

OFFSHORE

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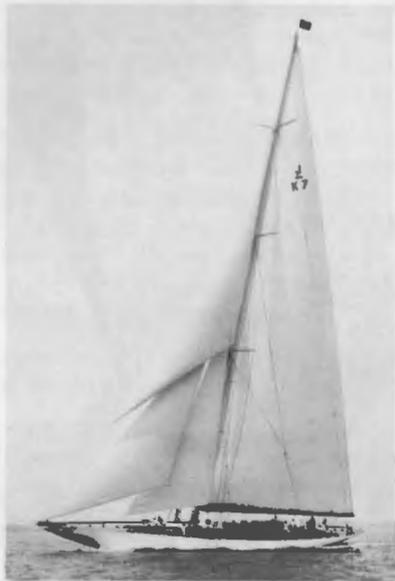
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Cover: The magnificent 'J' boat, 'Velsheda', is being resurrected after years of lying in the mud. This photo was taken when she was in her glory, in 1933 (see story by Tony Cable, page 2). Photo by Beken of Cowes.

Elsewhere in this issue, we report on 'Ballyhoo's' recent stunning victories overseas, and Jack Rooklyn, after several trying years with the green monster, has a well-deserved trumpet on this subject (page 8); John Brooks reports in some detail on 'Ballyhoo's' Cal Cup and St. Francis series in California (page 12); Geoff and Chris Lee have some timely words on feeding a Hobart Race crew (page 5); a last-minute report on the Montagu Island Race as told by the winning skipper, Graham Freeman (page 16); and we have some correspondence from the Royal Hong Kong Yacht Club, and a letter which fills in some details of the Noumea Race history (page 28); plus our regular features.

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Photo: Beken of Cowes .

'VELSHEDA'

another 'J' revived

by Tony Cable

The Second World War put an end to big class racing and with it the 'J' Class, possibly the most spectacular yachts in racing history. Their like will not be seen again. Some of the hulls may still be glimpsed, serving as houseboats, nestling disconsolately amidst mud flats, forlorn reminders of a vanished pageant.

P. Heaton, "A History of Yachting in Pictures"
Tom Stacey Ltd., London, 1973.

A number of our yachtsmen will have seen one of these hulks *Velsheda*, on a mudbank in the Hamble River. She lay there for some 30 years during which time she had six owners.

The latest owner, who has pulled her off the mud, is Mike Mahoney, a young American industrialist who has been resident in Singapore for the last 10 years. *Offshore* interviewed him during a recent visit to Sydney and the C.Y.C.

Mike's interest in 'J' boats was kindled with an article in *Sail* magazine which described the voyage, in 1975, of *Shamrock V* from the south of France to England, where she was to be restored by Camper & Nicholson. She had then been the only active 'J', having been used as a cruising yacht under Italian ownership.

Mike was determined to own a 'J'; there were only two available. *Endeavour*, under the care of The Maritime Trust at Cowes, was awaiting restoration but was well down the Trust's list of priorities. The second, *Velsheda*, he inspected last year, and by this June she had been towed to White's yard at Southampton. The task: a £250,000 total restoration to 100A1 Lloyds classification.

Her original cost when launched in 1932 was £25,000. The quote today would be about £600,000.

Australian yachtsmen would have a particular knowledge of the 'J's from background articles on our America's Cup Challenges. The 1930, 1934 and 1937 series were sailed by vessels meeting the Universal Rules 'J' Class of '76 rating (119'-135').

In 1934 *Rainbow*, owned by Harold S. Vanderbilt, beat T.O.M. Sopwith's *Endeavour*. He did it again in 1937 against Sopwith's *Endeavour II* with *Ranger*. *Ranger's* spinnaker at 18,000 sq. ft. was the largest sail ever made. Her genoa at 4320 sq. ft. was also the largest of its type. She was "the most perfect 'J' class ever built".

The vital statistics of these magnificent vessels are overwhelming by today's standards. Some of these details include:



'Velsheda' on the mud in the Hamble River

All the U.S. J's have gone. There were seven of these English giants. Not yet mentioned were *Astra*, *Britannia* and *Candida*. *Britannia* was scuttled in 1936 following the orders of her owner, the late George V.

Velsheda is a combination of the names of the three daughters of the original owner, W.L. Stephen — Velma, Sheila and Daphne. He was a railway magnate and Commodore of the Royal Albert Yacht Club. The story goes that when George V came aboard at Cowes to present the King's Cup in 1933, he asked where the small girls were. Being shy, they were in hiding. He led the search below for them.

The hull is in remarkably good condition, particularly below the waterline where it has been preserved in the mud. The scantlings are sound, having originally been galvanized.

Her Victorian interior has been well kept (she still has her original bathtubs with gold faucets). Timberwork is in maple and features ornate carvings. Layout includes a 21' x 22' main saloon with veneered bookcases, six cabins, an 18' x 15' workshop and 18' x 12' sail locker.

Charles Nicholson's original drawings were recovered in mint condition from Lloyds, and these are being used to ensure authenticity. A new £24,000 keel will be cast to

	LOA	LWL	Beam	Draught	Displacement (Tons)	Sail Area (Ft ²)
Enterprise	120'11"	80'	22'2"	14'7"	128	7583
Endeavour	130'	83'8"	21'	14'6"	—	7561
Endeavour II	135'	81'	21'	15'	—	7543
Ranger	135'3"	87'	21'	15'	—	7546
Shamrock V	119'10"	81'	19'8"	12'8"	—	—
Velsheda	129'	82'	21'		205 (Thames)	7500

Other details for *Velsheda* include:

Mast from deck	180' (<i>Ranger</i> 165')
Keel	lead 160 tons
Hull	steel 3/16" plate
Main boom	80'
Wt. spinnaker pole	400 lbs.
Minimum crew	19
Maximum	25
Crew wages	£2.40 per week
Fastest speed	17 knots
First reef	15 knots
Hands along boom	18
Designer	Charles Nicholson
Built by	Camper & Nicholson





All of the English 'Js' – 'Velsheda' (K7), leading in the 1933 King's Cup; 'Shamrock V' (K2); 'Endeavour' (K3); and in the background, 'Astra', 'Britannia' and 'Candida'. Photo: Beken of Cowes.

replace that dropped off for scrap during the War. A 200' spruce has been selected at the New Forest for her new solid mast. Her 2½" Columbian pine laid deck will be replaced with 2½" Thai teak from Mike's own mill.

