



# The Spinnaker

The official magazine of the Evans Bay Yacht & Motor Boat Club

December 2015



## Contact Details

### Club office:

Telephone: 04-939-4167

Fax: 04-939-4168

Office open:

Mon & Fri 930am-6pm

Tue: sometimes

Weds & Thur 10am-2pm

Email address:

[admin@ebymbc.org.nz](mailto:admin@ebymbc.org.nz)

Web Page:

[www.ebymbc.org.nz](http://www.ebymbc.org.nz)

### Postal address:

PO Box 14-496,

Kilbirnie,

Wellington 6241

### Physical address:

501 Evans Bay Parade,

Kilbirnie,

Wellington 6021

### Slip master / Bookings

04-939-4169

### Clubhouse (members) phone

04-939-4170

Management committee contact details are on Page 11.

**The Spinnaker** is produced quarterly, contributions (written and photographic) are welcome.

Editor: Gavin Pascoe

027 309 8936

[gavin.pascoe@gmail.com](mailto:gavin.pascoe@gmail.com)

### Black & White Advertising

Business card size \$30

Quarter page \$50

Half page \$100

Full page \$150

Bulk orders placed in advance:

20% discount for 2 ads

25% discount for 3-5 ads

30% discount for annual contract.

**Colour printing** is the same for business card or quarter page, but for anything larger is \$220 for one issue or \$800 for a year.

The Spinnaker is printed by  
AdPrint  
60 Cambridge Terrace  
04-384-2844



## Commodore's Comment

Paul Sara

10<sup>th</sup> October saw another successful opening day that was enjoyed by the large number of members who attended. A big thank you is due to Alan Osborne and the House committee and Jennifer Loader and the Events committee for a well-run event.

The weather has been its usual fickle self with nice days during the week and a bit more wind on Saturdays. The races we have had have been fun, well mostly, and up to 12 yachts competing in the tightly fought cruising division. We now need to see some more trailer yachts and centre boarders out, hopefully when the weather improves.

Part of our 3 year plan is to revamp the decking area around the club to get more utilisation out of it on those balmy Wellington days and to improve the ascetics of the building. Matt McCullough has this project in hand and we will be sharing the design with you all when this is finalised.

You may have noticed the deck being built between the club house and learn to sail shed. This is a temporary measure until the deck is completed. The interim plan is to open up the downstairs deck to get more use out of it over the summer. Both of these jobs should be completed by the time you read this edition of The Spinnaker.

Hamish Norton has resigned as Communications Officer and Ryan "Rowdy" Leatham has agreed to take on this role.

I would like to thank Hamish for the great work he has done particularly the new look weekly newsletter and updating the website.

Hamish will still keep an eye on the website to ensure it is running smoothly.

Any items you want included in the newsletter please email them to [comms@ebymbc.org.nz](mailto:comms@ebymbc.org.nz)



# The Spinnaker

## A quick update on the 3 year plan and who is doing what

Paul Sara

We are seeking feedback from all members on the plan and what you would like to see. Please contact me, the club manager, David Hyams and any member of the executive to share your ideas. Shirleen Vautier is the lead for the 3 year plan and any assistance or advice you can offer will be gratefully received.

Mike Appleyard has kindly volunteered to lead the centennial celebrations and has already started collecting stories and memorabilia. Again anyone wanting to be involved in this exciting project please contact Mike or any member of the exec.

Jennifer Loader has done a sterling job with the events so far and has a few more in the pipeline promoting the club as well as social events.

One of the initiatives is to develop a marketing plan to promote the club and its facilities, we really need an owner for this so if anyone has some marketing flair then we are keen to hear from you.

David Hyams, our new club manager is settling in and thank you to those who have supported him and to those who have offered him great advice, I am sure he has taken on board most of these. Please introduce yourself to him when you see him.

I would also like to welcome Britannia Sea Scouts as affiliate club members, it is great to see them getting more involved with the club especially as we have a lot in common by sharing the bay. We will see them around the club more and hopefully join our racing from time to time.

For those of you going away for the Christmas break, travel safe, and we look forward to seeing you in 2016 when the weather is settled and the sailing fun.

## 2015-2016 MANAGEMENT AND COMMITTEE

<b>President</b>	Nikki Johnson		president@ebymbc.org.nz
<b>Commodore</b>	Paul Sara	Ph 027 226 4684	commodore@ebymbc.org.nz
<b>Vice Commodore</b>	Mike Dunlop	Ph 022 393 1377	vicecommodore@ebymbc.org.nz
<b>Rear Commodore</b>	Alan Osborne	Ph 021 481 087	rearcommodore@ebymbc.org.nz
<b>Club Captain</b>	Matt McCullough	Ph 027 449 8786	clubcaptain@ebymbc.org.nz
<b>Communications Officer</b>	Hamish Norton	Ph 021 702 876	comms@ebymbc.org.nz
<b>Events Officer</b>	Jennifer Loader		events@ebymbc.org.nz
<b>Sailing Academy Officer</b>	Colin Lee	Ph 021 590 678	sailingacademy@ebymbc.org.nz
<b>Slipway Master</b>	Peter Maheridis	Ph 04 939 4169	slipway@ebymbc.org.nz

