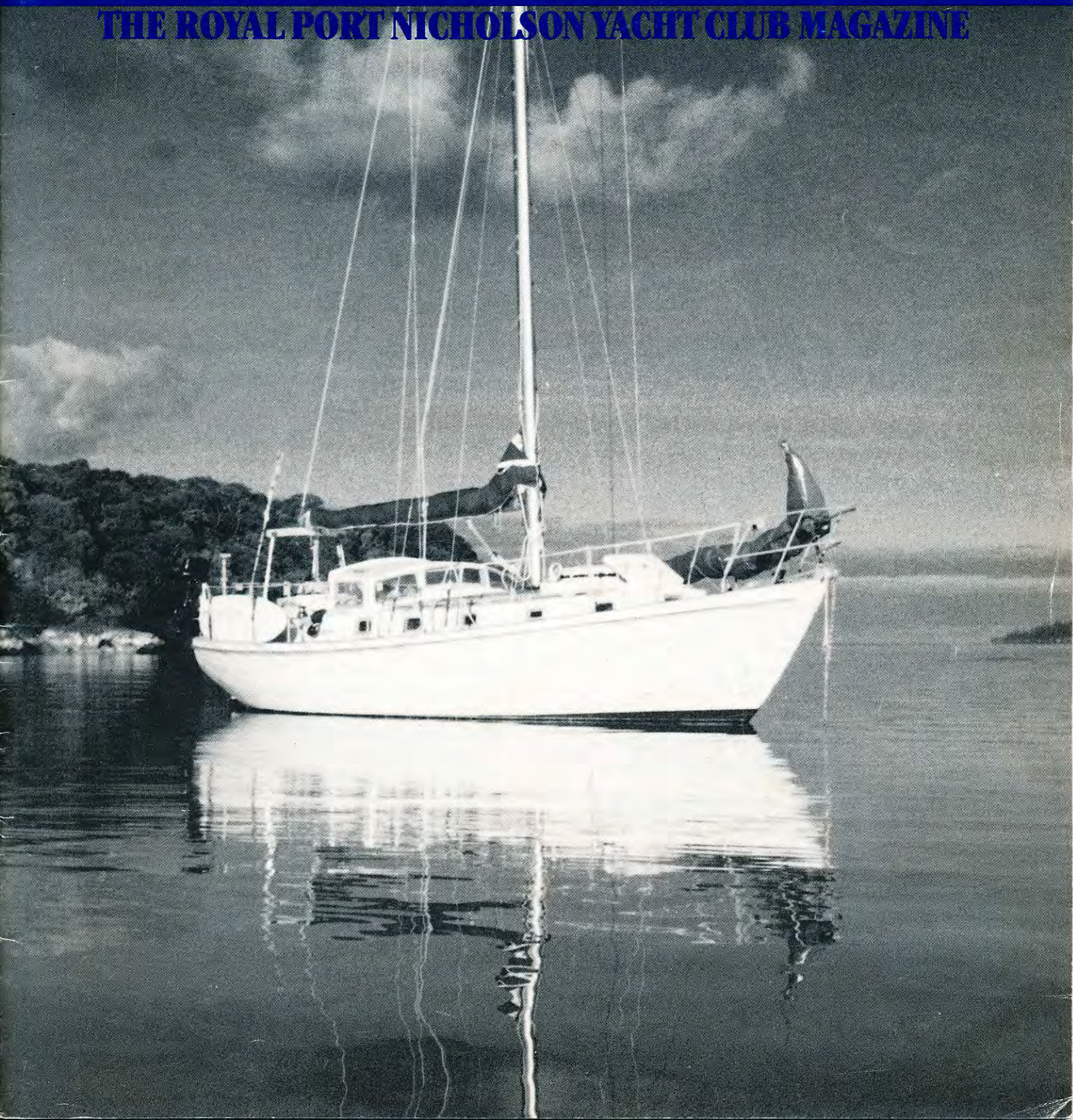




The Rip

Winter 1988

THE ROYAL PORT NICHOLSON YACHT CLUB MAGAZINE



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The Rip

Vol. 7, No. 3
Winter 1988

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THE RIP is the official magazine of the Royal Port Nicholson Yacht Club Inc. Wellington, New Zealand.
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COVER

DRUMPEEL, whose six-month cruise to the Solomons is featured in this issue, lies at anchor at the south end of the Ile of Pines.



ROYAL PORT NICHOLSON YACHT CLUB OFFICERS FOR SEASON 1987-88

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MANY thanks for the Honorary Life Membership to your Radio Association, Channel 62. We will also be only too pleased to inform our members of your service and encourage them to join your association if they are using Channel 62.

On behalf of the family who operate Cape Jackson Radio, again many thanks.

BETTY BAKER QSM

OK Dinghy Worlds 1988

WITH the advent of Wellington's winter it was time to look to warmer climates on far shores. This year the OK Worlds were being sailed at Travemunde on the Baltic Sea, West Germany, July 31 to August 6.

I had decided that last year 46th in Sweden may have been due to burn out after too many major regattas. So 1988 would be fly in, win, and fly home; however not only did I not win, but the flying part was ranked as low as 1.

The first two flights to USA were cancelled, the next I missed, and when I arrived in Germany my luggage including my sails etc. were lost, never to be found.

I managed to arrange a Wednesday night race at Marina Del Rey through a friend and former member of RPNYC Phil Ash. We sailed on a one-tonner against a variety of other boats including SHOCKWAVE, and as there was some doubt whether we were last or second to last, I can't give you an accurate result.

Sailing in Travemunde was interesting because there were hundreds of yachts competing on a very small area bordered by East Germany; flares were carried by everyone just in case you drifted over the border. The 12

metres were racing as well, eight in fact, but the crews were not up to the standard of KZ 7.

The Worlds started without any invitation race or any other sailing on the course before race one. I sailed with begged, borrowed, and stolen gear to finish 19th out of 78 with the results of 19, 13, 13, 29, 31, 35, 10. Had I been sailing with my own gear maybe I would have been better.

I stopped off in Hawaii to see the last race of the Kenwood Cup and then home.

JOE POREBSKI

Cruising Award

AS always I very much enjoyed the autumn issue. When reading about Bill MacQueen's award from the NZ Yachting Federation, I thought that you might be interested to hear that I, too, as a member of RPNYC, was honoured with a Cruising Award. The award reads as follows:

Author of books on cruising aboard his COLUMBIA and co-author of a cruising guide to waters between Cape Palliser and Cape Farewell, Baron Ralph von Kohorn is recognised by a Cruising Award for those books and many other services. Ralph is a past commodore of the Mana Cruising Club and has been actively involved in cruising orientated activities of the Ministry of Transport, the Ministry of Environment, the N.Z. Water Safety Council, the Combined Marine Radio Organisation and many other organisations, including the N.Z. Sports Foundation. Ralph is the Chairman of the Cruising Committee of the Federation.

Kind personal regards

BARON RALPH VON KOHORN

Radphone service

THE following letter to the Club has been received from Wellington Radio – a division of Telecom Corporation of New Zealand Ltd:

CONSIDERATION is being given to the establishment of a VHF radphone service at Wellington Radio. It is proposed that the pilot service will cover Wellington Harbour and the eastern area of Cook Strait from our transmit and receive site on Mount Albert in South Wellington.

The service will operate in both ship-shore and shore-ship directions. Calls from ships may be lodged via Channel 16, Channel 24 (Coast Station receive 157.2 MHz, Coast Station transmit 161.8 MHz), the proposed working frequency, or any other ship-shore frequency. Calls to ships may be lodged direct to Wellington Radio on a toll-free but yet to be allocated number. I regret I am unable to furnish you with tariff details at this stage.

If the pilot service proves to be popular with mariners, professional and recreational, and thus financially viable, it is intended to extend the service both in terms of geographical coverage and available channels.

Accordingly, it would be appreciated if you could advise me if the vessels belonging to your organization would utilise a VHF radphone service as described above.

B. ALLISON
Manager

The Club has replied:

In response to your letter, be assured that you have this Club's unqualified support in establishing VHF radphone facilities in the Wellington region. This simple facility is long overdue and as a club we applaud its introduction.

As you are aware, this club operates a VHF repeater channel in association with Lowry Bay and Evans Bay Yacht Clubs. This repeater is providing a valuable service for our many members crossing Cook Strait and cruising the Marlborough Sounds/Tasman Bay area. As a safety and calling channel it supplements the excellent VHF coverage already provided by ZLW, but falls short of a service which connects the mobile local pleasure craft operator

South Island Club cruise

PLANS are afoot to promote a Club Cruise around the South Island in the summer of 1989/90. Tentative plans are for the first leg to be the Akaroa Race which will include a cruising division, on Boxing Day 1989. Watch the noticeboard and the next issue of THE RIP for more details.

and commercial operator directly with family, business, and friends. VHF radphone is the obvious solution to this shortcoming, and while a scale of charges has yet to be published, Wellington users will be just relieved to finally take advantage of a facility which our contemporaries in Auckland have enjoyed for some time.

We look forward to the introduction of the service in the near future, and are grateful for the opportunity to comment on its introduction.

Show the flags

IN the old Clubhouse we had a fine display of pennants from other clubs. Is it intended that they be installed in the new Clubhouse, or have they gone forever?

I was always under the impression that yacht clubhouses were for exactly this sort of thing.

SHOW THE FLAG

Help from Club

AS a new country member to your beautifully-appointed and practical club I would like to express my thanks for all the useful material I was given to help familiarise myself with the Club.

The magazine THE RIP is especially good value with interesting articles and photographs; it seems to me that the winds and weather seem to energize the boating fraternity to a greater degree in this part of the world.

Wishing the Club and magazine every success for the future.

PETER GREEN,
Sloop AHOY,
Shoal Bay,
Auckland.

RIP deadline

Members are invited to submit articles to THE RIP and are also able to insert small classified advertisements free of charge.

Copy for the next issue will have to be received by November 7.

Either post to The Editor, THE RIP, P.O. Box 9674, Wellington, or leave with the Club Manager.



Sea Spray photo

Editorial

IN May of 1983 whilst cruising from Suva to Lautoka a familiar-looking yacht approached from ahead. We recognised her as DRUMPEEL, a handsome cruising yacht that we'd often seen in Wellington harbour and the Sounds.

We didn't know much about her or her owner, but thought it a nice coincidence that two Wellington yachts should quietly wave to each other in passing, so far from home.

I have since learnt that her owner, Bill Lee, not only designed and built DRUMPEEL but has completed three successful cruises of most of the South Pacific islands aboard her. We're pleased to bring you his personal account of his latest cruise, for which he was awarded the Fiebig Offshore Cruising Cup, as our main feature in this issue. Also on the cruising scene we have further news of Mike Hughes' singlehanded odyssey aboard REBAL.

It is appropriate to feature cruising articles as, although the RPNYC is mainly known for its racing activities, I would venture to suggest that more club yachts proceed overseas in a cruising rather than a racing mode – usually with less publicity and fanfare but with every bit as much success, if the success of a cruise can be measured by its lack of drama and the eventual safe return of the yacht and its occupants.

Recently we have featured TEN GAUGE's three-month Islands cruise; Dr Dick Graham has popped over to Aussie with KOAMARU in between his regular circlings of the South Island; and past Commodore Alistair Macalister took his much-travelled NIRVANA on a side excursion out to the Chathams.

Presently GULLEY JIMSON, SYRAH and CATALAN are somewhere in the South Pacific. ROB ROY is heading westward from Indonesia towards Suez, and the furthest-flung club yacht of all, REBAL, is in Plymouth, England.

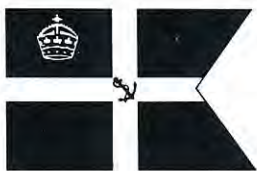
Peter O'Neill has plans to take SILVER SHADOW to Australia, and I'm sure there are many more overseas cruises being quietly planned and prepared.

Closer to home even the most devout racing owner puts the squabs and cabin table back aboard for a family cruise after the Cook Strait Race. (THE RIP would welcome accounts of summer cruising activities.)

So . . . it is good to see the Club, after 105 years, finally doing something for all the cruising vessels on the Club's register. New Cruising Captain Keith Larkin of TARA-NUI is getting things moving with the laying of strategically-placed Club moorings, and cruising divisions look like being introduced in offshore races.

Lastly, to whet your appetite, Bill Lee hopes to head back to the tropics for six months in 1989 and is looking for crew members. He can be contacted on 766-656 in the evening.

JOHN MANSELL



Commodore

Formal occasions

WHILE much that was traditional has now become history, there are those amongst our members who wish to see remaining tradition preserved.

Remaining "formal" occasions occur only twice each season – Opening Day and Prizegiving.

Against that background, a number of our "traditionalist" members have justifiably expressed concern at the lack of consideration shown by some members at our last prizegiving.

To quote from one letter received, "Despite publicity requests to the contrary, several members presented themselves in attire more suited to a mid-season Saturday afternoon. And the consternation and indignation at the bar's closure ten or so minutes before the event was due to start . . . You might not agree that one of this country's foremost associations should present itself with some style, dignity and occasion . . .".

The points are well made!