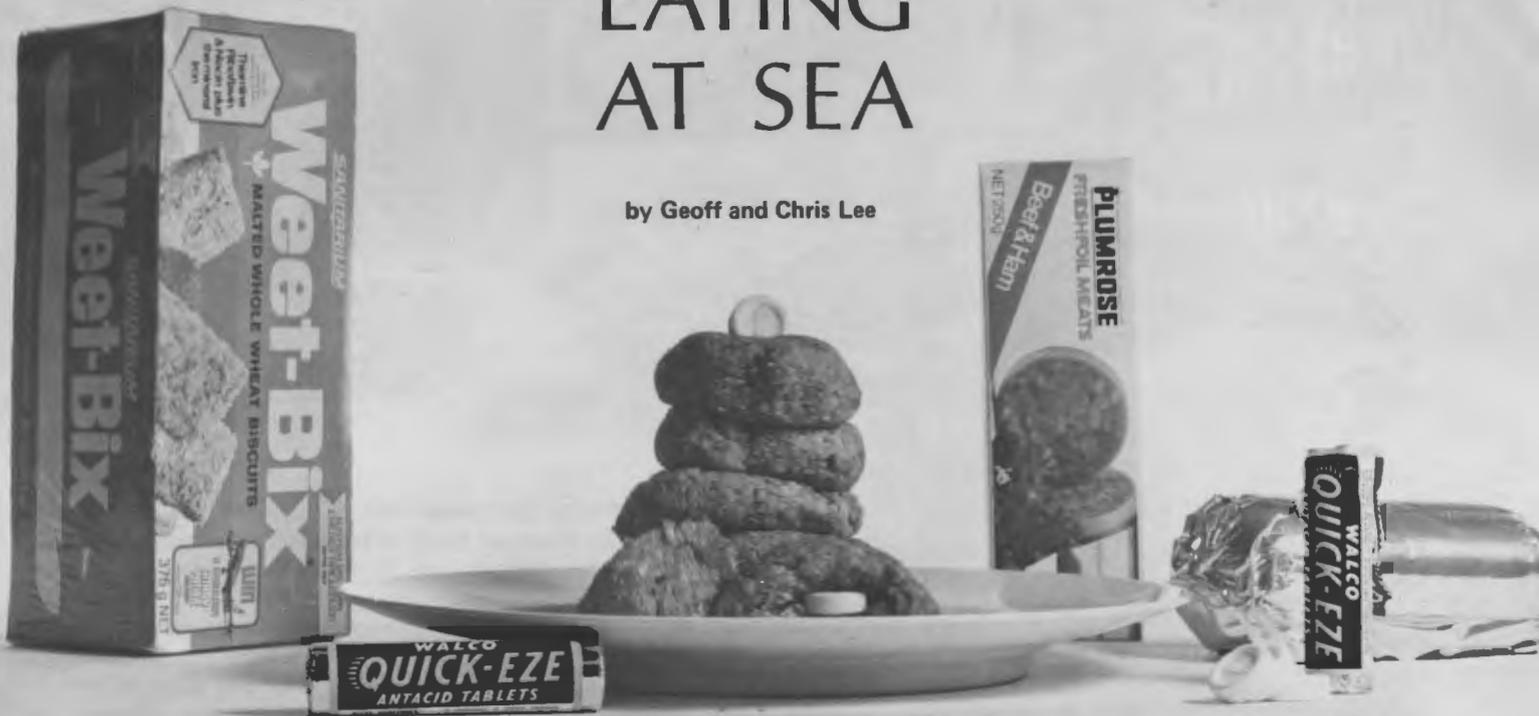
There will be modern-day concessions in the form of twin GMC V8 diesels (no motor originally) and complete electronic winches. The rig should be as was – jib, jib tops'l and stays'l, and a genoa is being thought about.

Mike's ideas for *Velsheda's* future career include possible entry in the 1978 Round the World Race, or, if not, a year-long cruise around the world, reviving interest in the 'J' class. A great many ports will be visited, and Mike is interested in hearing from any hands for a 9-10 man crew who would like to sign on for 6-12 months to sail her.

Contact Mr. Mike Mahoney, c/- Mark IV (5) Pty. Ltd., 207 Kallang Bahiu, Singapore 12.

EATING AT SEA

by Geoff and Chris Lee



Initially the mind boggles at the thought of catering for ten ravenous ocean racing crew for an undetermined period, but with a little forethought and preparation it can be turned from a potential disaster into a well organised gastronomic experience.

Any housewife worth her salt when preparing for guests would first make up a menu, followed by a shopping list. In this way nothing should be forgotten. We keep a carbon copy of the menu for every race and this makes easy reference (and improvement) for the next race.

Food should be kept plain and simple, as ocean racing stomachs are often unpredictable. As much precooking as possible should be done ashore to spare the cook from spending hours standing over a lurching stove.

One well known character (skipper) is reputed to have sailed to Hobart with a basic menu of Weet-bix and Jaffas. The crew were so hungry in Bass Strait that they could have beached at St. Helens and carried the boat.

We have come a long way with the use of L.P. gas. One crewhand (14 Hobart races) recalls sitting in the saloon with a primus locked between his knees holding a saucepan on the burner, hard boiling a dozen eggs.

If your yacht is large enough to boast an oven, a great favourite with crews is roast lamb. This is pre-cooked and frozen along with potatoes and gravy and only needs half an hour or so reheating with little or no supervision.

Colin Betts was cooking dinner in *Taurus* off Jervis Bay in a 35 knot n'easter, hard on the wind in an Admiral's Cup trial. Geoff was on the wheel, smelling the roast lamb cooking, telling the 'watch on deck' what he would do to the leg bone in some detail, when Betsy's arm came out and flung the bone over the side. He almost lept after it.

Salmon rissoles are also another favourite which can be pre-cooked, frozen and reheated in the same manner. They also taste pretty good served cold in rough weather. David Jones orders his salmon rissoles with a Quick-eze inside each one..

If you only have a two-burner stove, then casseroles are the obvious answer, or steak can be dry-fried in a heavy baking dish. Chops are also good done this way but lose a lot more fat, which could be dangerous in a rough sea. No cooking with hot oil or fat should be allowed.

We don't serve breakfast cereals mainly because they are bulky to store and a half-empty pack goes stale between one L.O.P.S. race and the next. Plenty of midnight snacks are popular, like fruit cake, biscuits, chocolate, chewing gum, or cold "Twitty's Bangers", and a couple of packets of Quick-eze are essential for the older crew members. John Noakes could be relied on to eat half a loaf of Vegemite sandwiches on every watch. Fresh fruit is a must.

We find canned drinks bulky to store and expensive. Always keep a container of cordial made up in the ice box to pass 'round. Crew members are rationed to one can of beer per man per day. A bottle of lime juice is invaluable if the ship's water doesn't taste the best. If your boat is new, it is wise to flush out the tank using a cupful of vanilla in the water, as boat builders are not always too careful. (When we took delivery of *Geronimo*, we found watermelon seeds, bits of fibreglass, rusty nails, a hacksaw blade and other delights).

Naturally, different crews have certain preferences, and it is a good idea after a race sometimes to discuss improvements to the menu. One of our early sailing masters, who was also responsible for the catering, had a passion for creamed rice, and when he left the crew to become an I.Y. we were forced to furtively leave a dozen cans-of the stuff on his doorstep one night in order to get rid of it. (more)



Here is *Geromino's* 1975 Sydney/Hobart Race Menu:

Friday, 26.12.75:

Lunch: Salmon and egg sandwiches
Apples

Dinner: Chicken casserole
Tinned peaches and cream

Saturday, 27.12.75:

Breakfast: Tomato or pine/orange juice
Twitty's Bangers and bacon
Toast — tea or coffee

Lunch: Plumrose corned beef salad or sandwiches
Oranges

Dinner: Salmon rissoles, sauce tartare and peas
Tinned pineapple and cream

Sunday, 28.12.75:

Breakfast: Tomato or pine/orange juice
Two fried eggs and bacon
Toast — tea or coffee

Lunch: Plumrose ham salad or sandwiches
Apples

Dinner: Roast lamb, baked potatoes, gravy, mint jelly
and beans

Monday, 29.12.75:

Breakfast: Tomato or pine/orange juice
Twitty's Bangers and egg
Toast — tea or coffee

Lunch: Plumrose corned beef sandwiches
Apples

Dinner: Beef casserole
Two fruits and cream

Tuesday, 30.12.75:

Breakfast: Tomato or pine/orange juice
Baked beans
Toast — tea or coffee

Lunch: Plumrose ham sandwiches
Emergency rations from here on.

Extras:

fruit cake	Scotch fingers	chewing gum
cheese wedges	Iced Vovos	barley sugar
dried fruit	Nice biscuits	Lifesavers
Quickeze	Jatz biscuits	chocolate

There need be no last minute rush, as casseroles, etc. can be made up a couple of weeks ahead and frozen in empty two-litre ice cream containers. Tinned food can always be purchased and stored on the boat well ahead of time. All cans should have paper labels removed and marked with Textacolour so you don't get the paper blocking the limber holes in the bilge or open a plum pud when you want spaghetti. Sliced bread keeps for weeks in the home freezer. There's nothing worse than seeing a crew member arrive on the marina late on Friday afternoon, after a haphazard trip to the supermarket, carrying a couple of bundles of bright red saveloys and some bread and milk. Fresh milk need be the only last minute purchase and should be stored in plastic bottles, as cartons tend to leak after a time. Butter or margarine should only be purchased in tubs. No glass containers are allowed on board.

