

The Magazine of the Cruising Yacht Club of Australia

OFFSHORE

NUMBER 76

MARCH 1984

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The Magazine of the Cruising Yacht Club of Australia

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Number 76

February/March 1984



Cover: The maxi yacht Apollo powers south in the 1984 Hitachi Sydney-Hobart Yacht Race. Photo courtesy THE DAILY TELEGRAPH, by Ian Mainsbridge.

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Offshore Signals



The CYCA thanks...

From General Manager Peter Shipway—This year's Hitachi Sydney-Hobart Yacht Race and associated Hitachi Southern Cross Cup series and the Burns Philp Maxi Race series were the best ever staged by the Cruising Yacht Club. Not only was the quantity of participants a record, but the quality of the fleets in all series was the best that has ever been seen in these waters and provided some wonderful sailing.

The advent of the five-race Southern Cross Cup series was a great success, and the success of the series was due to many people and organisations which helped in the running of the races.

The Cruising Yacht Club of Australia would firstly like to thank our major sponsor, Hitachi Sales (Australia) Pty. Ltd. for its generous support in both the Southern Cross Cup series and the Hitachi Sydney-Hobart Yacht Race. Hitachi's contribution is very greatly appreciated.

We would also like to give special thanks to our major sponsor for the maxi Series, Burns Philp Pty Ltd. Burns Philp could only be delighted with the success of their series, especially the Harbour Race which was a great spectacle for all, with some of the world's fastest boats charging down Sydney Harbour.

The CYCA also wishes to thank our many sub-sponsors, all of which contribute greatly to the success of these series of races:

TAA, our longest-standing sponsor, for not only their cash contribution but also the support that this company gives all skippers and crews in ticketing and the handling of baggage to and from Hobart.

AWA, who once again provided the most sophisticated communications system aboard the Radio Relay Vessel used in a yacht race anywhere in the world. Special thanks to John Austin, Bill Owen and John O'Toole for their assistance.

Wang Computers, who provided a marvellous computer installation during the Cup and Hobart Series. This remarkable service was able to provide, approximately 1¼ hours after the radio skeds, a full report on line honours positions, handicap posi-

tions, miles to go, divisional handicap positions, and every conceivable piece of information that the press and the public wanted. The capability of the system was also due in part to the programmer, Mr Nigel Davies.

Ampol, who once again made a very generous donation of fuel for the radio relay ship.

Ian Fenwick of **Fenwick Tugs**, who once again supplied the tug boat which was on station at South Reef as a mark of the course at the start.

Grahame White, who for the fourth year in succession supplied a motor tug to act as Radio Relay Ship, this year the *Tasman Hauler*. Our thanks also go to the crew of the *Tasman Hauler*, and to **Bert Oliver**, the communications crew chief, who once again this year performed his duties immaculately.

Bob McLeod of **Pacific Forum Line**, who supplied a refrigerated container in the car park prior to the Hobart Race, which provided invaluable cold storage for thirst-quenching relief for all participants.

Jim Brown of **Coates Hire**, who who assisted with the supply of the ablution blocks which were situated in the car park during the SC series and leading up to the Hobart.

Woollahra Council, which generously allowed us to place containers in the Rushcutter Park, and which opened the park to relieve the catastrophic parking problems that exist in the weeks in December leading up to the Race. Our special thanks go to the Mayor, Jock MacCallum, and to the Chief Engineer, Dennis Cafe.

The **Bureau of Meteorology** (Pat Sullivan, Regional Director, and John Armstrong) and the **CSIRO** (Andrew Forbes) provided valuable information prior to the Race.

RANSA and Commodore Richardson for their great assistance in allowing us to berth many yachts.

His Excellency the **Governor General of Tasmania, Sir James Plimsoll**, for acting as Official Starter of the Race, and also **Sir James Rowland, Governor General of New South Wales** for his support and for officiating at the prizegiving in Hobart.

Xerox, 3M and Olivetti for their supply of equipment during the Southern Cross Series and Hobart Race.

The **Royal Australian Navy**, for once again supplying the Starter's Vessel and who lent great support in other areas.

The **Maritime Services Board of NSW** and the **NSW Water Police** for their invaluable assistance on Boxing Day.

The **Royal Volunteer Coastal Patrol**, lead by Mike Stringer, for their help in controlling the fleet.



The CYCA would also like to thank many volunteers without whose services the Race would not be possible.

The Race Director, Keith Storey, who not only performed onshore as Race Director but also offshore with his *MY Marabout*, as a mark-laying and starting vessel throughout the all Southern Cross trials and the final series. It was a magnificent contribution and one that was appreciated by everyone.

The Starting Officials, the Plotting team lead by Don Walker Smith, who put in a great many hours before and during the Hitachi Sydney-Hobart Race to prepare the systems which worked brilliantly.

Des Cooper and Tony Neilson at the RYCT for their continued, untiring support throughout the series.

The Protest Committees, which worked long hours to solve the problems that occurred on the water.

The mark-laying vessels, navigators and crews who assisted throughout the series.

The Associates Committee, who manned the desks in the lobby making record sales of clothing and Souvenir Programs.

The girls who worked long and hard on the telephones in the press centre.

Buster Rickard and his hosting committee which worked tirelessly to provide hospitality, to arrange many free goods and odds and ends for the boats.

The Staff at the CYCA, who worked long, hard hours at the Club in often trying circumstances.

The Publications Committee, who produced a fine Program which sold extremely well, netting a handsome profit for the Club.

One area of concern to the Management was the reluctance of many Members to cooperate by vacating their marina berths in favour of visiting participants and allowing their yachts to be moved to moorings. This is a continuing problem that doesn't seem to get better from year to year. To those Members (listed below) who did move their yachts we wish to extend our very sincere thanks:

E. Albert	R. Hamilton	D. Parkes
G. Bailey	P. Hankin	G. Peacock
P.J. Bates	J. Harrison	C. Piggott
J.L. Brooks	O. Hasemer	R. Reddie
J. Brown	J. Hawley	H. Segal
R. Bruce	J. Hempstalk	R. Smith
N. Cassim	T. Illy	T. Spooner
A. Clubb	B. James	Dr W. Sweetapple
A. Cooley	R. Jemison	C.A. Troup
H. Coombs	G. Keon	A. Van Stom
M. Copeland	J.W. Keown	J.S. Walton
K. Davis	B. Landis	M. Warczak
G. Day	R. Marshall	A. Webb
S. Dudai	D. Mickleborough	W.A. Wilson
B. Folbigg	W. Mirow	Dr P. Winkler
D. Fuller	R. Moore	K. Youdale
B. Griffin	D. Newgrosh	

The CYCA would also like to thank: Maurie Drent of Maurice Drent Boating Services Pty. Ltd. who cooperated to the full in relocating the boats on his brokerage list during the Christmas period.

Those CYCA Members who supplied their motor vessels to act as press boats not only during the Southern Cross Series but also on Hobart Race day.

Letters

Hobart Race coverage

The Secretary, CYCA

Dear Sir,

During the recent Sydney-Hobart Yacht Race I spoke many times with the ladies operating the phones. As they were my only means of information I would like to thank them for their patience and courtesy.

News cover of the main fleet was almost non-existent, overshadowed by maxi yachts on television and radio.

I have complained about the lack of coverage, hoping in the future the feelings of relatives and friends of the smaller yachts may well be better considered.

Yours faithfully,

Mrs R. [??]

Editor's note: The surname on our Xerox copy of this letter was illegible. However, we would join Mrs ?? in her observation that general coverage of the Race was abysmal and would add that some of the radio commentary was, moreover, ill-informed. It would seem that the 'well known yachting personalities' who are touted by many radio stations covering the start disappear immediately the yachts have turned right outside the heads. Second string news editors are left to look after Race reporting between Christmas and New Years. One Sydney radio station, which covered the America's Cup brilliantly through the offices of a famous tactician's wife, on the afternoon or early evening of the 29th of December was heard to announce that the Hobart Race was over, Nirvana having won; there was no suggestion by the commentator that any other result might ultimately emerge. Nor was there any mention whatever of the whereabouts of the other 170 or so yachts in the Race. Considering the noise that this station had made about its prowess in yacht race coverage (with some justification), this hardly seemed worthy. No station should be singled out, for the general radio silence about the Race after the first few boats



Aerial view of Ulladulla.

had crossed the line, with the possible exception of the ABC, was deafening.

Perhaps the CYCA publicity machine may be able to do something to alleviate this problem next year.

Thanks

The Secretary, CYCA

Dear Sir,

I am writing to thank your Club for the work done in hosting the Southern Cross Cup. With a large fleet and yachtsmen and women visiting from several countries, the task is obviously a daunting one, but I was given assistance at every turn and met with clear and efficient handling of all aspects of race management.

To Keith Storey and his assistants, I extend a special thanks; I regard such people as the real substance of yachting competitions, as things would not happen without them. Apart from the infamous 'Thursday start line' their work was superb, and we all supported their courageous decision to postpone race 2.

Please convey my thanks to Commodore George Girdis, Elaine, Gordon Marshall, Peter Shipway and the many others behind the scenes.

Kind Regards,

Peter Walker
Pacific Sundance

New CYCA Race Easter Weekend

From Peter Rysdyk—At Easter the CYCA has been invited to organise a fleet of yachts to attend the 'blessing of the fleet' ceremony that takes place at the fishing and tourist town of Ulladulla on the south coast of NSW. The CYCA will conduct a race, for a limited fleet, to Ulladulla on Thursday evening before the Easter weekend (2000 hrs start). The program is as follows:

Thursday April 19 (the day before Good Friday)

8.00 p.m. race to Ulladulla (100 nm); arrival some time after midday Good Friday.

Good Friday, Saturday and Easter Sunday
Enjoy the local carnival and beautiful

setting of Ulladulla.

Easter Sunday

1200 hrs Blessing of the Fleet; 1700 hrs Start race back to Sydney.

The blessing of the fleet ceremony, previously attended only by a large fleet of fishing trawlers from as far north as Byron Bay and as far south as Eden, has become a tourist attraction.

It all started in 1956 and follows custom from Europe. The Lent period is over, the fisherman are ashore to spend time with their families, and the blessing of the vessels of fishermen of all nationalities and religions is supposed to assure full catches and a safe return from their dangerous work.

Last year the ceremony was attended by some 35,000 visitors. Ulladulla takes on a carnival atmosphere, with a parade of floats, brass bands, a rodeo, waterski show, sky divers, exhibitions, culminating in a fireworks display. The blessing of the fleet takes place on Easter Sunday at midday.

Although for this first CYCA participation we have decided to limit the size of the fleet, so it will be advisable to get your entry in as soon as possible. Wharf mooring area has been set aside for competing yachts, with fuel, water and power facilities; it is floodlit and security patrolled.

Local business houses will supply attractive trophies for both races, and a marvellous time is assured by the hospitable Ulladullans, who will also appoint a host family for each yacht.

There will also be a special Yachtsmen's/Trawlermen's barbecue.

Local accommodation is, needless to say, scarce at this time, but the CYCA has succeeded in making special arrangements at the Pidgeon House Motor Inn in Ulladulla. This new motel, with 16 luxury units, is centrally located, with swimming pool, colour TV/video, BBQ and children's playground (☎ (044) 551-811 and mention the 'yacht race').

This event will be a family event. The Race is sponsored by the well known south coast building material supply company, W.G. Kelly Pty Ltd., whose managing director is himself a yachtsman and the driving force in Ulladulla for this series.

Entry forms are available from the CYCA sailing office.●



Visitors on the wharf at the blessing of the fleet, Ulladulla, NSW.

Inaugural Vanuatu Race

From Peter Campbell.—The Cruising Yacht Club of Australia will make history in the southwest Pacific in late May when it stages the inaugural Berkeley Australia to Vanuatu Ocean Race. It will be the first race directly from Australia to this unspoiled island group, and the event marks a new upturn in tourism to Vanuatu. The race is seen by the Government of Vanuatu as one of major significance in maintaining and developing good relations with Australia.

Although entries do not close until May 1, the CYCA has already received 26, from yachtsmen in NSW, Queensland, Victoria and Tasmania. The Yacht Club Port Vila will be represented by two yachts — the maxi *Helsal II*, sailing under charter to a group of expatriate yachtsmen living in Vila, and the 'pocket maxi', *Kamber*, entered by race sponsor Ken Berkeley, whose company operates a bareboat charter operation in Vila, Yachting World Vanuatu.

Another maxi yacht already entered is the veteran *Buccaneer*, which took line honours in the 1970 Sydney-Hobart Race. Race Director Peter Rysdyk is confident of two fleets totalling 40 boats sailing from Sydney and Brisbane, including the 80-ft. ketch *Anaconda II*.

The Sydney fleet starts its 1350 nm voyage on Saturday May 25. The Brisbane fleet starts the next day, sailing a course of some 850 nm. The course is also unique for a passage race across the SW Pacific in that it has three rounding marks. The Sydney fleet will have to sail between Lord Howe Island and nearby Ball's Pyramid, then between Norfolk Island and Phillip Island, and finally leave the island of Anatom (called Aneityum on Admiralty charts), in the south of Vanuatu, to port before sailing the final 180 miles to Vila.

The Brisbane fleet bypasses Lord Howe Island, and with their shorter course should join up with the Sydney Fleet as they near Norfolk Island. Special navigation lights and radio beacons are being installed on the islands to guide the yachts.

The race is creating great interest in Vanuatu, where the tourist industry is undergoing its first major expansion since the independence of the young nation, with the first of several new resorts being planned, including a \$1.75 million resort on Irikeri Island in Vila Harbour.

Although the Yacht Club Port Vila has been host to a CYCA-organised race from Noumea, and for many years to races from New Zealand, this is the first race directly from Australia to Vila. School children are involved in yacht drawing competitions, the President is planning to sail aboard Ken Berkeley's Lexcen designed *Kamber* over the final 150 miles, and some of the yachts will be greeted by fleets of native canoes which are planning to sail out from the southern islands as the yachts sail past. The Yacht Club has also drawn upon skills of local residents to help in their reception for the yachtsmen, and a special program and T-shirts are being printed.



Left to right: Don Macfarlane, Commodore, Yacht Club Port Vila; Peter Rysdyk, Race Director; 'Tam Tam' (slit gong drum) trophy; Kalpokor Kalsakau, Minister for Tourism, Vanuatu.

Much interest during the race will centre around Vanuatu's entrant, *Helsal II*. *Helsal* will be sailed by her owner, Tony Fischer, in the Marine Hull Mooloolaba Race in early April, after which she will be chartered to the Yacht Club Port Vila. Although this club normally sails dinghies and catamarans, several members are experienced ocean racers, and the crew will also include regular members under Sailing Master Dick Bearman.

Race Director Peter Rysdyk has been active as usual in the job of race organisation and promotion, including:

- obtaining the services of Keith Storey and his MY *Marabou* to act as radio relay ship, with Bert Oliver as radio operator;
- convincing the Vanuatu Minister for Customs to waive the \$20 departure tax for crew members;
- soliciting the co-operation of the Customs Dept. to issue competing yachts 'in' and 'out' kits to expedite customs formalities;
- organising special air freight arrangements with Air Vanuatu for crew luggage;



View from the Rossi Hotel, Vila.

• negotiating with the Vanuatu Government to accept one-way air tickets for people entering the country to sail back with returning yachts;

• organising with Air Vanuatu and the Intercontinental Island Inn special 8-15 day spectator packages and flexi-packages for crews of the yachts which will arrive at different times. •



Bert Oliver.

