OFFSHORE

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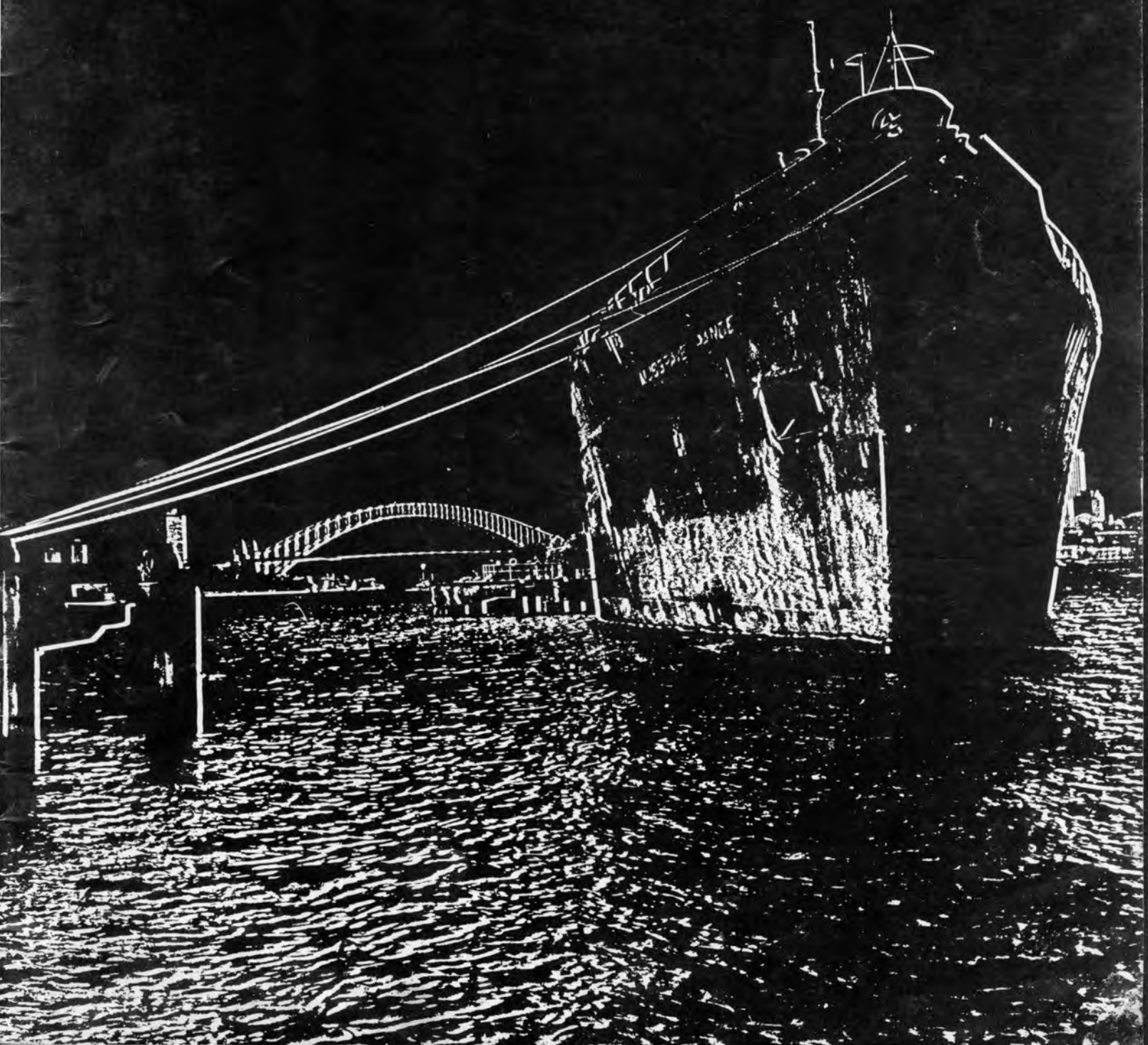

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OFFSHORE

Number 37 August/September 1977

Cover: Up beyond the bridge, Sydney Harbour . . . a change of pace from the competitive world of racing that has featured on our covers in recent issues.
Photography by David Colfelt

FEATURES

TECHNICAL

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DISTRESS AND RESCUE

by John Hawley

Distress at sea comes in many forms. A fisherman swept from the rocks, a crashed glider or aircraft, a gas explosion or a potential sinking due to collision between boats or floating objects. In this article we seek to differentiate between degrees of seriousness, the appropriate action to be taken and aspects of safety which would diminish the seriousness of the situation.

A calm appraisal of one's situation should always be one's first priority, then correct use of the radio to obtain the required assistance. Over-reaction, which may initiate the deployment of all available sources of help, apart from the expense involved may also mean that help is not available for others who may be in a worse plight than oneself. Therefore "MAYDAY . . . MAYDAY . . . MAYDAY" on 2182 kHz, taking priority over all other transmissions, should only be used when "A vessel is threatened by grave and imminent danger of sinking or life is at stake". It should never be used in any other circumstance. Dismasting or loss of a rudder is not a "Mayday" communication.

If "Mayday" is used it should be followed by the yacht's name and an accurate position preferably with a bearing from a recognisable object or place. Brifly state the nature of your distress. To establish and *maintain* radio contact when life is at stake should be the priority task of the radio operator.

The use of rockets, flares or smoke signals calls immediate help from any ship within visual range. At night, the most usual signal and that which is most likely to be seen is the red parachute flare. As with the "Mayday", this should only be used when "threatened with immediate and grave danger". The use of one of these flares in grave conditions is to be recommended as soon as possible, saving the remainder for use in conjunction with rescue co-ordinated by radio contact. Remembering that it will always be dark when a parachute flare is required, the entire crew should know how to operate them blindfolded, how to locate them quickly and be able to recognise the variouse types with eyes closed. It would be a safe bet that you could not do this (and unlikely that any member of your crew could); therefore, why not practice this next work day. Safety inspectors should be empowered to not only insist on the rockets being aboard but also that at least one crew member could perform the above exercise. It should be remembered that rockets or flares are rarely effective in daylight, when orange smoke should be used. Equally don't use smoke at night.

Survivors in small craft can assist in their detection by a searching aircraft if optimum use is made of whatever pyrotechnics are available. An aircraft searching at night will fire a green flare approximately every five minutes and at each turning point in the search pattern. On sighting a green flare, wait until the flare has died, then fire a red rocket or flare; wait one minute, then repeat. The aircraft will acknowledge by switching on it's landing lights. When the aircraft is close, say one mile, fire one further flare.

Fire at sea is the most terrifying and the most potentially dangerous of all situations. Photo courtesy Sydney *Mirror*.

Readers of *Offshore* will be aware of the shortcomings of life rafts and will need no reminding that they should be considered an absolutey last resort; even then they require "extras" to make them tenable. If a crew member is available to gather rockets, drinking water, extra food, torches and comforts to ease this desperate situation, it is to be recommended. Repairing of the boat, pumping or bailing would probably be a more useful occupation, but grab the flares if you do have to take to the raft.

Distress, however, need not be so dire nor the emergency so great nor immediate. In this event radio contact can be made by the use of "PAN . . . PAN . . . PAN", on 2182 again, with the yacht's name and position and details of one's troubles. It should be clearly stated if any assistance is required and the degree of urgency. With a yacht, dismasting is one of the most common forms of distress, "inconvenience" would be a more appropriate word, for with a little thought and a great deal of effort it is usually possible to save the sails and most of the rigging. Never start the motor until one is quite sure that all halyards, stays, rigging have been taken aboard and stowed. In the event of a motor failure at this point, it is almost always possible to jury rig a boat using the remains of the mast, a spinnaker pole and a trysail.

Man overboard

Man overboard is another situation met too frequently. In daylight an immediate response from the helmsman should ensure that the vessel does not travel out of sight of the crewman, but shout out "Man overboard" so that every crewman is aware of the situation. Get something overboard too, preferably a life ring and dan buoy and, at night, the flashing beacon. If it sticks, switch on a torch and toss it over. Most torches float. Check your course then sail it's reciprocal and do get rid of any spinnaker quickly. If running square, throw off the sheet and gybe around. The best rescue I have seen was in these conditions; we gybed with the spinnaker sheet running out (no knot in the end), it was grabbed on the other side of the boat whilst the man on the mast was lowering the halyard. The man overboard was scooped up in the folds of the collapsed spinnaker and the halyard pulled on again until he was deposited on the deck. Retrieving, however, is not always so easy, especially on modern boats with high freeboard, and a man can be seriously injured during retrieval. The best method of retrieval is to hank a No. 4 Genoa on to the life rails and attach the clew to a halyard. If the victim can be manoevered into the belly of the sail it is a simple matter to winch him back on board. In any circumstances, midships is the only areas where retrieval should be considered as a dipping stern or bow will kill or maim more quickly than a small tumblehome.

continued next page

Search and Rescue

Fire at Sea

Fire at sea is the most terrifying and the most potentially dangerous of all situations. A petrol or gas explosion would give little opportunity of taking many steps towards obtaining rescue services by it's suddenness. It is therefore vitual to observe all the precautions to ensure this does not occur. Most of the precautions can be summed up in a word; VENTILATION. Dangerous pockets of gas will not build up in confined areas if the ventilation is adequate.

The greatest cause of fires on yachts is short circuits in the electrical system, and the majority of these are caused by the use of heavier fuses than are called for. If a fuse keeps blowing there is a system fault. The result of using a stronger fuse would at best be a burnt out motor, at worst overheating of the wiring and a fire as a result. Most wiring on a boat is fairly inaccessible. If smoke starts to issue from behind panneling, turn off the main switch at once, and using a B.C.F. extinguisher, squirt the fluid into the whole area remembering that wiring fires can travel long distances and quickly. The fumes produced can be toxic, so quick action then get up on deck for lungfuls of fresh air.

There are already plenty of rules regarding extinguishers; remember they are only minimum requirements, and it should be possible to reach an extinguisher from any part of the boat — in total darkness. Another common cause of fires in yachts is clothing and other articles falling from quarter berths into the engine compartment either on to hot parts of the motor or onto moving parts where friction can be caused. If you have any spaces where this can occur, seal them off. It will also quieten the boat and add to your comfort.

A boat can become distressed if a man is injured, so lastly in this section let us look at the most common forms of injury on a boat.

Breakage of ribs and limbs is almost always due to insufficiecy of grab rails or posts or to inadequate lee cloths (½-inch ply will not hold a 12-stone man in his bunk when the sea is rough or even when tacking in heavy conditions).

Scalds in the galley are another frequently-met accident which can best be prevented by avoiding unneccesarily exposed areas of the body whilst cooking.

In the *A.Y.F. Safety Regulations*, Rule 2 reads: *The safety of a yacht and her crew is the sole and inescapable responsibility of the owner, who must do his best to ensure that the yacht is fully found, thoroughly seaworthy and manned by an experienced crew who are physically fit to face bad weather. He must be satisfied as to the soundness of hull, spares, rigging, sails and all gear. He must ensure that all safety equipment is properly maintained and stowed and that the crew know where it is kept and how it is to be used.* This sums up all that has been said in the earlier part of this article and should be a constant reminder to owners of their responsibilities and to crews of their own duties.

Rescue

A.Y.F. Rule 58 states: *Every yacht shall render all possible assistance to any vessel or person in peril, when in a position to do so.* This is a clear, incontravertible rule, internationally accepted, and is applicable to small craft whether racing or not.

For most yachtsmen whose radios are not permanently operated, the sighting of a rocket or flare will be their first intimation of distress. A bearing should be taken of the direction of the flare and the boat headed in the appropriate direction as quickly as possible. Tune radio to 2182 and report the sighting and position, then, if racing, contact the radio relay vessel on the appropriate frequency. Re-tune to 2182 reporting your progress and staying tuned. It may be that other boats have also sighted the signal and are joining the search. This does not release anyone from their obligation to assist until the vessel is located and it is clearly understood that a rescue has been effected. The situation could arise in a race, such as the Sydney-Hobart, that a considerable number of yachts may be converging on the area. If all are tuned to 2182, the first boat to reach the distressed vessel should adopt the position of 'on-scene commander' and co-ordinate the deployment of extra assistance (if required) or state, if satisfied that further assistance is not required, "Carry on with the race . . ." giving details of the rescue effected.

Until such time as one is released from the search, crewmen should assemble as many torches as possible, heaving lines, boathook, strong towing line (anchor warp?) and preparing means of taking survivors aboard as described in an earlier paragraph. All available fenders should be made ready for use if going alongside; set low, they make excellent grabs for survivors in the water. Sail bags make better fenders than would normally be carried on racing yachts and will afford excellent protection alongside in rough weather.

Whether to start the motor is a matter for individual choice, bearing in mind that the use of motor could prevent one from hearing the blowing of whistles or calls for help from survivors in the water. Motor craft could find it advisable to stop engines from time to time if they feel that they have arrived in the area where the rocket was fired, and a good look-out should be kept for any flotsam which could give a clue to the nature of the disaster.

At this juncture you may be in a position to save a life. Nothing is so satisfying — except to be saved yourself — when all appears lost.

FLARES

by Charles Tegner

We all dread the thought of being stranded in heavy seas. Nobody expects to be caught in this situation. But according to the Managing Director of Pains-Schermuly, Charles Tegner, anybody who doesn't know how to handle that sort of crisis is taking a foolish risk.

Pains-Schermuly is Australia's leading manufacturer of marine distress signals. In this article, Mr Tegner explains the range of signals available, their application and capabilities, and how they should be used.

We see frequent examples every year of how flares can help save lives at sea. Everybody on board a craft should know how to use signals correctly. If a skipper is injured or busy, he might have to rely on a crew member or passenger to handle flares effectively and safely.

The Federal and State Governments have begun to realise that flares can contribute greatly to sea rescue operations. As well, the Standards Association of Australia has been reviewing a draft standard for marine distress signals.

The most effective signal for attracting attention by day or night is the hand-operated, rock-launched parachute flare. Approved rocket flares reach an altitude of about 300 metres and burn for up to 40 seconds with a red light of 40,000 candlepower. They can be seen to 15 km away during the day and up to 40 km away at night. Once you have communicated to somebody that your craft is in distress, your precise location must then be worked out.

The best indicator to your position by day is the hand held signal which emits dense smoke in the internationally

Flares

recognised orange colour. Quality smoke signals burn for at least 55 seconds and are visible in fair weather for three to four km.

Red handflares are appropriate for helping to pinpoint your position at night. Approved red handflares have a brightness of at least 15,000 candlepower, which is bright enough to illuminate a boat with a brilliant red light. They burn for at least 55 seconds and are visible at night for up to 10 km.

