

# ***The Rip***

**July 1982**

**The Royal Port Nicholson Yacht Club Magazine**





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# **The Rip**

**Vol. 2, No. 4  
July 1982**

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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**

Singing songs and drinking wine, Gavin Loe is doing his thing cruising the Pacific aboard ICONOCLAST. (Story P.14.)

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NEW ZEALAND



*It's your hair that needs trimmin'  
not your sails  
When you can't tell rocks from whales*

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And come alongside  
For a trim that's absolutely winnin'*



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# Correspondence, love letters and advice

## Centennial plans

I WISH to comment upon the Club's 100th Annual General Meeting.

Of the 790 listed subscriber members of the Club, I am one of those hundreds who does not own a boat.

Between us, our funds, our efforts, and our expenditure towards the Club over the years are CONSIDERABLE.

It is inadequate for our Commodore to make the announcement that, without discussion, "the Centennial will just take the form of some yacht races" - and that's that!

Why was there no event whatever to "usher-in" this one hundredth year? The Club was formed on May 26, 1883, after a preliminary meeting on May 19, 1883.

Is the opening of the 100th sailing season going to take some special form? If not - why not? (The painting of the sheds is scarcely full celebration.)

Is there going to be a special Christmas Party for this special year - or is it again going to take the form of a Sunday sing-song around the piano after the Ladies' Race - as in the last two years (with an empty Christmas tree in the background)?

Please may we all have advertised knowledge of the EVENTS of this Centennial Season?

Members both near and far are all entitled to know what is planned, in order to make their own personal holiday reservations for the events in which they intend to participate.

The members as a whole over the past 100 years have built up the Club. The members ARE the yacht Club. What consideration is being given to them?

MARGUERITE PARSON

## Secret news

THIRD month into our Centennial Year, and not one advertisement about it yet. We have our Centennial Committee - but HUSH! -NEWS is an EXECUTIVE secret.

WHAT ROT

## Annual Dinner

WHAT a boomer (not bloomer, as in Gubby) the Annual Dinner proved to be. The McKenzie-Evans partnership really came up with the goods ... mind you, there was a degree of craftiness in that guests were kept so busy they could not over-indulge.

Who needs a Rear Commodore while Gray and Les are about and so willing to organise such a great evening?

Well done, and thanks.

HICCOUGH

## Wasted youth

AS a young sailor myself, I feel obliged to bring your attention to the lack of activities and time devoted to the budding sailors of the under 20 age group. The somewhat pathetic junior and intermediate rolls reflect this neglect. One must remember that the future rests with today's youth, and the Club should develop the obvious potential of its young sailors.

Auckland has successfully exploited this valuable resource. As a result there is a wealth of young but experienced sailors injecting new life

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### "I've stopped worrying about my future!"

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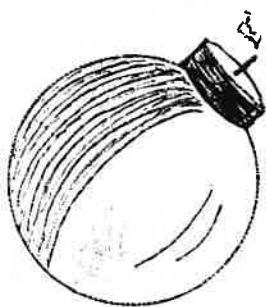
into the national scene. But where is Wellington? Surely the centennial year is an apt time to begin to foster our youth, thus giving early experience and confidence to the skippers and representatives of tomorrow. How about a juniors' race similar to the veterans' race?

I don't want to see RPNYC stagnate merely into an RSA haven, so let's broaden our outlook now, before EBYMBC takes the initiative and reduces this club to a has-been.

OVERLOOKED

## Explosive situation

I ENCLOSE the following for delivery to last season's handicapper.



Would you please ensure that it is placed in his letterbox.

I know that it is a sound Christian ethic that the first shall be last, but our handicapper seems to have become more of a zealot than a Christian.

ALSO RAN

## Correction

THE Southern Cross Raffle last year resulted in a \$10,000 (NOT \$1,000) profit as reported in your last issue.

L.R. ENGLAND  
Treasurer

## 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.

# Editorial

SHORTLY, the club manager will be mailing subscription notices with the "invitation" to pay our contribution towards the International Challenge Fund.

This princely sum of \$1 (or 1.25 bar ticket clips for those of us who have problems with such vast sums of money) multiplied by, roughly speaking, the senior membership of all affiliated clubs last year produced a fund of \$28,950. This was apportioned (again roughly speaking) 40 per cent to the centreboard representatives, 34 per cent to our offshore challengers, and 26 per cent to the two Whitbread entries. Usually, it's even-stevens between the dinghies and keelers.

As a result of this investment, New Zealand gained three world Championships, a second, three thirds, a fourth, and seven placings in the first ten, in international centreboard events; added to that were the performance of SWUZZLEBUBBLE - top individual scorer in the Admiral's Cup, and the quite brilliant efforts of OUTWARD BOUND and CERAMCO NEW ZEALAND.

As the Chairman of the International Challenge Fund, David Moore, says, "For a little country, with not very much money, our yachties do pretty well. Without the solid backing of the whole yachting community, this would not be possible."

What he's talking about is the bottom line - RESULTS, but a closer look at the balance sheet reveals that our individual investment of 1.25 bar clips gained a whole bunch more than just international placings. Point 13 of a bar clip, for example, helped our Southern Cross boys to gain invaluable experience in Australian waters; a similar figure gave Geoff Stagg and Richard Macalister an experience they'll never forget (or let us forget!). Admittedly, in these latter cases we dug deeper into our pockets (and rightly so) as a club.

All these yachtsmen - 470, Laser, Tornado, offshore, whatever - return the wiser for their experiences; those with teaching talent pass the aquired knowledge to their local fleets, and all of them, by just racing, influence local standards.

In these hard, pragmatic times it may be somewhat trite to say that "money isn't everything", but having now, I hope, convinced you that our financial investments do bear dividends, I would suggest that we cannot simply "buy" the future of our sport. There are other ways in which we can, and MUST, individually contribute.

First and foremost is to get out on the water; each time we drop our moorings we start to learn something new and, having learned and being human, we pass that something on to others. (This usually involves a whole lot more bar clips).

Secondly, we must make ourselves and our yachts available to younger sailors. There are dozens of potential Chris Dicksons lurking out there in the centreboard classes and desperate to show us how well they can sail. They may not all be physically or emotionally ready for permanent elevation/retirement to keeler racing or offshore work, nor might that be appropriate to their stage of sailing development, but offer them a taste and everyone will gain from the experience.

With several new keelers in the fleet, and several more approaching the water, the development of a pool of willing crew must be regarded as a priority.

Our crew register is brim full of eager sailors, many with dinghy experience and competence; the dinghy clubs, too, are a source of likely recruits.

A conscious reaching out to younger sailors is essential, not only for the future of our club activities, but for the ultimate success of our international challenges.

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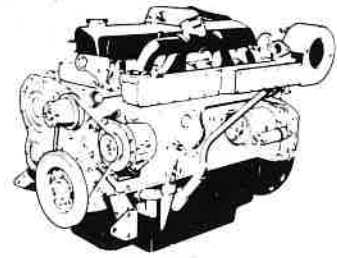
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P.S. Soda Fountain Cafe just the place for lunches to take sailing

# Ian Kirk departs Deep Bay

THE sudden death of Ian Kirk on May 29, at his home in Deep Bay, came as a severe shock to us all.

A whaler and a sailor but foremost a gentleman, Ian and his wife Mary virtually ran a RPNYC Marlborough Sounds outpost, where yachtsmen and launchowners alike were accorded the highest order of hospitality.

Beneath his tam-o-shanter Ian would be on his jetty to welcome all visitors. There was always a mooring. Mary provided hot showers and samples of her fine cuisine cooked in the coal range.

## Deep Bay barbecues

Then there were the traditional Deep Bay barbecues after the Cook Strait race. There are few in the Club who haven't made a fool of themselves at one of those shows.

Married in 1945, the Kirks moved to Deep Bay in 1974. Ian was content to roost and fish a little after a colourful career which took him from despatch riding in the Army to whaling in the Straits.

He left a career in accountancy for the call of the sea and became a professional fisherman. He worked out of Paremata, then moved to Collingwood in Tasman Bay. From 1954 to 1960, while fishing out of Tory Channel, he became involved in whaling operations in the Straits.

## The "Typo" Shield

Most of Ian's yacht racing was done in Z class and Idle-alongs at Muritai, where he was a foundation member. He initiated the prestigious "Typo" shield, still raced for annually at Eastbourne's Muritai Yacht Club.

"Typo" is Maori for "devil", and the story goes that he acquired it as his nickname after employing the use of an oar to settle a fight.

During the 60s, he worked for a time boatbuilding in Picton. Later, as Town Wharf Supervisor with the Picton Harbour Board, he was pro-

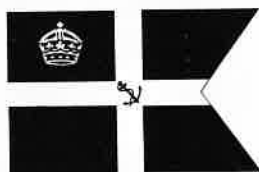
bably one of the only smiling faces one could ever recall at that end.

Over a period of some 30 years Ian established a shell collection that became recognised as the finest NZ collection in the world.

The father of five sons, Ian leaves behind not only a family but a host of people across the spectrum of life who were enriched in some way by knowing him and his patient, courteous way.