Gong for Bert Oliver

The 'voice of offshore yachting', Bert Oliver, received a Medal of the Order of Australia in the Australia Day honours list for his services to yachting. Bert, crew chief and radio operator aboard many Sydney-Hobart radio relay vessels, completed his 23rd voyage to Hobart in the recent Hitachi Sydney-Hobart Race.

Bert has also been radio operator in two Great Circle Races around Tasmania and at the end of May will take on the same role in the CYCA's inaugural Berkeley Vanuatu Race aboard Keith Storey's *Marabou*.

During the last Sydney-Hobart Bert handled a record fleet of 173 starters, getting through each sked in about 50 minutes and still finding time to say 'thank you' to each yacht after logging its position in latitude and longitude.

Bert is the Federal Sports Co-ordinator for the ABC and is in his 44th year with that organisation, 35 years of which has been in the Sporting Department. He began covering yachting as an ABC commentator back in 1948 when he flew over the fleet of the Bunbury Race in W.A., broadcasting from the bombardier's cockpit of an RAAF aircraft. He has since covered many Hobart Races, the Admiral's Cup in England and the America's Cup, as well as many other national and international sporting events.

The CYCA adds its congratulations to Bert Oliver on his OAM, and our sincere thanks for many Hobarts so well done from behind that microphone on the radio relay ship. •

Clipper Cup News

From Peter Campbell, CYCA Press Officer.—Prominent CYCA Member Peter Kurts has been chosen to lead the Australian ocean racing team for the third time in twelve months when he sails *Once More Dear Friends* in the 1984 Pan Am Clipper Cup in Hawaii.

The Dunhill Australian team, chosen by the Offshore Committee of the Australian Yachting Federation, is made up of three fleet regulars, Dennis O'Neil's *Bondi Tram*, John Isles' *Indian Pacific* and Kurts' *Once More Dear Friends*. However, *Indian Pacific* has been chartered for the Clipper Cup by Bill Ferris and will sail under the name of *Indian Gibber*.

The team was announced at a function at the CYCA attended among others by executives of Alfred Dunhill Australia Pty Ltd, which sponsors the Australian Admiral's Cup and Clipper Cup teams, and by executives of Pan American World Airways, who sponsor the Pan Am Clipper Cup. Also present were directors of the Ocean Racing Club of Australia (ORCA), which is the formal challenger, AYF President David Holloway, AYF Executive Director, Tony Mooney, and AYF Offshore Committee Chairman, Jim Robson-Scott.

Once More Dear Friends, a Dubois minimum rater, has now been chosen a member of the 1983 teams for the Admiral's Cup, The Hitachi Southern Cross Cup and the 1984 Pan Am Clipper Cup. Only *Hitchhiker* has ever previously sailed for Australia in all three international teams.

Bondi Tram also sailed in the Admiral's Cup, but for Hawaii she has a basically new crew, with former 18-footer champion and 12-metre skipper Iain Murray as number one helmsman, and many of the crew coming from the 12-metre *Advance*. She sailed in the NSW team which finished second to New Zealand in the Southern Cross Cup.

Indian Pacific also was a member of the NSW Southern Cross Cup team, and this recently launched *Farr 40* was the second SCC team boat in the Hobart Race.

Team Captain Peter Kurts described the



Peter Kurts (right) and the crew of *Once More Dear Friends* at her launch in 1981. Many of the crew are still aboard (from left): Mike Hesse, Iain Murray, Andrew Buckland, David Powys and (kneeling) Peter Shipway.

team as "well suited to the fresh tradewind sailing conditions of the Hawaiian Islands". The team Manager is AYF President David Holloway, who is himself an ocean racing yachtsman and who was a member of the International Jury at the 1983 Admiral's Cup.

The selected owners and their crews, with assistance from *Taurus II* skipper, Geoff Lee, a renowned fund raiser, have already set up an organisation to raise funds towards meeting crew costs and shipping the yachts to Hawaii. Fund raising plans include:

- A yachting film night at the State Theatre on Sunday July 1 with an expected audience of 1800 (tickets available from yacht clubs)
- Three functions at MHYC during April-June for the crew of *Indian Gibber*;
- Opera House farewell evening being organised by the crew of *Once More Dear Friends*
- Two major raffles for a trip to Hawaii and a top-of-the-line Spacer from Barlow Marine;
- Dinner party at the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron organised by the owners and crew of *Bondi Tram*;
- Great Champagne Yacht Race on Sydney Harbour Sunday, December 16 as a joint Clipper Cup/Admiral's Cup team fund raising effort;
- a 'sponsor a crew member' publication.

Apart from the Dunhill Australian team, Australia will be represented at the Clipper Cup international series by teams from Victoria, Queensland, New South Wales and, possibly, Western Australia. Previously the Wailkiki Yacht Club has limited team entries to three from each nation. Because of the precedent set in the Hitachi Southern Cross Cup, in which State teams of Australia participate, they have agreed to accept challenges from State yachting authorities as well as the AYF through ORCA.

The NSW team will be chosen from among four CYCA yachts — *Sweet Caroline* (Marshall Phillips), *The Roperunner* (Les Green), *Scallywag II* (Ray Johnston) and *Marloo* (CYCA Commodore George Girdis). Victoria's

team will again be led by Lou Abrahams with his new *Challenge III*, which is due to be launched in early May. Other members of the Victorian team are expected to be *Seaquesta* (Alf Meate) and *Seaulater* (Peter Gourlay). Queensland's team will be three new boats, led by QCYCA Commodore Dayle Smith with his new John Green designed *Overdraft*, while the W.A. team is expected to be Peter Briggs' *Hitchhiker* and Bob William's 'pocket maxi' *Freight Train*, both of which had nominated for the Australian team. A third has yet to be put forward.

At Hawaii it is expected there will be teams from Japan, New Zealand, Hong Kong and the USA, the latter which will be fielding three teams.

The Waikiki Yacht Club is expected to impose the new ORC limitation on Kevlar sails but will probably waive the new crew limitations under pressure from New Zealand and Japan. The New Zealanders in particular have argued strongly against the crew limitations on the grounds that their current top yachts were designed with larger crews in mind and that there has been insufficient time to change.

The 1984 Pan Am Clipper Cup will again be a five-race series, starting on Saturday, August 4, with the first of three ocean triangles off Waikiki. The other races are the Molokai/Maui medium distance race and the long Round-the-State Race, which starts on August 12. •



Second BOC Challenge

The BOC Group is to sponsor a second around-the-world race for single-handers starting from Newport, Rhode Island in August 1986.

The new race will follow the formula of the first BOC Challenge, in which ten of the original seventeen starters, including the CYCA's Neville Gosson, finished in Newport last May. The 27,000 mile race will include stopovers in Cape Town, Sydney and Rio de Janeiro before returning to the finish at Newport. Robin Knox-Johnston will chair the race committee.

The Rules and Conditions contain a number of significant changes, some the result of lessons learned in the last BOC race. Handicap systems will not apply to elapsed times; the size limitations of LOA for both classes have been raised to 60 feet (18.29 m) for Class 1, 50 feet (15.24 m) for Class 2; there is a lower limit of 40 feet (12.19 m). The new rules include: a 200 mile trans-ocean qualifying voyage in the entered yacht; the provision of water-tight bulkheads in all yachts; the banning of folding-type propellers. Each entry will be supplied, by the organisers, a satellite position monitoring transmitter similar to those which played such an important role in rescues during the last race. Provision of satellite tracking accounts largely for the increased entry fee for the 1986 race, the basic fee being \$US 2,500, of which a non-refundable deposit of \$500 must be paid by January 1, 1986. For entries carrying the names of sponsors, which will again be allowed, the fee is double.

A number of entrants from the first race have said they will enter again, including Neville Gosson, who is currently seeking sponsorship for a new Lexcen design; Philippe Jeantot, the Frenchman who, in his 56 foot *Credit Agricole*, won the last race with a record-breaking circumnavigation of 159 days; American Tony Lush, who lost his yacht in the Southern Ocean, is planning a new boat for the race; South African Bertie Reed is also; he, too, was a competitor last time.

Copies of the Rules and Conditions and Entry Forms and a Newsletter are available (for \$US 5.00 or equivalent) from: The Race Committee, The BOC Challenge 1986-87, Goat Island marina, Goat Island, Newport, Rhode Island 02840, USA. ●

Pyrrhic victories

The following letter was recently received by the YA of NSW, and the reason for publishing it is self-evident.

I am writing this letter to ask the Association's help in bringing to an end the practice of throwing crews into the water to mark their success after competition.

My son was seriously injured after such a dunking when he recently won a national title at Botany Bay. At the time of his admission to hospital he was assessed to be quadriplegic. Fortunately this position has improved dramatically, and the prognosis is good for him to improve further so that he should be able to lead a normal life with only minor limitations. Nevertheless for him it is disastrous and it could have been even worse.

For several years my wife and I have looked on with apprehension whilst the ceremonies are performed in high good spirit, without feeling able to bring the situation under control. On previous occasions to my knowledge the recipients have only suffered minor injuries, but now our apprehension has become a reality. We are anxious to prevent this happening to others.

I am advised by Professor Taylor that 1/3 of casualties in the spinal unit at Royal North Shore Hospital occur in the water, and he supports our aim to abolish the practice of dunking.

In my experience with junior sailing, the celebration usually occurs at night after some form of festivity. The dunkers are usually dressed and do not want to wet themselves, and they therefore seek piers, wharves, walls or other high and dry places from which to throw the victors. Unfortunately, they are also usually strangers to the area and are completely unaware of the potential dangers that exist, all of which adds up to disaster.

—M. Lehmann

Product News

Stay tension meter

With a new tension gauge the load and tension of jibstay and shrouds can be measured electronically under sail and the load read (in kg) on a cockpit dial.

The manufacturer's announcement asserts that, on boats with fractional rigs and light, bendable masts and running backstays, which many designers prefer also on bigger level rating and offshore classes, the control of and quick, proper setting of forestay tension, particularly after a tack, is a very significant factor in racing upwind, affecting the shape of jib and overall aerodynamics.



A new tension gauge, called Staymeter, gives important clues in variable conditions, even in tuning the rig not under sail. It provides a safety factor when excessive strain is on a powered-up rig.

Staymeter is available in two standard models, model 1 for up to 2500 kg, and model 2 for up to 5000 kg, with a trimming calibration of 500 and 1000 kg respectively. (Meters are available for up to 25 tons on request.) The accuracy of the electronic gauge (12vDC/50 ma) is ± 1 per cent. Staymeter is easy to install.

For further information (the press release received did not mention whether there is an Australian agent): Pertti Michelson, Ristiallokonkatu 5 A 17, SF-02320 Espoo 32, Finland. ●

For the skipper who (thinks he) has everything...

A new four-in-one marine navigation system, said to be the world's first integrated ship's navigator, developed by Racal-Decca Marine Navigation, is now undergoing extensive sea trials.

Ships currently can carry up to four different receivers to tap the major international radio position-fixing aids — Transit Satnav, Loran-C, Decca Navigator, and Omega. Transit and Omega are mainly worldwide systems, while the other two provide higher accuracy position fixing in coastal waters and busy shipping lanes.

The Racal-Decca MNS 2000 is a multi-sensor receiver than can use all four systems. The receiver's computer decides which of the position fixing systems is the best to use at that particular time and orders the receiver to operate on that system. A single keyboard with common operational sequences for all position fixing systems eliminates the need for navigation officers to be familiar with several types of equipment [Tony Cable would say that it, unfortunately, does not eliminate the need for navigation officers]. The ship's position is displayed on a TV screen along with course and speed and information about off-track error.

Because this new system can do the work of four, space savings are possible as are 'significant savings', according to the press release, the UK price being \$A 11,600 (or it can be rented for \$A 3,520 per year).

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WEATHER OR NOT with Roger Badham



A new regular column by weather forecaster Roger Badham; this month, Sea Breezes

Learning to survive gale force winds is very much a part of good seamanship, but when it comes to winning races or making good distances while cruising, it is the mundane breezes that need to be mastered. Along the NSW coast, our nor'east sea breeze is the most common prevailing wind. It's the most frequent from late spring to late autumn, although it develops (more weakly) throughout the year.

The sea breeze is a local breeze, not a 'synoptic wind', and is driven by the temperature differential between the warming (daytime) land and the rather steady adjacent sea surface temperatures. Although a high afternoon temperature in the coastal regions indicates a good sea breeze potential, there are a number of other requirements that must also be satisfied before the breeze will develop.

The classic sea breeze along our coastline begins life as a very localised easterly flow very close to the coast. At this stage, topography plays a very important role, with estuaries, bays and harbours funnelling the breeze, or cliffs and hills deflecting the flow, possibly impeding the development by assisting an opposing (upper) wind. During the first few hours, the fickle breeze will defy all the rules and be almost impossible to master. This developing sea breeze is also shallow – the depth not often much more than ½ km, and it'll only extend seawards a very short distance (typically one to two nautical miles).

Next comes the development stage, when the localised sections of the sea breeze link or combine, forming one

common sea breeze, extending for 10s, if not 100s, of nautical miles along the coastline. The sea breeze slowly extends inland, forming a well structured front, separating the cooler moist sea air from the warmer and drier land air.

The movement of the sea breeze front inland has been studied in detail by met. researchers over the years. However, the 'anti-front' – the gradual extension of the sea breeze in a seawards direction – has received very little research effort.

The front moves inland at some 2-5 knots, depending upon the overall synoptic situation. Seawards, the breeze probably extends seawards at about half that rate (1-2½ knots), with the anti-front more often a zone of light winds...almost the doldrums! However, this is not always the case; in the situation where the sea breeze displaces a gusty wind of differing characteristics (e.g. a fresh warm dry nor'wester) then the anti-front may appear seawards as a frontal line, separating the two dissimilar air masses. Again there's virtually no research evidence to back up the following, but it's quite likely that the sea breeze area offshore may contain itself to favourable current regions with set sea surface temperatures.

Once developed, the sea breeze is one of the most reliable breezes. The speed and direction are steady, and it shows very little variation about the mean, i.e. not much turbulence, or gustiness, due to the shallow structure and uniform temperature fields. As it becomes mature, the earth's rotation force (Coriolis force) backs the observed direction, trying to make the air flow parallel to the original driving force. Thus along the NSW coast, a well developed sea breeze, late in the afternoon or evening, tends more northerly, the traditional nor'easter being a semi-balanced breeze.

Two forms of the sea breeze should be recognised. The first is the regular sea breeze, in light or opposing winds, the breeze gradually developing, backing and then dying off fairly quickly in the evening. The other form is a combination sea breeze/prevailing wind. This vector combination breeze differs according to the features of the other wind. With an onshore wind, the sea breeze will generally be gustier, possibly stronger and persist longer into the night. An offshore component, on the other hand, will not be any stronger, possibly still gustier, but will die off quickly in the evening.

