



The Spinnaker

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

June 2016





Commodore's Comment

Paul Sara

I think we have had the best weather in the country in late summer and autumn. Except when we needed it most - on Saturdays. It was a very frustrating end to the season. Can't wait till the winter series and while it might be cold we may get those lovely fine crisp days with nice 10 knot southerlies, well here's hoping.

It is good to see so much activity at the club and everyday seems very busy with various groups out sailing, paddling and just mucking around on the hard.

Our affiliate membership is ever changing and after many years with us the Deer Stalkers Association have bought their own building to meet in. You will be seeing the Lyall Bay Surf Club members a lot more around the club as they base themselves here while their new club rooms are being rebuilt, this is due for completion in the new year sometime.

Our latest affiliate is Wellington Aero Club who will be meeting once a month on Sunday afternoons. If you see any of these groups and indeed any of our affiliates please take the time to say hello and make them feel welcome.

Mike Appleyard gave the Executive an update on the 100 year plan and has a comprehensive list of activities planned for the centennial year. He is still looking for volunteers to help put this program together and hopefully some of the longer term members (notice I didn't say old members) will be able to provide support and have many stories to share.

An addition to the slipway assets is a new three arm cradle, I watched the team assemble this when it first arrived and there was much "ooing" and "aahing" and affectionate stroking of the cradle as it was coming to life. Pete tells me they will be able to slip much larger boats and more importantly it will be a lot safer as well. Pete and Sven are doing a fabulous job on the slip and have been having record months for movements.

We have had a visit from the Regional Health Authority regarding the suitability of the club decks for smoking. We don't have a dedicated smoking area as such and the report has confirmed smoking is permitted on the north deck, the south deck and the upstairs deck. The deck directly underneath the upstairs deck (the east deck) did not quite comply so until we build the proposed new decks around the club, this will become a no smoking area once we get the report in writing.

Smoking is a contentious issue and everybody has a free will to either smoke or not smoke. Likewise we have the free will to associate with smokers and or non-smokers as we so choose. In my humble opinion both smokers and non-smokers should respect each other's choices and exercise some tolerance.

Georgia Mawson is our new resident bar person and is on duty Friday and Saturdays. Georgia will be applying for a bar managers licence in the near future.

I am sure you have all met Ryan (Rowdy) Leatham, our new club manager, by now. Rowdy is coming to grips with the systems and processes we use with help from Sheena and Jennifer. I am sure once the end of year accounts are finalised he will be looking at streamlining how the office works.

Finally the AGM is on the Thursday 4th August, everybody seems to have an opinion on something club related so I am looking forward to seeing some worthy candidates stand for the club Executive and other positions on Sailing & Academy, Slipway & Facilities and House committees.

Hope to see a big turnout for the winter series and let's hope for some fine weather.



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2016 AGM - Thursday 4 August

The Evans Bay Yacht & Motor Boat Club 2016 AGM will be held on Thursday 4 August.

So mark it in your diary and start thinking about what you want to volunteer for around the club!

And don't forget that both the Commodores and Vice Commodores positions are up for grabs this year!!



EAST / WEST
DASH
2016

Facilities Report

Matt McCullough Club Captain

Hello. Facilities, as usual, have been kept busy trying to keep the aging club house up to the standards of our club members. Here's what we have been up to so far.

We have to be aware that our 100th Anniversary is fast approaching and need to think about what needs to be done and how we would like the club house to look.

Moving the trailer park boats around to accommodate the Trailer lift. Completed.

Removing graffiti from changing rooms. Ongoing.

Replacing switch board in club house. Completed

Replacing black shed windows. Completed

Placing concrete for paths and fence. Completed

New deck outside French doors. Completed

Removing screens around front entrance. Completed

Getting plans drawn up to replace old deck. Ongoing.

Quotes for women's toilet. Completed.

Patching up the bitumen around the clubhouse ie; car park and rigging area. Completed/ongoing

Working with slipway to make their job easier. Ongoing.

Quotes for new lighting in club house. Completed.

Installing a better security system as per budget. Completed.

Looking at our options to relocate learn to sail shed to provide more space for slipway or keeping the shed and renting it out. Still open for ideas? Work in Progress.

Looking at moving office from upstairs to downstairs. Work in Progress.

New cool room. Work in Progress

Quotes for new curtains. Work in Progress

Quotes for carpet. Work in Progress

Quotes for heating (downstairs). Work in Progress

Looking at providing better décor. Work in Progress

Getting lift access to upstairs. Work in Progress

Looking at ways to keep rigging area fenced off on race day. Work in Progress

Painting the outside of club new colour scheme? Work in Progress

Yes I know this sounds like a lot to do and where is the money going to come from? That will have to be the responsibility of Mancom to budget for this.

We need to prioritise what is important and what can wait.

This is my first year as Club Captain. I've had great support from my committee and Mancom and if anyone would like to stand please put your hand up don't be shy as this job can be so rewarding in so many ways.

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Howdy I'm Rowdy the new General Manager

I moved to Wellington 10 years ago (is it really that long?!) working at KPMG and Telecom (yes it was Telecom back then) while completing my Chartered Accountants qualification.

After completing my qualification I quit accounting and worked for two years with Yachting NZ as a Have A Go instructor, towing the trailer the length of the country from north of Kaitaia to as far south as Dunedin. I did more than 60,000kms on the roads over those two years and helped more than 2,500 kids have their first taste of sailing.



Following the two years living in motels it was time to settle back in Wellington where I spent two years working for Wellington Ocean Sports (RPNYC Sailing Academy) as a Senior Sailing Instructor/Administration Assistant.

The past two years I've spent looking after my two young daughters Penny & Evie who are currently 2 ½yrs and 18mths old respectively. For the last 3 months I've been working part time in the office at Royal Port Nicholson Yacht Club maintaining the membership system and assisting with some accounting work. Now it is time for a new adventure/challenge with EBYMBC!

Sailing is my addiction, which I blame on my parents. New Plymouth Yacht Club was always referred to as "our front lounge" when I was growing up as we used to spend so much time down there. There are members at NPYC who still don't believe that I'm the kid who used to walk around the club dragging that monkey by the tail! (it was a soft toy).