Once the personal safety of everyone on a stranded boat has been attended to, the skipper is responsible for using his distress signals wisely. He must avoid the tendency to panic and fire flares indiscriminately. No matter how bright the signal, it will be wasted unless there is someone in range.

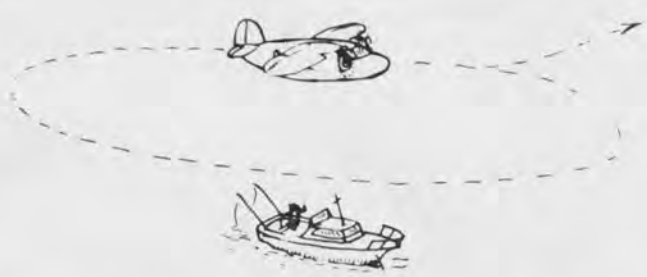
Using high performance signals which conform with standards set by the International Convention for Safety of Lives at Sea (SOLAS) will increase the chances of being sighted. In fact, sub-standard flares which burn at low candle-power for long periods can be confused with navigation lights. A signal emitting an extremely bright red light for about one minute is unmistakable.

All distress signals should be stored in a dry, easily-accessible place. Signal kits are available in water resistant pouches which keep flares dry, fresh, and in one easily handled package.
It is important to note the date of manufacture stamped on distress signals. Because of their chemical composition, signals have a life expectancy of about three years. Even products approved by SOLAS should be replaced after that time.

What is also equally important, is to familiarise yourself and your crew with operating flares BEFORE you need to use them in an emergency.

SIGNALS BETWEEN S.A.R. AIRCRAFT AND SURFACE CRAFT

A Department of Transport Safety Education Article



Imagine yourself lying offshore on a sunny afternoon, lines in the water in the hope that some unsuspecting fish will bite, the slop of the wavelets lapping against the hull and gradually sending you off into a contented doze when a light aircraft appears overhead. The pilot circles your little area of contentment making strange throttle noises with his engine. You wave back hoping he'll go away and do his sightseeing elsewhere. He flies off in a westerly direction and then returns and repeats his performance. Once again you wave, this time indicating that you'd like him to take himself elsewhere, when — thinks — this fellow is trying to tell me something. A hasty scramble through the pages of a well known handbook tells you what it is. Imagine the frustration of the pilot — using up much needed fuel and getting nowhere!

It is clear that for your own and for others sake, there has to be some form of communication not dependant on radio between aircraft and ships; after all the former can see a lot further than you and can cover a much greater area. Standard procedures have been established to convey meanings between surface craft at sea and aircraft engaged in a SAR incident.

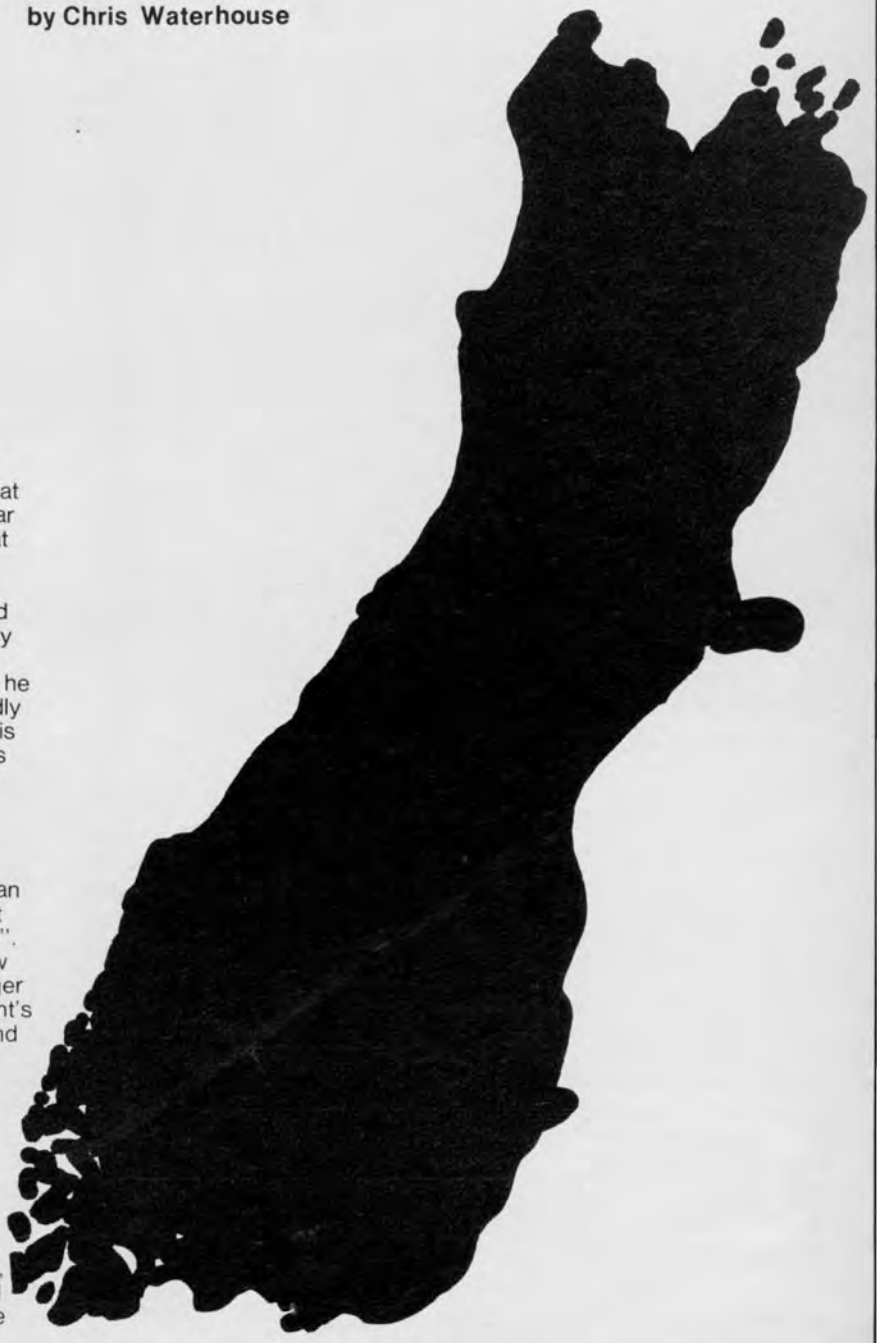
So for your own sake and for the sake of others on the water, familiarise yourself with these signals; they are very simple and almost as clear as the spoken word.

When performed in sequence by an aircraft the following means that the aircraft is directing a surface craft to another surface craft or aircraft in distress:

- Circling the surface craft at least once
- Crossing the projected course of the surface craft at low altitude, opening and closing the throttle and/or changing the propeller pitch
- Heading in the direction in which the surface craft is to be directed

A TASMAN CROSSING

by Chris Waterhouse



For the cruising yachtsman, the height of bliss is to wander at will 'round an interesting coastline, out of sight but not too far from civilisation, able to replenish grog, fresh food and ice at will (and in that order), with some interesting but not-too-difficult pilotage to keep his mind occupied and a quiet anchorage at the end of every day. A simple, uncomplicated life, but every yachtsman carries the seeds of trouble quietly germinating on his cabin bookshelf. At day's end, with a full belly and with a chilled glass of his favourite poison at hand, he reads of the idyllic anchorages, beautiful scenery and friendly people on "the other side". As he lifts the frosted glass to his lips, the words "duty free" seem to float before him. He lays the book aside; he wonders how he is going to talk his wife 'round; he starts making lists; he's gone!

The simple, uncomplicated life has also gone. Our yachtsman will not know what the word peace means until after the first steak, the first shower and the first sleep on "the other side". The lists, the problems, the anxieties and the overdraft grow like the weeds in his neglected garden. His face grows longer as his ship's-chandler's smile gets wider and the Chart Agent's bill gets fatter He puts together a crew for the "crossing" and then worries that he will be responsible for their lives. He reads Adlard Coles on heavy weather sailing and worries some more. He hopes for the best but prepares for and expects the worst.

As the date for sailing gets nearer the internal tide of panic rises and the lists grow longer, not shorter. Our yachtsman hides the standard works on maritime disaster from his wife, but she has read the Smaatons' book *Once is Enough* and she knows, and worries and puts on a cheerful face with the wives of the other crew members who have also read it.

A Tasman Crossing

No yachtsman is ever ready to start an ocean crossing, but time has a habit of passing, and when the day arrives, he goes because there is a party organised by his friends to see him off, and someone has told the press. The morning of departure is a time of controlled panic. Lists and wives circulate 'round town in a frenzy. The saloon and the wharf are piled high with last minute essentials that will have to be stowed somehow. Friends arrive from everywhere with grog and good wishes, including tradesmen who have worked on the boat; the latter are yachtsmen too, have become friends, and the bills they present apologetically are much smaller than the services they have rendered. Customs have arrived with a seal for the bonded stores and the all-important clearance, and they departed with a beer inside them. The crew, carefully dressed to look like the deepest of deep-sea salts, are divided between trying to sort some order out from the chaos and giving proper attention to wives and relatives, who are chattering away far more brightly than they really feel.

Farewells at Sandy Bay, R.Y.C. of T. Drs Kippax and their son (left) and Michel Le Bars (right).

All is beer and bonhomie, but the skipper is watching the clock as well as everything else, and as the much-amended time arrives, relatives and friends are eased ashore, lines are singled up, the motor started, and with a little self-conscious cheering, a waving and a whirring of cameras, the vessel eases away from the wharf to take whatever comes in the way of weather. Her crew is to spend the next five days getting used to each other and the routine on board, and for an indeterminate time after that, looking forward to a shower, a steak and an uninterrupted sleep.

Such is the Kingdom of ocean voyagers, and such was the departure of *Narani* from Hobart on the 18th March 1974, bound for Nelson, 1100 miles away at the top of New Zealand's South Island.

Narani had done it all before. A forty-three foot, double-ended ketch, she was designed and built ten years before by top Sydney shipwright, Dennis Ryan, for himself, and she took her builder 'round the South Pacific circuit in safety and comfort. Full-bodied and heavily, though simply, rigged, without concessions to the racing man, *Narani* looks heavy and slow. Slow she is not, as you realise when you actually feel her accelerate in a gust of wind. Her lines are near enough to perfect despite her heavy displacement, as you can tell when, flat-out at hull speed, she leaves behind her no disturbance of the sea whatever, just a flattened ribbon of wake. There is no crash when she falls off the back of a wave but a shock-absorbing squelch as the shapely bow lets her down lightly. When the sea is full of lumps and the wind is harping through the rigging at an average 45 knots, you bless the simplicity and strength of her rigging and the faithfulness of her construction. When sea and wind are more kindly, *Narani* is a comfortable home.

Russel Kippax sold his Sydney home to buy *Narani* and then discovered that he preferred sailing her to the practice of Medicine, with the inevitable result. For the voyage, his first major ocean crossing, he gathered a crew of three: Michel Le Bars, a desk-bound ex-paratroop major with some crusing experience; Des Lockley, a solidly-built Hobartian with much ocean racing under his ample belt; and Chris Waterhouse, a small boat sailor but with one Tasman crossing to compensate.

Given the right wind from the right direction, it should take ten to twelve days to get from Hobart to Nelson. In the event, it took *Narami* more than eighteen days, nearly nine of which were in gale-force winds.

The voyage started gently enough with light winds and calms during which the diesel did some of the work, quiet days with flaming sunsets and nights bright with stars and on one occasion, an awesome display of ghostly white searchlights from the Southern Aurora. Stomachs settled to the eternal motion, and the crew settled into the routine of four hours on

'Narani' at Pittwater.

On the 4th day out the new and ill-balanced self-steering vane was damaged by swells; it remained strapped to the backstay for the rest of the voyage.

and four off. The fourth day at sea, *Narani's* 10th birthday, saw her some 400 miles into the Tasman with a NE wind strong enough to connect the vane steering for the first time, a welcome relief from the two-hour stints on the helm. Two more slow days of light headwinds brought her to the middle of the Tasman, where the ship's clocks were advanced an hour. The ship's run noon to noon on the 24th was only 65 miles in the right direction, and with the scend of the swell slamming the new and ill-balanced wind vane about, it finally destroyed its linkage. The vane remained strapped to the backstay for the rest of the voyage. During the day a big, ominous swell built up from the NE. while the wind rose and the barometer began a slow slide.

The deck log, at 1 p.m. on the 25th reads: *Wind: for 6, ENE. Swell: NE. 10 to 12 feet. Sea: confused with a cross sea from ENE. Barometer: fall 3 millibars in 24 hours to 1029 at noon, then 1025 at 1400 hours. 1800 hours. Hove to on a SSE. heading, westerly drift.* Without the assistance of a weather bureau and only the guidance of the barometer and sea and sky, it's hard, without a great deal of experience, to tell what you are heading into, and it was only later that the meteorological charts showed that *Narani* had found herself square in the track of a tropical depression sweeping south down the middle of the Tasman. There was no way the gale could have been avoided and with the wind moving around the compass, a nasty cross sea was soon raised. The safest position for *Narani* was stern-to-wind, so the gale held her from the afternoon of the 25th until, after passing close to the centre, the depression filled and moved away to the south on the morning of the 30th.

26/3. Approximate position 1600 hrs. 40.20S 161.50E.
0600. Wind force 7 SES. No. 4 jib and reefed mizzen.
1400. Handed mizzen and ran before.
17.00. Changed to storm jib.
1800. Log handed. 50 fthms 2" warp, 2 fthms heavy chain and a motor tyre streamed.
27/3.
0200. Barometer 1022.
0500. Wind increasing — rain.
0800. Wind Force 7/8 ESE. 5kt. drift.
1400. Barometer 1018.
1800. Streamed 3" kedge warp with more chain and second tyre. Handed storm jib and set storm staysail sheeted amidships with both runners set up. Drift reduced to 3kts.
2300. Hourly watches.

The occasional crest filled her cockpit, squirting through the louvered hatch into the saloon.

Apart from the decided unpleasantness of conditions on deck, *Narani* was now held firmly by the stern and was hard work to steer. The seas were not particularly big, except for the occasional set of three that were bigger than the rest. but when a wind-driven SE. sea became super imposedon one of the original long NE. swells, it was an exciting ride as *Narani* dragged herself up the steep slope and the occasional crest filled her small cockpit, squirting through the louvred hatch into the saloon.