Ian Kirk unloading fish from the GREY KITTEN in Deep Bay.



## Commodore

AS we have entered the Club's 100th season of activity I extend to all members best wishes for a prosperous, safe, and happy season in this my last year of office.

I congratulate the two new Flag Officers, David Lackey - Vice, and Gary Tye - Rear, together with Wynne Foothed in her reappointment as Hon. Secretary.

Few new faces appear on both Executive and Sailing Committees who have not served before.

I wish to thank Ron Legge for his 100 per cent support to me throughout the last two years as Vice Commodore. He has had to decline nomination this year for private reasons. At the AGM of the

NZ Yachting Federation the appointments were announced of David Lackey as Chairman of the Offshore Committee, Hal Wagstaff as Chairman of the Racing Rules Committee, and Baron Ralph von Kohorn as Chairman of the Yacht and Power Boat Committee. Our congratulations to all three.

The new season's programme is crammed with exciting events, having been prepared carefully by the last and current Sailing Committees and collated with the Centennial Committee's preparations.

Opening Day will be on September 18, and I look forward to greeting you all there.

GRAEME HARGREAVES

## Calendar

**OPENING DAY 1982:  
Saturday, September 18**



# Wining dining dancing at the Annual Dinner

THE Annual Dinner, held on May 21 at the Overseas Passenger Terminal, proved as in the past to be the season's most successful social function.

Most of the credit for this must go to the two organisers, Grey McKenzie and Les Evans, who put together an evening of non-stop entertainment.

With Bill McCarthy once again the Master of Ceremonies, the action was on from the start. The usual cocktail session was followed by a magnificent buffet-style meal prepared by the resident caterers.

There were no guest speakers this year, but there was no shortage of substitutes. First an item by the Backstays described in verse - of varying quality - how the ladies would perform the duties of the Club's executive officers if they



Gubby gives a sailor's farewell in the grand finale of the ROBB ROY song and dance act.



Graeme Hargreaves receives the illuminated scroll for "Yachtsman of the Year".

were given the opportunity.

Considerable excitement and laughter, and even more money, were raised by a mystery auction, in which envelopes containing unknown prizes were eagerly bid for, and a more formal auction of an original oil painting donated to the Club by Wellington artist Joan Coleman brought \$400 to the Club funds.

Then came a musical act loosely orchestrated and choreographed by Paul Gubb, Brendan Gardiner, and various crew members and associates of ROBB ROY.

As in previous years, six bottles of Champagne were given to selected members for their services to the Club during the year.

Dancing was interspersed throughout the activities, and it was only in the wee small hours that the function came to a reluctant end.



Peter Gubb plays the slide trombone, backed by Brendan Gardiner on the tea-chest bass.



Ian Macalister receives the scroll awarded to SOUTHERN MAID as "Boat of the Year".





**ABOVE:** David Lackey controls the bidders during the auction of Joan Coleman's painting.



**RIGHT:** This is NOT the statue of "The Arrival of Kupe".



**Barbara Hargreaves** tells them what they would get if she were elected Rear Commodore.



**Kate Lackey** accepts Champagne on behalf of her husband David.



**RIP Editor Jeanette O'Shea** receives Champagne and a kiss from MC **Bill McCarthy**.



**Rocking the night away** are **Ernie and Gladys Hargreaves**.



**Discovered just in time** by **Jenny Tye** and **Bill McCarthy** is the **Phantom Backstay**. Backstay members lined up from left are: **Barbara Hargreaves, Viv Holmes, Tessa Williamson, Elaine Baillie, Norah Stagg, Jeanette O'Shea, Jenny Tye, Jeanette Baylis, and Doreen Ower.**



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# Centennial celebrations

NOW that the Annual General Meeting has taken place and we have our Club Officers for next season, the Centennial Committee is able to take steps to implement its ideas for our Centennial Celebrations.

For those who have forgotten, there is to be a week of events starting on February 26, 1983, and finishing on March 6, 1983. There will be sailing and social activities during the week, and details are at present being sorted out. In due course we will want volunteers, and the Backstays have already been warned that we will be asking for their assistance. Please be prepared to respond to a request for assistance to help to make the occasion a success.

The whole concept of the week is to provide a spectacle which will publicise the Royal Port Nicholson Yacht Club and the sport of yachting. To encourage racing at the highest level and to promote the sport we have received and accepted a generous offer of sponsorship from Air New Zealand - THE PRIZE IS A RETURN TRIP FOR TWO TO LONDON.

## Race conditions

Briefly, the conditions of the race approved by our sponsor and the Sailing Committee are as follows:

- A series of three races will be held. These will be combined races open to ALL yachts on the Royal Port Nicholson Yacht Club register. Hopefully this will attract yachts from Mana, Nelson, Waikawa etc.
- For handicapping purposes all entries must have raced at least twice in Royal Port Nicholson Yacht Club races during the 1982/83 season before the series.
- Owners and skippers must be financial members of the Royal Port Nicholson Yacht Club.
- Handicapping will be by the Royal Port Nicholson Yacht Club Handicapper, and handicaps and possibly finishing times will not be disclosed except to the sponsor.
- After the series and before the results are announced, yachts must participate in a race with a guest skipper.

This race will not affect the results, and is only a qualifying race. The race will be similar to the Celebrity Race held some years ago and will be organised by Wellington Rotary.

- The winner will be announced at a social function arranged by the sponsor.

The Centennial Committee is grateful to Air New Zealand for this sponsorship, and to Club members Bob Watson and Captain Brian Dunn who were responsible for arranging it.

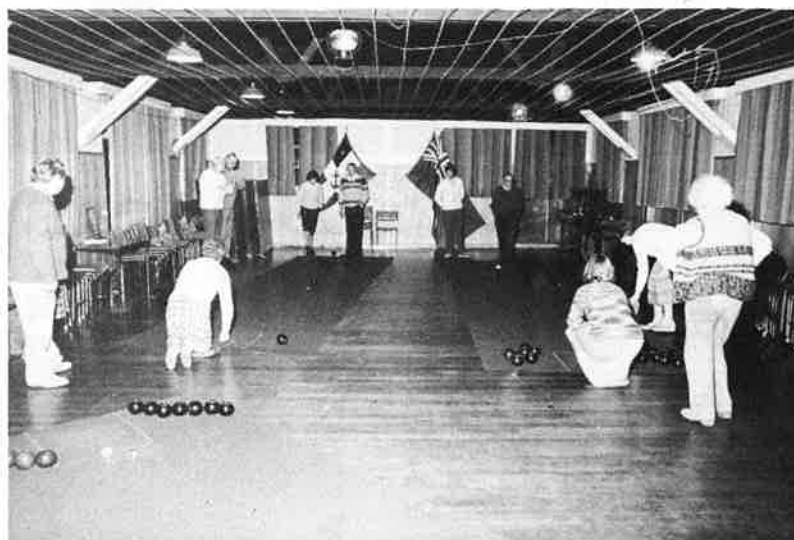
As soon as possible, the Sailing Committee will promulgate official

notice of the race, and a detailed programme of events will be circulated. This early notice is given so that everyone, including out of Wellington yachts, can gear themselves to race for this magnificent prize.

We are extremely disappointed at the lack of response to our request for material for a centennial publication. My answer to critics on this topic is "What are you doing to assist?"

Alister Macalister  
CENTENNIAL COMMITTEE  
CONVENOR

## Get into bowling— See you Tuesday



**THE RPNYC Indoor Bowling Club meets every Tuesday during the winter at 7.30 p.m.**

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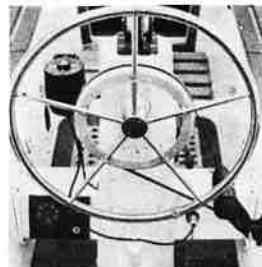
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## PART ONE

# Fuel for thought

by "Boffin"

NOW, what about my fuel system? John said the other day at the marina. Well, I said, taking the bit in my teeth, the ideal fuel system for a diesel should have a reasonable-size tank with pipes and breathers leading out of a plate on the top (for ease of removal and inspection), a valve or cock should be fitted on the outlet pipe, and there should be a water and sediment trap.

Keep in mind, John, that the water trap is the most important feature in the modern diesel system, the reason being that nearly all diesel filters are now made from paper. If water is allowed to enter these the paper will go soggy, and a sudden fuel blockage can occur, especially when the return-to-tank system is used and much more fuel



Could MACHINE GUN (ex-BEETROOT), the Farr 1104 recently arrived from Auckland, be a deadly weapon among the First Division this season? Owner-skipper Ian Fehsenfeld must surely hope so - it's got the gear.

flows through the filter.

The water trap should be followed by a good filter, preferably fitted with a trap or bowl, and these should both be fitted prior to the lift pump to keep it clean, as it is not designed to hold much sludge; also the final filter fitted to the engine (usually as small as the engine

makers can get away with) then has very little to do.

By the way, John, if you are thinking of a new tank, don't forget that you can't use copper - fuel lines are O.K., but if you store diesel in copper it raises the sulphur content or something, and tears hell out of your injectors.