The storage of food is important and should be supervised by the cook who will know where to find everything. Label shelves and bins with Dymo tapes and keep things in the same place for ease. Needless to say, the last meal should go at the bottom of the ice box and as much of it as possible should be frozen which helps the ice to last longer. Remember to remove the evening meal each morning, as some of it will remain frozen for days. Glass containers are a hazard, and we still have vivid memories of one fateful night in *Taurus* when the galley was awash with hot soup and broken flask pieces. There are plenty of good plastic canisters on the market which can be clearly labelled with Textacolour, and if your cupboards sometimes leak, keep your tea towels in a plastic bag and your matches in a water-tight container.

It's essential that the menu be taped to the bulkhead so the cook will know what's expected of him or her and the crew will know what to look forward to.

We find it hard to understand why the crew when returning from Hobart spend about \$30 on food and \$90 on grog. Maybe they catch a lot of fish!

Bon voyage et bon appetit!

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Once upon a time there was a great big white whale called Killa from the northern hemisphere. He loved to gobble up fish. The big bully kept on whipping little fish all over the Seven Seas until one day he met a long, skinny, green barracuda swimming off the coast of Sydney. This looked like a tasty morsel but to his surprise the inoffensive green barracuda took him on and while he, the killer, was chasing bigger fish, the barracuda got his teeth into Killa's underbelly and almost did him in.

Killa got his revenge later by sheer muscle power. Barracuda futilely chased Killa all the way to Hobart from Sydney, across the Indian Ocean, Tasman Sea and around the waters of the strange isles of New Zealand. But with a great, disdainful shake of his monstrous tail, Killa took off across the great Pacific to the tranquil waters of his home in Southern California.

This allegory should end here. The white Killa was a great white ketch, heavy, muscular, proud, busting with energy and power from its awe-inspiring 10,000 sq. ft. of sail. The skinny little barracuda from down under was a lithe, sleek, vengeful sloop, underweight and under-powered, which relied upon its speed and nimbleness to floor its opponents. But after grabbing the China Sea victory, we decided to progress from the realm of the 'light heavies' to the exotic seas of the real 'heavies'.

To achieve this, more muscle was obviously necessary, which required painful and expensive surgery. A heavy but shapely bottom was fashioned; already long and skinny arms were extended a further three feet; 15% was added to her longest skirts. Adopting a popular American euphemism, we called her 'Ballyhoo' and declared war on the Seven Seas.

by Jack Rooklyn

THE BARRACUDA AND THE KILLA

or Ballyhoo's Vendetta

Ballyhoo's first foreign foray was New Zealand, where she contemptuously knocked 11 hours off their Three Kings Islands Race. Then to Hawaii, she regained the face she lost in '75 (when her rudder fell off) by taking 13 hours 11 minutes off the 830-mile Round the State Race. By this time, no longer an unknown, plucky little loser, she was unwittingly snared in a trap: she accepted an invitation from the prestigious California Yacht Club to pick up a gauntlet thrown into the Pacific — the Cal Cup and St. Francis Perpetual Series.

The incredibly beautiful, efficient marina Del Ray is surely a model of what a blend of government and private capital can do. Salvaged from a stinking useless swamp, financed by a combination of public and private financing, this amazing facility now has 6,800 floating berths, luxury hotels, high rise buildings, shopping centres, fabulous restaurants, yacht clubs and a Coast Guard station, boat launching ramps and parks. About five miles from L.A. International Airport and 20 miles from downtown L.A., this is surely the ultimate in an aquatic complex.

The match racing was a revelation. We had a mixed crew of Americans and Australians, and the former's incredible dedication to their job and their uncanny sense of timing, coupled with the eagerness and sailing ability of the latter, provided a beautifully balanced racing team. We numbered 18 for the Cal Cup and 24 for the St. Francis series. The starts — all of which we won — amazed the Aussie crew members and won the Cal Cup. Match races are won or lost at the start, and this is where American tacticians are brilliant. Too much credit cannot be given to Andy Rose and Buzz Boetcher. Quiet, modest and unassuming (except Andy, who is even more vocal than me) it was soon apparent to all the Aussie crew that these were sailing virtuosos. The starts and tactics were magnificent throughout the match race and St. Francis Series where we played nautical chess.

This was probably the first series where *Ballyhoo* didn't have 18 on board, all of whom were skippers. Everyone did his job. We only had one day's sailing together to make a crew out of 18 men, but half way through the first race these 18 were moulded into a perfect racing team. By the middle of the St. Francis Perpetual Series, I added six men to handle the tremendous physical strains imposed by the back-breaking tacking and gybing in winds up to 45 knots.

An indication of the marvellous crew work by the Yanks and Aussies was that no sails were torn or gear busted by faulty crew work. In fact the only gear damage done was by the weight of wind; we blew out our number two Genoa in the St. Francis Series twice, and a grinder blew up in the last race on San Francisco Bay.

The details of the Cal Cup and St. Francis Perpetual Series are already known to yachties. We won two straight in the Cal Cup, (best two out of three) and won the first three straight in the St. Francis Perpetual, and we won overall under the IOR Rules. But the real interest and lessons to Aussie yachties lies in the professionalism with which Americans organise these events. And it is this sheer professionalism that, in my opinion, will make it almost impossible for any country to lift the America's Cup from the Yanks.

Talking about Cups, for the first time in history the Board of Governors is going to allow the California Cup to leave the United States. It will be flown to our Club for a few months when arrangements between the Clubs are finalised.

The Commodore of the California Yacht Club made the announcement to a hushed and slightly shocked audience at a black tie and red sash epicurean dinner at the posh Clubhouse.

Winning margins and times have little significance in match racing or in a series like the St. Francis Perpetual. The thrill, and there were real thrills and excitement at times, lay in the incredible game of nautical chess and the tremendous mental strains on afterguard and deck bosses and the awesome physical strains on men and gear.

The crew included, among the Americans; Andy Rose, Buzz Boetcher, Billy Stephenson, Don Vaughn (a veritable mountain of strength) and Arny Schmelling. The Aussies were Stan Darling, Mike (Zappa) Bell, Warwick Rooklyn, Biggles (who should be here writing this story), Bruce Ramsden; our regular passage crew and other C.Y.C. members included Mike Summerton in the Cal Cup. Additions and changes were made in the St. Francis Perpetual, and we lost Billy Stephenson and two American heavies and replaced them with Aussies, Len Burke and John Stanley, who flew in from New York, and Warwick again flew in from Honolulu where he just started at University. *Ballyhoo* will do a little refitting before returning home for the '76 Sydney-Hobart despite extremely strong pressure on me by

Ballyhoo's Vendetta



Klaloa's Kilroy (right) and 'Jack the giant Killa' killing each other softly after the Cal Cup

crew, sailmakers, Club and other owners to do the San Francisco-Mazatlan (Mexico) Race and the SORC. After Hobart, *Ballyhoo* will tramp across to the Med' and Cowes Week, then across the Atlantic for the '78 SORC.

A little bit of advice to yachties Sailing to California. Make sure your 'bottom' is cleaned before you arrive. I had her slipped, bottom rubbed down and anti-fouled in San Pedro. Grab your beer and hang on to the rail — \$6952.00 — Yes! six thousand, nine hundred and fifty-two dollars.

