

The Magazine of The Cruising Yacht Club of Australia

OFFSHORE

NUMBER 74

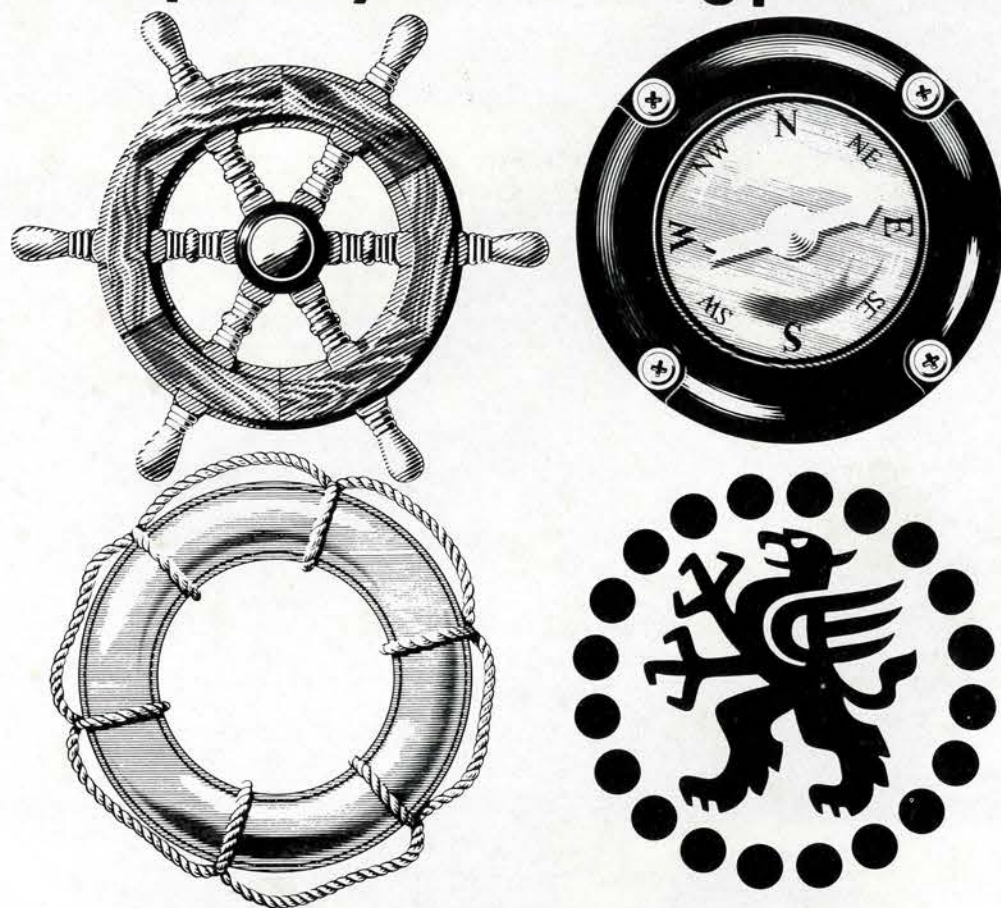
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The Magazine of The Cruising Yacht Club of Australia

OFFSHORE

Number 74

October-November 1983



Cover: The Ampol Yachtsman of the Year luncheon was held in the Blue Water Room on October 27th, 1983 as part of the very successful Sportsman's Luncheon series. Precedent was set that day when Ampol Modern Boating & Seacraft announced that the 1983 award would be made to three yachtsmen in a joint presentation. A sellout audience, complete with several TV camera crews, saw the award go to Alan Bond (who was unable to be present), John Bertrand, skipper, and Ben Lexcen, designer of Australia II. In a very festive atmosphere, speeches were made, autographs were signed, and many of those assembled, after the formalities were over, retired to the Coaster's Retreat to resail the America's Cup series.

In this issue of Offshore we present an edited transcript of Alan Payne's October 11th address to the Sportsman's luncheon, in which he reflects on the America's Cup victory (see page 9).

And we would like to join in offering our congratulations to Alan Bond, Warren Jones, Ben Lexcen, John Bertrand, Hugh Treharne and all of the team of Australia II for an absolutely magnificent effort, to a man. It is difficult to find words to say just how much they did for all of us in Newport. PHOTOGRAPH BY DAVID COLFELT.

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OFFSHORE SIGNALS



Letters

Tasman Cup

The Editor, *Offshore*
My article in the June-July issue of *Offshore* (No. 72) covering the loss of *Montego Bay* and *Waikikamukau* was based entirely on the transcript of the Club enquiry into the disaster, an enquiry which included evidence from survivors, witnesses and the Water Police. Indeed, parts of the article repeated almost verbatim statements of witnesses, including that of Michael Condon of *Montego Bay*. Subsequently the Sailing Committee based some far reaching changes to the Club's sailing and safety instructions on that transcript, changes which could become part of the AYF's safety regulations.

If, as Chris Hatfield states in his letter in the September *Offshore*, "numerous facts in the article are false", then it is his immediate responsibility to point out these inaccuracies to the authorities concerned, including the Coroner, not wait to write some future magazine article.

Yours sincerely,
John Brooks

Handicapping

The Editor, *Offshore*
I was interested to read Gordon Marshall's article on comparison of the various handicap systems based on the results of the racing at the Clipper Cup last year. As a supporter of time on distance as opposed to time on time I am prompted to make the following comments.

One would get the impression from Gordon's analysis that time on time is the fairest handicapping system. Perhaps it is if the wind blows continuously as it usually does in Hawaii, but what about the situation which prevails on most of our 90 mile, 120 mile and 180 mile races which start at night usually in a fading NE or ENE wind which dies completely about the middle of the night and effectively parks the whole fleet for four or five hours or more. In this

situation the larger boats have no chance, as the handicapper's clock is still running and the boats are not moving.

I would like to see Gordon do some comparisons of time on time versus time on distance on some of our Bird Islet and Flinders Island and Hobart Races before I'll be convinced that time on time is a fair handicapping system in our conditions.
Yours faithfully,
S.R. Edwards

America

The Editor, *Offshore*

whilst on a recent trip to the United States, shortly after the history making victory of *Australia II* over *Liberty*, I found that most Americans were genuinely pleased that the Auld Mug had been unbolted from its rotunda home in the NYYC and is now safely in the hands of the Royal Perth Yacht Club, Alan Bond and Australians in general.

Everywhere I went, from New York to Atlanta, Los Angeles and Honolulu, the American people would congratulate us on a remarkable effort.

This victory has made the average American so much more aware of the land down under. However, whilst in Colorado I found a piece of editorial from the *Rocky Mountain News* October 5, from one American who was less than pleased that the cup had left its home of 132 years.



A kangaroo walloper

A sad blow, indeed

Editor: Damn you, sir! You with your smarmy editorial. I mean the one that (predictably) went something like, "If we had to lose the cup, isn't it nice..."

No, it isn't nice. As I see it, we are closer to was with Australia than we've been in our history.

Fact is, the Auld Mug is gone into the hands of a bunch of smug, arrogant, beer-swilling kangaroo wallopers.

Heaven knows what they'll do with it — probably melt it down and recast it into little marsupial lapel pins. They have a history of iconoclasm.

I don't want to appear like a poor loser, but consider: We assign our establishment (emerging American aristocracy, etc.) one task to perform once every few years — "Keep the bloody mug."

And they blow it!
Even so, I am a forgiving man. Now is no time to over-react. It would seem sufficient to simply nail skipper Dennis Connor to the masthead of our challenger as a subtle reminder to skipper and crew that we expect more in the next effort.

The message? There is no excuse for losing the cup.

L. ED WILLIAMS
Denver

It may be of interest that I learned in Hawaii from the Organising Director of the 1984 Pan Am Clipper Cup, Dick Gooch, that Waikiki Yacht Club is expecting the forthcoming regatta to be its biggest ever, with some 15 yachts expected to race in the maxi division alone.

First boats to register entry for the Clipper Cup 1984 were Sy Klienmans (*Swiftsure*) and another staunch supporter of this regatta, Lou Abrahams (*Challenge*).

Those of you who were in Hawaii last year will remember the great racing between *Margaret Rintoul III* and *Bullfrog*. Well, these two boats will be returning to Honolulu but under new ownership. *Rintoul* was purchased earlier this year by John Ahrens of Newport Beach, is now called *Tomahawk*, and *Bullfrog* was bought by Monty Livingston from Marina Del Rey and is the new *Checkmate*.

Whilst in Los Angeles I caught up with Andy McNab and South Australian Mick Harvey, who were putting the finishing touches on the new *Sorcery* for Jake Wood. *Sorcery* is a Gary Mull 82-footer.

And from the California Yacht Club the word is that the 1984 California Cup will be a race between nine maxi boats. Now that should prove quite a spectacle on Santa Monica Bay, not to mention the partying at Marina Del Rey bars and restaurants afterwards.

Back in Honolulu, the Waikiki Yacht Club has officially lodged a challenge for the next America's Cup.

Yours sincerely,
Patrick Bollen

Correspondence from the desk of the General Manager

Kilroy Industries
El Segundo, California

Dear Peter,
Thank you for your telex and expression of sympathy on loss of the America's Cup. Recent news articles indicate the mystery of its passing rapidly through Sydney en route to a bank vault in Perth.

Unfortunately, we have been unable to develop a Southern Cross cup team, perhaps because of the hopefully momentary high of Australia in the total yachting scene. It is always an excellent series.

I have personally telexed Alan Bond and crew to offer my congratulations on their outstanding victory and I must offer equal compliments to all of Australian yachting.

We will work towards a qualified team for the 1985 series and be assured that all US contestants will be on their guard and well organised to challenge our friends from Australia.

Sincerely,
John B. Kilroy

Illbruck GmbH
Leverkusen 3, Germany

Dear Peter,
Unfortunately, an accident happened to the *Pinta* where another boat crashed into her. I am very sorry but due to all the repairs necessary we will not make it for the shipment to Australia. But I can assure you that the Southern Cross 1985 will not take place without *Pinta*.

Best Regards,
Willi Illbruck

Record Hobart Race fleet

As we went to press new from the sailing office was that this year would see a record 180 yachts entered for the Hitachi Sydney-Hobart Yacht Race, the 39th year of this ocean racing classic. The previous record was 157 yachts which started in 1981; last year there were 128 starters, so this year should see something over the 170 mark take the starter's gun.

Peter Campbell reports: "Like 1981, this year's fleet has been boosted by overseas and interstate entries for the Hitachi Southern Cross Cup series of five races, including the Sydney-Hobart, which starts on December 16.

Twelve teams are expected to contest the Southern Cross Cup — Britain, Hong Kong (two teams), Papua New Guinea, New Zealand, Australia, New South Wales, Victoria, Tasmania, Queensland, South Australia and Western Australia. Individual overseas entries will come from the United States, Japan, Ireland, New Zealand, Britain and Bermuda.

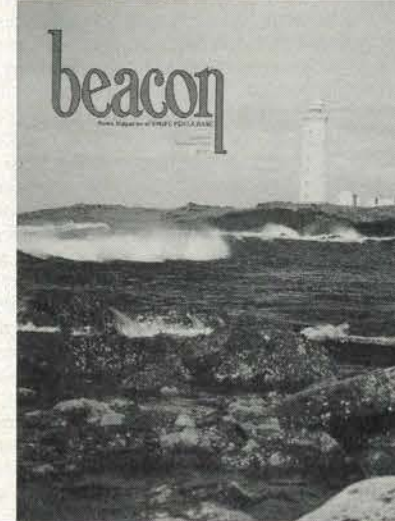
"Heading the record line-up are the maxi yachts *Condor*, from Bermuda, *Nirvana*, from the USA, and *Ragamuffin* (ex-*Bumblebee 4*)."

Beacon No. 4 now available

Penta Base's annual news magazine has recently been sent to all Penta Base members, and copies are available, without charge, from the CYCA office. This unique, privately operated Limited Coast Station has again done an excellent job of putting together a timely and useful guide to marine radio. The issue includes articles on radio protocol, tables of general marine frequencies, a penetrating article on Ham radio in marine use, notes on Lord Howe Island by Clive Wilson, that island's well-known harbourmaster, search and rescue briefs, and more.

The membership list of Penta Base, which is published at the end of the magazine, shows a healthy growth over last year, indicating the usefulness of the service to the

boating public. The station is completely self-sustaining, membership subscription fees providing the funds for operation. Penta Base's weather service is unique; along with regular (and *timely*) local forecasts, the station now provides a new SW Pacific ocean forecast, too.



Penta Base is an old friend of the CYCA and has conducted many race radio skeds and special skeds for returning yachts, particularly yachts making the long journey home from Hobart. For more information, pick up a copy of *Beacon* at the CYCA office or write to Penta Base, PO Box 530, Gosford, NSW 2250. ☎ (043) 677-668.●



Prime Minister at the CYCA

Amidst his October flurry of congratulations to football finalists and America's Cup winners, the Prime Minister, Bob Hawke, took time to come down to the CYCA to attend a book launching for *Telegraph* cartoonist Paul Zanetti. He was photographed in front of the Club with Paul Zanetti.

Offshore Signals

SSB Radios needed

The manager of the British Southern Cross Cup team has asked for help in securing the temporary use of SSB radios for the British Team, who do not have SSB aboard as it is not required in England. If anyone has an SSB marine radio that he or she is prepared to lend or lease to the British team, please get in touch with Bernie Hammill at the CYCA sailing office ☎ 32-9731.●

Tactical Sailing Programme

Mike Fletcher, Yachting Coach, advisor to *Australia II* and the Australian Olympic yachting team, announced on his return from *Australia II's* America's Cup win the launching of a national tactical sailing program.

Tactical Sailing is being published by Geoff Rouvray, a familiar hand to ocean racing and regular crew on Jeremy Whitty's *Szechwan*. Rouvray told *Offshore*: "Tactical Sailing" a major step forward in improving on course tactical sailing skills and is presented in an 8-page publication of easy-to-follow, fully illustrated step-by-step instructions. It will be published ten times yearly, building into a library of 80 pages.

"To gain maximum benefit from the programme, you should read the information in each issue carefully and then apply it to your on course sailing over the following weeks until you receive the next issue.

"As the new knowledge is applied to your sailing, you will week by week obtain a higher standard of technical expertise on the race course."

Tactical Sailing will be available only by subscription. For more information, see the advertisement in this issue (page 7), or write to *Tactical Sailing*, PO Box 589, Manly, NSW 2095.●

Commercial notes

Cavalier waterfront move

The builders of the popular and expanding range of Cavalier performance and cruising sail boats, Cavalier Yachts Pty Ltd. have made a business arrangement with the new owners of Elizabeth Bay Marine to establish a sales and brokerage office at their Elizabeth Bay boat shed.

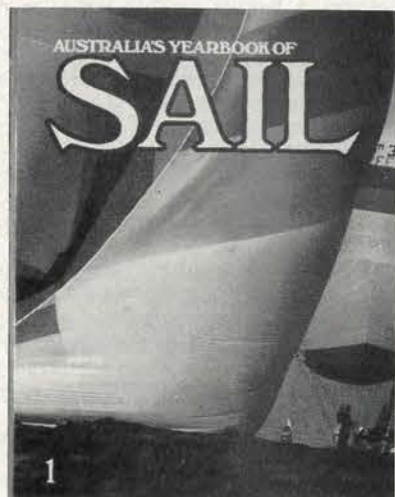
The new expanding Cavalier range includes the following six models: Cavalier 28; Cavalier 30; Cavalier 975; Cavalier 37; Cavalier 40 Motor Sailer; and, flagship of their fleet, the Cavalier 43.

Having their own waterfront office now means that Cavalier will be able to offer the buying public trade-in facilities and also a convenient after sales service point. Sailing demonstrations will be easily available on display models at Elizabeth Bay.●

Second-hand chandlery

For those still pining over the 'Yachties' Fête', the second-hand sale of yachting gear that made a non-appearance last year on the CYCA calendar, take heart. An operation which calls itself Sula Marine is operating out of Ferguson's Boatshed, on the eastern side of the Spit Bridge. The proprietors, Vivienne Pratt and George Short, say they are expanding the used sails section to meet interstate demand. They will 'help you clear your lockers of any unwanted but serviceable gear.' Give them a call ☎ 960-1194 for more information.●

Book Reviews



Australia's Yearbook of Sail

Edited by Sandy Peacock
Lansdowne Press \$30.00
208 pages Cloth

Review by David Colfelt

As someone who has attempted to take photographs of sailboats I can only say, since the day I first saw his name in a *Modern Boating* magazine about ten years ago, I have envied Sandy Peacock's art with a camera on the water. Sandy has since graduated to being an Associate Editor of *Australian Sailing* magazine and then went on to freelance photography.

