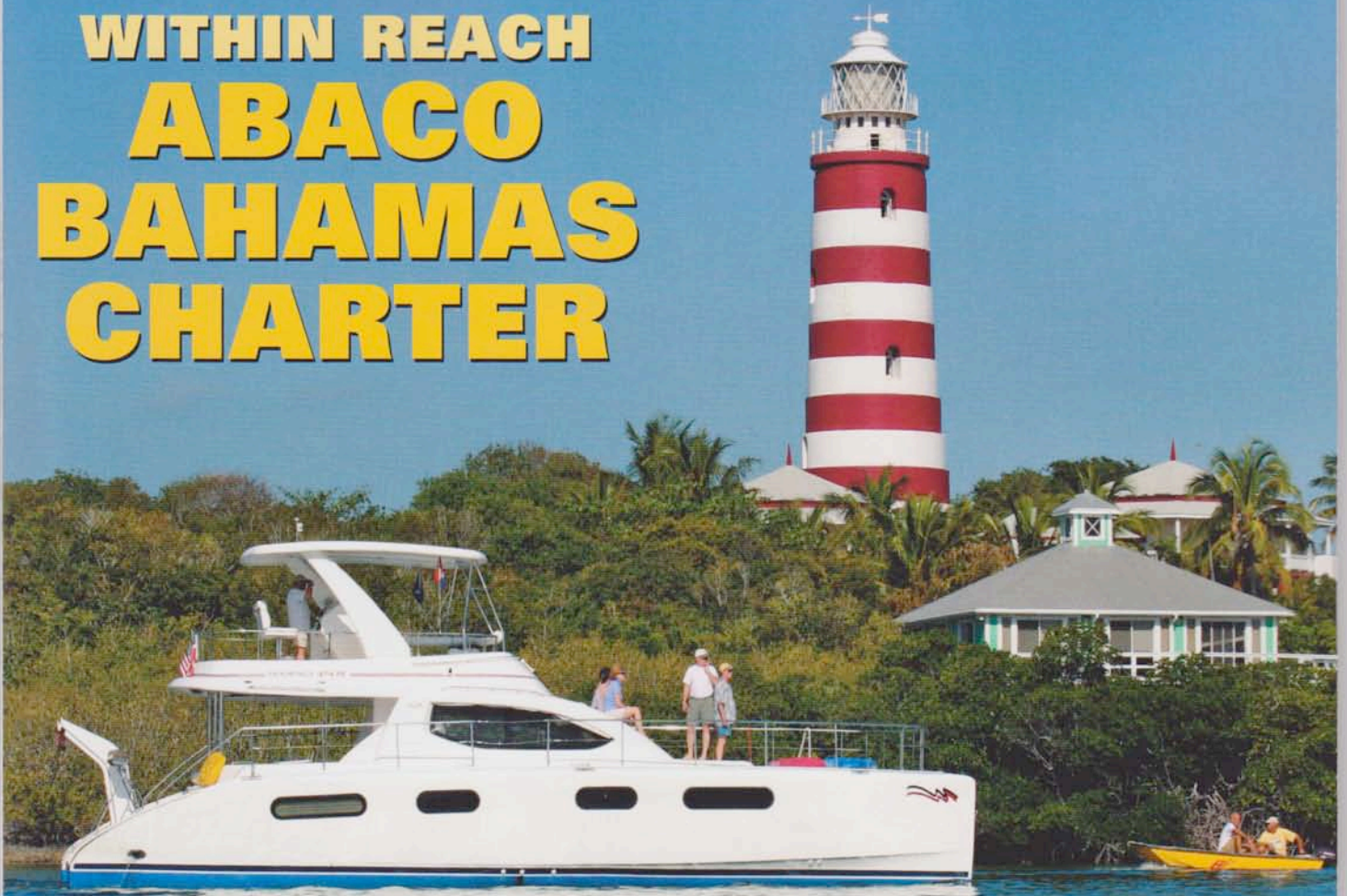


TOURS: INLAND SOUND 48 • NORDIC TUG 26

PassageMaker[®]

