



December 2017

FAVOURITE SPOTS, ANCHORAGES, THINGS YOU DID OVER THE HOLIDAYS

Are you going away in the boat at Christmas / New Year?

Would you like to share some of your stories, highlights of your trip, things to look out for, favourite anchorages, photos etc with the rest of us?

We would like to run a night for members where we can discuss some the above so that we can all try out new things on our holidays.

Some examples are:

d'Urville Island Cave:

On the western side there is a cave that I found by chance - bigger enough to take the dingy into.

I had heard about it but didn't know where it was. I have pics, and could talk about the rushing water going through the holes in the rocks from surf swell etc.

d'Urville Island Doc walk:

We went onshore at a random (big) beach at a big inlet on the Eastern side. Wandered up to the fence and then noticed a DOC sign. Turns out there was a walking track that I still can't find on the DOC maps. Ended up walking along the cliff face on a beautiful day looking down on the sea. Simply stunning and some great pics. Would never have known it was there.

Port Ligar Fish:

One night we stayed at the club moorings in Port Ligar. Had the underwater lights on, and by midnight there were thousands (yes, thousands) of fish streaming past. And then a dolphin and a seal came to fish. Might not happen again, but it was cool.

Also lost my fishing rod overboard there..., dammit! :)

Blumine Island:

A walk to the lookout and the nesting penguins on the way. Well known, but still cool.

Long Bay (Kenepuru Sound):

Just round the corner from the club mooring there's a DOC walk that is open, but no longer maintained. A bit of bush bashing adventure

Mikhail Lermontov:

A well-known dive spot - so just a firsthand experience of the dive, and where to anchor etc.

So, this time, take note of what you're enjoying and come and share it with all of us.

Happy holidays, happy boating!

LIFE JACKET LIBRARY – now situated in the garage behind the club

Got family coming to visit, but don't have enough life jackets on the boat to fulfil needs?

The Life Jacket library is now up and running, and situated in the garage behind the club.

To access the garage, there is a lock box. The code is BUOY. (it doesn't require the code to be keyed as is, but you need all the letters). The key to the garage is in the box.

Help yourself to the jackets, but please remember to put them back once you are finished with them.

If you do have spare life jackets that you no longer need, please think about donating them to the library. We'll put them to good use.

COASTAL CLASSIC 2017

Mel Hines

Auckland to Russell, 20 October, and delivery trip back to Auckland

Most of you will know I am an avid sailor, quite heavily involved with the Lowry Bay Yacht Club at Seaview Marina. My husband Al and I are also members of the NZ Sailing Trust, which now owns Sir Peter Blake's old Whitbread boats, *Steinlager 2* and *Lion New Zealand*, as well as quite

a few old America's Cup boats. All of these boats are still sailing in the Auckland harbour.

This is how we got to sail in this year's Coastal Classic race from Auckland to Russell on *Steinlager 2*—the 84ft maxi yacht, the most successful round-the-world race boat that won all five legs of the Whitbread in the 89/90 race—an opportunity we could not miss.

We arrived in Auckland on Thursday lunchtime, and starting prepping the boat for its 27-crew racing the next day. Sails and rigging were checked and decks scrubbed. As I love heights, I got the chance to go up Steiney's large main mast. Awesome, and what a view! The dot at the top of the mast is me.



After spending a good night on board and attending the race briefing, race day dawned. What a day.

A good south westerly breeze, which meant we had the wind behind us, for over 100 miles of sailing, and being on port tack for most of the way! The start was amazing. 152 boats registered for the race. We were in division 10, the bigger, faster boats that started last, which meant we got to sail through the whole fleet. And as it was wind behind us, it was a spinnaker start—a magnificent colourful sight.



The wind was steady, about 20 knots most of the way, which meant four sail sailing—awesome, we were motoring. Then we changed to the big



red spinnaker on the main mast and were flying, until we blew it with a bang. That had to come down. More sail dramas followed, but we continued racing past amazing landmarks with fellow yachts accompany us most of the way.

We reached Cape Brett around 9 pm that night, then navigated into Russell in the dark through the rocks and craypots dotted around. We crossed the finish line at 11pm. I think we were 25th. Not bad considering all the others that had finished were fast cats and TP52's! (fast boats).

