

# *The Rip*

**October 1980**

**The Royal Port Nicholson Yacht Club Magazine**

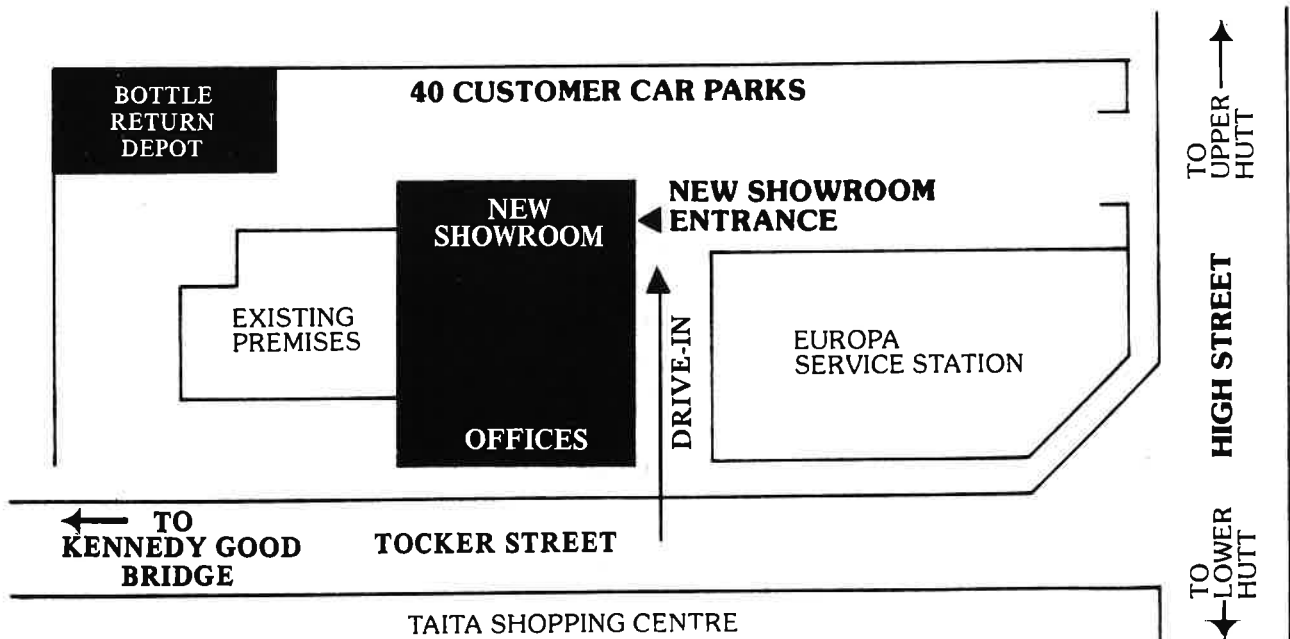
*Opening  
1980-81  
Season*



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# **The Rip**

Vol. 1 No.3

October 1980

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NEW ZEALAND

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THE RIP is the official magazine of the Royal Port Nicholson Yacht Club Inc., Wellington, New Zealand.

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## **COVER**

John Mines' 41' 3" yacht TORTUGA being launched at Shelly Bay, Wellington.



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# Correspondence, love letters and advice

## Ceramco shame II

I REFER to the letter in the July issue from Brian Millar. Ceramco shame indeed! The issue of the best use of club funds is a viable argument, but one would assume that the idea of SUPPORT for a venture such as this one would have been carefully considered before the Executive approved it. There is a fundamental difference between public support and commercial underwriting; the Ceramco New Zealand project is based on, and reliant on, both.

I would like to comment on a further aspect of the letter also. Brian quotes the project as one which "will cost the country tens of thousands of dollars in precious overseas funds". Whatever his attitude to the concept of the project, this aspect seems inconsistent with his intention (or possibly decision) to spend a large sum on an overseas design for his new boat, when several resident local designers have demonstrated more than adequate ability to produce the fastest yachts in the world.

Ceramco New Zealand has, from the beginning, given the country something to get excited about and involved in, and will continue to generate significant enthusiasm and interest, thanks to the spirit of adventure in those who have conceived this whole idea (Blake, Foster, Cornes, White, et. al.). As a national promotional vehicle it may well (indirectly obviously) generate far more in overseas funds than is spent in creating it. The New Zealand content is as high as it can be, consistent with the aims of the project. One thing New Zealand, New Zealand sport, and New Zealand yachting do not need is any more people with our classic disease, "knock-itis".

— PETER WALKER

## Ceramco investment

YOUR correspondent Brian Millar, who, in the July issue of THE RIP, so severely criticised the RPNYC's \$500 investment in CERAMCO NEW ZEALAND, appears to me at least to be a little short on reason and memory.

1. Has he and his yacht KOAMARU

not been in receipt of cash and aid in at least two international events, i.e. the Southern Cross Cup?

2. Does he imply that he did not receive his one-third share of the costs of the 1979 Southern Cross Southern Region Team which amounted to \$14,334?
3. As a Southern Cross team member, was not KOAMARU "underwritten by a business organisation" (his quote), and the series "a highly publicised event" (again his quote)?
4. His facetious comment — "was yachting or Ceramco benefitting" — flies in the face of his participation in the yachting event sponsored by Beechey and Underwood. Would that event have been so financially beneficial to the team without the substantial cash and aid contribution by that sponsor, who must surely have been looking for some advertising spin-off?
5. Does he not consider that without the likes of Ceramco, Beechey and Underwood, Dunhill etc., yachting would be much worse off?
6. To say that CERAMCO NEW ZEALAND is not an official New Zealand entry is merely playing with words, and to blame the project for the Government's attitude to sales tax on boats is frivolous — if not downright ridiculous.
7. The loss of "tens of thousands of dollars" he laments so strongly must surely be more than compensated for by several hundreds of thousands of dollars that will be repatriated to New Zealand when the yacht is sold in the UK after the race, at which time the RPNYC will recoup some of, all, or even more than, its original investment of \$500.
8. Initially I thought Mr Millar's letter one of the pithy, humorous, tongue-in-cheek letters we enjoy so much in your columns until I read his last paragraph. It was that which really caught in my craw. So I say to Mr Millar that, as a member of the Executive which unanimously voted to invest \$500 in the CERAMCO Syndicate, I will personally purchase from the Club the CERAMCO share if he

refunds to the Club the substantial monies and credits he received for his participation in the last Southern Cross Team. Further, he need not bother trying to say that these funds were not "Club money" — they were raised by Club members and the sponsors, to support boats which bear the same relationship as CERAMCO NEW ZEALAND does to being "New Zealand entrants".

— L. R. ENGLAND.

## Gentle touch

CONGRATULATIONS to the Club — and also to The Backstays — for the new-look Clubhouse. The alterations to the entrance hall have made a remarkable change: the entire downstairs now seems so much bigger and brighter, and how nice it is to be able to see the noticeboard clearly... and with so many notices on it. It has to be the Ladies who have introduced the gentle touches of pot plants and decoration — my thanks for the livening up the austerity of the place. If we are not careful, RPNYC could turn out to be an extremely go-ahead and innovative Club!! Well done, and please keep up all the good work.

— CONVERTED ADMIRER.

## Thanks

THIS year's participation of many of your top racing yachts and crews in our Relling Cup helped make the series the success it was and indeed showed some of our skippers and crews what racing is all about.

Our club is still comparatively young in yacht-racing circles, and the knowledge gained by our yachtsmen from this series, and the taste of hot competition, will, I hope, entice some of our racing fraternity to the RPNYC summer events, to get some of their own back (One half tonner I know is heading south).

As our club and members are mainly cruising orientated, our summer programme is made up of events to Kapiti Island and the Queen Charlotte Sounds, with a four-race round-the-buoys series. This year our Sounds races are programmed to coincide with yours, and I hope the ensuing social scene will strengthen

the bond between clubs and members.

The inclusion of our Mana-New Plymouth Ocean Race in your off-shore calendar is indeed a sign of the cooperation between the Sailing Committees of both clubs, and in turn our keen off-shore racers have indicated that they will be supporting your events of this style where they can.

The New Plymouth Yacht Club are great hosts, and in the past do everything in their power to make this event a success.

We look forward to hosting you the week before, and could perhaps include a teams' race to New Plymouth as the Waikawa Club has indicated that three or four of their yachts could be competing.

Once again, thanks for supporting our Winter Series. We will support you in the summer where we can. I believe the strength of Wellington yachting lies in the cooperation of all clubs.

JOHN LEVY  
Sailing Convenor.  
Mana Cruising Club.

## Hogging the hard

IT seems that the Harbour Board is now enforcing the rules restricting yachts from staying alongside in the Boat Harbour. These rules are fairly repressive, but in recent years were only applied against boat owners who didn't have permanent moorings within the Boat Harbour. (The former Custodian, Bill Thompson, firmly believed that some people were more equal than others.)

While the new principle of impartial injustice is welcomed in general terms, it is noticed that one boat is apparently not affected. This yacht (no names, use your eyes) is in the habit of lying stern to the breastwork day after day, effectively blocking easy access to the hard for boats planning a legitimate stop alongside. To my mind, this vessel is causing greater inconvenience than if it were tied up alongside in the fashion now so firmly disapproved. Action please.

— JOHNNY

## Foredeck Union

IS membership of the Foredeck Union to be open to boat owners and skippers who race as crew on other boats? Such people could be valuable as negotiators with the Skippers'

*Peter Blake is twice Round-the-World-race yachtsman, ex skipper of CONDOR OF BERMUDA, and more recently skipper-project manager and great power house of energy and inspiration behind NZ's Whitbread 1981 challenge, CERAMCO NZ, launched in Auckland on October 22.*

## Editorial

TO own an offshore racing yacht these days is an expensive proposition. To be able actively and successfully to campaign such a machine is generally beyond the resources of all but relatively few individuals.

