



The Cutlass



August 2020

From the commodore

Max Meyers

Another year has come round quickly, and what a year it was.

Despite the closure with COVID-19 the club has shown its resilience and has come through financially unscathed. Having said that, the future is looking less certain with a downturn in the economy likely to affect our revenue.

Many thanks to Matthew Nolan who stepped into the club manager role two years ago and has steadied the ship. It's a sad fact of life that the club is unable to continue with a club manager due to rising costs.

I have enjoyed working with the executive committee this year and appreciate the hard work and effort these people have put in to make things happen. COVID-19 has meant extra work and a big thank you for all those that made closing, lockdown, and re-opening the club work.

The club is still in good heart and we have some great members who stand up time and again to volunteer their time to the club. These range from making pizzas and entertainment on Friday night to holding practical boating sessions and impromptu cruises, organising a quiz night, and repairing and repainting walls in the clubrooms. A big thanks to you all for your contributions.

Increasing costs for the club, with a stable membership and income, mean the club must have a plan in place and working before we can renew our land lease and keep the club as it is. To work out our best choice I am proposing a planning process to capture members' views, work out what options we have, and which of these will best match members' aspirations for the club. Now is a good time to think about this.

Thank you for having me as your Commodore.

Best wishes to you all for a successful year ahead.

Max

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From the executive committee

During the lockdown period from 25 March to 10 June, the executive committee continued working using regular zoom meetings.

The decision to close the club was made early when the COVID-19 requirements made it clear we could not ensure the safety of members. Similarly, on reaching Level 2 we were able to put in place what was required and get back on the water. As it turned out it was only a few weeks before we could open the club. Each step involved significant effort to prepare for.

The lockdown period presented a good time to focus on the bigger picture for the club and look closely at how the club operates. A management review has been under consideration and being worked on for some time and as a result of the economic uncertainty ahead, and a large increase in rent, as well as insurance, the decision was made to disestablish the club manager's role.

Fortunately, we were able to retain staff members for the duration of the lockdown with payments made from the NZ Government wage subsidy.

And then on Sunday 24 May it was time to get things operational again. The on-the-water activity started back with contact tracing and the clubrooms opened a few weeks later. The club was cleaned, signage was put up, all guests were required to sign in and measures were taken to ensure physical distancing was being adhered to as well as hand sanitising.

At the time of writing, the club is back to fully operational, except for food service on Friday nights which is a work in progress.

Annual General Meeting

Members will have received a notice of meeting and papers for the upcoming AGM on Thursday 6 August 2020 at 7pm.

The bar will be open before and after the meeting.

Come along to find out more about your club.

Next meeting of the Executive Committee

Have your say

The next scheduled meeting of the executive committee is on Thursday 13 August 2020. Members are welcome to send their comments and suggestions to commodore@lbyc.org.nz for consideration at the meeting.

Changes to membership

New members:

Warren Snowden
Paul Snowden
Alex Mitchell-Barker
Fraser Hoyland

A very warm welcome to you all.

Resignation:

Alistair and Mel Hines

We hope you enjoyed your time with the club and wish you well. Thank you for your contribution to the club.

Absentee member returned from overseas:

Linda Cory

Welcome back Linda.

Racing

After a long break, racing was back on with the first event being the Winter warm-up race and 16 boats out on the racecourse.

Winter warm up race

Races completed	1
Number of boats	16
Results	White Heat first, Testarossa second, Pulse third.

Winter series

Races completed	After 5 races
Number of boats	17 - 23
Results – Combined Div	Testarossa first, Pulse second, Celebrity third.
Results – Cruising Div	Crewcut first, Chickadee second, Stunned Mullet third.

Check out the full results available on the website:

<https://www.lbyc.org.nz/results-19-20>

Youth Race – Sunday 9 August 2020

Skippers – we need you to help! Email: vicecommodore@lbyc.org.nz

Do you remember when you had that first opportunity to sail?

We've got lots of young people who want to give sailing a go but not enough boats to sail on.

It's great to see their faces light up when the young ones get out on the water.



The poster features a background image of two sailboats racing on the water. At the top left is a red pennant flag with a white sailboat icon. At the top right is the Rotary logo. The text is centered and reads: 'Lowry Bay Yacht Club & Rotary of Hutt City' in black. Below that, 'Pencarrow Lighthouse Youth Race' in large blue letters. Then 'Sunday 9 August' in large red letters. Below that, 'Briefing 1100 hrs, First Warning Signal 1225hrs, BBQ 1400hrs' in red. Then 'Open to youth 7 to 17 years (inclusive)' in blue. Then 'Keel yachts provided -no sailing experience necessary' in blue. Then 'Youth required to skipper and make up crews to race yachts' in yellow. Finally, 'under supervision and direction of experienced owners/skippers.' in yellow.