# The Spinnaker

## Report from the Slipway

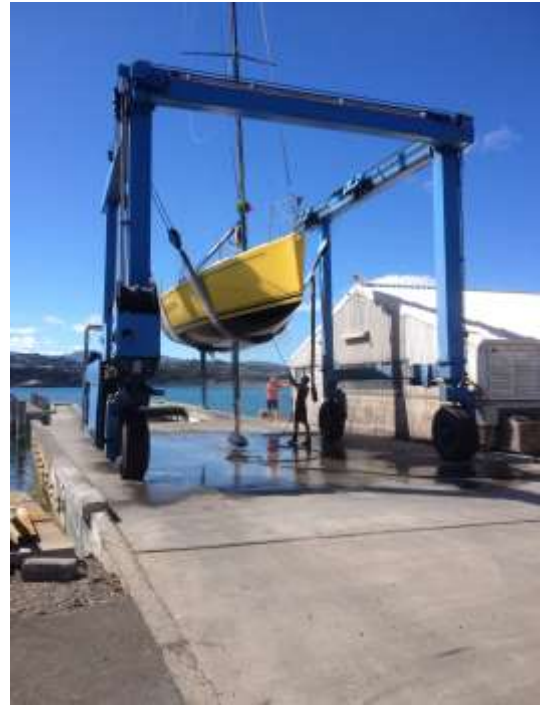
Photos: Peter Maheridis, Words: Gavin Pascoe

Peter reports the last few months have been as busy as any time he can remember. Particularly busy for this time of year. The fact that the cradle at Chaffers Marina has been out of action might have something to do with it, but it is also true that this slipway provides fantastic no-nonsense services, amiably and conscientiously rendered that owners of private vessels appreciate.

The past few months have seen a few tears shed at departures, and wide-eyed dreamers turning up to work on new projects, and of course many jobs are happening were every observer has a different opinion on the best way to go about it! You might also find some reckless souls willing to lend you their tools.

Sven tells an hilarious story of the delivery of *Iconoclast* (below left) from her berth at Chaffers Marina. She was taking on an alarming amount of water, and the faster they went, the more came in! What to do?

Luckily they managed to button off when at the head of the bay and let the swell of a strong northerly bring them down. The old joke about mussels and paint being the only thing keeping the water out was proved a real thing once the water blaster had done its work – daylight clean through the hull at the bow.



Jive Talkin – almost too tall for the cradle!



Loloma departs for the Bay of Islands



The other Black Pearl



Rehutai



Iconoclast

# The Spinnaker

## Some safety tips for the summer

Provided by Grant McNamara

### Faulty Man Overboard Light

Most people never throw their MoB lights into the water to check. They just check the light works. Fair enough to assume they float upright.

Unfortunately many units tested float on their sides, and as a result the light doesn't ignite. Quite a problem if you happen to have your life depending on it working.

The problem can be resolved by adding more weight to the base.



### Anchor Swivel

At left is an image of an Anchor swivel, common in NZ that failed due to side loading. In that case the anchor actually held, but fell off the chain while the anchor was being retrieved!

The problem was side loading. These swivels are often incorrectly attached directly to the anchor - there should be a few (3-4) links of chain BETWEEN the anchor and swivel. That prevents side loading and allows the boat to swing around the anchor.

### Oriental Bay Swimming Lane

With the warmer water you are likely to come across more people swimming. Be reminded that Oriental Bay has a designated swimming lane that follows the line made by the 5k markers.

The line runs from the beach beside Tug Boat on The Bay to the Point Jerningham light. The picture below was taken of one the maps placed prominently around Oriental Bay.



# The Spinnaker

## Delivery of Squealer from Fiji to Tauranga

Grant McNamara

After a hurried few days and an exchange of phone calls, I and 3 others were picked to crew the race yacht Squealer back from Fiji. All feeling very excited we met up at Auckland airpor. After a few Immigration hassles we were finally allowed to board the big aluminium budy to Bring Home The Bacon, a yacht named Squealer. You might remember her as she spent nearly 20 years in the Port Nich fleet (then called The Butcher).

Today she is a very hot, fast, and bright green Elliott 10.5-metre. Squealer finished fourth overall in the Auckland to Fiji race, nipping the J/111 Django over the line by an incredible 10 seconds after a week and 1,400 miles of racing. The story not so prominently reported (and unknown to me then) was that **Django was abandoned in very severe weather** on the way back home to New Zealand. Her rudder shaft failed, leaving the rudder and half the post to begin ripping a hole in the bottom. The entire crew was rescued at sea, but the boat was left to sink.



**Very fast, and incredibly exhilarating sailing, but there's no place to hide from the seas**

Arriving at Suva it was a short taxi ride to the boat's mooring where we had a frantic couple of days at the very impressive Denerau marine complex getting the boat ready, and organising provisions. Seeing the boat for the first time I understood what people had meant with the warning 'it's a wet boat'. There is no cover from the elements at all; just a huge wide open cockpit with a flat bottom. I was soon to find that when a wave came over the deck the water cleared out the scuppers or out the open stern, the water first ran all across the cockpit. We were always wet, often soaking. But that was to come, in Fiji the sun shone, the rum flowed and everyone was saying 'Bula'.

Three days later, ready to head out, we cleared Customs at Vindu Point. Vindu Harbour is manmade, about the size of the cricket field at the Basin, and a similar shape. And of course, full of boats. Surrounded by a hard stand, it is an official hurricane hole. On the hard, rather than being placed on trestles, the boats are lowered into holes. Thus the keel is well below ground level. In the harbour boats were tightly packed, and to move one out required several on either side to adjust their lines. We rafted up to Greg Elliot's own very impressive yacht at the visitors' berth (Squealer is an Elliot design and Greg Elliot had recently helped make some design improvements, including increasing her length).