Please show a little consideration for other members. If you are not prepared to participate in these events (which after all occupy the Clubhouse for approximately two hours per year) then do not attend for these two hours and thus avoid disrupting those who are involved.

Clubhouse doors

A small number of members have questioned why Clubhouse doors fronting Oriental Parade are often closed on Sundays.

To answer in one word – security!

Oriental Parade doors are normally open Monday – Saturday inclusive. Experience indicates Sunday is generally a quiet day at the Clubhouse. Restaurant trade proved insufficient to justify its operation on Sunday. Likewise, in a review of the Club Manager's position, it appeared clear that there was more demand from members for his assistance on Monday and Tuesday afternoons than on Sundays.

Accordingly, there is normally no "presence" in the Clubhouse on Sundays other than at ground level. Leaving the first floor (Oriental Parade) doors open in those circumstances simply exposes the upper two storeys of our Clubhouse to theft and van-

dalism from those passing on Oriental Parade.

Anyone gaining access to the Manager's office and Start Box could cause considerable damage without ever being noticed by the odd member who would use the first floor entrance.

Every Sunday ground floor doors are open allowing members access to the Wardroom/showers/toilets/telephone/noticeboards. The Executive Committee regrets any inconvenience felt by members in having to use ground floor doors on Sundays to gain access to the ground floor!

Somes Island

Recent news of interest to all local boaties is that the Mayor of Wellington is keen to acquire Somes Island for the Council because, as he was quoted, "it's the only ruddy island we've got."

Ethusiastic editorial suggestions that the island would be a priceless asset offering tourism, recreation, and nature reserve opportunities are tempered by statements that before anything can happen a new home (and the finance for it) will need to be found for the quarantine station; and that local Maori tribes have filed claim to ownership of the island anyway!

For as long as I can remember people have spasmodically raised the possibility of the island being opened up for public use. We as boaties would benefit as much as anyone if it were to happen, and should support all efforts to achieve this.

Regrettably, with the present economic climate, and the apparent delays and complexities of issues before the Waitangi Tribunal, it is hard to escape the feeling that it will be a considerable time before we do see the island opened to the public.

Forthcoming season

For many, including myself, variations in this year's racing programme will come as a pleasant change. I note that there is no championship race scheduled for Labour Weekend, leaving those who wish to spend a full weekend away free to do so. It has always seemed a pity to me to break up this long weekend with a one day race



to the South Island and back without any stop-over.

Conversely, I welcome the introduction of the special event Port Underwood Race – Exploration Week-end. I know some of the pundits will question the validity of this destination for a "genuine" race. Notably, this is not a championship event. Many members will never have been to Port Underwood and will welcome the opportunity to visit.

Without wishing to go through all the changes in detail, my congratulations to the Sailing Committee for introducing some variation. It certainly increases the enthusiasm with which I approach the season.

My congratulations also to our new Cruising Captain Keith Larkin. In the short time he has held the position Keith has conceived and is following through on a number of innovative ideas. One which appeals is the laying of a permanent Club mooring at the southern end of Somes Island. It is not difficult to imagine some very pleasant, impromptu weekend social gatherings rafted up in such a location.

Training programme

Moves appear well afoot for an entirely new training programme, and no doubt an announcement will shortly be made on that. Meantime, the monthly educational sessions in the Clubhouse will continue (7.30pm first Wednesday each month). Anyone who has not attended can be assured that these have been very informative, interesting evenings.

In short, as had been hoped, now that the Clubhouse rebuilding is behind us the various committees are concentrating on ideas with a view to improving your boating enjoyment and safety. They deserve your support.

May I wish all fair weather and an enjoyable season's boating.

IAN GREIG

Opening of 106th season

ON the day after the vernal equinox, with the spring sun exactly 28 miles south of the Equator and heading our way, the 106th season of the RPNYC got under way. Blue skies and a warm northerly slowly freshening to about 20 knots were a welcome respite from a seemingly endless daily cycle of northerly or southerly September gales.

A good showing of flag-bedecked club vessels welcomed Wellington's Mayor Mr Jim Belich and Mrs Belich and official party to the first official opening of a season to take place in our new Clubhouse.

Pride in Club

Club President Alan Martin spoke of our pride in the Club and the participation of members in worldwide yachting events, and of our appreciation of the harmony and co-operation that exists between ourselves and the City Council and Harbour Board. He also took the opportunity to reassure representatives of those bodies that we were not averse to reclamations as long as they were to provide more marina berths.

Mayor Jim Belich, a born and bred Auckland, expressed his deep love for his adopted city and, in response to

the President's comments on sewage disposal, assured the large gathering that the council would "put your money where our mouths are".

After the Mayor declared the 1988/89 season open the official party were entertained by the Commodore, Flag Officers and Executive to lunch in the restaurant where they had a grandstand view of over 40 yachts practising starts in the first race of the season. After a general recall that was totally ignored by all yachts for at least ten minutes, the Waddilove Trophy race restarted at 1425 and was won by ARBITRAGE, second PHORTYS, and third CRUSADE.

The new format of having the opening day race after the official opening would appear to have been a great success, and, if we are blessed with more such sparkling days, we are in for a good season.



The Mayor breaks out the flag, the gun fires, and the first race is under way.

RIGHT: Wellington's Mayor Mr Jim Belich addresses Club members at the Opening Day ceremony on Saturday, September 24.

BELOW: Perfect Wellington weather encouraged a big turnout of dressed boats prior to the Opening Day race for the Waddilove Trophy.



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Dominion Tavern Winter Series

THIS year's Winter Series, again sponsored by the Dominion Tavern, once more proved a popular and well patronised event. The five-race series sailed on olympic-style courses from the head of Evans Bay into the harbour gave crews every opportunity to prove their abilities (or lack thereof!), and at the end of the series with the best four performances scoring, it was the Davidson 42 REVELATION owned by Robert Fisher and skippered by Bryan Coleman and his "Aztecs" who prevailed.

The key to success was consistency (you can't win if you don't start!), the ability to carry out a spinnaker gybe without major drama, and picking the shifts on the windward legs.

Gear failure contributed to the downfall of some (Dave McKenzie's new Spencer 45 RECKLESS DNF'd several times with sail problems), while others somehow avoided total disaster by employing pure luck (the broach by ARBITRAGE was a magnificent effort that had most of the nearby fleet and the gallery at Pt Jerningham enraptured).

Handicapping

The Club handicapping system again proved of a high standard, and the corrected times results of most races had over half the fleet finishing within a couple of minutes of one another.

Courses

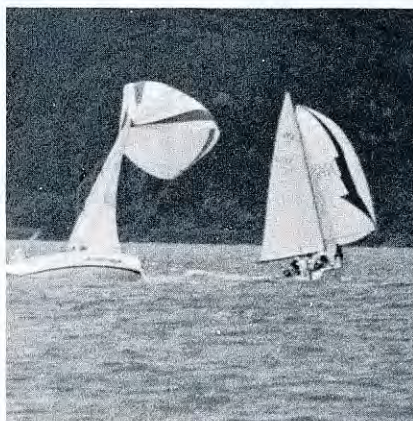
Course setting was of a high standard with near to true beats and spinnaker reaches the rule rather than the exception. Full marks to Ken Burt and to our Start Box crew who in one race in particular could have been quite justified in going home for the day when the entire fleet chose to ignore a general recall and sailed a full triangle while waiting for "the other bloke" to go back.

Sail handling

Hoisting kites by the clew rather than the head proved popular, and most races had their innovators. (ARBITRAGE was a competent advocate of the "low aspect kite" on more than one occasion!)

Class racing

The Young 11s (four) enjoyed some close racing throughout the series although none were able to overcome their handicaps, and the best,



ARBITRAGE amazes the spectators with some particularly daring grandstanding.

ARBITRAGE, which was last year's series winner, could only manage 11th overall, followed closely by FLYING CIRCUS and HULLABALLOO at 12th equal and further back ZZ TOP at 17th.

Mike Calkoen's FLYING BOAT was around at Mana for the winter but will be back for the new season, and her presence plus the arrival of JACKS TO OPEN (Eoin Fehsenfeld) and Mike Bennett's new 11 due in January 89 make class racing a real possibility. It's been a few years since the Club could boast more than five keelers of the one design, but the Young 11 appears destined to exceed this number in the not too distant future.

Results

REVELATION had the series sewn up after just four races with sufficient points up her sleeve to not have to bother sailing in the final race but they went out anyway, achieved a creditable 4th place (and this despite some hard work by the handicapper) and topped the series with 3/4/2/2.

The Bruce-Askew-designed 33 footer ECLECTIC proved the fastest of the Division 2 yachts and but for a lapse in Race 1 could well have won the series. She was well sailed throughout and although earning the nickname "the works boat" (skipper John Askew and father Bruce have teamed up to run Port Nicholson Sails - ex Hoods) careful rig tuning, extra ballast, and a fully-battened main have improved her handling particularly to windward to such an extent that she was consistently mixing it with the Division 1 boats at the first mark.

Third overall was the Spencer 30 ODETTE II, sailed by Nick Van de Ven.

By Grant Scoones

Race 1 12 June

Line Honours: REVELATION
(Davidson 42 - Bryan Coleman)

Handicap:

1. CONFEDERATE II (Marauder 27 - Warren MacDonald)
2. BLUE STREAKER (Farr 727 - Tony Cowdry)
3. REVELATION

Race 2 21 August (resailed after postponement)

Line Honours: REVELATION

Handicap:

1. MARANUI (Brooke 33 - John Hayes)
2. ECLECTIC (Askew 33 - John Askew)
3. LIMELITE (Warwick 747 - Murray Owen)

Race 3 10 July

Line Honours: REVELATION

Handicap:

1. CRUSADE (Salthouse 39 - Don Suckling)
2. REVELATION
3. ECLECTIC

Race 4 24 July

Line Honours: REVELATION

Handicap:

1. ECLECTIC
2. REVELATION
3. NOT GUILTY (Ross 40 - Dale Barcham)

Race 5 7 August

Line Honours: REVELATION

Handicap:

1. PINK FLAMINGO (Ross 780 - Denis Davies)
2. ODETTE II (Spencer 30 - Nick Van de Ven)
3. CONFEDERATE II

Overall Results

Line Honours: REVELATION

Handicap:

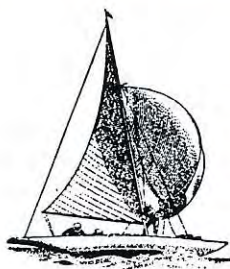
1. REVELATION (173 points)
2. ECLECTIC (167.5 points)
3. ODETTE II (166 points)

Sponsor

Our thanks go once again to the Dominion Tavern and Moore Wilson for their excellent sponsorship. Sponsor's prizes were presented after each race and were of a very high standard and greatly appreciated by recipients.

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Vice Commodore

"NOBODY said it was going to be easy." New courses. On-the-water starts. Harbour racing on Sundays. Spinnakers in the Cruising Division. New handicaps. Yachts using engines in races. Before you say why change what we already had, let me attempt to explain.

The crippled spider that used to wander about a diagram of the harbour and draw the courses seems to have been lost with the old Clubhouse. The Harbour Board have allowed us to re-lay the Somes Island buoy about half a mile to the west, and lay a new mark NNE of Ward Island. This gives us a triangle in the middle of the harbour with a windward leg of about 2.8 miles.

Most of the new courses have been developed using this triangle. It is necessary to use Ngauranga or Shoal Pile from the start line to get on to the triangle, but once there we should expect some good racing. There is still a range of around-the-harbour courses which will be used for the Cruising Division and when conditions dictate a different type of course.

Four races have been programmed for "on-the-water starts." This concept

is a bit experimental at this stage and your co-operation will be appreciated. The objective is to provide a good true beat to windward for the first leg, and Olympic-style courses.

Sunday racing

The survey conducted before the Skippers' Meeting indicated some demand for Sunday racing. A compromise has been reached for this year by which the Kinnears Ropes Series will be sailed on Sundays. In addition, a series will be run on Wednesday nights in November. If this is successful, and a demand exists, a similar series may be run in the new year.

Cruising Division

Skippers of Cruising Division boats were surveyed regarding the carrying of spinnakers in harbour races. Opinion was divided. It has been decided to allow skippers to nominate before the season starts as to whether or not they want to carry spinnakers. If



they want to carry spinnakers their handicap will be adjusted accordingly.

Handicaps

New handicaps? Well not so much new handicaps but a new handicapper. A very reasonable chap he is too. But, do not expect him to be so reasonable if your boat is not performing up to expectations. Before you grizzle about your handicap look at your performance in each race and decide if, had you made fewer mistakes, you would have finished further up the fleet. If this is the case, concentrate on eliminating the mistakes instead of trying to talk the handicapper into improving your handicap. In this way the whole fleet benefits.

Use of engines

Some off-shore races run in the last few years have catered for a cruising division where the use of engines is permitted. The objective is for each yacht to nominate an estimated average speed. Time is added for any motoring that is done and a formula used to decide the winner. It is hoped to include such a division for at least the Nelson Race this season. The sailing instructions for this type of racing will be posted on the noticeboard for comment as soon as possible.