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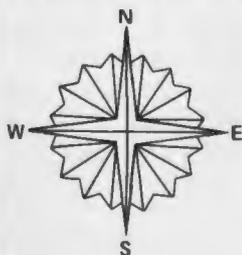
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BALLYHOO VS. KIALOA

by John Brooks

Three of the six modern maxi yachts currently racing in the world hail from the west coast of the U.S.A., which has always had a tendency to do things bigger than anywhere else — in sailing as in most other things. The ultra-heavy California Yacht Club at Marina Del Rey is the home of the California Cup, a relatively recent (1963) annual match racing series consisting of three races over a modified America's Cup course.

The contestants in the California Cup are selected from boats which are currently successful. One of these has to be a California Yacht Club boat, and the latter have a tendency towards maxi yachts or, at least, 12-metre yachts. *Ballyhoo* is the first foreign yacht to be honoured by an invitation to the California Cup, and to make the trip more worthwhile the St. Francis Yacht Club of San Francisco issued an invitation to race for the St. Francis Perpetual Trophy. This is for yachts rating over 60', a division of what is the top annual regatta on the west coast.

The opposition in Los Angeles was the mighty *Kialoa*, 'the fastest yacht in the world,' according to the *Los Angeles Times* and, indeed, a boat with an invincible reputation with powerful performances over eighteen months of intensive campaigning. She had won many races overall; a remarkable feat for a maxi boat and a ketch at that, and she had only been beaten for line honours once — significantly, by *Ballyhoo* in the City Ford Maxi Race off Sydney in December 1975. *Kialoa* went on to defeat *Ballyhoo* in their next four starts in the Southern Cross Cup.

Ballyhoo arrived in Los Angeles on something of a winning streak which began with a superb win in the South China Sea Race, taking the double prize in conditions which favoured the smaller yachts. She went on to Honolulu for the round-the-state race, taking line honours and a massive hours off the elapsed time record.

For Jack Rooklyn it was the culmination of a long period of developing *Ballyhoo*, plagued from the beginning with major design and structural problems which entailed, amongst other things, major ballast changes, keel re-design, a lost rudder in dangerous circumstances and a dismasting. The re-designed keel was a major improvement, and for the coast series the final touches were wrought with penalty poles, larger spinnakers and 165% genoas. This produced noticeable boat speed increase in light airs and gave *Ballyhoo* all-round performance in all weather conditions.

Nevertheless *Ballyhoo* went into the three race series a decided underdog. *Kialoa* had an invincible reputation, but additionally, there was talk of a mismatch amongst the less informed observers, which made the ensuing defeat

even more humiliating for *Kialoa*. Something went drastically wrong with the script. *Ballyhoo* won the first two races and the series, losing the third race narrowly over a shortened course. It was a clear display of the superior, all-round sailing qualities of a masthead sloop over a ketch rig of equal I.O.R. rating.

Ballyhoo demonstrated the enormous value of winning the start in march races. Her manoeuvrability was the key to this, and tactician Andy Rose used it, the way a fencer uses a foil, in his pre-start battle of wits with Bill Ficker, who was tactician on *Kialoa*. Rose won all three starts in the Cal Cup series, giving *Ballyhoo* anything up to 45 seconds start over her rival.

To windward *Ballyhoo* was superior in all weights of breeze, pointing higher and mostly footing faster except when *Kialoa* was sailed free, which rarely happened. Only one tacking duel developed, and that was in the second weather leg of the first race. *Kialoa*, rounding the leeward mark 26 seconds behind, opted for the tacking duel in an effort to peg back *Ballyhoo* which she had been unable to do in either of the reaching legs. It did her no good at all, *Ballyhoo* spinning through her covering tacks more efficiently and accelerating out of the tacks faster. The crew was fast-tacking the 73 footer like a half tonner. The dozen or so tacks cost *Kialoa* over a minute, and she never tried the experiment again.

Kialoa caught up with *Ballyhoo* on several occasions throughout the Cal Cup series, travelling much faster off the wind, but only passed her once. That was in the last race, in drifting conditions, when *Ballyhoo* was trapped in a hole and *Kialoa* carried the wind down to her. On all other occasions she failed to get past.

Having caught *Ballyhoo* using her huge sail area, including mizzen spinnakers, *Kialoa* was then faced with a manoeuvring problem further complicated by the mizzen extras. As the time to gybe approached, we would watch from *Ballyhoo* until *Kialoa* made some move with her mizzen spinnaker, then commence our own gybe. On *Ballyhoo* the only extra sail we had to drop before gybing the spinnaker was the blooper, while *Kialoa* had a blooper and a mizzen spinnaker to get rid of. The net result was at least two boat lengths for *Ballyhoo* on each occasion.

It was a tactical rather than a sail-handling problem. *Kialoa* had such superior off-wind speed that there was no doubt in my mind that, having caught *Ballyhoo*, she could well do without the mizzen spinnaker — at least until she had completed the passing manoeuvres. Instead *Kialoa* persisted with her mizzen extras and occasionally trapped herself into



'Ballyhoo' leads 'Kialoa' in the Cal Cup match series.

Photo: Phil Strauss

sail-handling errors in tight situations. Once when *Kialoa* was very close to passing us she lost the opportunity because of a partially-wrapped blooper, which was also over the side, the direct result of an overpressed crew.

Ballyhoo had few problems like this and only a few ragged gybes out of the dozens that were executed during the series. In fact *Ballyhoo* used the gybe as a tactical weapon, masterfully timed by Andy Rose, and *Kialoa* let us get away with it time after time in the California Cup. They took the habit with them to San Francisco, by which time *Ballyhoo's* handling and tactics were so sharp it seemed as if *Kialoa* had lost boat speed; they had certainly suffered from a loss of morale. As one *Kialoa* crewman commented when *Ballyhoo* took the gun again in the third race in San Francisco, "Its getting fainter".

The most revealing instance of *Ballyhoo's* superiority in handling occurred in San Francisco in the fourth and last race. *Ballyhoo* had the series wrapped up after winning the

first three races. Just after the start, *Ballyhoo*, while in the lead, blew out her # 2 genoa and was passed for only the second time in seven races. She caught up with *Kialoa* at the first weather mark, and in the square run which followed, *Ballyhoo* outmanoeuvred *Kialoa* to get alongside, to weather.

Squeezed between *Kialoa* and the city waterfront, which at that point consisted of wharves and warehouses, *Ballyhoo* called for water and, forced to gybe, did so instantly. For a while both yachts were sailing parallel courses within a few feet of each other — but on opposite gybes. *Kialoa* struggled to respond to the hail, shedding acres of sail area as the extras were dropped in preparation for the gybe. Then to everyone's horror her pole failed to trip, and disaster was imminent as *Kialoa*, *Ballyhoo* and Fisherman's Wharf converged at an alarming rate.

To add to their troubles the *Kialoa* foredeck crew had to suffer plenty of hurry-up from the *Ballyhoo* crew, who now had an intense interest in *Kialoa's* gybe. Finally the claw

opened, the pole swung through, and *Ballyhoo*, with everything trimmed and ready immediately, passed *Kialoa*, jumping ahead two boat lengths in the time it took *Kialoa* to complete her gybe and retrim.

Shortly after the above incident the only major equipment failure in four weeks of hard racing occurred on *Ballyhoo*. The active grinder drum ran away — which they are supposed to be incapable of doing — then froze up completely. The tailer at the time was Honolulu sail maker Ron Love, and just how he did not lose some fingers is a mystery.

The failure put *Ballyhoo* out of the race, fortunately with more than enough points on the board already to win the series. An attempt was made to relead the sheet to the other pedestal winch, but the immense loads involved in a fore-triangle the size of *Ballyhoo's*, particularly with the 35-knot winds across the deck that day, did some frightening things to the deck, so the effort was hastily discontinued.