There are two elements vitally important to a successful marine photograph: obviously, composition and interest, and, but no less important, sharpness/focus. The first thing is a problem for all photographers, marine or otherwise; if you haven't taken a well composed shot that has some interest, it is a mere 'happy snap' and you are no more than a Brownie operator. Focus and sharpness, however, is a special problem for marine photographers, and it where most of them come well and truly unstuck, myself included.

The marine photographer's subject is in motion, and unfortunately the photographer

is almost always in motion too, so you can treble the normal hassles with holding the camera steady and keeping the focus sharp. The marine photographer is, moreover, frequently using a telephoto lens because photographs of yachts taken with a normal lens, e.g. a 50 mm lens on a 35 mm camera, are usually unexciting unless you are very close to your subject, at which time you and your camera will probably also be very wet, and that means your camera will be very useless next time you get it out to take a picture. A 200 mm telephoto, which is about as long a lens as can be held in the hand (i.e. can be held steady without a tripod) is also a popular one on the water, good for dramatic marine photographs, ones that impart the feeling of deck action, spray, etc. 200 mm lenses are relatively 'slow', with maximum apertures of about f4 due to the limitations of lens design, which means you often have to use slower shutter speeds than you might like, especially if you are shooting with the relatively slow film that produces the best results on the water, Kodachrome (ASA 64).

So those are just a few of the problems facing the marine action photographer in his pursuit of crisp photographs. And where Sandy Peacock stands out from the pack is that he not only has an artist's eye for composition but his photographs are almost always absolutely razor sharp.

Australia's Yearbook of Sail is a feast of Sandy Peacock's photography along with a selection by others. Ray Berghouse organised the production of the *Yearbook* for Lansdowne Press, and he had the good sense to ask Sandy to edit it. Sandy is also a writer. Although much of his effort has been expended in recent years on 'nuts and bolts' writing, boat tests and general marine articles, he is a talented spanner of words and, in fact, is currently a copywriter on the Sydney payroll of a leading international advertising firm. Editing in this case meant nominating the editorial matter, organising the nautical scribes to write it, selecting the photographs, writing an introduction and generally assisting with the final presentation.

The result is a brilliant selection of pictures along with some very good reading across the spectrum of Australian sailing - from America's Cup to cats, 18 footers, sailboards, IOR racing, the Hobart Race - by Bob Ross, Rob Mundle, Peter Campbell, Rob Armstrong, to mention a few.

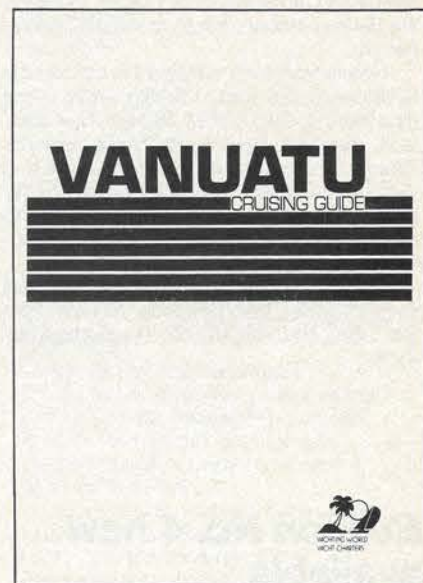
The book was intended to be published in June, but the economic situation in Australia made it difficult to get the required number of advertisers. 'Advertisers?' you say, 'in a cloth-bound book?' It is perhaps a sign of the times, but perhaps at any time there would no way that a 200-odd page book such as this one, printed on 135 gsm glossy art paper in full colour throughout, could be sold to the public for \$30.00 if it did not carry advertising. Maybe in America, with a population of 240-odd million. The relatively few ads do not really detract from the 'quality' of the production; it is generally advertising at its most tasteful, in some cases, artful.

Australia's Year of Sail is evidently to become an annual event, this one being No. 1. Sandy Peacock's name is now synonymous with excellent marine photography, and it is perplexing that it is not given greater prominence, on the cover or title page (acknowledgement of Editor is given on page 9,

in twelve point type, in a paragraph which also identifies other contributors). There is perhaps some internequine logic behind the oversight, but for whatever reason it was a silly thing to do. Editorial and marine photographer's fees in this country are rarely economic justification of the effort involved, and recognition is therefore an important part of 'justice' being done. With that sort of treatment, the publisher (and those of us who are looking forward to building a collection) will be lucky if there is a 1984-'84 edition of similar quality.

Most picture magazines these days publish individual photographic credits next to each photo, albeit in very small type, and the photo credits in this volume are also unilluminating. As this yearbook could well become a photography annual of Australian sail, there might be a case as well for having a section at the back which discusses technical aspects of the photographs, as other photography annuals do.

Australia's Yearbook of Sail has something for all yachtsmen, whether they are into large or small yachts. It has plenty for those who just enjoy looking at good photographs. I don't know anyone other than Sandy Peacock who could have assembled that much top-notch sailing photography in one place. It is beautifully printed by Dai Nippon and will make a very nice Christmas present for some deserving sailor. (Available from all general booksellers and, of course, from Boat Books, Crows Nest.)●



A Guide to Vanuatu

by David Colfelt
Yachting World Yacht Charters Pty. Ltd. \$13.95*
126 pages w/maps paper

Review by John Brooks

Reviewers have always been a bit of a mystery to me. I mean, how do they qualify as reviewers in the first place? I know a journalist who is a great golfer but for some reason his Editor made him the paper's music critic. Then there are the literary critics who are always whining that no one understands them, as if being loved and understood was supposed to be part of their reward.

Movie critics seem to carry much the same chip on their shoulders. I suppose that, if you are going to set yourself up as a sort of know-all and go around telling people that their favourite movie is just so much cheap rubbish, then you are bound to be unpopular, particularly if people begin to suspect the truth. That is, that you don't have the faintest idea what you are talking about to begin with.

When someone who harbours such deep suspicions about reviewers is asked to act as one himself, it does create certain internal conflict, resolved in this case by my admitting that my sole qualifications for reviewing this book are:

1. I cruised the New Hebrides, as it was then known, in 1979;
2. I once read a yachtsman's cruising guide (to the Whitsunday Passage).

A Guide to The Vanuatu is published by Yachting World Yacht Charters and is meant presumably as a substitute for local knowledge for those lucky vacationers engaging in bareboat charters. It was written by David Colfelt who was also responsible for *The Complete Yachtsman's Handbook to the Whitsunday Passage*, the most comprehensive cruising guide I have ever seen. He has followed his usual practice of including detailed chapters on the area's history, culture, geography and geology as well as the usual cruising hints and climatology. All of this is carefully researched and written in an entertaining style so that, if you neglected to take along some reading matter to fill in the occasional idle hour or two, the cruising guide will provide you with plenty of interesting reading.

The most impressive part of *A Guide to Vanuatu* is the section on sailing directions, which includes very detailed charts of preferred yacht anchorages. In the absence of local knowledge, finding a good anchorage can sometimes be hard to interpret from Admiralty charts and the Pilot. In fact, some instructions from the Pilot pertaining to Vanuatu date back to the last century, and in 1979 I found one place where the details in the Pilot had been rendered obsolete by volcanic action along the shoreline. The sailing instructions and charts in the guide are, therefore, worth their weight in gold to the cruising yachtsman when he is seeking a safe anchorage for the night.

The sailing instructions and charts extend from Port Vila on Efate Island to the northern tip of Epi Island, although the Yachting World cruising area extends further north to include the southern part of Malekula and the magnificent harbour at Port Sandwich. Perhaps the research team did not get that far north when checking anchorages, but the Admiralty charts and Pilot are sufficient guide to Port Sandwich in themselves.

A Guide to Vanuatu is a workmanlike effort although not blessed with the wealth of detail that so distinguishes the *Yachtsman's Handbook to the Whitsunday Passage*. The guide will no doubt be standard issue on all Vanuatu charter yachts, and yachties cruising their own boats would do well to get hold of a copy for their own use. (Available from Boat Books Pty. Ltd., 31 Albany St., Crows Nest, 2065, or Yachting World Yacht Charters Pty. Ltd., 22 Bridge Road, Glebe, 2037.)●



The next sportsman's luncheon on December 8, 1983 will feature Ben Lexcen as guest speaker. Benny also features in this year's Official Souvenir Program of the Hitachi Sydney-Hobart Yacht Race, where he talks candidly about his keel design and its implications for all yacht design from this point onwards. The Hobart Program also has an in-depth interview with Australia II tactician, Hugh Treharne, which reads like a combination of a how-to-do-it for the keen yacht racer and a novel about intelligence strategy behind the conduct of a war.

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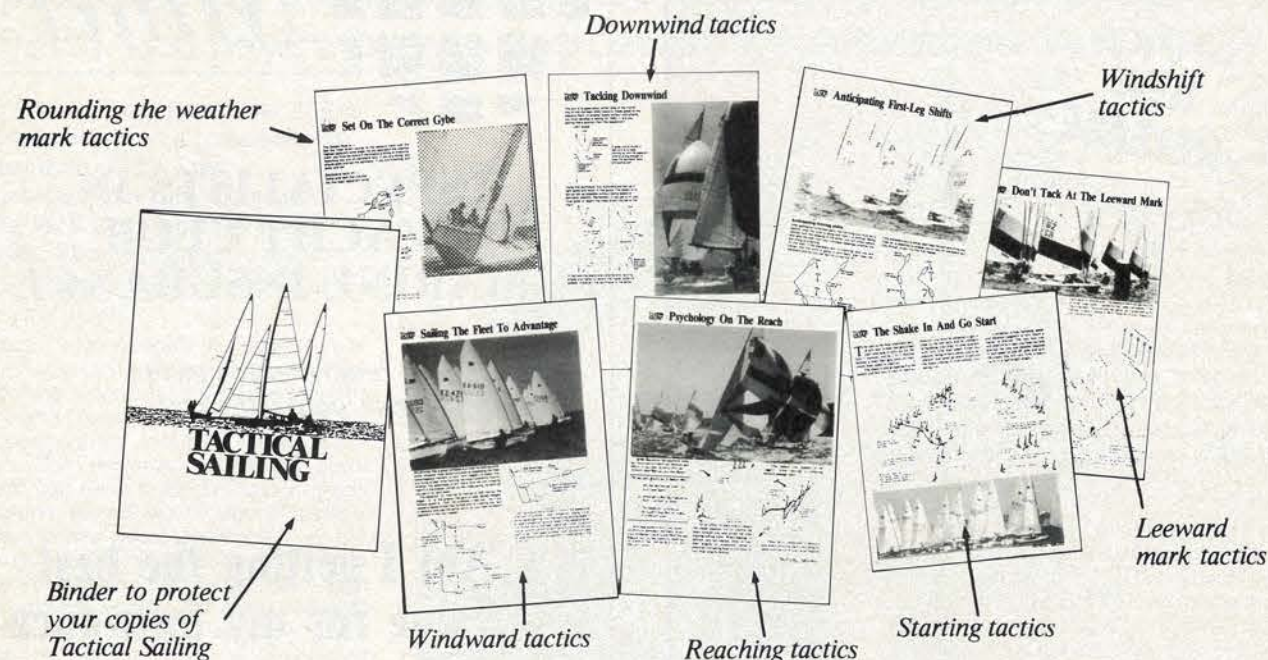


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pages of easy to follow, fully illustrated, step by step instructions, that take around 20 minutes to read, building into a library of 80 pages.

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yachting coach



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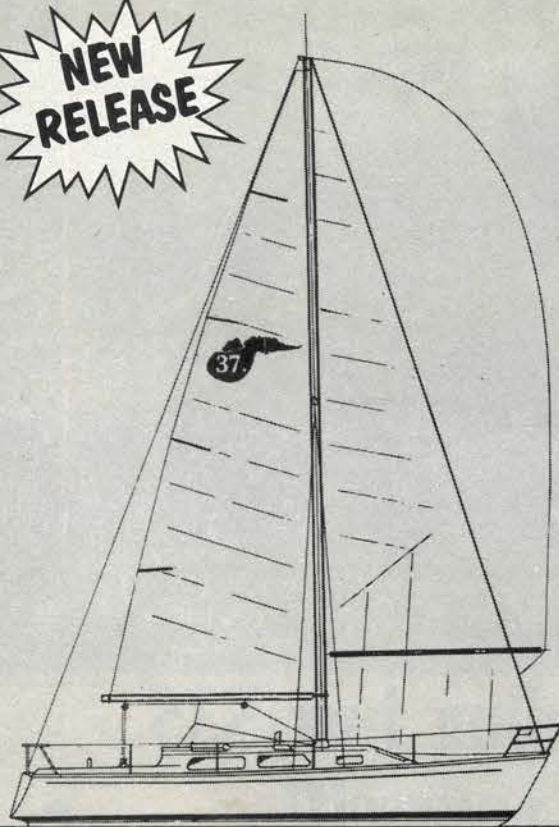


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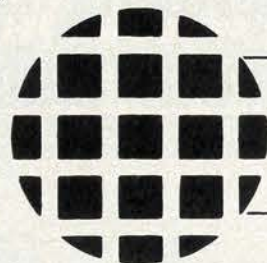


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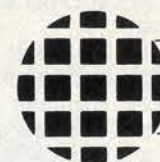
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REFLECTIONS ON THE VICTORY

The 'doyen of Australian twelve metre yacht designers' discusses the implications of the America's Cup Victory for the next challenge in Perth, and pays tribute to Ben Lexcen's achievement in *Australia II*

Alan Payne, guest speaker at the CYCA Sportsman's Luncheon in September, 1983, was introduced to a full house by CYCA Vice Commodore John Brooks. The following is an edited transcript of remarks at that luncheon.

BROOKS: Today Australia stands at the pinnacle of achievement unmatched in Australia's sporting history. *Australia II*'s victory was forged out of twenty-one years of America's Cup competition, including seven challenges. The influence of today's guest speaker has been most profound in those twenty-one years. This time around Australia had the fastest yacht at Newport, it was pretty obvious to everyone; but experience showed that having the fastest boat wasn't necessarily the answer. It's widely accepted that *Gretel* and *Gretel II* were the fastest twelves of their day. They were defeated only by superior tactics and organisation.

That is a situation which, for many years, made twelve metre design such a terrible thing to be in, a field that no one would wish to be in, I'm sure, other than the people who were there. Nevertheless *Gretel* and *Gretel II* established Alan Payne as one of the world's most respected marine architects. And the fact that they were the fastest twelves was probably largely responsible for lodging the ridiculous idea in so many Australian minds that the America's Cup was winnable, a delusion which led to the amazing result last month.

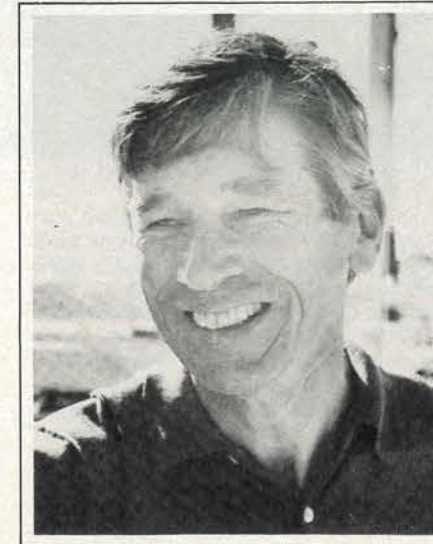
This time, therefore, there can be no more appropriate speaker for our Sportsman's Luncheon. I ask you all to join with me in welcoming the doyen of Australian twelve metre designers, Alan Payne.

PAYNE: You've got that all wrong - you've got the wrong guy - that's Ben Lexcen.

However, I was over there. Marvellously we are now looking at a defence of the America's Cup. You mightn't realise that all of the Australian efforts for the defence have got to go through the Royal Perth Yacht Club. Because of the deed of gift, only foreign yacht clubs can challenge, so the defence has got to be put together entirely through Royal Perth. And anybody who wants to help them out will find themselves as much under the thumb of the Royal Perth Yacht Club as the American defenders are of the New York Yacht Club. I'm sure it will be a pleasant experience.

Perth weather, of course, is something quite different, and it will be a problem for all challengers to find practice weather which will be the equivalent of what will be met over there. And I wonder who will be the challenger of record? You know, that system the New York Yacht Club set up was pretty

Alan Payne



logical; when they got challenges from here, there and everywhere, they would choose one - they used the term 'the most suitable' - to be the challenger of record and to do the negotiations beforehand. In this case I guess there's a really good chance it will be the New York Yacht Club that will be the challenger of record - I certainly hope so.

I'd like to say a little bit about what happened with the New York Yacht Club as far as I could see it. I was really distressed. A story came to me - and maybe some of you saw it, I won't mention the channel - but one of the television stations, when Australia won the last race, there was a guy on camera who turned around, and he was wearing a T-shirt on the back of which it said 'We beat the bastards'. Now I think that was really regrettable. Lots of people here know people in the New York Yacht Club, and they are about as nice as we are, anyway.