When I moved to Wellington I joined EBYMBC, sailing on multiple trailer yachts (I'm boat "popular", what else can I say...) for the first 18 months, before I managed to prise my first Paper Tiger out of dad's hands. Since then I've sailed competitively in the PT fleet locally, nationally and internationally being part of the New Zealand Team since 2009.

Over my time in Wellington I've also done a significant amount of keelboat sailing around the harbour, out in the Strait and even managed to sneak in a trans-Tasman trip on Wedgetail (a 42ft race yacht).

As I mentioned above, sailing really is an addiction for me. Unfortunately for my wife, I live and breathe it 24 hours a day!

My Office hours are 9am to 3.30pm Monday to Friday so please feel free to call in and say hi as my door is always open. If you need to call in specifically to see me, please give me a phone call beforehand as the role means that I am potentially away from my desk and I don't want anyone wasting their time travelling to find that I'm not in the office.

I look forward to catching up with everyone in due course.

Cheers
Rowdy

2015-2016 MANAGEMENT AND COMMITTEE

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What shall we do with the drunken sailors?

Jennifer Loader
Events Officer

Give them a tune to dance to! As we found out on Saturday evening of the EBYMBC Regatta Dinner and Dance. The Shenanigans, an Irish music inspired band, played for us. Being the first day of the regatta there were a lot of tired sailors and volunteers and although the evening was enjoyed, and there was lots of dancing, it was off to bed early for most.

As with anything there are learning opportunities, and feedback has suggested that the Regatta dinner and entertainment start earlier. This may be better for tired sailors and volunteers, and may also encourage supporters and families with children to attend.

The Regatta, dinner and entertainment were advertised well in advance, however it is possible that the members who were not sailing or volunteers did not realise that it was open for all club members. The more the merrier next year.

Your Events Committee, and additional volunteers have worked hard to bring to the Club some extra events and to support the Clubs regular+ events as follows:

- Dinner and performance by Wellington Sea Shanty Society 25 September
- Working Bee+
- Opening Day 10 October celebrations, light lunch, and race+
- "Against the Current" book launch by author Mike Bodnar, and French themed dinner 20 November
- Combined Fishos/EBYMBC Christmas Party Barbecue 12 December
- Childrens' Christmas Party 13 December (cancelled due to lack of interest)
- Volvo Sailing and Boating week 14-21 February
- Lower North Island Secondary Schools 5-7 March+
- East West Dash 19 March+
- EBYMBC Regatta+ 9-10 April, Saturday dinner and dance
- Coastguard Wellington Annual Raft Race 17 April (sadly, unsupported by Club members)

The Club is a part of a wider boating and water sports community at Evans Bay. And many community groups are affiliated to the Club, or use its facilities from time to time. Some of those groups support our activities during the year such as Opening Day, and Volvo Sailing and Boating week.

The Volvo Sailing and Boating weekends were great thanks to perfect weather, sponsorship, support boat operators and crews, our Affiliate members, sailing instructors and boat owners - all who shared time, knowledge and boats with people wanting a sailing experience. Consequences of the Volvo week were some new club members, enough interest generated to hold an extra Junior Learn to Sail course, and ongoing interest for Adult Learn to Sail classes. Money was raised at the sausage sizzles for the Junior Learn to Sail.

Disappointingly Club members did not rally themselves to participate in the Wellington Coastguard's Annual Raft Race. The rafts (HMR "Most likely to succeed" and HMR "Doubtful") and paddles, built by volunteers for the race, will be available for next year's race, should we be invited to participate again.

The Events Committee can only do so much, so we would encourage members to organise events which will be of interest to members by liaising with the Club Manager or Events Officer. They will let you know what considerations to take into account and give you any advice for planning an event. Don't be shy.

With the AGM coming up you are encouraged to put in your nominations for Committees. If everyone could just help a little it would bring benefits for the whole Club.

Event planning templates for most of the above events have been prepared to assist the incoming Events Committee.

Big THANK YOU to everyone who helped with Club Events.



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End of Season Junior Prize Giving 15 May Sponsored by Moore Wilsons

On a recent windy Sunday many of the Club's kids were involved in the Junior Prize Giving. Our very able organiser, David Nalder along with several of equally abled helpers, turned a cold blustery day into something very special. About 20 kids, all who've come through the various Learn To Sail courses, were involved, and surprise surprise, their first activity was to do the obvious, go for a sail in an Opti.

Now anyone with a little training and guidance can learn to race an Opti. But that's too boring! Instead our hardy Opti sailors, with much splashing and vocal assistance from the jetty, had to sail about collecting balloons as they bounced around on the water in the gusty breeze. What quickly became obvious to the spectators was that it's easy to upset the centre of buoyancy reaching out to grab a balloon from a tippy little Opti.

There were also skill tests. Who was the champion bailer? Which team would set the Club record time for to launch a boat? And who would achieve fame as the fastest sailing team?

So after all those tests passed, our soaking sailors were well and truly up for the next event, a swim out and around a buoy. I can report that it was very cold just watching the swimming.

After hot showers next on the agenda; a knot tying competition. And it was great to see that all the children were actually very skilled.



An old fashioned quiz was next. But things were a little more tricky than usual, and to answer, the kids had to hunt all over the Club grounds for clues and facts.

The end of the quiz results coincided with a huge lunch, enjoyed in the upstairs bar.

And to wrap up the day, David had a variety of prizes. It's likely that every family involved will be doing their shopping at Moore Wilsons from now on, The Company was incredibly generous with vouchers and prizes. In addition all the children who'd just completed the 2016 Learn To Sail Course were presented with their Certificates.

It was a really fantastic day and much enjoyed.

Do you have any memories of the hostel at Clyde Quay during the late 50s?

Please contact editor Gavin Pascoe on 027 309 8936 or email gavin.pascoe@gmail.com

Senior First Aid Course Sponsored by Eastern Suburbs Sports Trust

As the Spinnaker goes to editing, 16 members of the Club are attending a First Aid Course. This was organised by Murray Thomas, and he's keen to organise another, so if you'd like to the next, then drop Murray a line.

