



The Spinnaker

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

September 2016



NAUTICAL LANGUAGE.

A SEAFARING PARROT, LATELY ARRIVED, USES A WORD THE OTHERS ARE NOT ACCUSTOMED TO.

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Editor's Comment

Gavin Pascoe

It's really a new broom this year. This issue carries info on our new Club Officers.

Outgoing commodore Paul Sara has (on and off) spent five years as Commodore. This is only one year shy of A J Ibbotson (1919-1925). That's quite an outstanding contribution; I wish him good fortune as President.

The next big show at the club is the working bee – much to be done and all types and levels of skills required! Contact our Club Captain Matt McCullough directly, or see <http://ebymbc.org.nz/assets/WorkingBee24Sep2016.pdf> for more information.

I didn't receive any photos the last few months, if you take any over the next few months and don't mind seeing them published here, please send them to me, or post on the club's facebook page.

Next issue: December 2016

Gavin Pascoe

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Coming events

24 September

Working Bee

1 October

Opening Day

Every Saturday from 1 October

Club sailing

AGM Report – Alison Pritchard

The chilly wet weather was probably partially to blame for a lower than usual AGM turnout, we were comfortably quorumised, but it couldn't be described as standing room only. And maybe the weather put a dampener on spirits too, there was none of the usual 'constructive discussion', just general agreement & support for everything presented, it was all too happy & smiley for words, bleh.

After the standard proceedings of apologies, approval of the previous year's minutes, & matters arising, Commodore Paul summarised notable achievements of the past year as noted in the Annual Report, & was pleased to report that the auditors had absolutely no queries with the year's accounts.

There was no correspondence, no notices of motion & even the election of Officers was an excitement free zone, one nomination each prior to the meeting, so there was no opportunity for enthusiasts on the night to leap forward to steal the show. The only role filling with anything so much as a hint of scandal was the Comms (semi-combined with Events) Officer. Grant McNamara had been nominated, but having been a member less than a year was unable to be elected. But good news as it turns out, après AGM he can be appointed by Mancom to hold the role, all completely above-board apparently, nothing to see here, move along folks. It's nice to see a couple of new people on board, Chris Hargreaves brings the experience of a family dynasty to his role as Commodore, whereas Noeline Holt takes on Rear Commodore from just a few years of very involved membership. Sub-committees were largely filled in advance but there's always room for more, so if you've got some time to contribute, no-one's going to fight you off.

Formal stuff aside, Paul presented a progress update on the Three Year Plan. Seriously folks, people have put a lot of work in here, there's a lot of thought gone in to how we can keep the club not only safe & stable, but improving & expanding. Full details of this presentation are available on the club's website.

Not-so-new Club Manager Ryan Leatham did a stunningly comprehensive Health & Safety presentation, enabled by recent attendance to the Yachting New Zealand Commodore's conference.... With recent law changes, Health & Safety is this year's buzz word(s), some may see it as OTT PC helicopter protectiony rubbish, but the club must meet the requirements, & are forging ahead with admirable enthusiasm & attention to detail. The point from Ryan's presentation that I think sums things up best was the phrase – "Health & Safety is about keeping people safe, not about finding out who is liable". We'd also like to stress member involvement in the process, "If we ask you to find a safer way, please do, & if you see anything unsafe, please tell us". Full details of this presentation are also on the website.

The fast approaching club 100th anniversary is the jurisdiction of Mike Appleyard. Mike has put a huge amount of time & thought into potential events – a major members' night coinciding with the year's AGM, a significant Opening Day, a Centennial Dinner attended by potentially 600 people, Motor Boat activities, a Time Capsule, a Commemorative Plaque for G. S. Evans who the bay is named after, publicity, awards & honours, funding & sponsorship. Mike's going to need lots of help, please consider signing to help with this momentous occasion.

And finally we come to General Business. There was a short discussion regarding social attendance at the club & the improvement thereof, Rowdy tells us YNZ is aware of falling club involvement countrywide & is intending to provide a survey to help clubs get a handle on what members are after....what are you after, come on, fess up??? Rick Martin gave a vote of thanks to the 2015-16 committee, Noeline Holt in particular acknowledge all the hard work done by the House Committee.

