

The Magazine of the Cruising Yacht Club of Australia

# OFFSHORE

Number 85

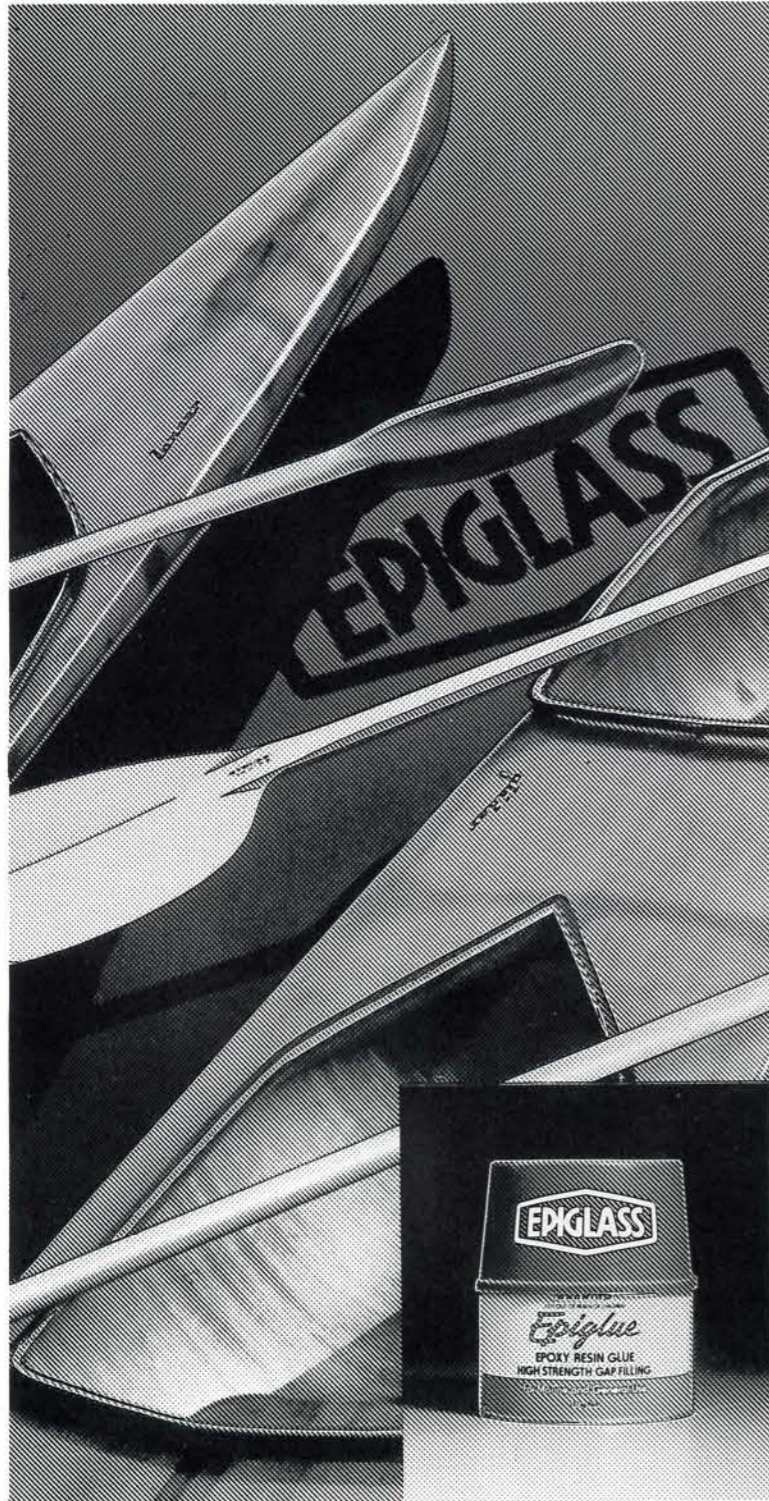
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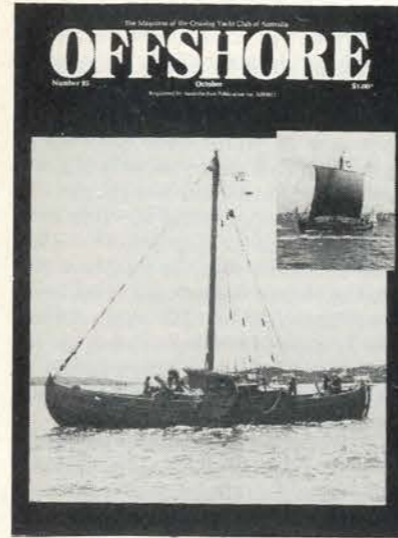
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The Magazine of the Cruising Yacht Club of Australia  
**OFFSHORE**  
Number 85 October 1985



Cover: Sydney Harbour was recently visited by the replica of a 1000 year old viking ship from Norway, the Saga Siglar. She came all the way under sail alone, made of the same materials as they used to build viking ships 1000 years ago. The canoe stern was a feature of many of our early cruising and racing yachts, including such notables as Freya, a half model of which was recently donated to the CYCA by the Halvorsens and which will be placed over the doorway of the Freya Room (Club dining room - see story on page 10). Maharani (Rani), winner of the first Hobart Race, also was double-ended; the saga of her pre-Hobart days Barrier Reef cruise continues in this issue, too. PHOTO BY ANTHONY COLFELT.

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# Offshore Signals



## 3rd annual Hamilton Race Week

A new racing schedule that will include four hotly contested short races will be a feature of the third annual Hamilton Island Race Week in April 1986.

Series organiser David Hutchen has decided to include the short races as a result of these having been so well received after an experiment in the 1985 series (two short races were added to the agenda this year after fickle winds marred the early part of the week).

Competitors will be pleased to know that another new feature of this year's Race Week will now be a permanent fixture — the Whitehaven Beach party. Held on the magnificent 3-mile expanse of pure white silica sand beach, the beach party was one of the toughest events competitors and their friends had to face. While the southern States shivered, participants 'endured' tropical temperatures, azure waters and clear blue skies while they partied to a rock band on the beach.

On the serious side there will be another big improvement in 1986; the IOR racing will be using timeanddistance handicapping, a move which is sure to make the racing more even throughout the entire fleet. As well as the IOR Division there will be a Performance Handicap Division for nonrated yachts.

Race Week will start Saturday April 5th and will continue through the following Sunday. The first race will be the Daydream-South Mollie Race. The major event of the series will be held on April 8th, the 170 nautical mile Coral Sea Trophy race.

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Once again Race Week will be coordinated with the MHYC Sydney-Mooloolaba and the Brisbane Gladstone and Gladstone-Hamilton Island races, so yachts will be able to passage race all the way to Hamilton.

The sponsors, XXXX and Ansett, will be back to support Race Week.

For more information, contact David Hutchen on (079) 466 858.

## Sardinia Cup 1986

The Ocean Racing Club of Australia is organising the Australian challenge for the Sardinia Cup 1986, which will take place from 2-14 September 1986. Geoff Lee has been appointed co-ordinator for the challenge by ORCA and is interested in hearing from owners and crews interested in participating.

Selection trials will be held in Sardinia immediately prior to the Cup races. They will be on a pointscore system and will be on the following dates:

**August 25**

Triangle (approx. 30 miles)

**August 27**

Race to Corsica and return (150 miles)

**August 30**

Triangle race (25 miles)

All yachts participating will be self-funding. A team manager and captain will be appointed.

Negotiations are underway with the Yachting Association of Papua New Guinea to conduct their selection trials simultaneously. Yachts may be nominated to represent that country if the required number of PNG nationals are aboard.

Accommodation has been reserved at first class hotels, private villas and apartments and at the tennis club at Costa Smeralda; excellent rates have been negotiated. The Costa Smeralda is a stretch of islands and bays along the north-east corner of Sardinia with scores of natural anchorages, craggy terrain, rocky points and white sand beaches. Porto Cervo is at the heart of the Costa Smeralda, with its yacht club, hotels, tennis club, golf club and supermarkets. Yachting facilities include a yard and 850-berth marina. The Yacht Club Costa Smeralda is an active young club which is gearing up for America's Cup challenge with *Azurra*. The club has two excellent restaurants, a pool, bars and bay views from its apartments and guest houses. In order to provide an alternative to shipping yachts from Australia, chartered yachts will be available for those wishing to compete in the trials (or for spectators), which may be arranged through Magna Charter, a division of Taurus Travel.

**Sardinia Cup 1986**

Sept. 2. Briefing

Sept. 3. Inspections

Sept. 4. Inshore race (30 mi)

Sept. 5. Short offshore race (145 mi)

Sept. 8. Inshore race (30 mi)

Sept. 9. Long offshore race (380 mi)

Sept. 13. Inshore race (30 mi)

Sept. 14. Inshore race (30 mi) and prizegiving.

## Wyuna will shepherd Hobart Race again

TV *Wyuna*, the training vessel of the Australian Maritime College at Launceston, will be Radio Relay Ship again this year in the AWA Sydney-Hobart Yacht Race. She will be outfitted with the latest in communications equipment by the Race sponsor, Amalgamated Wireless (Australasia) Limited.

Measuring some 64 metres in length, *Wyuna* is the biggest radio vessel to have escorted the fleet. She will carry communications gear worth over \$175 000, linking the ship with shore-based facilities via the Inmarsat Pacific satellite system.

AWA is also sponsoring the 10th biennial Southern Cross Cup series which begins on December 16th, the final heat of which is the Hobart Race. Possibly eleven teams will compete for this year's Cup, and New Zealand is sending a strong team to defend its 1983 victory. Other countries include Great Britain, Hong Kong, and Papua New Guinea.

The Australian National team will consist of two yachts which were part of the Admiral's Cup team this year — *Drake's Prayer* and *Challenge III*. The third team member is *Mailoo II* (N. Girdis, Qld.) which missed out on a place in the Admiral's Cup by just one position.

The battle for line honours will be fought between Bob Bell's *Condor* and *Windward Passage*, which returns to Australian waters under the new ownership of Ocean Rookie of the Year Rod Muir. The Club expects a record fleet to take part, surpassing the existing record of 173 contestants set in 1983.

## South Pacific Offshore Championship

The 1986 South Pacific Offshore Championship is lining up for its third year, under the sponsorship of Club Marine Australia. In a revised format, the SPOC will kick off with a short 30-mile triangle off Sydney on Saturday, March 15, the Club Marine Cup. The next event, on Tuesday March 18th, will be the start of the Sydney-Mooloolaba Race, followed by the Brisbane-Gladstone Race on Friday March 28th.

The series will be sailed under IYRU rules calculated on IOR Mk IIIA time-on-time TCF; it will be a Category 2 event with a minimum rating standard of 19.7 ft.

## MHYC 'six-star' ocean racing

Middle Harbour Yacht Club has announced its 'six-star' ocean racing program of events for the coming season featuring prizes and the promise of fun for all.

November 9th at 1900 hrs sees the MMM 5000, a short ocean race of 15 miles around lighted marks off Sydney Heads followed by an all-night party at MHYC during and after the race. Prizes and trophies worth \$4000 are offered. The Club Marine Challenge, a three-event series for those who missed Southern Cross Cup selection, or those who were too small for selection, or simply those who need practice, begins on December 14 (short ocean triangle, 30 nm). The second heat is on Sunday December 15, two short ocean triangles (12 and 15 miles). On Friday December 20 there is a short ocean night race (30 miles). This series also offers \$4000 in prizes and trophies.

In the new year the Bruce & Walsh Short Ocean Racing Championship of NSW for IOR and JOG yachts begins its threeday series on Saturday January 25 (two short 8 and 12 milers), followed on Sunday by 2 short ocean races (8 and 12 miles), winding up on Monday, January 27 with a short ocean triangle of 24 miles. The series promises close racing, with crucial starts and exciting finishes.

The two-handed offshore race on Sunday February 16 is open to IOR and JOG yachts (unrated yachts on scratch) with selfrighting monohulls and which are on the registers of yacht clubs affiliated with the AYF. The minimum safety standard is Category 4, and entries are subject to acceptable level of experience in the crews.

The Club Marine South Pacific Offshore Championships begin on March 15 (see note elsewhere in *Signals*).

The JOG Grand Prix began on September 1 and will be continued on October 26 (triangle of the Heads), November 16 (Sydney to Botany Bay and return and double header triangles, Manly Circle), December 14 (triangle off the Heads), February 8 (triangle off the Heads), and March 1 (double header triangles, Manly Circle).



## Jack Earl prints

The CYCA has obtained permission from Jack Earl to reproduce a limited number of photographic prints of the beautiful Earl painting which hangs in the Club foyer. Jack Earl is known internationally for his seascapes, and this particular painting, done in the 1960s, summons all of the atmosphere of the Hobart Race — against the spectacular backdrop of the Tasmanian east coast on a windy afternoon, off the Hippolyte Rocks. In beautiful muted colours, the photographic prints will be hand done by another well-known

name, Douglas Baglin. The prints, which capture almost all of the qualities of the original art, will be available in two sizes and styles.

Size 1 1105x600 mm (43 7/8x23 5/8")

Size 2 889x508 mm (35x20")

Two styles of print are offered: (1) an imitation canvas style which gives the effect of a painting on canvas (ready for framing without glass — plastic lamination a recommended extra), and (2) normal semi-matt photographic print mounted on light cardboard (ready for framing with glass — lamination not required if framed in glass).

This is a unique opportunity to have a Jack Earl painting on your wall; the Club will make a commission on each painting sold, and the prints will be ready in time for Christmas. Purchasers will have to pick up their prints at the CYCA or make special arrangements for shipment. See advertisement on page 9.

## Sail for cancer

The Leo Leukaemia & Cancer Research Trust is organising its second annual SAIL FOR CANCER to be held on 16th March 1986. One hundred and nine boats participated in the 1985 SAIL, and over 1000 people enjoyed a day on Sydney Harbour, co-incidentally raising \$20 000 to buy equipment to fight cancer.

Owners of yachts and motor cruisers are invited to participate again this year in what is hoped will be one of the biggest fund raisers ever. The invitation to participate is extended to members of the CYCA, Middle Harbour Yacht Club, Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron, Royal Prince Alfred Yacht Club, Royal Prince Edward Yacht Club, and the Royal Motor Yacht Club. Each owner will be asked to make his/her boat and two or three crew available to take out a party of paying guests. The boat owner may prefer to organise his/her own guests. Otherwise, the Leo Trust will take responsibility for arranging guests.

Yachts will cruise over a laid course; it is not a race. For many of the guests it will be the first chance to experience the delights of a day on Sydney Harbour. Each guest will pay \$12 and will be asked to bring along a picnic lunch and drinks. Children under 12 will not be eligible.

Enquiries about entry should be directed to Valerie Crompton on 84 7671 or Patrick Bollen on (a.h.) 969 4666. The SAIL Committee this year consists of Patrick Bollen, Alan Brown, Arthur Byrne, Brian Griffin and Geoff Lee.