Sailing along the coast it is important to infer from either observations for the forecast, the likely characteristics of the sea breeze. Unless assisted by an onshore wind, the breeze won't develop before 9.00 a.m., so it's useless to be too close to the coast until then. From midday through to 6-9.00 p.m., the best position is undoubtedly within the 2-mile zone of the coast, while after 9.00 p.m. it's best to be well away unless an assisted breeze looks like persisting well into the night (the criteria for a persisting breeze being a mean speed over 8 knots, with gustiness). Consequently, there's a 12-hour period when it's best to be adjacent to the coast, followed by 12 hours when it's necessary to be further seawards (what to do at night, apart from sleeping, is, as most sailors know, a very tricky business...and that'll be the subject of another story). This 12-hour oscillation, when running along the coast, assumes a somewhat stationary weather pattern, and that's not a very good assumption! In the final outcome it's never as simple as that, and each 12-hour's leg must be looked at separately, with the final decision depending upon the weather outlook for the next 12, 24 and 36 hours.

When using a sea breeze, watch carefully the following points so as to appreciate as much as possible the progress and likely life span of the breeze.

- Note (if possible) the time of development, and compare with either your own, or the forecaster's, thoughts – is it early, or late, and how quickly is it developing?
- Has there been a prevailing wind before the sea breeze, and was it pushed out of the way, or combined with a vector sense?
- Once developed, the sea breeze is a remarkably reliable breeze, so long as the synoptic situation doesn't alter greatly, straining the set-up. Always watch for signs of the breeze about to diminish, e.g.
 - lower cloud (immediately above the sea breeze, around 1 km height, increasing in speed in an offshore direction;
 - any increase in cloud is not good for the sea breeze – even high cirrus cloud or middle level cloud invading the sky during the course of the day will very often be associated with a failing sea breeze. This may be due to a number of reasons – falling inland temperatures or strengthening offshore winds above, not seen due to lack of lower cloud;

(Continued on page 22)



BIGGLES' COLUMN

by John Brooks

The 1983 Southern Cross Cup proved conclusively that the Kiwis are back in ocean racing, with a vengeance. After languishing in the doldrums for some years, New Zealand ocean racers are back at the top, dominating the Southern Cross Cup in a manner reminiscent of the mid seventies. The team was very well prepared and manned by a mixture of experienced and new (in Australia) talent. Farr's latest designs did all that was claimed for them and will probably be responsible for another upsurge of Farr design orders for the local fleet. At a quarter of a million per copy the upsurge will not be too dramatic, however.

Whether or not the Kiwis can carry over their success to the Clipper Cup and the Admiral's Cup remains to be seen. They certainly have the talent and the new Farr boats should be particularly suited to the conditions off Honolulu. What they have lacked in the recent past is an ongoing international racing programme backed by solid sponsorship. The proposed changes to Rule 26 may help them there, if those changes are agreed to by their local authority and ratified by the ORC.

If a change in sponsorship rules does attract sponsors, the New Zealand teams will be amongst the first to benefit because the New Zealand public and commercial firms have shown

themselves ever ready to support yachting to a degree unmatched in any other country, with the possible exception of France. *Ceramco New Zealand* was an example of this support and another is her successor for the 1985 Whitbread Race, *Lion New Zealand*. *Lion* is a 24 metre Holland maxi budgeted at around \$1.4 million, all from commercial sponsors. Her campaign budget of half a million will be raised by public appeal. Can you visualise the Aussie public coughing up half a million to campaign a racing yacht, America's Cup victory notwithstanding? BOC (British Oxygen, or CIG in Australia) is continuing with its sponsorship of the single handed round the world race which will start from Newport, Rhode Island in 1986. The winner of the inaugural event, Phillippe Jeantot, has evidently received enormous publicity in France, with attendant financial rewards, as a result of his victory. His sponsor, Credit Agricole, well pleased with the results, has reportedly offered him \$1,000,000 to do it again in a deal which also covers the OSTAR (single handed trans-Atlantic) event.

Meanwhile, our own single handed sailor, Neville Gosson, who completed the last BOC challenge, on a shoe string budget, is looking for sponsors to build a Lexcen design to compete in the 1986 event. He should have the field pretty much to himself in this respect as the awesome prospect of sailing half way around the world to take part in a race around the world is enough to daunt lesser mortals. Judging by the publicity which surrounded Neville's last effort, he should be able to attract corporate sponsorship for the new campaign, free as it is of the restrictions which bedevil the sponsors of IOR racing.

o o o

The Australian team of *Bondi Tram*, *Indian Pacific* and *Once More Dear Friends* will form part of a large contingent of over twenty Australian yachts which have entered for the 1984 Pan Am Clipper Cup series in Hawaii. They join a line-up from all over the Pacific including Hong Kong, Japan, New Guinea and New Zealand. Race officials are expecting a fleet of around twelve yachts from Japan and they will be formidable competition if they are up to the 1982 standard.

The United States, backed by Australia, was particularly opposed to the ORC ban on Kevlar, and the Clipper Cup Committee has come under a lot of pressure from US regional authorities to waive the Kevlar ban for the 1984 series. The Committee recently

announced that it would adhere strictly to the ORC ruling on Kevlar. This will draw a sigh of relief from the international entries who would have had to construct special Kevlar sails just for the Clipper Cup series if the ruling had gone the other way. *Bondi Tram* might have been the only yacht not bothered either way as Dennis O'Neil probably still has the wardrobe of Kevlar sails cut for him by Hughie Treharne and completed just days before the surprise November 1982 ORC ban was announced.

The Clipper Cup Committee will, however, vary the crew limitation formula in the Conditions of Race as is their right under the IOR rule 109.8. The Clipper Cup conditions will substitute their own formula which will, in effect, permit the same number of crew as carried in the 1982 series. The reason given was that a review of the 1982 fleet revealed that nearly 80% would have exceeded the new limitation by one or two crew members.

One of the impressive features of the Clipper Cup is the mark laying accuracy and one of the problems of using time on distance handicapping is the need to know the exact distance of the course laid. The Clipper Cup Committee solved this problem in a unique way and one of their secrets was revealed by Race Chairman Ken Morrison while he was visiting the CYCA in December. Ken, a retired Colonel of Artillery, called on his old pals in the US Army for assistance in solving the problem.

Using an optical target surveying system, with an observation point on Punchbowl and another on Diamond Head, the gunners used their theodolites to survey the course distance to an accuracy of 1/1000th of a metre. So, if you should ever get it in your head that the marks are not quite properly placed or that the handicap measurement is wrong, forget it. Incidentally, while he was here Ken Morrison took part in his first Sydney-Hobart Race on *Challenge*, so he has a perfect record in the Race, one start, one win. □



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CLIPPER SHIP SAILING

by Robert McNeill

with illustrations by Peter Harrigan



We left Robert McNeill last issue struggling, along with the rest of the crew of Roby, to dampen a smouldering fire in the hold of that Leyland coal clipper bound from Liverpool to South America. He has just reflected that the fire is evidently deep seated, and that the possible consequences are too serious to contemplate.

The fourth day reached the climax of the men's endurance. The heat below decks being terrific, the smoke blinding, so together with the sulphurous fumes which were suffocating it was impossible to stay down any length of time. In relays they kept on

relieving each other to take a spell on deck.

As the day wore on, with the hands below staggering like drunken men, and as yet no sign of the actual fire, the Captain gave orders to come up from below and batten the hatch down. Then all ventilators were covered; also all openings which would allow air to get into the hold were sealed up.

"Why was this being done?" I wondered. On asking I was told that it was to try to smother the fire. Now to have attempted to quench the fire with water would practically have meant flooding the ship because there is no bulkhead in the cargo

space of sailing ships. The holds were one big space. And secondly, we had no mechanical appliances, such as steam and hoses. The only method which we could have adopted would be to hand pump the salt water from over the side and cast it onto the fire with buckets, which would be a hopeless proposition. Then again this water would in turn have to be pumped out of the ship, otherwise she would be out of trim being deeper already by the stern due to the cargo which had been jettisoned from the forward end. Now, to deepen the water aft, due to the water running that way, would interfere with her sailing qualities,

and also might cause her to ship water due to the lessened freeboard.

The night passed with nothing of importance happening, but it was plain to see that all were feeling the strain of the last few days, and what was ahead was a matter of conjecture. The following day was also uneventful, until about five o'clock p.m. in the first Dog Watch. I was about to step out of the half deck house to get to the galley for my tea when I heard a low rumbling, resembling distant thunder, which came from below decks.

"Which way will I turn?" I was undecided. Fear had gripped me for the moment. All hands rushed out of their quarters and seemed to be in a similar state of mind, momentarily wondering what was going to happen, when a sudden shout from the Captain from the after end of the ship "Get the lifeboats ready!". Barely had the words reached my ears when there was a terrible explosion. Everything was confusion — hatches, tarpaulins, ventilators and all weak fittings were completely blown out. Some were laying around the decks while others had gone overboard and remnants of canvas were hanging around the gear up aloft. Luckily nobody was hurt, which was a miracle, because most of them including myself were close to the main hatch when the heavy wooden hatches were scattered in all directions. The Captain evidently thought, when he heard that ominous rumble in the holds, it being quite plain that it was the forerunner of an explosion, that the damage to the ship might be so great or the fire of such dimension as to make it necessary to abandon ship and to take to the lifeboats. But after an inspection by the Master and Officers, it was decided that we were quite safe, for a while at least, and that it was unnecessary to take to the boats.

The wooden hatch covers from the main and fore hatches were either damaged or had gone overboard, and the tarpaulins were torn to ribbons, and darkness was coming on — what a predicament! We were now between two evils, for if bad weather should overtake us and our vessel ship heavy seas which might find their way down the hatch openings, then there would be a possibility of us foundering and to use temporary measures in the covering of our hatches against heavy seas would again cause a risk of explosion due to accumulation of gas. So to use an old proverb, we truly were 'between the devil and the deep sea.'

Smoke was issuing from all holes leading to the holds. As yet no actual view of fire, but what an inferno it must have been beneath that top layer of black coal, as it was proved to us a few hours later. Nothing could now be done to alleviate our distress so we were surely in the 'lap of the gods'. The Captain gave orders to prepare the lifeboats and I heard him remark "We can do nothing more. She will have to burn." What agony of mind must have been his, for apart from the danger to himself and all his crew to see his fine vessel in jeopardy and that the mercy of the sea and fire.

All hands were now mustered aft. The Captain explained the situation, although it required very little explanation, for even to me as a boy I could well imagine the seriousness of our plight. But he gave us one ray of hope and that was when he said "The barometer is falling and it may bring us a fair wind." The irony of it — a falling glass might also indicate a gale of wind, which under the circumstances would not be a ray of hope but under our present conditions if it brought a fair wind and allowed our ship to sail on her course as to lessen the distance to port it would certainly be the lesser of two evils.

The Captain gave strict orders to keep handy on the quarterdeck, also

a sharp lookout for any vessel which might chance to come within sight, who would, of course, be immediately by our distress rockets. Our watch was on duty from midnight until 4.00 a.m., and about 2.00 a.m. an order was called out from the Chief Officer "Square to the crosstack yard." Hurrah! This meant a fair wind. Never with greater alacrity were yards trimmed to an unfavourable breeze. The yodeling of the true sailormen, as the watch hauled on the braces, was a rare treat for our fringed nerves and low spirits. Would this heaven-sent wind guide us the River Plate, that being the harbour we were endeavouring to reach, or would the fire which was now being fanned by the wind overwhelm us and compel the Captain to take to the lifeboats? We had no time to brood over this hazard; instead we had a very busy watch.

The wind began to freshen, and orders came from the mate to 'clew up the royals' meaning to make those sails fast. That being done came more orders: 'Clew up the top gallant sails.' The wind was now reaching gale force, but the Master was keeping as much sail set as he drove the vessel as fast as possible while this fair wind lasted. At eight bells (4.00 a.m.) I assisted to heave the log which told



Clipper Ship Sailing

that our speed was fourteen knots. If we could only keep that up we would surely soon reach port, were my thoughts.

But ill luck dogged us, for our watch had only been in the bunks a very short time while when we were again called on deck. All hands were required to furl the three upper topsails and foresail, and on this being done we were again sent below. To sleep was out of the question. The situation had turned from bad to worse for we were now in a furious gale of wind.

The fire in the forehatch had broken and was showing small flames, so it was only a matter of time before we would be compelled to abandon the ship. This came about sooner than was expected, for at 7.30 on the morning of the 8th of October in the year 1900, all hands were ordered to prepare the lifeboats and have all in readiness to abandon ship. The fire had now taken a serious turn, owing to the seams of the wooden decking having become ignited, and it was not long before the crew's living quarters on the port side forward to the forecabin head were burning fiercely.

All of our clothes and effects had been taken aft to the poop deck where all hands had now collected watching the conflagration. What a conflicting sight. One end of the vessel shipping 'green seas' and the other end a raging inferno. To have such a view from *terra firma* would have produced a truly marvellous picture.

What my thoughts were during those last few hours aboard the *Roby* I well remember. 'Would any vessel come within sight?' for the dense volumes of smoke emerging from the fire could now be seen for many miles. 'If we took to the lifeboats would they live in such a sea that was running?' And, lastly, 'Would I ever see my parents again?'

Although we were in grave danger, I cannot say I was greatly in fear; maybe I was too young to realize the gravity of the situation. Wooden fittings were now ablaze, which sent the flames to a greater height, thus lapping up the ropes and gear and gradually enveloping the whole of the fore mast and yards – a fearsome sight for those on board, but wonderful to watch the way the flames made an outline of fire up the rigging and along the yards, setting on fire the sails which were snugly furled. The foremast from the deck now commenced to sway ominously, and about 50 tons of mast, yards and rigging went over the side together

with the main topmast and top gallant mast. Also the jibboom. Our fine, noble clipper was now reduced to a sorry sight and at the mercy of the sea. Only one sail was set, that being the mizzen lower topsail which was rendered useless for driving power by the fact of the wreckage over the side forward hanging by the chainplates. The ship's life was ebbing; her towering white wings had gone, and as she rolled and tossed in the trough of the stormy seas, her once proud bearing was a source of mockery to the elements which were now trying to engulf her.

Our last food taken on board was served out to us by the steward and consisted of Liverpool pasties and tinned bully beef – not a very sumptuous repast but quite in keeping with the general run of things. One third of the ship was burning fiercely, and gradually our position on the poop deck became more precarious, so the Captain decided that it was time to leave the ship. The port lifeboat was swung out on the davit, and four able seamen and the boatswain manned it. But before the boat was lowered the end of a coil of rope was made fast to it to act as a tow line. Now this might seem strange, for our vessel was not making headway but was labouring heavily as near head to wind as our mizzen lower topsail could compel her. The lifeboat would fall back on the tow line, so with a certain amount of seamanship it might be possible to keep the boat's head to sea. The Captain gave the men who volunteered to go in the boat instructions to tow until he requested them back to the ship. What was in his mind I do not know. Maybe he thought that the fire might attract some distant vessel and by having a boat in the water it would be ready to transfer us to the other vessel.

To lower a boat safely into the water with such a sea running requires not only seamanship but a certain amount of good luck. The boat was lowered quickly as the opportunity arose, and by good fortune, together with the alertness of the men in the boat, the tackles were unhooked and the boat fended off from the ship's side. The fire was forgotten, as from the poop deck we watched the men strive with the oars to keep the boat clear of the ship's counter and get clear astern. One moment they would be perched high on the crest of a wave above the ship's deck and the next down in a valley.

After stupendous effort by those brave men the boat was eventually

manoeuvred a safe distance from the ship and was gradually eased away on the tow line aboard the ship to a distance of a few hundred feet. How anxiously we watched them in their endeavours with the oars to avoid being engulfed by those treacherous breaking combers, and when in the trough, if the sea had them out of sight I would wonder 'Have they gone?'. For I was spellbound watching the men in the small frail craft fighting for their lives in that raging sea.