So it's the tradition when you get into Russell to moor the boat, and then go to the Duke of Marlborough hotel for rum. How could we refuse? My day ended at 2 am, when my head hit the pillow on the boat. What a fab day!

We spent a quiet Saturday in Russell being touristy, plus the prize giving at the pub. We set sail on Sunday morning for Auckland, taking a leisurely two days to get back.

The wind was behind us, really good swells, doing about 15-18 knots, to Mokohinau Islands. These islands are a wildlife sanctuary, stuck in the middle of nowhere, rugged and beautiful. There is a lighthouse, a small house, and a rail track going virtually straight up a hill. We anchored the old girl, and went ashore to stretch the legs. What an amazing place, with spectacular views from the top.

Then it was back into the boat and to Great Barrier Island, about two-and-a-half hours away. Weaving around headlands, we made it to a little bay called Smokehouse Bay. An oasis in the middle of paradise.



We'd already cooked dinner on the boat. So we put this into the dingy and went ashore. What an amazing place. There is a tiny hut with a lovely view to the bay that houses a bath and shower, heated by a wood fire. There is a campfire, with seating all around, and swings if inclined. So we

stoked up the fire in the bath house, stoked the campfire, and settled in for an evening of eating, toasting marshmallows, relaxing, having a wash, and sampling some much needed red wine and rum. A stunning evening.

It was a relaxing start the next day. Cooked breakfast on the boat, and then back into sailing her to Auckland, about 50 miles away. With the wind again just behind us, it was a very fast ride home.

If you are keen to try something like this, our yacht club runs weekends where we charter either *Steinlager* or *Lion NZ*, and sail them cruising around Auckland and a little further afield. Let me know if this sounds like you. It's a wonderful weekend and great fun!

LBYC STEINLAGER 2 CHARTER – 17TH – 19TH NOVEMBER

From Mel Hines

The LBYC charter of Steinlager 2 took place in November. 23 members / friends of members enjoyed a weekend on Big Red at the end of November, cruising around the Waitemata Harbour and beyond.

Steinlager 2 is an 84-foot ketch. Built by Sir Peter Blake for the 89/90 round the world Whitbread race. In those days, the Whitbread had 5 legs to complete the circumnavigation. Steinlager 2 and her crew won all five legs. A major achievement.



After her win, she was sold to an Italian family and never came back to

NZ, until about four years ago, when the NZ Sailing Trust managed to get her back. She is now residing in the viaduct basin, along with her other Whitbread sister, Lion New Zealand (who is currently undergoing a refit). Steiny is basically how she was when she won the Whitbread all those years ago. Same setup inside. Pure race boat. There are about 33 pipe bunks set out along the hulls, three heads, and the original kitchen layout, but a new stove/oven. The other change has been moving the engine back into the middle of the boat, and adding the two extra heads, as there was only one in the race. Everything on her is huge, and every manoeuvre is done very deliberately and slowly. There is not much room for too many breakages. Too expensive to fix.

This time around we decided to hold the charter over three days, so that we could escape the viaduct basin on the Friday lunch time and not be subjected to the bars and night life until 5am the following morning! (don't I sound old....) !!

So every one of the crew arrived on the boat before lunchtime, food and drink were stowed aboard and bunks found. We set sail at midday. Safety briefings had, everyone was shown where everything was kept, and we were all taught how the winches worked. A great workout! What a beautiful day. Sun shining and hardly any wind to start with. We managed to laze on the decks for quite a while, soaking up the sun. Unbeknown to us, this would be the only time we would see it until the Sunday afternoon!

We headed north, our goal was to reach Great Barrier Island, 50 nautical miles north. About five hours of sailing.



It actually was a little longer, as it took us a while to find the wind. Once the wind was found, we were moving quite well. Three sail sailing and having fun. Crew who wanted to helm got the opportunity to do so. They all seemed to enjoy the experience.

After 7 hours of sailing, we made it to Great Barrier Island. We headed into Fitzroy Harbour, and settled in at Smokehouse Bay (where we stopped on the return trip of the Coastal Classic). Smokehouse Bay has a little bathhouse hut and an area with a campfire. We decided to have a BBQ, over the campfire. So all the

food and drink was loaded into the dinghy's and unloaded on the beach. Firewood was foraged for (the wood pile was a bit low when we got there). Then we stoked up the fire, and started the BBQ. Burgers for tea. Toasted marshmallows for dessert, and the odd dram of our favourite tippie was had. A lovely night.