Lowry Bay Yacht Club & Rotary of Hutt City

Pencarrow Lighthouse Youth Race

Sunday 9 August

Briefing 1100 hrs, First Warning Signal 1225hrs, BBQ 1400hrs

Open to youth 7 to 17 years (inclusive)

Keel yachts provided -no sailing experience necessary

Youth required to skipper and make up crews to race yachts

under supervision and direction of experienced owners/skippers.

The clubhouse

The club bar re-opened after lockdown on Friday 12 June and it was lovely to see members at the club again. Thanks go to A Pier band for a good show.

On Friday 26 June Jennie Darby and Katie Mathison made pizzas, Geunter served his genuine German Gluhwein, and Geoff Thorn entertained members with his guitar music.



Thanks to quizmaster, Bob Rowell, and the house committee for another successful quiz night on Friday 17 July. Thanks also to Evan who cooked meals beforehand.

A good turnout for quiz night

The executive committee are currently looking at trialling ready-made meals on Friday nights as an alternative option. 'What's On' will announce when these are available. There will be a limited number of meals at first available on a first come, first served basis.

New panel heaters have been installed to replace the heat pumps that had come to the end of their life.

Cruising

A special thank you to Martin Payne for being the Cruising Captain for the past two years.

Club members have enjoyed some interesting and informative technical evenings as well as cruising events to the Sounds, Port Underwood and out on Wellington Harbour.

Martin has been a valuable contributor to the club's cruising programme, particularly with his knowledge and experience of boating.



The 2020 24-Hour Endurance Yacht Race was sailed on the weekend of the 14th and 15th of March. It's almost a distant memory. So much has happened since then that completely occupied our collective minds, pushing sailing and yacht racing to the backburner. We were lucky, though. The weather was perfect for the fourth year in a row. If we would have needed the reserve weekend of 21 and 22 March, the Race Officer would almost certainly have cancelled the race because of atrocious weather on that weekend.

I have presented my final report to the Executive Committee's first in-person meeting after the lock-down on the 4th of June 2020, along with the final Profit and Loss account. The 2020 24-Hour Endurance Yacht Race made a bottom-line surplus of \$2,790. The total surplus of all four races so far was \$15,937. A useful contribution to the club's purse.

The entry fee for the 24-Hour Endurance Yacht Race is \$125.00. This has not changed since the first race in 2017 and we have no intention of changing it, up or down, into the future. The reason is simple; all competitors who complete the race receive prizes, cash or gift vouchers, to a value that more than covers their entry fee. We include a very generous (cash) prize pool in our budget and our sponsors augment this by equally generous sponsorships consisting of a combination of cash and gift vouchers.

The Executive Committee has once again re-appointed me as Race Director for the 24-Hour Endurance Yacht Race and has given me a mandate to appoint the Race Officer and Operations Coordinator for next year's race, Bob Rowell and Brent Porter respectively.

At the time of writing this article, a meeting has been set up with the Race Officer and several members of his race management team by way of a de-brief on this year's race and identify areas where improvements can be made. As I was also a competitor in this year's race, I would have to say from a competitor's perspective, that I cannot fault how the race was managed. A very smooth operation, indeed.

Next year's 24-Hour Endurance Yacht Race will be sailed on the weekend of 27 and 28 March 2021 with the reserve weekend two weeks later, with the Easter weekend in the middle. Put these dates in your diary now and commence your planning - boat preparation, safety and even crew selection. I understand that RPNYC hold their annual regatta on the weekend of 19-21 February 2021, so we look forward to having a strong presence of RPNYC yachts on the start line of our 24-Hour Endurance Yacht Race.

Theo Muller

Race Director 24-Hour Endurance Yacht Race

Sponsors of the 24-Hour Endurance Yacht Race in 2020



Tuesday Boating (subsequently re-named 'Practical Boating')



Practical Boating

Practical Boating aims at reducing drama at sea with the objectives of:

- Having fun and being social beyond Club membership
- Promoting our safety & health like that of marine wildlife
- Sharing maritime knowledge in practical activities.

The new series, hosted by LBYC, has had a busy first month since its launch on 23 June. Volunteers facilitated a broad range of maritime activities, such as a sextant sun sight, knots and ropes, berthing and un-berthing, anchoring as well as a shore clean-up.

To maximise the availability of people and use of fine days, we extended the original "Tuesday Boating" to Saturday afternoons. This required a re-branding to **Practical Boating** and provides an opportunity to extend into club bar hours.

There is a long list of maritime topics that people have been interested in, and the scope seems to extend by the day. In cooperation with the Executive team, we will set up an approximate plan for two to three practical activities per month during the new season.

The group has grown to 36 people linked by email, of which about 10 have attended the events on average. So far, the majority has been Club members, with a number of additional friends from Seaview and other marinas.