The boat had not been in tow very long when the Captain gave the order to abandon ship owing, no doubt, to the fire having now nearly having reached the main mast. If we were not clear of the ship before the main mast went overboard, which, in falling, would also bring down the mizzen top hamper, then there would be a possibility of serious injury or loss of life through all hands being below the wreckage. There might also be damage to the remaining lifeboat. Maybe it was in the Captain's mind when he decided to launch the other lifeboat and keep it in tow that if we were further dismasted he would have at least one boat in the water.

The starboard lifeboat was swung out and lowered, and while the Second Officer and fourteen men were clamouring and jumping to get into it, the struggle for mastery over the elements was enormous, the excitement and anxiety were beyond description. Now according to the rule of the sea, the master should have been in the Second Officer's boat, but under the circumstances it was not possible because it is usual for the Captain to be the last man to leave or abandon ship and there were still ten on board.

The Second Officer's boat clear of the ship, our attention was now for the towing lifeboat. The Captain gave orders to pull on the tow line, but, behold, the lifeboat was all adrift. The rope must have carried away and we could see the men straining at their oars endeavouring to make headway, at the same time avoiding being capsized. "My God" I heard the Captain remark when he saw the plight of the boat with the five men struggling and straining with superhuman efforts to get back to the ship to save the lives of the remaining men. Anxious eyes were on the encroaching fire, from which the heat and smoke was now becoming uncomfortable, then on to the lifeboat. They were making slow progress, but inch by inch those five men mastered the elements for our salvation. 'Would they be in time?'



What an interminable length of time it seemed before we could see their faces which showed the agony of the terrific strain they were using on the oars. At last they came close enough to catch a line which was thrown to them which, in turn, was made fast to a heavier rope, and during the time two of the men in the boat were hauling on the rope the boat ran down a trough of the sea and under our ship's counter, which came down on top of the boat. 'Twas a tense few moments. 'Were the men killed, and the boat swamped?' Neither, thank God. For when the boat came into view again, it was seen that they were huddled down below the gunwale. Only one man was hurt, the boatswain; he had no bones broken, but his back and shoulders were badly bruised, and a considerable amount of skin was torn off, from which he suffered greatly in the days to follow due to contact with salt water on the raw flesh.

The boat was hauled with extra ropes to the fore end of the poop and the Captain ordered the rest of the crew to look lively and get into it. Waiting the opportunity to get into that boat I will never forget. One moment it seemed as if it would be landed bodily back aboard the ship, and the next in danger of being smashed into pieces as the vessel rose high above it. At last we were all

safely in the boat, so with the exception of a few minor bruises and a badly leaking plank, caused through the boat being smashed against the mizzen bumpkin, we had to be thankful at least that we were safe from the fire, for what was to follow time would tell.

The complement in our boat was the Captain, Chief Officer, Boatswain, eight able seamen, cook, apprentice and myself. Fourteen all told. The Second Officer's boat had sixteen hands which comprised the Second Officer, sailmaker, carpenter, steward, ten able seamen, an ordinary seaman and a boy. Also two terrier dogs.

Once clear of the ship, which required good seamanship in the handling of the boat, all spare clothes were dumped overboard to give us all the freeboard possible, also more freedom of movement. Every man lost all his effects except what he was wearing. Some had sea boots and oilskins. I had mine on; others were scantily clad and suffered severely from the cold weather which we experienced in the open boat.

After much backing and filling with the oars, which meant keeping head to sea and at the same time getting a safe distance from the ship, the sea anchor was cast, but instead of it having at least twenty fathoms of rope it was found to have only about

Clipper Ship Sailing

five fathoms which made it practically useless.

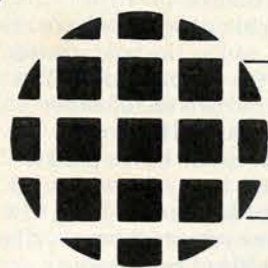
The Captain now ordered two men to each oar, and as the boat rose on the crest of the sea one side would pull while the men on the other would back water. This greatly assisted to keep the boat's head to sea. To be in a heavy sea in a small boat is vastly different to being in a big ship. Now you are down a valley, with either side of you sloping hundreds of feet upwards, then you are lifted onto the rest, then to meet that fearsome curling break it is only the greatest of good fortune and seamanship if your boat is not to be capsized.

A little description of our boat is here contained. It was not a regulation lifeboat but was smaller and did not contain airtight tanks. What I suppose made it a lifeboat was the fact of its having a canvas covered batting of cork right around the inside of the gunwale. It was also badly equipped. No tank for biscuits; they were contained in an old sea chest and put into the boat; consequently they got wet with salt water. The drinking water was also brackish. The sea anchor was...

Robert McNeill's tale ends here; he died before he was able to finish the retelling of it. A clipping from a Liverpool, England newspaper ca. 1900 read as follows:

THE BURNING OF THE SHIP ROBY

The steamer Bathurst of Elder, Dempster & Co's Line, which recently arrived at Liverpool, had on board the Second Officer and fourteen men of the Liverpool ship *Roby*, which was abandoned on fire on the 8th ult. in lat. 38°S and long. 55°W. Captain Jones, the Chief Officer, and eleven other members of the crew, went in one boat and the Second Officer and twelve other members in another. The Captain's boat was fallen in with the Brazilian Barquentine *Alina*, which subsequently landed them at Rio de Janeiro and joined a mail steamer which is expected to arrive in England in a few days. The Second Officer's boat was adrift on the ocean for four days and nights and the occupants were subsequently rescued and landed at Tenerin at which place they were transferred to the Bathurst. On arrival of the Bathurst at Liverpool the shipwrecked men were despatched to their homes. □



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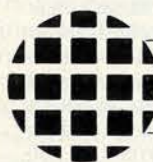
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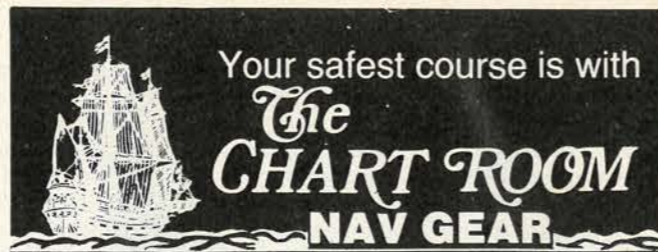
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MAYDAY MAYDAY MAYDAY MAYDAY MAYDAY MAYDAY



The crew of Satin Sheets in uniform and in playful mood at the start of the 1983 Hitachi Sydney-Hobart Yacht Race. They put in a very businesslike performance for an ageing design, finishing 17th in a fleet of 173. Another aging but still effective design, Peter Green (centre, with the broadest grin), completed his 32nd Hobart this year.

MEMORIES OF THE HOBART

To present our round-up of this year's Hitachi Sydney-Hobart Race, we asked members of the Publications Committee to look back on their 1983 Hobart and tell it as they saw it.

Sandy Peacock - Streaker

One of the most interesting things about Sydney-Hobart Races is how well you remember them. Like wine, they improve with age. It's surprising how clearly you can recall Hobarts you sailed six or seven years ago; yet try to give a day by day account of the most recent one and see how hard it is.

The main things you do remember are the weather, where you finished, and the crew you sailed with. Well, the weather for the 1983 Hobart was pretty unremarkable. A wettish sort of first night, a day on the nose, a fetch across Bass Strait that became a reach, a good hard run down the Tasmanian coast, and the usual parking fines in Storm Bay and the Derwent.

On board Streaker, the 1974 Peterson 1-tonner that Maurie Drent bought late last year, we actually en-

joyed the early windward slogging section of the race for the simple reason that she goes like an express train in those conditions. In the hard downwind stuff later in the Race she wobbled a bit under her big masthead kites, but we didn't broach her and we only blew out one kite. All in all it was a fairly easy race.

If you didn't finish in the first 20 overall or the first three in your division it doesn't really matter where you finished, so we'll skip that bit and move on to the crew.

The crew was terrific, and that's what makes a good Hobart. The only problem was that all of them except me liked sadistically hot food. Still, I couldn't really complain. Complaining was forbidden on board.

All the crew members played their various roles like experienced actors. There was Maurie, the owner, who worried a lot and kept looking in his chequebook. Yet, paradoxically enough, he went berserk whenever he was allowed to steer, and drove the boat like a racing car. (He used to be a racing car driver.) Then there was David Lawson, the skipper, a very salty type who has done 23 Hobarts

and knows a hell of a lot about what to do in the Hobart Race, and more important, what to do in Hobart.

The bow man was Howard Dredge, who worked like a Trojan up in the peak and in fact did his job so well that none of the rest of us wanted to spoil it by interfering. Ross Marr and John Pearce were the comedy team (an essential part of any Hobart crew) and also provided most of the muscle power around the vicinity of the cockpit. Gendy Spencer was in charge of provisioning, discipline and morale (a good job she did too) and I performed various odd jobs. Finally, there was Robin Copeland as navigator and satnav attendant. Robin got us to Tasman Island right on the button.

Looking back at the Hobart, the most exciting part was getting Streaker ready in time for Boxing Day. I particularly enjoyed this because I missed out on most of the work. Maurie and the crew performed quite amazing feats in giving her a total refit in three weeks, which included a whole new paint job, new sails, re-rigging the spars, a new satnav, a full overhaul of the engine and deck hardware, and a few days of tuning and



SANDY PEACOCK

training at the end. Two months later, *Streaker* still looks great and Maurie still looks dazed.

Probably the most distressing part of the race was the bets we laid with *Chinese Fire Drill* and *Belinda*. The deal with *Chinese Fire Drill*, John Hughes' handsome new S&S 36, was ten jugs of rum and coke for line honours and another ten for handicap. We led the *Fire Drill* crew for the first half of the race but they slipped away when the breeze went behind us in the latter stages. When we rounded Cape Raoul on the last afternoon we found them becalmed on the other side and actually got close enough to see the whites of their eyes, but they got away again in the Derwent and that was that. Bets involving 20 jugs of rum and coke aren't very smart anyway.

The *Belinda* bet was even sillier. Someone (I suspect Maurie) wagered that *Streaker* would sail more miles in the first 24 hours of the Hobart than *Belinda* would in the first 24 hours of the Sydney-Coffs Harbour Race, which started a day later. Of course, we got a nice big southerly to beat into while they flew north before it. (This bet was recently settled at an expensive restaurant.)

What else stands out in the memory? Well, the start of the race was fairly spectacular, or course. When you've 170-odd yachts reaching down the harbour in a fresh breeze, all aiming for the same rounding mark, things are bound to be hectic. Surprisingly enough there weren't any major collisions this time, but there were certainly a few bumps here and there as the yachts bunched together at the tug. What amazes me is that in situations like this you'll still find a few

skippers who want to play luffing games.

The luckiest people were the crew of the Hood 23 with the stalled outboard motor, which drifted through the main bulk of the fleet as it approached; somehow the Hood survived.

Another highlight of the race was the *Condor-Nirvana* duel out at the front of the fleet, which I'm sure most of the other crews found as absorbing as we did. When two of the world's most impressive maxis are reporting identical positions, sked after sked, you've really got a story on your hands. What a pity it ended in the protest room.

From a tactical point of view, the lessons we took home this year were a couple of predictable old chestnuts. Don't get out to seaward of the rhumb line off Tasmania unless you've got new breeze that the boats inshore haven't got. And don't necessarily turn right at Tasman Island.

When we turned the corner at dawn on the last day we found about a dozen yachts becalmed in Storm Bay between the island and Cape Raoul. So standing on to the south into the light southerly breeze seemed a reasonable bet, and that's what we did. By sailing a wide circle around them and then reaching in to Cape Raoul we passed all of the boats inshore.

Apart from all that, what really mattered most was that we arrived in Constitution Dock on a warm Hobart evening, the perfect time of day to settle down for some serious celebrating. By the following morning *Streaker* was surrounded by yachts moored three-deep and the dock looked like a very colourful parking lot. If this race keeps getting bigger and bigger, where are they going to put them all?



ROBIN COPELAND

Above: Down Under Morris dancing? Maurice Drent performs a tricky pre-start manoeuvre.



SANDY PEACOCK



Tony Cable - Vengeance

Here it is in early March and the Editor is pressing me for my recollections of the Hobart two months ago! Frankly, by this time I have forgotten most of it and can't really give a wave by wave description that would rivet the attention of the reader.

To try to get some definitive material I rang up Skipper Kellett to obtain the log book. David revealed that "there wasn't one; Dick Hammond wrote everything down on a bit of paper, and I never found it. You will have to make it all up."

This appalled me; with this casual approach we could have got lost! Dick had just done another of his 25-plus Hobarts and was supposed to be a gun navigator. How could he expect to win the navigator's prize with no log book?

Dick had aboard an old mate of his, Dick Norman, who was doing his 28th trip. The pair of them kept the young for'ard hands enthralled with tales about the Hobarts of the old days. It beats me how they ever learnt to sail in those years; it seems they used to spend absolutely all of their time just sewing cotton sails, carrying buckets of water and merely hanging on while they went over and/or through the most enormous waves.

The way the pair would talk about the 'old Janzoon' is incredible. She must have criss-crossed every bit of the track to Hobart. No matter where we happened to be - say, 57 miles south of Gabo - Dick Norman would say such things as "In '56 we were in this exact spot and she gybed all standing and filled up and Hammond didn't know where we were because his bit of paper got wet."

While I have Hammond in mind, I thought of my prediction of years ago

that black boxes would make all navigators superfluous. Well, this Hobart was the first year of the black box, and I would like to retract my earlier prediction. With the advent of the black box navigators have become even more important on a boat, simply because they are the only ones who know how to stoke up the black box in the first place and then know what all the variables really mean. Firstly, the navigator sets up the black box by reading a manual for about three hours, and then he punches in such raw data as the time, the ABC weather report, sea temperature at Bondi and, I suppose, who won the first at Randwick.

This then tells him that he is tied up within 50 feet of the CYCA marina. Out at sea they can then use bewildering jargon, such as "the VMG looks good; wind 12 k". For'ard hands then show their comprehension by saying "is that true or apparent". Last year I learnt that, firstly, there are two types of wind and, secondly, even if the VMG (or something) is reading 108 or more, helmsmen with black boxes still can't sail head to wind.

So much for navigators. What about Frank Sticovich? One of the reasons I decided to write this description of the race was that I knew Frank was going to talk about our block entry of jugs of rum and coke. When I think back on '83, there are two ocean racing men that I am most grateful to.

Firstly, my owner, Bernard Lewis, because he bought *Quiet Little Drink*, the racehorse, which made me a few dollars with her first race. Also it makes me chuckle when I remember the rather pensive expression he gets on his face when I manage to pull his big expensive maxi out of those all-flattening broaches.



Race winner *Challenge's* cockpit was filled with ice and celebration drink.



Short, fat bald man at the *Quiet Little Drink* doing an impersonation of garbage before enthralled crowd.

The second ocean racing man is Frank, who lost a jug to me on almost every race last season. The trouble with winning a jug is that trying to share it with two maxi crews is about as useless as trying to fill up a 44 gallon drum with only a banana.