Well, I hope I have provided sufficient explanation of the changes to deter early "knockers". If you are not happy, talk to one of the Sailing Committee or myself. Our objective is to make the racing as competitive and enjoyable as possible.

My thanks to those involved in running the excellent Winter Series, and to the Dominion Tavern for their support. Well done REVELATION!

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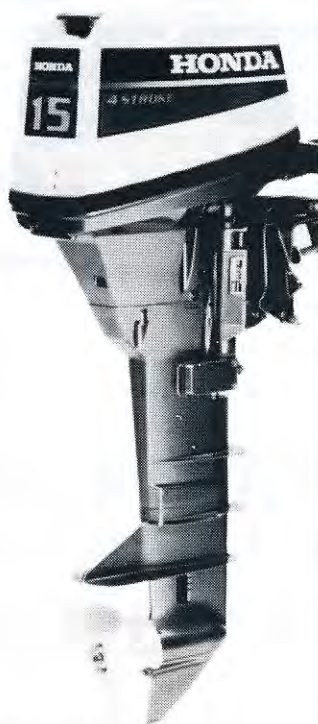
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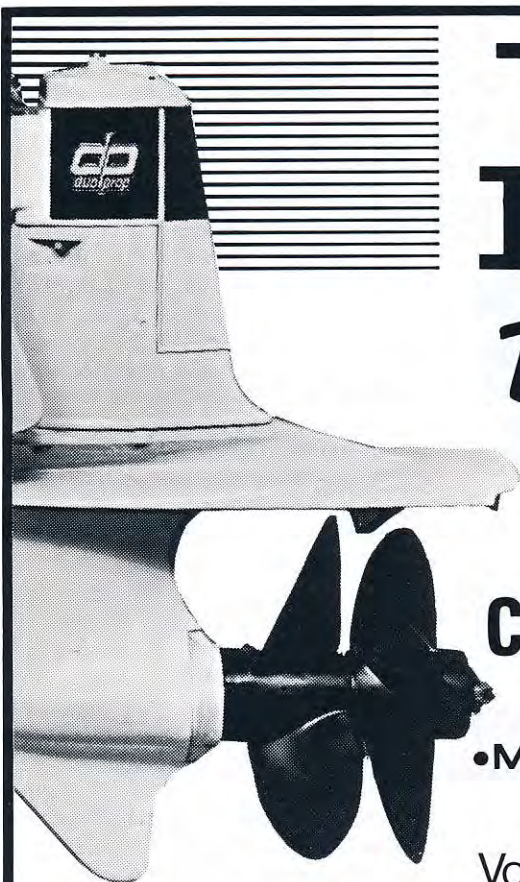
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Progress on harbour plan

SINCE the article in the summer issue of THE RIP, considerable progress has been achieved. Applications for planning approval have been made for the development of the Seaview Marina and a third mooring pier in the Evans Bay Boat Harbour.

Seaview Marina

The autumn issue of THE RIP generally described the proposed facility.

Consultants Beca Carter Hollings & Ferner have completed an Environmental Impact Assessment on the proposal, and this document has been submitted with the applications for planning approvals.

In developing the EIA, consultative discussions were held with the boating interests, the local residents' associations, environmental groups, the Maori interests, local and central government representatives, and the oil industry.

On May 31, 1988, there was a public meeting held in Lower Hutt Town Hall to introduce the proposal to the public as a whole, and this was attended by approximately 150 people. This public meeting endorsed the project, and this reaction was the general reaction of all the separate groups consulted.

If required, planning hearings are expected to take place in October, and it is hoped that approvals will be obtained before Christmas 1988.

Subject to obtaining planning approvals by the end of 1988, it is expected that tenders for the breakwater, dredging and reclamation will be called for in the first quarter of 1989, and that some berths will be available by early 1990.

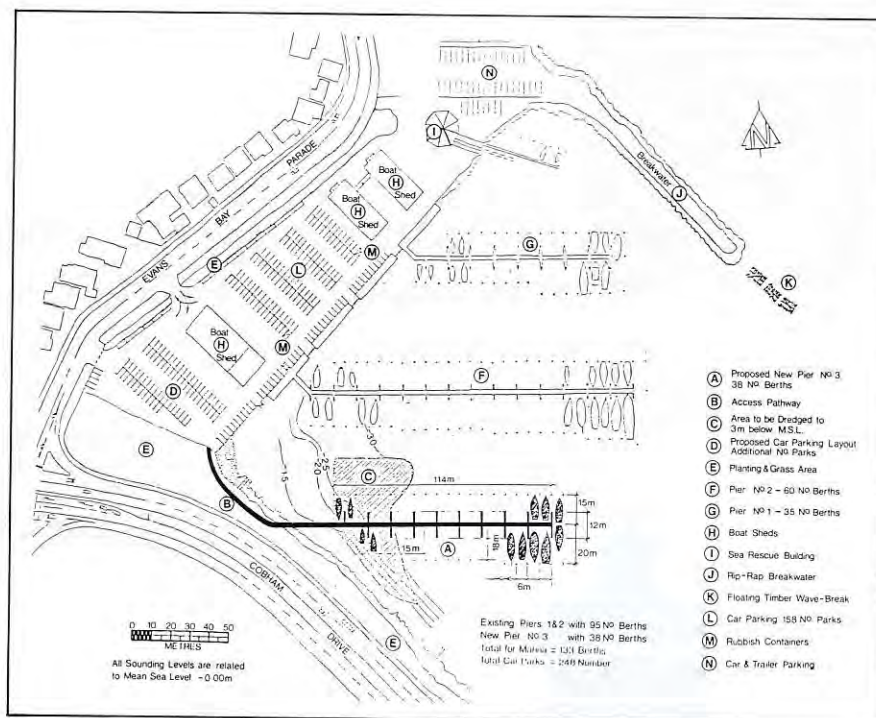
Evans Bay Boat Harbour

The proposal at Evans Bay Boat Harbour is shown on the accompanying plan and provides for a third pier and 38 berths.

It is intended that this development is an interim one until such time as the wave protection of the existing breakwater is extended.

As with the Seaview Marina proposal, consultative meetings with interested groups have been carried out. Initially it was intended that the Board's staff would progress this project, but as a result of staff restructuring the work has been passed over to Beca Carter Hollings & Ferner to carry on to obtain planning approval.

Applications for planning approval



were made on August 30 and hearings are expected to take place in October 1988.

Once again, subject to approvals being received by the end of 1988, it can be expected that the berths could be ready in the third quarter of 1989.

Copies of the Environmental Impact Assessments for both developments have been forwarded to your Club for the information of members.

Clyde Quay Boat Harbour

While Seaview Marina and Evans Bay Boat Harbour developments have been given most time by the Task Group, preliminary consideration of dredging needs and possible marina-type berths in the Clyde Quay Boat Harbour have been undertaken.

This work will be developed further in the near future.

Trailer boat launching ramps

A review of the various facilities within the Harbour and along the south coast to Owhiro Bay has been undertaken.

The results showed that, but for the main ramp at Evans Bay and the ramp at Lowry Bay, the area was poorly served by ramps that were either inadequate for boat launching or had limited access and parking.

The Task Group will be giving consideration to ways and means of improvement of trailer boat access along the southern coast.

New members

We extend a warm welcome to the following new members to the Club:

Robyn Basset
Charles Hughes
Stephen Seddon
Sigrun Langridge
Ron Berrington
Dennis Davies
Tohiyo Ono
Lee-Anne

Charleston
Murray Anderson
Robert Dickinson
Robert Gill
Geoffrey Lawson
Kim Murray
Dennis Rowe
Ross Walker
Susan Duncan
Bruce Jenkin
David Star
Jean-Paul

Capitaine
Dee Bond
Roger Gaskell
Anthony Wilson
Sarah Riddiford

Paul Atmore
Richard Field
Royce Goddard
Ellen McDowell
Karen Pirie
Clive Tilby
Richard Webber
Mark Erwin
Michael King
Robert Willis
Russell Kennett
Anthony Clarke
Hugh McGovern
Ariane Burgess
Peter Jackson
Jenny Bourne
Martin Foster
Nick Halikias
Kara Murray
Anthony
Rollason
Peter Vause
Phillipa Williams

New Corporate Member

The Club extends a very warm welcome to the directors and staff of our latest Corporate Member DATA-POINT CORPORATION (NZ) LTD.

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that we've carried boats all around the world. To Olympics, world championships, Admiral's Cups, and the America's Cup.

For us, there's a great deal of pride in knowing that whenever New Zealand boats sail over the finish line, we've usually sailed them to the start.





Cruising Captain

HAVING found myself elected Cruising Captain I then set about doing Cruising Captain things.

Spinnakers

We are all aware of the Saturday cruising scene, with its spinnaker controversy which has now been resolved. Skippers can state on their entry form whether or not they'll use a spinnaker for the season, and will be handicapped accordingly.

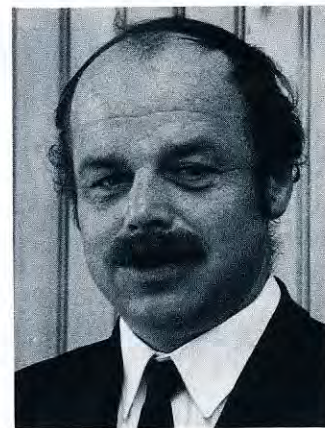
Launches

Having sorted out this yachting side of the Cruising Division we mustn't forget our contingent of launch owners and the support they have given the

Club over the years. If any of you launchies out there have any ideas or input for the coming season please get in touch with me on 887-895 evenings.

Moorings

I am in the process of arranging a mooring in the Marlborough Sounds which will probably be laid in the eastern side of Te Awaiti Bay just inside Tory Channel entrance. The reason behind this is to provide a safe anchorage inside Tory Channel. I think this could be more than welcome after a rough Cook Strait crossing, or when waiting for the tide to change. We have also been given permission by the Wellington Harbour Board to lay a



mooring on the southern side of Somes Island under the lighthouse. I am sure this mooring will be well patronised by all Club members.

Offshore racing

I have just obtained a copy of the sailing instructions used for the Cruising Division in the Tauranga-to-Brisbane Race. If adopted by the Sailing Committee they could be used in the Port Underwood, Nelson, and Ship Cove races. More information will be given about this matter in the next RIP.

Hope to see you all out on the water.

KEITH LARKIN

Coming events

- Saturday 22 Oct. 1100 Port Underwood Expedition
- Wednesday 2 Nov. 1930 Updating the Cruising Guide to the Sounds.
- Sunday 27 Nov. 1000 Fay Richwhite Corporate Race Day. Mark Foy.
- Wednesday 7 Dec. 1930 Racing Rules Seminar.
- Friday 9 Dec. 1930 Christmas Party.
- Sunday 11 Dec. 1300 Children's Christmas Party.
- Saturday 17 Dec. 0900 Cook Strait Race. Furneaux Lodge afterwards.



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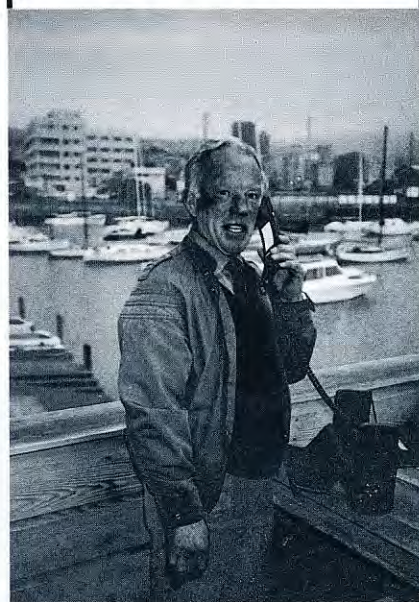
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Telephone for Telford



Ross Telford will be covering harbour racing again this season equipped with the latest in cellular phone technology courtesy of Telecom. Thanks, Telecom.

“Join him or leave him”

SYRAH, with Mike and Fiona Ahern (Mork and Mindy), departed New Zealand late in May for a Pacific Islands cruise. Here Fiona, who can't swim (when your boat sinks in the middle of the ocean who wants to prolong death?) describes the process of coming to terms with yachting.

NINE years ago when the plans were bought and construction got under way the reality of my husband's dreams, and my sheer terror, were thrust upon me. My reaction was, "I'll fly to the Islands and meet him there, and besides, I have ten years before I need to start worrying." I'm a great believer in facing problems when they occur; slowly developed the philosophy of "I'd rather be cruising and having a ball and drown at 40 than be an old and miserable 80 year old in a home".

For six years I watched the progress; the laminated frames; the glueing; copper nails and screws, right through to the keel bolts being fitted. Each step slowly gave me confidence in the strength of her and some of the worries faded.

Horror stories

For more years than I care to remember I have heard the horrific stories of crossing Cook Strait and the

yarns of French Pass and the Boulder Bank at Greville. My imagination was fuelled. My thanks to the cruising folk we met who said:

"The disaster always occurs in Chapter Three of the books that are written to sell!" or "We were too tired and too busy even to think of being scared."

No thanks to the folk who boasted of the wave sizes and horrific trips.