The following day we woke to rain and wind. Yey !! We had said farewell to the lovely weather. But, being Welly sailors, it was quite good. There was wind. Lots of it, and huge swells, 4-5 metre ones, so we were in for an awesome ride. Our heading was to Kawau Island, via



Little Great Barrier Island. Surfing down the swells at 18-20 knots is an awesome feeling and great fun. The ride was amazing. Little Great Barrier from the sea looks like it's come straight from dinosaur land. Jagged edges and extremely rugged. A wonderful sight.

Around mid-afternoon we arrived at Kawau Island. Still raining. We anchored in Mansion House Bay, to have a look around the Governor Grey's grand homestead. Very flash. When we arrived, it had just closed, so we had a walk around the impressive gardens instead, and then some of us went back to the boat. Others headed off for a walk up the hill. Needless to say, we thought we had everyone on the boat to move around to the Kawau Boating Club, in Bon Accord Harbour (around the corner). But while we had just started to motor away, I got a call from one of the crew to say, they were watching us sail away. Oh dear. We turned around and headed back to pick them up! Sorry Chris and James (I'll do roll calls next time!!)



With everyone now safely on board, we again headed for Kawau Boating Club. What a pretty place for a club. And the club was open. Bonus. So we had dinner on the boat, and then went ashore to partake in the club atmosphere, and to watch a very un-memorable game of league.

Sunday we awoke to wind and rain again. Yey. We were heading back to Auckland today. About a three/four-hour trip. A great ride again. On the nose, averaging about 9 knots. And, the sun was desperately trying to get through. The scenery up there is gorgeous, so we were able to look at some lovely islands along the way. Lunch was served on the run, washing up done on the run, and then the sun came out as we headed up Waitemata Harbour.

We arrived back in our berth just after 3pm. To full sunshine. It was hot. We packed up the gear, tidied up the boat, and said farewell to our professional crew of André, the Skipper, Miranda, Brigit and Tony. They were fun to sail with, and we had a great time being in their company.

To all the crew who came along, I think we all had a good time. I felt like it was a very relaxing weekend. And it was neat to visit places that I hadn't been to before, and to places I wanted to share with friends. I think we managed to achieve what we set out to do.

Roll on the next charter! Watch this space.

“SHE IS SEA TALANTED...”

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

THE MURRAY RIVER EXPERIENCE ON PURE PLEASURE

From Sue Eathorne

Eleven Spring Chickens members went on holiday for eight days to the Murray River. This was a bare-boat charter, on a riverboat equipped with five ensuite cabins with TVs, wardrobe space and enough drawers so you didn't have to live out of a suitcase. You name it we found it in the kitchen - a dishwasher, microwave oven, large fridge with icemaker, blender stick for our mocktails/cocktails (just bragging of course) and two huge ice filled ice chests for the beer which happily supplemented the huge fridge and the wine chiller, coffee maker. The boat had two cooling systems (can't understand why) which went 24 hours a day; because they had to; because it was 33 degrees most of the time.



Upstairs on the top deck was a spa pool with temperature control and bubbles, and a large 12 seater table where we could eat in the heat –under



temperature control of course!

The weather was amazing! Very hot every day but thankfully we were able to sit in the shade, in the spa on the top deck.

Of course we had to raise the NZ flag and a fighting Kiwi flag just to show the Aussies we were there!

Interesting Anecdotes

Steve sat next to a local on the aeroplane – who told him the reason why we were circling the airport before landing was that Mildura Airport doesn't have an air traffic controller. The commercial pilots have to watch for the farmers coming in on their private aircraft.

We told Sean, the owner of the company, that we were all boaties and had had experience. His reply was "Boaties are the worst; we prefer truckies and farmers. So that put us in our place. He told us the next day that only one or two boats a year don't wait at the right spot to be piloted through the lock – and we were one of them! The river is so shallow there that Kim had to back right back to the landing to pick him up. We still reckon Kim could have got us into the lock - no trouble!

Sean also said "Only Kiwis go downriver – everyone else goes upriver." That could be true, as the only riverboat to pass us noticed our flags flying and asked where we were from: "Lower Hutt!" we shouted. "I'm from Upper Hutt!" came back his reply. We only saw about five boats in five days which illustrates how many Kiwis were there.

Where did we go and what happened?

