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The Cutlass

March 2016

Commodore's comments

Welcome to our first Cutlass since Opening Day 2016. We were honoured to have Mayoress Lynda Wallace open the season again and for Hal Wagstaff OBE, life member, to share with us the LBYC pennant's history and his passion for the club.

A big thanks to everyone who helped make the day run smoothly again – sending invites months in advance, having the clubhouse look fantastic, arranging catering, tying pennants, firing canons, playing bagpipes, leading out the fleet, and everything else that goes on to make a festive atmosphere. Congratulations too to the winners of best dressed boat and crew!

I was conspicuously absent from the working bee myself this year (see Fiordland article) but it is a concern that numbers are dropping for what has been a long-standing tradition on the day before Opening Day. Especially if you're not already committing significant time to the club in other ways, please make an effort to attend next year. Given all the work Spring Chickens have already done, many hands can make light work of any final touches to our grounds and building.

You will have noticed that large, professionally prepared signs have been erected on two sides of the Clubhouse. These were kindly provided by the Seaview Marina board who noticed our existing signage had become tired and fallen below par against standards elsewhere in the marina. They provide us with a higher profile and better information about what the club offers so should help promote us to new members. Thanks also to Robert and Ray for installing them.

In partnership with the Marina we now have a permanent arrangement to provide new Marina licensees with a three month free trial of the Club. Hopefully this will bring in new members so, as always, if you see someone unfamiliar in the clubhouse please introduce yourself and make them welcome. The Marina have also sponsored the Seaview Marina Summertime Concert on 2 April – book this in your diaries as I think it is a particularly exciting initiative from our new Rear Commodore Margie and helpers.

Our finances are now in the best shape they have been for many years due to good performance across a number of areas including keeping expenditure low, increased

rental income and increased usage of the bar. If things stay as positive for the remainder of the financial year we hope to present a year-end surplus of $20,000 or more at the AGM. This is especially pleasing in light of the new membership structure reducing our subs. Many people have contributed to achieving this but I'd like to make special mention of Keith and Marg for all their hard work.

We have had a number of recent new members. A special welcome to you if you are one of these people. It's great to see a big increase in people in their 20s and 30s who are now involved with the Club, which reinforces the bright future we have. And a special thanks to all members who invite new people to be involved with the club – the best marketing will always be a smile and introduction to a stranger wandering the pier or to bringing someone you know racing, cruising or socialising.

Gareth

Executive update – 11 February meeting

Your Executive consists of Gareth (Commodore), Brent (vice Commodore), Margie (Rear Commodore), Sally (Cruising Captain), Keith (Treasurer), Dave, Judy, Barbara and Gillian. They meet monthly and provide oversight of the club on your behalf. While various Committees look after day-to-day running of the club and its events, key decisions and all financial expenditure is referred to the Executive. This new section of Cutlass is intended to provide you with a summary of the key points and decisions made on your behalf.

Key points and decisions form the 11 February Executive meeting are:

Agreed that Hutt City Council and the Marina will be invited to do a presentation for members before the club decides whether to make a submission about the Marina concept. NB Gareth has previously met with Alan from the Marina, then Hutt City Council representatives.

Noted that enforcement of liquor licence requirements is working well in general but Margie will provide additional support for bar staff when they are busy.

Approved payment of training courses for Lynne and Margie as required for licenses.

Approved Summertime Concert (See Commodore's message).

Approved new members (see separate article).

Noted finances ahead of budget (see Commodore's message).

Noted Sally's resignation as Grants Committee Chair, Gareth to seek a replacement.

Noted that Dan Edhouse has been appointed Sailing Secretary.