Course tutor is James Allen, a qualified Ambulance Officer and an accomplished diver and sailor. So the course has had a decidedly nautical bent, and so far the first two course sessions have seen a very practical focus. We've been guided through a variety of emergency scenarios, with hands on diagnosis, and the application of (hopefully) the appropriate first response aid. There's also been extensive practice using manikins (young children and babies, as well as adult sized).

Obviously accidents and medical emergencies happen, not just out on the water, but unexpectedly, anywhere, at any time. So gaining the knowledge and confidence to provide effective first aid is a very useful skill indeed. And like all skills, proficiency comes with practice and repetition.



Major emphasis has been to master cardio-pulmonary resuscitation, more commonly known as CPR. And then there's been learning the use of AEDs or automated external defibrillators. A device that the writer of this little article initially felt very frightened of. Fortunately the machines themselves are smarter than most sailors, and so learning to use such a vital first aid tool, that might just save somebody's life, has actually been very easy.

Like any night school, turning up for another 3 hours after a full day at work or school can be a tad demanding. But the effort has certainly be worthwhile and it's been obvious that everyone attending is gaining considerable benefit. So a credit to James, who's managed the difficult job of maintaining everyone's interest and attention.

Also just a reminder that First Aid kits are located in several places around the Club, including; the down stairs bar, outside the women's toilers, upstairs in the start box building, inside the Sailing Academy garage and in the Travel Lift office. There's an AED alongside the First Aid kit outside the women's toilets.

Just to repeat, if you're keen to attend a First Aid Course drop an email to Murray or Rowdy.



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Evans Bay Yacht Club Cruise 8 to 10 May By Grant McNamara

Here I am, back at home after a weekend sailing the Sounds with the Evans Bay Yacht Club. And what a weekend. A few days prior, I'd not a hint I'd even be going, but after an unfortunate accident and a few emails I found myself as a replacement, and organised to join the group.

As Friday advanced slowly closer, the Met Service web site was being carefully scanned for wind, sun and weather. As it was the weather arrangements were organised perfectly. We had sun in abundance and occasional periods of light northerlies to allow some very gentle and decidedly pleasant sailing. Whether it was Colin Lee or Shirley at Compass Charters who'd orchestrated the fantastic weather window was never made clear; they both took credit. But I'm getting ahead with the story.



Officially the 'Sounds Cruise' started at 2pm Friday. Everyone in the party travelled to Picton by plane or ferry. 6 boats had been chartered from Compass to accommodate our 45 sailors. Each boat had been assigned a crew and skipper, and between them, they had the task of arranging provisions. Most provisions were bought from Fresh Choice in Picton and their delivery service (of both goods and shoppers) proved excellent.

Most of the skippers flew down with the dawn Friday morning, as each had to attend a briefing about their assigned boat. The vessels were all amazing. Large charter yachts decked out for pleasure, simplicity and fun. As I examined every nook and cranny of the boat I was to sail, I must confess to feeling an intense excitement, and the feelings only heightened with every new discovery.



Huge, beamy 40-45 footers with 3-4 cabins. Our boat was typical, with shower, pressure hot and cold water, 2 toilets, wash basins, plus a 'real' oven and fridge. Magnificent with spacious cockpits, saloons and galleys. Lights seemed to be at hand everywhere there might be a need. Behind the veneer panellings and in the bilge were a myriad of hidden pipes and cables and wires. Helping to serve these portals to move water or electricity or poo from one place to another, complex arrays of pumps and junctions, these in turn supported by at least a dozen hidden sea cocks. The boats were awesome demonstrations of design and build.

The InterIslander arrived at 12:30 bringing with her the majority of our group. People arrived at the marina by shuttle or cab in dribs and drabs to find their allocated boats. Our crew arrived in two groups and we quickly sorted cabins, packed luggage and provisions, and chatted about our aspirations for the weekend. We were all fizzing at the cork to 'sail out in to the deep blue sea'.

The plan for Friday night was to moor at, and dine together at Lochmara Resort. So after a safety/familiarity briefing we headed out. I must confess to being a tad nervous about leaving the dock. Basically I didn't want to make a complete dick of myself moving this giant boat through the water. I hadn't a clue as to the response of the steering, prop wash and appropriate revs of the engine. And it was an awful 180 degree turn just to get us out into the channel. After checking carefully for traffic we were off, and much to my shock and horror two other boats just appeared as if by magic coming down the channel. It was thus necessary to reverse and as with most boats, going backwards wasn't her best feature.

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But we were off and very quickly free from the confines of the Waikawa Marina. We had the afternoon to 'play' in the hot sun. The crew were all keen to learn more about sailing and so once clear of all the moored boats we hoisted sail. In a 5 knot northerly we didn't go too fast but it was fun and decidedly pleasant and relaxed. Getting the sails up proved to be very simple, and there was almost enough wind to cause a little heel. So throughout the afternoon we sailed slowly up and about inner Queen Charlotte Sound until the eventual subsidence of the breeze, and so raise the iron sail and chug over to Lochmara.

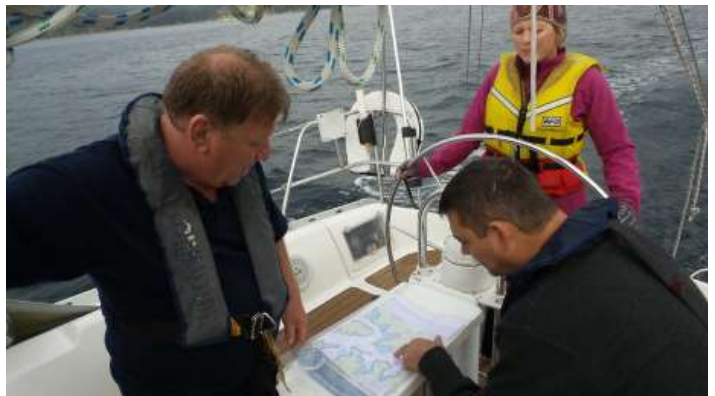
Ours was the last boat to arrive, and needless to say, there weren't any resort moorings still available. Bugger! But as they say 'ask for forgiveness in preference to permission'. So we pulled up alongside a decidedly 'Private keep off' mooring and tied up for the night.

