



January 2018

“SHE IS SEA TALANTED. . .”

She is courageous, adventurous and driven by an overwhelming love for the sea. Her great story has inspired thousands.

FRIDAY NIGHT SAILING

The club’s Friday night sailing is special. The winners on handicap are different for every race and the first boat to the finish line also varies. The four different starting times make all this possible and give a real boost to the slower small boats. For a change they lead the fleet for a while and sometimes up to the finish line.



The races on 1 and 8 December were both in northerly winds and it was warm. The 1 December was especially pleasant with the wind being no more than 15 knots and the sea flat. That should have meant that all of the 16 yachts were at maximum speed but strange things happen. The average wind speed should not have been enough for the heavier boats to perform but Mint

Condition proved that theory wrong taking third on handicap. It should have been exactly the conditions that suit light weight Bojangles but two critical strategic decisions on the best upwind route put paid to that. Aboard Impulse rotating crew jobs gives everyone experience but did in a result in costly 360 degree turn when no penalty had been incurred.

The following week the wind was averaging twenty with gusts to 30 despite what the results page on the web site says. The fleet was reduced to 13 yachts and despite the boisterous conditions no damage was reported. The course sent the boats to Petone foreshore, Somes Island and Days Bay. This was a bonus to the larger boats giving them long down wind runs and of course they have the power to smash through the waves to get upwind. The smaller boats struggled to get upwind in the sea conditions from Days Bay to the finish line. Alize was first to the line and first on handicap.

For the final Friday race before Xmas the wind was a solid 25 knots from the north. Aboard Bluebell when we came out of the marina there was confusion. Alize had left early with the start buoy and it was not visible to the south adjacent to the start box.

“Where is the start line?” I queried the captain. “Is it an on the water start?”

“Don’t know,” was the reply. Looking to the northwest I could see a yacht and launch so under reefed mainsail and motor we slowly pushed into the sea to find Y-Not flying start flags and struggling to maintain position. The start buoy was almost directly to windward of the launch and the first



mark only twenty degrees to starboard. It made for an interesting and easy start and the subsequent course to 19, to 21 and back to 23 became good sailing.

Two Low and Bojangles were heavily reefed and in some of the gusts the reduced sail was amply justified. The wind did ease slightly during the race and there were some grand sights on

the run from 19 to 21. Impulse took the lead by the time we rounded 23 and that was just as well as she properly led the way to the finish. The start boat had by then dragged her anchor a considerable distance, as had the buoy. It did not disadvantage anyone, as the finishing procedure became a simple process of rounding the start/finish buoy to starboard. By then the wind had increased to its original 25 knots.

Impulse took both line and handicap honours with Smokie second. Aboard Vanilla Ice the crew celebrated their past difficulties in trying to set the headsail by leaving all sails furled and being a spectator boat.

SHE WAS ONLY 14



TAURANGA TO SEAVIEW

From Andrew Snow

Kama II is Immediate Past Commodore Gareth Edward's new boat. This boat was built in 1984 in Australia and sailed across the Tasman Sea three years ago. It is strong with excellent bones, capable and has great supporting systems and gear. The boat is well set up for single handed and sails well with its permanent crew of one – Mr Otto Helm. The motor has less than 300 hours use, burns no oil, is quiet and incredibly frugal on diesel. A good yacht that will be a great home and holiday home for Gareth for years to come.

Gareth purchased Kama II after having lived aboard Amnesia for a couple of months. In comparison Amnesia can be best described as a floating postage stamp and Kama II a luxury size courier bag.



The new vessel is a centre cockpit Carter 'Passage'.

Gareth, Brent Porter, Andrew Snow and Paul assembled at Tauranga's Bridge Marina in the afternoon of Thursday 23rd November. Departing at 1700, the first obstacle was leaving the berth. The Bridge marina sits in a tidal current of three knots that kept Kama sitting sideways in the berth for a moment. The solution was more throttle. A lack of sign posts in the marina lead to guesswork on the exit path while the bow was pushed and pulled in the current.

Departing Tauranga harbour was also no easy feat, as channels, sand bars and launches at 15 knots made the experience fraught. During one of those moments, the crew were distracted by the flash equipment on board, rather than reading the information displayed on the chart plotter. Possibly the knowledge that the stereo could be operated through the chartplotter was more important. Moments after the following photo was taken, the smiles changed. Kama II grounded having moved seven metres from the shipping lane. First milestone – done!