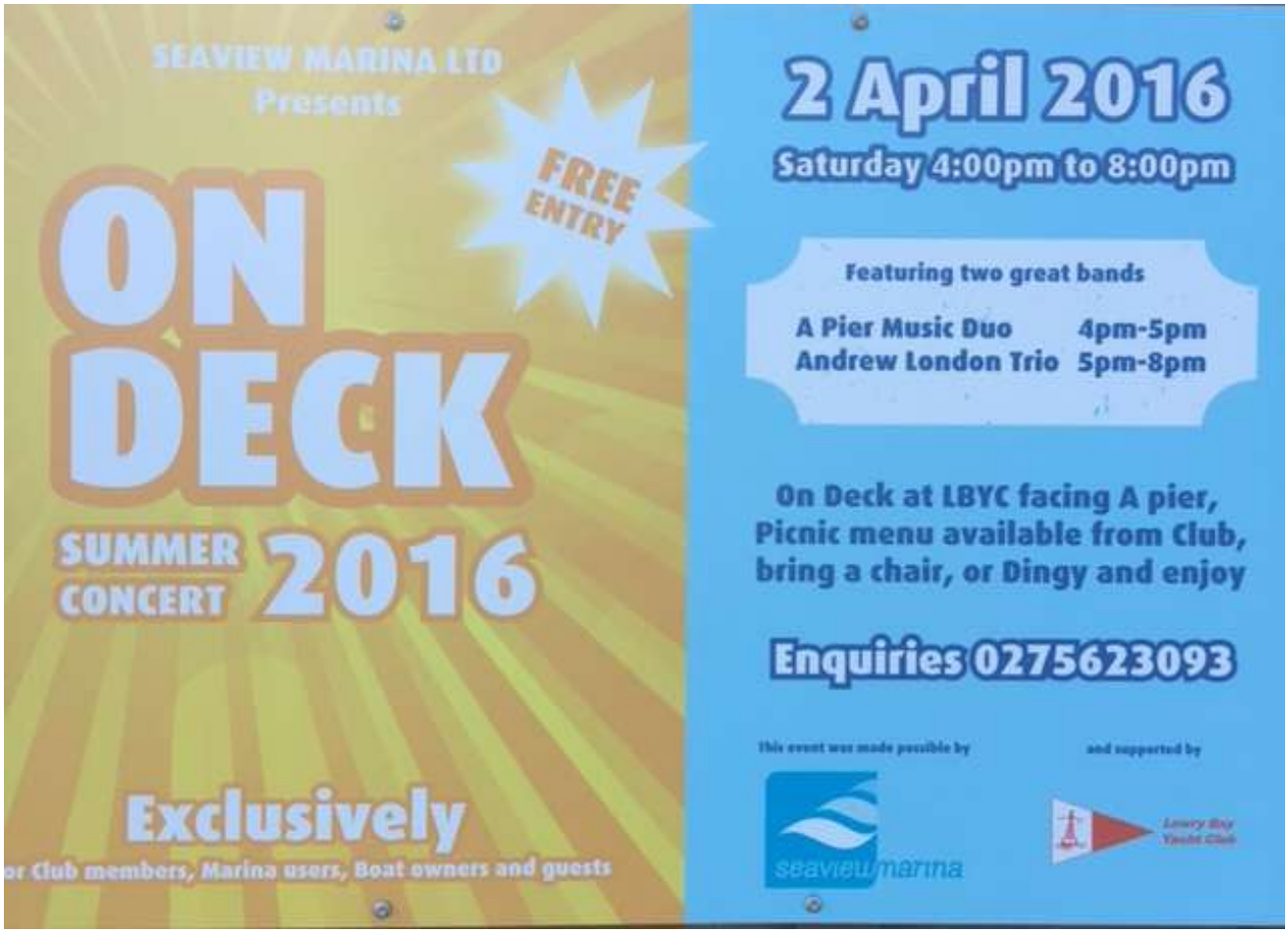
Agreed that a group to be convened by Judy will re-investigate a casual sailing fee option and will also look at which sailing rules should have discretion for the Sailing Committee to enforce and which will not.

Summer concert

The House committee has arranged an end of Summer Concert on 2 April, on the lawn by the Club. Seaview Marina Ltd is the proud sponsor of this event and their involvement is very much appreciated.

The sponsorship means we are able to provide two bands: our own A Pier guitar duo Geoff Thorn (*Am Meer*) and Titus Heydenrijk (*Millenium Spirit*) from 4-5 pm, and then the Andrew London Trio from 5-8pm. Andrew London's whimsical songs reflect the national psyche with gentle irreverence, and playfully lampoon many of New Zealand society's obsessions and taboos.

So pop this in your diary, and bring a hat and deckchair. The bar will be open, and a picnic menu available.



Cruise challenge

Sally Betts - Cruising Captain

Postponed to January, as the weather gods didn't play nice in December, the 17th dawned bright and sunny with light winds. Perfect for a relaxing day out on the water. The temperature was already about 24 degrees at 1000 hours so we were looking forward to a calm day and a lovely raft up on the new Lowry Bay mooring.

The first set of clues was handed out at the Club and we had 6 boats participating: *BoJangles* and *White Heat* from the trailer sailer quarter and then *ExTension*, *Rose*, *Total Eclipse* and *Celebrity* from the keel boat arena.

The first challenge was to make your way to the Seaview fuel berth, tie up and send someone ashore to collect the next clue. Being a keel boat owner and berthed in that area it didn't occur to me that some boats would not know where this facility was located, but as that was part of the events purpose I can say that now 2 more people are aware of the facility!

Boats then headed out of the marina and had to follow instructions to navigate to a certain buoy, name that buoy and the depth at that point. We had 2 set of instructions but it appears that most boats ended up heading off towards buoy 16 - well that is where they should have ended up! *Celebrity* got the 'other' set of directions so we were off towards Ward Island. *BoJangles* also got this set of instructions but saw the fog rolling in and decided to follow the other boats. As the photo shows Buoy 16 was having a holiday.