For the sport of offshore racing to survive in New Zealand, rather than relying on a few wealthy and dedicated men to keep the national image alive in international competition, money from another source is required. Sponsorship, like it or not, is here to stay. It may be of only a very minor nature, or it may be a complete deal with the majority of the necessary funds being provided by commercial interests. Their aim, obviously, is to gain advertising value.

If you sail a yacht in races where IYRU rule 26 is exempt, then advertising of a sponsor's product is comparatively easy. This applies to such dinghy classes as the 18s, or, at the other end of the scale, to the giants that race around the world. Without sponsorship this form of sailing would cease to exist, to the detriment of yachting in general. This level of funding is to be encouraged, and thanks must go to the companies involved for making it possible.

However, sponsorship is now extending to all spheres of racing, and it should be realised that if such backing is gained there are commitments that need to be met. There is an obligation to help with promotional activities. Don't lead the sponsor astray with rash promises or ruin it for others by taking without any thought of giving in return. If you are fortunate enough to arrange financial backers for any product or service, look after them. Sponsorship is a good way of enabling more people to enjoy competitive racing at reasonable cost. Surely it's worth having.

PETER BLAKE

Federation in times of strikes, go-slows, lock-outs, or other union/management disputes.

— J. B. CRONIN

## Getting into spiders

re : Miscellaneous advertising

IT is nonsense! Already THE RIP is behind the times . . . boat snakes no less! Have you not heard that they have been superseded because:

1. They are too big and difficult to smuggle through Customs (unless your point of land is Dusky Sound);
2. The damned things sleep when it's cold (which surely renders them

useless in Wellington).

The obvious and only alternative is poisonous spiders!

Benefits :

- They do not try to eat their victims — therefore half-digested burglars are not left lying around;

- They are small and self-supporting;

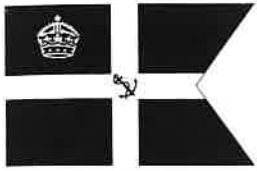
- They are very much cheaper. Varieties too numerous to catalogue here include : Tiller Tarantula, Foredeck Funnelweb, Bilge Blackwidow, Keel Katipo, etc.

If the Editor cares to divulge the identity of the snake merchant, I will make him an offer he could not (and should not) refuse.

— ANNA CONDOR of Bermuda.







# Commodore

Until the early sixties our season always opened on the first weekend of November. This later start provided only four races prior to the Seabird Cup, which was held on either Boxing Day or Christmas Eve, whichever would produce the greater entry — although it was always small.

Gradually, with the advent of the modern yacht, tradition has changed somewhat. Now we have opened and held a championship race before the end of September, and there are a further eight races scheduled prior to the Christmas period.

This, in the off-season to the Southern Cross series, provides us with time to consolidate the home scene. We must, therefore, make the most of it. We are expecting to set up the Southern Cross steering commit-

tee very soon. In 1979, in spite of an April start, I feel that there was still not sufficient time to do all the preparation work necessary for the kinds of thing the committee envisaged at the outset.

It was pleasing to read that the local "phantom signwriter" has been apprehended! On no fewer than four occasions our newly-painted Clubhouse frontage, and now also the Starter's Box at the point, has been disfigured. The cleaning of the stone-work at the latter will pose a difficult problem.

The special general meeting held recently drew a good attendance, and I feel that the support given to Club gatherings generally has been quite encouraging to the organising committees.

## Tell it to *The Rip*

A box for miscellaneous advertisements (free to members) and other written contributions has been provided in the downstairs foyer of the Clubhouse.

Alternatively, post them to:

The Editor,  
P.O. Box 15122,  
Miramar,  
WELLINGTON.

I believe we are to see an influx of Farr 11.6s to stimulate the first division. This I am sure encourages the enthusiasm for good club racing with all boats on the water. While you are young use your boats to the full and enjoy good sailing. To all members I wish a pleasant and successful season, on both the cruising and the racing scene.

Graeme Hargreaves,  
COMMODORE.

## Underneath the arches

MEMBERS who have not been down to the Club for a while are in for a surprise. No longer are Friday night revellers divided into the noisy drinkers and the sedate talkers by clubroom geography. The gloomy "no-man's land" beneath the stairs where few were brave or interested enough to enter has disappeared, as also has the general milling-around notice-board area by the downstairs door.

Both areas have been opened up, effectively joining the bar and lounge into one large social room. Entry at the foot of the stairs is now through gracious — if unexpected — Mediterranean arches (made necessary by certain vital structural requirements). Notice-boards have been improved, and are now sited in this area.

To keep out the draughts, a porch has been built outside the downstairs door. This incorporates shelves for gear, which is a great help to those coming in from Saturday racing.

An attractive macrame-type pot plant hanger graces the stairwell, vying for attention with the even-more-unexpected red carpet tiles on the stars.

A pot plant or two, cheerful bar staff, a vastly-improved selection of wine, a creditable meal at a very

reasonable price, and the Club is hard to beat for Friday evening relaxation.

Members, if you have not been down to the Club this season, make the effort soon. The place is really swinging. You will not be disappointed.

**RIGHT: The removal of the old entrance foyer links wardroom and lounge.**

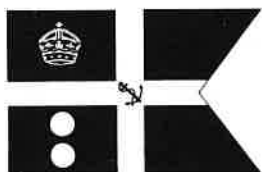
**BELOW: Mediterranean arches give an exotic touch to the newly-located entrance.**



# Opening Day



Wellington's Mayor, Michael Fowler, officially opens the Club on September 20. The official party, from left to right, are: Wynne Foothead, Liz Moody, John Moody, Mrs Fowler, Graeme Hargreaves (Commodore), Barbara Hargreaves, Ron Legge, Jean Legge, and Rear Admiral Ross.



## Rear Commodore

ANOTHER season is now under way, and from the social point of view several good nights at the Club have been enjoyed by many members.

The week prior to Opening Day contained a very heavy schedule. Members packed the hall on Wednesday to see the film based on the yacht *Flyer* in the Whitbread Round-the-World race. Those who had seen the previously-shown Whitbread film agreed that this one was every bit as good.

The RNZ Navy entertained the Cruising Section on the Thursday, with four officers, headed by the Chief of Naval Staff, Rear Admiral Michael Saul, giving an insight into the Navy's peacetime functions, and various aspects of navigation and safety.

The 1980-81 season was opened officially by the Mayor, Michael Fowler, on the afternoon of Saturday, September 20, and again the hall was packed. After Mrs Fowler broke out the Club pennant, social events began, and lasted well into the night. A splendid buffet meal was provided during the evening, and there was dancing to a band upstairs.

It is good to see progress being made around the Clubhouse, and we can all be thankful for our newly-elected "chippy" Commodore.

### Ancillary Licence

Unfortunately little progress has been made in extending our bar hours, but a lot of time is being put in by our "legal eagles" to improve this situation.

1. SHIPWRECK EVENING —  
NOVEMBER 1.

2. PUT A CHILD ON THE HELM  
— NOVEMBER 30 (see notice in  
this issue).

3. CHRISTMAS PARTY —  
DECEMBER 6.

The most noteworthy of the above events is on November 30 when we will all get a good chance to show a bit of "Christmas spirit". It is anticipated that the Club will be "fairly humming" with both members' children and the children from the Homes of Compassion. Let's show the people of Wellington that yachties aren't a self-centred bunch!

### Clubhouse

With the leadership of Graeme Hargreaves and a little bit of help from his friends the alterations to the clubrooms have transformed formerly dead areas into useful and attractive space. It is hoped that the changes will have the effect of reducing the Saturday evening post-race crush and make the place more





**CINJAN leads the fleet (behind WHISPERS II from where the picture was taken) at the start of the first race of the season, on Opening Day.**

attractive for some of our more senior members.

The next step is to improve the standard of the dining room, which will enable the caterer to raise the standard of meals.

The porch opening on to the hard was completed in time for Opening

Day, effectively eliminating all draughts. Shelf space has been incorporated into the porch area so that wet yachting gear can be stowed temporarily after racing.

John Moody,  
REAR COMMODORE

## Starter finishes



**After the Opening Day ceremonies, a presentation of a silver tankard was made to Graham Baker for his many years of service to the Club in the start box. A similar presentation was made in absentia to Gilbert Perano for his services in laying the finish buoy for the Cook Strait Race.**

## Put a child on the helm

**VOLUNTEERS** are required with a working crew to make their boats – both yachts and launches – available to children from the Homes of Compassion for a trip around the harbour.

Owners wishing to participate are asked to put the details of their boats and how many children they could take into the “RIP box” in the foyer of the Club.

Following the sailing, a party for the children will be held in the Clubrooms. To help finance this event members are asked to place donations in the collection tin on the bar.

**N.B.** Entries and donations may also be posted to “Rip Magazine, P.O. Box 15122, Miramar, Wellington.

**DATE:** November 30, 1980.

**VENUE:** RPNYC.

**TIME:** 11 a.m.

# Farr fever hits Wellington

You see them here, you see them there. Dignity to impudence, CERAMCO NZ, to trailer sailers, Farr fever is spreading.

In its rapid southward movement it has infected a number of Club members hitherto associated with more sedate forms of nautical enjoyment. Others who have already caught the bug from chartered craft such as GRANNY APPLE and MARDI GRAS are finding themselves unable to recuperate.

The following notes give an indication of the extent of the fever in our midst.

THE ideal boat for Wellington must surely be the Farr 11.6. Designed as a fast cruiser/racer with absolutely no concession to rating and more than average consideration of crew comfort, the 11.6 should be as much at home off Terawhiti in 70 knots of nor'wester as round the buoys in a Saturday race.