The Committee got over-worried about the legality of the design of *Australia II*, I'm told - whispers have come to me from the sewers of New York - that they're still thinking of a challenge to the legality of *Australia II*'s efforts on the basis that the yacht wasn't designed by an Australian.

What happens is that the New York Yacht Club chooses an America's Cup Committee to run the races each year. Perhaps this time I might go this far, to say that we might have been a tiny bit unfortunate with some of the Committee members - that's a pretty dangerous statement - but in general, the broad

membership of the New York Yacht Club could have been disappointed with some of the things that happened. That Committee I think were justified in being doubtful about the *Australia*'s keel - was it right, was it wrong, was it permitted by the rules or not? It's fair enough to question that. I suppose that Ben Lexcen & Co. thought about it themselves a little bit.

This latest, long series between the Squadron and the New York Yacht Club has been marked by the greatest friendliness and efforts on both sides to try to get a set of rules that were really right.

But they began by writing a rather nasty letter to their own measurer who had become a member of the International Measurement Committee. The letter in effect said 'You have made a terrible mistake'. Had I been the measurer, I think I would have resigned on receiving that letter. Anyway, they got the protocol wrong, and they were asking the wrong person, and eventually they realised what they should do, and the question went to the International Yacht Racing Union who had been asked privately, anyway, what the likely result was, and you notice when it became clear to the New York Yacht Club Committee - I've added 'Committee' there deliberately - that it wasn't going to go, they backed out and didn't pursue the enquiries. That was, I think, just a blunder, because over the years the New York Yacht Club have been very sporting. The Squadron has had a little chance to deal with them in intimate detail, and some of the rules that the races are run under at the moment were written word for word by me. That gives you an idea of how much we have been able to consult.

This latest, long series between the Squadron and the New York Yacht Club has been marked by the greatest friendliness and efforts on both sides to try to get a set of rules that were really right. The same people, I think, on the Committee got over-worried

As you know the yacht was designed with the assistance of the world's biggest ship model test establishment... And because when you go to a place like that, obviously at lunch time, or with your elbows on the side of the test tank, you can get all kinds of advice and suggestions and so on. And it is being thought by some people in the New York Yacht Club that the detailed help that he may have received makes his design illegal; I think that's absolute nonsense.

Reflections on the America's Cup

about the legality of the design of *Australia II*. I'm told – whispers have come to me from the sewers of New York – that they're still thinking of a challenge to the legality of *Australia II*'s efforts on the basis that the yacht wasn't designed by an Australian. I think there are only a few people who are inclined to pursue that sort of thing, and that the body of the New York Yacht Club won't support it.

As you know the yacht was designed with the assistance of the world's biggest ship model test establishment. They've got a Dutchman who was brought up in Australia, who studied naval architecture at the University of New South Wales – it can't be a bad course because he rose very high in the Netherlands Ship Model Basin. He persuaded them (they were doing so well testing oil rigs and big ships) that they could afford to lose a bit of money by testing sailing yachts. And he got them interested in the twelve metres, and it is to some extent due to him that the facility was available to Ben Lexcen where he could do all the things he wanted to do and come up with the winning

If we in Australia can be as nice about running America's Cup races as the New York Yacht Club have been during the last twenty years we'll be doing all right.

yacht. And when you go to a place like that, obviously, at lunch time, or with your elbows on the side of the test tank, you can get all kinds of advice and suggestions and so on. And it is being thought by some people in the New York Yacht Club that the detailed help that he may have received makes his design illegal; I think that's absolute nonsense.

But I'd like you to feel charitably towards the New York Yacht Club. If we in Australia can be as nice about running America's Cup races as the New York Yacht Club has been during the last twenty years we'll be doing all right.

Perhaps I should explain a little bit about the multiple ratings. Before these races started I wrote another of my goofy letters to the New York Yacht Club, which was kindly signed by the Squadron's committee, saying that if we leave things the way they are about adjusting the ballast in the boats, it is theoretically possible for people to get the very latest forecast, or twenty forecasts and average them, and to race around at a certain time in the evening before a race and make arrangements with the measurer and change the ballast of the yacht, and so we can have before each race a sort of gamble as to which is the best boat to use, because it is quite legal to have a whole heap of marks on your boat so long as you have the operative ones painted in a visible colour. And we said 'Do you really want that?'. And the New York Yacht Club came back, rather disinterestedly, and said, 'Well, you know, it's always been like that'.

I was not a member of the Squadron's America's Cup Committee, but I hold a strange post of honorary official measurer at which I'm a complete failure. That's how I get into these things. We would respond to other challenging yacht clubs – people like the Royal Burnham – they wrote us a long, sensible letter about the way the conditions



Gretel took up ocean racing in her later years; here she surfs through the heads

PHOTO BY ACE MARINE PHOTOGRAPHICS

could be improved, and we took them seriously, the New York Yacht Club took them seriously. But anyway, that business of being able to adjust the boats before the race remained in the thing. No one could have been ignorant of it, because *Liberty* during the defence trials did that; she sailed as various *Libertys*, and there was a big blow-up about it which got into the newspapers in America, but the blow-up was not that it was illegal but that her competitors were not told which *Liberty* was on the scene on a particular day. So, no one should have been unaware of the possibility of this happening before the races, and no one should have thought that it was illegal. But I get a feeling that it might be rubbed out for the next races.

The set up was not unsporting, it was not cheating, and indeed, the New York Yacht Club, if they ever read the clips from the Australian newspapers, know that basically they are innocent. So that this sort of thing reflects on us rather than them, which is sad.

Those who watched Dennis Connor sail his boat to windward in the last race of the America's Cup might have noticed what was happening there; there he was with a less manoeuvrable boat doing wonders in a tacking duel. I don't know how he did it. He probably thought to himself 'I wish I'd sailed like this in some of the other races.'

I did see a few things at Newport that might be a message for the defence. Seriously, if we're going to defend the America's Cup through the Royal Perth Yacht Club we've got an enormous task. It is not something that can be learned easily, it's not something that you can jump into from ocean racing yachts, it a matter great finesse. Those who watched Dennis Connor sail his boat to windward in the last race of the America's Cup might have noticed what was happening there; there he was with a less manoeuvrable boat doing wonders in a tacking duel. I don't know how he did it. He probably thought to himself 'I wish I'd sailed like this in some of the other races'. Anyway, to talk of him...you see, we don't recognise the tacticians. Gary Jobson said after sailing with

...much credit is due here...the sails. It's strange how people will readily accept the effect of small changes in hull shape but they're not so happy to believe that sail changes mean a lot.

There's a tremendous move for continuity. For people who have come back from America, our goal is to see if they can be persuaded to stick with America's Cup sailing and tell people what they know. When we went to America in 1962, we went over there and made idiots of ourselves, but luckily the defender trials were in progress and certain yachts were being eliminated, and the people who had sailed in those yachts came trotting over to us and said 'Say, want to beat those guys? This is what you should do'. It helped us enormously.

The next important thing, and much credit is due here, is the sails. It's strange how people will readily accept the effect of small changes in hull shape but they're not so happy to believe that sail shape changes mean a lot. Some famous yachtman said to me that he was of the opinion that there was no tuning in the IOR boats, and I guess that's not fair, but there's some underlying grain of truth in it – that people don't look as much to their sails. If I could mention the famous yacht *Advance* with her little black nose, Ian Murray said to me after one race, 'Your boat doesn't get much of a chance, does it? We were using the No. 3 headsails today, and with one of them we could see 7.5 knots on the speedo' (these were all sails that were very nice, by the way), 'with the other one we could see 7 knots. If we put on the NO. 2, which we're not supposed to use because it won't stand up to this wind strength, we see 8.2 knots.'

Dave Pedrick told me second hand that Dennis Connor had said about their campaign with *Freedom*, when he started off with *Freedom* he was getting the best sails from Hood and North. When he finished, after spending all that time and money that you may have heard about, he had an overall advantage of 0.2 knots – that's what he claimed. If that only applied on the beats to windward – that's 3½ minutes in a normal twelve metre race.

Now, at August 31st this year, one week to go before the selection of the American defender, *Courageous* had ten wins, *Liberty* had nine wins, *Defender* had five wins. What they were doing with *Courageous* was working on the sails. Unfortunately at the moment, as you know, sail fabric that is used has god limited durability, marvellous capability for making the shapes that we want, it costs the earth. Bob-Ben [Ben Lexcen] said to us at a meeting of the twelve metre owners association, he thought that mainsails lasted them about six weeks the way they were sailing. The standard cost in American dollars for a mainsail is \$17,000.

I was going to say something here about the outfit of *Advance*, but there's little point in it. Once thing I will say is that Peter Cole came back and did marvellously well, and I could certainly be happy to see him pursue sailmaking for twelve metre yachts. But a propos of defence of the America's Cup, one has to face up to, I think, tremendous expense in sailmaking. *Azzura* sailed very

nicely, had very nice sails. They were designed, we were assured, by an Italian – who happened to be resident in San Diego down the street from the North loft.

Ken Beasel gave me a good description of what you do. If you have a sail that you think's good, you duplicate it. And you either put that one aside or you put aside the one that you think is good and use the duplicate, and then from then on you make attempts to improve it. Ken's description was you 'leap-frog' your sails. I thought that was a very good term. It shows what needs to be done.

All credit should go to John Bertrand and Tom Snackenber. (It reminds of those American jams – Schmakers, with a name like that his work has to be good.) I don't know; he's done wonders. And it was interesting to see *Liberty* with sails cut a certain way and *Australia II*, sailing better a lot of the time, with sails cut quite a rather different way – great credit to those people.

You note that the ingredients are partly ability, but also a chance to keep on with the development work – money and time, in other words. Look at the performance of *Challenge 12*. There was a yacht that Bob-Ben says – I'm sure he's right – is basically, in quite a range of wind strengths, as good as *Australia II*. But things didn't go well for them.

I'm told there's a possibility of new fabrics that have been developed in the US that will last longer and set just as well. That might save the Australian pocket in developing their sails for the defence.

Finally, comes the question of designing new boats. Pretty obviously, one goes to Ben Lexcen. I can recall, somewhere at the beginning of this, Bob-Ben and a friend of his came to my house in Longueville, and they said, 'We've got to see you' – this was in 1965 or so. 'We've formed an America's Cup syndicate, and it's \$5 in. You've got to be in it.' It might have been five pounds. We've come a long way since then.

By Bob-Ben's own famous methods – you've got to get him here to talk to you. I'll tell you one little thing that is a kind of clue to his character. He very much liked going sailing with the Rives family, with whom my



Ben Lexcen with half model of *Australia II*. Keels were all wrong.

Reflections on the America's Cup

And of course there's been a lot of comment about that keel, which is completely original. When I finally saw his keel I realised he had done something completely original. Marvellous. It's justice that it should have succeeded in the way that it did.

wife was connected – she was one of them. And in order to get from Newcastle to Sydney he had to have transport, and for eighteen months he rode an unregistered motor-bike, without having a bike riding licence, to and from Newcastle. He's sort of made a success of that kind of thing. He's supposed to have said quite truthfully that we probably couldn't beat the Americans with a standard boat, so he came up with that boat.

And of course there's been a lot of comment about that keel, which is completely original. When I finally saw his keel I realised he had done something completely original. Marvellous. It's justice that it should have succeeded in the way that it did.

I should have known more about it. I had a draftsman working for me from the Swarbrick boatbuilding family. He went to Western Australia to see some of his friends, and in doing so he went round to the boat shed where *Australia II* was being built, and he was standing there talking to his boat building friend. There was a sort of rough screen around the keel, and hammering going on behind the screen. And out came a fellow from this screen, and he saw John, who's a big strong fellow, and he said 'Hey mate, give us a hand in with this plywood; I'm supposed to build a screen around this keel.' He came back to the office, and he told us about this episode, and we said, 'OK, do tell, what's the keel like?' And he said 'Well, it's like this, and it's like that,' but I realised when I saw the keel absolutely that he had, with nice loyalty, actually refrained from telling us what we really would have like to have known about the keel. I think that's very nice. I think that in building a yacht in secret in Australia that you can rely on that sort of thing [laughter].

Reflections on the America's Cup

And he has had the greatest success – I really did not think it could be done as he has done, in turning out a short twelve metre that thinks it's a long one.

You've got to get Bob-Ben here to tell you about his adventures, but I would like to point out to you that there's a lot more to the outcome than the keel, and the success is due to a number of features. You know about twelve metres that, particularly if your Bob-Ben, you want to have a light one. Unfortunately, if you want to have a light one you've got to have a short one. And he has had the greatest success – I really did not think it could be done as he has done it – in turning out a short twelve metre that thinks it's a long one. You think of the guys before who have tried to do it. Pellie Petersen has had two goes, with *Sverige*, Johanne Valentijn tried very very hard with the *Magic*, but it didn't work. And Sparkman & Stephens had a medium try with *Spirit of America*, and the designer there told me that he hadn't succeeded. Next thing, you notice that the yacht is very stiff in a breeze, I haven't the faintest idea how he did that; that's really got me licked. I don't think it is the low ballast in the keel, but I don't know what it is.

Next thing I think is really noticeable is what I call the model yacht form. Did you see how the bow is rather big, and the stern is quite small; that's the sort of thing that model yachts find to be successful, but we haven't been game to use it in a full-size boat. We all think in terms of sharp bows and what we call powerful sterns; he showed us a point there. There's another thing from that full bow: the theory tells that resistance in waves is proportional to displacement, in other words, light boats don't gain as much resistance in bumpy weather as heavy boats, which is a little bit against our normal experience, and certainly Bob-Ben proved it to be so. I watched tons of professional jealousy as the bow of his boat danced over the waves. I thought it would go 'whoomp' and sort of bounce back and try again, but not so. It happened once or twice with the wash of other boats, but it sure went nice.

Finally, he had the manoeuvrability. That changed twelve metre racing, I think. Starts with twelve metres are a bit like elephants dancing; there is plenty of time for guys to stand on the deck of one twelve metre and say to those coming in 'You can't do that.' They even have time to quote rule numbers and case law. That completely changed with the advance of *Australia II*. The most exciting starts were *Australia II* vs *Challenge 12*. *Challenge* had something approaching the same manoeuvrability. And if you were down wind, these present day sails make a lot of racket as they bang and crash about, and there's always the squeaks and squeals of the winches and the guys yelling and so forth, but it was really exciting stuff. On one

I think there might be something in half-scale twelve metres, actual sailing. Of course in the end, you have that need, which I keep on hammering, for sister yachts, because you can't find out about your sails or your crew without the sister yacht.

particular day I watched a start, and in the evening I was back in my apartment doing the washing up and the phone rang, and I answered it just 'Alan Payne', and the voice at the other end said 'I don't want to talk to Alan Payne.' John Savage had made a mistake in dialling the number. So we were able to talk about this and that, and I asked him about the start, and I said, 'How do you keep up with the change in the racing rules as you go around and round in those situations?' He said,

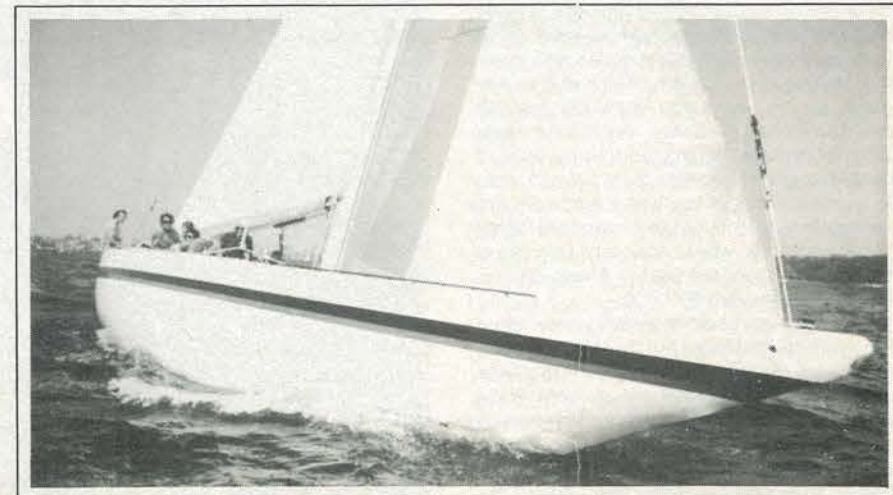
'I don't know about keeping up with the rules; at one point there I lost my temper!'. And I think that shows you how much things have changed and how much, again, Bob-Ben introduced something new. Who knows what we'll do about new designs. It's necessary to test work, not to build yachts and try things out; they're far too expensive. I'm told that the bill from the Netherlands Ship Model Basin was \$300,000- \$500,000. I think there might be something in half-scale twelve metres, actual sailing. Of course in the end, you have that need, which I keep on hammering, for sister yachts, because you can't find out about your sails or your crew without the sister yacht.