## Off with the old



NIZAM's winter maintenance programme in full swing. The hull is being completely stripped of paint in preparation for another winning season. Hard at work are Jim Ower, skipper Graeme Hargreaves, Paul O'Shea, and Peter Lawrence.

### How often?

Good, said John. I have all that. Now how often should I clean all this? This depends on the following factors, I replied.

1. If water is present, clean the entire system.
2. If no water is present but there is some sludge, clean the tank, trap, and pre-filter.
3. If the fuel system is clean, change the pre-filter and drain the trap.

As for regularity, I would change the pre-filter twice to every once of the final or engine filter. At least service them annually.

Good, said John as I was about to depart. Er ... Um ... How do I go about the initial entire cleanout? I haven't done this for about, would you believe, two years.

Well, I said, I'm afraid you will have to wait and read about it in the next issue of the RIP. I'm off to the dentist. I should never have taken that bit in my teeth!

# AGM — quiet and

A COMPLETE lack of controversial issues, together with a rather sparse attendance, made this year's Annual General Meeting of the Club one of the duller on record.

Despite a suggestion from the floor that this meeting, held on June 30, was not the 99th Annual General Meeting but only the 98th, the Commodore expressed his confidence that it really was the 99th, and duly opened it at 7.45 p.m.

The most welcome news was that the subscriptions were to be held at their present level for another year.

The Commodore, Graeme Hargreaves, presented the Annual Report, commenting on the Club's full and successful year in sailing, social, and financial matters, and paying tribute to all those who worked hard to ensure this success.

Most officers of the Club were re-elected unopposed. The Vice Commodore, Ron Legge, announced his retirement due to business pressures, and his place was taken without opposition by David Lackey.

A ballot was necessary for the office of Rear Commodore - left vacant since Peter Cozens was recalled to sea - and this was won by Gary Tye.

The only other election was for the Committee, where Les Evans lost to Arthur Stewart, all other members remaining.

A full list of officers appears on the following page.

The meeting stood in silence for a moment as a tribute to those members who had died recently. These included George Fisher, R. Mitchell, Bill Mason, L. Willson, Laurie Hoare, Dave Prendeville, Ian Kirk, Bernie Tonks, and Jack Maddever.

The following matters were discussed at the meeting:

#### **Fuel loss**

The loss of \$756 on fuel sales last year had been turned into a \$363 profit this year, following the testing and overhauling of the fuel tank. This was regarded as satisfactory.

#### **Hall hire**

A sharp downturn in returns on the hire of the hall was attributed to the fact that the Skydivers had gone

## New Vice Commodore



**Following a successful season as Club Racing Secretary, and recently appointed chairman of the NZYF Offshore Committee, David Lackey was elected Vice Commodore by the AGM.**

elsewhere for their regular meetings, and the Post Office was now conducting its examinations in its own building. However, several enquiries had been received recently about hiring the hall, and it was suggested that an active campaign be undertaken to ensure that the hall is used more. The possibility of letting the hall on Friday nights during the winter was greeted with concern, as the only facilities for lady members were upstairs.

#### **Unpaid subscriptions**

The regular item of subscriptions in arrears was raised, and the meeting was assured by the Treasurer that a concerted effort was being made to recover these. A considerable sum had in fact been recovered since the date of the annual balance.

#### **Shed and locker rentals**

The matter of rentals received from dinghy lockers and Coene

sheds was discussed, and the Commodore expressed the hope that these sheds would all be taken over and administered direct by the Wellington Harbour Board. Rental from the Old Clubhouse was shown under this heading also. It was intended that the Old Clubhouse be painted soon, hopefully by Opening Day.

#### **NZYF levy**

The surcharge on members for the NZ Yachting Federation has been increased from \$3.00 to \$3.50 effective from March 31, 1982. \$2.50 of this is to be used for administration, and \$1 for the international challenge fund.

#### **Subscriptions**

Following comments from the Treasurer, Lindsay England, it was agreed without discussion that subscriptions should remain unchanged for the 1982-83 year.

#### **Centennial Year**

A member of the Centennial Committee, Roger Manthel, gave an impromptu report on the preparations being made for next year's centenary. The official plans will be detailed elsewhere, but a week of special activities and events is to be scheduled from February 26 to March 5, 1983. These will include a special race series, social races, a barbecue, a centennial dinner, other social functions, and an extensive publicity programme. This week will be at the end of the Daylight Saving period, in what is usually Wellington's best weather.

#### **Budget**

Following last year's resolution that a budget be prepared each year, the Treasurer reported that this had been done, and had been adopted by the Executive. It allowed for a surplus of \$8350.

#### **Bar**

Comment was made that hiring bar staff on a Saturday was uneconomic, but others expressed the opinion that the service was worth the cost.

#### **Old photographs**

The whereabouts of many of the Club's old photographs was questioned, particularly in view of the coming centenary. It appeared that a former member had taken some for refurbishing, but she had since left Wellington. It was resolved that



# quick

these be tracked down. It was also suggested that the new WHB custodian, Mr Roger Carter, who is a skilled model maker, be approached about restoring some models in the Club's possession for display during the centennial celebrations.

## History

Reference had been made to a poor response to a request for historical material from early members, but it was recorded that Marguerite Parson had collected a large amount of material already.

## Annual Dinner

Special reference was made from the floor to the success of this year's Annual Dinner, held in the Overseas Terminal, and thanks were expressed to the organisers.

## Retirements

Appreciation was shown to those retiring from office, Ron Legge and Les Evans.

The meeting closed at 8.50 p.m.

## Officers for 1982-83

**Commodore:** G.D. Hargreaves.  
**Vice Commodore:** D.W. Lackey.  
**Rear Commodore:** G. Tye.  
**Hon. Secretary:** W. Foothead.  
**Hon. Treasurer:** L.R. England.  
**Racing Secretary:** P. Sutton.  
**Cruising Captain:** C. Baylis.  
**Committee:** A.F. Macalister, R.A. Manthel, A.G. Stewart, G. McKenzie, P.S. Lawrence.  
**Sailing Committee:** V.C. Jones, E. Moody, H. Poole, B. Coleman.  
**Starter:** N. Foothead.  
**Timekeeper:** A. Jones.  
**Handicapper:** C. Sutton.  
**Recorder:** A. Jones.  
**WYA Delegate:** H.H. Wagstaff.  
**Measurer:** B. Askew.  
**Judge:** W. Foothead.  
**Port Captains:** Auckland - P.B. Tanner; Bay of Islands - A.F. Gatland; Gisborne - R. Crawshaw; Nelson - C. Munt; Picton - F. Jorgensen; Whangarei - Jack Davie; Suva - Rod Moody.

## The Executive



The Executive elected at the AGM are, left to right, Front Row: Wynne Foothead, Hon Secretary; Gary Tye, Rear Commodore; Graeme Hargreaves, Commodore; David Lackey, Vice Commodore. Back Row: Peter Sutton, Racing Secretary; Arthur Stewart, Committee; Hal Wagstaff, WYA Delegate; Colin Baylis, Cruising Captain; Roger Manthel, Committee; Gray McKenzie, Committee. Absent, P. Lawrence, Committee.

## New Rear Commodore

THE new Rear Commodore for the centennial season is Gary Tye.

Gary confesses to being a latecomer to sailing. He did a little in Auckland in 1950-51, but was mainly committed to rugby and athletics.

He came to Wellington in 1953, and has lived here ever since.

He had cherished a lifelong ambition to own and sail a keel boat, however, so he set about making the ambition a reality by building a Bruce Askew-designed 34'6" sloop, SNOW GOOSE III, which was launched in 1979.

Since then he has made up for the lost years, and may be seen out sailing in all weathers. He enjoys both racing and cruising equally, but stresses the importance of family involvement.

His wife, Jenny, and three daughters all encouraged and helped him in building the boat, and both Jenny and youngest daughter, Annabelle, are active Club members and regular members of the crew.

Gary speaks highly also of the friendship and helpfulness of other Club members when he joined the Club as a "rookie" skipper - an aspect of Club life which he intends



Gary Tye

to work to continue and strengthen.

Off the water, Gary has been involved in various aspects of the building industry for more than 30 years, and is at present a Development Consultant working with Fletcher Development and Construction Co.

He is an active skier, and an executive member of Ruapehu Ski Club, and his many other interests include membership of the Board of Governors of a girls' college in Wellington.

*Gavin Loe and his yacht ICONOCLAST have been cruising in the Pacific for the past year. Phillip Macalister and Jim Gordon, after a lengthy spell abroad, have now returned to reality with this tale to tell.*

# Address: South Pacific

SKIPPER and crew had become restless. ICONOCLAST had a freshly painted bottom, and all the pubs in the city of Bundaberg had been explored. Now, after five weeks at a wonderfully safe, inexpensive, and convenient anchorage seven miles up the Burnett River, it was time to set sail.

November on the Queensland coast supposedly marks the beginning of the cyclone season. Fortunately, this does not mean the onset of a tropical holocaust, but it signifies a time for yachtsmen to be more watchful and cautious than ever. For us it meant heading southwards and away from the potentially hazardous North, aided by the McFarlane chart, the local yachties' Bible.