Quite a number of boats were also clearing Customs, and so there was a long line of skippers in the sun outside the Customs' office. By the time formalities were over it was well into the afternoon so after a fantastic curry at the bar we decided to head over to Musket Cove. Whilst technically we were obliged to leave the country immediately, Fiji was shutting down for the election the following day. Musket Cove is post card perfect, stunning white beaches, filled with bikinis, and surrounded by coconut palms.

We arrived late afternoon and anchored up. It wasn't long before people on the boat anchored closest suggested we come over for drinks. We ended up in their company till after midnight. I was starting to adjust to island time, even after only a few days. Sadly we had to leave the following day. There was a weather window; isn't there always?

So about 3pm Wednesday 17 Sept we pointed Squealer towards NZ. We had a nice breeze, although somewhat on the nose, warm sun and a happy crew. Once we got out of the sheltered waters the boat was very lively. It bounced and smashed its way over the

# The Spinnaker

tops of the waves. But it was fun and that first night we started our watches. A few miles out we were accompanied by a small pod of dolphins; a seemingly good omen for our voyage home.

This was my first offshore trip, and I wrote this article for those that wonder what a voyage such as Fiji to NZ is like. So rather than a day by day log, here are just my thoughts about the trip overall. But to put things in context we arrived Tauranga Saturday 27 Sept; so 10 nights at sea. During that time we never saw another boat. The sea was endlessly grey with the sky mostly overcast and the temperature of both water and air slowly cooling as we travelled.

We quickly settled into a two person watch of 4 hours on and 4 off. Late in the trip we changed this to a single person 2 hours on and 6 hours off. We had all manner of hassles with the automatic steering and so for much of the trip we hand steered (that was difficult). The boat itself was incredibly tender and keeping her on course required severe concentration.

Meals we shared. We were lucky in that one of the crew, a professional diver, had a stomach of cast iron and no matter the conditions could prepare a meal. Being an ocean racer there was a minimal galley, just a single burner camp stove (\$15 from The Warehouse) that is fuelled by gas canisters. We always started the evening meal preparation about 4:30 so everything food wise was done and dusted by sunset. Accommodations were minimal, just 4 bunks, a sink, and pump toilet partially hidden behind a bulk head. Even sitting in the cockpit you always had to be careful or you'd slide across the deck given the heel and the expansive wide open cockpit without seating or even hand or foot holds..

An issue that quickly presented was the fact that the house batteries wouldn't hold a charge (hence always cooking/eating before darkness). So each morning and evening the motor was run for at least an hour. Curiously, to me at least, this was done without the prop being engaged. Perhaps this was because our skipper is a purist and is sailing around the world in an engineless boat. So apart from occasional hours when we were becalmed and forced to motor we were under sail power alone. Now I enjoy sailing very much and I confess to loathing the sound of the motor. But we faced an issue for almost the entire trip. This was that the wind was almost always from the south. So our course for the first week was towards Norfolk Island and in the second week on the opposite tack.

Did I mention that the waves out there are big? The waves are big. Given that Squealer has a flat bottom it basically just bounces along. There is a relentless crashing over the tops of the waves. It was very very loud and the boat shudders on impact as it bashes. That resulted in difficult sleeping, made nearly impossible by water. I said earlier she is a wet boat. After a couple of days everything was wet. I don't mean damp: I mean soaking bloody wet. That added to the discomfort of sleeping.

Three days out and we caught a Mahi Mahi. A huge and delicious fish and we ate it for several days. Brought some smiles to us all.



Five days out I experienced my first storm at sea. It was scary and we sailed under trysail and storm jib. It became so bad we turned 180° and ran northwest for most of the night. A parallel universe experience to hand steering in that ocean melee, flying along at anything up to 10 knots, would be a roller coaster ride in the dark for hours and hours, with a bucket of water being dumped over you at random times not exceeding 5 minute durations. But at least the water was warm!



The GPS doesn't lie. This pretty clearly shows our 10-hour circle when confronted with storm-force headwinds; a humbling experience.

# The Spinnaker

I'd been a little anxious that I might be seasick from the moment I knew I was on the trip. I've done a number of long coastal trips and at periods felt queasy, particularly preparing meals, cleaning, and the like below deck. But it had never been more than feeling a little yuk for a few hours, (and anyway a couple of Dramamine and a sleep was the solution). A few hours before we sailed into the storm I became seasick, not just feeling a bit queasy but really gut retching sea sick - so much so that I couldn't do my watches for a day and half (much to the understandable annoyance of the other crew). Seasickness is no fun and combined with minimal sleep and being soaking wet (and feeling totally useless) I just wanted off. The actual solution turned out to be 6 hours on the helm, hand steering, mostly in the dark, flying over the huge waves at the end of the storm. The other crew were all absolutely buggered by then and I had no time to think about how crook I felt.

For the next several days it was just an endless round of watches. Trying to get sleep, cleaning, sponging, cooking and eating, with nothing much to break the monotony of our little grey world. As we travelled along the air and sea became colder. But a few memorables: one day the engine overheating alarm sounded, (did all the obvious and after a half hour or so water was flowing again although we knew not why), the arrival on-board of several flying fish, lots of wonderful sunsets and sunrises and on clear nights the sky scene was astounding.

Somewhere off Northland an Albacore Tuna decided to spend the last moments of its life with us (very tasty). That day we more or less finished drinking the remainder of the alcohol. Throughout the trip we had drinks at 4pm each afternoon and that was mostly limited to a single drink.