The web-page <https://www.lbyc.org.nz/tuesday-boating> details the concept and will be updated regularly.

Upcoming event:

Tuesday, 4 August 2020, 1.00 pm:

- **BYO Afternoon Tea with galley food**
- **Annual Plan of Activities**

Bob's words of wisdom

Common Words or Phrases Derived from Nautical Expressions

- **Slush Fund**

Definition: an unregulated fund often used for illicit purposes

In nautical jargon, slush is the refuse grease rendered from the salted meat cooked on board a ship. This slush was once commonly skimmed and put into barrels to be sold in port. The money received from sales was put into a "slush fund" and used to purchase luxuries for the crew that they otherwise could not afford. In the late 19th century, the term slush fund was appropriated for monies set aside for political ends. Such slush funds were used to supplement the salaries of government employees, bribing public officials, or carrying on corruptive propaganda on behalf of special interests.

- **Bitter End**

Definition: *the last extremity however painful or calamitous*

The phrase derives from the nautical term *bitter end*. On a ship, the word *bitter* is used for a turn of anchoring line around the bitts, or the posts fixed to the deck for securing lines. The bitter end is the inboard end of this anchoring line. When the line is paid out to the bitter end, there is no more line, and you are literally at the end of your rope.

- **Three Sheets to the Wind**

Definition: *drunk*

"Three sheets to the wind" goes back to the early 19th century. The "sheets" in this expression are not bedclothes, as you might have guessed, but neither are they sails. The sheets are ropes or chains that are attached to the lower corner of a ship's sails and used to extend or shorten the sails. If you were on a three-sailed vessel and all three sheets were loose—in the wind—the boat would wallow about uncontrollably much like a staggering drunk. Old-time sailors would say that someone only slightly tipsy was "one sheet to the wind," while a rip-roaring drunk was "three sheets to the wind."

- **Pipe Down**

Definition: *to stop talking or making noise*

Aboard a ship, a boatswain's pipe, or whistle, is used to summon a crew or to relay orders. The sounding of this instrument is referred to as pipng. A crew would be "piped" to a meal, for example. To dismiss a crew, the boatswain's pipe is sounded and the command "pipe down" is given. Because it got much quieter after the dismissal, the command became associated with quieting down or making less noise.

- **By and Large**

Definition: *on the whole*

Oddly enough, the expression comes from the language of sailing, in which *by and large* refers to the ability of a vessel to sail well both on (that is, toward) and off (away from) the wind. In this context, the word by basically means "near" or "at hand," and the word large means "with the wind on the quarter." Hence, a vessel that sails well by and large can sail close to the wind or off it.

- **Aloof**

Definition: *removed or distant either physically or emotionally*

Aloof was originally a nautical term referring to sailing into the wind as a way to stay clear of the shore or a hazard. (Its opposite is alee.) The word is commonly found with *keep*, to sea." The "steering away" technique of keeping aloof influenced the general uses of the word relating to physical or emotional distance or indifference.

Aloof is based on the prefix a- and *loof*, an older variant of another nautical term luff, which refers to sailing a ship nearer to the wind.

Chianti II leaves Seaview after many years and heads North

Keith Murray's account of the journey on Chianti II makes interesting reading and particularly useful for those thinking about taking their boat up the east coast of North Island from Wellington. Enjoy...

CHIANTI II

The yacht Chianti II had been moored at Seaview for some years before being bought by Garry Roberts. He was setting himself up for retirement and wanted the boat first in Tauranga and then to Opuā.



The boat was a Roberts design, 14 metres in length, pleasantly beamy, built in steel and had a solid very robust feel. She had a large open interior, the inside of the steel hull had been insulated and timber lined but was not a finely fitted yacht. Instead it was plain and moderately functional but I did feel that there was a lack of handholds and places to comfortably sit. Hopefully the size of the yacht would make that of small consequence.

Two test sails about the harbour had been made and had shown that the hull was easily driven despite the limited sail wardrobe. The mainsail was well used

but in reasonable condition. The staysail did not seem to have had much use and pulled well. It was the jib that was missing. There had been a full-size genoa on the forestay permanently hoisted on a furler. The sail had not been protected with a sacrificial cloth down the leach and the sunlight had destroyed the sail. The only sail to fly as a jib was a tiny storm sail suitable for an 8-metre yacht.

It was February 2020, the weather was warm, the days long, thus it was possible that a good trip could be arranged. The weekend of the 21st looked hopeful and stores were put aboard on the Thursday. On Friday the weather for the east coast was not good and departure was pushed back to midday Saturday. By Friday evening I suggested bringing the time forward a couple of hours. In the morning I arrived at the marina at 0830 convinced we should have left an hour earlier, as the very fresh northerly wind with rain had eased. The forecast was for fresher winds on the north Wairarapa coast but I felt that the 17 tonne weight and strength of the boat would be able to handle the conditions.



