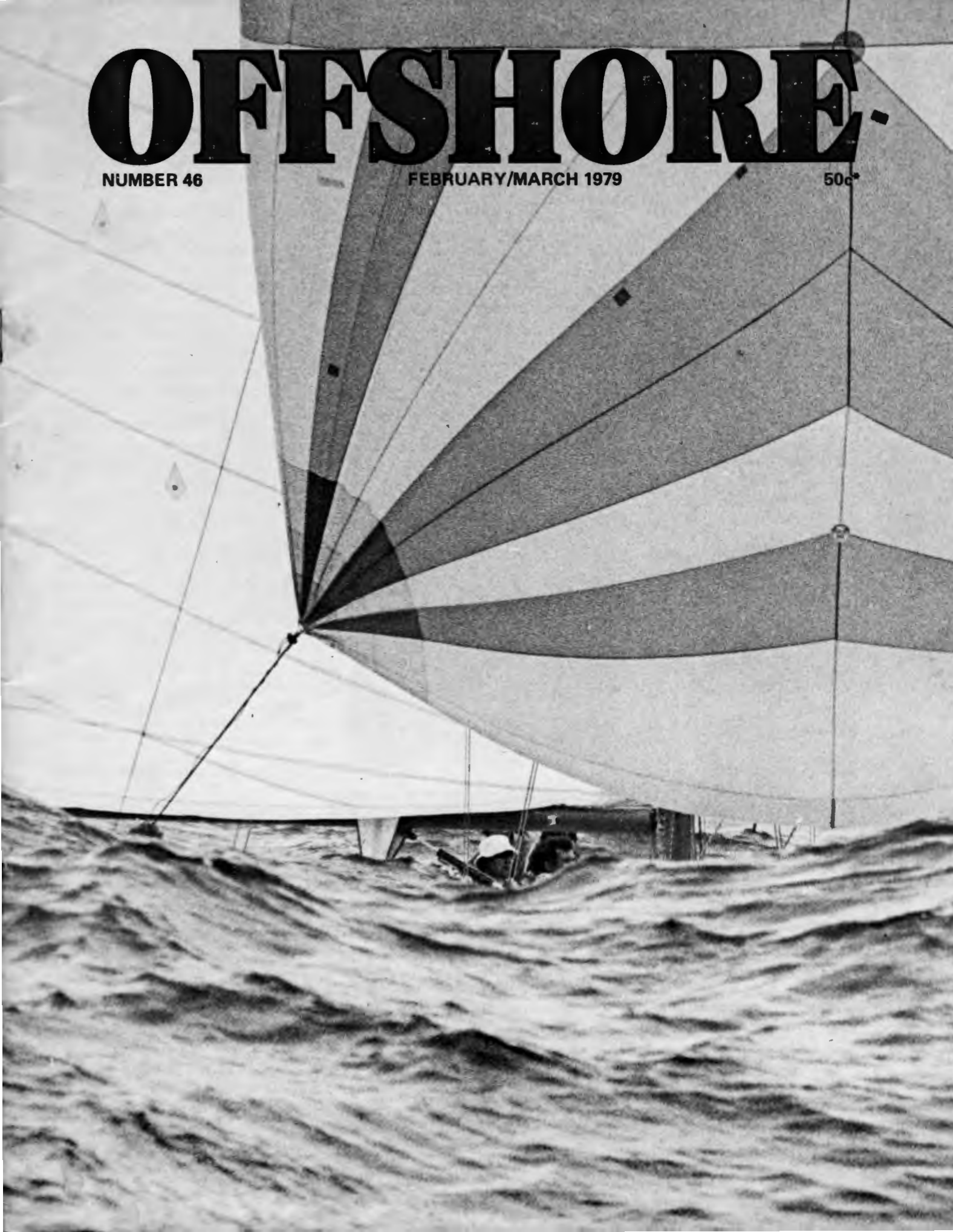


# OFFSHORE.

NUMBER 46

FEBRUARY/MARCH 1979

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# OFFSHORE SIGNALS

## Quiet Little Drink and a quiet little clanger

In the last issue of 'Offshore' we published a bit of local colour by Peter Cox entitled 'The Quiet Little Drink', including some of Peter's excellent 'mood' photographs of that well renowned post-Hobart Race social event. You can only imagine your Editor's chagrin upon opening that issue of 'Offshore' to discover that two of the photographs in the Q.L.D. article were complete strangers! What's more, my fears began to grow, because the strangers in those pictures were obviously respectable folk, and I could not but ponder: if our publication has someone else's photographs, then possibly someone else's publication has ours, and while ours were of respectable blokes too, they weren't exactly the kind of company that might be well received everywhere.



Well, the very worst is just what happened. One of those once-in-a-lifetime blues, but it happened. Our missing Q.L.D. photos turned up in 'Frontier News', published by the Australian Inland Mission Frontier Services, Uniting Church of Australia. The mistake was discovered after my hurried phone call to our printer; yes, somewhere in Sydney the 20,000th adulterated copy of 'Frontier News' was just being stuffed into its envelope.

Needless to say, 'Frontier News' December 1978 was late out. We had no choice but to press on with 'Offshore', being the Hobart Race issue. (As it turned out, some 'Offshore' readers thought the mistake was merely ad-

ditional evidence of the Editor's rather peculiar sense of humour.)

'How on earth did it happen?' you ask. Well, our original Q.L.D. photographs were made from Peter Cox's colour transparencies. Making black and white negatives from colour transparencies (for black and white reproduction) is specialised work; in this case it was done by an independent laboratory which was obviously doing the same thing with pictures for 'Frontier News'. Somehow, in the darkroom two of the individual pieces of film got mixed up and were returned to the wrong platemakers, the next step in the production process.

Everyone is obviously very sorry about the mistake. For those of you who are collectors of history and would like to have for your archives the photographs that originally went with Peter Cox's story, they are reproduced below.



*The photograph above should have appeared in place of the one at the top of page 8 in 'Offshore' December 1978/January 1979. The photograph below should have appeared in place of the one at the bottom right of page 9, same issue.*



## Letter

Through the pages of your excellent journal I would like to bring to the attention of your Members the inaugural Cairns to Port Moresby yacht race which starts on 29th April.

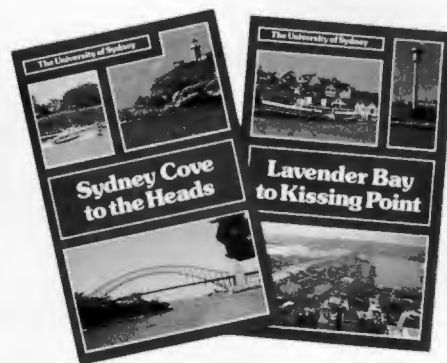
While Australian yachtsmen have had the opportunity to race internationally to Fiji, New Caledonia, New Zealand and Indonesia, there has so far been no formal yacht race to Australia's nearest neighbour, Papua New Guinea. This year sees the inaugural Cairns to Port Moresby race which will follow on from the series of races up Australia's eastern seaboard, beginning with the Sydney-Brisbane race.

Several yachts from the organising club, the Royal Papua Yacht Club, intend to compete in the inaugural race, including veteran Sydney-Hobart line honours winner of 1955, 'Even', two Clansmen 30s, two Formosan 24s and a brace of quarter-tonners. There are divisions for both IOR and cruising yachts, and the organisers hope that many Australian yachts will take this opportunity to visit Papua New Guinea's beautiful waters during the more equable time of the year.

Yours faithfully,

*Dr J.P. Spradbery,  
(for the Organising Committee,  
Cairns-Moresby race)*

## The puzzles of Sydney's harbour



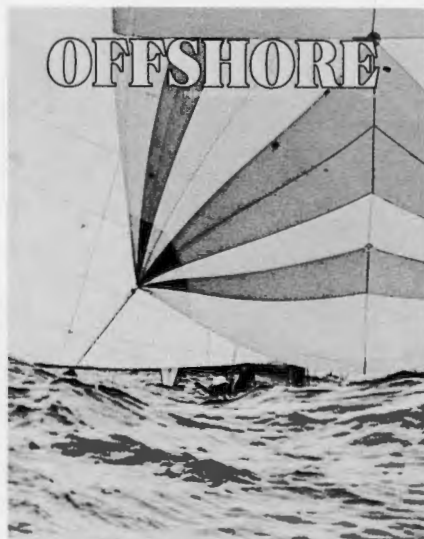
Why is Sydney called Sydney? Is Port Jackson named after somebody? Why is Great Sirius Cove so styled, and where does the word Vaucluse come from?

*(continued on page 34)*

# OFFSHORE

NUMBER 46

February/March 1979



*Cover: Apparently submerged in the swell outside Sydney Heads, a Hobart Race contestant heads south on Boxing Day.*

*Photograph by Sandy Peacock.*



'Offshore' is published every two months by the Cruising Yacht Club of Australia, New Beach Road, Darling Point, N.S.W. 2027. Telephone 32 9731, Cables "SEAWYSEA"

Advertising and Editorial material:  
The Editor, 'Offshore', C/ C.Y.C.A.

Subscriptions: Australia \$5.50. Overseas \$7.00.  
Air Mail rate on application.

Editor: David J. Colfelt

Printer: Wymond Morell (Printers) Pty. Ltd.  
160 Parramatta Road, Camperdown, N.S.W. 2050

\*Recommended price only

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Registered for posting as a publication — Category (B)

# GERONIMO TRANS PACIFIC

## John Hawley relates the voyage of Geronimo from Sydney to Hawaii and on to Los Angeles

Twenty years ago, when I started planning my first Atlantic crossing, a five shilling school atlas formed the basis for initial planning and remains the only record of the trip. It looks highly unprofessional but it is nice to have one's point of departure and one's point of arrival on one piece of paper.

There is only one Admiralty chart, B.A. 2683, which shows both Sydney and Los Angeles, and I was never able to acquire a copy, so it was page 99 of *The Readers Digest Atlas* which remains the pictorial representation of our nine thousand mile voyage from Australia to the United States of America, visiting some of the world's most beautiful islands.

My brief was to take Geoff Lee's beautiful yacht 'Geronimo' to Hawaii to compete in The Pan-Am Clipper Cup Series in August 1978 and then on to Los Angeles to meet him there on 15 September. Careful planning and preparation made it a voyage without problems, and for the benefit of people who may be planning their first long distance cruise, I have been asked to detail some of our preparations which made life so easy.

### Planning — charts, etc.

The first publication to be obtained is "The Catalogue of Admiralty Charts and other Hydrographic Publications", N.P. 131, which costs about \$10 from either The Admiralty Chart Office in Walker St., North Sydney or from Boat Books in Hulme St., Crows Nest. Section 25 tells of the available routing charts which in our case were South Pacific, for June and July, and North Pacific, for August. Careful study of these charts makes it clear that to attempt to travel directly would be asking for head winds and adverse currents the whole way.



John Hawley at the wheel of 'Geronimo', 30 degrees south and 1000 miles east of New Zealand catching the sou'west spinoff.





Adverse currents of 20 miles a day for 40 days will add 800 miles of sailing to a trip, whilst 10 miles of favourable currents per day for 40 days can shorten a trip by 400 miles — a total gain of 1,200 miles for that length of voyage. It is easy to see that a 1,200 mile detour to find these conditions is adding nothing to our travelling time and may also produce much more favourable winds.

So, for exactly this reason, we decided to head east staying at about 35 degrees south for some 2000 miles taking advantage of the sou'west spin-off from the roaring forties before heading north for Tahiti, then continuing to reach north for Hawaii in an area dominated by first the sou'east trade winds, then the nor'east trades, having made as much easting as possible before encountering the change to nor'east.

From Hawaii to California it is totally out of the question to sail direct. The wind and the current is always from the northeast, and in the dreaded North Pacific High sits somewhere in the middle. The N.P.H. is an area of absolute calm, probably the doldrums of the 'Rime of The Ancient Mariner' — useless for sailing, so the rule from Hawaii is head north for about 1000 miles or more until the wind swings westerly and cold, then tack and run for the port of one's choice in the U.S.A.

Tracing this route on our map we find that we require Admiralty Sailing Directions, volumes 51, 62 and 8 to cover all the ports in this area, and volumes K. and G. of the Admiralty List of Lights. We also discovered that B.A. Charts 780, 782 and 783 covered the entire area in which we proposed to sail. So on to the more detailed planning.

In our case we decided to make a long fast leg to Tahiti with possible stops in northern New Zealand and Rarotonga in case of problems with health, the boat or the weather, so a detailed harbour chart of Whangaroa in the north of New Zealand and of Avatiu in Rarotonga as well as Tonga and Samoan charts were included.

Charts of all the Society Islands were carried in case of diversion or just for pleasure visits, and we carried a good harbour chart of Papeete.



For our second leg, Tahiti to Hawaii, again almost 3000 miles, only Christmas Island or Fanning Island could be considered as emergency stops, so detailed charts of these islands were added to our ever growing stock.

All six charts of the Hawaiian Islands were taken as these were required for the Clipper Cup racing series in which we were competing, and for our final landfall we took charts of the Californian coast from San Francisco to Los Angeles in case the potentially violent weather which can be experienced on that coast should blow up to the north.