## Sandy Straits

Our objective was Mooloolaba, a resort town on the Mooloolah River about 200 miles away. However, we intended to explore the infamous Sandy Straits en route. This is a stretch of water separating Fraser Island from the mainland and made treacherous by many obtrusive sandbars. Some of the fishermen we had met in Bundaberg bars thought us a little strange taking a yacht which draws six feet through this maze of shifting obstacles. One encouraging character told us that even the leads were known to shift from time to time. Armed with this warning and a local chart, we headed tentatively into the Straits - on a rising tide of course.

Due to the precise navigating of John and Gavin and with the aid of a surprisingly accurate lead line, we were initially spared embarrassment and our new antifouling. As we progressed, our confidence grew and we decided to navigate the Mary River and visit the historical town of Maryborough, some 20 miles up river. A dire need for fresh tap-water with which to put down our next home-brew aided this decision.

It seems that Queenslanders rival New Zealanders in their affection for the corner pub. Maryborough, a town of 16,000 people, had a pub on



**Spoils of their folly. Left to right: Gavin Loe, Phillip Macalister, John Askew (the Cork), Peter Knyvett.**

every corner and invariably one in the middle of the block as well.

This was too much even for us to take on, and we satisfied ourselves with sight-seeing, provisioning, and bottling of our own style of embibe-ment at 20c a bottle.

## Fraser Island

Our next stop was Fraser Island, reputedly the largest sand island in the world, which boasted long white beaches, fresh water springs, and kauri forests - none of which we saw. As we stepped ashore, we were literally attacked by swarms of the fattest, most persistent mosquitoes this side of the Everglades. Reluctantly we beat a hasty retreat to the dinghy, curtailing our planned scenic walkabout.

During our time in the Straits, we were accompanied by Australian yachts returning from the cruising season on the Great Barrier. To our surprise, these coastal navigators took the negotiation of this area very seriously as they headed southwards to their home ports. Naturally, any movement we made was on a rising tide, but in spite of this we gave our new paint a good polishing!

The exit from the Straits is marked by the notorious Inskip Bar which, according to the gospel of

McFarlane, could only be crossed at high tide in the best of conditions. Australians take this kind of chart note very seriously, and those in our company settled down to wait for an absolute millpond. Once again, we thought the Aussies to be exaggerating somewhat, and slipped away at first light to see for ourselves and show them what kind of stuff we were made of. As we neared the bar we could make out breakers at each end of it - "2 seas" according to the chart - which meant that a crossing was feasible but not recommended.

## Went for the gap

There was no turning back, and a committee decision of the usual nods, grunts, and stifled objections affirmed this. With full main and iron topsail, we went for the gap and, within two minutes of mild turbulence, we were back in the open sea. Something like the Karori Rip on a moderate day, but somewhat more shallow.

Although not a world-shattering epic, we were quietly pleased with this cruise in Sandy Straits. Many people had criticised ICONOCLAST's generous draft, saying that it was most unsuited to Australian coastal conditions. Not only had we negotiated the myriad

of sand bars and islands in this area, we had done so without the use of a reliable depth sounder (on the blink) and scant local knowledge. As well as thinking the Aussies went overboard about the degree of difficulty involved, we all felt that they had a distorted idea of the region's scenic value. For our money, it had nothing on French Pass or the Great Barrier Island coastline.

### Not a "must"

In hindsight, we agreed that our time in these waters was worthwhile, but by no means a "must". More a matter of accepting the challenge, adapting to the conditions, and emerging unscathed.

The remainder of this leg to Mooloolaba consisted of motor-sailing in very light conditions. We lounged about in our usual state of undress - sunbathing, quenching our thirsts, and listening to the West Indies decimate the Aussies in a one-day cricket match. Later in the afternoon John encountered a navigational problem when several sky-scrapers appeared on the horizon directly in front of us. It was as if the buildings were floating on the ocean and the heat haze gave the scene a mirage-type effect. This was definitely a new experience for John, who was more practised at using coconut palms or coral reefs as landmarks. What we were looking at was the resort region of Caloundra, just to the south of Mooloolaba. But whatever it was, it looked good to those crew members who had been picking tomatoes in back and beyond of sleepy little Bundaberg a fortnight previously! The very thought of crowded beaches, restaurants, and nightclubs held a certain amount of appeal after the simplicity of our previous landfalls. Even Gavin expressed a certain curiosity as we motored into the Mooloolah River.

The lower reaches of the river were jammed with yachts and fishing boats of all shapes and sizes; some moored at jetties, others at

### Co-author Jim Gordon enjoying the heat at the Skipper's birthday party celebration.



piles in mid-stream. Quietly we nosed our way between obstacles until we recognised the Yacht Club premises. It was late Saturday afternoon and the MYC were gathered on the lawn in front of their opulent facilities, holding an apres-race function. Naturally, we didn't go unnoticed as we approached the pontoon moorings and prepared to turn round to tie up. There were many curious eyes looking our way and we began to anticipate a healthy welcome. However, our confidence was ruined a second later as we firmly lodged ourselves on a large and sticky sandbar! That was the reason for our onlookers - they were merely speculating as to when we would hit the bar and how long it would take to come unstuck. Full power applied in forward and reverse was fruitless, and our embarrassment became acute as we realised the pleasure that the locals on the lawn were deriving from our predicament.

### Friendly yachties

All we could do was go below, have a drink and a cigarette, and hope that the tide was on the make even if we weren't. It was; and we were soon rafted alongside a number of well-travelled cruising yachts, some of them familiar.

Within minutes we were exchanging courtesies with some very friend-

ly yachties who were clearly separate from the swanky crowd gathered on the lawn. It was certainly a wealthy looking club, and we soon discovered why when the Mooring Officer approached us with details of the mooring fees. Still, we paid up and shut up, then took advantage of the free grog being put on in honour of JACQUI, the Club's latest addition - a very smart S&S ocean racer being prepared for the forthcoming Sydney-Rio Race. (JACQUI retired after three days with a broken rudder.)

### Prestige and beer

It didn't take us long to realise that the bulk of this Club's membership knew and cared nothing of sailing. They were there solely for the prestige and subsidised beer. Nor were they greatly impressed with the small community of international yachts moored at the edge of the lawn and making use of the facilities. To us this seemed incongruous, as yachties are always interested in people who share the same obsession and, after all, the fees we paid were far from meagre.

In spite of this, we were very happy in our new environment, albeit only temporary. The Club bar was a mere 15 yards long; a beautiful swimming beach was only 100 yards

(Continued on next page)

**Address:**  
**South Pacific**  
**(continued)**



further, and the town of Mooloolaba itself was a mere five minutes walking away. Up-stream, ten minutes by dinghy, was the largest supermarket any of us had ever seen. Underpants for only 99c - Gavin was ecstatic!

In time our home-brew became renowned and, despite our lack of means, it wasn't long before ICONOCLAST had established a certain reputation for hospitality and style. Within two days I had talked and bluffed my way into a job as a cocktail mixer and wine steward at a purportedly "up-market" restaurant in the village - a position which was to provide us with a little cash and a lot of laughs. Sightseeing and absorbing local flavours was given higher priority by the others - and, after all, Gav could produce a meal from thin air and Phil could organise a beer with a smile - so, why worry?

HAVING established over the past few years a reasonable consensus on what we all desire of the racing programme, knocking together this season's should have been a breeze; but superimposing the centennial week on to what was already a crowded schedule - the predilections of skiers and rugby footballers having to be considered - has given the programming committee considerable heartburn. When it arrives in your mail, spare a thought for the midnight oil required to produce it!

While the programme mostly follows that of last year, woe betide the fellow who fails to read it or (as an eminent First Division skipper is in the habit of doing) uses last year's! There are some very subtle changes - new courses for example - which will make life interesting for the offender.

We've also made the NZYF safety regulations mandatory for harbour racing; it's pretty basic com-

monsense stuff, and all found in the NZYF Rulebook - see Part VI pp 160-161 (\$5.00 from the manager).

We reckon, too, that we've learned from our mistakes with the "Autohelm", and have fiddled around with that series. The cruising division will **mostly** sail their own courses, but watch for the odd exception. So the message is - "beware of the programme - it's not just a pretty cover!"

As part of our administrative revamping we have returned the yacht register to central records; the Club Manager is the fellow to talk to about alterations or new registration; the process is now super-simple with one form doing both jobs - National and Club.

There's a lot of good work being done behind the scenes, and it all points to our 100th being a season to remember.

DAVID LACKEY

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# Silverware to go!



**ABOVE:** The prizewinners' line-up.



**LEFT:** The Club's guest to present the prizes was Wellington's representative rugby team captain Paul Quinn. Off-season Paul has developed a keen interest in yacht racing, and crews on **ROBB ROY**.

**BELOW LEFT:** Keith Cameron and Gavin Wright drink from the Mills Askew Cup, won this year and traditionally filled by Graeme Hargreaves.

