

Classic Yacht Association

O F A U S T R A L I A

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Our aim is to promote the appreciation and participation of sailing classic yachts in Australia, and help preserve the historic and cultural significance of these unique vessels.

CYAA REPRESENTATIVES ADMINISTRATION

CYAA
PO Box 335
Williamstown
Victoria 3016
admin@classic-yacht.asn.au

QUEENSLAND

Ivan Holm
Tel (07) 3207 6722 Mobile 0407128715
ivanholm@bigpond.com.au
cyaa@tradboatsqld.asn.au

Greg Doolan
Mobile 0418 12 12 02
greg.f.doolan@gmail.com
http://tradboatsqld.asn.au/

EDITORIAL

Roger Dundas
Mobile 0419 342 144
rogermdundas@gmail.com

Peter Costoloe
Mobile 0419 171 011
peter@costoloe.com

Roz Edmond Proof Editor

NEW MEMBERS 2013/2014

Philip Brown	NSW	Boat Owner Anitra V
Greg Doolan	Qld	Boat Owner Karunda mod. Rochester town
Andrew Moore	Qld	Boat Owner Storm of Lynton
Mark Taylor	Vic	Boat Owner Jesamine Couta
Andy Doolan	Vic	Boat Owner Tina of Melbourne
Michael Shanahan	Vic	Boat Owner Lucienne Couta Boat
Bill Chittenden	Vic	Boat Owner Cardinal Puff Swanson Carmen
Peter Johns	Vic	Boat Owner Frances International 8m
Kevin Bailey	Vic	Crew Mercedes III
Noel Sutcliffe	Vic	Crew Trim
Dianne Ling	Vic	Crew Ettrick
Cathy Moore	Vic	Crew Sayonara
Nigel Peck	Vic	Crew
Rees Martin	UK	Crew Alert

COMING EVENTS

Boathouse Brokerage Classic Race

2 March Royal Yacht Club of Queensland

Whyte, Just and Moore Wooden Boat Festival

Geelong Victoria

6 - 9 March 2014 Royal Geelong Yacht Club

The Whyte Just & Moore Wooden Boat Festival of Geelong. Passage racing from Port Arlington to Geelong

Wooden Boat Shop of Sorrento sponsored dinner with Jill Knight of 'Cooee'

Southern Trust Classic Yacht Regatta

14 - 16 March 2014 Classic Yacht Association of New Zealand

Queenscliffe Maritime Weekend

28 - 30 March 2014

Friday 6.00 pm Fishy Tales at Queenscliffe Maritime Museum

Sat 2:00pm Guineas Cup Challenge between Classic Yacht Association and Couta Boat Association.

Centenary Cup Regatta

April 26 2014 Sandringham Yacht Club.

SYC invite Melbourne's Classic Yacht Fleet to celebrate the Clubs centenary celebrations events.

Australian Maritime Museum Council Conference

1 - 3 May 2014 Queenscliffe Maritime Museum.

Public attendance invited, details yet to be announced.

QCYC Vintage Yacht Regatta

7 - 9 June 2014 Cruising Yacht Club of Queensland.

39th edition of a "must do event" for our Queensland CYAA members



MERCEDES III

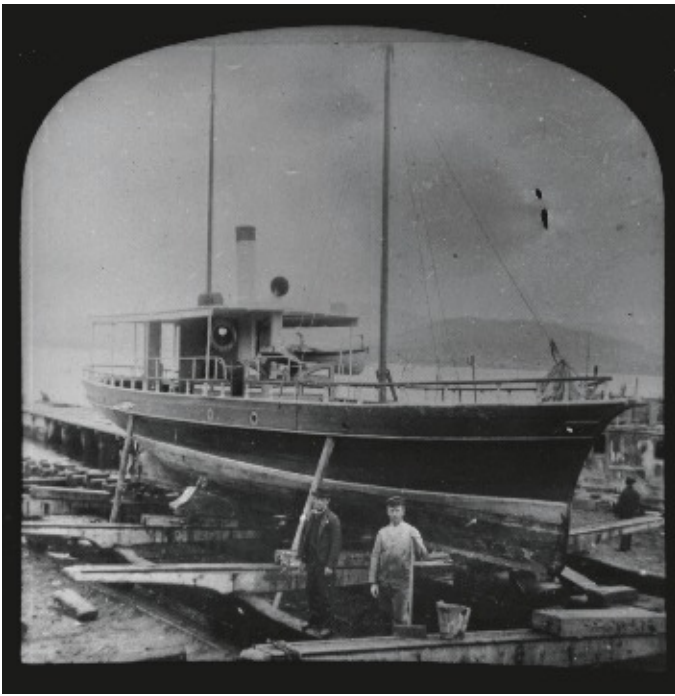
TED KAUFMAN

Yacht Designer

3-12-1919 — 1-2-2014

COVER PHOTO: Windward II and Storm Bay in Clayton's Corner, Port Davey. Return voyage post 2013 Australian Wooden Boat Festival, Hobart.

Photo: Roger Dundas



SS Success being built.

THE SHIPWRIGHTS AND BOAT BUILDERS OF BATTERY POINT

A Profile of Jacob Bayly Chandler

Nicole Mays

Little has been written about successes in Tasmania's maritime history. Much focus has instead been placed on shipwrecks, convict escapades, and the perilous wooden sailing fleets and salted captains of colonial times.

Without doubt, these topics are all well worth a read, but the much-overlooked shipwrights and boatbuilders are also due their recognition. Particularly deserving are the shipwrights and boat builders of Battery Point, Hobart. Colonial builders such as William Williamson, John Watson, John Ross, Peter Degraives, David Mackay and his sons James, John and David, Lachlan Macquarie, Charlie Miller, and John Lucas. All were skilled and determined entrepreneurs, successfully using endemic timbers and scant resources to create hundreds of vessels; many they adapted to suit local conditions, and new and emerging trade patterns.

Buoyed by the legacy of those who stood before them, boat and ship building at Battery Point continued well into the 20th century under the auspices of equally talented and tenacious men, including Percy Coverdale, Charlie Lucas, Athol and Norm Taylor, Max Creese, Jock Muir, Thomas Purdon and Henry Featherstone. This latter generation learnt their craft through apprenticeship and strengthened their reputation with boats built in the backyards of family and friends, before setting up their own yards.

Also included in this alumni of Battery Point shipwrights and boat builders is my great-great-great grandfather, Jacob Bayly Chandler. Between 1847 and 1894, he launched 150 vessels from his Battery Point boatyard. Included among them: 62 whaleboats, 21 pleasure boats, 14 passage boats, eight fishing boats, eight skiffs, six waterman's boats, four yachts, and four steam ferries.

Born in Dover, Kent, England, in 1822, Jacob spent his teenage years apprenticed to a boat builder in the maritime community of Deal, Kent. In the early 1840s he migrated to Hobart where he soon earned a reputation repairing whaleboats for the many whaling ships that used Hobart as a home port, as well as for the local bay whaling industry. Within four years Jacob established his own boatyard. Located just off Napoleon Street at Battery Point and extending down to the Derwent River, the yard was next door to that of John Watson—the much celebrated colonial shipbuilder.

Typical of the careers of his peers, the type of boats Jacob built changed with local industry demands. Jacob built the most whaleboats in his 51-year boat building career. Interestingly, nearly half of these boats were built for racing. In the 1850s and 1860s, regattas were major sporting events in Hobart and its surrounding communities located along the Derwent River's tributaries. Boat races were hotly contested with a great deal of money at stake through shore-side gambling and race prize money. Private races also formed part of the local sporting agenda with challenges between competitors regularly issued in newspaper advertisements.



Whaleboat racing at the Hobart Regatta circa 1880s

With the whaling industry in decline during the mid-1850s Jacob branched out into another profitable industry—the timber trade. At the time there was great demand for palings and shingles for use in the building and construction of commercial and residential buildings, particularly in mainland areas affected by the gold rush. The 52 ft. schooner *Fairy*, which Jacob built in 1854, proved he was capable of building larger vessels well-suited to the timber trade.



Chandler Boatyard at Battery Point

The end of the 1850s marked another turning point in Jacob's career. In 1859 he built the 33 ton cutter yacht *Sea Gull* for Peter Oldham, and the 23 ton cutter yacht *Secret* for himself. Spurred by local efforts to form a Tasmanian Yacht Club (the precursor to the Royal Yacht Club of Tasmania), as well as the increasing popularity and competitiveness of private sailing matches, both yachts were built specifically for racing. *Secret* won the first race of the Tasmanian Yacht Club and finished runner-up in the club's second and third races. She also won the yacht race at the 1860 and 1862 Hobart regattas.

In the 1860s Jacob continued to break the mould of being known as a builder of whaleboats and pleasure boats, with the 6 ton passage boat *Peter and James* launched in early 1861. The deep-sea fishing boat *Eclipse* was also launched from his boat yard towards the end of this decade, as was another passage boat by the name of *Eliza*.

The exodus of thousands of Tasmanians to New Zealand in search of gold in the 1860s resulted in another lucrative market opening up for Jacob. He took great advantage of the lack of boat builders in New Zealand at the time, as well as the growing need for small vessels in the coastal towns, and built several boats specifically for export to New Zealand. These included a whaleboat built in 1863; a flat-bottomed surf boat built in 1865; the 12 ton cutter yacht *Hope*, two whaleboats and a wherry, all built in 1866; and two more whaleboats built in 1867. Jacob's trade with New Zealand was helped by the increasing regularity of ships trading between Hobart and New Zealand's coastal ports.

During the 1870s Tasmania's economy was booming, fuelled primarily by the newly developed mining industry. There was greater confidence in the State and the standard of living rose. This prosperity resonated to all sectors of the economy and Hobart's ship and boat building industries were stimulated by increased demand for new vessels. Jacob started off the decade with a bang. In 1870 he was commissioned to build what would be the first of four steam ferries for the O'May Brothers. *Enterprise* was launched from his yard on 13 October that year. She was 38 ft. in length (46 ft. overall) with a 9 ft. beam and a depth of hold of 4 ft. 9 in.

Six years later, Jacob completed his second steam ferry for the O'May Brothers. *Success* was launched on 26 October, 1876. She was 50 ft. in length (57 ft. overall) with a beam of 9 ft. 6 in. and a depth of hold of 5 ft. 6 in. Her 14 horsepower engines were manufactured by Appleby Brothers of London, England.

On 7 November, 1879, Jacob launched *Result*—the



Late 19th Century Tree Felling at Bruny Island



Jacob Bayly Chandler

third steam ferry he built for the O'May Brothers' increasingly popular Hobart to Kangaroo Bay ferry service. The vessel measured 55 ft. 6 in. in length (57 ft. overall) with a beam of 10 ft. 2 in. and a

depth of 3 ft. 2 in. She was fitted with 12 horsepower double engines from Appleby Brothers, and was capable of travelling at 8 knots. Two cabins, one fore and one aft, provided shelter to passengers and there was a large open deck at her fore.

By the 1870s Jacob turned his hands to building passage boats and many of his vessels furnished the growing D'Entrecasteaux Channel and South Arm river trades. These included *Edith Ellen*, *Pearl*, *Eveline*, *Emerald Isle*, *Crystal Wave*, *Lurline*, *Forget-Me-Not*, *Gertrude Lucy*, and *Annie Ward*. The need for deep-sea fishing vessels prompted Jacob to develop this area of his business, with several vessels launched, including *Grace Darling*, *Spray* and *Rachel Thompson*.

