



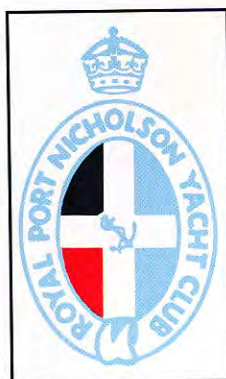
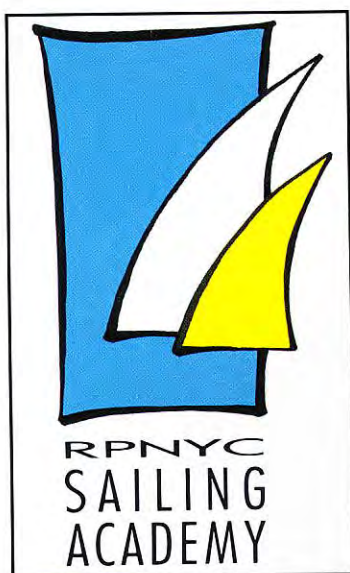
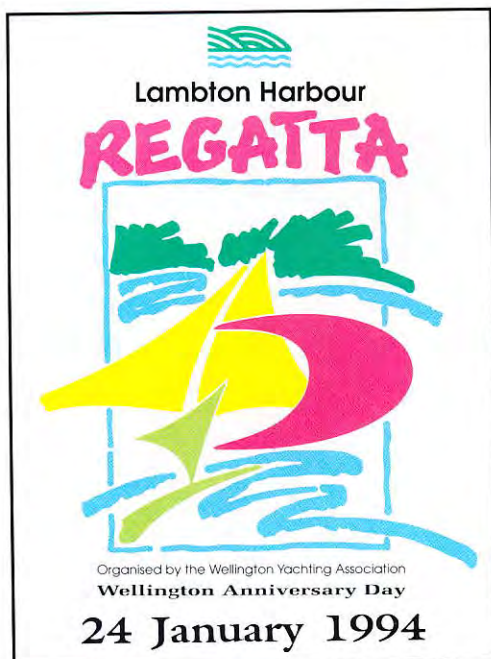
The Rip

JULY 1993



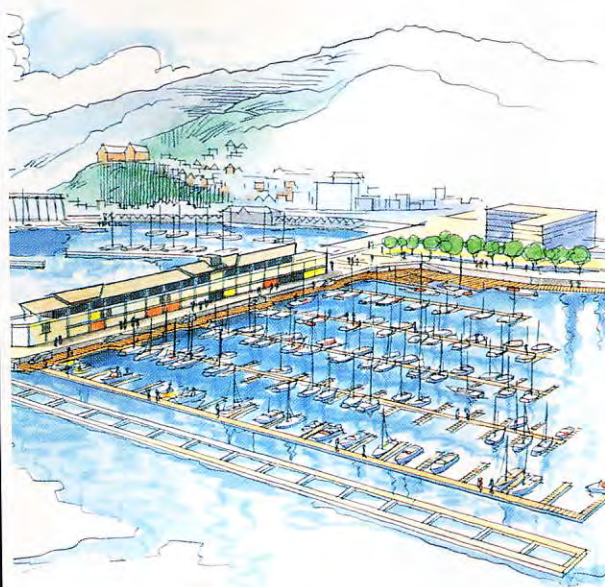
MAGAZINE OF THE ROYAL PORT NICHOLSON YACHT CLUB (INC)

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The Rip

ISSN 1171-1779
Vol. 12 No. 2
JULY 1993

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The RIP is the official magazine of the
Royal Port Nicholson Yacht Club (Inc.)

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The opinions expressed in this Journal are those
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those of the RPNYC.

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Cover: Club Coach Mike Boswell alongside PORT NICH II,
Chaffers Marina, July 1993.

RNZYS Youth Training

THE year's over, it seems so short but what an action packed learning and sailing year it has been.

On May 1st this year, passing out of the scheme was held at the RNZYS to receive our certificates from scheme coach and motivator Harold Bennett.

From on the water training in the Squadron's Elliott 5.9s to after training, debriefing, driving chase boats, learning course setting, running regattas, attending protest courts and learning maintenance and care of yachts - it's all part of the scheme.

The scheme has given me the opportunity to partake in MRX Match Racing Series, MRX Sprint Racing, representing RPNYC in the MRX Inter Pacific Championships, compete in NZ Womans Nationals representing RNZYS Youth Team. Recently I was chosen as observer on the MRX fleet in the 1992 Steinlager Logan Cup Series observing well known Louis Vitton skippers, the cream of international match racing in the world, a great experience.

From the scheme, we now progress into sailing Echhel's - a 3 man yacht of 28ft to improve our tactical skills to an even higher level and bring in more match racing experience.

I read of your up and coming Sailing Development Programme at Port Nick, just the thing we need to keep up with the reputation we have for producing world class sailors. If you are young and contemplating to go through a training scheme, take the opportunity now and get behind this big step forward at Port Nick. Dedicate yourself to learn more even if it takes you out of Saturday fleet racing.

As I am writing this article our team - Colleen Bassett, myself and two others are challenging Leslie Egnot to represent NZ at the Nations Cup Match Racing Event in Holland at the end of 1993. All of this could not have been possible if RPNYC had not had foresight in the development of youth sailing and the financial support through the Sailing Development Fund.

My congratulations to Port Nick on the near launching of your training yachts.

Bridget Suckling

RPNYC thank you

I would like to say thank you very much to the RPNYC which allowed me to spend ten days on the Spirit of Adventure sailing from Tauranga to Napier. I myself and the other trainees experienced what it was like to sail through all sorts of conditions where the sea varied in conditions.

The 24 trainees were split into four watches which carried out certain tasks. Each watch had a location every day which consisted of foredeck, aft deck, mainsail and specials.

Every day we were awoken at 6am for our daily swim before we had our breakfast. This was then followed by cleaning up the ship which every watch had a particular job to carry out.

All the watches had a watch leader. These people all had sea experience but it didn't matter when most of the people on board chundered overboard as we headed into some high seas.

All of us made very good friends and we all got on very well specially when all the girls were crying when we left for the bus terminal on the way home.

Thanks again RPNYC.

Layton Sanders

Tidal Comparison Chart

RNZN Hydrographic Office

Tidal Comparison Chart,
Page 54 RPNYC ALMANAC

THE Club has been publishing the referenced chart in our ALMANAC since 1988 and there are now some concerns that the information contained on the chart is inaccurate.

We would like to continue with the comparison as it has proven useful but before we publish this year's ALMANAC in August, confirmation from your office on the accuracy of the information would be appreciated.

G Scoones Secretary/Manager

Dear Mr Scoones

AFTER checking all the information supplied in your Tidal Comparison Chart I am pleased to inform you that within ± 10 minutes all your data is correct.

I would like to pass on to you and your team my compliments on the very high standard of your publication.

If I can be of further assistance please do not hesitate to contact me.

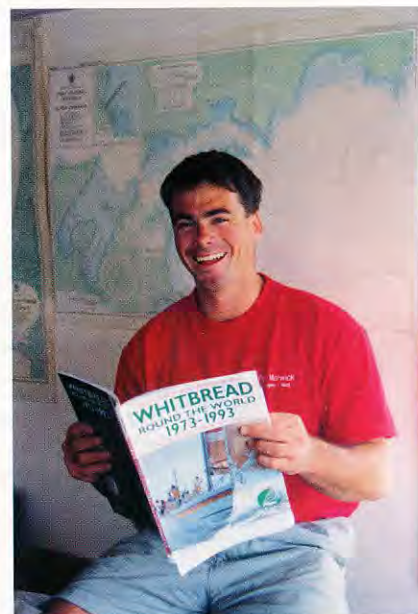
**K J Cook, BEM
For Hydrographer RNZN**

Stewart joins Dickson's Whitbread crew

IAN Stewart has been selected to crew for Chris Dickson on his W60 in the 1993/94 Whitbread race.

"Stew" dropped into the Club recently on his way back from Christchurch after the Dickson Farr boat struck a UFO en route for a Southern Ocean practise run.

Ian is seen here boning up on what to expect in the Whitbread and we will no doubt hear more from him closer to race time.



Race Results & The Rip

IT was with some disappointment that I have noted The Rip did not cover the results of the Wayne Wilkinson Cook Strait Classic.

This is the largest fleet on the RP-NYC racing calendar and a race that all types of yachts can be involved.

Why this race was not reported in The Rip is beyond me, especially when in the December issue the Editor was asking for additional information to be used in the magazine.

As one of RPNYC's major sponsors in the past, I believe we must ensure our current sponsors are given the recognition they deserve, especially through our quarterly magazine.

I believe even though the results and report will be somewhat belated the next issue of The Rip should cover the results of this most popular race with an apology to the sponsors and participants.

Peter O'Neil
Leadenhall Investments

Editor's Comment

Sorry Pete but . . . because of deadlines, we were unable to publish the Cook Strait Race results in the December edition of The Rip and the subsequent coverage of other events in the March edition simply took up all our available space.

Where space, deadlines AND suitable copy allow it, we attempt to publish coverage of as wide a range of Club activities as possible and while there are NO guarantees that all events both off and on the water will feature, readers will have noted that we cover a diverse range of subjects which we believe keep our mag up there with the best of them. Race results are published in all editions but obviously not all results and a check on past editions will reveal that on the whole, we do pretty well.

We encourage participants to provide the copy to make the publication of the results more interesting but in the case of the 1992 Wayne Wilkinson Insurance Cook Strait Classic deadlines and Christmas break intervened, no race articles were forthcoming from any of the participants despite promises and the results were not published in the March edition to make way for later copy.

For the record, major placegetters in the 1992 Wayne Wilkinson Cook Strait Classic are published below.

Could I again go on record by asking those of you who participate in Club races to give some thought to The Rip, take your camera with you, make a few notes and let's try and keep our mag as topical and interesting as we can.

1992 Wayne Wilkinson Cook Strait Classic Results

Club Handicap

Overall Winner of the Wayne Wilkinson Cook Strait Classic Trophy

SILVER SHADOW Peter O'Neil

Division I

SILVER SHADOW Peter O'Neil
REVELLER Richie Dillon
SNAP DECISION Ron Legge

Division II

MAX HEADROOM Ken Burt
DRIVING FORCE
M O'Neil/B Bennett
RED RUM Nigel Petrie

Division III

MOONSHINE EXPRESS
Rob Tomkies
INNOVATOR II Denis Foot
EASTERN JADE Waikawa BC

Cruising Division

ANDIAMO Andrew Taylor
AMOKURA Jim Kebble
RAPIER Peter Edwards

PHRF

SILVER SHADOW Peter O'Neil
RECKLESS David McKenzie
THE BUTCHER
J Moody/B Cardiff/P Rodie

Fastest Time

FLOJO Roger Manthel

The British Blue Ensign

FOLLOWING introduction of the Ship Registration Act 1992, advice has been received from the Registrar of Ships that New Zealand Registered Vessels are no longer permitted to fly the Undeclared Blue Ensign and only the New Zealand Blue Ensign or New Zealand Red Ensign may be flown.

Dear Mr Scoones,

REGISTRATION OF SHIPS: BRITISH BLUE ENSIGN

Thank you for your letters of 10 June and 19 July requesting clarification of the entitlement to fly the British Blue Ensign following the introduction of the Ship Registration Act 1992.

I confirm that it is a requirement under the Ship Registration Act 1992 for New Zealand ships to fly either the New Zealand Flag or the marine flag of New Zealand, but not both flags.

I enclose a copy of Part IV of the Ship Registration Act 1992 and information papers on Part A and Part B Registration which detail the requirements for the flying of flags.

As regards the flying of the undeclared British Blue Ensign, only vessels registered as British ships under the Merchant Shipping Act 1894 are eligible to hold a warrant to fly the Blue Ensign. Thus, ships registered under the Ship Registration Act 1992 are no longer entitled to hold an Admiralty Warrant to fly the British Blue Ensign and must now comply with the provisions of Section 58 of the Ship Registration Act 1992 by flying either the New Zealand Flag or the marine flag of New Zealand.

I enclose copies of "Guide to Ship Registration" which sets out the requirements for the initial registration of ships under the current legislation. Please feel free to distribute to any members who are interested in registering their vessels as New Zealand Ships.

A E WHITEROD
Deputy Registrar of Ships

The "Guide to Ship Registration" referred to is available from the Office and the RPNYC Almanac and General Rules will be updated accordingly.

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Commodore

THE 1992/93 Sailing Season finished with the Commodore's Trophy Race on Saturday the 17th of April. One could be forgiven for thinking that the end of the season and the intervening period before the start of the Winter Series, would have been somewhat less intensive. However, things are seldom as they seem and the last three months have seen vigorous levels of activity in the Club's calendar.

Prizegiving

The annual Prizegiving ceremony took place on Saturday the 22nd of May in the Wardroom. The event was particularly well attended and prizes were presented by Her Worship the Mayor, Hon. Fran Wilde, who added her usual unmistakable touch to the evening's events. One particularly gratifying feature was the broad spread of recipients which helps provide an incentive for ongoing competition and participation at all levels. The New Zealand Yachting Federation took the opportunity through its President, Mr Joe Butterfield, to present ROCK STEADY's owners Steve Raea and Kieran Murray with awards for their rescue of the crew of CELTIC KIWI.

Annual General Meeting

The Club's Annual General Meeting was held in the Wardroom on Wednes-

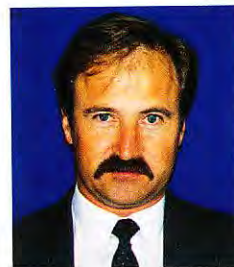
day the 26th of May 1993. As a further indication of the ongoing strength and health of the Club, the meeting was well attended. There was strong interest from members in securing positions in the Club's administration and this too is a particularly healthy sign. The Club's Annual Report and accounts show an organisation in fine form which continues to develop and expand in a changing environment. The budget for the next financial year, is both assertive and conservative and seeks to provide members with the wherewithal for ongoing expansion and development of the facilities on offer. With your ongoing assistance and support, we are confident of another significant year.

Sailing Academy

On 22 May 1993, the Club launched its Sailing Academy. This was a gala event attended by local dignitaries, Corporate members and Club members generally. Despite a brisk northerly and the early hour, all present were able to observe, at first hand, yet another milestone in the Club's development and history.

Tasman Triangle

We are continuing to lay the groundwork for this event which will see Wellington as the apex of a major blue water classic. At present, the CYCA in



Sydney is in the process of finalising arrangements with sponsors and with associated organisations. As soon as we receive additional detail, in more tangible form, we will post on the Club's Noticeboards registrations of interest for both owners and crew.

Commodore's Lunches

We have now had two Commodore's Lunches which were particularly well attended. The first was addressed by Mr Chris Laidlaw, MP for Wellington Central; the second by Mr Mike Moore, Leader of the Opposition. Mr Moore graced the luncheon with a serious and well prepared speech which gave a clear indication of the high regard in which he held the venue and the audience. These events are occasions of high calibre and high interest, but they require your ongoing commitment and support. I look forward to seeing as many of you as are able to attend at the next one.

Beefeater Winter Series

The Series has had an interesting start this year, owing to the unpredictability of the weather. However, the races that we have got away have proven to be spectacular events for both participants and spectators alike. The use of short inshore courses has provided a marvellous spectacle for viewers and has further elevated the perception of this sport in the general community.

Champagne Breakfast

Another outstanding event, executed with the professionalism to which we have now become accustomed. Peter Blake, as the guest speaker, added to the interest and it was moving to see very real touches of emotion on the part of the recipients of some of the awards

Wilde about Water

VICE President Fran joined up with the ENZA team on Roger Manthel's FLOJO in the Deloitte Touche Tohmatsu Race earlier this year in selection trials for Peter Blake's ENZA NZ R.T.W.I.E.D. (Round the World in 80 Days) Crew. Fortunately for Fran, 6-4 had already picked his team but she is on standby for Dalts if ENDEAVOUR needs any more crew!!



Legal Environment

The legal environment, both statutory and otherwise, continues to change. The Royal Port Nicholson Yacht Club, in the same way as the other yacht clubs around the country, is having to grapple with the new order introduced by the Resource Management Act 1991. The new rules in that Act have a significant impact on what we, as users of the foreshore and coastal waters, are able to do, and we must ensure our voice is heard in respect of such issues. One thing is inescapable and that is the fact that the rules and regulations governing our use of the water resource, will continue to become more stringent and more rigorous. For our part we

must ensure that we are in a position not only to comply with the new order, but also to have a hand in moulding it as it effects our interests.