During daylight hours, the helmsman took brief glances behind him to judge the set of the following waves and keep *Narani* stern on — brief because with the wind sounding the mainsheet like an organ pipe, the rain and spray drove and cut like hail. At night it seemed best to avoid too much concentration on the hypnotically-swinging compass card and to keep the wind square on the shoulders. Looking forward past the mainmast, the staysail was a useful pointer as it filled first on one side then the other. It was as well for one's peace of mind not to pay too much attention to the crests that came hissing up from astern and flung themselves past the vessel in

a welter of phosphorescence. When one did hazard a glance, the firework display was of great beauty for apart from the general glow, the sea was full of sparkling points of light with an occasional bright flash from somewhere below the surface. The deck log for the 28th reads:

0400. Wind ESE. force 8/9. Downwind drift 3kts Barometer 1013.
1600. Wind E. force 7. Barometer 1010. Wind easing — gusts still severe with rain. Very warm.
2300. Wind rising.

The metereological charts were to show later that *Narani* passed very close to the centre of the depression, and as a ship in the area reported winds averaging 45kts, the skipper's estimate of wind strengths wasn't far out.

29/3.
0400. Wind S. force 7/8, gusting 60kts. Wind and sea rising again. Glass falling (1004), raining.
0600. Barometer 1002.

This was the point at which *Narani* must have passed just W. of the storm centre and moved into the NW. quadrant as the depression moved S. and filled.

0700. Wind SW. force 7, gusting 50-60kts. Heavy rain, wind decreasing. Barometer 1003.
1400. Sky cleared briefly, wind eased. Handed drags and set storm staysail to leeward. Set trysail briefly but handed it.
1600. Wind SW. force 8. Wind resumed high force. Streamed log.
1800. 17 miles on log. Wind now SW force 9. Have to under bare poles.

At last a respite. Not from the gale, but from the conscious effort of will needed to get oneself out of a damp, heaving bunk after a scant 3½ hours of rest, drag on oilskins in a leaping saloon and heave oneself through the hatch into the screaming knife-edge wind. *Narani* was never in any danger, except from bad seamanship; she had been built to take such weather, and worse, in her stride, but the toll on human resources in such conditions is considerable, especially when they go on for so long. On the physical side the brain has to keep the muscular reactions going to keep the body in the bunk even when fitfully asleep. When awake, considerable strength and agility have to to be used to prevent oneself cannoning into people (and harder obstructions) with the unpredictable, violent motion. The body is further weakened by both a mental unwillingness to attempt a nourishing hot meal and the sheer physical difficulty of keeping food on the stove and in the bowl. Add to this a constant mental strain, because however much you trust the vessel, the skipper, the other members of the crew, and yourself, you know from reading or experience that wind and wave are totally unpredictable, and that at any moment a new factor may be introduced to which your tired brain and body will have to react instantly. You long for the gale to finish, but there seems no valid reason why it ever should. Your mind has become adapted to the wind and the sea and the motion, and they are not in the least frightening, just interminable, and you have to really push yourself not to let down your fellow crew members, for you would sell your soul for 6 hours uninterrupted sleep. You learn a lot about yourself in a short time.

With the wheel lashed down, the seas thumping on the starboard bow and the occasional crest foaming over the foredeck, the crew, fortified with duty-free grog, retired to their bunks for the night of the 29th. Without the drags on her stern and with the wind in the rigging pushing her down to port, the motion was less wild, and down below in the dim light from the fading batteries the sound and sensations of the storm were muted.

30/3.
0300. Wind W. force 9. Barometer 1010. Hove to, riding well — occasional water over the deck. Wind gusting 60-65kts. High seas, rain in sheets.

That was the last of it; the unending ended.

0700. Wind SW. by W. force 5. Barometer 1014. Set reefed mizzen, staysail and No. 4 jib.
1000. First sun sight since the 25th.
1600. All plain sail set, No. 1 jib.

By midnight, the wind had gone light from the SE. *Narani* had been pushed well north of the rhumb line for Nelson, and as time was getting on, the skipper decided to miss his cruise up the east coast of the North Island and set a course for North Cape and the Bay of Islands from where he planned to set off for Tonga. However, after rain squalls, heavy overcast and calm on the morning of the 1st of April, at 1400 the wind came in from the north, and the log reads:

1600. Wind NE. and rising NE. swell. Barometer slight fall. Heavy cloud ahead. Changed tack to head for Nelson.

It looked as if *Narani* might be in for some more rough treatment from the north, and as she was still equidistant from North Cape and Nelson, it seemed preferable to have the weather pushing her in a direction she wanted to go, rather than taking it on the nose.

2/4.
Noon position 37.21S — 168.05E by dead reckoning. Barometer 1015.
1300. Wind strong NE. increasing. Heavy rain.
1400. Wind backed N. barometer 1012.
1500. Wind suddenly rose to 60-65kts and veered NW. WITH THE HEAVY RAIN FOR THIRTY MINUTES, THEN QUICKLY EASED. Sky clearing, glass rising.
2400. Wind NNE. very light.

Narani motored next day through a dead calm. At 2000 that night we heard coastal radio stations for the first time and were able to pick up a gale warning for the area Cape Farewell to Cape Egmont, for which we were heading. Next morning the patent log gave up the ghost. From the start of the voyage it had had a faulty bearing and used to wind up its line until the friction was overcome, then whirl and whirr into life for thirty seconds before starting the wind-up again. Now it refused to budge at all, and dead reckoning had to rely on the human estimate of boat speed.

By 1400 on the 4th the wind was force 7 from the NE and gusting to 50 knots, but with the wind from that quarter we had some shelter effect from the North Island and the seas remained small. The mizzen came in and the mainsail had a deep reef, but the big jib held, and *Narani* stormed downwind for Nelson in the most exhilarating sailing of the voyage.

At 0500 on the 5th the No. 1 jib gave up, not going at a seam but splitting across the middle of a cloth about two feet from the peak — another wild ride on the end of the bowsprit while

the flogging remains were brought in and the number 4 set. By 1400 wind and sea were moderating and the sky clearing. The mizzen went up, reefed, and *Narani* stormed on. By this time it had been two days since the last sun sight. Estimates of boat speed had been by eye, and Russel was spending a lot of time in making his dead reckoning as accurate as possible, making allowances for the various steering abilities of his crew and their judgement of speed. He told the crew that they could expect to raise the light on Farewell Spit that evening, and, triumph for the navigator, at 1600 there were the trees and light tower on Bushy Point, fine on the starboard bow — a dull piece of land coming up over the horizon like an island, with the Spit itself out of sight, but the first sight of terra firma since Tasman Island and very, very welcome.

With the wind falling light, *Narani* turned to port with the Spit still out of sight to give the shifting sand and shallows a respectful berth before turning into Tasman Bay for the forty mile run down to Nelson.

With the dusk came the winking of the light to give *Narani* her position, and a glow on the horizon inside the Bay was thought to be the loom of Nelson itself. Russel intended to wander down the Bay overnight under very easy sail so as to be ready to enter Nelson after daylight. As *Narani* slid along the Spit with just the mainsail up, lights came up on the horizon. Hurried examination of the chart and pilot book gave no clue, and the general opinion was that they must be buoys marking a recent extension of the Spit, so *Narani* steered to pass to Eastward of them. About a mile away from the most easterly light, the spectra suddenly blossomed into a solid bar of brilliant light twenty feet off deck of a 200-ton vessel, creating a further puzzle. As *Narani* passed close to her stern all was revealed. We saw wily oriental gentlemen on the deck, the rail lined with turning reels. *Narani* was shouted and waved away from the lines streaming to leeward. As we turned in toward Nelson, more and more lights sprang up, and we found ourselves taking evasive action in the middle of a Japanese squid fishing fleet of at least forty boats, all fishing hard in Tasman Bay. We discovered later that while the Japanese were allowed to shelter from stress of weather inside the Spit, they were not supposed to be fishing, but New Zealand has only one fisheries vessel to protect several thousand miles of coastline. The problem is not confined to New Zealand; the previous vessel we had sighted was a Japanese tuna boat fishing hard within a mile of Tasman Light.

All night *Narani* wandered down Tasman Bay through the fleet. The wind got up to around forty knots at midnight, and under mainsail alone *Narani* was somewhat unmanageable in the middle of a fishing fleet. She was also travelling too fast towards a lee shore, so the watch on deck doused the main and put up the No. 4, the last job on a heaving foredeck at night for the voyage.

Dawn on the 6th saw the coastline east of Nelson in sight, but only just, through low cloud and heavy rain. The wind had fallen light again, but the engine's starter motor had jammed, so under all plain sail — main, mizzen, staysail and No. 4 jib — we coasted along the seven mile boulder bank that protects Nelson harbour towards the markers at the narrow entrance. One abortive attempt at the narrow entrance, then, with a rising wind *Narani* tacked in, squeezing past the piles marking the channel, and stormed up the harbour through the yellow water, thick with mud brought down the Wakatu River by the heavy rains. We had moored at the wharves as we tacked within feet of them on our way up the harbour, but no one offered help with a berth.

Every position was full and there was no sight of the port authorities. The channel got narrower and we came to the last basin, where the only alternative was to turn and go back.

Continued page 30

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Sat.	12.00 — 2.30	7.00 — 10.30
Sun.	12.00 — 2.30	

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Last orders must be in before closing times

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Wed.	11.00 a.m. — 11.30 p.m.
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* Free Champagne during Happy Hour 6.30 — 7.30 except on Winter Race Sundays.

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Dance, listen or ask our Trio to play your favourite request.
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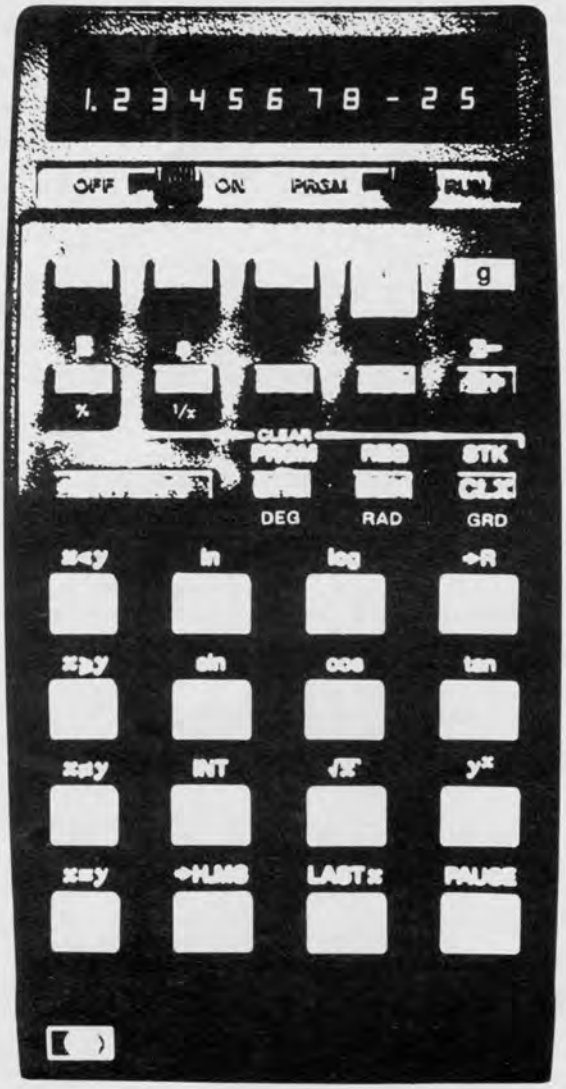
COMPUTER NAVIGATION

by JOE DIAMOND



All navigational problems that can be solved by a calculator must by necessity be able to be solved graphically. The great advantage of the calculator is speed and accuracy. If the calculator is programmed the possibility of error is greatly reduced. Usually when an error is made on a calculator, the result is obviously wrong, i.e., a calculated altitude is negative or degrees different from the observed altitude.

A disadvantage of the calculator is that there is no record of the producedure so that inputs cannot be checked. If error is evident the only course open is to repeat.

The H—P 97 does have a print-out facility but it is not "hand held" so does not qualify under our current racing rules. It can, however, fit into a briefcase.

To solve the celestial triangle or to find a position line, a programmeable machine is necessary as a long sequence of key strokes is susceptable to error, particularly during bad weather. The programmeable machines available are:

1. The H—P 25c, which has a retained programme of 49 steps, is useful but can only handle one problem. If a different programme is required it has to be manually reprogrammed. The H—P 25c is, however, a powerful machine as an instruction such as, say, STO + 9 only uses one line of the programme.
2. TEXAS 52. 224 programme steps can be recorded on a magnetic card. Steps such as STO + are not compressed and occupy 3 programme steps.
3. H—P 67. 224 programme steps can be prerecorded and steps are compressed, which makes this calculator the most powerful hand-held calculator presently available.

As an example of what is possible with calculators such as the H—P 67 or TEXAS 52, let us consider the following programme, worked on by Gordon Marshall, Tony Hammond and the author, concerned with the parameters of an America's-Cup-type course.

Requirements:

1. H—P 67 or H—P 97
2. Wind speed indicator
3. Wind direction indicator
4. Log
5. Knowlege of current speed and direction (obtained just prior to start)
6. 2 stop watches

Continued next page

Computer Navigation

Procedure

1. To determine bearings of course legs. (Fig. 1)
Programme f A is for Port Course, f B for Starboard course.

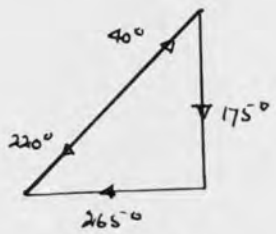


Fig 1.

Input	Key	Output
Windward Course Signalled	f B	Bgs of Legs
e.g. 40°	f B	40 xxx 175 xxx 265 xxx 220 xxx

2. Set up machine for calculating leg.

Programme A

Input	Key	Example
Log Reading Start	Enter	0
Bg Course Leg	Enter	40°
Length of Leg	A	4.8 miles
Current Speed	Enter	1.2 kts
Current Direction	R/S	330°

Outputs are not of interest; the mark is assumed as the origin, and the co-ordinates of the start are calculated and stored. Other information is stored for future use.

3. Calculate Estimated position

Programme B

Input	Key	Example
Time since last Calculation	Enter	.1500 (.mmss)
Log Reading	Enter	1.50
Course	B	355°

(The assumption made here is that the yacht will duplicate all the parameters on the othe tack, i.e. wind speed and direction and Boat Speed will be identical.)

4. Apparent wind on next leg

Programme D

Input	Key	Example
Estimated Speed	Enter	7 kts
Bg Next Leg	D	1750°

Output

Course to steer (taking current into account)
New Apparent Wind Speed 7.3 1710 kts
New Apparent Wind Direction 85°
(Relative to boat (S'bd + ve Part — ve)

5. E.P. after Number of short tacks

Programme E

Two times are taken:
1. Total time for tacking duel
2. Time on S'Bd

Input	Key	Example
Log Reading	Enter	2.5 miles
Bg s'bd Tack	Enter	355°
Total time	Enter	.1125
Time on S'bd	E	.0459
	(Time .mmss)	

Output

Dist. to Mk — 3.29 mls
Bg to Mk — 70°

There is no point in striving for extreme accuracy. The assumption is made that the boat is tacking through 0° and the distance made good is .7 of the log reading in the direction of the mean course.

