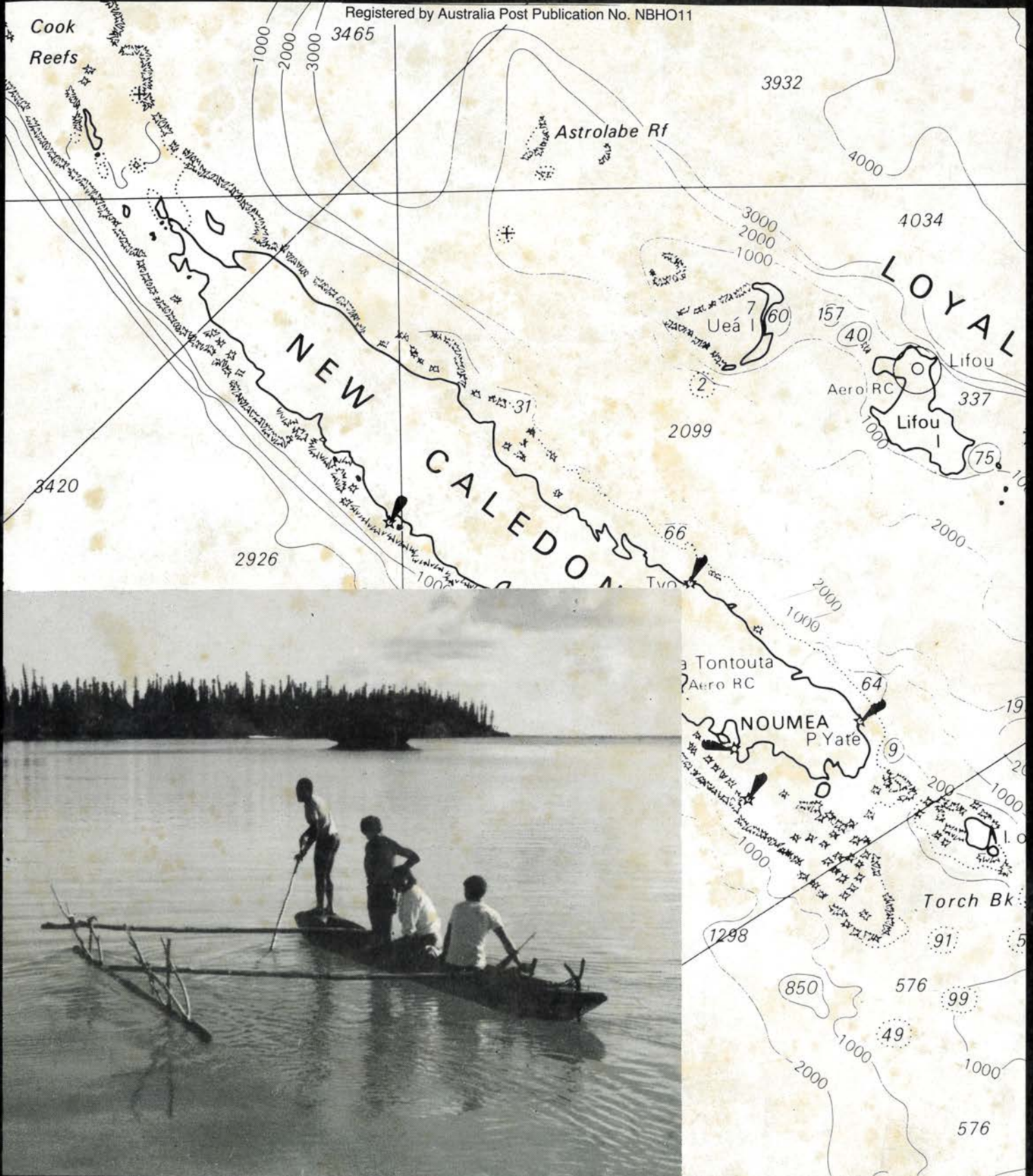


# OFFSHORE

NUMBER 71

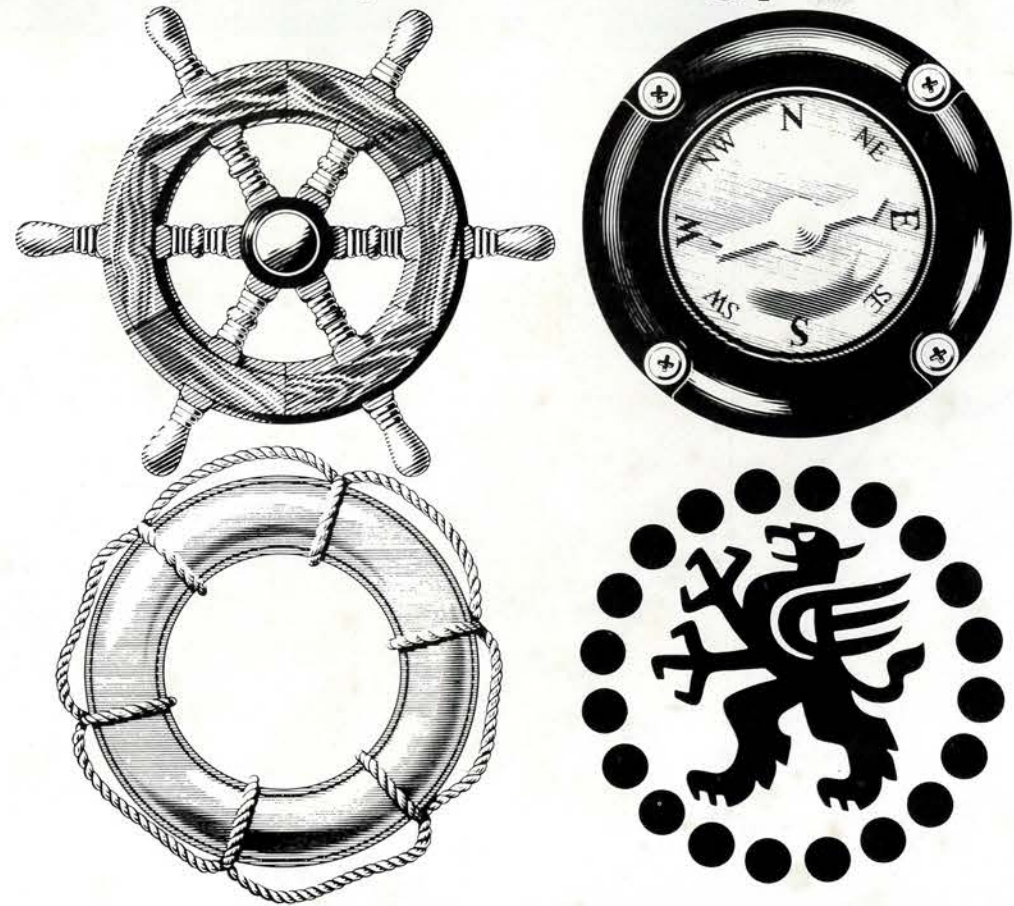
MAY 1983

\$1.00





# Looking for finance to improve your boating pleasure?



## Associated Midland. We'll make it smooth sailing.

If you're a keen sailor, fond fisherman or just enjoy a cruise, you're probably keen to improve your equipment and keep it right up-to-date.

Associated Midland makes loans for all types of marine craft and accessories. They can help you out with a new boat, motor, trailer, a better set of sails or even a complete refit.

Associated Midland's financial facilities are arranged to suit a budget. And our staff will happily suggest the best, most convenient and easiest way to make repayments.

So if you're looking for boating finance, contact Peter Kemp on 2-0243. Associated Midland will help you keep your head above water.

### Associated Midland Corporation Limited

A subsidiary of the Midland Bank Ltd.  
Licensed Moneylender Licensed Credit Provider



Safe and sound, with a heart of gold.

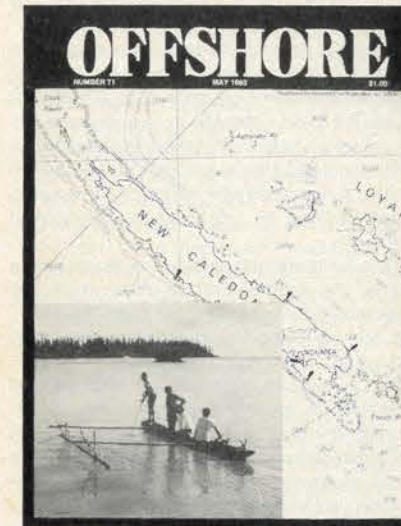
SSB/AM/148

# OFFSHORE

Number 71

April-May 1983

## CONTENTS



Cover: With the Australia-New Caledonia Race coming up in a few weeks' time, many will be considering the delights of a leisurely cruise amongst the coral of the Ile des Pins and Ouvea atoll in the Loyalties. Pictured is a New Caledonian pirogue (outrigger canoe), photographed by Jeannette York on a cruise she and her husband, Mick, made to New Caledonia last year (see story beginning page 8).

OFFSHORE is published every two months by the Cruising Yacht Club of Australia, New Beach Road, Rushcutters Bay, NSW 2011, Australia. Telephone (02) 32-9731; Cables 'SEAWYSEA'; Telex AA72278 'SEWYSE'.

Editor: David Colfelt

Advertising and Editorial correspondence should be directed to: The Editor, OFFSHORE, % The Cruising Yacht Club of Australia.

Subscriptions: Australia \$13.95, overseas \$A16.95 for six issues. Air mail rate available on application.

\*Recommended price only.

Printed by Maxwell Printing Company Pty. Ltd., Alexandria, NSW.

Registered for posting as a publication - Category (B).

<b>Offshore Signals.</b>	2
Admiral's Cup Selection; Letters; CYCA's Gossen breaks world records; Liferaft recall; Navy crewmen available; Sydney-Mooloolaba report; Coast-watch; reciprocal rights with Southport Yacht Club; invitation from Waikiki.	
<b>Biggles' Column</b>	5
America's and Admiral's Cup preparations.	
<b>Racing Rounds</b>	6
Admiral's Cup selection; Sydney-Mooloolaba notes.	
<b>A cruise to New Caledonia</b>	8
Mick and Jeannette York take <i>Rockhopper</i> to New Caledonia via Lord Howe Island for a memorable cruise amongst the coral of the Ile des Pins, the Loyalties and New Caledonia's east coast.	
<b>Clipper Ship Sailing</b>	17
Robert McNeill's own story, from a hand-written manuscript, of how he went the clipper way. An engaging tale of a boy's adventures, this is the first part of a new serial, with illustrations by Peter Harrigan.	
<b>Southerly's '58 Hobart Race</b>	21
Alan Campbell was moved by the story of <i>Southerly</i> in last October's issue of <i>Offshore</i> to write of this yacht's now famous '58 Hobart.	
<b>Tonnage Measurement</b>	23
Bernie Hamill clears some of the foggy air surrounding tonnage measurement in ships.	
<b>A South Pacific Rum and Scallop Pie Tasting</b>	24
Another CYCA first, sponsored by that best-known of Australian Yachtsmen's charities, the Q.L.D., a rum and pie tasting evening.	



# OFFSHORE SIGNALS



## VALE

Phillip Baker  
Richard Connelly  
John Tavener  
Martin White

All CYCA Members join the Flag Officers, Board of Directors and Staff of the Club in expressing deepest sympathy to the relatives and friends of the four yachtsmen listed above who were tragically lost on Friday, April 15th 1983 during the Tasman Cup Race. The Club also wishes to thank the Water Police of New South Wales and all those organisations and Members who assisted in the long and difficult search for the missing men.

## AYF Statement A C Selection

The Australian Yachting Federation is greatly concerned that media reporting has tended to label the AYF's Admiral's Cup Selectors as the bureaucratic villains of the piece, with 'less than clear' selection policies in picking the Admiral's Cup team. The following facts will clarify the position.

*Shockwave* was, in the end, not considered for the team on the fundamental grounds that she failed to compete in the last of the trial races, a 310 mile ocean race in Bass Strait.

The yacht's owner, New Zealander Neville Crichton, first claimed that the yacht's steering was defective and unsafe. Indeed he was reported by the press as saying that the safety of the yacht and the crew would be at risk if she competed in Bass Strait. Two of the five selectors — men with over 20 years of offshore experience each and a total of over 50 Sydney-Hobart Races between them — made a detailed inspection of the steering and rejected Crichton's claims. It is worth noting also that from the time the matter was raised, no attempt was made to do any work on the 'defective steering'.

Neville Crichton's next assertion was that a majority vote of the crew had decided that the boat should not start in the race. This the

selectors rejected also.

It does get rough in Bass Strait sometimes, and that is exactly why the selectors scheduled a long trials race out there, because it can also get pretty rough in the Fastnet Race in England, as any yachtsman well knows.

How would the Australian Admiral's Cup challenge fare if one of the team boats, when in England, decided on the basis of a crew vote, not to start in the Fastnet Race because it might be a bit rough!?

All the other boats in the running for the team did in fact start and finish the long race from which *Shockwave* withdrew.

There may have been some other reason why Mr Crichton did not want the boat to go to sea. But if there was, the selectors were not a party to the information. The fact remains that the selectors viewed the matter so seriously, as is their right, that the boat was not considered for selection.

Much has also been said in the press that the boat's entry in the trials, in the joint names of Mike Bell as Charterer and Neville Crichton as owner was, and should have been, adequate. This is not so.

The joint entry, dated 24th December 1982, was made on the basis of the published Notice of Race. The joint entry was accepted ONLY on the ADDITIONAL condition that to be eligible for selection a copy of the Charter Agreement between Messrs Bell and Crichton was forthcoming to ensure that the boat was under the ultimate control of an Australian national. This procedure is standard practice world wide.

The Ocean Racing Club of Australia, delegated as the managing authority for the trials by the AYF, contacted Mr Bell by telephone on 18th January 1983, and confirmed this in writing to Messrs Bell and Crichton on 24th January 1983. As no reply had been received, ORCA wrote again on 4th February 1983 repeating its request for, among other information, "Copy of Charter between M. Bell and N. Crichton". The letter of 4th February goes further and in referring to the obligation to provide the requested information says "Failure to receive the full obligations will render your entry invalid".

Certainly the first letter, and probably the second one also, were forwarded BEFORE the yacht left New Zealand to come over for the trials.

It must be borne in mind that since the very first Australian challenge for the Admiral's Cup in 1965, we have never had a trials entry of a boat owned by a non-National.

Thus, a ruling was given at first verbally and then in writing, not once, but twice, as to the requirements of ORCA and the AYF.

Further, on Tuesday 8th February 1983, a meeting was held in the AYF office in Sydney. Attending were Tony Mooney, Executive Director of the AYF, Jim Robson-Scott, Chairman of the AYF Offshore Committee (and a selector), Tony De Young, a director of ORCA, and Mike Bell, the Australian National who was chartering the boat.

Again, it was clearly laid down what the AYF requirements were and as a direct result of this meeting, Mike Bell had a charter drawn up by a Sydney solicitor who forwarded to the AYF an unsigned copy of same. The indication was that Mr Crichton would sign the agreement (with or without the sort of amendments that usually happen

in such circumstances) when he arrived in Australia just before the commencement of the trials.

It is history now that the charter agreement was never signed. Indeed, after four meetings in two days between Messrs Bell, Crichton and the five selectors, it became obvious that even in any amended form, no charter agreement would in fact be signed.

In an attempt to overcome Mr Crichton's stated objections to the 'fine print' of the original charter document, the selectors did some redrafting themselves. Regrettably, this was to no avail as it appeared that the principle of having any form of charter was not acceptable to Mr Crichton.

The selectors were unable to reconcile this position with the correspondence from the ORCA to the parties and the meeting in the AYF office and in the absence of a signed charter agreement the boat, if selected, would be under the ultimate control of a non-Australian national, which was unacceptable to the AYF and ORCA.

When an Australian football team is in the process of being picked, the star fullback does not decide of his own accord which of the trials he will compete in, nor does he tell the selectors how to run the trials. Indeed, if he is selected in the team, neither can he tell the team management which of the touring team matches he will play in or on what conditions.

It is a fundamental axiom of all team sports that 'for the general welfare of the sport, the sport must always be bigger than the man'. The Admiral's Cup is very much a team sport and, as such, the axiom applies.

The Australian Yachting Federation and the selectors greatly regret that the wholehearted effort of the composite Australian and New Zealand crew on *Shockwave* was not to be rewarded with an Australian coat-of-arms on their yachting jackets. ●

## Letters

### Shockwave

The Editor, *Offshore*,

After reading many reports in the press regarding the 'Shockwave affair' and, finally, the official press release (unsigned), I thought you and my fellow CYCA Members might be interested in the 'affair' from the helmsman's point of view.