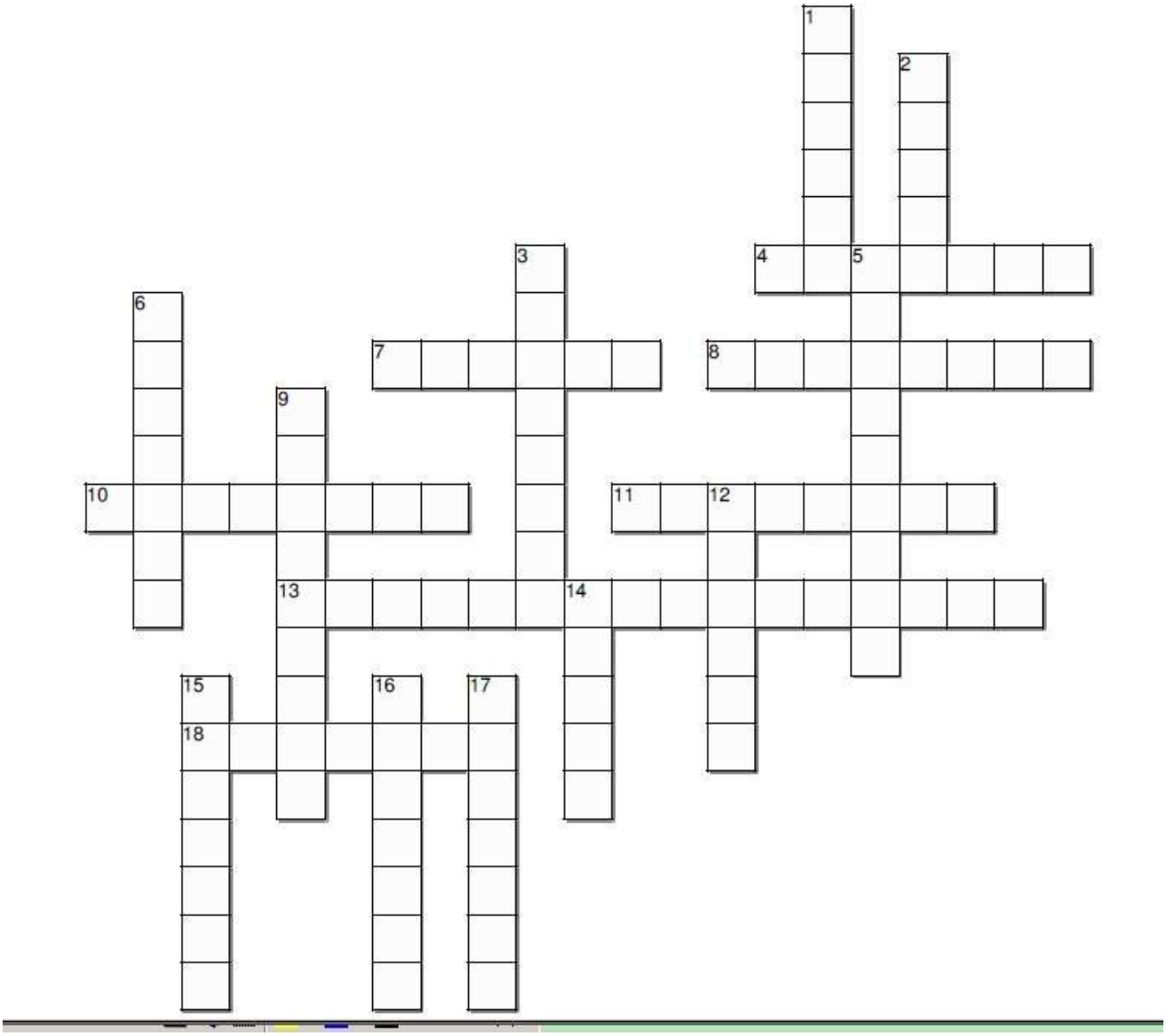
The southerly, that had been forecast to come in later on that day, arrived early and brought with it fog. Quite spooky being in a large patch of clear sea but completely surrounded by fog. We knew Ward Island was ahead of us but we could not see anything - no Ward, no Somes, no Wellington or Eastbourne.

But the fog dissipated after a short period of time and we headed back to Lowry Bay to anchor up then send Ann & Dave ashore to collect a shell. *BoJangles* also used Lowry Bay for this challenge while others went ashore on Somes. Andrew and Mike used their initiative and took an inner tube onboard *White Heat* and used this to get themselves ashore.

The last part of the challenge was to complete a man overboard drill using an (unattached) life ring as the 'man' and I understand that all life rings were successfully retrieved. We then all headed over to Lowry Bay and aside from *Rose*, we all rafted up on the new mooring. A word of warning - if you are the first to arrive at the mooring, it's still really stiff and a bit hard to pull the rope through the buoy. Might be something to do with the extra-heavy chain on the bottom of it!