On a somewhat different note we also need to ensure the interests of Club members and the Club continue to be protected in the context of changing management regimes. It is a matter of common knowledge that the Wellington City Council, which is now ultimately responsible for marina management on this side of the harbour, is interested in contracting these services out. This kind of change is of intimate interest to the Club and to its members and is a matter which we are monitoring on your behalf.

Appreciation

Finally I would like to thank you all again for your support to date and ask that you continue to give it. I would like to also record a special thanks to outgoing Club officers for their contribution to the Club's management and administration in the past. The environment in which we operate brings us fresh challenges by the day and we need your ongoing support and contribution to meet these.

CON ANASTASIOU
Commodore

The Flag Officers, Executive Committee and Members of the RPNYC extend a sincere thank you to the following companies for their support in the establishment our RPNYC Sailing Academy

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Vice Commodore



WHILST being the "Off-Season", the past few weeks have been packed with a variety of social fixtures, on the water events and the usual (and not so usual) administrative affairs.

Beefeater Winter Series

This series has "kicked-off" to a somewhat frustrating start, with the abandonment of Races 1 and 3 due to extremes of wind at either end of the scale. Race 2 and 4, however, were conducted in good sailing air with a new style of course (for us) being tested. Reports on the course and racing of the day have been most encouraging.

New Zealand Wines and Spirits, as principle sponsor, Canterbury, RFD, and George Janis have been extremely generous with the range of prizes and we look forward to supporting them with typically large Winter Series fleets.

Races 1 and 3 will be resailed, and it will be necessary to run two races on one of the programmed race days. This is an exciting prospect which can only add to what has become one of our Premier Series. Further details will follow by way of amendment to Sailing Instructions.

Academy Launching

Perhaps a taste of things to come, this event was an absolute pleasure to be involved with. The support pro-

vided to the club by members and non-members alike was overwhelming.

Certainly the day belonged to the Academy and the Club. Special thanks must go to Worser Bay, Hal Wagstaff, Steve Macris, Race Committee and the Launch Owners for their assistance with the Regatta. To the skippers involved, thanks for a great spectacle.

Having now seen the fruits of our labour, it is important this be seen as an exciting first step toward a higher level of skill and success, locally, nationally and on the International scene.

Champagne Breakfast

Congratulations to the award winners of the day. Once again though, the club has been a winner. With Peter Blake announcing that the America Cup Boats will be visiting Wellington, we have the opportunity to be involved in this "larger than life" scene. You can rest assured that we will be following his offer up with great enthusiasm.

NZ ENDEAVOUR

Congratulations to **OUR WHIT-BREAD CONTENDER** for their recent success in the Round Europe Race. Very pleasing to see boats on the club register enjoying International Success. We wish the Crew of New Zealand Endeavour similar success in the Whitbread.

PHRF/IMS

Whilst I shall not go into these subjects at any length, we are clearly embarking on a drive toward greater utilisation of these handicapping/rating systems. I ask all racing crews to follow upcoming developments in our various publications, and to consider the importance that will be placed upon these handicaps, both this season and in seasons to follow.

Rules

Clearly, the potential danger of not having the new rule books available in time for the Beefeater Winter Series has necessitated running the Series under the old rules. However, we are pleased to announce that the new rule books are now readily available.

and so to work.....

Mandy Gudgeon has taken on the task of Womens Affairs Co-ordinator. As such she has already been involved in a number of issues which have "borne fruit" and is proving to be an asset to the smooth running of the club sailing affairs.

"Beaver" away, the Sailing Committee have made significant advances in developing the Programme for the 1993/94 season. There are a number of changes which will be announced at an Unveiling Night to be held on Wednesday 1 September.

PAUL CUDBY
Vice Commodore

NZYF Rule Books now on sale

THE NZ Yachting Federation Handbook incorporating the IYRU Yacht Racing Rules with NZYF Prescriptions and Safety Regulations is now on sale from the Club Office.

\$20 incl GST



Beefeater Series action off Pt Jerningham.



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Rear Commodore

AND I said to the Commodore, "You want it when!?" The subsequent Port/Starboard incident over feasibility was won by the Commodore under protest on Rule 5.

The House Committee took the news that the RPNYC Sailing Academy would open and the training boats be launched - the day before the Champagne Breakfast! - just as you might expect. We went out to dinner and got drunk very nicely thank you.

So, how do you open an Academy? Couldn't have told you then, but we're experts at it now.

I seem to recall that about half way through the lead-up time, we had scheduled Linda Murray to fire a Bill Ralston from the Startbox, Hash Browns (Chris Brown) checking the champagne bottles would break (no, just the 2 x Moët over PORT NICH I & II). We had scrambled eggs for 400 boat builders and the Aztec Trophy was missing. We had Johnny Rockit lowering the boats in the water the Saturday before, and Sniffy and the Paintboys all over the place, couldn't trace the Chaplain, 40 metres of Peter Blake from Flagmakers and, with what seemed only days to go, we see a hull go past down Cable Street on a truck!

The guns-ablazing Start/finish line's right outside the Deerstalkers Associa-

tion Conference, four games of "Toilet Tennis" at the boat builders (it's so cold on launch day the beer's warmer than your fingers!) Getting some Flag Officers' uniforms takes on a corps de ballet cozy change in Swan Lake proportions. The Town Hall lift won't lift, all the toasters have blown the fuses and Noelle's blown the twink budget on the floor plan!

40 bud vases are somewhere between here and China, lost the certificate blanks and left the Cups at the Club (found the Aztec Trophy). Who's the loose unit waving other people's wives in the air? Cut the ribbon - what ribbon!?? Who's got the scissors? That's the Club stapler . . . and, hoi you!! That's the florist's bucket. No, I said bucket.

No seemly stories about Bertie yet (Don't know why I bothered after Bill Ralston's jokes). I remember the security code to the Academy but it's pitch dark round the keypad at 6am! Sea cadets have locked their whistle in the car. Quote: Peter Blake, "You'd never see the Squadron doing the Hokey Cokey at 11 o'clock in the morning!" 11 cases of champagne and two full kegs into the ute. What camera went overboard Grant? It's 7pm on Sunday night and the dogs start growling when they see me coming down the path.



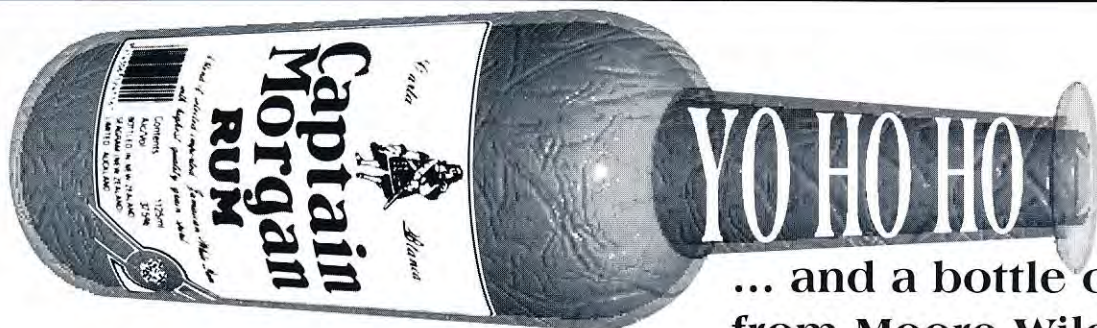
Paul Cudby and Islay McLeod relax during awards presentation at the Champagne Breakfast.

But, she was a good do. Thanks to everyone who helped and thanks to everyone who said thanks. Keeps you going that sort of thing, you know? And so, I said to the Commodore, I said, "Now about October the 16th . . ." here we go again folks!

ISLAY MCLEOD
Rear Commodore



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Annual Prizegiving

ANNUAL Prizegiving for the 92-93 Season was held in the Wardroom on Saturday 22 May and Club Vice President and Mayor, Fran Wilde attended as Guest of Honour to present prizes. The Rip was there to record the moment on film.



Mayor Fran Wilde and Commodore Con Anastasiou discuss the Order of Ceremonies.



JET's owner Hugh Poole accepts ANZ Div II awards.



Club President Alan Martin took away Div II Line Honours with PUTTING IT RIGHT.



His 'n Hers Race winner Barbara (BT) Millar discusses tactics with Mayor Fran Wilde.



ANZ Div I Champ was HIGHER GROUND - Owner Eoin Fehsenfeld was there to accept his trophies.



Tony Cowdry (BOBBY SHAFTO) collects the silver for overall Offshore honours.



Winners of the NZYF Cruising Award were Steve Raea and Kieran Murray on their RORC 39 ROCK STEADY. NZYF President Joe Butterfield was there to present the certificates.

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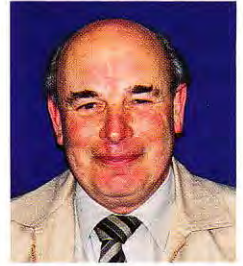
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Cruising Captain



THE last mail for the Bakers of Cape Jackson left Picton by the Beachcomber's mail boat on Friday. It included gifts and a card signed by virtually all the settlers in Queen Charlotte Sound and Tory Channel.

The renowned family - Tony Baker and his second wife, Dorita, Tony's son David, his wife Sandra and their children Jason, Lisa and Sarah - have sold their property and moved to Picton, ending their life as farmers and also a

remarkable dual life as "guardians and benevolent watchdogs" of boaties in Cook Strait and the Sounds.

First Radio Watch

Tony Baker and his late wife Betty began to conduct a radio watch in 1962, at first using a valve set, and moving on to a single sideband radio and VHF.

Giving regular reports on weather and sea conditions, answering ques-

tions and being always on the alert for distress calls have played a very large part in the life of the Baker family over the years.

Rescue

When the Russian cruise liner Mikhail Lermontov sank in 1986, the Bakers were credited with much of the teamwork which resulted in the memorable rescue. For this work Tony and Betty Baker were each awarded a Queen's Service Medal.

But boats of all descriptions, great and small, have benefited from their consistent listening and watching brief on behalf of all craft in the unpredictable waters of the region.

The Marlborough Marine Radio Association and Sounds residents held a function to honour the Baker family, on Friday 17 July at the Waikawa Boating Club and the RPNYC was represented by Linda Murray.



Linda Murray (centre) attended the farewell to the Baker Family on behalf of Port Nich - seen here with David and Sandra Baker.

BRIAN PARKER
Cruising Captain

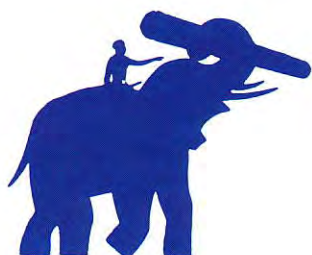
Sacre (Cordon) Bleu!!!

IN an effort to compete with the local restaurants, well known Oriental Bay businessman, Brendan (Arkwright to his friends) Gilmore has introduced a wine list and exotic menu featuring such mouth watering delights as Kiwi Burgers, Kiwi Steak, Eggs and Chips, Mixed Kiwi Grill and Chilli Hot Dogs!

Brendan expects a big demand for his fare and is seen here taking delivery of his frozen supplies!



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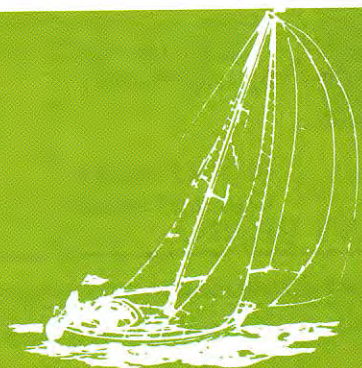
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Commodore's Trophy Race - 17 April 1993

Season's Finale a Drifter

By Grant Scoones

43 Starters and 11 finishers pretty well sums up the 1993 COMMODORE'S TROPHY RACE sponsored by the Port of Wellington - an event that despite the high attrition rate, was enjoyed by all.

The race was a Mark Foy start in light and variable conditions from the Club line at 1100 hours. By the time scratch yachts FLOJO and HIGHER GROUND had started the writing was on the wall with the majority of the fleet gathered within a 500 metre circle about a kilometre upwind of the Ngauranga mark.

I was helping Brian Wareham on TE ARO in the absence of Ross Telford who was taking an extended cruise to the tropics aboard John Toon's Davidson 53 BODACIOUS and Brian and I were contemplating a long stint on the water as the fleet lay becalmed with little prospect of any wind until at least midnight (according to the met chappies anyway).

The prospect of six bar staff wiping tables and emptying clean ashtrays in a Wardroom deserted but for the aroma of slowly desiccating meat pies while the Commodore wallowed at sea successfully managing to avoid his well known end of season "Shout" seemed to spur the elements however and after an hour or so of still conditions, FLOJO and HIGHER GROUND could be seen

moving through the motionless fleet as a light southerly drift of around 3-4 knots pushed them along under spinnaker.

In a rare spectacle, the entire fleet hoisted kites and ran down on the Ngauranga Mark at a variety of tacks and angles and with over 30 yachts within 100 metres of the mark and all calling for room and rights, Brian and I decided to get the "@#\$^ out of here!!!!" (Actually an epithet directed at us from the forward hand of a yacht attempting to claim rights on port tack over a number of right of way boats while his fellow crew fended off the pack and mopped the brows of the troubled skipper who was thumbing through his Rule Book looking for guidance on "how to round a mark with 40 other yachts").

Of course TE ARO's motive power (which shall not be named in deference to the supplier and to Doughie's maintenance regime) chose that exact moment to go on leave and as Brian whirled the starter in vain, I feigned disinterest



Rush hour at Ngauranga!

Photo Phil Roghi

and began searching for my spare film in the forepeak!

Finally the motor fired and we backed off but in the meantime, Clive Snow's ALICANTE and HIGHER GROUND had managed to round without incident and were heading for Pt Halswell mark with the rest of the fleet sorting itself out astern.

With a northerly course set and southerly conditions, the rounding of Pt Halswell mark was somewhat academic and "follow the leader" was the order of the day. HIGHER GROUND was revelling in the light conditions and unless her mast fell over the side or owner Eoin Fehsenfeld had an emergency call from the hospital where he works as an anaesthetist the final outcome was a "fait accompli" and the rest of the fleet were only vying for the minor placings.

ALICANTE caused a bit of head scratching when lying in second place she rounded Pt Halswell and instead of tacking onto port and heading up Evans Bay for Shoal Pile she bore off and set a kite for Ngauranga. Did she know something we didn't? Was this a deliberate ploy to confuse the crew on HIGHER GROUND and YOUNG NICHOLSON? (then lying in 3rd place). Well, HIGHER GROUND failed to take the bait and the boys on YOUNG NICK after some hesitation finally set off after HG while the rest of the fleet watched in amazement as Clive and his crew ran past under spinnaker.

Slowly the wind dropped out and it



HIGHER GROUND - Winner of the 93 Commodore's Trophy.

became more and more obvious that a substantial number of the fleet were not going to make it and despite shortening the course at Shoal Pile, even HIGHER GROUND looked unlikely to finish.

Finally, 4h 2m 44s after starting, HIGHER GROUND took the gun followed by CHAIN REACTION and NOT GUILTY some 11 and 13 minutes astern. 11th and last to finish at 1720 hours was Rob Tomkies Muir 9 MOONSHINE EXPRESS by which time the majority of the fleet had called it a day and had retired DNF to the Wardroom to await the arrival of the Commodore.

After much pie eating, rum quaffing, lie telling and Commodore shouting, prizes were presented and so ended the season for another year. *R*

Final finishing order was:

1. HIGHER GROUND
2. CHAIN REACTION
3. NOT GUILTY
4. THE BUTCHER
5. FLYING BOAT
6. YOUNG NICHOLSON
7. WATERMARK II
8. JET
9. DRIVING FORCE
10. MAX HEADROOM
11. MOONSHINE EXPRESS

From the Office



Subscriptions

FOR those of you wishing to pay your 93-94 subscription by instalment, the following terms are available:

30% down payment with the balance payable by 30 September 1993

Instalment payments will appear as an accumulating credit on your monthly statement until the sub is paid in full.

Subscription levels for the 93-94 Season to 31 March 1994 are:

VETERAN	\$58
SENIOR	\$232
ASSOCIATE	\$116
COUNTRY	\$58
INTERMEDIATE	\$46
JUNIOR	\$23

Veteran Membership

Veteran Membership at 25% of the SENIOR sub is available to any member aged 60 years and over who has been a member of the Club for 15 years.

