



**APRIL 2017**

## **FROM THE EXECUTIVE**

Your Executive consists of Gareth Edwards (Commodore), Brent Porter (Vice Commodore), Mary Meyers (Rear Commodore – House), Carl Longstaff (Treasurer), Barbara Mavor and Sarah Boone. Please talk to any of them about the running of your Club. Key decisions from the last Executive meeting, held on 20 April were:

- Approved purchase of new on-water racing flags, as requested by Sailing Committee.
- Amended earlier decision re Facebook following Club member feedback – it will now remain a ‘closed’ group but known non-LBYC members may join.
- Appointed Carl Longstaff to position of Treasurer.
- Noted the recent resignation of Margie Petherick from the Executive.
- Agreed on suitable candidates to approach as replacements for Carl as Rear Commodore – Cruising and Margie as general Executive member (NB outside of general meetings candidates are elected by the Executive).
- Arranged a combined Executive and Sailing Committee meeting to discuss Hutt City Council’s likely closure of Point Howard Wharf and identifying our preferred alternative arrangement for conducting races.
- Approved new Club members - Iain Crow, Chris Evans and Nigel Connell.
- Undertook debrief of 24 Hour Endurance Race (very successful) and Boat Show (mixed results but we obtained increased profile including new members and a Clubhouse hire).
- Reviewed suggestions that the bar is not profitable once taking account of Club Manager costs to support it, and determined that it is worth keeping open.

## **LBYC LIFE JACKET LIBRARY**

LBYC are setting up a life jacket library, and we need your help!

If you have any serviceable, non-used life jackets, (not really old, non-serviceable ones), would you like to donate them to the library so that they can be used by others?

The life jackets are going to be stored in the old showers for the time being.

We would identify them with LBYC, give them a number, and then set up a book, so when you borrow a jacket, just note the number in the book with your name beside it.

When returned, scrub your name off the list.

This is ideal for the many of us who sometimes have extras come sailing, and we don't have enough jackets on the boat.

So, if you want to donate a jacket, or jackets, please drop them into the LBYC office, and we'll put them to great use.

## **HOLIDAY SNAPS**

Trevor Burgess has returned from a short holiday about the upper North Island. They found that Jigsaw sitting in a berth at Opuia:



and then discovered an alternative way to launch your trailer boat;



and finally met up with Titus and Nicole (Millennium Spirit) at Sandspit marina. It is expected that Millennium Spirit will be moved from Whangamata to Sandspit.

## LOOKING BACK

By: Theo Muller

The 24-Hour Endurance Yacht Race has been and gone. I personally experienced the race as a fantastic event, albeit not without some nervous moments; were we going to start within the time limit set by the Race Officer? Judging by the cheers of crowd on the wharf, they were at least as delighted as ourselves that we made it in time.

Looking back, the weather for the first 24-Hour Endurance Yacht Race couldn't have been better. Probably a bit light for some, but perfect for others; and that's the nature of sailing; you accept what the weather gods dish out on the day.

Now it's time to tie up some loose ends and start looking at the future. Should we do another 24-Hour Endurance Yacht Race next year? From my perspective and from the feedback I have had from skippers and crew, the answer would have to be an emphatic, "Yes". In fact, the work has already started. We have the dates – 3 and 4 March 2018, a month sooner than this year giving us more daylight hours and probably warmer temperatures and again a near full moon. I will debrief with my fellow organisers in the next couple of weeks and report back to sponsors and the club's Executive.

Organising the 24-Hour Endurance Yacht Race 2017 was a team effort. Not a day went by without touching base with our Vice Commodore, Brent Porter. Brent had very good technical insight and he played a pivotal role in setting the race course and making sure that all the technical details got ticked off well before race day.

Our Chief Race Officer Ray Manning and his helpers Cheryl, Bob and Richard also deserve a huge thank you. Ray's count-down procedure worked like clockwork. The fact that skippers and crew were monitored almost moment to moment provided peace of mind.