The last night (a Friday) of our trip we mostly motored. We arrived at Motiti Island about 6am and from there across the channel to Tauranga harbour is about 20 miles; on this Saturday morning the water was still with the sun threatening a very hot day. Halfway across we were welcomed by the Div 1 fleet from Tauranga Yacht & Power Boat Club. It was a very touching moment as the boats all circled us waving and taking photos.

The welcome at Customs a couple of hours later wasn't quite as positive, but they were quick and professional. We were all dead tired and looking forward to the shower. At the Q wharf we were also met by the syndicate that owns the boat and they took us and the boat around to her mooring. There they plied us with alcohol and we plied them with the stories of our adventure, now come to an end.

The reality of the voyage was very different than I'd anticipated. All of my sailing had been in conventional cruising boats. Whilst some, my own boat certainly, have been a bit wet, I was caught out by how exposed we were on this trip. I was lucky as I'd borrowed a spare set of wet gear, none of the other crew had spares. As crew we were never close; the days in Fiji reminded me of a business convention, everyone works hard in the day, and parties hard at night, but you're all there because of work, not because you are friends.. Again all my longer trips have been with friends and family; very different dynamics to total strangers. Typically too, when cruising, we make allowances for people's comfort, say cooking or using the loo; a little adjustment on the helm to flatten the boat out for that short time. No such allowances on this trip. The skipper was very focused on the shortest possible delivery time.

Will I do it again? Absolutely, but only in a more traditional style of boat. And if you get the opportunity, grab it with both hands.



## New Members

Fabian Beveridge  
Brad Walton  
Edward Bleech  
Rose McKenzie





# The Spinnaker

## Sailing Academy Update

Colin Lee

The Academy has been busy with courses all spring. We have almost completed two adult beginners, one junior course and a Go Racing course. We have also been improving the sailing capabilities of our Junior sailors with a Saturday morning programme being run by Chris Hargeaves with backup from David Nalder and a cadre of willing helpers. All this activity brings in lots of new faces, and many of them are keen to keep sailing so please make them feel welcome in the club. The current adult learn to sail students have been invited to join in with the Cruising Division Bucholz Cup race on 5th December. This is a great opportunity for our students to experience a different kind of sailing and meet new members of the club. We appreciate the offer and hope it encourages ongoing participation by our students in club events.

Our next Learn to Sail courses will be starting late January early February and the academy is always looking for experienced sailors to help out with the first 3-4 lessons to give our students a positive learning experience. If you are able help out please let me know.

The Academy will be running regular Sunday Social Sailing starting early January - keep an eye out our notifications. This is simply a time when Academy boats are available for hire by any suitably qualified club member for fun sailing. The main purpose is to encourage recent graduates to keep sailing, giving them more time on the water and also a chance to meet and get to know other club members. The first session of 2016 will be on the 10th January, if you would like to be added to the mailing list for Social Sailing please just drop me an email... Those of you with your own boats are of course welcome to come and sail with us too - we often have destination sails (for example to Oriental Bay for an ice cream), and may in future introduce a skills coaching aspect so it is a good chance to come and have some fun outside of the usual racing programme!

I would like to acknowledge all our coaches, rescue boat drivers and helpers without whose help and support we would not be able to offer these sailing opportunities. Thank you.



## Gandalf goes West

By Paul Beaumont

I am not sure when the escape plan entered my brain. But it was perhaps amazing that it took so long for the freedom course to beckon. It was 1975. *Gandalf*, my 26ft sloop was in Noumea and I was preparing her for the sail back to New Zealand after several months' cruising the waters of Fiji and Vanuatu.

I was still a New Zealand public servant with the benefits that that then carried..eg..virtual 'employment security for life' – well, yes, everyone believed that then. Clearly *Gandalf*'s 'proper course' should be to return to NZ so that I could continue my career with the Forest Service. However the enforced idleness while my ankle healed (Spinnaker; July 2015) was time enough to allow the 'freedom seed' to germinate.

I had been wondering whether my only crew applicant for the sail to NZ– a daysailing French Psych-nurse, 'GC', would cope OK with maybe up to a week of relentless 4on/4off watchkeeping, closehauled against a possibly strong SE tradewind, with perhaps even less kindly weather off New Zealand to follow!



Now to be honest, I did not much relish that prospect either, and perhaps I am being less than fair by ascribing my concerns to GC's suspected resolve. The fact that our 'third' crew – 'Cutie' - a homemade 'QME' design self-steering device was sure to behave badly, as in any sort of decent sea she would soon enough allow *Gandalf* to be knocked of course and then either go about and have us effectively hove to, or worse, hare off on a reach, when all the while her clear job designation would be to just sail us diligently home. To be fair, Cutie quite often did help – she just needed a guiding hand occasionally! When she was more or less behaving, the watch keeper could sit back against the cabin bulkhead and avoid most of the spray. But the long periods when she required oversight would result in the 'just two crew' becoming seriously tired. *Gandalf* had no dodger at that time. My own best 'dodger substitute' was a peaked baseball cap which by ducking at every spray assault kept most of the ocean off my glasses – never was satisfactory and required continuous use of the 'lens wiper' – ie a thumb and forefinger 'sweep'. Vision very soon comes through a salty smudge. I did have soft contact lenses which were great in spray, but they had a very limited life. All this was a very real incentive to 'go with the flow' – that is, to have the tradewind on our back, rather than in the face. Brisbane beckoned bright alright!