On *Vengeance* this year we had a problem, for at 77 feet we were too small against the '82 footers, *Condor* and *Nirvana*, so we just had to hang on their tails waiting for disaster to befall them. Actually it did strike - a rock in the Derwent - but they were well in front of us by then.

Apollo was another case. We thought we might have a chance against her, on the basis that our crew has been coordinating longer, and this might help to overcome her advantage of having 12 ft or so of extra stick. We were in sight of her through to about the middle of the Strait, and then she drew away.

Gib an Inch with Frank aboard was always in sight, behind - sometimes too close behind - but we finally got away from her decisively in the calms of Storm Bay.

The first day or so with that 30 knot stuff was probably not as trying for us as for the little boats. But *Vengeance* does bang so, with a noise about as loud as you would imagine an aluminium weld makes when it breaks after falling off a steep one. We were on the breeze down to the corner of Australia, and then it freed up and we had a most pleasant reach across the Strait. It doesn't blow down there any more since the oil rigs went in. Why anyone would want to cruise around the Whitsundays at Christmas - when they can reach past Flinders Island in the Tasmanian twilight and watch mutton birds gamboling - to me it does not seem to be an alternative.

Hobart 1983

When we got down to the Tasmanian coast the breeze freed up more, and we had a good run down to the island, a slow trip then to the finish to be 4th over.

In conclusion, Quiet Little Drink, the horse, developed colic at this time and couldn't race. I developed colic myself from the real Quiet Little Drink, and I think did in a fetlock as well.

Here's looking forward to the '84 Race.



Constitution Dock, 1983.

Robin Copeland - *Streaker*

The idea of going to Hobart on a one-tonner has no appeal. It used to. As a novice I would have gladly gone down as a bailer on an 18-footer; just the opportunity to participate would have blinkered me. I mean to say, apart from anything else there hasn't been a really good blow since 1977 and as years pass the odds don't get any longer. A ten-year-old sieve with just enough room for the crew of a midget submarine. Toulouse Lautrec would have had trouble stowing his walking stick.

But the bonds of friendship and a legless evening in late November had an unnerving effect on my sense of proportion and rationale. Bart Ryan's old *Streaker* was up for sale, and under the guise of what's good for the goose, local broker Maurie Drent decided to re-enter ocean racing as an owner. In a splendid exemplification of schizophrenia (or incest) he sold himself a boat. An equally good object lesson in persuasiveness found Dave Lawson as scapegoat and skipper who worked on the domino theory. With some help from the dominoes a new

green machine emerged Phoenix-like from the forlorn Peterson of the past.

Two hours before the start, still silencing hatches, 'Streaker' pokes her nose outside the Heads. Just what the doctor ordered - a 15-20 knot sou'easter. A clear start in the middle of the line sees us reaching down the harbour in the direction of the rounding tug at South Reef. The tension is dramatized in the terrified eyes of a Hood 23 crew, complete with mother and child, stranded out of control in

tually get a mooring line onto Restitution Dock. Those behind, and there are still many, are forced to tie up to our sterns, making their journey ashore even more perilous. A few boats seem to have had a 'sense of humour failure'; they refuse to let those astern across their decks, forcing the more understanding to allow themselves to become crowded thoroughfares. *Hot August Night* alongside takes cooperation to the other extreme, and one exuberant crew member enthusiastically exchanges his yellow guernsey with a demanding fan.

The following morning sees the ex-reveller return battered, bloodied and bewildered, hurling invective: "Have your damn shirt back" he lisps through broken lips. It seems while allegedly minding his own business he's been mistaken for a member of 'H.A.N.' who allegedly has cut someone's lunch, who allegedly etc. etc. etc...



*I must go down to the seas again,
To the lonely sea and the sky.
And all I ask is a tall ship
And a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song
And the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face
and a grey dawn breaking.*

—John Masefield

Frank Sticovich - *Gib an Inch*

The maxi series that preceded the Hobart Race did not provide the kind of wind and wind angles that would give *Gib an Inch* (Helsal II chartered by Bill Ferris and renamed) a chance to lift her skirts and fly. *Condor* and *Nirvana* made it known that they



Q.L.D. festivities in Hobart. A record 20,000+ beer-equivalents was consumed. Even Lothar was there (right); did anyone find Mandrake?

were a class above what we had seen before in a maxi fleet and we would need a screaming nor'easter to have a chance to be near them.

Apollo, with the extra sail area and weight in the keel gave a much better performance, and *Freight Train* and *Siska* were showing some good speeds during the series.

As for *Vengeance*, well, that is another story; my friend Tony Cable and I have had modest bets during the last two seasons and we had decided, at the beginning of the current season, on a 'block entry' bet of a jug of rum and Coke per race. Just before the start of the Hobart, these bets were proving a bit expensive, and I thought that, being a long-distance race (and because we beat them last year) there would be every chance to knock them of. Moral victory or not, I had to think of my pride.

The morning of the Race presented grey skies and light breezes, with the promise of easterly conditions. We had a moderate start, and we were seventh boat around the tug. The extra mark laid outside the Heads was a welcome addition, as there was considerable slop from the spectator craft. *Nirvana* had tacked early and had to come out again so we decided to keep wide, as the wind was to swing to the southeast.

Once on our track we settled down and made do with the conditions. The seas were short and steep and the wind was increasing. Many sail changes were made during that first afternoon and night. We found ourselves with small jib and short reefed main, punching into uncomfortable seas in winds gusting 30-40 knots.

Next morning the winds abated to a more comfortable 15-20 knots. We heard that six or seven boats had with-

drawn. The day went by without much change but we were pleased, as we were keeping up with the competition rather well, although we were becoming tired of the short, sharp SE swell. Any small change in wind direction was eagerly awaited.

The second night the seas had abated, and in the early morning it was nice to see the sunrise and the promise of a clear sky. The wind continued with its easterly shift and we were able to stretch our legs. The leaders, *Condor* and *Nirvana*, had passed Gabo Island and we were some ten miles ahead. The wind finally swung to ESE and we were able to spring our sheets, wind speed 20 knots. We were in the paddock and travelling fast. The seas were now smooth, and it was



Between Sydney's Heads at about 1210 hrs. Boxing Day. Spectator control again proved difficult in this area.

Hobart 1983

spinnaker time. The pace quickened. At last our conditions had arrived. In no time we were 120 miles from Tasman Light, the wind was swinging NE-N, with plenty of breeze.

Third day, 25 miles off Maria Island with 95 miles to go. Just prior to dawn the wind shifted to NNW, which gave us a better reaching angle to Tasman Island. I started to wonder where *Cable* was; he was in front before, but now we were really moving.

The wind held 15-25 N. We heard that *Condor* and *Nirvana* were at the Light, *Condor* rounding four minutes ahead; *Apollo* was 11 miles behind them, which is very good. *Vengeance* was two miles in front of us and inshore. We could see her, and we knew that he had a better approach angle.

As we converge on Tasman we can see that we have got them on toast, but lo and behold, *Gib an Inch* drove through a whole hectare of kelp which tangled itself around the keel and rudder. The boat was hard to steer, and frantic efforts were made to get the damn stuff off.

We rounded the Island and watched *Vengeance* disappear into the distance. She fell into a hole, and suddenly we got wind and took off towards Raoul - saved again, I thought - only to find a hole of our own. *Freight Train* was around, and we could see *Siska* through the gap on the other side of the island.

Eventually we got going again. We went up the river in spasms. *Vengeance* was well ahead now, and we had *Freight Train* looming behind. She passed us and, frustrated, we finished in the late evening in sixth place some six hours behind the leaders. Like ic-

Hobart 1983

ing on the proverbial cake, a lump of kelp from the size of a double bed floated up from underneath as we started the engine.

We tied up at Elizabeth Pier and once more I was reminded of the taste of Cascade. I enjoyed it with the consolation that Cable was already ashore celebrating, and perhaps he had forgotten all about our little bet.

Peter Simms - The Manly Ferry

For the uninitiated, The Manly Ferry is a Cole 43 which a lot of people may remember as Bob Oatley's Wy-Ar-Gine III. As opposed to her sister ship, Sagacious II, The Ferry has all of the comforts of home, including hot and cold running water. In this year's Race skipper Marcus Blackmore decided to sail nine-up, which made up two 4-man watches with a floating (excuse the pun) foredeck hand. The crew was made up of a wide cross-section of nationalities, (Pom, Canadian, up-market Aussies, etc.) and occupations (rigger, ship's pilot, engineer, etc.), and despite this came with a common denominator - sailing and having fun as evidenced on and off the boat.

None of the crew is well known in ocean racing circles, but all of them had previous Hobart experience.

I think most people will agree that this year's Race was a soft one (Cable, when's the big blow due?) and the trip on The Ferry was uneventful except for the start, when we seemed to miss other yachts, a Hood 23 moored in the centre of the course and the rounding tug by only centimetres. I hasten to add that none of these close encounters were the skipper's fault.

The only heavy weather we experienced was the first night which was occupied by several sail changes, and



SANDY PEACOCK

we ultimately ended up with a #3 and two reefs with some members of the crew wanting to change to a #4.

In this year's Race we were fortunate to make course without too much tacking and sailing a few miles east of the rhumb line. At dusk on the second night out we went inside Montagu Island and discovered Tasman Hauler at anchor for the night. We also came within a breath of Streaker and noticed Dave Lawson and the boys partaking in happy hour.

Crossing the paddock consisted of hard running. This helped us to pick up several places which were subsequently lost when we fell into a big hole north of Tasman Island. When the sea fog cleared there were boats all around. Sufficient breeze enabled us to clear Cape Raoul and then we found yet another hole. The boats that played the shore lost out. At this stage

we were able to pick up a few places even though we did not possess a 1/2 ounce kite.

The trip down the river was slow and tedious work. The only gratifying factor was that we were ahead of most of the boats which rounded Raoul with us and we seemed to take a lot out of them.

Four days two hours later we crossed the finishing line.

This year's Race was an absolute pleasure to sail and it was even more so with a great bunch of guys, most of whom later had the stamina to attend the Patrice Old Boys reunion at the Customs House - oh, well that's another story - with Greenie and the boys (the 115 jugs of rum and Coke which were imbibed may have clouded a few minds, including mine). □

HOBART 1983

1983 Results

Table with columns: PI YACHT, ELAPSED TIME, TCF, CORRECTED TIME, PI YACHT, ELAPSED TIME, TCF, CORRECTED TIME. Lists race results for various yachts including Challenge, Once More Dear Friends, Szechwan, Pacific Sundance, etc.

Main race results table with columns: PI YACHT, ELAPSED TIME, TCF, CORRECTED TIME, PI YACHT, ELAPSED TIME, TCF, CORRECTED TIME. Lists race results for various yachts including Thylacine, Hot August Night, Hullabaloo, etc.

DIVISION RESULTS

Table showing division winners for various categories: Maxi Division, Division A, Division B, Division C, Division D. Lists yacht names and their respective division winners.

SOUTHERN CROSS CUP

Table showing Southern Cross Cup results, including Individual Point Score and Team Results. Lists yacht names and their scores, and team names with their total points.

- any decrease in the strength of the sea breeze during the afternoon is a definite pointer to a situation not to be trusted; the sea breeze often dies (like most winds) immediately ahead of a front;
- the temperature of the sea breeze should remain very constant (at sea) and any increase in temperature should also be taken as a good indicator of things about to go wrong.
- The sky should always be watched for all cloud details. Within the sea breeze, the low cloud vanishes due to the slightly cooler sea air causing a lack of convection over the land; while over the sea, the descending air also lowers the tendency for any low cloud to develop. However, low stratus cloud can develop within the sea breeze later in the day, indicating a moist cooling airstream.

This brings around the question of the 'black nor'easter'. Like many meteorological terms, this one is often very loosely applied. In the next two months, think over what you think a black nor'easter is, and compare your ideas to mine. □



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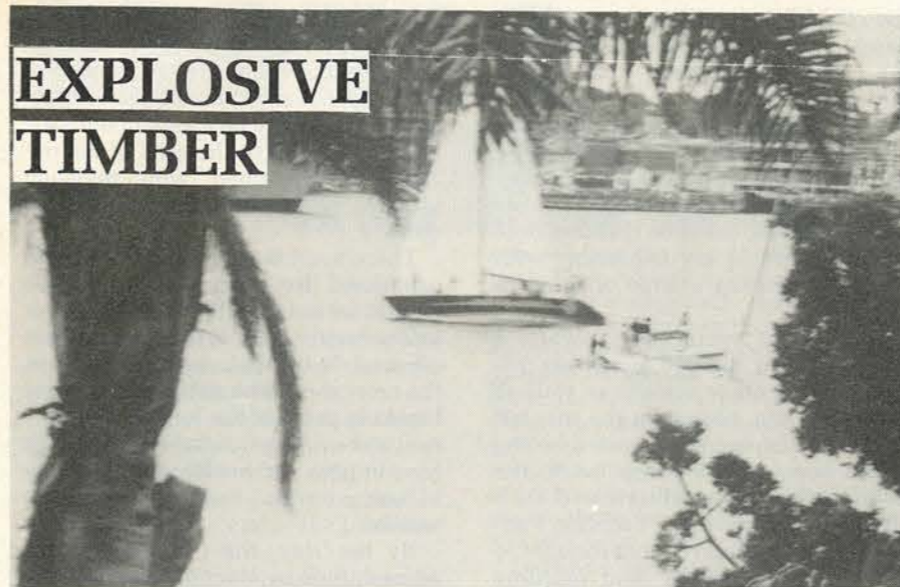


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during the 1983-'84 season

**EXPLOSIVE
TIMBER**



by Joe Goddard Snr.

The following article, which questions the suitability of certain building materials, namely western red cedar, for yachts, is the opinion of the author, in whose ear the unfortunate yacht Adrenalin 'exploded' one Wednesday evening recently at the start of a twilight race. It does not necessarily represent the opinion of the CYCA Sailing Committee. We invite comment from owners and/or designers on what appears an intriguing question. — Editor.

Not many yachtsmen, or normal mortals, have ever realised that timber can actually explode. We are not talking about wartime conditions or IRA explosions, but merely an explosion during an insignificant Wednesday twilight race. With the word 'insignificant' I do not wish to look down on 'twilighters', as Wednesday races are a pleasurable pastime which cut the week in two and we have something to look forward to in the middle of the week.

These races certainly have the excitement of a Hobart start, but they are obviously taken seriously enough by some skippers to cause accidents and collisions with subsequent protests. Sometimes I feel that an average gentle skipper who wouldn't hurt a fly in everyday life turns into a ruthless maniac the moment the 10 minute gun fires. When I look at some helmsmen just before the start of a race, none of the friendliness and gentleness is expressed in their faces, but one can only see tightened facial muscles with an animal 'I'll get you' expression.

If a collision or an incident occurs, the skippers of the protested or protesting yacht bury themselves into the rules book, resembling solicitors and

Queen's Counsel at their best, looking for loopholes in order to get the other party disqualified at all costs. Often such protests have no bearing whatsoever on the racing result of the protesting yacht, but the skipper merely wants to prove a point which might boost his ego and prove his superiority.

But enough of this. Let's go back to the original idea of this article, and that is to compare timber built boats to those built of other materials.

There are many arguments for and against various materials used for boat building, but the owners are convinced that the material their boat is built from is by far superior to anything else. The yachting authorities have various rules and regulations as to the construction of ocean-going yachts, mainly dealing with scantlings which only give directions as to the size and weight of ribs, how close they should be to each other etc., but give little direction as to the performance of various materials used for the skin.