Unfortunately the good economic times of the 1870s did not last through the following decade. Tasmania went into recession in the early 1880s, unemployment rose, and once again people fled the State for greener pastures. As such, there were sharp decreases in the number of new vessels commissioned, and the downturn hit Jacob's business accordingly. The use of steam power also greatly affected the passage boat and pleasure boat industries; two of Jacob's previously prospering boat building markets.

Still, among many smaller vessels Jacob is noted as building during this decade, he built his fourth steam ferry for the O'May Brothers. This ferry, *Victory*, is the largest vessel he is known to have built. She was 86 ft. in length with a beam of



SS Victory

15 ft. and a depth of 7 ft.—over 30 ft. longer than his second largest vessel, the steam ferry *Result*. He also launched the passage boats *Lenna* and *Seacroft* in 1886 and 1887, respectively.

In the 1890s the Tasmanian economy fell even further, fuelled primarily by a downturn in world mineral prices. The recession of the 1880s evolved into a full-blown depression. The Van Diemen's Land Bank collapsed, wages fell and unemployment rose. The population suffered accordingly and, without the safety net of government welfare programs, there was much destitution and poverty. Now entering his 70s, Jacob started off the decade well and

at the age of 79 on 17 September, 1901, at the Charitable Institution, New Town. He was buried at Queenborough Cemetery, Sandy Bay.

Collectively the repertoire of Jacob Bayly Chandler, and other shipwrights and boat builders of Battery Point, comprises upwards of 1000 vessels, ranging from dinghies and whaleboats to the 563-ton barque *Tasman* launched by Peter Degraives in 1847. Of course there were failures and disappointments owing to changing trade patterns; advances in technology that benefited other modes of transport; loss of vessels; and fluctuations in state, national, and international economic and political conditions.



Image: Courtesy of Tasmanian Archive and Heritage Office

Hulk of the SS Victory

built at least five boats, including two dinghies, two pleasure boats, and the fishing boat *Maggie Read*.

In 1894, Jacob began building the ketch *Nellie*. However, likely owing to health problems and his advanced age, Risby Brothers took over building the vessel and launched her from their Battery Point yard on 8 September that year. The vessel was built of Huon pine and measured 49 ft. 1 in. in length, with a beam of 13 ft. 4 in. and a depth of 5 ft. 4 in.

A risk-taker, ardent competitor, community figure and entrepreneur, Jacob Bayly Chandler was one of Tasmania's premier boat builders. Jacob died

But individually and collectively these men were a success, creating opportunities for themselves and grasping with both hands the opportunities presented to them.

The book *For Many Years a Boat Builder: The Life and Life's Work of Jacob Bayly Chandler* was published by Nicole Mays in 2011. Nicole is currently working on a book profiling the near-180 year history of boat and shipbuilding at Battery Point. Nicole would love to hear from anyone with stories and/or photos of interest and can be contacted by email at nicmays@gmail.com.

Jacob Bayly Chandler's *Secret* (35.0' LWL–47.5' LOA x 12.3' Breadth x 7.0' ft. Depth)

Jacob Bayly Chandler built the 35 ft. cutter yacht *Secret* in 1859 at his Battery Point boat yard. Spurred by local efforts to form a Tasmanian Yacht Club, the yacht was built specifically for racing and competed in the club's first race, the Tasmanian Grand Yacht Match, held 2 January, 1860, where she finished first to the *Maggie Laurie* and *Phantom*. Less than two weeks later, the *Secret* won the Yacht Race at the Hobart Regatta; Jacob winning a purse of £25.

The second race of the Tasmanian Grand Yacht Match took place in mid-January, 1860. However, owing to the capsizing of *Mystery* halfway through the race and subsequent loss of one life, the race was abandoned. The race was rescheduled and held on 4 February, 1860. Here five boats competed, including the recovered *Mystery*, and in an extremely close race, *Maggie Laurie* finished first ahead of *Secret* by a distance of 9 ft. and a time of 3 seconds.

Owing to much discussion of the yacht club's rules and regulations and several protests in the ensuing months, the third and final race of the Tasmanian Grand Yacht Match was not held until 3 November, 1860. Again the race was close with *Secret* finishing second, just 6 seconds behind *Maggie Laurie*. However, a protest was entered against *Maggie Laurie*, Jacob Chandler challenging that since its last race the vessel had been altered from a schooner to a cutter rig. The Sailing Committee of the Tasmanian Yacht Club met by special appointment and after much deliberation unanimously decided that as no rig was given in by *Maggie Laurie*'s owner when he originally entered her, the protest could not be entertained.

Secret next raced at the Hobart Regatta held 9 January, 1861. Competing for a purse of £20, she was once again up against her nemesis, *Maggie Laurie*. The race was described as one of the 'finest yacht races ever seen', with *Maggie Laurie* once again beating *Secret* in a close finish.

In November of 1861, Jacob lengthened *Secret* to 47 ft. 6 in. and gave her a new mast. One month later, she competed for a prize of £200 in the Champion Sailing Race at the Tasmania Anniversary and Champion Regatta. Though *Secret* won the race, the prize was awarded to the lighter *Maggie Laurie* on handicap, with a cutter from Sydney, *Surprise*, finishing third. Once again, Jacob Chandler protested, this time based on the fact that *Maggie Laurie* did not cross the winning point from where the race had started until 7 minutes after *Secret* instead of the 5½ minutes recorded. However, the protest was not upheld by the judges and *Maggie Laurie* was declared the official winner.

In the sailing race at the 1862 Hobart Regatta, *Secret* was finally victorious, winning the £25 prize money.

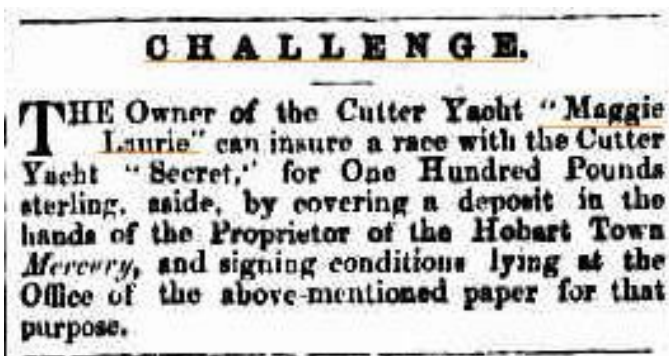
Forever the entrepreneur, however, Jacob Chandler gave up yacht racing and from July of 1862 chartered *Secret* to Mr. Luttrell, who employed her in the coastal trade. She spent the next two years transporting timber from ports in the D'Entrecasteaux Channel to Hobart until Jacob sold her in June of 1864 to a John Ellis, a timber merchant of Launceston, for £275. At the time she carried 32 tons, was coppered and copper-fastened.

Secret spent the next few years trading between Hobart and Launceston.

In April 1865, John Ellis sold *Secret* to two men connected with the South Australian pilot service—Messrs. Pickhaver and Woolnough—for a price of £325. The cutter sailed for Adelaide, South Australia, on 22 April, arriving on 1 May with Thomas Pickhaver as master. In mid-May she was being readied for pilot service in the Gulf.

In the succeeding years, *Secret* changed ownership several more times, though remained in South Australian waters. In July 1873, she was owned by John Watherstone of Port Lincoln, and was unfortunately wrecked 3 miles north of Point Boilingbrooke; all hands saved.

Image: Courtesy of NLA Trove



Hobart Mercury 14th November 1860

Image: Courtesy of University of Tasmania Library Service, Special and Rare Material Collection



1886 Hobart Regatta.



Letting the miles slip away in 20 - 25 knots - Portsea to San Remo

A LAP OF THE MAP OF TASMANIA

JIM WOODS

The good thing about self-imposed exiles is that they can be un-imposed at any time. The 1998 Sydney to Hobart yacht race gave me a real fright. If six experienced blue-water sailors could get themselves killed then I figured it was only a matter of time before a disaster befell me on the high seas.

I was fortunate to be the custodian of the 1928 topsail ketch *Ron of Argyll* from the late 1980s to the early 2000s. *Ron of Argyll* took me, and assorted motley crews, on trips up and down the east coast of Australia between Melbourne and the Whitsundays. We cruised Bass Strait and did several of the notable ocean races including the 50th Sydney to Hobart. Along with crewing on a couple of IOR ocean racers, I did my fair share of blue water sailing. During the restoration of *Ron of Argyll*, my friend and wooden boat legend Tim Phillips told me 'I will restore *Ron of Argyll* so that she won't drown you.' I didn't realise the import of those words until I experienced a number of gales in Bass Strait. With a largely inexperienced crew, *Ron of Argyll* looked after us superbly and allowed me to skipper the yacht through a number of near misses which have provided a wealth of stories.

The near misses appeared much nearer on Boxing Day night 1998. Berthed against the Sorrento Sailing Club jetty in Sorrento, my crew and I were readying ourselves for the start of the Melbourne to Devonport yacht race due to start the next day. We listened to the HF radio communications

occurring over 300 miles away off the south east corner of Australian mainland. It was chilling hearing, in real time, cries of mayday over the HF radio. On *Ron of Argyll* in the protection of Sorrento, we had doubled the lines as wind speeds in excess of 50 knots were recorded.

At first light on the day after Boxing Day when the Melbourne to Devonport race was due to commence, I stood in the car park overlooking Port Phillip Heads with the thought that setting off through them into this maelstrom was most unwise. Fortunately the race committee agreed with my thoughts and postponed the race to start a day later. We had a beautiful reach

to Devonport and finished somewhere in the middle of the fleet followed by a comfortable return journey.

Nevertheless the whole experience left me with a considerable sense of disquiet. This, combined with the demands of a new business and young family, started the exile from ocean sailing.

The exile was helped by the sale of *Ron of Argyll* in about 2004, leaving the only vessel available for ocean sailing being the beautiful *Windward II*. *Windward II* was built in 1929 as a day racer (coincidentally by Percy Coverdale whose *Winston Churchill* was lost in the 1998 Sydney to Hobart race). She has a long and proud history of winning round-the-sticks races in semi sheltered waters. She is also in the running as the most beautiful boat in the country. She is the nautical equivalent of a supermodel who can also win the Stawell Gift.

But in 2004, I did not fancy chances of survival in *Windward II* during an extended open water passage in which any sort of weather was encountered. All traditionally built boats admit water. However, the level of admission on *Windward II* was so great that, after a hard day's racing, I was obliged to stay aboard for the night to ensure the pumps continued to operate and prevent the yacht from sinking.

The impetus for the end of my self-imposed exile was to take *Windward II* to the 2013 Wooden Boat Festival in Hobart. I had been told by everyone who had attended that the WBF was a great experience and could not see how I could attend without *Windward*.

The first sense that this might be a possibility

came during the 2011–2012 sailing season when, after a few months is being attended by master shipwright Richard Blake in a complete recaulking exercise, I sailed up and down Port Phillip in winds of 30 to 40 knots without a great deal of pump work being required.

I was completely confident that the hull would stand up to the rigours of a 6 to 8 week journey.

But what of the crew? *Windward II* was not set up for extended trips. There was an icebox which was great for keeping wine and beer cold for a day or two but not much else. Richard Blake cleverly and sympathetically installed a methylated spirit stove into the existing joinery which was as constructed in 1929. The head (also a relic from 1929) was improved to something like working order. A 12 volt fridge was purchased and lashed into the forward cabin. Food stocks were stored in large plastic boxes also lashed into the forward cabin.