# The Spinnaker

Not being ready quite yet to 'blow' the safe life, I telegraphed the Forest Service asking whether I could perhaps have an extra year of leave. Actually, soon after arriving in Fiji I realised that just one year's leave (near half lost preparing the boat), may not be a sufficient and proper OE escape'... I was envisaging a wind down period - perhaps cruising Northland seemed fun. I wrote then sounding out the possibility of more leave. No reply was waiting at Noumea. My telegram was a reminder, and with greater purpose now. Well in fact the Forest Service had replied, but addressed the letter to me; 'care of, Yacht *Candale*, at the Cercle Nautic Calidonien (CNC). However as the marina office filed mail by 'boat not body' the letter sat in a pigeonhole. In 1975, Peter Jackson had not yet raised the profile of *Gandalf* at Forest Service head office. Anyway, the misplaced letter contained the good news: I was given an extra year of leave. A further year to reinforce the hankering for continuing freedom on my lovely little sailboat would likely do the trick? The final cut would be easy!



Cutie in action

So. The obvious course now was just '250 degrees true' – ie; a probably easy sail to Brisbane. GC was very accommodating – she did not care where, as long as we got there.

Settled then. Brissie here we come! I swapped a NZ chart for the east coast of Aus....checked a fellow yachtie's up to date info on lights and traced some essential Moreton Bay (entry to Port Brisbane) detail. At South Queensland latitudes Australia is easy to approach – There are no offshore hazards. Actually it would mostly be quite possible (in good weather) to navigate a close approach with a transistor radio swivelled around to use as a direction finder on the disc jockeys – the local coast radio stations, AND always combined with competent 'dead reckoning' skills (and did I say good weather!). Of course *Gandalf*, being an efficient operation, also made full use of the \$26 Ebbco plastic sextant! As long as the index error was checked regularly it was near as good as one 30 times the cost. These days of course, GPS has rather spoiled much of the fun ...and fear.



So then, it was just necessary to wait for the ankle to heal a little more, stock up on some expensive 'French food', top up the fuel and water, try and get an extended forecast for the North Tasman/ Coral Sea, and then just "advance on Australia Fair". *Gandalf* would check out the Lucky Country.

We were on the edge of the cyclone season (December) and it was reassuring to be told that we would likely have light conditions...but maybe with some thunderstorms. There were no obvious dark forces aligning – the tropic seas were just not hot enough yet.

Mid-morning, December 2 1975 *Gandalf* departed Noumea after the exit formalities. It was sad not to have Boris (the tiny green turtle that had sailed with *Gandalf* since Fiji), but he(?) would likely cause us grief in Australia. Of course we could have just increased his horizons from a bucket to the whole ocean I suppose, but we felt his best chance was if supervised by the Noumea Aquarium.

There was very little wind when we departed New Caledonia and we mostly motored through the pass in the barrier reef and on for 20 miles or so till we felt well clear of coral. We set course for Cape Moreton, Australia. Until we reached that 'great hunk' there were no hazards ahead of a solid nature unless we were well off course...(South Bellona Reef 150 miles or so to the north, and Middleton Reef near 200miles south). We made slow progress with light mostly SE breezes. We only advanced 330 miles in the first 4 days. If you are wondering about the more precise sailing and progress detail in this article, well, I have found most of *Gandalf's* pieces of log (I used various notebooks and sheets of paper and presumed that they had surely 'blown away' by now). Sadly though, my entries are always brief, boring, and not at all sexy. On ocean passages I was just too tired for essays!

We certainly had less wind than we liked, but it was all gloriously fair except in a couple of thunderstorms. Cutie was mostly useless (too little wind and she just flops aimlessly about). On the approach of the first thunderstorm it was clear we were probably in for a serious squall. I called for assistance to reduce sail. The living crew was unwilling as she was 'off watch'. Pardon my *lack of French*', but some clear English was called for. Then the cockpit seat was too wet – a towel had to be involved. I was pleased indeed that we were not battering our way to NZ.

We had a couple of decent thunderstorms. *Gandalf* had no lightning protection, and all alone out there, I felt very exposed. I would just loop a few metres of chain around the uninsulated backstay chainplate and into the brine – switch off everything electrical – and disconnect the antenna and battery. We were never 'struck'. I well remember working for the Forest Service and being trapped in a tin hut in the Taramakau Valley (Westland) in bad weather when a severe electrical storm 'stopped dead' my transistor radio. The hut was not hit by lightning but the atmosphere must have been 'charged'. A wire had been wound around the radio and then connected to the tin hut, as a means of dramatically improving AM

# The Spinnaker

reception. In those days radios were repaired and months later it was finally returned as “an interesting case”. It seems some component polarities had been altered. *Gandalf* also never had a radar reflector, and only a rather non-reflective timber mast. Practically all cruising yachts had some sort of radar reflector in the rigging. I rather felt that the danger from sail chafe or injury from renegade iron mongery was perhaps a greater hazard than the chance of being run down. When in shipping routes we kept a better lookout. In fog *and* in a shipping channel the plan was to heave a steel fuel can aloft. But *Gandalf* was never actually in that situation. There is no need to mention the foghorn. Of course you all have AIS now?

About mid passage we passed over Capel Bank with depths down to just 25 fathoms (50M) and our crude Marlin flashing disc depthfinder should pick that up but I was either asleep or too weary and missed the short 'window'. OK a pretty pathetic thrill for a simple soul. Otherwise we were in 1000-2000 fathoms (2 -4 km). Later becalmed and sticky in mid ocean I decided on a dip to refresh, in a depth of a couple of miles or so. I usually avoid swimming unless I can practically see the bottom – just a woose in that respect.. I was no sooner in than GC shouted that there was 'something' out there. Never have knotted loops been ascended faster! There was no further sighting. I never really understood my psych nurse crew. But was I perhaps analysed and found seriously wanting ...wanting to streak up a knotted rope? Mind you, any sort of sealife could have caused a surface disturbance in that inky calm. Anyhow, I washed off the warm salt water with precious, pure, fresh water, and even shampooed my hair.