If you are eligible for Veteran Membership, simply indicate this on your subscription invoice and pay \$58.

Wardroom Services Review

In response to changing trading patterns, we are carrying out a review of the Wardroom operation including bar hours, bar pricing structure, decor and other services provided for members. The review is almost complete and any changes as a result of the review will be advised in due course.

GRANT SCOONES
Secretary/Manager



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From the Racing Administrator

Sailing Programme Unveiling

THE 1993-94 Sailing Programme and Sailing Instructions will be available for viewing at the Premiere "Unveiling", 1 September 1993 in the Wardroom. All Club members are invited and we encourage you to attend as there are major changes to divisions, race format, and safety requirements. Also, with the help of the House Committee, this event shall be a "don't miss" for your social calendar. More information to be released soon.

NZYF/IYRU Rule Books

Remember that the 1993-1997 NZYF/IYRU Rules are available for purchase from the Office for a bargain price of \$20. It is important that you familiarise yourselves with the new rules as there are numerous changes. In case you need a little prompting and missed Hal Wagstaff's Rules Seminar, the Sailing Academy will be holding Rules Seminars prior to the new Sailing Season which you are encourage to attend.

Radio Operator's Certificate

Last year a number of individuals expressed interest in obtaining their Radio Operator's Certificate at a reduced cost from the Radio Frequency Service. The requirements are that a group of nine or more individuals attend the group session. Please contact

me on 384-9956 if you're still interested as the RFS is available to hold this session next month.

Beefeater Winter Series

The vast fleet turn out for the Beefeater Race 2 was indicative of the fact that RPNYC has many keen yachties and we hope that your enthusiasm lasts throughout the series. (The Race Officer has promised not to abandon another race - chuckle, chuckle). Our generous sponsors - Beefeater - are throwing a cocktail party on your behalf on August 17th, in the Wardroom. Details will be posted on the Notice Board and announced at the next Beefeater Prizegiving. All skippers and crew are invited.

National Match Racing Selection Trials

The Selection Trials for the 1993 National Match Racing Championships are scheduled for 14 - 15 August. All financial members of RPNYC are eligible to enter the trials. The selection of individuals or teams to represent RPNYC is entirely at the discretion of the Selection Panel which includes the situation where no representative team may be selected. For the trials, part teams and individual entrants will be assigned into specific crews by the Race Officer.

Competitors in the Selection Trials will be eligible, and may be selected to enter a Sailing Academy Grooming



Squad at a cost of \$150.00 per individual. Selection into this grooming squad will be based upon a combination of performance and evaluation; and may be on an individual basis. The final team to represent RPNYC at the National Match Racing Championships will be selected from this grooming squad at the discretion of the selection panel.

Entries should be on the forms available from the Wardroom Notice Board area or can be picked up from the Office. There is an entry fee of \$10.00 per individual and the entries should be received by the Racing Administrator by 1 August 1993 to ensure inclusion in the trials. Late entries with approval of the Race Officer may be accepted up to 3pm on Friday, August 6, 1993.

Lately, the Sailing Committee has received numerous letters with miscellaneous information or suggestions regarding the RPNYC Sailing Programme. We welcome these suggestions as they have initiated changes in both our present and future Sailing Programmes.

Happy Sailing.

SHERRY THORNBURG
Racing Administrator

Young 11s get new fin to go Elliott hunting

SEEN here in Mike Muir's yard is Jim Ower's Young 11 FLYING CIRCUS following the fitting of a new keel in July. FLYING CIRCUS is the first of the local 11s to be fitted with the new keel which was designed by Richard Kahn and Jim Young and engineered by High Modulus.

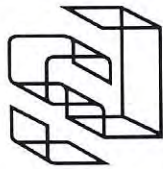
The new keel increases draft by 6" to 7" and the lower centre of gravity reputedly increases stability by up to 14%. The bulb weighs in at 1360kg and keel floors have been beefed up to take the extra load.

PEPPERMINT PLANET with her new keel fitted sailed Race 3 of the Lowry Bay Yacht Club DB Winter Series on 18 July and although she finished behind the Line Honours winner NEDAX BACKCHAT (Elliott 1050) she was 2nd over the line ahead of another Young 11, ARBITRAGE.

Other Young 11s to have the new keel fitted are: FLYING BOAT, YOUNG NICHOLSON and SIMPLY RED while John Rochfort's self designed / built 36 footer CETACEA will also have a version of the keel bolted on during a major refit.



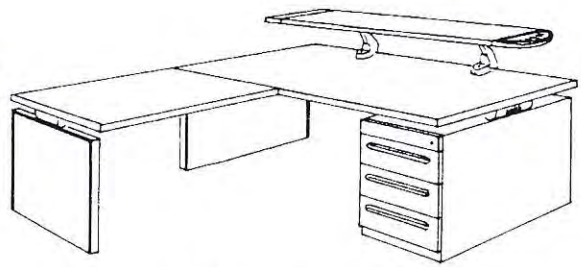
The shape of speed? I guess we'll know by late August when the Beefeater Winter Series is near completion.



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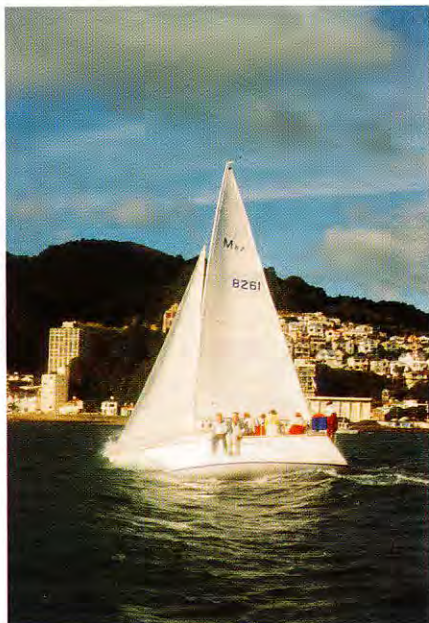
PROVEN MARINE PRODUCTS

From the Sailing Academy

Academy Opening Day

WHAT a weekend! The two training yachts successfully launched. The Academy Officially Opened. Rugby (with half price beer) in the afternoon. Then a huge Sunday with the Champagne Breakfast. I don't know about the rest of you but the following weekend seemed a little dull to me. Top stuff House Committee.

For those of you that watched any of the Match Racing series we ran at the Academy Opening I hope you enjoyed it. The feedback that I received afterwards from skippers (whether winning or losing) and the crews was a hugely positive thumbs up to the format. If the interest is high enough it may be possible in the summer to organise a series of short sprint type match races on a mid



Match Racing Sprint Series a possibility.

week evening. Like many aspects of the Academy it will be driven by what **you** desire. So make that important move, to actually tell us what you want.

Where we are at

The setting up of the Academy facilities is now almost complete and this is in no small part due to the excellent assistance we received from various sponsors: **Lambton Harbour Management, Cemac, Epiglass, Chubb, Barton Marine, Musto, Line 7, Hutchwilco and Sharp.**

All, to varying degrees have contributed to prevent the initial expenditure

from getting out of control. Together with the assistance we received from these sponsors there has been a number of club members who have given up their time to help with the setting up. Two of which deserve special thanks, Marty Harris (our poser of the year) and that well known young fellow, and life member, Ross Telford.

It is pleasing to be able to record the fact that all three of our initial courses are full, even in the middle of winter. In fact our Introductory course is now booked out for the next three months, so come Summer we should have a few more keen people to help with those crew shortages that often seem to occur. A warning is perhaps there for some of the more experienced sailors that a Skills course might be required for them to stay ahead. Knowledge and skills gained through years of experience can always be developed.

Apart from the very popular Introductory course we are also running a Skills Development course and a Womens Development Squad. As part of the Womens course they compete in some of the Beefeater Winter Series races, so don't be surprised to see our two training yachts out there on Sunday afternoons racing.

What's coming up

In the six weeks between the end of the winter series and the start of the summer racing a number of rules evenings will be run to not only bring you all up to date on the new rules, but also refresh your memory of some of the old ones before the season starts. Although most of us find reading the rule book as exciting as watching the grass grow we will make these rules sessions as interesting as possible. The format will be more of a workshop with real life Port Nick race course situations. Participants will be broken into small groups each with a team leader, to help guide the discussion on the appropriate rules. If interested keep your eye on the Notice board or bet-



ter still fill in a Personal Profile sheet (available from the Notice board box) which will get you on the Academy database and mailing list for any other upcoming items of interest.

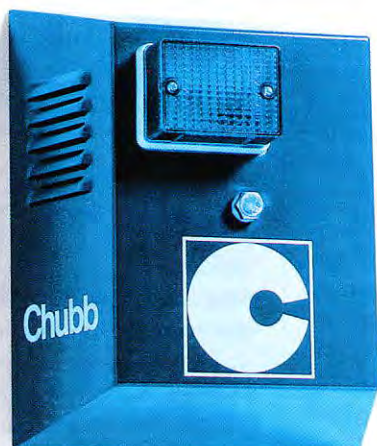
In preparation for the trials to select a squad to compete in the Hewlett-Packard National Keelboat Championship (Auckland, 3 - 12 December) the Academy is running a Trial Preparation course starting at the end of August and running through until the Official Club trials are held around the middle of October. The course is position specific and requires participants to be experienced in their respective jobs. It is aimed directly at individuals, or small groups who wish to compete in the Club Selection trials but are not already part of an organised team. While there are no conditions for participants to then enter the trials in their Sailing Academy training crews, the six weeks of practice and tuition will certainly make them a well prepared unit to do so. If you are interested in doing the course, **ACT NOW** because numbers are, as always, limited.

The Academy will be forming a Youth Development Squad around the middle of October in preparation for selecting and sending two teams to Auckland in early December. The teams will attend the New Zealand Yacht Squadrons week long course in Elliott 5.9s that is held each year at Kawau



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Island. Any sixteen to twenty year olds who are interested in being considered for the squad should ensure they complete a Personal Profile form. Candidates will be interviewed in early to mid-October and those successful will come together immediately afterwards.

Coach's comment - Attitude -

I recently spent four days North of the Bombay Hills in that city called Auckland. It was with a combination of pleasure and annoyance that I spent a day freezing on the water with the New Zealand Yacht Squadrons Youth Training Programme. Pleasure because I could inform Harold Bennett (their coach) that my recent departure from the Capital was on a warm sunny day, and annoyance that I would have preferred to be in shorts and a tee shirt. For those of you unfamiliar with the Squadron's programme it is for thirty five youth who enrol in a course that

runs **every weekend, all weekend, for eleven months**. What is also worth noting is that many in the programme are recent star performers in tough junior classes like the P class.

The point that hopeful young, and not so young Wellingtonians must take is the high level of commitment and time on the water in an organised training environment, that these sailors put into their sport. I have always felt that it was not what is in the Aucklander's water that made them good, (as talking to some who live south of those famous hills would have you believe), but the level of commitment and the desire to achieve that was shown on the water. There is no reason why a similar level of commitment shown by local sailors could not in time produce similar results to the Aucklanders. The results of the Squadrons programme are impressive, currently there are six graduates of the programme on five different Whitbread Yachts.

I am not for a moment suggesting that a six week course in the Academy

will result in any of you being snapped up by Peter Blake for the next America's Cup. What is being suggested is a change in attitude towards doing a bit more training and practice. This will produce not only better results around the race track, but more importantly an increase in enjoyment from your sport. Saatchi & Saatchi's Kim Wicksteed talk at the recent Ladies Luncheon reinforced the importance of attitude with an account of the 'Absolutely Positively Wellington' campaign.

So for all those old sea dogs who think the Academy courses are not for them, consider a comment once made to me at the Kiel Worlds in 87' by one of the legends of our sport, Paul Elvstrom (now in his 60's), "the good thing about our sport is you never stop learning".

MIKE BOSWELL
Sailing Academy Coach

Match Racing Debut for the Muir 8.2

A match racing regatta between top divisional skippers from last season was held on 3 July to mark the opening of the Sailing Academy and the training yachts PORT NICH I and PORT NICH II were put through their paces in a baptism of fire that would send shivers down the spine of even the most confident of yacht designers / builders.

The Rip is happy to report that the Muir 8.2s passed this test with flying colours and in fact not a bad mark was recorded - literally or metaphorically.

Skippers for the day were Jim Ower (Div I), Tony Cowdry (Offshore), Eoin Fehsenfeld (Div I), Jim Hall (Cru Div), Brent Dewhurst (Div II), Gerry Booth (Womens Series), Hugh Poole (Div II) and Phil Henderson (Div III).

For the record, a series of elimination heats were sailed on a (very) short, windward-leeward course off the Overseas Passenger Terminal and it was the seasoned veterans Jim Ower and Tony Cowdry who met in the finals with Ower finally taking first place.

The regatta was sailed in a 15-20 knot nor'easter and the little Muirs revelled in the conditions, despite the short chop and confused seas close to the OPT. Tacking, gybing, running and close hauled, the 8.2s performed brilliantly and are a tribute to their designer.

Comments from skippers and crew endorsed the selection of the Muir 8.2 as a perfect design for sail training - sea kindly, robust, stiff, stable and user friendly.



PORT NICH II action at the top mark - note the excellent working platform as the crew prepare for a kite set.



A close finish with PORT NICH II (Jim Ower) taking the gun.

Sailing Academy launched with style

By Grant Scoones

SATURDAY 3rd July will be recorded in the history books as the day that the first, full time sail training facility was established in Wellington and of its type, (arguably) in New Zealand.

The RPNYC Sailing Academy, based in the North End of the Overseas Passenger Terminal will provide year round sailing tuition for Wellington sailors from novices to skilled artisans alike. While members of the RPNYC will gain some advantage with discounted fees, the Academy is not exclusive to membership and will encompass other yacht clubs, schools and colleges, and indeed the greater Wellington community.

IF initial interest through enrolments is any indication (the first four courses are fully subscribed) it will be necessary for potential students to lodge an enrolment at the earliest opportunity and await a course.

The Opening

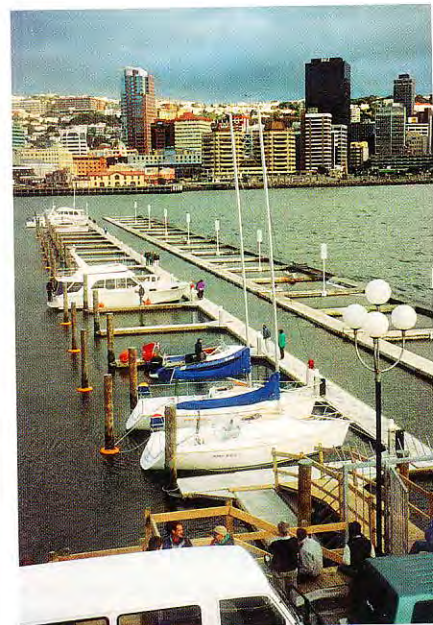
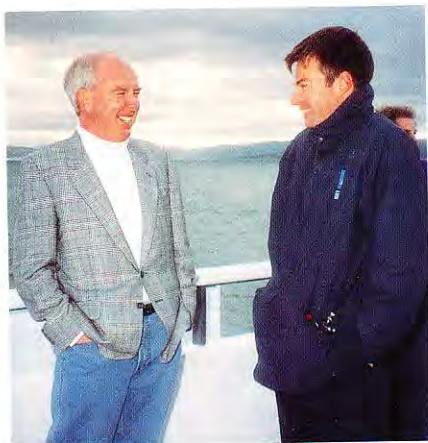
A large crowd of members, media and dignitaries attended the official opening of the Academy on Saturday 3 July and after the official commissioning of the training yachts **PORT NICH I** and **PORT NICH II** and formal opening and

blessing of the Sailing Academy a match racing sail off was held on Lambton Harbour between the Overseas Passenger Terminal and Container Terminal.

The yachts were blessed by the Port Chaplain and Missioner to Seamen, the Rev Jim Pether and officially launched by Trssh Birnie (representing Fay, Richwhite & Co Ltd) and Judy Blair (representing Deloitte Touche Tohmatsu).

Following the launch of the yachts the Academy was officially opened by Club President Alan Martin.

Chief Executive of Lambton Harbour Management, Donald Best (left) shares a joke with Club Coach Mike Boswell at the opening - Lambton Harbour Management's support with yacht berthage and a venue for the Academy has been vital to the early establishment of the Academy.