And so we came to a close with nary a raised voice, discussions were continued nearer the bar.

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Commodore – Chris Hargreaves

Chris first sailed his P Class at Evans Bay in 1962, although he was involved with the Club before then. He was seen in the clubhouse before in was even able to crawl, so he really does have a lifetime involvement. In fact it stretches even further back than that...

Chris' grandfather Ernie was Commodore from 1940-43 and both Ernie and Chris' father Graeme were Life Members of EBYMBC, so the Hargreaves name is well and truly etched into the history books of the Club. Chris Hargreaves, or "Hargy" as he commonly known, is also an easily recognised name/face throughout Wellington Yachting, not just at Evans Bay. He is currently also a member of both the Royal Port Nicholson Yacht Club and Worsler Bay Boating Club. His sailing over the past 10 years has primarily been racing his Zephyr against the young folk he previously raced up and down the Bay in P Class. He is also regularly seen out cruising (and racing) in his Elliot 7.8 Trailer Yacht **ERAZER**.



Chris has taken on the role of Commodore after helping with the junior sailing programme last year. His main interest is in developing the pathways to allow junior and intermediate sailors to establish their presence within our Club and grow to become the next generation of leaders both within the Club and community. Our location and facilities are unmatched in the Wellington yachting area and we need to capitalise on this great resource.

Youth isn't Chris' only interest, he sees his role supporting and collaborating with all the different areas of the Club, whether they be Motor Boaters, new Sailors, Old (whoops I mean experienced) Sailors, social members and also potential members. With the underlying premise of ensuring the club is run safely and to budget. The hard work previous committees have done over the past (nearly) 100 years will be built on and we will move into a brighter future with new horizons.

Watch this space; it's going to be a great journey.

2015-2016 MANAGEMENT AND COMMITTEE

President	Paul Sara		president@ebymbc.org.nz
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Vice Commodore – Rick Martin

Rick is a 67 year old Lawyer and Sailor, but still fully participates in both activities. His Lawyer activities fund his sailing, while his sailing keeps him from going insane during his Lawyer activities.

Rick was born and bred in Nelson where he started sailing P Class. When Rick first joined EBYMBC more than 40 years ago he sailed Paper Tigers, the A Class Catamarans, then Tornado Catamarans, then Elliott 5.9 Trailer Yachts. For the past 6 or 7 years Rick has been seen floating like a Butterfly while racing his Paper Tiger, as well as cruising both Wellington Harbour and the Sounds in his keelboat *Sea Kiwi*.



This is not the first time Rick has been Vice Commodore here at EBYMBC, his previous stint was from 2008 to 2011. He has taken on the role again after having his arm twisted by a few regular club members. Rick is keen to see more boats, ranging from Juniors right through to Cruising boats as well as racing dinghies, trailer yachts and motor boats, out on the water on club days.

Rick really enjoys the competition of sailing and the camaraderie that it brings both on and off the water. If you have any items you want to see feature in the on the water club calendar over the next 12 months, see Rick and give his arm a gentle twist.

Rear Commodore – Noeline Holt

Noeline is a social sailor and sometimes goes fishing in her stabcraft which she owns with her partner Roman. Roman on the other hand is the serious sailor and races on Coriander. They both live in Roseneath with their six cats.

Noeline graduated in 1993 with a BA majoring in English Literature with papers in social policy and Maori studies. She is a Justice of the Peace, a trustee on New Horizons for Women Trust, and a Member of the Zonta Wellington Advocacy and Membership Committees. (One busy person!)

Noeline's full time work experience has been with member based volunteer organisations, presently policy contracting.



In 2015, Noeline took on a role on the Events Committee. In 2016 she has taken on the role of Rear Commodore because it was time for a change, new energy and new ideas. She was concerned that members were not participating in social activities and other events other than just turning up having a sail or race and leaving again. She was also concerned there were areas where the club's legal responsibilities were being overlooked.