In the event, most of our charts were used at some time or other, a total of 67. The current Nautical Almanac, Tide Tables, Radio Signals, Sight Reduction Tables and Norrie's exceeds the amount of space normally allocated to a navigator in a racing yacht, so extra storage space should be constructed to cope with this requirement. Also, I bolted the box containing my sextant to a bulkhead as I regard this instrument as the most important item on the boat.

Having planned one's route and studied the climatic conditions one may expect to encounter, one can analyse the sort of provisions one should require and which one may be able to purchase during the voyage, which leads into the next item.

### Planning — provisioning

With only two cubic feet of refrigeration we had to plan our provisioning with great care. Only bacon and meat were given refrigerated space, for all agreed that there should always be a few cold tinnies available. Fresh fish we would catch when required. Eggs we collected newly laid and unrefrigerated from a farm near Orange, and they remained beautifully fresh for over a month.

The Allowrie shop in Ultimo among many goodies has superb tinned butter which requires no refrigeration and which we used over the whole period of five months. Nearby in Harris Street, Dairy Farmers Co-operative have the marvellous U.H.T. Long Life Milk. Ten dozen litres of this ensured our Sunshine Breakfasts for five months, again without refrigeration. Potatoes and onions last for a prodigious period and carefully stored fruit lasts much longer than one would expect.

Before leaving, we had practised bread making and had prepared our own packets of bread mix, so we were always able to bake two large loaves of bread on alternate days. Freshly baked bread was always one of the most popular parts of our diet, and one loaf would be consumed before it was even cool.

Fifty dozen cans of Toohey's Draught



*The jagged isle of Moorea (left) and Tahiti (right), at morn.*

may sound like an Aussie picnic; in fact it was only one can per man per day for the trip and is the minimum quantity which may be purchased duty free, thereby costing less than the 20 dozen we had originally planned to take. For some reason, soft drinks always seemed more popular during the day and a little tot of something stronger for the Happy Hour in the evening.

Canned foods and freeze dried meals were generally unpopular except for canned hams and corned beef. Potato Whip, powdered milk and tinned Minit meals were totally scorned, and I would never again bother to take them.

Throughout the trip we would eat hearty breakfasts with cereals, bacon and eggs, omeletes or fresh fish and toast and marmalade (Coopers English). Lunches were always sandwiches or Ryvita with cheese, salami, ham, pickles, etc. Then a good meal an hour before sundown.

Without any doubt, our good stock of herbs and spices proved invaluable in producing tasty, even exciting, dinners.

Sailing in easy conditions brings on a terrible lethargy and a crew will prefer sailing miles off course rather than change or trim sails. Writing and

even reading is too much of a chore, but a competitive spirit as to who can produce the best dinner ensures gastro-nomic marvels appearing each evening, whilst the helmsman will always try to steer a comfortable course for the benefit of the cook of the day whilst sniffing the tempting odours emanating from the galley.

One of our mistakes was to take along a fair quantity of Tilley's Sea Water Soap which claims it lathers freely in salt or hard water — which is absolutely untrue. In my opinion it is rubbish and has all been returned to the manufacturer, whose reply is still awaited. In fact, a squirt of Teepol or other household detergent is the most satisfactory way of washing in salt water, and one cannot over-cater on this score.

A reasonable library of books is essential, and yachting magazines were in constant demand, whilst 'Playboy' and 'Penthouse' were largely ignored after the first few days. Chess, cards and Scrabble are always popular, and home-made guitar music came out most evenings. A good guitarist is perhaps preferable to a good for'ard hand most of the time. Sun lotions and U.V. Cream were consumed in enormous quantities as were aspirin and laxatives. One crew member was unable to use the heads for the first week, but a plate of stewed prunes soon cured that.

A large thermos jug of coffee for the night watches is an absolute must. At least three times the quantity of toilet paper one would expect to need will probably suffice, and we never had enough garbage bags.

### **Preparation — the vessel**

Probably the best way of ensuring that a yacht is properly set up is to fit it out with all the requirements to A.Y.F. Category 1 offshore standards as a minimum requirement, and a cruising yachtsman would be well advised to put his boat through the club's safety inspection for this category even though not intending to race.

Above these requirements are extra fuel, water and gas. For the latter we chose to mount two 20 pound bottles, lashed to the pushpit and self ventilating. We also took a brass adaptor, obtainable from C.I.G., to facilitate re-filling in Polynesia.

Two automobile 20 gallon tanks from a wrecker's yard boosted our fuel capacity to 100 gallons and these were bolted down securely in case of storms. Our water capacity was also boosted to 100 gallons with plastic two gallon containers which were spread around the various storage areas of the boat. This remained in good condition after the main tanks had become tainted with poor quality water picked up in the Cook Islands.

An inflatable dinghy with suitable paddles is essential for landing on remote islands where only an anchorage is available, and a really good short wave radio receiver capable of picking up accurate time signals and weather reports from W.W.V. Hawaii is mandatory. It is also extremely good for morale to listen to broadcasts from nearby islands.

An automatic pilot would be a most desirable crew member who would steer for hours without complaint and who would never be found raiding the grog store.

With all our passports in order, customs and immigration informed of our departure, we were finally ready for the journey on 25th May 1978, and we hoisted the Blue Peter in our shrouds to announce this fact, a C.Y.C. burgee at our masthead and the red ensign

on the stern. We stowed away the other compulsory flag Q, to be hoisted on arrival in each port, and courtesy flags for the nations we would visit.

### The voyage

As we lunched at the C.Y.C. on the day of our departure 'Geronimo' sat seven inches lower in the water than she had on her last race in Sydney three weeks earlier, and we wondered how she would behave with all the extra weight she was carrying. It was several hours later before we were to discover that she was not noticeably slower and certainly more stable, for we had crowds of well-wishers and friends to farewell and our personal gear to stow.

At six o'clock in the evening, we slid away from the jetty, hoisted our main-sail and a reacher and cleared Sydney heads as the sun was setting behind the city. We were a very subdued group of six ocean racers who suddenly realised that our next port was 3000 miles away, and I tried to call Sydney Radio to sched with them until we were in touch with Radio Auckland.

It was a new radio which had only finally been installed that morning by a radio mechanic of some reputation and whose word I had accepted that it was all in order. The wind was from the sou'west at 20 knots and we were travelling due east at eight knots when our first meal was served. It was not until the next morning that I discovered the radio was only working on one channel, and that was 2524kHz, the yachties' chatter channel. By this time we had covered a very easy first 100 miles, and returning was out of the question.

On 2524, I had a conversation with the owner of 'Mary Blair' who alerted the C.Y.C. that there would be no radio contact from us. It seemed unfair, however, to friends and family that we should spend three weeks at sea without any contact, so we made the decision to call into New Zealand to try to effect repairs. After all, that was our reason for carrying a chart of Whangaroa Harbour.

For seven days we sailed due east in perfect weather conditions averaging 150 miles a day. As we all settled into the ship's routine we looked with some disfavour upon having to stop in New Zealand but as we closed upon Three



*Whangaroa Harbour in New Zealand's North Island.*

Kings Islands, some 20 miles north of the North Island, there was a dramatic change in the weather. The barometer almost fell off the bottom, and forecasts were for 60 knot SW winds rounding to SE and becoming cyclonic from the east.

There is a small lighthouse on Three Kings Island and it should have appeared ahead about three o'clock in the morning. We did not sight it however, and as dawn broke, there was the island about seven miles ahead. The weather was by now quite violent, and we were glad to tack to the lovely safe refuge of Whangaroa.

The entrance to the harbour is little over 200 yards in width and is sheltered by an island half a mile offshore. Inside, the sheltered harbour is almost the size of Sydney Harbour and surrounded by lush national park. The small town of Whangaroa has a jetty, a pub called The Marlin Hotel and one shop. What more could one require and in that order? There is no Customs Officer, but a phone call to Auckland soon had one on the way from Whangarei, about 45 miles away. We were cleared without problems except that all our salamis had to be locked and sealed away. We also discovered that it was a long weekend, so we had three days' wait before we could get our radio repaired. It was not hard to take, for a 60 knot gale from the east was

blowing outside and ships were in grave difficulties over an area of 1000 miles of ocean, whilst we had The Marlin Hotel and made many friends in the area. Barry Harrison and Phil Walsh took the radio to Auckland, where it was soon fixed.

Not being superstitious, we sailed out of Whangaroa on the morning of Friday, 9th June with a steady 12 knots of breeze from the southwest, and we soon landed our first big fish, a tuna weighing over 20 pounds. For five days we averaged over 170 miles a day in sou'westerlies of 20 to 30 knots with just a poled out No. 2 genoa. On Monday, 12th June we crossed the International Date Line and reverted to Sunday. We covered 184 miles that day, then 192 the next, until we had covered 1400 miles in our first week out of New Zealand. The wind moderated as we altered course towards the tropics, and swimming trunks day and night were worn instead of oilskins.

By this time, too, the fish we were catching were more exotic, brightly coloured and big, and some time each day we would drop our sails to go swimming and sometimes even to tuck in to marvellous baked fish. Guitar music and quiet songs ushered in the flaming sunsets.

On Sunday, 18th June, the engine would not start when it was time to





*'Club Mediterranee', Alain Colas' magnificent yacht, tied up in Papeete.*

charge batteries. We discovered that the timing chain was broken. We were listening to the Rarotonga Radio Station about 100 miles away, so altered course to get the motor fixed there.

Avatiu Harbour had been devastated by a hurricane some weeks before our arrival, but the happy, smiling natives gave us a tremendous welcome, and we were in no hurry to leave.

The motor was soon fixed and our fuel and water topped up, but island life was too enjoyable and it was only the lure of Tahiti but 600 miles away that enabled me to muster the crew for another Friday departure, loaded to the gunwales with tropical fruits.

Four days later as the sun went down, the twin peaks of Tahiti were pimples on the horizon 80 miles away. Next morning the sun came flaming up between them at a distance of 10 miles. By mid-morning we were on the leads entering the reef to Papeete Harbour, and we could see a forest of masts of cruising yachts from all over the world.

For a cruising yachtsman, Papeete is the ultimate delight — a safe harbour where one anchors stern on in the heart of the town. Within one minute's walk from our yacht was the post office, the market, good shops, a dozen bars and two night clubs. The laundromat and the car hire were

two minutes walk. Water and electricity (120 volts) is laid on to each yacht and one's garbage collected each night. Showers and toilets are within 100 metres.

Our lines were taken and secured in most seamanlike fashion by Alain Colas, whom I had met in Sydney some years earlier during his single-handed circumnavigation of the world in his trimaran, 'Maureva'. He came aboard and was soon into a can of Toohey's and issued an invitation to us all to go cruising at the weekend to Moorea on

his magnificent 230 foot yacht 'Club Mediterranee', an offer which, needless to say, was eagerly snapped up by us all.

After three years of sailing on 'Helsal', I thought I knew big yachts. To be handed the helm of 'Club Mediterranee' was still an overawing experience. A 230 footer with 30 foot beam, four mainsails and four jibs, is as big as you can go. Possibly 'Esmerelda' or some of the brigantines of the last century may be bigger, but a 230 foot racing yacht — even Tony Fisher never thought that big. Alain Colas raced this boat single-handed in the Trans-Atlantic Race. Alas, the winds were light for our cruise to the island of Moorea, and our best speed with full gear up would not have exceeded 10 knots.

This incredible yacht is brilliant in conception but contains far less sophistication than is generally believed. Halyards and sheets are all manually operated with no hydraulic or electrical assistance. The four mainsails, however, have full-length fibreglass battens 6in x 2in each of which has its own reefing point and has its own downhaul. Headsails are also reefable but are normally taken down in heavy conditions.

Each of the four cockpits at the foot of each mast has a steering helm so

*Alain Colas sets out a feast for the guests aboard 'Club Med'.*





that the singlehander is never far from a steering position. One complete turn of the helms gives a one degree alteration of course, and it is 60 turns from lock to lock, but boats this size do not wander about too much. A clutch on the prop shaft disengages the massive three bladed propeller from the 350 h.p. diesel and connects it to a generator. The boat's movement through the water then generates enough power to operate lighting, refrigeration and all the electronic gear, which includes closed-circuit television monitoring of all the sail settings.

With a draught of 18ft 6in I was apprehensive about entering passages through the coral reefs, but this incredible man took it all in his stride. It is tragic to hear that he is now posted missing, believed dead, whilst sailing his trimaran in the Atlantic.

Six hours after our arrival in Papeete, 'Sorcery' arrived and tied up alongside us for an evening of festivity after taking line honours and winning the Trans-Pac Race. Over the ensuing days, the remainder of the fleet straggled in after their 4,000 mile race from the west coast of the U.S.A. This magnificent harbour now contained so many beautiful yachts that it would be impossible to describe them all.

One, however, is particularly worthy of mention — 'Lancaster IV', owned by C.Y.C. member Fred Rush. She is a 60 ft. ketch built in England by Camper & Nicholson a little over a year ago. Fred has an apartment high in the hills overlooking Papeete. He was leaving the same day as 'Geronimo' for a cruise around the Tuamotas for a couple of months and was a marvellous host to us during our stay in Tahiti.

We spent many pleasant evenings on Bob Rodman's 76 foot ketch 'Summer Wind', which most members will now have seen at the C.Y.C. marina and which is now half way on its circumnavigation.