It is 15 minutes from the start, distance travelled is 1.5 miles on a starboard course of 355°

Output	Example
Distance to Mk	3.88 xxx
Bg to Mk	60° xxx
(If there is no set the time is not entered)	

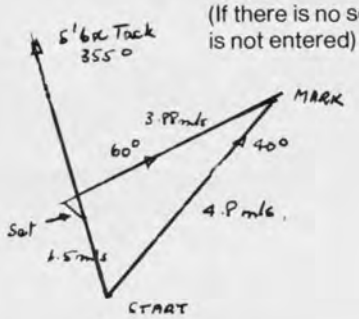


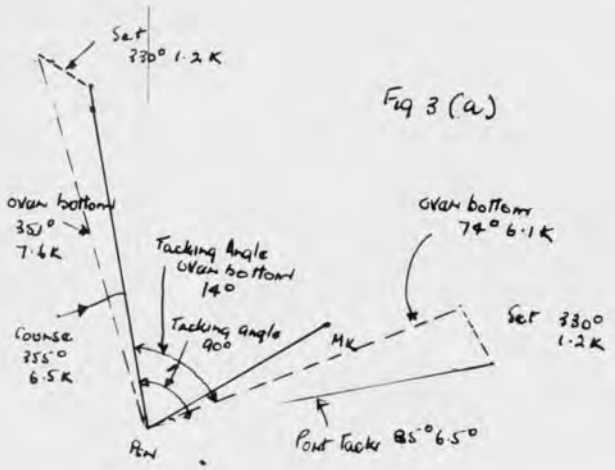
Fig 2.

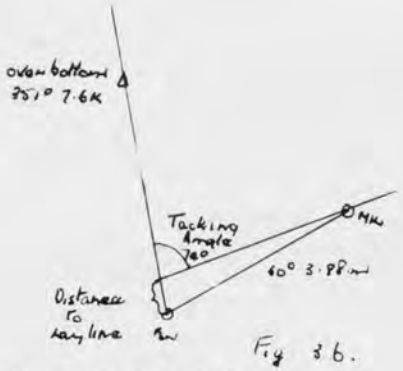
New, fully programmable calculators, the HP-67 pocket-sized calculator and the HP-97 printing calculator both perform the same functions. Programs recorded on tiny magnetic cards on either machine will work on the other. HP-97 provides printed record of calculations, operations, memory and program registers.

6. Calculate tacking angle and time to lay line.

Programme C

Input	**Key**	**Example**
Boat Speed	Enter	6.5 kts
Course	Enter	355°
AW Speed	Enter	15 kts
AW Direction	C	27°
if on Port Tack App. Wind is NE		
Output		**Example**
Tacking Angle		90 xxx
Time to Layline		.0726 xxx
i.e., 7 mins 26 secs		





This is a reasonably complicated calculation.

Machine calculates	
Actual course over bottom	351°
Actual Speed over bottom	7.60 knots
For Port Tack,	
Actual Course over bottom	74°
Actual Speed over bottom	6.10
T Wind Speed	9.7
T. Wind Direction	40°
Tacking Angle over bottom	74

As a matter of interest, if current is neglected the outputs are:

Dist. to Mk	3.89 xxx
Bg to Mk	560° xxx
Tacking Angle	90° xxx
Time to Layline	.1714 xxx

These programmes provide all the information required for navigation. The accuracy of the outputs, of course, is wholly dependant on the quality of the inputs. For this reason instruments which intergrate readings over a selected period would give better results.

Stored in the machine and available at any time are:

Register	**Information**
0	Log Reading
1	Course
2	Dist. to Mk
3	Bg to Mk
4	T.W. Speed
5	T.W. Direction
6	Set Speed
7	Set Direction
8	x co-ordinate at position
9	y co-ordinate at position
A	Boat Speed

The programme is on one card and occupies 222 of the 224 steps available.

Gordon Marshall will use a H—P 97 on GII which will point out both inputs and outputs. Many steps are used to provide spaces between inputs and outputs, and to make identification easier, distances and log readings print out 2 decimal places.

Bgs are rounded off to the whole degrees and wind speed output to one decimal point.

The H—P 7 displays the outputs in turn for about 5 seconds giving adequate time to write the information down.

The author has spent many enjoyable hours fiddling with this problem. It seems to produce the answers required. If any of our computor experts would like a copy of the programme I would be pleased to supply it. There would be no doubt that it can be improved.

"Winning and losing can

With Hood, winning has become a habit.

WINNING WITH SAILS

A few of the major successes achieved in the past season with the help of Hood sails:

1977

Sydney-Hobart Race	1st Overall	"PICCOLO"
	1st Div B	"PICCOLO"
	1st Div D	"CHAUVINIST"
	2nd "	"LOT'S WIFE"
	3rd "	"BRUMBY"
Australian One Ton Cup	1st	"PICCOLO"
	2nd	"STING"
	3rd	"INVINCIBLE"
New Zealand One Ton Cup	1st	"COUNTRY BOY"
	2nd	"MARDI GRAS"
	3rd	"STEALAWAY"
Australian Half Ton Cup	1st	"J.B."
	2nd	"NIRELON"
Australian Etchells Champs	1st	"RATTLER"
Auckland to Suva Race	1st Overall	"COUNTRY BOY"
	2nd "	"WHISPERS OF WELLINGTON"
	3rd "	"STEALAWAY"
	1st Div A	"D'ARTAGNON"
	1st Div B	"GERONTIUS"
	1st Div C	"WHISPERS OF WELLINGTON"
	1st Div D	"COUNTRY BOY"
		"D'ARTAGNON"

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They don't appear on the prize lists but Hood sails cater as much for the cruising man as for the IOR skipper. Three of the most outstanding long distance cruises over recent years are "Tequila's" trip, "Swanhild's" trip and "Halcyon II". Between the three boats they sailed over 150,000 miles on one set of Hood cruising sails each.

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THE most respected name in sailmaking

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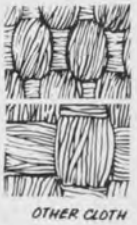

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Rob Venables Nicky Bethwaite Colin Anderson Phil Harry

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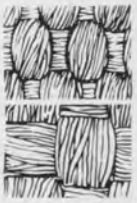
HOOD

OFFSHORE — August/September 1977

both become habits..."

Vince Lombardi



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1st Country Boy Hood
2nd Whispers of Wellington Hood
3rd Steal Away
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Lautoka Race
1st IOR Div. Red Feather Hood

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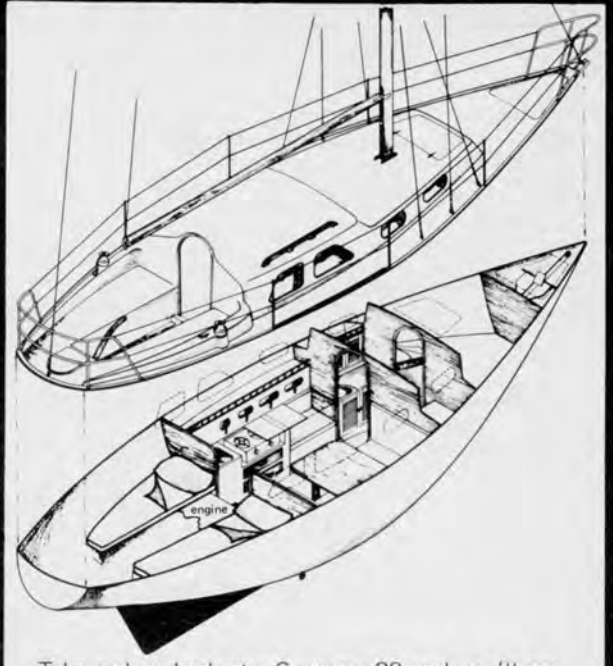

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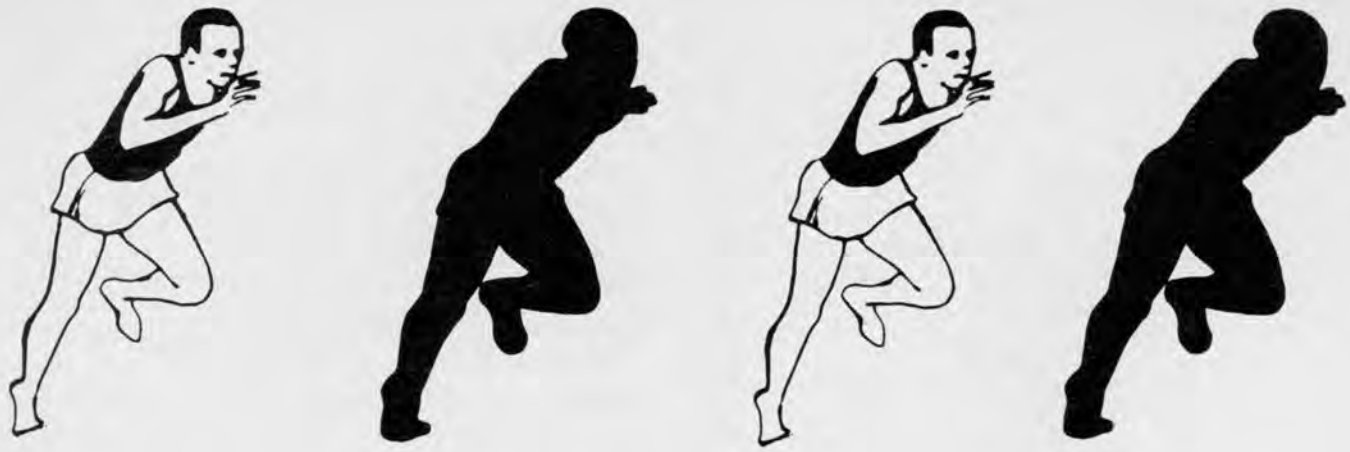

ON SHORE PHYSICAL TRAINING FOR YACHTSMEN

by Bruce Adam, M.B., B.S.

Many and varied are the discussions and arguments on the different aspects of sailing and racing — sail and hull design; bendy masts; to tack or not to tack — and all the latest "crew-saving" devices — two-speed winches; hydraulic tensioners etc., etc. Still, however, nobody has yet developed a "legal" boat to sail without a crew and, since all the foregoing equipment is available to anyone with enough credit, what counts in the close racing of today still comes back to crew. There is no doubt that a fit crew will beat an unfit crew. They will stay alert and on their toes in difficult, light weather and will stand up to the knocks and fatigues of a long hard offshore passage.

If you are racing in a keen crew you owe it to your mates to give your best effort, and this does not just mean being a whiz kid on handling tweakers. If you are fit, in a disaster at sea your chances are going to be so much better.

This subject has been very well covered by Tony James in a recent sailing publication. I would like to add a programme which anyone can follow and which will bring positive results.

Regular running is the easiest and surest way I know to overall fitness.

There is one special excerise I use for sailing. Fasten a discarded block to the clothes hoist, carport beam or some such; pass through a line of about general sheet size; securely tie three house bricks to the end and spend ten minutes a day pulling them off the ground one handed. Change arms to about one minute intervals, and do not wear gloves.

As for all exercise regimes, start off gradually and well within your capabilities. If you usually do not handle anything heavier than a steering wheel and dividers, are three stone overweight, are in your sixties and have had a mild coronary, start with one brick for two minutes and build up slowly. Do not expect overnight results. The most important thing when beginning is to develop the *habit of exercising regularly.*

The minimum running to be effective is fifteen miles per week, five runs of three miles in twenty five minutes. A better objective would be five by six miles at twenty to twenty-one minutes per three miles. As a guide to those who may get keen, a medium-ability club handicap road runner would train fifty to seventy miles per week at six to six-and-one-half minutes per mile. For training to be effective, and this is what we are talking about. you must sweat and it must hurt.

Once again start slowly. If you are out of condition, start with half a mile, jog for one hundred yards, walk for one hundred yards gradually increasing the distance and reducing the walking. When you reach the three mile object get out your watch stop jogging and start running.

Starting training is similar to stopping smoking. If you last three weeks you should be right. For anyone serious, of course, smoking is *out!!* Buy a pair of proper road-running shoes, not sand shoes, and make sure they fit comfortably. Try and "sucker" a mate into training with you, and if you can get a run with the crew together once a week, it will help the team immensely.

Continued next page

Physical education for yachtsmen

Running is a great time to talk things over; nobody has breath to get heated, and it helps control breathing.

Some people may think that a bit more brawn and heavy muscle may be needed. I feel that the need for speed and endurance is more important. A modern two-speed winch as used on a thirty- to forty-footer has a power ratio of about forty-five to one and can be used by a child. What is needed is to be able to do it again and again and fast. If you feel that some body building, in addition to the house brick exercise, is necessary, then do graduated light-weight exercises with the bar weight (up to twenty pounds). Once again start slowly and concentrate on building up the repetition rather than the absolute weight.

Squash is a controversial subject. It is a game which definitely should not be played on a once-a-week basis without a general exercise programme. I cannot think of a better way to induce a coronary occlusion than hard squash on a hot afternoon followed by a few de-hydrating beers. There is no doubt that for a fit man it is valuable in encouraging speed and quickening reflexes; against this must be balanced the danger of injury whilst approaching a major race.

I firmly believe that, following this programme, your health, sailing and work will improve. If you get keen, the N.S.W. Veterans Athletic Association holds an open meeting at 6 pm Thursday nights at the Hensley Athletic Field, Matraville. Runners range from ten to seventy years of age and run times from fifteen to thirty minutes for 5000 metres. The only entry requirement is to be a sportsman. The very friendly convenor is Logan Irwin of the Botany Randwick Club.

There are nine American yachts headed for Sydney later this year intent on winning the Southern Cross series: *Kialoa, Ondine, Windward Passage, Williwaw, America Jane III, Buruura, Phantom Scaramouche* and *Sorcery.* All of these are top competitive yachts, and out of the group will come the strongest American S.C.C. team ever to compete in Sydney. It also means that we will be knee deep in "you-all" come December, so as a guide to all concerned, *Offshore* will be publishing a specially-researched American-Australian dictionary for the December issue. After that if you get your kicker confused with your foreguy you will have to take the matter up with the *Offshore* Editor who, I should remind you, is one of the enemy.

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Norm Hyatt weakened in his resolve to spend some unbroken time at home; he couldn't refuse an offer from Alan Bond to appear at Newport and strengthen the *Australia* crew. Norm left late in June for Newport with Nina and baby in tow on the same flight as the *Gretel II* contingent. At the same time Mike Fletcher dropped out of the line-up of *Australia* after becoming convinced that his business could not stand his absence for three months or so.