**BELOW:** Jack Cox receives the Smith and Smith Cup for SAUCY SAL's performance in the motor sailors' race.





*Jack Maddever felt unwell at the Annual Dinner and left before the scheduled presentation could be made to him for Club Personality for 1982. He died in hospital a few weeks later. To all who were privileged to know him, Jack was a personality of a lifetime. John Carrad writes for THE RIP.*

## Farewell to "the Ripper"

WITH the passing of Jack Maddever, the Club has lost a long-serving and much-loved member. He will be sadly missed. Jack was an original. After him, they destroyed the mould.

Jack came originally from Pahiatua. He arrived in Wellington in the late twenties and was quickly introduced to yachting, sailing at first in centreboarders. He met the late Geoff Inns, and became a close friend of his. It was not long before they acquired NANETTE, and from then on Jack Maddever's sporting life centred about NANETTE, the Royal Port Nicholson Yacht Club, and the Boat Harbour, in particular Shed 40B. They became the great sporting loves of his life.

NANETTE is a ship that since its launching has brought a great deal of pleasure to all who have sailed in her. As in the case of VAGABOND and ATALANTA, she has had a long association with the Club, and some great yachting personalities such as Arthur Holmes, Perry Shorland and Frank Anyon have been associated with her.

### Many stories

For years after acquiring NANETTE Jack loved to have aboard those who had been a part of her past, and during the pre-war years she often had reunions aboard. Great were the anecdotes told on such occasions. Arthur Holmes was aboard when she was dismasted, and the story of that event lost nothing in the telling.

Jack and Geoff raced, sailed, and cruised in NANETTE at every opportunity. Geoff was a very good racing skipper, and NANETTE did well with Geoff at the helm. When Geoff decided to give up his interest in NANETTE, Jack became the sole owner and skipper, which he was to be for 50 years.

Jack was an ideal personality for the ship. He loved company, and loved cruising and social sailing as well as racing. NANETTE was out on every opportunity, and many were the after-work evening excursions, with the old rag kahawai spin-



Jack Maddever and crew sailing NANETTE on Wellington harbour.

ner trailing behind. Jack was not fussy about species when it came to fish, and he would cook - and cook well - any that were brought aboard.

He loved seamanship, the comradeship which is found in yachting, and he had the happy knack of making lasting friendships. Many can testify as to Jack's very generous use of his ship, and there are many members who owe a lifetime of comradeship in the Royal Port Nicholson Yacht Club to Jack.

NANETTE had many adventures. At New Year in 1935-36 she was rammed and sunk, hit by a launch driven by Wally Orchard. She went down in two minutes, but all aboard were able to scramble aboard Wally's launch. When Wally Orchard, helped by other Sounds launches, pulled her up the next evening, New Year's Eve, one of the sidelights was still burning.

At the time of the collision NANETTE was becalmed, and endeavours were being made to start the engine. This engine, a "Norman Jack Special", was somewhat temperamental and given not to starting when wanted. Another occasion on which it didn't start was following a famous Port Nicholson dance celebrating "The Birth of Innocence". INNOCENCE was a 14-footer that the late Clive Highet

was launching to race at Hobart. Jack's party had come to the dance on NANETTE and endeavoured to return home the same way. It was flat calm, and the engine wouldn't start. As a result, NANETTE had to be rowed home from Scorching Bay. Both Lyttelton and Nelson ferries beat her in next morning.

Norman Jack's masterpiece was finally replaced, but the new engine, though a great improvement, was not helped by Jack's aversion to things mechanical.

### Shed 40B

In the days before the War all alcohol was forbidden in the Clubhouse. Members were therefore given to yarning over a drink in their sheds. It could be said that Shed 40B became almost an extension to the Clubhouse, so generous was Jack's hospitality. In fact every opening day from the early 30s to the 80s (except for when he was out of town and when away at the war) Jack held court in 40B.

World War II put an end for the time being to pleasure sailing for Jack. He found that armed with a letter from the Club and a Yacht Master's certificate he qualified to apply for a temporary commission in the Wavy Navy. The trouble was



that Jack did not have a yacht Master's certificate, so he took lectures and passed his Master's exams. With this and his experience he was granted a temporary commission, and together with his great friends Geoff Inns and Herb Dixon was posted to serve in the Far East.

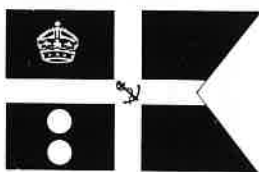
Jack and Herb came back. Geoff Inns did not.

Jack's fighting war ended with the fall of Singapore. He was captured by the Japanese and spent the remaining long years of the war in the Palembang Prisoner of War Camp. There was only one ambition for a prisoner of war in such a camp - survival. When Jack entered the camp he weighed 13 stone. When he left he was six-and-a-half stone.

While he was in the prison camp he wrote letters addressed to his aunt. These letters have not been published, but show the character of the man and the ordeals suffered by those in the camp.

In the window of a men's clothing store after the War there was displayed a pair of what had once been khaki drill shorts. They comprised a myriad of small patches of cloth, the largest about three or four inches square. On a card in the window were printed these words: "Shorts worn by a New Zealand Prisoner of War whilst in a Japanese prison camp." This travesty of a garment was Jack Maddever's wardrobe.

After the war Jack's luck changed. He met a fellow yachtie, Lorna, and married her. Like Jack she loved sailing and the sea. NANETTE became a family ship, and for years the family sailed the harbour and cruised the Sounds which Jack and Lorna loved so much. The inevitable result is that Jack Junior,



# Rear Commodore

THIS is to be the Centenary Year of a club which can be extremely proud of its achievements to date. I sincerely hope that as your Rear Commodore I can help to ensure that it is a memorable year for each and every member of RPNYC.

It is going to be a busy year for all concerned, but the measure of success will be the extent to which the members of the Club support the various functions and activities to be held throughout the season, in particular the centennial events, both on and off the water.

I thank you for your support and wish you well for the coming season.

GARY TYE

Denis, and Neil are all yachtmen.

Jack served the Club well, and he held office as Honorary Treasurer for a number of years.

Jack never over-emphasised the racing side of yachting, although with NANETTE he received his share of wins. A ship that always performed better in a blow, she at one time carried the racing number "A1", but as yachts became larger and more sophisticated her rating changed. Nevertheless it is not so long ago that she won the Waterhouse Trophy for the Island Bay race in conditions that were to her liking. The newspaper report was headed "Yes Yes Nanette".

Jack was a true personality. He



Would you trust your Club to this man?

was also a natural entertainer. Many Club members will recall smoke concert evenings where the Maddever-Dixon duo gave their vaudeville performance singing Music Hall songs.

A straightforward man, a true friend and a yachtman in every sense, Jack has gone to that Valhalla reserved for those who love the sea. It is indeed fitting that in the year of his passing he should have received the cup for the Personality of the Year. He richly deserved the award. But to many of us he was more than the yachting Personality of the Year. He was the Yachting Personality of a Lifetime. He will long be remembered.

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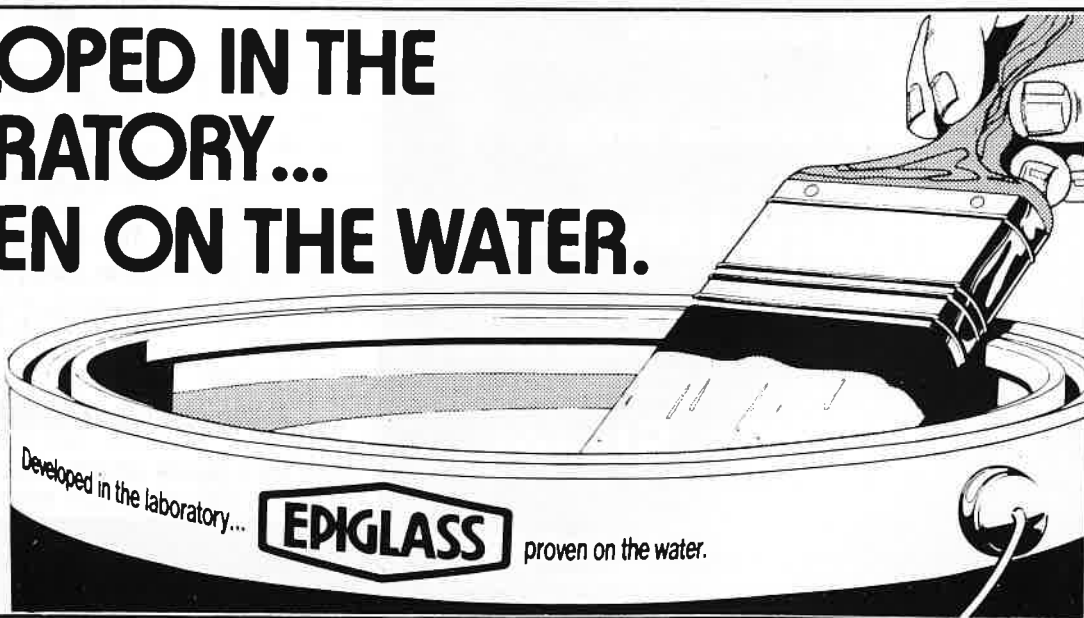
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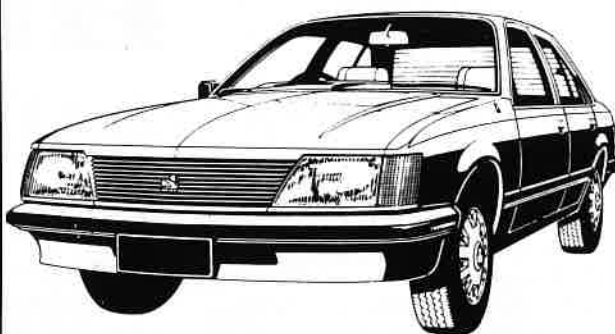
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## Cruising Captain

YET another successful season has passed, and those who attended the AGM will be aware of the exciting programme for this our 100th season. The Cruising Division's new courses will be included in the next racing programme, and we hope to see some more new boats in our already strong contingent. We have some new ideas this year, including plans to have all the Div. IV boats with flags and bunting flying for the Opening Day.