Two weeks is not long enough to spend in this superb group of islands, but we had a race to compete in in Hawaii and we had to tear ourselves away from this piece of paradise and once more we defied superstition by departing on a Friday for this 2,500 mile leg.

The only day of this journey which was unpleasant was Saturday, 15th July, the day of our Equatorial crossing, so the champagne and Neptune ceremony was held over until the following day when we were able to drop sails and go swimming in 18,000 feet of water and 1000 miles from the nearest land. No wind for the day meant the added bonus of using the motor, and that meant refrigeration and lots of cold beer in a shade temperature of 40°C. The bad weather of the previous day we discovered had been caused by hurricane Fico which had passed about 100 miles to the north of us; now it pulled winds in

counted in the bar over the following evenings. The racing has already been reported fully by the bevy of Australian yachting journalists present, including Peter Campbell and Bob Ross. 'Geronimo' did not cover herself with glory, but the Australian A Team won the series and carted home most of the silverware. Super Sid and his 'Ragamuffin' was the yacht covered with glory and certainly the outstanding yacht of the series, and it looks as if the Pan Am Clipper Cup Series may be destined to become one of the world's important series.

Derek Graff and Joe Odins, who had



from the south, and we ran under spinnaker for several days until we sighted the coast of Hawaii and the lights of Hilo on the evening of our 16th day out.

The next day we were travelling up the northeast coasts of the islands of Maui and Molokai in 20 knot nor'easterly trade winds and sped to the entrance to Waikiki Yacht Club at 10 knots, with 'Geronimo's' green and gold spinnaker drawing well.

What can one say of the welcome in Waikiki? It was prodigious, and here we were rejoined with 'Apollo', 'Ragamuffin' and 'Nyamba', who had all been sailed by different routes from Sydney. Many tall stories were re-

sailed out all the way from Sydney, flew home from Hawaii, and Diana Adams, who had also sailed the entire voyage, flew home as Diana Hawley after our marriage in Honolulu. Only Barry Harrison of the original team remained. We were joined by Paul McNeil, who had flown out to Tahiti, and Greg White, who had flown from

Sydney for the series. We had planned to sail out on 25th September, but the presence of hurricane John 200 miles east of Hawaii and hurricane Kirsty 350 miles to the north-east deferred our sailing for two days and enabled us to visit the famed Lahaina Yacht Club on the island of Maui.

This was to be the hard work of our



*The end of a long journey, and the beginning of a new one — the author and his new bride.*

trip. We headed north, close-hauled, straight for Polaris for 1000 miles, each day getting colder, and still the wind blew from the nor-east, sometimes hard, sometimes harder. Then after a week of sailing the wind swung west of north, and we tacked, thinking we may be north of the North Pacific High at 35 degrees north. Two days sailing later we heard the weather forecast. The N.P.H. was centred 1,200 miles due west of San Francisco — our exact position, so we motored north again for a further day and a half to get away from this eerie area of calm with all its flotsam including dozens of Japanese glass fishing floats.

At 36 degrees North we found our wind, and with eased sheets started heading straight for San Francisco. Soon it was poled out headsails and averaging 170 miles a day. One grey morning with eight to 10 knots on the clock we overtook a small English sloop with three girls and one man aboard. We considered passing a line to them and organising a party, but the long rolling seas made this too hazardous and we were loath to exchange our 10 for their five knots. We heard later that they reached San Francisco four days after we had arrived in Los Angeles.

Now we were in busy shipping lanes. Navigation was almost unnecessary for we were rarely without a container ship either dead astern or dead ahead. Then another bad weather forecast — hurricane Leonard was moving up the coast of California, and if we continued our present course we should be in the middle of it within 24 hours. The wind had risen to 45 knots and was strengthening, so we made a new course, 45 degrees to the south of that we had been heading, and we were soon travelling very fast straight towards Los Angeles.

I promised the boys that they would see the lighthouse on Point Conception before dawn on 14th September, but the wind died during the night. A good three star fix at dawn placed us 29 miles due west of this cape. I had not bargained for the Californian smog, and it was mid-morning before the lighthouse appeared less than two miles ahead. After the loneliness of the open ocean, the next 100 miles was like sailing down Pitt Street — a forest of oil rigs, hundreds

of fishing boats and dozens of large ships, brightly lit cities by night, speedboats and yachts by smoggy sunlit day. Then around Point Vincente and into the vast, bustling harbour of Los Angeles to locate and tie up at the Los Angeles Yacht Club.

After brief customs formalities we thought of hitting the town, but the cars and freeways, rush and tear was too much. After showers and a steak we turned in for an early night before sailing next day to our final mooring in Newport Harbour, where we looked minute amongst the world's most glamorous yachts — not realising at that moment that we would be sailing and racing in many of them for the next few weeks.

This story must end here, 9,173 miles from Sydney. Advanced purchase excursion flights may take one here in 14 hours for a few hundred dollars. It took us four months, but built up friendships which will last a lifetime, and a thousand happy memories.



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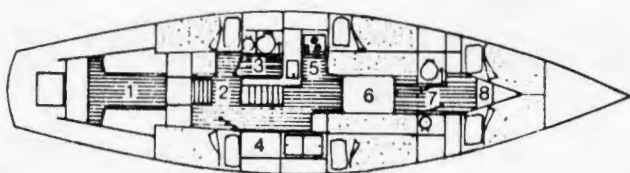
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# THIS YEAR THERE WERE TWO

## Sandy Peacock chronicles this year's Hobart Race

As Sydney-Hobarts go it was the most placid race for several years: no storm, no missing boats, no spectacular retirements, no records broken and virtually no overseas opposition to figure in the results. Even the lightweights were quiet — only for a brief period in the race did it look as if 'Vanguard', 'Piccolo' or 'Deception'

might trouble the ex-Admiral's Cuppers that took out the first three places. The IOR interest was deadened by the absence of most of the latest Admiral's Cup hopefuls, still being prepared for the trials in March. And three of the top chances — 'Apollo IV', 'Piccolo' and 'Superstar' — pulled out of the race with gear failures.

In effect the 34th Hobart became two races in one after the crucial afternoon and night of the second day, Wednesday, when the leaders got away on a new wind system south of Gabo Island while the rest of the fleet lay becalmed. By the next day that leading group of seven yachts ('Apollo', 'Margaret Rintoul II', 'Love and War',



*The Hobart, perennially remarkable for its contrasts — in weather, in expectations, in scenery. On a mercury sea off Tasman Island, an old veteran, Gretel, is in her fifth day out of Sydney.*

Sandy Peacock





'Constellation', 'Casablanca', 'Helsal' and 'Anaconda II') were 80 miles ahead and sailing their own private race. The other race was the efforts of the next group to catch them on corrected time. Among this group the best prospects looked to be 'Streaker', 'Deception' and 'Vanguard'. But the leaders enjoyed consistently better breezes across the Strait and down the Tasmanian coast, and that was the ball game.

And so it became a big-boat race. The most vivid illustration of that was the positions of the fleet at 1600 hours on the Friday. 'Love and War', off Freycinet Peninsula, was the trailing boat in the leading group, and 'Deception', off Cape Barren Island, was the leading boat in the rest of the fleet. The distance between the two yachts was 100 miles.

While they did get the weather breaks that enabled them to sail clear of the doldrums, in a race as long as the

Hobart the pressure is always on the big boats to be far enough ahead to pick up those breaks if they're around.

'Love and War' and 'Margaret Rintoul' have been two of the consistently top performers this season, and once the leading group had got clear, they both had to sail a pretty faultless race to stay with the three boats that at various stages could have won — the light air goer 'Constellation' and the bigger fliers 'Apollo' and 'Casablanca'. On the last day or two the money was on the two S&Ss, but 'Apollo', for example, had a big enough lead off Maria Island to have taken the line honours/corrected time double.

Constitution Dock isn't always the best place to get a coherent account of how the race was won, and it was even worse this year because the winning crews got there a day earlier than the rest of us and by the time we arrived they weren't necessarily sober. However, back in Sydney

several members of the 'Margaret Rintoul', 'Love and War' and 'Apollo' mobs were found together in the bar and asked to supply their unbiased accounts of the race. After a lot of noise, arguments and wild claims this is what emerged:

The first night was fast and uneventful except for when 'Margaret Rintoul's' steering failed and she threatened to ram a ship before regaining control. After temporary steerage with the aid of a couple of stilsons, and some smart repair work in the dark, she was back in the groove. In company with the abovementioned leaders she slid out to the east of the rhumb line and then gybed at around midnight to steer 196 degrees.

When the southwesterly change came through before dawn on Wednesday morning, she went onto starboard tack, got knocked later and then sailed on port tack the rest of the way to Green Cape, which she passed only

*Outside the Sydney Heads just after the start of the 1978 Hitachi Sydney-Hobart Yacht Race.*



Sandy Peacock





*Approaching Tasman Island at first light on the 31st December.*

200 yards to seaward at about 2.00 p.m. She cleared Gabo before 6.00 p.m.; at that stage 'Constellation' was about two miles ahead, 'Love and War' was half a mile astern and 'Superstar' was another half-mile back. But 'Love and War' tacked back into Gabo on a losing leg and that, says Graeme Freeman, was where 'Margaret Rintoul' got away from her. At nightfall 'Love and War' was back on the horizon astern.

At dawn on Thursday, 60 miles south-east of Gabo, 'Apollo' and 'Margaret Rintoul' were leading the fleet. 'Helsal' was to seaward of 'Margaret Rintoul' and slightly astern, 'Casablanca' was behind 'Apollo', and 'Constellation' was next, on a line astern of 'Margaret Rintoul', with a further gap to 'Anaconda'. The leaders couldn't see 'Love and War'.

During the day 'Apollo' and 'Helsal' cleared away to seaward of 'Margaret Rintoul'; that night they were still in sight ahead and 'Casablanca' had come up close behind.

Because most of the leading group could see each other at this stage some of the sked positions reported were obviously wrong. This problem should be getting better each year but it isn't. It's one thing to make an error, another to contradict what the eye can see.

'Margaret Rintoul' averaged seven knots across Bass Strait, arriving at Eddystone Point at dusk on Thursday. She had shy-reached all the way across under number 1 genoa and staysail in a WSW breeze that averaged 20 knots apparent and remained between 40 and 90 degrees apparent. This was where the leading bunch really opened up the gap, in conditions that were a far different story to what the bulk of the fleet experienced.

On Thursday night 'Margaret Rintoul' beam-reached with a 1½-ounce chute before changing to the No. 3 genoa with a reef in the main as a 25 knot westerly took her to St Helens Point, which she passed at about 11.00 p.m. Up till then she had been

sailing slightly east of the rhumb line, but after St Helens she moved into a brief southeast front that had her off Bicheno at 2.00 a.m. Friday. The breeze then swung southwest again and eventually gave way to a northerly that carried her down to Maria Island.

This is where it gets interesting. At dusk on Friday 'Margaret Rintoul' slowed down in a fading breeze off Maria Island. 'Helsal' was abeam, 'Constellation' about two miles astern and 'Casablanca' another mile back. Enter 'Love and War', who runs down to the group from astern under kite and blooper.

At this stage 'Apollo' was well clear, eight miles ahead, but during Friday night 'Margaret Rintoul' got an extraordinary break and closed to within a mile of her, although 'Apollo's' crew didn't see the S&S coming up behind. According to Graeme Freeman the breeze had got lighter and lighter after dusk and at midnight they decided to take 'Rintoul' inshore. Off Eaglehawk Neck she picked up a westerly with an edge so fine that there was wind on

one side of the boat and nothing on the other side. Freeman says it was the most incredible cut-off line he has ever seen. 'Rintoul' flew down the shoreline at eight knots, with 18 knots of wind over the deck, a 1½-ounce kite set and the pole on the forestay.

She reached the Hippolytes at 1.00 a.m. on Saturday to find 'Apollo' parked outside her, about a mile ahead. 'Rintoul's' crew could see the torches on her sails. The bigger boat had been virtually becalmed since dusk, a big boy being the only sail her crew could get to set effectively. She had got to the Hippolytes about 10.00 p.m. and stopped dead.

'Margaret Rintoul' had got away from the rest of the group during her ride down the shoreline, but she too stopped off the Hippolytes and stayed there until just before dawn, during which time 'Constellation' came up and caught her. 'Apollo' picked up some breeze to seaward, got to Tasman Light at about 4.40 a.m. and was washed around the island on the tide.

'Constellation' was second boat around the island, and 'Helsal' sailed up to be third around, just ahead of 'Margaret Rintoul', with about 200 metres between each of them at the corner. 'Love and War' was now a speck on the horizon to the north.

Once around the island 'Margaret Rintoul' sailed into a 25 knot westerly and blew the head out of her No. 1 heavy genoa. She and 'Constellation' were then becalmed off Cape Raoul, and it was over to co-navigator Bob Lange, a Tasmanian, in the local knowledge department. 'Rintoul' got out first to pick up a new westerly first and charged off up the Derwent. She crossed the line third, half an hour behind 'Helsal' and half an hour ahead of 'Constellation'. 'Casablanca' crossed another 18 minutes later, 19 minutes ahead of 'Love and War', and that was close enough to give Peter Kurts his second Sydney-Hobart.