*Home for the short term at least for **PORT NICH I** and **PORT NICH II** is Chaffers Marina - a superb facility located in the heart of the city.*

*Fay, Richwhite's Trssh Birnie breaks the bubbly across the bow of **PORT NICH I** while Deloitte Touche Tohmatsu's Judy Blair does the honours for **PORT NICH II** - the success of the two Corporate Yacht Races have ensured the establishment of the Sailing Academy and it's ongoing viability.*





Club President Alan Martin cutting the ribbon to officially open the Sailing Academy.



Rear Commodore Islay McLeod masterminded the Sailing Academy opening and is seen here with Alan and Shirley Martin following the Opening Ceremony.



Port Chaplain the Rev Jim Pether blesses PORT NICH I at Chaffers Marina.

Located at the northern end of the Overseas Passenger Terminal adjacent to Chaffers Marina, the Sailing Academy is in a prime location looking out over the city to the west and with uninterrupted harbour views.



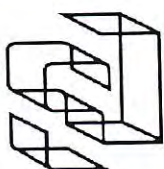
A large turnout on an cold and blustery mid-Winter morning witnessed the establishment of New Zealand's finest sailing school (and the Club Treasurer was still smiling!).



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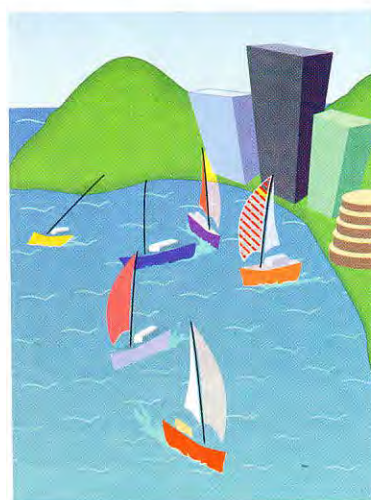
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The Muir 8.2 - First Impressions

By Grant Scoones

Construction

SELECTED by the Club as a purpose designed training yacht ahead of a number of established designs, the fractional rigged Muir 8.2 keelboat has proven to be an easily managed, responsive and stable working platform for crew engaged in both tuition and match racing, if early experience with the marque is anything to go by.

Construction of the GRP yachts

commenced in late '92 and they slipped into the water at Greta Point on Saturday 26 June exactly on time, one week ahead of the scheduled official launching event. Aside from some minor fine tuning, the yachts have performed as expected and survived their baptism of fire at the launching day match racing regatta without incident, despite some very close sailing and frantic manoeuvring.



Bruce Askew beside the deck prior to bonding (with the hull not with Bruce!).



Mark Simpson (right) and Jason Julian supervise the fitting of the keel.



The motive power - 10hp Evinrudes able to be retracted through the hull to provide a clean underwater profile for minimum drag.



Designed by Richard Kahn, the keel draws close to 6' and combined with the yachts' flat underwater sections and wide beam provides excellent stability.



The hull liner in place.



Clean lines with some fullness forward to provide buoyancy for downwind work on the foredeck and a flat run aft for stability and to promote surfing in the right conditions. The lifting outboard leg can be seen aft of the keel.



First taste of salt for PORT NICH II - Greta Point slipway at handover date.

The Muir 8.2 continued . . .



Mike Muir applies the finishing touches to his design.



"I could have sworn there was a boat here a minute ago . . . !!!" Coach Mike Boswell chats with Islay McLeod and the Rev Jim Pether following the "unofficial launch" on 26 June.



Both in safely!



"I told you Mike, 8.2 inches, NOT metres!!!" Mike Muir (left), Con Anastasiou and Andrew Dinsdale relax in Mike's boatshed after the handover.

On the Water Impressions

The day before the official Academy opening I joined Philip Macalister from BOATING WORLD on TE ARO and shot some film of PORT NICH II going through her paces on Evans Bay. It was a perfect day for camera work.



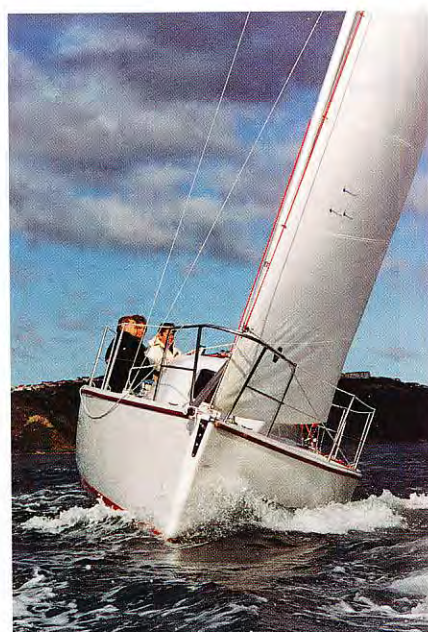
Fully powered up with only four on board looking stiff and very comfortable in 12 knots of breeze.

8 - 12 knots of northerly with flat seas and an overcast sky that was broken from time to time by periods of bright winter sunshine.

Sailing PORT NICH II were Designer/Builder Mike Muir, Sailmaker John Askew and two of Mike's boatbuilders, Mark Simpson and Jason Julian. The following photo spread records the sail.



Flat running down Evans Bay.



On the wind, woollies flying - note the lack of flare and full forward sections.

The Muir 8.2 continued . . .



Sails straight out of the bag and looking good - full main and 130% genoa setting to perfection.



Close reaching across Evans Bay, the Muir 8.2 showed no tendency to round up and was easily handled by her small crew.



With Sailmaker (John Askew) on helm and Designer/Builder (Mike "Rocket" Muir) on mainsheet, there was little chance that PORT NICH II it was going to make any mistakes!



All controls lead to the cockpit with keyboards above companionway - a ton of room for elbows and legs, not surprising for a cockpit that is styled after the Farr MRX.

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Summary

Everything about the Muir 8.2 looks "right" for the job in hand. It's no ULBD and wasn't intended to be. It won't plane across the harbour at 17 knots in 15 knots of breeze because it was never designed to do that.

It is a very well found, solid, stable training yacht with all the right gear and layout to perform well as a match racer when required.

However, it's primary purpose is that of training yacht and feedback from Coach Mike Boswell, students and the crew that have used the boats to date indicate the PORT NICH I and II are admirably suited for their design brief and will provide the Club and Wellington Yachties with a great sail training amenity for years to come.



The bottom line - An absolutely, Positive step in the right direction.



PORT NICH II on Evans Bay - July 1993.

1993 Champagne Breakfast

by Grant Scoones

OVER 400 people attended the Champagne Breakfast, held this year in the Old Wellington Town Hall and if you weren't there, you missed a good 'un!

Serenaded by the Show Band of the 7th Wellington and Hawkes Bay Battalion, entertained by the inimitable Bill Ralston and enthralled by Peter Blake's



Personality of the Year - Bertie addresses the multitude.

"Tales of the Southern Ocean", the 400 guests enjoyed a perfect Sunday morning at an ideal venue, dressed for the occasion with great taste by a hard working House Committee lead by Rear Commodore Islay McLeod.

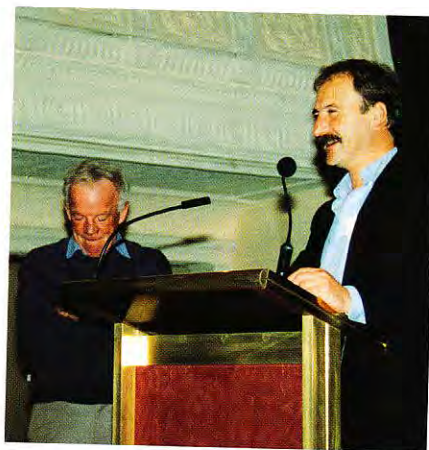
The morning's entertainment was enhanced by the usual presentation of awards to deserving Club Members and the awards ceremonies were both appropriate for recipients and carried out with great taste and decorum by the various speakers.

Personality of the Year

Past Vice Commodore and long serving member of the Sailing Committee Ken (Bertie to all) Burt received the "Personality of the Year Award" in recognition of his efforts over the years and in particular his hard toil as Vice Commodore over the 92-93 season.

Ross Telford honoured

Ross Telford managed to make it back from Fiji to receive his Hon Life Membership and by all accounts (and there were a few!), thoroughly enjoyed the day's activities and was seen leaving the Club later in the day clutching his Hon Life Badge and muttering about coming out of retirement!



Commodore Con finishes another one liner while Ross Telford finishes 40 winks!



"Now what did I do to deserve this . . . ?" A perplexed looking Murray Sleeth struggles for words. (Yes folks you read it here!)

Support Launches recognised

Murray Sleeth (DAMP VISION) was awarded the Boat of the Year Trophy for his efforts in support of the Club's Racing Activities and untiring dedication to the task of ensuring that races were started and finished in the most appropriate manner and "Keeler" Keith Larkin (SHIMCA) was awarded the Aztec Trophy for his rescue efforts on Opening Day last year when following



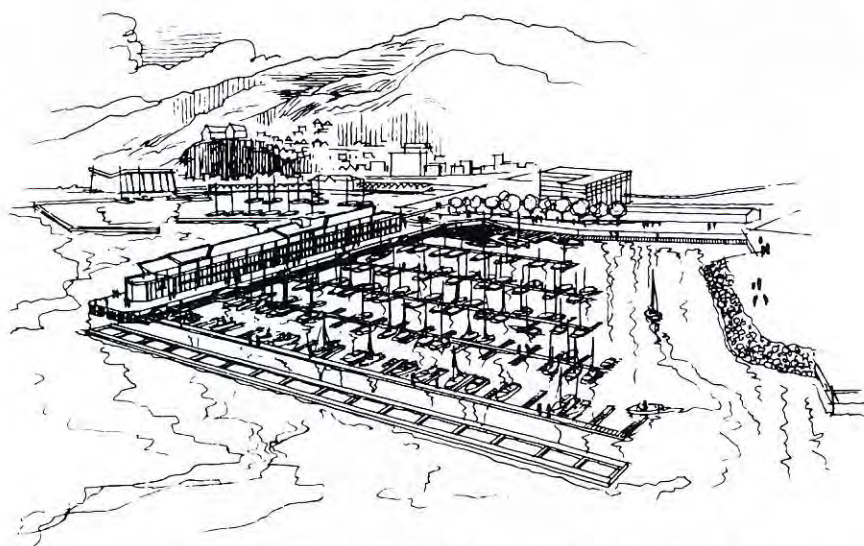
Keeler, Con and Cuddles (left to right) with the Aztec Award presentation while Islay McLeod looks on.



"Anyone wanna buy a Muir 8.2?" Mike and Sheryl Muir relax after a hectic few weeks meeting the Academy launch deadline for the Training Yachts the day before - Well done Rocket!



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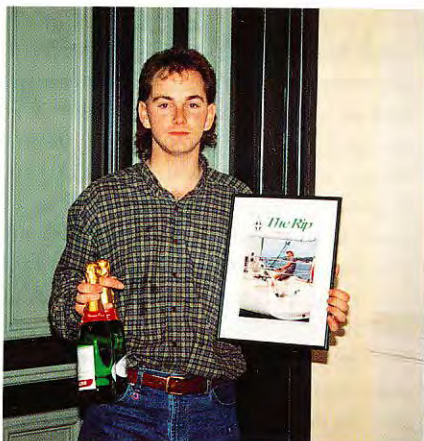
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the arrival of an untimely southerly gale, he towed a number of small yachts to safety.

Poser of the Year and Others

First recipient of the newly announced "Poser of the Year" Award was a slightly (only slightly!) embarrassed Marty Harris for his cover shot in the March Rip while Ron (Cobar Radio) Smith's efforts on the local coast radio net earned him a special service award.

If you missed the big one this year, get in early next year. Tickets should be on sale around May 1994!!



Poser of the Year Marty Harris - poses yet again!

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Oh solo mio!! - Islay McLeod presents Ronald Smith with his Special Service Award.



Boat of the Year DAMP VISION.



"... and there we were, icebergs to the left, containers to the right!!!! ... " - Special Guest Peter Blake hard at work.



MC Bill demonstrates the "Ralston Grope".



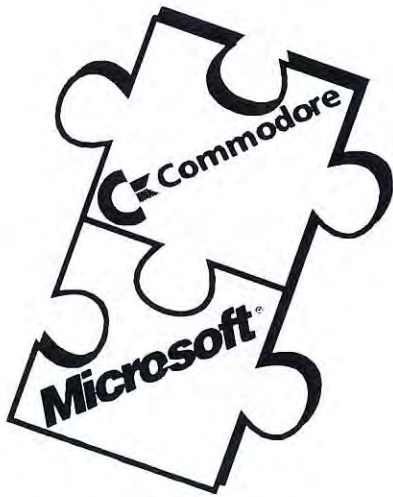
DB Breweries provided the amber fluid for the CB and their man Bill Carpenter was there to supervise the consumption!

Spot the Groper!

"Do youse guys want this thing crumbed or what?"

Well known cruising personality Jim ("Thanks very much I'll have another") Cottle seen here preparing breakfast for SHIMCA's crew on a wet day somewhere (Exact location withheld by request!) in the vicinity of Windy Point, Palliser Bay.





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You Can Only Get Better

By James Hall

HERE'S my "Idiot's Guide to Series Burglaring". It is the product of an evening's boredom. Film rights are unfortunately tied up, with Daniel Day-Lewis as me, Julia Roberts as the grinder, John Cleese as the skipper of Te Aro and Tom Cruise as Bert. Watch for my follow up, "How to Sink a Sail Training Boat in Front of a Proud Club and Still Drink at the Bar Afterwards".

I made a complete cock-up of the start of the last Championship race, due to the fact that the fleet had miraculously swollen to 10 whereas in the previous nine races we had had as few as four boats vying for position at the five minute gun. After recovering from our appalling start, we began to enjoy racing in the first decent-sized cruising division fleet of the season. I asked myself why so many yachts, designed with cruising comfort as a priority, weren't out having the same fun that we were regularly having. Maybe a lot of the owners were filled with the same trepidation as I was when I began dabbling in various mark foys and hanging back, minutes late for the start at occasional cup races.

In an effort to encourage more cruising boats out for next season's championship, I've tried to summarise a season which saw myself and an equally inexperienced crew, chase our handicap through ten highly contested races to eventually take the series. Hopefully some of you non racing owners might just think to yourselves, "we're not that bad", and come out and have a go in a division that takes the racing seriously enough, but still leaves the squabs, the rum and the kettle on board and damn the weight.

High on enthusiasm and low on expectation we stormed across the line of Race 1, half a minute late, a knot too slow, 10 degrees too low and struggled towards the bright red mark by Cobham Drive. I consoled myself with the fact that SAIL LA VIE's lack of get up and go was probably due to the compromise that her extremely comfy and accommodating interior had forced upon her designer. Anyway that red buoy was only 100 yards off the bow and Doctor Dick on KOAMARU seemed to be heading off in a completely wrong direction. Unfortunately for us, Dick was actually

going round the double orange buoys that are the mark, while we were 500 yards away in the wrong direction, rounding a buoy that had nothing to do with the race. We had only to go a couple of hundred yards further and we could have picked up the Auckland paper from the Airport bookshop but, resisting the temptation, we re-entered the race and set out after the dots on the horizon that were the fleet. We dusted off the MPS and in no time at all (10 to 15 minutes) had it sort of set. The wind was blowing about 12 knots and already kite phobia had us in its grip as the log climbed over five knots and the pole bounced around while the bag collapsed and refilled at will. Luckily for us, our handicap was an honest reflection of our incompetence, and the lightish weather was death to the older designs like KOAMARU and MARANUI. We finished second.

The following two races had similar outcomes, but our crew work was a little better (there was only one direction for it to go), but we were still very slow. On lighter days, cobwebs formed from one crew member to another, as we crawled from mark to mark, in fact at the end of each race people were looking noticeably older. I even caught a member of the crew reading the "Forsythe Saga" on the Ship Cove race.

Something had to be done.



SAIL LA VIE - Jim Hall's Cruising Division champion well ahead of the fleet in the Island Bay Mark Foy Race. Jim subscribed to all four crew theories on "Why the boat won't perform" in that race and went on to finish well back!!

Our lack of boatspeed had four obvious causes:

- 1 I was an idiot
- 2 Our sails were inadequate
- 3 The boat's fixed prop was slowing us down
- 4 I was still an idiot

As it turns out, the real problem was a subtle combination of all four. I address each thus.