We then shared some food, drinks and chatter and the crosswords were marked. It was a bit bumpy due to the (early) southerly so we will be looking forward to getting the other mooring buoys placed to give us more options but it was a great day and a fantastic chance to get to know some club members better.

Here is a copy of the crossword if you'd like to have a go.



Down

1. Inglis and ------ Engineering Trophy
2. What is the predominant colour of the shortened course flag
3. Greek God of the Sea
5. Which anniversary did the club mark in 2015
6. Who guarantees the perfect climate at home?
9. what's the current magnetic variation (rounded) for Wellington harbour
12. Club course 58, has what noted?
14. Colour of Wild Cherry's mast
15. 2014 Mobil summer Cup Div 2 on Handicap winner
16. Roman God of the Sea
17. Nautical rooster (not a bird)

Across

4. What is the name of the Haag 40 in the club
7. 2015 chairman of CentrePort Ltd Mr W ------
8. Maori God of the Sea
10. At the sailing committee's discretion there are 4 'other' types of boats that can compete: Multihulls, skiffs, dinghys and ?
11. By what business is Gypsy Girl located in a photo
13. Maori name for Wellington Harbour (2,10,4)
18. What boat was on duty on 02 August?

Sail Amsterdam

In August thousands of vessels, from small sailboats to large replicas of caravels arrived at the IJ bay north of Amsterdam and then passed to the capital of the Netherlands. There were 8000 vessels in 2015.