The short stop at the underwater beach necessitated a bilge check – wet – very wet. Bucket session required, 30 litres, later it was dry and looking smart, 1hr later – wet again. Manageable, but annoying.

Sails went up outside the harbour and we were off, 10 minutes later sails came down – engine on for the next 14 hours. First order of the day was Spag Bol cooked to perfection by Gareth. He's done it before.

Dolphins appeared marked by their eyes reflecting the navigation lights, they stayed until bored then it was the shooting stars, strange beacons and utter boredom as the night shift wore on across the Bay of Plenty. There are no landmarks or islands visible at night except for a beacon north of White Island.

Paul was new to sailing but he jumped in and got stuck in to everything. Paul had a steep learning curve, lots of questions but a great approach and great breakfast - he stays with the boat. There is nothing to fear from new things and it's never too late. Prior to the trip, Paul's longest time on a boat was this years Rum Regatta. Over 3+ days Paul had more sailing time than many get in 10 years. He now understands the operations of the boat, long passage sailing and the vulnerabilities of being a small boat in a big sea, but also the fun that goes with it. Early days.

At 0100 White Island loomed, but never seemed to get closer, six knots was not slow but it took forever to get there. There were no lights on the island. We relied on some anchored boats, a smell of sulphur and the occasional bit

of visible steam as the Yanmar plugged away all night while we waited for the air to move.

Waking to the humming Yanmar was improved by the smell of bacon and eggs, mushrooms, toast, tomatoes and lashings of pepper. Paul is a culinary genius! The Yanmar carried on.

Nothing to do but read and investigate Kamas wet bilge, yes it was wet and deep again but there had been no rain, and no splashing – so where was it coming from. The water tasted a bit salty but not seawater. Tearing up the seating seemed like a good idea and soon bore fruit. Kama has water tank bladders stowed under the seats with 300 litre capacity but seemingly with about 150 litres missing. That made a bit of sense. Isolating and removing the bladder was another experience of ingenuity with plugs, drains and clamps. With the bladders removed we drained the water into the remaining tanks. Job done; we were getting to know this yacht.

Motoring between East Island and East Cape the current hauled away at the boat for a bit then the wind appeared, 7, 9, 12 and then 15 knots and holding. Sails out with the crew waking from the Yanmar's trance – we were sailing with a tail wind verging on a reach. Speed was now in the high 7s and a low 8s – finally we were getting underway.

The wind that built from 1700 to 2000 and settled at 15knots with following seas and a beam Nor-westerly wind after we corrected course to reach close past Tokomaru and Tolaga bay. There was nobody out there as we said goodbye to the sun again. We would see it again somewhere in the middle of Hawke Bay. The result of the day's sun was that I looked like a beetroot.

Friday night went boom!

The wind held through the night as we continued on a south easterly run, opting to favour of the wind direction rather than the direct course. At 3am it was time to bring the wind dead aft. We prepared for the gibe and to pole out the jib on the opposite side to the mainsail for the remainder of the night. Gareth dealt with the jib while the crew giped the main. As we turned the boom preventer did a great job, but totally prevented the jibe rather than allowing the slow slip through the block. We released the pressure on the control rope – then the boom went across with some force. To make matters worse, the traveller block was locked in to the traveller screw head rather than the locking slot. The consequence was saying goodbye to the boom as the traveller car flew off the end of the track and the rig took the shock. We now know that Kama II has a strong rig – another milestone – stress testing complete.

Securing a line to the boom and tightening the restrictor held things well until daylight and we had time to think through the solution. The winds held right through until 10am Monday and we enjoyed up to eight knots over the ground

through the night. The sea was from behind so our very able 5th crewman ‘Mr Otto-Helm’ did the work we couldn’t.

The pictures here shows a ‘Hutton boom brake’. These are a huge asset when cruising to prevent a sudden jibe. The tension is controlled from the helm so this is a safe way to keep the yacht quiet and safe. Gareth will be selling these on commission soon.



We had enjoyed 16 hours of solid sailing so we were all happy with the time off from the Yanmar.

Once we had absorbed the night’s activities, a pseudo block was required to hold the traveller car. Gareth completed some ballet to retrieve the boom then the traveller car was lashed to the remaining locking block. Job done.

The boom was fixed as the wind died, it was time to motor as we were hoping to be home by Christmas. Motor started – but wait.....who brought the squealing pig?

