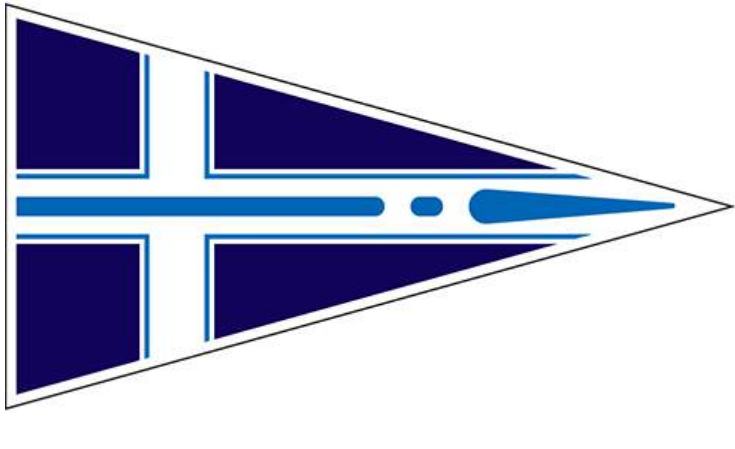




News From the Cockpit No. 423/2025

11th S&S Swan Rendez-vous -NOR-

Marciana Marina, Elba Island
17-22 June 2025

11th S&S Swan Rendez-vous **Notice of Race** is now available, please download it [HERE](#)

We would like to remind you we have a limited number of berths in Marciana Marina, so you are kindly invited to confirm your participation as soon as possible (we can guarantee a berth only to the first 45 subscribed S&S Swan), thank you!

S&S Swan Bronze Plaque

Some owners, when sold their S&S Swan, kept the Builder's plaque as a "ricordo", and this is a problem as this plaque, as many other items, peculiar of the S&S Swan, is now dismissed.

Up to now we were able to replace the first generation anodized aluminum plaque but not the second generation bronze one.

Finally things ghanged, as a Member of the S&S Swan Association, who has a fundry, casted a brand new bronze plaque, and is now able to get you one with your boat details.

All you need is to proof you are the legal Owner of a S&S Swan, and we will get you in touch with our Association member, in order to order the replacement.



An example of the new bronze plaque, before punching S&S Swan hull no. and delivery date

Position for Wooden Plugs for Seacocks

A nice tip from Nick H., our Member from New Zealand, who sent us this photo, with his wooden plugs for seacocks well stored and ready to be taken off in case of an emergency, onboard his S&S Swan 38/002 **Soma**.

Thanks Nick for your wise suggestion!



S&S Swan 44/062 in Japan

I sold my boat today: Merry Christmas!

(the original story at <https://tspsjapan.org/farewell-santana-hello-gryms/>) As you know, I fell into this crazy pursuit of sailing about 5 years ago, totally tricked into it originally by evil Evan Burkosky.

I joined TSPS in order to get licensed to sail Japanese waters and met many of you there. And I learned enormously from this affiliation ... and still do. All my other pastimes... the wonderful saunas, the smokey-cigars, working on old cars, those insane detoxes, my weekly briefings on Japanese politics... all thrown to the wayside as I tumbled headlong down this unending, swirling, tubelike tunnel. Apparently, the long-time owner of Santana had become ill and so Santana just sat there forlornly for almost two years. The family wanted to find a good home for her, but knew nothing of boating or sailing or selling a boat. So she just sat there.