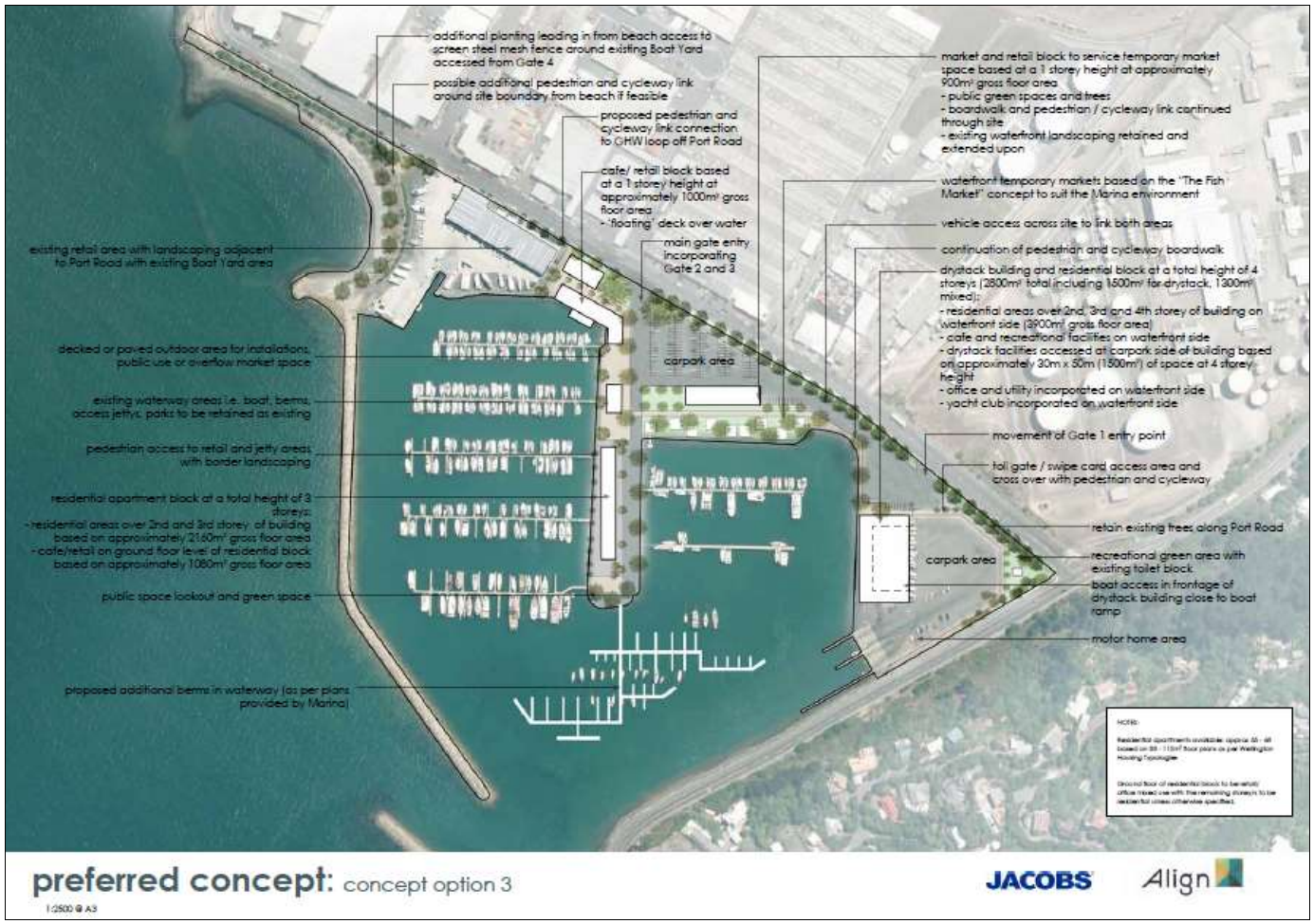
Marina developments

Lowry Bay Yacht Club and the Seaview Marina Users Group are hosting a meeting to hear from the Marina and Hutt City Council on their proposed concept for future Marina development. The Seaview Marina Board has requested a change to the District Plan to allow major development to occur.

The concept design includes dry stack facilities for boats, café, retail activity and apartments. It is important that members understand impacts on the Club and this meeting is an opportunity to hear about the concept and to ask any questions.

The meeting will be at 7.30PM Thursday 17 March (bar open from 7.00PM).

You can see details of the concept here.



Brothers and back

Geoff Thorn

All of *Am Meer*'s 8.5 tonnes was being dragged unwillingly through the waves by its spinnaker. We were doing between 9 and 12 knots, which was flat-out in *Am Meer* terms. We had just rounded the Brothers and were heading back to Wellington. *Wai Aniwa* was a mile ahead and the AIS was sounding, indicating that we were on a collision course - we were gaining on her. We raced down a wave, overtaking the spinnaker. The boat slowed as the wave moved on without us and we waited for the wind to fill it again in time for the next wave. It filled with a loud crack - and kept going. The clew had just torn from the sail and the rest of it was flapping madly out the front of the boat.

The day had started much earlier, about 0530, when the crew met at the boat. We loaded up, said goodbye to the shore crew – Katie, who was looking after her mother for the day – and headed out of the marina in the dark, to motor across the harbour to the Port Nic St start line for the Brothers Race. This is a classic race, starting at Port Nicholson, across Cook St in both directions and finally finishing back at Port Nicholson Yacht Club.

We arrived early in the start area and the other five boats appeared. It was a nice breeze for the start and we hoisted the No.1 then headed over the start line towards the harbour entrance. Once the entrance was in sight, the wind was behind us and we hoisted the spinnaker. We were headed across the harbour on port tack and crossed with *Wai Aniwa*, which was on starboard. A quick turn hard to port avoided a collision, and we went past the stern of *Wai Aniwa* as we headed for the Eastern shore. Eventually we gybed and were on a run to Barrett Reef Buoy. *Wai Aniwa* had now gybed onto port and the two boats were going to come together again at the buoy.

We slipped across the stern of *Wai Aniwa* as she went past on port heading towards Cape Palliser, while we were nicely lined up on Sinclair and ran ahead as *Wai Aniwa* dropped her spinnaker and then had to gybe to follow us. We held the spinnaker in gusts of 25 knots on quite a tight reach. After rounding up a couple of times we decided it was time to hoist the No 3 genoa. After a range of foredeck issues that involved a bit of macramé, some knitting and a little bit of dressmaking on the foredeck, we finally started hoisting the sail. We were rounding up more often now and it was getting difficult to keep the boat on a steady course with the spinnaker up.

But a call from the foredeck and lots of scrambling resolved that the halyard had jammed. The genoa was stuck halfway up, flapping wildly and threatening to go over the side in the strong wind. The power of the spinnaker was pushing the lee rail under water and overpowering the helm. The genoa refused to move - up or down and the only option was to release the halyard from the head of the sail.

The bowman went below to get the climbing harness as the rest of the crew worked on deploying the staysail and dropping the spinnaker. Finally we got the boat under control with the staysail, reefed main and the spinnaker safely down below. We waited for the bowman to reappear dressed in the climbing with the harness. Eventually the call went downstairs "The rip is just ahead, take your time if you want to go up the mast in the rip". Just like magic, the bowman appeared on deck kitted out in the climbing harness and eager to get going.

Clinging desperately to the forestay, the bowman was winched slowly up the front of the genoa. It was difficult to hold on as the boat rolled against the swell and breaking waves. He unclipped the furler head and the sail dropped to the deck. As soon as we had the bowman back on deck the spare halyard was clipped on and the sail hoisted fully. The staysail was furled and we were now into the rip.

A Southerly swell against the strong Northerly wind meant the rip was in a bad mood. Short sharp waves appearing from nowhere, only to suddenly disappear, leaving Am Meer sitting in space. She didn't stay there long and dropped like a stone back into the water, coming to a halt and then lurching as the sails once more caught the wind and we were off into the next set of ugly peaky waves. After an interminable time we finally came out the other side of the rip and settled down to beat into a one metre sea and 25 knots of wind.