Mary Meyers and her team on the house committee and volunteers also deserve a big thank you – they made sure that our stomachs had nothing to complain about, organised the logistics around the prize-giving and made sure that the club rooms looked tidy again once everybody had gone home again.

My son Oliver Muller did a wonderful job dropping off and picking up camera crew from yachts, removing floating debris from the race course and even making sure that somebody on one of the yachts received a fresh supply of medicine.

Kim Naylor and Peter Jackson and their crew are thanked for steering their motor launches around the race course and helping where and when it was needed. Also, Coastguard Wellington was on stand-by during most of the hours of darkness. Many thanks.

Lynn Porter and Colleen Christison our Club Manager were always there when you needed them and always with a smile. Thank you.

Sally Betts whose expertise in maintaining the race pages of the club's website was invaluable and hopefully we can count on her again for next year's race.

Alex Paterson of Spearhead Creative and his camera crew Max and Jason for making sure that we can relive the moment at a click of the mouse. We are all looking forward to seeing the video from the footage shot before, during and after the race.

The Commodore and his Executive for giving their full support and believing that this crazy idea might actually work.

The skippers and crew who were brave enough to take on this challenge possibly without fully realising what was in store.

Finally, our sponsors. They made it possible that we could plan this event with confidence and that we had the budget for some very attractive prizes, not only for the winners, but for all competitors. Nobody went

home without something of value as a reminder of their effort of having competed in a very special race. Many thanks.



## 24 HOURS OF FREEDOM

Keith Murray

The weekend of the 8/9 April 2017 was the time of the Wellington Boat Show and for the inaugural 24 Hour Endurance Race. Theo Muller had been the chief instigator and organiser of the latter event and not unnaturally entered his yacht Freedom. His yacht was not quite the longest to enter the race but was certainly the heaviest and thus likely to be the most comfortable. Being all for comfort I was happy to be aboard.

The previous week the Long Harbour race had been sailed in fresh conditions and Freedom had shown good speed. She had averaged seven knots around the 21 mile course and we hoped for a similar result a week later. Freedom, however, needed fresh wind to be competitive. During the week leading up to the race our crew members became despondent, as the forecast was for very light wind. Preparation for both races consisted of a new furling line, a spinnaker pole from a Nova 28, improvements to the kicking strap for the main boom and loading food for four days.





The day dawned with no wind and a forecast of light southerly wind rising to ten knots in the afternoon and fading to one knot during the night. The actual direction and speed varied but was at all times light. The advantage was that the sea was flat with no splashes.

The start was timed for midday and Mayor Wallace fired the club's cannon exactly at that time. The yachts, however, did not charge off across the line, as there was almost no wind and a strong current from the tide and river. Testarossa, Wise Guy, Am Meer, True Blue and Smokie were all on the wrong side of the line when the cannon fired and for a while were pushed even further away by the current. The latter three took another eight minutes to restart but that was not as bad as the difficulty faced by Vanilla Ice and Freedom.



Ten minutes before the start I had Freedom positioned near the line and the outer pin. That was the most likely place to get the small puffs of wind.

“I want to go over by the start box,” said Captain Theo. “People with cameras are there.”

“It is not the best place for wind,” was my reply but over to the wharf we went, where Theo’s family and friends were gathered. I could see the effect of the tide and when nearly at the wharf called for a gybe. If we had tacked the boat would have stopped and been pushed by the tide over the line before the starting time. We got half way through the gybe before lack of wind and current brought us to a halt. Four minutes before the start Freedom was pointing north. There was much trimming of sails and five minutes later we had drifted in tight circles and were still pointing north. On the wharf one of Theo’s grandchildren asked in a loud plaintive voice,