Males were so hairy in those days and matted with salt we were, well, pretty gross.

For the last couple of days approaching the great yellow continent the southeast trades picked up markedly. Suited us- we romped on with 3m or so swells. Shipping appeared. We were spot on course for Cape Moreton. Daylight was fast fading and my chart deficiency was of concern. The direct course close to the top of Moreton Island was quite shallow in parts.

I must have been becoming cautious, and lacking local knowledge I opted to enter the Bay by way of the big ship channel. We sailed north to find the lighted buoys. This added some time to our arrival and was probably unnecessary... but discretion must be better than drowning the crew. I might add, that always around a strange coast I very regularly used the handbearing compass to closely fix our position...there were few fancy electronics then of course - well actually we thought that our crude depthsounder was just that – and actually often used it as an additional check on a fix. Sailing unfamiliar coastlines it can be all too easy to jump to a conclusion about where you are, but having several lines near intersect on the chart was a comforting reality check! OK, OK, so all that is more or less redundant now - well - until the electronics fail. Moreton Bay, and to the north for some distance, are a maze of shoals and in big seas all boats need to be in the right place.

A year or so previously in NZ with some friends I was sailing south from the Cavalli Islands to Opuia. There was a cyclone remnant to the east, and huge swell was rolling in which was spectacular breaking on the cliffs north of the Bay of Islands. After entering the Bay we were suddenly terrified to hear a great 'whoosh' about 100 metres to starboard. A swell had risen and broken – little *Gandalf* would have likely been overwhelmed. A check of our chart revealed a sunken rock (about 10m, I think)--(No... I have just now checked- Onslow Rock at 5.2 m! – I should have been wary!!). We looked back as we sailed on, and ominous raising of the swells occurred often, but only twice did a great crashing breaker form. Scary indeed!

Anyhow, back to entering Morton Bay. Any possibility of breakers, and in the dark, dissuaded me from taking that shortcut across the top of Moreton Island. So we sailed down the buoyed/lighted ship channel into Moreton Bay. From our low boat the marks often only just became clear in time - but really there was no problem as close reaching in the channel monitoring the compass and depth sounder, it was easy to keep in the deeper water. Within the Bay the channel skirts down the lee side of Moreton Island and in the smooth water we were able to find our way to the quarantine anchorage near Mud Island (just a bunch of mangroves) to the SE of Brisbane river/port. We raised our Q flag and turned in for a deserved sleep. We had taken 7 days and 17 hours to sail 710 miles (by the pretty accurate mechanical Sumlog). We had been on a slowboat to Aus. We slept well. It is possible that officials visited and that we 'were dead to the world' but I am sure that they would just blow their horn to 'raise the dead'! A freighter arrived later on Friday and anchored nearby. Officials arrived for the big fella....we thought that the minnow would be 'done' too. We watched with binoculars – it seemed like nobody even glanced at us, or perhaps even wanted to. We must surely have been very obvious out there. It was approaching 3pm Friday! Were we being left till Monday ....or a spot of overtime on Saturday?

# The Spinnaker

We did have a radio (A rather grandly named Marlin Oceanphone), but it was just never used at all really. It was just regarded as a probably ineffectual safety aid. In those days I possibly felt that having to initially mess with the distress frequency was best avoided. During my time in Australia I studied and obtained an Australian Amateur, or Ham radio, licence. I was encouraged and tutored by a New Zealand maritime mobile Amateur operator also cruising The Reef. A Ham licence was an avenue to obtain a second hand high spec SSB radio for a moderate price - compared to the marine gear, which was very expensive. Of course amateur radio equipment is not set up for marine frequencies. At the time that I was cruising there were quite a few 'maritime mobile Hams' who were regarded as 'pirates'. In fact I think that some countries would actually sell 'proper' call signs without requiring any technical expertise. Many land based Amateur operators were wary of 'boat persons'! I never used the equipment except for planned communications with other maritime "mobiles", but we 'boat people' were often pretty casual. There were very efficient 'amateur nets' providing great service to sailors, including precise weather forecasting for individual locations.

I should add that I failed the 'Amateur' Morse speed test (10 words per minute (now abolished) and consequently had a second class ticket. Thus I was restricted from transmitting on the 'best' frequencies. I had learnt Morse code as a Boy Scout. Unfortunately my own peculiar system of mnemonics (the ruder the better!) to remember the dots and dashes was too complicated, and absolutely hindered my feeble brain from attaining the required speed. Concerning radio, later in Australia I bought an efficient Sony receiver which received SSB and also had digitally precise frequency control (my amateur radio was much harder to tune). By listening to scheduled maritime mobile 'Ham nets', it was possible to obtain much interesting information on sailing activity etc in the South Pacific. I had left NZ with just a shortwave transistor radio, but that was able to receive continuous time signals for the sextant navigation. This was fortunate as my expensive Seiko Chronograph failed in Fiji. As a precaution, I had had it serviced prior to departure by a "watchmaker"(?). On investigation I found that the rubber "O-ring" seal had been screwed up. I should have 'let well alone'- or done it myself- a course of action I came to embrace much more, with time and experience.... Perhaps I might tell you about the Aussie liferaft service one day! You will probably prefer not to believe me!