Awash rock is about 2.5 miles South of the Brothers Islands. It seems that every time we cross Cook Strait to head for the Brothers, this rock is in the way, and so it was today. About quarter of a mile short of the rock we tacked and started heading more

directly north towards the Islands. Half an hour later, another couple of short tacks and we were sliding past the back of the Islands. The wind had increased and was now 25 – 30 knots, but conditions were still very comfortable.

Sheets were eased as we turned for home, and the spinnaker was hoisted. We had a good line for crossing the Strait, our speed ranged from 9 – 12 knots as we slid down the following sea. The crew was working the spinnaker and we settled in for the long trip to Cape Terawhiti. Then the spinnaker blew apart. We hoisted and goose winged the genoa and poled it out. This allowed us to sail more directly down wind and we were headed directly for Karori Rock, which was a better course. The sun was out, the sea was steady, we were doing 10 – 12 knots over the ground and life was good. Sandwiches came out and a few of the crew dozed on deck enjoying the sail and the chance to relax.

When we reached the South Coast, Wai Aniwa was only just ahead. We hugged the Coast and took the most direct line we could, taking care to stay outside of Thom's Rock. We seemed to be gaining on Wai Aniwa as the crew were worked both the main and the genoa to keep maximum speed. The rip was remarkably flat and quiet, but very strong and sudden gusts were coming off the shore in the area known as the wind factory – it is not an accident that the wind turbines are along this stretch of coast.

Finally past Sinclair Head and we hardened up slightly for the last run across to Barrett's Reef. We still seemed to be gaining on Wai Aniwa and were now close enough to see individual crew on the rail. Past Barrett Reef buoy, and a couple of very short tacks to avoid a Ferry coming out of the harbour. We were now doing tack for tack with *Wai Aniwa*, and staying close. Then *Wai Aniwa* failed to complete a tack properly. It looked like an override on her sheet winch and she had to tack back again to fix it. We had just gained another hundred metres.

On the next crossing she was still just ahead. We made our last tack to clear Point Halswell and then eased sheets slightly as we headed across Evans Bay. In an effort to increase speed we took the reef out of the main and unfurled the staysail. It was a tight reach and we had good speed. *Wai Aniwa* seemed to take the long way to the finish line going across Oriental Bay then finally turning towards the finish line. We were almost neck and neck heading for the line. The lights came on at the Port Nic finish line and we had finished, just behind *Wai Aniwa*.

We did the 75 nm in just over 9 ½ hours. It was a great day out in the Strait with great conditions. Once through the rip, a 20-25 knot Northerly is almost pleasant.

New vessel

Trevor Burgess has taken a repeat dive into the world of cruising luxury. His own-built much loved yacht *Stepping Stone* is still in the family, but Trevor is now travelling in style in *Chancery*. The boat was cruised down from Tauranga in January with - as so often happens - a boisterous welcome across Palliser Bay.

Impulse's trip to Fiordland

By crew member Gareth Edwards

After many months of preparation *Impulse* was due to set sail for Milford Sound on the evening of Friday 22 January. Getting leave from work had proven difficult for crew so the trip was to be a short one with the boat to return to Wellington by Monday 8 February, i.e. 18 days after the scheduled departure. Only skipper Paul Rickard and crew member Roger Whittaker would be on the boat for the entire trip. An additional four crew were set to do the trip down to Fiordland – Sarah Boone, Amy Nairn, James Gilbert and myself (Gareth). A crew exchange was arranged for midday Friday 12 February with our berths on the boat to be swapped for car keys. Those joining the boat would be Matthieu Bernard and Clement Zion.

The distance to be travelled was 475nm, not as far as it might seem before looking at a chart and about 75nm shorter than travelling to Auckland. The main concern was good weather because of the need to traverse Cook Strait and then the West Coast, the latter having no safe harbours for a yacht until just before Milford Sound. Regular checks of the forecast in the six weeks leading up to departure suggested that conditions seldom exceeded 15 knots for the West Coast so this was not as intimidating as it first appears.

With the tight timeframes, any delay would have cut into the limited time we would have for cruising the fiords once we arrived, so we were keen to get away as planned on the Friday evening. It was with concern then that I watched whitecaps blowing across the harbour all day from my work, which reinforced that Cook Strait had a NW gale. The one positive was watching Port Nic start their annual race to Nelson early that afternoon as planned, albeit with many boats crossing the line under storm jibs and reefed. We also had time on our side as we weren't scheduled to leave until 6.30 pm, which was the first Karori Rip slack tide we could make after people had finished work for the day. This tide would mean an adverse current up Cook Strait, but at least the current and the NW wind would be aligned making for smaller seas. Plan B was to wait until the wind dropped and go on the first tide we could.