The sub-committee of the Cruising Div. will this year arrange to have an evening for interested Club members, to be held on the 3rd Wednesday of every month, starting on August 18th at 1930 hours. Mark these dates for lectures, films, etc., on your calendars. The Club Manager will be able to tell you what is on the programme for these evenings as soon as we have arranged them. So, remember, 3rd Wednesday every month. Please come - we assure you these evenings will be well worth attending.

The news that the Police Launch Lady Elizabeth could be decommissioned and the service discontinued in the Port of Wellington caused quite a stir. As a result, we wrote to the Commissioner of Police outlining the folly of cutting such an essential service which has saved so many lives and prevented many a disaster in the past. His reply is as follows:

"Dear Captain Baylis,

Thank you for your letter of 21 June 1982 concerning the future of the Police Launch Lady Elizabeth II.

No final decision has been made and your views and those of other supporters will be taken into consideration in making that decision.

Thank you for writing.

Yours sincerely,  
Ben Couch,  
Minister of Police."

We as a club must voice our opinion

and see that the service is continued at all costs. I would be pleased to hear from interested persons of any news or actions concerning the Police Launch service.

The Cruising Div. sub-committee this year consists of John Boyce,

### Match racing at Picton

**WAIKAWA Yacht Club is holding an Inter-club Match Racing Series in Pelorus 25s and H28s on August 14 at Picton.**

Interested members are invited to contact Vice Commodore David Lackey or Racing Secretary Peter Sutton.

John Rainey, Bill McCullough, Brian Parker, Rod Campbell, and Les Evans. If you wish to join the Division, please contact any one of them.

COLIN BAYLIS



## The backstays

THERE were wine and women at the Backstays' Annual General Meeting held at the Club on July 7, and in place of the song was a splendid guest speaker who talked on a subject nearest to our hearts - Love. Ruth Dyne's speech was devoted to the many forms in which this strange emotion manifests itself. It was hilarious, largely unprintable, and provided a charming diversion from the business side of the meeting.

Taking care of business, Chairman Doreen Ower congratulated the Committee on their achievements - largely the raising of more than \$3000 through raffles, toasted sandwich sales, and the odd social occasion.

The profits were directed into the refurbishing of the now-elegant Trophy Room so have mutually benefitted all members.

Doreen reported that: "In the two years since the Backstays were formed, it has been very much a period of feeling our way. Some have come and gone; Jenny Sutton and Sue Melville added to their families. Viv Holmes left for an extended yachting trip abroad but is now back and has the toasted sandwich scene well in hand. Tessa Williamson (the inaugural secretary) resign-

ed due to pressure of business."

Reading from the minutes of the first meeting of May 14, 1980, Doreen said:

"The aims of that first meeting have largely been fulfilled. Looking to the future it is proposed that some form of sailing lessons be initiated, perhaps on a course basis for the lady members. Several proposals are being investigated, and it is hoped that this can be resolved and rolling early in the forthcoming season."

It was generally agreed that the wholehearted support and ideas of all female Club members would be well received by all members of the Committee, and ladies were asked to bear in mind that their involvement in Club activities makes the Club a more interesting and attractive place for all members.

The ladies' committee, after two fledgling years, has come of age and has been accepted as an integral part of the Club system.

The new committee is:  
Doreen Ower (Chair); Sue Hargreaves (Secretary); Jill Lawrence, Judy Blackburn, Elaine Baillie, Jeanette O'Shea, Viv Holmes, Jenny Tye, Norah Stagg, Jeanette Baylis, Barbara Hargreaves.

*Roger Manthel skippered BRAVADO in the recent Tauranga-Vila race, coming seventh across the line and being the first boat under 45 feet.*

# Tauranga to Vila and

THE often-heard saying "all dressed up and nowhere to go" certainly applied to the skipper and crew of BRAVADO on the Thursday night before Easter. The previous six weeks of hard work preparing the yacht for the Tauranga-to-Vila race was carefully planned to be completed to allow us to make the delivery voyage from Wellington to Tauranga over the Easter weekend.

The crew started arriving from 4 p.m. on Thursday afternoon laden down with frozen casseroles, bacon and egg pies, and a selection of red and white wines - after all you can't drink red wine with chicken. The yacht visibly sank a couple of inches lower and we all wondered how and where we were going to stow sufficient food for nine to ten days for the actual race.

However, all was not well. The marine forecaster at midday predicted strong winds rising to gale force later that night so it was with some concern that we tuned in to the 1718 weather. In their usual matter-of-fact way they informed us that winds of 45-50 knots were expected with very rough seas. This was brought about by a cyclone that was heading straight down the East Coast of the North Island. Ever hopeful we decided to sleep aboard and listen to the 0518 weather the next morning. The situation had worsened and the outlook was 50-60 knots for the next 18 hours. Friday was spent feeling sorry for ourselves, and when the 2318

forecast showed no change we consoled ourselves with the thought of spending Easter in front of the fire with a gin or two.

BRAVADO finally left at 1800 hours the following Thursday in 30-35 knots of S-SE, rounded Cape Palliser at 0100 hours on Friday morning, eased sheets, and sped off up the coast. We had installed the latest Magnavox MX4102 Satnav so Noel was able to check his celestial navigation against the Satnav's fix just to make sure it was working correctly! The accuracy was outstanding.

The winds stayed from the southerly quarter until we rounded East Cape and gave us some exhilarating sailing.

BRAVADO entered Tauranga Harbour at 1530 hours on Sunday, which gave us a trip time of just 2 days 22 hours 40 minutes at an average speed of 6.8 kts.

## The Race

Saturday morning at last arrived, briefing, Mayoral cocktail party, final provisioning of food, and duty free stores all things of the past. The yacht club was full of bustling activity as friends, crews, and supporters stood around chatting, taking photos, and generally filling in time. The morning seemed to drag, and we were anxious to be on our way. The latest weather forecast promised strong southerlies and we all felt the excitement of anticipated

fast downwind sailing.

BRAVADO slipped her moorings at 1150 hours and motored off down to the start line to take a final look at the channel and what the wind was doing. NERO and RHIANNON had done the same thing so we felt very serious and somewhat professional - we were determined to put up a good showing and show the northern yachties what the boys of the south were made of.

The gun for the A division went at 1410 hours and BRAVADO and NERO were right on the start line, first across and in a good position. The 2-3 knot wind was hard on the nose, but we tacked our way out through the entrance assisted by an outgoing tide and accompanied by a large fleet of spectator boats.

## Anticlimax

We were all rather surprised that our adrenalin level was no greater than at the start of an offshore race around Wellington. The months of thinking and planning the race had probably contributed to the feeling of anticlimax - a sense of relief that we were finally on our way. A couple of hours later we were running under spinnaker and lying sixth in the fleet of 20 yachts.

For the next 72 hours BRAVADO surfed her way north, providing us with some exciting rides. We covered over the next three days 200, 185, and 165 miles before the wind dropped out and we were able to cover only 96 and 99 miles in the following two days.

The first two days were very cloudy and all yachts were reporting only DR positions, the use of the Satnav equipment being prohibited during the race. We had pushed BRAVADO hard and were disappointed when REVELLER reported her position 30 miles ahead. During the night of the fifth day we crossed tacks within 400 yards of another yacht; she played her spotlight on us so we returned the favour. Much to our delight it was REVELLER - the race was really on now, and we were determined to beat her to Vila.

GOLDEN EAGLE, another Farr



**BRAVADO** lies alongside other race yachts in Vila harbour.

# back

11.6 from Auckland, was 200 miles to the west and 80 miles astern, so we felt we had a fighting chance of being the first small yacht home. Roger, determined as ever, had his sights set on beating RHIANNON. However, she had picked up her own special wind out to the west and had closed up on the leader, FIDELIS. We decided BRAVADO would have to be satisfied with beating REVELLER and GOLDEN EAGLE, but we thought we might as well give VENTURE (a 51ft sloop) and CALAMITY JANE, a 47ft ketch (with Club member Richard Jacobson aboard as crew), a run for their money as well.