It was 0940 before we left. There was a complement of three, myself, Garry and Guenter Wabnitz. It was easy to back the yacht out of its berth on pier D, motor out of the marina and down the harbour. We hoisted the staysail and a little later the small jib. As the wind was immediately behind the yacht we left the mainsail furled that would have blanketed the headsails. It was not a very cheerful day as the sky was cloudy. The wind freshened a little, near the harbour entrance.

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By 1040 we were abeam of Pencarrow lighthouse and Barrett's Reef Buoy and started to turn to port for our course to Cape Palliser. We gave Bearing Head a clearance of a mile and then set the Brookes and Gatehouse auto pilot to steer 145 true. The wind had stayed steady in strength and the two headsails were pulling nicely. Just after midday we had the GPS take control of the steering and that gave us a lovely straight course but the sea was making Chianti roll.

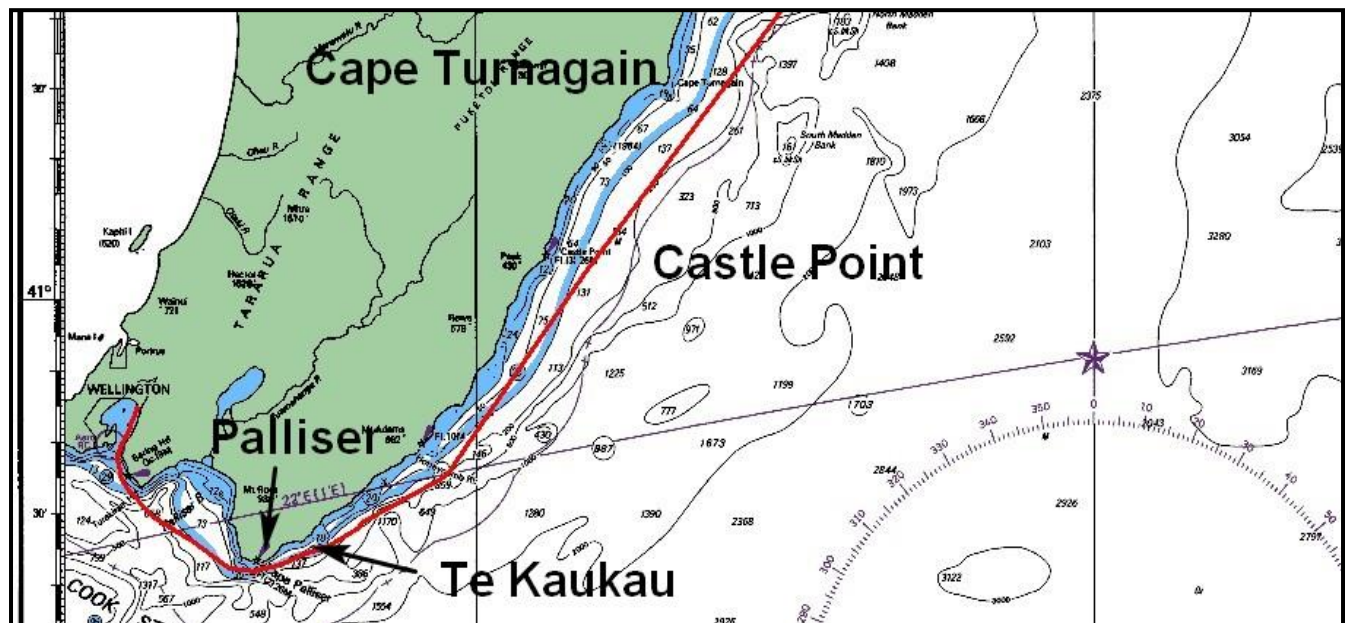
Around 1400 we were finally brave enough to hoist the mainsail. The wind had eased and the ship was telling me that more fore and aft sail would damp the rolling. Fifteen minutes later we came to my first Palliser waypoint and changed direction by 40 degrees to port. We were a mile due south of Cape Palliser at 1440 and started to have a northerly factor in our course. The lumpy sea from the northwest vanished and there were a few small craft about. The occupants were fishing and had no interest in our coming epic passage.



The wind was gentle as we rounded the bottom of the North Island and by 1600 we were due south of Te Kaukau Point with the motor off and making 5.5 knots. It was a pleasant evening but my crew were a little jaded. They were reluctant to have a celebratory drink and Guenter did not want dinner. I cooked up some vegetables and heated a can of mince. Unfortunately, I had not followed the golden rule of cooking on a boat as espoused by WR Kells. He declared cooking to be easy provided you read the label properly. If the label says mince then that is what should be added to make a nourishing meal. Only a fool would expect real

pieces of mince in the can. Mince flavoured gravy and more cooked vegetables was all that was in our can. The fruit salad and yoghurt gave an adequate finish.