This letter is mainly prompted by what I believe to be the Selectors' official press release; however, as I have already mentioned, my copy is unsigned.

Firstly, the release states that "Two of the five selectors — men with over twenty years of offshore experience each — and with a combined total of over 50 Sydney-Hobart races between them — made a detailed inspection of the steering and rejected Crichton's claim. It is worth noting also that from the time the matter was raised no attempt was made to do any work on the 'defective steering'".

My comment is this. I do not think it necessarily follows that men with twenty years of offshore experience know anything about yacht steering systems or, more particularly, the exotic materials being used in today's modern ocean racers. Secondly, to state the

fact that these two gentlemen have done fifty Sydney-Hobarts between them has nothing to do with examining yacht steering systems. (I note here when comparing the number of Sydney-Hobart races one has done, one should consider Mr Ted Turner's experience which includes winning a Fastnet Race, skippering an America's Cup defender and winning a Sydney-Hobart Race. To my knowledge, this gentleman has only competed in three Sydney-Hobart races!)

To continue, the press release states "*Shockwave* was, in the end, not considered for the team on the fundamental grounds that she failed to compete in the last of the Trial races, a 310-mile in Bass Strait.

*Shockwave* did not start in the last race because of defective steering. This history of the steering is as follows.

Two days before the trials began, *Shockwave* went sailing for crew training and familiarisation with the yacht. When tight spinnaker reaching back towards the yacht club, I commented while driving that the steering felt 'funny'. No sooner were the words out of my mouth, I lost control of the yacht and she rounded up. On inspection, the steering wires had dropped the quadrant. The reason for this was suspected to be stretched wires after crossing the Tasman Sea.

The trials began. After day two the steering systems (and indeed all working parts of the yacht) were inspected revealing a damaged turning block that was tearing away from its own bracket. This was repaired.

*Shockwave* then started in the 120-mile race. On the third leg, a square run with 30 knots across the deck, we ran down a wave into the next one and eventually rounded up with the steering noisily complaining. Upon inspection with a flashlight it was noticed that the carbon fibre base the turning blocks are attached to was distorting under load. After the race the turning blocks were pulled down and an aluminium base plate with strengthening ties between the two turning blocks was fabricated and fitted. (This took until 2.30 the following morning).

*Shockwave* then continued the series. During the last 30-mile triangle race on the first spinnaker reach (approximately 15-20 knots across the deck) the steering once again felt 'funny'. When you pulled the yacht away during a puff, the steering would suddenly become firmer; then, as you steered back up towards the breeze (even if you were still pressured up) it would remain firm. Further, when you weren't expecting it, the steering would become lighter again. This was confirmed when Graham Jones steered the yacht.

The above made us suspect that the top bearing of the rudder stock was defective. *Shockwave* was also leaking more than previously in this area. The steering became progressively worse during the feeder race and so too did the amount of water she was shipping.

The press release goes on to state that "Neville Crichton's next assertion was that a majority vote of the crew had decided that the boat should not start in the race. This the selectors rejected also."

This is so. At approximately 6.00 p.m., after the 30-mile triangle race, Neville Crichton held a crew meeting asking each of the crew members their opinions considering the following:

1. It was now 6.00 p.m.
2. The feeder race was starting the next morning.
3. The 310-mile race was starting the day after that.
4. *Shockwave* had proved herself in the 120-mile race in 40-50 knot winds with seas far worse in Port Phillip Bay than at sea.
5. *Shockwave* couldn't be beaten on the unofficial points score whether she started in the 310-mile race or not.
6. There was a gale warning for the 310-mile race.

The crew majority vote was that *Shockwave* would not start in the 310-mile race because of the state of the steering, under AYF Rule 2.0, Owner's Responsibility.

That same afternoon two of the selectors inspected the steering without the owner's permission. This 'detailed inspection' took approximately five minutes and concentrated on the turning block area which had been corrected. It is interesting to note here that the steering wheel was not even put hard over and neither of the two helmsmen for the series was interviewed regarding the problem.

The press release moves on to the joint ownership/charter agreement. I was not as closely associated with this side of the campaign, but, as I understand them, these are the facts.

The entry, dated some time in December 1982, and entry fee for the trials were accepted in December 1982. The yacht was then sent on her way to Australia. On reading the press release, I see there was some verbal and written correspondence regarding a charter agreement. Mr Crichton, in the meantime, sent a telex to the effect that he was very happy to go along with any decisions made by the Team Captain and/or Manager if *Shockwave* was selected. On arriving in Melbourne Mr Bell and Mr Crichton asked Mr Tony De Young if all paper work was in order. They were informed that it was. I believe Mr De Young was asked the same question by the Selection Committee and he replied in the affirmative.

Mr Crichton did not sign a charter agreement because he wanted control of his yacht to be under the Team Captain and Manager, as stated in his telex, and as he stated, "I haven't spent this amount of money to be a crewman."

It is interesting to note that the Notice of Race for the Admiral's Cup Trials 1983 states only that one half the crew must be nationals and that a national must steer the yacht in the short races. Nowhere is it stated that the yacht must be nationally owned. Mr Crichton could therefore see no valid reason for signing a charter agreement.

Unfortunately *Shockwave* has not been chosen to represent Australia and the inter-country cooperation that was happening amongst the crew has been lost. It seems like we have successfully 'bowled them underarm' again.

After the exclusion of *Shockwave*, the next three yachts as per the unofficial points score were selected to represent Australia in the Admiral's Cup 1983.

To the 1983 Admiral's Cup Team, congratulations on being selected and good luck.

Yours sincerely,  
Greg Gilliam  
Helmsman of *Shockwave*

## Offshore Signals

P.S. Where is *Shockwave* now? She is in a Sydney marina after completion of repairs and preventive maintenance, including reworking of the steering system.

### Reciprocity with Southport Yacht Club

MacArthur Parade  
Main Beach, Gold Coast

The General Manager,  
Cruising Yacht Club of Australia

It was resolved at the recent Executive Meeting to accept with pleasure your Club's offer of reciprocity, as mentioned in your Commodore's letter to us of 15th February, 1983.

As we both share the same aims for the future of Sydney-Southport sailing with the eventual stabilization of the Bar, it is most appropriate that we also share the fellowship of our Members.

Looking forward to many pleasant exchanges.

Yours faithfully,  
SOUTHPORT YACHT CLUB  
Scott Ridoutt, Secretary/Manager

## Gosson sets two records

The third leg, from Sydney to Rio, of the British Oxygen Company's single-handed around the world yacht race was fraught with difficulties, most competitors experiencing at least one knock-down and severe gear failure. World records also tumbled, with CYCA entrant Nev Gosson, in his *Leda Pier One*, setting two.

Nev's records were verified by Nobby Clark in the UK; he now holds "the fastest time for single-handed true circumnavigation (mono-hull)" (187 days 14 hours 13 minutes) and "fastest speed for singlehanded true circumnavigation (mono-hull) east-about" (25,438 miles in 187 days for an average 135.59 miles per day).

First to finish the third leg was Philippe Jeantot in his 17 m *Credit Agricole* (he also set a record for the fastest time single-handed Australia to Cape Horn, covering the 5709 miles in 29 days 23 hours, for an average 190.6 miles per day).

*Skojern III* (Jacques de Roux) was lost when rolled 360°, and *City of Dunedin* (Dick McBride) went aground on East Falkland Island.

Bertie Reed in *Altech Voortrekker* took second place in Rio.

Gosson arrived in Rio at 1411 hrs on 16 March after spending the previous 24 hours tacking back and forth toward Rio's harbour in winds of less than five knots.

Nev was progressing well in the first three weeks of the trip, but he encountered a severe storm on 8 February in the Southern Ocean with force 12 winds. It was the same storm that hit fellow competitor Jacques de Roux the next night and forced him to abandon his ship.

"I was down below heating some water when all of a sudden my feet just flew out from under me," Nev said. "As the boat turned over, I was thrown across the cabin and hit my head on the back of a piece of wood on the other side of the boat. I left a good dent in that woodwork. Then I flew up ▶



## Offshore Signals

into the air again and landed on my spine. When it was over, the teapot from the stove landed on top of me, dripping warm water slowly from its spout." When *Leda Pier One* finally righted, the boat was full of water. Nev could barely move because he had hit his back and head so hard.

The inside of the boat was a jigsaw puzzle; everything was everywhere. He had lost most of his power — enough left for four days' radio transmission. A chainplate on the port side had pulled out taking the ribbing from the aluminium hull with it. The deck was rising and falling as the high winds put tension on the mast.

He took pain-killing drugs and slept so soundly that he missed his next radio sked; that was the one when he was to be asked to go the assistance of Jacques de Roux, who had activated the automatic MAYDAY caller on his ARGOS position indicator. Twenty-four hours later he was told of *Skojern III's* plight, and he turned around to look for the stricken Frenchman. "I want to apologise to Jacques," he said. "If I hadn't missed that call I could have turned around right away." In the event, competitor Richard Broadhead rescued de Roux. Gosson said he had tried to contact ham radio operators in charge of the rescue but he couldn't get through. He heard Broadhead say on the radio that he had found de Roux, but he couldn't make contact himself, and a day later Nev's radio went dead for the remaining five weeks of the trip.

He rounded the Horn in 50-knot winds, snow and hail. "It was a terrible trip," he said, "one gale after another." ●

## Coastwatch

COASTWATCH encourages the seagoing public to play an active part in Australia's civil coastal surveillance program.

Yachtsmen can help combat threats posed by: the introduction of serious diseases introduced by smuggling of foreign animals and plants; illegal foreign fishing activities; illegal immigration; and other matters of concern, by reporting:

- information about or signs of unauthorised landings on the coast by people from other countries
- unusual or suspicious activities by aircraft of vessels in coastal areas
- any matters of quarantine and customs concern such as the illegal import or export of drugs, animals, plants and food
- rendezvous at sea between foreign and Australian vessels
- suspected breaches of Australian fisheries law such as illegal fishing by foreign vessels
- vessels or people who may be in difficulties at sea
- oil pollution at sea.

Reports should be passed to COASTWATCH Canberra, free of charge through any OTC Coast Radio Station. Vessels not equipped to work CSRs but which carry CB or other radio equipment should pass reports to the appropriate base station with a request that the report be telephoned to Coastwatch Canberra on (062) 477-6666, free STD or reverse charge trunk call. People calling from public telephones should seek operator assistance to make a reverse charge trunk call.

The COASTWATCH Centre receives and assesses reports 24 hours a day and ensures that responsible authorities are kept informed. ●

## Liferaft Recall

A number of inflatable liferafts manufactured by Beaufort Air-Sea Equipment Pty. Ltd. of Cabramatta, NSW have been found defective during annual servicing. The liferafts concerned are constructed of nylon/butyl/nylon fabric and seam failure has been evident in inflation tests.

The Department of Transport and Construction has sent notification dated January 1983 that certain Beaufort liferafts which are carried on ships subject to the Commonwealth Navigation Act, are to be removed from these ships not later than 1 September 1983 when approval of these liferafts will be withdrawn. The rafts should be removed as early as possible. Beaufort will commence a phased withdrawal program from 1 March 1983. As rafts are submitted for annual survey or for the six monthly inspection required by the recall programme during the period to 31 August 1983 they will be replaced with new rafts.

A list of the serial numbers in question is held in the Sailing Office by Bernie Hamill; it is too lengthy to reproduce here.

Owners of rafts with these serial numbers which are carried on pleasure craft not subject of control by the State or Northern Territory Marine authorities are advised to take action as described. ●

## Navy crew

A letter to the Sailing Committee from the Royal Australian Navy outlines the navy's plans to expand its sail training programme. The navy is anxious to find crew berths for a number of its best young yachtsmen during November, December and January, especially in yachts racing to Hobart. The letter notes that there would be several advantages to an owner taking a midshipman, including guaranteed availability, fitness, ability to pay own way, some knowledge of coastal navigation.

Anyone interested should get in touch with Lieutenant D.R. Harvey, Sailing Officer, at HMAS Creswell, Jervis Bay 2540 (044) 42-1011, ext. 384, or after hours on (044) 42-1053. ●

## Sydney-Mooloolaba 1983

From Frank Sticovich—The Sydney-Mooloolaba Race has been described by many as the most pleasant race in the calendar, and with purpose the organisers, Middle Harbour Yacht Club, have used this description in their race promotion. Certainly, sailing north to the sunshine when the winter is knocking on Sydney's door is a pleasant suggestion.

This was my first Mooloolaba Race, and I must admit that I enjoyed it thoroughly. It really opened my eyes to the importance of daring tactics, accurate navigation and dedication to shaving rocks, islands and beaches along the coast (someone called it 'rock-dodging'). Perhaps the formidable scenery added to the attraction of sailing close to the shore.

On board *Helsal II* we were concerned

with defending the line honours/handicap double achieved by the boat last year and, moreover, with keeping ourselves ahead of *Apollo* to ensure some consistency of line honours wins as had been done for the past three years.

Although there were 59 entrants in the race, to us it was going to be a two-boat race. In our corner there was *Helsal II*, a three-quarter rig, lightweight downwind flyer, and in the other corner, the greenhulled, masthead-rigged *Apollo*, which had been lightened before the Hobart and which was racing extremely well.

The start was promising. Strong northwesterlies provided a spectacular spinnaker take-off. *Apollo* was first yacht around North Head, followed by us some 300 metres behind. Kites were dowsed and we put up cutter gear to speed us up the coast doing 12 to 14 knots. We managed to pass *Apollo* off Broken Bay, and in three and a half hours we were abeam of Bird Island; Cabbage Tree Island was abeam some four hours later.

During the first night, the lead was twice exchanged with *Apollo*, and at early light we were off Tuncurry, *Apollo* slightly ahead. *Sweet Caroline*, which was leading the next bunch of yachts, was some eight miles behind. The wind had abated considerably during the night and many sail changes were made.

Mid-morning we were off Diamond Head, sailing in very light southeast breezes. Progress was slow, and on the horizon we could see the smaller yachts approaching. *Apollo* got further ahead. It took us all day to reach Smokey Cape with no sign of any breeze. The frustration was made worse by watching *Sweet Caroline* approaching from the south and *Apollo* getting away in front with a full spinnaker up.

Early Friday morning the breeze came in from the south and built up to 15 knots. This wind took us to Coffs Harbour, where we gybed for South Solitary Island. We were two miles past it at the time of the morning sked, with no sign of *Apollo* or anybody else around the horizon. In the sked *Apollo* put herself eleven miles in front.

The wind increased to 20 knots around noon. We gybed close off Yamba and took off at 15 to 17 knots, gibing patrons at the Pacific Hotel something to talk about whilst having their lunchtime schooner. By mid-afternoon we were off Lennox Head, where we found the set going against us, and we took a course inshore. Unfortunately the breeze lightened until we reached Byron Bay Lighthouse; it then kicked in from the south-east and we approached Point Danger keeping a good lookout for reefs and shallows until we scraped past Cook Island.

That night the southeasterly strengthened some more, and we were coping gusts of 30 knots plus off Southport. We gybed at Point Lookout and gybed again to lay Moreton Light, a fast spinnaker reach across the bay (speeds off the clock — over 20 knots — twice). Still no sign of *Apollo* ahead. We gybed around Point Cartwright and were across the finishing line at 0516 hrs. (*Apollo* finished at 0413 hrs.)

We moored at the new Mooloolaba Yacht Club Marina, which is very impressive, were welcomed by Commodore John Gleeson, and we joined the *Apollo* boys for a few tinnies of the local brew. ●



## BIGGLES' COLUMN

by John Brooks

Early this year, in the *Bulletin*, Phillip Adams reported the latest scientific scare, namely the rapidly depleting gravity reserves in the world. "Gravity is losing its grip" Adams wrote, and it is interesting to note that to date, not one scientific authority has been confident enough to publicly deny the Adams exposé.

When you consider the catastrophic results that a weakening gravity field implies for yachting, it is obvious that something has to be done before fading gravity wreaks havoc with IOR ratings and the like, as if we don't have enough trouble with IOR measurement as it is. It is almost enough to make you give up yachting and take on some sport where gravity might not be so important and the lack of it might even be an advantage — mountain climbing, for instance.

All of which only goes to prove two things: nothing of any weight is ever discussed in this column, and I am short of copy for this issue.

The three Australian challengers for the America's Cup, *Advance*, *Australia* and *Challenge*, were to be shipped off to Newport in April. *Australia* and *Challenge* put on a dazzling display on Port

Phillip Bay during the Westpac Challenge Trophy, impressing all who saw them with their advanced state of preparation, crew work and boat speed.