- 1 Yes, I was an idiot. There seemed no short term solution to this.
- 2 SAIL LA VIE's wardrobe comprised a front one and a back one. The back one had a little bit of life breathed into it by an earlier conversion to full length battens (which I had put in the wrong way round). The front one was a roller furling, charter boat, indestructible #2, made from one eighth steel plate. We mused that if we hoisted it's sail bag, we would find an extra half a



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knot. Obviously feeling that I was letting the city down, Jim Ower suggested that I get John Askew to make me a decent #3 and, to my wife's regret, I took his advice. What John produced was something entirely novel to us - a proper sail. Unfortunately the spring conditions were uncharacteristically light, so I began the search for a second hand #1 and a full size kite.

3 Phil Cox mounted a vicious and unprovoked attack on my bank balance by suggesting that I fit ALICANTE's old folding prop in place of my fixed one. The day before Race Four, I slipped the boat so that Phil and I could get a look at the status quo. I had never really noticed how enormous the boat's prop was. I thought everybody water-skied behind a 30 foot keeler, and when the skipper of REMUERA BAY offered to take it off my hands as a spare, I bit the wallet and on went the folder. Some little telltale must have seen the whole affair because, overnight, we gained 80 handicap points whilst tied up at the marina!!

4 Yes, I was still an idiot, but a solution to even this problem presented itself at about the same time. Bert Reeves, working round at Rocket's yard appeared one day. Mercifully suppressing the words "You're an idiot", he offered to come out with us for the next day's race and try and put his finger on why we were so appallingly slow.

Five minute gun, Race 4 and SAIL LA VIE is flying towards the line under the tactical guidance of Bert, who amongst other things had suggested that I steer at a forty five degree angle to the wind rather than virtually straight into it, as my desperation had previously driven me to do. On the way out to the on the water start, we had calculated the new folding prop was worth almost a knot on any point of sail. The breeze settled in at 20 knots, so John's #3 at last could prove itself, we sailed under KOAMARU at the start and we were off. The crew were transfixed, mesmerised by the sound of water flying past at unheard of speeds, and the constant drone of Bert's voice "Lower Jim", "down a bit Jim", "you're a bit high Jim", "try and foot it a bit Jim", for @\$^ sake Jim". Slowly I was learning to not point the boat where



Just to prove his sailing ability also extends to accepting trophies, Jim Hall with Grant Dalton in '92 and Fran Wilde in '93.



it couldn't possibly go. We quickly reached the weather mark and Bert suggested putting up the MPS. **IN 20 KNOTS??** Up she went and we never looked back, eventually winning, on handicap, by 12 minutes. We could actually read PERIDOT's name on her stern as she crossed the line. The handicapper took his revenge.

When I eventually found both a second hand #1 and kite, Huey of course decided to really blow his dangly bits off for the next race. With gusts of 40 knots at Ngauranga, following a start which had seen us call starboard on the rest of the division as we converged on the very lumpy start line, we found ourselves the division's only survivor after the first mark and had only to finish to win. The various predicaments that befell the other boats served to catapult us from obscurity to the front of the division. The change in crew morale and the increase in commitment was incredible. We were definitely getting better.

The final four races were as competitive as any division in the fleet. Two breezy days with long reaching legs saw the Doctor sail KOAMARU from nowhere into contention. Furthermore, Charles' annoying habit of steering PERIDOT around the track at Div 2 speed and the handicapper's cruel and sadistic sense of humour saw us with 2 seconds and a fourth with one race to go. This race is where this story began. As a special treat for the biggest fleet of the series, Huey decided on converting the inner harbour into a sheet of glass for 45 minutes while he changed his mind from southerly to northerly. In the resulting lottery, the Archangel Gabriel obviously took pity on a crew of enthusiastic triers and we found ourselves heading towards the distant, but becalmed,

PERIDOT at 6 knots while KOAMARU had withdrawn (due we understand to Dick's pulse and his rum bottle falling to dangerously low levels as they drifted towards Somes Island in windless conditions). Our eventual fourth to PERIDOT's fifth amongst a fleet of cup burglars, gave us the series in which we had added 100 points to our handicap over one weekend and in which the second place getter had won twice as many races as us. PERIDOT's one dnf and our five second places had made up the difference. In many ways we were lucky to take it out, but on the other hand we had improved our sailing tremendously. ("About time", I hear you say).

To sum up, I can only confirm that the old sayings are true. "You learn as much about your boat in one season's racing as you do in five seasons cruising", and "no mistake is a new mistake". Generous advice from fellow racers had helped us fill in the vital gaps in our experience. I even came to writing down the thrust of insults thrown from other boats, in case they contained gems of wisdom. I found a sail inventory of two headsails and a kite to be perfectly adequate to be competitive and my crew, whose commitment far exceeded their experience, had turned into a pretty tight outfit, getting through a whole season without one significant screaming match. Although we had the occasional foul-up, we saw more-fancied yachts pull spectacular stunts that made our's pale into insignificance, and we had enjoyed the rather civilised air that pervades the cruising division, where competition never takes precedence over fun.

Gather a crew together, and get out and have a go. The Cruising Division needs you!

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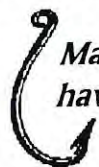
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Southern Ocean Knockdown

By Alan W Thomas

Introduced by John Mansell

WELSHMAN Alan Wynne Thomas has joined the large number of competitors who have come to grief in the world's most demanding ocean race; the Vendee Globe single-handed non-stop around the world race which started in Brest on November 22 1992. Thomas will be remembered as the competitor who plucked me off my damaged catamaran DOUBLE BROWN during the 1984 OSTAR. Alan and I went on to campaign the 1985 Two Man Around Great Britain and Ireland Race and the 1986 Two Man Around the North Island Race.

Alan entered the '88 OSTAR in a Formula 40 trimaran and had the misfortune to have to retire only miles from Newport with a badly damaged centreboard. He then purchased the well known 60' Warren Luhrs design THURSDAYS CHILD with the intention of entering her in the 1992 Globe Challenge. As preparation he campaigned her in the last Two Man Around Britain Race, and also in the 1992 OSTAR where he finished third monohull home in 17 days.

On November 22 last, THURSDAYS CHILD renamed CARDIFF DISCOVERY, departed UK with thirteen other purpose built monohulls in the Vendee Globe Challenge.

After surviving a severe storm in the Bay of Biscay which cost the life of Englishman Nigel Burgess and forced several competitors to return to Brest for repairs, Alan sailed 10,100 miles in 52 days before suffering a severe knockdown near Heard Island in the Southern Indian Ocean. We pick up the story with Alan . . .

Crunch. My eyes opened in stunned bewilderment from a deep exhausted sleep. Intense pain seared through my chest. I was completely disoriented, the cabin sole of the yacht had become the ceiling. The yacht was tipped right over and seemed to be at least 120 degrees off the vertical. The noise of water pouring over the boat was deafening.

I snatched for breath, and nothing came. I choked and later felt my eyes bulge. The pain from my chest flooded through my brain. All breath had been crushed out of me and none would come back in. I had been winded before playing rugby, but this was very different. I tried to breathe again but nothing came. It was as if my chest and lungs had been switched off and ceased operating.

I lay curled up on the floor, chilled by icy water. My bedding lay around me, and my inner layers of polar warm clothing were soaking up the cold water.

In times of great emergency I find your brain is cool and calculating. "If you don't get some air into you, you will pass out, and die. So find some way of getting air in." I remembered a yoga breathing exercise where you take in tiny sniffs of air through one nostril at a time, filling the lungs bit by bit very slowly. I forced my nose and chest muscles to suck in these little snatches

of breath, and gradually my lungs filled partially. I gently exhaled through my nose and started again. I was at least breathing a little.

I have no idea how long I lay there getting my first breaths. It must have been twenty minutes or more. I gradually realised what had happened. I had had a knockdown, and a big one at that, in over 40 knots of wind.

Agale in the Southern Ocean starts with a prolonged North Westerly which builds up a big swell with regular breaking waves. After many hours the wind backs to the West and sets up its own large swell and curling crests. The NW swell continues and when the crests of the two sets of breaking waves come together they double the size of already large waves and create the formidable power of freak waves. Research shows apparently, as we were told by French oceanographers in pre-race briefings, that this is much more common than was previously thought, and the possibility of dangerous wave combinations is

quite high. Usually however your yacht is not in the way, and you can see them coming together somewhere over to your port or starboard.

I have had a knockdown before, in the mid-Atlantic in a 40 foot monohull, in which my wife was injured with a head wound and the two crew in the cockpit were saved only by their harnesses. The feeling, then as now, was as if some colossal giant had just put the boot in, and kicked the boat over.

I realised the yacht had been thrown up and over to at least 120 degrees. My bunk on CARDIFF DISCOVERY has a pulley system to raise the elevation dependent on the angle of heel and I had already pulled it up very tightly to



CARDIFF DISCOVERY (then THURSDAYS CHILD).

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CARDIFF DISCOVERY (ex THURSDAY'S CHILD).

jam my sleeping body against the water ballast tanks. The pulley lines also should have strapped me in but I had catapulted out and projected about 12 feet on to the aluminium bar of the opposite bunk. My left arm had been cradling my head, and the full force of the fall hit my left chest. I felt my ribs were stove in, as if someone had taken a sledgehammer to a xylophone.

Inside it was mayhem, anything that could possibly move had flown around, vegetables, tins, books, tools, spares but thank God, not the heavy items of water tanks, batteries, anchors, diesel generator, sails.

Externally, but I did not know it for many hours, the kevlar mainsail was ripped in three or four places, the dacron number 3 was torn all down the leach, the tiller was bent over and split, caught by flying mainsheets, the preventer had snapped, and two rope clutches were torn out. One lazyjack had parted and there was the danger that if the second lazyjack snapped, the boom would drop down and over the side. The wind generator had all but two of its blades snapped off and its nearby stanchion was pulled out. This confirmed the likely angle of the knockdown I later thought ruefully that perhaps there would be kelp on the masthead, as I had picked up enough around the rudder in the Southern Ocean, but there was none.

Still dazed I crawled slowly across the life raft back into my bunk, and lay there creased with agony. I began to go

into shock and waves of sweat poured off me as I shivered colder and colder. I pulled a damp ocean jacket over me to try to keep warm and tried to think what I would do next. The pain in my chest was extreme, and fortunately the bag of drugs prepared by my local GP was within arm's length. I stretched out my hand slowly, pulled out the brief drugs explanation, and chose Temgesic, the strongest painkiller available. It melted under my tongue and before long I slept the sleep of the dead ignoring the various bleeping alarms.

I woke shivering, my mouth dry, and looked at the instruments. The Autohelm 7000 was well in control and the boat was sailing on course, making 10 knots in a 40 knot wind. I felt very conscious that somebody, something was carrying me; the yacht could easily have broached, gybed, or been knocked down again.

It was time to do something. I levered myself slowly out of the bunk, pulling myself up on the pulley lines. It was extremely painful and getting around the boat in the coming weeks would be an agonising problem. I stood unsteadily on the cabin floor holding on to the navigation table, and lurched towards the galley. The pain was too great and I fell into the gimbaled navigation chair. I felt it was important to complete the log, and let someone know what had happened, as I had little control over the yacht and I had no idea how my injury would develop. My log read:

"Can't handle boat. Must try to plan ahead. Get organised, prepare list of work. In pain, but have decided to ignore it. Trying to work out how to get sails down and up, with least pain."

Ten hours passed since the knock-down at 0200 hours GMT (7 am local time). I stretched to switch on the Inmarsat C system and felt the stabbing pain. I pressed the button of the little lap top computer and waited while it powered up. One message would do, to my wife Margaret who was co-ordinating all the shoreside activities, and she would contact Philippe Jeantot, the Race organiser and Cardiff Marketing, my sponsors. She would also know what a "knockdown" meant. I typed:

"Knockdown 0200. Thrown from bunk. Bruised/broken ribs all left side. Very limited movement. Taking Temgesic. Boat on course. Please call Jeantot, Paris."

I lay back in the chair exhausted, and realised I must force myself to carry on. I was over 3,000 miles from Australia and I would have to get there under my own steam. I discounted the possibility of turning back towards the Kerguelen Islands where the French have a small research station. I had read the Antarctic Pilot and examined the detailed chart, and I did not think it possible that I could tack back there against the gale force winds and make safe landfall and come ashore.

I also discounted the likelihood of rescue by a passing ship. I had only seen one vessel since the Equator nearly five weeks before, and any transfer in these seas would be pretty difficult. It was too far from anywhere for helicopters, and any aircraft assistance could only drop me supplies, and I was quite self sufficient and needed nothing in particular.

Hot food and drink were essential, and I forced myself to the galley and made myself the strongest coffee I could digest. I was dehydrated from the painkillers. I usually laced my coffee with a little malt whisky but this time I swigged at it straight from the bottle, and followed up with the scalding hot coffee. I began to feel I could survive.

I crawled into the cuddy which separated the inner shell of the yacht from the cockpit and from which the sail setting could be watched and the self steering adjusted. On all fours in the cockpit, I looked up and around. The

watched them, and I began adjusting the leach reefing lines from their cockpit winches to try to take the tension off the ripping panels and hold the shreds together. The leach of the foresail was already ripped from end to end and I decided to leave it up until I could do something about it later.

The snapped lazyjack would require replacement quickly as the other lazyjack and the leach and reefing lines were bearing all the load. I would have to rig a spare halyard using the mouselines up the mast and make a jury topping lift.

The tiller was bent and split. I would have to fit the spare tiller in the cuddy. In the meantime the autohelm powered the quadrant directly without a problem.

The broken wind generator was a blow as the solar panels were giving little electricity in the overcast Fifties and windpower was a useful contributor along with the small diesel generator.

I needed electricity desperately to keep the autopilot and basic instruments going, and I realised voltage levels were already low and dropping.

I crawled slowly back into the main compartment and opened the stern bulkhead door for access to the generator. I looked around with a torch apprehensively to see what damage

the knockdown had done. I expected to see the engine broken off its mountings. They were intact, but diesel fuel had poured through the cracked top of a small holding tank all over the engine, exhaust and alternator. A red hot diesel engine could easily ignite the fumes given off, and the alternator could arc. But I had to try it, the voltage was dropping fast, and if the autopilot stopped working in these seas and wind, I could be rolled again. I fired up the engine, let it run for a while as dense fumes filled the cabin. But I had to turn it off to let it cool, I could not risk letting it run yet.

I fitted the emergency tiller and crouched awkwardly over it in the cuddy. The autopilot bleeped as it ran out of electricity. I turned it off and began steering by hand. In a strange way it was a relief to back in direct

command of the boat as she tracked cleanly down the waves.

Later I tried the generator again and the fumes were a little less. I left it on to generate electricity and switched back to autopilot. Nevertheless I knelt in the dark holding a fire extinguisher watching the spinning alternator.

I levered myself back into the navigation chair, and took stock. So far, I am alive, and in pain. I must monitor my medical condition and get advice. The yacht is on course, but that won't last. I must prepare for gybing and reefing, and repair urgently the lazyjack and sails. Then I would consider whether I would continue the Race, or head for a safe port.

Over the next two days the wind remained pretty constant around 25 - 30 knots from the North, and I was able to continue without gybing. Getting into my external ocean clothing was an agony but I managed to get to the base of the mast and rig the jury topping lift. I also dropped the number 3 to the foredeck. I have no roller furling and did some emergency sewing with the palm and needle before hoisting it again. I even managed to get onto the boom by levering myself up from the gooseneck, and crawled to the end cradled in several reefs. I sewed a few of the rips in the mainsail and stuck on kevlar stickyback and even duct tape, but they soon blew out in the relentless wind. I rigged lines between the leach cringles to strengthen the leach line. During each foray on deck I often had to secure myself and lie down exhausted, and then take several hours to recover down below.

I could not make contact with France by radio and communication with the medical assistance for the Race consisted of daily telex messages replying to questionnaires on my condition and what I was treating myself with. I scoured my two first aid books, basic and advanced, and found very little on broken ribs. I knew from past rugby experience of the dangers of perforating the lung and possible complications and infections, and I limited myself to painkillers and trying to immobilise my left side. Unfortunately every movement of the boat pushed me around and each winching or lifting action produced such pain that I started grunting and shouting out loud to fight off the agony. Lying down was not much relief as I could not move from side to side and the problems of getting in and out of the bunk outweighed the rest. Log quotes included:



Alan (left) with John Mansell during the 1985 Round Great Britain Race.

yacht was sailing fast at a reasonable angle of heel, all the water ballast tanks were full and correctly trimmed. The wind was still over forty knots and the big swell was lifting the yacht and pushing her on, as the big waves hesitated and then broke under the stern.