So to defend, you want \$3,000,000-5,000,000, you want to be on very good terms with the Royal Perth Yacht Club, and you want a lot of guys with vast experience and all the obvious talents, and two sister yachts.

QUESTION: What implications do you see for the design of IOR racers?

And I got up and said that whatever happens this meeting can agree that we're not talking about cheating the rules, we're talking about definite hydrodynamic advances. Olin Stephens bounded to his feet and said that he wanted to endorse that and to say that there was much value in what had been done, and he didn't like what the New York Yacht Club was doing.

PAYNE: From the wing keel, and so forth? The standard wisdom has been that just putting end plates on keels lost you about as much as you gained. I think, I don't really know, the *Australia II* has the additional sta-



Advance.

bility of getting the lead low down, and that hasn't been an advantage in IOR boats. So I'm a bit doubtful. I did see that the idea would help shallow draft yachts in the general field of yachting. And there was a meeting of the twelve metre owners association, which unfortunately got onto discussion of the keel when the New York Yacht Club was still having its probe into it, and somebody said we shouldn't be talking about it. And I got up and said that whatever happens this meeting can agree that we're not talking about cheating the rules, we're talking about definite hydrodynamic advances. Olin Stephens bounded to his feet and said that he wanted to endorse that and to say that there was much value in what had been done, and he didn't like what the New York Yacht Club was doing.

QUESTION: Would you like to comment on the effort put in by the crews, as compared with the early challenges.

PAYNE: Yes, I sure would. For instance, as Mike [Fletcher] knows, you're getting something like a fulltime involvement with the *Australia II* at least, and to some extent with *Challenge*, and that's absolutely necessary. There's just so much to be learnt. When you're working with these shortages of time and desperate schedules, it's all most unpleasant. I think when it's a matter of towing a yacht out to the area where it sails, and bringing the thing back again, to do six hours work a day is pretty good. I'm impressed with what was achieved by the *Australia II* crew, and some of the others. But I think the ingredient – there's always been the people here with the ability and the heart – but I think the ingredient that they haven't had so much in the past is time and comfortable support. I was delighted when Graham Jones said he'd given up on drinking bans and curfews and things like that; the sort of people you were dealing with are not helped by that kind of thing.

COMMENT BY MIKE FLETCHER, COACH: The old partying thoughts of Newport and living it up...those guys just worked a 13-14 hour day, and they never did anything else for three months.

QUESTION: During the series I noticed the statement by somebody in the press that, somebody from America who said of Ben Lexcen that, owing to his lack of formal education, and having not been formally taught the principles of naval architecture,

he'd never been taught to draw a straight line, as such. Listening to your comment about his breakthrough, if you want to call it that, as a naval architect would you care to comment on that statement?

PAYNE: I don't think a knowledge of formal naval architecture is a disadvantage, and I don't think that Ben's achievements are due to his not having suffered in that way. I think it's due to his very lively inquiring mind. There is some story, isn't there, about university educations; to some extent they tend to swamp people's creative thinking; I wouldn't know about that, really. The history of naval architecture as far as yachting is concerned, is that the amateurs have done better than the professionals.

QUESTION: Does the deed of gift lock the America's Cup into twelve metres? And if not, would you agree that we should retain twelve metres as the challenge medium, or would there be more value in going to maxis, or some other form of competition?

PAYNE: The deed of gift doesn't lock into twelve metres, certainly. At the moment the yacht must have more than 40 ft of waterline, that's all. The Supreme Court of the State of New York can vary the deed of gift, but it wouldn't need to be varied to bring in quite a number of other types of boat. The problem is that the twelve metre rules have been well and truly chewed over, and they produce, I think most people would agree, a nice day boat, and again since Ben put more life into them, they've got nicer still, I suppose. I don't know that there's even strong argument. The argument against the twelve metre, I suppose, is that after the races it's no good for anything. I really doubt whether that situation would change if you went to any other class of boat, particularly IOR boats.

QUESTION: I've always had the feeling that naval architects when they come to twelve metres seem to do a charity job and they don't have the financial resources or the owners. I know that Ben Lexcen has cracked the jackpot. Is your profession now being reimbursed for the efforts you put into this.

PAYNE: That sounds like one of those Dorothy Dix questions. Whatever happens to people who design twelve metre yachts, it could be said to be self-inflicted. I think that all the people who take part in the twelve metre deal, from the so-called time keepers down...it's been said that some of the time keepers are just there to strut on the stage, it's just a vehicle for them to be seen. In my experience, of all the people I can think of, that was not true. They were in it because they liked it, and it has been a marvellous sporting endeavour in that way. It is a fact, I think, that to design a suitable twelve metre, or to develop suits of sails, or to become a really competent crew member, you need lots of time on the calendar and lots of means of spending the time on the job, and that means money. That's something to think of in respect of defences. The worst of an underfunded defence is that if it doesn't succeed, those people who put their money in have...not entirely wasted it, there are some returns, but there's a question – 'Did we waste our money by going into undercapitalised affairs?'

QUESTION: What you are saying is that the hourly rate is not good.

Reflections on the America's Cup

Australia has sold for years that pilotless aircraft, the Jindovic, which came out for quite a while with end plates of very sophisticated style; it took a hell of a long time to design them in a smoke tunnel, so that idea is not new. But honestly, Ben made the thing into something effective with his wrong-way taper on the keel and all the rest of it, things that never crossed my mind nor the minds of many other designers.

earlier end plate ideas. It could have application right through the range of yachting. It would be nice to see if it's used so more so that conventional and winged keel boats can sail together and see what's involved.

QUESTION: Some of the members here would be very interested to know that in January 1974 Alan Payne and Warwick Hood developed a paper called 'Looking into the Crystal Ball for Designs of 1974'. Alan shouldn't forget this, because on page 37 is the winged keel.

PAYNE: That was just a plain, ordinary end plate, though.

QUESTION: I showed that to members of the America's Cup Committee, and it floored them completely.

PAYNE: Australia has sold for years that pilotless aircraft, the Jindovic, which came out for quite a while with end plates of very sophisticated style; it took a hell of a long time to design them in a smoke tunnel, so that idea is not new. But honestly, Ben made the thing into something effective with his wrong-way taper on the keel and all the rest of it, things that never crossed my mind nor the minds of many other designers. □



Gretel II



BIGGLES' COLUMN

by John Brooks

Guest speaker at the October 6th Sportsman's Luncheon was Alan Payne, who revealed many fascinating details about the inner workings of the America's Cup, amongst which was the startling revelation that the New York Yacht Club is not the villain it has been made out to be by the international media. Is there a possibility that, in an outpouring of nationalistic fervour, the Australian media at least may have given the NYYC a worse hammering than it actually deserved?

It is sportsmanlike to be magnanimous in victory and it is easy to accept that personal contact with individual members of the NYYC reveal them to be sportsmen at heart. However, logic demands that they bear responsibility for the behaviour of the America's Cup defence committee which they appointed. That committee behaved no better or worse than its predecessors, that is to say, it approached its task with a win at any cost philosophy and sportsmanship be damned.

It is a characteristic which was beautifully defined by a British journalist as the 'win ugly' philosophy. It is embraced by many American professional sportsmen and not unknown, unfortunately, amongst our own. I was not at Newport but it seemed from a distance that the *Australia II* team avoided win ugly extremes, although they did play the psychological pressure game to the hilt with the secret keel.

The *Australia II* team and the Royal Perth Yacht Club have brought great honour to Australia by capturing the America's Cup. They will bring us even more honour if they defend it without the win ugly tactics of the NYYC.

Alan Payne also speculated on the options open to the Royal Perth Yacht Club in its management of the defence. The deed of gift does not, apparently, leave too much room for manoeuvre, although it does leave open the question of the type of yacht to be used. The only stipulation is that the boat should have a waterline length greater than 40'. This prompted a suggestion from the audience that a yacht with a wider application than just the America's Cup would be more practical – a maxi, for instance. It would provide similar sail and hardware development as the 12 metre but leave a usable yacht once that cup defence was completed.

The last time the question of America's Cup yacht type was examined was in 1956, before which the type used was the J Class, a gigantic and prohibitively expensive racer which had grown out of a 65' LWL minimum and the requirement that the challenging yacht had to be sailed to Newport on its own bottom. When the change came, the delivery criteria was dropped and the smaller, cheaper 12 metre class substituted. Now is the obvious time to re-examine the question of the America's Cup type and, if a change from 12 metre configuration is found to be possible or advisable, then the choice of maxis would at least leave some useful hulls lying around after the America's Cup defence is completed.

The subject of offshore one design (OOD) seems to be surfacing again after lying dormant for a number of years. I suspect that this has come about as a result of the demise, or more accurately, the uprating of the one ton level rating to 30.5' IOR, which puts it out of the reach of the large number of boat owners who operate in the 35-38' LOA area.

We do not hear a lot about OOD in Australia because it does not involve international competition (so far) and because we do not have an OOD class in being. The closest we ever came to it was with the Cole 43 and perhaps the Cole 31. Nevertheless, the concept of an OOD of around division 2 size is an interesting idea which could bring some new blood to the offshore fleet.

Just what type of boat to select would cause the biggest headaches. No one wants a dog in their berth, so the design would have to be hot enough to compete on equal terms outside the class. It would also be safe to say that no OOD has a chance of gaining a foot-

hold in Australia unless it can provide at least the basis of some family cruising, even if it is only to Store Beach on Sunday with the kids – in other words, the type of compromises that designers have been wrestling with since racing yachts were first thought of. OOD is not an easy order for a yacht designer, but it might make an interesting project for Duncan van Woerden's Designer's Forum. Winged keels, anyone?

The Hitachi Southern Cross Cup has attracted strong overseas competition from Hong Kong, New Guinea, New Zealand and the UK. The British team in particular looks very strong on paper, fielding *Indulgence*, *Panda* and *Jade*. The Southern Cross Cup brings with it natural hazards including the visiting personalities syndrome, amidst which can be found a certain Bob Fisher, yachting journalist, bon vivant and general troublemaker. At a panic stricken meeting of the SINS (Society of International Nautical Scribes) Security Division, held, appropriately, at a pub known for its cheap booze, various suggestions for dealing with this problem were discussed. The final communique included the following advice:

1. Complete all assignments by December 1st even if you have to split a lot of infinitives. Remember the adage, *Apocryphal is better than a poke in the eye (with a blunt stick)*.
2. Place wife/girl friend with the in-laws and the dog in a boarding kennel.
3. Ensure that you get (2) correct, as the in-laws hate the dog.
4. Go into hiding.

In applying (4) the most popular choices of refuge were the Opera House (in Manaus, Brazil), a Motel in Alice Springs, or the US Research Station at McMurdo Sound, Antarctica. The latter has certain advantages including the tendency of Americans, in defence of their beer supplies, to shoot at British journalists. These precautions, while designed essentially as a Fisher defence, work equally well with other visiting personalities. Those who are doomed to remain in town have elected Malcolm Fraser as chairman of the welcoming committee. □

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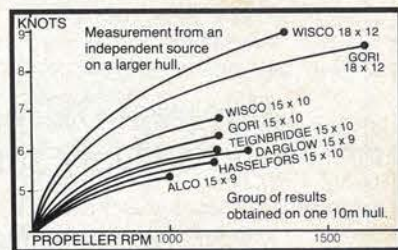
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RACING ROUNDS

by Duncan van Woerden

I guess nearly every yachting correspondent worldwide has commented recently about *Australia II's* humiliation of the New York Yacht Club. However, at the risk of boring readers further with this event, there are sure repercussions that will soon entangle our IOR-ridden lives.

A couple of weeks ago I happened to visit one of Rule 26's favourite defendants, 'Runaway Bay', in Russ Hinze's Gold Coast. Well, with due deference to 2GB's Mike Carlton, Neville Wran might be 'Never Wrong' but 'Joe Bananas' definitely ain't bonkers. Apart from showing a remarkably adventurous spirit in massive marina development, The 'Benders' are the first to gamble on Ben Lexcen's controversial winged wonder keels.

First in the water is Ben's own yacht *King George*, a half-tonner that, despite being a few days old, won a race at the SCOR series and, indeed, led the entire fleet (including *Apollo*) for a good part of one race in light air.

The second winged keel belongs to the aptly named *Madame Defarge*, a 50' light-displacement fractional sloop that really looks like watching heads roll — the opposition's. This is probably the most exciting new design I've seen for many years and, with 'Huge Treehorn' and Tom 'Terrific' Stephenson guiding fortunes, is sure to stir the apple cart.

What happens to these yachts later this month, however, is anyone's guess. The IYRU Keelboat Technical Committee apparently has guns drawn and aimed at sinking this new design breakthrough, and indeed Lexcen is flying to England in an attempt to counter American Pressure to ban the development. I sincerely hope that sanity prevails and we don't see a similar ban like that imposed on Kevlar — a ruling that has fragmented world sailing bodies and

indeed will be largely ignored.

Another startling ruling recently encountered was the condition of entry for this year's Bermuda Race, which bans any yacht that has been dismasted in the twelve months prior to the event. Now I appreciate some concern of various yachting bodies to control the amount of fallen spars, but this has to be the most short-sighted, ill-informed reaction ever.

Spars fall down for many, many reasons and I for one know that not too many yachts ever lose two within twelve months. I'd say the odds were definitely in favour of the banned yachts arriving intact, with new spar, new rigging and probably a stronger section, in light of the experience gained. Imagine limiting Bathurst entries to only those cars that hadn't blown an engine in the prior twelve months! I guess in one way it wouldn't be to bad, as they wouldn't have to close the circuit to general traffic, as there wouldn't be any entries.

The yellow peril threat to Southern Cross, the Hong Kong challenge, does not look as strong as it might have been owing to the very late building program of two fancied yachts. Unfortunately Keith Jacobs' *Bimblegumbie*, a new Dubois minimum rater, was dismasted in the second race of the trials when a running backstay failed in heavy downwind spinnaker gybing. Keith had a new spar on the plane within days. However, an enterprising forklift driver at an unknown international airport decided that the spar needed a bit of low down prebend, and the new spar was creased alarmingly. Not to be deterred, the crew installed the spar under floodlights, choosing to ignore the eighteen inches of unwanted bend, and raced the following day and weekend — only to see the forestay break and a spreader slip, ending any chance of selection.

Fortunately, the ever-popular Jacobs will be coming down as team captain. The other late bidder was John Cain's new Castro minimum rater *Tsunami*, which missed the first week of the trials and, indeed, sailed the following week completely unpainted and without her spaceframe — a situation which led selectors to virtually disqualify the yacht from further competition, much to owner Cain's disgust. Indeed, both *Bimblegumbie* and *Tsunami* showed brilliant speed at times and will be strong contenders for the forthcoming China Sea Series.

The Hong Kong team is now made up of *Highland Fling* (Dubois 30.6 masthead), *Bandido Bandido* (*Shockwave* sistership) and *The Fremius Bandersnatch* (*Scarlett O'Hara* sistership). Both *Bandido* and *Bandersnatch* are new yachts as yet below potential, whilst

Fling in the ex-Admiral's *Copper Vanguard* sporting bumps and a newer rig.

I'm totally amazed that any fish could survive in Hong Kong Harbour, let alone be hungry, but here's one for Gordon Marshall.

I happened to be present at *Bimblegumbie's* measurement, conducted with due solemnity and ceremony that would do 'Holler' proud — until we attempted to measure forward freeboards. For those ignorant of measurers' equipment, most use a steel tape with fine trace at the end, with a nice shiny stainless plumb bob the end fixture, which is lowered a few feet into the water to ensure a steady tape. Well, every time the tape was lowered it was shaken violently by some underfed Chinese bream with very poor eyesight. The measurer was not amused at the suggestion of adding hooks to his plumb bob to ensure that our time was not being entirely wasted.

The AYF decision to hold trials for Southern Cross selection instead of nominating the previous Admiral's Cup team is bewildering. We now have trials for Admiral's cup, Southern Cross Cup and Pan Am Clipper Cup, the latter two held of Sydney. How one can honestly expect interstate owners and crews to compete in all these trials and, if selected, in the actual events, is quite beyond me. For the Admiral's Cup team members, this decision means that crew will have taken leave of employment of nearly three months in the past ten, provided it is granted, whilst local hopefuls need the whole of December on leave if serious about being selected. Now I don't know what yachting administrators do in December, but most other businesses are in pre-Christmas shock and can ill afford absenteeism of the most minor nature. The decision also makes the trials an exclusive NSW domain; I thought that was buried when NSW relinquished 'ownership' of all national ocean racing teams. Let's hope this situation does not occur again and alienate interstate yachtsmen and, indeed, our Admiral's Cup team, further.