Back to entering Australia. We just boldly sailed the few miles to the port entrance. By good fortune, just as we were feeling very naughty and with nowhere proper to go - except back to the Mud Island quarantine anchorage - we found the unfriendly customs launch at its jetty. We tied up. A body was coming to investigate us...good...I hoped. He was the caretaker and thought that everyone who mattered had gone home or to the pub. It was just about 4.00 pm. He disappeared to the offices and returned to confirm that. However he said that we could proceed up river to the visiting cruising yacht piles off the Botanic Gardens, right in the city. Officials "will visit you in the morning". We set off through the port blatantly flying our yellow Q flag. We motored the 10 miles or so upstream to the mooring piles, and half a mile or so past the massive steel Storey bridge. We settled in for the night. A big sloop *Vanalua* from New Guinea was nearby and rather amused by our seeming audacity.

Next morning we were up bright and early ready for officialdom. But by noon there was no action. I decided to go ashore and ring in case we had been forgotten. From the conversation, I did think that they had overlooked us again, but now, they would be here within the hour. I rowed back just 10 minutes later and they had already arrived! I dragged out the ships papers etc. The atmosphere was just quite weird - practically no one said a word - they just walked all over and around *Gandalf's* compact 8m, then jumped in their runabout and departed with; "We are the water police". Oh! Much later the entry officials arrived - documentation was settled reasonably quickly - but Australia did seem very bureaucratic compared to the 'island nations'. Anyhow, *Gandalf* could stay 2 years... I could stay forever... GC much less! Fortunately they were not concerned with my ready cash - I had just a few dollars. But I suppose that I had a 'home', transport, and was a Kiwi and could work. I also had food enough for ages - well mostly a vast supply of TVP(textured vegetable protein). I had been persuaded by a Brit cruising yachting to buy it before leaving Auckland - he had called it 'mince' - I thought 'dehydrated meat' - but it was more related to torn up crumpled cardboard; but life sustaining no doubt. Years later it was all finally returned to NZ, and dumped.

So we had arrived and entered Australia satisfactorily, if a little unconventionally. GC flew on to NZ a few days later, but not before insisting that I accompany her to "Jaws". I am not sure why I was necessary. I could ill afford it, and was not moral support. The movie seemed a rather silly (and scary) exercise for someone hoping to snorkel the reef soon. GC had been with *Gandalf* for 16 days - for just \$32. Value?

A week or so later the water police visited again;

"You are Paul Beaumont... This is your boat?"

"Yes"

"You are reported missing in the Tasman".

It seems that my dear Mum had totally misunderstood *Gandalf's* new itinerary. She did know that *Gandalf* was going to Australia but seemed to have presumed that it was just for a cuppa or somesuch and then straight on 'home'. Worse still, the expected Aus arrival date was the NZ ETA, or maybe even the seriously overdue date in Mum's mind! My family (especially my Mum) were most definitely not my shore alert person(s). Landlubbers of Mum's era have no concept of life on a small boat, let alone passage times and such. It would be 6 years before Mum would see *Gandalf*.

The water police on leaving: "Keep your folks informed, eh mate?"



# The Spinnaker

The article below was written by Charles Lindsay, a prominent and very active member of the club during the 1930s. It appeared, along with the photograph, in the October 1935 issue of the club's magazine *Yachtsman*.

## Romp

*Romp*, named *Mahina* when first built took shape in the yards of C. Bailey, yacht builder of Auckland, in 1891. She was ordered by a syndicate of Wellington yachtsmen comprised of Herbert G. Smith of the Phoenix Insurance, William McCallum, the late Jack Gibbons of the Evening Post, and the late Charles Archibald.

Designed solely for racing, her dimensions were:

Length: 29 feet

Beam: 6 feet 8 inches

Draft: 6 feet

Tonnage: 6.55 tons (no. 91791 British register of shipping)

Of small beam and large draft she is the type of racing yacht which preceded the spoon-bow craft, the older type, of course, having the clipper bow.

Built of kauri with flush deck and the gunwale tapering aft to nothing just aft of the shrouds, she must have been an awkward craft for a crew to handle, but foothold and hand grip was given on the narrow deck by fitting a series of battens. As she did not possess a skylight she was dull and musty below. Not even benches were fitted. The whole cabin space was devoted to the storing of sails and other gear.

About 1895 or 1896 the late Dr. Fell, a medical man of that period, purchased her and continued to use her almost solely for racing. He ordered a complete suit of Laphorn sails for cutter rig. The mainsail was square cut and of large area with five rows of reef points; the clew was about eight feet over the stern. Gaff and jib topsails were also carried. The bowsprit was eleven feet outboard! Dr. Fell believed in carrying plenty of sail! With this sail plan she usually defeated, in light weather, yachts which today are first over the line.

The original mast fitted with a topmast was lost during a race and a new pole mast (the present one) was fitted by the Patent Slip Company. At the same time extra lead was put on the keel.

Dr. Fell usually painted her dark green and sometimes black. She was moored at Te Aro. Her owner sometimes sailed her single handed but more often was accompanied by his two daughters. He was a prominent member of the Port Nicholson Yacht Club and Commodore during 1901 to 1903.

It is stated that Mahina Bay, to the north of Days Bay was named after this craft but the more probable explanation is that the yacht was named after the bay. The word "mahina" we are told is an obsolete Maori word for "moon" or a modern word meaning "twilight" or "dusk".