Conclusions? Once again Tasman Island proved a great lottery and once again it was a race in which experience counted. Throughout the race the leading group stayed pretty much together, sailed pretty much the same course and got pretty much the same wind.

Possibly the main mistake the leaders made — although it turned out not to affect the race — was not gybing earlier on the first night. They shouldn't have gone so far east, covering each other and anticipating that there would be less breeze inshore. As it happened there was breeze, and set, inshore. On their way back to Sydney, 'Apollo's' crew was told by the local fishermen that the set had been running at the 65-fathom line, about three to six miles offshore at Kiama, rather than at the 100-fathom line.

This year's race was an important one for age allowances and the subject received a lot of attention. If age allowances had *not* been applied, 'Love and War' would have still won the race. 'Margaret Rintoul' (which lost three years of her theoretical full age allowance due to relatively minor hull modifications) would have lost her second place to 'Constellation'. Fourth-placed 'Streaker', which sailed extremely well, fifth-placed 'Matika II' and sixth-placed 'Apollo' all carried age allowances anyway, so they wouldn't have affected the top three results. The first boat that didn't carry an allowance was that nice green half-tonner from South Australia, 'Peacock', which finished too late to have affected the major placings.

The age allowance rule should be keeping the older boats competitive and keeping the new boats and their crews honest. The present formula seems to be doing its job pretty well, though possibly it is fairer when applied to

IOR-designed yachts than the big speed machines that don't 'age' quite so fast. With her age taken into account, for example, 'Windward Passage's' rating for the next Hobart will be interesting; so will be the effect of the age allowance rule at Cowes this year.

One of the obvious conclusions from the Hobart is that there were too many retirements — when 10 per cent of the fleet pulls out in those conditions something is wrong somewhere. It was particularly disappointing that we didn't see much of 'Apollo IV'. That's the second time recently she has lost her steering; last time was at the Sardinia Cup when she was 'Williwaw', though that time it was a snapped carbon fibre blade.

This Hobart won't be very memorable if you weren't aboard one of the boats in the leading group. I went down this year on Bill Psaltis' 45-footer 'Meltemi'. We were lucky enough, or unlucky enough, depending on your superstitions, to be 13th boat out of the Heads. Being a heavy, strong S&S she held all her canvas up well on the surfing kite run of the first afternoon and night, and enjoyed the brisk work when the sou'wester came in during the early hours of the next morning. So as we later found out, we were lying fifth on handicap on the morning of day two. Thereafter we slipped progressively back on corrected time as the light stuff set in, although we kept her moving reasonably well for the conditions and even managed not to do any 360s on the frequent occasions

*'Meltemi's' skipper, Bill Psaltis, at the wheel going around Tasman Island.*



Sandy Peacock

when the wretched breeze cut out completely.

We stayed with the leading dozen boats of the main fleet and ended up 19th across the line at Hobart, after enjoying a tight contest almost all the way with 'Satin Sheets', 'Mirrabooka' and 'Mercedes IV'. The four yachts crossed the line within a space of 16 minutes. There was also 'Nатель Two', always a few annoying miles up ahead on the horizon and eventually finishing 20 minutes ahead of us. When we passed the Iron Pot on Sunday afternoon there were no less than 31 yachts in sight, six ahead of us in the Derwent and 25 stretched out astern in Storm Bay.

Probably the best part of the race was rounding the corner at exactly 6.00 a.m. on the Sunday, with about 500 metres separating 'Satin Sheets', 'White Pointer', 'Gretel' and ourselves. I know everyone waxes lyrical about Tasman Island every year and it's

probably getting a bit monotonous, but in that clear early light it did look exceptionally good. Inshore of us the little Adams 10-metre from Lake Macquarie, 'Spirit', was creeping along the edge of the Island, a tiny white speck at the bottom of that huge wall of rock.

Special mention this year goes to:

The crew of 'Spirit', which did well to cross the line 20th, although her huge rating set her back a long way on corrected time. They must have had a great ride in the first night's nor'easter but I wouldn't especially relish driving her into a big southerly like last year...

The 'Casablanca' crewman who went overboard on the first evening, grabbed a lazy sheet and was winched back on board with his glasses still on. (He should have had a harness on though)...

The acrobat who was spreader-hopping between neighbouring masts

in Constitution Dock at around midnight on December 31st...

And the hard-worked staff of the Breakfastaria on the Dock (may they be given all the space occupied by the souvenir stalls plus most assistance next year).

Thumbs down to the Very Large Yacht that consistently reported its position ahead of boats whose crews could see her behind them, and which actually reported herself around Tasman Island when she wasn't.

The biggest disappointment of the race, apart from the weather, was the very low number of entries from across the Tasman. There are a lot of reasons why Australian and New Zealand crews should be racing together offshore more often than every two years at the Southern Cross Cup. Perhaps one of ORCA's priorities could be to get several Kiwi crews across for the next match-racing series... □

## Alain Colas

Born in the small French town of Clamecy on 16th September 1943, Alain Colas had no sailing experience until he visited Australia in 1966 to take a teaching appointment at Sydney University.

Here he was invited to sail with the Reverend John Burnham, a professor of philosophy at Sydney University, in his 30 square metre yacht 'Wings'. In 1967, he sailed as crew on a New Zealand yacht in the Sydney-Hobart Race where he met his idol, Eric Tabarly, with whom he was later to sail many thousands of miles in 'Pen Duick III', then in Tabarly's trimaran, 'Pen Duick IV', to win a trans-Atlantic race. Later, he purchased 'Pen Duick IV' which he re-christened 'Manureva'.

In 1972 he won, in 'Manureva', the Observer Singlehanded Trans-Atlantic Race in a record 20 days, 13 hours, 15 minutes, which was six days better than the previous record. Then, in

1973, he left England several days after the start of the Whitbread Round The World, single-handed in 'Manureva' for a dash to Sydney where he waited for several days for Tabarly to arrive as winner of the first leg of that race. Completing the singlehanded circumnavigation, he beat the record set by Sir Francis Chichester by 57 days.

It was during this voyage that he conceived the idea for a massive maxi yacht which he started building as soon as sponsorship by Club Med was arranged. A 270 ft, four-masted schooner as a singlehanded racer may stand for ever as a record. The incredible determination to build and sail this monster was sorely tested when Colas almost lost his right foot in an accident during the construction period. From his hospital bed, he controlled the completion of the yacht and still hobbling in specially made boots he competed in the 1976 O.S.T.A.R.

The race was hit by one of the most vicious storms seen in the North Atlantic for many years. Five of the competing yachts were sunk and 37 retired. With six of his eight sails in tatters, Colas stopped in Newfoundland for repairs yet he was still able to complete the race, being beaten over the line by Tabarly only six hours ahead.

On 5th November last year, competing in a 4,000 mile single-handed race from France to the West Indies in 'Manureva', he was last heard from southwest of the Azores. As the other competitors were completing the race, the French Navy mounted a massive air sea search which was finally called off at the end of December, and Colas was posted "believed dead". He leaves a beautiful Tahitian wife Teura and two children in his home on the waterfront in Papeete.

J.H.











# '78 WAS ANOTHER SLOW ONE

**'They are still laughing in their beer...next time they make the trip, they will certainly have plenty of tanning oil and zinc cream.'**

by John Dawson

Well, it is all over for another year. In short, it was a long race. By far the longest in the last 10 years. I sailed on 'Gretel' and our elapsed time of five days, 4 hours-odd and a 67 ft. vessel was about the most time I have spent at sea in 10 races. (Keeps one fit, though, and out of all sorts of naughty places). Even the line honours winner 'Apollo' took over four days.

Coming over the Harbour Bridge on Boxing Day morning, the waters of Port Jackson looked far from alluring. A grey sky with showers giving a murky colour to the harbour. The man on the radio was not helping either by forecasting a hard, wet ride for Sydney-Hobart yachts in Bass Strait. Goodness, wet to start and a wet 'paddock' —

might resign and play bowls. The CYC marina was even less encouraging with crews and supporters paddling around in oilies. However, there was one consolation: breeze. A good nor'easter was blowing with considerable puff at times, particularly as rain squalls drifted across. We recorded over 30 knots and opted for a couple of reefs and a smaller headsail to keep the boat on her feet for a safe trip up the harbour and through the heads. This was not the right gear as it turned out, as the breeze softened considerably just before the start and it was too late for a headsail change. Shaking out reefs was also difficult, being on a wind with plenty of tacking and 90-odd other boats.

'Apollo IV' and 'Apollo' were first out and as the fleet followed all cracked kites with a good course for Hobart. The breeze gradually freshened with gusts up to 35 knots during the night, and the seas increased as we headed nearly straight down the rhumb line surfing at times at 20 knots. What a way to go.

Our first problem was not far away however. As it was getting dark and with the sea increasing, we were experiencing a little more roll with the following sea. Suddenly the brace jumped out of the parrot's beak on the pole. We got it back in, but it jumped out again, and again. We had to assemble our spare pole (carried in two parts below deck) and reset the 2.2

1978

PL.	YACHT	OWNER/CHARTERER	ELAPSED TIME	T.C.F.	CORRECTED TIME
1	LOVE & WAR	P. Kurts	4:04-45.72	.8358	3:12-13.00
2	MARGARET RINTOUL II	S.R. Edwards	4:03-34.65	.8499	3:12-37.85
3	CONSTELLATION	J.W. Garner	4:04-08.25	.8613	3:14-14.90
4	STREAKER	B.C. Ryan	4:22-42.57	.7660	3:18-55.88
5	MATIKA II	A. Pearson	5:08-32.00	.7335	3:20-48.72
6	APOLLO	J. Rooklyn	4:02-23.40	.8458	3:21-03.43
7	PEACOCK	K.W. & R.M.H. Adams	5:10-52.00	.7127	3:21-16.12
8	DECEPTION	D. Hankin	4:22-39.57	.7877	3:21-28.07
9	SINNERMAN	G.D. Finchett	5:10-33.00	.7174	3:21-39.38
10	BILLAGONG	P.N. Joubert	5:07-49.00	.7454	3:23-15.70
11	CASABLANCA	K. Page	4:04-26.87	.9503	3:23-27.32
12	HUON CHIEF	H.D. Calvert	5:05-28.00	.7628	3:23-40.82
13	DIAMOND CUTTER	A. Sweeney	5:06-04.00	.7597	3:23-46.37
14	VITTORIA	L.J. Abrahams	5:01-23.22	.7910	4:00-01.02
15	ANTAGONIST	R.F. Hickman	5:05-45.00	.7638	4:00-02.87
16	CORDON BLEU	K. Dorrell	5:09-15.00	.7449	4:00-16.68
17	VANGUARD	R.H. Cawse	5:01-26.87	.7928	4:00-16.87
18	WESTERN MORNING	D.W. Blainey & P.R. Stockfield	5:14-56.00	.7183	4:00-39.15
19	THUNDERBOLT	L.P. Harding	5:15-04.00	.7167	4:00-48.13
20	BRER FOX	R.W. Jackman	5:06-38.00	.7649	4:00-51.70
21	WHITE POINTER	K.R. Le Compte	5:05-09.00	.7795	4:01-33.25
22	PILGRIM	J.H. Ratten	5:09-18.00	.7556	4:01-41.93
23	SWEET CAROLINE	M.W.D. Phillips	4:22-55.90	.8218	4:01-44.27
24	PRIORITY	D.J. Pryor	5:05-44.00	.7795	4:02-00.53
25	RAMPAGE	E.N. Fuller	5:05-44.00	.7838	4:02-32.98
26	RELENTLESS	P. Hankin	5:05-26.00	.7687	4:02-55.75
27	ZILVERGEEST III	A.J. Murray	5:19-14.00	.7163	4:03-00.98
28	CHAOS	R.T. Spence	5:06-07.00	.7863	4:03-09.92
29	ROGUE	R.M. White	5:10-34.00	.7649	4:03-52.22
30	ROCKIE	P.S. Kingston	5:07-24.00	.7853	4:04-02.82
31	BANG BANG	D.W. Baxter	5:06-37.00	.7902	4:04-03.13
32	HERCULES	M.H., C.M. & S.P. Will	6:00-43.12	.6931	4:04-18.27
33	LOTS WIFE	R.S. Montgomery	6:01-34.80	.6905	4:04-31.37
34	ONYA OF GOSFORD	P. Rysdyk	5:05-59.00	.8000	4:04-47.18
35	NATHELLE TWO	A.G. Lee	5:04-41.00	.8092	4:04-53.82
36	MARY BLAIR	G.A. Blok	5:06-51.00	.7964	4:05-01.40
37	CANON	J. Harry	6:01-47.75	.6931	4:05-03.05
38	SOLANDRA	R.W. Escott	6:01-44.32	.6939	4:05-07.87
39	MERINDA	A.G. Taylor	6:01-37.30	.6946	4:05-08.92
40	MELTEMI	B.C. Psaltis	5:05-01.00	.8121	4:05-31.55
41	MIRABOOKA	J. Benetto	5:04-47.00	.8145	4:05-38.15
42	POLARIS	T. Goto	5:06-00.00	.8070	4:05-40.92
43	MATIKA III	K.C.D. Roxburgh & D.L. Don	5:06-55.00	.8057	4:06-15.40
44	MERCEDES IV	D.L. Braham	5:04-45.00	.8238	4:06-46.13