It has ample room for family cruising, is simple enough to sail short handed, and yet is fast enough to stir up the old hands of the first division. It will sail well under main alone, and its 8 knots under motor ensure that a lot of ground can be covered when the wind drops.

## Two for Club

Quick to realise these virtues, quite independently, were Phil Hartley and Roger Manthel. Both sold well-performing half-tonners last season; both, it seems, felt the need for something more substantial.

11.6s in the stage-one "hull-and-deck" version are to be delivered to both in the near future — No. 26 off the Compass Yachts' mould to Phil in November, and No. 28 to Roger early in the new year.

You get a lot for your money when you buy the boat in this form. It comes with keel, rudder, forestay and backstay fittings, chainplates, bulkheads, toerail, drains, hatches, cabin windows, headlining and wiring loom. Positions for all deck fittings are marked out, and plans for internal layout, rigging, and sails are included.

Both Phil and Roger have their regular crews standing by to assist with the finishing work, and both hope to have their boats in the water early next season.

Even before these two hit the scene, however, No. 24 off the mould is due in Wellington for Des and Paddy Renner. Like the others, this will be in "hull-and-deck" form, and will be finished by the owners.

To date 18 11.6s have been registered, and 15 are building. One has been exported to Hawaii, and another to Tahiti. Ten were racing in the recent Feltex Regatta in Auckland.

Reports say that the ones fully equipped for cruising are going just as fast as the stripped-out racing versions, although the wooden ones are considerably heavier and noticeably slower than the glass ones. They have now been promoted to Division One on the Auckland scene.

The nearest 11.6 to Wellington at present is LIONHEART, built by Peter McManaway in Picton for Nelson Polytech. tutor Neville Wills. It is possible that Neville might be induced to join the Wellington fleet for some of the season once the new boats are in the water.

Similar approaches are reported to have been made to another owner in Christchurch who at present is commuting regularly to Auckland to find some competition. Five 11.6s would certainly liven up the Wellington scene.

## Praise for the designer

LATEST of the Bruce Farr disciples, Mike Britten, with two former SPIRIT OF PELORUS JACK crew, Warren Rankin and Ashley Smith, have almost completed a 10.6 in an aeroplane hangar down in Lyall Bay. A smaller version of the popular 38, the hull is 35 ft overall and features a "Farr first" — reverse sloping transom. The yacht will carry a 7/8 rig and a sail area slightly more than the one-ton version.

Most impressed with Bruce Farr's kitset for the amateur builder, Mike says, "The Farr office have been excellent to deal with and have thought of everything."

Construction of the triple-skin hull (the inner two plywood, the outer one kauri for a fairer finish), diagonally laid, began late last year and will have taken just one year if the launching date of "before Christmas" goes as planned.

Undoubtedly the biggest small boat around (it looks enormous in the hangar), it will not be without the necessary creature comforts. Two double quarter berths, deep freeze, built-in storage drawers and a very spacious interior will make this craft a comfortable cruiser-racer.



Mike Britten talks to RIP Editor Jeanette O'Shea atop the almost completed Farr 10.6.



In the final part of his series on the IOR rule, designer Bruce Askew deals with the recent addition of displacement length factor to the IOR formula.

# Understanding IOR (Part 3)

IN the earlier articles it was explained how the principal components L B D and S are used in the rating formula and there has since been an attempt to explain how length L and beam B are arrived at.

Beam was fairly clear, but length was a bit fuzzy. Length L is fundamentally the length between the forward and aft girth stations corrected by FOC and AOCC. FOC and AOCC are components that establish the effect that the above-water (largely) ends of a yacht have on a yacht's potential. They can extend or reduce the LBG measurement, usually reduce the forward end, and in older-style yachts reduce the after end as well, while in the newer broader-sterned yachts the after correction is usually an addition.

D, Depth, is a number that represents the actual bulk of the vessel below the water. When it is compounded with L and B a very close approximation of the yacht's displacement is obtained. A yacht with a large immersed cross section makes very big waves when nearing its upper speed limit. These waves absorb a lot of power. The effect is that the ship has a definite brake on its performance. The rule-makers recognise this, and generally a heavy short yacht carries more sail, relative to length that is, and as at lower speeds wave making is not so much a problem very often these yachts are good light-weather performers, especially to windward, which is where yachts rarely get into a wave-making situation anyway.

The formula for D is:

## Note 1

$$D = 1.3 MDIA + .9FDIC + .055(3FOC - AOCC) + \frac{L + 10ft}{30 + (.5 \times OMDI \times BWL)}$$

$$MDIA = .125 (3 \times CMDI + 2 \times MDI - 20MD) +$$

$$FDIC = FDI \text{ or } (.2175(MDI + CMDI) + .5FDI) \text{ or } .475(MDI + CMDI)$$

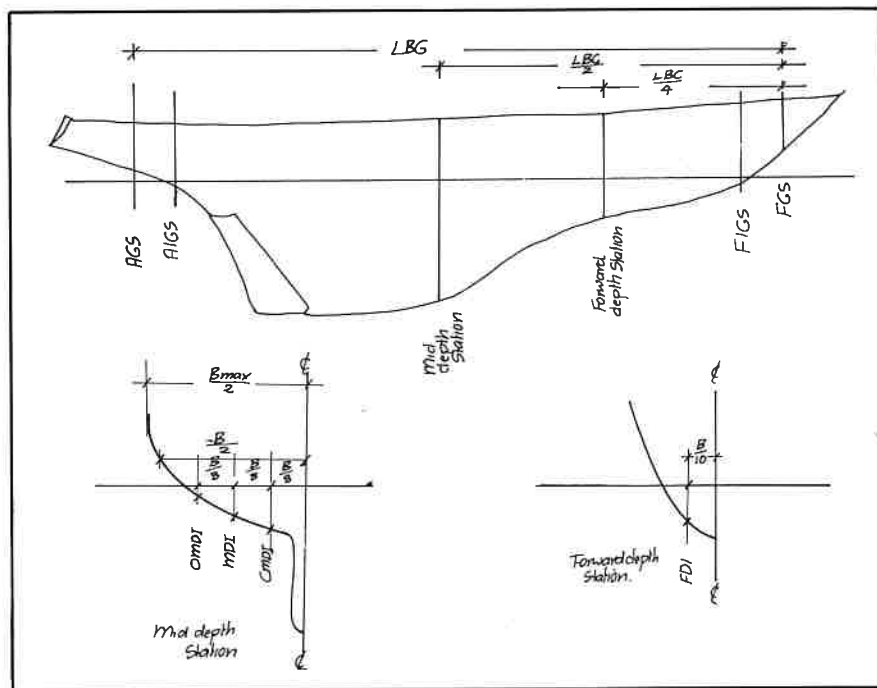
whichever is smallest

## Note 2

$$DLF = 1 + 5.7 (BDR - 1)^{.75}$$

$$BDR = \frac{(2.165L^{0.525} - 5.85)^{0.375}}{(L \times B \times MDIA)^{0.125}}$$

This can't last. It has too many arbitrary factors and functions.



The measurements FDI CMDI MDI OMDI are taken at positions shown in the sketches.

These measurements in practice are taken to the shearline on both sides of the yacht. When afloat freeboards at FD and MD are deducted, so they don't require re-measuring with changes of trim.

The constants .2175 when incorporated in the second option and .475 in the third are arbitrary figures that come into play when an excessive bow-down trim is adopted. They relate the forward depth and the middepths when the forward one becomes distorted. Overhang components add a bit for topsides and the L + 10 bit adds some for length. This

is fundamentally the same formula using similar factors in a similar manner as the RORC rule.

A displacement length factor is a recent addition to the basic formula. It arrives at a displacement for a given L that the rule-makers consider a satisfactory minimum. If a ship is less it incurs a small graded penalty.

(See Note 2)

Comments: This part of the rule has another look at the features that effect the prismatic coefficient of a ship. As it covers all the relevant points I don't see it altering much in the future. The designer has a choice of how to exploit it to the best and observing results over the past few seasons this area appears to be working well.

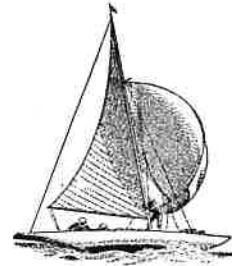
The rule-makers or management committee endeavour to promote good racing, which means getting and keeping more boats racing and competitive. The DLF is one of the factors that tend to discourage extreme yachts. The lighter a yacht becomes the more spectacular its performance can be. It can also be disastrous. Good racing is having a large proportion of the fleet finishing closely most of the time and not an outside flyer tearing one off on occasions, and of course racing only when those occasions suit.



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MY CRAFT IS MOORED/ TRAILED .....



*And I got de theory dat in former times, green turtle nested out on Far Tortuga. Eitherwise, why did de back-time coptins give dat cay dat name? Den Far Tortuga wore away in storm, but de turtle kept right on goin dere, circlin round dem empty reefs for a hundred years. And when dat cay formed up again, dey commenced to nestin dere, just like dey done in de centuries before.*

# The BYO yacht

— By Jeanette O'Shea

WHAT, I wondered, makes a seemingly sane, relatively young man suddenly lose all sense of rationale, blow the whole of his share of the matrimonial property settlement on an expertly-designed Ferro-cement hole, and spend the next seven years of his life and every cent he earns filling it up and fitting it with a mast and sails? To find an answer to these and other related queries I invited the man to dinner, where using every conversational deviousness known to mankind, I tried to get him talking about himself so I could write about him things the yachting public love to hear . . . "Call of the sea" stuff, and "when did he first discover the inner desire for self-destruction and violent death by drowning in an enraged ocean?"

He duly arrived at my house clutching a \$30 bottle of the finest champagne that should have been used to launch the boat (but they had two), and I succeeded only in getting obnoxiously drunk and making crazed midnight phone-calls to certain members of my so-called editorial committee that later revealed I had learned nothing.