Harbour racing

Our first harbour race was in a fast-rising northerly. The boat was over-canvased and all the crew new to the machine. I clung to the "back corner" (learnt to drink whisky neat that day) while the boat rounded up and floundered like a great wounded duck as we beat up Evans Bay to the finish line. Next weekend the same conditions – I copped out – feared I was more menace than help – didn't even know which rope did what.

Suddenly came the realisation of



SYRAH gets the feel of harbour racing.

"join him or leave him". I made a decision to grit teeth and get back out there. It took six weeks (about ten races) and suddenly I had confidence in the boat and the skipper. I cannot emphasise strongly enough my own surprise at the speed at which this happened.

In three years of RPNYC and Lowry Bay racing every weekend in the harbour I was never scared. (This was the person who could not walk out to the "front" when under sail). My job racing was the foredeck work – the one that always gets wet.

FOXY LADY falls



The Cavalier 36 FOXY LADY II fell off her cradle at Lowry Bay recently and is seen here at Mike Muir's Greta Point park prior to repairs being commenced. Condolences to owner Rob Walker.

Cook Strait

The next big bogey was COOK STRAIT – and THE RIP! I was lucky, I have never been seasick, but crew talking about it and asking if you feel OK and "Why are you yawning?" does not help one's state of mind. First crossing took no pills – well how else do you know if you're going to be seasick? But, return trip looming and talk of the Northern Entrance. I had only psyched myself into Tory Channel exit, and last experience related by kind crew member was of vertical liftoff at Cape Koamaru. Watched them all swallow pills and suddenly I felt hot and sticky so – yes – I took some and the damn things made me dozy on one of the loveliest crossings I have done!

Then followed the Boulder Bank and French Pass. No big deal if forecasts are listened to and tide tables read. Just the two of us on board and did a crossing in gale-force winds.

Have been through The Rip in unpleasant conditions but it's of short duration and I was never scared. Attended the navigation classes and prepared for extended cruising. Biggest apprehension (no longer fear) was the "real sea" and night sailing, 70 miles off the west coast in parts.

Night sailing is not (for me yet) a thoroughly pleasant time but the absolute buzz you get at sunrise makes up for the apprehensions. Three to four metre swell is no big deal either. I've yet to experience a full storm at sea but I feel I will also take that as it comes. In reality things are not as bad as your imagination conjures up.

We have spent three months so far cruising and thoroughly enjoying the lifestyle which I'm sure will continue. All the highlights more than compensate for any unpleasant situations, which so far have been almost non-existent. Wellington-New Plymouth-Mangonui and trickled down to Auckland. We are now provisioned and ready to depart for Tonga, Samoa and Fiji then across to the Barrier Reef. I am apprehensive about a 10-20 day passage, but definitely not scared.

So, unless your man is an idiot, takes unnecessary risks, or always pushes the boat that much harder, my advice is to get out there, overcome any fear, and you'll find yourself elated after a

Farr proves point in One Ton Cup

NEW ZEALAND's Bruce Farr was the recent recipient of a tirade of verbal abuse from that well known San Diego draper Dennis "you're full of s..t" Conner following the America's Cup (mis)match. TVNZ did well to capture the real Connor on film, and "Dirty Dennis" may well be regretting his pathetic outburst in the light of the One Ton Cup results which prove beyond doubt that Bruce Farr is still the

brilliant day's sail which more than makes up for the many windy cold days on Wellington harbour. And above all take 90 per cent of those yarns with a grain of salt.

There is something very satisfying about achieving.

MINDY

P.S. I am yet to do a "climb up the mast" for coral reef spotting.

"Prince of Lightness" in yacht design.

There were 10 Farr designs in the One Ton Cup sailed at San Francisco this year and seven finished in the first ten placings with the first six slots going the Farr way. NZ's PROPAGANDA finished first overall with four firsts while Del Hogg's FAIR SHARE finished sixth.

PROPAGANDA suffered just one loss in the series, taking 11th place in the short fourth offshore race. The fifth race over a 27 mile course was sailed in winds varying from 8-10 knots increasing to 18-22 knots. PROPAGANDA took over the lead from FAIR SHARE half way through the race and they held off the challenge from American yacht BRAVURA which took third place.

Here are the points scored by the leaders in the series - 1st PROPAGANDA - 142.25; 2nd BRAVURA - 121.50; 3rd FRAM X - 118.50. FAIR SHARE earned 110.00 points - a very creditable performance indeed.

At the prizegiving ceremony, Prince Harald of Norway, last year's winner of the One Ton Cup (who came in third with FRAM X in this year's contest) handed over the trophy to skipper Richard Dodson. Team manager Chris Cooney commented: "After the Kiwis collected the prizes there was virtually nothing left for anyone else - just like what happened last year at the Admiral's Cup."

Yachting Award presented



Following the announcement at the Champagne Breakfast that a NZYF Yachting Honours Award had been made to Jack Cox, many of his friends gathered at the Te Hopi Home to see the presentation made by Ralph Roberts, the Federation's President. Shown with Jack are (left to right) Hal Wagstaff, RPNYC Commodore Ian Greig, Pat Millar, NZYF President Ralph Roberts, Leon (Chook) Fowler, Keith Cameron, Hugh Poole, Bob Daniel, Ross Telford, Jack (Ginner) Barnes, Barry Averil, and Ian Macalister.

Big Boat Regatta

With the One Ton Cup over, attention focused on the Big Boat series. In this contest the One Tonners were the smallest boats on the course, the glamour boats being the 80ft Maxi yachts wrapping up the Maxi World Tour. Dennis Connor was steering KIALOA V in this regatta.

Early results from the Saint Francis Yacht Club Big Boat Regatta sailed for the Perpetual Trophy also showed a distinct bias towards Farr designs with FAIR SHARE scoring a first and second in races one and two with PROPAGANDA just astern with a second and third.

The Aussie FARR 50 GREAT NEWS had two firsts in her division, and that must have made Dennis shudder a bit.



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Death of former Commodore

ANOTHER link with the early days of sailing in Wellington was broken with the recent death of Eric Tomkies, a Club Vice President, past Commodore, veteran member, and a sailor on Wellington Harbour since 1923.

Born on the West Coast in 1901, Eric moved to Wellington in 1923 and immediately commenced sailing out of Port Nich. aboard the SHAMROCK. Races apparently were held on Sundays only, after church, starting at Port Nich. and racing to Lowry Bay (around Somes Island) in a southerly or to Days Bay in a nor-wester. A stroll ashore to pick blackberries at Lowry Bay or for a game of tennis at Days Bay was followed by a leisurely cruise home. Dress was whites, and the photographs show mixed crews.

The Queen Charlotte Sounds were cruised by Club members, in larger expeditions then nowadays due to the unreliability of motors and forecasts etc. but the rewards in terms of peace and fishing more than compensated.

In 1928 Eric commenced business on his own account and yachting was put on hold.

Building RAKOA

In 1946 Eric and two of his brothers, Horace and Clinton, commenced construction of an Athol-Burns-designed 47-foot 20-ton ketch-rigged motor sailer. RAKOA was launched in 1948, the first pleasure boat to have a diesel engine with a 3 to 1 reduction gearbox. Extensive cruising followed, which not only included the normal Sounds and Golden Bay areas but also Lyttelton, Bay of Plenty for the game fish, and the Bay of Islands. The cruising peak was a two-month holiday that Eric and his crew of four enjoyed, visiting Fiji, Tonga, the Kermadecs and Raoul Island.

On his return from this trip to the Islands in 1953 he became Commodore of RPNYC, at which time plans were formulated to rebuild the Clubhouse. The plan was to rebuild in the corner by the men's salt water baths (the present Freyberg pool).

RAKOA was sold in 1956 and Eric immediately began construction of a 35-foot sloop-rigged Athol-Burns-designed motor sailer. Five years later ORANUI was launched, complete in every detail. Prior to the launching of ORANUI Eric served another term as Commodore of RPNYC.



Eric Tomkies (centre) chats with Vice Commodore Alister Macalister (left) and Rear Commodore Alan Pain on an Opening Day in the mid-1950s.



The sturdy ORANUI survived the Wahine storm despite being washed up on the beach at Lowry Bay.

ORANUI was well known, whether for her Marlborough cruising or for sitting on Lowry Bay beach is disputable. Eric moored her near his home in Lowry Bay and after campaigning for extra yachting facilities at the northern end of the harbour for many years, he and a couple of others commenced building a breakwater at Lowry Bay – without permission. It was officially halted, but this unofficial action galvanised the Harbour Board and work commenced in proper style on a breakwater. Unfortunately it was not in time for the Wahine storm and within the space of two hours six boats came ashore, of which only ORANUI and another Athol Burns motor sailer were to re-enter the water.

Not many years later the completion

of another of Eric's targets came about with the shifting of the Hutt Valley Cruising Club (now known as the Lowry Bay Yacht Club) from the Hutt River estuary to Lowry Bay. Although the club started in 1914 it had declined to a membership of 14 when Eric and some Hutt Valley friends revitalised it, with the Lowry Bay site as the anticipated conclusion.

Retired in Sounds

ON Eric's retirement in 1971, he and Bobbie retired to Onahau Bay, Queen Charlotte Sounds, where between them they built a delightful home. Many Wellington yachtsmen expressed amazement at the extent of Bobbie's garden and the extent of Eric's projects, while enjoying the always-available hospitality. Eric soon saw the disadvantage of a large motor sailer as well as a house so ORANUI was sold and replaced with a runabout. However comfort was never found in a "fizz boat", so Eric purchased CLARA B from Wilf Buckland. CLARA B was the last of Eric's direct connections with the sea, for when Bobbie died 12 years ago he moved back to Wellington to live in a granny flat next to daughter Barbara and Brian Millar. The granny flat gave Eric the independence he required and he continued to "monitor" the progress of "his two clubs", maintaining a strong interest in both.

Having designed and built the sturdy cruiser DRUMPEEL, Bill Lee has recently completed his third major Pacific cruise on her, this time to the Solomons – an area which bears many scars from the battles fought there in the latter stages of World War II.

DRUMPEEL cruises to

IN two earlier trips DRUMPEEL had cruised the major islands between Tahiti and New Caledonia. Our interest now turned to the Solomon Islands, still within a reasonable distance. The one disadvantage was the two-month visa limit, but at least we would be able to revisit New Caledonia and Vanuatu in the six months away.

Jenny had sailed with us in the Sounds a couple of times and Laurie heard of the crew vacancy by word of mouth and joined us from Ashburton the day before we sailed.

After the usual little tussle in Cook Strait we made a minor adjustment to our rhumb line course at Stephens Island and were able to hold it until off Noumea. It was a dream trip up the west coast of the North Island, with the wind varying from 10 to 20 knots but the sea remaining a millpond in an uncanny fashion. A wonderful memory is one moonlit night with the wake stretching behind us almost to the horizon as we sped on in a fast reach. To top it off the green flash was seen twice.

Our stay in Noumea was rather longer than planned as we waited for John to join us for a month. Trips were made around the southern area and it was at Ile Ouen that we had the first of our turtle meetings. In each case we had

just settled on the anchor and were standing on deck looking around when a turtle lifted his head alongside and with an intelligent gaze looked us over as if seeking a familiar face. Ashore we climbed over a sand hill to what looked like a field of blue flowers. Closer inspection revealed that the flowers were actually blue practice grenades.

Ile of Pines

The Ile of Pines is definitely the cruising highlight for this area and we spent a very pleasant few days checking out the various anchorages. Since the route from the mainland is coral strewn the 30-odd miles have to be made in daylight and clear weather. On the way down we had broken the journey at Ile Ndo where it was possible to get shelter from the seas after a winding passage through the reef. It was an uncomfortable night with no shelter from the 25 knot wind, and with coral on all sides worse than a lee shore since there was no way of departing until daylight.

Our first attempt at returning following a compass course ended after five miles with a reef ahead when we should have been in clear water. With rain squalls ahead we turned back; it was no place to get lost. The next day, setting our course on a peak on the

mainland showed a magnetic anomaly of around 15 degrees, the effect presumably of the iron ore in this area.

We explored Baie de Prony where we were woken one morning at 6.00 by the Navy wanting to check our papers, and Yate on the east coast. Here we had the unusual experience of riding stern to the brisk wind. When first noticed it took a minute or two running through possible reasons before we realised it was caused by the outflow from the hydro station further up the bay.

Political unrest

Both at Yate and Ile of Pines were wrecked resorts, evidence of trouble in previous years. The strongest feeling for independence is in the Loyalty Islands, and when we came through there illegally in 1983 the word was that permission could be obtained when clearing for Vila. This time the word in Noumea was that a stop in Ovea could only be approved by paying the return airfare for the immigration officer to clear us there. However, when clearing out it was made very clear that no stop in the Loyalties was permitted, and when I persisted was told that if found there, I would be brought back to Noumea. They were probably worried about gun running.

Well, not to be beaten we sailed for Beautemps Beupre, an uninhabited atoll just north of Ovea. A little cove at the western end looked inviting and we dropped sail to motor in through one of the numerous channels. However, at the last minute I chickened out as it was not possible to be sure that any channel was clear all the way. Up sail and bearing away from the entrance into the main lagoon we ran upon an isolated reef to the sound of the bow lookout calling "stop, stop"! Some rocking and reversing got us off.