* * *

At this time of the year one sees some interesting exercises taking place on the club slipways, amongst them *Patrice III* having her $5000 worth of micro-balloons removed after an experiment that failed. Alongside her *Matika II* was being "re-keeled" with a Peterson-type keel, and if that is as successful a move as it was on *Ballyhoo*, Tony Pearson might have himself a flyer come spring. Another transformation, although it did not take place on the slips, is that of *Leda.* Neville Gosson tried a few new (and some re-cut) sails, and the 54ft Adams design has really taken off, achieving really good boat speed in some winter series races.

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The Biggle's Award for this issue goes to Peter Hankin who has commenced building, in Newcastle, of twin sisterships of Tommy Stephenson's Peterson One Ton centreboarder. Peter won his award for project design, a major feature of which was the unsolved problem of how to get the finished boats out of the building in which they were to be constructed, the existing door being much too small. On hearing of some possibilities, the owner of the building solved the problem by withdrawing the leasing proposal.

BIGGLES' COLUMN

(by John Brooks)

The I.O.R. Mark III, a handicap methods (age allowance) will not be applied generally in Australia if the recommendations of the A.Y.F Offshore Committee are followed by clubs and State associations. Instead we will stick with I.O.R. Mark III and our present age allowance system modified by the deletion of the cumulative penalty for winning a race. So now if your boat is enjoying age allowance benefits you will not be penalised during the last three years in this manner, the penalty will be removed and full age allowance restored as the decision has been made retrospective. This must have the effect of bringing boats like *Love and War* back into serious contention.

The Mark IIIA will, however, be applied to the Southern Cross Cup and similar events where our current age allowance system does not apply, and also for level ratings events. In the latter case a boat which rated above a level rating limit under I.O.R. Mark III could get down to the limit under Mark IIIA and become eligible for level rating events or level rating divisions within races like the Sydney-Hobart.

Other decisions of the Offshore Committee were to hold the 1979 Admiral's Cup trials in Melbourne and to appoint Tony Mooney as Australian I.O.R. co-ordinator, a job he has been doing unofficially for years, and to further investigate the establishment of a central I.O.R. clearing office.

Many people complain about the adverse effects of the I.O.R. on the design of comfortable cruiser-racers, but no one ever does anything about it. The New York Yacht Club took action by holding a design competition for what became the New York 50, a one-design class offshore racer. The competition of 18 submissions was won by S & S, and a later one for a 40 footer was won by Doug Peterson. The competition rules and design parameters were quite specific, and the preamble included the following: "to encourage development of a new class of offshore racing boats that would have the potential for sophisticated level racing and at the same time preserve the requirements of a good cruising boat". An interesting concept you will agree, but I suspect that only the New York Yacht Club would call for the concept to be applied to something 48 to 55 feet L.O.A.

The idea is not new, of course; the N.Y.Y.C. itself has encouraged one-design class offshore yachts throughout its colourful history especially during the early part of this century. The concept has appeared elsewhere, too, in a less grand style perhaps, but the idea was there. In Australia the Cole 43 almost fits the pattern, and earlier the Tasman Seabird was an example of a design which became popular and was built by various owners for the same club.

Rob Gregg, Gray Hutchinson and myself were kicking the idea around one night and while the conversation remained intelligible we managed to work up a lot of enthusiasm for the idea of a one-design offshore cruiser-racer fitting similar parameters to those of the N.Y.Y.C. but designed for Australian conditions: something 35ft-40ft L.O.A., good cruising comfort (refrigeration, shower etc), fuel, water, power etc to meet Cat. 1 offshore requirements, but still rate well enough to mix it with older boats at least, capable of short-handed cruising or a fully crewed Sydney-Hobart.

That is not a really difficult design prospect, and is the answer to many complaints about modern stripped-out racing machines and certain way-out designs. The catch is we figure the project would need a minimum of six definite starters, would need C.Y.C.A. official approval in some form (e.g. title: the C.Y.C.A. 38), and more than likely involve the interested parties in some form of company structure to see the project through, ensure fair cost sharing and prevent rip-offs. Anyone who is interested in the concept should contact Rob, Gray or myself if only to talk abut it. It certainly is not going to cost anything to lay down some design parameters.

The Saga of the Swifty

by ROB LANDIS

SYDNEY TO NOUMEA 1977

The Race started at 11 am opposite Nielsen Park. Good start, third across the line. Breeze south-east, fifteen knots. Course 050° for Noumea. Started watches 4 pm. Making good progress under big green and gold spinnaker. Averaged eight knots, touching ten and eleven surfing.

First bit of drama struck at 3 am just before I took over as relief helmsman, as Rob Brown fought a bad gust; the steering went completely and the boat rounded up, spinnaker flogging wildly. Ted, the watch captain, yelled down below "Steering gone". The off watch scrambled on deck, and Rob Brown and I went forward to release the kit. Having done so, all hands turned to rigging the emergency tiller steering. This took about thirty minutes. Once more under control, we set off on course again, only doing about six and a half knots.

Nick and Brian went below to make repairs; six hours later we were steering by the wheel again.

Half the crew got sick the first night. Sunday the sea was sloppy and the wind had dropped to about fiteen knots. Uneventful.

Monday the wind started to die and by nightfall we had come to a grinding halt. Life became quieter and the only interruptions were the occasional schools of whales and the odd bird.

Tuesday, the sea was like a mirror; passed the time getting drunk off watch — rigging up the three fishing rods and reels — sending message bottles home — getting drunk — timing beer can sinkings and washing. I never imagined that it could be like this at sea. We haven't sighted a boat since Sunday night, but on Wednesday we fell into convoy with three other yachts. Radio broadcasts and scheds are good conversation points and provide the only contact with the outside world.

The two cruising yachts following us drew alongside under motor — *The Promise* and *Ulumbie,* with one and three women, respectively, on board — photos from every angle. Salad again for lunch today. Weather fine, wind eight to twelve knots, NNW.

Learnt how to splice and rigged up safety harness today. Thursday. The skipper remarked today that this was just like one harbour race after another. The seas are flat and we are cruising along at eight knots under the spinnaker. Earlier today we were tacking downwind to keep up speed. Rain squalls have been moving across the sea now that we are in the south-east trades and we were able to take a nice shower just after breakfast.

Eric, the naviguesser, has been working eighteen hours a day taking eleven sights, including sun and stars. These sights, as well as keeping the log every hour, ensure an accurate record of our progress and will stand Eric in good stead for the Navigator's Prize.

Two more yachts sighted today, and we rapidly overhauled one of them. Our rival, *Onya of Gosford,* is some sixty miles behind.

An accident with one water tank lost us about thirty gallons into the bilge overnight; however this will not worry us unduly, leaving us one hundred and ten gallons.

News on land about the airport controllers strike has us concerned, as it affects all of us either directly or indirectly.

The south-east trades have brought a beautiful ten to fifteen knot breeze and an even sea, enabling us to maintain an average between six and seven knots. All night competition between each other and the opposing watches only increases our keenness, and at every sched Brian draws a map of all the yachts positions. We then discuss tactics etc, and proceed to plan the days run.

This prolonged period on starboard tack has meant a reshuffle of bunks and I have changed position no less than five times.

Roger is making scrambled eggs and tomatoes for breakfast, and as repayment for getting drunk and abusing me last night, he will allow me to teach him how to make French toast and gypsy eggs.

A flying fish landed on deck about 4.30 am, but we returned it to the sea, today being Friday the 13th.

Although we say that nature is magic, it is not a magician — "Nature is not a trick, it is a reality". This is borne out to us and is unfolded in a long sea passage, e.g., the moon is like "a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas", and one sits in the biggest circle nature can draw.

At the pre-race briefing in Sydney, they said that only ten per cent of the wind got above twenty-five knots; we had to be in that ten per cent. From 3 pm on Friday till Sunday evening, it blew up to forty knots on the nose. For two days we were on starboard tack. Everything was closed up and living below became difficult. Roger still managed to cook steak and vegies through it all. Gradually reports drifted in on the sched, and by Monday morning five yachts had finished.

It was still blowing from the north-east, but the seas had abated and we now had the No. 1 up and were moving nicely. We were also able to open up the boat and air everything. One boat in our division had got in front — *Cera* and the skipper wasn't too pleased.

Monday came and went and anticipation grew and grew. Monday night the glow of Noumea started to show out, and by Tuesday — at last, LAND; now I know how Captain Cook felt. Eric's comment for the day: "Never in doubt". The day, however, was not particularly pleasant, with overcast skies, a lumpy sea and a fifteen-knot wind.

Eric takes a sun sight, while a cruising yacht catches up.

Keith takes a break from changing sails.

News on the morning sched told of a yacht, *Satin Sheets*, going on the reef but able to get clear and finish under sail.

There was a lot of confusion at the Monday evening sched as *Koomooloo* had stopped conducting scheds and several yachts expressed disappointment at their lack of responsibility. Fortunately Max Lees and then Peter Rysdyk "stood in" on *Anaconda* and continued compiling positions.

We crossed the finishing line at 11:42.06 on Tuesday on the best day of the trip — the last one. A cruiser came out from Amedee Lighthouse with two bottles of red, assorted French cheese and loaves of French bread, which we rapidly consumed. A short break at the finish line at anchor and then an exciting sail down the harbour to a twenty-five knot north-easter, doing nine and ten knots.

We had eaten particularly well on the race here. Dinners included chicken casserole, beef and potatoes, veal and macaronni, chicken and vegetables, beef casserole and steak and kidney. We had brought with us 25 cartons of beer, 1170 cans of food, 20 loaves of bread, 20 dozen eggs, 80 scotch fillets, etc, and we made sure that we weren't going to starve.

Our reception at Club set the pattern for the next few days. Nobody hurries and everything happens in good time. Our first night started ironically at a restaurant called "La Sydney". We upset the Innkeeper greatly when during one unusually heated debate, Keith slipped on his chair and crashed to the ground. Everyone looked and then, to their shock, Keith's wooden leg fell off and he started rubbing his elbow. The Innkeeper put his head in his hands and cried "Oh, No — COMPO". Beating a hasty retreat, we adjourned to the Noumea Hotel, where we "parlezed" with the local natives, and then on to the nearby Bowling Alley (?) for a few quick ales.

Back to the boat with some locals, and suddenly *Swifty* became a magnet with all late nighters having their nightcaps on our aft deck at 2 am. Thirty people, including a black dog looking lost, kept us company and sang "drink it down, down, down" in French (except the dog).

Wednesday, late morning. Sore heads, spent three hours cleaning up boat and recovering. Went to town in the afternoon, did some shopping and then on to the Nouvata Hotel to meet the boys and Roger's wife, Moon, who arrived today.

Prizegiving at the Cercle Nautique at 7 pm and we collected first prize in the Arbitrary Division. Unfortunately Eric did not collect the hardware for the Navigator's prize, although he did receive a certificate for being the oldest competitor in the race.

A terrific BBQ at a private home afterwards capped the evening, except for a violent rain storm which came through at 2.30 with winds up to thirty knots. And so to bed. After a couple of days, we realised that this is the wind pattern and accepted it.

Keith on the helm.

Thursday. A six mile race around the harbour on a fifteen-knot reaching course with thirty people on board — loads of fun. *Anaconda* beat *Helsal,* despite their crew of 103 to help them.

We discovered a new type of cam cleat today — four girls sitting on a sheet.

In the evening we had a farewell dinner at the "La Flamboyant" for Brian, who was travelling home the next day. Had mussels for dinner. After on to the Casino Royale where we exhausted our luck on the gaming tables watching mechanical human beings replacing the computer world that we are used to.

Friday. Brian returned to the rat race and we spent greater part of the day making small repairs to the boat and cleaning up.

Saturday morning. Had gigantic breakfast of coffee, orange juice, eggs, croissants, parmier, palmloosa and bread and butter. Just to keep our digestive systems working, we had vegemite sandwiches for lunch.

Saturday, Sunday. Thoughts were given to provisioning for Isle of Pines Trip. Had several games at the local squash court. It is

managed by a New Zealand couple, Lee and Aela Summerville, who are very friendly to the yachties and let us use their showers. It is a half-million-dollar complex with restaurant and bar. Saturday night we went to Santa Monica Nightclub after the party at the C.N.C. Drinks — 350 francs — so we bought ours and then joined the band, which is okay, but you have to fight for a seat. My instrument, the tambourine.

Sunday am. Through a very hospitable and friendly local, who is the Hertz Rent-a-Car Agent here (Robert Laubreaux), we were able to borrow an ancient 470 dingy and joined the local Club race; 7-740's, 6-420's, 1-Fireball. We were handicapped by our boat's tendency to sink but managed fifth place. Quiet night at the Bowling Alley.

La Roche Percee

Isle of Pines sunset

Taxis are virtually non-existant at night. buses are off, hitching risky, so we have turned to jogging, which keeps us fit and helps us sleep.

We are adjusting to the local way of life and this is the only place we know of, where people walk on the street in their sleep. What you can't finish tomorrow, you leave till next week. Nobody hurries here and it is starting to rub off on us.

This came out again on Monday, when the Pilot who was taking us to the Isle of Pines, turned up five hours late and then told us he couldn't come. However he brought a replacement, Pascala, who had been to the Isle of Pines many times (in Army Ducks) but never in a yacht. We left finally at 4 pm and motored and sailed through the night via the Wodin Canal, passing lighthouse after lighthouse, making landfall at dawn.

We still had twenty five miles to sail around the reef, which caused the most unusual patterns on the surface of the water — eddies, waves, surf and currents. We started trolling at 8.30 pm and Keith hooked the first fish, a bonito tuna, about four pounds. I caught the next, a rainbow runner about five pounds. All Brownie caught was seaweed. Ted shocked us all with a beautiful ten-pound bonito. We filleted these and put them in the freezer for later consumption.

Arrived at the lagoon about 12.30 pm and dropped anchor amongst ten other yachts, most from the race. The first sighting is the Army Duck, converted into a tourist office, then the hotel and other assorted huts and buildings, all blending into the landscape.

For the rest of the day we lazed in the sun, swimming and relaxing. There would only be about fifty tourists in the whole place. What a shame more people have not experienced this paradise. Wednesday night we visited an island not far from the main anchorage; Isle Bayonnaise. Here, truly, was another world. We swam and snorkled in a state of complete euphoria. Snorkling was a new experience for me, and after the initial trauma of looking over your shoulder for the unexpected "Noah's", I started to enjoy this new experience, only ever seen on television previously with Ben Cropp or Jacques Cousteaux. For the first time in my life, I swam in nature's champagne glass with visibility at the cocktail hour thirty feet into the depths of nature and the champagne bubbles rising from the fascinating underwater life. The reality of colour, living and breathing and moving, every fish and piece of coral a piece of the universe.