Downstream was certainly the way to go. After the lock we saw heaps of privately owned riverboats parked up, but no one around. If you want to enjoy the quiet of the Australian outback go downstream!

The locals and the rowdies go upstream so there is a lot more chaotic at that end of the river. On the last day we went to the Gol Gol Hotel for dinner and the river was full of riverboats, jet skis, runabouts and boogie-boards, all making noise and disturbing the peace.

We ran out of hydraulic fluid in the steering system on the narrowest, windiest part of the river - which caused some consternation. Not that we knew it at the time. Everybody was wondering why Grahame was turning the wheel so dramatically until Kim took over again and remarked "It wasn't like this when I had the wheel last – no wonder you've been having trouble".

Going under the Abbotsford Bridge was an experience – in fact steering around in tight circles with non-existent steering for an hour waiting for the bridge to be raised, was pretty exciting! When it was our turn to go underneath the raised part of the bridge the mechanism malfunctioned and the bridge wouldn't move. Because traffic is stopped while the bridge is raised, we started to panic when we saw the traffic flow resume

and thought we'd missed our chance. However after many phone calls to All Seasons and from them to the bridge controller and back to us we found out they had problems and eventually we were able to motor through. Didn't look high enough at the time, but we did fit under it.

To make a long story short All Seasons staff brought us some fluid and all was well. We arrived in Wentworth around 6pm and spent the night in a public park just a short two minute walk to the "town". Very



peaceful but there are signs of civilisation here, to which we are unaccustomed. Yellow Crested Cockatoos are noisy but it's incredible to see the entire flock flying to their nesting trees.

Wednesday we went sightseeing in Wentworth. To see Mr Egge –see photo. He was a riverboat owner and became very, very rich.

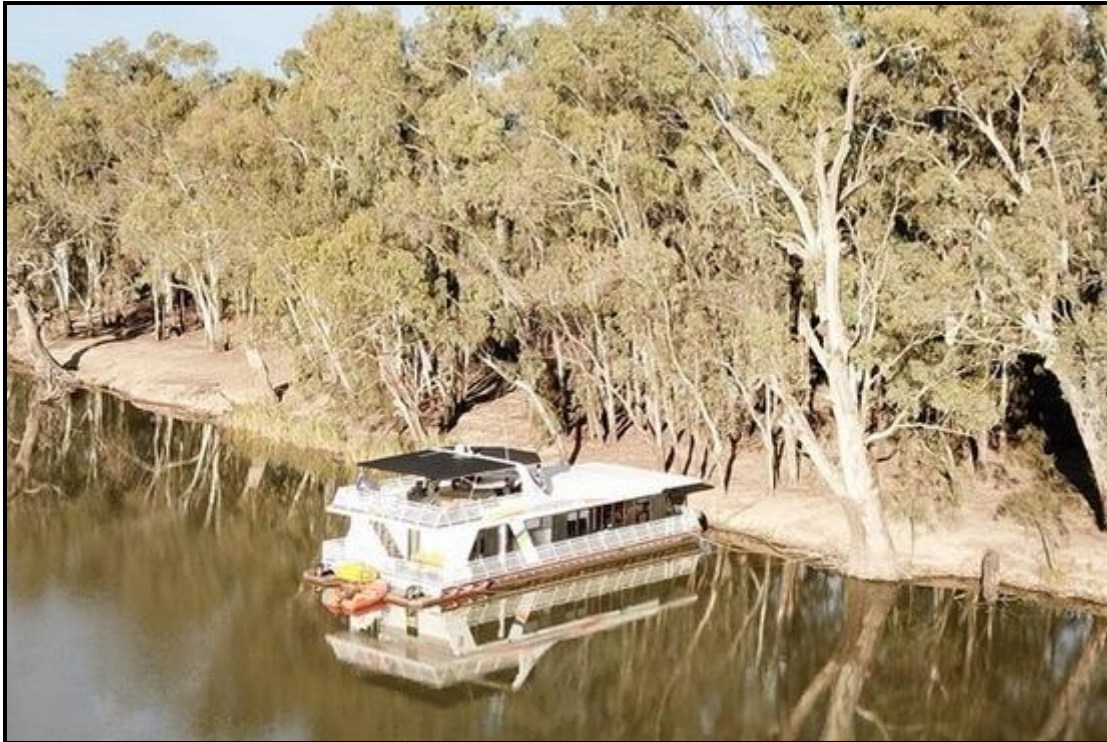
We took off to the I-site to get the gen on the local attractions – the Military Collection, the prison and the Pioneer Museum. We asked the lady at the desk whether she was a