However, next day was Saturday, so a fresh arrangement was made over the telephone to meet this undernourished paragon of mystery on "home territory", hopefully this time

to hear first hand of his dreams and the devils that drove him, to report faithfully to my fellow Club members.

Sadly, this was not to be. From the moment I stepped aboard this recently-floated 41 ft 3 in of concrete and Draylon I knew things would go wrong.

John Mines — owner, skipper, builder, dweller and sometimes cook — greeted me from the elaborate hatchway looking as though he had been living on plastic vegetables swilled down with kerosene. "Been flat out like a duck's instep," he announced. Seemingly, from the moment I had chipped the large hunk of concrete out of the bow with a bottle of Chateau . . . . 19 . . . the previous Saturday, up to the present time, he had seen a lot of celebrating, and hell, why not? The boat had taken all those years to build, the rigid work routine broken only by two Suva races — 1972 with Geoff Stagg on WHISPERS II, which they won on IOR, and 1979 on WHISPERS OF WELLINGTON — Admiral's Cup trials and subsequent campaign of 1975 with WHISPERS OF WELLINGTON, a trip to the States,

**The mahogany and Draylon-lined lounging area. ("House and Garden" — see THE RIP re copyright!)**

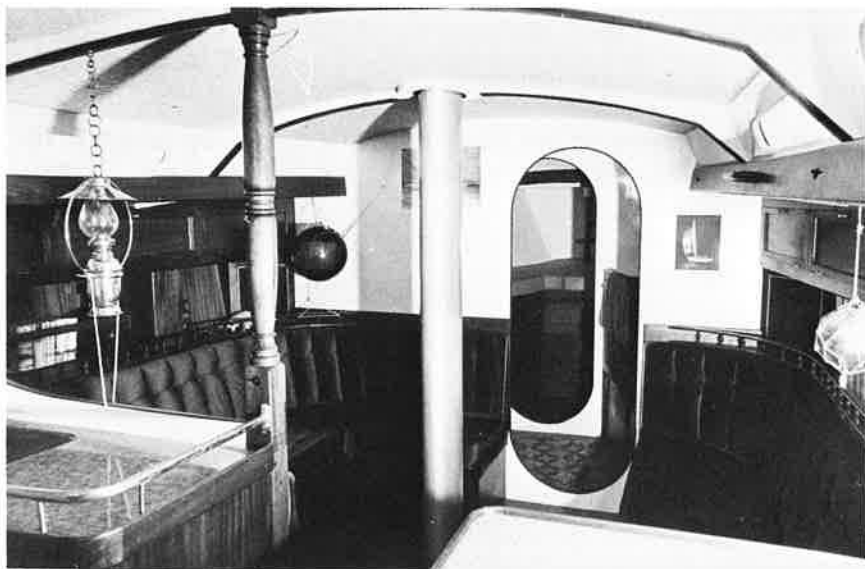


John Mines looks well in cockpit.

where, in a camper van accompanied by fellow foredeck crew-mate Andrew Stagg, they drove from Los Angeles, the West coast, up to Canada, down to Mexico, then back to LA where John joined Blenheim farmer Alister Shanks and NERO for the 1979 Transpac yacht race to Hawaii, followed by a month in Fiji yacht bumming and lying in the sun. Make no mistake, building your own yacht is no bed of roses.

There is nothing quite like a bucket of gin to get a party going, especially when it's diluted with a couple of bottles of white wine. Resigning graciously to my fate I seated myself haphazardly in the sumptuously-appointed saloon, accepted the "Tortuga Brain Paralizer" he put into my hand, looked at him out of a glazed eye and asked, "How did you get into car racing?" He had at one time during the sixties been a fiend of the racing circuits of New Zealand, building speed machines he named after himself JRM's (his middle name is Robert).

"Old man was a mechanic and I wasn't big enough to play rugby," he replied, pouring himself a measure of the same poison from the blue bucket with the convenient little tap on the bottom he kept perched on the galley bench. "Car racing just got too expensive," he explained with a shrug as





**TORTUGA on  
Wellington Harbour  
confusing the Yacht  
Registrar.**



though keeler yachting was the pastime of beggars. "Marine insurance of eighty thousand dollars was all I could afford for this, he said as I cast my eye around the softly-lit luxurious interior. Below decks this boat was really something. "Eat your heart out 'House and Garden'" I thought, taking in the mahogany lockers and trim, pleated green velvet upholstery, gleaming galley with brass fiddle. Cost had not been spared, but he had built it himself — with a little technical help from designer Laurie Davidson.

### Noisy crew

He began by buying a cheap, old caravan and parking it alongside the hull. Into this he moved himself and all his worldly possessions. Then, over the entire project he built a huge shed, completely encasing home and hull. Thus he lived and worked all his spare time, buying materials as he earned, spurred on by the chill winter winds that blew up through his makeshift home's rickety floor. "I used to lie in bed at night freezing, thinking 'Jesus I'm not gonna spend another winter in this bloody caravan'."

Slowly he fitted out the interior, and decked it over. Finally he shifted house, home and an alley cat he called Ferrari who had attached herself to him into the hull and began the laborious task of sanding, painting, building deck fittings and all the things you generally see attached to boats that are essential to the operation of sailing them.

Time passed, ladies came and went, the cat had kittens. The yacht ate at his soul — he was weighing in at eight stone and reducing.

"Couldn't afford to do it now," he said, quoting examples of unbelievable price rises in even more unbelievably short time periods. "I was away (in the States) when Mr Muldoon announced his 20 per cent tax on pleasure craft. It would have cost me an extra twenty grand. My brother Bob ordered up a crane and was all set to drop the keel-less hull into the tide, photograph it and put it

back on the cradle in an effort to call the boat launched before the date the legislation was to become effective."

The actual launching ceremony had been blessed with a 40-knot gale; serious problems arose when the crane hook became entangled in the backstay. And while the hundred or so onlookers and wellwishers watched in open-mouthed astonishment as the operator, in an attempt to free it, jiggled the huge yacht above their heads, the mast had bent sickeningly. However, experts were in abundance as is usual on these occasions and several leaped aboard to disconnect the backstay, thus saving TORTUGA from becoming the first unlaunched yacht to be dismasted.

A push on the "go" button sparked the big Ford diesel into life as we disentangled TORTUGA from the spaghetti factory of ropes, lines, springs and things securing her to the wharf and motored across the harbour in the early twilight to "have a few in the Club". "Might as well be drunk as the way we are," John said.

### Tough life

The Royal Port Nicholson Yacht Club wardroom was packed with panicking pre-opening weekend work parties, wearing samples of this season's choice of antifouling. We pushed our way through the throng to the bar, ordered gins, and joined the ex-Whispers of Wellington crew at a corner table. Currently wintering over in a Farr half tonner CINJAN, they were heavily into the rum. No one I have ever met is noisier than this bunch in full flight and if the eighteen months abroad Andrew Stagg had just returned from were designed to refine and quieten him down, I can safely report the exercise was a complete failure.

Talk was mainly of yachting and John's new boat, on which he had barely been able to get a sail up, due to a week-long Wellington equinoctial gale. When finally the bar closed, food took on a high priority. The respectable little Italian restauranteur who thought business was looking up

when he accepted the late telephone booking for nine people will never harbour the same benign hospitality for his patrons again. Two "riot packs" of wine on top of the copious quantities of rum the company swilled at the Club had the waitresses cowering in the corners and the other diners evacuating more quickly than if the place had caught fire!

Strangely enough an arrangement was made over this absurd feast to go sailing on the proud new addition to Wellington's heavily-overpowered cruising fleet the very next day, which, by that time, we were already well into, and everyone in the party was invited. Even more strangely, they didn't all turn up.

The plan, as I heard it, was to check out the sail wardrobe, mast and rigging ("tuning" to the uninitiated). Sunday dawned, bringing excellent weather, light southerly breezes, "perfect", they said, for such an exercise. But the assembled "heavies" were pale and squeamish and spent most of the afternoon below watching television. John's girlfriend, a nurse, steered the boat through a number of manoeuvres which everyone thought to be more or less satisfactory. "She's truckin'," said John, calling down the companionway, "Do you think she would beat ICONOCLAST, Geoffrey?" Geoff Stagg was sitting by the heater, feet up, heavily involved in a replay of Saturday's match of the day. "No sweat," he replied without taking his eyes off the bubble television set swaying gently in the corner.

The first chilly breath of evening touched the breeze as the little skipper took the big wheel, and, standing astride the cockpit seats to see over the protective dodger, headed his boat back through the breakwater into Port Nick harbour. "What will you do now John?" I asked. "Stop working," he replied.

# THE WORRELL

*Andrew Stagg, Robert Jeavons and Robert Perrin, three RPNYC members, won in record-smashing time what is described by the New York Times as "the most publicised yacht race next to the America's Cup", the Worrell 1000, sailed in 16 ft Hobie Cats off the coast of Florida. It's the yachting Indianapolis 500 — a crazy magical speed adventure. Andrew writes a blow-by-blow account of "being there".*

THE idea for the Worrell 1000 germinated in a Virginia Beach, USA, restaurant six years ago when Mike Worrell and a friend were prompted as a result of a bet to sail to Florida in their Hobie 16. It took them 20 days to make the trek after numerous stops for naps and making repairs.

For myself and Rob Jeavons, it started out as an invitation to Rob Perrin's place for dinner one night just after Rob had returned from winning the 1979 race. During what started out as yet another typical evening (1 quart of Tanquerays, several bottles of wine) reminiscing over old times etc., Rob Perrin put forward the idea that the three of us enter the 1980 Worrell. Needless to say, we all thought this is a great idea; however, the following morning, in the light of day, things just somehow didn't look so great. Anyhow, we eventually half-heartedly agreed to enter, subject to suitable sponsorship.