Noeline really wants to bring back the buzz and fun, create an environment that is inviting, friendly and the 'go to place' not just for members but the community. Somewhere the sailors can chew the fat, tell their stories, and share their experiences and history with the more youthful members of the Club and potential members.

Bring back the members, grow the membership.

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Events & Web Site Officer – Grant McNamara

My old man was mostly a bastard, but when I was a little kid he had a cabin cruiser. We lived at Pukerua Bay. Most trips were for fishing around Kapiti. I loved it.

First boat of my own was a jet boat called Throb. Three mates and I bought it together, we were all about 17, and had huge fun.

I guess I just sort of arrived at sailing. Saw this very neglected boat in a mate's backyard.

Surrounded by long grass, weeds, sadly you see

them all over. He told me it was a Hartley trailer sailer and for 3 years he'd been trying to sell it. In fact he'd be pleased just to give it away. Told him I'd be back with a borrowed V8 Falcon to tow it home.



Next day: My then 8 y/o daughter and I nudded out raising the mast and sails in our front yard. It sort of looked like sail boats in pictures in a book from the library. Picked up a cheap 5 horse outboard and over the next few weekends took it out on the harbour. After some scary issues I figured perhaps lessons an idea and so Terry Bach stepped in to my life -an old salt with years of blue water sailing. He tutored me on Nanoose, his beloved Davidson 28 and before I knew it I was hooked.

The trailer sailer was awesome and we had a great deal of fun. Fast forward a few years and I was at LBYC to get my radio operator's licence. At morning tea I read a 'for sale' on the notice board. Moored close by, and with still enough break time left for a ciggy I wandered out along the jetty for a good old squiz. Priced well out of my league she was a Raven 26 called Footprints. Plus I knew nothing about keelers, mooring fees, antifoul or marine diesels. But I just jumped in and a few weeks later I picked up the keys. Since then I've sailed Footprints over 10,000 miles.

New members

Kevin Henderson

William Scarlett

Jordan Breen

Poko Daniels

Tony Breen

Chris Binnie

Linda Gibson

Anne-Marie Richardson

Gayle Crozier

Richard Whitney

Isabella Breen

Paul Jackman

—working bee—

24 September 2016

There's much to be done and all types and levels of skills required!
Contact our Club Captain Matt McCullough directly, or see
<http://ebymbc.org.nz/assets/WorkingBee24Sep2016.pdf> for more
information.

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A Strait Crossing – Grant McNamara

I had an eventful trip from Waikawa Bay back to Wellington. It was a solo sail and I had a few little difficulties. It was a Sunday and the weather was terrific, forecast for a 10-15 knot north westerly. I figured too, that if it did cut up I could always turn around as I'd organised Monday off work back in Wellington just in case. And I was pretty relaxed about leaving my little sail boat at Waikawa for another week if needed.

This was a special trip as I was going to undertake my first Strait crossing single handed. And whilst I was a little nervous, I was quite excited too.

I'd motor-sailed from Waikawa for bloody miles and as the Tory channel entrance was slowly approaching I'd put two reefs in and secured the boat, dressed appropriately etc. The sun had been streaming down through blue clear skies, and it was a very hot March day. In fact if I'd been a nudist I would have taken the opportunity to burn my bum. By the time I arrived at Okukari Bay, just before Tory Channel, I was (I thought) all ready and so announced the all ships radio call and headed through. How dumb I was!

I couldn't believe it. Halfway through I ran out of diesel. I was stuck right in the midst of Tory Channel, just bobbing about. There was bugger all wind and I was progressing at about 1 knot. In panic I slurped some fuel in from the cockpit (holding the tiller with my foot) and in so doing must have spilt some. Pushed the starter button and in a couple of seconds smoke was pouring out the engine bay. I could also (I thought) hear that awful noise of burning wire. But to digress.