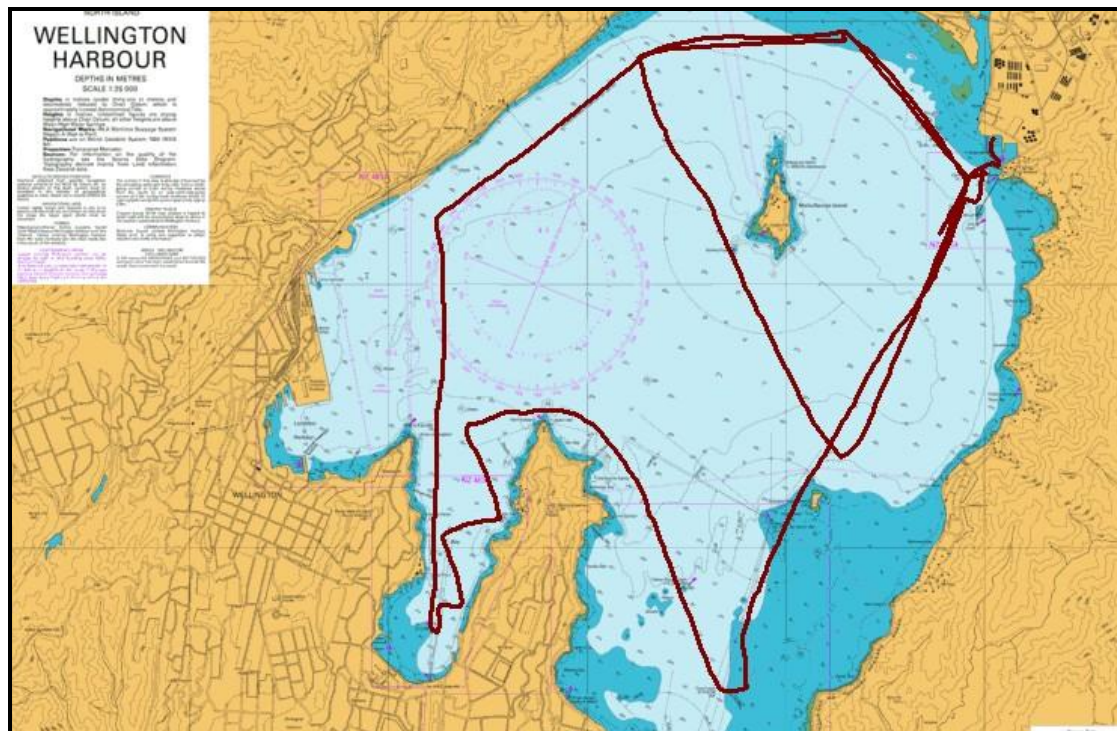
“Why is Opa heading the wrong way?”

Eight minutes after the start both Vanilla Ice and Freedom were still mostly drifting and being pushed closer to the sea wall. Ten minutes after the start we both got some momentum and finally had forward motion and started turning the bow to the west and then south. Vanilla Ice crossed the line thirteen and a half minutes after the start by which time we were making half a knot over the ground and at last pointing to where we wanted to go. Fifteen minutes after the start the wind faltered, our speed dropped to 0.2 of a knot and there were mumblings about whether we would make the start before the cut off time and avoid disqualification.

Eighteen minutes after the start there was a large cheer from the assembled people on the wharf and we had passed the first hurdle but then come to a stop, moved sideways and two minutes later were at last under way.

During all that time half the fleet had been stuck by the Seaview wharf but the lighter smaller boats were a mile down the track. White Heat, Testarossa and XTsea were the leaders. Once we have recovered from the start Kiore delivered one of the camera men to us. Ollie and Anjuli spent the daylight hours shuttling Alex, Jason and Max from Arrowhead Creative between all of the boats to record the action.

The wind that arrived was from the west and thus instead of a windward beat most of the yachts made it to the front lead light on one tack. Ward Island was exactly in the way of the direct course. The leaders went to the east of the island but the rest of the fleet had been making ground to the west where the wind was a little stronger and thus left the island to their port side. There did seem some very calm spots on the east side of the island and Footprints after making huge gains stuck in one of them.