As with all resorts in the Sounds, Lochmara provides a dinghy taxi service to encourage visitors from boats and into the bar. The plan was for a group dinner and we all arrived in dinghy loads wearing our best boatie gear. It was a very pleasant evening that everyone seemed to enjoy. I'll just digress here a moment, because here is something I've noticed over the years. No matter what the dish, nor who cooks meal, food always tastes better in the Sounds. And so yes the meals at Lochmara were wonderful. The evening was also a chance for everyone to meet each other and swap stories. And perhaps for some members of our group, their first night ever to sleep on a boat.

Our intentions for Saturday was to voyage to the outer Sounds. It's a distance of about 18 miles and our plan was for a raft up for the night at Ship Cove. Each boat was free to make their own way out and see or visit whatever sights they might choose on the voyage. Some visited the tame fish at Double Bay, some took brunch at either of the resorts at Bay of Many Coves or Punga. On our boat we attempted to sail as much as we could in the little zephyrs that wafted past us. There really wasn't much in the way of wind and at one point we were totally becalmed in the midst of Queen Charlotte Sound, thus ideally stopped, we enjoyed lunch on the water.



We arrived at the jetty of Motuara Island intending to ascend the track to the summit. At that spot is where Capt. Cook realised that the North and South Islands were indeed islands and separated by a strait. The island is today a DOC managed and pest free bird sanctuary. Hardy walkers to the summit are rewarded with that same fantastic vista. There's also a cairn at the top commemorating that moment in New Zealand's history. But for this author a serious test of boatmanship to negotiate a very large keel boat up to a very small jetty in a particularly shallow place: twice in fact too, because boats may only go alongside whilst passengers alight or embark. Oh, and so typical of that jetty, in my experience anyway, there was a bit of a running swell more caused, I think, by the tidal stream rather than the prevailing winds.



After the mountain climb we still had a couple of hours before our rendezvous with the others. Our quest, after hoisting all sail, was to make our way to Cape Jackson. Ambitious certainly, and a 12 mile round trip, but we had the time and a fresh NE breeze. Our initial progress was excellent, but we must have somehow upset Boreas because he soon ran away. We'd tried!



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An hour of motoring to the Ship Cove and we rediscovered our little fleet, all rafted together on a mooring. We came alongside and joined the party. And whilst it was dead calm I confess to being pleased with our position on the end of the raft from whence we might easily peel away if conditions changed during the night.

Everyone was organising dinner and on our little ship we enjoyed an awesome chicken casserole accompanied with a little wine. As the evening dawned full, there were many exchanges with people from the other boats. In fact we too made tours and explorations of all the boats.



By 10pm, under a star speckled night, and with no drink driving issues, it was time to party. I'd never before in my life been on a boat with a cockpit big enough to have a dance floor. But such was the size, and with encouragement from the Hutt Chicks we had a dance party.

Rising before the dawn we organised lines for the breakup of the raft. Always tricky and potentially problematic: perhaps a line dangling overboard unnoticed might become a grotesque knot around the prop. So I was well satisfied to pull free, and, under Yanmar, slowly sail around to the historic place where there's a long jetty and sandy beach. The sun was just beginning to peep over the horizon and the light was just so enchanting. A perfect moment I thought to visit the foreshore where Capt. Cook careened the Endeavour for cleaning and refits on the first voyage of discovery in 1770.

In the most astonishing daybreak light, once landed, under so many shades of green, we found Oyster Catchers, Wekas, Bell Birds and flush toilets. As an aside, over recent years DOC have added picnic tables, bridges, toilets, and a marae, not to ignore signs and paths, all to accommodate large numbers of modern day visitors. The work has really enhanced the area and complements the monument, built over a 100 years before. If you've never been to Ship Cove, make an effort, visit at dawn; you'll be so rewarded, and you will truly feel the serenity!



There's a tranquil trek up to a waterfall through the bush: an easy and seemingly halcyon 30 minutes in this place memorialised for its extraordinary past. Ship Cove holds such a special place in NZ's history. I think I shared many visitors' thoughts as I stood on the beach that quiet Sunday, and contemplated the busy crew of Endeavour, toiling in this little bay 250 years before. There are trees, still growing, that even then, would have been some hundreds of years old.



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But I was soon awoken from my dreamtime, by the arrival of a couple of other boats from within our group. I must mention with pride that only our crew were brave enough to take the polar bear plunge into the surprisingly warm water.

We still had a mission from our yesterday: to sail out to the end of the Sound, and so, with high hopes, put off from the jetty. Again we searched for Boreas but on this, by now, glorious sunny morning caught only fleeting glimpses as he laughed at, and teased us. In spite of his mocking mood we did though manage to do some sailing.

We circumnavigated Moturoa, we experimented with the slab reefing system, we talked sailing and ships and charts and knots and solved a number of global problems to boot.



With the morning becoming afternoon we slowly navigated our way back to Waikawa. We arrived in time to watch the start of the boating club's sail boat race. Still a couple of hours before we were due back we had time to ever so gently follow the fleet across to Allports Island. Again abandoned by the wind gods and stuck immobile on the water, we simmered under the hot sun. But bobbing there we suddenly saw splashes all around. Caused by dolphins and several seals we watched as they seemingly played a serious game with the fish. It's easy to anthropomorphise about such creatures and ponder what might go on in their minds as they 'frolic'

around one's boat. Irrespective, it's always a treat to experience these wild animals up close and personal.

We also took the time to all have a swim around the boat. Here we were, in the midst of May, on a yet another very hot sunny day of this everlasting summer, swimming in the water so warm. And whilst I understand there's a big difference between weather and climate, after the best Summer and Autumn in this Wellingtonian's life I can't help but wonder where our climate is going. I've made a diary note to sort Anthropogenic Global Warming out on next year's trip.

With the arrival of 3pm we all had to be back at the marina. Again, for some, a mad dash to make the plane in time, but for most, a relaxed and easy sailing on the ferry. And as we made our back to the Capital, I pondered on the weekend I'd just experienced, through a very unfortunate accident, as a last moment replacement for Murray Thomas that he'd been so looking forward to for months. I'd very much enjoyed the trip, in fact it had been awesome! Poor Murray had missed out on sailing the best boat, with the best crew at the best time, in the best place.