The first race started in May 1976, and it was then simply a haphazard, no-holds-barred race up the East Coast . . . stop when you get the urge or when you are able.

The race is now refined some with a little more emphasis on safety. Each boat is crewed by a three-man team (two crew on board), supported by a shore crew whose responsibility it is to ensure that the third crew member is fed, rested, and transported safely to the next checkpoint.

There are eight mandatory checkpoints, varying from 70 to 165 miles apart. If a boat isn't able to make a checkpoint within 24 hours, under the Rules the crew on the boat is required to telephone a Race Control Centre in Virginia Beach, whose function it is to supply meteorological information to participants and keep a constant check on the progress of each individual boat for the TV and press media.

It was another 7½ months before we again thought seriously of the Worrell after our eventful dinner at the Perrins'. In fact, we thought that it was going to be a non-event as sponsorship was difficult to obtain

and we had by this stage made alternative plans to take part in Antigua Race Week in the West Indies. However, at the eleventh hour, a sponsor was found, and we agreed to cancel Antigua plans and proceed with the Worrell.

Once the decision was made, planning started in earnest. We had



**Andrew Stagg — "The boat was held together with a screwdriver and Duet tape."**

only six weeks to prepare for the event — which included for me a crash course on Hobie Cat handling techniques. This proved to be rather demanding on the patience of my two cohorts, who were more acquainted with the fundamentals and characteristics of sailing Hobies.

To begin with, we started training on a nearby lake — or more appropriately in a nearby lake, as whenever I took the helm we seemed to spend more time in the water. However, after a few days I managed to improve, much to the satisfaction of the Robs as the water was extremely cold.

In addition to sailing practice, we had to organise 31 separate charts of the East Coast — marking checkpoints and rhumb lines, and lamin-

ating them in plastic for waterproofing — find suitable radios for communications between ground crew and boat, find a suitable compass (figure out how to mount on boat and illuminate for night), arrange safety gear such as flares and flaregun, torches, strobes, tune Rob Jeavons' Hobie, locate leaks in hulls, beef up the rigging, and find suitable wet-weather gear.

Fortunately planning went better than we hoped, and we were able to leave for Florida a week earlier than anticipated. This allowed us further practice in Florida, getting used to sailing on to and off the beach in surf conditions, test radio communications, reposition and mount compass, test wet-weather gear, and generally relax in a few local bars before the big event.

This year nine teams started the race. The pre-race favourites were HERITAGE TRANSMISSIONS (1979 winner), THE SHACK, which had Hobie Cuter Junior, son of inventor and current Hobie 16 US Champion, the MICHELOB team, previous runners-up, and a team from South Africa with the current World Champion on board — so the competition was pretty hot.

## More boat speed

The race starts on the beach at Fort Lauderdale, and we had worked out various strategies depending on wind strength and direction and boat speed. Tactics to consider were Gulf Stream, wind strength, and tides.

On the day of the race the wind was moderate to fresh from the east-north-east (18-22 mph), which meant a double-trapeze beat to windward to the next checkpoint 165 miles up the coast. We decided to start with the two Robs (our heaviest combination) and stay inshore out of the lumpy chop created by the Gulf Stream.

It was clear from the start that we had more boat speed and, after several hours, the two Robs were clearly in front and going flat out for the checkpoint, with THE SHACK, HERITAGE, and MICHELOB having a great battle for second and third place.

During the first leg I found it very difficult to get any rest or sleep, and so, when the two Robs arrived at Cocoa Reach 13 hours and 42 minutes and 165 miles after the start — average 12.04mph — I was more than ready for the next leg, and at this stage we

# 1000

had a 22-minute lead on HERITAGE, an hour on SHACK and 1hr 3mins on MICHELOB.

It felt good to get on to the boat. Our first objective was to clear Cape Canaveral, which involved sailing through shoals and surf lines, which was rather unsettling as it was pitch black. However, once we were around we eased sheets and headed for False Cape and a further change in course to bring us into the next checkpoint at Jacksonville Beach — 150 miles further on. At daylight, Rob and I got the usual thoughts about how we are going as we couldn't see any boats and so were rather relieved when we arrived at Jacksonville 29 minutes ahead of HERITAGE. Rob Jeavons by this stage was looking forward to getting out of his wet gear into a shower, a good steak, and some



sleep, as he had been on the boat for 29 hours.

The next leg to Savannah Beach is a tricky leg, as this area is rather remote and is infamous for its crocodiles. We were more than a bit worried about this leg as the weather

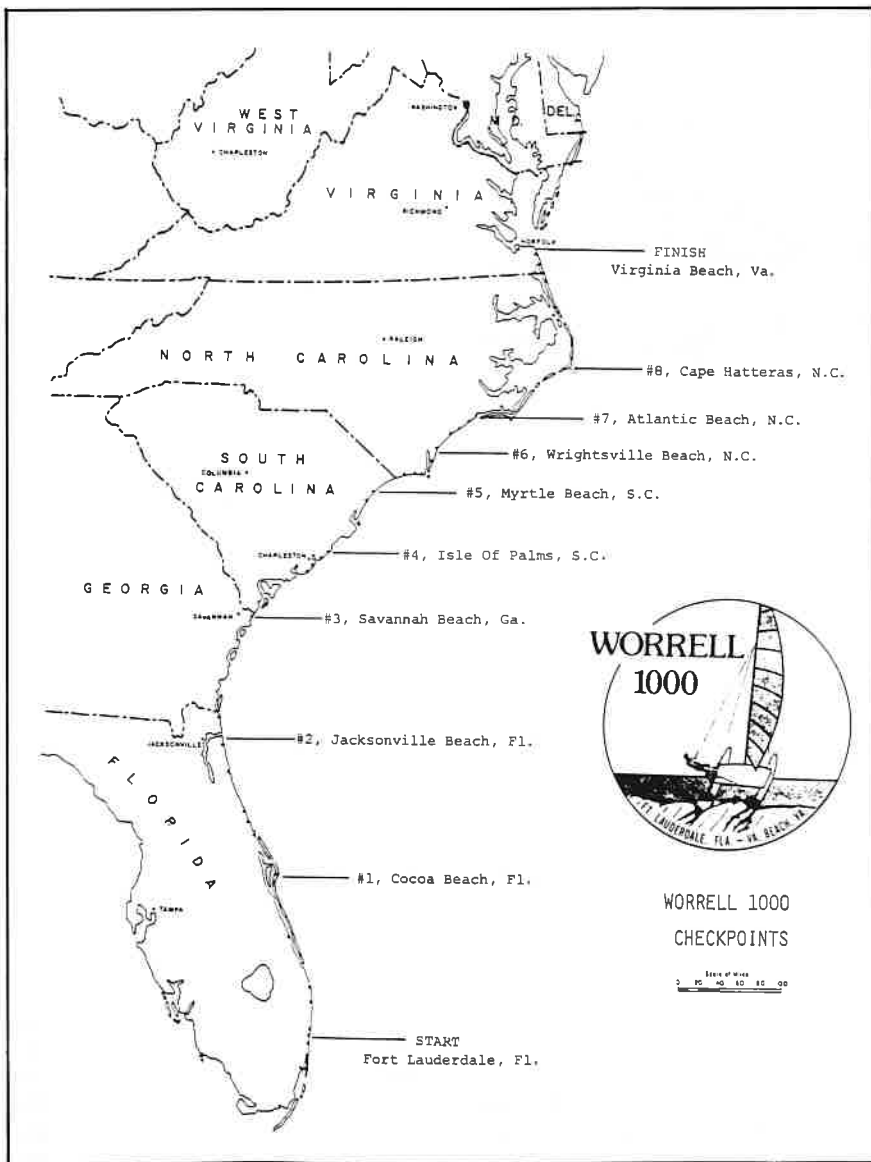
## Rob Perrin takes a dive during Andrew's crash course in Hobie Cat handling.

forecasters were predicting light offshore breezes which meant taking into account the 24-hr rule and the last telephone on the coast on St Simon's Island is approximately 20 miles off the rhumb line only 30 miles into the 115-mile leg. However, once under way, we decided to go for broke and managed to cover the 115 miles in 10hrs 53 mins, averaging 10.56 mph.

At Savannah Beach we had stretched out to 1hr 30mins over MICHELOB, with HERITAGE and SHACK 1hr 7 mins and 36 mins behind.

It was good to get off the boat; however, the next checkpoint (Isle of Palms) was 85 miles, and to get there by road it was more like 180 miles and we were worried the boat might get there before the ground crew. So we set out at great speed which made sleep impossible, arriving well before the boat as the wind had dropped away completely.

The guys arrived 14hrs 39 mins after leaving Savannah — average a slow 5.8 mph for the leg. During this leg the Robs noticed that one of the corner castings was broken and needed replacing at once. This was done on the beach with the aid of a cordless electric drill, brute force, and Kiwi ingenuity as we used a screwdriver and Duet tape in place of a 1/2in stainless bolt and nut. This repair took 23mins 25 sec and MICHELOB arrived 1hr 9mins behind with THE SHACK and HERITAGE slipping back to 4th and 5th place, 1hr 18mins and 14hr 24mins behind. COURTNEY'S managed to slip in between MICHELOB by taking a short cut through some of the islands in the light air. Our effective lead had



been cut by some 23mins 25 secs at this point as MICHELOB spent only an amazing 22secs on the beach here.

The next leg to Myrtle Beach was 85 miles, with the only hazard being Cape Romain. It was important to negotiate the capes correctly as it was at these points the race could be won or lost. It was exciting rounding capes at night. Usually we were able to see and hear the breakers and actually feel the vibration in our guts. Our technique was to cut as close to the shore as possible, as we figured out that the shoaling around the capes spread out in a narrow triangle so that sailing close to the beach would decrease the time sailed through the breakers.