I slowly checked off my visual inventory. Mast, spreaders, rigging, backstay, boom, vang - all intact. Preventer snapped and several reefing line ends streaming after the obvious deep immersion. It was lucky the boom was not broken. Other lines streaming over the stern. I moved to start pulling them in, but was stopped short by the pain. I realised all physical movements would have to be carefully planned and would take a long time in execution, propped in the cockpit or wedged on deck.

The sails looked a bag of rags. The mainsail rips were getting longer as I

"More pain today. Very spaced out. Terrible agony. Knackered, kicked by horse. Ribs crinkling, real pain in back, side and front, exhausted."

After five days it was suggested by telex that I try several other drugs and inject directly into my chest. I decided the risks of this were greater than the pain, and I continued with my own treatment.

As each day followed the wind rarely dropped below 30 knots, more often 40/45 knots. On two occasions the gales were Easterly, forcing the yacht to slam shuddering into head on seas, and forcing me to tack North away from the Antarctic Convergence for the possibility of warmer weather and less wind.

The daily cycle of normal single-handed sailing was now slowed to a snail's pace, and every decision and action took hours to complete. Putting in one reef took an hour and a half. Hot meals seemed to drop to one a day, with heavy reliance on military rations and baked beans.

In my mind I continued to race for the next seven days - either way getting to Tasmania or racing on to Cape Horn still required continuing around the 50th parallel. I realised as I slowed down and edged further North that the other competitors were pulling away or overtaking me, but I hoped that some time I could get some rest and respite from the pain, do some repairs, change the complete mainsail, and press on again.

But it was the second Easterly gale that forced me to realise that I was getting slower and weaker and more in pain than ever. The skimpy repairs I had laboriously done were already blowing apart and would lead to more trouble further on in the South Pacific Ocean. I could see ever worse problems ahead.

My log said:

"Shattered, sheer bloody misery, more pain than ever. Worst gale yet, when will it end? Please stop. Total sleep wipeout, new reality - the race is all over now."

I cried in frustration and pain as I typed the message.

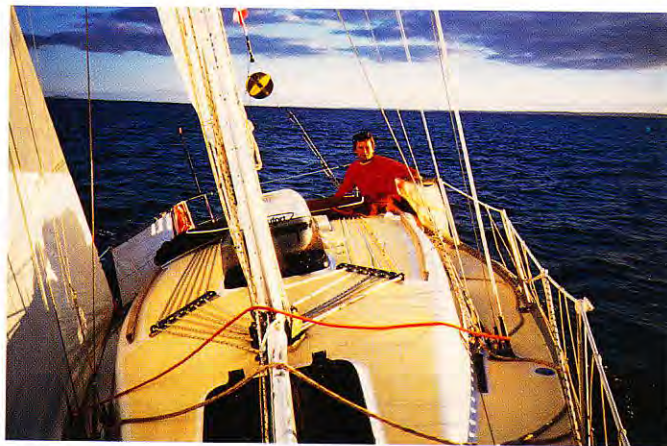
"I quit. This is not part of my dream, it's purgatory. I will officially retire when I reach the port of Hobart, Tasmania. I continue to be in considerable pain and after the knock-down I cannot make the necessary repairs and preparations at sea for the second half of the circumnavigation."

The next week saw four days of continuous gales as Alan edged slowly up from 50 to 43 South. He made contact with the Hobart Harbourmaster who telexed enough details of lights, outlying dangers, and compass directions for Alan to make his own chart for landfall. Canberra

Search and Rescue were alerted as it appeared he might need assistance in

the deteriorating weather. The wild South coast of Tasmania is still threatening with 40 knot winds and seas crashing on headlands and outlying rocks - it was only after rounding South East Cape that Alan was able to rendezvous with two yachts from the Royal Yacht Club of Tasmania over 60 miles off the coast. Two crew came aboard for the final sail and tow into Hobart and even a bottle of Bundaberg rum was not enough to offset the disappointment of being officially out of the Race.

The beauty of Tasmania is matched only by the kindness of the people, and Cathy Hawkins and Ian Johnston, Australia's own star shorthanded sailors, took me under their wing. Also in port, the British Steel skippers, crews and project staff also helped in every way.



Alan Wynne Thomas on watch aboard John Mansell's Carpenter 29 INNOVATOR II during the 1986 Two Handed Round North Island Race.

13,550 miles solo in 68 days. 3,400 miles in 16 days from the knockdown to Hobart. The X-rays revealed 6 broken ribs, several of them multiple fractures with needle sharp ends, evidence of a partially collapsed lung, and the medical verdict that I was lucky to be alive and would not be sailing again for many weeks. The Race had been going pretty well, but I suppose I just ran out of luck.

Alan is Managing Director of Sifo Ltd, an international health care management systems company. He has 65,000 offshore miles and nine trans Atlantics in his log.

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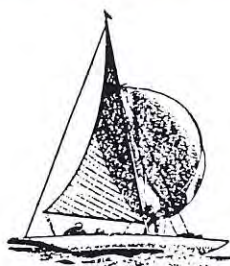
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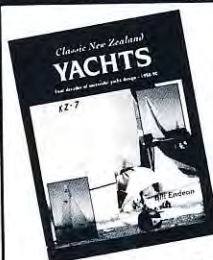
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Endeavouring to Cruise

or

Three Cruising Gentlemen attempt the Wellington to Napier Sailing Speed Record

By Charles Clark

IN the beginning Peter Dale was invited to sail on the New Zealand Endeavour from Wellington to Napier. Much was made of this by members of the RPNYC Cruising Division as Peter is the well known associate skipper of MARANUI and his claim to knowledge of this particular coast is a three day voyage in which they navigated by committee as neither of the Captains were able to engender the others complete and undoubted navigational trust.

The next nominee for the voyage was the author of this log. Having no local knowledge, I have always maintained that it is right hand down a bit at Moaning Minnie and off to the Sounds rather than tackle the East Coast. To sail on NEW ZEALAND ENDEAVOUR truly is a lifetime's ambition realised, a far cry from commanding PERIDOT around the buoys.

The last participant was Paul Spackman, Paul was able to make the trip at the last moment due to unfortunate circumstances which prevented the nation's leader from joining our voyage, Peter and I were led to understand that Paul's selection had something to do with a study of toxic bloom which had caused our Fisheries some concern.

A last supper was held at the Dockside Restaurant where our wives bade us a fond farewell. After a call from Chris Cooney we boarded NEW

ZEALAND ENDEAVOUR and changed into our wet weather gear for departure from Wellington on a dismal evening of low mist and rain with a 25 knot northwesterly wind. Running out of the harbour past Halswell the wind eased and we found it necessary to take the slab out of the deeply reefed mainsail.

Murray Ross began navigating from departure. With waypoints all loaded he called the course to the helmsmen through the intercom system and we sailed on the compass bearing right from the start with the log filled and noted all course changes. Off Falcon Shoal a gybe was called for and six men stood to the winch grinders as the weight was taken up on the mainsheet. This action was performed in what seemed like slow motion such was the pressure that only the most powerful winch ratios were able to be used. Once the main was centred the new windward running backstay was tensioned and the leeward one released allowing the gybe to be completed.

All this time we were running out of the harbour at 9 - 11 knots in cruising mode. The watches were picked, normally NEW ZEALAND ENDEAVOUR sails with four per watch, four on standby and four off watch, but for this trip the watches were increased to six to give everyone a chance to experience the vessel at sea.



Story's author Charles Clark does his SLOCUM impressions somewhere off the Wairarapa Coast.

As we crossed Palliser Bay the wind veered from Northwest to West to Southwest increasing with each gust finally blowing out of the South at about 35 knots. By this time the main had been reefed again and we sailed towards Cape Palliser at 10 - 12 knots with only the deeply reefed main set. On rounding the Cape the wind came on the starboard quarter and NEW ZEALAND ENDEAVOUR started to pick up the 2 metre swells and surf up to 14 knots until she met with a shorter wave pattern and put her bow under, rolling a wall of water aft to meet the watchkeepers.



Port Nick members Paul Spackman (left), Peter Dale and Charles Clark drying out on the mizzen deck.



"Venetian Blinding" north at great speed on NEW ZEALAND ENDEAVOUR.

Meanwhile down below the off watch crew were snug in their angled pipe berths - the black womb-like interior providing a comfortable refuge from the gale outside. Few visitors were able to rest preferring to enjoy the excitement up top surfing through the night.

Eastward and Northward we sailed with Murray calling course adjustments to the helmsman as we altered to dodge, the several less than well, lit ships proceeding along the coast. By dawn's light we found ourselves north of Castlepoint with Cape Turnagain our next

objective, still sailing in a long, 2 metre swell with the Southerly blowing gently at 18 knots. Breakfast was a memorable meal with a particular member of the crew plying all with his favourite cereal "Chocolate Crunchies" an acquired taste which some of the hardy types found difficult to stomach at that time of the morning.

After breakfast Dalts surfaced from his quarters to take command and thereafter a flurry of activity saw us unreef the main, hoist the mizzen, set both a spinnaker and a mizzen gennaker, which

boosted the boatspeed and allowed us to try out the new Bruce Banks reaching sails. Reaching towards Cape Kidnappers in 15 knots of breeze, it was no time before we rounded the Cape and the wind died to a mere 6 - 8 knots.

We finished the voyage under motor at a steady 8 knots arriving at Napier only 19 hours after departing Wellington. A trip to remember and for a sailor to savour. We can now imagine what it will be like to race NEW ZEALAND ENDEAVOUR fully powered up in the southern ocean.



"Look Mom no hands" NEW ZEALAND ENDEAVOUR begins to hum.



Bow up and wave back to the main mast.

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Keelers Restaurant News

July 1993

GREETINGS from Anne Baxter, Robyn Bassett and the staff at KEELERS.

Winter is upon us, along with an interesting new menu, with an extensive and competitively priced range of new taste thrills.

Our Chef Craig Swensson has really outdone himself this time with inventive new ways of serving beef, venison, chicken, salmon and prawns. He has introduced a classic Caesar Salad, a larger selection of vegetarian dishes and a late breakfast - proving a popular addition for those who can't handle the favourite fry-up too early in the day.

Oysters are available most days - depending on the boats' ability to handle rough weather - served either natural, deep fried with tartare sauce, or Kilpatrick with bacon and worcester.

The last three months at KEELERS has been an eventful time. Following are some of the more memorable occasions.

Oyster and Champagne Night

Speaking of oysters - it is still a mystery to us how our guests managed to devour 150 dozen oysters and 12 dozen bottles of "Shampoo" in 50 minutes. Nelson oysters aren't so bad after all are they? Great night - hope you relaxed and enjoyed yourselves as much as we did and thank you from the taxi companies - long may the tradition stand!

Commodore's Cocktail Party

Well done Con and Islay! It was a pleasure hosting this Combined Forces Cocktail Party. Pity Her Excellency was marooned in parts North. The

combined influence of the Navy, Army, Air Force, Police Dept, Fire and Ambulance and an ex weather forecaster was insufficient power over the "Forces of Nature".

Mothers' Day Roast

A full house! Enjoyed the company of your "munchkins". Special thanks to Max and Katie Beacham for their drawings - quite the budding artists. Timmy Dinsdale delighted all our guests and Annie (Islay's niece) enjoyed her "very spoilt lunch".

Weddings

Our venue is becoming very popular for the winter weddings. Two of note recently were Robyn and Stuart Weitzel (Jim and Doreen Ower's daughter) and our own ex-Chef Jason Roberts and his new bride Katrina. "15 points out of 10" Robyn - not every bride is trusting enough to have her wedding photographs taken rowing around in a dinghy.

Palliser 1992 Chardonnay Release

The 1992 is proving to be an excellent vintage - ready for drinking now - congratulations Palliser.

Richard Riddiford and Alan Jones would like to thank Roger Gaskell for being the official RPNYC host for their function and Robyn and Anne thank Palliser very much for the beautiful bouquet of flowers - much appreciated.

Armchair Admirals

We welcome another yacht to our fleet. Graham Lloyd-Jones of Falcon Print Ltd is very proud of his new "toy" - yet to have it's inaugural sail.

We would like to say a special thank you to **VARTA NZ LTD** who have kindly agreed to sponsor batteries on a regular basis.

Outside Balcony

Yes, the balcony is still operational for dining on these beautiful Wellington winter days.

Reuters (NZ) Ltd have offered to supply us with new umbrellas for the summer, and we are looking forward to their arrival. Thank you Phil Bradshaw for your continued support.

BYO Nights

It has been suggested to us that we introduce a BYO Night for wine only, once a month on a Friday evening. We will keep you well informed by Newsletter via the RPNYC regarding our commencement date. We look forward to your support on this.

Special Thank You

KEELERS would like to take this opportunity of thanking our regular clientele who have enthusiastically introduced many new faces to the restaurant, helping to boost the role of the RPNYC.

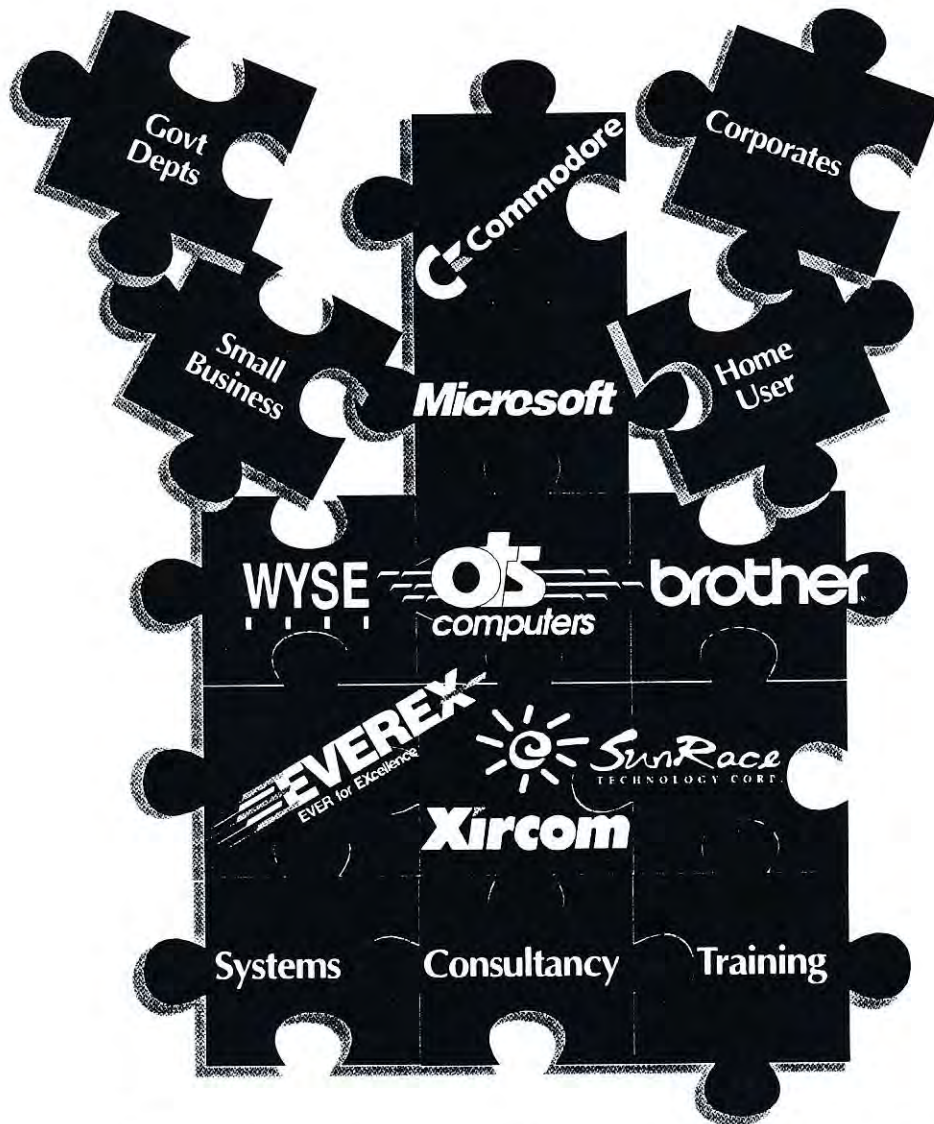
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Women's National Keelboat Champs 1993

By Colette Kraus

EIGHT yachswomen and one coach travelled up to Auckland to take part in the fourth National Women's Keelboat Championships, March 5 - 15, 1993. The competition was again hosted by the Royal Akarana Yacht Club, with Rolex and Hyatt Auckland providing the major sponsorship. This year's team consisted of four members from the Royal Port Nicholson Yacht Club: Melanie Hargreaves, Karen Hardie, Michelle Van de Ven and Colette Kraus and four members from Evans Bay Yacht and Motor Boat Club: Carol Leay, Deborah Palmer, Deborah Williams and Elanor Robertson. The team is grateful to both the Royal Port Nicholson Yacht Club and the Evans Bay Yacht and Motor Boat for their financial assistance and general support.