At 1341 Vanilla Ice was first around the Front Lead light followed by Testarossa, Ex-Tension and White Heat two minutes later. The light westerly wind gave the fleet a close hauled ride up to Point Halswell and then bent to the south drawing the boats around the point before insisting on a proper windward beat. It was just before 1400 hours that we rounded the front lead with a minor tussle with White Cavalier and the only yacht behind us was Footprints. We watched the foredeck crew on White Cavalier take a long time to sort out the spinnaker and finally get it hoisted. The wind angle was a little tight and to get the sail to set meant their course took them well to leeward of ourselves.

At 1500 hours we rounded Halswell and of course it was afternoon tea time. The wind pressure increased in the bay making it easy to execute the six tacks to get to the beacon at the south end of Evans Bay. Unfortunately our arrival coincided with a fleet of Paper Tigers (small catamarans) arriving at their nearby mark. I was at the helm and put Freedom onto the port tack after clearing the first catamaran, dived in front of the four close approaching boats, rounded the beacon and handed the helm to Janet to take Freedom north out of the way.

Once out of Evans Bay the wind again fell light and we watched Footprints recovering a lot of ground on us. The wind was at a force that was enough to give them good speed but not enough for our heavy weight. At 1530 Testarossa was the first yacht around the Horokiwi mark and when we arrived there at 1700, Testarossa was approaching after completing the first of the short circuits. Testarossa was to pass us a few



more times but Grant Nalder did capture a photo that he labelled. "Freedom leading Testarossa - briefly!"



Dinner was being prepared by then. The potatoes and onion had been put in the oven to roast when in Evan's Bay. The carrots were sautéed, broccoli steamed and served with coleslaw, curried egg salad and slices of roast beef. There was no need to skimp on quality or quantity.

It was 1828 when we crossed the start finish line to completed the 16.9nm long circuit and started on the smaller circuits. By then the westerly wind had changed to a katabatic northeastly. The wind speed rarely got over ten knots and stayed in a northeast direction until 1000 the next day. We had a slow ride down to mark 12 north of Ward Island, an easy swifter ride back to Horokiwi, a beat to mark 19 and then eased sheets to get back to the start line. It was an easy course and ideal for the tiring crew on a clear cool night. The moon was near full and together with all of the city lights it was never really dark.

The leg from 12 to Horokiwi gave us the best conditions. The apparent wind speed was enough to get Freedom properly moving and we managed to overtake Alize and Bo Jangles and come very close to White Cavalier. We did see a strange sight to leeward after one of the roundings of mark 12. The yacht to leeward of us had three sails set for the windward beat and a sudden reduction in speed. Eventually we worked out that the spinnaker was flying loose to leeward of the mainsail. It took about a third of the windward leg before the sails were under control.

The short circuit was only 8.5 nautical miles and the yachts were well spread around the course. Thus we always had to be careful when making our two tacks to get from Horokiwi to 19. There is a lot of weight in Freedom's sails thus we made the minimum number of tacks and approached the mark on the starboard with right of way. On the

second circuit Am Meer was converging on the mark on the port tack and felt they could clear our bow. We felt that had we held our course there would have been part of Am Meers starboard quarter wrapped around our bow. Am Meer properly executed a 720 degree turn on the next leg and that enabled True Blue to relax for a while. The two boats had been in a long battle with each other.

The night continued in that manner and became progressively colder. Jenny Darby on Pulse lost track of the amount of clothing piled on her body. Around 0600 I had donned two pairs of trousers, ski shirt, jersey, polar fleece vest and long sleeved polar fleeces, yachting jacket and padded gloves. It was impossible to use the steering wheel without gloves as the metal was too cold. During the dark hours our watches were set so that everyone had an hour on the helm and then three hours rest below decks. On the smaller boats there were reports of crew in sleeping bags on the foredeck.