This leg was another slow leg (6.82mph); however we were 9hrs 40mins ahead of the record time set in

1979. MICHELOB caught up another 17 mins on this leg and hit the beach only 29 minutes behind with SHACK 1.15mins behind and HERITAGE 1.49mins behind.

Checkpoint 6, Wrightsville Beach, another 80-mile leg and another cape — Cape Fear — to round. This leg started in light winds and we experienced considerable difficulty getting off the beach through the surf. It was during this leg that MICHELOB nearly caught us. The wind dropped right out for several hours, which made sailing frustrating.

We could see the boats behind catching us with the new breeze. At one stage MICHELOB was alongside, about four miles further offshore. We had anticipated that the wind would back more towards the south-east and accordingly sailed low on the rhumb line. As we predicted

the wind did back, and we were blessed with a nice 18-22mph south-easterly which enabled us to sail a little higher and faster than MICHELOB for Cape Fear. We rounded Cape Fear during daylight, cutting close to the shore even though the surf was not insignificant. Once round this cape, a change of course meant running flat or tacking downhill for 35 miles in light wind.

After several tedious hours of tacking we decided it would be faster flat running and positioning ourselves on the bows of each pontoon, pumping and ooching the boat each time a little swell passed under us.

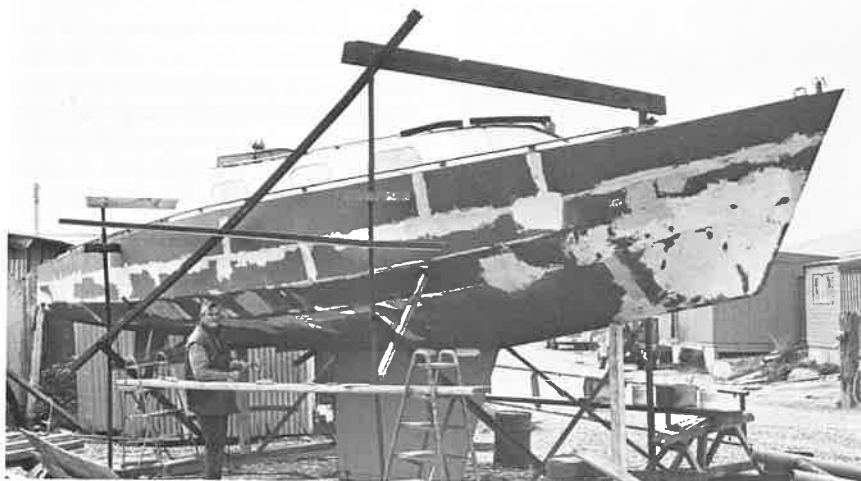
We managed to outsail MICHELOB and by the time we hit the beach at Wrightsville at 6.08pm were 41mins ahead with SHACK and HERITAGE 1hr 40mins and 2hrs 7mins. Unfortunately, when we hit the beach our ground crew weren't prepared, as they were with Rob Jeavons in a local restaurant eating steak, so we couldn't change crew — which meant another leg for me.

We were warned while on the beach of a severe squall line which was meant to pass through about midnight, so Rob Perrin and I set out for Atlantic Beach checkpoint 70 miles up the coast. This leg was the most exhilarating, and we were really concentrating on sailing hard and fast. We would put the boat on a wave, start surfing, re-trim as the apparent wind went forward with the acceleration, glide down the face of the wave and catch the next one, give a little "ooch", and away again . . . . this went on for hours eventually losing track of our DR position. After considerable debate we decided to head straight in for the coast and find out exactly where we were, as we thought we may have sailed past the checkpoint. It took us 20 mins to reach the shore and enquire from a few astonished fishermen on the beach, who were somewhat surprised when two foreigners arrived on their peaceful beach at 10.00pm asking them for directions to Atlantic Beach. We established that we were 20 miles from the next checkpoint and took off again, cursing ourselves and thinking that, by now, MICHELOB must have sailed by.

We hit the beach at Atlantic Beach at 11.43pm, taking 5hrs 35mins to do the 70 miles at 12.53mph. Fortunately, Rob Jeavons was ready this time and I was quite pleased to get off the boat after 32 hours non-stop sailing.

By now we were 70 miles ahead of the last boat, which hadn't checked into Wrightsville Beach, and 1hr

## The New Wave



A LARGE grey shape is rising rapidly but unobtrusively on the banks of the Hutt River estuary. It is the brainchild of do-it-yourself designer-builder Ron Julian, begun last Christmas, and now almost ready for launching.

Ron has been sailing — and building — boats most of his life. He was the first person to represent Evans Bay Yacht Club in a provincial competition when he competed in the Cornwall Cup at the age of 14. Now, being not as young as he used to be, he feels it is time to build the best boat he has ever built and get on with enjoying sailing.

The 34-foot, light-displacement steel craft incorporates all the features Ron feels a performance boat should have — an extra fine entry for going to weather, fin keel, reasonably flat undersection, triple chines, a broad beam and after section, and fractional rig.

The hollow fin keel contains 3500 lb of lead, and will also act as a cooler for the engine's enclosed fresh-water cooling system.

All-up weight will be about 4 tonnes.

Inside, the craft is spacious, and generous headroom has been provided to accommodate Ron's 6ft-plus build. However, interior finishing will be left until after launching. Sailing has a higher priority.

And will it go? Will this be the first of an international wave of "Julian 34s"? Keep your eyes on the harbour about the end of October. "By their works shall ye know them."!

### Specifications:

LOA: 34ft; Beam: 11ft 3in; Draught: 5ft 6in; Weight: 4 tonnes; Keel: 3500lb; Sail area: 592 sq. st.



20mins ahead of MICHELOB, 2hrs 56mins on SHACK and 3hrs 12mins on HERITAGE. The organisers were now having to man two checkpoints and as well prepare to man the next at Hatteras.

The Robs set off on the next leg to Cape Hatteras in south-westerlies of 18-25mph. This was an 80-mile leg by sea, but to get there by land meant a 200-mile drive on a narrow, twisting road, and the pressure was on for the ground crew to get to the next checkpoint in time.

We arrived at 5pm and had to wait for the Robs to arrive. The ground crew, who were doing a fine job and by this stage had much less sleep than the racing crew, managed to get a few hour sleep while waiting for the boat, which eventually arrived at 9.54pm through the fog. The wind had dropped out in the early morning again, and they experienced difficulty with navigating in the fog and haze. By now we were ahead 1hr 30mins on MICHELOB, 2hrs 42mins on SHACK, 3hrs 8mins on HERITAGE.

The next leg was 125 miles, but the first hurdle was Cape Hatteras and, soon after leaving the beach, we could see white water colliding with shoals and the Gulf Stream and Labrador Current blasting against each other. We again cut close in to the beach — so close we could have touched it by reaching out — and managed somehow to keep the boat moving through the confusion into the cold Labrador Current which we weren't quite prepared for.

We began the final leg in a south-west breeze and smooth water, tight-reaching along the shore at really great speeds. It is this point of sailing that brings out the best in Hobies, and the miles just flew by to start with. Rob Perrin and the ground crew were worried about our make-shift repair (screwdriver in place of ½ bolt, etc.) and followed us down the coast. At one stage they scrambled up a Coastguard Watchtower to wait for us to go by. The coastguard estimated our speed in excess of 20 miles per hour as they have a series of markers along the coast to gauge distance and speed. We managed to keep this up for several hours until the wind dropped out in late afternoon.

Rob and I started talking about how good it would feel to be on the beach again, to be dry and warm, eating steaks and mushrooms . . . and a few beers of course, and this made us more impatient. The wind started to drop out altogether, and we were just slipping along at about 4 knots and the beach seemed to stretch out

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forever. Our last chart didn't cover the last 40 miles, so we had no idea of where we were and, as the sun settled, we could see the light of Virginia Beach in the distance, slowly coming closer.

About this time a powerboat came up to have a "nosey" at us. In fact it was Rob Perrin and the ground crew, who had come out to egg us on over the final 10 miles. This they did by supplying us with copious quantities of Budweiser beer and, by the time we were approaching the finish line, we were more than half-smashed.

The finish was incredible, as waiting onshore were half of the residents of Virginia Beach, clapping and yelling, the television stations, the press media, and our sponsor. In fact it was quite frightening to see all those people after being at sea. Anyway, Rob Jeavons steered his boat through the finish line and was on the beach at 9.45 pm after 4 days 11 hours 49mins (averaging 10.43mph for the last leg), and 1000 miles up the coast from Fort Lauderdale, to a tremendous welcome.

We were doused in pink champagne by our sponsor, interviewed by press and television media, tossed in the tide, and generally given a good time. This lasted until the next boat, THE SHACK, arrived, 1hr 32mins behind, followed by HERITAGE another 8mins behind SHACK. MICHELOB went ashore just before the finish to pick up its third crew member, and in doing so let HERITAGE beat them by 2 mins. This was disappointing for MICHELOB as they were the only ones to challenge us and had a great race. This was the first year all boats finished the race, the last boat 8hrs 45mins behind us. We beat 1979's record time by 14hrs 58mins, and averaged 8.85 mph for the total distance.

Of course, the finish of the race was just the start of the partying, and we very regretfully left Virginia Beach after a tremendous week and making some great friends. There again, some of the nightclubs were pleased to see us leave.

# Random notes

By  
Fleet Scribbler

Good to see **Nigel Blair** and his wife at the opening day function. Undoubtedly (we believe) our oldest member, Nigel joined the Club aged 14, and after umpteen years of competitive yachting has graciously retired to the Gold Coast though still keeping a weathered eye on the sport. Nigel has made a donation to the Club for a trophy, which could appropriately be for the Veterans' Race, an event that sorely needs re-vamping. Let's hope the Sailing Committee do their thing this year and make the day a memorable occasion for our club pioneers.