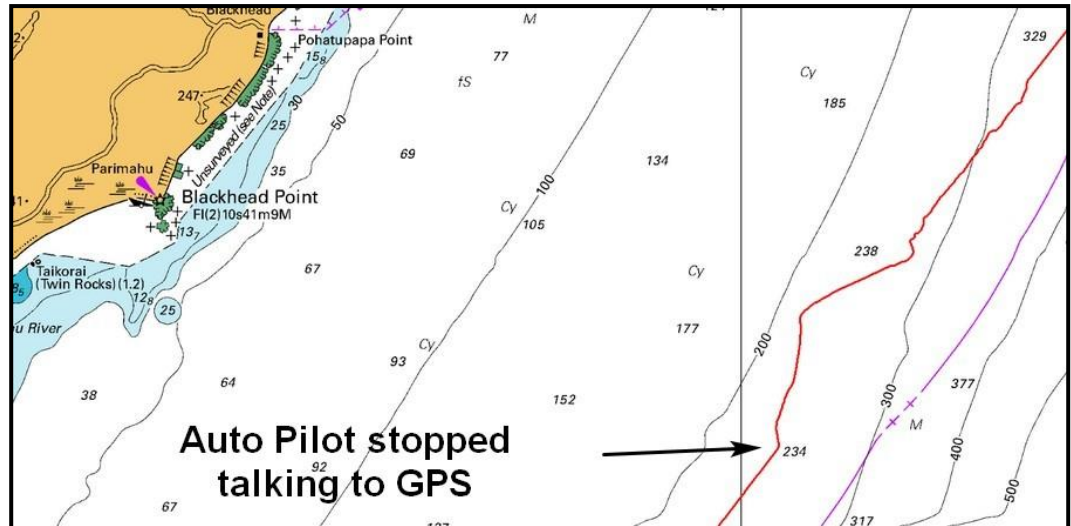
The nice sailing lasted only 20 minutes and then we were again motor sailing at close to seven knots. At the midnight change of watch Castle Point was 6 miles away bearing 310 degrees. An hour and a half later I had hoisted the mainsail and shut down the motor. The wind, as expected, had returned and Chianti was soon making over five knots without mechanical assistance. The sky was a mass of stars except to the east where there were clouds and the occasional lightning flashes. Dolphins visited the boat leaving streaks of phosphorescence in passing.



A small chop was building with the northwest wind. Another hour later the wind was pulling the yacht along at 6.6 knots despite the third reef being tucked in. At the 0300 change of watch we were well into the notoriously windy stretch of water midway between Castle Point and Cape Turnagain. The speed was averaging seven and at times touching eight. The yacht did not feel stressed and the auto pilot was not having problems to hold the course. At 0500 we pulled the mainsail down. The wind had changed to the west increased to a full gale at 38 knots and by 0600 we were averaging eight knots from the windage and headsails. Although the vessel seemed well able to handle the sea I felt we were moving too fast through the water. The sea was quickly building in height but despite the increasing size of the sea Chianti ran straight and true with no sign of broaching. Her stern lifted nicely over the waves that were soon over three metres and steep. There was no indication that the boat's wake was causing the waves to break. The wind direction had by then backed to about 210 degrees true and that was not far from

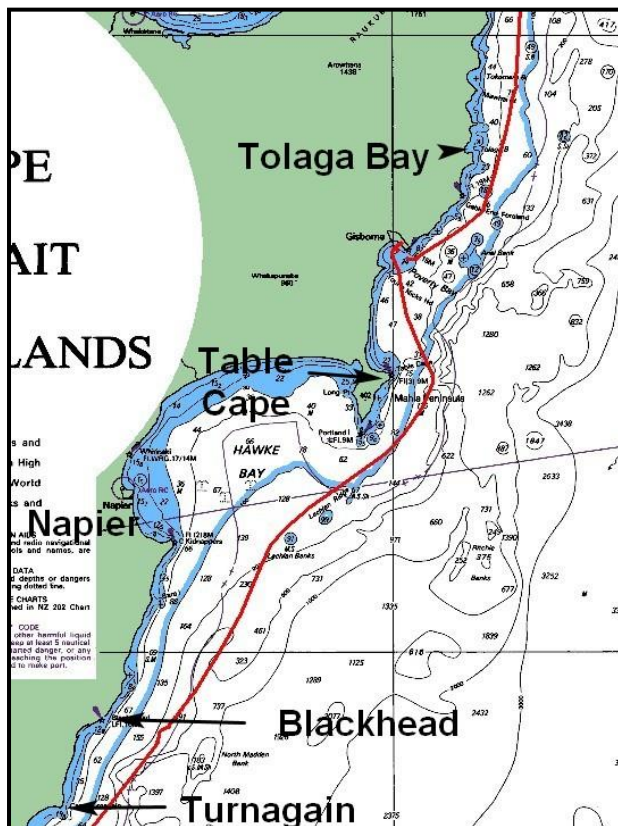
the reciprocal of our heading. When the boat speed got to nine knots we lowered the staysail and continued with just the tiny jib and after a bit started the motor and ran it at low speed to help steering.