One of the things I'd been doing over the previous weeks was my Coastal Skippers course. And I'd promised myself I'd do some swot as the exam loomed very soon. And the previous evening I'd spent some time reading through my notes and the books and so forth. And quite coincidentally I'd read the section on fire. In my mind was 'don't get yourself between the fire and the escape route'. I'd secured the forward hatch so no chance of entry or exit (in fact it only unfastens from the inside). And whilst there are two fire extinguishers; one for' and one aft in the cabin, you can't reach the aft one from the cockpit. Stupid, stupid!

So with this message of escape in my mind I dived through the smoke and into the cabin (hoping that the boat would maintain its course) and grabbed the fire extinguisher (verily ripped it from its housing) and of course dived back out into the cockpit. By now smoke is pouring out and I'm coughing and spluttering. I started squirting the extinguisher. It is a powder model and so it was hard to tell if the smoke was now powder or actually smoke. But the fire was out and now the problem of what to do. I looked at all the nasty hard rocks on either side of the channel like a hawk as you might expect. My emotions screamed call a mayday but I sort of felt in control and pushed the urge down. There was a tiny zephyr and we had way on in the right direction, so I held my nerve and continued sailing on.

And the sea god was kind. I made my passage incredibly slowly and there were no breakers, it was high tide and there wasn't any current. But still almost no wind. And with my two reefs and wearing wet weather gear I was soaking in sweat (probably more from panic). And so the boat was going nowhere fast. But it was going and we slowly, oh so very slowly, sailed out. Eventually we passed by Perano Head.

My decision now was of course do we go on, or turn around and go back? Without a motor all sorts of problems presented in my thoughts. No wind, big rocks and a bloody long way to go. A little later I thought of the difficulty of mooring at the marina. I decided to press on.

I was hopeful that once away from the shadow of those big hills there'd be wind. It took what seemed ages until past that last high spot, Raukawa Rock, and still bugger all wind. But there was a little, and it was a westerly. After an hour of very little progress I'd stripped off much of the wet weather gear (the sun was streaming down). Not even any waves splashing over the boat. Actually the sea was decidedly calm, just that wonderful ocean swell.

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Now the problem of sail change when you're alone is a tricky issue. Whilst I have an auto helm, it was playing up and frankly with an aft wind is next to useless at the best of times. So I tied the tiller with a rope. In my mind I'd planned out exactly what was required; 'shake out the reefs'. Someone told me a while ago that it was always much easier to take reefs out than put them in. What a crock! The reefing lines on my boat having nasty little one way cleats at the end of the boom. So whilst I'd managed to get the reefs all undone nothing happened. Also sliding the main sheet travellers back into the main mast guide was really difficult with the sail out to one side and an aft wind. Also my tiller rope wasn't really a success. But after much running back and forth between deck and cockpit I managed to sort it all out. And fortunately we started to make more acceptable progress, by now about 3 knots. I also hanked on a big genoa; no roller furler on my boat, damn it!

And whilst I was still felling decidedly nervous, (the smoke and powder had stopped coming out the engine compartment some time back), I felt at least I had some degree of control. The sea was very calm and there was wind. When I'd had time to think about it I wondered seriously about issuing a pan pan. I also thought of calling a couple of people on the cell phone and see what they thought. On the other hand the good sailor is self reliant and when problems arise you deal with them. So I pressed on and contemplated how I could get a spinnaker up by myself.

This has actually been a problem I'd contemplated for some time; to date with no solution except on really really calm days. I decided I'd give the spinnaker a miss for the time being and that in reality I'd have plenty of time to look at the motor. After an hour or so the wind did get up a little more and semi changed to the north. So was actually making quite good progress at about 5 knots. Although dark thoughts periodically entered my mind like 'what if the wind stops' (as it did every now and again). At least after a couple of hours I was well away from that nasty coast and going in the right direction. I'd decided to sail due east. I'd forgotten to pack my almanac (needed it for my course so had it at home). But as luck would have it I could figure the tides from the Lowry Bay Yacht Club's Almanac. Thank you LBYC!