Fortunately the wind did drop before our scheduled departure and we headed down the harbour with no more than 25 knots of wind behind us. I logged a trip report with an ETA of 1700 hours Tuesday. In the process we heard an exchange on the VHF with *Wedgetail* from the Port Nic fleet who had been dismasted – not a good omen. However, by the time we got to the Karori Rip the wind was down to 11 knots with a very calm sea and with the motor was running we were making good progress.

The onset of darkness coincided with the autohelm dying. The autohelm was not able to be fixed during the trip but with six crew we had already assigned two people to a shift so having someone on helm constantly would be fine.

We had a slow but relatively uneventful trip through Cook Strait that night with 25-30 knots of NW wind. Saturday morning saw us make good progress from Cape Jackson to Stephens Island but in the afternoon the wind and tide were against us again for the long stretch from Stephens Island to Farewell Spit. We were motorsailing so the decision was made to bear away slightly to the south to allow us to pick up speed considerably although we knew we would need to make a tack to a NE direction at some point to clear Farewell Spit. When the tack came, the wind had risen from 17 knots to a constant 30-33 knots. The tide had also turned but this now made for exceptionally steep waves which, although only about 2m high, saw the boat constantly in at least two sets of waves. *Impulse* is over 40ft long and has a lot of shape in her hull so was well equipped to handle the seas without pounding.

However, there was no escaping that we were burning fuel to make progress of just 3.5 knots and that we had been motoring and pushing tide for much of the journey already with a long way to go still. We had carried enough fuel to motor the entire way given a forecast for light winds but that had assumed flat conditions. We were now facing nightfall in steep seas and strong winds so consideration was given to making our way to Tarakohe in Abel Tasman where we could refuel. In the end it was decided that, although least comfortable, the safest and best option was to continue heading NE and hope that the seas would abate with a change in tide. We held the NE tack for about six hours and were able to give Cape Farewell plenty of clearance once we tacked again. Before tacking we had been sailing towards an extremely bright light, which we eventually realised was a flare-off from one of the oil wells off Taranaki.

The next morning, Sunday, Sarah and I were on watch to be greeted with a beautiful red sunrise, which, despite sayings, was not a precursor to bad weather. In fact we were plagued by very light winds and small but confused swells which made it impossible to set the sails at times. Motorsailing was to remain our main form of travel all the way to Milford Sound.

That night we saw the lights of Westport which proved to be the last land we would see until close to Milford Sound due to a light mist that arrived and the curvature of the South Island which meant we were often 40nm offshore.

Monday saw similar conditions and by the time Tuesday arrived we were doing checks on our ETA and how much fuel was remaining. It was decided that we would push on to make Milford Sound that evening.

Getting closer to Milford Sound saw the arrival of dolphins and seals. We also had to navigate several miles of driftwood and plants which was a mystery at the time. We would hear later that Milford Sound had received half a metre of rainfall in the four days preceding our arrival which even the locals described as heavy. Not only had we missed that rain ourselves but we would get to see Milford Sound's waterfalls in their full fury. We even escaped rain for the rest of the trip.

All hands were on deck as we eagerly approached the entrance to Milford Sound at 8.00pm and were awestruck by the mystical setting – the mist lifted to perhaps 200m, revealing cliffs and waterfalls but a great unknown shrouded above. It felt like something out of Jurassic Park or King Kong.

A very happy crew made our way to Harrison Cove which is about three quarters of the way up Milford Sound. While looking for a spot to anchor before nightfall, a Nelson yacht beckoned us over to share a fisherman's mooring – a kind gesture but one which they may have regretted given the time we finished our celebratory drinks. They turned out to be the only other cruising yacht in Milford Sound at the time and would be leaving the next day.

In the morning Amy and I rowed the inflatable dinghy around *Impulse* to get the obligatory photos of boat with scenery in background. Amy, Sarah and I then took the opportunity to go ashore. It was only when ashore and looking back that we could appreciate a phenomenon that would strike us repeatedly – the scale of that scenery is so large that distances can't be comprehended unless something is in your field of vision to provide a scale. The mountains are so tall and so steep that on occasions we would even lose the GPS signal. Looking from the shore back to the boat it was now more than twice as far as it had appeared when looking from the boat to the shore. Unfortunately, I had elected to row rather than take the outboard but what was a simple trip to the beach provided absolutely stunning scenery of bush, sea and a river which made it well worthwhile. The legendary sandflies were more noticeable than they had been on the boat although we apparently got off lightly compared to what the next crew would experience.