The sixth day brought us the SE Trades and the sort of sailing we had dreamed about. Shorts only, cold cans, and spinnaker running at 8-9 knots. BRAVADO crept slightly east of the rumb-line, planning to come in on Aneityum Island and keep our options open as to which side of the islands we would finally take. NERO, holder of the race record, had gone east, while FIDELIS, RHIANNON, and KALIMERA (a new 50ft Lidguard design) had gone west. REVELLER was 60 miles further east than us but on a similar latitude. GOLDEN EAGLE was well west and 100 miles astern so was no threat. CALAMITY JANE was ahead of us by 30 miles but BRAVADO had crept a few miles ahead of VENTURE.

The crew asked Noel, our navigator, when we would see Aneityum Island. He replied, "Around 0630 hours Sunday morning". At 0620 hours Sunday, out of the morning gloom rose Aneityum, right on the bow. There was a mood of excitement on board as everyone sensed that we were nearly there - only the length of a Nelson race to go!

## Big decision

The big decision now had to be made - which side to go? Noel and Roger spent about an hour discussing the strategy and weighing up the option. To go east meant we would beat REVELLER but would probably not be able to catch CALAMITY JANE or keep our

slender lead on VENTURE due to the additional 30 miles we had to sail. However, to go west meant passing through 60 miles of wind shadows thrown out by the three islands with the possibility of letting REVELLER hold the stronger winds and beat us home.

The decision boiled down to "who did we want to beat?" The answer was simple, so east we went! Monday morning dawned overcast and gloomy and although we were only eight miles off Efate Island we did not see it until 0700 hours.

Suddenly, out of the morning gloom, within about three miles of each other came CALAMITY JANE and VENTURE. For the next three hours the three of us ran under spinnaker until we rounded Pango Light and beat up the harbour in 18-20 knots in nice smooth water. Those last three miles of "harbour racing" were most exciting as BRAVADO climbed higher to windward and started closing the gap. However, their longer waterline length held us off and BRAVADO had to be content to be seventh across the line and first small yacht under 45ft to finish.

As we moored BRAVADO alongside RHIANNON against the wharf in Vila we all felt very pleased with our efforts - REVELLER still had 10 hours to go and GOLDEN EAGLE another 20 hours.

We spent six happy days in Vila, a beautiful, picturesque harbour with terrific hospitality from the local yacht club and a great prizegiving, with the boys from NERO collecting most of the silverware.

## Race statistics

BRAVADO sailed 1372 miles, against a rhumb-line of 1265 miles, in 8 days 21 hours 9 minutes and 51 seconds.

Skipper: Roger Manthel; Navigator: Noel Cohen; Crew: Simon Manthel, Simon Crisp, Nigel Crisp, Bruce Mansfield.

## Footnote

BRAVADO, joined by Richard Craig and Noel's wife Marion, sailed back to Uvea in the Loyalty Islands and then on to Noumea through the Havanah Passage. These three and a half days were spent battling 40-knot head winds in big seas due to a cyclone centred on the Solomon Islands. We didn't see the sun or land for three days and were very thankful for the accuracy of the Magnavox Satnav - the drift was quite severe, sometimes giving as much as 50 miles in 24 hours.

The return voyage from Noumea to Wellington was almost perfect - calm seas with no rain. However the winds were light, and BRAVADO had to motor for 60 hours until we had only emergency fuel left.

Four hundred miles west of New Plymouth the wind swung east, then north east, and we made our landfall off Farewell Spit. Around Stephens Island we picked up a good north westerly and surfed our way down through the Strait. Off Karori Light, in 50 knots, we had storm jib and three reefs in the main and were surfing at times to 14 knots. BRAVADO berthed at Evans Bay Marina on Wednesday, June 2, at 0130 hours after 1491 miles in 11 days 18 hours 15 minutes from Noumea.

From Stephens Island to Evans Bay Marina took only 8½ hours - BRAVADO was in home territory and seemed eager to give us a few thrills to finish on.

The total round trip was 3844 miles - no broken gear and thankfully no crew injuries, and our first ocean race adventure complete.

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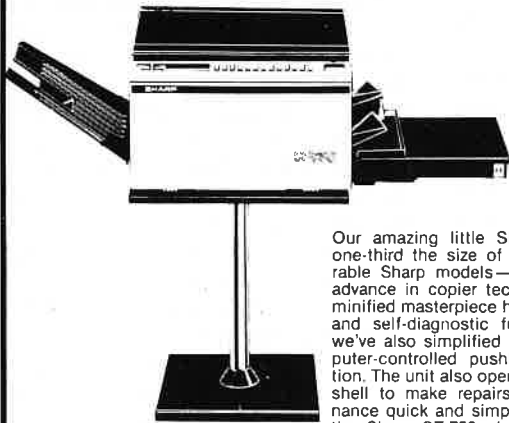
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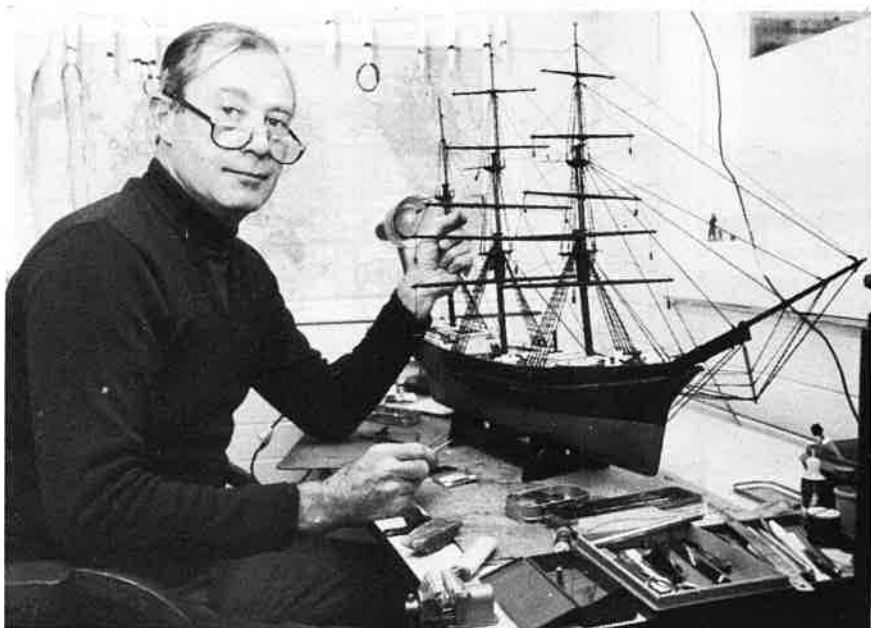
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# New WHB Custodian is master modeller



THREE months ago the Wellington Harbour Board appointed a new custodian to the Boat Harbour. Recently on a sun-drenched Saturday morning The RIP dropped in for tea and biscuits.

Sitting in his ship-shape shed, surrounded by model ships, pictures, and paintings, Roger Carter, a tall, rangy Englishman, confessed to loving his new job.

"I should have come here years ago," he said.

"The job here is to look after the Harbour Board's interests," Roger explained. "I keep the place clean, put in weekly 'states' of foreign yachts visiting etc." He also keeps a supply of ten-minute forms and hires out the mooring punt (free of charge), and keeps an up-to-date list on what shed and mooring site is allocated to whom.

A long and colourful association with the sea lead Roger to the post. On his 15th birthday he joined the Royal Navy and, for a time, had the distinction of being the youngest boy in the British Navy.

Sixteen years ago, after a stint as a bargee on the river Severn, he arrived in NZ and took up employment with the Wellington Harbour Board.

For many years he held the position of senior watch foreman in the Harbour Master's department. More recently, as the Port

Surveyor's assistant, he was engaged in completing a seven year re-survey of Wellington Harbour in metrics. During this time he was badly injured in a motorcycle accident. Six fractures around his ankle ultimately led to the amputation of a leg.

"For four years they tried everything to mend it," he explained. Finally the use of negative electrodes welded the shattered bone and all appeared well.

## Lost leg

"Then I got two doses of osteomyelitis (bone infection). If this gets to your kidneys, and it ultimately does, you're a gonner," he said. "So one year ago last January, I told them to 'whop it off'."

"I can climb a straight ladder. I can dance, old time of course. The only thing I can't do with any dignity is run, so I just walk swiftly.

"Losing a leg certainly changed my life, but, as most of my interests are sedentary, it didn't affect me too much. My primary interest was making model sailing ships. For 35 years I have been a student of the sailing ship. To my way of thinking they are man's most beautiful creation. After the accident, with a lot of time on my hands, I was persuad-

ed (against my better judgement) to put a ship in a bottle. Somehow I got hooked."

Roger has since put 124 ships in bottles; the biggest is a 125 mm 18th-century privateer, modelled from a painting by Montague Dawson and put into a gallon Coca Cola bottle. The smallest is 8mm long by 2mm deep by 3mm wide, fitted into a tiny bottle with a 3mm neck.

"Every one you do you learn a new trick. Every one is a challenge. Part of the philosophy of ship bottlers is to get as much of the ship in-

## Roger Carter at work restoring a model of the US clipper COMET for the Dominion Museum.

to the bottle as you can and make it as difficult as you can. It is more valuable to put them in the wrong way round." This takes dexterity and time.

"You want to learn patience?" he asks. "Break a leg. All amputees I've met are either patient or alcoholics."