Some two or three years ago boat owners had a scare, as the CYCA sent out a circular with new requirements for Hobart Races. It was felt that half of the competing yachts would not pass the 'physical examination'. This caused too many protests, and soon we heard that the requirements were changed, and it was up to the discretion of the Sailing Committee to allow individual yachts to compete.

I personally have not heard of any boat-building material being condemned or recommended by any safety committee. The stability and the self-righting of a yacht seems to be the main concern.

A well known insurance company

Left: Inch by Winch sails home to her berth at the CYCA after the fateful twilight race in which Adrenalin struck her stern and sank. Adrenalin's mast can be seen at the right where she lies, on the bottom, on a sand bank at the entrance to Rushcutters Bay. Ironic photo by Geoff Lee.

takes more interest in the strength of ribbing than in the boat building material itself. The same insurance company refused to insure the original Superstar some four or five years ago due to insufficient welding of the ribs. The material Superstar was built from was aluminium and, to my knowledge, no consideration was given to the strength of the skin. Since the insurance refusal, the yacht has competed in dozens of long ocean races, logging up thousands of miles without any incidents. However, no one on the safety committee, or insurance companies, appears concerned about the building material used or how quickly the hull breaks on impact.

But let's go back to the sinking of Adrenalin at the start of the Wednesday twilight race.

Inch by Winch was hit from astern by a faster moving Adrenalin. Having been approximately 1½ metres away from the point of impact, I must have been the closest person to the actual collision point. Normally when two yachts collide the yacht shakes or vibrates depending on the strength of the impact. When Adrenalin hit the stern of Inch by Winch there was hardly any vibration and I feel it wouldn't have been noticed by me if I had not heard that tremendous explosion behind me. The stem of Adrenalin was split by the protruding stern of Inch by Winch on the water line, causing an 18" gap resembling the open mouth of a shark. The most amazing part was the fact that the timber split into thousands of small pieces and the splinters exploded in all directions after the impact. The noise resembled an explosion, and I was trying to figure out why the sound was so different from the everyday run-of-the-mill collision between two yachts at the start. I came to the conclusion that the boat building material of Adrenalin which I believe was western red cedar has different qualities when it is under tension of the rigging to its normal qualities when it is not under any pressure.

If one takes a sledge hammer and hits a plank of western red cedar the wood will probably break, but I cannot see it exploding into thousands of little pieces and making the sound of a bomb. If, however, we subject the

same piece of timber to pre-stress, it will break in a similar fashion, making such exploding sounds. An interesting point was that the damage to *Inch by Winch's* stern consisted of a scratch made by the protruding pulp of *Adrenalin*. The cost to repair would be approximately \$20. I was happy *Inch by Winch* was an aluminium boat.

Owing to the hole in *Adrenalin's* bow being on the water line, the boat commenced to sink immediately and, according to our estimates, it took 90 seconds for it to fill with water and sink close to the red low water buoy at Rushcutters Bay. The incident happened in the presence of approximately 40 vessels with a 300 metre radius and help was at hand within seconds.

Let us, however, change the scenario to the middle of Bass Strait at 0200 hours in headwinds of 30 to 40 knots on a moonless night. Let's presume that *Adrenalin* is unlucky enough to hit a submerged log or object when the hydraulic backstay is hard on. I feel the same explosion would take place, the difference being that the boat would go down faster due to the waves. The crew, having no chance at all to send distress messages, would hardly have time to in-

flate the life rafts. If such an incident happened to a vessel made of aluminium, steel or fibreglass, I cannot see the same results as in the case of a cedar boat. If we have to use red cedar, why not fibreglass it on the outside and inside.

Aluminium bends and stretches before it is holed, but even if such a hole occurs, there is no explosion with splinters, causing a large opening in the hull.

Some eight years ago I owned a fibreglass boat and had numerous collisions with other vessels as well as hitting various objects in the sea, but never once have I experienced holing of the boat, which brings me to the point that yachting authorities of each club, or the Australian Yachting Federation, ought to give more thought to the material used for boat building and should start asking questions and making recommendations. What would happen to the yacht and crew should such an incident take place out in the sea as described above? No amount of words could convince me that western red cedar should be used for ocean-going yachts in excess of 30' in length, having been a close witness to *Adrenalin's* bow during the collision.

Let's start thinking more about the

safety of the crew who sail vessels built of such material. I know that this article will grossly disturb owners of yachts built of red cedar. This, however, would only be a small consideration compared to the grief of the relatives of crewmen who perished because of the hull breaking up so quickly.

There must be some impact figures calculated for each yacht and this should be noted, either on the IOR or safety certificates. If these yachts are allowed to compete in ocean waters, the crew should be notified of the low breaking point of the hull so that they can make up their minds if they wish to compete on yachts that are obviously unsafe to race in ocean waters.

By the way, the protest was dismissed, *Inch by Winch* cleared of any wrong-doing and *Adrenalin* disqualified. This must have rubbed salt into the wound of the owner, and I am sorry for such a sad outcome to an otherwise enjoyable race. □

SIGNAL REPORT

with Bill White

Bill White has for several years now recorded the radio skeds of the Hobart Race and has provided an evaluation of the strength/readability of the radio signals of yachts in the Race.

Below is his annual signal report summary. It points up some obvious areas of difficulty; when read in conjunction with last year's reports, it can be seen that some of the problems are recurrent.

Offshore took the opportunity to interview Bill on the general subject of signal reports.

OFFSHORE: Before you say something about the Hobart Race signal reports, will you say a few words about signal reports in general – what do they mean, and what are some of the things that may affect them?

WHITE: The signal report is a measurement of how well someone is receiving you and it is dependent upon a number of factors. Signals leaving the transmitter take two paths; the direct path, or ground wave, and the reflected path, or sky wave, which is signal reflected from the ionosphere.

Take the simplest case – say, two boats sitting out on clear water, five miles apart. Under these conditions the signal report is a measurement of ground wave and it should be quite predictable. Over this distance what is received is directly proportional to what is sent. At five kilometres, if your signal is very weak, then you obviously have serious problems.

On the other hand, over very long distances – say, 500 miles, for example, talking from Sydney to Hervey Bay or to Coast Guard Lochs Port – the ground wave has become completely depleted (it is depleted very early, in fact, probably at about 50 miles). Being able to talk with stations that far away is reliant upon sky wave – reflected propagation. However, just because the sky wave is travelling 500 miles doesn't tell you very much. It is quite possible to speak to someone at that distance with as little as 5 watts power output and to get a very good signal report. So your ability to be heard at long distances may be due simply to the fact that you have struck optimal ionospheric conditions at the time of making the call and may tell you little about your radio signal in general.

As for signal reports generally, we're not really concerned with either of these two cases.

The real problem occurs for the person who is doing a signal check over a distance of between 15 and 35 mi. This is a very, very grey area. It is grey because at this distance the ground wave is dramatically depleted, is very weak. The signal that is

reflected from the ionosphere is also very weak. The two could quite easily be of the same order of magnitude. The signal going direct is travelling only 15-35 mi; the signal reflected by the ionosphere is travelling probably 180 mi plus. There is a difference in the time of arrival at the receiving aerial of the two signals, and because of the time difference there is a phase difference. It is possible for the ground wave and sky wave at this distance, being of the same order of magnitude, to cancel each other out. You will get a lousy signal report.

The phase difference is completely unpredictable; it is varying, not constant. The effective height of the ionosphere is changing all the time. The situation may change in as little as one or two minutes, and in that time if you call again you may get a flattering report. Moreover, a difference in your signal report may be caused by your moving perhaps only 50 feet, as this may also produce a phase change between ground and sky wave.

Unfortunately all of this happens in the area in which most people do their radio checks – in daytime and with distances from 15-35 mi. Most people call, for example, from Broken Bay to Sydney Radio or from Sydney Harbour to Broken Bay. You can get a glowing report – "Yes, you are five by five, an excellent signal" – only to find that when you sail up the coast you haven't got a good radio signal at all.

How to do a check

OFFSHORE: How should you do a check that is meaningful, then?

WHITE: The best thing is to try to do it with somebody who is 100 miles away. If you are in the Harbour, try to get someone up at Port Stephens. This is a meaningful check because at that distance the ground wave will be virtually zero, so whether or not the two signals propagated are in phase or not is a moot point.

OFFSHORE: How do you do your Hobart Race reports?

WHITE: The signal reports for the Hobart fleet are done under controlled circumstances. First of all, we have multiple receiving locations. The reports are also based on observations of the boats when they are well down the coast (I didn't take into account the first radio sked at all, although I did log the readings to see how they correlated with later results).

We had a very good yardstick as well – the Radio Relay Vessel (RRV). The RRV has a very stable signal and can be regarded, for practical purposes, as a constant. As I recorded the signal strength of each yacht, I wrote down the strength of the RRV's signal. If the RRV signal deviated from its norm, I recorded that alongside the yacht's signal report. If the RRV has dropped down from +15 db on the meter

to, say, +10 db, I make a corresponding 5 db adjustment in the yacht's signal for the purposes of final evaluation.

OFFSHORE: You've given scores of '1' to '5' in your table. Can you give us a brief review of the meaning of these numbers?

WHITE: A boat with a 100 watt set and a 'strength 5' signal, assuming 100% efficiency of the radio system (which is, of course, highly unlikely, but we'll ignore that for the sake of the example), is putting out about 100 watts. A boat with a similar radio and which gets a score one 'S' point lower – S4 – is, relatively, only about 50% as efficient and is putting out about 50 watts effective radiated power. An S3 would mean 25 watts, S2 about 12½ watts, and an S1 would be 6¼ watts.

OFFSHORE: You don't read those values right off the 'S' metre.

WHITE: No. There is no 'S' meter which reads that way, from 0-5. The signal strength scale used in the commercial and maritime service is purely a subjective one. Amateur radio operators have a far more scientific, a quantitative, way of measuring signals. Our meters are calibrated in decibels relative to background noise. An "S1" signal maritime report appears on our meters as +4 db, which means that the signal is 4 decibels higher than the background noise level.

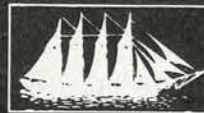
OFFSHORE: Is that barely audible?

WHITE: It's a very noisy signal. A +4 db signal would, for most people, be very difficult to understand. Each 'S' point represents a signal of twice the strength of the next lower one, i.e. 'S2' is twice as strong a signal as 'S1'. 'S2' would correlate to +10 db (the decibel numbers don't go up in even multiples, but the reason for this is beyond our discussion). Anyway, the amateur system is quantitative, and if I say to a person in Sydney that his signal is 'S7', and he has a set with a meter, he soon learns to relate that sound with that specific strength, and the subjectivity is taken out of it. He can also, of course, read it right off his 'S' meter. The maritime system is designed assuming no meter is available and therefore has fewer steps, to avoid confusion.

However, what happens is this. If a station can hear another station and readily understand what is being said, there is a tendency to say that the signal is 'five by five'. You don't often hear anything in between that sort of report and a much lower one. You never hear a station say "I'm reading you 5 by 1", for example, which is a perfectly legitimate and common signal evaluation which should be given more often.

OFFSHORE: Is it 'strength' and 'readability', in that order?

WHITE: No, readability and strength, in that order. The signal report dates back to the days of Morse code and is an evaluation of what we call 'RST' – readability, strength and tone. These days we don't use 'tone'; that coding originated when people needed a report on the tone of their Morse signals – e.g. chirpy, or warbly, or a nice clean tone.



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MONTEGO BAY'S LAST SAIL: THE 1983 TASMAN CUP

by Chris Hatfield

The following article offers another look at the Tasman Cup disaster of April 1983 in which four yachtsmen lost their lives when two yachts foundered. The author, Chris Hatfield, was the skipper of Montego Bay.

April 15 was our last beer together, the last race we would sail, the only one we would never finish. Richard and I were confident of doing well in the race, and before the start we were talking of our run home and of having a short sleep before our usual RSYS club race for Hood 23s, with the new owners of Montego Bay. Richard drowned the same night with the boat he loved.

The race and happenings from the start

We had a good spinnaker run down the harbour and rounded in about fifth position to clear South Reef. Two other boats were very close to us with all three of us close on the reef yet still within safety.

We chose a No. 4 and a slab in the main and had the boat moving well. Montego Bay was holding up high and had good speed; we were feeling confident of a good position at Port Hacking. We found the sea rather even in motion, with the occasional short couple.

The time was now approximately 9.15 p.m.; we were half a mile to sea off the Gap, which bore 150°M. We could see Waikikamukau's stern light and noticed him well to leeward, 300-400 yards in front, sailing with approximately four other boats. About three quarters of a mile in front of us and on the same line were the maxis. There were at least eight boats behind us, some to leeward, others to windward. The wind was around 25 knots with gusts of at least 30 knots and over.

We continued holding a course of 135°-145°. This seemed to be the header that the boats in front of us had. After about 15-20 minutes the wind started moving to the S-SW and once again we were holding 150°M. As boats retired we noticed fewer lights behind us. We were feeling good and agreed that this would mean fewer boats to worry about beating, except for one crew member who indicated that he would be happier at

home in bed.

Matt Hayes noticed water on the floor. As the bilge on the Hood 23 is not very big, a small amount of water over the floor was not unusual and did not indicate a dangerous situation. Matt having sailed Hoods agreed for a short while. Shortly after 2140 hrs, Matt started yelling that the water was increasing. I sent Michael Condon down to inspect. Mike had done a number of Offshore races on Montego Bay and had experienced similar situations. He came up and said that everything was OK. With that I suggested that Matt go and have a look himself, which he declined.

We checked the water again about 2200 hrs; this time Richard went down. Richard and I have sailed together a long time and have been through worse weather conditions. He said that there was nothing unusual that the pump wouldn't fix. Fifteen minutes later I sent Mike down to check the water again. When he said it was worse, I decided to go home. Up until then we all wanted to continue the race, that is, except for one crew member. We were about to run home when the boat started sinking, from the stern. No wave engulfed us. I asked Richard to quickly grab a flare and get PAN PAN out on the radio which we immediately changed to a MAYDAY.

In less than 90 seconds from turning around the boat sank. Richard managed to get one flare up. It was fired directly towards the boats behind us. To this day I still cannot believe that not one of those boats followed through on the distress signal of a flare, that is, to take the bearing, move to the area and light up the area with more flares. Once shooting the flare I thought we would be in the water no more than 1-1½ hours. Knowlton Jones, on board his yacht Solitaire, saw the flare, changed direction and turned on his radio only to hear a message that stated that Montego Bay was in company with a boat called Scallywag and everything was OK. That message is something Knowl still cannot understand. The mysterious radio message does not explain, however, the other boat's failure to respond to the flare; none of them had a 27 MHz radio on board.

With that Solitaire hardened up and continued the race. We could see

the yacht heading for us and suddenly change direction towards Botany Bay.

Not long after that another boat came close to us. Matt and I swam a few strokes toward it. At this stage we all were still in our oilskins. The boat was one of the ones in front and to leeward which had retired. I could see reasonably well, and I'm sure it was Rusticana. It was a Cavalier 28 and it came within 50 metres of us. Still they could not hear our cries for help; every time we yelled a wave engulfed us filling our mouths with salt water.