With *Ballyhoo* out of that race we stood aside and watched *Windward Passage* really get it all together for the first time since the new tall rig was installed. *Passage* had been improving with every race in San Francisco, and on this occasion she took the lead when *Ballyhoo's* genoa blew out, and she never relinquished it.

Passage matched *Kialoa* on every point of sailing and may be just a little faster off the wind. It is very disappointing to consider that the Johnson Brothers have no further plans for *Windward Passage* this year and no major races in mind until the 1977 Trans-Pac. However it will be very interesting to see what happens when *Passage* and *Kialoa* next meet in an ocean race. I would not like to make any bets as to the outcome.

One thing is certain: *Ballyhoo* covered herself with glory on the west coast yachting scene, mainly at *Kialoa's* expense. The title 'fastest yacht in the world' is a misleading label at any time because the immediate response is, 'under what conditions?' However I think most yachting people would agree that, if you wanted to test the respective merits of one ocean racer against another, the way to do it would be over an America's Cup course in varying wind and weather conditions. By those standards *Ballyhoo* came close to humiliating *Kialoa* in Los Angeles over an America's Cup course in light to moderate conditions, only flukey winds preventing her winning all three races. In San Francisco in moderate-to-heavy conditions, she repeated the exercise and added *Windward Passage* and *Ragtime* to her list of victims over a course which had a larger percentage of reaching and running than an America's Cup course which was a plus for the big ketches.

To be fair *Ballyhoo's* big advance lay in the fact that, as a masthead sloop, she was more manoeuvrable and easier to trim around a closed course. Add to that the fact that all races were conducted in easy seas varying from flat calm to medium chop, uncomplicated by any major ocean swell systems, and things start to balance out. It is debatable whether *Ballyhoo* would have been slowed by a seaway more than *Kialoa* and *Windward Passage*. Bob Miller would probably growl 'not bloody likely', and I would have to agree; the way *Ballyhoo* was trucking in Los Angeles and San Francisco, there is nothing that could have caught her anywhere in the world in any conditions.

OFFSHORE — October/November 1976



At the start in San Francisco, 'Ballyhoo' is to leeward and a little ahead . . .



. . . and she continues to pull away . . .



. . . the unbelievable became almost mundane.



MONTAGU 1976

by Graham Freeman

A phone call to owner Earl MacRae of the Royal Akarana Yacht Club in Auckland confirmed *Natelle II* as a starter in the 30th Montagu Island Race.

The race started in a 8-12 knot southeaster, and we decided a good safe start in the centre of the line was better than up to weather in the crowd.

During the reach down the harbour *Ragamuffin* showed good speed and cleared South Reef ahead of *Patrice III*, *Leda* and ourselves.

We had prior information that the set was going south at about 2.75 knots, so a course was set putting us east of the line. The breeze was slowly moving further east and spinnakers were set. Off Coogee a rainsquall came through at about 40 knots. Spinnakers were discarded one way or another. The breeze finally made up its mind and decided it was going to blow SE. at 20 knots. We went for a No. 3 and full main.

At dawn Saturday morning we were in company with *Ragamuffin*, *Patrice III*, *Meltemi*, and *Leda* ahead and *Balandra*, who had gone well in the reaching conditions, slightly astern. The sched. showed *Warri*, *Matika* and *Geronimo* to have done best during the night. They obviously had about half a knot more set and wider.

The next few hours the breeze changed from SE. to SW. with *Meltemi* gaining the advantage. By 1500 the breeze had died and the sun had warmed things up. The first sign of the NE. was the little dots of colour on the horizon. Spinnakers were set and a great run was experienced during the last 30 miles to the island.

First around was *Leda* followed by *Meltemi*, *Patrice III*, *Ragamuffin*, *Matika*, who had done very well out wide, *Geronimo*, *Natelle*, *Balandra*, and *Warri* also sailing well. At this stage with half the race gone it looked as though *Klinger* and *Defiance* were doing best on corrected time.

We elected to carry a No. 3 and one reef. *Natelle* really started to go.

After a quick discussion we elected to rock hop all the way to Sydney. This, as it turned out, paid off handsomely. During the night we passed one boat after another, and by

the next morning were sharing the lead with *Leda*, five miles SSW. of Jervis Bay.

That night was the turning point in the race. The boats in close did well whilst the guys further out died.

The northerly breeze freshened. During the morning we were getting a steady 35-40 over the deck. We then went for a No. 4 and two reefs. The boat was handling perfectly, standing up and banging her way to weather. At Jervis Bay *Leda* was passed and *Natelle* became race leader for about 30 minutes.

Short tacking along the coast at Beecroft was hard work on the crew, but with these experienced guys all sensing victory, the harder it blew the harder they worked. *Patrice III* could be seen about four miles downwind of us, but there was no sign of any others.

Sunday night was to be the trier and as we passed Kiama we were beginning to nut out what tactics we should employ in Wollongong Bight. Hugging the shore out of the set we settled for, and this time it didn't work although *Leda* was passed again. Another set of lights came on the scene — *Patrice III*.

The breeze went into the NW. *Patrice III* had gained the lead by about 200 yds. Off Botany, *Patrice III* and ourselves went into a tacking duel, resulting in a plus for *Natelle*. Once again we were back in front and hard against the shore.

We led *Patrice III* at South Reef but went into a light spot. *Patrice III* sailed around the outside of us, and cracked her ½ oz. chute. We ran down the harbour one boat-length apart. *Patrice III* took line honours with *Natelle* second. *Leda* third, *Ragamuffin* fourth.

Natelle's crew consisted of myself, Peter Shipway as the other watch captain, Robbie Venables and Phil Eadie as navigators, John Harris, John Carruthers, Spencer Easton and 18-year-old Michael Spies.

The boat is a Doug Petersen two tonner constructed of Airex sandwich with plywood decks. Sails are by Bouzaid

Finally I would like to take this opportunity to thank my crew for an outstanding performance.



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The Admiral's Cup Committee has stabilised with Norman B. Rydge in the chair and Commodore Graham Evans as Vice-Chairman. A professional P.R. firm has been retained to handle promotional and fund raising activities, which seems a step in the right direction considering the difficulties experienced for the 1975 challenge. Andrew Gibbons Promotions of Double Bay are the people to contact if your Company wants to support the Australian team.

The trials are scheduled for March 4th off Sydney with the C.Y.C.A. fulfilling the familiar role of trials organisation. As to the contestants, the situation remains cloudy. *Love and War* and *Patrice III* are in again but the only other sure starter actually in the water is the new *Ragamuffin*. Jim Hardy, who has been considering an Alan Blackburn two tonner for some time, has now decided to go with it, and construction started in mid-September. His crew so far includes John Anderson, Peter Shipway, Mike Hess and Alan Blackburn.

* * *

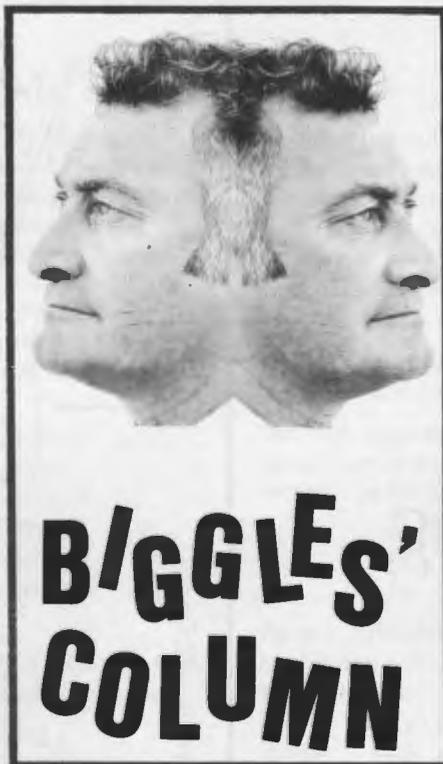
In Melbourne, Keith Farfors has started construction on a new Peterson design and has not left himself much time. Ron Young, also from Melbourne, is well along with a Peterson two tonner and is a sure starter, but all I can discover about his crew is that the sailing master will be Bernie Case.