For those fortunate enough to have the time next year, Sydney-Brisbane, Brisbane-Gladstone, Gladstone-Hamilton Island, Hamilton Island Race Week, China Sea Series, SORC, 12 metre World Cup, Pan Am Clipper Cup, St-Francis Big Boat and California Cup are all available for the modest outlay of eight months off work, \$26,000 in air fares, \$6,000 in hotel accommodation and whatever you need to sample the finest draught beers the world has to offer, provided your bank will still answer your telex requests for more. □

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A CYCLOPS EXTRAORDINAIRE

by Ken Anderson

Aboard *Lowana III*, Christmas Island.

A tropical cyclone with two eyes! Would even that classical mariner, Ulysses, contend with such a powerful monster? Rather he than I! But as it turned out, I, unskilled in the Grecian martial arts, had the pleasure of fighting tropical cyclone Jane in the Indian Ocean 300 miles from Christmas Island in January 1983.

What the hell was I doing out there, anyway? You may well ask.

I was simply on a leisurely cruise to the Greek Islands and I ran out of time for the correct weather pattern for the Indian Ocean. I gambled and nearly lost.

I had started out from the CYCA at the end of August '82 in my yacht *Lowana III*, a 40 ft double skinned fibreglass cruising cutter. I travel alone but have family and friends with me occasionally.

Cruising folk don't hurry, so I diverged to Lord Howe Island for a few weeks. My fifth time! I even noticed a CYCA ex-Commodore strolling the beach in long socks and shorts (no club motif on socks!), so obviously other people feel the same about the island.

Now being out in the Pacific, I decided that the way to Greece must obviously be by way of Noumea. So I visited some friends in Noumea just to see if there were still living the good life of the French colonials. They were — but their bags are packed just in case.

Time was running away, so off I went back to Australia and proceeded up the coast on my Ulysses quest. But as luck would have it, I fell into bad company in Mackay! Yes, you guessed it, more CYCA people, and even some from RANSA — what could I do? Cruising people only go the way whim takes them, so I stayed a few weeks.

You will be pleased to know that the honour of the CYCA was upheld when Cliff Stanyon and myself won the 'Ye Olde Dinghy Joust' in Mackay Harbour.

And then there was the quiet little drink in Townsville (Townsville/Brampton Island Race), then Cairns (Cairns/Port Douglas Race).

You could literally race your way around the world, if you could stand the social strain of drinking 'mutton birds' in places like Port Douglas, Cooktown, etc.

Well, suffice to say, by the time I reached Darwin, I was a month behind my schedule and the SE trades had abated. I even had to motor into Darwin Harbour.

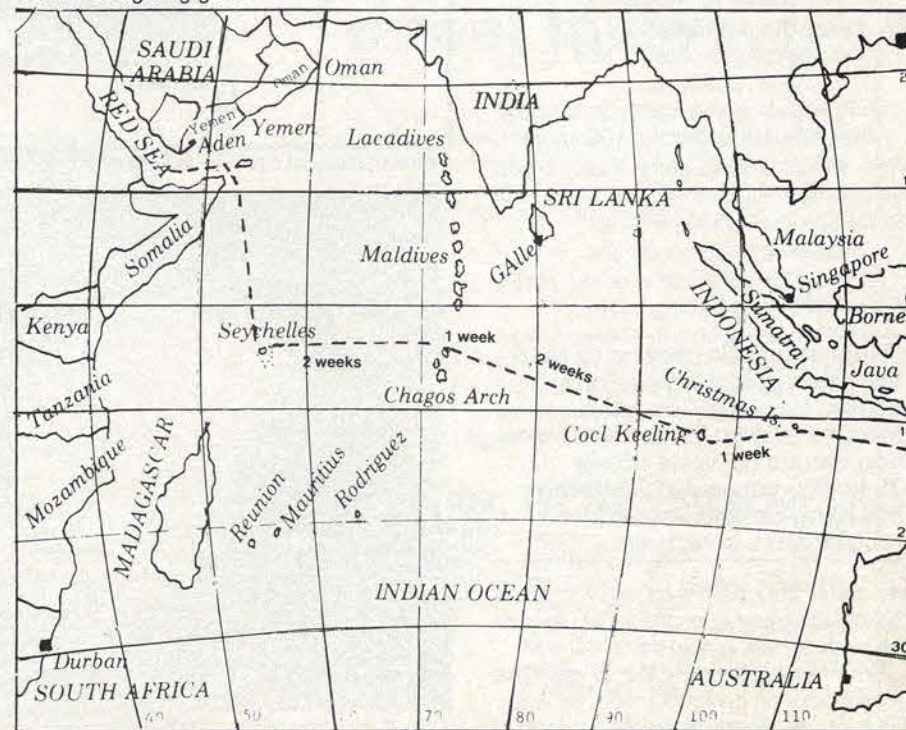
So my choice then was simple —



Lowana III at Store Beach, about to leave for Lord Howe Island, September 1982.



Ye Olde Dinghy Joust. Stanyon and Anderson in full fighting gear.



should I spend the next five months waiting out the wet season like a shag on a rock, or should I take a risk and try to get across to Christmas Island...at which point I could pick up a different southerly air flow.

I spoke to the locals at the pub! ("The pub's reinforced, mate!") I talked to the prawns ("We're not leaving the harbour, mate.").

Darwin

I consulted the weather people in Darwin and their cyclone centre in Perth. They were guardedly optimistic. I spoke to the locals at the pub! ("The pub's reinforced, mate!") I talked to the prawns ("We're not leaving the harbour, mate."). I talked to the yacht club ("You see the fleet — it's all on the land behind the clubhouse. Not one in the water.").

However, the consensus was that the monsoonal trough was still north of the equator and was expected to remain there for at least three weeks.

So I made my decision and was off and running. Did I say running? I spent the next four weeks just drifting. Even I could not believe it. I motored down to my reserves and was then only to Ashmore Reef at the end of the Timor Sea.

A combination of Johnny Walker and the Salvos singing on the radio propped me up on New Year's eve — but it sure wasn't like Hobart!

Cyclops Extraordinaire

The first day of the new year was totally dull. The week following was anything but dull. Extracts from my log read:

Sunday 2nd January

1345. Many storms on the move.
1900. Winds from all directions. Confused sea. Atmospherics violent.

Monday 3rd January

0000. Raining cats, dogs, frogs, No wind.
1000. Heaps wind. Down to last reef in main. Seas building. Overcast. No rain.
1600. Radio Darwin, Broome, Carnarvon all report no warnings - slight depression.
2200. Forward boat speed 2 knots, Uncomfortable ride. Seas breaking over the boat. Barometer well down.

Tuesday 4th January

0800. Rudder under great strain. Fleming self-steering under tremendous strain but working well. Very rough seas.
1000. Rudder head stocks sheered. No Steerage! Spoke to Carnarvon Radio (1200 miles away on 100 watts). Decision made to return to Darwin for Repairs. Weather very bad. All gear off, lying ahull. 50-60 knots.

Wednesday 5th January

1600. Radio Broome reports cyclone Jane. Now they tell me, after three days! At their request I reported my weather to them saying winds were abating. The eye had passed over me the first time on 4th Jan.

Thursday 6th January

0000. Becalmed again. Eye of cyclone, 2nd time.
0630. Wind coming again. Seas huge.
1800. Wind in excess of 100 knots.

Well, to cut a long story short, if you look at the track of the cyclone you will notice two interesting features.

- (1) It backtracked upon itself.
- (2) It spent some time going north-east before turning south.

When you get a chance to read the good books on cyclone action, be wary. First of all, evasive action: forget it! Unless you have a corvette doing 30 knots, you can do nothing but hang on and become religious.

My track superimposed over it show the eye passing over me twice. Hence the cyclops with two eyes.

When you get a chance to read the good books on cyclone action, be wary. First of all, evasive action: forget it!

Unless you have a corvette doing 30 knots, you can do nothing but hang on and become religious. Whatever sector you are in, you can do nothing quickly enough to change your situation. Forget all that nonsense of facing the wind and determining the centre. The radio tells you where the centre is, how fast and in what direction it's travelling, wind speeds, etc., and all very accurately thanks to satellite technology. I knew exactly the time it was tearing into the tourist tents in Tennant Creek but that didn't help me much out there at sea.

My problem was that the boat was not going very fast...1½ knots downwind and 1½ knots across wind...so I really did not need warps, etc. They would not stream.

Next point is a sea anchor or warps: make your own judgment, but I tried. I carry nylon slings for just such an emergency (they also double in picking up the yacht bodily by crane if need be) together with heaps of warps. What the books don't tell you is

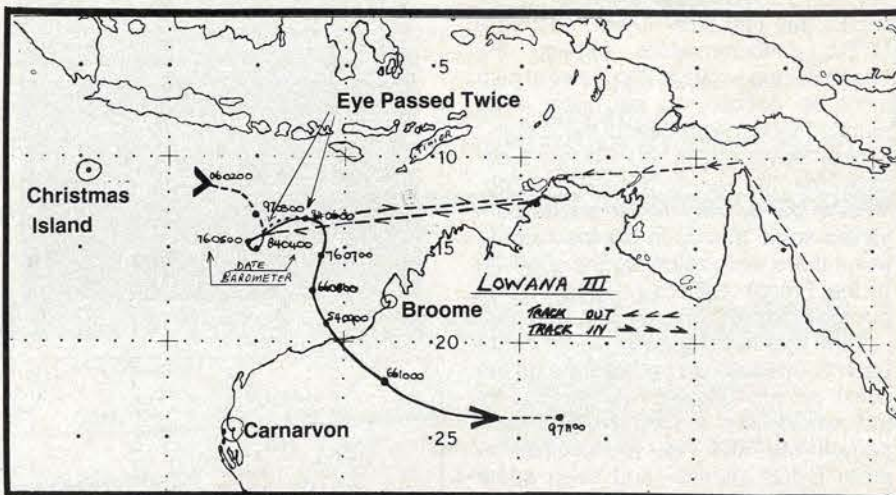
- (1) You are exhausted before you start
- (2) Everything is wet and heavy and slow
- (3) As soon as you get it set up and going, most of it ends back up on the boat with the first few breaking waves. What a mess. I had it around the rudder, and finally around the propeller. All I needed was a bucket of oil to finish it!

My problem was that the boat was not going very fast...1½ knots downwind and 1½ knots across wind...so I really did not need warps, etc. They would not stream.

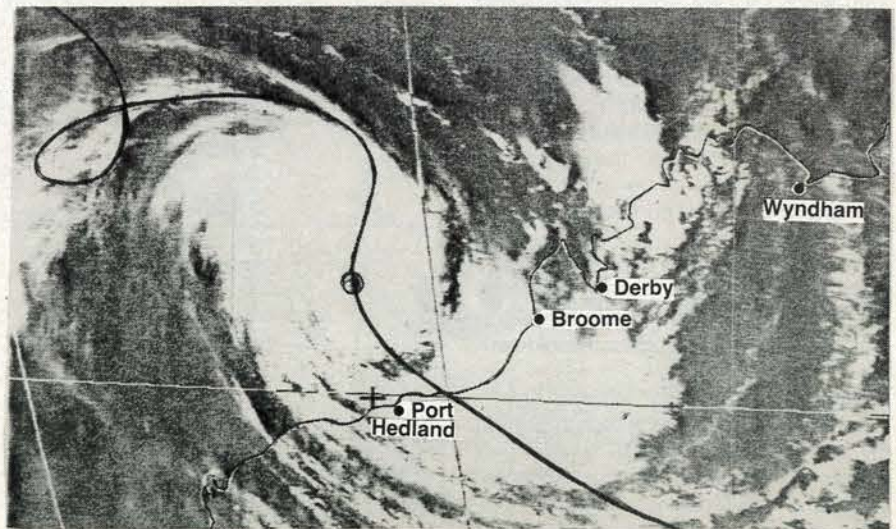
Once the going became tough, I could not leave the cabin anyway. Seas were breaking over and the wind was in excess of 100 knots. I did the Ulysses trick and tied myself to my bunk.

Another thing the good books do not tell you is that in the tropics the humidity is 100%. Charts fall to pieces, pens won't write, log books go mildew and general morale (even if only one person!) gets low.

Scared?, you ask. When things are happening around you there is little time



Track of tropical cyclone Jane January 1983



Cape Carnarvon Weather Bureau satellite photo.

for nervous aberrations. However, all was not beer and skittles. On the return trip to Darwin when all the big seas had abated, I became overconfident. Working at the mast, a rogue sea lurched the boat and threw me over the side. I had no harness on, since I had been lulled into thinking things were now easier. The boat was only doing 2 knots under small staysail. I swam to the boat, just catching the stern quarter gunwale rail. I am sure my finger marks are still in the aluminium rail. I even have a broken finger to show how hard I tried. After that episode, I became very philosophical. Have you ever heard the sound of grey hair growing?

You ask about damage to the boat.

- (1) Rudder stock head sheared; SS welds crystallised. Cause: engineering too weak.
- (2) Engine mounts: navy specification steel with rubber inserts - three out of four snapped with violent sideways motion of the boat. Replace with larger.
- (3) Propeller stern gland twisted in hull. Cause: sideways pressure of water on propeller and shaft as yacht moved bodily sideways in sea. Realign bearings, etc.

(4) My health. I lost 1½ stone...and was fit beforehand, having spent the previous four months at sea.

I have been on many boats over the years (CYCA since 1964) but I have never seen 10 tons of yacht literally picked up and bodily moved sideways to disappear under white water repeatedly. The sound was earsplitting and tiresome. You could hear each crest thundering at you, over you and then you were with it for an eternity until the sea thunder was replaced momentarily by the shrieking wind. With 40 ft high seas you could count up to ten before the next one hit.

Winds in excess of 100 knots (I could not tell after 50-60 knots). The bureau clocked them at 243 km/h, i.e. 150 knots. The seas were 40 ft by then but spread further apart. The top 10 ft was breaking with 3 ft being blown horizontal.

To keep things in perspective. The first three days, as the log shows, were bad. Winds 50 knots, seas short and nasty, up to 20 ft high. Some tops breaking. The next four days, when the

Cyclops Extraordinaire

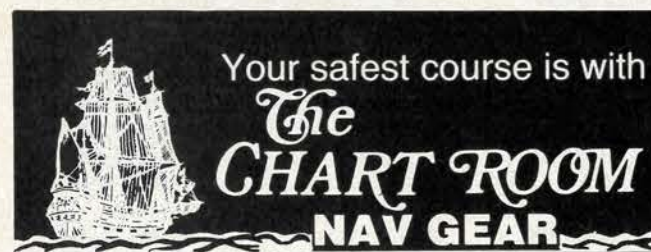
cyclone had passed over me and gone south, were the worst. Winds in excess of 100 knots (I could not tell after 50-60 knots). The bureau clocked them at 243 km/h, i.e. 150 knots. The seas were 40 ft by then but spread further apart. The top 10 ft was breaking with 3 ft being blown horizontal.

The next seven days I consider to be the aftermath, with winds reducing quickly at first then slower to dead calm on day seven. The seas followed the wind pattern by a day. Most of the dramatics disappeared in two days. On day seven, i.e. 14 days after the cyclone started and six weeks after I had left Darwin, here I was, motoring back in a *déjà vu* situation which seemed completely unreal.

Finally, you naturally want my free advice about what you should do.

My advice: don't do it! Don't gamble with the weather when the odds are stacked against you. Stay in your armchair in the sun and wait for the correct pattern. I was lucky to survive. It won't happen to me again.