Up on deck, jacklines were made up for a safe trip to the foredeck. The *Windward II* mainsail is a very large affair designed to drive the boat in light conditions. While there are two reefs available, the second reef is designed for racing in 25 to 30 knots. A second-hand Spectra mainsail was acquired and some minor modifications assisted the fit. A set of lazy jacks were constructed and fitted. A couple of old sail bags which had been under the house for more than a decade were retrieved and the contents revealed a perfect cruising staysail which was slightly smaller than the one used for racing. The other addition to the sail wardrobe was a replacement storm jib purchased from Blake Anderson at Doyle Sails with the words 'Nice to have but that's one you'll never use. Stow it in the bilge.'

On the navigation side, I purchased a full set of charts for Bass Strait and Tasmania as well as a chart plotter which was able to be fitted in the companion-way but was removable to maintain the traditional appearance of the vessel.

Rounding off the preparation for the big trip was extensive varnish and paintwork done expertly by Richard Blake.

As with all preparations, the time taken was longer than expected and it was not until a couple of days before Christmas 2012 that *Windward II* ran down the slipway just before dawn on a gorgeous and still Melbourne morning.

31 DECEMBER 2012 – MELBOURNE TO PORTSEA

New Years Eve was *Windward's* first sail since the revarnish and other work to prepare her for the big trip.

Greg Phelan and I set off from St Kilda in a light southerly breeze and beautiful sunshine.

Not only was *Windward* looking more beautiful than ever but the cruising gear fitted for the journey worked better than expected. Having the smaller main with the lazy jack system made working the sails much easier than the full racing rig.

We headed to the South Channel using the new Simrad chart plotter which Gregg quickly named *Sinbad*.

The sea breeze filled in about 2 pm and with the motor off we sailed along the coast passing Rye and Sorrento before hooking onto the mooring at Portsea.

4 JANUARY 2013 – PORTSEA TO SAN REMO

With a forecast of 41 degrees and a strong northerly, the voyage proper commenced at 7 am. Onboard were the Skipper, Gregg and Alistair Butt – Gregg's brother in law who had taken a week off from work as a winemaker to join the adventure.



Photo Al Butt

Dolphins working hard for the skipper at the Prom

Almost no breeze was apparent as we boarded but as the sails were hoisted the predicted breeze started to build and as we exited Port Phillip Heads on 'Four Fingers East' the wind was at 15 knots and, like the temperature, rising.

It was a most delightful sail hugging the coastline and passing Rye, Gunnamatta, Cape Schanck, and then the south coast of Phillip Island.

The wind was on the port quarter all the way to San Remo and as it built to 30 knots plus the sails were reduced to two reefs and the storm jib – so much for 'store the storm jib in the bilge!' *Sinbad* kept us informed of our speed as we hit nearly 9 knots and averaged around 7 knots for the 50 or so miles to San Remo.

The entrance to San Remo follows the shoreline around the coast of Phillip Island but how were we supposed to know that, considering that among the 25 or so charts purchased for the voyage, the only one missing was the entrance to San Remo. Using Gregg's Indonesian navigation technique of Hab Luk, meaning 'Go up the front and have a look', we avoided the sandbars and manoeuvred *Windward* into the fast flowing stream leading to the fisherman's jetty at San Remo. The tidal flow at the location known as The Narrows is at 5 to 6 knots and we moored on the outside

of the fisherman's jetty using every available line and fender. *Windward* was not happy in this location which was like mooring in a fast flowing river that dropped and rose 6 feet every 12 hours. The potential for damage to paint and varnish was huge and made for anxious sleeping but continual adjustment of the lines and fenders managed to keep *Windward* in pristine condition.

5 JANUARY 2013 – STILL AT SAN REMO

On the high tide, we moved *Windward* to the new inside floating jetty which provided a safe berth from which to explore the delights of San Remo while we waited for the arrival of Rob and Ned – who were to bring the crew to complement of five to get across Bass Strait.

6 JANUARY 2013 – STILL AT SAN REMO

Rob Pollock and Ned Vernon arrived but the breeze outside was still in excess of 25 knots and from the south-east. With conditions still unfavourable for travel in that direction, Skipper's wife, Sam, and son, Max, arrive and the Woods family decamped to hotel accommodation.

Some of the attractions at San Remo include pelican feeding and tide surfing (jumping off the pier into the fast flowing stream and being carried



Photo: Al Butt

Lying in Refuge Cove with half a gale in Bass Strait to the end of the jetty) which provided the highlights of the day.

7 JANUARY 2013 – SAN REMO TO WILSONS PROMONTORY

The forecast was for two heavy days of wind and the decision was taken to head to Refuge Cove on the eastern side of Wilsons Promontory before the weather set in. This meant heading out late in the afternoon into a dying easterly



Photo: Al Butt

Refuge Cove (closer at sea level)

with the expectation of having light conditions for the latter part of the journey. However, forecasts are not always reliable and the prediction of the death of the easterly was somewhat premature which meant the crew endured the best part of 10 hours pushing into 20 knots or more of headwind. *Windward* had not seen such action for the best part of twelve months and the drips through her deck reminded the crew that wood is an organic substance that swells and shrinks. We could only hope that she was in the process of swelling to close up some of the leaks in the deck or we would be in for a very wet trip.

Windward was accompanied for part of her journey east by a pod of dolphins who played in the bow wave for a half an hour for their own and the crew's enjoyment before peeling off to return to fishing duties.

8 JANUARY 2013 – SAN REMO TO WILSONS PROMONTORY

The easterly did eventually die off and the motor was engaged for the last four hours of the trip.

With the Skipper having a nap below, Gregggy was at the helm when a thick fog rolled in around the bottom of Wilson's Promontory. All landmarks were completely obscured including the South Cape light which was only two miles away. Thank heavens for *Sinbad* who informed us exactly where we were and guided us to the entrance of Refuge Cove. It was just coming light when we arrived and we hove to about 2 miles off as the light grew and the fog lifted.



Photo: Al Butt

A beam reach in 25 knots

Photo: Jim Woods



A beam reach in 25 knots - mid Bass Strait -
Al Butt on the foredeck

Like many place names, Refuge Cove is an apt description and the crew's decision to push into the easterly to make it to Refuge Cove was vindicated. *Windward* was snugly anchored and protected from gale force winds from the south west in this delightful and popular anchorage.

Among the half a dozen boats anchored was the ketch *Waltzing Matilda* whose owners kindly invited the entire *Windward* crew aboard for dinner. It was a good thing that the row home was only about 80 metres and downwind as plenty of beer, wine and rum accompanied the delicious meal.

9 JANUARY 2013 – STILL AT REFUGE COVE

With the wind outside still at gale force, the more active of the crew took the opportunity for a walk to Sealers Cove. With only sailing footwear on board, the thongs and feet took a bit of a beating for the 12 km round trip. The Skipper, having taken a bit of a beating himself on *Waltzing Matilda* the previous evening, opted for a lay day in the bunk.



Skipper showering at
Banks Strait

10 JANUARY 2013 – REFUGE COVE TO COLES BAY

The wind appeared to be abating and we set off from Refuge Cove at about 8 am with the aim of reaching one of the many anchorages at the south-western corner of Flinders Island.

Our course left us about seven or eight miles west of the Kent group (which includes Deal Island and Erith Island). I had originally hoped to stop for a day or two in this delightful place but we had used up a fair bit of the available time at Refuge Cove and needed to make some miles. As a compromise, we decided to cruise through the Murray Pass which separates Deal and Erith Islands. The raw beauty of this wild place with plenty of secluded and protected anchorages drew a promise of a return visit.

Photo: Al Butt

We exited Murray Pass to the south and, despite the light conditions, copped a bit of a dunking with a 10 knot southerly providing stand-up waves against the south flowing tidal stream. You would not want to do this in heavy conditions.

As night fell, the wind continued to move easterly and strengthen.

11 JANUARY 2013 – REFUGE COVE TO COLES BAY

Greggy and Alistair were on watch from about midnight. I was in the starboard quarter berth which was on the leeward side hearing the increased volume of the water bubbling past the quarter as our speed increased. The increased speed was confirmed by Greg's booming voice calling the numbers as they appeared on *Sinbad* '8.5... 8.6... 8.9... 9.4 knots!' I thought I'd better have a look. With my head poked up through the companionway, I looked forward. It was as black as the inside of a cow. The wind was now from the north-east and felt about 20 to 25 knots which considering our speed in a southerly direction was probably over 30 knots true. We were in control but only just and were on pace to reach

Photo: Al Butt



Photo: Al Butt

The Pilot's of Schouten Passage

the top of the Banks Strait well in advance of the ebb tide which we expected to catch around 9 am that morning. A second reef went in the main and Greg went forward into the blackness beyond the mast to change the headsail down to the storm jib (the second time it had been



The Skipper Does the Windward Jig - coming into Coles Bay

used in a week). Greg is not the sort of bloke who admits easily to any physical or mental discomfort but did return to the cockpit mentioning that the foredeck of *Windward II* on a black night in Bass Strait with no lifelines did not feel like the safest place to be.

With the sail area considerably reduced, we rolled on at a comfortable 5 to 6 knots until, just before dawn, the wind eased before a change to the south-west.

12 JANUARY 2013 – REFUGE COVE TO COLES BAY



Windward on a bouncy mooring Freycinet Peninsula

The south-westerly change came as a general movement from the north through west at about 10 knots. The sky cleared and we reached the top of the Banks Strait at around 10 AM just in time to be assisted by the tide travelling east. With the wind on the starboard quarter, the big asymmetrical headsail was brought onto deck and struck much to the delight of the crew who revelled in the beautiful sailing conditions. A salt water bucket wash freshened the mind and the body as we clocked around 9 to 10 knots over the ground.

By lunchtime, we had turned to the south and were proceeding around the north east tip of Tasmania. Conditions were glorious as we passed St Helens and moved from a south-westerly air

stream to an easterly air stream. The wind gradually moved from the east to the north-east and strengthened to around 20 knots. St Helens passed by to starboard. A rolling north-easterly swell was assisting us in making in excess of 7 knots towards our destination which we expected to reach around nightfall. A bottle of the ships winemakers Chardonnay was broached in anticipation of making our destination. All was well with the world. But Huey has a way of letting you know that he (or is it a capricious she?) will always have the final word. Quite rapidly, the wind faded to nothing. The sky was completely clear. Having lost our drive, *Windward* bobbed around in the north-easterly swell with sails slatting. About a mile away, a dark patch of water was spotted approaching quickly with whitecaps behind it. The Skipper ordered all sail to be taken down and we motored forward into a 30 knot southerly. Quite quickly the conditions became fairly tricky with the southerly increasing to 35 knots or better and standing up short steep waves against the south flowing tidal stream and swell. There's not much shelter from southerly breezes on the north-east coast of Tasmania and the Skipper decided that discretion was the better part of valour and we should head back and shelter behind St Helens in an open anchorage which was protected from the southerly breeze. You would think that with 35+ knots of wind behind, *Windward* would make reasonable speed but we could only raise 4 knots or so for the anticipated 10 mile backward run to St Helens. Running with the breeze wasn't all that more comfortable than a slow punch into it and so the decision to return to St Helens was reversed, and with two reefs in the main, the storm jib and the iron topsoil we made very slow progress into the weather. Gregggy managed to knock up a magnificent dinner and we gritted our teeth to await what the weather bureau called a 'seabreeze' to **abate**.

13 JANUARY 2013 – REFUGE COVE TO COLES BAY

In the early hours of the morning, the breeze abated and we motored the remaining 20 or so miles to the Schouten Passage and into Coles Bay.

Secure on a public mooring, a huge night was had by all at the Freycinet Lodge where it seemed we opened every bottle of wine on the list.