* * *

From Adelaide there is news of a Farr two tonner under construction for Paul Smith and an unconfirmed story (about third hand) from Perth of a two tonner of unknown but easily-guessed lineage for Alan Bond. With five months to go to the trials anyone who has not actually laid a keel can start thinking about Admiral's Cup 1979.

* * *

Hot off the bar press is the news that Ted Kaufman has sold *Mercedes IV* to Victorian Mike Braham (ex *Aquila*) and that Mike does not intend to campaign in the Admiral's Cup trials.



Australia has had mixed success in the northern hemisphere summer racing. *Bumblebee* has been doing very well in the Mediterranean, but Tommy Stephenson has lost his World Half-Ton Title in Trieste. Unfortunately no details were available as we went to press. Making up in a big way for Tommy's loss was Jack Rooklyn, who engineered Australia's first big win for years over the Americans in an important match racing series. He took the California Cup from *Kialoa* off Los Angeles in September.

* * *

It was an upset victory after talk of a mismatch prior to the series, and *Ballyhoo* went on to further tarnish *Kialoa's* image in San Francisco in the St. Francis Perpetual Trophy. *Ballyhoo* won the first three races on San Francisco Bay and retired with gear failure in the fourth and last race. In I.O.R. racing against *Kialoa*, *Windward Passage* (with a new taller sail plan and new sails) and *Ragtime*, *Ballyhoo* was never headed until the first of two gear failures which forced her retirement in the fourth race.

* * *

Ballyhoo demonstrated stunning windward performance, held the big ketches on the reaches where they were supposed to be far superior,

and in the last race even passed *Kialoa* off the wind. It was a great performance all 'round and enables Rooklyn to fairly claim to have the fastest ocean racer in the world around a closed circuit. Much pressure was brought on Jack Rooklyn after the two series to convince him to enter the boat in S.O.R.C.-"The Circuit" as it is known-but after so many seconds and thirds in the Hobart Race he is determined to win it. So *Ballyhoo* will head on home for the Sydney-Hobart 1976.

One interesting point about the California Cup was that *Ballyhoo* picked up eight locals for her crew, two of whom were Australians, but in the combined crew lists of *Ballyhoo* and *Kialoa* there were a total of 18 Australians, 18 Americans, one New Zealander and one Englishman, so we had them outnumbered.

Next time you are down at the C.Y.C.A. marina ask Yard Manager Jeff Long to show you the drawings for the patented dog carrier; it is something no yachtsman should be without.

While in San Francisco I checked out the latest long range aid to navigation for yachts, a satellite navigation unit. For accuracy it leaves Loran C, Omega etc. way behind, fixing to an accuracy of 0.1 of a nautical mile. It does this by interpreting position data transmitted by any of six satellites in polar orbit and displays this as lat. and long. co-ordinates for the vessel to two decimal places of a minute. It will also display G.M.T. to an accuracy of less than one second, and the integrated computer will solve all normal navigation calculations on request, great circle sailings, rhumb line track and distance, you name it. Not legal for racing, of course, but a handy little number for passage making and the like. Strictly speaking it is designed for commercial vessels after starting life as a back-up system for the inertial navigation systems on U.S. Navy Polaris submarines. The Company rep. told me with a straight face that they did not sell many of the units to pleasure craft until they managed to get the price down, and now they expect increased demand. The price per unit is now down to a low US\$25,000.



Watson's Knaviguessing Know-how

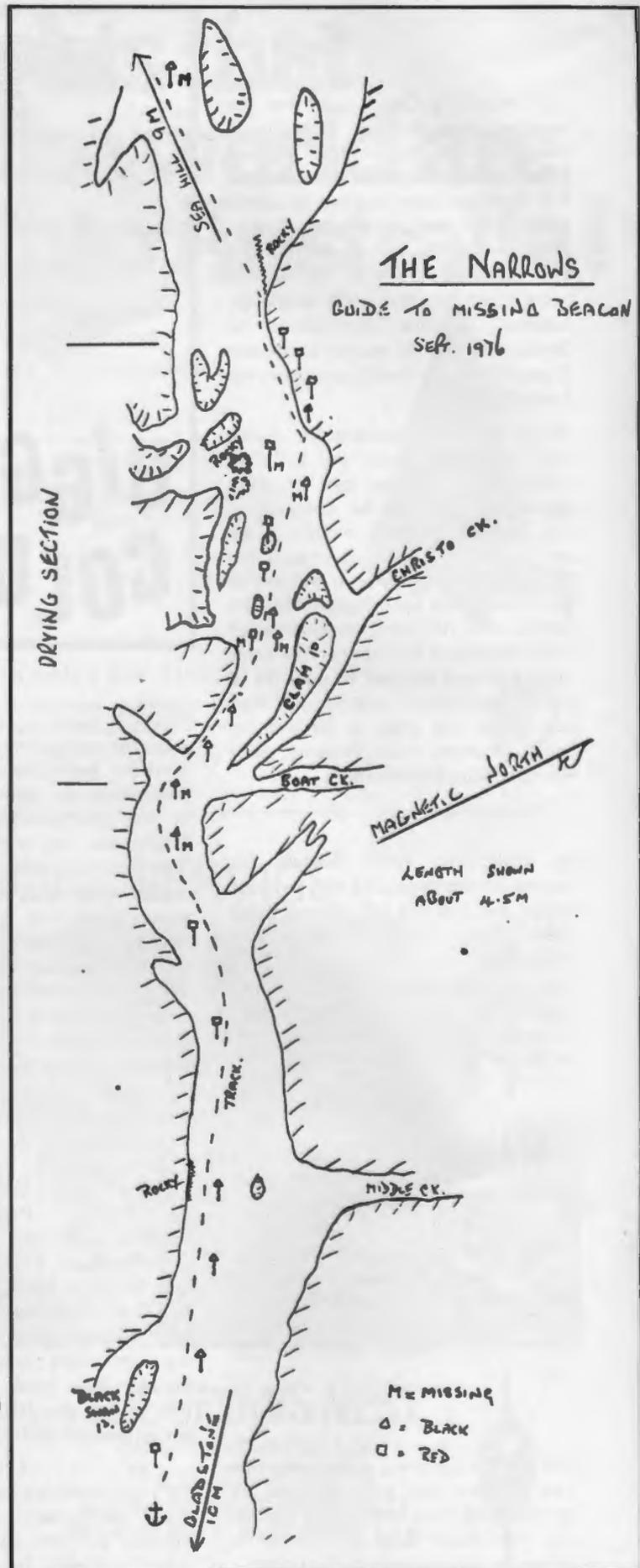
The sun is still shining in Queensland! The locals keep telling me that this is normal, and I'm starting to believe them. We've been getting a bit of sailing in, and took an Endeavour 24 up through the Narrows to Rosslyn Bay a couple of weeks ago for a picnic race to the resort at Great Keppel Island.

We sailed up in company with Alan Murray's original *Zilvergeest*, which is now based at Gladstone and being refurbished for a new lease of racing life with the Port Curtis Sailing Club. After the race, while we were anchored off the resort on Saturday night, 40 knots of SW breeze came in in the early hours, and poor *Zilvergeest* drifted onto the beach after breaking her anchor shackle. She was lucky — a couple of broken frames and some damage to the keel — and she was pulled off by a trawler from Rosslyn Bay on the next tide. She's on the slip now, and will soon be back in the water.

Apropos the channel through the Narrows, it's worth remarking that the tide there has a much greater range than that at Gladstone, so the passage has enough water more frequently than may be thought. To calculate the height of tide at the Narrows, the height at Gladstone should be multiplied by 1.36, and 0.09 m subtracted from the answer. High water is about half an hour later than Gladstone.