At 0816 we were 12 miles east south east of Blackhead. Up until then the GPS had been instructing the auto pilot and holding a straight course. Either we fumbled the touch screen or something in the electronics failed but suddenly we were not maintaining the course. Once off



course Chianti rolled viciously making things fly out of cupboards. Then the wave height increased and there were occasional bits of broken water. We were still able to average over six knots. I might have preferred to have the motor off but the jib was too small to give enough power to steer the boat. The mainsail would have pushed the stern of the boat around and the staysail had given too much speed.

Guenter had not survived the conditions and as he had stayed in the cockpit for most of the night Garry and I were more than happy at 1100 to tell him to retire to a bunk in the fore cabin. It was comfortable and quiet there and he was able to wedge himself in place. There was considerable motion from the waves and as the day went on, the sea got rougher and moving about was a challenge. The width of the cabin and limited handholds made it difficult to produce meals. Guenter was past caring about food but Garry was still with me on food intake.



Cell phone reception faded around 0900 and in the sea conditions there was little time for idle chatter. By midday the auto pilot was unable to react quickly enough to steer a steady compass course so we got a more comfortable ride by hand steering. Garry and I did that in one-hour watches. From midday to 1400 only 10 miles were covered. The engine was on slow ahead as I was reluctant have more speed in the steep large waves. Garry was sure the waves were eight metres high and I could easily have convinced him they were 12 metres. Six metres was probably accurate.

Guenter had asked, before going to bed, if we should consider going to Napier that was 50 miles away. The forecast had been for the wind to turn to the southeast and freshen, which would blow directly onto Napier. The boat harbour entrance there is shallow, narrow and exposed so I thought it was not a good option. Gisborne was 100 miles away, the entrance was dredged to ten metres and wide enough for big ships. It was in the direction we wanted to go and the wind was doing most of the work. Hanging on was the only problem. Every time the boat veered to starboard there would be massive lurches and rolling. The nearer we got to the Lochlan Bank the worse the sea became. At times water was being scooped onto the side deck but none of it came into cockpit.

Moving about down below was an extreme hazard. I had been sitting on the starboard settee and was thrown across the boat and grazed my left shin when I landed on the port side. The internal cabin doors had to be tied in place. Getting them open when needed was a problem and in one of the lurches I was thrown on to the door of the head. The result was that the top and middle hinges of that door were ripped off. I could not release the final

hinge so turned the door so that it lay across the bulkhead at the back of the engine compartment and hoped I had eliminated one of the door problems. It looked secure but that was a mistake. A few hours later when Garry went to get in the aft cabin the door would not open. The hinge on the broken door had parted and the fallen door was preventing the cabin door from opening. Once Garry understood that he was able to squeeze his hand in, push the recumbent door out of the way and get into the cabin. The toilet door went under the aft bunk along with the step ladder.

There was still a learning curve with the toilet. As we left Seaview I had made the request that the toilet be used rather than hanging out over the side of the boat and that it was important to remain seated during all operations. I had received a strange look from Garry. Later in the day Garry had commented that there was a lack of handholds in the head. The next day Garry appeared from aft saying,

“Stay out of the head.” He had lurched in mid flow and with bucket and bleach made everything again presentable.

“Now you know why I said to remain seated,” was my wry comment.

“You mean sit and pee like a woman? I don’t think I can do that.” was the macho male reply.

The stowage for the galley proved to be useless. There were no doors or covers over the lockers below the bench top and only a 15mm lip. I had been concerned about that before we left and asked that boxes be cut down to fit in the lockers so that vegetables and fruit could be corralled. Guenter and Garry had done that but made the side of the boxes only 30mm. Thus, in the severe lurching I was catching tomatoes, onions, sweet corn, apples, nectarines and potatoes as they rolled across the floor. I also had to chase things flying out of the refrigerator.

The door opened to port rather than aft. Gradually things were moved to places where they stayed. The most surprising thing was that the open shelves above the kitchen bench did not spill any food or gear. The fiddle across the base was about 50mm with shock cord across the rest of the opening.

Dinner that night was difficult to prepare and serve. I boiled a large heap of potatoes and then dished them up in cups. With a teaspoon you could safely eat and hold the cup. When finished I added some carrots and greens to the cups and finally some tinned shredded chicken. An apple followed. Guenter managed the potatoes while Garry and myself completed the rest.