14–15 JANUARY 2013 – COLES BAY

Windward said goodbye to Greg, Alistair and Ned at Coles Bay and welcomed the arrival of Bruce Dumbrell and Emily Cuninghame, Rob's girlfriend who was being tested for her suitability prior to their moving in together.

It's a good thing that the public mooring is strong at Coles Bay because the wind maintained a steady

20 knots and with the fetch being at 10 to 15 miles *Windward* had a fair bit of motion about her on the mooring. In fact, more than the occasional wave broke over the bow during one of the evenings.

15 JANUARY 2013 – COLES BAY TO TRIABUNNA

Having made a decent passage from Refuge Cove, we had plenty of time on our hands to work our way around to Hobart. With a small amount of re-provisioning complete, the new crew set off for the relatively short journey from Coles Bay to Triabunna. It was thought that a short cruise down the beautiful Great Oyster Bay would be a gentle start for Emily's seafaring experience. Of course nothing ever goes to plan, and having motored for about five minutes, we experienced the first mechanical failure. The Skipper in his endeavours to repack the lazarette had accidentally turned off the water/exhaust outlet which led quite quickly to the plastic water trap exploding with a loud bang. The damaged water trap was removed and fixed with the sailors' great friend – the jumbo roll of gaffer tape. Having refitted it, we were back on our way. Some speedy telephone work by the Skipper, found a mechanic at Triabunna who put us on to a courier who, as luck would have it, was currently outside the Whitworths store in Hobart which happened to have a replacement part in stock and so we headed to Triabunna in the expectation that a replacement water trap would be available the next morning.

We dined that night at the Triabunna Hotel – an experience that confirms why Tasmania ought to be on everyone's holiday destination list. We reached the little port at about 8 pm and immediately repaired to the hotel where we were informed that the cook had just left. We were the only people in the bar and the owners could have told us to shove it. But, instead, they told us that the cook's assistant was still in the kitchen and could heat up the only dish that was available being lamb shanks. Lamb shanks it was and they were delicious served up with fresh vegetables and washed down by a couple of bottles of quality pinot noir and followed by a game of darts on a dart board which occasionally deflected a dart towards any unsuspecting bystanders.

16 JANUARY 2013 – TRIABUNNA TO FORTESCUE BAY

With the new water trap fitted, we proceeded on our cruise south.

Passing Maria Island to port, we cruised through the Mercury passage in good weather. The fires that had ravaged Tasmania two or three weeks earlier were still evident on the Tasman peninsula. Fire fronts of a kilometre in length were being fanned by the general westerly breeze and were clearly visible coming up to a kilometre or so from the edge of the high vertical cliffs.

Fortescue Bay is a delightful anchorage. At the head of the Bay in about 3 to 4 metres of water, there is a wreck which provides complete shelter from all weathers. The heavily timbered coast runs right down to the waterline and the smell of the ocean is overpowered by the waft of eucalyptus oil from the trees. It is more like camping in the high country than a sailing experience.

17 JANUARY 2013 – FORTESCUE BAY TO HOBART

The original plan was to hover around Fortescue Bay and perhaps spend a night or two in Port Arthur or elsewhere before reaching Hobart. However, the weather had a say in our plans and with a low pressure system approaching, it was decided to make the passage through to Hobart sooner rather than later. The trip around Tasman Island and Cape Raoul proved exciting both visually and for crew work. The wind was from the south-west at about 20 to 25 knots with a reasonable swell of 3 to 4 metres. The seas off Tasman Island were a little confused and with Emily having her first experience out of sheltered waters there was some worry about the onset of seasickness. While admitting to being a little queasy, Emily did not succumb and with sheets eased once around Cape

Raoul, *Windward* was making 8 to 9 knots towards Hobart. We passed the legendary Iron Pot at around 1500 and worked our way up the Derwent to be berthed in Constitution Dock a couple of hours later.

IN AND AROUND HOBART – THE AUSTRALIAN WOODEN BOAT FESTIVAL

Almost immediately upon arrival, the wellwishers started to appear providing a pattern which continued as long as *Windward* was in Hobart. There is a level of interest in matters nautical in the Hobart populous that is far greater in proportion than its mainland counterparts. This level of interest was increased once the provenance of *Windward* was discovered. The fact that this was her first return to Hobart since her departure more than 80 years ago created a sentimental story that drew quite a number of people to the dock to make a special visit. At least a dozen visitors came down with specific recollections and, in two cases photographs, of *Windward* during her periods in Hobart (over 80 years ago!) and then in Sydney. I heard stories of racing and cruising with her main custodian in Sydney, J.M.Hardie. One fellow who came on board crewed for Mr



Photo: Roger Dundas

Approaching Port Davy

Hardie in his late teens and remembered the interior to be identical to the way she presents now. Another visitor, upon hearing that *Windward* was designed by Norman Dallimore in the United Kingdom exclaimed 'Mr Dallimore was my next-door neighbour.'

The Australian Wooden Boat Festival was all that everyone said it would be. It was a genuine celebration of wooden boat culture with the boats rather than their present custodians being the stars of the show – exactly as it should be.

But all good things come to an end and *Windward* needed to return to Melbourne.

Roger Dundas had put his hand up to be a part of the crew on the return journey. There were a number of other possible starters but possibilities don't make actuals and on the day before *Windward* was due to depart Hobart, there was only Roger and Kent David Pedersen, a young Norwegian adventurer, joining the Skipper on the passage. A 'Crew Wanted' note was tied to *Windward's* backstay during the last day of the festival. It worked.

Kim Newstead telephoned in and advised that, in his late 60s, while he wasn't as agile as he used to be he had 20 or so Sydney Hobart's under his belt and was currently on the Sydney to Hobart race committee. Welcome aboard Kim!

Roger Dundas arrived at the boat accompanied by his friend Paul Di Benedetto. Paul saw the 'Crew Wanted' note and immediately returned home to collect his gear. So, from being a little short of hands, *Windward* set sail with the ideal complement of five on board.

12 FEBRUARY 2013 – HOBART TO RECHERCHE BAY

We set off from Hobart and cruised down the D'Entrecasteaux Channel in light conditions. It was an ideal start to the return journey and allowed the new crew members to get a feel of the boat. The plan was to get around the South West Cape to Port Davey as soon as possible and spend a few days exploring that part of the coast. In order to achieve this objective, two long days sail were required.

The promised sea-breeze arrived in spades later that afternoon

Photo: Roger Dundas

providing a fair chop on top of the 2 metre swell once we exited the southern entrance to the D'entrecasteaux Channel. *Windward* and her new crew handled all this in their stride, but it was a wet ship's complement that motored into the northern anchorage of Recherche Bay just on dusk.

13 FEBRUARY 2013 – RECHERCHE BAY TO PORT DAVEY

Another long day ahead requiring a start before dawn. We exited Recherche Bay as the light appeared and worked our way across the bottom of Tasmania with a comfortable 12 to 15 knot southerly breeze. The coastline is wild and spectacular and even in these benign conditions produced sensations of awe, slight apprehension and heightened awareness which, when bundled together, amount to respect. Making good time, we rounded South West Cape, eased the sheets and reached our way up to Port Davey.

The south-west corner (indeed, probably the entire south-west quarter) of Tasmania is a national park. Port Davey is accessible only by boat, light plane or a walk of 80 miles. Fair to say that it is not overrun with visitors. There are dozens of protected anchorages which provide shelter from the fierce westerly gales that travel uninterrupted halfway around the world before finding landfall on the south-west coast of Tasmania. As we approached the entrance to the main anchorages behind the aptly named Breaksea Islands, a familiar shape appeared. Tim Phillips' *Storm Bay* is a magnificently restored fishing smack from the early 1900s. We followed *Storm Bay* into Port Davey and anchored that night at Bramble Cove rafted up with *Storm*



Windward III alongside Storm Bay. Port Davey.



Photo: Roger Dundas

Port Davey Lunch

Bay and Gary Kerr's *Eumerella*. Gary Kerr is a particularly interesting character. He has spent most of his working life crayfishing in Bass Strait and the Southern Ocean. He does not look like the archetypal fisherman but has the appearance of a university professor, which I am sure he could be if he chose to. He is extremely knowledgeable on the history of fishing and timber boatbuilding in southern Australia and has written several books and produced a number of videos on the subjects. I learned that Gary spends a fair bit of the southern winter on the ocean fishing for crayfish and then returns to south-western Tasmania in the summer for a busman's holiday! So it was a privilege to be able to spend time in the company of both Gary and Tim Phillips who have dedicated their lives to building, restoration and, most importantly, the use of timber boats.



Photo: Paul DiBenedetto

Transitting Bathurst Harbour

During the restoration of *Storm Bay*, I had challenged Tim Phillips as to why he was retaining the wet well in the vessel. After all, why drill holes into a perfectly sound boat and fill it with water in the place where a delightful saloon could be placed. Tim responded by telling me that he wanted to maintain the history of the vessel and then with a wry smile said that one day you will understand.

Our first night in Port Davey was the day that I did understand. Out from the wet well came a few different types of fish, crayfish and, if I recall correctly through the haze of the delicious riesling that was flowing at the time, some abalone. Aboard *Storm Bay* there was being cooked a spaghetti marinara with the freshest of ingredients while the crew of *Windward* was confined to pasta of the packet variety.

14 FEBRUARY 2013 – PORT DAVEY/BATHURST HARBOUR

We awoke to the sounds of the *Storm Bay* motor ticking over and the invitation to come and pull a few cray pots. Tim had left five pots soaking overnight on the outside of the Breaksea Islands and it was time to replenish the wet well. It was the finest of mornings but there was still a reasonable swell and Tim manoeuvred *Storm Bay* expertly and quite frighteningly close to the cliffs under which the cray pots had been positioned. Each of the pots were as full as they could be and, as the pots broke the surface of the water, a number of crays hanging on the outside of the pots (known as 'jockeys') abandoned their position. It was an embarrassment of riches. Only a few of the bigger ones were kept and most were returned awaiting the next visit.

Following breakfast, we motored up the Bathurst Channel and marvelled at the protected anchorages in the little bays on either side every half a mile or so. At the end of the Bathurst Channel is Bathurst Harbour which is a completely enclosed body of tea coloured water perhaps 5 miles wide and three or 4 miles long. The tea colour comes from the tannins leached from the peaty soil that makes up much of south-western Tasmania. We anchored at Clayton's Corner which was the site of the homestead of the fisherman Clyde Clayton who, along with the legendary Deny King were the first two European inhabitants of this area. The country is as hard as it is magnificent. The effort required to sustain a modern life in this harsh environment must have been endless. We visited *Melaleuca* which is the property of Deny King and includes his tin mine, and marvelled at the ingenuity and perseverance that had allowed a living to be generated in this remote place. *Melaleuca* is a living museum. It would be easy to imagine Deny King striding in from the wilderness to get back to work. The lingering feeling as we motored back down the Bathurst Channel was that those of us living in the second decade of the 21st century are soft as butter compared to

our forebears – even those of only half a century before. I believe this to be no less true in the absence of any empirical measure.

Photo: Paul DiBenedetto



Through Hell's Gate, Macquarie Harbour

We were joined during the day by another group of Melbourne classic boat enthusiasts who had chartered a working fishing boat skippered by Morrie Wolf. Unlike Gary Kerr, Morrie is the archetypal fisherman – large in stature and voice and definite in opinion. I questioned him on the weather for the next few days. His answer was 'You have three or four days of settled weather.' I said 'What happens after that?' He said 'No idea.' Conversation over.