Oh, you might notice these notes come from Christmas Island. Yes, five months later the weather is fine. Perfect cruising weather. Wish you were here. □



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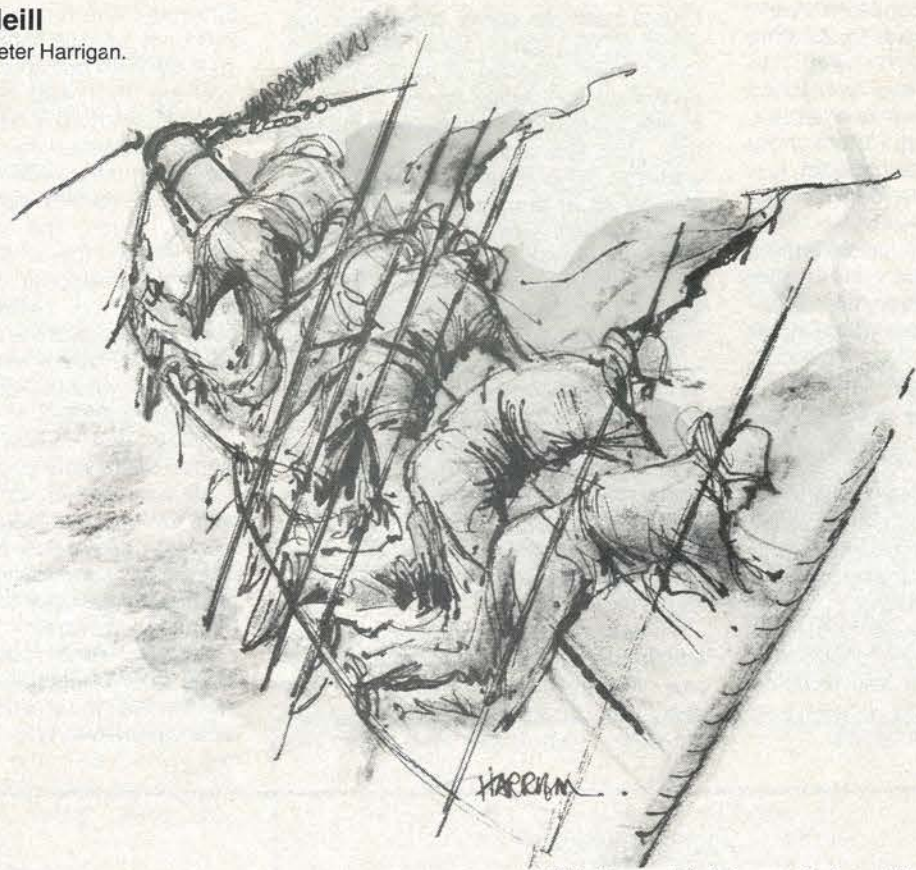
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CLIPPER SHIP SAILING

by Robert McNeill

with illustrations by Peter Harrigan.



While this work is being carried on, all hands are required on deck.

In our last installment, in the June-July issue, Robert McNeill had returned to Scotland where, like a prodigal son, he was reunited with his parents. They begged him not to return to sea, the 'wisdom' of which Robert could appreciate later but which he, like all youth, steadfastly refused to see at the time. "What a determined young bugger I must have been," he noted. Soon he followed the call back to the docks, where he joined a full-rigged ship, the *Roby*, one of the fleet of Mr R.W. Leyland.

On 14 August 1900, his 17th birthday, McNeill set sail in *Roby*, bound for Pesagua on the west coast of South America, with a cargo of 4000 tons of coal. He was picked to be in the Chief Officer's Port Watch, which consisted of eight able seamen, one apprentice and himself as deck boy. There was a West Indian negro, a Swede, an Italian and the rest Britishers.

We rejoin his adventures. McNeill has just described some of the crew and their shipboard diversions; Domo, the superstitious and very religious Italian, has been made the butt of one of the Swede Olson's practical jokes, and he believes he has just seen a ghost.

Domo was sent away from the wheel that watch. He was making a bad course; the poor beggar couldn't concentrate on the compass, I suppose due to nerves. The mate gave orders that the practical jokes had to stop. Domo was very morose for some time after, but when some of the men took compassion on him and explained the tricks that had been played on him he soon became normal again, for which I was very glad, because he was a good sailorman and a likeable chap.

We were now below the latitude of forty north. How I knew this was because the breakfast allowance of porridge had been deleted from our victualling allowance. An allowance of porridge is made when your vessel is north of latitude forty north or when you are south of latitude forty south. So now our morning meal consisted of 'Liverpool Panletes', a famous seaman's biscuit known to the nautical fraternity throughout the world. What the ingredients were composed of none but the manufacturer knew. They were round in shape, about four inches in diameter and about half an inch thick. Now to eat these biscuits it is no stretch of imagination to say that it was impossible to nibble or break with your teeth more than an inch and a half

towards the centre, right around the circumference. The centre piece would require a hammer to break it. If you were lucky enough to have some of your weekly allowance of butter or marmalade you would have a slight relish on an otherwise tasteless biscuit, so with the assistance of vile coffee to wash it down, this was our breakfast for months on end.

Perhaps while I am on the subject of victualling, maybe a little information on the meagre allowance of food per man as granted by the British Board of Trade, Merchant Seaman Act, will not be out of place. Practically all ships kept to the bare limit, but there has been a little improvement since those days. The allowance of stores issued to each man personally were: one pound of butter or half pound of butter and half pound of marmalade; fourteen ounces of brown sugar.

The quantity was supplied to each man weekly, so if you were 'extravagant' and they did not last the week you would have to go without until 'whack day'. Biscuits were drawn daily with never a shortage, due partly I think to the endurance required to consume them. The remainder of the stores were issued to the cook in due proportion to each man, including fresh water.

Now to give a detailed list of exact stores I will not attempt, because I might be slightly in error as regards the exact quantity, it is so many years since I went through those experiences. But I will give a true tabulated list of the meals served to the crews of those ships which required nerves, strength and energy of no mean order. Breakfast every day between parallels of forty north and forth south of the equator consisted of 'Liverpool Panletes' and a very inferior coffee sweetened with brown sugar, no milk. The evening meal, tea: biscuits and a very inferior quality of tea sweetened with brown sugar, no milk. Fresh bread was supplied three times a week, each man being allowed a half pound loaf on Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday. 'Soft tack' days were red letter days and were looked forward to, being ensured of at least one good meal. Dinners were slightly varied:

Monday's dinner: salt beef, nicknamed 'salt horse', and biscuits washed down with water. Now without the slightest provocation it is quite safe to say that eighty per cent of the meat was a blubbery fat. No doubt it had been pickled in brine from fine fat bullocks.

Tuesday dinner: salt pork and pea soup, half a pound of fresh bread.

Wednesday: Salt beef and haricot beans.

Thursday: Sea pie, composed of tinned beef or mutton which was nicknamed 'Bully beef' or 'Harriet Lane', cooked up with a few vegetables and containing some dough or 'clagger' as it was called, and rightly so; half a pound of 'soft tack' on bread.

Friday: salt beef and biscuits.

Saturday: Salt beef, boiled dry rice with preserved apples. If apples were not supplied then black molasses helped to send the rice down.

Sundays: Tinned meat made into 'Sea pie', half pound of fresh bread and, very occasionally, a small quantity of current pudding, of 'Duff', to use a nautical expression.

Fresh water is supplied daily as a rule. The Second or Third Officer unlocks the hand pump which leads down to the tank at four o'clock every afternoon. A boy pumps the water into buckets which is allowed out by the officer and is carried by the other youngster to the various quarters.

Each man is allowed three quarts per day, and out of this the cook gets about half, that is to cook the food, and sufficient for the tea and coffee. The balance is your drinking, washing and bathing allowance, so that there are times in tropical weather where there

is hardly enough water for drinking; washing is out of the question. It is a luxury to have the good fortune of a tropical shower when all hands are out on deck washing clothes, bathing and replenishing the water tanks.

By the foregoing outline of victuals and water allowances it can be seen that there was plenty of room for improvements.

At times we would make and improvised dish for tea time which we called 'Cracker Hash'. The proceedings were: put some biscuits in a small canvas bag and pound them up small with a wooden mallet. Then put them into a plate and soak with water. Mix small pieces of fat pork or beef and put into oven and bake. We would have to be our own cooks for these special dishes. Another conglomeration called 'Dandyfank', made similar to Cracker Hash only instead of fat, molasses would be the flavouring, that is, of course, if we had any available.

Yet, they were a hardy band of men, and sickness was almost unheard of. A big factor in general health was, no doubt, due to our continuous physical exercise, for not a watch on duty but every man would climb hundreds of feet, and the class of work would bring every muscle to work; it was also due to the good fresh air we breathed.

We were now well south, and I was allowed to take a regular wheel in fine weather, which made me feel quite proud of my ability to steer this fine vessel, with her enormous spread of canvas. The intricacies of 'full and by', 'sharp by the wind' or compass course had no terrors for me now. In fact, while the men were bending the fine weather sails I was kept at the wheel all day, consequently that relieved a

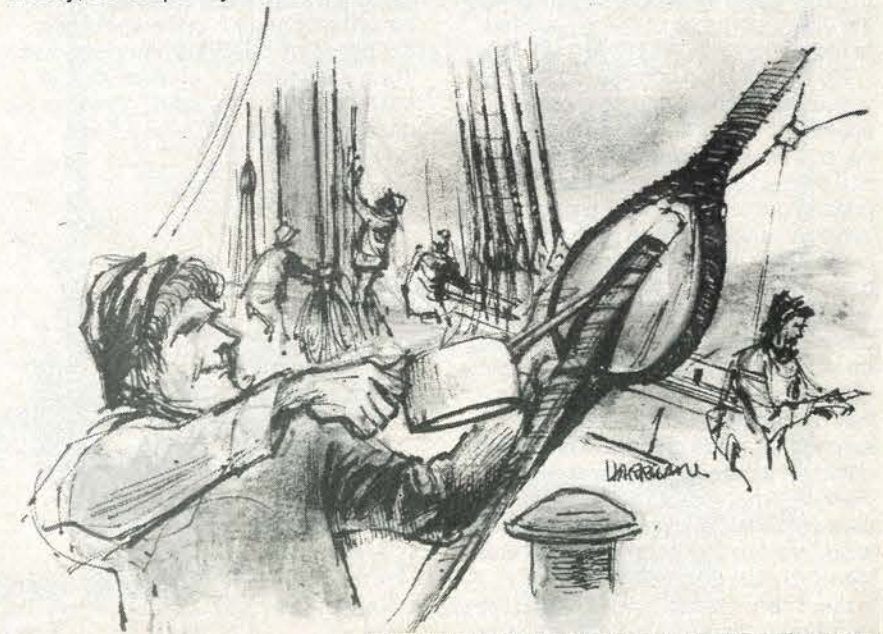
Clipper Ship Sailing

man for the more strenuous and skilled work of unbending the hard weather sails and sending up the lighter and older sails in their place.

When these vessels are in the vicinity of the trade winds, say, between latitudes twenty-five north and the same number south of the equator, these older and patched sails are used, because the fine weather and true breezes of the trade winds are not liable to carry them away, thus saving the hard weather sails for the higher latitudes. While this work is being carried on all hands are required on deck, all day as well as keep their respective night watches. Now to unbend about an average of twenty sails and bend the same number in their places is the work of about two days. To give some idea of the size and weight of the lower sails of a vessel of the tonnage of the *Roby*, it would require ten or twelve men to carry either one of them.

We were now in the track of the steamer route, and one day as we were bowling along doing twelve and a half knots with a strong northeast trade wind, we sailed past two tramp steamers bound the same way as our ship, and by the ease with which we sailed by them, I should think their speed could not have been more than half of ours. To add insult to injury one of the 'wags' among our crew waved a rope above his head indicating to the steamer 'Do you want a tow?'. It is strange but quite true that sailing ship men had an inborn disgust for steamers, and although I had by now only a short experience of the ways of sea life, I already felt a slight antipathy towards steam myself.

We passed a steamer homeward bound and our Captain exchanged



Advantage is taken of the fine weather to overhaul gear. ▶

Clipper Ship Sailing

signals with her. That was usual in those days, to be reported to the owners giving them your position and how the voyage was faring. As a rule the signal was 'all's well', that is, providing nothing untoward had happened. The importance of these signals never occurred to me until some time later.

I had the job given to me one day of taking the flags out of the locker and hanging them around to dry, they having got wet. Now I had not had any previous experience of flags, and the outcome was, when I stowed them away again, they were in the wrong pigeon holes. Maybe I was a bit slipshod, but I was soon to know that thoroughness is the motto in all matters attached to sailing ships. It was a fine afternoon watch, and I was at the wheel, when a big steamer was sighted bound the opposite way to our ship. The Captain, a very strict man, gave orders to the mate to get the flags up. What a mess. The steamer coming towards us and still no flags. The Captain roars "Who put the ___ flags away?" I could feel a sweat coming out all over me as I spoke out from my position at the wheel.

"I did, Sir." If ever I saw a man near committing murder on the high seas, then that was the man; how he ranted and raged around that poop deck, and what he was going to do to me. Anyway the steamer passed us without getting our signal, but I got out of trouble with a whole skin and a severe tongue lashing.

We were, as I have already stated, on the steamer track, and once clear of their route we may not sight another before we reached our destination, which may be another two or three months. So it is quite clear the cause of the Captain's ravings, to maybe lose the last opportunity of being reported to the owners.

Up to now I had considered that our vessel was unbeatable as regards speed, for no vessel had yet passed us, and seeing the ease with which we had passed the tramp steamers, my pride in our ship was now greater than ever. But it was to get a rude shock, for one midday as our watch was going below (that is, off duty) a sail was sighted hull down dead astern. At four o'clock in the afternoon when we came on watch again that vessel was right abreast of us and going ahead. She had overhauled us at the speed of some three miles an hour. She turned out to be a barque, the *Cambrean Warrior*. What a picture she looked, all sails set and filled with a steady fair wind. We exchanged signals and she left us to plod along behind in her wake. I heard some time later that the *Cambrean Warrior* was lost that same

voyage just outside her destination, Valparaiso.

This was all experience for me, for every day something new can be learnt by a boy, and at times a hard school it was. As experience was gained the realities became sterner. Some time later when we were in the vicinity of the Brazilian coast a small barquentine was sighted on our weather bow. The weather being ideal, all sails were set to the main skysail on our ship, and we were quickly overhauling the other vessel when it was seen that she was starting to 'shorten down' — that is, to furl some of her sails. Whether she possessed an exceptionally good barometer or her master was a very good judge of the weather condition and what was coming I don't know. We were watching her movements and I, at least, thought it strange to be furling sails in such weather as this, but I was soon to know the reason.

Things started to move aboard our ship. "Lower the skysail yard." Then the mate's orders to me, "Up and make it fast, Bob." By the time I had reached the yard, which was about one hundred and fifty feet from the deck, the wind had dropped to a dead calm, and while I was making the sail fast, the royals had been clewed up on the three royal yards. When reaching the deck after making the skysail fast, the mate gave me orders to call all hands. "What is going to happen?", I wondered.

The men soon tumbled out of their bunks and were on deck listening to the orders "Clew up the mainsail, then the mizzen and fore top gallant sails. So, to the accompaniment of the yodelling of the men and the growls of others about being called out in their off duty watch, these sails were soon hand over handed up the yards with the aid of the bustlines and clevelines. Then a number of men went aloft to each yard to furl the sails, myself to the mizzen top gallant to lend a hand.

Now as I have stated, the wind had dropped altogether, and our sails were just flopping against the mast with the lift of the ship, but we had barely reached the yards before the wind came with such suddenness and violence that it is impossible to describe on paper. All I could do was to hang to the jackstay of the yard and, even then, I was nearly blown away. The sails were being ripped to ribbons. Rags of canvas were flying everywhere and the cannoning of the ballooning canvas, together with the shrieking of the wind was positively deafening and to me was somewhat fearsome. Every man and officer was working like a Trojan up aloft to save whatever remnants of sail that were left, a very precarious job because some of the sheets had carried away. Consequently the clew irons were being blown with mighty force around the yards, making it very dangerous to get a grip of the sail.

Everything was eventually snugged down, at least as well as could be expected under the stress of circumstances. A survey of the damage done to our canvas showed only three whole sails left of what were set before the storm struck our ship, and they were the fore and main lower topsails and fore topmost staysail. The sails that carried away were the three upper topsails, main top gallant sail, and two fore and aft sails.

We were now shipping heavy water on deck and such was the force of the wind that the sea got up in a very short space of time. The way the wind shrieked and howled through the rigging was fearsome. I had never experienced this before, so my baptism of a real storm had come with a vengeance.

We were very lucky to have had the royals and top gallant sails fast before the wind came and also to have the fine weather sails bent, because the hard weather sails would have stood a greater pressure before carrying away.

Consequently we would probably have been dismasted — this is what the Chief Officer told me later in the night watch when I was keeping trim on the poop. What happened to the small vessel which we had seen before the blow I don't know, for when I had the chance to collect my senses and have a look around she was nowhere in sight.

On my first voyage I had experience of some gales, but this latest one capped the lot; and no wonder, for we heard at a later date from our own officers that it was the same cyclone that did an enormous amount of damage to some of the port and shipping in the Gulf of Mexico, particularly Galveston. However, it moderated the following day, and all hands were on deck unbending what was left of the torn sails and sending up others in their places.

So we were soon scudding along under a full suit of sails again. As the days went on the men commenced oiling their oilskins, patching sea boots and preparing their hard wear gear. I was curious to know what it was all about; the games had disappeared, and the 'Foo Foo Band' was not so much in evidence. One dog watch an AB in our watch, a Dane named Fred Groth, who had taught me quite a lot, told me to get my oilskins and sea boots and helped me to get them fixed up for Cape Horn.