Sheltered cove

Once at anchor inside the lagoon we realised that the way out would be into the sun, making it impossible to see the coral heads we had skirted on the way in, and since the spot was turning out to be rather bouncy, Laurie and John went off in the dinghy to check the depth over the bar leading into the



DRUMPEEL's crew for the six-month cruise were (left to right) Laurie Bycroft, Jenny Mair, Bill Lee (skipper), and John Russell.

the Solomons

cove we had tried for earlier. At 2½ metres we crossed with the sounder alarm screaming and found a truly delightful spot with a beautiful little beach and marvellous diving. No place to be trapped in a westerly though.

The dinghy went into action again next day to find a route out through the coral and we were off to Vila. A day of 10 knot variable and then the trades came in 20-30 knots for some great reaching. We had to force Jenny away from the wheel!

At anchor in Vila we met up with an Australian yacht that had been braver than us. In spite of the same warnings they had called at Ovea. The gendarme had welcomed them with a beer, invited them to a barbecue, and said they could stay as long as they liked.

Day-hopping

Leaving Vila's beautiful anchorage we began day-hopping, a different island each night. At one stop a guide taking us through the jungle stopped us in our tracks by asking "Do you have Aids in New Zealand?" Another stop was off a deserted plantation where a band rotunda alongside the plantation house gave an indication of past glory.

At the only Government secondary school in Vanuatu we stayed an extra day for the school fair. The students of both sexes all lived on the premises and were self-sufficient, growing and cooking their own food, doing their own washing etc. The attractive grounds had been laid out by a New Zealander. Here a pair of dudongs crossed our bows on the way out.

At Port Sandwich, coming back from an evening stroll we were invited into a kava den. Half a dozen men, almost invisible in the gloom, were having their evening drink. In contrast to alcohol, talking is done before drinking. After drinking we sit in silence and commune with the spirit of the land.

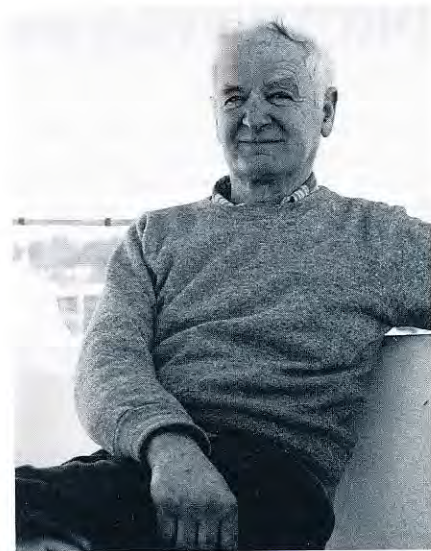
The other gathering spot for yachts in Vanuatu apart from Vila is Palikulo Bay. The old wartime base of Santo is a 14 km hitchhike away with the attractions of Million Dollar Point and the sunken liner **PRESIDENT COOLIDGE**. According to the stories all the equipment at the base was

offered to the local planters after the war at a bargain price. They refused to pay, expecting to get it for nothing. The Americans built a ramp out over the reef and pushed everything over into deep water, bulldozers, graders, jeeps, you name it. A lot has been washed back on to the reef where spark plugs and tires have survived for over 40 years.

Dive attraction

The 22,000 ton **PRESIDENT COOLIDGE** with 5000 troops and 3 months' war supplies struck an American mine as she was entering Santo. They managed to beach her and get the troops off before she slid back into deeper water. She is now a world-wide dive attraction. There were once 100,000 troops at the huge military base that was Santo, but all that remains now are a few Quonset huts along the main street.

We cleared customs here, with no duty free facilities available, and moved a few miles to Surundu Bay for the night. This has beautiful park-like surroundings, and on the shore we found a concrete road, probably the only one in Vanuatu. Following this along the peninsula we came to the remains of the vegetable gardens that fed



Back home after the voyage, Bill Lee relaxes aboard DRUMPEEL.

the army. Now overgrown, there were still papaya, banana and pineapple, but nothing ripe.

Another tricky departure with the sun in our eyes, but time was determined by our need for high water to get through the narrow shallow gap in the coral heads.

Our last night in Vanuatu was at the strangely named Hog Harbour. Tucked in a corner is the most appropriately named Champagne Beach. Coral and fish were almost as good as at Beaupre. Round the shore were the remains of a settlement scheme for retired Americans. The Government stopped it shortly after the first group of buildings went up.

For the 250 miles since leaving Vila the SE trade wind had been with us

(Continued on next page)



There was no fear of being lonely while alongside at Ugholo, on Rendova Island.

DRUMPEEL's cruise (Continued)

except for the occasional calm spell. Shortly after leaving Hog Harbour in another calm the wind came in from the east and freshened to give us a great reach through the Banks Group. We had planned to stop at Ureparapara, where the anchorage is in the crater of a volcano, but came up on the wrong side and were unable to make any headway against a 40 knot wind and strongly running current.

Clearing Customs

Deciding that the anchorage would be untenable anyway we turned downwind and had a great swooping ride for a couple of days to Graciosa Bay in the Santa Cruz Group, an official entry port for the Solomons. At the entrance it was blowing a steady 40 knots and gusting to 40 inside. The customs office is near the entrance on a lee shore with the only anchorage about six miles away on the other side of the bay so Laurie set off in the inflatable to try his hand at clearing in while we jilled about under bare poles and wondered how he was going to get back.

After a long wait while Laurie tracked the customs officer to his home where he was doing his washing there was activity on the beach where a boat was trying to get away towing our inflatable. It had to be pushed out to the edge of the reef before the outboard could be lowered but kept getting thrown back. Eventually they surged alongside with a few crashes and bangs against the hull in the sea that was running, and immigration handed over more forms for signatures. We were able to pay our lighthouse dues here, in American dollars, having been unable to obtain any Solomon Island currency at Santo. The alternative is to pay at Honiara, but passports are held until payment is made.

Santa Ana

Once cleared we were on our way again. It seemed a shame not to stop but time was pushing, the wind was fair, and the island of Santa Ana was less than three days away.

Santa Ana, at the southern end of the main group, was a pleasant introduction to the Solomons. We were promptly whipped off to see the new airstrip, and a swim in a fresh water lake, and were taken across the island to see one of the last longhouses in the group. Jenny had to stay at a distance

while we explored inside where the bones and skulls of previous chiefs were stored inside replicas of fish.

A delightful interlude with all the romance of the south seas was a lobster hunt. First a hike through the mysterious dark forest then out along the reef with the surf booming alongside, all lit by the flaring dried coconut fronds, the sparks streaming away downwind. Four was the catch, and in a much more mundane hunt the following night with a pressure lantern the catch was one.

Problems in Paradise

There are problems even in paradise. We had agreed to trade a lantern battery for some potatoes and the next day a very apologetic chap came to say that the potatoes were in his mother-in-law's garden and she was being difficult. However we got them in the end.

A 15-mile hop took us to Star Harbour, a good hurricane shelter with a very attractive village, then on to Kira Kira, the administrative centre, just in time to catch the last events of the annual sports day. The sports field, previously the cricket ground in the days of the British, was ringed with flags, mainly Union Jacks, and at one side was such a glorious huge tree that it wrenched at your heart. Here we met an Australian engaged by an American trust to train people who would go round all the villages and initiate discussions into the effects of selling their timber or fishing rights.

Marau Sound at the bottom end of Guadalcanal was the next stop. Here Charles and Myfynwy Humphries, after 20 years in Honiara, have built their home facing a small lagoon. We

stayed here for two days, in what is probably the beauty spot of the Solomons; both home and gardens are showpieces.

Honiara

An overnight stop at Aola, the old admin. centre but now a large Korean sawmill, and then on to Honiara. We were welcomed with the news that the water should be boiled, but at least the prices were more reasonable than in Noumea or Vila.

The poor anchorage here doesn't tempt one to stay for long, but we had time to join with three other yachts to hire a nine-seater van and tour the battlefields and war debris. We received a special hire rate since the van had been in an accident and the door had to be held closed.

We had heard that a lifer at the jail was making jewellery from war scrap, and found him after driving around inside the jail compound for a while. Unfortunately he had been misbehaving and his tools had been taken from him.

Shortly after we left Honiara several prisoners broke out and went on a rampage through the town. Since all the warders were needed to track them down the other prisoners were sent home and told to come back when the capture had been made.

From now on the cruising was much more interesting. We were inside the old war zone with familiar place names – to me at least – all around. Apart from that the anchorages were in lagoons or sheltered waters so that there was always lots of canoe traffic. Kira Kira, Aola and Honiara are not much better than open roadsteads, unusable if there is any north in the wind.

We spent a night at Tulagi, and were



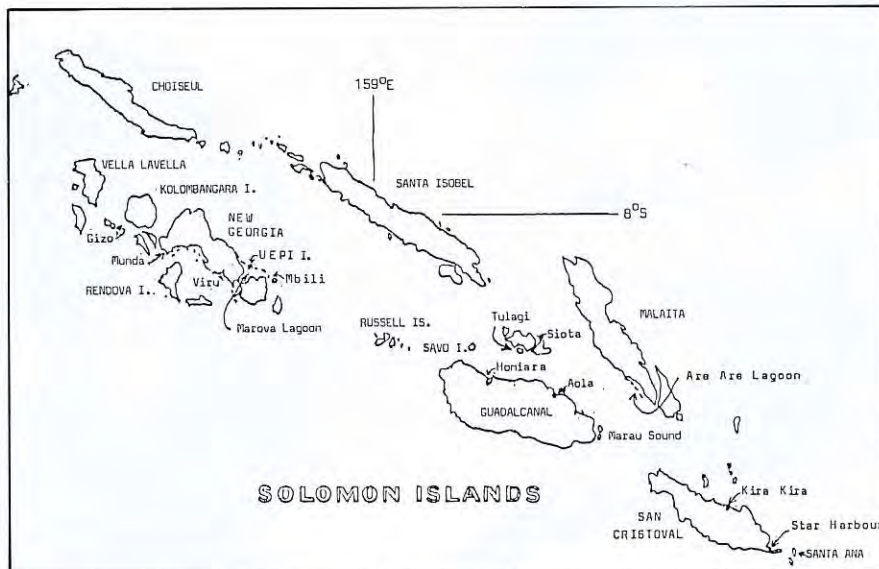
lucky enough to be able to use a mooring. The bottom here is littered with sunken ships and 30 metres deep. The mooring had been offered by the only other yacht here. David had a sideline in jewellery and scrimshaw, using mammoth and mastodon tusk recovered from glaciers in Alaska.

Guadalcanal

For a name that in 1942 seemed to ring as loudly as Guadalcanal it was surprising to find it quite a small island, not much bigger than Somoa. Five miles away was a smaller island, Guvatu, where the fighting was even fiercer. The Japanese had 27 float planes here, all destroyed in the initial attack. It was later a Catalina base, and we anchored off the bomb-marked jetty where a gun barrel and part of a wing still lie. We barbecued alongside the old haulout area with three chummy boats that we had met on and off since Vila.

An interesting next day took in an LST that had taken a wrong turning at night and run aground, and a Japanese destroyer that had been sunk in shallow water so that it was still possible to walk her decks, then into Mboli Passage, a six-mile narrow waterway separating two islands of the Florida group. Part way through is the so-called water pump. A pipe brings water from a cave high in the hills down and across the reef underwater to an upstand at the edge. The system is to anchor off and bring the stern close to the upstand with a line ashore. This is the only source of good water in the area, and there is usually a queue of tuna boats waiting to fill up.

On through the winding channel



under power with bush-clad hills on either side to Siota. This used to be a theological college until food supplies ran out. However, it is now a school, so the food problem must have been solved. Food certainly is a problem, based on the slash and burn system where as one patch of soil becomes depleted a fresh area is cleared. This means the gardens become further and further away from the village, seven kilometres in one case we knew of – tough when water has to be carried in times of drought. On top of this the population growth is also applying pressure; all those we spoke to seemed to have nine children.

New villages are being built to cope with the increase. However, people seemed to be content, and the Government encourages folk to stay in their villages, which solves the unemployment problem. Some money is still needed, mainly for school fees, and this is earned from carving, fishing and growing cocoa or copra.

From Siota we headed round the island and back to the west side through another waterway, Sandfly Passage, and so off to the New Georgia group. We made our entry into the Marova Lagoon at Mbili, the first of the carving villages. The lagoon is reputedly the second-largest in the Pacific, and is a marvellous cruising area, dotted with small tree-clad islands. The main channel is beaconed over the 35 mile length, while the reefs away from the channel are easy to see. The villages have sea access only, and most do carving which they sell or trade to passing yachts. The problem is to get the yachts to stop; white cloths are waved or mirrors flashed to get attention. We were intercepted by a young boy in a canoe who waved us to his village a mile away. Presumably he sat there all day.

Trading

Trading could be a lot of fun, with banter and laughter, depending on the village. When a price has been put on a carving, the system is to ask for the second price, then the third price and finally the last price. At this stage we would start offering our trade goods and the deal would usually close with a combination of money and goods.

The children were delightful, and there could be half a dozen small canoes each side just looking, or in some cases offering fruit or vegetables for pens or pencils. It was fascinating to see the three or four year olds who in New Zealand would be riding tricycles up and down the path, there paddling their tiny canoes back and forth.