1978

PL.	YACHT	OWNER/CHARTERER	ELAPSED TIME	T.C.F.	CORRECTED TIME
45	MERCEDES V	H. Jones	5:05-47.00	.8181	4:06-54.20
46	MANU KAI	J.W.B. Barry	5:15-28.00	.7697	4:06-54.83
47	SATIN SHEETS	A.A. Strachan	5:04-47.00	.8255	4:07-00.52
48	RUNAWAY	K.E. Millin	5:10-28.00	.7905	4:07-08.03
49	RICOCHET II	G.L. Finlay	6:00-47.70	.7141	4:07-23.88
50	HELSAL	H.A. Fisher	4:03-02.15	1.0468	4:07-40.23
51	ANACONDA II	J. Gudge	4:05-01.35	1.0315	4:08-12.27
52	DYNAMITE	R.E. Waters	5:05-39.00	.8310	4:08-24.90
53	PERIE BANOU	J.W. & C.C. Sanders	6:01-01.05	.7219	4:08-41.28
54	FUZZY DUCK	C.A. Troup	6:05-56.92	.6987	4:08-46.13
55	HI-JACQUE	J.H. Violet	5:18-21.00	.7588	4:08-57.13
56	BRAVURA	C.K. Charles	6:06-21.47	.6987	4:09-03.28
57	CHANCE	W. & J. Rice	6:00-12.95	.7323	4:09-36.55
58	VANESSA	B.K. & K.A. Jagger	6:08-57.07	.6905	4:09-36.75
59	BREADFRUIT	R. Sill	5:23-54.35	.7353	4:09-48.83
60	SCORPION	R.W. Clemens	5:05-51.00	.8443	4:10-15.30
61	HORNET	D. Flecker & A. Hurburgh	6:01-32.05	.7323	4:10-34.47
62	SURAYA	K. Spence	6:01-36.47	.7330	4:10-43.82
63	ARETHUSA	G. Knightly	5:04-47.00	.8571	4:10-57.10
64	QUADRILLE	Army Sailing Club	6:02-15.07	.7323	4:11-06.97
65	JISUMA	W. Rockliff	6:01-27.85	.7401	4:11-38.47
66	SECOND LADY	G. Scherwinski	6:01-51.42	.7398	4:11-54.28
67	JOKER	W.P. Webb	6:13-36.12	.6849	4:11-55.12
68	SPIRIT	P.D. Rundle	5:05-04.00	.8630	4:11-55.95
69	SILVER CLOUD	A.G. McComb	6:01-31.92	.7442	4:12-18.28
70	CALLALA	A.J. & R.K. Birtles	5:22-35.12	.7634	4:12-50.97
71	MYSTIC SEVEN	N.G. Chidgey	6:01-37.30	.7493	4:13-08.85
72	COBWEB	W.M. Griffiths	6:02-02.87	.7515	4:13-45.28
73	LOWANA II	D. Millikan	6:01-32.60	.7546	4:13-49.62
74	BLUE MOON	W. Anderson	6:00-58.50	.7576	4:13-49.98
75	UTIEKAH IV	G. Hennicke	5:22-42.30	.7730	4:14-18.65
76	MORNING MATILDA	R.P. McIntyre	6:09-11.40	.7208	4:14-25.15
77	HUMBURG	R.L. Bugg	6:12-30.57	.7075	4:14-43.82
78	TOLTEC	D.A. Job	6:01-33.37	.7819	4:14-53.95
79	GENGHIS KHAN	R. Huntley	5:07-20.00	.8711	4:14-56.20
80	FREANDA	J.A. Carr	5:06-46.00	.8834	4:15-56.13
81	WILLI WILLI	J. Goddard	5:05-58.00	.8914	4:16-17.20
82	ODIN	W.L. Gilbert	6:01-44.15	.7728	4:16-37.47
83	SUNDANCE	P.W. Daniel	6:22-35.07	.6956	4:19-52.57
84	GRETSEL	B. Lewis	5:04-45.00	.8395	4:21-12.15
85	TOUCHWOOD	D.P. & V.A. Brooker	6:00-29.57	.8171	4:22-03.90
86	KLINGER	T.N. Cassidy	6:04-48.70	.7211	5:21-56.25
98*	RIMFIRE	E.W. Wall-Smith	5:07-56.00	.8372	4:11-08.33

\*Penalised 50% after protest.

Retired: Accruz, Apollo II, Apollo IV, Ferr Out, Moonshadow, Piccolo, Superstar, Clicquot, Nimmitabel, Nirimbe.

spinnaker. But the same problem occurred with the emergency pole. With 600 miles still to go, it was decided to save our new kite (which, of course, was flogging around the forestay every time the brace let go and in the dark it was much harder for the helmsman to protect every time the mishap occurred).

This was the most eventful moment on the boat during the whole trip but, as it turned out, it probably cost us the chance of doing well in what was to become a two division race.

About 0300 on Wednesday (day two) the breeze backed through the north and west finally settling SSE. at 10 knots. The 0700 sched that morning put the leaders 'Anaconda', 'Helsal' and 'Casablanca' 30-odd miles in front of us, so we had paid dearly for our pole problems (which we fixed during the day). A long way to go yet! Wednesday was a sailor's dream. The breeze from the south freshened to 15 perhaps 20 knots with clear blue skies. It was a beautiful beat to windward. The 4 p.m. sched was a little more encouraging. The leading boats had come back to field a bit, probably as the very big ones did not enjoy a day on the wind. As well, the SSE. breeze had forced the fleet into the coast where positive identifications of actual positions could be made.

'Anaconda' was still in the lead, but only 14 miles now separated the other six yachts, 'Casablanca', 'Apollo', 'Helsal', 'Constellation', 'Love And War' and 'Margaret Rintoul'. 'Gretel' was six miles astern with the balance of the fleet stretched up the coast. As the sun set the breeze faded, and Bass Strait became a lagoon. This was in complete contrast to conditions last year.

Wednesday night was also the end of the race for us and the balance of the fleet. That night the leaders went ahead by 60 miles, and this was stretched to over 100 next day. It then became two divisions. 'Sweet Caroline' deserves a mention; she was not that far from the first seven, but she never quite made it and was left in the middle.

Well, there is not much more to mention. It took just over a day to do the first 200 miles and nearly four

days for the other 440. I can't recall Bass Strait and the Tasmanian east coast waters being so placid and warm. Suntan oil, hats and sunglasses were the order of the day. It was nothing unusual to come on watch and find the boat drifting, sails limp, with no way on at all. Obviously we did get some breeze, and it was very exciting when we had enough speed to beat a one tonner. If the breeze blew it was only for a few hours at a time. It

certainly was the best view of the lower part of the Tasmanian coast I have ever had. It really is superb scenery.

We did have a nice sou'west breeze for a work to get around Tasmania Island and up past the Raoul on to the Iron Pot. We actually passed 10 boats, but the breeze died and we had to wait for the afternoon sea breeze to finish, so even the last 40 miles from Tasman

*The author's watchful expression betrays that he awaits relief from the camera's watchful eye, while his oblivious watchmate seeks a different relief astern.*



*Such was the '78 Hobart . . . a race gentle enough at times to permit a dress-up party aboard 'Gretel'.*







*An old hand temporarily off the job aboard 'Gretel' enjoys a quiet little drink, one of the many supplied through the kindness of Tooth's Brewery to this year's entrants in the Hobart.*

to the line took 12 hours, which is not all that quick.

We were 15th over the line, a very disappointed crew (and no doubt owner) but we were very happy to be there after five days at sea.

From the Wednesday night the 'magnificent seven', as the Tasmanian press dubbed 'Anaconda', 'Casablanca', 'Apollo', 'Helsal', 'Constellation', 'Love and War'\* and 'Margaret Rintoul', virtually sped away into the night to provide the line honours and the major places on handicap.

Well it is over again. Disappointed skippers, disappointed crew and happy skippers, happy crew. Some people even bewildered. On 'Gretel', David Kellett, Brian Cramp, Bruce Gould, Tony Cable and myself had warned the balance of our crew (mainly Squadron chaps going down for the first time) about the rigours of Bass

Strait. They are still laughing in their beer, as hardly at any time did they need a T-shirt let alone three jumpers. However, next time they make the journey they will certainly have plenty of tanning oil and zinc cream.

On the results — congratulations must go to Jack Rooklyn who put his money where his mouth was and got the old girl over first (only five places out on handicap). Line honours for 'Apollo' was a fitting tribute for a really magic boat.

And to Kursty, up for the overall prize for a second time on another great vessel. All the superlatives have already been used on this win. Graham Freeman's effort with 'Margaret Rintoul' was most commendable and it was a good third by 'Constellation'.

For the record, 'Love and War's' crew had done 75 Hobarts previously, which put them in the top few of most experienced boats in the race. But the most interesting facet of the crew is the number of times they have been in the Sydney-Hobart on 'Love and War'.

Peter Kurts	(6)
Phil Eadie	(3)
John Anderson	(4)
John Harris	(4)
Peter Shipway	(5)
Mike Hesse	(4)
Brett Hart	(4)
Peter Clarke	(4)
Rex Forbes	(2)
Mike Taylor	(2)

To conclude with a few final facts on Slobart '78:

7 boats took just over 4 days  
 3 boats took just under 5 days  
 48 boats took over 5 days  
 28 boats took over 6 days  
 1 boat took over 8 days  
 (10 retired).

\*Peter Shipway of 'Love and War' was good enough to provide general details of the progress of the seven from 1800 hours on the Wednesday. As they moved into the straight the breeze went to west at about 15 knots, and they reached at six to seven knots boat speed all that night and all the next day until 7 p.m. Thursday evening. The breeze backed to the north and they ran square for an hour. Again the wind went to the west, fairly fresh at about 25 knots as they reached across of Bass Strait.

This lasted to midnight when a sou'sou'easter came in, and they steered 190 degrees for a further five hours putting them south of St. Helens. They were in company with 'Casablanca'; 'Anaconda' was astern and inshore. For most of Thursday morning there was hardly any breeze, but then a northerly filled in about 15 knots and they ran with spinnaker and blooper all afternoon to be off Maria Island at nightfall; 'Anaconda' was abeam and 'Margaret Rintoul' on the horizon in front.



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The wind moved to a puffy westerly averaging 15 knots and at first light Saturday they were off the Hippolites. All the other six boats were in close proximity, with 'Apollo' leading 'Constellation' and 'Margaret Rintoul' around Tasman Island. About 0800 a light sou'westerly came in and 'Love and War' closed the leading boats. There were the normal holes in the river, but they ended up finishing in a 25 knot west'norwester in four days, four hours-odd, to be sixth over the line.





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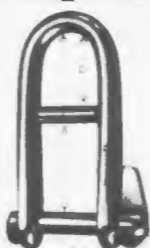
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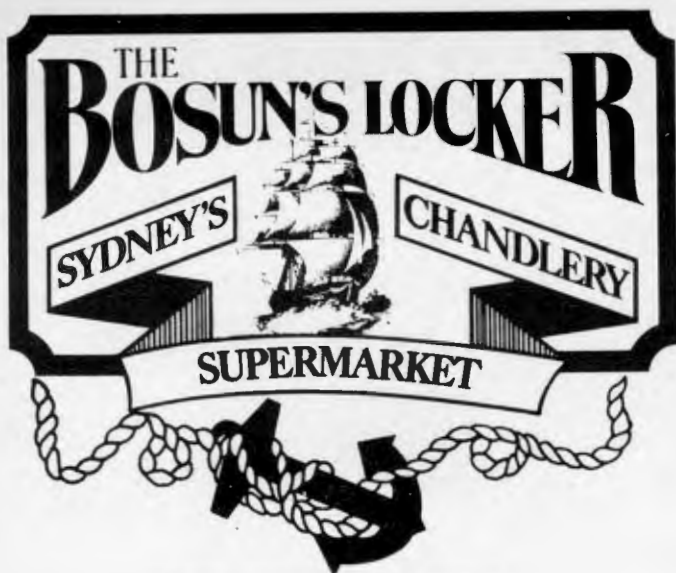
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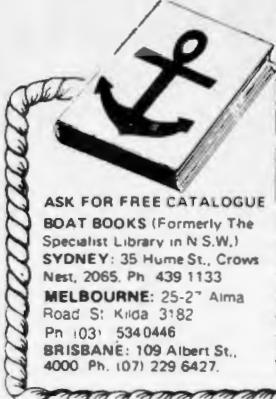
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# HELLO SAILOR, CARE FOR A JIBE

by Buzz Kennedy

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Yachting and yachtsmen, taken collectively or separately, comprise one of the world's most numbingly boring subjects.

Not, of course, for the yachtsmen — or not openly, anyway. They profess to gain great enjoyment from bobbing about on the water, luffing and huffing and jibing.

That would be all right — indeed, quite acceptable — if they confined their jibing to the water. But they bring the habit ashore, casting insulting aspersions on the habits of non-sailors.

People who sail, they say, are tough, devil-may-care, manly (sometimes womanly, but only in a manly way), 100 per cent good Joes. Non-sailors are effete and probably put scent on their hankies.