In 1909 W. & P. Moore became the owners. They fitted a skylight and gunwale, built in benches, painted her white and installed a four horse-power engine which gave her a speed of four knots in smooth water. They continued to race her with the large suit of sails.

In an Ocean race from Port Underwood to Wellington during Easter 1911 *Mahina* made the passage in fairly heavy weather, when about half the entrants put into Tory Channel for shelter.

In November 1919 Moore brothers sold her to A. J. Ibbotson and sons. They renamed her *Romp*. The old sails having lived their span, the Ibbotsons, when ordering new ones, decided to use a smaller sail plan. They also did not reinstall the engine. Since 1919 *Romp* have moored in Evans Bay and has been a keen competitor in both Royal Port Nicholson and Evans Bay Club races. She was the Royal Port Nicholson Second Class Champion in 1920/21 and in 1935/36 seasons.

The late A. J. Ibbotson gave his share to his youngest son A. O. Ibbotson, but continued to be actively interested in the yacht until 1928. He was Commodore of the EBY&MBC from 1919 to 1925 and in recognition of his very great services was eventually made a life member. In 1929 L. J. Ibbotson became sole owner of *Romp*. Les too, has been a Commodore of the Evans Bay Club. *Romp* in spite of her years is in excellent condition and no doubt will have another interesting story to tell in years to come.



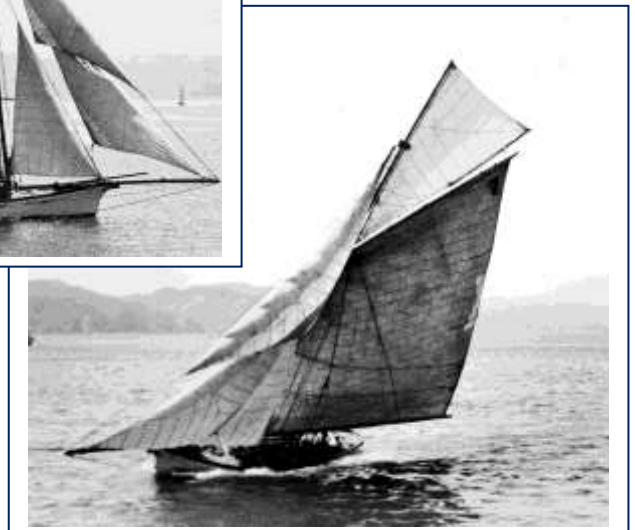
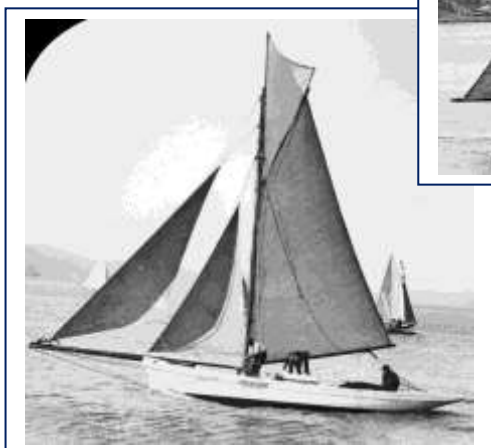
# The Spinnaker

The image below is from a collection belonging to Charles Lindsay, now held in the National Library. It shows *Romp* (foreground) and *Nanette* racing at the top of Evans bay during the 1930s.

Where is she now? I've heard she was delivered to new owners in Lyttelton during the 1950s, delivered by Roydon Thomas. If you know anything about her fate, please contact me at [gavin.pascoe@gmail.com](mailto:gavin.pascoe@gmail.com), or phone 027 309 8936.



The images below show *Romp* shortly before WWI, when owned by the Moore Bros. Bottom left shows the extremely long bowsprit (battering ram?) described by Lindsay above. They are in the collection of the Wellington Museum of City and Sea.





## Product Safety Recall

**GME EMERGENCY POSITION INDICATING RADIO BEACONS (EPIRBs)**

### MT400/MT401/MT403

Standard Communications Pty Ltd designs and manufactures a range of Emergency Position Indicating Radio Beacons (EPIRBs) marketed globally under the GME brand.

#### Problem

After exhaustive testing we have identified a fault in the microprocessor of certain units that effectively shuts the beacon down. We are concerned that the beacon may not work in an emergency situation.

#### Action

In consultation with national maritime authorities, Standard Communications has decided to recall certain EPIRBs manufactured between January 2005 and February 2008.

The affected units are the MT400, MT401 and MT403 beacons with serial numbers between 50101000 and 80250722.

#### What should you do?

If you have a GME EPIRB, please check the model number and serial number. The serial number can be found on the left side of the beacon at the base of the identity panel.

If you own one of the affected units listed above, please contact GME at [recall@gme.net.au](mailto:recall@gme.net.au) or your local distributor to arrange a replacement of your beacon at no extra charge.

Standard Communications would also like to take this opportunity to remind all EPIRB users, regardless of the brand, to regularly test the unit. There should be a simple self-test mechanism on all units. You should also ensure that beacon batteries are replaced at intervals recommended by the manufacturer.

Standard Communications Pty Ltd  
PO Box 96, Winston Hills, NSW, 2153, Australia.  
[www.gme.net.au](http://www.gme.net.au)

Standard Communications (NZ) Ltd, PO Box 58446, Botany 2163, NZ.  
[nzbranch@gme.net.au](mailto:nzbranch@gme.net.au)



# The Spinnaker



**Hutchwilco**  
*Quality Lifejackets*