Observers noted with astonishment that **SOUTHERN MAID** was one of the **TRUXTON** greeting fleet. However, members can relax. Ian's crew on this occasion were not hippies in full protest but sober-minded policemen. Keeping law and order is definitely a new role for this vessel.

**Les McDonald, Peter Armstrong, Wal Edwards** and families have all moved into fruit farming in the Keri Keri/Whangarei area. "Oranges and Lemons" say the Bells of St Clemens.

**Richard Dillon**, in a newly-purchased Lidgard, and fellow farmer **Alistair Shanks** in **NERO**, are likely to be regular off-shore contenders this season. The fancy money could favour either.

**Norm LePage** is also reported to be seeking the vitamin-C centre of the nation. He has bought **Graham Logan's** fruit farm in — you've guessed it — Keri Keri. Another Cavalier leaves the fleet, and Graham will be heading off to join his wife in Australia.

**Brendan Gilmore**, purveyor of traditional cuisine to the yachting gentry — has now joined the Club, and is believed to be considering an offer to serve as foredeck hand on **FARCICAL**. At least they won't go hungry when they get in late!

Ex-Racing Secretary **Tony Ray** has plans for a lightweight cruising Peterson 33. Construction of laminated kauri to closed-in stage is hopefully soon to begin at boat builder **Tony Shearman's** establishment. Owner Tony will then complete the boat himself. No world trips envisioned at this point though.

As is the way with these elderly trend-setting youngsters, Club Personality of the Year, **Ernie Hargreaves**, keeping to a rigid social schedule, recently attended the International Order of the Blue Gavel NZ divisional meeting held at Wairakei, where he was presented with a shield in recognition of 60 years of active yachting. Unfortunately the newest member of this elite brotherhood of past commodores, **Roger Manthel**, was unable to attend and was fined 50 dollars, which was added to a "whip round" by these worthy gentlemen for the **CERAMCO NEW ZEALAND** project.

Roger made quite a "boob" at a special general meeting called to instigate the rule change to provide membership for ladies other than wives and daughters. As last speaker in a long-winded debate, he made a magnificent speech which undoubtedly swung the vote, but concluded with "If there is one thing we don't need in this club, it's knockers." But we got em!

We overheard a secret conclave discussing a 12-metre challenge to be presented by the Club. Chief of Project is said to be **Del Hogg**. As 12-metre fever starts to build up, we expect to learn that **Baldy** and **Rocket**, who are busy building an S and S Admiral's Cupper, will be stretching out the design to make it suitable for Newport in 1983.

**David and Kate Lackey** are back in Wellington after six and a half years in Singapore and Fiji. Kate was on overseas posting for the diplomatic corps, while David earned the cigarette money yacht broking and representing Hood Sails. Plans are afoot to bring home their boat, **BOBBY SHAFTO**, some time in November.

Recently, while **Bruce Morris** and his party were living it up at the elegant Huka Lodge, he allowed his unchauffeured limousine to glide down the drive, jump a wall, crash through a beautiful display of japonicas, plough up a rose garden, and decend heavily on to a well-manicured lawn. Mr **Harland Baker**, the gourmet proprietor of the Lodge, expressed lack of gratification to the newly-arrived guests. RIP says Bruce should do his fishing at sea.

## Askew's latest



**Dawn Askew** showers herself with Champagne as she launches husband **Bruce's** new-design quarter-tonner **KAMA**. A light displacement stripped-out racer, it's reported to be performing extremely well in spite of gale-force race trials.

Rumour has it that the method of financing used in the recent purchase of **FARCICAL** has the Arabs gasping. Particulars can be obtained on application to **Gray McKenzie**.

Leading contender for the "can't get rid of me as easily as that" award is **Grant (Shackles) Mayo**, who, after a lavish farewell and excessive publicity in the last issue of **THE RIP** on his departure for ever to Australia and all points beyond, turned up in the Clubhouse on a recent Friday night. Complaining loudly about the necessity to wear clothes, and looking browner and healthier than even a Wellington milk round can make one, he described the last three months of cruising around Australia's Barrier Reef area. Wife "Panda" and daughter Sally are at present in Sydney, **MYTH OF KARORI** is in Moolooloobah, and all are to be reunited as soon as Shackles can complete some unfinished business in Wellington.

And finally Whitbread Round-the-World Race challenger **CERAMCO NEW ZEALAND** was launched in Auckland on October 22 by **Dame Norma Holyoake**, one week ahead of schedule. As a shareholder in the project, the Club was issued with two invitations to the champagne function and was represented by two of the Executive.



## The ladies are in!

FOLLOWING the failure at the last Annual Meeting of a proposal to create a new category of Lady Membership (see last issue of THE RIP) there was widespread dissatisfaction, particularly from those ladies who had been associated with the Club as friends of senior members but who were reluctant to pay both entrance fee and full subscription to become senior members themselves.

The new Executive reconsidered the wording of the proposal, and called a Special General Meeting on September 24 to vote on a simpler, more straightforward resolution that the Rules of the Club be altered as follows:

Delete Rule 25 and substitute:

Ladies may be elected "Lady Members" of the Club. Lady Members shall not be entitled to vote at any meetings other than meetings of committees to which they may be elected. No entrance fee shall be payable by Lady Members and the subscription payable each year shall be one-half of the subscription payable by Senior Members.

The meeting was attended by 56 voting Club members — mostly men — and a number of interested on-lookers — mostly women. Opinions on the issue were divided, but after

## Crew's Union

A CREW'S Union has been formed, and all sailing members of the RPNYC, excluding skippers, are official members of the Union.

A "keel-hauling" session, in the form of a kangaroo court, will be held in the Wardroom every Saturday after racing. Penalties will be handed out for crewing mishaps, etc. during the day's racing. A small fine of, say \$1 - \$2, is thought to be fair. The money is to be put into a fund to purchase trophies for presentation at the end of the sailing year. It is thought that we could, for example, have trophies for: The Best Crew, The Worst Crew, The Most Improved Crew.

This new form of fun, of course, will not work properly if we haven't the backing of all crews. So let's get together and enjoy our sailing and have fun. Skippers for too long have been taking too much of the limelight. It is about time the crews spoke up for themselves, and took a bit of the credit normally handed out to those guys that sit in the back all day.

Up the sharp end!

two proposed amendments had been defeated the original resolution was passed by 42 votes to 14 against.

The effect of the rule change is that all ladies may now join the Club as Lady Members, without entrance fee and at half the senior subscription rate, regardless of their marital status or association with senior members. They will not have voting rights.

However, they retain the option of being senior members, with full voting rights and privileges.

The category of Associate Membership, which was open only to wives and daughters of senior members, disappears.

## Early training



**ABOVE: Andrew Stagg (left) and Geoff (right) during sandpit trials in a string-and-board WHISPERS prototype. Conscripted neighbourhood crew (behind) helps out.**

**BELOW: With the aid of chalk and blackboard Geoff Stagg shows the ladies what it's all about.**



## the backstays

AN interesting evening was held at the Club recently at which Geoff Stagg imparted some of his sailing knowledge to those present. From this beginning we hope to see more ladies out on the water this season knowing what the game is all about. We may have a few more sessions if there is the interest. If you missed the evening and would like to go out on a keeler on one or two Sundays to "learn the ropes", please add your name to the list on the notice-board.

Toasted sandwiches are now on sale on Saturday and Sunday evenings and are proving to be very popular. If you would like to give a hand, please let me know.

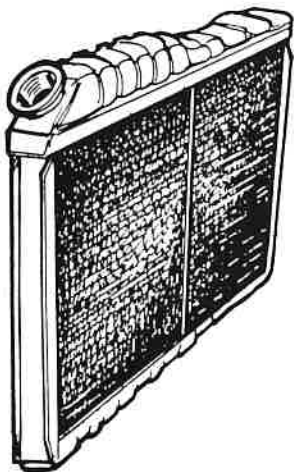
The alterations to the Clubhouse have brought an interest in decoration and so we hope all our pot plants thrive. Flowers are always appreciated, so if you have some going to waste in your garden, why not bring a few down with you when you next visit the Club.

For young children we have supplied some crayons and colouring books and they should be out in the lounge each weekend. If you have any children's games no longer played with they could easily entertain some child at the Club.

In the New Year we hope to have a Family Day, and any suggestions as to its venue or form would be welcome.

— Viv Holmes,  
For the backstays.

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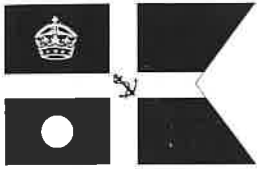
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# Vice Commodore

THE format for the 1980/81 sailing programme is the direct result of a very "with it" last year's Sailing Committee who collated from feedback (achieved at the skippers' meeting) what was required and handed it on for confirmation from this year's committee.

With the odd exception, this format was agreed to, and by now you will all have copies of the racing programme, and see what it offers.

Our Racing Secretary, Liz Moody, has done a tremendous job in re-drafting the entire programme, and the Sailing Committee are indebted to her for her conscientiousness and attention to detail. The experience of Murray Sleeth, Peter Sutton, Adrian Osborne, and Brian Coleman was also of tremendous help in analysing each segment. **Thank you** to a very willing and experienced team.

I would draw your attention to the forward in the race programme which gives further explanation of this year's changes.

We acknowledge also several sponsors who are to support the race programme this year. They are **Epiglass Paints** for the Spring Championship series; **Wrightsons Wines and Spirits** for the Autumn Championship series; and **R.C. McDonald Ltd** on several feature events, namely the Mark Foy starts.