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GANDALF Visits the Lucky Country by Paul Beaumont

Following on from my accounts of sailing a 26 ft sloop through a little of the Southwest Pacific... and then, having just reached Australia:

It was the summer of 1975, over 40 years past; Norman Kirk had died the previous year. GPS was just a military secret. The Beatles had split 5 years.

Gandalf was comfortably tied to piles in the Brisbane River just a stone's throw from the Botanic Gardens, and only minutes from the city centre. With the 'cruising kitty' fast dwindling the skipper clearly needed to find work. However it soon became obvious that the central city was probably not the best place for an itinerant 'boatperson' to find employment ...I would need much better clothes and haircut.



So I decided to become an entrepreneur! Fortuitously, in Fiji, *Gandalf's* crew had found a great 'drift' of what we were told were 'paper shells'. Piled thick behind a piece of driftwood, we had collected a large number of the small, flat, hard discs about 10 mm diameter, with a small hole in the centre. One or two of the more 'hippy' yachtsmen strung them on fishing line and wore them as necklaces. I might not much like adornments hanging about myself, but many do.

So lacking gainful employment, I set about attempting a little cottage industry. Needless to say; not much skill or 'craft' was required. I just bought some clips and strung the 'shells' on a piece of nylon fishing line. Easy – except that I am a pretty hopeless fisherman.... my first knots came undone! But where I really failed was in the marketing side of the operation. I became a city hawker - not standing around like a busker - but tramping the city trying to sell my neckwear to touristy or gimmicky type shops. No one wanted them! As a last resort I went upmarket: jewellers. I well remember a very 'superior' woman in Prouds the Jewellers...

"We do not deal in shells!" she snorted down her nose. Pride cometh before the fall - well I had hoped so – but I understand that Prouds still deal baubles.

Anyway somewhat deflated I returned to the piles and *Gandalf*. My self-esteem was restored a little by a nearby yachtsman who bought one for \$6.00... in sympathy I rather suspect. But he did wear it! It actually looked OK!

The 'paper shells' were possibly the skeleton of a small sand dollar (an echinoderm related to starfish). It seemed that the 'hole in the middle' was for the anus ..or mouth...or both (reader input/correction welcome). I perhaps foolishly omitted to introduce such interesting details into my marketing strategy. Would some exotic details of biology have sucked in more Australian customers? Probably not.

Having failed to earn my fortune in the city I took advice from the 'cruising piles fraternity' and decided to seek employment in the smaller ports to the north. In those places work on the 'other side of town' should be within walking distance!

I swapped a NZ chart, and bought another to obtain sufficient coverage of the coast up to the Great Barrier Reef. On advice, I also bought "Cruising the Coral Coast – a Guide to Australia's Great Barrier Reef for the Boatman or Anyone with the 'Spirit of Adventure". I reckoned that I was a 'boatman' by now. That publication became something of a bible for *Gandalf*. So ...with the 'good book' for guidance *Gandalf* and I would flee the rat race...well perhaps we had already done that, so we would just reinforce our resolve by escaping Brissie!

My plan for "work and fun in the Aussie sun" was to mostly daysail between anchorages and so have a civilised sleeping routine. Solo overnight coastal passagemaking is tiring work – the 'hardedge' is always so nearby. (I well remember a young Brit whom I later met at Cammeray Marina in Sydney, who had built his own yacht and sailed back home, mostly singlehanded, and without a motor (just a big sweep oar)! He did have a good self-steering setup though. I later heard that he lost his beloved boat after sighting Ireland and going below 'for just a little kip'! Even on relatively short coastal trips fatigue can be positively dangerous. But relying on crew found in a yacht club bar, or on a noticeboard, or a backpackers, is also fraught. We have quite variable spatial/directional ability...not to mention actual understanding of instructions... do the crew even understand compass bearings? *Gandalf* had a grid steering compass from a WWII warplane. Such a great compass ...when understood! With *Gandalf's* particular compass it is quite easy for a novice to sail (more likely motor) the reverse course - 180 degrees wrong! That happened later! It is all too easy

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for a skipper to give some sailing 'jargon' as instruction to an inexperienced crew. I well know that I can be rather 'mumbly /vague'. Instructions to new crew must be clear, unambiguous, and it is sensible practice to have instructions repeated back in the crews own words...it helps if they have passable English!

The 'elderly' among us may remember Baron Bich (of Bic pen wealth), a Frenchman, who regularly challenged for the America's Cup in the 1970's. Dissatisfied with his skipper he took the helm in one race at Newport, and in some haze or fog managed to cross the startline going the wrong way! The instructions must have been vague.... or perhaps he was just unfamiliar with the compass! I was reminded of that farce years later having returned to NZ (1983/4), when the Baron's first ever 12 metre (he had quite a few) named *Chanceegger* was in the Bay of Islands (*that* truly awful name was a combination of the designer and builders names...cute...no!). A New Zealander, Feron Anderson, had sailed it across the Pacific, mostly singlehanded!! Amazing, but they were proper yachts then of course! Feron said that he could not actually lift the mainsail without help...so he left it on like any sensible cruising sailor?

A diminutive *Gandalf* rafted up to Feron's rather famous yacht while we had a nosey. (I should note that *Chanceegger* never sailed against the Americans – it was just a French 'trial horse'). One fascinating feature was that the interior of the hull had Honduras Mahogany (edge glued) and perfectly matched to port and starboard, ie – the same wood grain at the same level. The magnificent timber was provided by the French Navy. They had been hoarding the treasured material for maintenance, but perhaps realised that their wooden fleet had largely passed on (smashed by the Brits)? It was interesting that *Chanceegger's* performance was pretty ordinary in an Opua Wednesday race in light airs..(but there were plenty of reasons for that- one possibly being my contribution) . The owner planned to sail to Melbourne and offer it as a trial horse for the Australian challengers. But I rather suspect it would have been left for dead in any Aussie trials. Sorry.... I do seem so easily distracted 'off course'. SO... back to topic...Near a coast, particularly at night, a skipper has to be ever vigilant when inexperienced and maybe somewhat seasick crew stand a watch (it is probably worse if your boat is a 12 metre?).