After trying to get the attention of this boat we found ourselves separated by about 25 yards. I then yelled to the rest of my crew reminding them of my instructions. These were: try to keep you oilskins on - they can help you float if you trim your body right and hold a small air pocket inside; tread water only; have patience, as we will not reach shore within an hour - it will take some time; don't think of sharks; relax your body and stay afloat; we are not miles out to sea, and we will be rescued; I emphasised the oilskins again.

Michael wanted his off. I told him to keep them on and to relax and remember that it will give good cover for the body if we have to catch a wave onto the rocks, and it will also help to keep the body warm.

When the fuel tank popped up after the boat sank, I was glad Richard had it because he and Matt Hayes were both weak swimmers, and I could only stay with one man. As well as my help, Matt had a piece of the table. Mike and Robert had the coachhouse cover, which sank about 20 minutes later. I was sorry I was not with Richard and the others but I could not leave Matt as he was getting cramps. I lost count of how many times I said the 'Our Father', wondering all the time how the other guys were doing. I always felt somehow that I wasn't going to die this night and therefore neither would Matt Hayes. All the time I wished I was with Richard. Somehow I had a fear. I had a feeling. I wished we were all together.

Later when we were picked up I learnt that Michael and Robert had both dropped their oilskins and left Richard around one hour earlier to try to swim to Bondi and make it to the fisherman's landing inside of Ben Buckler. Mike was separated from

Robert and they both found the northerly set close inshore too hard to swim against. Robert was very tired and was considering moving to the rocks. He was just about to give up and catch that killer wave when he saw the flares from Solitaire.

The police launch had to go inside the waves to reach Robert. A fantastic piece of work. Mike, seeing the flares, started swimming with the set and out again towards them. The fact that Matt and I left our oils on help to save our lives; Knowl said that it was the orange suits he saw in the water when he was looking for the people who belonged to the screams for help. Man's desperate scream for help has no analogy. After three hours in the water, eyes burning like fire from the salt and the wind, and a chance to be rescued by a boat passing only 15-20 metres away. There is no other scream like it.

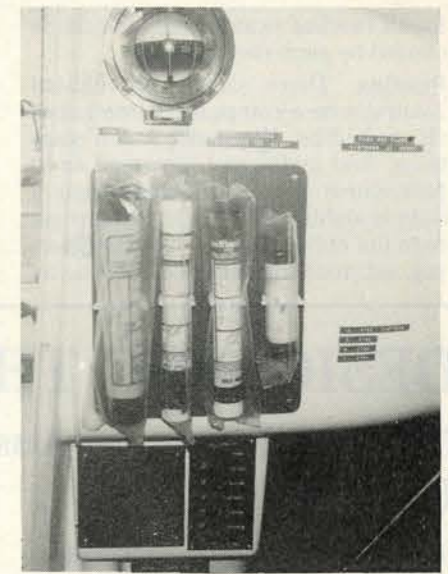
After we were on board I immediately asked Knowl to shoot more flares. Give the guys hope. Light up the area as if it were day. They're close and they're near the rocks and for God's sake I hope no one tries to catch a wave here. They'll be dead before they reach the cliff face.

Just after the first two flares and us searching, the police launch came in close to us. For two and a half hours the police launch had been searching off North Head and North Steyne. How's that for a giant stuff up.

Knowl suggested searching by the rocks because we could not manoeuvre as well as they could. A short while later, about 10-15 minutes, they

had both Mike and Robert aboard and now there remained only Richard. A helicopter flew over and we could hear the talk on the radio that they had spotted Richard. We all thought 'great, only a matter of minutes and they will have him.' Just hold on, little buddy, that while longer. God only knows what happened. They lost him. There were many reasons why they lost him, some of which I'm sure will never occur again off the near NSW coast. Next time the correct rescue equipment will be available when needed and not a substitute helicopter or team.

The rest is all history now and we must accept the fact that there is still a lot to be learnt about GRP moulds and their behaviour under stress. All of us have discussed at length the possible reasons for Montego Bay sinking the way she did and as fast as she did. The keel was moulded as part of the boat. The lead and sand inside the keel could have started to move after the years of sailing and in so doing fractured the area where the keel joined the belly of the boat. The rudder skeg was also moulded to the boat. This entire area was checked and reinforced a year after I bought Montego Bay. If the fracture occurred while we were close hauling, the break would act like a venturi. Water would only enter when the linear flow of water was disturbed by something like a wave motion. Immediately the boat runs square, that is, flat, the fracture opens and the water would enter at a much quicker rate. Such is speculation.



What I consider saved our lives; some safety suggestions

Flares. Montego Bay kept all her flares on the ceiling of the boat in specially made teak clamps. These were easy to reach, never wet, in sight so everyone knew where they were and what they were used for. After a race we would pull one down and refresh our memory on lighting procedures. Without this drill Richard would not have been able to light the flare with the precision required within the few seconds we had left.

Most boats keep their flares in a bin under seats, under chart tables, etc. If ours had been in such a position we most certainly would not have been able to get one up. The YA Safety Committee should consider making it a requirement that at least half the required number of flares be mounted within easy reach as they were on Montego Bay.

Storage of life jackets. Again they should all be visible, like on my Holland 25, Powder Puff; they should be within easy reach of the companionway. No matter how fast a boat may sink there are no lids or hatches to open. Now my life jackets are held by a small length of shock cord on the port side. On bigger boats there could be equal numbers on each side. They must always be visible, no matter how unsightly you may think they appear.

Whistles. Each member of the crew should wear a whistle around his/her neck at night, always, and even during the day in bad weather. I firmly believe Rusticana would have heard us if we had had whistles. Not only was it super-exhausting trying to yell louder and louder, but it was at times virtually impossible with a mouth full of salt water.



Small torches (waterproof) should be carried by each crew member.

Briefing. There should throughout Australia be a compulsory briefing of all would-be skippers, watch captains, first mates and crewmen as to procedures to be followed when a flare is sighted. That is, not to just get onto the radio, but how to take a bearing, estimate the distance, moving to-

wards the area, sending up more flares in order to draw the attention of other help.

Safety harnesses have been subject to some rule changes since that night. There is more to be learnt overall than merely modifying the design of the safety harness. The **automatic depth release** should be compulsory. A boat can sink with such speed that it be-

comes impossible to release a life raft in time. Perhaps the crews of *Charleston* and *Smackwater Jack* would still be here today.

Think about it.

In conclusion, I wish to sincerely thank each and every person who helped search for missing men in one of Australia's worst-ever yachting tragedies. □

DESIGNING THE FUTURE

Offshore Forum for Australian Yacht Designers In this issue:

Introduced by Duncan van Woerden

Craig Johnson is a 19 year old naval architecture student at Sydney Technical College. Although he has been drawing for only the last twelve months, Craig excelled in maths and sciences at school, and he comes from a family that has been involved in drafting and engineering for two generations.

Craig has been sailing since the age of nine, mainly on flying ants and flying elevens, and he is gradually becoming more involved in ocean racing. Naturally, he is looking for a job with a yacht designer, and if any of these gentlemen should read the following and appreciate his design, please give Craig a go.

C.M Johnson Design No. HYD-02 Capricorn 40 (est. rating 30.8 ft)

When asked to prepare a design for *Offshore*, the main aim was to design a yacht to rate in the vicinity of 31.5 ft (IOR), to have a fractional rig, and for the yacht to be fast running and reaching, especially in fresher breezes found in Australia along the east coast during the summer months, and to do this without sacrificing upwind performance.

The final design is 40.47' (12.34 m) overall, has a fine entry which leads into a 'flat' that continues through to the stern measurement points. Both the Forward Depth and Midship Depth are moderate and of quite normal proportions.

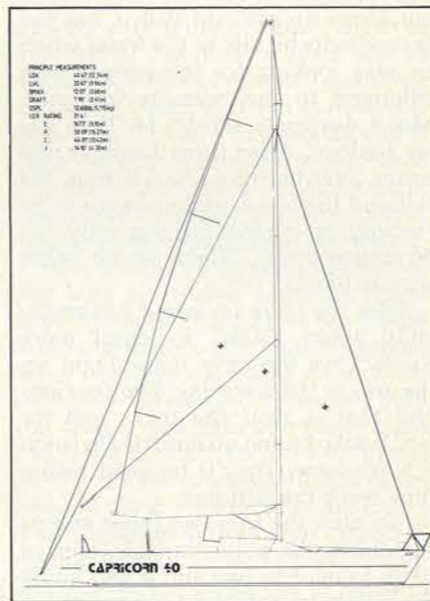
The deepest part of the canoe body is at 63% DWL aft, also carrying the displacement of the hull further aft to give a moderate prismatic coefficient of 0.53. Both 'A' and 'B' buttock lines (spaced one and two feet from the centreline, respectively) are fair and extremely flat and runs into a moderately long rehouse counter. Accompanying the displacement towards the rear of the hull is the Longitudinal

Centre of Buoyancy located at 55.5% DWL aft.

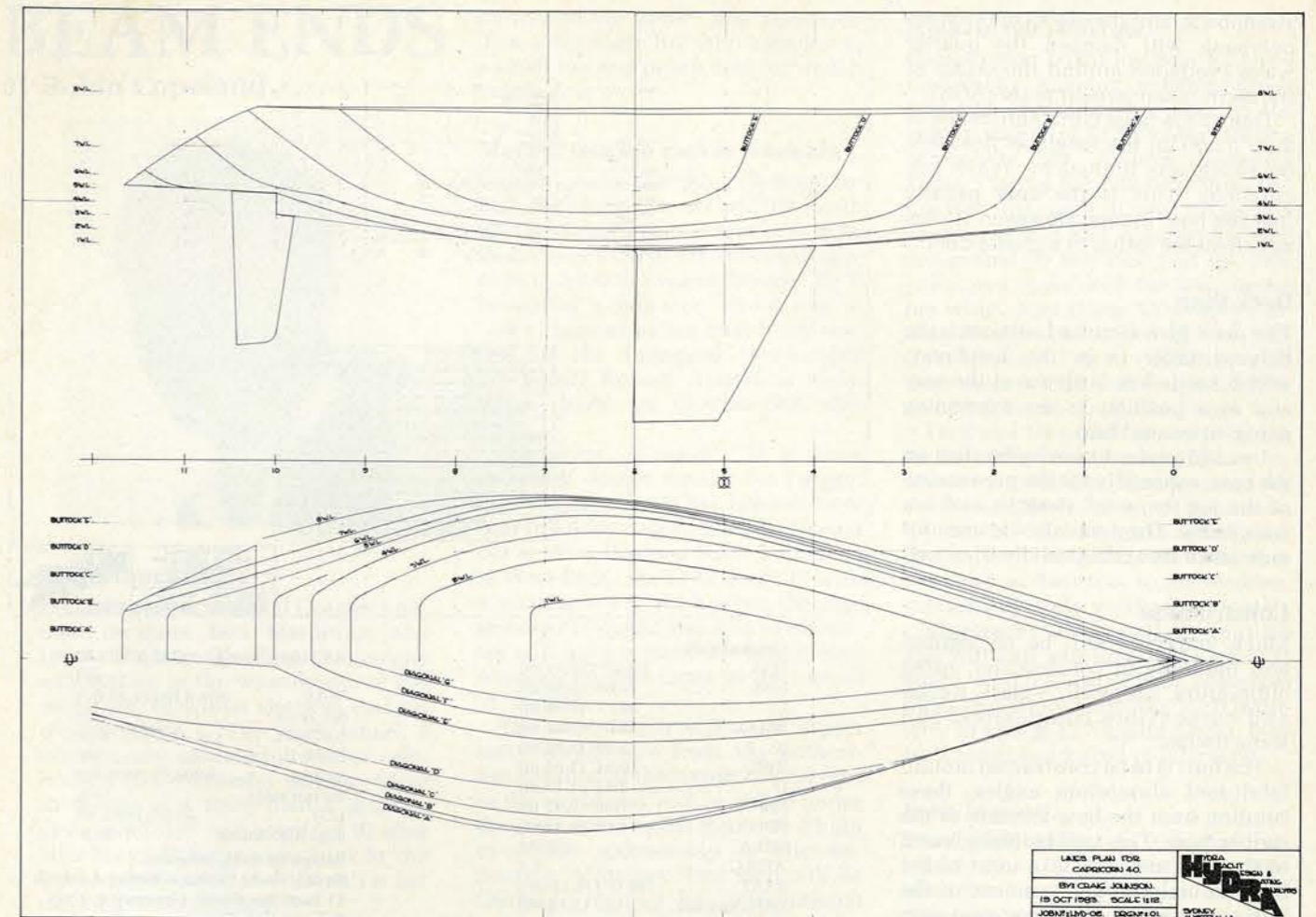
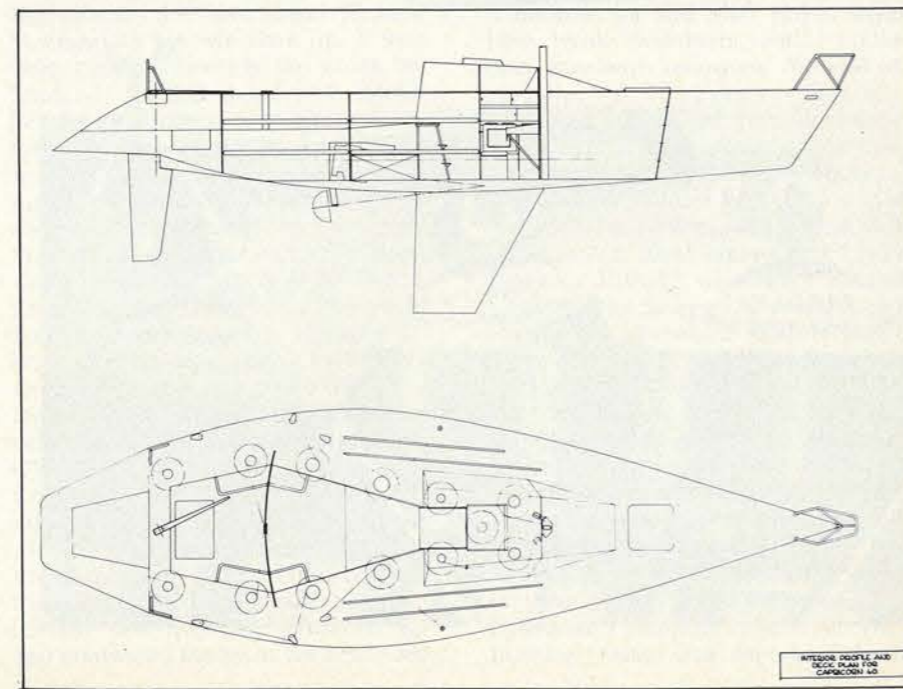
Although the profile and plan view on the lines plan are quite normal, the body plan is another thing, the accentuated 'flats' are quite predominant, the only drawback being some reverse curvature in the waterlines 6 and 6 around the stern sections.

However, with the emphasis on heavier-weather sailing in mind, the flat is purposely placed in the bilges, although by giving a double chine effect through the mid sections and slightly aft I feel this will help to attain maximum hull speed and also surfing earlier.

Apart from the curious stern sections, the aft overhand is moderately long, and at 5.5' (1.68 m) has been tapered down to help reduce wetted surface area. However, the full sailing length will be attained when heeled. The stern exit angle is 3.5°.