Keith, despite his handicap, moved under and around great potatoes' of coral, fossicking out the various inhabitants of the reef. Last night, travelling here, we had nightmares of reefs, although Keith dreamt of a train crash. Now we have dreams of them.

Tonight we had a BBQ on the beach and this came to an abrupt end when we heard movement in the grass, and upon turning torches to the bush, we discovered little gold and black snakes about fifteen feet away. Previous to this, we were listening to the whispering waves upon the rippling reef and watching the setting sun lighting the world we had momentarily departed from.

Returning to the yacht, we tuned into Brisbane Radio and while we were living life, some Politician in Canberra was bashing our ears on how to manage it. Fortunately our attentions were diverted by the cries of Keith again, who had hooked onto a beautiful six-pound sweet lip, the first fish caught on the reef master fishing reel.

Everyone else got the bug too and soon lines were hanging from all over *Swifty* and the fish were given plenty of curry. Our decision to spend the night here proved a very popular one. Before we went to bed, Ted, now in charge, explained the procedure of the journey back to Noumea through the reefs and we were to leave about 6 am Thursday morning.

Nick navigated us back to Noumea and the journey took just on twelve hours, under motor. The Canal Wodin was particularly beautiful and we caught several more fish on the way.

Friday we spent working on the boat, touching up the varnish work and carrying out minor repairs. The water pump had packed it in, so a journey into town to buy a replacement. This proved fruitless, so we have to hand pump our water all the way home. Several parts of the

motor had also worked loose and this necessitated calling in a mechanic to check the connections.

One of the most frustrating things about Noumea is the siesta period from 11 am to 2 pm. The town is really jumping about 7.30 am but at 11.30 is dead. Aussies are used to doing their shopping at lunch time, so our timetable is completely thrown out.

Saturday we think about leaving, and provisions are bought at the supermarket — Printemps — the local name is "Prisunic" or "special prices". Food is comparable in price with most known brands at home, but the variety of imported delicacies, such as truffles and caviar and other seafoods, is incredible. But there is probably nothing we couldn't get in a Double Bay deli or back-home take-away.

In the afternoon, Brownie, Flynnie and I walked along the beach to the aquarium, a must for all visitors to Noumea. Here I was fascinated by a certain little red and white shrimp — the *stenopus hispidis*. His eating habits' reminded me of a ballerina at her grand performance.

Pizzas tonight — $7 each for fourteen-inch diameter; took one hour to cook four. Washed it down with a gallon cask of Spanish rose. Sunday we refuelled the boat and then headed inland in a Hertz rented car from our friend, Mr Laubreaux. We each took an oar. At the first village we came to, the people wondered where our boat was. At the next town, they said, there is no water here. Eventually we came to a town and they scratched their heads and asked what the piece of wood was. Here we stopped.

On the way we passed beautiful symmetrically-shaped cone mountains and rugged ridges, past the airport at Tontoula where a jumbo can land. The road got progressively worse and despite the fact that this was the No. 1 highway inland, it became, for about sixty kilometers, unsealed and worse than our outback country roads. Abondoned late-model cars littered the roads, and we actually saw two accidents. We fell into convoy with the Martin family from Hobart, who own *Freedom*, a beautiful forty-foot yacht, built by Charles Martin in five years. We followed them all the way to Bourail about 160 km from Noumea.

About five kilometers to the coast is one of the most beautiful natural beaches that I've seen. At La Roche Percee an unusual pinnacle of rock stands apart from the rest of the cliff and guards a steeply banked beach. In the small surf, no more than two hundred yards out, dolphins, about twenty or thirty, play and we sit and take it all in. Another few kilometers away is the Plage De Poe, another beach but with pure white sand and an unusually flat contour which extended for about one mile out to the reef. Here the surf, about five feet high, breaks continually with the accompanying sound like an express train in the distance, being the only sound in this realm of beauty.

We lunched with the Martins and swapped yarns and were entertained by a group of locals in a battered Army jeep with a four yearold boy driving it around trees and through picnickers.

The journey to the other end of the island took about three hours, but was well worthwhile and we all agreed it was by far the better end of the island. Unfortunately the reef prevents access from the sea, whereas the relatively deep waters of Noumea Harbour and the Bays de La Moselle and de Citrone provide better port facilities.

We had a steak dinner and early night in preparation for our return voyage.

New Caledonia heaved a sigh of relief when at 9.40 am local time the yacht *Swifty* left the wharf at Cercle Nautique. The hospitality we had received was unbeatable, and once we got used to the pace, we merged with the whole general atmosphere and surroundings. Apparently all you had to do to become a local was to carry about three loaves of French bread (about 25 francs each) under your arm wherever you went.

The breeze was SSE about five knots, as we motored up to Amedee Lighthouse and cleared it at noon.

Today is Tuesday the 7th June, and the first time I have written

Guests on board

this log since we left Noumea, which should tell what type of weather we have had. We had a beautiful smooth ride out for about twenty-four hours under spinnaker and did about 140 miles, giving us a good offing. But then it swung round to the SW, right on the nose for five days, with winds up to forty knots and rough, mountainous seas. After this, I now understood the old saying THAT "if there is anything in a man, the sea will bring it out", and several of us were even having four meals a day — two down, two up.

The day we left Noumea we heard some news about one of the race yachts which had left without getting customs clearance. A helicopter came out and picked up their skipper and the crew had to bring the yacht back to port.

Mark Twain, the IOR winner, left about twenty-four-hours before us and every day at 0815 we conducted a radio sched with them, mainly for weather information, but also to break the monotony, and oh, how boring it became. The watch system was as monotonous as the weather pattern, although we did "split our dogs" to give a bit of variety. The boat was shut up through all the bad weather, and through leaks in ports and ventilators, our bedding and clothing became wet, making sleeping very uncomfortable. Our two smokers on board, the navigator and cook, gave into our wishes of "Defense de Fumer", and I will always have a vision of Roger standing on the spray-swept aft deck, puffing on his foul smelling, offensive French cigarettes.

There was a great contrast in the amount of sea life, or lack of it, between the race and the return voyage. We put this down to the rough seas. We were amazed, although, by the birds which surrounded us for days; up to five hundred miles from the nearest land, we even sighted a butterfly.

Tuesday morning we sighted land, and this period also brought the transitor from the offshore SE trades into the calmer windless heavy seas of the coastal waters. We motored from Monday night at about five knots and continued right through all the calm patches. The first land sighted was Big Brother Mountain at Crowdy Head. We were about forty miles offshore and maintained a course to hit Sydney on a straight line, without having to come inshore.

We motored through the night and continued all day. No sleep through the throbbing of the big Perkins. Eventually we came in sight of Sydney and it was a pretty one. A big dense cloud of photo chemical smog hung over the heads like a soggy blanket, but this did not dampen our enthusiasm for being home, as we hastily uncorked

four bottles of French Champagne we had saved for the occasion.

Roger took a wide angle photo of the Heads, to be blown up at a later date and put into the main saloon of *Swifty*.

We cleared the Heads at 1110 hours and had logged 1224.7 miles from Noumea. The race gave us 1125.8 miles and all in all we had sailed 2583 miles in a month. This is the equivalent of about two years sailing for the average weekend sailor.

One of the most memorable pastimes of the whole voyage were the late night watch talks between Ted, Rob and myself, when we used to talk about life and philosphise. We renewed the age-old art of conversation.

While the rough weather did not entirely ruin the voyage, it reminded me of an old Greek proverb:
By winds the sea is lashed to storm,
but if it be unvexed,
it is of all things most amenable.

And so our saga ends.

The crew: *Brian James — Skipper*
Eric Richardson — Navigator
Roger Vickery — Cook
Rob Brown
Keith Dorrel
Ted Flynn
Nick Kolesov
Rob Landis

Two Noumeans see us off

Junior Sailing: What about it?

by Tony Cable

Last year the Board set out to investigate the various requirements for encouraging a 'junior' sailing programme. Particular attention was given this matter by two former Committeemen, Mick York and Dick Cawse.

A practical effect of Mick's work was to encourage a group of Laser sailors to launch their boats from the Club and compete in the 1976 Winter Races. Dick did some research and presented a "Preliminary Paper" to the Board covering objectives, facilities, courses, administration and the appropriate boat (s) to foster.

I didn't really appreciate what complex problem this was until I recently re-examined it as a result of a fund raising idea currently being studied (by no means yet adopted) which could result in, say, $2—4,000 being earmarked for junior sailing.

It is not easy to decide precisely what to do with a sum like this. My initial idea was to purchase one of the Solar 19 Van de Stadt centreboard dinghies, with its large self-draining cockpit, enough room for 2 or 3 lifejacketed trainees plus marina/hard stand. A training captain would be responsible for the care of the vessel and the implementation of curriculum. Funds would be administered by interested fathers or 'retired' yachtsmen.

Others I have spoken to had a variety of other ideas. The purpose of this is to canvass more opinions as to what should be done. Please communicate your views to *Offshore* or Board Members.

Objectives

Why does the C.Y.C. want to get into junior sailing? Do we want to worry about it at all? Why not let other Clubs do this?

One desirable reason seems to be the encouragement it will give to a flow of young recruits to the sport of Ocean Racing and other Club sailing. It is at present difficult for a new hand to get a start; maybe a formal programme would ease the entry problems.

Perhaps there should be an objective (indeed duty) for the C.Y.C. as the "home" of ocean racing in Australia to train new people to ensure this Country's status in the sport. Another inevitable result would be a stream of new Club Members, with the obvious benefits of this.

One view expressed is that the C.Y.C shouldn't be involved. There would be pitfalls in the Club having additional boats as "assets". Rather an Eastern Suburbs Foundation could be established with the funds being used for various projects outside the C.Y.C.

Continued next page

Junior Sailing

Age

When do we start a junior programme? Ask a father; his answer will probably correspond to the age of his son. (Mine is 6 months, so training should start with C.Y.C. rubber ducky races in the bath). The question is fundamental, for it will dictate what craft we go into; boys (or girls) of 10? 13? 15? 17? or new entrants at any age 23? 37? My view is that we should start with the late teens to get quicker results. A 15-plus year-old could be ready for sea quite soon; a 10-year-old would take years. Further, if we are training for ocean racing, who wants the responsibility of taking very young people outside the Heads?

Who

Sons and daughters of members only? Lady sailing associates? (Ladies, for instance, could be given rudimentary training before winter races?) Young people in general who live near the Club? Children of nearby schools as part of their sports activities?

One member identified a potential group—late teenagers—who had missed out on earlier sailing experience in the small boat Clubs and could not easily take up sailing in these.

The boat

Choose an age group and there are classes to match. (Dick Cawse identified about 40 different centreboard classes in N.S.W.). Start them early and a progression of boats will be needed, from Flying Ant/Sabot to Mirror Dinghy/Manly Junior to N.S. 14/Fireball/Cherub-Laser etc.

Someone said the only way to train is in centreboarders—but should we leave it to other Clubs to handle this activity?

There are two sides to the question of whether we designate an exclusive class: one for the eastern suburbs, which encourages a particular group of devotees, or should we have a "common" class that offers more interchange between Clubs? Whatever the class chosen, how is the transition then made to an ocean racer? If this is not adequately provided for then the whole exercise is defeated. How do we encourage ocean racing skippers to take along novices? One radical suggestion was to give an arbitrary time advantage for every novice carried. Another was not to worry about small boats at all but use an ocean racing yacht as a training ship. This seems rather appealing. Why not induce a skipper(s) to take out half a crew of novices on each race, each doing several trips with him? They would be checked out for seasickness, stamina, ability etc., and pass it on from this "boat Camp" as partly-trained people for other boats.

Facilities

A whole range of options come under this heading. Will there be a need for marina berths, moorings, parking for trailers, hard standing, racking, ramps? What house facilities can be offered? Our licensed premises may offer limitations.

The sailing programme

This can be dealt with when all else is resolved. Or do we simply train people without a racing programme? Where and when should races be conducted? What course? What club employees and members would be needed?

If junior sailing is not to be just a flash in the pan, enthusiasts will be needed. Does anyone have the formula?

Tasman Crossing *(cont. from page 11)*

Suddenly, as we passed the mouth of a narrow cut, there were signs of activity inside, and a 35-foot yacht backed into the stream with her skipper frantically waving us in. A moment for instant decision as, once in, *Narani* would have no chance of getting out again under sail. We charge through the entrance that was only slightly wider than *Narani* and slid to a miraculously gentle stop against the tyre fenders of the harbour tug *Wakatu*. Lines went to *Wakatu*, deserted on a Saturday morning, the sails came down, and *Narani* stopped moving for the first time since leaving the Royal Yacht Club of Tasmania pier on the 18th of March.

A brief flurry of activity as our providential yachtie friend motored back to his mooring ahead of us and then presented us with the perfect gifts — a pint of fresh milk, a load of fresh bread and a pound of butter, all of which were consumed on the spot. A car drew up on the jetty and Dave King, the depty Harbour Master, jumped on board to inform us that the Marine Operations Centre in Canberra had been enquiring for us, we suspect at the instigation of our womefolk. Although we were overdue on our projected crossing time, we were not unduly so. Customs came and went, the health clearance was surprisingly achieved by telephone, and by 1100 on a cold, drizzling Saturday morning we were ashore as the guests of the friendly Agriculture Department Inspector to sample the local brew. An enormous steak with all the trimmings, a long luxurious sleep uninterrupted by a call to the deck or being tossed out of the bunk, the inevitable anti-climax at the end of the voyage, with nothing to do but clear up the mess inside *Narani* and wait for the rain to cease so that the drying out process could begin.

The weekend passed in a slow-motion dream. Monday morning the crew split up, two to go back to Australia, two to continue through Cook Strait, up to the Bay of Islands and on to the Friendly Islands.

For those for whom the voyage was over, an easing back into the routines of so-called civilisation, memories of gale-force winds receding into the back-ground, and the thought — I wouldn't do it all again next week, but next year — perhaps?

With the final winding up news letter for the UTA Sydney-Noumea Yacht Race, which was sent out in early July, Race Director Peter Rysdyk enclosed an entry form for the next (1979) Noumea Race. Up to July 15th the number of entries were eleven, which amounted to one entry per day. Four of the eleven entries were yachts who did not participated in the '77 Race. The latest entry is Josco Grubic's *Anaconda II*. Josco is obviously not happy having been beaten by Tony Fisher's *Helsal*, and is having another go.

OUVEA ATOLL
Paradise in the Pacific

by PETER RYSDYK

We are romping along at a steady seven knots under mizzen and poled-out number three genoa with the occasional surf whipping her up to eight and nine. The wind is thirty plus from the southwest, the stars are out (bright as hell) and we're sailing under ideal conditions with a crew of good friends in what must be considered perfect cruising grounds, and we feel like a million dollars.