Now what Fred told me about these latitudes was absolutely beyond my ken. The icebergs, gales of wind, decks full of water, weaving the ship around in mountainous seas, all your clothes wet and nowhere to dry them, to turn in your bunk and turn out steaming for weeks on end, to keep the night watches on the lee poop so as to be handy for any eventuality and also being the only safe place, for the vessel would be continually shipping heavy seas and so likely to take anything and anybody overboard. I did think at the time Fred was exaggerating a little, because at times the old sailormen would spin us youngsters some hair-raising yarns. Well, anyway, my adviser had been around Cape Horn many times, so I was only too pleased to have his assistance to overhaul my gear for future tribulations.

Advantage is also taken of the fine weather to overhaul running gear, chaffing gear, blocks, in fact, everything aloft is done in an absolute thorough manner in preparation for the dreadful Cape Horn elements, which will surely take toll of any weak link in your vessel's armour.

We are now near the equator and in the 'Doldrums' — flat calms for many days together with an occasional

squall bringing downpours of rain. The yards are continually trimmed at different angles so that our sails can catch any and every puff of wind which may send our ship along at least one or two knots. The vessel was awaiting any opportunity to throw off her sluggishness and once again create and feel that crisp surge around her bows and to leave the fancy wash to pass astern in her wake. Hard times and Cape Horn weather are forgotten in these latitudes because it is only during these few weeks of fine warm weather that the sailing ship man gets any comfort out of the long passages between ports. The heat being too oppressive to sleep in their quarters, all hands generally lay on the hatch covers at night time and unless there happens to be any yard or sail drill, both the watch below and the watch on deck would be asleep. When an order would suddenly be bellowed out by the Officer of the Watch there would be a sudden scamper of everybody to carry it out, not knowing whose watch on deck it was until they were perhaps pulling on a rope and seeing which officer gave the orders, the watch who should have been below would soon

Clipper Ship Sailing

vanish to their pillows again.

This is one of the extra comforts, that is, to have more sleep, because in the cold and boisterous latitudes when the watch below has turned into their bunks, maybe after a strenuous watch of furling or setting sails and battling against heavy seas which your vessel may be shipping to fight their way to the necessary ropes with which to handle the sails or yards, they are very often called out to assist the watch on deck. Maybe to go 'Bout ship' (that is, to sail on the other tack) or to take in the heavier sails, or if the ship has met with any mishap. By the time this necessary work is through your watch below may also be finished, and it is time to go on duty again. This is a very frequent happening and I have seen many consecutive watches below spoiled by being called out in heavy weather.

With this further insight into the lot of those hardy men of sail, it can be seen how they appreciate the tropical climates. Although our conditions are more comfortable it is impossible to stagnate because we are continually hauling, pulling and climbing.

To be continued.

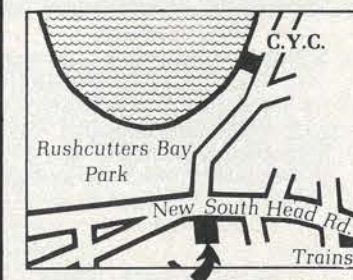
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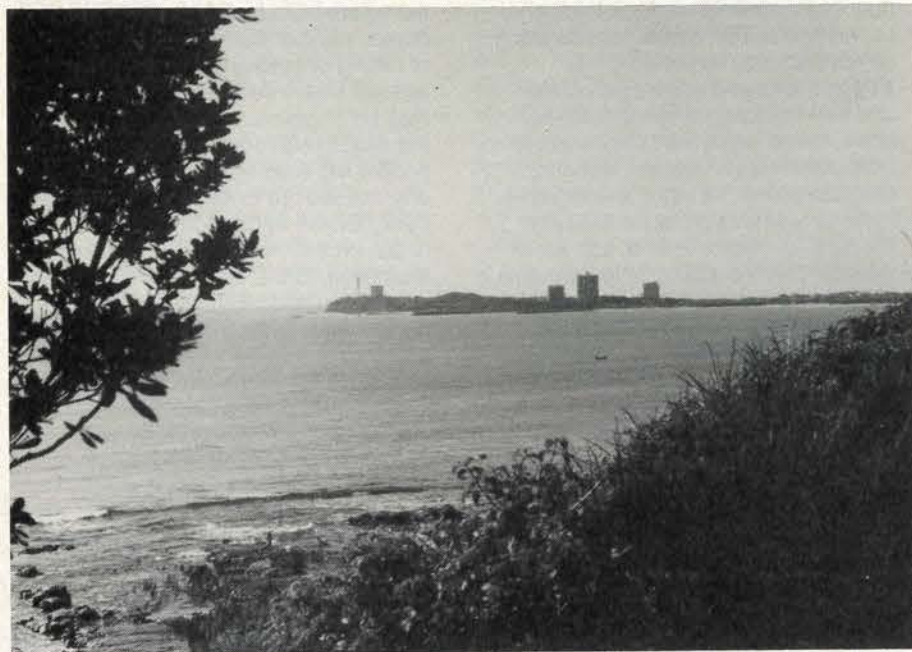
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In a time when world yachting attention was focused on Newport, Rhode Island and Cowes, England, the little known SCOR series (Sunshine Coast Ocean Racing) would probably be regarded by many as a series of not too much importance.

However, the series, hosted by the Mooloolaba Yacht Club and now in its 10th year, attracted some 55 yachts from NSW and Queensland to sail in a four-race regatta in three divisions, IOR, JOG and Arbitrary.

Some of the NSW boats to make the short race north, either by sea or by road, were *Apollo*, *Sweet Caroline*, *Big Schott*, *Highway Patrol*, the new joggie *Joe's Takeaway*, an equation yacht and the older *Missprint*.

The first race, a 30 miler sailed on Saturday, August 13th got underway in a melee of confusion after a general recall was only answered by about half the IOR division. *Sweet Caroline*, *Big Schott*, *Impatience*, *Isle of Living*, and *Double or Nothing* failed to recognise the recall, claiming that a second gun had not been fired and that the IOR restart flag was not adequately displayed.

Following the finish of the IOR division race, the Race Committee, having admitted its error, decided that the race should be resailed on the Thursday lay day.

Sailed in a light 8-12 knot easterly on smooth seas, the race was eventually won by the new Ben Lexcen design 1/2-tonner *King George V*, skippered by Tommy Stephenson.

King George V with a new winged keel always looked good and from start to finish was clearly the boat to beat. *King George V* won the start from *Isle of Living* and *Sweet Caroline*. *Apollo*, skippered by Warwick Rooklyn, had to restart after being pushed up over the starters boat by *Sweet Caroline*,

but by the first mark she had gathered up the smaller yachts to lead around the 30-mile course and easily take line honours, something she did consistently throughout the series. And why wouldn't she; there was no competition for the big Sydney sloop.

Even though *Sweet Caroline* raced well she was unfortunate not to place, and second and third places went to the Peterson 1/2-tonner *Patrol* and Tony Pearson's *Big Schott*.

In the JOG division first place went to *Desperado* from *Ocean Racer Chaser*, third placegetter in the world 1/4-ton championships, and Grant Smith's *Two Up*. *Visions* won line honours.

The second race, an 80-miler from Mooloolaba to Moreton Bay via NW channel, then to Tangalooma up the NE channel, and returning to Port Cartwright, provided probably the best race of the series, with no less than seven rounding marks and at times some very shallow water.

Apollo completed the course in just over eight hours with *Sweet Caroline* winning on corrected time from *Big Schott* and the Adams fractional rig *Double or Nothing* (RQYC) skippered by Ian Kenny, taking third place.

Desperado repeated her first race performance to win the JOG division from *Two Up* and *Jedi Warrior* which was line honours boat.

The Sydney boats *Missprint* (Tony Kirby) and *Joe's Takeaway* (Joe Goddard Jr) failed to perform throughout the series.

The third race was an Olympic triangle course sailed off the beach at Mooloolaba. This race provided crews with a weather pattern more reminiscent of Sydney or Melbourne winter racing, cold and very wet; however, there was plenty of breeze from the ESE which swung to the NE.

Sweet Caroline took this race on corrected time from Jamie McPhail's Peterson 1/2-tonner *Highway Patrol* and *Big Schott* in third

place. Needless to say, the big green boat took line honours.

The Phil Atkinson design *Desperado* won the JOG again from *Ocean Racer Chaser* and *Two Up* (Farr 727).

This race saw *Jedi Warrior* retire with a broken mast.

The final race of the series (double points) was a 200-miler for the IOR boats to Caloundra, south to Double Island Point, back down to Caloundra, then a triangle off Mooloolaba, and for the JOG division, a 140-miler.

The race got underway at 5.00 p.m. Friday afternoon in conditions which can only be described as 'more than tranquil', the kind mill ponds are made of.

In the first five hours *Apollo*, *Argent de Plastique* (former *Vanguard*), *Big Schott*, *Sweet Caroline*, *Madman's Woodyard*, and *Beach Inspector* covered only 4 1/2 miles. It wasn't till 10.00 p.m. whilst, approaching the Gneering Shoals mark, that the breeze filled in. Once around the mark, *Apollo* took the bit between the teeth and careered off for Caloundra, then Double Island Point, reaching speeds of 12-13 knots.

Apollo carried the breeze up to the island, then back to Caloundra, whilst the remainder of the fleet fell into flat spots.

At one stage on the return leg the former Sydney boat *Aztec* sat becalmed off Noosa for three hours.

Apollo revelled out in front, crossed the finish line at 4.45 p.m. Saturday and at that stage looked poised to take the double. However, throughout the evening the breeze steadily filled in and by 10.00 p.m. Saturday *Courtisone* (Murray Ross' 43-footer) had crossed the line ahead of *Sweet Caroline*, *Big Schott* and *Argent de Plastique*.

The breeze continued to strengthen to enable the smaller yachts to carry off the silverware. Prior to starting the long race *Sweet Caroline* led the series on points from *Big Schott* and *Highway Patrol*. By Sunday morning *Highway Patrol*, with a third in the long race, had snatched the series after *Apollo* beat *Sweet Caroline* home by six minutes. *Scampi A* won the final race on corrected time.

So, the 1983 SCOR series went south to the RPAYC for the second time in three years; second overall was *Big Schott* with the 1981 winner *Beach Inspector* finishing third.

The overall winner of the JOG division was *Desperado* from *Ocean Racer Chase*, with *Two Up* third.

In summing up the SCOR series Commodore John Gleeson said he was extremely pleased with the standard of racing though he would like to see more Sydney yachts, especially the big ones, head north for the warm climate racing and the hospitality that the Mooloolaba Yacht Club offers. It's a good series, a growing series which sports possibly the finest JOG racing in the country. It is a series that can only improve, like most things, with age.

See you at the SCOR in 1984 or, if you like, "Settle the score in 1984".

By the way, Mooloolaba Yacht Club is, in December, host for the 1983/84 National JOG Championships. □

A NEW CYCA PACIFIC ADVENTURE

by Peter Rysdyk

May 1984 is rapidly approaching and with it also our latest, newest and, I think, best Pacific passage race. I of course mean the inaugural Australia Vanuatu Race, about 1600 miles in distance. After considerable difficulty with finding and keeping a sponsor, we are very fortunate that Ken Berkeley of the Berkeley Group of Companies has come forward to save the day, which is how the race came to be the Berkeley Vila Race.

What is so special about this race? Well, first of all, the destination. Vila is in one of the most beautiful island groups in our vicinity, with unbelievable cruising opportunities in what could be seen as the real unspoiled Pacific.

Equally important, the race is devoid of the boring 'sea and sky only for some ten days'; it has, as marks of the course, Lord Howe Island, Norfolk Island and Anatom, with the last 170 miles amongst the most beautiful Vanuatu Islands which may be passed to the west or east, whichever is preferred.

During my recent visits I organised many of the necessities, including a light and radio beacon on Anatom, radio bases, refuelling arrangements for Keith Storey's MV *Marabou* which he has generously made available for duty as radio relay vessel.

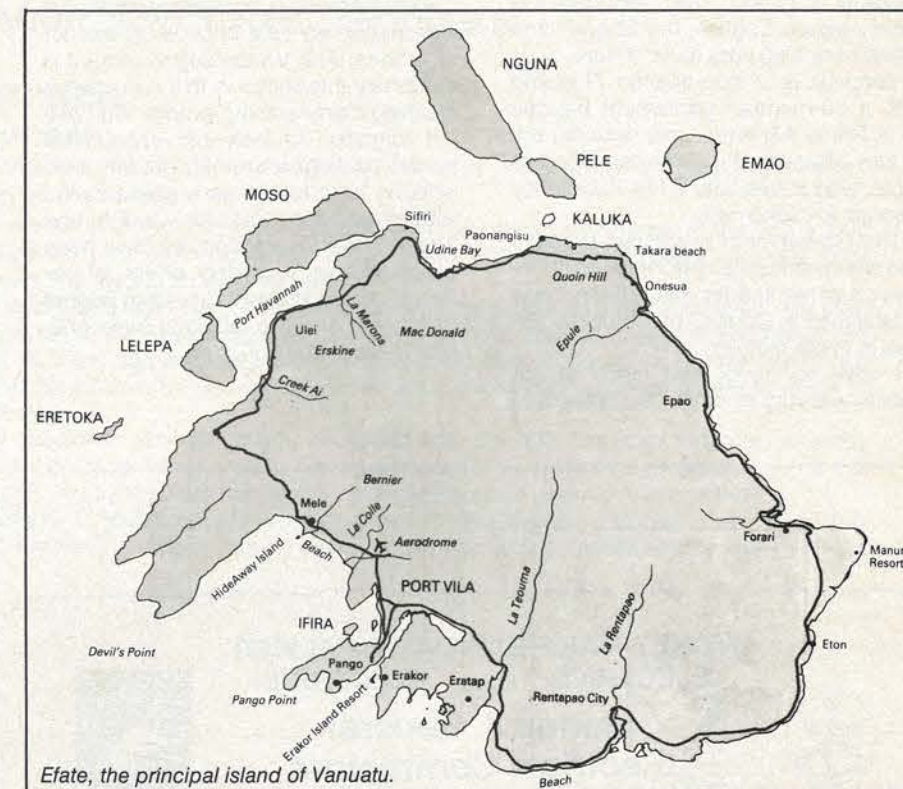
Vanuatu consists of some 100 large and small islands. Blessed with a tropical to sub-tropical climate, it is populated by some 130,000 people, mainly Melanesian, with a smattering of Polynesians, English, French and others thrown in.

Settled for the first time an estimate 5,000 years ago by Australoid Melanesians, followed 1,000 years later by the ancestors of the Polynesians, the Lapita people. It is believed that the first white man to visit the islands was the Spanish explorer, Pedro de Quiros, discovering Espiritu Santo in 1606, believing that it was the great southern continent.

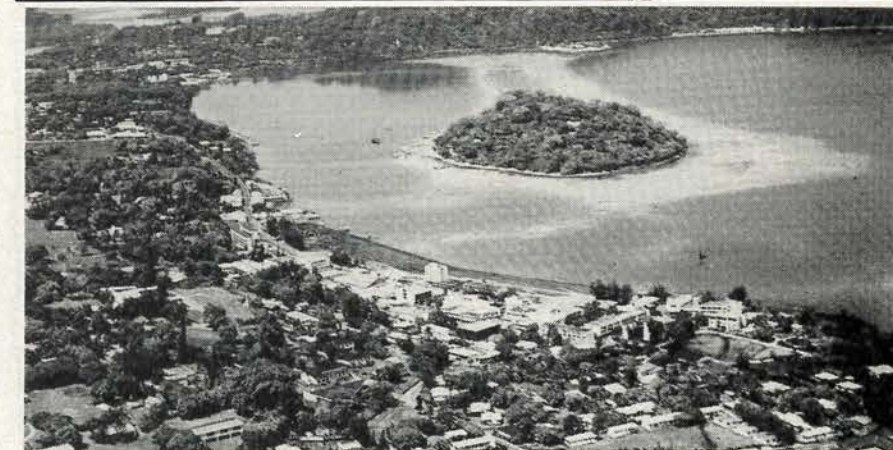
After de Quiros the well known French explorer Bougainville came, in 1768, naming the group the Great Cyclades. Bougainville was followed in 1774 by Captain James Cook, who named the group New Hebrides because it reminded him of the Hebrides.

In 1825 Sandalwood explorations were started by Peter Dillon and from that time on it was, for some time, a free-for-all, sandalwooders, blackbirders, whalers, etc.

As in most of the Pacific, the missionaries moved in around 1840, followed by the first white settlers in the 1860s.



Efate, the principal island of Vanuatu.



Vila, the harbour, and Iriiki Island.



A native market in Vila.

Then a 1906 convention established the British/French Condominium, which was finally followed in 1980 by an independent Vanuatu. The language is mainly pidgin English, but English and French are also very much in use.