First breakfast was served at 0700 abeam of Somes Island and consisted of cereal and a magnificent quiche that had been warmed in the oven. Second breakfast was at 0900. By that time we were on the last leg between the start line and mark 12. Freedom's speed had dropped to 1.3 knots so we concentrated on scrambled eggs, hash browns and coffee. The wind vanished and it took three hours to cover another 1.3 nautical miles. Most of the distance was from the tide but in the last seven minutes of the race a nice gentle southerly arrived and we had the log showing 2.5 knots.

The afternoon would have been a great time for a sail about the harbour as the wind settled at about ten knots and was not cold. All of the yachts retired to the marina with Wise Guy doing that under mainsail and

spinnaker. The wind direction meant the spinnaker was mostly collapsed as they wound around the entrance poles and we watched for the sail to be gybed. Unfortunately wind direction and the seawall prevented that so the sail was lowered in a jerky fashion and the berth made without incident.

## **BOJANGLES ENDURANCE RACE**

Bill Dashfield



*Before the start; red Bojangles is the smallest yacht in the race.*

The moon, huge and bright against the dark sky, drops towards the hills. Some of the western hills show silver grey. Above me the three spots of the Windex gleam red in my head-torch; easier to see than in daylight.

Sails taut, close hauled in a good breeze, Bojangles slips cleanly towards the Hutt Road. Perfect conditions, the sea almost flat this near the shore. No spray.

Red and green lights prick the darkness astern. One yacht burns a masthead light: "*Steaming lights! Unseamanlike behaviour...*". We raise no protest - it's not that sort of race. Slowly the lights gain and one by one glide past. That high masthead tricolour is easy to miss when close by.

Freedom slides past, close to windward. We weather on her, cross her stern but she head-reaches on us.

Straining our eyes for the small light of the Horokiwi buoy. "*Should show in the first gap in the lamp posts, south of the big road-sign.*" On the next leg the light line of Wainui hill road will point to number 19, off Petone. Navigation is different at night; we sail surrounded by orange and white chains in a bowl of darkness.

The moon is down. The wind is cold, steady. Bojangles seems to like two in the cockpit, two below; the smooth curve of the hull exits smoothly, cleanly, dragging no water behind.

There's our mark, dim. Freedom tacks, crossing our bows. We're on starboard, but she's too far ahead.

First one then two white pencil lights show and the buoy suddenly bulks large. We swing round close and on to port tack. A bustle of bodies, boom and sheets across the cockpit. Too far round - bring her up. Steadying on course now, pulling, moving well. This seat is damp, cold.

A quiet consultation: on our last watch we tried to make the buoy direct, were headed near the shore and had to tack twice to round it. Chart plotter trails reveal the other watch did no better. We ease sheets a little and go for more speed.

We reel Freedom's stern-light back in. Head-reaching *and* weathering on her! In time she slips behind; it feels good to pass another boat - first time since the first lap. We slowly gain on the next boat, she tacks across us and we follow her round on to starboard.

Anxious not to tack back too soon we hold on too long, and Freedom slips round the buoy below us. We round the buoy, bear away on the next leg and pass her again.

John is up now, rigging the spinnaker for the downwind leg. We swing round the pin buoy, Dan hoists the spinnaker, we hand over, go below, burrow head first into quarter-berths, under sleeping bags.

Sleep doesn't come. The water gurgles and gloops next to my ear, the other side of the thin ply. It sounds as if we're sailing faster now. Surprisingly restful and pleasant. I admire the gleaming red (white really) clean paintwork inside the quarter-berth. John and Barbie made an excellent job of refurbishing her. She's pristine inside and out. Small details of stowage show the care and thought the original builder put in. I file away good ideas for my boat.