On the strength of Morrie's forecast, we decided to hasten our passage north. This decision was also motivated by Kim's need to get back to Hobart and my requirement to return to Melbourne to attend the funeral of my stepmother. With the aim of striking out to Macquarie Harbour at first light the next morning, we moored for the night in Spain Bay which is the outermost safe anchorage at the entrance to Port Davey.

15 FEBRUARY 2013 – PORT DAVEY TO MACQUARIE HARBOUR

We set off from Spain Bay at first light for the 80 odd mile journey to Macquarie Harbour. The entrance to Macquarie Harbour is known as Hells

Photo: Paul DiBenedetto



North bound to Grassy

Photo: Paul DiBenedetto



Crashing through to Grassy

Gates which is enough to put the frighteners on any skipper desiring to make port at this destination. Macquarie Harbour is about five times the size of Sydney Harbour and the entire body of water exits through Hells Gates which is an opening of about a quarter of a mile. There is a rock wall on one side of the opening and an unmarked sandbank on the other upon which surf breaks. I was not at all keen to make the entrance at night.

Morrie's forecast of settled weather was right on the money and we had a delightful south-easterly breeze assisting us up the coast using the motor to keep the average around 6 knots.

Despite having a reputation as having no places to hide, we noted a couple of spots where a safe anchorage could be obtained in adverse conditions. Mind you, I am certain there would be a reasonable level of anxiety in this situation.

Fortunately, we reached Hells Gates just on dusk with the breeze dropping and a very flat sea. The tide was at the end of the ebb. It was about as heavenly as Hells Gates could possibly be. We followed the leads in and took an hour and a half to reach Strahan where we moored against the jetty in the smoothest of conditions. It had been a long day and it took only a bowl of hot food and a couple of glasses of wine to put us all in communication with the sandman.

16 FEBRUARY 2013 – MACQUARIE HARBOUR TO KING ISLAND

We lost Kim Newstead at Macquarie Harbour but gained Ashley Murdoch who had flown to Hobart and driven to Strahan to join the ship. Ashley did not arrive until about 4 pm but with the weather for the next 24 to 48 hours looking favourable, we decided upon an immediate departure. The five or six miles from Strahan to Hells Gates were navigated in the late afternoon and, as was the case on the previous day, the exit through Hells Gates was completed in mirrorlike conditions with almost no tide. We had a light easterly breeze and the motor on as we made our way north.

It was a beautiful night to be on the ocean with

the Milky Way moving more towards a state of creaminess such was the volume of stars visible.

17 FEBRUARY 2013 – MACQUARIE HARBOUR TO KING ISLAND

As dawn approached, the wind started to increase from due north rather than from the north-east, as had been predicted during our weather checks while in Strahan. We had made a fair bit of northing through the night and our course was pretty much north-west so no tacking was required but we moved quickly down to 2 reefs while keeping the staysail set. The northerly breeze averaging around 25 knots quickly pushed up a reasonable chop to about 2 to 3 metres and with our speed hovering around 6 knots there was a fair amount of water coming across the deck as we crashed our way across to Grassy at the south of King Island. The sky was clear and sunny and it was not cold but the passage was a bit of a grind as the crew on deck copped a salt water shower every few minutes.

The passage planning was spot on and we reached Grassy as planned late in the afternoon. A few telephone calls to the Port Authority, and we were allocated a mooring in the Grassy Harbour. Once attached, it didn't take us long to launch the dinghy and make our way ashore en route to the Grassy Club which is the only dining and eating establishment in the area. Fortunately, Russell (one of the local cray fishermen) had just returned from a trip and offered us a ride to the Grassy Club in the back of his ute. I had forgotten how far the walk was and we were all very grateful for the ride and for the company of his two dogs in the back.



Photo: Russell the cray fisherman

Boss!! Kick 'em out. Now!!

The Grassy Club is a private club owned by the locals in the Grassy area. Unlike some of the institutions in the city of Melbourne, visitors are made extremely welcome and, upon entering the bar, we were introduced to all five of the club

members present. One of the great things about places like King Island is that the slower pace of life allows time for the locals to interact with visitors. I am sure that the fact that there aren't so many visitors helps as well! Over dinner in the club, we learned that a patch of heavy weather was approaching which confirmed the decision for the entire crew to return to Melbourne leaving *Windward* on the mooring in the Grassy Harbour. One of our new-found acquaintances in the bar, Ernie Blakeman owns the local fuel station and mechanical shop over the road from the club. He made his shop van available to us and allowed us to leave our dinghy and some equipment at the back of his shop while we returned to Melbourne. When we asked if he could arrange a lift for us from Grassy to the King Island airport some 30 km away, he replied 'Just take the van, leaving the car park with the keys in the ignition and I will pick it up later.' I suppose that is the benefit of living on an island – if someone pinches your car (especially a bright yellow van) there is nowhere they can go with it.

So we did as directed and departed King Island for Melbourne the next day.

24 FEBRUARY 2013 – KING ISLAND TO MELBOURNE

Paul Di Benedetto had opted out of this fine leg of the journey having returned to Hobart directly from Tullamarine airport. So it was a company of four only, the skipper, Roger Dundas, Ashley Murdoch and Kent David Pedersen who arrived back in King Island late in the afternoon.

The plan was for a quick dash across Bass Strait leaving King Island just before dark and arriving at the Port Phillip Heads just before the start of the flood tide.

Ernie had prepositioned the yellow van at Currie airport and we managed to fit in an early dinner at the Grassy Club, it was not surprising to see the same faces that we had left a week or so before still sitting on the same stools at the bar.

We exited Grassy Harbour on dusk and motor sailed through the night in very comfortable conditions.

The entry to Port Phillip Heads was executed classically on the main shipping channel lead and, having entered the Bay, we proceeded north up the West Channel with a typical seabreeze kicking in at around 1 pm and building from the south-east during the afternoon. As we progressed north, the waves built to about 2 metres and the wind reached around 30 knots. With about 5 miles to go, a reef was required and, having had a dry deck to the entire trip from King Island, a couple of the larger waves broke over the starboard quarter. In fact the roughest part of the final leg of the trip was the last couple of miles into St Kilda harbour. There is no doubt that Huey always has the last word.

Photo: Kraig Carlstrom



VARG Commissioning Day 18 January 2014

VARG LAUNCH/RE-LAUNCH

Kraig Carlstrom 18 January 2014

VARG looked fabulous draped in lots of flags - we even found a 16 year old blond Norwegian girl at the last minute to grace the bow. The weather was absolutely perfect as the pics show.

The highlight was Bruce Stannard's speech and Shakespearian sonnet, the sincerity of which really blew the big crowd away. We were also so lucky to have excellent speeches from Col Anderson and Sean Langman, plus Bill Pettingell from Sydney - a passionate sailor all his life and a crewman on NORN/VARG as a 13 year old. He was never allowed out of the front hatch and his job was to get the sails ready when they were called for. I think the quality and variety of these speeches really made the day very memorable for all the visitors, half of which were from interstate or the UK.

We have been asked to send more pictures to King Harald in Norway. Earlier he kindly sent us an official letter of congratulations and wished us - Fair Sailing. He has never done this before for any 8 meter. We, and the 8 Meter Association were all very chuffed. King Harald has a green, late build 8 meter from Johan Anker called SIRA. At 75 years of age he still takes the tiller in races.

Photo: Kraig Carlstrom



Signature of VARG Col Anderson and Camilla Rokke





*VARG Dover bound. Sean Langman on the helm.
Watch master's Carolyn Mason and Cathy Langman on board*

Photo: Craig Carlstrom



VARG Preparing for 1st post commissioning sail

On January 28th we had a visit and a very spirited sail down the D'entrecasteaux Channel in 45 knots of wind, from Bengt and Allison Wanselius from Stockholm who are representatives from the 8 Meter Association.

Earlier they had been talking to representatives from the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron, in regard to possibly holding an 8 meter world titles race there in 2018. Lets hope it comes off.

On our VARG sail they were joined by two other female visitors, one an artist/photographer from Norway, who has the nickname in Norway of - you guessed it VARG! VARG means wolf in old Norwegian.

The Port Cygnet Sailing Club did a great job helping out in so many ways - we had 80 guests for lunch - the maximum the Club can seat, so we had to turn back a couple of hundred locals, who would otherwise have been there.

There was a VARG lifebuoy cake and a terrific local duo doing the music. So, a great day was had by all and many of us followed it up with dinner at The Red Velvet Lounge in Cygnet that night.

We have now had 4 sails on VARG - two in light breezes and 2 in very heavy breezes. Our second sail was with Sean Langman and his wife Cathy. We did the long return trip to Dover and back, returning on a long reach in 25 to 30- knots. Sean's smile was a wraparound one that stayed on all day. He rated it as one of the greatest experiences of his lifetime. It was so nice to have his careful wandering eye always checking the rig tensions and making continual suggestions.


Col Anderson has now finished a main sail cover for us so as soon as I can get hold of it I will start making all the other hull covers the boat needs. We are still waiting on an electrician to come and hook up the lithium ion batteries to the 48 volt electric motor. A lot of them have been scared off by the complexity of it plus the responsibility of it all. Still I feel we will have it running soon. For now we are practicing sailing on and off the mooring in very strong gusts - which really is much more fun.

In early February we will attend the Kettering Wooden Boat Rally, where I'm told the competitors have been told to be kind to each other - suits us perfectly. This event will be followed in early March by our big 150 year celebration race from Kettering to Cygnet, plus follow up races in Cygnet Bay. There will be about 120 boats coming plus 5 tall ships. The 9 day event promises to be huge and I'm sure we will have many totally worn out volunteers at the end of it all.

Photo: Craig Carlstrom



VARG Action ready cockpit



The 2014 Wooden Boat Festival of Geelong

With
Special
Guest

Jill Knight of "Cooee"

Thursday March 6th.
- Sunday March 9th.

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CORIO VERTUE - V99

ANDY INDRANS

When I bought Corio Vertue back in 2003 little did I realize what I was getting into with the ownership of a 50 year old wooden boat, not so much the restoration and maintenance work but her history and the people associated with her.

I knew of the myths and epic voyages undertaken by Vertues and had been lusting after one for years but never expected to find one in Australia. So when I came across CV for sale in Sydney I just had to go up and have a look. Having read volumes of Classic Boat magazine I thought I knew everything about the pitfalls of buying an old wooden boat that could become a project that never actually concludes with the boat reaching the water. Consequently, I went prepared with an extensive check list that I would follow assiduously before committing to classic wooden boat ownership.

On first seeing CV I was smitten – my first view of a Vertue other than in photographs. I followed my check list and discovered quite a few issues but the boat seemed quite sound. After nearly 2 years on a mooring she was a bit of mess down below. My heart said make an offer but my head intervened and I organised for a surveyor to go over the boat and flew back to Melbourne.