Vanuatu is a non-aligned Republic with a 39-member parliament headed by a Prime Minister. This government in turn elects its President as Head of State, who at this time is His Excellency George Ati Sokomanu.

The Government is anxious to retain and where possible restore old Melanesian customs and for this reason it has established a Council of Chiefs to advise in these matters.

I have no doubt that many of our yachts will stay to cruise the area, as I

found during my latest Vila visit that there were seven yachts of our Noumea fleet still in Vila.

We are making arrangements for full information on safe anchoring, etc. for all entries. The Vanuatu government is extremely interested in this race and is planning many exciting events. We have not forgotten to look into economical tourist packages and are in this field working hard for an early presentation with our subsponsors, Air Vanuatu and Ansett Travel. In addition, we have been successful in receiving offers of reduced rates and assistance from Budget Rentacars and the fabulous Intercontinental Hotel in Vila. □

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DESIGNING THE FUTURE

Offshore Forum for Australian Yacht Designers

In this issue: Kel Steinman

Introduced by Duncan van Woerden

The objective of this forum is to give young Australian yacht designers an opportunity to express their views on design, hopefully with emphasis on innovation.

Kell Steinman began his professional career in the aeronautical industry as an aeronautical engineer in the mid 1950s and formed his own consulting practice as a consulting engineer a few years later. Consulting work involved most disciplines of engineering, including structures, hydraulics and mechanics.

He studied naval architecture in the late 1960s and subsequently established his practice as a naval architect. He then joined the Royal Institution of Naval Architects, the Royal Aeronautical Society and the Institute of Marine Engineers. He took an interest in racing yachts some 15 years ago and used this technical knowledge of the science of aerodynamics and hydrodynamics to gradually convert his interest to this area. He now runs a successful, fully computerised office in Melbourne, specialising in racing yacht design.

Steinman has developed a velocity prediction program which, combined with the IOR formulae, enables accurate analysis of a yacht's performance in relation to its rating. Due to his developmental work in naval architecture over the past 15-20 years his office has been approved by the Commonwealth Government as a Research Organisation.

Steinman's boats have showed promise in Melbourne. He has designed a keel section enabling great lift from a relatively small keel. His recently launched boat, *Predator*, has on a number of occasions outsailed yachts rating several feet higher.

The designer talks about his designs

KS 1158, *Predator*. The philosophy behind the design of *Predator* was to produce a minimum size yacht capable of sailing up with the minimum raters but to rate 27.5 feet. That this has been achieved was convincingly proved in the IOR races she has had since launching and rating just two months ago. Out of four IOR starts, she has had a 1st, two 2nds and a 16th, the latter race being in fog and less than 4 knots of wind.

Predator was constructed in aluminium in WA. She is 11.47 m LOA, 3.69 m beam and has a displacement of 5400 kgs. She is very stiff and carries a large rated sail area of 72 ft² on a Zapspar mast and Navtec rigging. Since launching her rating has been reduced still further to 27.1 with a TCF of .7706.

Predator's lines are clean with a fine entry forward and an extremely powerful stern aft, which is a feature of my designs. The run aft is consequently straight and clean, she surfs easily and is very stable and responsive downwind.

Production version

The KS 1147 production yacht has been developed from *Predator* and provides the facility of a 3-stage fitout, from basic 'no holds barred' IOR racer to the well-appointed and comfortable racer-cruiser version for those who wish a little more creature comfort and who want still to maintain a competitive IOR yacht. The aim, therefore, is to combine the comfort and exhilarating sailing of the non-rating boats with the competitiveness of the IOR racer.



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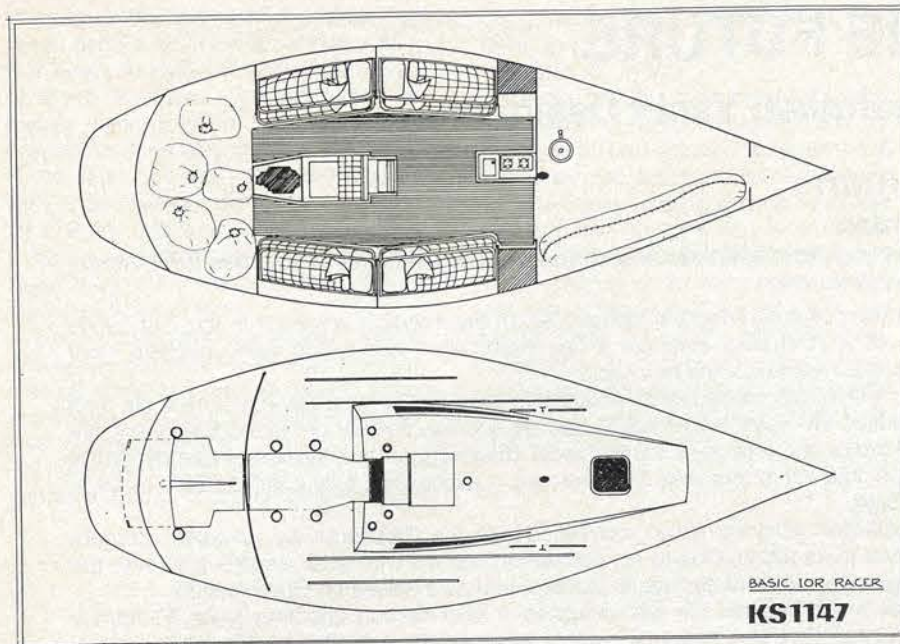
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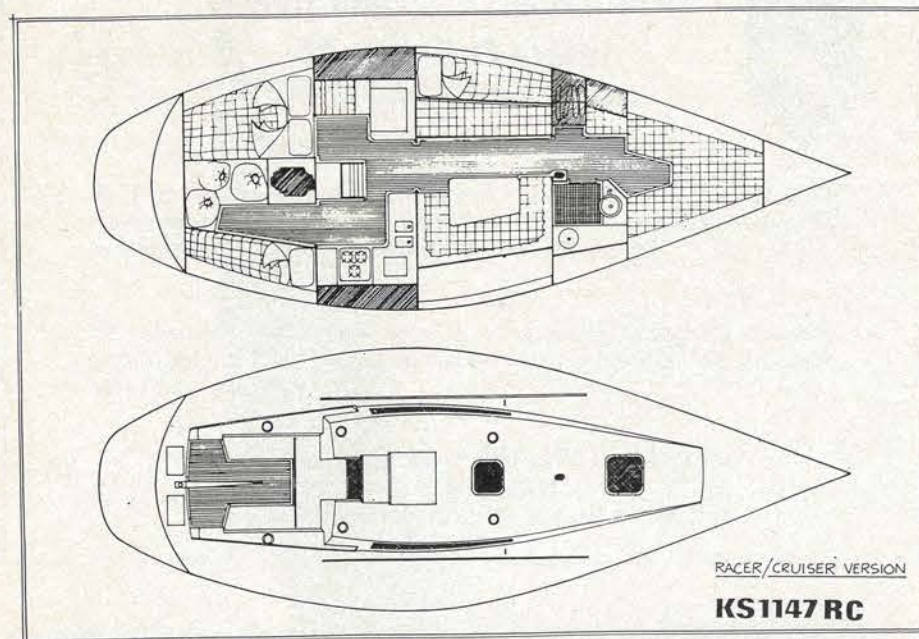
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KS 1147R, racer. The main difference between this version and the basic IOR version is more elaborate fitout of the navigator's and galley areas and the installation of a wet locker forward of the mast. The cockpit is provided with seats and raised coaming to prevent water running into the cockpit. A wheel or tiller can be installed.

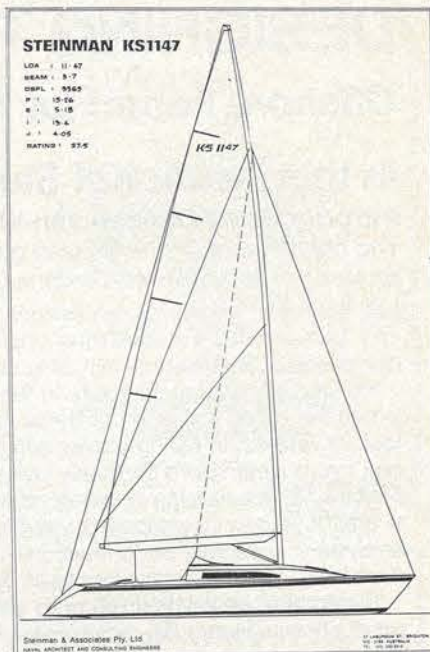


KS 1147RC, racer/cruiser. This is the fully fitted-out version with V-berth in the forward cabin, a storage compartment and head just forward of the mast and a fully upholstered main saloon and settee area with pipe cots outboard of the main units just aft of the mast. A double berth is installed aft on the port side and a single berth aft on the starboard side. A wheel is also available in this version.

Binks Yachts of South Australia has been chosen to manufacture the range, including the new Southern Cross Cup minimum rater, the KS 1241SC. Prices for both these boats are expected to be comparable with the cost of New Zealand built yachts.

A factor which is as important as the comfort and ability to win is the yacht's structural integrity and seaworthiness. In this regard all my boats, including the KS 1147, have an aluminium subframe

which combines with the aluminium ring frame bulkhead in way of the mast forming an integral structure unit containing all the loads and stresses from the mast, chainplates, keel and engine. This combined with a unique keel design incorporating a 400 mm wide lead flange, running the full length of the keel and recessed into the structural subframe, provides a very structural keel attachment. The keel has an internal rib structure designed to withstand the keel



Predator, by Kell Steinman; Rating: 27.1 ft; LOA 11.47 m; Beam 3.6 m; Dspl. 5400 kg; P 15.26; E 5.18; I 13.4; J 4.05.

bending moments. The whole of the structure together with floors provides an extremely strong unit in the centre of the boat.

The rig is fractional and tall, with twin inline spreaders and Navtec rod rigging. Runners, checkstays and running backstay are 1x99 SS wire.

Deck layout is relatively simple with runner winches aft of the helmsman, main sheet and genoa winches forward of the main sheet track and spinnaker sheet and halyard winches on the cabin roof. There is a small bridge deck just inside the main hatch to enable convenient access to these winches.

The engine is located under the cockpit and the propeller drive shaft exits the trailing edge of the keel. This installation is chosen because it is the best rating position and provides the least drag as the propeller and skeg are located in the wake of the keel. The propeller is driven by a hydraulic drive unit situated just aft of the mast.

The keel is a high-performance and high aspect ratio keel providing excellent lift with reduced form drag.

I also have a masthead 15.24 m (50') yacht, *Mandrake*, ready for launching at the end of August for Paul Smith in Adelaide which should be very interesting considering her statistics. She is quite light for a current IOR boat at 10,000 kgs, some 3,500 kgs lighter than *Margaret Rintoul III* and two feet lower in rating. Her basic hull speed will be a quarter of a knot faster than *Rintoul*, and as she is 200 mm narrower on BWL, she will obviously be an extremely competitive boat. □

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BEAM ENDS

by Robin Copeland



Around the world without instruments

To the passer-by *Globe Star* and Marvin Cremer seem just another pair of cruising partners. He the affable bespectacled sexagenarian, a plump Chichester looking more the geography teacher he used to be, she a pretty, weather-beaten blue sloop flying the Stars and Stripes. She was built in Canada last Autumn, 35½ ft by 11½ ft with just under 5 ft draft. Look closer though you'll not find a compass, log or, for that matter, any navigation aids whatsoever, not even a clock or radio. No, she's not the latest victim of our local marina marauders. Marvin is at the halfway point of a circumnavigation of the world without the use of instruments.

He left the east coast of America mid December 1982, and after crisscrossing the Atlantic three times via Cape Verde Islands and Brazil arrived in Cape Town last March. From there his next step was to Hobart, in August, where he picked up his latest companion, Nick Gill, for the final leg back to Pittman via Cape Horn, which he expects to round at the end of December. He tells me he uses parallel sailing as a method of finding his objectives, using the sun to get direction by day and the stars and the surface of the water by night. Latitude is established by judging the nearness of specific stars to his zenith.

Marvin's visit to Sydney coincided with a meeting of the Australian Institute of Navigation where Captain William Bligh's descendant, Ron Ware, was giving a talk on his recent re-enactment of the *Bounty* mutiny voyage, but that's another story. Anyway, his somewhat bemused reception there was only mar-

ginally less stupefying than Gordon Marshall's reaction to my suggestion that he might like to have Marvin Cremer address his celestial navigation students. ■

A touch of Ireland in the islands

Heber was the cause of more than just the odd raised eyebrow recently, in the lofty Coaster's Retreat. An enthusiastic new owner renovating dreams of the future? Far from it; eleven years and 25,000 miles is good reason to be rewarded for loyalties of the past. A gaff rigged ketch, 34'x10.6'x6', she was built in Cork, Ireland in 1917 as a fishing trawler, Oregon planking and oak frames. In 1951 she was converted by an Irish dentist (B.D.S. Dublin) to her present rig, and an International Harvester engine was installed. Robin Smith bought her in England in 1972. Across the channel to Paris via the Seine, and thence to the Mediterranean along the Loire and the Rhone made a leisurely start to their voyage to Australia by way of South Africa and the Panama Canal. The mistral there gave chilly warning of what was ahead — a boisterous 8,000 mile introduction to ocean cruising, stopping in the Canary Islands, Cape Verde and Rio de Janeiro before reaching Cape Town.

That was in 1974. Not Robinson Crusoe in the cruising world, Robin redressed the bank balance whilst teaching, and under the watchful eye of Table Mountain, *Heber* was prepared for her next voyage, a comparatively small step to Trinidad. In 1981 they recrossed the Atlantic in a mid winter SE gale for a wild run to St Helena and the Ascension Isles with a crew of six, including his future bride, Jenny, whom he married in St Vincent, the island of my own youth.

The Caribbean saw them anchor in many of the Windward Islands, Curacao and Aruba, escaping pirates off the Coast of Columbia, languishing in the low-lying islands of San Blas, then being mugged in Colon, that treacherous port at the northwestern entrance to the Panama Canal. Next the Galapagos and six months in the Marquesas where their daughter was born. Nadine finished the voyage with her parents, bubbling with misty memories of Pacific island palms and soft sandy beaches of the Tuamotos, Tahiti, Cook Islands, Tonga, Suva, Noumea, thence into muddy Moreton Bay in November last year. *Heber* has earned a few lazy days. ■

Howard's end?

One matelot bon-viveur, at the end of the delivery trip of *Moonshine* to Noumea, found himself experiencing two extremes of Gallic hospitality. Entry formalities having been completed, the skipper invited their inspector, Cluso, to sample the ship's supply of duty free Bundaberg. Presently, the by now extremely cordial douanier insisted on returning the crew's camaraderie at a local bistro. A few hours and several aperitifs later one of the crew became separated from his companions and decided to return to his hotel via the boat. It seems the taxi fare back was *très plus cher* than the one there. So to try and solve this apparent injustice, the driver agreed to drop in at the local gendarmerie for a judgement. However, it turned out that the gendarmes spoke even less Australian than the taxi driver. Now the alternative to not paying was a night in *le slammer*. Next morning Cluso came to the rescue, and after breakfast at the inspector's expense, the fare was reduced and the accommodation charges waived. Howard can now give us the inside information on their local equivalent of Le Bastille. ■

Age shall not weary them...

Even with Bubbles Manning, ex America's Cup crewman of *Gretel*, as tactician, *Margaret Rintoul* was unable to make much impression on *Camelot*, winner of the recent inaugural Veterans Yacht Race. Sailed in a fickle 10 knot norwesterly, *Ripple* was second and *Roiaata* third in a nostalgic 25-yacht fleet. In 1949 *Margaret Rintoul* was involved in another breathtaking battle when Stan Edwards' old man just failed to beat *Waltzing Matilda* across the line by 90 seconds in the second closest Sydney-Hobart finish since last year's *Apollo/Condor of Bermuda* clash. ■

...Nor my ears condemn

Overheard in the club bar some weeks past, Zapper (sense of the now) Bell exuberating over his latest project: "I intend," he said, "to challenge, through this yacht club, the CYCA for the defence of the America's Cup in 1987". Witness money has changed hands re commissioning of a design of a 12 metre *The People's Boat*. Hope he had a chance to listen to Alan Payne's advice at the Sportsman's lunch. ■

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both yachts carried Fraser Sails, as did two of the first four placegetters in last years Sydney-Hobart. The top scoring yacht in the last two N.S.W. Southern Cross Cup teams also used Fraser Sails.

If one design is your scene you may be interested to know that at the World Dragon Class championships in

Vancouver this year Australians took the Silver and Bronze medals, both used all Fraser Sails. The 12ft skiff that won the N.S.W., Australian and Interdominion Championships carried all Fraser Sails. The 420's that took 1st and 2nd in the last World Championship also used Fraser Sails.

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