The Leo Trust was established in 1979 by the Byrne family following the death from leukaemia of Leo Byrne. The objectives of the foundation are to raise funds to purchase equipment and to fund research programmes to alleviate suffering from these diseases.

The Leo Trust is deeply grateful to 2MMM for its generous sponsorship of the 1986 SAIL FOR CANCER. It is also indebted to co-sponsor SAIL AUSTRALIA Pty. Ltd., which will provide prizes for

## Offshore Signals

guests. The Trust is appealing to boat owners with its motto:

If you have no pain, you have everything. Give a little of you to reduce the pain of others.

## New Product Notes

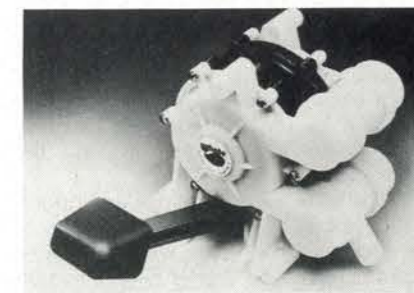


### Flotation suit doubles as storm suit

It is claimed that wearers of a British flotation suit can survive immersion in cold water three times longer than a person wearing ordinary clothing and that it represents a significant advance on earlier suits.

The Thermotic X3 suit, made in the latest international standard, highly visible, colour known as 'flame', is designed to be light and comfortable enough to be worn on deck as a stormproof, thermally insulated, working garment; yet, should the wearer fall into the water, it gives protection from cold on the 'wetsuit' principle.

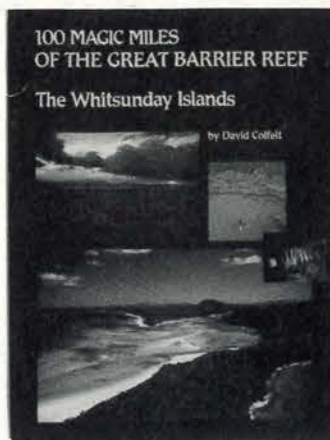
Inherent buoyancy and thermal insulation are both provided by a lining of polyethylene crosslinked closed foam. A variety of pockets is provided. For more information, G.R. Woodford (UK), Group House, Fishers Lane, Norwich, England NR2 1ET. Telex 97320.



### Pedal-operated galley pump

The new Whale Mark III Gusher Galley Pump offers innovations that facilitate assembly and installation, according to the manufacturer. The foot-operated pump permits the operator to have both hands free for galley duties for better balance in rough weather. The unit may be bulkhead or floor mounted and offers greater output than its predecessor.

## Book Reviews



**100 Magic Miles of the Great Barrier Reef — the Whitsunday Islands**  
by David Colfelt

Windward Publications Pty. Ltd., 256 pps, \$29.95\*

The success of the *Complete Yachtsman's Handbook to the Whitsunday Passage* evidently prompted David Colfelt to produce a sister publication, *100 Magic Miles of the Great Barrier Reef*. At first glance it is a coffee-table tour of the Whitsunday Islands group, complete with dazzling tropical scenery, blue water, white beaches, bikinis and the romance of sail thrown in for good measure.

*100 Magic Miles* is far more than just a coffee table decoration, however, although the quality of the publication certainly fits it for that role. It retains most of the features, updated and improved, which made the *Yachtsman's Handbook* such an indispensable aid to yachtsmen cruising the Whitsundays and adds similar material of interest to divers, fishermen and campers.

The title of the book, *100 Magic Miles of the Great Barrier Reef*, refers to the section of the Barrier Reef Marine Park from Mackay northwards to Bowen, an area which encompasses the Whitsunday Passage and its island group, the Cumberlands, usually referred to as the Whitsundays.

The book starts off with a description of the geological and settlement history of the area and continues with a detailed examination of the Barrier Reef, a section which alone would assure the book instant popularity in Europe and North America. Other chapters deal with the island resorts, diving, boating, fishing, camping and exploring the Whitsundays and the adjacent reefs.

One of the best features of this book is its maps. From the large fold-out chart of the Great Barrier Reef Marine Park and the adjacent coast extending from Fraser Island to Cape York, to the detailed island maps with their anchorages, all are beautifully produced and accurate enough for

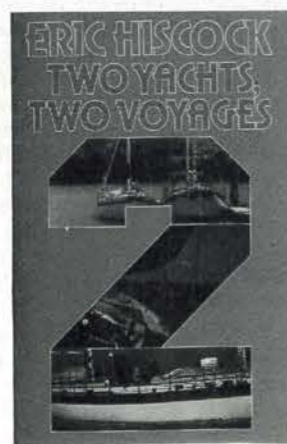
serious use from anchoring a yacht to planning a cruise. I know of no other publication which provides such detailed information in this manner. It is of great value for everyone from the casual tourist to the fisherman, diver or yachtsman, and it is one of the excellent innovations which led to the original *Yachtsman's Handbook* becoming a standard reference work for the Whitsundays, especially on charter boats.

In *100 Magic Miles* Colfelt has taken the idea a step further. The detailed island maps remain but they are now accompanied by aerial colour photographs, cross-referenced to the maps they augment. The underwater detail revealed in these photographs is astonishing — reefs, sandbanks and channels become amazingly clear. I used them during a glorious week of bareboat charter in August, and they were invaluable.

No book dealing with the Queensland coast would be complete without colour photographs, the area with its brilliant hues above and below the water being a gift to artists and photographers. In this case nothing but the best is used, from the action sail artistry of Sandy Peacock and underwater photography of Tony Fontes, to the studied marine panoramas of David Colfelt himself, including his chance-in-a-lifetime shot of a humpback whale and its calf, the latter unfortunately obscured by the page centrefold, the only fault I could see in an otherwise excellent production.

Whether you see this as a coffee-table book, or as a successor to the famous *Yachtsman's Handbook to the Whitsunday Passage*, it is a book worthy of its subject, one of the most beautiful marine environments in the world. For visitors to the area, an invaluable tool, for those of us condemned to spend the winter in less favourable climes, it is a reminder of the paradise to our north. For all of us it is a tribute to one of the great natural wonders of the world, the Great Barrier Reef.

— John Brooks



**Two Yachts, Two Voyages**  
by Eric Hiscock

Adlard Coles, 168 pps, \$22.50\*

The old master mariner, now 75 years old, living aboard his latest *Wanderer V*,

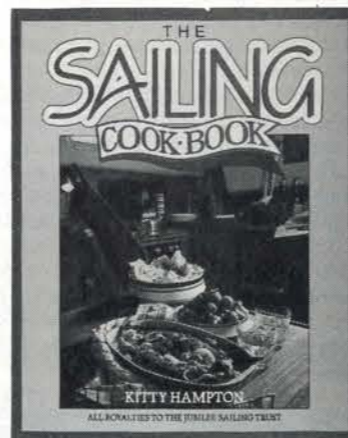
strings together the tale of the last voyage in *Wanderer IV* from New Zealand to Canada and return, the building of *Wanderer V* with its associated problems and its maiden voyage, New Zealand to Fiji, Vanuatu and Australia.

A purist who is loath to make concessions to progress, many of his dogmatic approaches to sailing can be most irritating, yet one feels one has learned much in reading this book, which can be considered essential reading for those about to embark on long cruises for the first time.

The most irritating fault lies with the publishers, who have managed to transpose some of the text so that his arrival in Fiji gives an excellent description of Coffs Harbour. If one can remember not to read pages 101-102 until reaching page 118, where these pages belong, it will all make more sense.

Devotees of Eric and Susan Hiscock will automatically purchase this latest edition, whilst those who have not been weaned on *Wanderers* will enjoy the battling of this fine old couple against unkind elements, poor shipwrights and gear failure. Maybe he killed an albatross at some stage, for the trade winds seem to evade him.

— John Hawley



**The Sailing Cook Book**  
by Kitty Hampton

Collins, 136 pps, \$16.95\*

*The Sailing Cook Book* is an attractive presentation combining the voices of sea cooks and their experience. The many recipes contributed by the sailing cooks have kept them and their crews well nourished, in all weather, in every part of the world.

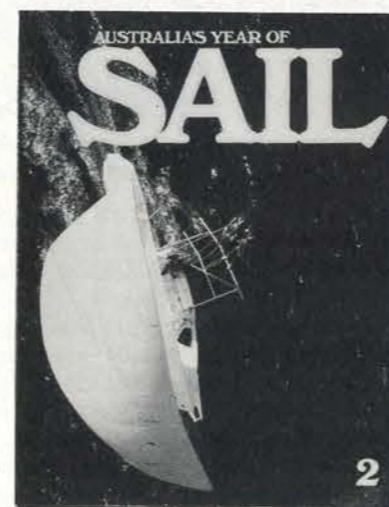
The book, published in England, is divided into four basic sections. The first is a combination of hints for stowage and preservation of food, galley equipment, meal preparation and keeping ship-shape. Well laid-out and uncomplicated, it is somewhat cold climate orientated; butter stowed in the bilges of a fibreglass yacht cruising the Barrier Reef in summer would be messy, to say the least.

Recipes are split into three sections. The first and most complicated culinary

masterpieces are definitely for quiet anchorages and gentle drifts, usually employing fresh or exotic ingredients with long preparation times. The second section covers gentle-to-strong breeze cooking and uses more easily stowable ingredients which are simpler to prepare. Beaufort wind scale 7 to 12 is sometimes enough to put the average sea cook right off eating, let alone cooking. Nevertheless, the last section of this book is full of tried and true methods of providing nourishment, cooked and uncooked, contributed by those who have served it and survived.

Kitty Hampton has gathered a variety of inspiring culinary creations and has introduced each of the creators with a short scenario which evokes feelings of confidence in their experience as cooks and as sailors. The book is a practical guide for anyone who regards producing interesting meals, from a tiny galley with limited ingredients, as an exciting challenge.

— Carolyn Colfelt



**Australia's Year of Sail 2**  
Edited by Sandy Peacock

Berghouse Floyd Tuckey Group, 208 pps, \$24.95\*

This second edition of *Australia's Year of Sail* covers the 1983-'84 season from the inaugural Hamilton Island Race Week of April 1983, through the 1983 America's Cup victory, on which we are still ruminating like contented cows, to the 1984 Olympics, which we'd all quite happily forget. The book was due out by the spring of 1984, but the road to hell is a veritable *Apian Way* of good intentions in the printed media, especially at this level of endeavour. It hit the decks about May 1985, well after the Christmas buying season at which it was undoubtedly aimed and at a time when some of the material was beginning to feel a little *déjà vu*. We, now, deliver the *coup de grâce* — by reviewing it after the publisher has begun recalling it from newsagencies.

Serious collectors of the history of sail in Australia will have cause for lament if they have failed to obtain a copy (we

understand that if you go cap-in-hand to the publisher you may still be able to buy one). It is a stunning collection of great yachting photography, much of it by the book's Editor, Sandy Peacock, one of the best eyes and steadiest hands in the marine photography game anywhere in the world. The standard of production is very high — crisp and excellent colour rendition — although the book is marred by the presence of advertisements (as a collector's item these may well, some day, hold almost as much interest as the rest of the book). I hasten to add that the *Year of Sail 2* would never have appeared at all but for the advertising, as this sort of production would retail at around \$60 without it.

*Year of Sail 2* suffers from another minor fault just as its predecessor did, and this is probably more apparent to nit pickers than to the general reader. That is, it appears to pursue 'anthology-dom' to such a degree that the contributors — both of photographs and text — are shrouded to the point of anonymity. A book which is really so much a picture book without individual photographic credits is not unlike a pictorial guide to the Museum of Modern Art without the painters names on their works. Photographs are credited *en masse* at the beginning of each section, sometimes with three photographers' names. The editorial contributors fare little better (and worse than they did in the previous edition); their names are camouflaged in a block of type at the beginning of each section (not listed in the contents or anywhere else), making them somewhat less than apparent. Among the writers are some of Australia's best known yachting scribes — Bob Ross, Rob Mundle, Peter Campbell, Lee Killingworth, not to mention the book's editor. Perhaps there is no real harm in this de-personalisation, but it's hard to see what is gained by it.

*Year of Sail 2* covers a very significant period in Australia's years of sail. There may never be a series of photographs of Hamilton Island Race Week to equal those in the book. We may never savour an America's Cup victory quite as sweet as that of 1983. The book chronicles the heroic BOC Around Alone Race (written by Nev Gosson) and includes that heart-breaking sequence of photographs of Desmond Hampton and *Gipsy Moth V* awash on the rocks of Gabo Island. It also contains what surely must be the best sailboard photograph ever taken.

Alas, *Australia's Year of Sail* is, after this second edition, to be no more. It was an impossible dream, too much for the commercial world, a memorial to both the ambitious vision of the publisher and the considerable visual and verbal skills of Sandy Peacock. It was good to see something done really well (if you can bring yourself to forgive the advertisements), and those with a nose for potentially valuable antiques might do well to try to preserve one or two of this edition for their children's libraries.

David Colfelt

**New instant fibreglass repair kit**

Syntho-Glass is a new resin-coated fibreglass cloth which can make instant fibreglass repairs — even underwater. In fact, it is water-activated. It sets in less than 30 minutes, is odorless and the fumes are non-combustible so that it is safe for almost any emergency situation. It can withstand considerable external water pressure, so that a safety plug may be formed by making a ball and plugging it into the opening; when hardened, you are underway again!

Syntho-Glass is a woven fibreglass bandage (75 mm wide and 2.5 m long) pre-impregnated with a rapid setting moisture-curing resin. Moisture in the air is sufficient to initiate the hardening process, so it is sold in sealed pouches in small quantities. Once opened the bandage is soaked for 20 seconds in temperate fresh or salt water and then applied to the job. Where the activated bandage touches itself a chemical bond is formed, melding the total thickness into a strong reinforced composite material.

Syntho-Glass may be wrapped around ruptured pipes. Once set the resin is resistant to oil, petrol, diesel, and will withstand temperatures of 670 degrees C, so it may even be used for exhaust repairs.