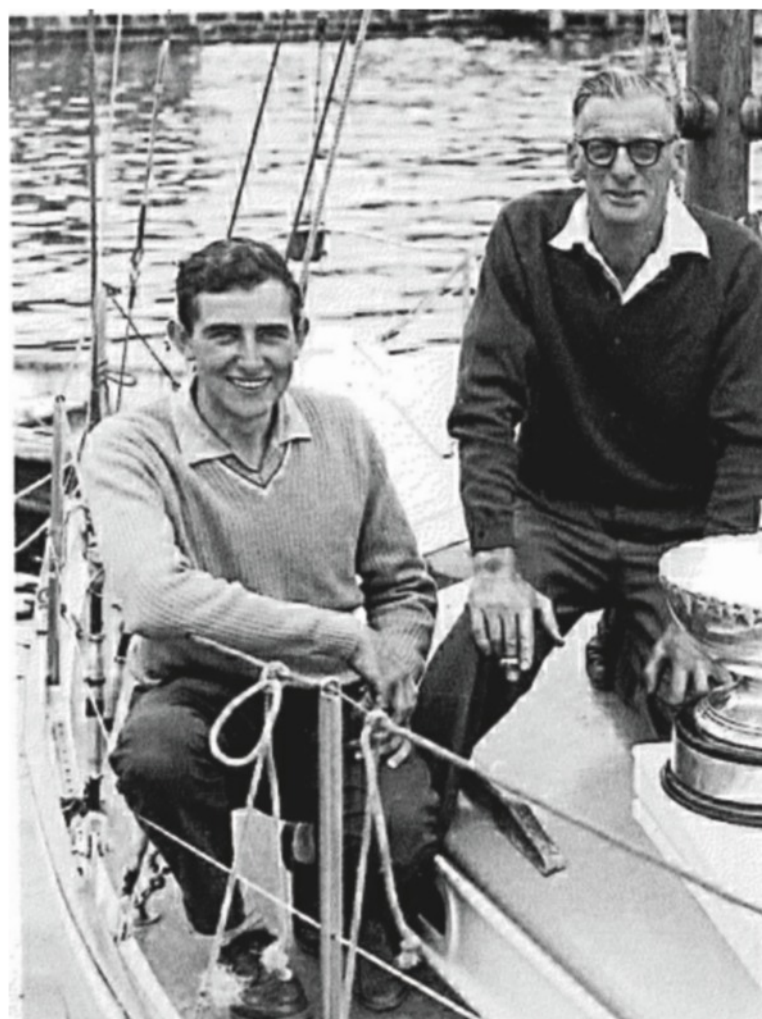
To say I was shocked with the 8 page surveyor's report would be a bit of an understatement. However, I was not going to let CV go that easily and discussed the major issues with the surveyor. What really mattered was that the hull was sound and any issues above the waterline I could fix myself. After working out what it would cost to have the problems fixed, and new fittings installed I made a ridiculously low offer to the broker. After about an hour I got a phone call saying I was the new owner of CV.

As CV was not in a fit state to be sailed from Sydney to Melbourne I had her trucked down to her new home at Westernport Marina in Hastings and immediately set about sorting out the good and bad, and removing all wiring and plumbing. I had not been going very long when a chap approached and asked for the name of the boat. When I replied "Corio Vertue" you could not believe my absolute surprise when he said that he had sailed in CV in the mid 1960's and hadn't seen her since. After introducing himself as Rob Stott the next couple of hours were spent talking about Rob's times on the boat and about Wil Heard the first owner and builder of CV.

A couple of weeks later Rob came into the boat



Corio Vertue Not long after her launch



Wil Heard and his crew display some of Corio Vertue's silver.

HONORS WERE THEIRS IN SMALLEST YACHT



The 25ft Geelong sloop Corio Vertue, outright winner of the Queenscliff- Devonport yacht race, pictured at Devonport with its crew. Corio Vertue, the smallest yacht in the field also gained first placing in the second division of the race. The trim sloop took 51 hours 55 seconds for the Strait crossing. Crew members are (from left), Darrel Morrison, Jack Stewart, Wil Heard (skipper) and Robert Stott. (Photo Caption)



yard and presented me with some newspaper cuttings about CV's win in the 1965 Queenscliff – to Devonport yacht race. As Rob related the story the boat did not win by boat speed but sheer cunning. The race fleet was close to the entrance of the Mersey River when the wind died and the race fleet started drifting backwards with the tide. CV was close to shore and Wil Heard dropped the anchor and watched the fleet drift past him. Once the wind picked up CV was ahead of the fleet and crossed the finish line first!

With CV came some historical documents including her racing history as documented by Wil Heard, and a record of sale from each owner of CV of which I am the ninth. In the ten years of racing out of the Royal Geelong Yacht Club, under Wil Heard, CV had 85 placings of which 32 were firsts, however Wil Heard wrote this note at the bottom of the her race history: *"If I'd owned her again I would not bother with racing. Too much trouble and one ends up back in the rat race."*

In 2009 I entered CV in the Skandia Geelong Week Regatta. After a challenging long beat in 20-25 knot westerly winds 'Corio Vertue' made it to Geelong for the Skandia Week regatta. Sails often in the water and crew soaked by waves, after 12 hours we decided to abandon racing in order to get to the marina before nightfall. Even though we were the last boat home, and were very wet and weary after our slog, I felt a great sense of pride and emotion in bringing CV back to her home in Corio Bay, and was sure Will Heard was looking over her.

CV's glory came on the last day of racing where with some cunning strategy, and uncanny boat handling skills the skipper got CV a first place on corrected time - CV had won her first trophy in our ownership!

But the story continues. While CV was moored at the Geelong Yacht Club she had a couple of interested visitors.

- The first was a person related to Gil Allbut, the boat builder, and knew of Gill's fondness for CV.
- The second was from Darrel Morrison who sailed with Wil on his trips to Tasmania, and was the commodore of the Queenscliff Cruising Yacht Club.

Feeling a bit intoxicated with CV's success and the people who I had met I had a need to visit the gents at the Geelong Yacht Club and was minding my own business when a quite inebriated chap rolled up next to me and asked me about the time I had with the regatta. It turns out that this chap was the race officer for the classic fleet (of two yachts) had adjudicated CV's win

and had raced against Wil Heard in the 60's & 70's and had a soft spot for CV.

As is often the case one coincidence leads to another. I had been posting to the Wooden Boat forum regarding the progress of CV's restoration and by pure chance one of the forum members sent me the following email:

Hi Guys,

The Corio Vertue was my Grandfather's yacht, he was the first owner, he raced it before I was born. We did some sailing together, but not enough. We never talked much until he got really old and we started talking about ocean racing, International Dragons, Etchells, a friend's teak Cheoy Lee (Marco Polo) that I borrowed a few times and of course the Geelong Footy Club. I'm in Sydney now and he cherished my calls.

When he passed away he left me the trophies, a brief log, photos and a model (to scale) of the Corio Vertue. I see the Corio Vertue everyday it's in my lounge room (don't laugh I'm a tragic). The Devonport trophy and photos, (I scanned) and gave to my Mum.

So when I tripped over Andy's Web page and this forum I was amazed. I had given up on the yacht ever being restored; I heard you raced it in the Geelong regatta.

There are many stories, about how the keel was laid up, running repairs, beating Lou Abraham's (46 timber SS Vittoria) and more. Andy if you want the original race medallions there all yours, they belong on the yacht not under my house in a box.

She is a narrow girl....but it will go anywhere, Andy well done, the yacht looks brilliant. If anybody knows how to get in touch with Andy please do.

We eventually got in touch with each other and

as Stuart was coming down to Geelong for Christmas I invited him and his father to come and see CV at Westernport Marina. Stuart brought some of the medallions and race pennants he was talking about, and also his father's scrapbook of CV. We spent a lot of time talking about CV and Wil Heard and I still keep him posted on CV's exploits.

During 2011 CV returned to the Geelong Week regatta and was last across the line with 2 minutes and 37 seconds to spare whereas in 1966 she came first in her division for the same race. There were no race victories this time around, however an amazing photograph of CV was taken by professional photographer Alex McKinnon – a copy of which is hanging proudly at home.

That same year I visited the Hobart Wooden Boat Festival (without CV) and was hosted by Michael Vaughan who I met on the Internet as he owns a Mark II Vertue – Island Vertue. We met up at the Royal Tasmania Yacht Club and got into a conversation with a passer-by who commented on Michael's good looking yacht. I'm not sure how it came about but CV's name was dropped and the passer by amazed us with the fact that his father's yacht was built next to CV at Gill Albutt's Queenscliff boat yard in 1960!

Having had these encounters with people who have been associated in some way with CV has given me a whole new perspective on boat ownership. Yes, she has all the virtues of a classic yacht which is reason enough for boat ownership, but the fact that CV has a history and is well remembered is something quite different. The best I can come up with is that CV has soul which seems to come alive when I sail in her and think of Wil Heard and how he would sail her.

There is plenty of work still to do on CV however she is a boat that wants to be sailed and therefore restoration work is limited between the CYAA winter and summer race series. CV's racing exploits around Port Philip Bay and across Bass Strait gained her and Wil Heard a reputation of being a very competitive racers and I will try to uphold that status within the CYAA racing series'. We may not be able to compete with the ocean greyhounds and the zippy Tums in light airs, but watch out when the wind picks up!.

News Flash Dec 15 2013

Corio took on Melbourne's Classic Yacht racing fleet and handed out a stern chaser sailing lesson in the pursuit race that wrapped up the 2013 (CYAA Victoria) Cup Regatta.



Corio Vertue in race winning form. 2012 Geelong Festival of Sails

THE NEW ZEALAND CLASSIC YACHT JOURNAL

VISIT TO THE CLASSIC YACHT ASSOCIATION OF AUSTRALIA NOVEMBER 2013

CHARLES CLARK, CYANZ

Arrived Thursday evening 31 October and took Skybus to Southern Cross Station (\$28 returnpp) and then taxied to Quest Williamstown, Melbourne \$35 via Westgate Bridge.

Friday morning we met at the Royal Yacht Club of Victoria (RYCV) and had a very pleasant BBQ lunch organised by Martin Ryan and David Allen prior to being allocated one of three Elliot 5.9 yachts. The Australians had already chosen their yachts. These yachts are part of the Sail training fleet at RYCV and are dry sailed. Penelope, Larry,

Photo: Peter Costalloe



CYA New Zealand Team 2

Charles Clark, Skipper, Penelope Carroll, Larry Paul

and I had a very pleasant afternoon sailing three races back to back, we struggled to get the old sails to set properly. And the Aussies won the series, an interesting place to sail and we had to be aware crossing the busy shipping channel.

The after match function was a cocktail party and dinner served at a very nice bar in Docklands. We arrived on the yacht Bungoona and had a most enjoyable time, returning to Williamstown (Willy) by the classic river launch Melburnian.

Saturday an early start 0700 to meet the launch Melburnian for the trip up to Docklands where all the Classic yachts are moored (something to do with sponsorship). After a briefing we set off down the river to the race track around the buoys on the east side of Port Phillip Bay.

I was thrilled to be included as part of the crew

Photo: Peter Costalloe



CYA New Zealand Team 1

Martin Robertson, Skipper, Iain Valentine, Bruce Tantrum

Inter Association Challenge

Elliott 5.9 Fleet Races - Friday 3:00pm

Team Points	Teams	Places	Skipper	Points
21	Aust Boat 1	1,1,2	David Allen	4
	Aust Boat 2	5,6,6	Mark Chew	17
15	NZ Boat 1	2,2,1	Martin Robertson	5
	NZ Boat 2	3,4,3	Larry Paul	10
27	Couta Boat A1	4,3,5	Joe Tuck	12
	Couta Boat A 2	6,5,4	Glen Crawford	15

Team with lowest aggregated score wins over a 3 Race Series

of Windward II a 1929 Tasmanian Huon pine built Bermudian cutter with white beech laid decks, the real thing. Skipper asked me to do mainsheet and as there were only four of us on board I was grateful that the wind speed was under 10 knots. What a lovely yacht to sail. We worked away to windward and set the asymmetric gennaker downwind sailing Course #5, had some problems gybing it as was inside the jib on the bowsprit. However a great day, warm and calm. To finish we sailed all the way up the river Yarra to Docklands and furled the sails in Victoria Pool prior to mooring.