Gandalf and I set off for Mooloolaba - the next sailing /fishing port north of Brisbane. Getting there requires navigating the shoals and channels of Moreton Bay – but that is easy with a chart and a constant SEly. Mooloolaba was the southern 'centre' for yachts heading north to 'The Reef.'. There I easily found crew – he was chasing a friend 'sailing up The Reef somewhere' – it was a case of ...'hitchhiker seeking hitchhiker! I could take him just to Bundaberg – that town being my first employment prospect.

We set sail north past the Sunshine Coast (Noosa) beaches. I then promptly broke my plan to just daysail. The first anchorage is Widebay just about 45 miles north and a rather uncomfortable (rolly) place to wait to cross the bar. When we arrived there the SEly was strong and the thought of crossing the bar was seriously daunting to a novice. It was just too scary altogether for a Kiwi who had never crossed a significant river entrance in his life. Actually 'Widebay' is more of an estuary bar. But 'bar' experience came soon enough – mainly when in NSW waters – lots of quiet anchorages required that a river entrance be negotiated. But that day we just scooted on north outside Fraser Island - the largest sand island on the planet. (Well the Aussies claim so - but they are always claiming stuff!)

Anyway the timid skipper had passed up a leisurely passage up the sheltered side of the island. The majority of yachts 'cruising' (ie not in a foolish hurry) take the interesting 'inland' (Great Sandy Strait) route. With experience, I realised it was probably quite safe to have crossed the bar that day, although that particular bar always had me uneasy, even though it is quite deep - as it is extensive, and further offshore than most. Also, the lead beacons can be difficult to see especially in the afternoon (sailing into the sun). So, instead we had an anxious night skirting around the rather hazardous north of Fraser Is. With the help of the Sandy Cape light and the Breaksea Spit Lightship (over 20 miles north of the cape), we passed around that extensive and dangerous Spit. Some years previously a large freighter had cut the corner - AND the lightship- sunk it! Since then the new one has also had a watery end – deliberately sunk as an artificial reef. I presume GPS had caused the beancounters to decide that the cost/benefit of maintaining the lightship was unsatisfactory. The lightship was one of the southernmost lights guiding boats through the major shipping channel within the Great Barrier Reef. Freighters were permitted to carry extra deck cargo in the 'protected' waters as there is no significant swell within the reef. Perhaps the *Gladstone Star* - which cut down the lightship – had too many containers piled in front of the bridge?! Colliding with a 'lighthouse, even a floating one - well that *must* have been embarrassing!

We crossed Hervey Bay and arrived at the major port of Bundaberg and motorsailed through the commercial port and then the six or seven miles up the Burnett River past endless sugarcane farms and then, on the riverbank, that rather desirable consumer of sugar - the Bundaberg Rum Distillery - and then Bundaberg town. There we found a collection of derelict wharves with some itinerant yachties hanging off. I made some longstanding friends there with whom *Gandal* crossed courses occasionally in the following 7 years or so. I also met Sam, who was dubbed the 'yachtsman's friend' by some of the hangers on. He was a painter and offered me work (bicycle provided) painting his own home - he was never there - no busman's holiday for him! He seemed entirely satisfied with my work except for the way I 'cut in' at the cornice. (only a professional would notice) We came to an amicable agreement ...I could do it my way. I took Sam and his young son down the river and we had a delightful day, sailing Hervey Bay. His great enjoyment was so clear, and gratifying for me. Sam told me how he had planned to cruise the reef and had begun

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building his own yacht in the backyard. It was largely framed up when he was forcing a stringer around the curve of the hull when it 'all just sort of flew to pieces'. It was never to be resurrected – he made a family instead ...the two so rarely go together...

I also learned that an enterprising employee at the rum factory had set up a pipe from the factory to the riverbank and would slink (row?) back at night and turn on his very own 'happy tap'.

An old NZ flatmate of mine (Kit) flew over for a sail...and we immediately set out at the height of the cyclone season (as he had a real job, and consequently, inconvenient deadlines) for one of the southernmost parts of the Barrier Reef - Lady Musgrave Island and atoll. It is about 50 miles north-north-east of Bundaberg and is perhaps the best known atoll on The Reef. We sailed overnight and arrived in the early morning. Lady Musgrave has a light and approach from the South is in clear water. Entry to the atoll through the reef was by way of a narrow channel which had been blasted by Chinese 'beche de mer' (sea cucumber) gatherers early last century. Fortunately someone had placed a pole to aid location. There can be a strong current in the channel, but after some thought, we sped in on a rising tide - under sail, motor, and current power.

We anchored close to the island among the coralheads ('bombies'), and had the whole atoll to ourselves. But *now* apparently, hordes of campers are allowed, and day tripping on fast catamarans is popular! Help. Turtles use the island as a hatchery too...hope they can still dig in amongst the bikinis.

Back then, it was a pretty, idyllic, isolated retreat. Kit was successful with the speargun. We ate well, but were cautious of 'ciguatera' So we ate only once from each fish – Ciguatera is a cumulative toxin.. It causes nausea, dizziness and delirium. While we had been enjoying ourselves a cyclone had been creeping up on us. Forecasts had seemed irrelevant on balmy days while we were fishing and exploring our little paradise. Of course it was summer, and the cyclone season - sensible boaties were secure somewhere – or way down south. By the time we realised 'it' was lurking out there, it was too late to even think of fleeing. Our strategy was probably unconventional. As the wind had already picked up we decided not to seek a more 'clear' part of the lagoon. We figured that being close to the cay, we could possibly make it there if everything turned to custard.

So Kit dived and tied our chain around a coralhead (*Gandalf* was always entirely anchored with 5/16 chain -decent 'links' for a little boat). With a short scope (bombies all around), our plan if we got 'wound up' too close by changing winds, was to let out sufficient chain to keep us close but not 'on' the surrounding coral. I was actually much more worried about the severe snatch that the short *all chain* scope might exert on *Gandalf's* bollard.

So we also shackled a length of nylon parallel to and shortening a section of the chain to act as a shock absorber. We also rigged up an untidy but effective looking system of ropes from the bollard to the mast (Oregon, stepped on the keel) and the sheet winches - in case the bollard was 'torn off'!