I was constantly considering the spinnaker idea. After much internal debate the seas came up and I found myself with a beam sea and rather hard work to keep the boat upright. Thus the decision was taken from me. It would have been very easy to broach in those seas and I was making ok progress. For long periods in fact I was doing well above 7 knots (with the Cook Trait rip giving me 2-3 of those knots). Actually getting the jib poled out was another mission into the imponderable but I wont bore you. But just to say, that getting the pole off again a couple of hours later proved very, very difficult.

By now too my nervousness had subsided and the conditions were so lovely I decided I'd just sit back and enjoy the sailing and not concern myself with the potential problems. And by then they were perfect conditions. Just the occasional big sea from abeam which always seemed to arrive in twos. I tried surfing some of the waves but the direction was not conducive and nearly broached two or three times so I gave up on that. But I just so enjoy surfing down waves

The Terawhiti Rip was not really an issue. Although the seas were a little confused I never even had a wave splash over the cockpit and never got wet at all. Similarly the rip off Sinclair Head was of no significance either. But a little way past Sinclair head the wind died. Hell there are a lot of Cray pots there. I tried sailing further out from the hills but progress was pathetic. At this stage I was about a mile offshore from Island Bay. And it was about 2030 hours and getting dark. No wind, so was bobbing about in the waves and going nowhere.

I pondered the motor. I looked into the engine bay carefully and although covered in powder all looked fine. I decided I'd try one push on the starter and see what happened. Much to my delight it fired into life. So I proceeded on and kept a careful watch on the hatchway. No smoke and the motor sounded normal. So I motor sailed to what I thought was the entrance of the harbour. I stupidly decided I'd go through Chaffers Passage (it was basically dark now).

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But I'd made a mistake in my calculations and much to my horror found I was sailing north on the west side of West Ledge rather than Barrett reef as I'd expected. I figured this out after a little bump on a rock, ouch! So I obviously turned about and went the long way. I will never ever go through Chaffers Passage without good light again! Just past the Barrett Buoy light the stupid motor died. Again lack of fuel I hoped; sure enough.

I tried to sail in but the wind was dead on the nose and the seas quite rough and I was dead tired (I'd been sailing for nearly twelve hours by now). So poured the last of the open can in and started her up again, still with some trepidation. It didn't start. Pushed the button a second time but it made a strange sound; the same as I'd heard at Tory Channel many hours earlier. I realised it was the sound caused when the starter motor hadn't fully retracted and the starter button came on. I waited till all noise ceased and pushed a third time. It went woow, woow, woow and wouldn't start. Bugger. Then it occurred to me, 1. I had the gear engaged, 2. the throttle (which has a spring attachment) had moved to the off position by itself (as it does, old spring) and 3. it takes a few turns to get the fuel from the tank when it has run out bone dry (effectively self bleeding). I tried again after rectifying all said problems; and she fired into life. Thank you sea god! By now it was dark and pretty f&*%ing cold and the wind dead on the nose with a nasty sea splashing and crashing.

The next 1½ hours was motoring to the marina where I arrived dead tired. Did a semi clean up and said thanks for a safe crossing and headed home to the bodily functions of eat and sleep and dream.

But sitting here pondering I did learn a great deal from the experience. The confusion of knowing where exactly you are is a tricky one nobody has ever really talked about. I'd done several (classroom) boat courses and when you're dead tired and the light is iffy it is very very easy to be completely wrong in where you think you are even with chart and GPS at hand.

Also I learnt on that trip that I could manage by myself. Whether I'd have managed as well if the seas had been really bad and it had been blowing forty bastards I'm not sure. But I think I would have been fine. Also when you're sailing alone I'd always assumed you'd do a lot of thinking; but you don't. Your mind is so busy on just managing the now there's no time.

And I managed to control panic for which I was very satisfied. And I can still recall making decisions in my mind, although I should have been panicking. I just can't think of a worse situation than going through Tory Channel with smoke pouring out of the hatchway and only a tiny breeze. But I maintained my composure and fought off the desire of abandon ship or call for help. And I'm not a control freak at all (so far as I know anyway).