Sunday dawned overcast, windy and rain in the air and a gale forecast so sailing was cancelled. Mary and I explored Williamstown and lunched on an excellent pizza in the restaurant next door to the Quest hotel. One of the tasks set for the visiting NZrs was to judge and select the Best Boat in the Concours d'Elegance – a static display on Sunday morning of all of the boats moored on the Dockland's marina. A group of six took this task on – a tough challenge as 'beauty is in the eye of the beholder'. There were wonderful examples of restoration excellence: a classic Couta boat (C97), a highly impressive 1929 vintage cutter 44ft (Windward II), an immaculate newly decked 1925 double ender (Renene), and the declared winner the 1897 Fife Topsail Gaff Cutter 58ft (Sayonara), faithful to her original condition and configuration.

Monday looked ok to begin with, a 18-20 knot wind from the Southerly quarter. I was crewing on Bungoona with Helen. A more modern classic Bermudian sloop Bungoona had fairly new sails and a genoa on a roller furler. Cameron and Andrew were on board. They met when sailing Hartley 18s and we had a bond as our first trailer yacht was a Hartley 18. At the time I sailed Flying Dutchman and happened to have a spare rig so that went on the H18. It was a quick yacht.

We towed one of the Tumlaren's down the river to Port Phillip for the race. These yachts are exquisite Swedish double enders and have quite a following in Melbourne. They are beautifully balanced and look great on the water with minimal overnight accommodation.

The Race today was a pursuit race and Bungoona started 6 minutes after scratch, Port Phillip was as expected, very choppy and we powered up the yacht on starboard tack and eased her over and through the chop achieving just on 5.5 knots and on port tack just over 6 knots with the seas more on our beam. At the top mark we were placed 3rd and pulled in to 2nd place at the bottom mark after a wing-on-wing downhill run.

At the bottom mark we gave room to the leader, a Couta boat Loama, who eventually came 3rd on line. We would forgo local knowledge to sail

on port tack towards the river to allow the current to push us to windward out of the channel as the wind was much lighter in that area. Tacking onto starboard we made over 400 metres on the Couta to the next windward mark, a starboard channel marker and crossed 1st over the finish line to win the race.

Lunch was served at the RYCV and was mouthwatering seafood BBQ, prawns, fish, mussels and octopus, with salads, coleslaw and rolls.

The prize giving was piped on board in true Scottish fashion and the awards were given out to the winners. See below for the results of the Trans Tasman Trophy

A very convivial afternoon enjoyed by all.

Tuesday was Melbourne Cup day and we met at the Royal Botanic Gardens in Kiwi Corner surrounded by our native plants and trees: kowhai, kauri, totara, flax etc. We had a nice picnic prior to some of us departing to the TAB to place a bet on the race, then we all proceeded to Martin Ryan's fascinating house, a former embassy, to watch the Melbourne Cup on the big screen. I always scatter a few dollars on the race and was fortunate to back the favourite both ways and won some of my investment back.

A great Regatta and wonderful hospitality from our Australian friends. As a first time attendee I would recommend the trip to all CYA members

In the Elliott fleet racing Bruce Tantrum advises that he and Iain Valentine with Skipper Martin Robertson had a great tussle with the winner David and his crew, they scored two wins and a second and Bruce's crew scored one win and two seconds, the greatest margin between the two boats was 6 seconds in finishing time. Very close racing indeed.

The warm hearted welcome and generous hospitality provided by the Australian crews and Classic Yacht hosts was very much part of the Cup Regatta. It is now in its seventh year and I would encourage as many New Zealand CYA members as possible to attend a very memorable weekend.



43 DEGREES SOUTH

JANE WILSON

Initially growing up in 50s gritty inner Melbourne he remembers the utter bliss of moving to the tea-tree bordered 'new' suburb of Black Rock where he was able to spend hours loitering in dinghys, sailing and fishing and even more hours with his Scottish grandfather who always had a boat under construction/repair and a shed piled to the gunwhales with tools, masts, sails, paint, rope and net.

His vocation was always to be an artist, from the time he upended a tin of canary yellow boat paint over himself at age 1, while trying to 'climb further into the colour', and boats and the sea

have been a constant narrative and source of inspiration. An Arts degree, from Prahran College was followed by time in the Eden tuna fishing fleet where his favourite job was spending hours scanning the horizon as a spotter looking for changes in pattern and turn of water and horizon and the possible presence of fish.

While still working as a young exhibiting painter he moved from teaching to a successful academic career but the need to return to the sea and to work with her won out. Leaving a well paid job as a departmental head at the old Gippsland Institute behind, plus the urban cut and thrust of the Melbourne art scene, he undertook an apprenticeship with an old family friend, Lewis Ferrier (still fishing now at 83), who was one of the last traditional Cousta boat men operating mainly under sail. Fishing from Queenscliffe, leaving



Artist: Ian Parry

Talisman



Wybalena

pre-dawn through the Rip meant an apprenticeship to pick up knowledge of tide, channel, fish and reef was as essential to coming home safely as making a living. As Ian has always said 'fisherman go to sea to come home again'.

He finally found his own boat, a rather matronly, scaled up Couta boat with a carvel hull and beautiful sheer that he set up for single handed fishing and renamed *Bunyip Bluegum*. Operating single handed out of Queenscliffe and then around Wilsons Promontory he fished through all the islands of the Eastern Bass Strait on couta, shark and eventually crayfish. The sheer physicality of single handed operation, three weeks at sea on watch, fishing, repairing and losing gear, baled up in remote anchorages weathering a storm or running before one, became an inherent part of his sensibilities as a painter and the stuff of dreams and occasionally nightmares.

As Ian has said. 'My times at sea have affected my painting in several ways; at first the experience of looking into, from within the arena of activity rather than perched outside it, became apparent. It suited my way of working which tends to begin with an unplanned random chaotic ploughing about in an attempt to find out what it should look like. Before going to sea fulltime my paintings were completely abstract, large, loosely configured arrangements of colour tone and shape. I was determined to avoid the box of Australian landscape

painting and to draw influence from anything else. The constant movement at sea, sometimes violent, was felt in the paintings and the dramatic contrasts of light became inherent. My fascination with maritime and geological charts and the necessity of plotting a course appeared in paintings where necessary, as a means of getting a schematic representation of the subject into play, thereby freeing the work from the oft predictable tyranny of the horizon line.'

As Jeff Makin wrote in *Critical Moments* – his review of art in Australia – 'Try and paint water and you will find out how difficult it is.' The problem is how to convey its wet deep intensity without resorting to painterly reportage in the process, and Parry does it brilliantly.

Then, there is the metaphysical painterly subtext that at one level means sea but at another can convey your spirit along a sublime journey of contemplation. Looking out to sea has not only long been the practice of poets and philosophers seeking understanding, but with helmsmen keeping their boat on course – with Parry all three are one and the same.

Many works are framed by a border, the wheelhouse window through which the bow of the boat and crashing wave caps can be seen. Beyond these, shadowy islands (the Furneaux Group or Bruny Island) ghost their way along a swelling horizon.

Artist: Ian Parry



North Bruny

There are few painters who use colour as creatively as Parry. It glows. It's the outcome of countless glazes and scumbles prefaced by a profound knowledge of old master methods. Then there is the blurring of his edges, the *sfumato* effect originally invented by Leonardo da Vinci to suggest a vague sense of movement. Parry puts this to great use in an almost seamless marriage of complementary forms and colours ... the longer you look at these works the more profound and beautiful they become. They are expressions of the ineffable. For the perceiver they simulate the depth and sublime infinity of the sea. Your spirit can travel into this metaphysical space where, as Lord Byron once wrote, 'Our thoughts are boundless and our souls are free.'

Now as Ian Parry paints for his upcoming show in Hobart at the end of January 2014, he leaves his paintings to refocus by stepping outside his studio and working on, or sometimes just sitting inside his old fishing boat *Bluegum*. She is in dry dock just outside the studio door. Stripped down to the shell of her bare hull as Ian and his two youngest sons Taz and Dan (now finishing

his final year as an apprentice boat builder) work through the slow process of steaming and roving in new blue gum ribs, then this winter (and the next), a new celery top pine deck, reballasting the keel, a stern extension, bowsprit addition and a new WM diesel 65 hp engine. The wheelhouse will be repositioned aft and larger with a watch bunk 'to stop that feeling of going to sea standing up in a telephone box' and finally she will be rigged as a gaff cutter with loads more sail area than she had previously. She will spend the next stage of her life wintering around the islands of Eastern Bass Strait, gracefully retired from a working life, but still sailing in her old haunts and anchorages.





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With the support of



CYAA QUEENSLAND ACTIVITY

IVAN HOLM 2014

The CYAA was formed in 1997 and introduced to Queensland by John Deevers and Tom Stephensen in 1999.

The Classic Yacht Association (Queensland branch) continues to encourage the enjoyment of sailing classic yachts of all types as well as social events and general sharing of our common interests. The Queensland group is trying to encourage as much participation by yacht owners as possible without losing its central classic yacht identity. We have adopted a broad definition for classics as being yachts designed or built before 1970 or built to a design clearly originating from this era. While these are intentionally inclusive criteria, to any sailor observing our events, we are unmistakably, a fleet of classic yachts.

The CYAA Queensland activities have necessarily centred around the south-east corner and the yacht clubs on Moreton Bay. Queensland does not have the rich history of racing grand cutters of Melbourne and Sydney a century ago, and the harsh Queensland weather has resulted in many earlier classics disappearing. Queensland does have a rich history of ocean racing with the Brisbane to Gladstone Yacht race beginning in 1949 and there are significant fleets of yachts, including many classics, sailing out of the Moreton Bay clubs including QCYC, RQYS, Wynnum Manly Yacht Club and the Moreton Bay Boat Club.

The CYAA Queensland activities have developed around a series of events spread through the year. With the exception of our December event these are run by the local clubs and supported by sponsors. Several prominent and active classic boat enthusiasts are regulars on the event sponsors lists.

March



Sunday the 2nd of March

RQYS will hold the
Boathouse Brokerage Classic Race
11:00AM

In past years RQYS had conducted a classic regatta that was held on the Australia Day weekend. After a hiatus, the event will be held in early March 2014. This year will be a single day race and it is envisaged that next year there will

be a return to a full program regatta. The restoration of this event to our classic's calendar is a sign of the enthusiasm of our group.

May

2013 was the inaugural year for an event conducted by the Wynnum Manly Yacht club and the Little Ships Club. It was held in the first weekend of May and has been confirmed for 2014. This was

a pursuit race with boats over-nighting at the One Mile anchorage using the Little Ship Club facilities. It was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

June:

The biggest annual event involving classic yachts is the Vintage Yacht Regatta run by QCYC and held on the Queen's birthday weekend. 2014 will be the 39th running of this event. The two-day regatta attracts our best numbers and is run in two divisions. The Sandgate sailing club which shares waterfront with QCYC has a long tradition of racing Flying Fifteens and they will join us for this regatta.

September

QCYC conducts the Bribie cup, one of Moreton Bay's premier events including a classic division. Boats are able to moor at Scarborough following the cup and compete the next weekend in a two-day regatta. This is supported by the MBBC and the Scarborough marina.

October

The Wynnum Manly Yacht Club conducts the largest teams event held annually in Queensland, the St Helena Cup. In 2014 the event will include a dedicated classic division. The total fleet numbers for this event regularly exceed 100. CYAA will put in plenty of effort to encourage classic owners to make good use of this offer of support from WMYC.