The hot line from Newport suggest that the Americans are getting distinctly edgy about the good vibes coming out of the Australian 12 metre camps, and well they might be. By the time the Australian twelves complete the working up process and elimination trials, at Newport, they will be better prepared than any previous challengers. Moreover, experienced observers rate them as our best chance ever to give the competition a real shake.

In best America's Cup tradition *Advance* remains something of a mystery in relation to the other two, but she seemed to be moving well in the latter stages of her training on Sydney Harbour. Syd Fischer's team say that they have seen the development programme add a small increment of boat speed to *Advance* with every modification they have made, and they are leaving for Newport with a lot of confidence.

*Advance's* crew, named in a press release of April 5, is as follows: Iain Murray (helmsman), Graham Newland (tactician), Tony Bellingham, David Brittain, Greg Cavill, Matthew Coleman, Ian Dodds, Bruce Edwards, Rick Mcgrath, Kim Sheridan, Paul Westlake, Andrew York. She has a back-up crew of seven, an administration and technical team of eight headed by Project Director Syd Fischer. Fischer's comments on the crew: "It is a comparatively young crew, but one with a great deal of sailing experience and a winning attitude, that quality which is the one that counts when the gun goes."

ORCA, which does seem adept at generating controversy in its team selection process, did it again this year. The ripples from the *Shockwave* ruling are still spreading, and never was a yacht more aptly named. There are so many versions of what happened floating around that it is not easy to sort out the facts. The AYF's press release [see *Offshore Signals*, this issue — Ed.] alone covered three single-spaced typed pages and blamed the owner and charterer for the entire fiasco.

The other side of the story varies in detail, but neither the selectors nor the other competitors deserved the final shot fired by *Shockwave's* passage crew as they left the trials flying a flag emblazoned "Another Aussie Underarm". If anything, this only served to reinforce the ORCA argument that *Shockwave* could not be considered an Australian team yacht except under a legal charter to an Australian, a course

that the Kiwi owner evidently refused to take.

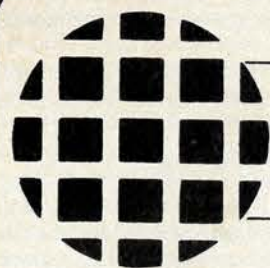
What is not in question is the fact that *Shockwave* is the fastest yacht afloat in the southern hemisphere, having demonstrated superiority over the rest of the Admiral's Cup contenders equal to or greater than that with which *Hitchhiker* shrugged off the opposition at the 1981 trials. The series also left no doubt that Greg Gilliam, who was chief driver, is one of the top ocean racing helmsmen in this country and it really is a pity that he, and the first rate crew who performed so well in the trials, are now confined to the beach as far as the Admiral's Cup is concerned.

Meanwhile, the official Australian team of *Once More Dear Friends*, *Hitchhiker* and *Bondi Tram* will face some pretty stiff opposition in Cowes, not least from the American team. Out of the Southern Ocean Racing Conference the USYRU selected for their Admiral's Cup team the Peterson 42 *Scarlett O'Hara*, modified since she was at the Clipper Cup and in great form at the SORC. *Locura*, a 43 footer designed by Mark Soverel, and *Shenandoah*, a Holland 40 rating 30.4'. *Scarlett O'Hara* finished the SORC as top boat but only by the narrowest of margins from *Locura*, the result being in doubt until the last race.

The series was sailed in ample wind and was marked by plenty of action, especially in the closely fought maxi division. This saw *Ondine* and *Midnight Sun* both dismasted and a crewman injured in a hair raising spinnaker foul-up on *Windward Passage* which later led to her disqualification from that race. *Kialoa* and *Nirvana*, which are among the most elaborately equipped yachts in the world from the navigational viewpoint, both ran aground in the 170 nautical mile Miami-Nassau Race, fortunately without major damage.

Closer to home, *Sallywag* continued on her winning way with another big win in the Sydney-Mooloolaba, a race in which *Apollo* got on top of *Helsal* in their never-ending battle for line honours. *Apollo* made it an Easter double by taking the Gladstone honours as well, but *Helsal* had gone back to Sydney making it a somewhat hollow victory. The overall winner of the Gladstone Race was *Di-Hard*, a sister to *Bondi Tram* and the cornerstone of the Papua-New Guinea Admiral's Cup team, a team which is to include Graham Lambert's *Too Impetuous* and another charter yet to be named. □





# Minet

## SPECIALISTS IN YACHT CLUB MARINE INSURANCE

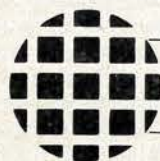
Before you renew your marine insurance, ask yourself these questions...

Am I getting the best value for my insurance dollar.

Do I receive personal attention.

Do my claims receive prompt attention

If any answer is in doubt phone  
**Jayn Warner on 232-1500**  
and check our rates and conditions.

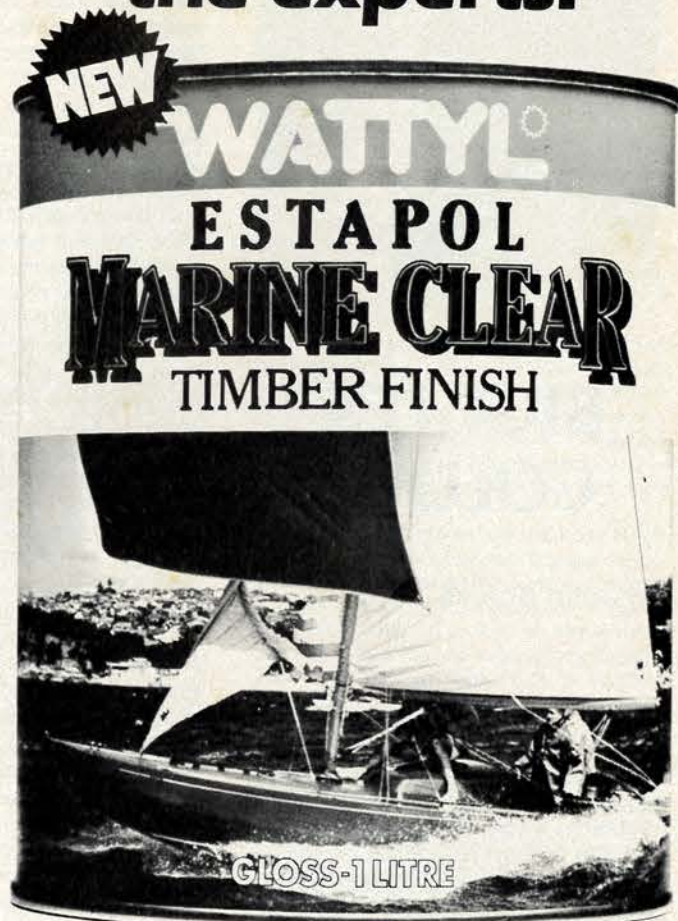


# Minet Australia Ltd.

INTERNATIONAL INSURANCE BROKERS

50 Bridge Street, Sydney, Australia, 2000.

## The long-lasting clear finish from the experts.



Now there's a marine finish specially designed for Australian conditions by WattyL, the creators of Estapol.

Estapol Marine Clear has been researched and tested to cope with the unusually harsh ultra-violet rays of the Australian sun.

Estapol Marine Clear contains an effective ultra-violet absorber - to counter the sun's rays, and resist the damaging effects of salt water spray and wind.

It provides an attractive, high-gloss finish for timber masts, spars, windows and other exterior timber surfaces.

Estapol Marine Clear. A remarkable marine finish. From the experts.



does it better...for Australia

Available from leading Ship Chandlers and Hardware outlets in 500ml and 1 litre cans.

WAT210/82



## RACING ROUNDS

by Duncan van Woerden

### Admiral's Cup Trials - Port Phillip '83

I recall the front cover of a certain national boating publication (February '83 issue) carrying the banner headline: "Admiral's Cup Trials - a Foregone Conclusion". I also noted that the March issue of that publication saw a change of Editor (I'm glad our magazine is run by a democratic committee). Actually, I know for fact that there was no cause and effect involved in the above change, just as I am inclined to think there was not much cause and effect between the Admiral's Cup trials and the team selected on the past two occasions.

Comment has been made elsewhere in this magazine concerning the ineligibility of a certain yacht in team selection, and as Biggles is far more practised at putting his foot in it than I, I shall refrain from further comment, even though my opinion would be totally unbiased.

What is totally beyond my comprehension is that the situation was allowed to occur and, more important, was not amicably resolved. Anyway, it kept the yachting correspondents at the telex and out of the bar.

I suppose the correct manner in which to describe the trials was that we were fortunate to have the N.Z. yacht *Shockwave* and the P.N.G. yacht *Di Hard* as non-scoring additions to our fleet, and indeed they were very useful yardsticks as to the competition that can be expected in Cowes this year.

Probably the best thing about the event was the weather, which for the first time in the past three Cup trials provided a broad spectrum of wind and wave conditions in which the selectors could evaluate the competing yachts.

The outcome of two weeks of saturation racing saw *Hitchhiker*, *Bondi*

*Tram* and *Once More Dear Friends* reserving container ship space to the U.K. - and deservedly so. I believe your humble correspondent suggested such a team some months ago.

The unlucky yacht of the series was Graeme Lambert's new Holland 2tonner *Too Impetuous* which was probably 'too new'. She showed brilliant upwind speed in light conditions but couldn't match the stiffer Frers yachts in fresher conditions. With Graeme chartering *Too Impetuous* to P.N.G. for the Admiral's Cup we'd better hope it's not a light air series.

So what chance do we have with a team that includes two old boats and a new one that was struggling to keep the hounds at bay. I for one think the team is very strong.

*Hitchhiker* finished on top in individual points, once again demonstrating her remarkable windward ability as the trials progressed. *Hitchhiker* had spend some two months prior to the trials being extensively modified by Ken Beashel. She also received a complete new spar package, hydraulic system and major instrument and electrical additions and modifications. This work was not completed until ten days prior to the series in Melbourne, and she sailed from Sydney without any testing or tuning of any of her new systems. 'Chas from Tas.' was the lucky jockey entrusted with getting to Melbourne in reverse time, which he duly achieved but not without losing all hydraulic functions along the way. It says a lot for owner Briggs, skipper Noel Robbins and crew that they were able to get their act together in such a short time. *Hitchhiker* can only improve on her Melbourne performance.

*Bondi Tram* started the show as favourite for best in breed but must have given syndicate head Dennis O'Neill plenty of grey hairs with her early placings. The *Tram* kept on leaving the tracks (or at least the right ones) and wound up time and again on the wrong side of the course up the first beat, making the ensuing legs a battle to stay in touch with major placings. *Tram*, however, proved she's a San Francisco trolley derivative - she was fasted yacht in selectors' timing down hill overall and this together with three good races ensured selection.

The third yacht (alphabetically speaking) was Peter Kurts' Dubois fractional *Once More Dear Friends*, which finally rewarded Peter's patience and determination by winning the long ocean race of the trials. This placing together with a second to *Shockwave* in the wild

Yacht	Designer	Rig	LOA	IOR	Sailmaker	Sparmaker	Winchmaker	Construction
<i>Bondi Tram</i>	Frers	M'head	40'8"	31.7	Sobstad	Zapspar	Barlow/Barent	Comp. Carbon/Kevlar
<i>Hitchhiker</i>	Frers	M'head	40'6"	31.8	North	Zapspar	Lewmar	Comp. Kevlar
<i>O.M.D.F.</i>	Dubois	Frac'l.	39'6"	30.1	Fraser	Zapspar	Barlow	Comp. Kevlar

and woolly 120-miler must have cemented her team position, the selectors being more than aware of the points that her near sister ship *Dragon* accumulated for the British team at last Admiral's Cup.

Peter was recently named Team Captain, and his experience in UK waters will be of obvious benefit. *Once More Dear Friends*, like *Hitchhiker*, had also undergone extensive changes since the last trials with her new spar, changed sailmaker and rating bumps all contributing to her steadily improving performance.

For those interested in comparison the team yachts carry the following gear.

The recent Sydney-Mooloolaba Race emphasized the importance of Age Allowance in ocean racing and also that *Scallywag's* Hobart win was no fluke. It was also a Bruce Farr benefit with the modified 1104s *Salamander* (Ken White) and *Hot Prospect II* (Bob Robertson) filling the minor placings.

The annual *Apollo-Helsal* line honours battle saw rockhopping nearly becoming a reality with both maxis indeed every brick on the coast (in *Apollo's* case she nearly tried Sugarloaf Point as well!!!), *Apollo* eventually breaking clear at Smoky Cape in drifting conditions that suited her masthead rig.

One wonders at the research that precedes an event of this nature or more aptly the lack of liaison with those that occupy North Head and the Race Committee.

For the first time I can remember, *Apollo* left the marina on time, a full two hours, in fact, before the start. This novel experience allowed us to make a dummy start and to venture around North Head to ascertain what headsail would be required for the ensuing bash to Newcastle.

The first enlightened comment on rounding North Head was that a whale had just blown 400 yards ahead. The second was wonderingly vulgar and not printable in a magazine of this stature. The third confirmed that our beloved armed forces were lobbing live mortar shells directly where 60 yachts would be in approximately 45 minutes time. Pointing this out to the naval gunboat at the starting line encouraged delighted sniggers and confirmation that nothing could create a halt to proceedings.

It was most reassuring to learn from our ex-Navy navigator, Stan Darling, that, provided we stayed within 200 yards of North Head the mortar trajectory would clear *Apollo's* 95-foot spar. What about 'duds', Stan? □



# A CRUISE TO NEW CALEDONIA

by Mick York

There are many people around our waterfront who dream of cruising and owning their own yacht and just 'taking off' to the Pacific Islands or some faraway place. These people usually build a boat beyond their means — mainly because they think they need a yacht far longer than is necessary, and sometimes this leads to cutting corners in design and proper materials of construction, e.g. the use of ferro-cement.

When choosing a suitable size of yacht for cruising short distances or extended cruising, do not select anything over 40' unless you can afford to pay a crew to work and maintain the ship. The gear gets too big and heavy to handle, too much machinery is necessary, and you run into many maintenance problems.

Selecting the right vessel is the main feature; the next is to select equipment that will work without giving trouble, and the third is to know what you are in for. Be prepared to handle the sea, and prepare your trip properly so that it will be safe, comfortable and, above all, enjoyable.

Some people who build so-called cruising yachts around our foreshores learn little about the sea, very little about navigation, equipment or what to expect, and they often do not join a yacht club to talk to those who know the game. I am not surprised when these people leave Sydney, or any other port, get to their first wave and return completely disillusioned with the seas in the Pacific Ocean. I have spent a lifetime sailing all over the world, and I have never yet seen the conditions resembling descriptions of some of those settling out on their first cruise... "There were 40' waves, the ship was rolled completely over", etc. etc.

During our recent three months' cruise in *Rockhopper* to Lord Howe Island, New Caledonia and Ouvea, in the Loyalty Islands, conditions which sometimes prevailed would be described as 'huge seas', we sat down at the saloon table to eat our roast chicken or roast beef followed by hot apple strudel and ice cream, with coffee to follow, while the Coursemaster autopilot held us on course. During the whole trip we hardly ever touched the helm, and even in conditions which would be described by some as 'a gale', when we were doing 7 knots under jib and mizzen, we slept comfortably through our watch, waking only to fill in the log every hour.

At the same time the Sydney fleet were on their way to Honolulu for the



*Rockhopper at home, backing into the wharf in front of the Yorks' house, just east of Sydney's Gladesville Bridge.*

Clipper Cup, and on several occasions we spoke by radio to *Police Car*, *Apollo*, *Vengeance* and also reported our positions to Penta Base each day.

One of my policies when at sea is never to reduce sail down to bare poles. Those who have experienced a gale will know that to do so is a dangerous practice, as the ship will roll violently and damage will occur with gear and accidents to the crew.

I have been in an ocean race when one of the yachts reduced to bare poles rolled extremely violently, hit the mast on the sea to leeward and smashed it to pieces.

If you must reduce to bare poles you should stream a sea anchor to hold the ship bow on to the wind and sea.

In my opinion, no one should ever go to sea in a yacht built of 'footpath material'. Most of these yachts are built to some ridiculous design as, in my opinion, no self-respecting designer would knowingly allow his boats to be built of this material, and the tales of ferro-cement boats around the reef countries would be enough to turn any self-respecting yachtsman to a proper boat building material.