— The Trawler & Ocean Motorboat Magazine —

WITHIN REACH ABACO BAHAMAS CHARTER



**CRACKING THE CODE: HOW TO
AVOID THE BOATYARD BLUES**

SPRING ELECTRONICS ROUNDUP

SOLVING A FUEL SYSTEM PROBLEM

MAY/JUNE 2012
\$5.99US \$7.99CAN
0 09281 01700 4 06>
Display until June 25, 2012
passagemaker.com

WATERLINES



I remember June 18, 2002 very well, when an email crossed my desk announcing that the Nordhavn 40 had tied up at the San Diego Harbor Police docks at approximately 3 p.m. Joe Meglan, the captain on the leg from Acapulco, Mexico to Dana Point, California checked in at the first available U.S. port. Considering that the boat had just completed a circumnavigation of 24,188nm in seven months, he was delighted to find that clearing customs only took 15 minutes.

There were 23nm remaining—an easy day's run back to Dana Point, which was the starting point for this remarkable odyssey. That leg would be completed at the end of the month (June 30 to be precise), after the compact production trawler was thoroughly cleaned and shined for the welcome home ceremonies, escorted by the Dana Point Harbor Rescue boat and a host of other Nordhavn trawlers.

My mind drifted back to December 15, 2001, the last time I laid eyes on the *Around The World (ATW) 40*. It was in Lelu Harbor, Kosrae Island, in the Caroline Islands group. I was standing on the shore, awaiting a ride to a local hotel, in preparation for my flight back to Honolulu. A strong wind was blowing, but the 40 rode comfortably at anchor, and I must admit, I imagined that I could feel her motion, buffeted by still strong winds, in my very core. That memory tugs at my heart still.

All around me, local vegetation was chaotically strewn this way and that—a reminder of the high winds and waves from Tropical Storm Faxai, which battered us constantly on the

Happy Anniversary

last day of our four-day trip from Majuro in the Marshall Islands.

As historic as this trip was for the *ATW 40*, and the folks at Pacific Asian Enterprises (PAE), who designed and built it, the trip was also an important milestone for me personally. I had made many coastal trips up and down the Intracoastal Waterway in previous years, and even a couple of offshore runs in heavy weather, including one from Apalachicola in the Florida panhandle to Clearwater, just north of Tampa Bay, across the Gulf of Mexico, and another from Michigan City, Michigan to Cedar Point, Ohio in the Great Lakes.

This was to be my first true bluewater adventure, and I was putting my fate in the hands of a crew I'd never met. As it turned out, the crew was as capable as the boat. Dave Harlow, the captain, was an experienced cruiser with plenty of sea miles under his belt, as was Ray Danet who, along with Harlow, was a PAE employee. We were also joined by Tom Selman from Washington state, a Nordhavn owner with a lot of experience cruising in Pacific Northwest waters.

I first met them on a sandy beach in Majuro, a large coral atoll and the capital of the 64 islands that make up the Marshall Islands. They had just made the 1,962nm crossing from Honolulu, and they were ready for fuel, provisions, and a bit of rest and relaxation. Over the next four days, we got to know one another pretty well, possibly because I paved the way with the present of a new coffeemaker to replace one that had broken on the crossing from Honolulu, but mostly I think because for the next four to five days, we would be bound together to face whatever the Pacific Ocean

threw at us.

The images of those days run through my mind even now—a mental slide show with a bit of the Ken Burns effect, fleeting from one to the next. I'll never forget our last day at anchor in the Majuro atoll: laughing out loud with Ray Danet when he showed me the canvas wall separating the forward berth into two bachelor singles; snorkeling over and diving down to a well-preserved DC-3 that begged to be explored; searching through the ship's stores with Tom Selman for a can of sliced pineapple, then later discovering that it was the final ingredient baked into an upside down cake in honor of my 54th birthday. We feasted on lamb chops broiled on the stern-mounted grill, and stayed up way too late, considering that we would pull up the anchor early the next morning and start our journey for Pohnpei, some 599nm to the west.

I will also never forget the startling beauty of Ailinglapalap Atoll, where we anchored for the night, awaiting news of the tropical storm that was bearing down on Pohnpei, our intended landfall for fuel. If we had known that Faxia would grow in size and encompass our divert destination, Kosrae, we might have lingered there longer.

I look back this month to my part in the adventure of a lifetime (almost ten years ago), send a personal note of congratulations and thanks to the PAE team, and dream about voyages to come.

John Wooldridge
Editor-In-Chief