Example	Gladstone		Narrows
	1020 hrs	4.0 m	1050 hrs
			$(4.0 \times 1.36) - 0.09$ m
			= 5.44 - 0.09 m
			= 5.35 m
			Drying Height = 1.8 m
			Effective Depth = 3.55 m

The shallowest part dries 1.8 m, so this amount must be subtracted from the height to find the clearance.



The dyeline chart which is available from the Dept. of Harbours and Marine, Gladstone (\$2.00) shows the channel quite clearly. To make sure that you don't go wandering off into a blind creek, mark in the compass courses in the various reaches (bear in mind that the chart is not aligned north and south). The beacons are all marked with reflective tape and with a good torch are visible at least 100 metres. For those of you who already possess this chart, the following beacons are missing now, September 1976:

From the southern end, the two black beacons just south of the entrance to Boat Creek; the red and the first black beacons off Clam Island; the red and black beacons just south of the Stockyard leads; and finally, the northernmost beacon, which is (or was) black. The Stockyard leads are now painted red and black, although the chart describes them as white.

If the passage is to be made in the dark, it's a good idea to do the section up to Black Swan Island in daylight and to wait for the flood there, just off the first beacon.

The sternlight shows over an arc from 2 points ($22\frac{1}{2}^\circ$) abaft the beam on each side (or it should). The possible courses, therefore, are between 045° and $067\frac{1}{2}^\circ$, and between 315° and $292\frac{1}{2}^\circ$. A motor boat, of course, would be able to steer anywhere between $292\frac{1}{2}^\circ$ and $067\frac{1}{2}^\circ$, but for a yacht, the courses between 315° and 045° are not possible, in theory.

We've been giving away some champers lately, so I hope we'll have a winner here.*

Our next problem should intrigue you! Heading up the coast from Sydney to Pittwater, we get the following compass bearings:

Collaroy water tower	340°
Islet off Bungan Hd.	013°
Barrenjoey Light	056°

We're a little disconcerted by this, until we find that someone has left the trannie next to the compass (it's a steel boat, and we're using the steering compass). By the time we get back to normal, it's pouring with rain and we can't see a thing!

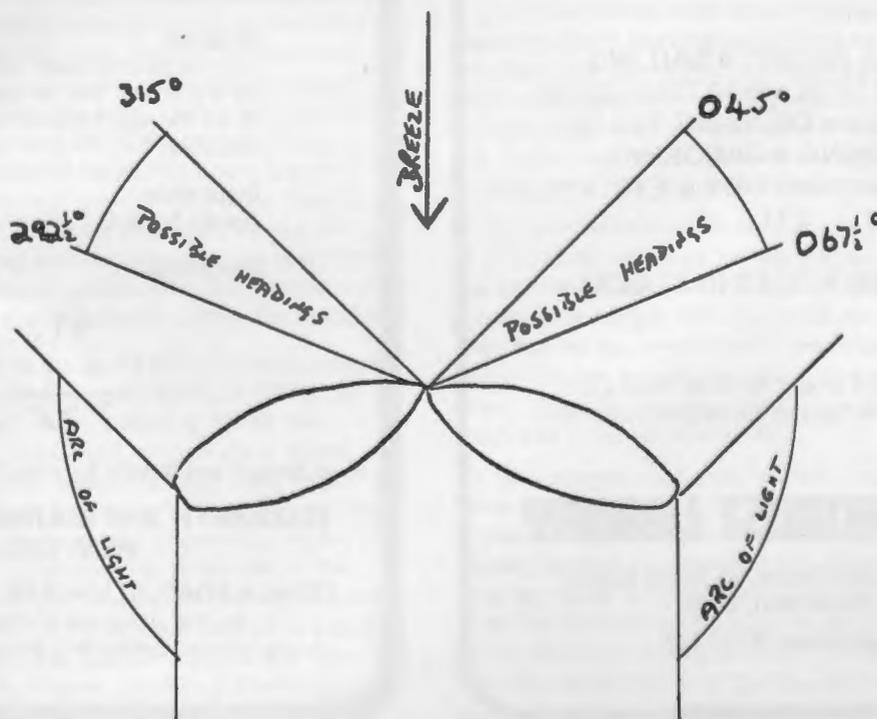
What was our distance from the water tower, and what was the compass error at the time? Also, for a bonus, how did you solve the problem? Ring Max Lees with your answers, and it's first in, best dressed.

See you next time,

— Hedley Watson

How about the Knaviguessing then? Last issue's problem was about the stern light bearing north, with a northerly breeze. The possible course for a yacht, assuming a possible 45° to the true breeze, would be:

*The prize goes to Steve Old, whose answer was, "on the starboard tack close hauled to 293° T; on the port tack, close hauled to 067° T."



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OLYMPIC REPORT

by Gordon Bray



In retrospect, the end result — two bronze medals at Kingston — was a rewarding achievement. With any luck it could have been three.

On the strength of the two gold medals at Kiel the Australians went into the Olympic Regatta as one of the leading nations; although the results were not as good, they came away with the same status.

The Olympic site had the electrifying atmosphere of a major regatta. The six fleets were stationed in an "L" shape on the shores of the complex, giving easy access for the thousands of sailors, families, officials and press. For the less energetic, small bicycles became the mode of travel (modestly priced at \$70 Canadian). They became such a familiar fixture that one saw yachtsmen balancing delicately on two wheels at the closing ceremony. Members of the public could scan all activity from the first floor of the main complex. Security was total. Armed police and army personnel showed no favours at all; participants were fully scrutinized every time they entered the site. Regular checks were also carried out on spectator craft on the three courses outside the harbour.

Lake Ontario was billed as the world headquarters of fresh-water sailing. Certainly those who took part at CORK in 1975 would have needed little convincing. Winds then were medium to strong. However I am sure many of the Australians were not so convinced this time. Only in the last two heats did the fresh conditions prevail. Prior to that, many aspirations came to a standstill in generally light weather punctuated by big windshifts. After one of the lighter days an exhausted Ian "Charlie" Brown commented "For open water, the breeze was just everywhere as though it was bouncing off hills". His ever-whimsical Crew, Ian Russ, retorted, "Man, the Manning River's got nothing on this!"

As a team, the Australians did not show their true potential until the last two heats. In essence the conditions were tailor-made for the European 'light-weather' specialists, and they duly dominated. The racing was fiercely contested with the emphasis, regrettably, on country versus country in many cases.

For the Australians, success came hand in hand with failure, and there was no bigger disappointment than David Forbes in the Solings. This fleet incidentally was riddled with past medal winners. Who could have predicted he would finish worse placed of the Australians? Certainly, as pre-regatta favourite, there was additional pressure on his broad shoulders, but the sequence of racing events was nothing short of a nightmare — hitting two marks, incorrect reading of wind shifts, and the final nail in the coffin, a disqualification. Forbes continually stated he was lacking that fraction in speed, but then again no one really had that extra bit.

In my humble estimation he was not as hungry for victory as in 1972. Olympic gold is the pinnacle of achievement. David Forbes had done it in Kiel and this time there were others more hungry. He simply did not spend the time in the class that his opponents did in the preceding 12 months. Many rate him one of the outstanding helmsmen in the world. After the regatta several of his opponents still expressed the same sentiment.

Of the triumphs, one could not bestow enough praise on John Bertrand, Ian Brown and Ian Ruff. Bertrand is a great ambassador for his country and, at the risk of sounding biased, the best man finished 3rd. After his 4th at Kiel (the "leather medal"), he wanted no part of that situation again. With the gold still within reach in the last heat he chose to cover the fourth-placed Brazilian to ensure at least a bronze. As it turned out the East German and Russian were favoured by a shift and they battled for gold. *(more)*

Olympic report

Bertrand was an ice-cool competitor with an inner confidence. A long range tip is that he will represent in Solings in Russia.