December

The Deanbilla Bay race is an annual event held in December and is the only event on our calendar hosted by CYAA itself. It has a history back to 2001 and has run each year since 2004. It is a pursuit with a strong emphasis on the social gathering that follows on the beach at Deanbilla bay.

In 2013 one of our members volunteered to take on the duties of local branch secretary. He had already established a website promoting activities for traditional boats. He has now included the CYAA (Qld branch) on that site and also advertises the calendared activities here and interstate both on the site, by direct email and the occasional newsletter. While CYAA Qld has had a dedicated core group over the last several years, we hope that this additional communication will see more enthusiasts at the classic yacht events.

As noted, the local website carries information about our southern cousins and the events held out of state. We aim to encourage greater ties with our southern counterparts both in Melbourne and Sydney as well as New Zealand.

I would like to thank our core group and their clubs who look after us through the year.

Ivan Holm, Laurabada, CYAA Qld Branch coordinator.

DEANBILLA BAY RACE

IVAN HOLM 2014

The Deanbilla Bay Classic Yacht race was first run in 2001.

The event arose out of the suggestion that we have an event in December as a pre-Christmas social gathering for the classic yacht group. The course selected was from a start between Mud Island and St Helena Island relatively central in Moreton Bay then sailing south of Peel Island and then Goat Island and finishing in Deanbilla Bay on North Stradbroke Island, a distance of some 15 nautical miles.

The finish was selected to facilitate a gathering on the beach for drinks and presentation of trophies and to watch the sunset. Most boats anchor for the night and return home on the Sunday. The first three races were a fleet start but from 2004 onwards the event has been a handicap start pursuit race.

This has been a deliberate strategy to encourage smaller (and slower) yachts who rarely find themselves at the front of the fleet and inexperienced skippers who don't like mixing it with large and much faster vessels on a crowded starting line.

Over the years we have had some exciting finishes and on a number of occasions the whole fleet has been in the last mile of the course when the first boat crossed the line.

The perpetual trophy is a lighthouse made from upcycled materials following the first major phase of *Laurabada's* restoration (1999–2000). She is a locally built classic ketch based on 1940s Alden lines. The tower of the lighthouse trophy is a Queensland maple section from *Laurabada's* cabin sides which were replaced during that restoration, on top of which stands a bronze Herreshoff pattern halyard winch topped by a bronze caged riding light.

CYAA (Q'LD) DEANBILLA BAY RACE TROPHY

2001	Pagan	Tasman Seabird	Peter & Linda Kerr.
2004	Woodwind	H28	Dan Miller
2005	Maria Van Dieman	S&S 35	Garry Blackburn
2006	Four Winds	Gaff Ketch ? Randall	Gary Bradshaw
2007	Laurabada	Holm Snr designed ketch	Ivan Holm
2008	Four Winds	Gaff Ketch ? Randall	Gary Bradshaw
2009	Pagan	Tasman Seabird	Peter & Linda Kerr
2010	Merry Mac	Clansman	Tony Holm
2011	Pagan	Tasman Seabird	Peter & Linda Kerr
2012	Tom Thumb	Frances 26	Paul Aroney
2013	Safona	Robert Clark 'Safona'	Stuart & Maris Stubbs



CYAA (Qld) Deanbilla Bay Pursuit Race December 14 Course



Deanbilla Bay Trophy The Heart of Laurabada

THE DEANBILLA RACE ON MORTON BAY

14 December 2013.

STUART STUBBS

Twelve entries were received, but this year we ended up with nine starters and nine finishers.

Euan McDonald joined the fleet mid-sail with *Portaethwy* so there were ten yachts on the water for the day. The breeze came in at about 11:40ish as often happens at this time of year and despite the lighter conditions for the early starters the handicaps erred on the tough side for the late starting big boats. The fleet finished within an entirely acceptable 35 minute window.

CYAA Queensland Annual Deanbilla Bay Pursuit 2013		
Yacht	Skipper	Start time
Sandpiper	Greg Doolan	11:15
Wylo	John Adcock	11:30(late withdrawal)
Safona	Stuart Stubbs	11:45 winner 2013
Tom Thumb	Paul Aroney	11:45
Merry Mac	Tony Holm	12:00
Four Winds	Gary Bradshaw	12:00(late withdrawal)
Westerly	Ivan Holm	12:15
Skirmish	Paul Gaggin	12:30
Pagan	Peter Kerr	12:40
Wirrinya	John Paul Mira	12:40(late withdrawal)
Wraith of Odin	Keith Glover	13:25
Spirit of Koomooloo	Michael Freebairn	13:50



Photo: Stuart Stubbs

Safona

From *Safona's* view we left Manly around 9.30 am in perfect weather. The start was off the southern end of Mud Island – one of three islands, the others being St Helena and Green Island, which stretch from the main shipping channel into the Brisbane River down to Manly, the centre of yachting in Queensland. The race was to take us around three hours and finished off North Stradbroke Island at Deanbilla Bay. As it was, we were the second boat away with only *Sandpiper* one of the Barry Coulson-designed Amity gaff-rigged open boats looking not unlike a small Queenscliff cuta

boat. Euan McDonald of Australia wide Boat Sales at Manly is the person behind these delightful craft. Manufacturing is alive and well with Peter Kerr of Deagon shipyards making the spars.

The breeze was from the northeast and our course southeast. This was good for us. With just Maris and me there was no plan to hoist a spinnaker. I also had the No 2 headsail, which was probably ok for the conditions which reached around 15 knots. The first mark was the Hope Island bank and *Sandpiper* was a good mile ahead of us. It was evident we were slowly gaining on her. Initially the wind was quite light but after rounding the Hope Island mark it began to build. We started touching 6 knots. Euan sailed out in his Amity and joined *Sandpiper* at the front. We were around 500 yards behind. As we started to see more than 6 knots I called to Maris and said I want 7 knots. Low and behold after easing out the main a little more, that was what I saw, 7.1 knots.

We were now up with the two Amities sailing side by side and then slowly but surely we went past them. The next mark was on Peel Island about 5 miles south of Green Island, the most southerly of the three near the Port of Brisbane entrance. Now we were hard on the wind and made our way to the Goat Island mark guarding the entrance into Deanbilla Bay. The two Amities seemed to be pointing much higher. Greg was sailing *Sandpiper* without his trusty four-legged tactician. I am not quite sure where he went at this point but we put some distance between us. Perhaps it was *Safona's* upwind capabilities. Anyway we tacked across to Goat Island and then with 2.3 metres showing under our 1.8-metre keel went over the Goat Island bank in preparation for the final beat across the finish line. At this point an outgoing Stradbroke Island car ferry delayed our final tack but eventually we crossed the line at around 2.35 pm. Unlike previous grumbles to our late, much loved Melbourne handicapper Col Bandy, there was no way I was going to complain about our handicap. Peter Kerr came storming in on *Pagan* muttering about a sheave and not looking happy (southern interlopers are not allowed to win!). His name is all over the Deanbilla trophy. *Wraith of Odin* sailed in, immaculate as usual, and a German captain on a nearby cruiser anchored in the bay was heard to remark, 'I like zee boats!'

We all anchored. I pumped up my Achilles RIB. With a borrowed outboard, along with *Sandpiper* using her outboard, everyone was brought ashore. Drinks and nibbles followed. Ivan Holm set up the petanque game on the beach. There were then probably twenty-five people enjoying sundowners. A very convivial atmosphere presented itself. Dark clouds and a spectacular lightning show came later, however, there was no rain and no wind that evening.

Photo: Euan MacDonald



Sandpiper under the helm of Greg Doolan

We cooked dinner aboard and enjoyed a good nights rest, though I confess, I had not told Maris that it would be an overnighner. Sorry about that! Well, *Spirit of Koomooloo* sailed back that evening. We loaded the massive lighthouse trophy aboard. It was beautifully constructed by Ivan Holm, using part of a bronze winch as the lighthouse crown. Under the crown were rings of turned mahogany with a polished wooden lighthouse rock as the base. A working light topped the lighthouse trophy. The trophy weighs around 10 kgs and is about 0.7 metres high, one reason, apparently, that boats try to come second rather than win! Next day we enjoyed a leisurely sail back to Manly with our precious cargo. Greg Doolan worked very hard to organise the event, which one could not help but enjoy immensely.

Photo: Greg Doolan



*Congratulations to Safona
Stuart and Maris on their first success in this event.*

Photo: Euan MacDonald



Amity's heading South



Sunset Deanbilla Bay December 14 2013

FRIDAY MARCH 28

7.00pm - FISHY TALES IN THE BOATSHED - 'Tales of the Sea'
Queenscliffe Maritime Museum - Tickets \$18.00

SATURDAY MARCH 29

FAMILY ACTIVITIES AROUND HARBOUR PRECINCT

10.00am - John Norgate Survey Vessel
Open for Inspection at Queenscliff Harbour

1.00pm - BLESSING OF THE FLEET

79th Anniversary at Queenscliff Harbour
All boats welcome, dressed for the occasion

2.00pm - YACHT RACE

Around the marks off Queenscliff
Visitor entries invited

QUEENSLIFF MARITIME WEEKEND 2014

SUNDAY MARCH 30

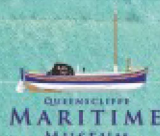
11.00am - YACHT RACE

Memorial Passage Race into Lonsdale Bight
and back to the Main Pier
Visitor entries invited

3.00pm - RACE THE FERRY

From Pope's Eye to Queenscliff

MARCH 28-30



www.maritimequeenscliffe.org.au



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1952 Classic 42' Racing Yacht



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7'2" Beam 5'9" Draft

Hull conventional longitudinal planking with diagonally planking overlay

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Avalon R181

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Design ERIC JUNIOR

Commissioned 1956

LOA 25'2" Beam 7'7" Draft 4.0'

Classic yacht built with traditional
construction materials.

Previously owned for 40 years by one
owner, maintained by shipwright.

Furlex Genoa Fuller near new.

Near new SS standing rigging.

Main in boom pod near new.

Bukh 20 hp with 3 blade propeller.

Price A\$16,000

Location Williamstown Swing mooring

See Yachthub for additional details



MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

Return this completed form to the following address:

CYAA Membership

PO Box 335

Williamstown

Victoria 3016

email to: admin@classic-yacht.asn.au

BECOME INVOLVED - BECOME A MEMBER

Your valued support of Classic Yacht Association of Australia is important and costs so little.

To ensure you never miss another issue of this newsletter, become a member of the Classic Yacht Association of Australia. Full membership costs just \$75, or crew/friends membership for \$50.

Payment can be by cheque to "The Classic Yacht Association of Australia Inc", EFT or credit card. Details for paying by EFT or credit card can be obtained by request to the CYAA email address.

APPLICATION FOR FULL MEMBERSHIP

I

(Full name of Applicant)

Of

(address)

wish to become a member of the Classic Yacht Association of Australia and apply to have my Yacht accepted on to the Yacht Register for the annual fee of \$75

Signature of Applicant.....

Date

Please supply the following details:

Phone Number

Email Address

Boat Name

Designer

Date of Build

Construction

LOA Rig

Sail Number

Details of other Yacht Club Memberships:

.....

Yachting Australia Silver Card Number, (if applic):

.....

APPLICATION FOR CREW MEMBERSHIP

I

(Full name of Applicant)

Of

(address)

wish to join the Classic Yacht Association of Australia as a crew member / friend for the annual fee of \$50

Signature of Applicant.....

Date

Please supply the following details:

Phone Number

Email Address

Boat Name

Details of other Yacht Club Memberships:

.....

Yachting Australia Silver Card Number, (if applic):

.....