Those who during the week are fuddy-duddy lawyers, ulcerous advertising agents, flabby journalists, timid bank clerks, resting actors and the like undergo a weekend metamorphosis of remarkable proportions.

They emerge on Saturdays from their suburban villas, their home units, their tarted terraces, eyes already narrowed against the sun, voices clipped, foul oaths at the ready, rolling as they walk, like slightly spavined horses.

Some wear caps left over from the last J.C. Williamson musical, either raffishly battered or immaculately neat, but all worn with the Beatty tilt. Some even affect pipes, gnarled and well-chewed (probably by the dog).

I have not yet seen a weekend sailor with a parrot. But I am sure it is only a matter of time.

Dress and presentation are terribly important to your unfriendly neighborhood nautical man. He is either very well dressed or very badly dressed, according to how the affectation takes him.

But, no matter how he chooses to look, he is on common ground with his fellow wallowers in the unshakable belief that all yachties are audacious, plucky, intrepid, dauntless, devil-may-care, dashing dogs (or gels).

And that all landlubbers are spiritless, spunkless, craven, niddering no-hopers who would be called stick-in-the-muds if they were game enough to get close to anything wet.

I have nothing against sailing. I have been sailing twice — both times in breach of a resolution I made in World War II, in which I spent hundreds of hours bobbing about in small assault craft on glassy, hot, occasionally hostile seas.

I swore that never again would I go to sea in anything smaller than 10,000 tonnes.

Sailing, I have discovered, is simply a quiet way of getting wet.

Or it would be quiet if the damned yachties didn't keep shouting all the time and firing starting guns and finishing guns and crashing their yard-arms and running into each other and generally making the air hideous with squeals and profanity.

That would be OK if they confined the playing out of their Conradesque fantasies to the water. But, as said snappishly previously, they insist on bringing their preposterous poses ashore to harass and incommode honest golfers, crossword puzzle addicts and ordinary layabouts.

Take the annual fol-de-rol of the Sydney-Hobart yacht race when millions of dollars of rich and poor men's money goes pitching and tossing down the east coast in a computerised confusion of corrected times and doubletalk.

That would be all right, too, except that the yachties expect the rest of us to be consumed with interest and admiration about who gets there first and who wins (the two things aren't the same, God knows why).

For the duration of the ridiculous race (you can fly there in comfort in a couple of hours) the streets, bars and offices are filled with neo-Nelsons strutting their stuff midweek as well as at weekends.

It is all too much.

Bring back Captain Bligh, that's what I say. He'd put these half-baked Hornblowers in their place.

To the mast, Mr Christian!



# GOLF, ANYONE?

by John Brooks

I recently read an amusing piece in *The Australian* by Buzz Kennedy in which he sent up the weekend yachtsman unmercifully and compared us, rather unfavourably, with that other leisure time layabout, the golfer. Now in the company where I work there are only two types of people, yachtsmen and golfers, and not only do the twain never meet but they do not even share a common language. So while I tend to agree about the posturings of a few of my fellow yachtsmen, I have observed that the same single-minded fanaticism can be found in devotees of other pursuits, the golfer being a prime example.

Buzz Kennedy had the good grace to admit that perhaps his mistrust of

yachting and its adherents stemmed from his small craft experiences in World War II, in which he was occasionally the centre of hostile attention. I can appreciate this feeling, because as a 747 pilot I have much the same distrust of light aircraft, a sentiment which is shared fully, I believe, by Charlton Heston. I don't imagine it is possible to have a dramatic confrontation with a golf ball so the game should not on the face of it generate any extreme emotions, but invariably it does.

I have spent hours as a captive audience in crew rooms around the world while my fellow pilots discussed, to my complete mystification, their chip shots and slices, their hooks, drives, putts and

handicaps — not only their own but those of their associates and the professionals who appear at nauseating length on TV. Speaking of TV, there is one charge that cannot be levelled against yachting; it does not take up hour after tedious hour of TV time the way golf tournaments do. If you can bear to watch them, dozens of cameras record and replay every move in boring detail while a panel of arm-chair experts dissects every stroke that has ever been played dating back to the fifth hole of the Okefenokee Swamp Open of 1912. But not yachting, no sir. No TV producer in his right mind would try and screen a yacht race live.

I played my only game of golf ever some years ago with Tom Ramsey, who is a professional journalist and, I am assured, an amateur golfer of consummate skill. While I was curious as to the nature of the game, I found that the greater interest lay in the behaviour of other golfers nearby as they watched Tommy's effortless progress around the course. Their expressions of greedy envy changed to malicious glee as they watched my own raw attack. At last, their faces said, someone worse than we are. Yes folks, it was an example of the baser human emotions comparable to that to be found at the windward end of a biased starting line.

As to salty language, well, my attention was drawn at one point to what sounded like an all-in brawl between a couple of front row forwards, obscured by a covey of bushes. It turned out to be a lone golfer who had hit into the brush and was determined to





"NEVER WASTE A FOLLOWING BREEZE,  
I ALWAYS SAY."

hit out again. The language would have made Gordon Ingate blush.

Still, I have no doubt that weekend golfers derive great pleasure from stalking little white balls around the countryside. I can appreciate the relief to be gained from the week's frustrations in the action of belting an innocent pill out of sight into the blue and the thrill of actually finding it again after a long invigorating search — something like a treasure hunt with a little therapeutic violence thrown in.

I may be guilty of preaching to the converted, but how can that compare to an afternoon of bending wind, wave and sailcloth to your own devices, to hours of being close to the nature of things, the ultimate outdoors, the sheer visual beauty of a graceful yacht under sail, the thrill of competition with others bent on sharing the same piece of water against your express intentions? With all this one still has time to relax and enjoy the activity detachedly; try hitting a golf ball with a beer can in one hand.

All in all, the thrill of the experience might be compared with hitting a hole in one except in sailing you can do it every weekend with apologies to those weekend golfers who regularly hit holes in one.

And after you get back to the club you can enjoy the discomfort of non-yachting types such as Buzz Kennedy as you toss around a few sentences heavily laced with technical yachting

jargon. You don't actually have to know what they mean as long as it sounds right, as pointed out by Tony Cable in a series of articles in *Offshore* entitled 'How to become a famous ocean racer — without knowing how to sail.'

However, you all know this or you would not be reading *Offshore* magazine and the real reason for this piece is to take issue with Buzz Kennedy in his assertion that yachtsmen 'harass and incommode honest golfers, cross-

word puzzle addicts and ordinary 'layabouts.' To begin with, 'honest golfer' is a contradiction in terms. Some of the claims I have heard golfers make about their own ability make Muhammad Ali appear as a tongue-tied amateur.

The crossword puzzle addicts? Well, any true-blue Aussie lad knows that anyone who can actually solve a crossword puzzle is suspect and probably a weirdo of some sort.

As to ordinary layabouts, sooner or later they end up either in the State Parliament or in Canberra, where yachtsmen rarely, if ever, get the opportunity to harass them. That we leave to the Buzz Kennedys of the world, and a fat lot of good that seems to do us or anyone.



"YELLING OUT 'MAYDAY MAYDAY MAYDAY' WON'T GET YOU ANY  
HELP AROUND HERE, MATE"

# THE GREAT CIRCLE RACE

One of the most exciting blue-water yachting events ever held — was the virtually unanimous opinion expressed by participants in the inaugural Golden Fleece Great Circle Yacht Race which in January circumnavigated Tasmania in a clockwise direction.

Twenty-one yachts crossed the starting line at Portsea, just inside Victoria's Port Phillip Heads, at 1000 hours on a sun-drenched Sunday, January 7.

Thousands of spectators lined the shore and crowded on Portsea Pier to see the yachts from as far away as Perth, Adelaide, Sydney and Gladstone (Qld.), break out their colourful spinnakers as they manoeuvred for position past the starting boat, the recently restored barque, 'Alma Doepel'.

'Siska', Rolly Tasker's controversial West Australian maxi, which had been accepted at the last moment, did not tarry in taking the lead.

The 15 knot northerly breeze held for the first 13 hours causing the fleet to spread out slightly and keep up a good pace over most of Bass Strait.

By 2300 the breeze dropped and the fleet began to close up again as the trailing vessels caught the best of what little wind there was.

Although the crews were being kept busy changing sail to keep up with the alternating conditions, most agree it was an easy run with plenty of time for all to get their sea legs.

By first light on Monday, 'Siska' was already 49 miles from Banks Strait and 15 miles ahead of 'Anaconda II' in second place. A further 20 miles separated 'Anaconda II' from 'Casablanca', who lost her second place position the previous night. The rest of the fleet followed about nine miles behind, led by Jock Sturrock's 'Fiona'.

By nightfall menacing cloud and lightning in the distance caused the rest of the fleet, massed outside Banks Strait, to reduce sail expecting some squalls. These however passed well to the north-east, and the calm night was disturbed by only a few drops of rain.

The tide was now westward bound and it was a frustrating experience for those skippers and crews who were virtually locked out of the strait.

Tuesday morning came with an eight to 10 knot nor'westerly wind and very calm seas. With renewed enthusiasm the remainder of the fleet sailed through Banks Strait.

'Siska' was now half way down the east coast of Tasmania and 70 miles ahead of the rest of the fleet.

Tuesday, 9th January was a memorable 'cruise' with comfortable weather conditions and a reasonably fast passage down the beautifully contoured east coast of Tasmania.

Tuesday night was again a slow run with very little wind on the east coast and Wednesday morning came with continued light and flukey winds and little chance of relief in sight.

These conditions were favouring the smaller yachts, and division three yachts filled the first four positions on handicap. 'Aquila', 'Thunderbolt', 'Nellie Zander' and 'Dorado' were leading in that order. The leaders were already past the half-way mark.

By the time the second half of the fleet reached South East Head at about 11 p.m. on Thursday, conditions were altering. The breeze gradually

## The Golden Fleece Great Circle Yacht Race Provisional Results

Finishing Order		O/A	Positions Divisions		
			1	2	3
1.	SISKA	R. Tasker	1	1	
2.	ANACONDA	J. Grubic	13	4	
3.	CASABLANCA	G. Mottle	9	3	
4.	APOLLO II	R. & I. Thurston	2	2	
5.	FIONA	Sturrock/Lawrence	3		1
6.	BACARDI	J. Gould	5		3
7.	DYNAMITE II	P. Smith	4		2
8.	BORN FREE	J. & C. Howell	7		4
9.	FREANDA	J. Carr	18	6	
10.	IMOGENE	I. Haskett	17	5	
11.	SABALOO	L. Sandrin	15		5
12.	SHENANDOAH	R. White	10		3
13.	TOOLUKA	E. Banks	16	6	
14.	MILLUNA	T. Stokoe	11		4
15.	NELLIE ZANDER	J. Cumming	8		2
16.	AQUILA	B. Edmunds & J. Aitken	6		1
17.	THUNDERBOLT	L. Harding	12		5
18.	DORADO	J. Lake	14		6
19.	LADY BAY	P. McLaren	19	7	
	ARIADNE	L. Bram			
	JINDIVIK	N. Bohill			

strengthened to 20-25 then 30 knots, drifting gradually from the east to the south and then to the south-west, finally settling in the west. By mid-afternoon gale force winds of 40 knots with gusts in excess of 45 knots brought the first taste of the Roaring 40s to the fighting fleet.

Most of the time the wind was virtually on the nose at a steady 40 knots and many chose a long south westward leg rather than try to tack between the imposing and rather menacing Newstone and Maatsuyker. The waves were now up to 20 feet, and some roared through with white heads like breaking surf.

Having had time to rest adequately for the previous three days, no one minded unduly. The 15 years old 'Jindivik', however, to conserve her strength anchored in Adventure Bay, a cove, on the west side of Storm Bay.

Soon after midnight on Friday, January 12, 'Ariadne' was picked up by a huge wave and dropped on her port side with considerable damage being caused to her bulkheads. At this point, she reduced sail and made for Cox's Bight to assess damage and tranship to the radio vessel, 'Febrina', a crewman who had been very ill for the past 48 hours.

At 5.32 on Friday morning, 'Siska' crossed the finishing line at Flinders, urged on by hundreds of people chanting, "C'mon, 'Siska', c'mon, c'mon!". As she crossed the line a five-inch mortar rocket acclaimed her victory, illuminating the whole triumphant scene.

However, the battle for handicap honours was still in the balance. 'Aquila', smallest of the fleet, could still win if she finished by 2.30 p.m. on Sunday. 'Fiona', 'Born Free' and 'Apollo II' also were still in the running. It was still anybody's race.

At the 3 o'clock schedule the same day, 'Apollo II' was holding second place on handicap and fast closing on 'Siska's' chance of winning the trophy on corrected time.

'Anaconda II', in outright second place, 'Apollo II', 'Casablanca' and 'Fiona', well ahead of the rest of the fleet, enjoyed improving conditions as they rounded the northwest corner of Tasmania and made good time across Bass

Strait until they were slowed by very light winds off West Head, at the entrance to Westernport Bay.

Meanwhile, 'Jindivik', officially retired from the race after being anchored for some time in Adventure Bay on the Tasmanian south coast.