Santana before: **Santana** was a bit bedraggled and ignored and also suffered some damage due to the typhoon & tornados that hit the port two years earlier (and virtually destroyed the hamlet of Katsuyama). Upon my first visit to Watari to 'go sailing' (translated into Evan-speak of "help me work on my boat"), Evan convinced me to take over Santana, ever-so soothingly cooing, "I'll help you out...". Since then, we have, both together & solo, sailed Santana all over Tokyo and Sagami Bays and out to the farthest island in the Izu Island chain, to Atami, Shimoda... all over! Almost weekly, it seems like now. Evan taught me the ins-and-outs, and Santana taught me the rest. We constantly worked on **Santana** and upgraded her to make her safer and more reliable. Wow, we sailed the heck out of her, too! **Santana** after: About three years later, Evan stumbled upon abandoned **Garuda**. For 9 months, he and others ("let's go sailing!") helped liar-Evan restore **Garuda** to sublime sailing grace. We sailed her 8 solid days over Golden Week, in fact. Now **Garuda** is gorgeous, responsive: a head-turner whether in-port or out. Gorgeous 45 year old **Garuda**! But my desire for a larger-than-**Santana** more capable boat continued un-satiated. I was actually looking for a boat where I could spend cigar-chomping Ernest Hemmingway-like time writing stories, maybe even a book! Evan and Tony were looking on my behalf, too! Back to the story... Three months ago, Anthony Hardie (whose yacht is berthed near **Garuda** & **Santana**) telephoned me with some urgency: an older fellow needed to unload his 44' **Sparkman&Stephens Swan**, and this rumor Tony had just heard through his extensive sailing grapevine. Tony explained that somehow this 50 year old yacht flooded, and the Owner just was through with it: he couldn't afford to fix it, he couldn't afford to have it decommissioned (both expenses in the neighborhood of \$6 million), he couldn't find anyone to fix it, he had just caught COVID: he was in a hell of a bind. As the most recent owner (2 years earlier paid \$15 million?), he had poured money into the boat to sell it and get a pretty penny. The mainsail, jib and storm sails were all brand-new. But this poor Owner was now spiritually defeated, economically empty, dejected from the fate he was handed, incapable of the manual labor immediately required. "I just need someone to take her off my hands!" he confided to his First Mate. "No matter what you have to do," Tony yelled into the iPhone, "call this First Mate right away and tell him you will take it, sight-unseen!". Tony ended the call with that famous refrain: "Don't worry, I'll help you...". Then, immediately the phone went dead and there I was... standing-there... deer-in-headlights. ----- And down the rabbit hole I again tumbled, dragging Tony and Evan with me. In retrospect, though, I have to admit that these two nut-jobs were not reluctant but in fact gleefully egging-on co-conspirators! My sails filled with air and off the ground I was carried! All the fluids needed to be flushed, and replaced. But first, the entire boat had to be dried-out. The fuel-tank, having been under water for 2 months, leaked the diesel throughout the bilge and filled-up instead with sea water. This meant the entire ship needed to be hand-scrubbed with soap and water, over and over again. First order of business was to restore the engine: Evan & Tony tagged-teamed to bleed all fuel and oil systems, replace those electrical devices which were under water for 2 months, figure-out what was damaged beyond repair, and where to fix it. Gallons and gallons needed to be removed by hand, then refilled with fresh water, or with fresh fuel or pure from the oil can, then drained again. On and on and on.... I began to appreciate how the Owner must have felt upon discovery of the water: "how can I ever get this fixed?!" We recruited (i.e., tricked) others to join in the fun, Toshi came by to check-out this huge boat and weigh in with some physical labor that was hugely appreciated... others came by, too... "hey, what can I do to help?". What magic **Gryms** possessed. Tony Hardie, over many dinners and celebratory beers ("celebratory" because after spending the whole day working on **Gryms**, significant progress was revealed in another tiny increment) was always ready to help. This went on, week-after-week, all day and into the nights sometimes, sleeping on the boat many evenings (once we were able to get rid of the stench of diesel!). The cleaning and beautification of this large yacht continued topside as well as in the engine as with the electricals. With each devotion of time and effort, the quality of workmanship of this boat revealed itself. A little bit of attention and wow, she responded as if purring for the effort! A rare teak deck paid back with dividends! What a difference; a result repeated everywhere as we delved further and deeper into the restoration. **Gryms** in