Even the children were careful with the yacht's topsides, though there was the odd bump. We were told that New Zealanders were OK but they didn't like Americans or Australians because

(Continued on page 23)

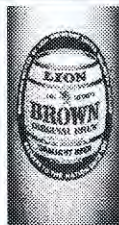


Marau Sound, at the bottom of the island of Guadalcanal, is possibly the beauty spot of the Solomons.



*Because you've put
move into it*

THERE'S MORE OF A BEER IN A BRWN



LION BROWN

MORE OF A BEER

DRUMPEEL's cruise (Cont.)

they got screamed at if they came too close. As an old cynic I suspect the order was adjusted to suit the nationality of the host boat.

The normal route north entails a semicircular course around Vangunu Island to a pass at the opposite end of the lagoon. Two thirds of the way round at Segi there is a P38 Lockheed Lightning in about five metres of water just off the airstrip. Enthusiasts can sit in the pilot seat, but the ammunition belts that were there a couple of years ago have now been souvenired.

From Segi the course turned south to Hele Pass, and we had our first headwind for several months. Once through the pass it was north to Viru Harbour, where a six-inch gun still overlooks the entrance. Inside was a large logging and sawmill concern whose 5.30 am siren made sure that no yachts stayed for long.

Ugholo

Now across to Ugholo on Rendova Island, with a narrow entrance opening into a lagoon that appears to have no coral, probably kept at bay by the streams that deposited the mud bottom. There are two villages with a row of banana plants on the boundary, one Seventh Day Adventist, the other Uniting Church. One has a Saturday Sabbath, the other Sunday. They seemed to be tolerant of each other's failings.

We though the inlay work done here was the finest we had seen, and there was some hard bargaining. Though the flies were bad we liked it so much that we intended to stay an extra day but Laurie fell sick. With an instant diagnosis of what had been in the back of our minds for the previous three months, we decided on malaria. Luckily there was a mission hospital at Munda, our next planned stop, so we made a dash for it and Laurie was soon being reassured by the doctor – a New Zealander. A few days' rest and he was on his feet again.

The Japanese had built an airstrip at Munda by supporting the tops of the coconut trees with cables and clearing the strip underneath hidden from sight, producing one of the big surprises of the war. There are two planes in the water at the end of the strip for the divers.

Early in 1943 HMNZS ACHILLES along with several other warships took

part in the bombardment of the airstrip when 4500 shells were fired. ACHILLES received a bomb hit on a gun turret, killing 13 men, while the airstrip was back in action by noon the following day. Further south HMNZS KIWI and MOA in an engagement just north of Honiara forced a large submarine ashore. It would have made a great tourist attraction if someone had not tried to get in by blasting a hole and so set off the torpedoes.

New Georgia

Our passage to the east coast of New Georgia led through another bush-clad channel, culminating in the Diamond Narrows, a natural cutting but looking very much like man-made work with steep-to walls each side. Once through we headed for the first of two small bays. In the first lay a Japanese freighter sunk while unloading on to a barge. The masts make favourite mooring points for yachts, but there was a brisk lee shore breeze so we anchored in a little-frequented cove where the only inhabitants were Agricultural Research staff and families trying to develop more productive coconut trees.

We were taken through a fascinating pandanus forest to admire an unexploded bomb, about 2000lb I'd guess, certainly a solid heap. The tail fins had gone, probably souvenired. There is a current worry at Henderson Field, the international airport, about the number of tourists taking their souvenir ammunition on to the plane.

Next morning in a flat calm we drifted over the freighter while Laurie and Jenny explored. Up came a tyre, then a steering wheel lifted away from a truck and finally a few AA shells from a layer in the bottom of the hold. Laurie cleaned the charge out of the shells while I held a hand over my eyes. At low water the superstructure is just below the surface, and the ship is in remarkably good condition and makes an interesting dive.

A little further round the coast another bay has six big naval guns pointing out to sea. I stumbled over two live mortar shells here, and the shore was littered with the cartridge cases of rifle and machine-gun bullets. At the head of the bay were a group of attractive houses, all that remained of a sawmill destroyed in 1982 following a dispute over land lease.

It was a short sail from here to Ringgi Cove on Kolombangara, where Levers big milling operation had been based before closing down in 1986. It was off Kolombangara that HMNZS LEANDER was torpedoed in mid-1943. She struggled back to Auckland with a huge hole in one side. Onshore we found a canoe builder who had been in business for 45 years. He had almost completed an 11 metre canoe using adze and axe, scorning the modern system of using a chainsaw. It had taken three months, and was expected to sell for \$3000.

Gizo

Our course from here to Gizo, the only other town in the Solomons, took us through water once being patrolled by PT109 captained by John F. Kennedy when it was cut in two by a speeding Japanese destroyer. Kennedy and his crew swam to a tiny islet on one side of the pass into Gizo lagoon, and the occasion has been commemorated by changing the name from Plum Pudding Island to Kennedy Island.

Gizo has a hotel, several Chinese shops, and undrinkable piped water. The local plumber was flat-out making tanks to catch rainwater. We had a meal at the hotel where a very cheerful waiter told us that he was the chef but had been drinking so the waiter was doing the cooking! There are numerous planes and ships to dive on, but enthusiasm was waning.

At the back of my mind was the 3000-mile slog back to Wellington, and after three days we started the return, taking the western seaward route to Rendova. Headwinds threw out our time calculations, and it was dark as with some trepidation we crept along the coast looking for Ugholo Cove. It was a great relief when a canoe appeared to guide us in. Still in his best Sunday clothes, the pilot spent his time saying "No, no, not yet," every time I started to turn to what I remembered as the entrance.

Uepi resort

Retracing our outward route to Segi, it was a pleasant surprise to find our three old friends and have a last meal together. They strongly recommended a resort at Uepi Island on the outer reef, and we headed there next day. The route was marked unsurveyed on the chart so it was eyeball all the way. Uepi was a very nice spot and our stay stretched out to five days, the longest anywhere since Noumea. The wind-

(Continued on page 25)



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surfer was overboard for the first time, and the resort cook was away on it like an old hand.

The resort caters mainly for divers, and in occupancy were a dive club from Melbourne into whose company we were soon welcomed. Also there was a young Australian woman who had been touring the Solomons by herself. She had been born in the Russell group, and had come to see the places her parents had talked of so often. She joined us for the trip to Honiara via the Russells, where the entire group is leased to Levers. Here we snagged our anchor in 30 metres and had ten minutes of struggling before we broke free. I discovered afterwards that the bottom is littered with plant and machinery dumped after the war.

Light variable winds saw us motor-ing most of the way to Honiara. We exchanged waves with the only yacht we saw at sea the whole time, GOLDEN SUNSET, but I don't think they recognised us.

At Honiara we had news of an Australian steel yacht that had gone on the reef at Vanikora. After ten days a tug from Honiara had managed to drag them off and tow them to Tulagi, with one small hole – at a cost of \$25,000.

Ready to leave

Stocked up with groceries, dinner at the Mendana Hotel with a bamboo band floor show, we were ready to leave, except for immigration. I had arranged with the officer to meet at the yacht club at 4 pm to be cleared, but no one turned up. After the floor show Laurie got the police into action, who produced various apologetic people but none from immigration. Eventually the Minister for Immigration was contacted and we were able to clear at 10.30 pm.

The rush to get away was inspired by the need to arrive at the Are Are Lagoon before dark the following day. We just made it. It was an interesting trip down through the 15-mile-long lagoon with tree-clad islands on the seaward side. A rain squall coincided with the only missing beacon and we slid to a stop. It was a peaceful spot, and after a cup of tea we unloaded the anchor and chain into the inflatable and were able to reverse off.

We had been told that the last village in the lagoon specialised in the manufacture of pan pipes, but discovered it was one village back. However next morning a couple arrived willing to trade their own pipes, so we left happy.

It was now a hard bash to Vila, direct into the 27-30 knot trade wind and with



Sunken wreckage is a constant reminder of the battles which raged in the Solomons during World War II. Here DRUMPEEL drifts over a submerged Japanese freighter.

a frustrating current that took us 20 miles to the west each day. We sailed 1283 miles to make good 720, and arrived in Vila in the midst of the Musket Cove race finishers. In spite of 46 other yachts our favourite anchorage was still free.

Laurie had navigated for the leg to Vila and now Jenny took over for the Wellington section. I suppose I should have taken over their turn for the evening meal, but my altruism didn't extend that far.

Heading south we made for Dillons Bay on Erromanga to see what changes there had been since 1983. The latest hurricane had destroyed the famous Martyrs Church, the gardens and canoes. With the current drought it was hard to know how they were surviving.

Monday market

Then on to Lenakel on Tana where we made sure to arrive on a Sunday in time for the weekly Monday morning market, the best I've found in the South Seas. A sentimental visit to Paul's store, now a co-op, brought back the memory of the origin of Air Melanesiae. After a most uncomfortable sea trip back from Vila, Bob Paul bought a plane in which all the villages on the island had a share. They cleared the airstrip by hand, and to prevent French planes landing would roll fuel drums on to the runway. This was in the days when the government was a condominium of France and Britain. Bob thought a suitable name for the airline would be Air Condom with an air-

sock as a logo, but the authorities refused to wear it.

The main attraction at Tana is Yasur volcano, reached from Port Resolution where we now headed. Jenny and Laurie set off with a guide for a six-hour round trip and arrived back foot-sore but thrilled. In 1983 to save that long hike we had sailed round to Sulphur Bay, a bad anchorage but much closer to Yasur. On the way to the volcano we had been able to make a side trip to a John Frum church in a village deep in the rain forest. John Frum is one of the cargo cults. Behind the altar was a large photo of the astronauts in their space suits, and on the door amongst the list of disciples was Neel, presumably Neil Armstrong, the first man on the moon.

A couple of days of light SE winds and then we were racing home as it built up to 27-30 knots, holding this wind speed as it swung east then north-east until finally failing when we were off Egmont. Port tack the whole way and fairly bouncy most of the time. A comment in the log says it all: More comfortable on the floor. In spite of this the evening meal always appeared on time to my astonishment and admiration.

A day of light or no wind followed until a dying SE took us to the Chetwode Islands, engine to Terawhiti and the usual bash down the harbour against a northerly.

A most enjoyable cruise, the best yet, with good company, and good weather in an interesting area. We particularly liked the friendly, gentle people of the Solomons, so very different from the accounts given by early travellers there.

Rear Commodore

THIS last winter must be one of the most active winters for the Club for some years. It was interesting to note that 45 yachts took part in the Dominion Tavern Winter Series, which culminated in a prizegiving and dinner at the Club on the last race day. Perhaps we will end up like Auckland where the Winter Series is pre-eminent. Our thanks to the Sailing Committee and Officer of the Day Ken Burt.

Mid-Winter Dinner

Whilst on the subject of dinner, the Mid-Winter Dinner held on July 20 was an excellent evening thoroughly enjoyed by all those who attended. Mr Mike Bungay QC and his wife Rhonda were the Club's special guests with Mike providing the after-dinner entertainment with an enlightening address on the various machinations of the Law.

Talent Quest

In the last issue of THE RIP, I referred to DAMP VISION's entry in the

Cocktail Mixing Competition where I wondered whether we would see more of Irene and Lynette. Certainly Irene and Lynette were part of Murray Sleeth's DAMP VISION cast who performed "The Time Warp" from "The Rocky Horror Show" to take out first prize. Their leading star was none other than Scott Mulholland (alias "Pretzel"). As to whether we saw more of Irene and Lynette, you'll have to ask someone who was there!

(Editor's note: In typically modest fashion the Rear Commodore fails to mention his own remarkable performance in the Talent Quest – see next page.)

Cook Strait Race

Once again sponsored by New Zealand Breweries the prizegiving for the Cook Strait Race will this year be held at Furneaux Lodge in line with the sponsorship arrangements. Furneaux Lodge has completed extensions to its external marquee BBQ arrangement as well as extending the wharf, so facil-



ities will be well able to cope with the demand. Supporters travelling by Railway will again be able to observe the fleet mid-straits, and will be transferred to Endeavour Inlet courtesy of Furneaux Lodge.

Christmas parties

Don't forget the adults' Christmas Party on December 9 and the Children's Party on Sunday December 11.

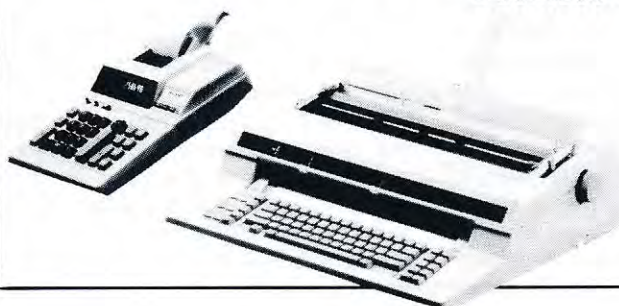
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Agents throughout New Zealand

Club talent horror show

A NEW venture in off-season entertainment this year was a Talent Quest, which drew regrettably few but commendably high-standard entries. Winner by a nautical mile was a horribly convincing group presentation of "The Time Warp" from "The Rocky Horror Show".

