

## The Editor of "The Rip"

There was a hardcase boat owner named George Williamson. He was never a Club member but as he had spent much of his childhood on the Brothers Light House he was respected.

George acquired an ex Ngāio lifeboat. He fitted a two cylinder engine, I presume diesel, to this hull, decked it etc; and named it The Rambler. more commonly "Rumbler."

George invited me to accompany him, in the Rambler, to meet his lady friend, who, at that time was house maiding at the "Portage Guest House" in Kenepuru Sound. We were to meet her at the Portage wharf in a bay off the Grove Arm, where there was a landing and road access to Kenepuru, Havelock etc.

George and I set off from Clyde Quay late evening, as dictated by the tides. It was agreed that, as it really only took one person, on such a beautiful night, to steer. So to conserve our strengths, I went below for a sleep. When passing Karori, there was the customary joggle. I put out one hand, subconsciously, to steady, and grasped the terminals of the generator. A great wake up.

We met the lady as arranged, on a beautiful sunny morning. She decided to take a swim. I looked the other way while things were adjusted. Apparently the water was quite acceptable. Then, George noticed the Jetty Goods Shed door was off its hinges and it required very little modification to convert it to an aquaplane. The lady took hold of the door and Rambler took off, at 7 knots! The complete tow dissappeared. Rambler stopped. The mud covered door and lady re surfaced. She was rinsed down with a few buckets of sea water and the door was re hung, with new Brass screws!

I caught the mail launch to Picton and the Tamahiri to Wellington.

A great weekend!