However, let us start at the beginning. We are the owners of the Swanson 42ft *Onya of Gosford*, a fibreglass cruising ketch, the layout and finish of which is the result of five previous *Onyas'* and, in our opinion, as near to perfect as can be expected. The others varied from a 42ft Trimaran in which we sailed around the Pacific, to rather hot racing versions in which for years we punished ourselves in every race we could put our hands on.

Still not able to get the racing out of our blood, we entered *Onya of Gosford* in the U.T.A. Sydney Noumea Yacht Race. She certainly didn't stand out as a hot rod and you could virtually hear her complain about this unsavory treatment of a highly bred cruising lady.

We're away after having finalised all matters pertaining to the Noumea Race, of which the writer had the priviledge of being the organiser and Race Director, we collected our crew from Tontouta Airport and raced them off to the host Club, the Cercle Nautique Caledonia in Noumea. After topping up water and fuel supplies, we left the next morning at the respectable cruising people's time of ten o'clock with our first destination Ile Ouen, better known as 'Turtle Club Island'.

Although very pleasant here, we will not dwell on Ile Ouen or the time we had in the beautiful Prony Bay with its hot springs, waterfalls and fantastic scenery. This story is based on that unbelievably beautiful piece of paradise in the blue Pacific known as Ouvea Atoll, some one hundred and forty miles from Noumea and which could have come straight out of a Hollywood fiction film.

We left Prony Bay at noon to pick up the three knot current through Havana Pass which swirls in and out with the tides. Decorated plentifully with reefs, this area asks for a neat bit of navigation and is certainly to be left alone at night. Rounding the end off the mainland of New Caledonia at about four in the afternoon, we settle down on our course for the Atoll while the bar duty crew is busy preparing the delicate goodies for our 'Happy Hour', a most important ritual on *Onya* in which we all ceremoniously partake. Six o'clock brings a brilliant sundown, then a last shore fix followed by stars as bright as if specially polished for inspection by our overawed bunch of Aussies. At times like this, mellowed by Happy Hour, a man starts to feel sorry for all the people driving motorcars over the Harbour Bridge in the concrete jungle of Sydney.

Eight o'clock brings a four-course candle-lit dinner suitably accompanied by a soft claret, with music from our stereo cartridge player embracing the cosy saloon and *Onya* romping on contentedly in the ideal conditions and George doing the honours at the wheel. After a lengthy discussion about our politicians and a politely uttered solution, leaving Canberra empty and the hearses busy, we set watches for the night, and soon the loud snores from our crews' chief snorer (every boat has to have one) accompanies the usual sounds of rigging, sails and water.

A last check and orders of "wake me if anything special turns up" and "make sure to give me time for a dawn star sight", the skipper, weary from all this high living, disappears in his aft cabin. Unnecessary to say, he wasn't wakened at dawn, and apart from lonely Venus, the stars had already taken leave.

Hoping that the amateur helmsmen and women had kept 'sort of a course' during the night and uttering dirty little words, a hastily worked out D.R. position put *Onya* eight miles from the Atoll. This was confirmed by a sun sight/Venus transfer, but in spite of this, there was no sighting.

Ouvea Atoll

Having hoisted one of the crew up the main stick, there was still no sighting and we started to wonder if they had moved the bloody place, but then suddenly came the shout from aloft, "There it is!". With obvious rejoicing and the navigator uttering "what did you expect", Ouvea appeared in the morning haze low on the horizon, in fact, very low, with her palm trees, coral reefs and turquoise blue water. By now it was nine o'clock and had become overcast with winds up to 35/40, and *Onya* going like the proverbial bat out of hell.

Let's first of all, tell you where it is and how to get there, taking into consideration that not all of our readers have *Onya of Gosford* to get there.

You board the plane, either U.T.A. French Airlines or Qantas, at windy Mascot Airport, and 2½ hours later you'll land at Tontouta, New Caledonia, 52 kms from Noumea. Just for the record, New Caledonia, or Nouvelle Caledonie as the French call it, was discovered by yachtsman James Cook in September 1774. It reminded him of the rocky coast of Caledonia (Scotland), from whence the name.

The Majestic mountains are so full of nickel that the official report at the time was "My Lords, if you were to take all that b . . . metal out of those b. . . mountains, the b . . . mountains would fall apart." However, at that time no one was at all interested, and it was not until 1853 that Admiral Febvrier Despontes hoisted the French flag at Balade and our close neighbour became a French Colony.

After leaving Tontouta, you drive by air conditioned bus to Magenta Airport on the outskirts of Noumea, board the Aircal local plane for the loyalty Islands, and 40 minutes later you land at D'Ouloup Aerodrome near the native village of Fayahoue on beautiful Ouvea Atoll. The hotel bus is waiting and ten minutes later you are welcomed at Relais D'Ouvea by beautiful Tahitian pauline Youseff and her husband, Azem.

Obviously, we on *Onya* did it not quite that easily, and we take up where we left off a little earlir. Ouvea Atoll is a large lagoon some 16 miles across and surrounded by coral reefs and various size islands, same without vegetation. Finding the entrance to the lagoon was quickly worked out; making sure that it was the right entrance took much longer and getting inside took a couple of hours in the now lumpy seas. Once inside, fantastic! Turquoise water as smooth as the proverbial fishpond with the main land mass on our starboard, consisting of Muli Isle, Wasau Isle, and Ouvea Isle in that order and on port as far as the eye can see, rows of islands and reefs forming the lagoon.

Following the beach some 500 yds out, we soon see signs of life and come abeam our first native village with a massive white church amidst the palm trees as its only solid building. Getting closer to the shore to survey the situation, we see a large, aluminium, outboard-driven boat coming towards us loaded to the brim with (European) ladies and a lonely male, who, after he donned his uniform (a T-shirt with "Gendarmerie" printed on it), proved to the 'The Law' taking the wives of Noumea Gendarmes on holiday out for a spin. Making friends is a matter of minutes, and soon we know that the holiday resort is some 12 miles up the coast. Having had always a soft spot for attractive ladies, we obviously offered the lot of them a ride on *Onya,* which left 'The Law' on his lonesome.

We arrive at the Hotel a couple of hours later in mid-afternoon, timed perfectly for an early 'Happy Hour', but this time on the terrace of Relais D'Ouvea in the pleasant company of our new-found friends. This first 'Happy Hour' on Ouvea

extended by mutual agreement to 2 a.m. in the morning, only interrupted by a delicious French meal in the hotel dining room and proved to be the beginning of an unforgettable stay on an unforgettable island, a place you only read about in books.

Our stopover, timed to last two days, lasted seven days during which we visited islands, fished, swam, looked, barbecued, danced at night and sunned during the day, visited the islands' native chief with gifts and saw whales that had committed suicide, until the dreaded day that the decision had to be made . . . tonight we go at high tide.

When Pauline Youseff heard about our departure decision, she issued a dinner invitation for the whole crew to be her guest, and that night at the special flower-decorated table, we said farewell to all those marvellous hospitable people on this unspoiled piece of dirt in the middle of the Pacific.

As we write this story, we still hear above the music and farewells the voice of our Tahitian hostess "Please come back, consider us your second family" and as we sail away at ten o'clock that night in the brilliant full moon, we cannot help feeling very sad about leaving this island, a feeling we had never had before on any of our island visits.

Should you ask any member of *Onya of Gosford's* crew where you should go for a holiday, you can expect the greatest demonstration of earbashing you ever had about Ouvea Atoll and Pauline Youseff's Relais D'Ouvea.

CLUB NOTES

Commodore's Message

Dear Member,

This year is a very busy year for your Club, and it is evident already that the Southern Cross Series and this year's Hobart will attract a large fleet of high-quality yachts.

The Squadron will be conducting the World Half-Ton Championships in December, making this month a most exciting and interesting time for yachtsmen.

Many members will be at Cowes and Newport for the Admiral's and America's Cups, and our performances in these events will be watched with tremendous hope and interest.

We have had some important staff changes recently. Max Lees resigned as from the 1st July, and we will miss him sadly. Fortunately he has agreed to make himself available as a consultant for the busy periods later this year. Max has done a magnificent job for us, and he has our heartfelt thanks.

Sandra Bateman also resigned effective from 7th July. Sandra's efforts during those most difficult early years with us will always be appreciated and remembered.

Arrangements have been completed for sponsorship for this year. Hitachi is again our main sponsor, supported by T.A.A. This is a happy and harmonius relationship which we all hope will continue indefinitely. As we have already received these sponsorship monies, we are in a sound financial position. This money, however, must be earmarked for development.

Our appeal against the Woollahra Council is being heard in early August, and we have plans before the Maritime Services Board for the replacement of No. 2 and 3 marinas. This replacement is of the utmost urgency as the condition of these marinas is not good, and if they are to be replaced, monies spent in repairs and maintenance is money wasted.

The House continues to be unpredictable. The recently introduced Friday luncheons look like being very successful, and we must continue this momentum. Otherwise patronage is patchy and has not been helped by several recent changes of Chef.

Our major activity, sailing, is in a very healthy condition with good fleets and keen racing. The Noumea Race was a great success mainly attributable to the drive of Peter Rysdyk.

This Winter season is, if possible, more popular than in past years, and the summer offshore racing promises to be the best ever.

Your Board has several minor concerns but I am pleased to report that, overall, the position as we see it seems fairly sound.

J. P. Diamond
Commodore

Sponsorship Report

This year's Hobart Race will again be sponsored by Hitachi and known as the Hitachi Sydney-Hobart Race.

TAA are again the official carriers to the Race and have generously contributed airtravel and a cash donation.

Honeywell, who have for so many years provided, free-of-charge, their computer service are again supplying the computer facilities, which will provide up-to-date daily reports.

Geoff Hammond, owner-skipper of *Mia Mia*, which was the radio relay ship last year, has very generously made his 75 foot motor-sailer available at no charter fee whatsoever.

Ampol, who firstly became involved in the 1976/77 Race, are supplying all the fuel for *Mia Mia* from Sydney to Hobart and return.

AWA, who have been involved in the race for many years, are again supplying all the radio equipment aboard the radio relay ship.

Brambles, who for the past two years have supplied a tug to mark the course at South Head, are again supplying this vessel free of charge.

The Club's insurance brokers, Thompson Graham (Australia) Pty Ltd, are again this year giving us a very valuable contribution of insurance covers. Our thanks to Mr J. Kelly, Managing Director, who is a very keen and experienced sailor.

Without the support of all the abovementioned companies and individuals, the Race would not be one of the most famous blue water classics in the world; our thanks must go to them for their generosity.

C. R. Scott
Sponsorship Director

New Members

June 20th, 1977		Proposer
Ordinary	William Kerr	R. H. Cawse
Ordinary	Frank Plant	N. Corvisy
Associate	Helen Sapsford	C. M. Sapsford
Ordinary	Andreas Petzold	S.E. Old
Ordinary	Robert Lang	S. E. Old
Ordinary	Harry James	R. Holmes
Sailing Associate	Felicity Dewar	W. J. Dewar

July 11th, 1977		
Ordinary	Stephen Hines	B. C. Gooch
Ordinary	Donald Burritt	J. L. Brooks
Ordinary	Jeff Moore	C. R. scott
Ordinary	David Prentice	K. Roxburgh
Overseas	Morgan Caldwell	P. Shipway
Associate	Elaine Morrison	R. A. Morrison
Sail Assoc.	Gilliam Carter	E. L. Thompson
Ordinary	Donald Ross	R. W. Lange
Ordinary	Arthur Spithill	G. Gilliam
Ordinary	Frank Gray	M. York
Ordinary	Leo Conaglen	R. H. Cawse
Ordinary	Ivvo MacElbing	J. L. Ward

Payne to design C.Y.C. Todd River Yacht

In the last issue it was indicated that "a leading naval architect" had agreed to design the yacht *T.A.A.* It can now be disclosed that this man is Alan Payne.

When originally approached, Alan was in the midst of a very heavy work load involving the alterations to *Gretel II*. But he agreed to add this project to his list with the comment, "It's good to see some fun in yachting." However, he expressed surprise when he later learned that *T.A.A.* was to be made of 'hostalen' black agricultural pipe, with mast and spars of A.C.I. — nylex plastic pipe. Construction of *T.A.A.* is about to commence as this is being written, and it is being written, and it is expected that it will take about 3 hours to finish the project.

David Hutchen has fallen out of the team and instead is going to Newport for the America's Cup, his second alternative. Hutchen's place has been taken by Grey Hutchinson who is a Coffee Grounder on *Apollo*. It is hoped that he will manage to adapt quickly from the luxury of a 57 footer to more flightly lightweight 20 footer.

Meanwhile sponsors are coming in at a most satisfactory rate, the last one offering 'Avil' seasick tablets.

A full report with results will be in the next *Offshore*. The team hopes to add new trophies to the case even if our other representative teams do not bring back any.

— TONY CABLE

HOUSE NOTES

Club Lunches

On Friday, 10th June we invited the America's Cup heavies, Sir William Northam, Sir William Pettingell, skipper, Gordon Ingate and our own Rear-Commodore, Gordon Marshall, to be our first guest speakers at Friday luncheons. In spite of the dreadful weather, many members turned out and were treated to a superb meal. We were entertained with stories ranging from how Fresq navigated through the Newport fog and how our own Commodore Joe has programmed Gil's computer to how the Golden Grand-dad and Dicko framed Australia's first challenge, and the difficulties of funding the 1977 challenge. Notable guests included Jim Hardy, Kev Shepherd, Tony Pearson, Dr Harry Scott and Peter Campbell.

Encouraged by this success, and with the help of former Commodore, Bill Psaltis, your Committee arranged for Warren Mitchell to entertain us on Friday, 1st July. It was a sell out. 150 guests enjoyed over one hour of Alf Garnett the sailor, as Warren Mitchell joked, spoofed and jibed his way through the Aegean Rally with Mr Psssaltis in his beautiful pssail boat. By 2.30 there wasn't a dry eye in the place. We had been treated to a vintage session.

Despite the obvious popularity of our newly-innovated Friday lunches, patronage of the dining room and club facilities is unpredictable.

Other functions

The Admiral's Cup barbecue and spit roast, held on April 23rd, drew a crowd of some 700 people. The weather was superb and our facilities were excellent. The Ladies' Day Race barbecue and prize giving, attended by over 100 people on Sunday, May 22 served to confirm the popularity of this type of function in the car park. Your Committee has planned another presentation barbecue on Sunday, August 21 after the closing Ladies' Day Winter Race.

Members are encouraged to invite family and friends to these outdoor gatherings.

The S.O.P.S. and L.O.P.S. PRESENTATION DINNERS

These were held on June 16th and July 5th respectively and were well supported. Over 70 people attended each dinner, but numbers for the L.O.P.S. were somewhat diminished by the absence of crews and owners participating in the Admiral's Cup Challenge.