Just 15 minutes short of 24 hours behind 'Siska', 'Anaconda II' was second across the finish line, followed by 'Casablanca' five hours later. 'Apollo II' finished five hours 35 minutes after 'Casablanca' to take second place on handicap.

The remaining 15 yachts, arriving over a period of three days, each received almost as enthusiastic a welcome as 'Siska' in recognition of their achievement in completing the challenging 800 nautical miles around some of the most rugged coastline in Australia.

There was little doubt that the Great Circle Race had been a great success. Typical of skippers' comments was that of Paul Smith, owner and race skipper of 'Dynamite II' — 'I thoroughly enjoyed the race,' said Paul, 'because it is a full circuit. It is a long race and there are varied conditions. It circles Tasmania in the right direction — it would remove most of the challenge to sail the other way. The race was well organised and the welcome at Flinders was incredible. In fact, the whole series provided excellent competition'.

The skipper of the Sydney sloop, 'Casablanca', George Mottle, said the Great Circle was a tremendous race, he enjoyed every moment of it and he would like to be in it again next year. He suggested that in order to eliminate the gamble of Banks Strait tidal effects, regardless of the direction of the race, eastabout or westabout, Flinders Island should be a mark of the course.

Skipper Lyn Harding, who sailed 'Thunderbolt' up from Hobart after completing the Sydney-Hobart event, arriving the night before the Great Circle start with only 14 hours for provisioning, repairing damaged rigging, and arranging two crew members from interstate, was another who gained satisfaction from completing the course, although he found it a hard race for small boats. 'Boats must be in top condition,' he said.

Although forced to retire, Neil Bohill of 'Jindivik' acclaimed the race as 'a great concept. There is a great challenge for boats and crew at the southern end,' he said. 'The race organisation and radio scheduling was good, and I hope to be in the race next year.'

The organisers of the Great Circle Yacht Race are planning early action this year to generate overseas participation. It is likely that the race start will be put back a week to give Sydney-Hobart entrants more time to return to Melbourne. □





# MELBOURNE-HOBART 1978

by Simon Feely

The flying Bat-mobile, otherwise known as 'Sandra' clearly won line honours in the 1978 Melbourne-Hobart West Coaster Yacht Classic. The converted eight-metre ketch, owned by Federal President of the Australian Labor Party and Deputy Premier and Treasurer of Tasmania, Neil Batt MHA, was skippered by veteran yachtsman Jack Behrens. Elapsed time was 60 hours, 21 seconds, 51 minutes.

'Sandra' was built in Hobart in 1948 and sailed in the Sydney-Hobart of that year. It has participated in many ocean races before being purchased midway through last year by her present owner. Neil is very happy with the acquisition and plans to enter her in next year's West Coaster.

'Sandra' led the field of 24 yachts for nearly all of the race other than when she received a strong challenge from the brand new Victorian boat from Port Fairy Yacht Club, 'Jimmie Blacksmith'. A Joe Adams designed sloop, 'Jimmie' was built literally just in time for the race by owner and skipper Fred Trewartha. She sailed into Queenscliff about five minutes before the starter was due to fire the gun on Boxing night, at 11.36 p.m. ►



Veteran timber schooner 'Ile Ola', this year with skipper Geoff Wood at the helm, has competed in every Melbourne-Hobart since its inception seven years ago. From the Royal Geelong Yacht Club in Victoria, 'Ile Ola' is one of the few three-masted schooners still actively racing and was one of the largest yachts in the fleet.

Second across the line in Hobart, with all stops out in an attempt to pip 'Sandra' was one of the three only Wombat designed sloops, 'Widgeon', skippered by John Bish.

Third across the line was 'Widgeon's' sister ship 'Destiny II', from Royal Brighton Yacht Club in Victoria and skippered by Grahame Chapman.

For the second year in succession, overall winner of the Melbourne-Hobart yachting classic was the Bruce Farr fibreglass sloop launched in 1975 and skippered by Jim Searle, with his son, Neil, as navigator, 'Hot Prospect'. 'Hot Prospect' was the first of the Farr production one-tonners built in Australia by Compass Yachts.

Her victory gains her the Heemskerk trophy and other prizes including a Pro Hart original miniature on a gold-plated pure silver ingot, a cup from Esanda Limited, and prizes to the value of \$1,000 spread among all crew members, a Longines watch from S.A. Desco, Sydney, and a return trip for two to the Gold Coast for a crew member with the compliments of Ansett Airlines. □



## BIGGLES' COLUMN

(by John Brooks)



### The Cruising Yacht Club of Australia Blue Water Room Restaurant and Bar (bookings 32-9731)

#### Blue Water Restaurant

	Trading Hours	
	Lunch	Dinner
Wed.	12.00-2.30	7.00-10.00
Fri.	12.00-2.30	7.00-10.30
Sat.	12.00-2.30	7.00-10.30
Sun.	12.00-2.30	

Last orders must be in before closing times. Bookings preferred. Available for private functions.

#### Blue Water Bar Trading Hours

Mon.*	4.00 p.m.-10.00 p.m.
Tue.**	4.00 p.m.-10.00 p.m.
Wed.	11.00 a.m.-11.30 p.m.
Thu.**	4.00 p.m.-10.00 p.m.
Fri.	11.00 a.m.-12.30 a.m.
Sat.	8.00 a.m.-12.30 a.m.
Sun.*	9.00 a.m.-10.00 p.m.

\*Free Champagne during Happy Hour 6.30-7.30 p.m.  
\*\*Closes 11.00 p.m. after navigation and learn-to-sail.

It was not really a typical Sydney-Hobart Race; I mean the strongest gust must have been in the order of 35 knots, and Bass Strait was more like your common old garden mill pond, whatever a mill pond is\*. So much for Tony Cable's long-range weather forecasting. He must have been using a beer glass instead of a crystal ball, but when all is said and done, what is a typical Sydney-Hobart? If the race weather were at all predictable we would all go down on the easy rides and stay at home for the rough ones. My company helped me stay out of a rough Hobart one year by sending me to Mauritius for Christmas, although I did not appreciate the gesture at the time. Still, one could not depend on a company to display that degree of foresight all the time, especially an airline.

This year it was an armchair ride even if the crew of 'Klinger' might not agree. I heard comments like, 'Caribbean cruise', 'Slow and boring', 'Frustrating

— listening to the cricket would have been more exciting'. I suspect that everyone had their moments to remember and the 'Love and War' veterans thought it was a bit of all right. With two Sydney-Hobart victories to 'Love and War' in the record books, Peter Kurts could well consider giving it away to go cruising. Also, pigs might fly. One Sydney-Hobart Race record is now within reach of 'Love and War' — three overall wins by the same boat (the Halvorsen brothers hold this with 'Freya', although their record is three *consecutive* wins.) I don't suppose that thought has so much as crossed your mind eh, Petel Pete???

During a New Year's Eve party I was talking to that journalistic disaster area Bob Cranse, and while we could still understand each other he remarked, 'You know, for a while I had a fascinating Sydney-Hobart scenario visualised. 'Margaret Rintoul' first, 'Constellation' second and Syd Fischer in Eden with 'Superstar', retired.' I doubt if Syd Fischer would have dreamed of that result in his worst ever nightmare, but it came awfully close to reality until 'Love and War' made her move. (For anyone who missed the point of all that — 'Margaret Rintoul' was 'Ragamuffin' the first, 'Constellation' was 'Ragamuffin' the third, and 'Superstar' was on charter to Syd Fischer pending completion of 'Ragamuffin' the fourth.

Comment from 'Relentless' after-guard, first night out: 'Gawd, look at 'Vanguard' '. Looked across to witness the last part of 'Vanguard's' attempt at low level aerobatics. She came upright, cleaned up the mess, continued to run under main and genoa and still seemed to be doing a steady nine knots. Ten modifications to a broken spinnaker pole later she was back in business with a vengeance, catching 'Relentless' and leaving her behind in the parking lot just south of Gabo Island, the graveyard of many Sydney-Hobart hopes this year.

Comment from 'Vanguard's' after-guard in Hobart, David Lawson: 'Thank God for the self-righting formula or we'd have been goners for sure,' likewise Jeff Rouvray — 'I thought we were within four inches of sinking.' For every expert who blasts the self-righting requirements from the safety

of a club armchair, there is another who blesses it from the crucible of experience at sea.

The continuing no-quarter competition in the CYCA's second division culminated in a Sydney-Hobart One Ton Sweepstakes. The crewmen from 'Deception', 'Piccolo', 'Relentless' and 'Vanguard' put up an ante of \$10 each, winner take all. 'Deception' won her division, took eighth on fleet handicap and the sweepstakes prize of \$320; 'Vanguard's' problems I've mentioned; 'Piccolo' split her rudder and retired; 'Relentless' stayed in one piece for the whole race, was with 'Deception' up until Gabo, then managed to fall in every hole between there and Tasman Island. The number of jugs and bottles of champers that changed hands amongst those four was staggering.

Tony and Helen Fisher regularly make 'Helsal' available for charity functions, so for the King-of-the-Derwent race after the Sydney-Hobart main event, it was not unusual for them to be hosts to 60 or more underprivileged children and their parents or guardians. Tony tells of one tyke who climbed on board, looked around curiously and asked, 'Where are all the poor kids?' Later, Tony's pride in 'Helsal' was somewhat squelched by another who glared at everyone within range and asked loudly, 'What are we doing on this lousy boat?' 'Sshh, Johnny, that's the owner over there.' 'I don't care; it's a crummy boat. I want to go home.'

He was mollified only with a series of bribes in the form of ice cream, lemonade, etc. After that and a bit of a steer, his point of view changed dramatically. Sounds like a typical crew hand: give him a feed and a turn at the helm and he's happy.

After winning line honours in 1976 with 'Ballyhoo', Jack Rooklyn was hoping for a handicap win with 'Apollo' this year but instead won line honours again. Tough luck, Jack! 'Apollo' capped a remarkable year by getting in from San Francisco on Boxing Day, turned around in nine hours to make the start on time and then put in her best performance ever to take line honours and sixth on handi-

cap. A tribute to a well organised owner-skipper, the crew and one of Australia's great boats.

*'Apollo IV' didn't make it to Hobart.  
'Apollo III' didn't get to leave home.  
'Apollo II' broke a boom and retired,  
While 'Apollo' put her name in the rolls.*



The 10th anniversary of the Quiet Little Drink was celebrated on New Year's Day in its usual sedate, hushed atmosphere as a few of the yachting establishment's more conservative members met to hold race post-mortems. Messrs. Cable, Dawson and Hutchens officiated at the Snives Pub under the benign scrutiny of long suffering manager Charles Davies who, you will remember, sailed 'Hecate' in the 1977 Hobart race. Three hundred and thirty dollars was raised for the Crippled Children's Association, and 7,301 beers were poured for some obscure reason. No, I don't know who bought the one beer.

It is interesting to note that a 'rowdy' element has crept into the function as more and more yacht owners attend this traditional crew gathering, but the impeccable behaviour of the other guests more than compensated for this. Sadly missed was Mr Sidney Brown of Auckland who has to return home quickly to take care of business and thus was unable to defend his Southern Tasmanian Tap Dancing Title. David Kellett baffled the audience with his illusion of passing an egg in one ear and out the other and then, incidentally, into an air conditioning fan. The yolk (sic) was on us. 'Twelves' was considered for the Biggles' Award for this display, but after much consideration the panel decided it really did not contribute anything to the sport of yachting and the report was passed to John Laws and John Singleton for possible use as a circus act. The Biggles' Award went instead to Roly Tasker for his demonstration of how to win a Sydney-Hobart Race start.

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## **Offshore Signals**

*(continued from inside front cover)*

Did you know that Potts Point refers to J.H. Potts, a clerk employed by the Bank of New South Wales, who bought six and a half acres of land between Darling Point and Circular Quay in the 1830s? Or that Lavender Bay recalls George Lavender, boatswain of the hulk 'Phoenix' moored in the bay in the 1830s and used for accommodating convicts awaiting further transportation to Moreton Bay and Norfolk Island?

Or how many islands there are on the harbour? Or where it is deepest and where shallowest? Or why Looking Glass Point is so named? Or that Pyrmont was named in 1806 for its beauty and limpid spring, after another Pyrmont in Hanover in Germany?

Two small booklets have recently been produced to explain why places on the harbour are called what they are. The first, *Sydney Cove to the Heads*, covers north and south shores of the harbour to the east of the Harbour Bridge. The islands and reefs are also included as is Middle Harbour up as far as Roseville Bridge. *Lavender Bay to Kissing Point* is about places west of the Harbour Bridge. It takes in Darling Harbour, Iron Cove and Hen and Chicken Bay on its way up to Ryde Bridge.

The booklets are illustrated and indexed. They deal with major harbour features in numbered sequence following the shorelines. They remind the reader of the abundance of beautiful places on the harbour where you can take visiting friends, or simply have a picnic.

The books were produced in August last year by the University of Sydney. They can be obtained through any bookseller at a price of \$1 each.

## **C.Y.C.A. Navigators' Club scoops the pool**

The Barry Vallance Trophy for the adjudged best log book in the Hitachi Sydney-Hobart Yacht Race has again been won by a member of the C.Y.C.A.'s Navigators' Club. This year it was Bob Snape (first), Lindsay May



(second), and Gordon Marshall, the Club's Chairman (third).