The competition consisted of two Preliminary Series, a Plate Series and a Final Series. There were eight teams in each of the Preliminary Series, with the top five in each group going into the Final Series, and the remainder going into the Plate Series. Auckland had twelve teams entered, Tauranga two teams, Perth one team and Wellington one team.

It is probably indicative of the cost and time involved for the out-of-town teams that there are so few out-of-town teams entering. Costs are steep, with a \$500 entry fee plus \$100 per crew member, and another \$500 bond needed to cover any damage incurred.

On top of this there are travel costs, accommodation and food for ten days, which doesn't even consider crew fund, etc. while training in Wellington. The Auckland organising committee seemed surprised when they were told of the expenses - it seems they thought we had only the entry fee to cover!

The weather for this year's Championship was much better than it had

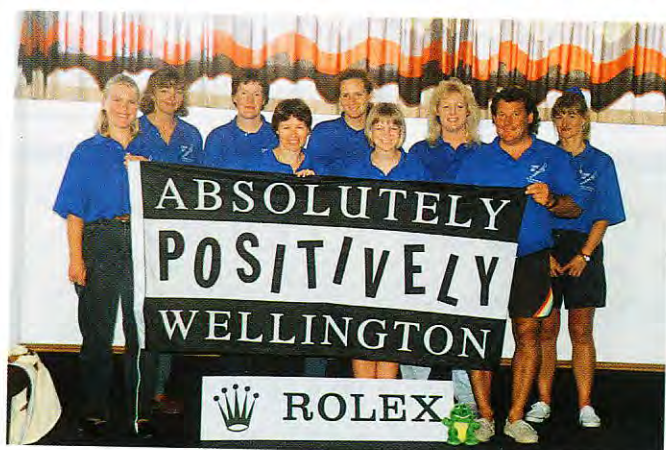
been in other years. There was only one "drifter" day where we only got in three races. Up to five races per day were planned, in order to get seven races in for each preliminary series.

The Wellington Crew was against some very tough competition, against the skippers and crew of Leslie Egnot (Olympic Silver Medallist), Gayle Melrose and the Youth Squadron. (Leslie Egnot and Gayle Melrose both made the finals and were tied first equal up until the very last race of the Final Series). The other Preliminary Series also had a pretty heavy lineup, with Colleen Bassett (last year's winner), Barbara Thomson and Lisa Kibblewaite.

The competition in each series was very close and the results do not really do justice to the closeness of the racing, as the difference between first place and sixth place in a race was just four minutes in some races! However, only the top five in each pool got into the finals, and as in other years, the Wellington team failed to make the first cut. Auckland, as always has the advantage of this kind of competition all year round.

Attending the Nationals is a very good experience and highlights the fact that Wellington needs to have fleet boats of similar design so that teams can train and race against other teams. The Mike Muir designed boats purchased by the Royal Port Nicholson Yacht Club are a wonderful first step.

The team extends a warm "thank you" to all the boat owners who gave up their time and allowed them the use of boats for practice.



The combined RPNYC and EBY&MBC team, from left to right: Elanor Robertson, Michelle Van de Ven, Karen Hardie, Colette Kraus, Melanie Hargreaves, Debra Williamson, Carol Leay, Ken Hargreaves (coach) and Debra Palmer.

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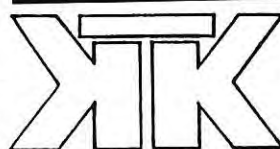
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New Members

We welcomed the following new members to the Club over the months April, May, June and July 1993.

Mr P H Beck	SEN	Mr C H Macindoe	JUN
Mr D J Cooper	COU	Mr P E McDougall	ASS
Mr D K Barron	SEN	Mr R D McInnes	SEN
Mr J P Bennett	JUN	Miss A McLaren	JUN
Mrs P G Bennett	ASS	Mr J Meade	SEN
Mr D R Bridge	INT	Mr J Mitchell	SEN
Mr R I Brooking	COU	Ms D Palmer	SEN
Mrs S Calcott	ASS	Ms J L Perkin	COU
Mr G Camm	SEN	Mr S Pretious	INT
Ms B Chapman	SEN	Miss A Purvis	SEN
Mr N H Chee	JUN	Mr P J Royal	SEN
Mr M Dossor	SEN	Mr C V Sharp	SEN
Mr G H Findlay	SEN	Mr J Sibley	SEN
Mr B Fotheringham	SEN	Mr A J Taylor	JUN
Miss P de Gregorio	JUN	Ms J E Thomas	SEN
Mr D F Gray	SEN	Mr K Tibble	SEN
Mr J M Hale	SEN	Mr M Townsend	INT
Mr R I Hart	SEN	Mr I A van Melle	INT
Mr M F Healy	SEN	Mr M Williams	SEN
Mrs E Heaphy	ASS	Mr M J Wilson	SEN
Mr M Heskins	SEN	Mr C J Yule	INT
Miss C Leay	SEN		

New Yachts

ENYA
Lotus 10.6
G & L Baldwin

MONIQUE
Stewart 36
D & R Huggins

PERICLES
Salthouse 16
P MacDonald, R Gaskell,
B Morris

SAUCY SAUSAGE
Stratus 747
G Herd

PORT NICH I
Muir 8.2
RPNYC

PORT NICH II
Muir 8.2
RPNYC



GULLEY JIMSON sold



CHRIS Harris' Barnett 47 GULLEY JIMSON was sold to an American buyer in Tonga recently and will return to Barnett's yard in Blenheim for a refit before departing on an extended world cruise.

GULLEY JIMSON was built by Lidgards Boatbuilders and launched in 1987. She has been a regular competitor in Club Racing and has travelled to The Kingdom of Tonga on several occasions for Winter R & R. A large number of Club sailors have crewed on "GULLEY" over the past seven years and her presence amongst the Division I fleet will be missed.

Chris Harris is non committal about a replacement for GJ but may well be looking at yachting of the "mastless" variety for his excursions to Torrent Bay!

IMS Measurement in Wellington

THERE are currently several RPNYC yachts with IMS certificates and the numbers will increase as the Young 11s and Elliott 1050s finalise their ratings.

Yachts with hulls from standard class moulds do not require full measurements. Masts, sails, freeboards and inclination measurements can be certified by our local measurer, Bruce Askew.

Standard production yachts such as 1020s, Young 88s etc. will meet the IMS criteria with little or no modification.

Some specially built yachts might require minor additions or alterations to qualify.

IMS racing will very shortly be the principal handicapping system for RPNYC offshore and major inshore events and will attract major sponsorship and publicity. For further details, contact Jim Ower, tel 388-1924 or Race Administrator Sherry Thornburg, tel 384-9956.

The Voyage of the RAKOA

(or Five Businessmen escape from it all)

By Ron Wallis

The following copy was kindly supplied by Veteran Member Ron Wallis and recounts the voyage of the 47' ketch RAKOA from Wellington to The Kingdom of Tonga. The story first featured in the NZ TRAVELLER in September 1954 and Ron advises that this cruise was an historic "first" for a New Zealand yacht to the South Pacific (I hope I got that right, Ron) - Ed.

TWO years of patient scheming, weeks of refitting, endless painting, splicing galore, and finally Tuesday, April 13, 1954, arrived and found RAKOA, the Wellington 47 foot auxiliary ketch, laden to the plimsoll mark and ready for her first "leg" of a cruise through the Pacific Islands.

Our skipper, Eric Tomkies, together with Bill Leighton, Ted Owles, Ken Niven and myself have squared our wives off (cost a packet) and what with Club farewells and endless visitors on sailing day - we pulled out of Oriental Bay too "high" in spirits to worry whether the Bi-Carb pot was on board or not.

We cleared the Heads at 6.00pm and cruising at 8 knots were quite content with the purr of our 85 hp diesel motor, also the steadying influence of our three sails. At 7.30pm we ran dead into a filthy black sou-easter that had been saving itself up for just such an occasion. It was very sobering, and enjoyed by all - like hec! The remainder of the night and most of Wednesday was spent in getting accustomed to where things were stowed, doing one's watch at the wheel or galley according to the roster of duties, whilst the fun and frolic of countless porpoise was most entertaining. Motor and sail are a delightful combination (weather permitting) and our 32 hour run to Gisborne was a grand pipe opener.

We topped up our fuel tanks at Gisborne, stowed in fresh bread, meat and vegetables, and were under way some 12 hours later. A course was plotted that would take us direct to Raoul Island in the Kermadec Group, but off East Cape we ran into the foulest sea imaginable. The night was as black as a cow's inside, and from midnight to daybreak we buckled everything old man Neptune could sling at us. This being a holiday cruise, Skipper Eric decided to run for Hicks Bay and shelter - my blessing went with his decision. It

was a case of literally wrestling with the wheel, and strangely enough we all forgot to have our goodnight "noggin". Comparative calm, a few hours of sleep, and a real "binder" of stew, were most compensating.

Easter Saturday

Some hours later we again set course for Raoul (Sunday Island) and after four days cruising came abeam of L'Esperance Rocks the first of the Kermadec Group. About 1.00pm on Sunday we sighted a black mass dead ahead and which we estimated to be some 30 miles away. We were running power, plus mainsail and mizzen, and with the help of a 20 knot wind, soon bridged the gap to bring us to westward of Hutchison Point, one of Raoul Island's rugged sentinels. We kept fairly close inshore in order to get a better picture of what this remote island really looked like. A long Pacific swell was pounding the foreshore with terrific impact and a landing would have been a miracle. Altering course to a little east of north we rounded a point and were thrilled to see beautiful grassy slopes some 250 feet above sea level.

We also observed radio towers, plus an assortment of buildings; it was a very comforting sight, but with the approach of dusk we were somewhat concerned as to a suitable anchorage for RAKOA. We established communication with the Met. station lads on the island by radio telephone, and were directed to what is known as "fishing rocks" some two

miles along the Coast. Stooping in as close as possible, and in semi darkness we were staggered at the task ahead. We dropped our 100lb anchor, and RAKOA snuggled down to ride 30 fathoms of water, whilst we, the crew, waited for further instructions from the shore lads. Acting upon their advice, I rowed Bill and Ted in towards this maddening turmoil - phew, what an experience. I made for two kerosene lamps that had been placed in line as leads, and when within 30 feet of a sheer wall of rock 20 feet high, spotted the jib of a huge crane being swung out over us. Suspended thereto, a landing net was lowered down, and bingo, Bill in the manner of a flying dive, dug his toes and hands into the net, and disappeared into the darkness and safety. Ted followed, then I began hauling myself hand over hand back to our ketch along some 200 yards of line that we had trailed in, and which was fastened to RAKOA's stern. The final run in was repeated without mishap, and Eric being last man, together with the dinghy, were both hauled up and successfully landed. There we were, five blokes standing on terra firma, but with the



RAKOA.

sensation of drunken legs waiting for physical adjustment after five straight days at sea.

Picture the hilarity, handshakes and countless questions being thrown at us from the nine happy bearded inhabitants, who, being 300 miles off main shipping, only see a ship twice a year when stores are landed. We then proceeded Indian file up a sheer goat track to a high level roadway, where a waiting truck took all of us to the main camp some 2.5 miles away. My thoughts of the evening meal we had been invited to share completely overshadowed our sweating bodies, thumping hearts, and aching legs, from that crazy climb.

The hours that followed were extremely happy amidst such congenial company, but I detected concern on Eric's face and knew he was anxious about the RAKOA swinging to and fro unattended. Accordingly, Bill and I suggested we go back with Eric to keep watch - and again, with the help from the shore lads, the whole nightmare procedure of lowering the dinghy, and our being swung into it per hook, crane, etc was achieved. Sleep was impossible, but RAKOA's anchor held firmly throughout the night, and daylight brought forth a glorious day.

Back on shore, we were again greeted by our bearded friends who proceeded to show us everything of interest.

We were staggered at the colossal sized rats scurrying hither and thither, and my commercial mind began to wonder whether their long brown furry skins would be marketable. We gazed in awe whilst a number feasted upon a dead fish.

Equally fascinating, was the completely uneducated and reckless approach of fish large and small to baited lines. We squatted on the level apron of the high landing rocks some 20 feet above the boil, and watched kingfish 60 to 70 lbs in weight (and that's fair dinkum) literally leaping to snap fragments of bullybeef, and Wellington made bread, now impregnated with rainbow green and penicillin. We had no hesitation in believing Alister, when informed that a piece of banana on a hook frequently started off the day's fishing when bait was short.

Tremendous rocks of fantastic pattern were strewn around the foreshore, and when we later inspected an extinct volcano crater filled with murky water, one could not help but picture those rocks being blown clean out of the

bowels of the island to the site they now claimed.

Ken and Ted were like Barnum and Bailey's monkeys - they were photographing and taking cinematograph films of everything that was of interest. The "flying fox" which was an aerial cable affixed to the landing rocks near shore level, and thence traversed a huge ravine to the hills above, was doing overtime hauling them up and down whilst cameras clicked and re-clicked.

A major disappointment was the news that the famous Raoul Island oranges would not be ready for another month, but Jim the station cook supplemented our inexhaustible thirsts with his own concoction of iced fruit drinks.

Charlie's farm with its 200 breeding ewes, beautifully kept fences, rolling green pastures, modern dairy and woolshed, would be the envy of any New Zealand farmer. It all blended so beautifully with his orderly ginger beard, and brimming personality. His immaculate vegetable garden made me wonder whether our wives back home were busy playing golf, or hoeing up garden patches we had successfully evaded for weeks, during the period of refit and preparation for this trip.

Unlike other islands Bill and I previously visited, Raoul is densely wooded with species too numerous to quote.

The latter part of the afternoon was spent watching the technicians and meteorological lads busy with normal procedures. We watched the interesting details of a hydrogen balloon being released with a box of intricate mechanism swinging in pendulum fashion from its base. Neville informed us the balloon would probably soar to something like 60,000 feet, and that all the dials and gadgets in front of him were in contact with the box aloft, recording wind and general atmosphere disturbances during its flight. I regret my inability to more technically describe this nerve centre of activity, but believe me, it's an island that really ticks.

Laden with fresh milk, vegetables, meat, and an abundance of happy and exciting memories, we were royally farewelled by the station lads as we sailed away from Raoul Island - our log line was reading 800 miles, I well remember enjoying a long pull at a "fag" wondering what it would read by the time we had reached Nuku'alofa, our second "leg".

The next day or two produced nothing untoward barring our log-line which fouled itself around the propeller. Eric



Ron Wallis (right) and friends outside the Nuku'alofa Yacht and Motor Boat Club.

was overboard half an hour trying to unravel it. Being very wary of sharks we must have looked a formidable bunch armed with a .303 and a .22, plus boat-hook and axe. Believe me, everyone's blood pressure was working overtime until Eric was on board again.

Saturday 24 April

The next 36 hours was the most exhilarating sailing I've ever known. Believing we had at long last picked up the South East trades, we were really tramping at speeds from 5.5 to 8 knots. The seas were really mountainous, and at times we would shoot a wave for 150 yards like a Lyall Bay surfboard. With our motor cut we were running only with the Mizzen sail and big Genoa billowing way out off the bow like a greyhound straining on a leash. We later learnt in Tonga we had been on the fringe of a minor hurricane.

It took us seven full days from Raoul to Nuku'alofa and most of the time we ran with fairly heavy seas and decidedly inhospitable skies. In these latitudes the heat below decks was at times terrific and I simply "oozed" whilst juggling with pots and pans over the rock-gas stove. Despite the weather we were living high and enjoying every moment on our 21 ton ketch, although the humidity was the means of stirring up a lot of pain in my feet and legs from a coral infection I had inherited during war years.

The evening before we arrived in Nuku'alofa I was amazed to smell land some 80 miles away. It was a sweetish smell flavoured with the never-to-be-forgotten aroma of copra.