The V belt was slipping so that the alternator was not turning at all. We could not get away with slippage, as the batteries had to be charged and sanity to be maintained. Thus call a mechanic?

It was Saturday and we were in a remote part of the world 30 miles offshore. Tools in hand I started the process to tighten the belt, after all this is not a hard task - except we were on a boat and nothing is easy. The motor has less than 300 hours on the clock so this alternator was fitted in the factory with factory tools accessible from all angles. I was on a boat with little light, a wet bilge (of course) and little access. Gareth did some contortion work and climbed into the lazarette with a hammer. The hammer did the job that a human could not. Everything was tight – factory tight, so it took a lot of work to loosen, then tighten the alternator via the slide. We had a spare belt but not enough play to get the old one off. We opted to keep the old belt on and tighten a much as possible.

Meanwhile Brent was sipping lattes on the helm maintaining 3 knots for the two hours while I was hanging by the waist into the motor. Once the motor started, all worked properly and the boat speed was back to 6 knots. Time for sleep.

A foul smell pervaded the cabin in the early afternoon, yes four men two days without a shower – it was us. Gareth rigged the cockpit shower but there was no water heading up the spout. Into the lazarette again, under the sink and all looked fine. After 45 minutes of head scratching the solution was obvious – there was no water! It turns out that we’d never really had 300 litres, the

tanks were filled the week prior but had been leaking to the bilge over the course of the week, then pumped out so all we had seen was the bilge water prior to the float switch activating.

Our trusty skipper had thought of all eventualities and we had 6 dozen 600ml bottles of water. Not a lot but we needed to wash. Water was heated on the stove, then mixed with cool water as one by one we had a bath in a bucket. It's a strange sensation being 30 miles offshore, naked in the cockpit of a yacht. No pun intended.

Brent threw himself down the main hatch and required the soothing caress of a chilled Steinlager to the arm to 'ease the bruising' – I didn't see the Steinlager again.

A Tanker appeared to the north and steadily got closer and on our course. Gareth readied flares as the Cargo tanker lined us up and came within 1 mile of our stern. It was only at the last moment that they changed course – Bastards. Gareth almost needed another shower after that one! I slept through it.

Water rations in place (recycling regime in place) we continued rather than stop in Napier to refill the remaining water tanks.

The winds now from the southeast were of no use, Otto-Helm and Yanmar did the work while we all sat on watch for an eternity for the next 24 hours. Roast chicken for dinner - still slumming it.

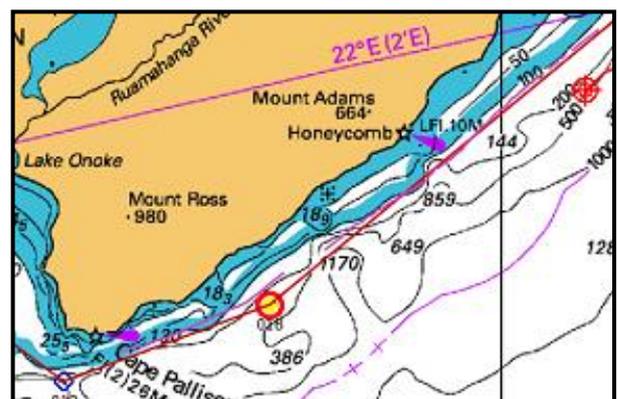
Sunday dawned fine again, the winds still no use, water still short supply but at least we were moving and getting closer to Castlepoint.

The port winch jammed overnight, fortunately there was little need for it but we were anticipating some wind from the south so there was potential. Like Saturday the mechanic was unavailable on a Sunday so the disassembly started – needs must. The winch had not been serviced for an eternity and even the corrosion had corrosion! A loose locking bolt was the culprit so put back in place and the winch was back in temporary service.

Orca presented themselves for inspection but they were fairly uninterested in us, a few Albatross. 5.30pm Sunday and still 42 miles to Cape Palliser. Long day with Yanmar. Leftovers tonight, chicken, mince and frozen salad.