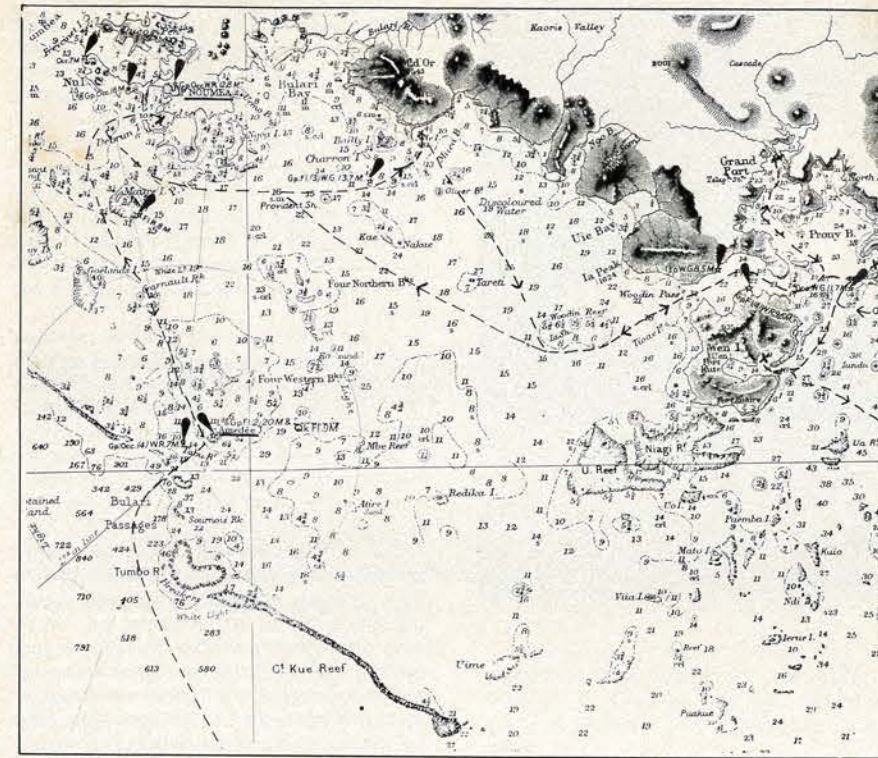
There was the case of one ferro-cement yacht in Noumea which landed up on the reef with a small section of its hull stove in, so the owner decided to roll her over at the next tide and lie her down (on car tyres) on the other side for repairs. Well, this was done, but the result was that the other side just crushed in with the weight of the hull.

There are many stories of extra lime and chicken wire around the reefs, as these yachts break up almost as soon

as they hit the reef and usually within a week there is nothing left. When we entered Noumea, past Amede light, there was a wooden 45' schooner on the reef with a hole in her side but in all respects looking as though she could be floated; three months later she was still there, looking the same. If this had been a ferro-cement boat it would have disappeared.

Navigation seems to be a mystery to many people cruising the Pacific, and why there are not more boats lost is beyond me. On talking to many of these cruising people you hear stories of the uncharted islands which they find; however, when the truth is known, their problem is that they don't know where they are. This, to me, is frightening.

I recall the day when we were running back to Noumea from the Baie du Prony on the southern tip, approximately 35 miles, with the weather like 'white out' conditions, with constant rain squalls blotting out everything. We were running at 8½-9 knots with a strong following wind with sand cays, coral outcrops, and many large and small reefs, most of them underwater, visible. The ship was on autopilot to maintain a steady course, and I was continually at the chart in the wheelhouse, going three miles on this course, then turning slightly to port to a new compass course for three quarters of a mile, then altering course again for one mile; this went on for the whole trip while I ran plots on any observation I might pick up. This type of sailing is very thrilling, but you must know what you are doing as there is no second chance.



## Ile des Pins

We departed the Baie du Prony about mid morning as the pass was only about ten miles and made our way down the river, as we motored out of the mouth of the bay we were very careful to plot our position and course and take running fixes every few minutes to check out progress. It was only 3½ miles now to the entrance of the bay where we intended staying the night, and in this distance there are eleven separate rocks, reefs and coral outcrops. Some of these had surf breaking on them, some had swells breaking occasionally and some were three or four feet underwater and not visible.



*Day-to-day realities of cruising — sun sights and laundry*

Motoring at 6 knots to windward into a 18-20 knot breeze and in 5060 fathoms of water we carefully negotiated these hazards and made the entrance to the bay, which is almost closed on the northern side by a reef which extends one mile from the shore, leaving a narrow channel 36 fathoms deep with another reef out from the southern shore.

The wind was whistling straight down the bay and funneling, now stronger than it was outside although the water was calm. The fact to remember is that if the wind is funneling down a bay little relief can be had by anchoring in the head of the bay.

Twenty fathoms was a bit deep to be anchoring, but we discovered the water getting moreshallow as we came over the delta of a very small creek, and we anchored in 10 fathoms close to the shore.

That afternoon when the reef was exposed Jeannette and I went across in the dinghy looking for shells, and whilst we were there two other yachts, *Magic Dragon* and *Moonpenny*, arrived and anchored close beside us.

That evening we decided that we would all cruise around the Ile des Pins in company, and the plan was to depart early as we had about 40 miles to make through reef-infested country before dark (it would be very dangerous to negotiate these areas after dark).

We departed next morning at 8.00 a.m. and made our way back around the reef and out of the bay. After clearing the main reef we found a coral 'nigger head', about the size of a double garage and about 3 ft underwater, right in front of us. As it was now calm, with our Polaroids we could see it clearly, so we passed within a boat length of the reef to observe it carefully.

The lesson is that your best friends are your Polaroids; without them you cannot see the reef. For navigation in the reef country, always wear Polaroids, and then navigate by

the colour of the water.

In these areas the water is so clear it always looks deep, but the colour is the thing. While you can see dark blue water you are in many fathoms, light green in deep water with sandy or coral bottom (perhaps 4-10 fathoms), but brown is dangerous; these are shallow reefs, so keep clear.

Keeping this well in mind, we led the two other yachts past this reef and made sail for the Passe de la Sarcelle, which is the passage through the reef and out to sea.

Continually plotting our way through the reefs, it was now slightly easier to take running fixes from the few islands around and the many wrecks which are good for a fix as they are all marked on the chart.

*Magic Dragon* had cruised this area before and knew the best anchorages; however, as we were sailing considerably faster, we were now out in front, and from our understanding of the discussion the previous night we were to anchor in the Baie de Gadji, so we sailed up inside the Reef Tiaré. Tacking to windward through a narrow channel between two reefs is another interesting exercise and must be handled with great care. When halfway up this channel we discovered that *Magic Dragon* and *Moonpenny* were both going *outside* this reef. We felt we were committed, and the next problem was 'could we get back to join them without back tracking?'

We continued to the end of this reef, and then freed away for a channel we believed must exist close to a small island called Gie.

The chart shows 30 fathoms up to the island, 50 fathoms beyond, and it shows a broken dotted line between the island and the next reef. We were now making 8 knots towards this island. As we approached, Jeannette was at the wheel and I was on the pulpit. I started to see the bottom, many colours of coral — black, green, blue — but the colour of the water was all still dark blue. However, I was not keen on approaching this area at 8 knots, so we rounded up and lowered sail.

Now under power, with the depth sounder registering around 20 ft we picked our way through the channel until we again reached 50 fathoms.

By now our companions were about a mile ahead and I had no idea where we were to spend the night.

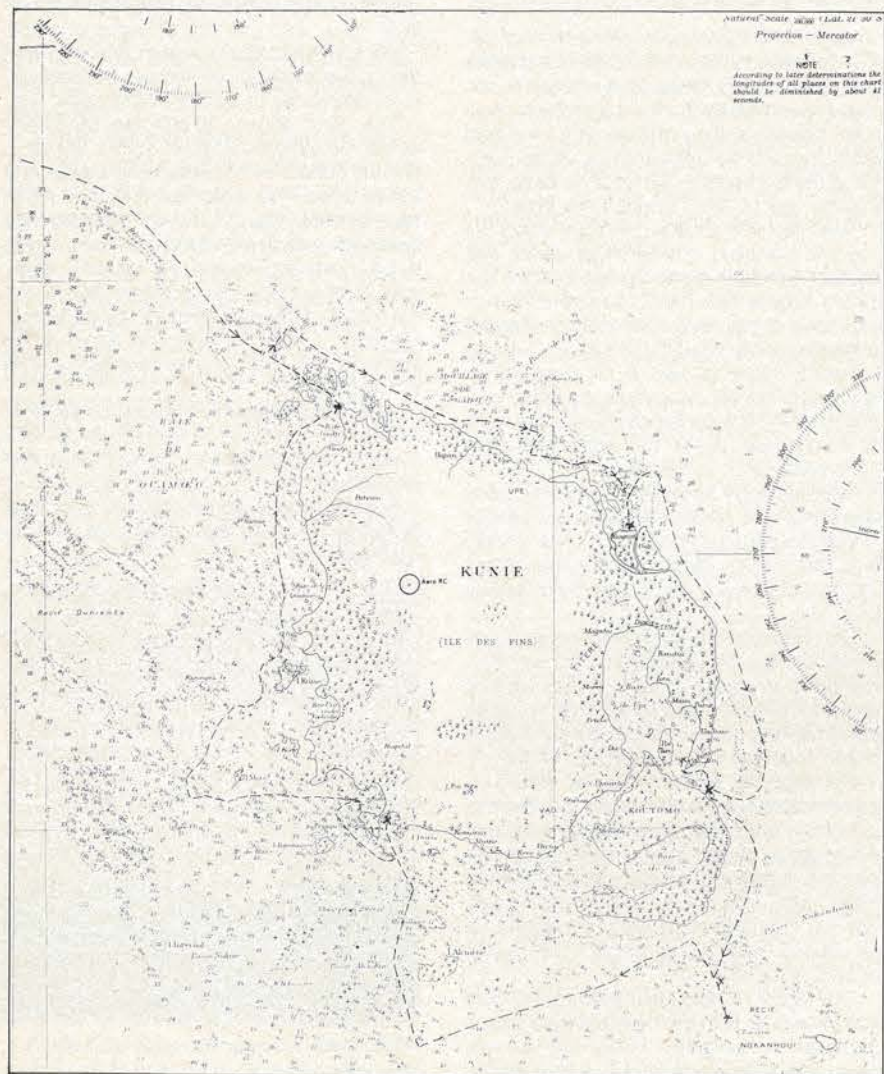


*Conquestor, vanquished on the reef near Amedée Light.*





Baie de Ugo.



The area we were now sailing into was inside a reef and it was late afternoon as we weaved our way in and out of the coral, with myself on the puplit, calling to Jeannette on the wheel, "...port...starboard" and indicating directions through these hundreds of coral heads with hand signals. When I looked up I saw *Magic Dragon* now towing *Moonpenny*, as they were not prepared to negotiate this area with their small outboard. They turned to port, proceeded through the reef, turned starboard and disappeared out of the bay via the end which my chart indicated to me was no exit!

As we continued down the bay I decided we had to find our way out, as it was not possible to anchor here amongst all the coral heads. We turned to port (we thought through the reef) and found we were up a blind alley. So with barely a boat's length between the reefs in which to turn around, we had to do a spin like a top and proceed back down the channel.

We were now separated from deep water by one half mile of reefs and channels. Observing from the mast, I selected what I thought to be the one channel out. So we tried again, down another narrow passage between the reefs. We were proceeding well and it now looked as though we would get through when I spotted a large nigger head right in the middle of the channel.

Still in about 60 ft of water and approaching this coral nigger head, we moved to one side and passed slowly, with the keel in 60 feet of water and the nigger head showing about 3 ft, sliding under our port bilge. After holding our breath for those few seconds, we each took a deep breath and proceeded down the channel and into deep water again. We were now inside another 'outer' reef, and on turning to starboard we found *Magic Dragon* and *Moonpenny* anchored peacefully in the beautiful Baie de Ugo.

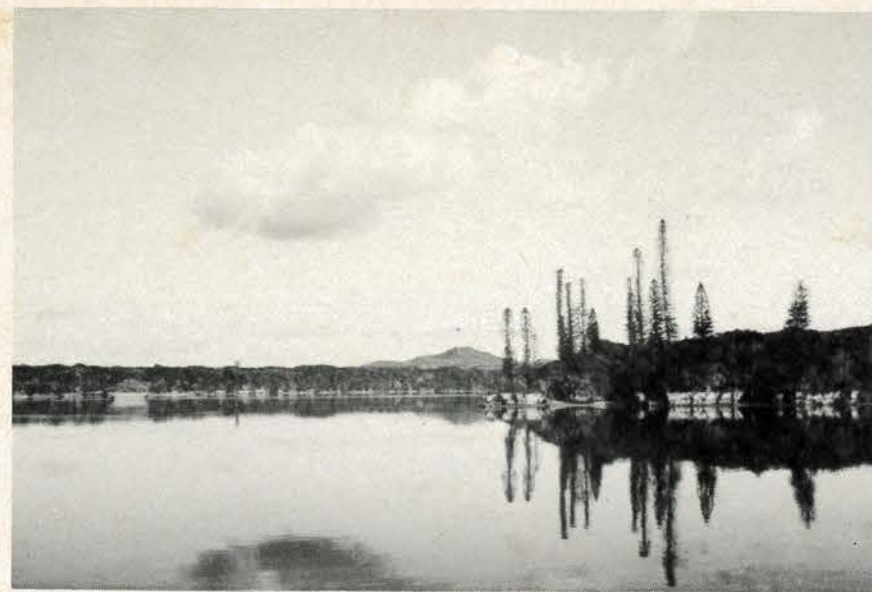
This bay must be one of the most beautiful places in the world. I have never seen such a magnificent place. As we came to anchor beside a small island, in about 10 ft of water, you could see every shade of blue and green imaginable. We were now only about one boat length from the coral island and rising gently with the swell moving over the reef at high tide. *Magic Dragon* was anchored nearby, but *Moonpenny*, which draws only 3 ft, had proceeded over the sand bar and into a deep hole close to the beach.

That evening as the sun was setting we all assembled for happy hour, and *Rockhopper* was presented with a special medal for reef navigation; *Magic Dragon* and *Moonpenny* thought that they would never see us again!

Next morning at the high tide we went out in the dinghy with our depth stick to locate a channel across the bar to the hole where *Moonpenny* was lying close to the beach.

The plans for our three months cruise were to go no further than New Caledonia, and when we found a place like the Baie de Ugo we were so pleased with this decision, as time was really no object to us. In my opinion this is the only way to go cruising. We could now stay here a day, a week or a month, and what better way is there to cruise?

The Baie de Ugo was completely deserted except for one little native hut on the beach where Joseph, a local native, lived and with him, a national service lad who had gone



The tranquil Baie de Upi with its reflections, which hide the coral lurking just beneath the surface.

native for his leave. We entertained these two for dinner one evening, treating them to steak and vegetables followed by my favourite apple strudel and ice cream, and this evening really clinched out friendship.

Next morning we were taken out in Joseph's pirogue (dugout canoe) and treated to his coconuts and other shellfish delicacies.

We spent about one week in this area exploring the islands, the reefs and various channels around this beautifully sheltered secluded area.

On departing the Baie de Ugo we made passage to Baie de Upi, our next stop which was only 6 miles, and as there was little wind we motored along outside this reef past the main shore of the Ile des Pins to the next reef which was some two miles long and which protected the Baie de Upi from the sea. A short time later we anchored behind a beautiful island in about 18 ft of water.

The diving was magnificent, and if we were prepared to catch lobsters they were all on the bottom with the shellfish and the beautiful coral, and the little beach behind the island was well worth a visit.

This was not the best place to spend the night, as there was a slight swell coming across the reef - we were rolling gently. There was about one mile of doubtful water depth between us and a sheltered area behind the next headland up the bay.

Before departing on this cruise I decided that a new 'old British Seagull' was the best investment as there is nothing which cannot be fixed in this motor with a pin, a coat hanger or a piece of adhesive tape. It is reliable but the noise, the vibration and the lack of speed are the penalties. So on this occasion we went up the bay in *Dragon's* dinghy with the 6 hp Yanmar outboard. We had a 9 ft depth stick, with a marking at 5' 6" - the draft of *Dragon* and *Rockhopper*. We proceeded at about 5 knots, poking to check the bottom.

We made a few hurried bearings on pine trees and rocks to locate the channel and hurried back to the yachts, as it was now approaching high water.

We decided to make the passage just probed, as there was a very nice section of river just beyond the two reefs where we could all anchor in completely calm conditions.