After 2000 it was very dark outside, there was light rain driving into the back of the cockpit and no moonlight. Ever into the blackness we plunged. As both Garry and Guenter did not feel like being down below, I felt it best for them to get wet while I rested my eyelids lying down amidships where it was reasonably steady and comfortable. Once north of the Lachlan Bank there was an improvement in the sea conditions. At 2100 we were seven miles from Kahutara (Table Cape) and the wind was at last easing but the sea although smaller was very wobbly. Slowly we covered the twenty miles from Kahutara to Poverty Bay. The wind was still around thirty knots. Six miles out from Poverty Bay Guenter called me advising we were approaching the Gisborne waypoint. Sleepily I leaped out of bed and dressed in full wet weather gear. I then realised we were at least an hour away and that I should have stayed in bed for another half hour.

In Poverty Bay the wind eased to around 25 knots and the height of the sea reduced to about one and a half metres. The rain persisted but through the blackness we could see lights and from the AIS knew that there were two big ships at anchor. As we approached the leads I took over the helm and warned Guenter and Garry that Chianti would be rolling as we entered the dredged channel. I could see the flashing channel buoys and headed directly for the outer starboard buoy. Its light was difficult to see against the harbour and town lights. As Chianti was turned to starboard the jib filled and helped to damp the roll and thankfully I steered up the channel into the

harbour. Of course, it was not until past the seawall that the sea became flat. To starboard was a massive log carrier and I brought the engine back to idle to give Garry and Guenter time to lower the jib and get out mooring ropes and fenders. In the murky rain filled air Chianti slowly motored up the narrow channel to the marina. The various lights were blinding but without mishap we got to the marina and lassoed the end of a pier. It was 0230 and the first part of the journey was completed. It had been a fast trip with half of it uncomfortable and rather damp. 271 nautical miles had been covered at an average speed of 6.6 knots.

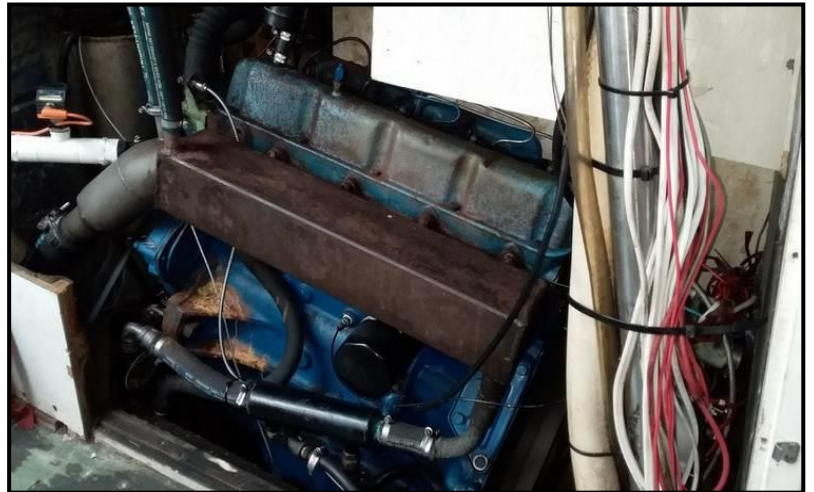


Towards the shore of the pier we used were two Big Game fishing boats playing loud rock music that echoed about the marina. They were in celebration mode as the larger boat had won the fishing competition by landing a 200 kilo marlin.

We were in our bunks by 0330 and I was next awake at 0730. Breakfast was followed by the decision to go back to sleep and worry about progress around 1800. We were all awake at

midday and enjoyed a nice lunch at the Tatapouri Fishing club. The rain had cleared during the lunch interval and then returned in the afternoon. The wind in the marina had died to nothing.

By evening the forecasts were still talking of rain and winds over 20 knots for the passage to East Cape. It was the rain that was the decider so we lingered for the night and resolved to set out at 0600. Guenter was dressed by 0550 and I was up a few minutes later. While we sorted out ropes and lodged our TR, Garry slumbered and it was not until 0648 that we let our ropes go. Down the channel from the marina we found that the log ship was moving out of the harbour attended by two tugs. We waited and followed the ship out. There was one tug pulling the bow out from the wharf and one at the stern. Very slowly the ships main engine was engaged and a churn of mud came to the surface. When the rear tug had the stern clear of the wharf it moved to the stern of the Ruby Enterprise and pushed.



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It was nearly 0715 by the time we were clear of the channel and properly under way. The mainsail went up with three reefs just for stability followed by the staysail for a bit of power. It was the motor that was driving us into the left-over sea.