RIGHT: This unspeakably horrible hunchback in butler's guise bears a vague resemblance to respected member Murray Sleeth. Could it be? No, surely . . .



RIGHT: Stealing the show is Scott (In just seven days I can make you a man) Mulholland, alias Dr Frank N. Furter. Horrible, horrible!



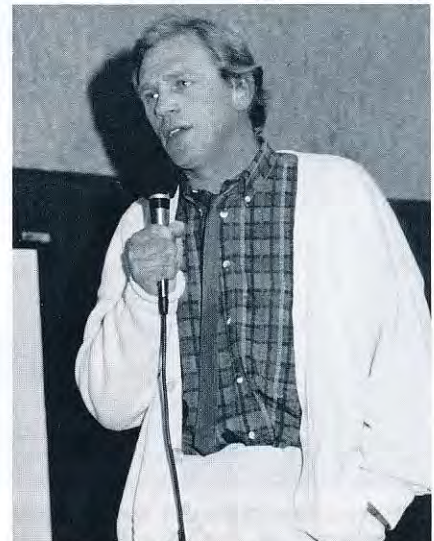
Pip and Paul Carrad joined forces to sing an old song with a new thrust – something about Grandfather's . . . Clock, was it? That doesn't sound quite right . . .



Doing "The Time Warp" in splendidly horrible style are Anne (Janet) Carrad, Irene Tudor, Greg (Brad) Turner, and Lynette Chapman.



A colourful and spirited display from the ladies of Worser Bay won them second prize.



"Cockles and mussels" sings Irish balladeer Hugh McGovern.

Doing it the first time

"THERE'S a first time for everything," so observed someone once.

Such a pithy comment could only come from a man, and most probably a yachtie because, dear reader, whatever you do on a yacht, no matter how right or wrong, it will evoke this expression, accompanied by a wry angle of the mouth corner and raised eyebrow. That is, the first time you do it.

If you do it again, and repeat an error, you risk being branded "a typically useless woman". If you do it right, you equally risk being branded "one of the boys".

Examine motives

Before you do step on to a yacht for that "first time ever", it's very important that you calmly and rationally examine your motives. If you cherish your long polished nails, if you're partial to "ladies hours" of rest on weekends, if neck to toe rubber and plastic sounds more sick than sensible, go for the "typically useless woman" title.

If you have an irresistible tide of desire to throw femininity up with the spinnaker and become for better or worse (and looking like it) "a salty

dog", I shall give you in a series of four articles, some benefit of my experience.

This first should get you through your first "come out with us tomorrow" Saturday following the night before and several G & T's at the Yacht Club.

1. One hour from the Starter's gun is no time to have the skipper relieve your misapprehension that a bikini top, a cute pair of cut-offs and stilettos will create the right impression. Believe it or not, even if there's a 35 knot southerly whistling up the mooring, he'll only notice your stilettos! (**Never, ever, ever** dress for anything less than a 35 knot southerly. 95 per cent of the time you'll be totally appropriately attired.) Footwear should be white or clear soled to protect the deck, waterproof to protect the body temperature, and industrial strength to protect the bones against impact from the blind, panicky implant of foredeck crew.

2. Getting on board is never an elegant nor easy business. You'll notice a rope tied to that metal bit on the deck at the front of the boat and then out to the wooden pole thing on the wharf. Roughly half the distance between both of those points will probably be

By Islay McLeod

twice the length of your high school long jump record. The trick is to pull the rope and ergo the boat towards you and jump on to the deck when the boat reaches the end of its tether. Sadly, this experience is likely to see you reach yours long before the boat does. Weigh up the embarrassment levels of falling while in getting on, against admitting to the nearest crew member to the bow that this is your "first time ever" and asking him to give you a hand. Personally, I opted for the wry smile and grumbled "there's a first time for everything".

3. Once on board you'll have an irresistible and involuntary wish to be seated. If necessary, crawl to within earshot of the skipper who'll direct you to your allocated position for the next four hours. If it takes you ten minutes to crawl that far you could opt for the owner's aft lounge if the weather's inclement or a deck chair on the number three forward hatch would be pleasant on a balmy day (dip the glass as you go when anyone calls "going about" though – the boom could sweep the lemon slice off the edge).

Otherwise, you'll be "beam maxing on the rail" with crew members who collectively out-weight a K Class locomotive. Now as any skipper will tell you, crew treat everything as expendable on a yacht. Unless Mother slipped steroids into your weetbix you will be smaller than any crew member on the boat and as a consequence, you are invisible. Forget this and you'd better have the after hours number of a chiropractor, neurosurgeon and skin graft specialist (and cancel your dinner date as soon as you get in or have the ambulance officer do it for you).

4. Yachting terms can be a total mystery to crew members at the best of times let alone you. For example, there appear to be at least three terms for the same manoeuvre of changing the direction of the boat going into the wind. "Tacking" is one of them. "Going about" is another. And "Lee Ho" is yet another, and not the name of the Chinese restaurant that the kite packer ate at last night, an experience which is at the root of his longer-than-usual periods down below.

When you hear any of these calls, prepare to go under water. You're sup-

Muir 40 takes shape



Further to the report in the last issue of THE RIP, boatbuilder Mike Muir's newest creation, the Muir 40 (or 1220), is showing definite shape. The shell is now off the mould, and is sporting berths, bulkhead, and engine beds. Interior fittings and decks will be constructed from similar exotic materials to the hull.

posed to unravel all appendages from the wires holding you back from tipping headfirst over the side, leap Olga Korbetly into a swallow dive over every obstacle the yacht designer could bedeck underneath you, swinging your legs and sit-upon to land bruiseless in the same position you started out in but on the other side of the yacht.

There are, however, two reasons why you may not do this. The first is that the skipper called one of those calls five minutes after he took the action. The other is that anything attached to your torso will be used as a starting block by any of five 16-stoners on the rail alongside you.

5. Beverages will be passed along from time to time. On your "first time ever" you will be tempted to outweigh a raging thirst and dehydration delirium in favour of "not daring to go to the toilet". Take my word for it and take the drink. The tacking or terror will sweat it out of you before your bladder calls and if not, don't go out on your "first time ever" before you read the next article in this series . . . "Sea cocksmanship or the delicate art of going below".

Watching the weather



In the series of Wednesday evening lectures, Meteorological Office representative Vivienne Holmes explains some of the causes of Wellington's somewhat erratic weather, and shows how the weather maps are built up from regular satellite pictures.

Training week in Auckland

The following letter has been received by the Club from the Royal New Zealand Yacht Squadron.

TELEPHONES 786-286
786-349
784-565



SQUADRON ROOMS
WESTHAVEN,
AUCKLAND, N.Z.
P.O. BOX 904

19 August 1988

The Commodore,
Royal Port Nicholson Yacht Club,
P.O. Box 9674,
WELLINGTON.

Dear Commodore,

The Squadron is to host a training week for Youth Sailors in the 16 - 20 year age group. We will be using the 10 Squadron 5.9 class yachts with a programme consisting of 3 days on and off water coaching finishing with 2 days of fleet and match racing. The training week will be held out of Westhaven from December 5th - 9th inclusive.

The Squadron will undertake to arrange billets for all participants that will be invited from throughout New Zealand totalling 30.

Accordingly the Squadron would like to invite 3 youths (1 helmsman, 1 mainsheet hand and 1 bowman) to represent your Club at this inaugural training week. Your Club would be required to arrange transport to and from Auckland for your representatives.

To ensure a totally successful training week it would be necessary to insist that your representatives have a sound sailing experience in the nominated positions enabling a steady progression through the week long programme.

The training week will be under the direction of Harold Bennett, the Squadron Training Officer.

An indication by the 10th September as to whether your Club will be able to send 3 young sailors would be appreciated to enable final preparations to be completed.

Yours faithfully,

D.E. Brooke
COMMODORE.

Applications invited

The Sailing Committee invites applications from members for the above Training Week in Auckland.

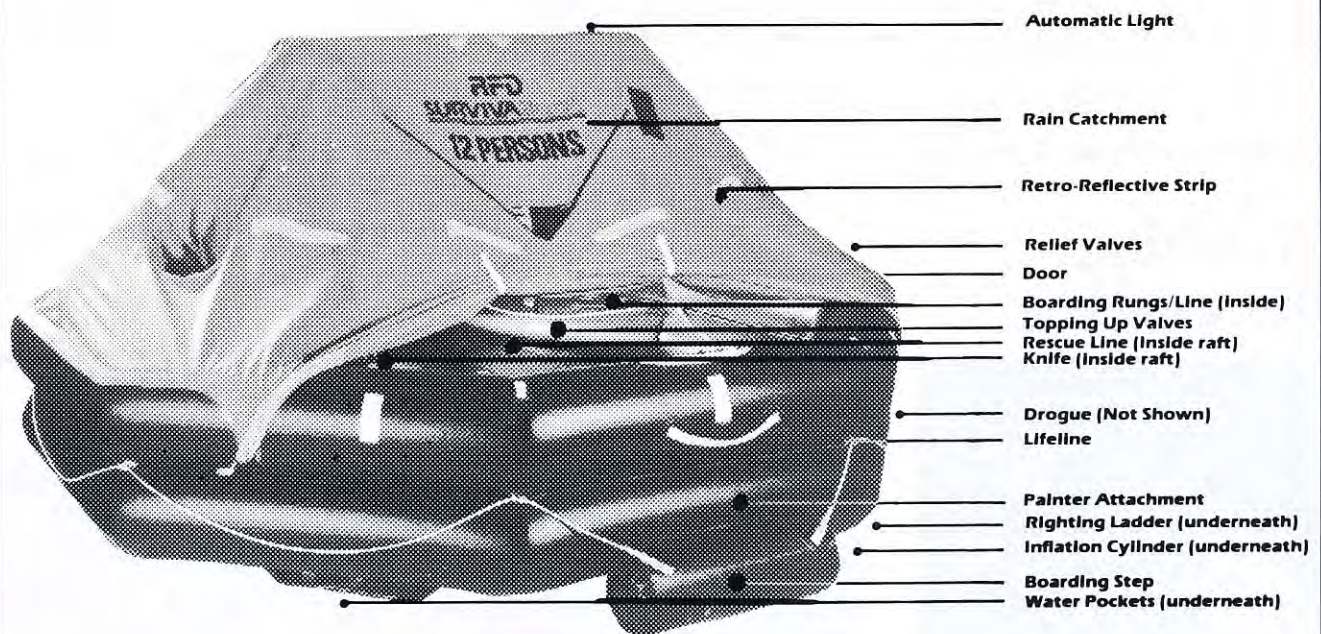
The RPNYC will meet all travel expenses, and applicants should apply in writing to the Sailing Committee giving a brief resume of their experience and aspirations in the position desired. Alternative positions may be applied for.

Applications will close on October 31, 1988.

J. OWER
Racing Secretary

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From the Club Manager

Surges, bulbs and back-ups

Oriental Parade has been suffering from UESs (Unexplained Electrical Surges) for the past few months, and although the MED have been told of the phenomenon they have yet to rectify it. Why tell us, you say? Well, as a self-taught computer operator I attempt to enforce my will over a desktop PC on which are held all membership records, boat register etc. etc. I know all about BACKUPS but sometimes overlook the need. That used to be my MO, but not any more! Not since a large UES casually and without malice "zapped" my master membership disc and all those membership files which I had been diligently updating since – wait for it – JANUARY 88 (horror you say) were erased. BACKUP you say. Sure, dated JANUARY 88!! (RSI prevails).

So dear members, bear with me (again) while I update addresses and let me know if I get yours wrong and please notify address changes in writing. And incidentally, the same UESs have been gobbling light bulbs at a phenomenal rate and I have now changed over 80 light bulbs in four months. Enlightened? You should be. Frankly I'm unimpressed, but c'est la vie.

Subscriptions

By the time you read this you should have paid your 88/89 subscription which fell due immediately after the AGM in June and should have been paid by September 30, 88, at the latest. The note on the Account Rendered invoice which read:

"NOTE: THIS ACCOUNT MUST BE PAID BY 30 SEPTEMBER 88 OR LOSS OF MEMBERSHIP PRIVILEGES WILL RESULT"

seems to have upset a few of you. We say it every year, and this year is no different. It is a statement of fact and should be taken as such. It is not meant to be intimidatory, and while some of you may feel the tone of the note is less than subtle, it cannot be misconstrued. Let's face it, FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED.

The penalty for failing to pay your subscription is denial of access to Club facilities and ultimately forfeiture of membership. These steps would be taken by the Executive Committee with reluctance, but in fairness to the great majority who pay their subs within the three months permitted, such decisions must be made.

Canteen Stock

We are down to our last 20 sweat-shirts (\$30) and have recently purchased stocks of 100 per cent cotton T-shirts in sizes M-OS-XOS which are printed with the Club logo and sell for \$17.

All canteen stock is available from the bar during trading hours.

Bar trading hours

Unless otherwise advised, Wardroom trading hours are as follows:

FRIDAY 5-10 pm
SATURDAY Midday-9.30 pm
SUNDAY 4-9pm
PUBLIC HOLS 4-9pm

Keelers Restaurant

Keelers Restaurant continues to be well patronised and is a popular "watering hole" if you're looking for a quick drink and a chat with friends after work. HAPPY HOUR with half price drinks is from 5.30-6.30pm, and on Friday nights vocalist Chris Brown entertains with his guitar.