Lady Musgrave, showing artificial channel top left



Kit and one of his hauls



Going nowhere!

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We had hung the dinghy off the stern while we worked on the foredeck. Satisfied we had done our best to stay 'connected' we suddenly noticed that the regular jerking of our tender had abruptly ceased. My fault – the 'short, sharp' wave action within the atoll had 'worried' the painter off the cleat. Kit was a strong swimmer and without thought dived in. Pointless though. He would have caught the dinghy ...even perhaps slithered aboard, but without oars? Well actually, even with oars he would still be unlikely to get back in the very strong wind (30Kt or so). We sadly watched our wee *commuting craft* cavorting its farewell as it passed over the reef. There was an amazing sequel to the dinghy loss. It was already a severely damaged throwaway retrieved from a rubbish bin at a marina in Noumea and which I had repaired, as *Gandalf's* inflatable had 'died' (perished!). The recycled dinghy was a French design (a polyethylene pontoon type). I had only seen one other in Australia Well, about 18 months later I found the remains of it half buried in the sand at a resort beach near Shute harbour (Whitsundays – 100 miles or so north) I am pretty sure it was *Gandalf's* as it was the same colour – they had various colour schemes. I did not attempt to dig it out as I had another dinghy by then, and it must surely have a wrecked underside after traversing all that way through reefs, etc....or perhaps someone had salvaged it?

Well, the cyclone, 'Colin' was a bit of a fizzer - passed clear of us - we probably did not receive more than 45 Kt. Some damage occurred in Bundaberg – a radio tower toppled and some other minor damage.

We untied our lashings, disconnected from our 'coralhead', and returned to Bundaberg. Kit flew home happy with his adventure.

The cyclone experience was a bit sobering and I remained in the Burnett River with the other 'river rats' - not that that was necessarily smart at all! Later prolonged rain from a tropical low caused the river to rise alarmingly, and seriously increase current speed. Fortunately there was not much wind. A small cruising yacht anchored in mid stream suddenly took off rapidly downstream! The skipper's rushed attempt to get underway had his anchor rope foul the prop and partly separate the sterngear from the hull – the motor power had caused the jammed shaft to take up something of a corkscrew shape! I suspect that the hull was not in good shape. Perwillowon began to take on water, but the situation was recovered with help from a powerful yacht. The wise owls on the riverbank decreed that a hardwood log (heavy-no bouyancy) must have been swept along the riverbed and became caught up in Perwillowon's groundtackle. Seemed reasonable.

Gandalf and several others were tied to the derelict wharf remnants. Being close to the 'edge' we were in much less current – but debris passing close by was pretty scary. Constant attention to lines, etc was required and all was readied for a quick release from the wharf - when the plan would be to motor downstream and out into Hervey Bay. A fast trip, and a safe enough dash as long as the motor did not fail.... and steerage be lost.

In my years on the east coast of Australia I only spent one other summer in the tropics – in that case my employer – Hayman Island resort hotel in the Whitsundays provided a mooring, engineered and maintained for a 250 ton vessel. But when the chips are really down that might have been false security (very exposed mooring site)....but it was a comfort when I was working and not on board. A cyclone did actually threaten, and with the resort vessels *Gandalf* and I went to a so called 'cyclone anchorage'...whatever that really means? In this case a more or less landlocked shallow bay with very good holding. But probably the best survival method for a yacht was to find a narrow trench in mangroves and just tie off in all directions. Of course that requires investigation before the event. The other boats in the group were all powerful motorcraft and could 'steam' at anchor to counter the wind. I was the only yacht - and with only a puny 41 year old(1934) 8hp motor (a classic, British, Stewart Turner). Other than small 'beach' cats, the only other sailboat at the resort was the trimaran which I sailed (my job). When the cyclone threatened I was instructed to moor the beast in a very exposed location over the reef flat in a shallow 'hole' that resort staff had dug out for roading material. I rather wondered if management was wishing to investigate the possibilities of a vertical takeoff 'triplane' - the resort was owned by an airline after all! - but they must have known it would never pass an airworthiness certificate! Should a half decent cyclone have come close the tri would have been in dire peril – like wrecked. I did not know if it was insured, but as skipper I had sailed the ailing (it used to creak too much!) craft to the mainland for its marine survey. Incredibly 'that' was just a brief '*walk around*', and then to the signatures. In fact, 'half a peep' would have revealed some very serious 'issues'.....BUT – this was Queensland, 1976/7!

Cyclone Gordon (I think) never developed into a serious threatthe tri survived....and so I had work for 'a little at least'.

Back in the Bundaberg River I bought a small (2m), cheap, slightly strange, ply dinghy. (an Aussie backyard job) but adequate for purpose. Small dinghies are scary 'tenders' sometimes, but on small cruising yachts, they allow more efficient foredeck operations...the 'tradeoff'. Later that dinghy was seriously damaged when *Gandalf* was exiting the Southport ('Surfers') bar, was repaired, and then finally lost - because of the slack skipper's inadequate cleating off - yet again!...and I had only had 'a couple of beers!' I never drink while actually sailing - when unexpected and demanding situations can suddenly arise (And as boats cannot usually be immediately just parked, while the situation is perhaps 'blearily' assessed). But safely at anchor, a drink should be OK for anyone with half a brain?

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Over 200 years ago an ancestor on my mother`s side went to sea as a 'powder monkey' at age 5 or so (age unsure as it was falsified). His father, a Royal Navy senior gunner had arranged the 'employment'. The boy`s childhood observations of his 'fellow seamen' returning from 'sessions' ashore reportedly caused him to resolve to never 'partake of the demon'...even at anchor! John Hindmarsh`s service career spanned more than 60 years, so 'the wagon' perhaps worked for him.

Hindmarsh lost an eye in service... but never a dinghy, I suspect.

Please note; with respect to my very concerning 'dinghy detachment syndrome' – my best pathetic excuse is that the 'hard' rope that I had then used as painters easily slips around a cleat. But then...to paraphrase Oscar Wilde....
"To lose one *dinghy*, may be regarded as a misfortune, but to lose *two* looks like carelessness"...Indeed
Anyhow *Gandalf* and I just continued hanging around the derelict Bundaberg piles, absorbing local knowledge... and waiting for the 'golden weather ' - the tropic winter!