Once clear of Poverty Bay we started turning to port for the long run up to East Cape. The mainsail was let out to the number one reef but the apparent wind over the boat was under 10 knots so Mr Ford kept working. The engine was a 1980's version of the Ford 5000 that had

been designed for tractors. Over the 50 year production span the engines had proved very reliable. The four cylinders rated at a maximum of 80 horsepower thumped away at 1450 revolutions per minute and gave us just on seven knots through the water. For hours on end the engine smoothly rumbled.

By the middle of Tuesday we were abeam of Tolaga Bay and about four miles to seaward. The AIS said that we were following an 11-metre sailing vessel. It was not visible despite the clear air so presumably the sails were on deck. It was only near the end of the day that we saw its mast ahead against the evening sky. The mystery was that the AIS had always said the boat was travelling two knots slower than ourselves yet we never got closer.



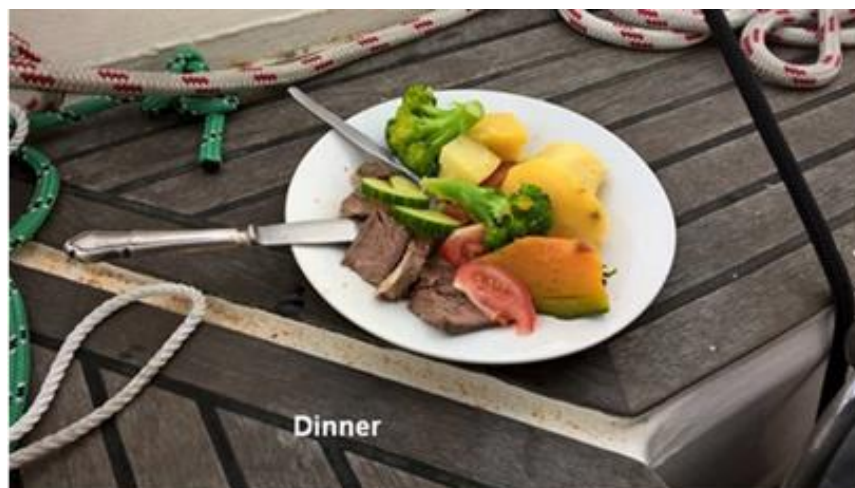
Chianti continued up the coast and made good time to East Cape. The wind was very light at first but slowly freshened to 24 knots. That gave a boost to the swell and in the afternoon, it was a little uncomfortable and during that time we had the only breakage during the trip. With a bang the becket at the bottom of the lower double block for the Boom Vang parted. A temporary repair was made that reduced the power from 8:1 to 3:1 but as the tail of the rope came back to the cockpit winch that did not cause a problem.

We had to gybe a couple of times as we approached East Island and despite the size of the mainsail and boom managed that with ease. There was no difficulty with the passage between the island and the cape but there were some small tide ripples.



I was thankful to be around the cape and at last escape from the southeast swell. The wind direction was from the shore and that let us stop the engine and enjoy a lovely sail as far as Midway Point. We had arrived at East Cape at 1815 so in the calm water dinner was much easier to prepare. I had cooked the beef the previous night so there were just vegetables to prepare.

Just after it got dark the wind eased and we were called on the VHF by a 30-metre crab boat. They were approaching from dead ahead and asked if we were going to pass Port to Port.



"We are under sail and Port to Port will be fine," was my reply. The sky was clear and filled with stars. They provided the only light, as it was New Moon. The sea became calmer and after rounding Cape Runaway there was small chop from ahead and then the lightest of breezes from the south. It hardly rippled the sea but filled the mainsail and staysail and gave some help.



Our course took us one mile south of White Island and Guenter captured some photos in the very early morning light.

Wednesday was a very calm day. We shut the engine off soon after dawn and had a three-sail reach until 1100. The sea was empty until about 1000 when a very nice 11 metre sloop came by close hauled flying full mainsail and genoa and trailing a clinker dinghy astern. They were 25 miles from the nearest land and the outboard on the back of the dinghy said that the sea was quiet most times in the Bay of Plenty.

At first our speed under sail was five knots but it slowly dropped to only three. Near midday Mr Ford was again asked to work and took us to Tauranga. There were dolphins following us for some time and some small schools of fish.

We arrived at the entrance to Tauranga at 1415 and made our way against the outgoing tide to the Bridge Marina. The berth was not that hard to get to but the approach was down tide that gave me a challenge. The boat paused at a forty-degree angle to the berth with the port midships being held by the tide onto the end pile for the finger. A gentle thrust of the propeller with the helm hard to port enable the boat to slide into the berth. We were secured there just before 1500.

The second half of the trip had been gentle and the 200 nautical miles had been covered at an average speed of 6.2 knots.

Goodbye from the editor

This is my last issue of The Cutlass as it's time for me to focus on other things! Thanks for all the positive comments that have really kept me going over the last two years. I hope that The Cutlass can find another editor to continue as it does represent the history of the club and its amazing members.

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