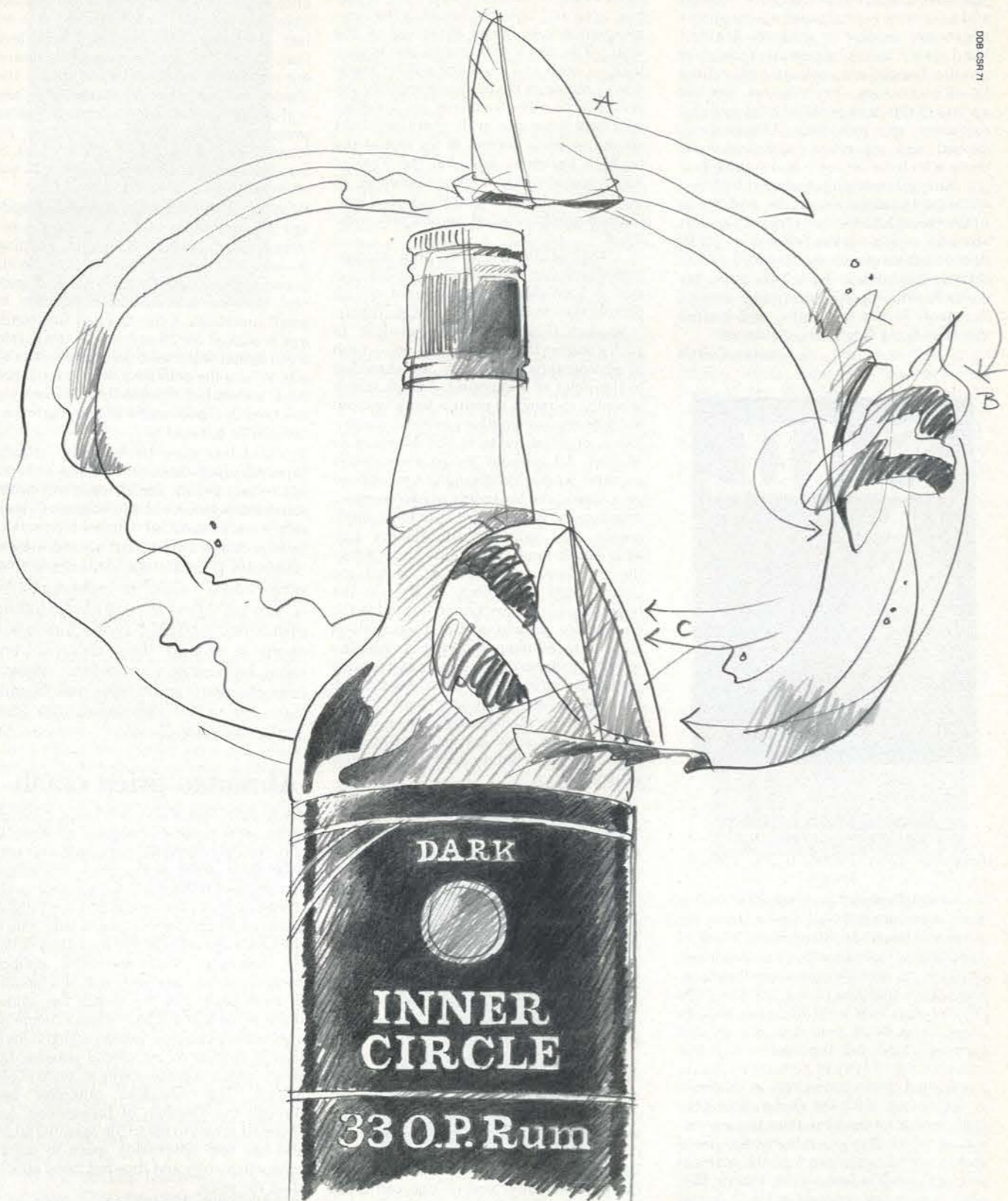
Syntho-Glass was carried aboard aboard *Australia II* in the last America's Cup series and is a must for Hobart yachts. A special price of \$22.95 including post is being offered by the Australian agent to Hobart Race entrants. For more information or orders: Marine Imports Australia, PO Box 446, Hamilton, Qld. 4007. Telephone (07) 262-3335 (David Huybers).

**Almanac price crash**

Each year Australian yachtsmen purchase some 5000 nautical almanacs, an essential tool for every celestial navigator, and each year they swear at the price. An official government publication, the almanac is imported and sells for around \$24, with higher prices predicted for the 1986 edition due to the fall in the value of the Australian dollar.

Australia's only exclusive nautical book distributor (and only one of a handful of such dealers in the world) has gained rights to market the *Yachtsman's Almanac*, a privately published version which is identical in content to the official almanac but which sells at a greatly reduced price (RRP\* \$16.50). The American publisher has, through the Freedom of Information Act, obtained access to the essential tables and has sold advertising space to defray production costs and thus has been able to slash the price.

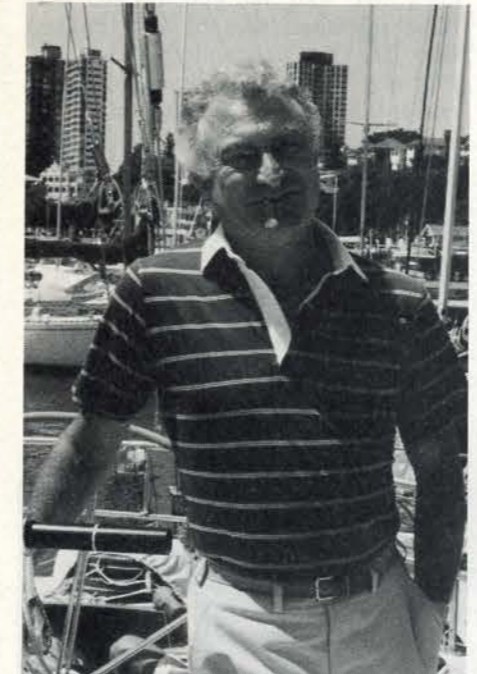
The 1986 edition is now available from Boat Books in Sydney, Brisbane and Melbourne.



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## BIGGLES' COLUMN

by John Brooks

John Bertrand's book *Born to Win* had been published in 1983 instead of 1985, it probably would have won some sort of prize, such as the adulation of *Australia II's* skipper immediately after he had led the team to its historic victory. If two weeks is a long time in politics, two years must be a millenium in yachting, because the people who put Bertrand high on a pedestal now seem intent on pulling him down.

I read the book. It is important to get that straight, because I suspect that a few of the critics haven't. I read the book in two sittings, not because I was in a hurry, but because I found it to be a gripping, exciting story, revealing insights into that classic summer off Newport that have never before appeared in print. How could they have; it was almost a stream of consciousness account of Bertrand's experiences during America's Cup 1983, and much more.

Okay, so some of it at times read like an Indigo Jones screenplay. It is, after all, a highly personal account of a highly emotional battle, and Bertrand's single viewpoint is further emphasised by the style adopted by the ghost writer; it makes no attempt to look at events through a journalist's wide angle lens.

Evidently some of John Bertrand's critics object to him taking too

much of the credit and downplaying the contribution of the Bond organisation and its previous challenge experience. Bertrand, in reply, complained that his critics quoted him out of context, and it would be easy to make him sound like a one-man band if some of the passages were quoted in isolation from the thread and style of the story.

But contrary to some reports, he did give his crew and support group full credit. Indeed, much of the book was devoted to explaining the role and praising the performance of each member of the team. It is hard to see how he could be more specific than "The best crew in the world", and "the Americans were a crew of champions, but we were a champion team", and much more in the same vein, right throughout the book.

In America I read a review of the book which referred to Bertrand's description of Scotty McAllister's nightmarish experience at the top of *Australia II's* mast after the masthead crane had collapsed on his arm. The clown of a reviewer went on to assert that it was all Bertrand's fault for not keeping pressure off his rig. He knew that the book was controversial, but he liked it and was looking for something with which to join in the attack.

That particular reviewer had already indicated that he knew little about yachting, something that few of the Australian critics would be prepared to confess. But, if he knew so little about it, why was he willing to blacken the name of one of the world's great yachting skippers?

Bertrand himself put his finger on the reason in his book, almost as if he foresaw the day when he would be defending himself against attack. The Tall Poppy Syndrome, one of the less attractive facets of the Australian character, he called it. Personally, I don't believe that it is confined to Australia — the English speaking world, perhaps.

The media eagerly joined the rush to crucify Bertrand and his book. Even Rex Mossop, who freely admits to knowing less than nothing about sailing, castigated Bertrand for 'big noting' himself, although I suspect that, in this case, one of his scriptwriters had seen *Born to Win* in a book store window. When you come right down to it, what is wrong with Bertrand taking a few laurels to himself, although I maintain that it is more in how you read the book? Is it merely that this is not in line with our

macho Australian image of ourselves that arouses the critics' ire? Bertrand's track record is that he is one of the most accomplished yachtsmen that Australia has ever produced, and that was before he won the America's Cup. Nevertheless, in the book Bertrand is disarmingly honest about his own mistakes, at the challenge and on other occasions.

Only a handful of people in the world have any idea of what it takes to be an America's Cup skipper. Bertrand makes it clear what it takes. It is an awesome story, fascinating for its insider detail but, far more important, for the character it reveals and the heroic story it tells. No, not that Bertrand is a hero, although by any fair measure he is, but for the grandeur of the story itself and that Corinthian summer in 1983. Whether you were lucky enough to be there or not, go read the book; it will add immeasurably to your memory of the triumph.



Don Calvert, Ocean Racer of the Year.

o o o o

Last year, when Rod Muir burst onto the ocean racing scene like an exploding flare, he brought to the sport an enthusiasm and will to win that has been rare in recent years. Starting with *Dr Dan*, he fired up an aggressive crew that went on to contest every race on the eastern seaboard, plus the 1985 Transpac, for good measure.

Thinking to purchase a top-level European one-tonner, he headed overseas with the 1975 World Half-Ton Champion, Tommy Stephenson, as a consultant. On the way, Muir saw and became enraptured with the veteran maxi *Windward Passage*, now in her 15th year of competition, and had to have her.

It seems appropriate because Muir has much of the competitive flair of her original owner. As an example, for the 1987 Transpac Muir already has a side bet of \$10,000 on

with the owner of *Ragtime*, another Transpac veteran. A match race of 2500 nautical miles of Pacific, no less; no doubt the loser will console himself in Honolulu with a bucketful of Mai Tais.

While he was overseas, Muir won the inaugural Ampol Rookie of the Year Award, presented at the CYCA in September. In accepting the trophy on behalf of Rod Muir, Tommy Stephenson commented that he had no doubt that next year Muir would be a strong contender for the major prize presented on the same day, the Ampol Ocean Racer of the Year Award, an opinion few would

care to argue with.

The inaugural Ampol Ocean Racer of the Year Award went to Don Calvert, of the Royal Yacht Club of Tasmania, against competition that included Admiral's Cup team Captain, Peter Kurts. The judges praised Calvert for the total campaign he waged, from crew selection to the exciting final performance in England.

Starting from scratch, Calvert built the Castro designed one tonner *Intrigue* virtually in his back yard. To have any crew chance of becoming a member of the crew you had to help build the boat and, when the final cut came, Calvert had welded together a

crew that took *Intrigue* through the team selection trials on Port Phillip Bay as the outstanding boat; as Bertrand might say, a champion crew rather than a crew of champions.

*Intrigue* went on to become the top Australian boat at the Admiral's Cup and was 10th overall in some very hot competition, a fine performance from the first Tasmanian yacht ever to join an Australian Admiral's Cup team, and a great credit to Don Calvert, 1985 Ampol Ocean Racer of the Year. by the way, Don, whatever you do, don't write a book about it.



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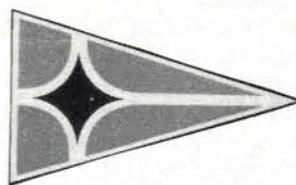
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## CYCA Associates Committee CHRISTMAS GIFT IDEA



Jack Earl

The Associates Committee of the Cruising Yacht Club of Australia has obtained the permission of marine artist Jack Earl to produce a strictly limited number of photographic prints of this emotive Sydney-Hobart Race scene, the original of which hangs in the Club foyer.

The prints will be hand made by well-known photographer and printmaker Douglass Baglan. Of very high quality, they accurately reproduce the beautiful muted hues of the original painting, capturing the atmosphere of the scene off the Tasmanian coast in the final stages of a Hobart classic. This will be a strictly limited edition, providing a rare opportunity to have a Jack Earl reproduction of your own.

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# OCEAN RACING MEN OF THE YEAR

## New ocean racing 'logies' sponsored by Ampol

The Sportsman's Luncheon held at the CYCA was the venue of the awarding of two new ocean racing awards sponsored by Ampol and instigated by the Cruising Yacht Club of Australia and Australian Sailing magazine. It was a special occasion also, because some old friends of the Club were on hand, including Tryg Halvorsen, who presented the Commodore with a half model of Freya which will be mounted above the doorway of the new Freya Room (the main dining room) of the Club. Also on hand was Graeme White, who received a photograph of his tug E. B. Cane, from Hobart Race Director Keith Storey.

The following is a transcript of the proceedings that day, which began when Commodore John Brooks introduced Keith Storey, who then made his presentation to Graeme White.

**STOREY:** In the Sydney-Hobart Race of 1977 we all had a rough time. The yachtsmen had a rough time, the people who were running the race had a rough time — because the weather was rough. Fifty-seven of the competitors retired. We had audits up and down the coast trying to find out where our yachts were for our own edification and safety purposes and for friends, relatives and the media. One of the highlights of those audits was the assistance of a new-found friend in Eden, Graeme White, who runs a very large business placed at

that port, with tugs and many other things. Graeme telephoned the Club during all of this holocaust and conveyed that he was very happy to greet all the yachts, make sure they had a berth or a mooring; he gave the crew hot showers, fed them, took in their laundry — he did everything that you could imagine anybody could do for a bunch of yachtsmen who had had a bit of a walloping out at sea. We were immensely grateful to Graeme for all of this. We asked him to come and view the start of the 1978 Race, which he did, at which time

he volunteered that with his various tug boats he would be happy to serve the Race as Radio Relay Ship and, of course, be the skipper of his ship on those occasions. That started a five-year stretch of service that Graeme has given the Race with three of his tugs — *Greshanne*, *E.B. Cane*, and *Tasman Hauler*.

He demonstrated a most remarkable skill, in truth a Master Mariner in

every sense, from the logistics of insuring that his ship was in perfect condition, to perfect communications, and we never ever missed a sked with yachts during those five years. The camaraderie between the ship's crew and the communications crew was perfection, which, of course, contributed immensely to the success of the whole operation. We were happy to regard Graeme as a great friend and contributor — a Triton among minnows.

People who have the desire to give service to others know full well



Trygve Halvorsen presented half model of Freya to Commodore John Brooks. The model will be placed over the entrance to the Freya Room.

that the highest reward is not what they receive but what they become. Graeme has probably grown in stature as a result of the duties performed for the Club. At the same time it's always pleasant to receive a memento, a tangible expression of appreciation. Graeme, if you'd be kind enough to step forward and receive this photograph of your ship, the *Tasman Hauler* at the Organ Pipes during the

conduct of the 1983 Sydney-Hobart Yacht Race, with our sincere thanks, our appreciation and our affection.

**WHITE:** It's very hard to follow up those remarks. We didn't look at it that way. The communications team — the whole lot of us — did it as our holidays, and quite frankly, there were times when we wished we'd stayed home, but then that's what it's all about. I've just mentioned to Keith that I'm sort of missing it. Last year there was a gap — the friends weren't there, and we sat at home and watched it on TV and, quite frankly, it was rather a hollow feeling that we weren't there. So, by God, when that *Wyuna* goes, we'll be back. Thanks very much.