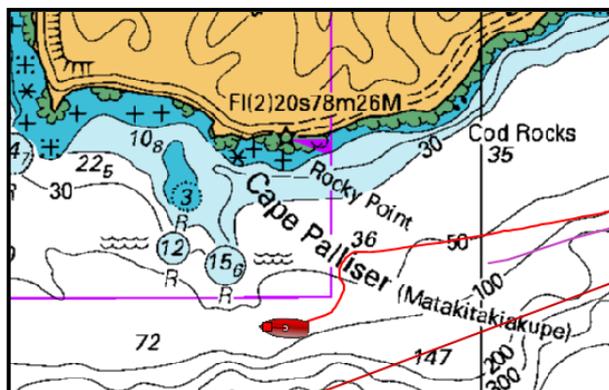
Wind rising, 10kts abeam an extra kt of assistance up to 7.8kts – we'll be home by Christmas. Can't wait for a shower that does not involve plastic bottles.

It was 12.40am when the engine was cut back to idle followed by sudden change of course. Something was



amiss.

We were in fog, thick fog and in the middle of the night. Not wanting to have to change another pair of underpants by meeting another vessel, Gareth had chosen a tight pass of the Cape. A wise move given the conditions but the plan had not allowed for Cray pots. We were in a mine field of pots so an urgent change of direction was required.



Out of the mine field, Gareth brought the Yanmar back to cruising speed and behold, the alternator belt was slipping again.

The smell of burning rubber told us that this could not be ignored. Back in the engine, which was pretty hot as the motor had been on for a long time, and the fix was quick. Gareth had the belt super tight in less than 20 minutes.

Meanwhile sails were up as Brent took the helm and steered us out of harms way at a sizzling 2 knots. We were fairly immobile but heading out seaward as a precaution. Had it not been for the fog this would have been a relatively easy movement, but sailing blind in these conditions was not fun.

Crossing Palliser bay in the early hours the first lights were visible at 0400. The fog lifted as we reached the harbour entrance and the sun was up. We



were tired but ready for rum. The photo shows the soup behind Pencarrow light.

Like many boats for sale, Kama II had little use for a long time so there was always going to be things that went wrong. Forget the tribulations of the transit, this was a great delivery trip, lots of learning, great crew, good food but poor showers! What made this work was a broad skill base with varied

knowledge, trouble shooting, patience and good food. The crew was interesting and by the end of the trip I think that we knew each other



a lot better. I've still not seen Brent in the Galley but on the helm his concentration is extreme.

457 miles over 3 days and 13 hours was not super quick but steady and comfortable and a lot of fun.

GEARING UP

Theo Muller

Race Director 24-Hour Endurance Yacht Race 2018



By the time you read this it will only be about 50 days before the canon sounds the start signal of the 24-Hour Endurance Yacht Race 2018. Are you getting ready? Have you got your crew sorted? Is your boat ship-shape?

Entry form, Notice of Race and polo shirt order form will be on LBYC's website by the 15th of January. The first Skippers' briefing will be on Wednesday the 21st of February at the club house. Put this date in your diary.

SOLO AROUND THE WORLD IN GUPPY



You have to hear this!!!!

She was only 6 when she crossed the English Channel in her Optimist with her father following her in his yacht. At 10 she started

to dream about sailing the globe, ... on her own. At 13 she decided to go, with the blessing of her parents, but the Dutch authorities, particularly the Child Welfare Department had a different idea. How on earth can a 13-year old cope with the loneliness and psychological pressures that naturally come with long solo voyages, no matter how good a sailor she might be.

Most people would say, oh well, I have tried. But not LAURA DEKKER. This girl has guts, a very strong will and determination. “Nobody is going to stop me, not even the Dutch government, not even the Dutch courts”. Indeed, court battles were fought and eventually, at the tender age of 14, she set off from Gibraltar in *Guppy*, her 38ft ketch (extended to 41ft), with several stops around the world.

Laura’s story is one of single-minded determination, filled with confidence ‘I can do this’ and a thirst for adventure. Along the way she met other sailors and her natural ability to build relationships almost always with older people, boosted her own confidence, while at the same time inspiring her many new friends. Finally, at 16 she sailed into St Maarten in the Caribbean having circumnavigated the globe on her own.

I read Laura’s book in one sitting a little while ago; I couldn’t put it down. What a story!

Laura will be LBYC’s guest at club night on the 2nd of March, the eve of the 24-Hour Endurance Yacht Race and Laura will give us her personal insight in what it is like sailing alone around the world. Laura is looking forward to meeting you and answer your questions after her presentation.

Put the 2nd of March in your diary. Let nothing come in between. Be there. Bring your friends.