Ian Brown and Ian Ruff in the 470's improved with every race and their richly deserved bronze medal was a tribute to their tenacious fighting spirit and dedication.

The Tornado boys, Brian Lewis and Warren Rock sailed right up to their form of the "world's" on Botany Bay. Theirs was the real hard luck story — two wins and a second, yet no medal. Losing their mast when in a winning position in the first heat was a cruel blow. It is doubtful whether they could have beaten the brilliant Reg White and John Osborne, but overall they were regarded as the second-fastest boat. They did make some costly mistakes, however, and this inconsistency ultimately cost them a medal. Unfortunately they had to carry a 12th in the fluke 4th heat which several competitors felt should never have been started. The two Perth pharmacists had a great sense of sportmanship and were gritty competitors, with Brian Lewis undisputed king of the starts.

Olympic coach Mike Fletcher, who did an outstanding job in personal relations with his team, made the comment that the regatta was two weeks early for Flying Dutchman crew Mark Bethwaite and Tim Alexander. When they found they were not competitive in Europe they changed their mast and were still fine tuning the new rig when the regatta started. They lacked speed in the first 5 heats but in the fresher conditions of the last two races they suddenly clicked. After his 5th in the sixth heat Mark Bethwaite commented, "We're finally ready to give it a big shake tomorrow." He said it with such conviction that the subsequent 2nd place finish seemed almost inevitable.

The Tempest crew of Joern Hellner and James Byrne never really fired although they did manage a stylish 4th in the fifth heat. Their top opponents were battle-hardened veterans, whereas their experience individually and together was not on the same level. They tried hard but were basically out-classed on the day. To their credit though, they improved in the second half of the regatta.

John Albrechtson, with three wins and two seconds, was a conclusive winner. Don't forget though that he and most of the other Europeans are fully-sponsored, full-time yachtsmen.

So we now look forward to Tallinn on the shores of the Baltic in 1980.

Tornado

1. Reg White (Brit.)	1,1,5,1,4,1, DNS	18.00
4. Brian Lewis (Aust.)	RET, 6,2,12,1,6,1,	44.40

Tempest

1. John Albrechtson (Swed)	4,1,2,1,7,2,1,	27.00
10. Joern Hellner (Aust.)	14,13,10,14,4,8,9,	92.00

Flying Dutchman

1. Joerg Diesch (Germ.)	2,3,2,2,16,5,5,	34.70
9. Mark Bethwaite (Aust.)	10,15,13,9,5,6,2,	74.70

Finns

1. Jochen Schumann (E. Germ.)	3,2,12,12,1,2,3	35.40
3. John Bertrand (Aust.)	2,6,1,22,5,5,6	46.40

470

1. Frank Heubner (Germ.)	1,6,13,6,1, DISQ,1	42.40
3. Ian Brown (Aust.)	12,4,4,17,9,1,4	57.00

Solings

1. Poulo Jensen (Denmark)	2,2,13,6,13,1,5	46.7
11. David Forbes (Aust.)	19,6,14,9, DISQ,7,4	92.7



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BOOK REVIEWS



Sailing – A Course of My Life by Edward Heath
Rigby, \$8.95

British ex-Prime Minister, Ted Heath, has so much nostalgia for the Sydney-Hobart Race that one would imagine this book had been aimed at the Australian market. Sales of the book may owe something to his office, but the real appeal is in its basic sincerity.

Ted Heath was a man of modest means with only a couple of years dinghy racing when he ordered a 34 foot yacht. Within a year, he brought it to Australia to win the Sydney-Hobart Race. This apparently haphazard sequence of events omits much of the painstaking organisation and dedication he must have applied to the venture in which he outperformed the British team for which he had not been selected.

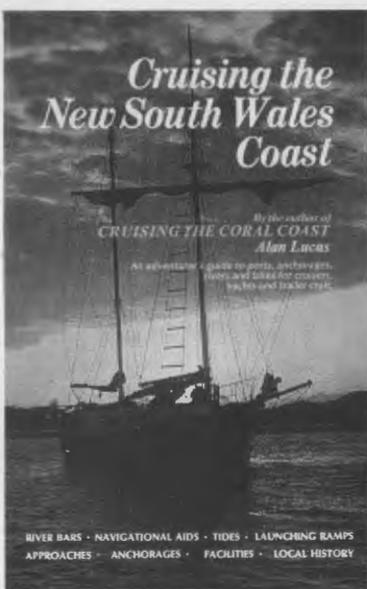
With bigger and better *Morning Clouds* on the way, Heath is selected as Captain of the British Admiral's Cup team; he also becomes Prime Minister of Britain. The handling of security makes an interesting chapter. Should he be required urgently, the *Morning Cloud* crew refuse to allow him to be winched off by helicopter, thus losing valuable time. It is eventually agreed that, should it be necessary, he will be cast off in a rubber dinghy to be

picked up by the Royal Navy.

The message coming over from this beautifully-presented, 185-page book is that executive ability in an owner is perhaps more important than seamanship. The *Morning Cloud* Think Tank combined both, and when *Ragamuffin* won the Fastnet Race, the lapel buttons in Plymouth read 'Rago's Arse Beats Class'.

It was surprising to me that a book with such meticulous attention to detail should contain, on page 67, a statement that Hobart in summer gets dark earlier than Sydney.

The photography is superb and the acknowledgements read like a Who's Who of world photographers.



Cruising the New South Wales Coast by Alan Lucas
Horwitz, \$9.95

271 pages crammed with useful information for all who put out to sea anywhere between the Victorian border and the Queensland border, this book should be standard equipment.

In the course of compiling the book, Alan Lucas took boats into even the impossible harbours in order to say "don't". He then drew 89 charts in complete detail and took lines of soundings of the harbours and their entrances. He went 40 miles up the Clarence River to Grafton and the same distance up the Richmond River

to Coraki. Both of these rivers are navigable by masted vessels.

The 87 photographs of the approaches from seaward are somewhat disappointing but have been carefully selected to show the relationship between prominent features when approaching port. The pretty coloured photographs, however, hold out tantalising pleasures for those who venture into these havens.

Cruising the Coral Coast by the same author will be known to most sailors. Good as that is, this latest book shows so much improvement and professionalism that one must congratulate the author on his painstaking research and presentation. The only omission the reviewer could criticise is that Mr. Lucas takes us half way up the channel to Brisbane Waters and leaves us there, half-way up the creek. On request, the Secretary of Gosford Aquatic Club will supply a chart of this area, and with this, one would possess the most complete and up-to-date information on New South Wales cruising.

The first 68 pages contain a wealth of information on currents, weather patterns, navigational aids and hints on anchoring and mooring.

The Hong Kong printing and binding is of good quality, with stiff covers that should stand up well to the ravages associated with sailing boats.

J.H.

J.H.

CLUB NOTES

Commodore's Report

Dear Member,

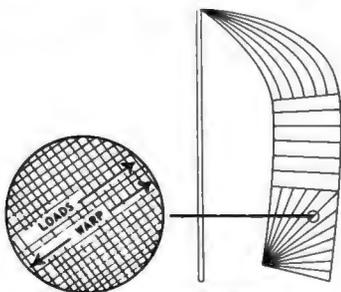
We are now into our summer season with our members enjoying the variety of sailing our Club and the harbour offer. Some of us are racing over the excellent S.O.P.S. courses, some enjoying the rigors of the long races and eagerly waiting for Hobart time; others are racing on harbour courses and some cruising or preparing for the coming passages to Lord Howe and Noumea.

Our Club recognises the divergent

North's tri-radial spinnakers and bloopers



Gareth Welch photo



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