**BROOKS:** Our luncheon today takes part in the *Freya* room. I don't need to tell who it's named after — the yacht *Freya* is probably the most famous ocean racer in CYC history. We're fortunate today to have quite a few members of that crew with us, not the least of which is one of the masters of Australian ocean racing, Mr Tryg Halvorsen.

**HALVORSEN:** Mr Commodore, distinguished guests, ladies and gentlemen. On behalf of all those who have sailed on *Freya*, I would like to say our most sincere thanks for naming this lovely room after our last yacht, the *Freya*. It's now twenty years since we raced to Hobart. My association with this Club goes back a long time, even before we had a clubhouse. I can remember coming down and helping paint the weatherboard boat shed on Sunday mornings. Also, it is now over 40 years since we won our first CYC trophy. That was a race from

Sydney to Pittwater, and the inscription says 'CYC Ocean Race, Sydney-Pittwater, won by *Enterprise*, Easter 1945'. The crew of that race was my wife, Noreen, my younger sister, Margaret, and her husband — so ladies have been sailing in the ocean for a long time. I'm sure my brother, Magnus, would want to join men in paying tribute to all of the wonderful men that we've had sailing with us all

these years. Four of them are here today: Stan Darling, Frederick Allan, Colin Betts, and Norm Hyatt.

There are three of them that I'd like to give a special mention to. First, my wife Noreen, who did all the catering for all those years of racing that we did — every meal that we had on board the boat, and she also fed us while we were fitting out the vessels. Stan Darling, who was with us in our second Hobart Race. The thing was so new then — the radio part — that he brought his own radio with him, a disposal set from the army. He was one of the foundation boys of the communications. Frederick Allan came a little bit later, being younger, but we've had many miles together. Sadly, of the crew of our first race to Hobart, only Magnus and I survive; the other three have passed away.

Before handing this model [of *Freya*] to the Commodore, I would like to add my special thanks to Ampol, who have been very good friends to us yachtsmen over the years. To sponsor this new award is just the icing on the cake. I have much pleasure in presenting this model of *Freya* from all who sailed it.

**BROOKS:** On behalf of the Cruising Yacht Club and, in fact, the entire ocean racing community, I thank Tryg Halvorsen for his remarks and for the marvellous model. Thanks also to Trevor Gowland, who made it. Our intention is to place it above the entrance to the Freya Room.

We now move on to the inaugural Ocean Racer of the Year Awards. The first of these is the Ampol Rookie of the Year Award, and the intention is to award this to a skipper, navigator or crewman who, in his first season of ocean racing, demonstrates outstanding performance considering his level of experience. It is designed to encourage newcomers to the sport and to reward the keen and industrious young sailors.

There were six nominations, and some of the ways in which they were nominated are amusing and quite revealing. A few excerpts from these nominations: On *Apollo*, for instance, as a young man having his first experience at sea, I well remember my first encounter

with a maxi. It was some eight or nine years after I first started ocean racing, and the immense power and complexity of the maxi scared the living daylights out of me, so I can imagine how this young man felt on his first time at sea stepping on a maxi. He was nominated by his skipper, and the nomination form said 'He showed remarkable courage and dedication'. I can tell you from experience that it's not easy to impress the skipper of *Apollo*. Nevertheless, he was nominated, which says a great deal for this young man.

Another nomination — I won't tell you whose it was — said: 'He was sick all the way to the weather mark, he was underwater through two broaches. By the end of the season he was an accomplished forward hand earning great respect from the rest of



Graeme White accepted a photograph of his tug *Tasman Hauler* from CYCA Hobart Race Director Keith Storey in recognition of years of service as Captain of the Radio Relay Vessel.

the crew'. I think this young man will go a long way, too.

Another one, and it's no secret about who it was: 'He helped build the boat in which he first went ocean racing; both of them [the boat and the man] went to the UK as Admiral's Cup preps; the boat was tenth in the series and the top Australian boat. Not only is this a compliment to the young man himself, but it also shows keen judgment on the part of the skipper who retained him.

The nominations for the 1985 Ocean Racing Rookie of the Year are: Matthew Dalton (*Apollo*)  
Rod Johnston (*Indian Pacific*)  
Rod Muir (*Dr Dan*)  
Geoffrey Player (*Silver Minx*)  
James Reid (*Intrigue*)  
Sven Runow (*Silver Minx*)  
I'd now like to call on the Editor of

## Ocean Men of the Year

*Australian Sailing* to announce the award and to make the presentation.

**ROSS:** Thank you, John. I'm Bob Ross, by the way. Not often seen in a coat and tie. The winner is Rod Muir, (*Dr Dan*)

**BROOKS:** Accepting for Rod Muir is 1975 Half Ton World Champion Tommie Stevenson.

**ROSS:** Tom would you convey to Rod, whenever you find or see him, the appreciation of the people who judged the award and, I think, the people who have sailed against him, and the Club members with him, for his great enthusiasm for his new-found sport. I think it's really refreshing to find someone come into ocean racing who can so obviously enjoy what he is doing, whether it be at owner level or this guy rolling around on the foredeck.

**STEVENSON:** I certainly won't try to speak for Rod because I don't think I could. To speak on his behalf I know he will very much appreciate receiving this award. I can only express Bob's sentiments, as one who has been around the sport for some time now, to see a guy come into the sport, his dedication and enthusiasm, it's marvellous for the sport, and we're all the winners for that. I think if he were here one thing he would certainly say is that he was giving notice that the other trophy sitting beside me would be his in the very near future. The program

that he has mapped out for himself and those fortunate enough to be sailing with him in the next few years is most exciting. I think everyone is well aware, he's fallen in love with a famous old maxi yacht, 'Windward Passage', which he bought on a lighting trip around Europe on which he was supposed to buy a one-tonner, but he came back with a maxi yacht. We all know he's got *Dr Dan*, and he fell in love with Hawaii, so that's now staying in Hawaii, and he's up there hiding from the winter doing as much sailing as he can so that he can get good at it and hold up his end on the boat where he will be sailing. He's bought himself an Etchell out here so he could learn how to sail, and we're keeping that warm for him until he gets back. He's also given notice that next year he plans to build himself an

## Ocean Men of the Year

IOR racing yacht, be it a one-tonner or something slightly bigger.

The other great contribution that I think he has made is just an example of the guys that he's got behind. [He has supported] Ian Kiernan in his effort for the BOC single-handed around-the-world challenge. Rod masterminded the *Spirit of Sydney* project, the boat is well underway and will be launched in mid-November, and I think that's just a tremendous example of how this guy is not only in it for himself but for Australia, young Australians, old Australians — whoever they may be.

**BROOKS:** At this point I was going to make some remarks about our sponsor and to thank the company for all it has done for us — Ampol. Trig Halvorsen has pre-empted that, and I don't think I could say it any better.

Ampol have been an immense support to sailing generally and ocean racing in particular, and especially to the Cruising Yacht Club of a number of years. They pro the very best kind of sporting sponsorship, and we in the sailing community appreciate it immensely.

We now come to the inaugural Ampol Ocean Racer of the Year Award. This is to be awarded to the ocean racer who, in the opinion of the judges, demonstrates outstanding ocean racing abilities and skills in either regular season competition at club level or in

national or international events. To announce the nominees, Trig Halvorsen.

**HALVORSEN:** The nominations are:

Donald Calvert (Intrigue) RYCT  
David Dyer (Adrenalin) CYCA  
John Eyles (Indian Pacific) MHYC  
Peter Kurts (Drake's Prayer) CYCA  
Lindsay May (Indian Pacific) CYCA  
John Noakes (Bewinched) CYCA  
Warwick Rooklyn (Apollo) CYCA

**BROOKS:** To announce the winner, from Ampol, the Group General Manager, Mr John O'Donahue.

**O'DONAHUE:** It's a pleasure for me to be back here at the CYC. I always enjoy coming here, and thank you for your very kind remarks about Ampol's support. We're only too delighted to involve ourselves in yachting and support such a great sport, and we're also delighted to be in-

involved with the CYC. As a sponsor you like to feel that you have rapport with the people you're with, and we certainly have it here. We've been with the Sydney-Hobart, helping with fuel; when Graeme White's boats were moving along it was a lot cheaper, I can tell you that. That *Wyuna* eats up quite a lot of fuel between here and Hobart, but I'm very pleased to say that we'll be with *Wyuna* again this year. We're delighted to be with AWA and TAA. Two great Australian companies, and it makes three to have us involved in the Sydney-Hobart, and I think that is a great thing. We, of course, have the Ampol Yachtsman of the Year coming up soon. We've had it here for the past few years, and we've always enjoyed those associations.

Before I announce the winner,



Ampol's John Donahue presented the Ocean Racer of the Year Award to Don Calvert of the Royal Yacht Club of Tasmania.

may I congratulate the Board of the CYC. I think the improvements here are wonderful; it's great for yachting, and it's very nice to see such pleasant surroundings. I'm sure it will not only be for the good of the CYC but for yachting overall.

When the suggestion of the Ocean Racer of the Year Award was put to us we were only too happy to be involved, not only that there would be the Ocean Racer of the Year Award but that there was an award called The Rookie of the Year. Every sport has its newcomers. Maybe by being nominated for this award, or winning an award, we're going to see people come on an progress to being top yachtsmen. That's what we hope anyway, and why we're happy to be involved.

The winner is Don Charles

Calvert.

My congratulations to you, but before presenting the award Don is the skipper of *Intrigue*, from the Royal Yacht Club of Tasmania. I'd like to read the citation on this important award. 'Don Calvert, of Tasmania, was selected as Ocean Racer of the Year for his thorough and strong campaign to, firstly, build a new one-ton design, *Intrigue*, gain selection in the Admiral's Cup team, the first Tasmanian owner/skipper do do so, and then to finish top scorer for the Australian Team and tenth individual boat in the Admiral's Cup series, a sound achievement in a fleet that included the world's very best one-tonners fresh from the One Ton Cup, a series that *Intrigue* also contested.'

Don, on behalf of us all, congratulations. This trophy is going to

be a perpetual award, and without pre-empting the Commodore, I believe that you may take this back to Tasmania with you to the Royal Yacht Club of Tasmania, to be returned for the presentation next year. This citation is signed by each of the judges, and I must thank the judges for the work that they put in. They were Commodore John Brooks, John Connolly, Rick Dovey, Vanessa Dudley and Bob Ross.

**CALVERT:** May I say I'm just about to have a heart attack from winning, because from amongst the list of nominees I certainly didn't expect to

be up here right now. May I say something to help the pain from the manager of Ampol. He was saying something about the cost of fuel for *Wyuna*. I can assure you, sir, that I spent more on sails for the Admiral's Cup than it cost you for fuel.

Of course, the only problem with receiving a trophy and an award such as this is that it is the result of the efforts of so many people. One of the main ones is here with us today, namely our Commodore from the RYCT, Olie Hedberg, who chaired the fund-raising committee to pay *Intrigue's* share of the costs of going to England for the Admiral's Cup. I'm sure, without his efforts, and because I'm just a poor, slow-talking apple grower of Tasmania, we would never have made it. I also owe a lot to my wife, who is the only one who knows

(Continued on page 20)

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# THE ADMIRALS'S CUP IN RETROSPECT

## Offshore interviews *Drake's Prayer* crew member Peter Shipway

**OFFSHORE:** The team has come back having been placed 4th which, considering their difficulties, is perhaps not too disappointing a result. How did you feel things went this year; did the team perform as well as we could reasonably have expected?

**SHIPWAY:** Obviously the dismasting of *Challenge* and the rigging problems that we had contributed to our low placing. I think without those problems we probably wouldn't have done any better than second, anyway. But every team could say that.

The Germans as a team sailed superbly. They were never in the protest room, they didn't suffer any gear failure of a major nature — they got three boats home, intact, in every race. Saying that "if *Challenge* hadn't broken a mast" is like saying "if your auntie were your uncle". Other teams had those problems in the Fastnet Race where, incredibly, only three teams — ourselves, the Germans and the Irish — got three boats home intact. Boats were dropping masts and pulling out for all sorts of reasons.

Overall, it is a difficult series to win. No one has ever disputed that. Guys who have been there before know how hard it is to win. This year, in hindsight, which is always easy, it was a One Ton Cup regatta. The one tonners were just so good, so quick and so well sailed that they really dominated proceedings. If you look in the overall boat standings, nine of the first ten were one tonners.

**OFFSHORE:** What's the reason?

**SHIPWAY:** Obviously they were super-hot, having had the One Ton Cup to work up beforehand to get any bugs out, to work up boat speed. This was just a marvellous bonus for all the one tonners, a big advantage they had over the bigger boats. Secondly, the designers had worked so hard to perfect the one ton design — moreso than with the bigger boats. The one tonners were good boats, well designed and well sailed. Thirdly, the IOR crew limitations played big part, especially in such a windy series as was '85. The one tonners now tend to be little boats with light displacement, and they are allowed to carry a crew of ten, whereas a 43 to 44 footer can

only carry eleven. A one tonner is a much smaller and lighter boat and is much better served by the crew weight. Power reaching in a breeze, for example, *Panda* and *Jade*, the British one tonners, were just dynamite with all the crew stacked on the rail.

**I think the pointscore realistically is the only way to go, there's no doubt about that. The Germans used it this time, the British didn't. I think the evaluation method leaves itself open to criticism.**

**OFFSHORE:** How was the Australian teamwork? In years past we've sometimes seen a lack of appreciation of what team racing is about. How was teamwork this year, and do you see any implications for the selection process that was used this time?

**SHIPWAY:** I think our sails and our teamwork and on the hardware side of things we lacked nothing. Selection? Well, in hindsight again, if you had your time all over again you would have just encouraged one tonners. But that would be totally unfair to boats like *Drake's Prayer* and *Challenge* which produced the goods in the trials. I think the pointscore realistically is the only way to go, there's no doubt about that. The Germans used it this time, the British didn't. I think the evaluation method leaves itself open to criticism, which there has been in the past. This year was cut and dried. The proof of the pudding [for the pointscore] was the number of new boats that were built and the number of new boats that contested the Australian trials. Everyone knew exactly what was happening. The only thing I might say, and this is perhaps defeating the argument, is that you might take the first two boats on points and the third on evaluation. But then you can get the back-biting about who should go, and who are the selectors. The logic is that if an outstanding boat breaks her mast in two races, which knocks her out of the pointscore, she still ought to go because she's an outstanding boat. That's the argument for that. But, I suppose, if you break you mast or

have major accidents twice, then maybe you shouldn't be there in the first place.