We then made our way to Deep Water Basin at the head of Milford Sound to get fuel and to await the arrival of Sarah's dad, David, who had travelled from the United States to join us. Collecting David proved easy – getting diesel was not. After we

berthed the boat in a strong cross wind, Paul found that the local fishing fleet supplier was charging $2 per litre so a trial trip was made to the local petrol station using the dinghy and jerry cans since the cost there was $1.05 per litre. That saw us confronted by a security guard for being too close to the commercial wharves, the outboard flooded (just as well Sarah can row!) and we had to walk anyway as the outgoing tide would have dried out the lagoon next to the petrol station. The security guard was kind enough though to point out that it would have been shorter to walk from where the boat was berthed. It all highlighted that there are few cruisers who go to Fiordland and few facilities to support them. By the time we got back with our jerry cans, Paul had paid the $2 a litre and filled up anyway, plus he had come across David in the process. We then headed off to do some sightseeing within Milford Sound.

That night we returned to the safety of the mooring in Harrison Cove and planned our next day. It was decided to head to Charles Sound, which is 17nm south of Milford Sound, on account of stories of hunting and trout which had attracted Paul's interest. We left at 4.15am to make the most of our limited cruising time and had good conditions all the way. A stop for fishing near the entrance to Charles Sound proved successful with a variety of species in the bucket. We then made our way up Charles Sound to the end of the Emelius Arm, a total of 6nm from the Sound's entrance, arriving around midday.

Charles Sound provided different scenery to Milford Sound with smaller mountain ranges which almost resembled the Marlborough Sounds but without a single house in sight. There were also none of the large tourist boats that run in a circuit around Milford Sound. Although we did not explore the other arm to confirm it, we probably had the entire Sound to ourselves.

Paul and David headed off in the dinghy with the rifle while the rest of us sat outside enjoying the scenery. James and Amy made the most of the chance to have another go at fishing and brought up an octopus but mostly suffered mystery break-offs. Sarah decided to go for a swim and insisted that it was no colder than her home waters of Seattle. Although she didn't say whether that was Seattle in summer or winter I knew I would regret being a wimp and might not ever get to swim in Fiordland again so eventually dove in as well. The water was ok in terms of temperature but was a very dark green with visibility of about 2m.

We had just got out of the water when the fishing got exciting. Amy had hooked something big and handed over the rod to James to bring the remaining line in. On the end was a 4 foot thrasher shark which broke off at the boat. I was reminded of the saying to always swim with someone slower than you but expect I would have been the bait this time.

Later that afternoon Amy commented that she could see the bottom. I knew this to be impossible because the water had only 2m of visibility shortly before and we had picked up a fisherman's mooring in 42 m of water. A quick check of the depth sounder confirmed that we were still in that depth but a look over the side of the boat showed that Amy was right and that the bottom could in fact be seen. It now seemed that the depth sounder had been fooled by something but dropping the fishing rod

back down saw the line continuing to run out confirming that we really could see the bottom in 42m. Fiordland truly is a place of unspoilt wonder!

Paul and David returned without game but with enough stories of river crossings and merciless sandflies for a Bear Grylls series.

We had been contemplating spending the night at George Sound on the way back to Milford Sound. However it was already getting late so we stayed where we were and had an enjoyable evening and our final meal as a crew, cooking the fish caught on our way to Charles Sound. We then headed down Charles Sound in the dark on a beautifully calm night. Once out of the Sound we kept well offshore on our way back to Milford Sound to keep clear of crayfish pots. When we entered Milford to make our way to Deep Water Basin again it was mid-morning with full sun, giving a very different view to our first arrival.

Although we had rented a satellite phone it did not work well and we were not sure if everything had gone ok for the new crew who were to drive down from Picton. It was with relief that we saw they had already arrived and Matthieu had even brought his partner Charlene.

We helped load up the new supplies then headed off on our separate ways. Sarah and David went to explore Franz Joseph before driving over to Christchurch then flying out to Wellington and Seattle respectively. James, Amy and I drove back to Picton where we would catch the ferry. As I needed to be back for Lowry Bay Yacht Club's opening day on the Sunday, James and I took turns to drive through the night. We did however spend a few hours enjoying their former hometown of Queenstown. *Impulse* would go on to cruise Milford Sound and George Sound before returning to Wellington on schedule.

It would be great to see more members make this trip. It is well within the capabilities of many of our members and their vessels, plus there are people happy to help with advice and a cruising guide from the Mana Cruising Club. I can honestly say that this was the trip of a lifetime and despite its short duration it was packed full of memories – for someone who doesn't take many photos I somehow ended up with 222 pictures plus video footage.

Whatever your dream adventure I hope you too get to make it happen. *Carpe Diem*!

Gareth

Visit the bar

Most of our events are accompanied by a drink and good company at our lovely club house bar, complete with deck looking over the marina (and you can hire the clubhouse too – check out the website). The bar is open on: Fridays from 1700, Saturdays 1600-1800, and Sundays 1600-1900.