The sailing year is divided into two sections, each having eight championship races, and four IOR and PHRF inshore and offshore events.

PHRF is to replace section II, and

all boat-owners wishing to participate in this section should apply for a PHRF rating. Contact Richard McAlister for details.

Please note that a special event will be held on the Friday night prior to both the Island Bay race and the Commodore's Trophy race. These events have been successful over past years and are being reintroduced for this season. **Every member** should support these two functions by being there.

Rotary have asked for support, and we would like to see as many boats as possible taking part in a fund-raising eased-sheets cruise around Wellington Harbour. The dates set aside are November 16, or if the weather is bad, February 15, at 2 pm. This should be an enjoyable day.

**Protests.** The Protest Committee is Peter Sutton (convenor), Murray Sleeth, and Bruce Askew. Protesting boats should also be aware of the new protest fee of \$5.00 which should accompany the protest form.

**Buoys.** The Shoal Pile buoy at Evans Bay is red, with the distinguishing markings of RPN9. **Falcon Shoal** is now the Harbour Board buoy as our own buoy fails to last for any period, due to heavy shipping chewing it up.

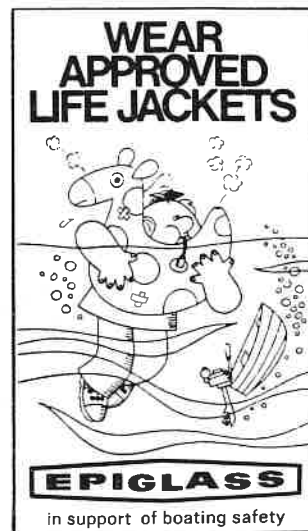
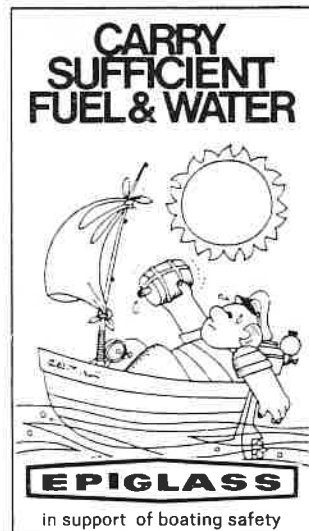
**Startline.** The practice of barging on the windward marker appears to have returned, and boats that carry out this practice are not only a danger to themselves but also to others — the cost of repairs is murderous. The Sailing Committee would hope that

all skippers take stock of their starting procedure and adopt a fair-play attitude for the good of all.

**Crew's register.** Peter Sutton is compiling a new up-to-date register, and this, when finished, will be on display in the Clubhouse by the racing notice-board. There should be no need to go shorthanded, providing on the odd occasion owners are prepared to take a less-skilled person. Many of these people who have added their names to the crew's list are eager to get a chance. Let's face it, they will only develop if given the opportunity.

**Yacht register.** Like the crew's register we hope to have the yacht register completed as soon as possible. We would ask *all* boat owners to fill in details of their craft at the commencement of the season. The details are to be completed on the Club's entry form for all races and stating all the relevant points, e.g. make, name, rig, motor HP and type (petrol or diesel), length, beam, and registered number, owner's name and contact (business and private), number of crew, cruising or racing, hull colour and berths, radio and call sign, and safety gear. This register will aid the Club should an emergency situation arise, as well as helping you, the owner.

**Racing noticeboard.** This is housed directly opposite the door leading on to the hard. Our recorder (Peter Spackman) will have results and the points table completed weekly. The racing noticeboard is for the use of our sailing programme only and no other notices will be accepted.



**Racing events.** Only members of the RPNYC are eligible to win Club trophies, and while we are happy to receive outside entries it must be realised that this invitation is to obtain larger fleets, and better racing. Any boat owner wishing to participate but also wishing to win trophies should contact the Club and apply for membership.

**Clubrooms.** The Club's ancillary licence is strictly adhered to and visiting racing crews are entitled to visit the Clubrooms (signed in by a member) only once a month. We would ask that all members watch this rule carefully so that no embarrassment is caused to the visitor, member, or the Club.

**Startbox.** This committee has requested all skippers withdrawing after starting in a race to signify to the startbox. This should be a courtesy by all boat owners or skippers, as the startbox committee are put under pressure when this courtesy is not applied.

**Summary.** As from September 20 the season will be in your hands, whether

## Thanks to sponsors

THE Club wishes to convey its gratitude to Epiglass for their generous sponsorship of the spring series.

There will be product prizes for each division, a trophy for the PHRF inshore champion, and sponsorship of an offshore race yet to be decided.

R.C. McDonald, suppliers to Avalon Wines, will be providing liquid sponsorship for a championship race programmed for November 29. Three divisions, plus cruising and motor sailers.

supporting the racing programme, the Clubhouse Fridays – Sundays, cruising, or taking part in the events listed by the House Committee. Many dedicated people have worked hard to bring together a comprehensive sailing programme, and every member should support these efforts **with action.**

John Moody, the Rear Commodore, and his committee have many tricks up their sleeves to make your weekends really enjoyable.

Sailing is exhilarating and fun, so let's make it a season you will all remember.

Ron Legge,  
VICE-COMMODORE

## Executive decisions

DEL Hogg has been asked to set up a sub-committee for the 1981 Southern Cross Cup challenge.

The Harbour Board is to be approached with a proposal to provide a permanent visitors' mooring in the boat harbour.

*Somebody has been stealing all the magazines from the Trophy Room. So as their subscriptions expire, they will not be renewed. Gavin Loe, the Cruising Captain, will donate his own copies to the Club.*

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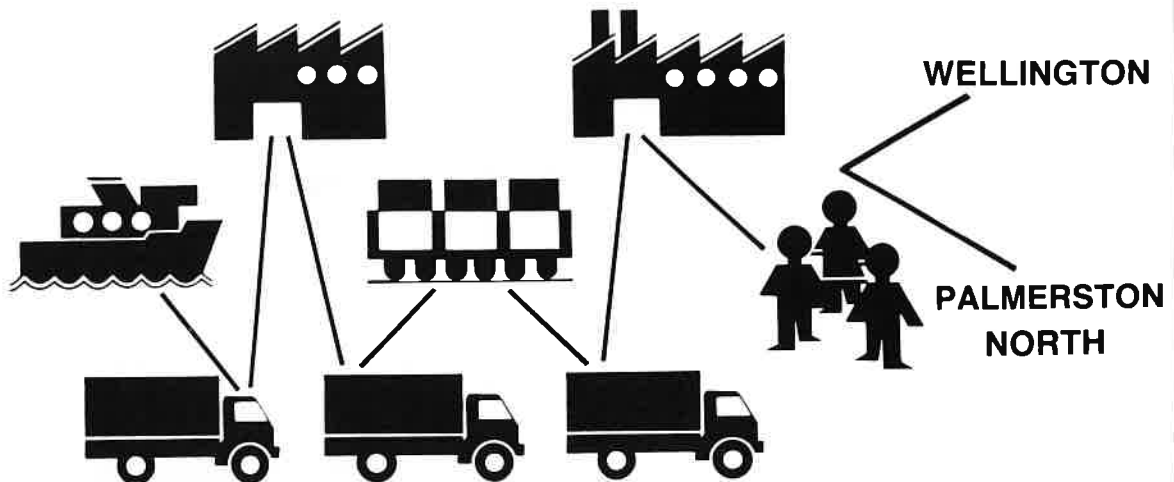
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# Racing results

— as at October 19

BOAT	RACES SAILED	LINE POINTS	H/CAP
<b>Division I</b>			
Aztec	3	90 84	Westwind II 3 47 48
Lisa	3	86 84	Nirvana 3 44 44
Kuriri	3	81 79	Kama 3 26 27
Whispers II	3	81½ 76	Sapphire II 3 26 27
Nizam	2	54 56	Snow Goose 1 21 21
Sobraon	2	49 56	Raukawa 1 0 0
Rhythm	2	51 55½	Good Hope 2 0 0
Thunder			De facto 1 0 0
Cloud	2	51 50	Iconclast 0 0 0
Chinchilla	1	24 23	<b>Division III</b>
Savant	0	0 0	Slomoshun 2 57 61
			Tight 2 61 55
<b>Division II</b>			Squeeze 2 27 29
Farcical	3	90 90	Impala 1 29 28
Cinjan	3	87½ 83	Born Free II 2 26 27
Pugwash	3	83 82	Nordic 2 24 25
Diaz	3	78 79½	Pandora 1 25 24
Virgo II	3	80 78	Berontak 1 0 0
Kidnapper	3	74 78	Kirribilli 1 0 0
			Crossbow 0 0 0

## Miscellaneous

If any members have favourite recipes they prepare while away cruising, please send them to THE RIP — they may be helpful to others and will be reprinted. All suggestions — from gourmet delights to galley disasters — will be gratefully received.

Buy your very own Club T-shirts. These versatile garments can be used on the mast as distress signals, to polish up the chrome, to clean out the bilges — EVEN to adorn your own body beautiful. Be instantly recognizable wherever you cruise this summer in this distinctive quality apparel. Apply Club Secretary or Superintendent NOW . . . . The price is only \$9 to the favoured few.

### Lost

**Lost** — one "Blue Peter" as used in the Southern Cross series last year, 1979. Peter Guiney returned it to a Club member, we don't know who, when, or where. These flags are costly, and its return would be a welcome.

### Wanted

Wanted for Club urgently — public address system. Anyone able to help, please contact Rear Commodore John Moody.

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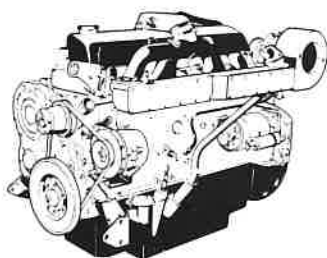
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