TRY IT, IT'S NOT EXPENSIVE AND YOU'LL LIKE IT!

Hire of Club facilities

Club activities permitting, the Wardroom and Boardroom are available for hire by members at very good rates. Obviously private use of the Wardroom cannot be countenanced in



the weekends, but the Boardroom is available most evenings and weekends and limited use of the Boardroom is permitted during the week provided members are not disadvantaged. Give me a call if you have something in mind (848-700).

Introduction cards

Going abroad? Before you go, why not give me a call and collect some Club Introduction Cards. Gilt-edged and bearing the Club's logo, these cards are very handy when visiting overseas yacht clubs. At the same time you could consider buying a few Club mementos as gifts for people you meet on your trip. Lapel badges (\$4.50), ties (\$10) and burgees (24) always prove popular, and for every item over \$20 you buy you get a free copy of the Club Centennial Booklet – also a popular gift.

GRANT SCOONES

New boats

THE following vessels have been registered with the Club recently:

Yachts

AHOY

S & S 11.7m, Peter Green

FLYING MACHINE

Young 88, Peter and Jenny Sutton, James and Ellen McDowell

FOXY LADY II

Cavalier 36, R. D. Walker

RESTITUTION

Farr 11.6m, Don Delbridge

CELESTE

Farr 6000 (trailer sailer), Timothy Hawley

Launches

AROHA

Young 9.75m, R. J. Campbell

DRAGICA MOJA

Mariner 3400, Ed Baigent

KIMBA

Marlborough, John Moody and Peter Rodie

MONOWAI III

Saunders, David Preston, Paul Hastings, Brian Cardiff

ZINGARO

Marlkine 11, Tony Nightingale

Note: Boat Registration forms are available from the box below the noticeboard or from the Club Manager.

Please ensure that all new ownerships or changes of ownership, call signs etc. are registered, and that NZ Yachting Federation registration is up to date.



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Mike Hughes lands at Plymouth

The second stage of Mike Hughes' single-handed odyssey in REBAL is now complete with his arrival at Plymouth after a non-stop uphill slog from the Falklands.

I RELUCTANTLY left the friends I'd made in the windy Falklands (52 degrees South) on June 16 and true to form battled my way through gale after gale for the first week as I headed north towards the sun. Once across 40 degrees South I was able to put the storm jib, by now well worn, back in its bag and actually stow it forward. Another week and I could shake out the permanent reef in the main and give it a fright by hoisting it to its full height.

Close-wind sailing

The next few weeks were spent mainly basking in the tropical sun and regularly doing runs of 120 miles or more. There is a lot of close-wind sailing going up the Atlantic and out of the nine weeks at sea I spent 6½ weeks on starboard tack and approx. five of those weeks hard on the wind.

The doldrums were passed without incident in four days although not without much hard work. The area, being a convergence of two vast

weather systems, is plagued by violent gale-force squalls followed by large holes of flat calm every hour or so. Naturally the Autohelm broke down as autohelms seem to do just as I reached this area, and, as the wind vane only works well in steady winds above about 7 knots, I spent most of these four days in the cockpit trying to keep the boat moving through fickle winds.

Then I was in the Northeast Trades again and on the wind again in often very fresh conditions. A couple of weeks later saw me approaching the North Atlantic high pressure system over the Azores and, again, much frustrating sailing in light winds with very low daily runs.

English weather

As I moved further north though, the often correctly maligned English weather made itself felt. Out came the storm jib and on went the wet weather gear and jerseys. On August 21 I sight-

ed the south coast of England through the overcast skies of a gale that had been raging for the previous three days. The wind and sea eased off as I approached Plymouth to survey the damage.

Wellington rigging

Nothing that can't be fixed; a bit of sail damage and the staysail boom ripped completely off the boat. It's interesting to note that of all the gear aboard the staysail boom was the only piece of equipment not constructed by local Wellington industry. It was in fact constructed by an Auckland spar rigging firm. A tribute I think to the skills of Barry Swanson, Bruce Askew and John Mines, all of whom played major roles in the construction of the rig and associated bits and pieces.

I tied up in one of the many Plymouth marinas at a cost of fifty pounds per week, with showers, washing machines etc. costing extra. Bit of a jump from the one pound fifty I was paying to lie alongside in the Falklands. After 64 days at sea I was back in the real world again!

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The Loe Down

VAGABOND

READERS of my column may appreciate that in yachting matters I am somewhat conservative. Among my dislikes is the popular style of highrise power launches which feature a pram handle device towards the back on which to mount the radar and so on. Thus it will be readily understood that I think the Holmes' motor yacht VAGABOND is a gem.

It was built in Balaena Bay about 1930. It has the classic straight stem that knifes through the water like a machete through a banana. These days the vessel is associated with Jock Holmes and his daughter Vivienne, who for some years now has been delivering (in superbly modulated tones) wildly inaccurate weather forecasts over the radio.

The point of all this is that VAGABOND has made it at last. Unlike ICONOCLAST it did not achieve fame through a TV advertisement. It made several steps higher up the cultural ladder and has been featured in a *Listener* cartoon called "Terry and the last Moa". Look at the drawing and note the style. The wheelhouse is newer than the rest and was conceived by that master of tradition at sea Mr Bruce Askew, the well-known designer and Club Measurer.

Frequent but allegedly reluctant star of TV commercials, permanent Sounds resident Gavin Loe gives us his pertinent observations on the local yachting scene.

Jack Cox and ATALANTA

I was very pleased that a former Vice Commodore of the Club, Jack Cox, received a Yachting Award. I first knew Jack in the late fifties when he raced the famous ATALANTA with great distinction. "ATIE" was known as the "forty-foot bathing machine", being so low in the water. I was a crew member and in my first season naturally enough I worked the pump.

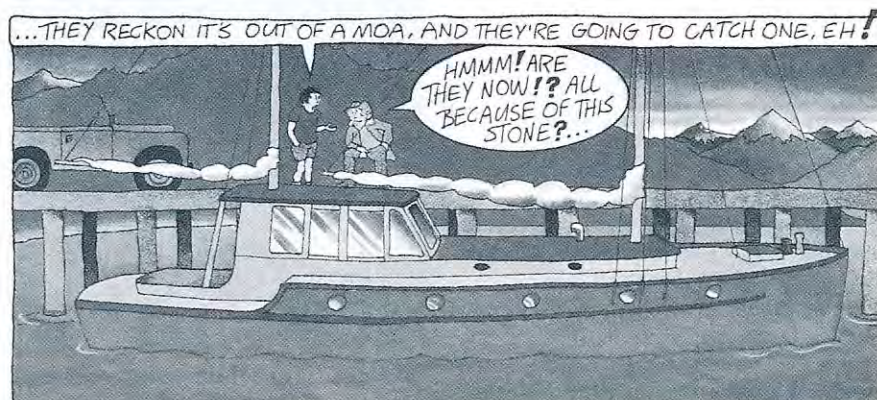
"ATIE" made no concession to comfort. In my time as crew there was no

engine, which meant that we got sufficient adrenalin flowing during the beat out of the Boat Harbour in a screaming northerly to last the whole race.

Jack was a fine sailor though inclined in moments of stress, of which there were many, to be what was then known as a "scone doer". Skippers never seem to realise that their cries of rage are invariably ignored by the foredeck, and Jack was no exception. There is much I could write about those days, but I say this; that I feel very privileged to have sailed with Jack for some four seasons when he, as a yachtsman, was at his prime.

Weather forecasts

I hope Vivienne Murray will forgive me for my observations earlier in this column. But nonetheless, I am convinced that forecasting has got worse. I am starting a diary noting the morning forecast and then writing up what has actually happened at the end of the



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day, for one month. If the forecasts are better than 50 per cent accurate I shall open a bottle of my best home brew and drink a toast to the skill of the prophets of clime. I suspect myself that the top won't come off, but we shall see. I promise a full report in the RIP.

David Lewis

Readers with a taste for the bizarre might enjoy David Lewis's latest work *Icebound in Antarctica*. Written with a very remarkable lady, Mimi George, this book is a bit unusual in its candid exposure of the idiosyncracies of the crew.

This aspect of cruising – that is the personal relationships and behaviour of the crew – is largely ignored in accounts of sagas of the sea; no doubt for very good reasons such as the laws of libel. But this book not only tells all about an apparently ill-assorted crew. It has an exciting tale to relate though I wonder a bit about the research that Dr Lewis says is the purpose of this expedition.

The finishing line

Odyssey Charters

COUNTRY members John and Julie Brady are operating their 45ft steel Bruce-Askew-designed ketch ODYSSEY as a skippered charter yacht between Mangonui and Auckland. More information can be obtained from Box 1506, Whangarei.

Auckland date

THIS was the heading on a tiny news item on the back page of *The Times* of London on August 22.

"The New Zealand Maori Polynesian Sporting Canoe Federation will host the fourth outrigger canoe world championship at Auckland in 1990".

A little like the Federation of Lapland Sealskin Canoe Paddlers advertising their world championships in *The Dominion*!

Two-Man Round N.I. Race

FOR any members wishing to sail twice around the North Island two-handed, take part in what must be this country's most sociable yacht race, and generally have a great time, the fifth Two-Man Round North Island Race starts from Devonport on February 26, 1989. Entries close on November 1. Entry forms and Draft Sailing Instructions can be obtained for \$5 from P.O. Box 32-036, Devonport, Auckland 9.

New look



Bryan Coleman, Andrew Wagstaff (not ANOTHER Waggy?) and Bruce Campbell service winches on the "new look" white AZTEC.

Congratulations

Best wishes to John Askew and Leslie Shotter who have posted the banns, will have their nuptials in January, and honeymoon in the Sounds aboard TARUA.

Unbridled power

MEMBERS keeping their dinghys in shed 4 will be pleased to hear that the WHB have installed a coin-in-the-slot electricity meter in the shed.



Barbara (BT) Millar assures us that she has not been taking steroids, nor is this bent anchor a result of her being called late for breakfast; rather it is the aftermath of an over-night blow in Ngaruru Bay at Easter.



Cam and Graham Shaw's Valiant 40 BILBO BAGGINS underwent a major refit at Peter McManaway's yard in Picton and after much head scratching it was decided to step the rig in Picton rather than in Wellington where it had been assembled by Swanson Rigging Services. Various options for transporting the mast across the Strait were considered and finally air transport by chopper was decided upon. The late Peter Button collected the spar one fine morning and within an hour or so it was stepped. Pictured here are John Askew and Adam Coddington from Swanson's preparing for the lift on a typical Wellington day!

Sir Francis returns

"Sir Frances the Drake" (featured in *The Finishing Line*, Spring '87 issue) and his lady have returned to the Boat Harbour. After a five-month absence vacationing wherever ducks spend the winter they splashed down in late August, waddled up the hard, and went straight into "Roger's Seaside Cafe" for some handfed hospitality.

NZYF Awards

NOMINATIONS are being accepted by the NZYF for the Honour Award, Cruising Award, and Yachtsman of the Year. Details on the noticeboard.

Precautions

GULLEY JIMSON returns to Wellington in October under the command of Alister Shanks, and Chris Harris has fitted running backstays as a precaution – remembering Alister's epic jury-rig journey from Hawaii in BLACK SHEEP!

YOUNG 88 sets the standards! . . .

Cruising

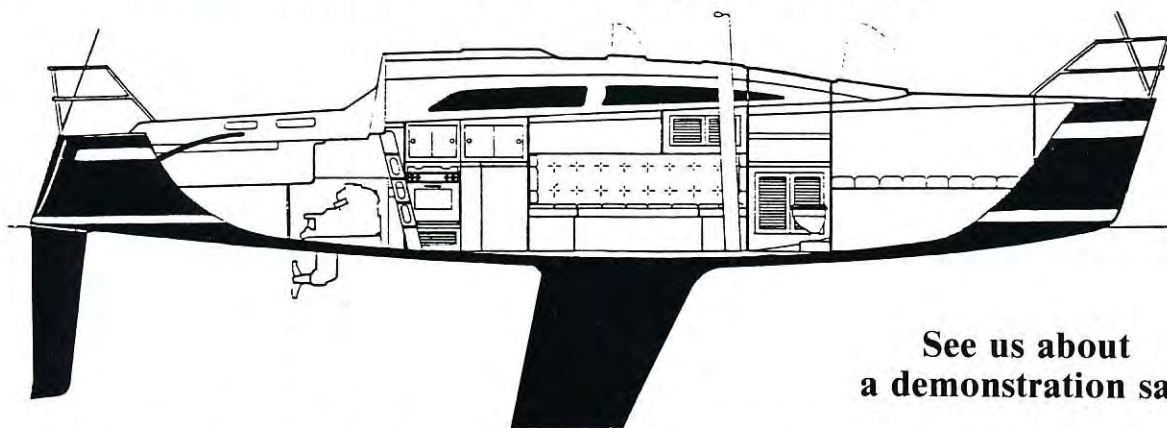


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