VHF update

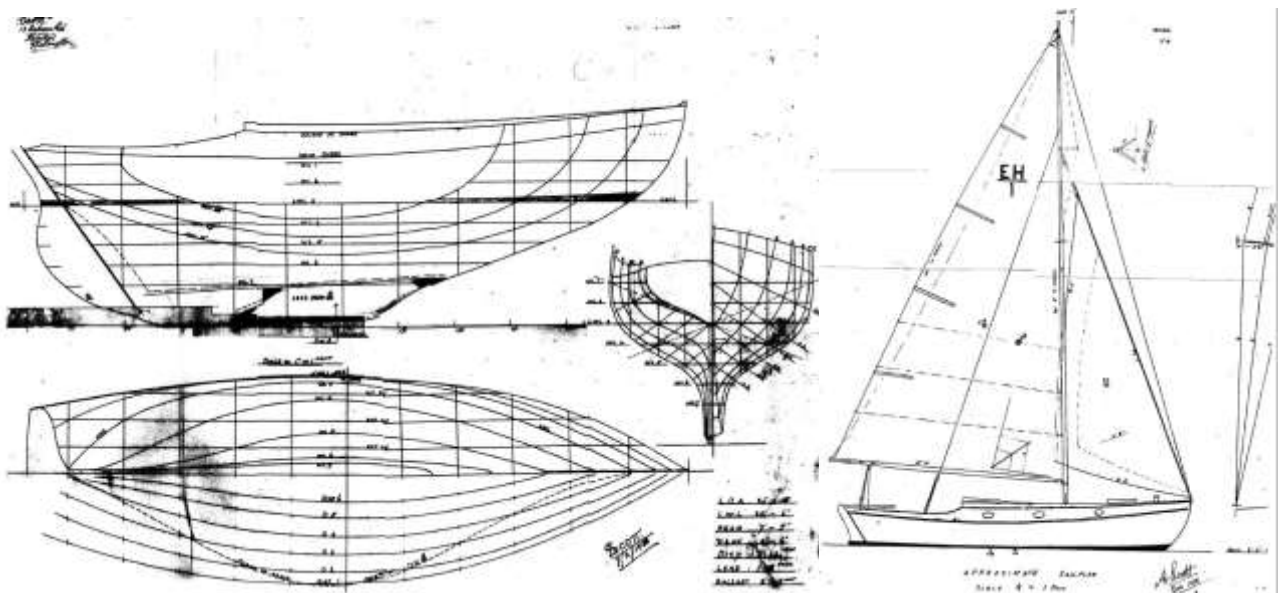
Updates to VHF radio channels are occurring 1 October 2016. Note there is no change to emergency Channel 16 but there are changes to other coastal radio channels and the weather information. See <http://www.retune.co.nz20> for the summary of changes and order your updated version of the radio handbook.

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EBYMBC Opening day, 1941 (pretty sure!). Left to right, Scott Hannah, Ernie Hargreaves, Prime Minister Peter Fraser, Bill Wagstaff, Bill Williams

Our new Commodore's grandfather Ernie Hargreaves was Commodore 1940 - 1943. Ernie's son Graeme was also a member of our club and stood on various committees. However he was the Commodore of the Royal Port Nicholson Club from 1980 to 1983, which incorporated its 100th year (1983). Will his son Chris still be commodore at our centenary? No pressure!



Ernie Hargreaves' Mariri. Designed for him by Archie Scott in 1938 (Note initials on the mainsail)

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Archie Scott by Gavin Pascoe

Nobody has heard of Archibald Charles Scott. It's rather strange really, as a sailor he was been associated with some great vessels and passages. He was also a successful (and prize winning) designer, with some well-known boats to his name, many of which survive today. He also designed many a rig conversion for well-known vessels. He was a plumber by trade, and worked at the Evans Bay Patent Slip.