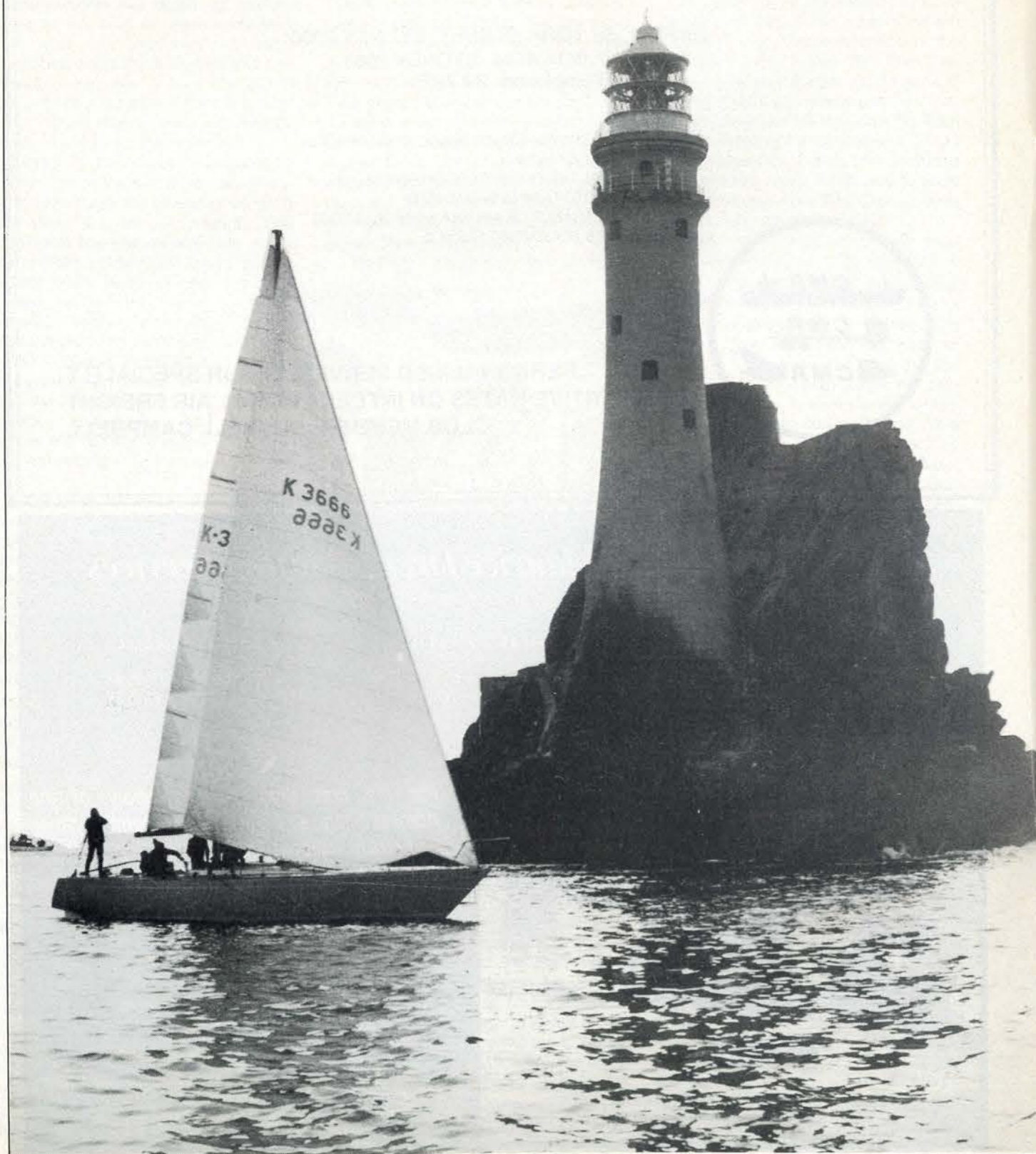
I really think they've got to keep the pointscore system.

**OFFSHORE:** What other factors played a part in the Australian team's placing?

**SHIPWAY:** We suffered the disadvantage that countries in the Southern Hemisphere always do — we have such a long distance to take the boats, not mentioning the expense, which is horrendous. We have to take the boats out of our winter and go into their summer, and we are without our boats for nearly three months, which is a terribly long time. You can do as much sailing as you like in one design or other yachts while the Admiral's Cup yachts are away, but it's not the same as sailing on your own boat. I think Don Calvert made that message quite clear yesterday [Don Calvert, skipper of *Intrigue*, the top Australian boat in the AC team and winner of the Ampol Ocean Racer of the Year Award, in his acceptance remarks at the Sportsman's Luncheon]. The more you can do on your own boat the better off you are going to be.

**I genuinely believe our crews need to 'want' to win more. I'm not saying for one moment that all the guys didn't want to win and didn't give their all; I just feel that we have yet to totally dedicate ourselves to winning the Admiral's Cup and nothing else . . . Alan Bond and Warren Jones, in the 1983 America's Cup, showed that nothing but 150% dedication will do, and we all know the result of that.**

Secondly, the tide is such a unique factor in all the races — not just the short Solent races, but in the Channel Race and the Fastnet Race — the early part along the English coast, anyway — they're factors that you've got to overcome. We've overcome them in the past, and again our navigators did a marvellous job; the work that was done by our crews and navigators was staggering, but there is nothing to substitute for hard racing.



Fastnet Light. BOB ROSS PHOTO

in season, for three or four months leading up to the regatta. The Germans do it, and the British do it (the Germans not necessarily in English waters). The Germans just sail their boats down to Cowes over one weekend, and they don't have an acclimatisation period. That helps the northern hemisphere countries and those that are closer to England. The English have that great advantage of just sailing in their own back yard. But I'm not making an excuse; we all know this before we go over there. But it's just another hurdle.

Finally, I genuinely believe our crews need to 'want' to win more. I'm not saying for one moment that all the guys didn't want to win and didn't give their all; I just feel that we have yet to totally dedicate ourselves to winning the Admiral's Cup and nothing else. It's difficult, as we are a long way from home, and it's hard to knuckle down to the job at hand. But Alan Bond and Warren Jones, in the 1983 America's Cup, showed that nothing but 150% dedication will do, and we all know the result of that. I'm not saying 'lock everyone up on a monastery', but we just need to discipline ourselves towards total victory and nothing else.

So what's the answer? Should we get there early? Should we charter boats? What should we do?

**We ought to have a shore crew that can maintain the boats when the crews are not racing. The crews or the paid hands, at the moment, usually look after the boat. You spend half your time screwing on fittings during the day when it could have been done by a backup support crew, at night.**

I don't think we should charter boats; I think that would be a backwards step that would kill the sport in Australia. You just wouldn't have any new boats being built here. It would be bad for the industry and the sport, and the sport would die very quickly if you didn't build new boats here. No team has ever done well in chartered boats. I think you've got to get over there as early as possible and do as much racing as possible. That's a logistic problem in itself — to get thirty-five guys who can spend two months over there just sailing. It has not reached America's Cup proportions, but I think Bondie and the boys have proved that you need to get as much time on the race course as you

can.

**OFFSHORE:** You said that maybe we should have favoured one tonners. Was that development predictable?

**SHIPWAY:** Predictable only in that we knew that a lot of countries were building many one tonners for the trials, so the trials were heavily dominated by one ton cup size boats.

**OFFSHORE:** Isn't there a One Ton Cup every year?

**SHIPWAY:** Yes, but it's not always in England. Next year it's in Spain.

I'd like to say one other thing about how we could improve our performance. I really think that we need to add to the professionalism of the effort. This, of course, gets back to the issue of expense, and who pays, but, for example, we ought to have a shore crew that can maintain the boats when the crews are not racing. The crews or the paid hands, at the moment, usually look after the boat. You spend half your time screwing on fittings during the day when it could have been done by a backup support crew, at night. That way the regular crew wouldn't lose time out on the water. We need to spend as much time on the water as we can. We lose a lot of time — it's a function of any boating regatta — just simply messing around on boats, changing things, bolting fittings onto the deck, etc. A bloke can't find a screwdriver, so he wanders off, and he gets talking to a bloke, and a ten minute job takes two hours. If you have ten 10-minute jobs you can lose a lot of time.

But who's going to fork out for a guy to spend two months over there to work on the boat. Ken Beashel in 1983 headed up the shore team for the America's Cup. Notwithstanding, they did have a couple of breakages early on. The boat was immaculately maintained; they worked all through the night — it's a bugger of a job, and you wouldn't wish it on your worst enemy — but I think that's what

**I think the staggering thing that came out of the series was the number of retirements in the Fastnet Race. It wasn't a savage Fastnet. So I guess you've got to look at the designers and everybody associated with the game to see just where it's going, with so many retirements. But let's hope we don't overreact and get back to boats with 10-inch-thick planks. The sport has got to develop, and I guess it's just a stage in the development.**

you've got to do. And I suppose there are guys around who, offered the opportunity of being part of the scene — and they would be very much a part of the team, an important cog — these are the things that we must look at, because we do lose so much time on the water, not sailing because we're messing around on the boat.

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**OFFSHORE:** Once again it seems, as with the 1984 Hobart Race and much racing in the last couple of years, that masts are still very much a weak point in the modern ocean racer.

**SHIPWAY:** I think the staggering thing that came out of the series was the number of retirements in the Fastnet Race. It wasn't a savage Fastnet. The conditions were nothing like the 1984 Sydney-Hobart Race. The wind was strong and constantly so, but the waves all had backs to them. We fell off two or maybe three big waves. You were falling off every second or third wave in the last Hobart Race. So the waves weren't extreme. The wind might have got up to 50 knots a couple of times, but it didn't last long. Sure, we were on No. 3s and No. 4s, and at some stage we had a trysail up, but it was not extreme and not for any length of time. It was still a windy Fastnet — up over 20 knots the majority of the time. But, having just three teams get home intact was amazing. I think the masts and the rigging — sure, everyone is trying just that little bit harder, a bit lighter and a bit more streamlined, but it must be worrying for the designers that there is so much rigging and hull failure.

People had steering problems too. Out of some 240 boats that started only about 110 finished. That's a huge percentage of retirements in a race that was nowhere near as extreme as the last Hobart Race.

So I guess you've got to look at the designers and everybody associated with the game to see just where it's going, with so many retire-

ments. But let's hope we don't overreact and get back to boats with 10-inch-thick planks. The sport has got to develop, and I guess it's just a stage in the development.

But it's frightening when a maxi can drop a keel off. That was just chilling. *Drum*, owned by Simon Le Bon, of the rock group Durand Durand, was a Ron Holland 78-footer built for the Whitbread Round and the World Race, and it had been worked up fairly solidly for the Fastnet Race with a really top crew and skippered by an American Skip Novak — a very competent guy who did the last two Whitbread Races. The boat was just sailing along the keel fell off.

**OFFSHORE:** Designers have complained that an awful lot of liberty is sometimes taken with their designs in the construction of yachts. Is that a case in point here?

**SHIPWAY:** It was subsequently found to be poor welding where the keel was attached to the hull and was no fault of the designer. That's just unbelievable. By a stroke of luck they were seen — it was close to shore, it was daylight, and there was a helicopter overhead in a matter of minutes. The boat turned quickly upside down and guys were trapped inside — a terrifying experience. If that had happened in the Whitbread Race, or at night offshore and away from land, there's no doubt about it, there would have been loss of life.

**OFFSHORE:** Who will wear this one, then?

**SHIPWAY:** Well, it's a case of where does the buck stop. The designer may say one thing and the manufacturer another, and so it goes on. I don't know the answer.

**OFFSHORE:** This year's regatta was a showcase of what's happening in design these days. Would you like to comment on developing trends?

**SHIPWAY:** I think the big development has been in keel shape. Keel is very fashionable now — in layman's terms, those are keels with a curved back edge rather than the straight trailing edge. Judel and Vrolic, who designed the three German boats, had worked pretty heavily on that type of keel as had Rod Humphries, who designed *Jade*. Above deck, the German boats were just so simple, it was unbelievable. Simplicity was the name of the game. The deck layouts were just so uncomplicated it was a marvel to see. I'm not saying our boats were complicated, by any means; we tried to keep things simple, according to

the old adage that if it's simple it should work. But, for example, the German boats had only one genoa track on the deck, whereas some of the boats had two or three, with inboard, middle and outboard sheeting angles. Their masts were all very sophisticated; I think they'd done a fair bit of work on them. But again, they can build their boats six months later than we can. We've got to get our boats in the water for our trials.

**If they (the RORC) don't do something about the rule as it stands at the moment, the Admiral's Cup is going to develop into a One Ton Cup.**

**OFFSHORE:** Is technology changing that quickly?

**SHIPWAY:** Well, maybe in six months they could come up with something new. Again, that's not an excuse — we know all of that — but it's just another thing working against us.

**OFFSHORE:** Are three-quarter rigs still dominating?

**SHIPWAY:** Very much so.

**OFFSHORE:** Who are the designers in the forefront?

**SHIPWAY:** Straight away you'd have to say Judel and Vrolic, the Germans, who designed all three German boats. Humphries' boat, *Jade*, was very very good, while the other two British boats, *Phoenix* and *Panda*, both by French designers, were excellent. Farr also came up with an excellent new one tonner. Most of the names that have been prominent in the last twelve months were to the fore again. I don't think there were any surprises.

One other thing that came out of the Admiral's Cup is that if they (the RORC) don't do something about the rule as it stands at the moment, the Admiral's Cup is going to develop into a One Ton Cup, inasmuch as next time, if the rule is as it was, you'd have to take three one-tonners in the team. One tonners have been so heavily worked on and they're so good that, for ratings, they're probably the best boats for the AC.

**OFFSHORE:** Change the rule?

**SHIPWAY:** There are a couple of things that could be done, and if the Admiral's Cup did become a One Ton Cup I think it would be a shame, because there is already a cup to cover that size boat. To have a spread of boats across the range is the way to go. They can say that the three boats have to be in a certain rating range — one in the 30 to 32 ft range, one in the 32 to 34 ft range, and one 34 ft and ab-

ove. You'd have to have boats in those ranges. Or, they could say that the combined rating of the boats has to add up to 100 feet, which would mean you couldn't have three 30 foot rating boats, which the one tonners are. I know for a fact that the RORC is genuinely worried about it, and that they will do something to the rule to encourage big boats.

The other thing they could do is change the formula for converting rating to TCF. They could favour the bigger boats that way, and that's probably the way they will go.

Finally, I think the RORC should look at a couple of things regarding the conduct of the series. I guess it is always easy to criticise the organisers of any event and, overall, they did an excellent job. Having competed in four previous Admiral's Cup series I feel that I have reasonable experience upon which to base a couple of recommendations that would improve the series.

Firstly, I think it's crazy that the two inshore Solent races should finish downwind in the lee of Cowes Green. From heavy 20 knot winds in the Solent proper you run into puffs of wind coming off the land at between one and 20 knots, and it develops into such a lottery that boats which were way behind for 99% of the race can gain dramatically, not by good sailing but by pure 'pommie arse'. It's ludicrous to spend all that money and time taking our crews and boats around the world to be subjected to that.