A faint whiff of petrol from the stern locker insinuates through a tiny hole for wiring. I look for something to read. "Yachting New Zealand, Racing Rules of Sailing 2013 to 2016" - perfect. Definitions come first. My eyelids close on page eight...

People move in the cabin. Barbie gets the job of foc'sle spinnaker hand. I've learnt that now, but play possum, enjoying a few minutes more in my pit.

Bojangles lurches as we round the buoy. Intense activity hoisting and trimming the kite. When all is steady I surface, stand with my head out of



the hatch. Pale blue sky, daylight, but the sun not yet up over the Eastbourne hills. A lovely day.



*On the first leg Bojangles (centre) was amongst the leaders.*

The wind eases, the sun rises. I brew up and pass up tea. Later we eat breakfast and warm up.

The wind drops, Testarossa ghosts past. Then we gain on her and for a few delirious moments we dream of passing her at the mark.

The wind dies. Frustratingly the yachts in front hold it longer and drift further ahead. As in the calm at the start, the course we *must* do clashes against what Bojangles *can* do.

Peace descends in the calm. It gets hot.

Bojangles sleepily boxes the compass; then, infinitely slowly, we get back on course and, just perceptibly, make headway.

We rejoice as the log flickers to 0.01 knot.

Time passes.

Barbie hands round yet more of her mini Cornish pasties. They taste just as good as the first - and that's very good. Highly recommended.

High noon approaches. A dark line to seaward slowly draws near. We will it on. If we get a good wind first it could make all the difference.

We slowly gain way, too slowly. When - after much fore-warning and radio fanfare - the end of the race is declared, we are doing 1.8 knots.

It's over, and here's a real wind in our sails at last. As one, the crew agrees that sailing is the only proper way to return. We do 4.5 knots under main, then 7.2 knots with spinnaker - equalling our fastest speed in the race - and we surge exuberantly past those other yachts polluting the atmosphere with their nasty noisy engines.

Being more prudent than Wise Guys, we drop sail before entering harbour, easing in to the jetty, high-fiving, hauling out, washing down, sinking a beer.

It's over. It's been a brilliant 24-hours sailing with (barring the odd calm) perfect conditions, a great team and a thoroughbred boat. I've learnt a bit about racing, more about race-crewing, got to grips with spinnakers and done my first night sailing.

Endurance? Well, yes - but in a good way.

*Thank you John, Barbie and Dan, also Theo and all the 24-hour race team.*

## **BOOK REVIEWS - 2 new donations**

Bill Dashfield, Cruising Committee

In these three books very different crews, in very different vessels, push themselves, their boats and their luck. It's the most experienced, best prepared crew that gets shipwrecked...

Viking Voyage (2001) W.H. Carter, new: "In Which an Unlikely Crew of Adventurers Attempts an Epic Journey to the New World". Carter, a Viking enthusiast who didn't sail, decided to retrace Leif Ericsson's voyage from Greenland to America. Building and sailing an authentic replica knarr, with a disparate crew, and one sailor, makes it interesting and entertaining. \*\*\*

Lionheart (2000) Jesse Martin, new: the pressures that sponsorship and record breaking bring are evident as Jesse sets out in a refitted boat with a bunk he'd never slept in and sails he'd never set to become the youngest non-stop, unassisted, round the world solo sailer at just 18. The book shows what can be achieved with steadfast determination, no fear, supportive parents, modern communications and (crucially) a willingness to learn from others. A good, straightforward read \*\*\*

Two against Cape Horn (1978) Hal Roth: writer/photographer Hal and his wife Margaret had sailed 35' sloop Whisper for years and many thousands of miles before tackling Cape Horn via the Chilean channels and the Strait of Magellan. Dragging anchors (kelp) in a severe storm they were shipwrecked near to Cape Horn. The Chilean Navy rescued them, and helped them recover their boat and repair it in a naval dockyard. Well illustrated and full of practical lessons and advice, it's a worthwhile read. \*\*\*\*