The keel has been designed from two standard NACA 10% and 12% sections with the maximum thickness occurring at 40% aft on the 10% section at the top whereas at the tip maximum thickness is at 30% aft on the 12% section. This has been done due



to the need for more power in the tip of the keel than at the top; the top section situated next to the hull is not as effective and is therefore a more streamlined section. The sweepback of the keel (at 25% chords) is 24°. The section is 0.54' (0.17 m) thick at the top 0.38' (0.11 m) at the tip, showing a taper of 0.08' (0.024 m) in from either side.

The rudder, however, is designed mainly for power except that being thinner will help the water flow at higher speeds (i.e. hull speed and above). So taking the above into account, the section I have selected is the NACA 12%, with maximum thickness at 40% aft. In profile the rudder is 5.5' (1.68 m) deep with a large radius on the leading edge of the tip, with a definite point on the trailing edge to generate the tip vortex as far aft as possible. There is plenty of area in the foil, and being controlled by the tiller will give both good directional stability and turning ability.

The fractional three-quarter rig is typical, with aspect ratios of 3.05:1 for the fore triangle and 3.00:1 for the mainsail. The mast is to be as thin as

possible transversely to give a wing-mast effect, especially above the top set of the spreaders. It will be supported by three sets of spreaders and a set of jumper struts, accompanied by both running backstays and checkstays.

The lead has been deliberately kept slightly shorter than normal (15%) to 14.1% and will help a downwind-favoured yacht to go upwind.

The freeboards have been kept fairly low, both to lower the deck hardware and crew weight for a lower centre of gravity, but also to reduce rating slightly. The deck does have a slight camber in it and the doghouse has been made quite high, mainly to give headroom below due to her low freeboards. The top of the doghouse is used for the support of halyard and trimming winches (five in total).

The cockpit is coffin-like in shape, with the forward end tapered in towards the hatchway to facilitate access to and from the rear pipe cots. The cockpit is divided by a large radius traveller. It has no back on it, which enables life rings to be stowed on the walls outside. There is also

ample space under the tiller for the liferaft to be stored flush with the floor.

Below decks is quite spartan, the forepeak being completely empty except for the head and access ladder to the foredeck. A solid bulkhead separates the whole boat with the galley to port and navigation area to starboard just aft of it, the two settee berths (one on either side) with pipe cots above, four more pipe cots (two either side) behind the settee. The engine under the cockpit floor, which has proved quite successful on most yachts.

Performance

She will be extremely fast on all downwind legs, and if she must run squarer than normal, she should have no trouble due to her large flat areas. Upwind, the bow has been given enough depth and volume to stop pounding into the waves. However, with the powerful keel she should keep up with most boats on upwind legs.

Wavemaking should be minimal due to the deeper hull profile and keel

sweepback, and the angles of the stern overhang will dampen the quarter wave produced around the crimp at the stern measurement point (AGS).

Due to the large Girth Difference of 3.56' (1.09 m) the length of the stern overhang was limited by YCOR calculations. This is the only penalty that the boat incurs. However, it does not affect the rating to a great extent.

Deck Plan

The deck plan is quite functional; the halyard tailer is in the hatchway, which keeps him both out of the way and in a position to see everything going on around him.

I would prefer to see hydraulics on the boat, especially for the pre-tension of the rig for wind strength and sea conditions. They can also be used for mainsheet fine tune and the trim reef.

Construction

Much emphasis will be on rigidity and lightness in construction, using aluminium, Klegecell, S-glass, Kevlar and carbonfibre composites, and some timber.

The hull is to be constructed around fabricated aluminium angles, these running from the bow knuckle to the rudder post. This will be fibreglassed to the hull and will take most of the longitudinal bending moment of the hull and will support the mast step and shroud supports, the keel, engine and the rudder post.

Around the two longitudinals, the hull will be constructed of Klegecell core sided by Kevlar and S-glass inside and out. The carbon fibre will be used in all loading areas. The deck will be constructed of Klegecell and carbon fibre.

All bulkheads below decks are to be of timber to create a non-plastic atmosphere for the crew.

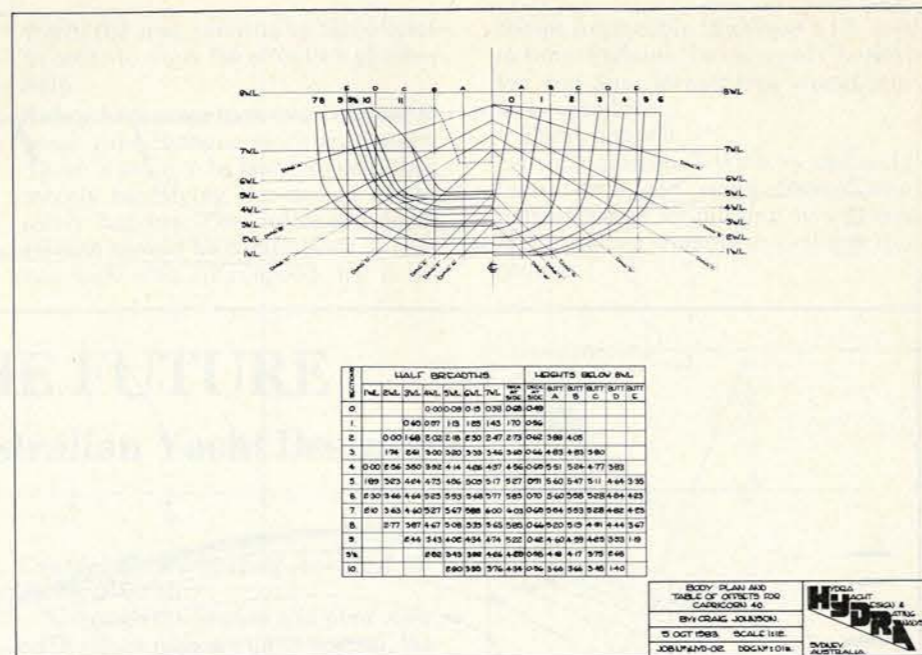
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General data

LOA 10.47' (3.19 m)
 LWL 32.60' (9.94 m)
 L 34.77' (10.60 m)
 BMAX 12.07' (3.68 m)
 B 12.00' (3.66 m)
 BWL 10.84' (3.30 m)
 D 3.61' (1.10 m)
 DM 7.90' (2.41 m)
 FDI 1.02' (0.31 m)
 MDIA 0.9352
 APSLC 4.7
 RSAT 796 ft² (74.18 m²)
 DSPL (actual) 13,780 lb (6250 kg)

SA (100% fore) .. 735 ft² (68.1 m²)
 WAS 355.8 ft² (32.9 m²)
 SA:WSA 2.24
 SA:DSPL 22.0
 DSPL:L186
 Ballast 6900 lb (3130 kg)
 Ballast ratio 50%
 LCB 55.5% DWL aft
 Exp. IOR Rating 30.8'

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BEAM ENDS

by Robin Copeland



Macarthur's Tug

When I spied occasional Coaster's Retreat imbibers Ben Macarthur and Henry Hopman quaffing champagne and oysters in the wheelhouse of the motor tug *BJ* whilst she was tied up alongside the CYCA work wharf, I immediately assumed it was in celebration of a successful salvage. More in search of a story than a drink, I discovered Ben had acquired *BJ* after after his yacht *Gitana* was sunk by the ferry *Lady Geraldine* whilst still at her mooring at Double Bay.

The snub nosed *BJ* joins the increasing ranks of historical craft owned by CYCA Members; remember 'Father Fuller's *Heracles*'?

Built in 1949 at Forster, NSW around spotted gum main timbers, the hull and deck are of Oregon. She is 30'x9', draws 3' and is powered by a 52 hp 4-cylinder Gardiner diesel.

She was originally a fairly open boat with a well aft, and she operated beside a six-car punt across the spit between Tuncurry and Forster before the bridge was built in 1965. She then came down to Sydney where the wheelhouse, engine room and aft deck were constructed, before she was

purchased by Bailey and Jorgensen (hence the name *BJ*), who used her as a small tug and pump boat for timber barges.

Many a muckle makes a mickle

Should you be searching (in June) for Bert, the tender driver, and the familiar Yorkshire accent is nowhere to be heard, don't curse his inconsiderateness; spare him a warm thought. He'll be sailing a non-stop round trip to Coff's Harbour as his qualifying voyage for the inaugural two-handed multihull Round Australia race, which starts on October 28th this year.

His entry, *Vingalot*, is a Lock Crowther design similar to *Twiggy*. Bert Williams built her himself from cold moulded South Australian cedar out at West Pennant Hills. Launched in West Ryde, she is 32'3"x29'8" with a maximum 5'6" draft when the daggerboard is down. Inquisitive observers will have noticed the bright blue trimaran moored close to the end of 'A' marina.

The race, which is sure to attract some displeasure from the authorities, is billed as the largest coastal race in the world and will be sailed under the same rules as the Route de Rhum in which sponsorship is allowed. Starting in Sydney, first stop will be Cairns to regroup (an unintentional pun), thence to Darwin, Fremantle, Melbourne and back to Sydney in 1985.

A Yorkshireman from Leeds, Bert started sailing monohulls during shore time whilst employed as a deckhand in the NE Atlantic fishing fleet. He made his way to north Queensland where he built his first multihull and earned a living there fishing commercially on the reef.

An avid Tolkien fan, *Vingalot* is elf-speak for 'Foam-Flower', the name of Earendil's ship in the *Silmarillion*. Let's hope the race is as successful for Bert as was Bilbo's search for The Ring.



Amazin (sic) Parrots

Drowning on board my boat *Janaway* one balmy summer evening (there was one, remember?) I detected the wailful strains of 'O Solo Mio' drifting across the bay. Another homesick Dapto casting his mono-filaments to the tide, I thought. Closer inspection uncovered 'Riff Raff' lying on his back enraptured by the sound of his own voice, and 'Rosa' with her head under her wing...poor thing. These two Amazon Parrots had sailed all the way from Newport Beach, California with their owners Dick and Helen Dinkins on board the 44' ketch *Fandango*.

Dick and Helen left Newport Beach in the northern winter of 1981 cruising down to Mexico, thence across the Pacific via Hawaii, French Polynesia, Tonga and Fiji, arriving in Sydney last December. They plan to go to the Barrier Reef on their way to the Mediterranean, hopefully via the Suez Canal.

Government regulations require that Riff Raff and Rosa stay caged on board, which is just as well, since that other regulatory body, the MSB (Ministry in charge of Singing Birds), may well have been forced to intervene.

Seen in port....

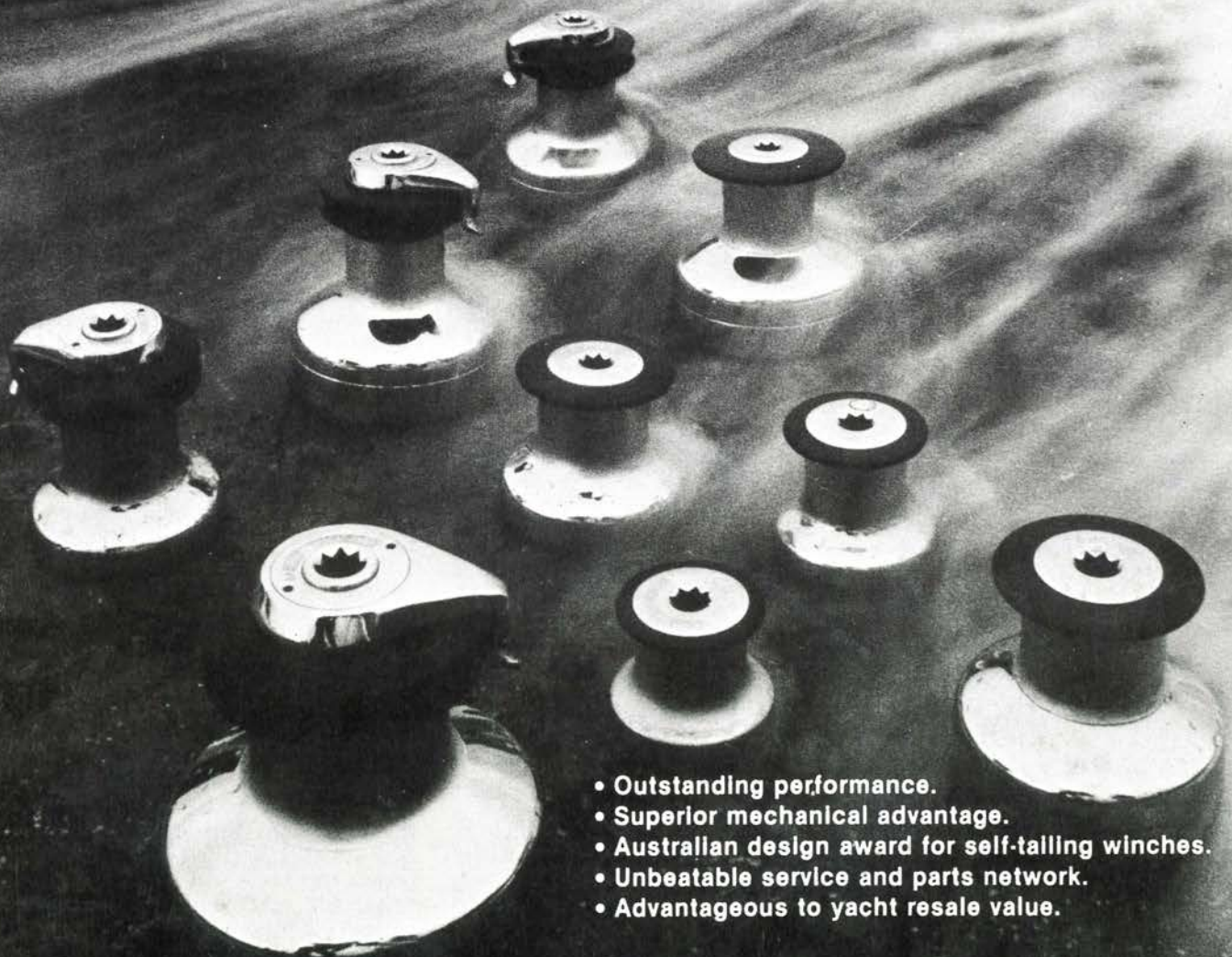
Dave Hutchinson on crutches, released from St Vincent's Hospital after his horrifying human catapult through *Nirvana's* forestay, on his way to join the boat in Hong Kong. Not bad for a guy that was on the critical list in December. He told me how **Herbie Gilliam** had forsaken the Christmas Eve party to present him with a copy of the *Best of Sail* autographed by the crews of *Nirvana*, *Condor of Bermuda* and *Shockwave*.

Commodore of the Waikiki Yacht Club, **Stan Thornton**, and **Dick Gooch**, founder of the Clipper Cup Series, who were in Australia to discuss details of the inaugural Pan Am 16 ft/18 ft Pacific Championship to be held in Hawaii next August in conjunction with the Clipper Cup.

Shouting the bar with \$500 down one twilight race night in January was **Allan Cerny**, who with **Mike Nelson** owns Maloney's Hobart Hotel, both of whom are strong believers in the doctrine that 'the Hobart Race makes Hobart'.

John Bertrand, in between flights as guest speaker at the recent Sportsman's Luncheon, where Vice Commodore **John Brooks** presented him with a dubiously acquired and only copy of *Black Knight's Race Seven* log. Another America's Cup occasion saw a rare black-tied **Shipway**, **Freeman**, **Old** and partners at the gala premier of 'Aussie Assault'. □

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