Secondly, I feel they should look at starting the two Solent inshore races later in the day to give the sea breeze time to build. We saw in the second inshore race this year a situation where a weak offshore breeze died away an hour and a half after the start, leaving the fleet becalmed for half an hour, and then the sea breeze came in turning the race into a soldier's course. In the circumstances, with the long English days, no one would object to waiting a couple of hours for the proper breeze to fill in, a proper course to be set and, consequently, a better race for all. ■

# THE CHANNEL RACE '85

## ADMIRAL'S CUP 1985

by Peter Shipway

Anyone who said ocean racing is not a spectator sport was definitely not watching the start of this year's Channel Race. What a spectacle — fifty-four of the world's best ocean racers as they beat westward down the Solent into the teeth of a south-westerly gusting to almost 40 knots. Add to this a savage tide against wind, spray and solid water everywhere. It was a sight spectators and competitors will not forget for a long time to come.

The start was off the infamous Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes, and it was off a set line — no matter what the wind, the line remains the same. That's Admiral's Cup! The prevailing south-easter made one end — the shore end — heavily favoured, and with the tide pushing the yachts toward the line it was inevitable that, with so much at stake, a general recall was on the cards. In fact, there were two. Yachts were charging and bunching everywhere, all heavily reefed. We had a No. 4 jib and two reefs in the main.

The only incident of note during the general recalls was when the New Zealand yacht *Epic* charged straight into a big yellow can buoy positioned beautifully about a boat length back from the line and right in the centre. With boats above and below her, *Epic's* helmsman Peter Lester had no real option but to hit it fair on the stem. Fortunately the damage was only cosmetic, and they were able to start the race.

When the fleet finally got away at the third attempt, it was *Pocket Battleship*, skippered by Phil Crebbin, who stole the show. Crebbin, the Englishman, had been unable to steer in the short races as the boat was representing Singapore, but he made up for this with a perfectly judged start right inshore.

*Challenge III* was away well, but *Drake's Prayer* was buried under a couple of smaller one tonners. With the tide ebbing (flowing westward) it was not necessary to fight for the shore, rather it was better to stay in the deepest channel to gain maximum benefit from the tide flowing — up to two knots in places.

Nevertheless there was a lot of tacking as boats were fighting hard to gain clear air. The wind was a solid 30 knots, and the waves very steep, with wind against tide. Out after *Pocket Battleship* were two Americans, *High Roller* and *Sleeper*, with *Marionette* representing Singapore.

It was a tough, wet punch, with spray everywhere, sometimes green water over the decks. Two miles after the start the first drama: *Sleeper*, skippered by Lowell North, had problems with the headboard of the mainsail, which had to be lowered to effect repairs. Just after this, *Drake's Prayer* crossed the stern of *Challenge III* who was standing out into mid Solent on a port tack — well reefed down and going very well. Three minutes later we all looked dumbfounded as one of the crew called to say he had just seen *Challenge's* rig come tumbling down. What a dismal sight, rolling helplessly in the large waves as her crew rushed around to cut free the mess. Right there and then any hopes Australia had of capturing the Admiral's Cup were lost. We soldiered on, a little numbed by what had happened.

Hurst Castle, the narrow section at the entrance to the western Solent, was to provide some of the most spectacular, if not nerve-wracking, sailing of the whole regatta. The narrow entrance with the tide charging against the wind presented the yachts with huge overfalls which they plunged into with water green, feet over the deck. These conditions remained until the first rounding mark — the Needles fairway buoy just outside the Solent at the western end of the Isle of Wight.

By now the larger yachts had assumed their correct position at the head of the fleet — with the exception of the little German boat, *Outsider*, which was hanging on to us like glue, and we rounded the fairway buoy one boatlength ahead. *Carat*, the 40 ft rater, was leading, followed by *High Roller*, *Pocket Battleship*, *Marionette*, *Container*, *Pinta*, *Drake's Prayer*, *Outsider* and *Diva*. It had been a tough punch but the next leg was a 50-degree reach cross channel to the next mark. Frequent rain squalls were

sweeping over the fleet and it was a gloomy grey dusk that came over the fleet as they close-reached to France. *Drake's Prayer* was making good time — better than 9 knots for most of the time — but sailing lower than the bulk of the fleet, which was quickly disappearing behind in the gloom and rain. The breeze was up and down, reefs were in and out; at one time we were down to storm jib and double-reefed main to keep her on her feet.

Approaching the mark at France, visibility had improved dramatically, and the wind had dropped to about 22 knots true, but still from the southwest. We had caught the bulk of the Channel Race fleet (some 240) by now and with lights everywhere it was impossible to tell who was who. Around the mark it was a dead muzzle to the next mark some 20 miles away. With full main and No. 3 headsail we were really tramping and we made valuable time up on all competitors. Approaching the mark we hit a perfect layline from three miles out, with quite a bit of tide, and as we went around the mark there was one light only ahead — just *Pocket Battleship*, with *High Roller* a boatlength in front, along with *Marionette*. As it happened, this was the leading group. The larger *Carat* withdrew during the night with a broken rudder.

The leg back was a dead run, and three-quarter ounce spinnakers were the order of the early dawn in the 15 knot wind. With excellent speed and great picking of the gybing angles, we worked ourselves into the lead and by 10.00 a.m. when we rounded the mark we were two minutes in the lead. Daylight had shown just how well some of the smaller one tonners had done as they could be clearly identified with the binoculars.

From the mark it was a reach back to the finish at Portsmouth observing the Bembridge ledge buoy and Sandhurst Fort on the way. Again it was a 50-degree reach and we started with a No. 3 and full main. *Marionette*, *Pocket Battleship*, *High Roller* and ourselves were all within four minutes of each other, and for the first three hours of the reach the relative positions didn't change more

than one boatlength as we charged home at better than 9 knots.

The breeze was slowly freshening and by the time the English coastline came into view the breeze was up to 30 knots. As we went to put the second reef in our wildly flapping mainsail one windward upper intermediate shroud fell out of the mast. The shroud was intact, but it had simply come out of its seating. We immediately lowered the mainsail and set the storm jib to stabilize the rig.

We worked out that the only way to save the mast and finish the race was to rig the spinnaker halyard around the back of the mast, attach it to the cap shroud, and pull it up under the outer end of the top spreader. To

do this a man had to go aloft, and we sent Grant Simmer up, who did a magnificent job in the 30 knot winds and rough seas.

With our rig back in reasonable shape we hoisted the trysail (too dangerous to hoist the reefed main with our jury rig) and set the No. 4 jib. Speed was O.K., at around 8 knots, compared to our 9 knots before the accident. The three leaders that we had been duelling were now well in front, and several boats were quickly overhauling us from astern.

Off Bembridge Ledge buoy a remarkable sight greeted us. Passing us to leeward doing at least two knots better than our speed was the ultimate Channel Race winner for the

Admiral's Cup fleet — *Jade*. What an incredible sight — No. 3 jib, two reefs in a very heavily vanged main — boat upright, she passed us in a burst of spray reminiscent of a flying Dutchman on a close reach. She was simply flying, with David Howlett steering and Rodney (Gold Medals) Pattison calling the shots.

Around Sandhurst Fort we had to harden up 10 degrees for the finish three miles away off Gilkicker Point at Portsmouth. The tide was helping us upwind but, again, it was a wicked sea against wind with the breeze at 30 knots. *Diva*, *Container* and *Pinta* were the only other boats to pass us as we close-reached to finish under No. 4 jib and trysail.

## FASTNET 1985

by Peter Shipway

After the high winds and high drama of the channel race we were all looking forward to a traditional light stop-start Fastnet. But the forecast 24 hours before the start was for force 6 to 7 south-westerly initially, gale 8 later. Trysails and storm jibs were checked over once again.

The start was not till 5.30 p.m. to coincide with the outgoing tide on the Solent to ensure that all yachts cleared the Needles in good time. By 2.00 p.m. it looked as though the forecasters had got it right once again; a tough 25 knot south-wester was powering down the Solent, and by race start it was occasionally 30 knots.

The 54 Admiral's Cup yachts were last away in a fleet of 238 entered for the Fastnet; all other classes were well away ahead of us.

As with the Channel race, it was an upwind start, with the tide, but the line was not as heavily biased (nor was the tide as strong) and the fleet got away cleanly at the first attempt.

We won the start most impressively. With Geoff Stagg from Bruce Farr's design office at the wheel we swept down the line on starboard towards the shore and right on gunfire we tacked to port to be clear ahead of the fleet. Just to leeward was the top USA yacht *High Roller*, and abeam of her was *Intrigue* who had also started brilliantly. Most yachts were heavily reefed; we had a No. 3 headsail and a double-reefed main for the tough punch down the Solent.



Five minutes after the start and leading the fleet the almost unbelievable happened when we broke our main halyard sending the main tumbling down. Our tiny masthead meant that there was no spare halyard reeved nor even was there a 'mouse' led. We had no option but to return to port and take stock of the situation. First we had to haul a man to the hounds and then he had to shinny to the masthead and drop a fine mouse down so we could lead a new halyard. Our dedicated 'muscle man' Phil Corben performed the job admirably while we decided what to do with the halyard. With no swaging tool aboard the only option we had was to hand splice the wire back together. This mammoth task was undertaken by David Forbes. He warned that it would take some time!

So, two hours and ten minutes later we set off after the fleet in a moderate breeze. With the halyard repair still underway we had to use the spinnaker halyard around the back of the mast to hoist the main. On the fractional rig we were able only to hoist the mainsail to a three-reefed position, and we set a No. 3 halyard to balance.

So off we began on a long, lonely vigil after the fleet. The breeze was down to about 20 knots and we had the Solent to ourselves — fortunately the tide was still with us.

Outside the Solent there was an incredible sight — it was like fairy

land — the stern lights of over 100 yachts (at least we could see some of them!), the identity of which we will never know.

Out through the Needles we passed the first of many yachts retiring back to port. We soldiered on till around 11.00 p.m. when an exhausted Dave Forbes finished the splice — a great effort.

So, halfway between the needles and Portland Bill we dropped our heavily-reefed main and reeved our repaired halyard, enabling us to raise our main to full hoist. The breeze was now 15 knots so it was heavy No. 1 headsail and a full main as we close-reached towards Portland and Start Point. The breeze had moved into south, enabling us to ease sheets. The breeze remained around 15 to 18 knots for the majority of the night, sometimes rising to 25 knots causing us to change to No. 3s.

The dawn forecast was for more wind — 30 to 35 knots from the southwest. Dawn found us well across Lyme Bay and fast approaching the Lizard. The forecast seemed right, when around 9.00 a.m. a savage squall to around 45 knots descended upon us and breeze veering back to the south-west. The squall was so vicious that we had to set the trysail (again!) and storm jib as we set a course which took us close-hauled to the Lizard. It was cold, grey, and raining but the big wind only lasted about one hour, after which it settled down

to between 30 to 55, so we reset the main (triple-reefed) and the No. 4 jib. We just cleared the Lizard about mid-day; there were some overfalls off the point, but generally the sea was only moderate.

During the afternoon we short-tacked down the Cornish coast with the wind slowly moderating to 20 knots. The afternoon sked was chilling; *Drum* had, unbelievably, lost her keel and was listed as a 'navigation warning', and over one-third of the Admiral's Cup fleet was out.

We were in company with *Yoeman* and *Intrigue*, close-reaching in 20 knots for Lands End. At last we were pulling the fleet back. The bigger boats were only 12 miles ahead. Midnight, and we were around Lands End and setting a course for Fastnet 150 miles away across the Irish Sea. Although conditions were cold, it was fast sailing — reaching in 20 knots at speeds of 8 to 10 knots. Dawn, and the breeze was still in the south-west and increasing to 25 to 28 knots. All morning the breeze remained the same, but the monotony was broken early in the afternoon when another vicious looking squall was forming to windward. When it hit it was about 40 knots and with solid rain. We dropped our headsail and prepared to put a second reef in the main. But by the time we got set up the squall had passed and the breeze was down to 20 knots. Visibility improved and we saw a dismayed yacht ahead and to

leeward — a victim of the squall. It was the New Zealand yacht *Epic* and she lit a hand flare to signal she may want assistance. We pulled away and sailed downwind to *Epic* who asked us to radio the escort naval vessel about their predicament. We checked that all was OK proceeded towards Fastnet only 40 miles away.

After the squall the breeze backed more into the south and for the last few hours to Fastnet we were able to set a spinnaker, at last. It was the 1 oz Mylar reaching chute — the pole was on the headstay and the wind a very pleasant 15 knots.

With Fastnet light well in sight we saw the first Admiral's Cuppers drawing away from the rock. *Carat* was first, then *High Roller*, followed by *Diva*, *Pinta*, *Challenge III*, *Panda*, *Outsider*, *Amazing Grace*, *Phoenix*, *Exador* and then *Drake's Prayer*.

It was just on dark (about 9.30 p.m.) when we rounded the rock with the breeze in the south at 12 knots. Only a warship was on station at the rock — none of the usual armada of spectator craft.

The course home allowed us to just start sheets — 35° reach with medium headsail and full main

Throughout the night the breeze has up and down and we alternated between No.s 1, 2, and 3 headsails with the breeze freeing some 10°. Conditions on deck were very cold and doubly so when a wave dumped itself on deck.

By dawn the breeze had freed so much that we were able to try a spin-

naker for about an hour. First the three-quarter ounce and then the one-and-one-half ounce, but we couldn't quite make course, so back to headsail reaching with a lot of yachts now in company.

Early afternoon, and the thin outline of the Bishop Rock lighthouse on the tip of the Scilly Isles was visible. However, the news was bad, in-as-much as the breeze had headed and we were now hard on the wind, 25 knots and No. 3 headsail and full main. Two short tacks close to the Bishop saw us around in company with *Panda* and *Amazing Grace* from Canada. It was now 95 miles to the finish in Plymouth and 45 miles to the Lizard.

As we eased away at the Bishop it was a 40° reach to the Lizard, with the breeze up to 25 knots. We were powering at better than 9 knots, and although we were getting through *Amazing Grace* we just couldn't shake off *Panda*. As we approached the Lizard there was a fairly lumpy sea running and we had to harden up to miss some offlying rocks. *Panda* was three boatlengths ahead as we eased off a further 10° for Plymouth. It was now a scorching 60° reach, at sometimes better than 10 knots, but try as we might with the full crew on the rail we couldn't catch the flying *Panda*.

The last 40 miles were covered in just over four hours, in freezing conditions and rain squalls, and when we finished at 4.30 a.m. in Plymouth, three boatlengths ahead was *Panda* — a deserved Fastnet Cup winner.