The Bay de Upi was such a pleasant place we spent a few days, and on the second day some natives went by in a pirogue and called out in French that this area was really for walking, not for boats. This we learned the next day when we endeavoured to make our departure.

We made off in single file down the river to where the two reefs appear. It must now be understood that all this area is pretty shallow, so the colour scheme of dark blue, light green and brown don't really apply. From the mast the water is so clear that you can't really tell deep from shallow, so we selected what we thought to be the way out and, in line astern, *Dragon*, *Moonpenny* and *Rockhopper* all finished up in a dead end channel.

Turning around then became a problem. I did not really think the channel was as wide as the length of the ship. With *Rockhopper* half turned around, and Jeannette on the bow calling "don't go ahead", I looked out the wheelhouse window and saw a huge plate coral about two feet underwater behind. I could not go back. Somehow we did manage to turn around without touching and made our way back into deep water. I believe the reason we were able to turn was that *Rockhopper* draws very little water forward



Toimoera, tiny atoll of Nokhanou Reef.

(until about halfway back) and we must have had our bow hanging over the coral ledge as we came around.

As for *Magic Dragon*, she is a twin keeler, so really has to have a wider channel. However we all anchored back in deep water without having been aground at all and enjoyed another day in the river.

I must admit that cruising in company is the only way to go into areas like this. I would probably not have ventured into some of these more difficult places had we been alone.

That afternoon at the low tide, when the whole reef was exposed, I collected some sticks. I marked the channel with sticks on both sides, so that with these and some good bearings from the centre of the channel we could make our way out on the following morning tide.

Next morning on the tide we made passage without incident down the channel and back across to the island where we had been a few days earlier.

A morning swim was enjoyed before leaving on our next leg of 3 1/2 miles, to the large coral atoll of Nokanhoui off the southeast corner of the Ile des Pins. This atoll is about 3 1/2 miles long by 2 miles wide with a lagoon inside and four islands.

We were not sure whether we could find a suitable entrance to the lagoon or if there was enough depth if we did make it through the entrance.

Negotiating the tricky entrance was difficult, particularly with the strong cross current and the breaking waves on the coral reef. However, we all made it without incident and anchored about 200 yards from the island [Toimoeroe].

That afternoon we went ashore to explore and found that amongst other things this island was a haven for the little yellow and black sea snakes. These fellows are known to be fairly harmless as their mouth is very small and they cannot open their jaws. They can, therefore, only bite you in the small areas between the fingers or toes (we, nevertheless, did not offer them these succulent bits).

The beach was covered with furry winding track marks where the snakes had made their way ashore, and they were seen in numbers in the bush and on the rocks basking in the sun.

The sunset this evening was a magnificent sight with a clear sky and the horizon visible almost right around us. I took this excellent opportunity to take some star sights whilst we knew exactly where we were I had spent



## Cruise to New Caledonia

some time working on my sextant on an earlier occasion to eliminate any errors, so when I plotted our position within 3/4 mile of our actual location I was pleased with the result.

Rockhopper was lying to the southeast breeze, so when the tide was high that evening and the swell came over the reef we were side on and spent an uncomfortable time during this high water.

Next morning we steamed around the lagoon for a while looking at the other islands before departing out of the channel and making across to the shore where we thought we might find a channel through the main reef.

The three yachts stood by whilst Shelley from *Magic Dragon* investigated the channel in the dinghy and returned with the report that there did not appear to be sufficient water through the channel or inside for us to make the passage to the Port de Kuto.

Our plans when we started cruising in company were to circumnavigate the Ile des Pins, and we were now at the halfway mark. We had 3 miles to power to windward against the strong current before reaching the turning point around the Alcmène Island and another 2 miles past several reefs into the Porte de Kuto.

Kuto was the main, in fact the *only*, tourist spot on the island and had two bays. On this occasion the wind was blowing straight into the main bay so we made into a beautiful little harbour on the opposite side of the headland. This was another magnificent bay where we could anchor close into the shore and be snug in almost all weather.

Whilst in Kuto we re-stocked with fresh French bread and sent off a few letters as this was the first village we had been to since leaving Noumea some three weeks ago.

After spending a few days in Kuto we departed on our last leg of the round the island trip, which took us along the western shore in waters marked 3 fathoms. This was mostly in quite sheltered waters as it was inside a very large coral reef, but a sharp lookout was needed and our Polaroids were a must.

After a very pleasant day, motoring slowly, we arrived at Baie de Gadgi, an area thickly scattered with reefs and small islands, with a depth varying from 1-3 fathoms. Dodging in and out of the hazards, we came to anchor between two islands, in about 10 ft of water at low tide. We had about a boat length in front of us to the island with the dinghy just clearing the island behind us.

The water was beautiful – so clear that you could almost believe you were floating in space. Every piece of coral could be seen on the bottom.

The precaution I always take in these areas is to fix a course on the chart out of the anchorage and write it beside the compass before dark; that way, if we have to move in a hurry during the night, we can steer that course into open water.

This was one of the most pleasant evenings of our trip, as while we were having happy hour on *Rockhopper* we were amazed to see the full moon gradually disappear without changing colour. There were no clouds in the sky and the stars were bright and shining; we reached for the nautical almanac and found that there was a complete eclipse of the moon this evening.



The next morning dawned bright and sunny with a light southeast breeze which was very favourable for the passage. We were making some 27 miles to Kuebuni, which is a narrow entrance between two reefs with heavy surf breaking on both sides and leading to a nice calm river on the inside. *Moonpenny* and *Magic Dragon* departed before we were ready and had hoisted sail.

We trolled a line and were doing 9 knots when we caught a large yellow fin tuna which took some effort to land, and when on deck it really made a bloody mess. So I threw him into the dinghy, which was hanging on davits behind.

We lowered the spinnaker and waited for *Moonpenny* and *Magic Dragon*, which were now behind us, and we all entered through the reef, in line astern. The entrance is 27 fathoms deep and inside it is still very deep (about 80 ft). We moved slowly up river and around behind a little island where we had trouble finding water shallow enough to anchor. We finished up in about 12 fathoms close to the island.

If we observe the rules of anchoring by laying out three times the depth of water, we are looking at 216 ft of chain which is getting near the bottom of our chain locker, and the swinging room needed is quite considerable.

This night we all dined on board *Magic Dragon* to a delicious meal of fresh tuna which was cleaned and filleted in our dinghy. A great deal was left over; this was frozen, and we still had some left when we reached Sydney six weeks later.

We had 30 miles to go the following day to Ouinné, where there is a large private nickel mine. This passage was made under sail as we had a very enjoyable following breeze, and on our way into the bay we sailed around the stern of a French naval survey vessel to which we gave the appropriate salute by dipping our ensign. This caused mild panic on board as they were not prepared, and the officers had to hurriedly instruct the ratings as to the correct procedure.

We anchored in the bay, in 10 ft of water, with a bar between us and the boat harbour (which has only 4 ft depth) but on a rising tide.

By dusk we had been ashore and received permission to enter the private boat harbour of the Montagnats, and moving slowly across the bar with a slight surge (and the depth sounder showing about 6 inches under our keel), we turned into the tiny harbour and tied up under the trees.

We stayed about a week at this village. Georges Montagnat, his wife, their two sons, Yvon and Georges Jr, Tom Mulqueen, Richard and everyone in the village were very hospitable and made our stay most enjoyable with barbecues and parties.

The mine is on the remote east coast of New Caledonia and the only roads are those to the mine heads with no roads to Noumea or other villages; the only transport is by air. They maintain two 10-seater aircraft and four helicopters, and I was able to enjoy many flights in these machines.



View from the nickel mine at Ouinné.



The Montagnats' boat harbour at Ouinné, with *Magic Dragon* and *Moonpenny*.

Departing from Ouinné on the Saturday, after all our farewells we sailed about 10 miles around the headland to the Montagnat's weekend camp in the next bay, spending a very enjoyable Sunday with them at a feast of freshly caught fish.

After leaving Kouakoué Bay we made our way gradually up the coast doing about 15-20 miles each day and staying in a different harbour each night until we reached the Baie de Kouaoua.

We were able to find absolutely sheltered water every night in some of the most beautiful places imaginable, and although we could

get right in close to the shore in many places we had difficulty finding areas shallow enough to anchor and usually finished up in 60-80 ft of water. This meant that we had to move a reasonable distance from the shore because of our swinging circle it is not normally practical to tie to the shore because of the coral heads close in and occasional gusts of wind down from the hills.

On anchoring we always used a rope mouser on the anchor chain to save the noise of the chain on the bottom coming right up through the ship.

From the Baie de Kouaoua we departed

late one afternoon to clear the reef some 13 miles offshore before dark. The run across to Ouvea, the most westerly of the Loyalty Islands, is only 50 miles, which is too far to travel by day as you would arrive at night and be unable to enter (it is pitch dark in this area). So an overnight passage arriving at dawn is the way to go.

We departed through the channel in the reef about 5.00 p.m. and noticed that there was a strong current running east at about 23 knots. I was not sure whether this was a constant set or whether it would change with the tide, so trusting instinct, I steered at 10° up from the rhumb line and plotted along the direct course.

Plotting our position carefully all night we reached a position at 1 hour before daybreak; I thought it prudent to stop rather than continue any further so we lowered our headsail and hove to.

We entered the lagoon at 7.30 a.m. and anchored for breakfast a few yards off a lovely white sandy beach.

Later that day we met some Americans, Don Wilson, his wife and their son, who had entered the lagoon shortly after us. We had a barbecue aboard their yacht *Linda E.* that evening and the following day moved up to the village 10 miles along the beach, where we were able to buy beautiful fresh French bread.

Ouvea is a beautiful coral atoll with a land mass some 20 miles long and a beach all the way. The lagoon is 20-25 ft deep all over with a flat sandy bottom, but just off the main village there are five large coral heads about three feet underwater and unmarked; these are very dangerous, and to prove this there was the wreck of a New Zealand ocean racer on the beach with the side torn right out of her.

The next day *Rockhopper* and *Linda E.* set off across the lagoon to a channel between two coral reefs which we had heard was a very good little anchorage.



Simon, from the village of Mouley, Ouvea.



## Cruise to New Caledonia



We moved in slowly behind a small island with Jeannette on the pulpit we had to manoeuvre between several coral heads coming up from about 30 ft of water, and at one point I was ordered to back off as there was a coral head right under our bow.

Moving slowly into the channel we found difficulty in anchoring as two yachts were already there and coral heads scattered all through the channel. We came within about 10 ft of the ledge and dropped our anchor over the back of a large coral head and backed off. We were informed that a slight current runs through the channel on the change of tide and that we should put out a stern anchor. I loaded the stern anchor and 30 ft of chain in the dinghy with an ample supply of rope and started the trusty seagull. About three boat lengths away I found another large coral head and dropped the anchor behind it and returned to tighten the line. Between *Rockhopper* and the aft anchor there were several small sharp coral outcrops, so I returned along the anchor rope and tied plastic bottles at about 20 ft apart to float the rope if it were to go slack.

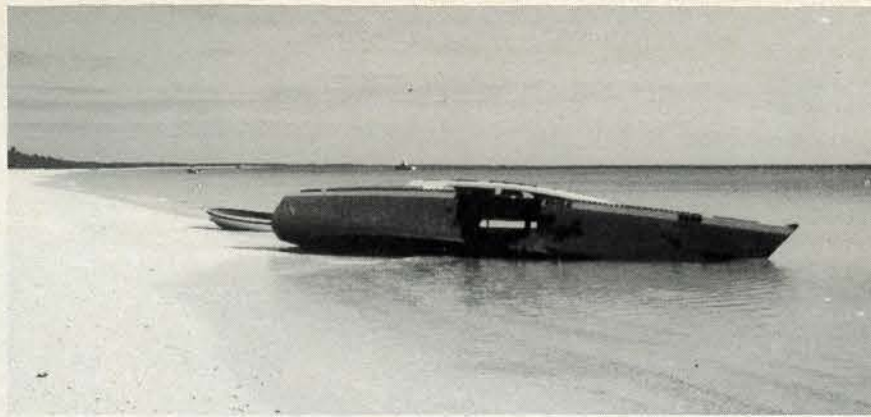
We spent a week in this cosy anchorage fishing, swimming, barbecuing and just trading conversation between boats.

Departing Ouvea at 5.00 p.m. we headed off in a strong SE. wind to make landfall as far down the coast as possible by morning. We were working four-hour watches with one asleep below while the person on deck dozed and watched, while *Rockhopper* looked after herself on autopilot.

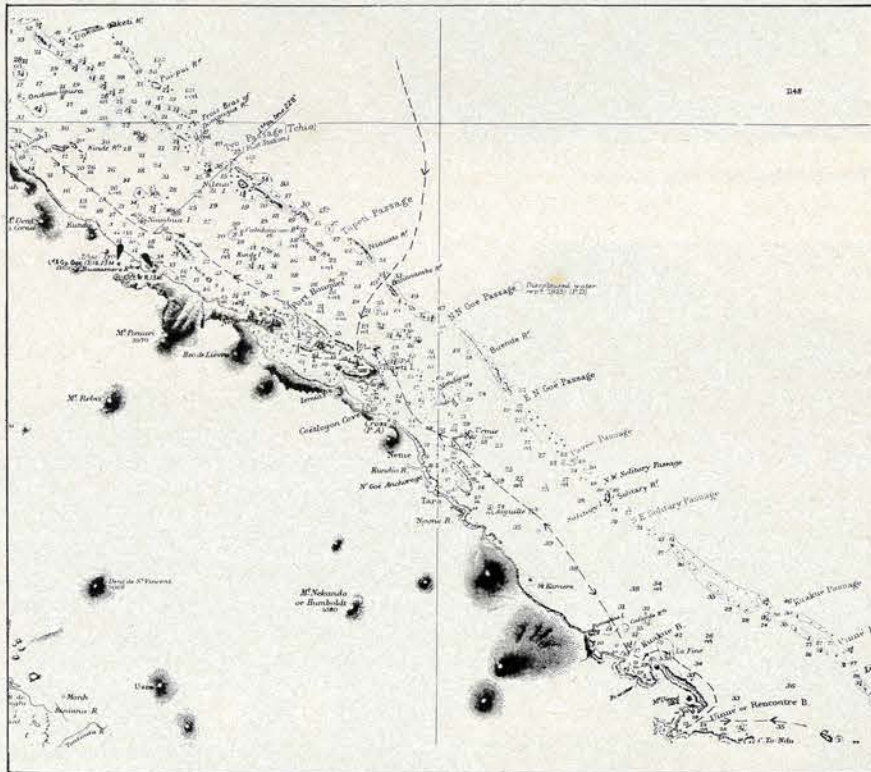
As the sun rose, the mountains along the shore, some of which are 4,000 feet, could be seen clearly, and because of their height we appeared to be close in. At 6.00 a.m. we were 13 miles offshore and still well clear of the reef.

At this time we did not really know at what point on the coast we were. In this area the reef runs about five miles offshore with many rock reefs and coral outcrops charted everywhere inside the reef.

We moved in under sail until we closed the reef and could see all the breaking waves a few yards off. We lowered away and proceeded under power with the depth sounder on fathoms showing no bottom, with Jeannette on the pulpit we slowly approached an area where the waves did not seem to be breaking. As we approached we watched for breaking waves and figured that we could



Golden Eagle, from New Zealand, on the beach at Ouvea, another casualty of a coral encounter of the closest kind.



make a safe passage. Proceeding slowly we reached the reef and suddenly the bottom came up from nowhere to 20 ft and just as quickly dropped again to 100 ft. We were now inside the reef, but where?

We had made passage along this shore a few weeks before and started to recognise some of the islands and mountains; we placed ourselves on the chart almost exactly where our DR had plotted us. We now proceeded with confidence towards Tupeti Island through a tiny channel and to a beautiful little beach. It was early morning, the sun was just peeping over the mountains and the water was like a sheet of glass. This was absolutely fantastic. A successful passage through a treacherous area and a glorious anchorage in which to enjoy breakfast. This must be what it is all about.

After breakfast we made passage in calm weather under power for Ouinné 25 miles down the coast and arrived to find sufficient tide to allow us to enter the private boat harbour.