Until now Gordon has been doing the appraisal himself, but this year he arranged for a Master Mariner/Royal Yacht Club of Tasmania Member, to do the job for him; but it didn't change the winning streak enjoyed by the Club's Members.

Lindsay has won the trophy outright before, Gordon has won the same type of trophy in the Lord Howe Island Race, and other Club Members have figured in winning lists for navigators over the past four or five years.

Names that quickly come to mind are Pat Toolan and Lou Carter in the 1975 and 1977 Lord Howe Island Races, John Meekan from 'Skylark' in the 1975 Hobart, and Robbie Venables in a Brisbane-Gladstone event.

This type of a trophy gives an opportunity for yachtsmen other than boat owners to gain a place in the winning lists, and judging by the present quality of the logbooks entered, it is certainly raising the standard amongst navigators.

The presentation of the Hitachi prizes for this event by Ken Caldicott, Hitachi's Managing Director in Australia (colour television set, and short-wave radio direction finding receivers) will take place at the next Navigators' Club meeting early in March, and for those Ordinary Club Members who may be interested, the winning logbooks will be on display on the night of the presentation. You are welcome to come along and are invited to bring your guests.

Watch out for the announcement of the actual date.

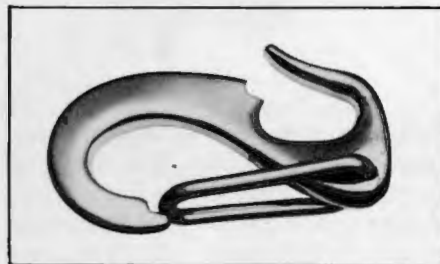
### No more lost shackle pins

A new range of drop-forged, stainless steel yacht fittings made by Wichard of France is now available in Australia through ship's chandlers and Wichard's exclusive Australian Agent, Brandts Pty. Ltd. of Sydney.

The range includes some ingeniously designed pieces — shackles ('long', 'bow', 'straight', 'twisted', 'key-pin' and 'key-pin halyard' types; snap shackles;



snap hooks; eye bolts; turnbuckles; and a unique jib sheet shackle which has been dubbed the 'bowline killer', suggesting that it eliminates at least one source of slow jib handling.



The simplicity of design of these Wichard fittings is impressive. For example, the snap hooks have no sharp, snagging edges and no working parts, the snapping mechanism being a simple, offset steel loop. In fact, all of the items appear to have been designed with the unmistakable European flair for combining functionality with pure art. The manufacturer's information notes that the final polishing and passivation process that the fittings undergo insures corrosion resistance — no more rust spots on your sails or deck. Surprisingly, they are not much more expensive than locally made fittings.

For more information, Brandts Pty. Ltd. (GPO Box 3626, 2001) 371 Pitt Street, Sydney 2000. Telephone 26-6651.

### Life raft sale

Dunlop-Flexhide are offering a limited stock of four- and six-man life rafts at special prices for stock clearance (see advertisement elsewhere in this issue). These brand-new, never-opened life rafts of the famous Dunlop brand need only recertification (in accordance with A.Y.F. requirements for annual servicing). Service for Dunlop life rafts is available through certificated Dunlop Service Agents in Sydney (Cruisesafe Inflatable Boats, 460 Bexley Road, Bexley — telephone 597-2505) and in Brisbane (Seacraft Enterprises, 7

Punlico Road, Inala, Brisbane — telephone 372-3532). For more information, see advertisement, or ring Gerry Andrews at Dunlop-Flexhide (699-8444).

### Identification of Vessels

The Y.A. of N.S.W. has advised that the following regulation will be added to all four parts of the A.Y.F. Safety Regulations to be effective in N.S.W. from 1st July, 1979:

"All yachts shall have placed on the hull, externally, on the transom or on both sides of the hull, in letters and figures of minimum height of 50 mm and of a colour contrasting to that of the hull:

(a) Registered name of the yacht.

(b) Registered sail number of the yacht.

(c) The name of the Club the yacht is registered with, which may be abbreviated, e.g., R.S.Y.S., K.B.S.C., etc."

### 1979 Hobart Race Cruise

Sydney-Hobart Cruises has announced that in conjunction with C.T.C. Lines, it will be conducting a special cruise on the 20,000 ton passenger liner 'Ivan Franko' to accompany the yachts racing to Hobart next December. The 'Ivan Franko' is capable of carrying 650 passengers in accommodation ranging from 6-berth quarters to penthouse suites. Fares begin at \$660 per head.

For a unique Hobart, you can depart with the 'Ivan Franko' at 3.00 p.m. on December 24th, spend Christmas Eve and Christmas Day at sea, then join the fleet on Boxing Day and for the duration, berthing at Hobart at about 2.00 p.m. on December 31st (earlier if it is a fast race). The ship sails again on January 2, 1980 at 4.00 p.m. for Sydney, berthing in Sydney at 8.00 a.m. January 4th.

The Hitachi Sydney-Hobart Yacht Race has now become a spectator sport! For more information, contact C.T.C. Lines or Sydney-Hobart Cruises, 56 Claremont Street, South Yarra (telephone 24 3388). (See also advertisement this issue of 'Offshore').

# CELESTIAL NAVIGATION COURSE

Gordon Marshall has announced a timetable for navigation courses for 1979. The first course this year will be a celestial one following upon the two coastal courses he ran last year. Because of the possibility of a large intake of students wishing to progress from coastal to celestial, this first class may be over-subscribed and in that event a second class will be run commencing July 1979. The actual date for this second class will be notified in a subsequent issue of *Offshore*. Should a second class not be required, it will be replaced by a coastal course, similar to those run last year.

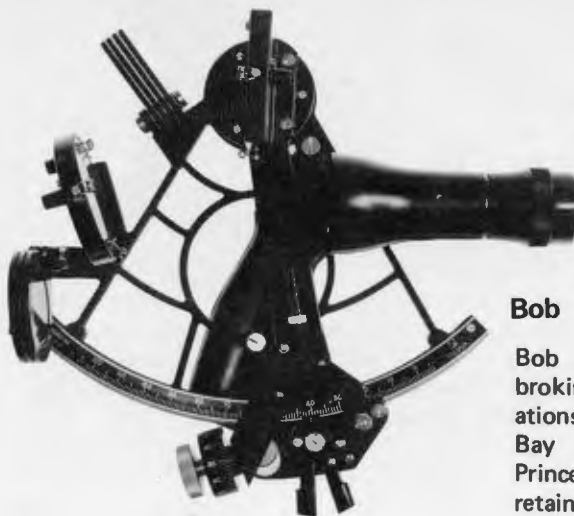
Gordon has been conducting celestial courses for the past seven years, and many Club Members are familiar with the visits to the cliffs at Bondi for the first sextant lessons, taking sun sights, those early dawns to get star sights, the final trip to sea to test students in practical position finding. Keith Storey has again kindly said he will make his magnificent M.V. 'Marabou' available for this essential part of the course.

The first lecture will be Tuesday, March 27th from 1930-2230 hours; it will run for eight consecutive weeks. Because the course is 'crash' in nature, it is essential that students attend every lecture. Intending students who do not confidently anticipate meeting this requirement should not enrol.

A prerequisite is that students have a general understanding of coastal navigation, including the ability to read charts, understand latitude and longitude terminology, be able to take and plot compass bearings, know the difference between variation and deviation.

In addition to the eight nights of lectures, students will be given instruction on a Saturday or Sunday morning with a sextant, and each will be conducted through a dawn set of star sights. A trip to sea at the end of the course rounds out the instruction.

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It follows that intending students must have their dedication and discipline to see these practical exercises through if they are to profit from the unique aspects of this course.

Each student will need to spend approximately \$50 on the equipment required (details will be supplied after application), but expensive items such as sextants and stop watches will be supplied.

The fee for the course is \$35 for Club Members, otherwise \$70, which should be sent to the Club together with the application form included with this copy of *Offshore*.

Enrolment will be on a first come, first served basis and additional forms will be available from the Club office or bar.

Successful applicants will be advised by mail and supplied with the list of requirements together with sources of supply.

*Readers will have noted the prerequisite of an understanding of coastal navigation before commencing this course. If this poses a problem, it is advised that intending students wait until this class, or series of classes, is concluded whereupon Gordon will revert to a coastal course in which you could then enrol.*

*Watch future issues of Offshore for advice and application forms, or ring the Club office for the latest information.*

## Bob Holmes opens new office

Bob Holmes has expanded his yacht broking and marine surveying operations with a new facility at Crystal Bay Marina (formerly Nilsens) at Princes Street, Newport, NSW. He retains his headquarters at the CYC.

A former State, Australian and five times World 18 footer champion, Bob has years of experience in all aspects of marine activities ranging from yacht broking and surveying to insurance and consulting services in all classes of both sail and power craft.

The opening of the Newport facility will enable the company to make his services readily available to owners and buyers through the greater Sydney area.

## Anyone for Saturday harbour races?

Some Members are exploring the idea of the Club conducting Saturday harbour races next summer. It is felt that there are many boat owners who, while not interested in participating in the short offshore races, would be keen to sail a concurrent harbour series.

The start and finish might be handled by our starting officials, who are out there already for the ocean races. There could thus be provided an earlier start than the other Clubs, with the appeal of avoiding much of the afternoon traffic jam. Among the several other advantages, is that these races could be a very useful part of a crew training program.

Please convey any views to George Girdis and members of the Sailing Committee.

# BOOK REVIEW

## **The Tools and Materials of Boat Building**

by Alan Lucas.

262 pages, \$11.95.

Any amateur contemplating building his own boat would find this book a mine of information on all aspects of the trades involved. As the author states, "This book addresses the average man who wants to know not what he should use necessarily, but what he can safely use as second best and expect to succeed."

Lucas writes from a great deal of experience as a man with a limited budget trying to achieve something beyond his means. His down-to-earth approach regarding costs, the heart-breaks and the pitfalls make interesting reading before the book becomes an encyclopaedia of tools, timber, materials, design and application. It is well illustrated and reasonably comprehensive as a 'start off' book.

## **Cape Horn to Port** by Erroll Bruce.

175 pages, \$19.50.

This is the story of the third and latest of the Whitbread Round The World Races. An epic adventure for the 150 crewmen who competed, sometimes in appalling conditions which must have tested them almost beyond endurance.

Amid a vast fleet of spectators they set out from England in late August 1977 and made their first stop at Cape Town. A few days later they restarted for a 7,400 miles leg through the roaring forties and massed ice in the Southern Ocean carrying sails to destruction.

After a welcome pause in Auckland, the sailing instructions read '... by any sea route to Rio de Janeiro, keeping Cape Horn to port.' — possibly the most dramatic words in any sailing instructions. Wild, screaming broaches, near rolls and numerous injuries were to precede rounding this mark and

still a long leg through the Atlantic and its March storms before reaching the finishing line back in England.

The author was a member of the organising committee and has twice skipped winning yachts in trans-Atlantic Races and has produced an adventure story as well as a book of reference.

J.H.

## **Two against Cape Horn** by Hal Roth.

288 pages, \$23.75

Hal and Margaret Roth are veteran sailors who set out from California to sail their famous 35 foot yacht 'Whisper' through and around the archipelago and canals of southern Chile and around Cape Horn.

After an 8,000 mile voyage from California during which they explored this little-known area of South America, they arrived at this most southerly point in the world and anchored in a small bay 24 miles from Cape Horn. There they were hit by a violent storm and wrecked on an uninhabited islet at the start of winter. There they survived for nine days until rescued by a patrol vessel of the Chilean Navy. Then ensues the interesting story of the rescue and salvaging of their boat in order to complete their aim of sailing around the Horn and back to the U.S.A.

The colour plates, photographs and maps are unnecessarily lavish and probably account for the rather high price of this gripping yarn, which does not tempt the reader to emulate their journey in this cold, inhospitable land.

J.H.

## **Bill Lawler**

Australian ocean racing lost one of its most respected and liked navigators with the death of Bill Lawler. In his many years of sailing Bill showed characteristics few others could match.

It was his efficiency and thoroughness coupled with his warm personality and good nature that made him one of Australia's most sought-after navigators. His reputation also spread overseas, and on numerous occasions he was invited to join the crew of well known international ocean racers.

I first met Bill when I was sixteen. For many years we played in the same rugby league team in Manly and later were members of surf clubs in the Manly district, Bill being a member of Queenscliffe Surf Club. Even as a teenager Bill showed the quiet yet thorough attitudes that were to make him so popular.

I lost contact with him when families and business became more important parts of our lives. Later, as I became more involved in ocean racing, I met him again. He was then making his presence felt as a yacht navigator. He was the same pleasant, non-flappable person that I had known many years before. It was only a matter of time before he joined my crew.

In 1973 and 1977 Bill sailed aboard 'Ragamuffin' in the Admiral's Cup. Nothing was too much trouble for him, and the manner in which he carried out his duties as navigator, both afloat and ashore, impressed all who knew him.

In recent years Bill went from strength to strength in ocean racing, representing Australia overseas on numerous occasions and winning the Australian Championship in the Quarter Tonners.

Bill will be sadly missed on the Australian ocean racing scene. A fitting tribute was the large number of friends, acquaintances and yachtsmen at his funeral.

— Syd Fischer



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