Scott started out racing centreboarders with the Te Aro Sailing Club before WWI. Along with Herbert ("Punch") Jordan, he purchased the Le-Huquet designed Galatea in 1917. They obviously liked the seaworthiness and power of the Le Huquet designs, and bought the larger Ailsa, in 1919 from the Hamill brothers, recently returned from a long period of active service.

For the 1920 season they converted Ailsa's rig to bermudan. It wasn't a success, and the following season they changed her again, to a high peaked gaff (no room for a topsail). From that time, she was a very successful racer, competing in both the Royal Port Nicholson Yacht Club and the Evans Bay Yacht and Motor Boating Club. Their partnership in the boat lasted until 1936.

In December 1920 Scott made his first long cruise: as crewman, on board Waitangi on her delivery trip to new owners in Auckland. She had a difficult passage, but made it in quick time. A good account of it may be read here: <https://paperspast.natlib.govt.nz/newspapers/DOM19201208.2.47>.

In early 1926 he crewed on board the Restless to Dunedin and back. It's reported the skipper, McLean, had an interest in the Sanders cup trials there that year.

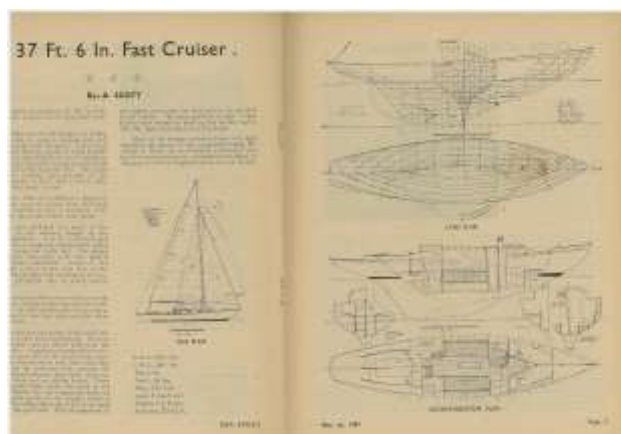
Later in that year, he crewed the yacht Psyche on a delivery voyage to Sydney, for the owner who had recently moved there. It was an epic journey, which almost ended before they were out of Cook Strait. The boat was far from seaworthy, shipping a lot of water, spoiling food and fuel. The boat was tossed by storms the whole way. The full account was serialised in the June, July and August editions of 1926 Australian Motor Boating and Yachting Monthly (<http://tinyurl.com/z53wzm9>). This was the first voyage of a private yacht from Wellington to Sydney, and only about the fourth from NZ to Australia.

Archie appears to have begun designing seriously in the mid 1930s. There is a large collection held at the Wellington Museum of City and Sea, and many can be seen reproduced in Sea Spray magazine in the late 1940s and 50s. He did original designs on spec and for clients, and appears to have designed most of the conversions in Wellington from gaff to bermudan rigs, including Ariki, Kotiri, Viking, Wylo, and Oyster.

His most successful designs built were the raised decker Maranui (now sailing in Auckland), launched in 1936, and Ocean Maid (currently moored at Paremata) in 1946. The Ocean Maid design was drawn as an entry for a design competition organised by the Royal Port Nicholson Yacht Club. The parameters were broad, but were to be a good racer with cruising capability and comfort, and it was hoped the successful entry would lead to a class of a robust design suitable for class racing in Wellington. Built in Lyttelton, Ocean Maid was the only one built, and is still in good order. The design was published in Sea Spray in 1946. This was the first of many designs - yachts, launches and runabouts - by Scott to be published by the magazine.

Archie Scott died about 1967. A eulogy was read by Bill Fisher, long-time friend and fellow yachtsman, builder of the Ruawaka.

A report and full table of Archie Scott's designs at the Wellington Museum may be read here: <http://www.wcyt.org.nz/abode/708/documents/Archie%20Scott.pdf>



Far left – Ailsa in Evans Bay with her high peaked gaff shown to good effect.

Left – One of Scott's designs in the 01 May 1947 issue of Sea Spray

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Hutchwilco
Quality Lifejackets