local – she said “No, I married in. I’ve only been here 30 years.” It is obviously one of those close-knit communities because the guy at the Military Collection had only been here for 28 years and he wasn't a local either – he came from Broken Hill! The Military Collection is housed in one room – not what you would call extensive. The hardy few took off for the prison while the rest went off to the supermarket or back to the boat. Plenty of local history explained in the complex – so much that we didn't feel the need to go to the Pioneer Museum over the road. It was time to get back to Pure Pleasure and the spa. Later, after reading the brochure about the facility, we regretted that.

We had incredible meals – each couple taking a turn to cook. We started to worry that we wouldn't run out of food. Cupboards were still full, as was the fridge. We put a few rules in place: anyone who has a second helping doesn't have to wash or dry the dishes. Steve must have been the only to have one helping all the time, as he always seemed to be on dishes.

Lovely quiet night on the banks of the river. We left the mooring of the boat to the guys. The technique is: find a clear piece of river bank and

ram it. Then step off and secure the ropes to the nearest trees. Goes against all principles of keeping a boat safe and not hitting anything...



As it turned out, the alcohol was more of a worry than the food. We had mocktails at 4pm (Pina Colada is to die for) so that limited the beer and wine somewhat.

We went kayaking along the river too. Just the girls, you understand. Rick, Julie and Kim did actually dive in and swim in the river.



One night we played an hilarious card game (not going to tell you the name, you might know it). The person who won the round wore the

Chicken Hat – a great honour, and some wore it more often than others! We took a short break for sunset photos. These are only my photos – for the real deal you need to be on Facebook with Elaine. She is a superb photographer and her shots of birds in flight need to be seen to be believed. And the kookaburra shot!!!! Never seen anything like it.

We sang lots, led by Bob on guitar. We're really good! We know all the choruses of lots of songs from the 1950s to the present day (well, 1980s). In fact singing is going to be incorporated into our meeting programme every week from now on. As soon as Helen supplies the song sheets.



I was lucky enough to have a birthday while we were away – cup of tea in



bed, with cards and a tricky little battery player that wouldn't turn off – went all night, right up to 6am the next morning; decorations of balloons and a banner and when we went out for dinner at the Gol Gol Hotel, a chocolate gateaux with a candle on it! And much singing of course.

We've all come back with a healthy respect for Aussie scenery. There were many, many photos taken – too many to be shown in the Cutlass.

Would we recommend this trip? Most certainly! Put it on your bucket list.

THE ANTARCTIC TROPHY AND “PIGS WILL FLY!”

From Sue Eathorne

You may wonder why there is a pig at the top of the flagpole....

There's a story about that – it's part of club history and shouldn't be forgotten. The trophy has been sailed for since 1986 and is a symbol of comradeship between Muritai Yacht Club and Lowry Bay Yacht Club.



The Antarctic Trophy was presented by Clarrie Gibbons, father of Murray Gibbons of the Muritai Yacht Club. The trophy itself is pretty special in that it is a piece of rock brought back from a trip to the Antarctic.

The inscription on the trophy states it is for:

“Annual competition between the Muritai Yacht Club and the Lowry Bay Yacht Club to decide who are the best yachties this side of the harbour.”

Traditionally the event began on the Friday night with a team quiz– so that superiority of intellect could be demonstrated, regardless of the outcome of the racing. The trophy for the winner of the quiz is another rock - picked up from the marina breakwater.

The sailing contest is itself was held on a Sunday in the winter months (a play on the name perhaps?) dinghies in the morning at Muritai and keelers in the afternoon at Lowry Bay.

Muritai won the trophy so many times that they became quite confident they couldn't be beaten – and the comment was made that “Pigs will fly when LBYC wins the trophy” followed up by the presentation of a cartoon drawn by Murray Gibbons.

So, what did we do? The next year we won! We could not ignore this victory so “Pigs Did Fly” – from the flagpole – just so there was no doubt about it!

CHRISTMAS PARTY

This annual event was held on Saturday 9 December. The chefs worked hard.



Santa did his duties.



and it was a lovely evening.