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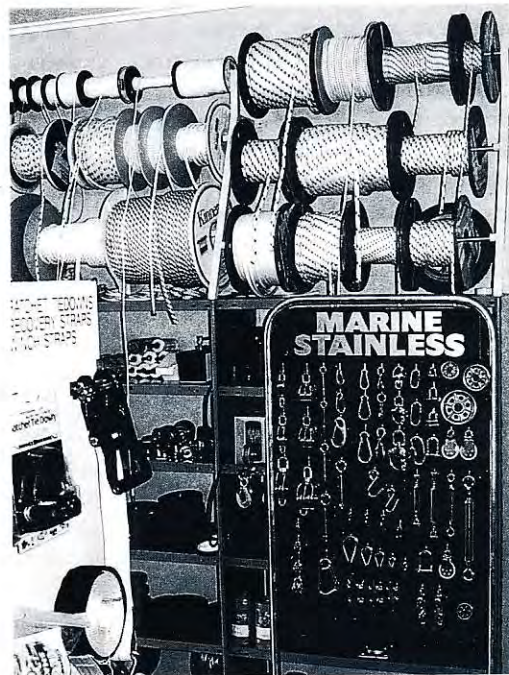
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We duly zig-zagged our way through treacherous looking reefs and an assortment of very well cultivated islands, and finally finished within 300 yards of Queen Salote's palace which flanks the foreshore. There were no bands, flags or banners to greet us - so we cracked a bottle (or two) hoisted our yellow flag asking for pratique, and lapped up the thought of countless showers and lashings of fresh fruit.

Nuku'alofa was a lot of fun. It was a round of parties, clubs, tours and wonderful food, plus meeting personalities such as George Quensill, the man who instituted the "Tin Can Mail" from Neiafu. The Tongans are a very musical race - we were enthralled with their singing and the entertainment provided on our account. We were equally astounded at their love for "canned jive" and the screech of corny gramophones bellowing their innards out.

Then came a glorious hot sunny morning, and RAKOA was again a scene of bustle and activity, whilst fuel and ship's stores were being loaded in preparation for our third "leg" of the rip.

Eric and I were bathed in perspiration and grime as we laboured in our efforts to wrestle and swing on board four drums of diesel fuel. Ken was a bit apprehensive about the grinning natives on the wharf above, as they lowered each drum - but luck was with us, and RAKOA's stately lines remained unscathed. The gurgle and glup, glup, of oil pouring into thirsty tanks was too much to bear - we needed no urging below decks when we heard Bill tugging at a cork that made a familiar "plop".



Left to right: Ted Owles, Eric Tomkies (skipper), Carl Johnson (Tongan Government Harbourmaster), Bill Leighton and Ron Wallis reclining at leisure in main cabin RAKOA, Port of Neiafu in Vava'u Group.

For the sum of 19/- I purchased: 10 dozen oranges, 8 dozen huge mandarins, a stalk of 80 odd large bananas, 6 pawpaws and a sack of luscious green coconuts. A "bob" tip rewarded me with a basket of corn on cob. RAKOA looked like a Hindu's barrow on a sidewalk.

Armed with masses of freshly baked bread, Ted was last man aboard. Promptly at noon mooring lines were cast off, and we nosed away from Nuku'alofa wharf en route to the Nomuka Group. By arrangement with Carl Johnson who is skipper of the 125 ton Tongan Government ketch HIFOFUA we lazily cruised along in its wake, with, no worries about navigation and on a sea devoid of even a ripple.

About 8pm we observed the friendly blink of a low lying light on an island ahead, and as we zigged and zagged through channels of reef, I counted my blessings that the feat of navigation and local knowledge, was just a mere bagatelle to the crew of our companion ship. With the HIFOFUA at anchor and RAKOA hanging on a long warp from her stern, we dined like Lords on bottled tomato puree, into which I had added cheese, onions, tinned peas and corn, topped off with potatoes, toast and coffee. We discovered sleep and a full "puku" combine beautifully.

Daybreak produced a glorious day, and tagging close to the stern of the HIFOFUA, we were bewildered at the countless islands on either side, some merely a few feet above water level. Although prolific with coconut trees, dozens were uninhabited, presumably because their size was of not sufficient area to provide for water catchments.

By 9.00am we had sailed clear of the Nomuka Group and entered the Ha'apai Group. Occasionally we would heave to whilst passengers would disembark, or vice versa, from Carl's ship. We enjoyed these interludes immensely, and I've yet to work out how a native gauges the plimsoll mark of his outrigger canoe, when

taking aboard his consignment of stores, etc.

Lifuka the main port in the Ha'apai Group is a heavenly spot, and being tightly hemmed in with shoals of reef, is only accessible by ships of shallow draft. The small wharf was a seething mass of islanders, and little chaps (in their birthday suits) presented a happy spectacle. Lifuka about 5 miles long, 1 mile wide, and in places below sea level, consisted of 2 shops, 2 schools, 2 churches and a hospital, all located with frontages to an orderly coral road running parallel with the shore line. The neat native cottages did not appear overcrowded, and an atmosphere of complete contentment was evident. Father Trembley from New York, and Father Eckhart from Luxembourg, were two priests we met, each blessed with delightful personalities. They together with a nun from Boston and a Sister Annette from Auckland had dedicated their lives to this archipelago and its people.

My introduction to a plate of cubed raw fish laced with lemon juice, liquid from grated coconut meat soaked in water, and diced onions, was a sheer delight to my oyster starved inner. Pity it is coconut trees don't grow in Hataitai.

Our visit to the tiny hospital and meeting the knowledgeable looking 30 year old TMP (Tongan Medical Practitioner) dressed in his white lavu lavu was refreshingly different. Ted (our pharmacist) was back in home territory nosing amongst bottles and jars of "goo".

In the evening we were royally entertained by a local resident and the solemn ritual of witnessing gallons of Kava (native drink) mixed, and our sharing the drinking of it, were but part of the entertainment.

Sunrise, the rattle of anchor chains, and we cruised leisurely north in the wake of the HIFOFUA to Neiafu, chief port in the Vava'u Group. Midday brought rain and an uninviting sky - this was terribly disappointing because Ken and Ted were anxious to photograph the Ale Pulepulekai passage which is the main entrance to the long Sound leading up to Neiafu. This Sound could be likened to our Queen Charlotte, and being of tremendous depth presented no difficulties to the CARONIA when she sailed in on her last luxury cruise.

Two ships sailing in line must have been a gladdening sight to the natives, because despite the rain the wharf was thronged to capacity. Neiafu, with its densely covered high hills of bush is breathtaking. We enthusiastically

agreed this was beyond all expectation. Clad in shorts, we explored the town and primitive natives' cottages before dark, I being helped along by Ken because of stubborn rheumatism in my feet.

Rhinoceros Copra Beetles

To conform with regulations we anchored at dusk a mile downstream. This procedure was adhered to every night through all the Groups, in order that we could get a satisfactory ships clearance and eventually enter Fiji waters without any humbug. Having sailed through the infected areas, and RAKOA being a possible beetle carrier, we learnt that the beetle only flies at night. It can only fly half a mile - hence the mile precaution. The only ones I saw were preserved in bottles, and with its inch long boney snout, apparently does appalling damage to coconut plantations thus infected.

We were astir early, and proceeded to visit different bays, and deliver warm regards to residents from well-wishers back in New Zealand.

Mariners Cave was a fascinating experience. With an opening large enough to row through, the cave opened up like a huge cylindrical bowl with a dome roof 40 feet high. The colours were a sight to behold, whilst the water of inestimable depth was clear as crystal and blue as blue. There were names of sailors and visitors painted on the walls dating back to 1863, and that's real history revealing itself.

Back at the wharf, and idling time, we were amazed to see huge groper swimming around the wharf piles. He was ever so deep down and ignorantly swam past Ted's baited hook of choicest bacon. The natives called it a Ngatola - we called him plenty?????

With our water tanks refuelled, we were ready for our next 499 miles of open ocean. It was a sad parting as Carl on the bridge of the HIFOFUA waved farewell. Flags on either ship were hoisted in traditional spirit - and it was Suva, here we come.

Eric streamed our log line, gave Ted at the wheel his course, and I went down to the galley to prepare a pot of onions in white sauce with two tins of sausages thrown in.

It was a thrill to feel that the vast expanse of water and islands we had sailed through during the last week, was almost the identical route as that traversed by Captain Bligh and crew in

their open boat after the famous "Mutiny of the Bounty".

The next two days were sailing de luxe. With a wind of fair force and long seas, we slept more comfortably in between watches - our biggest disappointment being not permitted to land on any of the islands in the beautiful Lau Group. Fiji port authorities will not permit a landing, if the ship concerned, has been in an area infected with Rhinoceros Copra Beetle.

Our last night at sea was unbelievable. With no wind at all to help our sails, RAKOA was again running under power. The ocean was like glass, and our ever faithful GM diesel was purring at 1500 revs giving us eight knots. Our log reading at daybreak indicated 2000 miles of travel and land in the near vicinity. Ken, at the wheel, sighted Naselai lighthouse about 6:00am. We skirted the reef for some few miles, and peering from the galley porthole I jubilantly spotted Makoluvu and Nukulau Islands. Both these islands were wonderful playgrounds for all armed forces during war years. A little later Laucala



Aerial cable bringing lads up from landing rock on Raoul Island in Kermadec Group.

Bay came to life and Sunderland flying boats from the RNZAF Station zoomed overhead. My thoughts went back 11 years when the same scene would have presented Short Singapore, or Catalina flying boats doing the same routine.

Passing Suva Point the whole harbour came into view mirrored in a glassy haze. Eric picked up the channel leads with his binoculars, and we sailed up Suva harbour in a blaze of sunshine and sweltering heat.

As we neared the wharf Bill and I were quite overcome with that intoxicating smile which the Fijian possesses. We called out Bula Tau (hullo friend). We were back in territory we understood and loved. R

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The Federation's prime focus is to support the federated yacht clubs of New Zealand - hence the name. As such, the NZYF is very active and generally successful in protecting the interests of boat owners, in many areas. Most recently, the issues surrounding new legislation in the form of the Resource Management Act and the Coastal Policy Statement implications for boating have and will continue to take up considerable time in ensuring that our point of view is presented in a responsible and constructive manner. A recent success if you like was the Minister's announcement that he was waiving Resource Rentals. Questions of

effluent disposal, registration, radio coverage and many others are still on the agenda. It is useful to note that it is not just yacht owners interests being looked after but launch owners, charter operators, cruising vessels, windsurfers and other coastal users who are also benefiting.

On a positive note, confirmation of the Federation's commitment to development and education is further evidenced with expansion in the high performance arena with the establishment of the Sailing Academy and the appointment of Hamish Wilcox as Coach!

On the marketing front the Federation is looking to assist clubs with increasing their membership and in turn improving club finances. A programme is being developed in this area which it is hoped might be launched with a series of seminars throughout the country for clubs to attend. In the interim

you might like to set yourself a target and join up one extra friend before the summer.

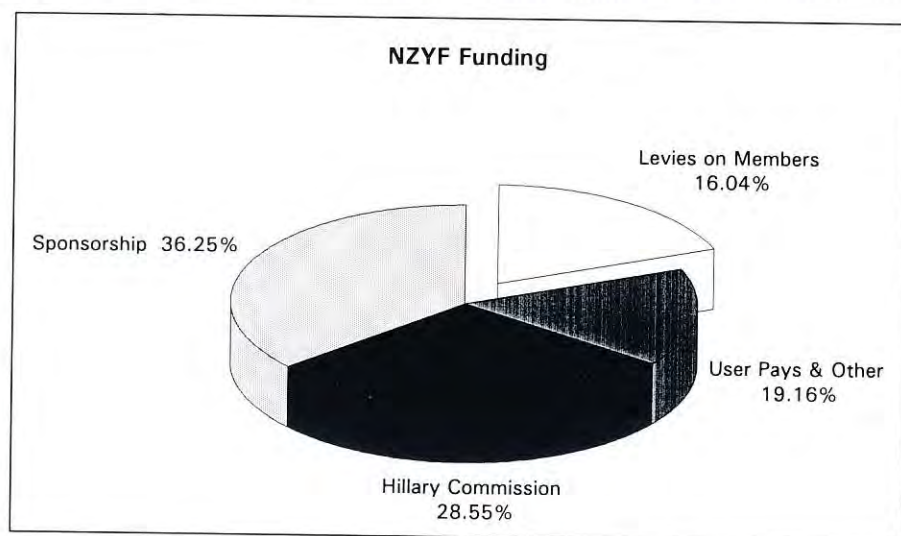
There are many volunteers contributing directly to assisting the Federation in its activities and in that regard it is pleasing to note two RPNYC members in key positions namely Graeme Hargreaves, who is chairing the PHRF committee and Rob Walker, who is chairing the IMS committee. Congratulations too, to Pat Millar on being reappointed as a National Judge.

The Annual General Meeting of the clubs of the NZYF was attended by four representatives from port Nich - Graeme Hargreaves, Peter Dale, Hugh Poole and myself. Held over the best part of two days and two nights the whole affair is an enjoyable and valuable forum for clubs to get together and swap notes in a positive and beneficial environment.

Finally a word about Fairplay. The Firestone Fairplay campaign being run by the Hillary Commission signals a need for us as a sport to improve our levels of behaviour and sportsmanship on and off the water. Abusive language is not recommended, nor is cheating or unpleasant behaviour. We are all individually ambassadors for our sport and we should try and ensure that we don't get ugly and put people off sailing. It should be fun and enjoyable for everyone.

Good Sailing,

PAUL CARRAD
Council Member, NZYF



Elliott 1050 News - By John Brooks

WITH the 92/93 season well gone now and the Winter Series half finished attention is now being turned to the 93/94 season. CHAIN REACTION was the most successful Elliott 1050 for the past season winning the Elliott 1050 trophy at the RPNYC and getting 2nd at the Nationals over New Year at Gisborne. She is also the past winner of the '92 Beefeater Winter Series and is looking for a good showing again this year. But I hear the loss of a few regular crew have slowed her down a bit!

With the arrival of Ron Legge's SNAP DECISION last year it has made the class even stronger with their consistent sailing and SNAP has started off the '93 Winter Series very well. Graeme Hargreaves has had his problems with ROCKSTAR's big but has sorted that out now and has a new mast fitted. With his young keen crew he has been training up over the last season 93/94 should be his year.

GALE FORCE and CUTTING EDGE have been sailing in the

Winter Series at the Mana Cruising Club this year but I believe the racing out there hasn't been too good with only two of four races completed. After Race 4 CUTTING EDGE was a little late crossing the sand bar and was still stuck fast until 2am! BACKCHAT has been sailing in the Lowry Bay Yacht Club Winter Series and consistently been beating ARBITRAGE and THE BUTCHER across the line and doing quite well on handicap.

It should be an interesting season coming up with the Elliott 1050 class getting stronger and some of the young 11 fleet changing their keels to try and stay competitive with the Elliott 1050s. If anyone is interested in the Elliott 1050 class, would like to know more, go for a sail or even like to purchase one, just speak to one of the owners at the Club. The 1050 is a tremendous design for both racing and cruising and the people who sail them are so nice too!



Winter Series Results of Race 4 25 July 1993

Line Honours: HIGHER GROUND

- 1 YOUNG AND THE RESTLESS
- 2 DRIVING FORCE
- 3 PUTTING IT RIGHT
- 4 CHAIN REACTION
- 5 FLYING MACHINE
- 6 ARBITRAGE
- 7 MOONSHINE EXPRESS
- 8 SNAP DECISION
- 9 HIGHER GROUND
- 10 LEGACY II
- 11 PORK CHOP
- 12 MAX HEADROOM
- 13 PEPPERMINT PLANET
- 14 STRUCTURAL ANALYSIS
- 15 ROCKSTAR
- 16 FLYING BOAT
- 17 THE BUTCHER
- 18 SPECIAL FX
- 19 RED RUM
- 20 CHECKMATE
- 21 FLYING CIRCUS
- 22 LEGACY III
- 23 OUT TO LUNCH
- 24 INNOVATOR II
- 25 NEDAX BACKCHAT
- 26 PRIDE
- 27 BOBBY SHAFTO
- 28 MELTDOWN
- 29 FIDELIO
- 30 PORT NICH I
- 31 RED HERRING
- 32 BOUNCING BACK
- 33 GUCCI
- 34 PERIDOT
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Erratum . . .

Paragraph 4 of Sherry's article on the George Janis/REDKEN Women's Wednesday Night Series in the March issue of The Rip should have read:

.....Race 3 was sailed with excellent winds from the north and also, was with drama as one of ARBITRAGE's crew (who now by the way, has nothing but respect for Wellington Free Ambulance) was hit by what's known as a "boom". This club member was rescued by the TE ARO crew.....



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