Who's new

Mrs Georgina Fraser is the new House Supervisor. She has now settled well into her role and we extend a warm welcome to her. She will be pleased to make your dinner at the Club a pleasing experience; so why not try us by calling 32-9731 to make your reservation.

The Club Trio is a new and enthusiastic group. They will entertain you on Wednesday and Friday nights, and the Club Disc Jockey takes over on Saturday. We cater for your enjoyment whilst dining and on the dance floor, and the new decor of the Blue Water Room will please you.

From July 1st Manfred Zurcher took over as Chef. His French Cuisine delighted the palates of the large numbers attending Warren Mitchell's lunch and the L.O.P.S. dinner, and he will not fail to please you. Few members seem to realise that Sunday lunch is the ideal time to enjoy lunch with the family whilst watching the incesant activity about our beautiful bay and marina. Why not join in the Sunday lunch activity and involve your family with your Club?

Melbourne Cup Day

In answer to very many rquests by Members, the Associate Committee is welcoming all members to their Melbourne Cup day on Tuesday, 1st November.

There will be sweeps, and colour television to view the Cup from the comfort of your own Club. A smorgasbord lunch will be served at 1.00 p.m. Tickets $8.00.

Please make your booking at the Club or phone 329-731.

Associates Christmas Luncheon

The Associates Christmas luncheon will be held as usual at the Club in December. The date, Wednesday 7th, 1977.

It's a very enjoyable annual gathering of Associates, and we would like to see as many as possible.

New Collision Safety Regulations

As from July 15, the new International Regulations for preventing collisions at sea will come into force. It is important that every member of the boating fraternity should know and understand the scope of the new regulations.

Boats of every kind, from small runabouts to large ocean-going vessels will be required to conform with these new, more precise and idfferent anti-collision rules. And they apply to all waterways as well as offshore. In addition, there are other special rules covering the operation of boating in NSW, including changes in lights, shapes and action to be taken to avoid collision.

Under the new rules, there is a responsibility imposed on the helmsman who "has right of way" to carefully consider his action as the stand-on vessel.

Free copies of the complete Rules are available from:

Maritime Services Board of N.S.W
Box 000, G.P.O. Sydney, 2001.

The Kopsen block

The Kopsen block, donated to the C.Y.C.A. and the yachting fraternity of Australia by W. K. (Bill) Kopsen, proudly greets you at our entrance. The inscription on the brass plate reads:

"From those good old days 'of Iron Men and Wooden Ships' comes this treble sheave wooden block taken from the 276 foot Barquentine 'Falls of Garry', reported to have sailed at 11 knots for some three (3) days on a trading run before heavy Trade Winds.

The 'Falls of Garry' was owned by the late Wilhelm Gustaf Kopsen (The Founder of the Marine Shipchandlery Company 'W. Kopsen & Co. Pty. Limited' and the Timber Mills of 'Pioneer Forest Products Pty. Limited')."

We are indebted to Bill for his generosity.

FAREWELL SAILOR

by Bryan A. Landis

A good friend of mine, and I believe a friend of many, was lost to us on June 16th, 1977 in an industrial accident at Garden Island.

Ken Bunn, who has been a member of the Club for many years, should not 'go out' without someone saying something about him. He was unique. He was not a wealthy boat owner, nor was he big on the racing scene — just one of the regular 'little people', but I will miss him greatly. He was always offering to help me out with all the problems I seemed to get into because of my inept sailing.

For those who were not familiar with Ken, he was the little fellow who owned the yacht *Ace*, which, at present, is on the slips with two ruddy big holes in her side. Lady Luck has not shone kindly to Ken over the last couple of years. Last year he suffered a heart attack, which slowed him down considerably; then his boat was blown off the slips and was badly damaged. The insurance companies have been haggling over where the responsibility lay, and this must have worried Ken because the yacht was his home. But he still managed to have a grin on his face whenever I saw him.

During his lifetime he had many experiences and many tales to tell, one of which was when he served on a submarine with the British Navy and was not relieved for eighteen months because the ships carrying replacement crew were sunk before reaching them. The only persons they saw during this time were the crew of the supply vessels, and I believe when they finally returned to port they had to anchor offshore, downwind, because of the smell of the boat.

Ken was definitely a keen sailor who, I think, added a lot of colour to the Club. I will miss him, so too will all those who knew him.

Farewell sailor; at least you will not be worrying any more about marina charges.

Cruising Yacht Club of Australia
Long Ocean Point Score Winners

BLUE WATER CHAMPION	*Ragamuffin*	S. Fischer
JACK HALLIDAY TROPHY	*Ragamuffin*	S. Fischer
J.O.G.A. PERPETUAL	*Zilvergeest III*	A. J. Murray
TRADE WINDS TROPHY	*Love & War*	P. Kurts
ZILVERGEEST TROPHY	*Midas Touch*	P. Fischer
WOOLLAHRA CUP	*Love & War*	P. Kurts
ENDEAVOUR TROPHY	*Emma Chisit*	A. Gay
RON ROBERTSON MEMORIAL	*Love & War*	P. Kurts
QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY CUP	*Invincible*	R. H. Cawse
JANZOON TROPHY	*Hoiho*	J. Allen
COMMODORE'S TROPHY	*Ragamuffin*	
C.Y.C.A. NO.1	*Love & War*	
	Invincible	
HALVORSEN BROS. TROPHY	*Ragamuffin*	S. Fischer
FLINDER'S CUP	*Matika III*	A. Pearson
FOUNDERS CUP	*Mercedes V*	H. T. Kaufman
TASMAN CUP	*Sascha*	P. Hinton
DIVISION 1		
MALCOLM HALLIDAY — C.Y.C.A. TROPHY	*1. Ragamuffin*	S. Fischer
	2. Patrice III	R. J. Kirby
	3. Love & War	P. P. Kurts
DIVISION 2		
JOHN BORROW C.Y.C.A. TROPHY	*1. Matika III*	A. Pearson
	2. Invincible	R. H. Cawse
	3. Rogue	V. D'Emilio
DIVISION 3		
	Fair Dinkum	M. Robson-Scott
	Zilvergeest III	A. J. Murray
	Betula	B. C. Ryan
HALF TON		
	Shenandoah	J. R. Charody
	Defiance	A. Clinton
	Providence	J. McDonald
DIVISION 4		
ZILVERGEEST II C.Y.C.A. TROPHY	*1. Happy Days*	E. P. Flynn
	2. Midas Touch	P. Fischer
	3. Stardust	L. J. A. Rickard

Cruising Yacht Club of Australia
Short Ocean Point Score Winners

COMBINED I.O.R. 1. 2. & 3.		**ROYAL CLUBS**	
1. *Ruthless*	P. Hill		
2. *Meltemi*	B. C. Psaltis		
3. *Pandora II*	H. Janes		
DIVISION 1			
1. *Meltemi*	B. C. Psaltis	*Balandra*	W. R. Carpenter
2. *Pandora II*	H. Janes		
3. *Balandra*	W. R. Carpenter		
DIVISION 2			
1. *Ruthless*	P. Hill	*Ruthless*	P. Hill
2. *Rush*	R. M. Clifton		
3. *Veninde II*	A. Knaap		
DIVISION 3			
1. *Cherana*	J. Keelty	*Boomaroo III*	H. W. Findlay
2. *Brumby*	J. V. Kent		
3. *Boomaroo III*	H. W. Findlay		
HALF TON DIVISION			
1. *Headhunter*	D. B. Dickson	*Headhunter*	D. B. Dickson
2. *Shenandoah*	J. R. Charody		
3. *Happy Days*	E. P. Flynn		
DIVISION 4 (J.O.G.)			
1. *Inga*	R. W. Weir	*Inga*	
2. *Cyrene*	G. R. Lambert		
3. *Midas Touch*	P. Fischer		
PAUL ROYLE MEMORIAL TROPHY	*Diablo*	R. J. Dibble	

Hitachi Sydney-Hobart Press Centre

For many years now during the progress of the Race there have been complaints from the news media about insufficient public phones for reporters to phone in the latest reports.

This year is going to be different. Your Commodore and myself have had discussions with Telecom Australia, and for the first time, there will be two extra public phones immediately outside the press centre in the corridors.

There have also been complaints that persons interested in the Race have had great difficulty in ringing the press centre when the 'Sked' is being taken from the radio relay vessel. Again, with the aid and co-operation of Telecom Australia, an answering service is to be installed so that when the 'Sked' is in progress, a recorded message will give all interested parties the latest up-to-date Race information.

We are endeavouring to keep everyone completely up to date on the operations of this year's Hitachi press centre, and the next issue of *Offshore* will contain more news. In the meantime please remember that the success of the press centre is dependant on people; anyone who would like to help in the centre and make the Race more successful please contact our Chief executive, M. Le Bars, who will gladly take your name. I assure you that you will have a most interesting time.

Campbell Scott
O.I.C. Press Centre

MARINA NEWS

by Jack North

Scorpio is almost a Christmas baby; she was launched on the 24th of December last. A Duncanson 34 (three-quarter tonner) she belongs to Port Lincoln in South Australia. Leaving Port Adelaide on the 11th of May she arrived at the marina on the 7th of June by way of quite a few coastal stops, including Kangaroo Island, Refuge Cove and Gabo. Peter Norris, her skipper, says the trip was perfect.

The crew consists of Peter himself, John Carger, Christine Gifford and Judy Schuurmans. Like most cruising crews at this time of year, they're going to winter in the Whitsundays.

* * *

Sea Witch is a scaled-up version of a Herreschoff 36 ketch. A forty footer built of New Zealand kauri, she is a handsome looking yacht with a bowsprit and clipper stem. A mermaid figurehead under the bowsprit certainly adds a touch of class to her appearance.

Leaving Melbourne about the middle of May, *Sea Witch* pottered through the Bass Strait islands before coming up to Sydney. Skipper Chris Bell says he'll probably sail round the world by way of the UK unless he changes his mind.

* * *

Cushy Butterfield, another Melbourne yacht, is built of steel to a design by Thomas Calvin. Her builder, owner and skipper, Howard Huges, is heading for the Barrier Reef with his wife, Jenny, as crew.

With a 42-foot waterline and 55 feet overall, the yacht has a keel length of 20 feet and two tons of lead as ballast. A Yanmar 25 pushes her along under power but her main propulsion comes from a somewhat unusual sail plan. She is a junk-rigged schooner with the mainmast taller than the fore. These masts are supported by orthodox wire rigging made down to the chainplates by the ancient method of deadeyes and lanyards.

The sails themselves have yards that cross the masts, lugsail fashion, and are stiffened by a series of right-through battens, while the headsails are hanked to the forestay in the usual way. This gives her an area of 800 square feet and, although it's not the best rig in the world for going to windward, it pays off well when running or reaching. Also, there's no problem when shortening sail in a squall or something, and that counts for a lot with a small crew. Anyway, you don't go looking for headwinds when you're cruising.

Her skipper says he might add a squaresail to the rig.

* * *

Linda of Panama was built in Italy in 1974. She comes from the board of the Italian designer, Harrauer, and is big for a wooden ship these days. A ketch motor-sailer, she is 61 feet by 16 feet on a draft of 7 feet. Twin GM 140 horse disels give her plenty of power but she has a large sail area too. That startling gallery bow throws all spray far aside, leaving her remarkably dry in head seas.

Owned by Dario Del Greppo she sails with a crew of four, namely the owner and Luigi Romolo, Rinaldo Vecchi and Silvaro Oprandi. Departing Rome in August 1975 the yacht has been to Brazil, Colombia and the Caribbean. Once through the Panama Canal, she island-hopped the Pacific to New Caledonia. Her ports of call included the Galapagos, Marquesas, Tuomotus and a lot of other islands; she berthed at the marina on the 13th of June after an eight day passage from Noumea.

Linda is scheduled to leave Sydney next September for the Barrier Reef, Darwin and, probably, Capetown.

* * *

The note about *Cornelius* a few months ago brought in some queries about luggers, and a bit of information as well. So here it is for the record.

About seven luggers still work out of Broome. but others survive in Fremantle as fishing boats or private yachts. The *Invincible* is a trap for the unwary observer, however. Although built on lugger lines, she has never worked the Nor' west Shelf. She has been based at Fremantle ever since her launching in 1909.

At present on the slip, she is being rebuilt, as nearly as possible, to her original plans. This involves a complete stripping of the hull, even to remove the deck. Her historic Deutz diesel is being overhauled and her rig as a gaff ketch is to be restored.

A pity she's not over here in Sydney. She should be ideal for the Old Gaffers' Race.

* * *

Have you noticed the new stainless steel pulpits on *Kurura?* These replace the galvanised ones put there when Norm Milne bought the yacht in the mid-1960's, and Laurie says they save him from having to clean rust streaks from off the topsides.

Until 1965 *Kurura* had no pulpits at all; she stopped racing before pulpits were compulsory, or even thought of. Of course, there was a time when guard rails of any kind were not insisted upon. When pulpits came in everyone said they looked ugly and awkward. But nobody denied they were useful and comforting, and we soon got used to the sight of them. I remember when I stepped on board *Kurura* just after Norm bought her in 1965, and I thought I had gone back ten years in time. She looked naked with no pulpit.

Of course, there was a time when guard rails of any kind were not insisted upon. Maybe a few old hands around the club can remember working a foredeck at night in heavy weather, with no fence of any kind to pretect them. Anyone who falls into this category should be interested in:

NOSTALGIA NOOK

From the *Daily Telegraph* of August 4th, 1947.

"Two hours' sail sewing in a choppy seaway by crew members Peter Green and Vince Thompson won the Cruising Yacht Club's weekend ocean race for the 34-footer *Ellida.*

"*Ellida,* skippered by J. Halliday, won the race, a 36-mile handicap from Sydney to Port Hacking and back, by a minue from *Moonbi* (H. S. Evans and L d'Alpuget).

"*Independence* (E. Messenger) was third, 18 minutes behind *Moonbi.* Only other placed vessels to reach the finishing line at 3 a.m. yesterday, when officials declared a time limit, were *Saga* (N. Hudson) *Trade Winds,* (M. E. Davey) and *Ranston* (R. C. Hobson).

"*Independence* won the scratch section of the race by 1 hour 50 minutes from *Moonbi* with *Ellida* 8½ minutes astern.

"*Ellida's* mainsail was badly torn near the end of the boom when the fleet of nine, after sailing through light variable winds for four hours, turned to thrash back against a fresh nor'easter. Later the breeze swung to nor'-nor'west.

"Green and Thompson lashed themselves to the backstay and, while *Ellida* bucked through head seas, put more than 200 stitches in a patch over the tear. This saved halliday changing sail and losing time that would have cost him the race."

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