(Continued from page 12)

how much the boat cost in the first place. She won't tell me. I owe a lot also to my crew who, to get a seat on the boat, had to first help build it. I think there were twenty-four people

involved in building our boat, and it was built in a shed on the banks of the Huon River, not very far — only about two miles — from where *Ca-price of Huon* was built for my father. [Tape ends.] ■

STATISTICS				
	1979	1981	1983	1985
No. of entries	57	48	45	57
Designers Represented	10	15	14	20
New boats	35(61%)	29(60%)	20(44%)	32(56%)
Fractional Rigs	3(5%)	11(23%)	14(31%)	39(68%)
Production Boats	7(12%)	4(8%)	6(13%)	9(16%)
RATING BANDS				
30-31	10(17%)	16(19%)	16(31%)	33(58%)
31.1-34.5	29(51%)	2.7(33%)	22(36%)	21(38%)
34.6-40.0	18(32%)	5(10%)	6(15%)	2(4%)
DESIGNERS REPRESENTED				
	1979	1981	1983	1985
Peterson	21(36%)	15(31%)	5(11%)	3(5%)
Holland	18(31%)	9(18%)	5(11%)	1(2%)
Frers	9(15%)	6(12%)	10(22%)	3(5%)
Farr	0	0	0	7(13%)
Castro	0	0	1	4
Judel/Vrolijk	0	1	4	8(14%)
Humphreys	0	0	0	3
Dubois	3	7	5	2
Humphreys/Dubois	0	0	0	2
Van de Stadt	0	0	1	1
Briand	0	1	0	3
C&C	2	1	3	2
Jeppesen	0	0	0	3
Berret/Fauouix/Finot	0	0	0	4
Joubert/Nivelt	0	0	1	2
Vallicelli	0	1	2	2
Davidson	0	0	0	1
Gonzalez	0	0	0	1
Nelson/Marek	0	0	0	2
Reichel/Pugh	0	0	0	1

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## CAPTAIN SEAWEED'S NAUTIWORDS by John Hawley

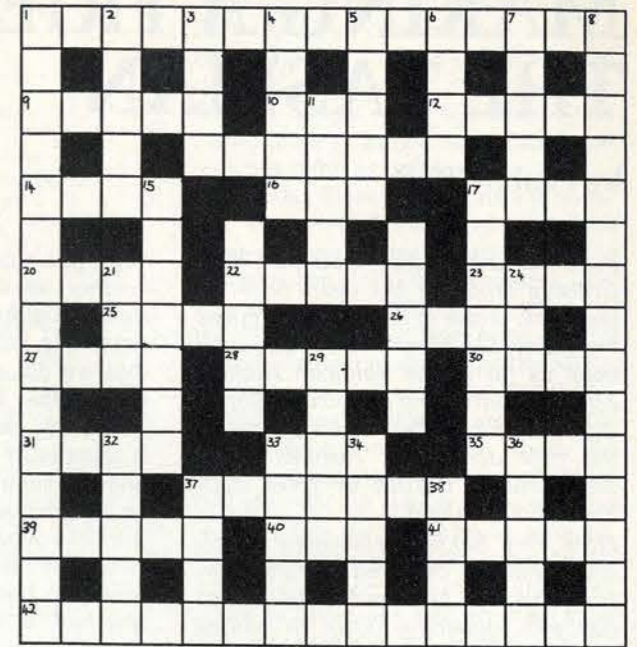
We present another of Captain Seaweed's Cryptic Crosswords, which some say are so cryptic as to be unsolvable. Judging from the number of correct entries received, there may be a grain of substance in the comment, but Seaweed has made this one easier for all of you yachting cretins. To prove it, Captain Seaweed is offering a copy of what he calls the 'book of the month', which is the Eric Hiscock title reviewed by John Hawley in *Offshore Signals* this issue. We also continue to offer a one year's subscription to *Australian Nautical News* for the first correct entry (as indicated by the earliest postmark on entries received through the post at 67 Beresford Road, Rose Bay, NSW 2029).

### Across

- Welcome to a new member who prefers beating to running.
- The law sometimes picks up this well-known sailor.
- This rig has only one sail.
- And this has only one mast.
- The owner of *Patrice III* seen in the glen by handsear
- Oscar — sounds Australian.
- Never say this unless addressing a princess.
- One of many baked and eaten in an ocean racer.
- This Miss beats a collision.
- Pass the end of the line through a cringle.
- Mother's sister sounds displeased.
- This long-lasting light sounds improved.
- George's assistant in steering.
- A great help in the re-leading of halyards.
- Ten of these directors makes a nautical mile.
- You may find this in a gin and tonic overturned; a sheltered anchorage.
- A meaningful thing in Greenwich.
- In wooden vessels, this used to run in the stem.
- Always veer away.
- One may be bound to leave.
- Found in 32 (above); bitter, if not melon.
- A member of our Navy.
- English twisted in the Golan Heights.
- Messenger, Mickleborough, etc. stopping one in three (7.8).

### Down

- A national ditty to sing to the dancing girl.
- A post in everyone welcome.
- What'sisname, pedantically.
- Code flag 'I' denotes this to the end.
- The lighthouse on Cap Griz Nez.
- or ribbon of honour.
- The watch getting wet on a windy day.
- One-time thoughtful error, putting one on the reef.
- In the centre of the banana I've eaten.
- Remove 22 across.



- The colour of 5 down.
- This guy sometimes holds a bit.
- Highfield made a good one.
- Easy as 2BL.
- A new way of getting in one over the eight.
- The best instruments are made by our sponsor (2.1.1.1).
- Ape, or copy parrot-fashion.
- March about on the mast.
- Member of UK Admiral's Cup team.
- I'm pretty hazy about this one.
- Not often dear friends.
- No dinghy painter, this Salvador.



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# MAKING A FRIENDSHIP WITH THE TASMAN

by Paul Seiffert

Paul and Celia Seiffert won the CYCA Cruising Trophy a few years back for their epic cruise in their 28 ft Compass Northerly, *Cia-Maria*. The cruise took them as far as the Solomon Islands. After an intervening period of living on dry land the Seifferts took off again, this time across the Tasman to the Marlborough district of New Zealand's South Island.

Here Paul Seiffert reminisces briefly about that trip, pestered for some considerable time by friends eager to see him put something down in writing about that adventure. (Or perhaps he is getting restless again?)

Would I be a poet, the most romantic ode I would write, on one of the most beautiful countries there is — Aotearoa, the land of the long white cloud. My Number One (she who has to be obeyed) and I had seen quite a bit of the world at large, yet had never been to New Zealand before. On our previous cruise of the Coral Sea we had met and befriended a number of New Zealanders in Queensland as well as in Papua New Guinea, the Solomon Islands, Vanuatu and New Caledonia, among them our dearest friends Jack and Helen Turnbull from Christchurch. Jack, one of New Zealand's yachting greats, had been Commodore of the Banks Peninsula Cruising Club in Littleton. When parting in Noumea in 1979 they left saying, with an enticing twinkle in their eyes, 'See you in New Zealand next'. With some sleight of hand, lamenting here of wasting precious time, and moaning there about getting older every day, I, in the end, succeeded in persuading my Number One to get *Cia-Maria* ready for 'only once again' for New Zealand. And, goodness us, would we ever regret it. Because it turned out to be the most glorious cruise we could have ever thought of and dreamed about. How much poorer would our lives be without this great adventure.

Fearing that my Number One might change her mind, I hurried to get underway. But we met with some staging troubles and had to delay our

departure until the beginning of December '82. On a glorious Sydney summer morning we sailed through the heads. So excitedly tense were we that we did not take much notice of the weather forecast which was for a 'southerly change in the afternoon'. It came with a bang and reminded us fast and smartly what the Tasman can be like, in case we needed that. It was the time when *El Nino* played havoc with the climatic balance of the Southern Hemisphere. From then on we had a heavy blow practically every two to three days, yet lasting in its worst usually not longer than eight to ten hours. In between, we even enjoyed one day of being becalmed, when we got some proper sextant readings.

We started to count our passage in *El Nino* (heavy) wind turbulences. After the third, just contemplating putting some more canvas back into action, the galley had served a delicious breakfast (to a hungry sailor, every serve is), the galley-boy gave *Cia-Maria* and me an unexpected surprise. My Number One, her heavy spectacles halfway down her nose, is looking intently and asking 'Would you not think we should return?' We had sailed by now roughly half the distance of our passage. For the first time we realised how this rhetorical question proved better than anything else, that we had become older since our great Coral Sea Cruise. Yet, my no! One could be easily and fully excused, if somebody would have gone through the previous stormy night, with us struggling and trying our best to get out of the way of the 'biggest tanker', dimly lit, like a ghost ship. That drama would have stirred the bone marrow of many more hardened sea dogs. Her meek starboard light appeared to bear almost straight at our port bow. What a relief when, after some considerably long time of anxious peering and much shouting, her port light came into view over our port quarter. And all this in a turbulent Tasman.

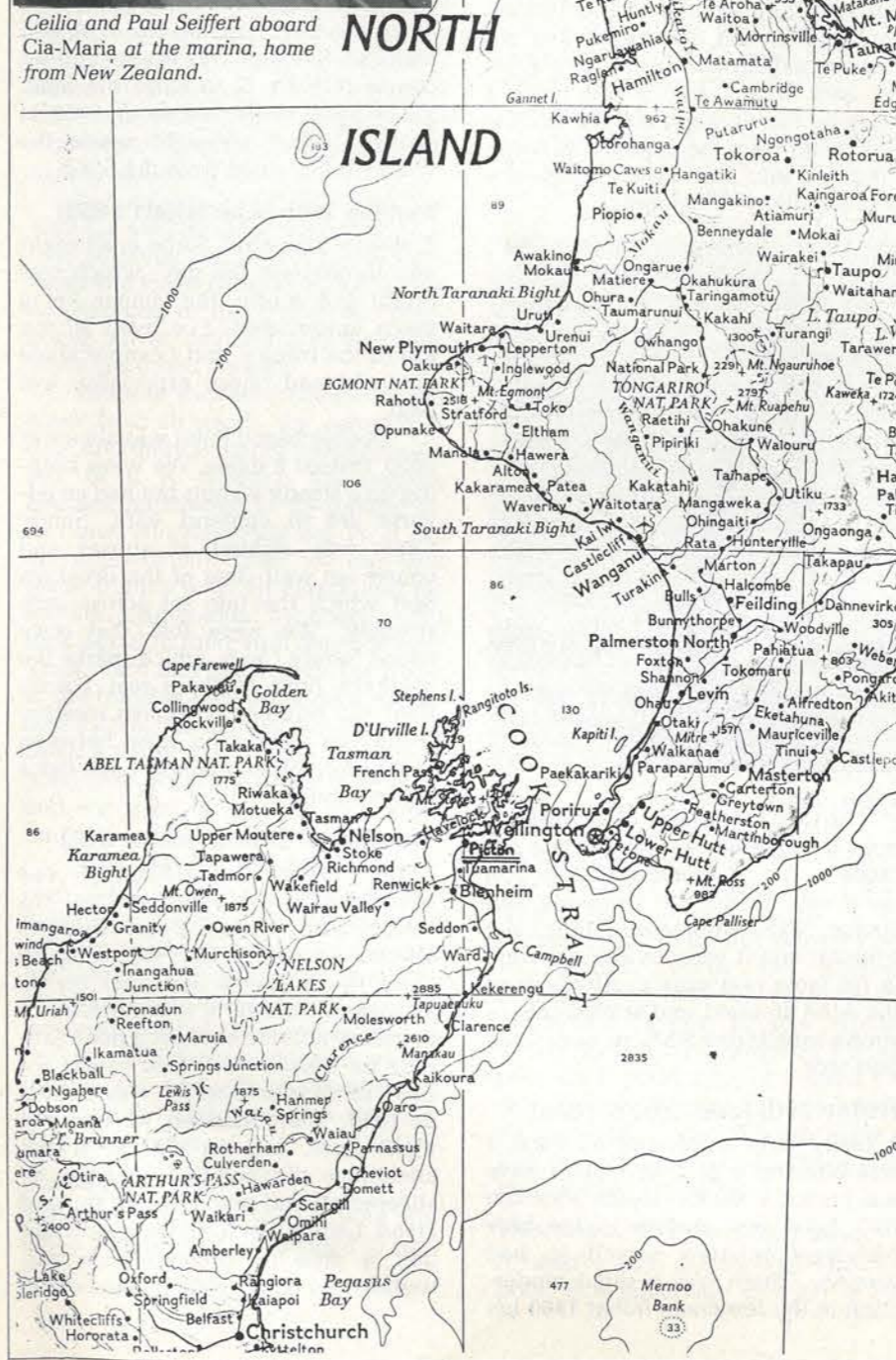
The only day of no wind was spent attending our motor. The fuel

line appeared to be blocked. Arms up to the elbows in grease, we got it working again. Our Autohelm, nevertheless, which had given up functioning two days earlier, did not respond to whatever we tried. This was the hardest loss, crossing more than half the Tasman without automatic steering. Yet, fortunately, *Cia-Maria* for most of the time steered herself, fairly well, as long as the wind stood to the south-east, which was most of the time, yet in the end accounting for our being blown off course more than a bit, as well. This was trying and wearing us down more than anything else. Having lost contact with our home radio beacons for some considerable time already, we were alone with the sea, our great friend. Only sometimes, on a clear night, we could still get a bearing to Norfolk Island radio, being more than 600 nautical miles away. Two souls, on a brave little ship called *Cia-Maria*, in the middle of the Tasman Sea, yet with a determined course, what could they care about all the troubles in the world, not of their making anyhow, were enjoying this truly great adventure, one of these rare spells of absolute, blissful freedom never to be weighed in by gold.

So it became quite exciting when the first New Zealand radio stations were coming in. Hokitika radio station was first, proving, more than obviously, how we had been sailing off course, too much to the south. Yet with Hokitika firmly on our Sea-Fix, changing course to north-east, we very soon heard the radio station of Westport. And from then on it was easy navigation again. We could have been much faster for many a day with the prevailing south-east wind blowing, if we would not have overjudged our drift to the north. And when in the following night the lighthouse of Westport, blinking away its code, made sure that our calculations were right, *Cia-Maria's* crew became almost rebellious, demanding, with threats of full mutiny, celebration, as if we were on a safe mooring already, in Picton, our intended port of entry,



Celia and Paul Seiffert aboard *Cia-Maria* at the marina, home from New Zealand.



still several hundred miles away. As our skipper rarely objects to a 'quiet little drink', so celebration it was, the champagne, so very generously donated to us before departing, was flowing freely, and the little drink lasted slightly longer than usual and was not quite as quiet either.