Sailing Academy Report Colin Lee Sailing Academy Officer

Our Summer classes have now finished and the academy is running some Social Sailing sessions on Sunday mornings.

We ran another children's learn to sail class during MArch where we had 6 keen youngsters being taught by David Nalder and his merry band of helpers.

A huge thank you to David for his enthusiastic work with our juniors and a thanks also to his many helpers. The program is so successful because of your efforts.

The juniors had a great fun day on the 15th May culminating in the presentation of their YNZ certificates.

The Development squad under Mark Hill's has been making great progress and we have all four club 420's signed up for the upcoming Winter series. This is a great result due to Mark's expert coaching and encouragement.

The Academy's annual Sounds Weekend was held 6th-8th May. Once again the weather was kind (a little more wind would have been nice though) and an enjoyable time was had by all.

We have continued to work with our Victoria University affiliate and hope to see more of them enjoying sailing in the coming months.

The academy also organised a First course to maintain our coaches' certifications and also had a number of club members and officers join in.

Our next Adult learn to sail classes will be in the Spring with start dates yet to be determined.

The Spinnaker

A Small Adventure on Loloma

by Grant McNamara



Sometimes exciting and quite unexpected opportunities just arrive. There I was just doing some stuff at work; the day was very typically boring, boring, boring, when voila, a most extraordinary email arrived from my friend Benvolio. The words requested me to crew on a most unusual sail boat owned by, of all people, a woman! Thoughts of Romeo and Juliet pushed aside, I agreed.

With the ferries once again having issues, two days later both of us shared, for the first time, into Koromiko airfield. I have to digress from sailing, just for a moment. The flight was awesome. The skies were gloriously clear and we flew from Wellington across the southern end of Port Underwood and then turned north towards Picton. The views are, well stunning, and the flight, especially dropping down into Koromiko airfield, quite thrilling. The plane seems to just drop quickly down between the hills for no obvious reason. So I would encourage everyone to do that trip, it is great fun. Anyway, back to the sailing: I'd just that morning met the boat's owner; one Phillipa Durkin, then a Conservator at Te Papa.

A short trip to Picton, a dash round the Fresh Choice and we arrived at the boat at 9am. It was the first time I'd seen this amazing old girl close up, and she glistened in the sunlight. Built at the start of last century Loloma has an historical classification preventing her from being exported (yes ok we were only planning to sail her back to Clyde Quay), but still an interesting fact. She is all timber, gaff rigged, O'Rourke designed and she has the special sail number E 24.

Fortunately she has a motor, and so we chugged out of Picton towards Tory Channel on a flat calm sea. So it was a slow and uneventful chug chug chug out to Okukuri Bay where we stopped to get ready for Cook Strait. Whilst stopped there we spotted, of all things, Gypsy Girl anchored up.

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Unfortunately we were already running a little late for the tide and so couldn't stop and have a chat with them. But subsequently I found out that they'd left Seaview at midnight the night before and were trying to catch a little sleep then.

Dressing Loloma with sail was fascinating to me. So many sheets and halyards: but the sea was calm, and the north west wind kind and soft as we motor sailed through the channel. She sailed along beautifully but as we sailed along at a nice 5 plus knots the wind backed ever so annoyingly slowly to the north the further went. And Loloma just didn't like pointing, and so we were forced to motor sail for short periods, just to keep us on track, from about halfway across the Strait.

Every now and again a harsh gust arrived. Spilling wind from Loloma's massive main sail was no simple flicking a modern main sheet snap cleat. The sheet must be unfastened from the cleat first, but of course the pressure from the wind forces the sheet to be taught. So periodically we were caught out and over she goes. Heeling far enough over water pours into the cockpit and this she did several times (I confess to finding this quite exciting). But of course it raises the debate as to whether to add modern hardware to allow comfortable sailing, or does one keep her as close to the original as possible. What do you think?

The only dolphins we saw were fishing. Fascinating to watch, a small pod, only 30-40 metres away in groups of two or three animals spread quite widely and circling, presumably, a school of fish.

I mentioned earlier we were actually running a little behind schedule when we left Tory, and our progress across wasn't quite as quick as we'd planned either. So by the time we made Sinclair Head 5pm was fast approaching. Worse the warm sunny day was giving itself up to a cloudy chilly evening. Arriving at the Head we found too, that a counter current of about 4 knots was motivated to slow our passage. So on again went the motor and we ever so slowly watched Island Bay move slowly along our Port side. Not too far off East Ledge the motor cut out. Phillipa poured diesel into the tanks and after bleeding the fuel system, started the engine (I know I was impressed too, a woman bleeding a diesel, wow!). A few minutes later the engine over heated and we were left with silence from the engine bay. So we sailed on, and with diminishing light decided Chaffers would be too difficult, first without the ability to point more than 65 degrees into the wind and secondly it would be near darkness when we were there. So we finally arrived at Barretts Reef bouy about 8pm and faced a wind blowing straight down the harbour heads.

For the last little while Phillipa had been texting Benvolio, who at that moment was enjoying the comforting pleasantries of Port Nic Club, and looking forward to a special night with his special friend (did I mention this was Valentine's Day?). But in the way of all mariners he offered to give up his date to travel out in Te Ruru, the Port Nich Club chase boat and tow us in. Pip accepted the offer and a little after 9pm, in near pitch blackness we accepted a tow back to Clyde Quay. The trip was slow, no more than 2 knots given the head wind, and waves that were by then developing into a rather gnarly sea. So it was a relief to finally turn into Cau Bay where we swapped the tow line for lines and springs to fasten us alongside Te Ruru for the last mile. An hour later, by then nearly 11pm, we were safely moored in the boat harbour and rowing the little dinghy ashore and so ended another Cook Strait Crossing.

Postscript: The cause of the motor overheating was that the water impellor had disintegrated. And whilst Benvolio's girlfriend did understand why he was terribly late for their dinner date, she doesn't like boats. They've subsequently had the cutest little baby girl.

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