His latest creation is a model of a Mersey Jigger Flat, circa 1890. The sails are real cloth, the scale 1:150; even the rudder moves. It is valued at about \$300.

Roger also does restoration jobs for antique dealers and museums. His top job was a model of the MV VALETTA. Presented to the NZ Government by the British Phosphate Commission, it was damaged in transit from Australia. To repair it he worked for hours up at the "Beehive".

An exquisite mobile of six sail boats, all with different rigs, fluttered from the ceiling of his shed.

"I make those for yachtie grandfathers," he explained, "to encourage their grandchildren to learn about sailing."

A stream of visitors punctuated the conversation; shed inhabitants reporting loose door handles, borrowing hot water, and requesting weather and tide information. Two kids stopped by to borrow a fish hook, a passing dog poked his nose in the door and was awarded a biscuit.

It's a busy place these days, that Harbour Board shed. Stop by sometime and see for yourself. You might even end up bottling your boat!

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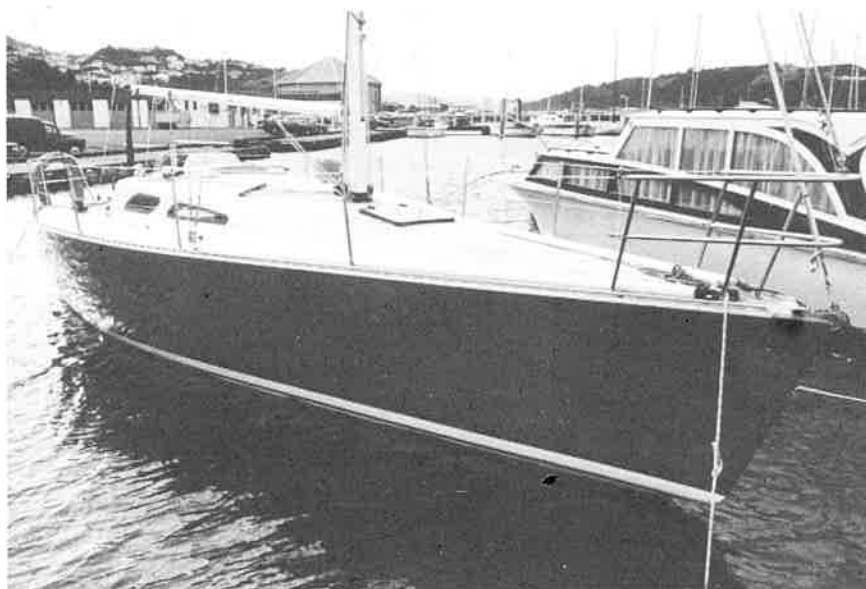
# Random notes

By  
Fleet Scribbler

THERE has been a change of venue for Hugh Barton; having sold out his marine supplies business to R-class ace Mike Calkoen, Hugh has taken up the post of business manager of the Salvation Army's "drying-out" institution on Rotoroa Island, in the Hauraki Gulf. It has been suggested that he be appointed the Club's port captain there!

THE Club as a sporting body has always endeavoured to fulfill its community role and has served its purpose, where possible, of keeping kids off the streets. In appreciation (we think) of the achievement of keeping one particular kid off the street it was recently accorded a handsome donation from local artist Joan Coleman in the form of a magnificent oil painting, which was auctioned at the Annual Dinner and fetched \$400. On behalf of the Executive and members, the RIP would like to say, thank you very much Joan, and didn't we bring him up well!

PETER Ballinger is reported to have sold his Spencer half-tonner SHIKARI, which has done great service as a family cruiser, and is planning to build a larger vessel by the same designer. Does he just need more deck room, or is there a potential threat to the First Division here?



**CETACEA**, designed and built by John Rochfort, will be joining the First Division fleet this season. LOA 36ft, beam 11ft 10in, draught 6ft 2in, mast height 53ft, and expected to rate around one ton, John's no-concession-to-rating concept gives his PROSPECT OF PONSONBY-like hull a leaning towards line honours.

## DO something

**DO** you often wonder why some people are always in the RIP, yet you never are?

Well - don't just sit there. **DO** something - and tell us about it.

REPLACEMENT of the slipway rails by the WHB is now virtually complete, and bookings are heavy after several lost months. Plan ahead if you want to be ready by Opening Day.

GREY McKenzie has recently returned from his inaugural (but compulsory for all well-bred young Kiwis) overseas experience. He spent a little time in Seattle, USA, playing with an export-model Don-Senior-designed 41 footer.

En-route back to Wellington, he called on some old buddies Rob Jeavons, Andy Stagg, and Rob Perrin, all Port Nick members living up in Lake Arrowhead, near LA.

Now just about that time there was this big Hobie 16 Classic down in San Diego - 400 boats.

Jeavons and Perrin were both jacked-up with boats to sail. Andrew Stagg, with no prospects the day before the start, turned up with a boat and requisitioned a young skipper from another boat to crew for him. That left a spare boat for Greyballs.

"Well," said Greyballs, "They pushed me off that beach cold turkey and said, 'go to it'. There I was out of the blue, no clue where the course was .... All I knew was that my division had little yellow streamers fluttering out of the back

(Continued on next page)



SEEN AT ... a pre-shipwreck dance gathering were (left to right) Ken Kirk, and Jo and Arthur Whale (the latter not, we are assured, celebrating the wrecking of their own ship's crankshaft)



forgotten us) ... Tony Ray Snr, skipper of ACHATES and member of the geriatric gentlemen who staff the mighty WHISPERS II, announced his engagement to Cos Kingston at a small celebration one recent Friday evening in the Wardroom. Bachelors beware - love is in the air, and it isn't even spring. RIP says, "Congratulations Tony and Cos."

**LEFT: SEEN AT ... the Annual Dinner, Tony and Cos dancing with their hearts in tune.**

**CENTRE: SEEN AT ... the San Diego Classic drinking Michelob beer was this select group of Lake Arrowhead RPNYC members and friends.**

**BOTTOM: Grey McKenzie's home away from home on the beach at San Diego.**

end. So I just followed them."

It was around-the-buoys (pronounced "booeys" by the Yanks and Greyballs) racing.

"The first day there were three races back-to-back. We never came off the water. Well, I can't begin to tell you how it felt. Never had I sailed a cat before. But I improved with every race. The sponsors were Michelob - that's beer.

### A thrill a minute

"I can't tell you the final results, but I was coming 70th after the first day. We couldn't wait around for the final results. It wasn't quite as good as it sounds 'cause my division had 106 boats in it. But nevertheless there were still all those 400 boats streaking around the place. I tell you, it was a thrill a minute.

"Anyway, we drank a fair bit of Michelob. It was free, but the entry fee was fairly steep."

"Imagine all those people, two to each boat - that's 800, never mind the hangers-on."

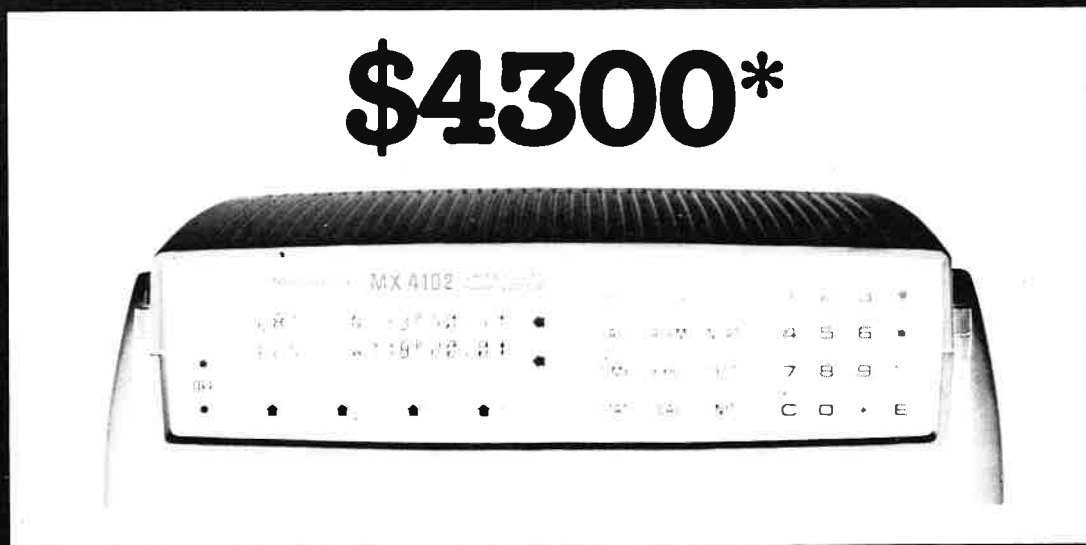
"Everyone stayed on this big motor-home park which the organisers had to book three years in advance. Now, you weren't supposed to be sleeping in tents or anything (only caravan-type things), so can you imagine yours truly - the high-class executive of the Royal clot yub - sleeping on the beach under a piece of canvas? And it was not warm. I think it was the closest I came to the Equator all trip but the coldest part of the States I was in."

CUPID'S arrow has found its way back into the Club (we thought he'd



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