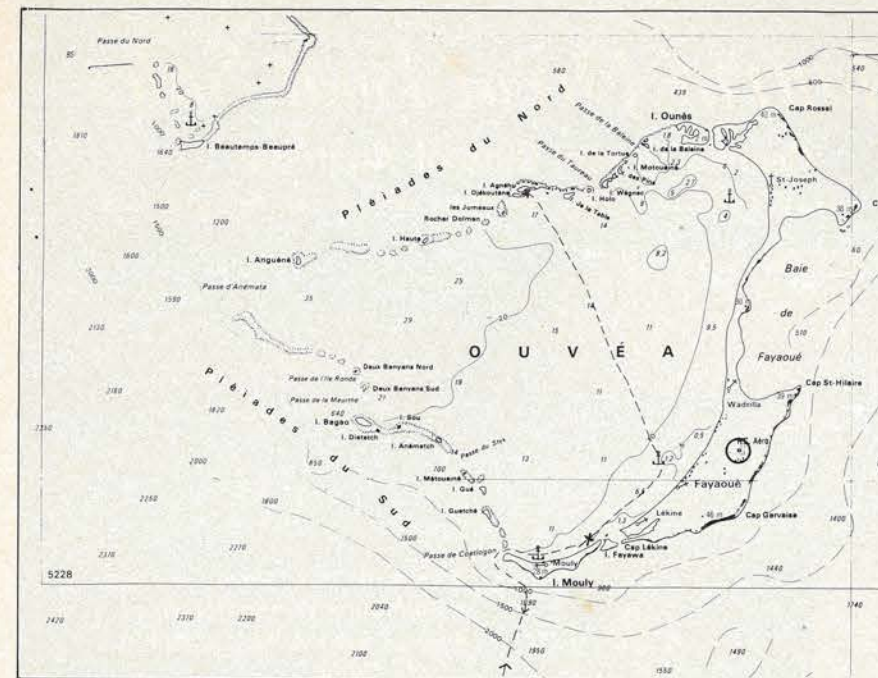
A few days in Ouinné and we departed in the late afternoon to catch the tide across the bar. It was too late in the day to make a passage anywhere, so we moved close in to a little cove on the opposite side of the bay and anchored again in about 60 ft of water.

Next morning we headed off for Port Yaté, 20 miles down the coast.

We had not been in this port before and the last four miles were made along a completely reef infested lee shore with huge waves breaking all along.

The afternoon was closing in and we were hoping for the entrance to open up before dark because there is absolutely nowhere to go after dark.

Closing in on the breakers we gradually saw the pass open up into the port. There were heads on the reef inside and on the hill behind and the entrance between the breakers was only a few yards wide. With the depth sounder on we lifted on a large swell, surged through, a slight turn to port on the inside and we skirted along the edge of a



poorly marked reef which ran right into the harbour. It was coming on dusk and was quite calm as we looked for a likely anchorage for the night.

Jeannette on the pulpit and the depth sounder showing 12 ft we were still in the middle of the bay with what looked like a deep shore leading up on the port side to an old derelict wharf. As we approached the depth sounder showed 12...10...8...5... and from the bow came a call "back off!". We moved back into 10 ft and anchored in the middle of the bay.

Just before dark I went out in the dinghy and checked the bottom with my long stick. Wherever I went it seemed to come up to 3 ft, so we spent the night where we were with an anchor light on the bow.

Next morning I tried again in the dinghy and in the muddy water I found a narrow channel between the coral reef on the port side and the sand flat which came out right across the bay. We moved slowly up this channel past the old wharf and came to anchor in a very quiet area alongside the bank of the river.

After spending a couple of very pleasant days in Port Yaté exploring the river and showering under the waterfall, we departed in the early morning to return through Havannah Passage which leads back into the main reef.

We headed out through the reef and motored straight into the breeze for 12 miles down the coast.

As we turned to starboard to come through the passage we started to roll, so the mizzen was hoisted and shortly after that we hoisted the main and jib and closed down the Perkins. Another 13 miles took us along the lee shore and into the Bay de Prony.

Next morning we were headed for Noumea, 34 miles up through the reef. The day was overcast and cloudy with rain squalls for most of the day; in fact, for most of the time visibility was down to a few feet. The passage is supposedly a shipping channel, and if it was negotiated regularly I guess there

would be moments when one could relax; however we were now under sail with following squalls up to 25-30 mph with rain and doing 8½-9 knots. The area is scattered with rocks, reefs sand cays and long extended coral reefs out from the islands and I was running on auto pilot to maintain a straight course while I spent the whole time on the chart.

It is a continuous job plotting the course, running the distances on the chart, constantly changing course and running distances on the log. During the whole time I was taking fixes of any part of the shore, island or reef which could be recognised through the rain squalls and often the best fix was from some poor unfortunate ship which finished up on the reef. There are many of these marked on the chart.

We entered Noumea Harbour in the early afternoon to find the large yacht, *Scotch Mist*, a 90 ft American ship, headed out. The visitor's wharf at the club was full so we spent the night at anchor in the bay and went alongside the following morning.

After spending a few days in Noumea renewing acquaintances with our friends and making some new friends, we obtained our clearance and departed early in the morning.

The wind was still howling in from the south east and it was dead to windward for the 15 miles to the Amedée Light and departure through the reef. Our plan was to have lunch in the lee of the island, have a look at the light, and leave.

We steamed all the way out and moved quite close to the beach between the many coral heads and came to anchor. It was still blowing 25-30 mph and we were not prepared to leave *Rockhopper* here on an anchor, so we had a leisurely lunch and departed for Sydney.

The trip home was very fast, uneventful and most pleasant. As we cleared the reef we hoisted the jib and mizzen, making 88½ knots on the rhumb line. We continued this way for the next two days. The whole passage to Sydney only took six days, and

as we entered the heads in the early hours of the morning we were absolutely delighted with the thoughts of the three months cruise we had experienced.

Looking back on some of the ingredients which made this cruise so successful I should first say that the ship did not let us down on any point. The Coursemaster autopilot was magnificent as we really never had to steer the ship unless we were in confined waters. Another thing that really made this trip was that we victualled the ship for the whole three months voyage before leaving Sydney and would not have spent \$100 on food during the whole cruise. Most food was fresh and frozen and we enjoyed fresh meals finishing with fruit or strudel and ice cream every night.

In the 3,000 miles we travelled, with about 1,000 of this under power, we did not need to fuel for the whole voyage. There was no need for repairs or maintenance to be carried out on any equipment, and we never had to worry about our water supply as we carry four tanks and never got down to our last tank.

I conclude by saying that this is how I intend all my trips to be, but if every cruise were as successful as were these three months, there would not be room in the ocean for all the yachts. □

## DIVER FOR HULL CLEANING, MINOR DIVING TASKS

CONTACT:  
R.FLOCKART 662-8197

## COURIER YELLOW TAXI TRUCKS ARE NOW IN THE COURIER GAME



WE'D LIKE YOUR BUSINESS  
RADIO ROOM 51-2434 51-5840





# Maurice Drent Boat Sales

Cruising Yacht Club of Australia

New Beach Road, Rushcutters Bay, 2011 Telex: AA2165 SLFORM Tel. (02) 32-9945



32' 1/2-tonner, *Industries*, by Ken Beashell. 11 Elvstrom sails. Sole diesel, Zapspar rig; IOR 22.8; excellent race record.



43' PAN OCEANIC Pilot House Cutter, by Ted Brewer. New boat; three separate accommodation cabins; two heads & showers; dual helm; 80 hp Perkins; very comfortable.



43' Nantucket, by Comprador. Top fit-out, Cat. 1, 13 sails. Mercedes diesel. Full electronics IOR 31.2.



25' S&S carvel laid sloop. Rebuilt by D&R Shipwrights 78. Beautiful condition. Yanmar diesel. 3 sails. Classic.



52' Irwin 2, two to choose from in GRP. Perkins 4326 and 240 volt auxiliary, air conditioned; satnav and weatherfax; comfortable cruising.

Your CYCA Yacht Broker  
*Some of our selection:*

- Selected Used Power and Sail
- Boat Surveys and Deliveries
- New Cavalier, Pan Oceanic, C&C, Mottle
- Marine Insurance & Finance



## NEW! THE LATEST IN NAV COMPUTERS

SHARP PC 1500  
POCKET COMPUTER  
WITH CHART ROOM  
CELESTIAL NAV. PROGRAM



"...probably the most sophisticated program of its kind now available." - article in *Australian Sailing*, January 1983

- plots up to 30 position lines
- no almanac needed for moon, planets, sun or 20 brightest stars
- eliminates need to average altitudes and times
- provides immediate sight evaluation
- automatic advance/retard of position to nominated time
- automatically corrects time to UCT (GMT)
- optional automatic input of sight time from internal quartz clock
- unprecedented user flexibility - permits keying error correction, interrupt and resume calculation, addition and/or rejection of sights
- includes programs for DR, Great Circle, Ident. of unknown body, True/apparent wind, LHA Aries, and more.

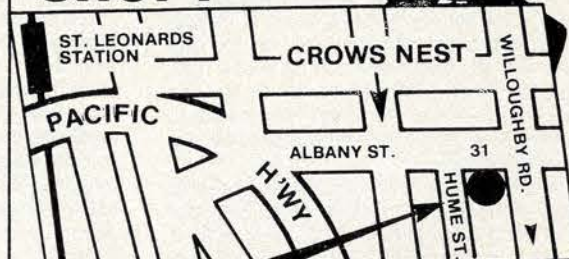
Showroom: 31 Albany Street, Crows Nest, NSW 2065

Telephone (02) 922-3378

Postal Address: Box 229, P.O. Milsons Point, 2061

WRITE FOR ADDRESS OF YOUR NEAREST CHART ROOM STOCKIST

## Where's the world's BIGGEST BOAT BOOK SHOP?



### RIGHT HERE in Crows Nest

In Boat Books House you can browse all day through over 1500 titles covering every aspect of boating. Design • Building • Rigging • Racing • Cruising • Nautical History • Cooking Afloat • Canoeing • Fishing • Maintenance • Ropework • Engine Manuals • Navigation • Skin Diving, and there's Sydney's only commercial A Class CHART AGENCY. • Plenty of parking close-by.

If you can't come in - phone or write for FREE 16 page catalogue.



## BOAT BOOKS

31 Albany Street, Crows Nest 2065  
Phone 439 1133  
Branches: Brisbane, Melbourne, Perth

# CLIPPER SHIP SAILING

by Robert McNeill

with illustrations by Peter Harrigan.

The following story, which will be serialized, is a transcript from a handwritten work by Robert McNeill, grandfather of George McNeill, the latter who is well known to many CYCA Members as one of the McNeills of McNeill Sailmakers—tradesmen of the 'old cut'. George is also a regular member of the crew of *Helsal*.

Robert McNeill was born on the west coast of Scotland and, as the following tale will relate, began his sailing career in Liverpool. He died at the age of 74.

The story is a yarn of a boy's first experiences at sea in clipper ships.

*The original manuscript has been left unaltered, as nearly as this has been possible or practicable. - Editor*

I commence this book relating my experiences with the object of passing many weary hours away due to an accident aboard my last ship, which has put one of my feet out of action for some considerable time. Whether I am a 'Jonah' or not, that I leave for the reader to decide. To the layman, as also to the experienced mariner, I hope you will be interested [in] a revival of the actual and real sailing in the old time clipper ships.

"My boy, you will greatly regret the day you ever went to sea." These were the words my employer used to me. He was a grain merchant and I was his office boy. How often that gentleman's words have gone through my mind since I left his employ to sail in the class of ship that brought him his grain. My leanings were always for the sea and ships. During my lunch hour from the office I would wander down to the docks and gaze with longing eyes at the fine clipper ships with their graceful bows and figureheads, lofty masts and trim yards. I went on board many vessels and spoke to the officer for a position as boy, but always the same answer "too young, too small", and sometimes "get ashore out of it".

Eventually I achieved my desires. It came about in the following way. A school chum of mine who came of a seafaring family of Danish extraction, and who like myself wished to go to sea, had a relation who was carpenter on board a wooden Barque called *St. Vincent*. It was through his good graces and influence that we both



managed to get positions on board as deck boys. We two boys were taken to the captain and he gave us some fatherly advise. I say fatherly because he turned out to be one of the finest of some good men it has been my lot to have served under.

He gave us a detached list of clothes and other necessities for a sea outfit required for a voyage to Mobile, Alabama, U.S.A. and return to England. Although my parents knew I desired to go to sea, they did not know that I had gone so far, so I had to face my first storm when I arrived home. After much argument and parental advise I gained the day. The next day I was taken to a seaman's outfitter and regaled with sea boots and oilskins, sheath knife and belt and all the rest of a sailors kit which makes the imaginative boy feel a real 'shell back'.

The following day my pal Chris and I joined the *St. Vincent* and so

commenced a career of varied experiences.

After a few days working aboard sweeping decks and cleaning brass we were taken one day to the shipping office and signed on as deck boys at fifteen shillings per month. The next day the ship was towed from the Port of Liverpool for a great many miles, so it seemed to me, before the crew were put to work loosening sails. When a number were set the tug boat was cast off, and I can recall the sinking feeling that came over me only a few hours from home. Then the ship started to lift. What was it? Sea sickness? Home sickness? Or both? I was soon to know. I was put to work coiling the ropes up, but it was not long before I coiled myself into my bunk instead. Chris, my chum, was already in his bunk, but we had not



been long resting our fevered brows when a sudden and none too gentle voice roared out "What are you boys doing there in your bunks? Come on, get out on deck quick." It was the mate and we knew then for the next two or three days that home was never like this.

We eventually settled down to ships routine and it was not long before we were making ourselves handy by intuition, apart from the severe training methods of the officers. I do not mean to infer that we were treated harshly or with violence, although at the time it may have seemed so. In any case I soon became proficient and was able to give the men at hand a loosening and furling sails, also, making a royal fast on my own account. The royal is the top sail on most square rigged ships and being the smallest is generally the boys job.

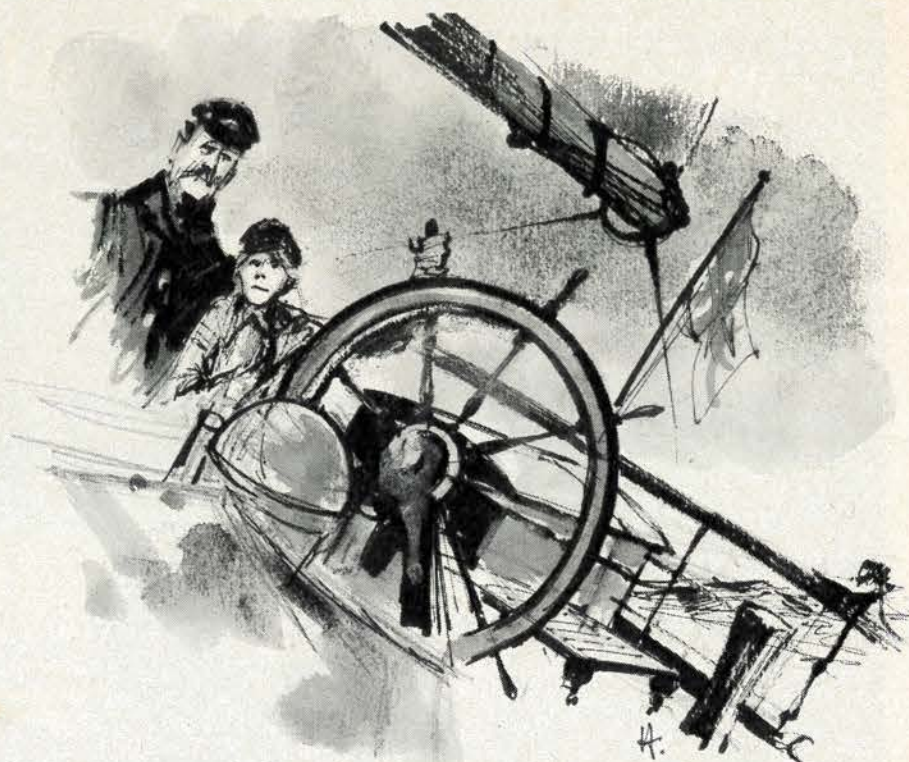
During the night watches I found it very difficult to keep awake, and my going to sleep in a coil of rope was the source of fun for my watch mates. They would tie my ankles together and then the mate would call out my name. Naturally as soon as I got up, over I would go again to the accompaniment of the men's laughter. But that was only one of many jokes they played on us boys.

They played another joke on us when we were in the fine warm weather and somewhere in the latitude of the West Indies. One of the sailors, a good friend and tutor of ours called 'Ned', told Chris and me that father Neptune was coming aboard and that we would be subjected to the usual ceremony of being shaved in a very crude manner and being dunked in water and various other forms of torture. Although we were many hundreds of miles from the equator we were quite innocent of the fact.