Under these conditions we made our way into Cook Strait, rounded Cape Farewell, kept in respectful distance of the Cape Farewell spit, and this all under a little jib, so blowy it was. This was the first taste of the usual weather conditions of the Strait. Having set course for Stephen's Island, Cape Farewell and its spit were well out of sight by then, the wind got stronger and we changed our little jib, on which alone we had been sailing for many hours already, for our storm jib. And some hours later, fortunately well out of sight and reach of land, we had to take even this off, being of no further use, to leave *Cia-Maria* on bare poles, which had never ever happened to us in 25 years of sailing experience. We were experiencing our first Cook Strait gale, which lasted exactly 35 hours, blowing us about twenty miles in a north-easterly direction. And all the time we plotted our position, having at least four radio beacons around us, on our Seafix.

On Boxing Day '82 morning we rounded Cape Jackson, passing between the light on a rocky outcrop offshore and the Cape (only because Jack had told us so in his last letter) and entered at long last the Queen Charlotte Sound. As it was already late afternoon by then, and Picton, our port of call, still some distance away, we started our engine, which unfortunately gave up its ghost soon after. So it was genuine sailing to Picton, experiencing for the first time the famous 'bullets' of strong gusts meeting you almost behind every headland of the Marlborough Sounds you pass. With the last of daylight we reached Picton, grabbed one of the empty swinging moorings in the harbour, fell into our bunks and that sleep of oblivion, to awake next day into the next chapter of our glorious cruise in the most beautiful country of the most beautiful people. It was only a few days away from the year of 1983, when our *Australia II* wrangled at long last that 'mug' from the Americans, for which many of our friends in New Zealand treated us as if we, 'the senior sea wanderers' (as we had been dubbed by a journalist in Brisbane), had done it all ourselves.

# MAHARANI'S BARRIER CRUISE

by Captain H.W.B. Livesay, RIN (Retd.)

We rejoin Maharani (perhaps better know simply as 'Rani' to many) on her Barrier Reef cruise in 1938. We left her last issue after she had just had a nasty introduction to the bar at the entrance to Moreton Bay. Having accepted some 'criminal' advice from a fishing trawler, Maharani very nearly ended up ashore when her engine cut out at a critical moment while negotiating mountainous breaking waves over the bar. Her skipper had nightmares that night. He is now awaiting the high tide in the river entrance opposite Moreton Island.

## Sunday 19th June

Whilst waiting for the flood to make, decks were washed down, a harbour stow put on, the jib and mainsail and everything aloft and aloft made ship-shape and Bristol fashion, and at 0930, under the RCC burgee, we proceeded up the 18 miles of river to Brisbane and arrived at the Town reach at noon. It is difficult for a stranger to know where to moor, especially on a Sunday, when there is no one about, as there are few yachts here and those mostly lie off various boatyards situated five miles below the city. Eventually we berthed alongside a pontoon.

Later I discovered the anchorage for yachts was off the public gardens, very convenient as it is close to the shopping centre, clubs, etc. We moved next day to Norman Wright's yard at Bulimba where several minor defects were made good.

[A gap of three days in the log.]

## Thursday 23rd June.

Sailed at 0710 after filling up with petrol. Had a very enjoyable stay here, thanks to the Royal Queensland Yacht Squadron, who made us honorary members, and to friends to whom we had had letters of introduction.

So now for Gladstone, about 320 miles north where my wife is to join us. She reached this decision after our departure from Sydney. A real touch of winter there was, I think, the deciding factor, coupled with the fact that we had, somewhat to our surprise, safely reached Brisbane. She will be a welcome addition to the crew as, apart from her culinary accomplishments, she is a good

yachtswoman. (She recently carried off the ladies' championship in India, gaining three firsts and a fourth in a series of four races.) She also performs well on the 'squeeze box' (piano accordion).

We left Moreton Bay by the same route we entered rather than take the northwest channel, as by this we were sooner in the open sea and able to make sail. In spite of my having had the carburettor off and examined and cleaned by an expert, the beastly engine spluttered and coughed incessantly, as it had coming in, and we hiccoughed our way over the 45 miles to open water. Also a nut worked loose by the vibration and the circulating water from the engine was being decanted into the bilges. A stop of a few minutes put this right.



Rani.

At 1520 being clear of all obstructions the engine was stopped and sail made — No. 2 jib and mainsail. The wind was SE light to moderate, our course NNE, barometer falling, sky overcast and it was obvious we were in for more rain squalls. After sunset the wind dropped, and at 2000 came a strong squall from NNE, so hove to on port tack.

## Friday 24th June. (chart 1069)

A really dirty night, and by 0400 it was blowing a gale. We could have run back for shelter inside Moreton Bay, but I was curious to see how Maharani behaved herself in bad weather. There was a slight moderation in the forenoon, but at 1400 hrs

it was blowing harder than ever. She lay about two and a half points off the wind, rode the seas well, and took only the spray aboard. At 1800 there were some very fierce squalls accompanied by lightning, thunder and torrents of rain, so as my No. 2 mainsail has only one reef, I took all sail off her, and she lay well with wind and sea two points forward of the beam. At 2200 it was all over and flat calm.

## Saturday 25th June (chart 1068)

The calm continued until 0900, barometer falling. Set sail, No. 2 jib and mainsail, to a light SW breeze and set course NW by N to close the land. Were again becalmed from 1700 to shortly before midnight when the wind strengthened from the SW.

## Sunday 26th June (chart 1068)

A steady SW wind, force 4, all night and throughout the day, which was bright and sunny, the change being much appreciated. I've lived all my life in the tropics, and I cannot abide the cold and, more especially, wet cold.

Double Island Point was abeam at 0620, distant 8 miles. We were keeping up a steady 5 knots but had an adverse set to contend with. Sandy Cape was sighted at sunset and course set well clear of the Breaksea Spit which the tide set across very strongly. We were told that once round Sandy Cape, which marks the southern limit of the Great Barrier Reef, our troubles as regards weather would be over. The area between Cape Moreton and Sandy Cape has a bad reputation.

## Monday 27th June (chart 345)

I apparently underestimated our speed during the night, and so was further north than I thought when we altered course to the westward to make the Breaksea Spit light vessel, as we saw no sign of it, so took a sun meridian altitude and got a noon latitude on which we altered course for Lady Elliot Island, which was sighted at 1330. Had intended to stay the night here, but on closing it the anchorage did not look inviting, so sheered off and set course for Bustard Head. Lady Elliot Island is a sand cay half a mile in circumference surrounded by coral reefs. It stands 15 ft

in height and is covered with a scrub and trees 50 ft in height.

## Tuesday 28th June (charts 345, 1900)

An enjoyable night, bright starlight, with light southerly wind; at dawn the sky became overcast. Passed Bustard Head half a mile off at 0900. Later the breeze died off and, having a three knot ebb against us, started the engine. Soon after, a light drizzling rain set in which obscured all landmarks, so we were obliged to navigate the 25 miles to Gladstone by compass courses and distance run.

Eventually we arrived off the town (one horse) and anchored in Auckland Creek abreast the first jetty. This is a well protected anchorage with good holding ground; the jetty is distant 50 yards and the town (principal hotel) half a mile. It boasts one street, two cinemas (open on alternate nights) and five pubs.

My wife was not due to arrive until the 4th July, so we employed the time in going out to fish off Bustard Head and made Pancake Creek on the eastern side of the Heads our base, going out at daylight and returning when we'd had enough.

There is excellent shelter in the creek from all winds, the entrance is easy and there is ample water for vessels of 6 ft draught; the leading beacons mentioned in the sailing directions (*Australia Pilot* Vol. IV, p. 37) are non-existent. Here we met and made friends with Alf Haack and his brother, professional fishermen, who took us out in their 40 ft diesel launch *Tropic Bird* and showed us the tricks of the trade as regards Spanish mackerel fishing; on a good day they will catch a ton of fish trolling with three handlines. They follow the fish north, and we were to meet again several times during our cruise.

Good weather [water?] is obtainable half a mile south of the boathouse, oysters are plentiful and fish can be netted either for the pot or for bait. Our bag comprised mackerel, tunny, snapper, bream and gar. We returned to Gladstone on July 3rd to find my wife eagerly awaiting our return, as she had arrived the previous day, and the best hotel was anything but comfortable.

## Monday 4th July

A horrible day, cold with driving rain and a bad forecast, so decided to wait a day.

## Tuesday 5th July (charts 1900, 345)

A much better day, so we sailed at 1430, with the ebb, under engine and proceeded via the north channel, setting sail at 1420 heading NW with a light SSW breeze, heading for Cape Capricorn, which was abeam at 2100. Billie produced a wonderful three-course dinner, a notable effort for her first day at sea.

## Wednesday 6th July (chart 363)

We hove to at 0200 to avoid approaching the Keppel Bay islands before daylight. The wind increased during the night and at 0630 we filled and bore away for Hummocky Island anchoring in the north bay in two fathoms. This island was not a good choice, it being comparatively bare and uninteresting.

From now on it was our intention to make an anchorage every evening for two reasons, firstly, the tides are strong and very irregular in direction, whilst visibility during the prevailing south-easterlies is usually poor due to haze, so it is courting disaster to sail at night in localities where there was seldom 10 miles sea room between reefs, rocks and islands. If making a direct passage following the steamer routes it would be safe to do so, but our intention was to go next to wherever the whim of the moment took us. Secondly, if sailing at night, a good deal of the scenic beauty of these parts would be missed.

Whilst on the subject of tides let me say that in these regions too much attention cannot be paid to them for, whilst they generally follow the directions as shown on the charts, in narrow passages and islands amongst the reefs they follow the directions of these channels; also, strong eddies will frequently flow in a contrary direction, particularly where a passage is obstructed by an island, as, for instance, at Kennedy Sound in the Cumberland Group the ebb tide sets NE between Shaw and Seaforth Islands whilst between Seaforth and Lindeman Islands it sets equally strong in a westerly direction. I've experienced spring tides of 5 knots velocity frequently; in light winds with an unreliable engine it is advisable to give the very narrow passages a wide berth during spring tides.

## Thursday 7th July (chart 363)

A beastly day, raining and visibility poor. Got underway at 0900 to run

## Maharani's Barrier Reef Cruise

NW to Great Keppel Island; a moderate to heavy sea. Had intended passing up the west side and rounding Middle Island, but visibility being bad and the certainty of a nasty sea over the shallows, decided to approach NW Bay from eastward. With her propeller offset to port Maharani can be a brute to handle with a strong wind on her port quarter, so when making anchages under these conditions, as in this case, I would take in the mainsail and run in under the jib; with here mast stepped far back and the jib tack being five feet abaft the stem head she would go to windward under jib alone. We brought up in NW Bay at 1245 and after lunch we went ashore to pay our respects to Mrs Leake, the lessee of the island.

Of the islands inside the Great Barrier Reef, those suitable for running sheep or for tourist resorts are inhabited; in earlier days some were sold outright by the Queensland Government; others have a 99 years lease, but nowadays short term leases only are granted, and almost all of those not occupied have recently been proclaimed National Parks which precludes settlers but allows anyone to land and camp on them. Mrs Leake has 1500 sheep on Great Keppel and resides here part of the year with a fourteen year old native boy as her sole companion. The house is approached up the creek (1 mile) which dries out at half tide. Good water is obtainable near the house. *To be continued.*

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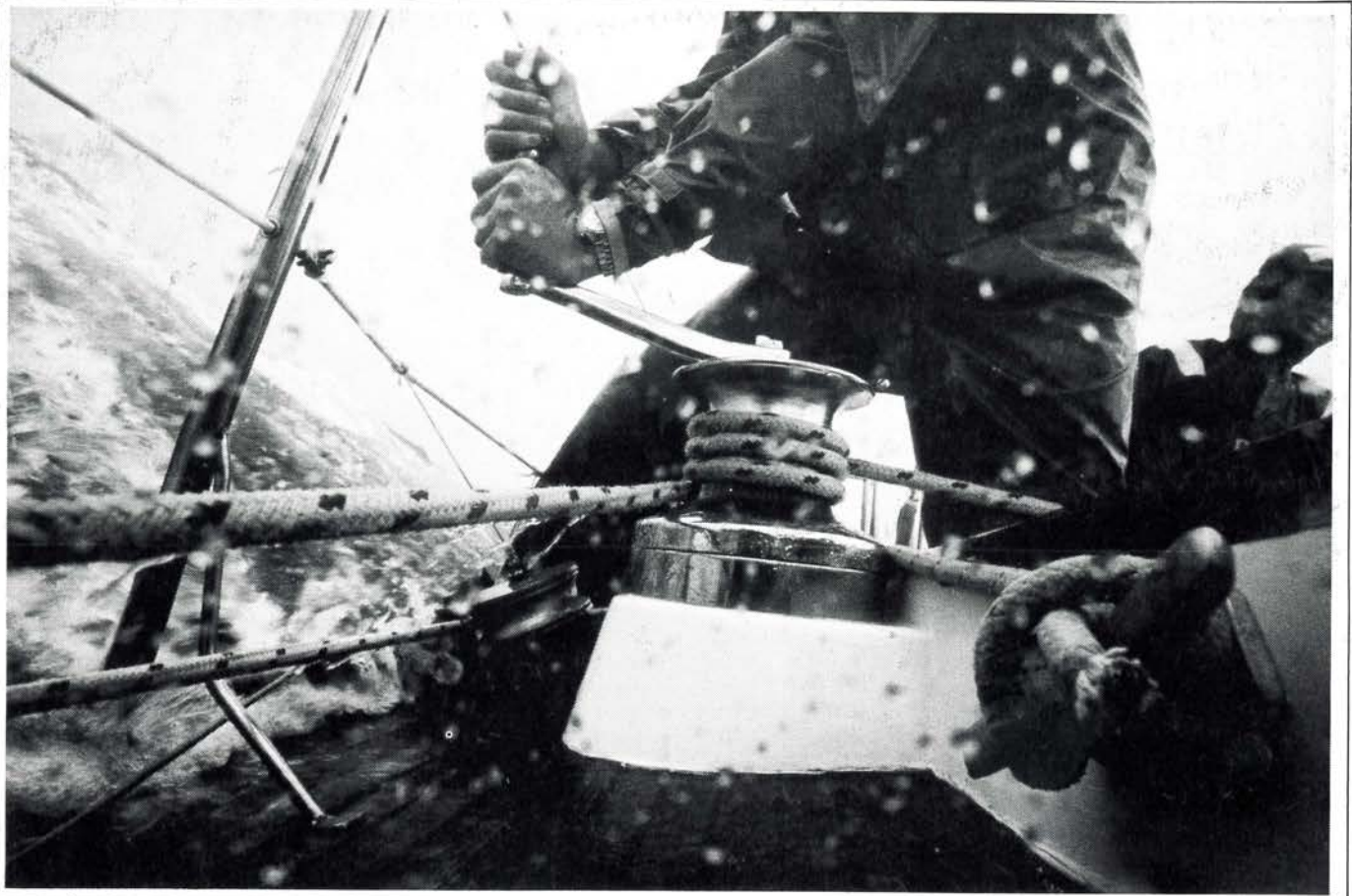
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