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When a few riddles of the Seascout had been solved, we stowed some chow and other necessities aboard and shoved off, carrying only a small bit of cargo....a two pound hunk of bacon to be delivered in San Diego to Joe Jessop by BUTCHER BOY, performing again a service she had not done in over 65 years.

The voyage down to San Diego was uneventful; the first part in flat calm, under power alone to Avalon, Catalina. I thought my math had slipped a little (mine is the old type, and has always been fairly reliable), because we averaged 6.9 knots with that little egg-beater, and I would have been quite content with 5.0 or 5.5. At Avalon we topped off with gas, set sail, and were off in a light N'west-erly.....and she stepped right out, too, with her hand-me-down suit of sails of which the main constituted about a double reef in the mains'l sail of yore.

The smell of gas persisted and we found that the deck-fill pipe leaked at the deck, and couldn't be got at, at all. We found a piece of hose and siphoned out several gallons to end the danger.....gas does NOT taste good! We were off Point Loma by 11:45 P.M.; about 6.7 knots under sail, and only a moderate but fair wind! Her legendary speed was real!

Next day, a beautiful Sunday with fresh breezes, the fleet of yachts assembled to watch the Lipton Trophy race, defended successfully by Gene Treppe and his BRUSHFIRE; but the little 30 foot gaff-rigged cutter drew more than the normal attention among the spectators who little realized I was holding her back.....for as eagerly as she seemed to want to race too, it wouldn't do to lead these modern yachts around the course.

This handsome little boat will be cut down to her original appearance of low freeboard, long main boom and bowsprit, and flush deck....a true wraith of the past; for as small boats go, 70 years was a long time ago, indeed.

Captain Kenneth D. Reynard
20 May 1971