Ned offered to hide us and we quite agreed with him. So he took us under the forecask head and told us to get into a big empty cask. He then proceeded to cover the cask with bagging. But we didn't agree to that now our suspicions now having been instinctively answered. 'Ned' was in on the joke and he capsized the cask and rolled us along the deck. At every few feet a bucket of water was thrown at us by the rest of the crew. Imagine the bumps we got before we scrambled out.

Some readers may think these jokes strange but to relieve the monotony of a long passage many tricks, games and jokes were invented by sailors.

After some weeks at sea the mate called me to go to the wheel which was a rather responsible job for a first



voyager. The helmsman was sent away and the mate took the weather wheel and I to leeward. After a few minutes instructions on how to keep the weather leach to the royal shaping, he duly installed me to windward and left me to it while he himself resumed his own duties. However, I had not long been twisting the wheel up and down when suddenly everything seemed to go wrong. The sails commenced to flop and bang like a lot of guns going off. The mate lost no time getting aft to the wheel and put it hard up in a hurry just in time to save the ship being 'caught aback'. Naturally my mistake aroused his ire, but he did not dismiss me from the wheel; instead he gave me further instructions. From that time I took my regular 'trick' at the wheel.

One day, and still steering 'by the wind', the Captain came along and said "How is she heading, Bob?" I looked at the compass puzzling a few moments and then answered "Sou' West, the Next big point and the next little one." Roars of laughter greeted my answer and when the Captain had got over the affects of my innocent joke he told me to come aft in my watch below and he would draw the compass out for me to learn the points. Needless to say the next time I was asked how the ship was heading I was able to answer in true Nautical manner "Sou' West by South half South, Sir."

By this time I had learnt a little of the sails and their names. When one day a very severe squall struck the ship and carried away the Fore Top Gallant sail. This of course meant unbending it and sending another one up in its place. The sail that was required had been spread in the 'Tween Decks' having just been repaired by the sailmaker. Accordingly the remainder of the watch, who were not aloft, went below to get the sail up on deck. I, myself, being nearest the ladder was first down and walking across the sail in the Semi-Darkness had the misfortune to step into space and fall down the hold - a drop of about twenty feet. This was due to my unfamiliarity with the construction of a ship. I had a lucky fall and escaped with only a few bruises. The Captain examined me and gave me the usual sailing ship prescription - a dose of 'Caster Oil'. I can thus experience [relate? - this may be a transcription error - Ed.] my first experience of a sail carrying away.

We arrived at the Port of Mobile Fifty-Six Days out from home and were picked up by a big Tug Boat and Towed up the River to an Anchorage where we were to discharge our Ballast.

The crew were put to work discharging the Ballast and I was appointed Night watchman. They were long lonely nights for a boy, anchored miles away from habitation close to a

bank of Bull Rushes and Mangrove Swamps which abounded with snakes and crocodile. But it was the Mosquitoes and endless croaking of frogs that kept me awake. Otherwise I am afraid the men would often have been called late in the mornings.

After breakfast one morning, when I should have been turning into my bunk following a night watch, the Captain sent for me, and pointing out a house (the only one in sight) about two miles away said "Do you think you could take the boat down to that house and bring five Dollars worth of Fish?"

"Yes Sir," said I, little knowing the task I had set myself. The tide was very fast in the Spanish River, so when I let the painter go the tide, which was running towards my destination, took charge of the boat, and I soon arrived off the point where, more by good luck than good management, I steered it into the bank. I made the boat fast but had proceeded only a few steps towards the house when a massive and savage looking dog came tearing towards me. Needless to say I made a quick move and got back into my boat, but only just in time. Whether it would have [followed me into] the boat or not I do not know as the fisherman called it off. The appearance of the house was strange - rather ramshackle and built on piles. I asked the fisherman if the elevation was for protection against the reptiles, but he laughed and told me "No, it eez for flood and big tide." He was a Mexican and the people who lived there seemed quaint. But of course this was my first experience of meeting foreigners on a foreign shore.

I purchased five dollars worth of fish and commenced the return trip to the ship against the tide. My knowledge or Experience of Pulling Boats was very slight and I was soon in difficulties for I was barely stemming the tide. 'What

was I to do?' I could not scull with a single oar, my cart wheel method of pulling two man oars was of no avail against the tide and my arms were growing very weary. I could see the ship but how was I to get back?

There was only one thing for it - to get the boat into the bank and pull myself hand over hand along the reeds. This I did for a distance of fully two miles. It was a task that was not soon to be forgotten. At long length I arrived back to the ship a very tired but wiser boy. That very day as soon as I had rested I got into the boat, made it fast to the ship with a long line and stayed there until I had made myself somewhat proficient at both sculling and pulling. Although very little was said to me about the length of time it had taken to bring the fish, I was the subject of a great deal of chaff over the way I had handled the boat. I have often thought it was confidence placed in a youngster or the old time Officers way of teaching a boy to be self-reliant.

The Ballast having been discharged, the vessel was towed to the loading berth to take on a full load of oregon. I was put on day work and accordingly had the opportunity of seeing those happy southern State Negros manipulate the Sawn Square Logs. They would walk them round and round in the water to a position handy to be hove up through the bow ports. In all my travels I have not yet come across a more contented and generous people than the coloured people of the Southern States of America. I became friendly through working with them for my job was to pass the work to the winchman. Luscious fruits were often brought to me and I was invited to dinner by one of the negros who one Sunday brought some of his family down to see the ship. I readily accepted the invitation

but was doomed to disappointment because our Captain saw me going ashore with them and refused me permission to go. He also told me I was not to go ashore with any of the crew, but to make amends he said "I will give you one day ashore and it will be with either the mate or myself." What could be fairer for a Captain to say to a deck boy?

Well as I have previously mentioned the Captain was a very upright man. He had a very great consideration for the welfare of us lads, a strict disciplinarian and religious. he held church service in the saloon one night each week according to how the weather conditions fitted in so as to allow as many of the crew as possible to attend. Strange as it may seem to nautical readers, the crew always attended, a tribute to the esteem they held for the master. Myself not long away from school was appointed to lead with the hymns.

The captain was a very practical Sailmaker and many a watch during fine weather he would have me along side of him on the Poop Deck teaching me to manipulate the Palm and Needle in Canvas, which I found to be good groundwork for further experience in sailmaking in the years to follow.

I did think it an imposition at not being allowed ashore, and after a days work all I could do was to listen to the men who were staying aboard spinning yarns many and various. Their tales of the Yankee ships and schooners sailing around the American coast and the big wages that were paid to the crews interested me most. So the seed of ambition was sown in my young mind. Some of the men talked of deserting and joining an American Ship. They commenced to scheme





how to get away so as not to be seen by the officers, because if you are caught deserting your ship, you make yourself liable for jail until the ship is ready for sea in addition to being Logged (Fined). This penalty is at the option of the master of the ship and no with the shore authorities.

It may be wondered how it was that the Captain or his Officers did not get to know what was going on forward, well I may say that there is no greater freemasonry than amongst the crew in the forecabin of the old time sailing ships. It seems to come by instinct to a boy without instructions that is not to talk of what goes on in the forecabin. That accounts for me being allowed into their secrets, so as events to follow it can be seen how I also came to be one of the participators in the schemes.

It turned out that one of the men knew a sailors boarding master in the port and he made arrangements with him to bring a horse and cart down to as near the ship as possible without being seen one dark night to transport those of the crew who were deserting to his Boarding House. Well the eventful night arrived, and I having decided to desert to try my luck in this.

'EL DORADO' was not a little excited during the packing of my clothes for fear of being caught, and also against the advise and persuasions of some of the crew about my leaving the ship. Everything went off without a hitch and four men and myself stole away like thieves in the darkness and boarded a cart together with our clothes. The cart was drawn by a mule with a big negro as driver for a distance of about 3 miles. The journey was uneventful and on arrival at the house we were each conducted to a cubicle wherein we had to sleep, and when I lay down on the bed the reaction set in. I commenced to think 'Have I been fair'. To have deserted my ship where the treatment accorded me had been exceptionally good. Also my promise to the master not to go ashore with any of the crew. They were a fine crowd of sailormen and not likely to lead a boy astray, but as I have already stated he took a fatherly interest in us boys, hence my feeling of remorse. The bedroom if it could be called such had a rather weary aspect, but quite in keeping with my now dampened ardour.

In the following day the boarding master told me to keep out of sight in case I might be seen by any authority that might be looking for us deserters. Being a boy with a very open nature, though that seems to be contrary to my action in deserting my ship, those instruction did not appeal to me, and when in the quiet of my cubicle my

thoughts would wander to home and my parents. 'When would I see them again?' The *St. Vincent* would be leaving shortly for home because she was nearly loaded when we left her, and here I am feeling like a criminal thousands of miles from home. I was not kept in suspense for long because the next morning early the boarding master conveyed me and my clothes down to the waterfront and pointing to a vessel at anchor said "I have got a job for you in that nice little white painted Barquentine, she is sailing today."

Shortly a boat came off from the vessel and took us on board. No doubt the time and place of my embarkation had been prearranged. My nerves were to get a greater shock, for I naturally thought that I was going aboard an American ship and the big wages that I had heard so much about. But instead the vessel I joined turned out to be the *George* of Riga, a Russian, bound to Perth, Scotland. Now being a boy with very little experience I could do nothing and say very little. I had to put up with it for to tell the truth I had been respectably 'Shanghied'. I say respectably 'Shanghied' because it was usual in the old days for those uncompromising boarding masters to get men unconsciously aware and put them aboard any vessel requiring men. The men would have no say in the matter whatever. The cook who was a Mobile Negro and myself were the only 'foreigners' aboard. The wages I signed on for was equal to two pounds a month. What the boarding house master claimed out of this I don't know, but the usual amount was one months pay.

We were homeward bound, that was

the main trend of my thoughts and the anxiety of the last few days had rather dampened my ambition for big money and good living Yankee Packets.

For the benefit of readers who are ignorant of the rigs of sailing vessels an explanation will not be amiss. The *St. Vincent* was a three mast Barque, that is to say she had 'Yards' - Two Masts. I.E. Fore and Main Masts, and on the third mast: the Mizzen - fore and aft sails. I.E. 'Gaff and Boom. Now the *George* was a small Barquentine and the difference in Rig is 'Yards' only on the Foremast and the rest of the masts fore and aft sails - 'Gaffs and Booms'. She was a vessel of about three hundred tons so carried a correspondingly small crew, consisting of Captain, Mate, 2nd Mate, three able seamen, a boy, and a cook who did the combined duties of steward as well. The thorough training I had received during the time I had served on the *St. Vincent* served me in good stead and gave me the necessary confidence for my work on board the *George*. I could take the wheel, furl and unfurl a sail and know most of the science of rope knotting required of a boy thanks to the training of my old tutor 'Ned'.

It was not many hours before we were under way, the sails had already been bent and the deck cargo of lumber lashed before I joined her, so it was only a matter of heaving the anchor up and giving the tug boat the tow line and be towed out to sea on my first 'Homeward Passage'. Such a 'sea chanty' I never heard, maybe there were no 'Volga Boatmen' among the crew, or perhaps the crew were so few that they were not to make a decent chorus.

To be continued.



SYDNEY MARINE  
ELECTRICS

DAVID PALMER  
ELECTRICS

Marine & General  
Electrical Contractors

Installations, Sales, Service

All electrics to: • lighting • power • switchboards • generators  
• alternators • chargers • batteries • starters • alarms • control  
systems • motors • autopilots • pumps • fans, etc.

27 years in the trade - served my apprenticeship with a marine electrician who served his apprenticeship with a marine electrician. My tradesmen who served their apprenticeships with me are thus 4th trades generation in experience.

Phone David Palmer 559-5711 all hours  
66 Canobury Grove, Dulwich Hill, 2203  
Contractor to the CYCA for all electrics



## SOUTHERLY'S '58 HOBART

by Alan Campbell

Alan Campbell was moved, by the story The Great Southerly Floating Hotel (Offshore, October-November 1982), to relate this tale of Southerly's renowned '58 Hobart Race.

When Don Mickleborough bought *Southerly* in 1958 she had done no ocean racing though she had shown herself a very competitive 35 footer with the Sydney Amateurs since her launching 19 years previously. She was well prepared for the Hobart Race at Ernie Messenger's Double Bay shed; she started with that tower of strength, Englebert Charles', at the helm.

However *Southerly* had a Jonah; but who? Was it David Reid, whose mother arrived aboard at departure time with a Lilo inflatable mattress for her son just in case there wasn't enough room for him in the liferaft? Poor David got hell about that from the crew. Or, was it Alan Campbell, who had detoured on his way to Double Bay to get a witness so he could belatedly sign his will, and while so doing he borrowed two tea towels from his mother?

*Southerly* lived up to her name in her handling of the moderate southerly weather, and the afternoon of 27th found her, by DR, to be some 14-15 miles east of Montagu Is. But there was heavy overcast, rain and sea mist which cut visibility to one to two miles. On a port tack, in winds that had freshened to 20 knots, she met up with *Ruthean*, the 54 footer from Lake Macquarie, on starboard coming out from shorewards. Making it comfortably across her bows *Southerly* continued on her way, falling off the occasional wave as the seas built up, but no concern - she was a small, well found yacht doing what she was designed to do.

The watch had just changed. Jules Epstein, the navigator, and Alan Campbell were on deck and had been joined for a short time by a naked Malcolm McRae of *Kintail* fame for a quick chunder to leeward - quite and eye opening experience from the helmsman's position to weather in a small cockpit.

Then out of the blue, an urgent shout from Boy below: 'Head west!'

'What for?'

'There's a lot of water in her.'

'Well bloody well pump it out.'

'It wasn't there two minutes ago!' End of questions; west, and as fast as possible. The manual pumps were in operation. Don was trying to start the Stuart

<sup>1</sup>Englebert Charles' refers to E.C. ('Boy') Messenger.



*Southerly* on her way to her first Hobart start, in 1958.

Turner to engage the motor pump, and the remainder were bucketing as only frightened men can. Malcolm came on deck for a well earned breather with the terse rejoinder 'We're not going to make shore you know.' The life raft was readied. Meanwhile Boy was frantically tearing the forecabin to pieces, for it was from here that the water was running aft like a bubbling brook as it passed by the mast. Don had tried to call up the Radio Relay Vessel *Lauriana* on 2524 kHz and, getting no answer, proceeded with an All Stations MAYDAY call.

It happened that, aboard *Lauriana* at that crucial moment, the late George Barton had left the vicinity of the radio to get a packet of cigarettes, and on his return he was asked by a crew member, who shall remain nameless, 'George, do we have a yacht called *Mayday* in this race?' George, God bless him, right in his element, was very quickly in touch with *Southerly*.

By this time it was becoming possible to see the coast and the high land behind it, which was erroneously taken to be Mt. Dromedary far off. As it turned out, *Southerly* was much closer in than anticipated, but Dromedary was lost in the murk and what could be seen were the much lower coastal hills, not unlike Dromedary in profile and almost dead in line with it.

Still travelling quite fast, though appreciably deeper in the water, it was beginning to look as if *Southerly* might make the coast before foundering, and the intention was to run her up on the first available piece of *terra firma*. Perhaps David wasn't going to find out whether there was room for him in the life raft after all, and Alan's haste in signing his will was unwarranted.

Don had finally got the engine going with the water almost up to the air intake, and Boy had found the leak - caulking had dropped out of two seams, each about 18 inches long on the lee-



ward forefoot. The water was really rushing in, and quite a terrifying sight it was, squirting up to the deckhead as *Southerly* plunged on towards the coast. No one, least of all Boy, knows why he thought to bring along a caulking iron (another possible Jonah?) but then neglected to bring any caulking cotton. However, those two tea towels were to hand and, working cautiously, ever alert to the fact that caulking from the wrong side may even make matters worse, Boy reduced the torrent until it began to look as if they didn't have to accept the first bit of available *terra firma* but could be choosy — like a nice soft sandy bit on which to 'Save Their Souls.'

*Lauriana* reported by radio that she had a single masted yacht in sight that might be *Southerly*, and would they please ignite a flare to identify themselves. An orange smoke flare was less than useless; held high above the stern, the orange smoke descended straight to the surface and just plain blew away. Don suggested that *Lauriana* flash the yacht up with her Aldis, which she did, and so homed in.

Boy now had the leak virtually stopped; the water was down in the bilge (and in the Tasman Sea where it

was more acceptable), and the engine pump was coping very nicely. Boy, the hero — All Hail—now they were really being selective — no rocks, no soft sand, but a port, no less, would suffice, and Bermagui loomed up on the nose with *Lauriana* closing fast from seaward.