her Yumenoshima Marina berth, getting aired-out and thoroughly scrubbed.... a couple times over. Everything. This was not only backbreaking and filthy work, but conducted in the blazingly hot September/October months. Always crouching, bending over, contorted for long stretches, just to get that last screw or remaining smudge, daylight or at night with nighttime miner's lights strapped to our foreheads... In 5 weeks we got the vessel's engine running, another 4 weeks of clean-up and refurbishment, then changing the Registration. We took her for sea-trials twice and, whoa!... how she performed! Honestly, all three of us were smitten! Two weeks ago, we untied **Gryms** for the last time from her mooring in Tokyo's Yumenoshima Marina and sailed out towards the mouth of the massive Tokyo Bay: a seven-hour sail. The transition was complete. While this downtown Tokyo marina is 8 hours from the true place where a boat like this belongs (the unfathomably deep and treacherous blue waters of the open Pacific), **Gryms**'s new berth is but a brief push-off the quay for a 15 minute sail into the deep blue. She is now where she belongs: not destined to sail inside the confines of Tokyo Bay and dodging tankers, but further outside where tuna leap and the powerful Kuroshio Current swirls. **Gryms**' new berth is where **Santana**, **Garuda** and Tony's magnificently restored pirate-looking yacht are all berthed. A small fishing hamlet near Hota. ----- They say the happiest day of a sailor's life is when you first purchase your boat, and then the second happiest day is when you sell it. Usually this phrase conveys regret and resignation at making the biggest mistake of your life in buying, essentially, a hole in the water into which you dump money. But in my case, **Santana** didn't really cost anything except for repairing her and bringing her up-to-snuff. It didn't cost money, except for the beers I plied Evan and Tony with as we three poured ourselves into the task of resurrecting this unbelievable gift from the gods. And this is exactly the same scenario with the new **S&S Swan**, though the two-transactions are separated by 4+ years. But I had to sell **Santana** in order to have the berth for **Gryms**. But these two 'happiest-of-days' happened in such unbelievable close-proximity. ----- I am bittersweet happy/sad to announce the sale of **Santana** as of today, Christmas Day! It is unwise and dangerous to have two lovers, I have been long told. And, I guess I need to avoid that though I really don't want to. In any event, leaping from a 26' sailboat into a 44' sailing yacht is not just a step-up, it is skipping a couple of steps in-between and a huge challenge: massive, in fact. I must, for example, grow into a different kind of sea-captain, comfortable with crew rather than, as is my usual course, going solo. **Santana** is very comfortable, quick and responsive, easily solo-sailed... but this Finnish boat, built to cross oceans, is a different matter. Much of the rigging and winches are located on the mast, or forward of the cockpit, a good 4 meters away from the helm! And not just that, but preparing to gybe or tack, or reef, requires coordination between the helmsman and those pulling-or-releasing the sheets than a mere pair of hands can safely and smoothly execute. So, farewell to that precious solitude that Santana gave to me as a solo-sailor. On the other hand, what **Gryms** takes away, she repays in spades: speed, power, agility in plowing through waves at 11 tons of weight! THAT is pretty spectacular! **Gryms** is formally registered in katakana as ?????!!!... which in English is **Grymes III**. **Gryms** is the name of a Norse god, so I think this was how she was first christened. I am not inclined to rename her as this is considered to be rude to the gods. And I ALREADY need to watch my 'p's and 'q's: no need to unnecessarily tempt the Fates. I am definitely up for that and so grateful to be surrounded by friends like you guys. In particular, it goes without saying how indebted I am to Tony and Evan for placing me in this predicament. I never envisioned such a thing happening so quickly but, in fact, it went smoothly and somewhat flawlessly. So I owe a lot to everyone for helping me on this tremendous journey. ----- Anyway, I just wanted to give you a personal update and a 'thank you' for whatever role you had in this pretty significant achievement over a brief 5-year-span. Forgive me if this seems like a brag but... well, I just can't help myself: I am like a kid at Christmas! THANKS for all your encouragement (less for the torments, but yeah, for those, too). THANKS for reading this far, and for celebrating with me this uncanny stroke of luck and friendship contained within this story. Not something that happens to everyone.... I am beyond words grateful to you guys for your support. Merry Christmas!

S&S Swan . A Legend

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