Bermagui was a very different place 24 years ago. The charts showed an anchorage in southerly weather north of the headland where there was a deep water jetty which had been used pre-war by the coastal ships. The river itself needed a very intimate local knowledge.

*Lauriana* caught up as *Southerly* anchored in the outer bay, checked that all was well, took the Taswegian, Malcolm, aboard, and the *Lauriana* crewman, photographer Douglas Baglin, left a roll of film depicting the event for transmission to the press in Sydney. Malcolm McRea reached Hobart OK, but the film, despatched that evening with the local bus driver, never turned up.

*Southerly* proceeded to the jetty where an obliging local, who was doing a quiet spot of fishing, jumped aboard and 'conned' her over the bar and up to the Fishermen's Co-op wharf, where

she was grounded at high water and allowed to dry out, port side to the wharf. The crew and bystanders goggled at just how much putty and caulking had fallen out; only two, now very battered, tea towels stood between *Southerly* and Davey Jones Locker. The caulking and filler had gone rock hard over the years and, lacking any resilience, had dropped out with the working caused by driving into the head seas.

That night was a night to remember for the crew. Their relief was tempered only by the disappointment of being out of the Race. Don Mickleborough was at his inimitable best (or worst depending on how you look at it), and the little waitress in the restaurant wasn't game to come back to the table again after her introduction to the *Southerly* crew while trying to take their orders.

So, *Southerly*, and Don, lived on to become the Floating Hotel as described in the October-November issue of *Offshore* — a character yacht with a real character of a skipper and a very character-making introduction to ocean racing. □

## TONNAGE MEASUREMENT

by Bernie Hamill

The following explanations are offered in order to clarify some popular misconceptions when talking about a ship's tonnage.

At most ports throughout the world the rates for dock and harbour dues and those payable to local pilots are governed by the ships' tonnage. The descriptions, for these purposes, are of three kinds — Displacement Tonnage, Gross Tonnage and Net (or Register) Tonnage.

### Warships

Certificates showing gross and net tonnages are supplied to warships, on completion or on re-measurement after structural alterations, and are recorded in the ship's Navigational Data Book.

### Displacement Tonnage

Displacement Tonnage is the weight of water displaced by the ship and is equal to the weight of the ship and all that is in her; it therefore varies with her draught.

Displacement = volume of water displaced (in cubic feet) divided by 35 or 36, according to whether the water is salt or fresh, respectively.

### Standard Displacement

Standard Displacement is used for warships; it is that laid down by the Washington Treaty (1923) and is the displacement of the ship complete, fully manned, with engines, armament, ammunition, missiles and launchers, provisions, stores, equipment and fresh water for crew, but without fuel or reserve feedwater.

### Gross Tonnage

Gross Tonnage is the internal capacity of the ship below the upper deck, with the addition of permanent closed-in spaces above the upper deck. It is reckoned in tons (for this purpose, 100 cubic feet are taken as the equivalent of 1 ton). Certain factors are, however, included — e.g. double bottom compartments and upper deck shelters for passengers. Gross tonnage is used to classify ships for many purposes, e.g. The Merchant Shipping Radio Telegraphy Act, 1919. For a warship the gross tonnage is usually about 60% of the standard displacement.

### Net Tonnage

Net Tonnages properly referred to as 'Register Tonnage' so far as registered

vessels are concerned. It is obtained from the gross tonnage by making deductions for space occupied by propelling machinery, fuel, crew accommodation, etc. In a limited sense it represents the cargocarrying capacity and the liability for dues. The Register is kept by the Registrar of Shipping at the particular Port of Registry.

Net Tonnage is commonly used as a basis for the assessment of port dues throughout the world and for 'light dues' for ships trading to the United Kingdom. (Light dues are levied upon vessels for the provision and maintenance of lighthouses, navigations buoys, etc.)

### The Register Book

The Register Book is published by Lloyds Register of Shipping and gives the gross and net tonnage of most of the world's merchant ships.

### Special Certificates

Special tonnage certificates are issued by the ministry of Transport (in Australia, the Federal Department of Transport) to ships, which show the net and displacement tonnages upon which dues will be charged when transiting the Suez and Panama Canals, respectively. □

Another CYCA World-first:

## A SOUTH PACIFIC RUM AND SCOLLOP PIE TASTING

by Tony Cable



(Left) Tony Cable, the Q.L.D. founder and organiser of the rum tasting, found her (Janet Blake) at the Inner Circle table.

Late last year David Lawson was seen walking around the bar looking rather miserable. Somewhat like a ship's plumber who has been asked to dismantle a clogged head, in 50 knots to windward. His problem was that he needed a sponsor for the inaugural Hobart-Sydney Penta Base Time Trial. This was to follow in the vein of the 'predicted time' race that he had run for yachts returning from the 1982 Mooloolaba Race.

As he rounded the corner of the CYCA Coaster's Retreat (the elbow of the bar,

you might call it), he ran into Dawson and myself. We were discussing how perfectly splendid it was of Fosters to donate yet another pallet of beer for the forthcoming Quiet Little Drink. We asked 'Lawso' do join us in a Fosters, which at the time we were drinking by the mouthful.

He explained that he was trying to raise money to support Penta Base, the Limited Coast Radio Station near Gosford, run by Derek and Jeanine Barnard, who do an incredible job of manning this station from 7.00 a.m. to

10.00 p.m., 7 days a week. Among their services to the yachting community is the conduct of certain ocean racing skeds, and they handle a tremendous amount of daily traffic for yachts and motor cruisers right around the Pacific.

Now, Dawson and I are not too good on navigation, nor radio; indeed, on more than one occasion we have even had difficulty 'raising home'. But we immediately felt compelled to 'sponsor' this Hobart-Sydney time trial by way of offering, through the Quiet Little Drink, a \$250 donation to Penta Base and, on behalf of the Fosters, a 10-dozen cans prize to the winner.

All went well with the race; *Rampant* won the event, finishing in Sydney within 15 minutes of her predicted time (that time declared in a sealed envelope, before she left Hobart). So the Quiet Little Drink got into the record books as a 'major race sponsor'. One could truly say, therefore, that Hitachi sends them down, the Q.L.D. sends them up.

This report could have ended here, except for the fact of history repeating itself a few weeks later, just after the Hobart.

David Lawson was seen wandering around the bar, rather like a ship's plumber who for three days at 50 knots to windward had the outlet pipe for the head connected to the inlet pipe to the ice box.

Lawso's problem, he explained, was that, after successfully running the Q.L.D. time trial, it seemed that it was incumbent upon him to run a 'presentation night' — just like they do after all the other famous races. But he had no Commodores or Officers who wanted to know anything about his race. After all, he had been told, he wasn't a *real* race director.

As luck would have it, I supposed, I happened to be standing at the elbow with Duncan van Woerden, Frank Sticovich and others. We told Lawso that everything was quite OK — we would run a presentation for him.

The Q.L.D. had already started to raise money for the Royal Blind Society at the instigation of our Titular Head, Sir James. So it was natural for us to think of a presentation night which could be the vehicle for raising some money for this charity.

With our purpose established, the question of catering then occupied some attention. Having been not long back from Hobart, the delights of Tasmanian scollop pies were still of recent memory. Duncan arranged to have 600 of these put on a ship from National Pies, Hobart.

Next, liquid refreshments. Again, a solution was obvious — have a rum tasting, with the rum companies 'show-



ing' their merchandise just like a wine tasting.

It was somewhat unusual for the rum companies to be asked to supply drink for such a tasting; as they had never really done this type of promotion before, all agreed. If any group could give their products a reasonable sort of appraisal, a roomful of ocean racers could.

On the night (21st February) we had some enthusiastic support from Bacardi, Beenleigh, Bundaberg, Capstan, Endeavour and Inner Circle. There is no question that their most excellent spirits were tasted repeatedly and with enthusiasm.

Actually, along with the above listing we had to make a special category - a Phillipines rum that 'Jumbo' donated. He claimed that he always brought some of this back with him from his trips - not too expensive up there, at \$0.45 per bottle!

In listing all the rum sponsors, one cannot overlook Coca Cola, who donated the only mixer one could really contemplate for such an event. Nibbles were provided by Amatil in the form of numerous packs of CCs corn chips and Nobby's beer nuts.

Well, what with a hefty entrance fee, the First South Pacific Rum Tasting made rather a lot - \$1240 profit. One of the more productive presentation nights that we all had ever been to.

The Titular Head had said that, as the Q.L.D. was supported by ocean racers throughout Australia, our funds should ideally be spread around the country. So, with the bushfires occurring just a short time before our presentation, we split the funds and sent cheques to branches of the Royal Blind Society in both South Australia and Victoria, with a request that, if possible, they be used specifically to help people affected by the fires.

Naturally with a rum and scollop pie tasting, the subsequent stories abound. I went into the details of the crayfish races for fear that certain people will remind us that Gentlemen Yachtsmen do not race crustaceans.

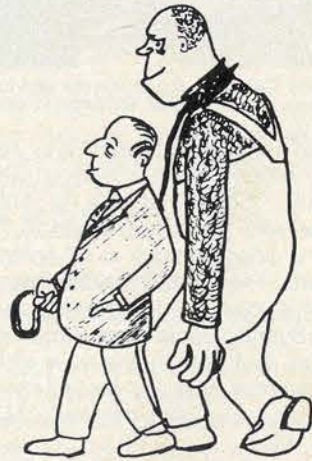
Perhaps I could close by mentioning that some of the surplus pies were auctioned at the end of the evening. John Messenger bought a frozen carton, and asked Bob, the steward, to put them safely away in the cool room. John would claim that he "only had two rums all evening" and didn't really forget that he bought the 60 pies. But, after ten days in the cool room, the boys just couldn't go in there to change the kegs any more. So the scallops found their way back to the sea. □



Left to right: Jeanine Barnard of Penta Base; David Lawson, Race Director, the inaugural Q.L.D. Hobart-Sydney Motor Yacht Race; Derek Barnard, Penta Base.



Ship Ahoy! Man that capstan! Maaannnn....that Capstan!



OWNERS AND GORILLAS MOST WELCOME

**WAIKIKI YACHT CLUB**  
 Would be pleased to recognize the officers  
 and members of  
 CYCA  
 at its facilities  
 situated at 1599 Ala Moana Blvd.  
 (The entrance of Ala Moana Park and the Ala Wai  
 Yacht Harbor.)  
 For the season 1983  
*Wasey L. She* Commodore

**DON'T MISS THE  
 PRIZE-GIVING EVENT  
 OF THE YACHTING YEAR**

The Annual SOPS-LOPS Dinner  
 Wine and dine in the  
 best ocean racing company  
 Sydney Hilton Hotel  
 7.30 p.m. Friday, June 3, 1983

The winners of the CYCA Short and Long Ocean Point Score Series are the ocean racing celebrities of the year. The CYCA Annual LOPS-SOPS Dinner is where you will dine in the best of yachting company with the winning skippers, crews, wives and the top competitors of Australian ocean racing. Book early to avoid disappointment; there is a limited number of tickets available for this great event.  
 Tickets \$25.00 ea. Dress: Suit or yachting jacket and tie  
 Ring today and make your bookings and arrangements The Cruising Yacht Club of Australia 32-9731

**Budget Pest  
 Control**

MEMBER-CONTRACTOR  
 TO THE CYCA  
 PHONE NOEL LEWIS 519-2122

**THIS SPACE  
 COULD HAVE BEEN  
 WORKING HARD  
 FOR YOU...**

...selling to one of the most select magazine audiences in Australia, the readership of *Offshore*. *Offshore* reaches a high-income group of decision makers, at least 84% of whom read most of each issue and have been doing so for over two years. They are substantive, potentially steady customers. 66% earn over \$30,000 per year; 81% are business proprietors, managers, doctors, lawyers, accountants.

IF YOU ARE IN THE MARINE TRADE you should also be aware that, based on a recent questionnaire to readers, you do not necessarily reach the select *Offshore* audience by advertising in other boating magazines. The second most popular magazine with *Offshore* readers who answered the questionnaire was *Australian Sailing*, and only 33% of respondents read every issue of that fine magazine; only 21% read every issue of *Modern Boating*, 21% the *Bulletin*, 12% *Time*, 4% *Australian Boating*. *Offshore* reader-yacht owners will spend about \$1.8 million this year on sails, rigging, sheets, chandlery, paint, engine maintenance and insurance alone.

Are you tapping that market??? Shouldn't you be??? Let *Offshore* tap it for you. Ring the Editor today on (02) 327-1152 and book you ad for the next issue (special discounts available for regular advertisers).

**JOG  
 OWNER  
 GOES  
 INSANE.**

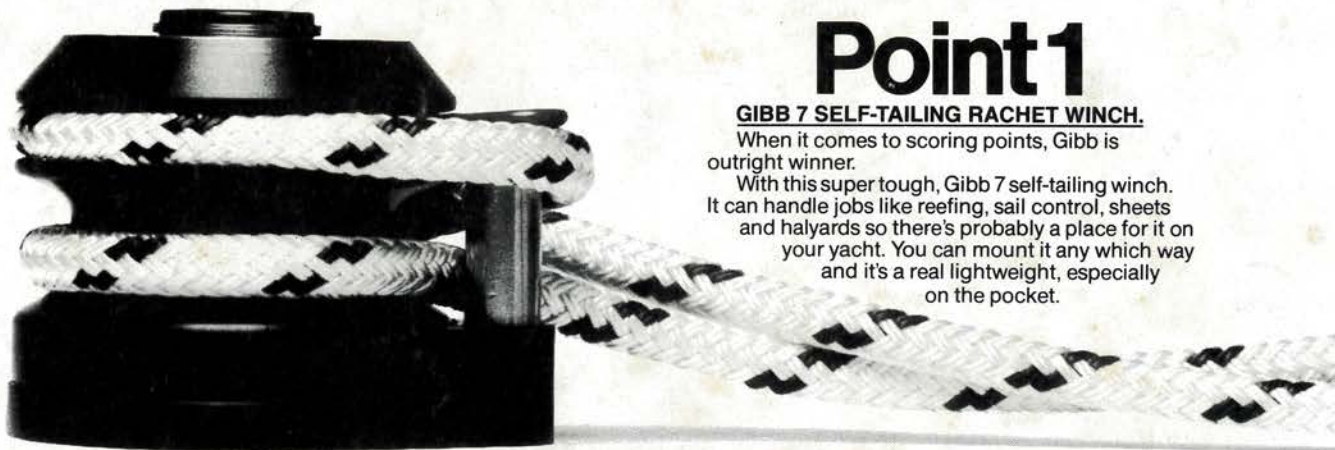
Owing to the owner's mental aberration that his advertising group and property development plans are more important than getting wet and sunburnt on weekends, "Trick Cyclist" will be given away to anyone with close to \$18,500 in bills, oil shares, Mars bars or other negotiable commodities.

"Trick Cyclist" is in immaculate condition and comes complete with MSB mooring, dinghy, new taller mast, new double ply leech main, new No's 1, 1½, 2 and 3 genoas, 2 x spinnakers, new lightweight inboard engine with electric key start, an Italian folding prop, new lightweight timber interior including stairs, new Micron 22 antifouling, 6 x lightweight Barlows and new Peter Holmes' shaped hot resin keel and rudder.

With \$27,500 worth of receipts and an overall third place in its last series, the owner must be insane to sell. Phone (02) 868 2746 bh or ah.



# Gibb proves a point or three.



## Point 1

### GIBB 7 SELF-TAILING RACHET WINCH.

When it comes to scoring points, Gibb is outright winner.

With this super tough, Gibb 7 self-tailing winch. It can handle jobs like reefing, sail control, sheets and halyards so there's probably a place for it on your yacht. You can mount it any which way and it's a real lightweight, especially on the pocket.



## Point 2

### ROPE TERMINALS.

No more splicing with this revolutionary combination Gibb snap shackle and rope terminal. It retains full rope strength and is exclusive to Gibb.

Available to fit rope sizes 6mm to 14mm.



## Point 3

### SMOOTH CONNECTION SNAP SHACKLES.

No more sail hangups with the maxi strength, top opening snap shackle for spinnaker sheets and guys. And for halyards and the rest, you can't beat the Gibb side-opening snap shackle, with the ultra smooth connection and the unique "oval throat."

Constructed from rugged 316 stainless steel in four sizes, to suit trailer sailers to maxi yachts.



**BARLOW MARINE  
LIMITED.**

52 Wentworth Street, Granville N.S.W. 2142 Telephone: (02) 637 9333 Telex: AA24301.

BAR 1103